

## Gleam and Glow

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## Gleam and Glow

by [beepers](#)

### Summary

Long time ago, an ex-deity found a magical flower that made him younger and stronger if

you sang to it. Centuries later, the flower is taken away from him to heal the pregnant Queen of L'Manberg. Luckily, she lives and gives birth to third son of King Philza, Tommy. Unfortunately, Dream cannot live without his precious flower. He steals the golden-haired prince and hides him away from everyone, so no one can take away his youth again. Years later, a boy called Tubbo accidentally discovers a small house hidden in the mountains as he runs from Technoblade and his hounds. A great life-changing adventure has just began.

- Inspired by [Little Flower](#) by [Canadiantardis](#)

# Prologue - Part One

## Chapter Summary

An ex-deity find a source of power, a flower. The king looks for it in desperate attempt to save his family from the tragedy.

Warnings for this chapter: death mention,

Once upon a time, the sun shed a tear and a single drop of pure sunlight fell on the ground. It sank into the fertile soil and at that exact spot a beautiful golden flower grew. It seemed to be surrounded by a subtle glow. For some time, it remained untouched. Nobody really lived nearby back then. Naturally, that state of things could not remain forever. Soon enough, a man who hid his face behind a mask with a smile came, drawn by the desire for power. He broke through the bushes and faced the small plant. It radiated with energy, he felt it in his bones. He kneeled right in front of the flower, slowly reached out to it, to see if touching it would do anything. What he did not expect is having words to a song engraved in his mind. He could not help but sing along:

*Flower gleam and glow*

*Let your powers shine*

*Make the clock reverse*

*Bring back what once was mine*

*Heal what has been hurt*

*Change the fates design*

*Save what has been lost*

*Bring back what once was mine*

*What once was mine*

The strength and youth he once lost came back to him again. It reminded him of the days of great glory, when he would fight monsters plaguing the Earth and people adored him. Prime, it had been so long. It made him tear up a bit. He missed those times so bad. Clay, because that was the name he chose for himself, looked around the area. The sand of a coast he stood on felt soft in his hands and tall oak trees provided a nice hideout from the heat. A day before getting to the coast, he saw steep mountains with caves and tunnels. They had to be rich in resources. He could settle there, to be near the flower and to make sure nobody else discovers its power. It could be his new safe haven.

Centuries passed one by one and Clay stayed the same, while everything else changed. The sand was full of grass now, more people were around and nations began to form. The immortal had to stay in his secret house for longer periods of time and keeping the flower for himself became incredibly difficult. But he always managed to disguise it in one way or another. Its location remained undiscovered, however rumors and legends seemed to multiply with every decade. Everyone heard about a mysterious golden plant with unbelievable capabilities, but nobody could

locate it. It appeared nobody except Clay would get to harness the power of the sun.

Everything changed when the Queen of L'Manberg got sick. Her health kept worsening with each day. She grew weaker and weaker, and so did her unborn child. Many doctors tried to help, King Philza made sure to bring the best medics to his castle, but none of them knew how to cure the disease. Wilbur and Techno kept asking if their mom was going to be okay and their father was heart-broken whenever he had to say she would be, even though he was losing hope. In desperation, he recalled the legend of the golden flower. It was madness to believe it exists, he was aware. Despite that, he ordered the Royal Guard to search for the magical plant. Each moment counted. The Queen could begin giving birth at any moment and doctors were clear about one thing - she would not survive it in her current state.

Maybe it was because of pure determination or maybe fate could not bear the laments of the crow-winged king, but the flower was found. Guards dug it out from the ground, making sure not to harm a single root and brought it to the castle. There, a special potion was prepared, with the golden plant being a main ingredient. You could sense how every citizen of the kingdom waited in anticipation, hoping for good news. The healing magic worked and a couple days later, a golden-haired prince was born. After making sure the mother and her son were healthy, all medics left the room and royal twins were invited in, so the whole family could see their newest addition together.

“His name is Thomas, but we can call him Tommy.” Wilbur and Techno were scooped up by Philza and the king put them on the bed, so they could get a better look. Their father stood right next to the rest of the family and spread his wings protectively over them.

“He is so small!” said Prince Wilbur. Techno remained silent, but you could see a fascinated glimmer in his eyes.”And his hands are so tiny!”

“Well, he was just born, you know? You two were tiny too!” Philza stared lovingly at his wife and three sons. It was hard to believe that just a few days ago he was scared he would have to be planning a funeral for his dear wife and son. He could not let his family be touched by any tragedy ever again. They were destined to be happy, he was sure of it.

## Prologue - Part Two

### Chapter Summary

Dream comes back for what he believes belongs to him. Six years later, a Royal Advisor is sentenced to death in front of his son's eyes.

Warnings for this chapter: kidnapping, violence, high-stress situation, execution, mourning

### Chapter Notes

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

There was no time to waste. The last time Clay harnessed the power of the sun was about two weeks ago. His face was gaining wrinkles again and he felt less fit already. He was still stronger than average, but that would not last for long. He had to get his precious flower back at all costs. He even did something he usually avoided - he went to the capital, full of different people, and talked with local folks to gain information. What he has found is that the Royal Guards delivered the plant to L'Manberg Castle and a potion was prepared to heal the Queen. It made sense - he could feel the sun's energy getting stronger as he moved closer to the royal home.

In the middle of the night, he scaled the walls, ran through royal gardens, knocking out everyone who got in his way. Centuries of practise taught him how to sneak past even the most secured places. As he followed the scent of power, he maneuvered in the shadows, taking the most silent steps. Much to his surprise, he kept going to the upper floors. Wouldn't a flower capable of curing all diseases be in infirmary? Well, it made no sense to overthink it. He sensed he was meant to go up very clearly.

Suddenly, he realized he was close to the royal chambers. There were much more guards around and the decor seemed richer. Which meant his job was about to get way more difficult. He scanned his surroundings, hoping there was something that could help him. It took a while, but he noticed it. An enormous chandelier, full of diverse crystals, was hanging from the ceiling. If he aimed just right, he could cut the rope holding all of it. He took a knife out of his pocket, took a deep breath and focused. With great confidence, Clay swunged his arm and let go of the weapon. He watched as it sliced through the rope and then closed his eyes as tons of shards filled the air. Everyone around ran to see what had just happened. The masked man mixed with the crowd. Nobody cared about a person without any armor at that moment. The royal pair must have woken up too, because both of them were in the hall. Clay got distracted for a second, but then he felt the power trail. He had to follow it. He had to feel it in his veins again.

He sneaked into a room, which had to be the bedroom of the King and the Queen. That was the right place, the flower almost made him dizzy. Where was it? Where did they put it?

He heard a soft sound from a crib that stood right next to the bed and it all became clear. How could he forget about a newly born prince? Slowly but surely, he got closer to the source of the sound and he saw him. A tiny baby with ridiculously golden hair slept soundly, despite all the chaos just a door away.

Clay touched his tiny fist and Tommy immediately grabbed his finger. The man began to sing

softly. It sounded almost like a whisper, but it was enough for the magic of the sun to start making him feel younger and stronger. The baby fussed, but he kept going. While making sure not to lose skin contact, he picked the prince up and then held him in his arms.

“Let go of my son.” Clay looked away from a person in his embrace. King Philza stood in the doorway, his eyes full of fear. “I will give you everything you want, just please, put him down.” Foolish. He had no idea what his kid was, did he? Clay chuckled.

“You clearly don’t know what I want, Your Highness.” He took a few steps back, closer to the balcony behind him. King’s breathing was unsteady, but he did his best to remain in control of it.

“Then tell me and let me give it you, but for the love of Prime, please put my son back to the crib” Clay took another few steps back. The prince started fussing again. King Philza tried to calm his child by making shushing noises.

“All I want is on me right now, Your Highness.” As soon as he said those words, he quickly laid the prince on his chest, so with one hand free he could break the glass of balcony doors. Shielding the child with his own body, he ran through the hole he made and jumped down, straight to the ground. He knew he would survive the fall unharmed. The King followed without a second thought, not thinking that glass shards were about to damage his wings. He could catch that bastard. He had to. But wounds in his wings opened as he tried to fly, and the king yelped in pain. He tried to focus on the kidnapper, but everything ached, making it impossible. The only thing he could hope for is that someone heard him, or someone saw the criminal run, and they would bring his baby back to him.

*Almost six years later*

The traitor and the murderer was brought to the Throne Room. He seemed amused by black banners in every corner. He also seemed to find the king and two princes with eyes red from crying pretty funny, because he started to laugh, like a maniac. Everybody in the room was absolutely disgusted by it. How could that man feel any joy at such horrible circumstances?

“Our King, Philza, will now announce his verdict on Jschlatt, former Royal Advisor. Charges against him are: treason, conspiring against the Crown and murder of our beloved Queen.” Prince Wilbur sobbed, while Techno simply let tears fall. He was always less prone to emotional outbursts, or any emotional reaction in general, but that? That hurt like hell. He stared intensely at the man who took his mother away. In the first row of the crowd, a tiny boy with even tinier horns clinged to his aunt, Puffy. He did not fully understand what was happening, but he knew his dad did something unspeakably horrible and that he had to be punished.

King Philza stood up from his throne. His damaged wings hung somberly and his eyes seemed empty.

“You were one of the most trusted members of the court. You had a comfortable life, friends, a kid who loves you. Was that not enough for you? Was planning to kill all of my family worth losing all of it? Was killing the love of my life a must?” His voice was trembling. He really tried to radiate power, like you would expect from the great leader, but how could he? How does one hide so much pain? Jschlatt just laughed. It’s all he could do in his power-hungry thirst. “You will be executed before sundown. I don’t want you around on this Earth for longer than you need to be.” The kid in the crowd asked what ‘executed’ means. His aunt told him everything was going to be

okay. "And your son..." Jschlatt suddenly went quiet. He scanned the crowd behind him and quickly spotted his boy looking back at him. "... He shall be exiled from L'Manberg. If he ever dares to return, his punishment will be death." The murderer froze. "I recognise this decision is controversial, but I cannot imagine a child of a traitor being raised under my roof. If you want to secure his safety outside the border, I can make that happen." Jschlatt took a second to think. He looked up to his sister.

"Puffy?" His voice cracked. For a second, she felt sorry for her brother. Then she remembered what he did. But alas, she sighed and responded to an unanswered question.

"I'll take care of him, but not for you. You deserve what is coming for you, but Tubbo? He does not." The killer whispered 'thank you'. King Philza took a deep breath.

"Very well. Now take this man away and prepare the execution. Captain Puffy..." He looked at the child and his aunt. "...I suggest you leave before it happens." Guards began fulfilling their tasks. Before being dragged out of the Throne Room, there was one last thing to be said.

"Tubbo, I love you! Never forget that!"  
Those were his last words.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading my fic! It's been a while since I wrote and I am honestly surprised by the number of notes!

# Tommy Alone

## Chapter Summary

Tommy awaits for his father's return. Then, he is left alone once again.

Warnings: manipulation, loneliness, gaslighting

## Chapter Notes

Hello my dudes! First of all, we have 1000 hits POG. Second of all, this chapter was supposed to be out at thursday or friday but you know, LIFE. And a final. Thank you for all the comments, I know I don't reply to all of them but I read every single one.

Tommy was sitting by the window, looking out for his father to return. It's been three days since he left to get some fresh vegetables and possibly a new book for his son to read. The boy has done basically everything that could have been done. The house was perfectly clean, he read some of his favorite stories, he even tried to paint something, but he still found himself being utterly bored. There weren't really a lot of interesting things to do there. Tommy was tempted to say he hated those walls and rooms, but then he remembered they were keeping him safe.

You see, he was born with an incredible power. He could make someone younger and stronger if he was holding someone's hand and a special song was sung. Even though his dad tried to keep it a secret, people found out about the magic. They wanted the power for themselves, so one day they broke into his father's home and tried to kidnap him. Luckily, those wrongens were beaten. But more and more people were coming, trying to steal Tommy away. One time, he actually almost died during an attack. That is when his father realized that they have to run somewhere where nobody would be able to find them. He found a house hidden in the mountains. You could get to it only by entering a narrow cave. Nobody would suspect people could even live there.

*"I wish I could make this world safe for you, I really do. But people outside are greedy and violent. If we weren't here, in our home, they would find you and do horrible things. And I can't let anything happen to my precious flower." Tommy remembers sitting on Father's lap by the fireplace. It was pretty late, but he did not feel tired at all. "You understand that, don't you?" The little boy nodded his head.*

*"Yeah, the outside is scary. There are monsters!" Father chuckled before ruffling Tommy's hair.*

*"Not anymore, remember? I told you a story about how a god named Dream defeated them all." Kid's eyes lit up. He remembered that tale very well, it was one of his favorites of all time.*

*"Yeah! Dream was the coolest!" Father laughed again, but he did not seem to be as happy as*



*before. He stared at an unknown point on the wall, his eyes empty. Tommy wondered why.*

*"I think it's time for you to sleep. It's already dark outside." Naturally, the boy protested, but his dad picked him up and carried him to his bed. He tucked his son in and softly sang their lullaby. It worked like a charm, because Tommy fell asleep immediately.*

Despite knowing how dangerous the outside is, part of him wanted to see the world beyond his safe haven. Was he scared of it? Definitely, he was absolutely terrified. But always staying in hiding, trapped in a house forever was boring and exhausting. He actually wouldn't mind some first-hand thrill, even if it came from danger. Not to mention, there was one strange anomaly he dreamt of seeing up close. Every year, on his birthday, thousands of lights filled the sky. They weren't stars, since they were moving around. They also seemed to be arriving from the same direction. Tommy found them mesmerizing. He had never let father know, but he always managed to sneak to the top of the house to get the best view. It felt like freedom.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He shouted and quickly turned around, ready to punch whoever got in. His hand immediately got blocked.

"I am glad you have an instinct to defend yourself, but if I was a kidnapper you would be a goner." Tommy's muscles relaxed. He knew this voice, it was dad. He was okay. He must have been too stuck in his own thoughts to notice him entering. He sighed out in relief and instinctively went for a hug, but his caretaker stopped him. Oh, right. Father did not like physical displays of affection, which was pain. Tommy couldn't remember when he got hugged last time. "Have you behaved well while I was gone?" The boy nodded energetically.

"Yeah! The house is clean, I cooked meals and shit. And obviously I haven't left the house." Father grimaced at the curse word. Tommy saw it and instantly apologized. "Sorry, no cursing, I forgot." Dad shook his head and that teenager's heart broke a little. He hated disappointing the man who saved him. Why did he forget a rule they had for years?

"Oh, c'mon now, don't worry. I am not mad. Besides, I have exciting news! About your birthday!" Tommy's eyes lit up. That was in three days! It had to be about a gift and celebrating! "I accidentally met the bookclerk on my way back and there is a brand new book. It's called City of Mizu, and I have to say, even I don't know that story, but it sounds promising." Father knew all the tales there are to tell. It had to be special if he really had no idea what to expect from it. "Unfortunately, I could not get it, but I still might have a chance. I would have to go away for about four days, to the bookstore and back. But that also means I wouldn't be there for your seventeenth birthday."

Tommy used all of his strength to pretend to not be upset. It wouldn't be the first time father missed it. He understood it was often a necessity for him to be somewhere else, often because of a gift actually. Still, it would be nice if they could just spend time together on a day like that. He could

try to convince him to stay, but he knew it was pointless. He made an attempt last year.

"It's okay, really. The book is worth it." He tried to sound cheerful, but something in his voice must have given it away. Father picked up Tommy's hands and held them. It felt comforting to sense some touch.

"Hey, it's okay. We are going to spend a lot of time when I get back. I know I am horrible for leaving right before your birthday..." The boy tried to protest, but father shushed him. "... But I will make it up for you. Not only will I bring a new book, I will also gather supplies to make your favorite cake. How do you like the sound of that?" Tommy forced a smile. He didn't want to upset his dad with his feelings.

"Sounds good!" Father chuckled and ruffled the boy's hair. "I can help you prepare for the journey." Tommy offered. His caretaker nodded approvingly.

"Thank you, my precious flower. I appreciate that a lot, but what I need the most is for you to sing me a song." The boy looked up to see his father's face. It was covered in scars since he can remember. The worst one was probably on the right cheek. It refused to heal properly, no matter how much effort Tommy made. But that did not matter the most at the moment. He did not pay attention before, but the wrinkles around dad's eyes and a bit of gray hair were a clear sign he needed their song. The teenager wasted no time. He did not let go of his father's hands and began to sing softly. A delicate glow surrounded both of them as pure magic was transmitted. Marks of aging quickly disappeared and the parent smiled. He took a deep, satisfied breath. With the last note, the energy lost its intensity, but Tommy knew it was still there, just hidden.

"Now that's better." Dad let go of son's hands. For a longer while there was complete silence, but not an awkward one. Tommy's caretaker liked to take in the feeling right after regaining his youth.

The rest of the day was spent on collecting the right resources for a trip. Tommy prepared everything, while his father went back to his room, most likely to repack his backpack. The sky went completely dark by the time the teenager was left alone once again.

# Tubbo on the run

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo runs away from Technoblade and miraculously escapes, but injures himself in the process. He finds a house.

Warnings for this chapter: injury

## Chapter Notes

AYYYY we almost hit 1500 hits! Amazing! Spectacular even! Thank you for all the kudos and comments!

I kinda popped off and wrote this chapter in one day.

If you have already read previous chapters, I recommend checking chapter three again.

I added one scene because i kinda forgot to write it and it essential.

Anyways, enjoy!

When Tubbo asked aunt Puffy if they could move to the outskirts of L'Manberg, she said it would be too much of a risk. Former captain knew how the king valued safety in his kingdom and she was afraid it would put her nephew in too much risk. Still, one day she budged. Partially because it was hard to keep saying no to a boy she promised to take care of, partially because she missed home herself. Naturally, they didn't return the capital - guards would find them right away. She found a small community located close to the border, where snow never really left. The people of this little village called it Snowchester. It was lovely and everybody living there welcomed them with open arms. The only requirement was to regularly help in maintaining the crops. Even though it wasn't exactly the castle, it felt a bit more like home. She believed that her nephew could have a peaceful life there.

Tubbo, obviously, chose to defy her expectations in every way manageable. He became friends with Ranboo, a silent tall half-enderman, and they would always get in some kind of trouble. No matter how much she tried. The duo would sneak away from Snowchester and go exploring. Sometimes, they disappeared for days, making poor Puffy extremely worried. But they always returned unharmed and with a great story to tell the rest of the village. You really can't blame her for expecting the same turn of events to happen yet again.

Things, however, went very wrong. What the aunt didn't know is that recently the king demanded for Tubbo to be brought back to the castle. Apparently he was seen in the heart of L'Manberg, walking around as if he was not risking execution. He ordered his son, Technoblade, to find the boy at all costs. Two days before the birthday of the lost prince, the pink-haired warrior finally managed to track him down. Tubbo suddenly heard dogs barking in the distance and all blood left his face. He told Ranboo to try teleporting back to Snowchester before he got up and began to

sprint as fast as he could. He pulled down his hat, which hid tiny horns coming out of his head as he navigated between trees. He did not dare to look back to see how close Techno was. As long as he ran, he had a chance to come up with a plan to lose him.

The chase was intense. Blade's dogs, often called the Hound Army, howled as they followed the scent of the ram hybrid. They seemed to be getting closer and closer, and Tubbo began to feel tired. Branches and leaves smacked his face as he struggled to avoid rocks under his feet. He could not go on like that for much longer, but the fear of getting caught did not allow him to stop. His breath became short, each inhale was like a desperate gasp for air. His mind was slowly losing focus. That is probably why he didn't notice a tree root in his way and tripped over it. It was an unfortunate fall too. He somehow slid to one side of the path and kept stumbling upon more obstacles, down a steep hill. Those bruises were going to be very nasty.

Finally, his big fall stopped right in front of a cave. When he finally could focus enough to judge his situation and all the adrenaline wore off, he noted two things. First of all, everything hurt. He noticed a few shallow cuts on his arms and legs. Second thing, he could not hear the barking, which means he was rid of Technoblade and his hounds, at least for a while. The last detail he noticed is that there was a single strand of light coming out of the inside of the cave. Which was probably the most surprising out of all he noted. Weren't they supposed to be dark and gloomy? What was the light source? After a while of thinking, Tubbo decided to investigate. It's not like coming back to the path would do him any good anyways.

It did not take long to get to the end of the cave. The beam of light appeared really small from his standpoint, but now he could see exactly where it was coming from. There was another entrance to that tunnel, but it was covered by massive boulders. The placing didn't seem random too - whoever placed them knew what they were doing. Without much thought, Tubbo decided to slowly take apart the barricade. It was tough to get to the rocks on the top, but one after the other, he took them all apart. On the other side stood a house made out of dark bricks. It seemed abandoned, but the hybrid was not sure if he was right. Still, that build could contain some useful stuff. He had to check it out.

He made it through a small field, taking in the smell of tall grass and flowers. Bees were buzzing around him, but he paid no mind. He liked bees. Soon enough, he stood in front of the door. Hesitantly, he knocked on them three times, just in case someone lived there. He waited for a minute or two, but there was no response. He tried once again but the results stayed the same. Tubbo huffed. He was ready to leave, when with a corner of his eye he saw that a window was open. He could try to get in through there! And it wouldn't be like breaking in, since clearly no one lived in the house.

In his thoughts, he quietly thanked his long-dead father for ram genetics. They made climbing much more easier. He balanced on narrow ledges easily and quickly reached the windowsill. With a bit of a struggle caused by those stupid cuts after being chased, he managed to get inside of the house. Much to his surprise, it looked as if it was dusted not so long ago. He was standing in the kitchen, furnished with dark oak and stone. It looked very nice. He went deeper into the room,

admiring the decor.

And then he got hit in the head with a pan and fainted.

# First Encounter

## Chapter Summary

Tommy talks to someone who is not his father for the first time ever. He can't help but open up a little.

Warnings for this chapter: none

## Chapter Notes

Hello! First things first 2000 HITS AND 200 KUDOS OMG THANK YOU.

Second thing, I am starting uni again soon, so I will have less time to write daily, but I am going to try maintain about two uploads a week.

Also, I hope you enjoy!

It was difficult for Tommy to decide whether he was absolutely terrified or thrilled. He was breathing heavily and all of his muscles tensed up as he held the pan in the air. He just knocked out a person! On his own! And he has never really learnt how to fight. I mean, if hitting a guy with kitchenware counted as fighting. The whole situation felt so bizarre. Through all of his life, nobody had managed to find him. He forgot that was even an option. Yet here it was, a boy with curly brown hair hidden under his hat laying on the floor, unconscious. What was Tommy supposed to do now? Carry him out of the haven? He was forbidden from leaving the building. Should he hold him hostage until father arrives? That also didn't seem to be the best option. That guy was going to wake up at some point, wasn't he? What if he accidentally killed him? Tommy did not want to be a murderer.

Eventually, he chose to drag the guy from the kitchen to the living room and see if there is anything he can tie him up with, so he would not be able to do any harm when he wakes up. But before that, he lifted the intruder up and placed him on a sofa in front of the fireplace. He noticed small cuts all over his body. For a second, he was tempted to heal them, but then he remembered that dude was probably there to harm him. He did not look very intimidating though. He was quite small and rather thin. Could he really do much harm? Maybe a bit of healing would not be bad. He gently grabbed the intruder's hand and began to sing. All cuts closed up quickly. He could also sense that the boy broke some bones, because he appeared to hear them being fixed. It was a strange sensation, and not in a good way.

As soon as he finished, the guy's eyelids fluttered. Tommy took a step back and quickly scanned the room for the pan. Fortunately, he moved it along with the intruder. Before he regained full consciousness, the golden-haired boy was armed again.

“I’m not afraid of you, bitch!” He shouted. The person on the sofa grimaced at the sound. “I will not allow you to hurt me, you fuck!” Ah yes, the fear was back again, but at least it felt good to curse. He wasn’t allowed to swear, but he could only hope father would let it slide if he knew what was happening.

“Wha... What the hell is going on?” The guy tried to sit up, but Tommy immediately began shouting again.

“No! Lay down! You are not allowed to move from here.” The boy laid down, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion. Who was that blonde tall-ass who just kept screaming? And where were they? “I know why you are here.” Tommy lowered the pan, close to the other teenager’s face. His eyes went wide and he instinctively moved his head away.

“Woah there, big man! There is no need to keep your guard up, I literally have no idea what is going on.” Tommy did not lift up the pan. Instead, he scoffed. The audacity of this dude! He broke into his unfindable home and he dared to make up lies. Father told him clearly, if someone ever ended in their house, they would be up to no good.

“Don’t act stupid! Now tell me, what was your plan? To kidnap me, to kill me or to... I don’t even know, experiment on me?” Curly-haired boy blinked a few times. That situation could not be real. He was so sure the house was abandoned! He did not expect a paranoid guy with way too much space in his lungs screaming at him.

“Look, I was running from Technoblade, I tripped, I saw the light at the end of the tunnel, I followed it and I saw a run-down house on the other side. Can you blame me for wanting to explore?” Tommy squinted his eyes. The guy seemed to be saying the truth, but that did not make sense. Wasn’t he supposed to be there to do evil things? To be driven by greed and power-hunger?

“So... You have no idea who I am? And you weren’t looking for my hideout?” He slightly lifted up the pan, but he needed a confirmation.

“I have never heard of you or seen you and I am here by accident. Why would I even look for you?” Tommy took a moment to think. If this guy really had no idea about anything and he arrived at his safe haven by chance... Then that meant he was not in any danger. He took the pan away, but held onto it, just in case. “Who are you?”

Shit, he never had to introduce himself before. He had no idea how to get to it. Was he supposed to

wave or shake hands? He was not ready for that situation at all, but he somehow decided to just say what was his name.

"I'm Tommy. And you?" Apparently, he chose the right course of action, because the dude on the sofa sat up and extended his hand, most likely so it can be shook.

"I'm Tubbo. It's...nice to meet you." Reluctantly, Tommy shook Tubbo's hand. Because of how his power was activated, that gesture felt a bit too intimate to be shared with a stranger. But it was probably normal outside of his little world, so he just rolled with it, ignoring how strange it felt. "So, what is your deal? Why are you so sure I am out there to kill you, big man?"

Tommy sure as hell was not about to explain why to Tubbo. He could still turn against him if he found out he had powers. Somehow, he crafted the most vague answer he could. "I had... multiple unpleasant encounters with intruders in the past. Trust me, you would be wary too if you knew." Thankfully, Tubbo did not ask more questions. He must have taken a hint.

"And... You live here?" The boy looked around the unfamiliar room, judging every corner. Tommy watched as he scanned their surroundings.

"Uh, yeah. I've lived here since I remember. With my dad. Although, he travels a lot lately so it's mostly me on my own." It felt so weird to talk to someone that was not his dad. He knew everything about him, but Tubbo was a mystery. Having a conversation with him felt like making a completely new discovery. Even though he was sure his father would be furious if he found out about it, he wanted to continue. He wouldn't call it particularly fun, but it certainly was a change. "But he brings me a lot of gifts, like books or paint, so I can have something to do. It gets pretty boring to be stuck in this house for nearly seventeen years." Once again, Tubbo's eyes went wide. He stared at Tommy in disbelief.

"Wait a minute, are you implying you have never left your home? Ever?" Did Tommy say something wrong? He opened his mouth to say something, but he had no idea what it should be. He decided a nod would be sufficient. Tubbo let out a shocked gasp. "Dude, what the hell? That is crazy! What is even your life, big man?" Before Tommy could think of a coherent response, Tubbo sat up, scaring him in the process. He pulled up the pan in defense, ready to attack again. "Hey, I am not going to hurt you. It's okay." Tubbo's voice was much softer than before. He put his arms behind his back, which calmed Tommy. At least if he was about to try something, it would take him a bit longer. "I'm sorry if I come off too strong, I just think you might be a quite interesting guy and I want to get to know you."

Something, but he could not tell what it was, made Tommy feel warm inside. Maybe because nobody even had a chance to say something like that to him before. It was nice to hear it, which was enough for the socially-deprived teenager to decide to try and trust Tubbo a bit more.





# Coming Out of the Cage

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo tells Tommy about the world and tries to convince to leave the house.

## Chapter Notes

Soooooooo... I was originally going to post this later but Tommy's stream eh? How are we feeling fellas?

Also THANK YOU FOR ALL THE KUDOS AND HITS! HOLY COW

Tommy had decided that Tubbo was a cool guy. He quickly picked up on how his host didn't want to reveal too much about himself and took over in their conversation. Once he stopped disbelieving that his new acquaintance has never seen the world, besides his little haven, he declared it was his duty to tell him about everything. Tommy learnt they were at the area of a small kingdom called L'Manberg, which bordered with Dream SMP. Father has never taught him about any geography! Anyway, that country was ruled by King Philza, who had two sons. One of them was Technoblade, captain of the Royal Guard and founder of the Hound Army, which was really just about thirty well-trained dogs. The other one was Wilbur, future king and a single father to prince Fundy, a fox hybrid. There was also another son, a prince who happened to have the exact same name as Tommy, but he was kidnapped as a newborn. It's been years, but nobody has found him yet. Most people think he is dead, but king Philza refuses to give up hope. Each year, on his lost child's birthday, everyone in the capital would let thousands of lanterns fly right after sunset. This tradition was commemorating the boy, but it also showed him where his home was. Which was nice at all, but Tommy thought it didn't make much sense. How was the prince supposed to know those lights were for him? But that was only a background thought. He was mainly excited to finally understand what that strange anomaly was.

"I've been sneaking out to the top of a roof just to watch them since I have turned nine and I had no idea what I was looking at. I always dreamt of seeing them up close. And I still do." It was painful to remember that would never happen. His father would never expose him to so much danger, no matter how much Tommy would ask.

Tubbo laughed at what his new friend had just said. "You? Sneaking out? That seems unlikely." Tommy pretended to be offended. He gasped and rolled his eyes.

"I'm serious, I did sneak out, multiple times! I waited for father to fall asleep and I climbed on the wall, which is really hard to do in the dark and I'm scared I'll fall everytime, but the sight..." He recalled his last birthday. Thanks to his dad being absent, he had plenty of time to prepare a whole picnic for himself. He even made a birthday cake! It was the first time he could see the lights rise up as the sun set behind the mountains. He has never seen anything like it. Tommy spent hours watching the sky, wrapped in his blanket. It was probably one of his best memories. "...It's worth it." Tubbo stared at Tommy for a longer while. It was difficult to tell what it meant. "Tubbo?"

“I think you should go see them.” Tommy got shivers from hearing those words. Was that the actual suggestion? No, he couldn’t go. He wasn’t even able to imagine how pissed his dad would be.

“I-I can’t, my father...” Tubbo sighed and rolled his eyes.

“I honestly don’t care what your father thinks, you have been stuck here for ages! No amount of protectiveness justifies keeping you here, like in a cage. The least you deserve is going out to fulfill your dream.” Tommy bit his tongue hard, stopping himself from saying something rude. This house was not a cage! And his father had a good reason to never let him out. Of course, he could not explain it to Tubbo, he shouldn’t know too much about Tommy and his life. To be fair, he shouldn’t even be there. Maybe Tommy made a mistake by not asking him to leave earlier, before they got to talk and finding Tubbo’s company enjoyable. “Look, I get the thought of leaving your safe little reality is scary, but I cannot imagine leaving you all alone here and you not seeing the lantern festival. It would be...unfair. And sad.”

Tommy considered those words carefully. Maybe Tubbo wasn’t completely wrong. Father told him people will try to harm him, yet his guest was only kind to him. How could he be sure he wasn’t wrong about other things? Not to mention, he really wanted to see those lanterns. According to Tubbo, they were absolutely spectacular. He had to see it with his own eyes.

“If I agreed to go, would you go with me? And could I return home immediately after the lights, so my father doesn’t find out I had left?” Was he actually considering this? Was he really going to take a risk and leave into the unknown world?

“Of course I’ll go with you! I can be your guide to the capital.” Tommy sighed in relief. He was not ready to walk out on his own. He would probably get overwhelmed and walk back. “And yes, we can try to get back as fast as possible. It’s no problem.” The golden-haired boy took a deep breath. This could work, right? Father wouldn’t have to know a thing and Tommy would have a memory of his small adventure for the rest of his life.

“I... I think I will go.” Part of him expected his dad to show up out of nowhere and scold him, but nothing like that could actually happen. Still, Tommy’s muscles tensed. He was experiencing an overwhelming fear. At the same time, his mind was screaming in joy. How can one even feel both of those emotions at once?

“Awesome! We will stop at Snowchester first though, my aunt Puffy is probably worried about me a lot. And we can get some food from there. And you can meet some of my friends, like Ranboo or Jack Manifold! And...” Tubbo continued his rambling as Tommy packed a warm coat, some fruit his father brought and water. At least he knew how to prepare after years of packing dad’s bag. He also took the pan. It was no sword or a crossbow, but it worked well as a weapon. Finally, two teenagers walked to the kitchen window, the only way out of the house for those who had no doorkeys.

Without much thinking, Tubbo jumped out of the window and landed safely on the ground. How did he not break his legs? Tommy stared down at the ground and Tubbo. He was waving at him, encouraging him to come down. The distance between the kitchen and the grass seemed much bigger than usual, which added to general anxiety he was experiencing. Despite all of this, Tommy slowly climbed at the windowsill. His hands were shaking, but it was going to be okay. He just had to keep calm. Once his legs were on the other side of the window. He turned around and slowly lowered himself against the wall, holding onto the edge like his life depended on it. His feet obviously did not touch the ground yet. About two meters separated him from a flat surface.

"Just let go! You'll be fine." Tommy inhaled unsteadily. That was it. If he lets go, there would be

no turning back. The adventure was going to begin and the most important rule would be broken. He closed his eyes. Hesitantly, he allowed himself to fall.

The first thing he felt was the grass. It was soft between his fingers. Then, he took a deep breath and he could sense its smell. Then, finally, he opened his eyes and looked up. The house seemed much higher from his current perspective. But what is even more bizarre is that he could actually see it from the outside. He wasn't inside anymore.

Tommy whispered so quietly, that he could barely hear himself. A single tear left his eye. "Holy shit."

# Welcome to Snowchester

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo and Tommy make way to Snowchester.

Warnings: none

## Chapter Notes

YO THANK YOU FOR ALL THE COMMENTS KUDOS AND HITS  
I appreciate it greatly I am literally living my dream right now thank you  
This chapter is mostly just good times and some bonding so don't worry  
ENJOY

Despite knowing him for less than three hours, Tubbo found himself liking that Tommy guy. Sure, he was pretty weird with his obsessive worrying about his father's opinion, and the fact he was kept in the same place for all of his life was at least concerning. However, when he managed to forget about his anxieties, he was quite an entertaining guy. He had a lot of energy and could not stop asking about the world. It was surprising how much he did not know. Apparently, he had no idea about any countries or what was happening in them. He let Tubbo talk about what he knew all the time, which was nice. Tommy desperately needed to get in touch with reality, so it worked both ways.

What was sad is how he refused to talk about himself at all. Tubbo understood to some extent, he had his right to keep secrets. The ram hybrid would know, he did not go around telling everyone his father killed the Queen. Hell, most people didn't even know he had horns. They weren't very big yet, but if he wasn't wearing a hat, they would be easily noticed. Letting others know who he is would put him in danger. Maybe it was the same for Tommy.

"I think you'll like Snowchester. It's always cold there, but It's one the prettiest places I've ever been to and everybody is nice there. We have a potato farm and a bee dome and each of us helps maintain it. We really care about each other there." Tommy nodded along, taking in every word said to him and making sure he does not forget anything. The world was much bigger than he expected it to be. It was crazy that father had never mentioned any actual history of the lands they lived in. "I know you would probably rather go to the capital right away, but I genuinely think Aunt Puffy would kill me if I didn't let her know I'm okay. Ranboo must have already told her that Technoblade found us." Tubbo really hoped Tommy would not ask why Techno was looking for him, but with his childlike curiosity, it was unavoidable.

"What is this guy's problem with you? Doesn't he have some royal things to do? Because he is a prince, right?" Tubbo sighed as he tried to find the best way to answer that question without revealing too much. Which was nearly impossible.

"Well...uh... It's really complicated, but the king doesn't like me that much. I don't... Only Ranboo and aunt know why exactly." Tommy opened his mouth, ready to ask more questions, when Tubbo noticed familiar builds out of spruce wood. How did he not realize they were so near home before? Well, it did not matter. He had to let his new friend know. "Tommy, we're here! C'mon, let's go!" Without much thinking, Tubbo ran to his home, jumping swiftly between surrounding trees.

"Hey! Wait up!" Tommy was right behind him, trying his best to catch up. While Tubbo was a fast runner even as a little kid, Tommy had longer legs. Sure, his steps weren't very graceful, but he made it up with enthusiasm. He would have probably easily outrun him if he had more chances to practise.

They stopped in the middle of the village, on a small square. It was around midday, which meant most people were busy with their jobs. No one hung out in the common area. Tubbo wanted to move along and check the potato farm, but he noticed that Tommy was standing still, staring at his surroundings with wonder.

"This village is so much nicer than my home! And there's snow! I didn't know it made a sound when you step on it!" He started walking in a small circle, amazed by his new discovery. Tubbo couldn't help but smile. He looked so happy to be there.

"I know, right? It's great." Suddenly, he got an incredible idea. He picked up some of the snow and formed a ball. He waited until Tommy turned around to aim a snowball at him. Unfortunately, Tubbo's aim wasn't very good, so it hit his head.

"What was that!?" The ram hybrid laughed at his clear confusion.

"That would be my poor attempt to start a snow fight. Do you... Do you know what that is?" Tommy squinted his eyes. He has heard about snow fights before. Well, he had read about them, there was a description of one in some book. Without breaking the gaze, he picked up a lot of snow from the ground, forming quite a big snowball. Tubbo took a step back.

"I do, actually." That's when he began to chase Tubbo with his snowy projectile. The other boy immediately tried to escape the danger radius.

"Tommy, no!" He tried to sound like he was actually distressed, but it was just too fun. Soon enough, Tubbo got hit, but he quickly prepared a counter attack. The boys were playing for quite a while. They allowed themselves to enjoy the moment. Both of them were covered in snow. Tommy's hair got wet, but he paid no mind. He threw another snowball and Tubbo dodged it. Unfortunately, there was someone standing behind him.

A woman with ram horns stood with her arms crossed. Snow got stuck in her curly hair, but she pretended not to be bothered by it. She looked intimidating, despite being short. Blood left Tommy's face. Tubbo raised his left eyebrow, trying to figure out what was going on.

"Tubbo!" Oh crap. He completely forgot about finding aunt Puffy. He turned around to face her. She looked angry, which caused him to gulp. But as soon as she saw her nephew, she opened up her arms in a welcoming manner. "For the love of prime, you're okay!" Tubbo quickly appeared right in front of her and hugged her tight. Meanwhile, the former captain wrapped her arms around her boy and lifted him up. "Where have you been?! Ranboo told me Techno found you and I was worried he caught you." There were tears in her eyes. Tubbo hated seeing his aunt this way.

"I'm sorry for making you worry. I had a little detour on my way back." He pulled away and waved at Tommy to come closer. Unsurely, he walked towards them. "This is Tommy. He was stuck in his home for his whole life, so I decided to take him on a trip and show him the world." His friend seemed to be stressed. Crap, Tubbo completely forgot that he was sure everyone wanted to hurt him for some reason. "Don't worry, big man. My aunt is cool! Everyone here is!" Tommy seemed to have relaxed a bit. He reached out his hand. Tubbo noticed it was shaking slightly.

"Hi, I'm Tommy. And you must be Aunt Puffy." The woman smiled and shook his hand.

"That is right, kid. It's nice to meet you." She noticed his wet hair and gasped. Then she looked at Tubbo and realized he also had damp strands sticking to his face. "You two have to go inside and dry off now! C'mon, let's go." The duo followed her to one of the wooden houses. Tubbo looked at Tommy to check how he was doing. He did meet twice as many people as he had seen through his entire life after all. The golden-haired boy gave him a small smile.

Tubbo couldn't help but wonder how it was possible that he cared about his well-being so much after such a short time of knowing him.

# Questions and Confusion

## Chapter Summary

Puffy does not approve of Tubbo's plans. Ranboo warns everyone about a dangerous criminal.

Warnings for this chapter: brief kidnapping mention

## Chapter Notes

Guys, my eyes hurt, i am tired, but I appreciate all comments and kudos and hits! A LOT. Seriously ily guys  
Writing this one was a struggle but I emerged victorious!  
Also the next chapter is going to be fun :) I am very excited

Tommy couldn't help but feel jealous. He hated it, but could not deny it. There was something in the way Ms Puffy smiled softly at Tubbo as she gave him a blanket and a cup of hot chocolate that made his stomach twist in envy. Or when she sat beside him and Tubbo laid his head comfortably on her shoulder. The last time his father allowed something like that was years ago, when Tommy was still a kid. He always assumed the physical affection stopped because he grew up and shouldn't rely on it to know his father cared about him. At that moment, however, he questioned his belief, wondering if there were any other reasons.

"Tubbo, while it's very nice of you for wanting to show Tommy around, you know it's not safe. I mean, with Techno looking for you, I would rather if you stayed at home for a little while." Tommy looked at his...friend? He wasn't sure, but he looked up to him, trying his best not to seem to panic. They couldn't stay! He had very limited time, three days! After that, his one and only chance would be gone forever. Tubbo turned to his aunt.

"But I promised to take him to the capital so he can go to the Lantern Festival!" Ms Puffy shook her head and looked at her nephew. His eyes were basically begging for permission to go.

"I can't let you into the lion's den! Because let's be real, the damned city is exactly that for you. There are guards everywhere! How do you even imagine not getting caught?" Tubbo looked down and began playing with a strand of his hair. Meanwhile, Tommy felt a slight burn in his tear ducts. All of that excitement and overthinking was for nothing? He shouldn't have left, he should have stayed at home and just pretend nothing ever happened and-



"I've been to the capital plenty of times." Silence filled the room. It seemed that everyone stopped breathing and the tension was unbearable. Tommy pulled his knees closer to his chest, ready for the intense fight to happen. "The first time I went there was with Big Q, during the festival. Nobody recognized me, so I figured out it's not that much of a risk." Ms Puffy stood up and started walking in a circle, trying to process what she had just been told. "I didn't tell you, because-

"You realize this might be how the king found out you're in L'Manberg, right?" Tubbo abruptly stopped talking. He focused his gaze on the floor, avoiding Ms Puffy's eyes at all cost. His arms slouched. "If things get worse, we will have to move out of Snowchester to Dream SMP again. We are already risking a lot by living here, but I took the chance because despite everything I still missed my home, just like you. I would..." She stuttered a little as she tried to find the right words. While Tommy did feel iffy about being there during a fight, he decided to listen, mostly due to curiosity of its outcome. "If it mattered, I would go to the castle right now and beg for your exile to end. But it doesn't matter. My word... It doesn't matter in this kingdom anymore." Tubbo sadly nodded along.

"I know. I'm so sorry aunt Puffy." Tommy's heart sank. He wanted to help Tubbo in some way, add an argument that could turn everything around. His situation reminded him of... well, himself. He knew what it was like to be sheltered from danger. In Tubbo's case, however, it seemed more justified, with all of the king-wants-him-dead-for-some-reason shit. Sure, Tommy had a history of nearly being kidnapped due to his powers, but from what he could gather, nobody knew who he was. Which meant they didn't know there is something priceless within him. Didn't that technically mean there was no particular reason for him to be worried about safety outside? If so, why did his father insist on hiding him?

Suddenly, like with a struck of lightning, Tommy knew what to say.

"Uh, excuse me?" Two other people in the room looked at him. They must have forgotten he was still there, because they appeared to be quite startled. "I know that I don't know a lot about the whole situation, but maybe Tubbo is right here?" Ms Puffy squinted her eyes and Tubbo tilted his head. "I mean, I was told people would like to kidnap me or kill me if I go outside, but clearly none of those things happened. Maybe... Maybe that... What was his name again...?" The ram lady raised her eyebrow, but kept on listening. "I mean...What if Tubbo isn't actually in as much danger as you think he is?" Tubbo gave Tommy a small smile. That was good, right?

Ms Puffy shook her head and sighed. "Look, I know you mean well, and I feel like we really should come back to kidnapping and killing part, but-

There was a frantic knock on the door. All three looked at the source of noise, wondering who it could be and why they chose to knock so forcefully. Tommy watched as Tubbo slowly opened the door.

“Oh, hi Ranboo!” Tommy was at least shocked when he saw the famous friend of Tubbo. His skin was black on one side and white on another. He was so tall that he had to crouch under the door frame when he entered the house. Each of his eyes had a different color - red and green. He definitely wasn't human.

“Tubbo! Thank goodness you are okay, I was worried.” Tubbo grinned, seemingly forgetting about the fight that has just happened. Ranboo turned to the horned woman, giving her a small hand wave. “Hello Ms Puffy! And hello...” He stared at Tommy for a second, trying to figure out who he was. “Actually, who are you?”

“I'm Tommy.” Ranboo nodded as if that explained everything he needed to know about the golden-haired boy. “And you are Ranboo, right?”

“Uh, yeah! Pleasure to meet you.” He did not reach out his hand to greet him, which was honestly a relief. Besides, it seemed the weird tall guy came in there with a specific goal in mind.

“What is up? I thought you were working in a bee dome?” Ms Puffy seemed concerned. People running into her house must not have been a normal occurrence. Ranboo scratched his head, most likely trying to remember why he came there.

“Hold on... Oh, I know! Oh boy, I know. Uh... I was taking a break and went on a stroll and I saw a... I saw...” He stumbled with his words, delaying the moment he would have to say the name. “I saw Dream.”

Tubbo took a step back and Ms Puffy's eyes went wide. Meanwhile, Tommy froze, trying to comprehend that information. According to what he had read, Dream was a peaceful deity who got wrongfully punished by taking away his immortality and powers. Which means he should be long gone. How could he be around Snowchester?

"What do you mean you saw Dream? Here? Near Snowchester?" Maybe he meant some other Dream? Who knows? Definitely not Tommy, he was so confused at that moment. Actually, everything was confusing. "Nobody saw him for years! What does he want?" Ms Puffy was pacing around. Tommy decided it would not hurt to ask who that Dream was.

"Who is Dream?" While Tubbo and Ms Puffy were aware Tommy doesn't know a lot, Ranboo seemed shocked. He looked at Tubbo and said boy waved his hand at him, trying to make it clear he knows what to do.

"Remember when I told you about the prince who got kidnapped?" Tommy nodded his head.

"Well, Dream was the one to do it. Since then, he barely shows up, but when he does, something terrible happens. Aunt and I weren't around, but apparently he repeatedly broke into the castle and caused chaos, he attacked villages and destroyed many landmarks. And he regularly robbed people. Officially, he's been in hiding for years, but some people claim to have seen him. He is probably the most hated person in the entire kingdom." Tommy could not believe what he had just heard. The Dream he had read about was much different from Dream that was described by Tubbo.

That Dream was also on his way to drag his precious flower where it belonged.

# Following the Trail

## Chapter Summary

Dream has discovered that Tommy left the house. He hunts him down.

Warnings for this chapter: violence, stabbing, blood

## Chapter Notes

I was so excited for this one my dudes, out of all chapters to be written, it was in my top 5. Also THANK YOU FOR SUPPORT IT MEANS MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE  
Anywayos, enjoy!

For years now, Dream felt like he was running out of time. It wasn't a completely foreign sensation. Before Tommy was born, he would sometimes go a bit too far away from the golden flower and ended up coming back to it with gray hair and wrinkles. But that was different and easily solved. He had no idea what he would have to do when Tommy eventually dies. Because despite the power of the sun inside him, he was still human, wasn't he? And Dream knew that the child was not able to use the magic on himself, so keeping him alive forever was not an option. Unless he finds a way to extract the flower, the masked man would die in a couple decades. Everytime he travelled, he hoped to find some clue on how to steal the power back, but to no avail.

He was in the undergrounds of some ancient ruins when he sensed something was wrong. The scent... It was always coming through the same direction. He knew exactly where it came from. It was stuck in the back of his skull. Why did he feel the shiver on the right side of his head? It was literally impossible. Tommy could be in one place only. Dream made sure he would never even dare to think about leaving the house. It was the most important rule they had. But if he could sense the source of magic moving... then...

He didn't remember running so fast before. That could not be true. No way. He wouldn't leave! Tommy was terrified of the outside world. Dream knew that, because he was the one to instill that fear. If the boy was gone, he had to find him as quick as possible. All the lies he had told were at risk of being exposed.

He was thankful for the high level of stamina as he kept getting closer and closer. Minutes and hours fused into a blur as he tried to figure out how to make things right. He obviously couldn't just show up wherever Tommy was and drag him back home. He would know something is not right. A porcelain mask with a smile seemed to get heavier in his bag as he tried to think up a plan. He

hadn't worn it in a while, since it was basically a symbol of his criminal persona. He wore it only when he was committing atrocities. This time, however, it seemed unavoidable.

He stopped for a second. Carefully, he took out the mask. He stared at the smile on it for a while. A bitter feeling plagued him as he remembered the days when that stupid smile was a symbol of his greatness. He missed those times everyday, but usually he pushed the longing away, because it hurt too much, but he could not get rid of it at that moment. So slowly, he lifted the mask up to his face. He looked up as he tied the strings on the back of his head. Then, he put on a dark green hood of his cape. He closed his bag and adjusted it on his arm. He was ready.

After some time of walking, he noticed houses made of spruce wood and stone in the distance. He knew what that place was. It had to be Snowchester. He was aware of its existence, but never really had a reason to visit, since it was a relatively new village. Until now. Tommy had to be there, he felt it in his bones. With determination, he made his way through the trees. He didn't really pay attention when he passed a strange tall creature that was staring at him. While the world was rid of most monsters, few of them managed to survive. It had to be one of them. Usually, he would kill it, but he had more important matters to attend to.

When Dream arrived, someone was already waiting for him. A familiar ram woman stood with her arms crossed. It was former captain of the Royal Guard, Puffy. Wasn't she supposed to be outside L'Manberg?

"Tell me what you want from us or leave right now." Dream laughed. She may have been intimidating to most people, but not to him. He beat her easily when he broke into the castle a few years ago.

"I don't want anything from you or anyone living here." He tried to walk past her, but she blocked his way. He rolled his eyes. "Look, I am not going to attack anyone, so why don't you calm down?" Puffy tried to punch him, but Dream dodged her fist. He turned his head in the direction of a house behind them. Tommy was there. Why would he even go to Snowchester? Puffy exhaled unsteadily, which she basically confirmed what he already knew. He watched as the former captain took out a knife.

"Don't you even dare to hurt Tubbo." Ah, right. Of course she was more worried about her nephew. Despite being absolutely furious with Tommy for leaving, he couldn't help but chuckle. It was good to know the caution he instilled made him keep his powers a secret. There was still a chance to do some damage control.

He decided to tease Puffy, just for a second. Playing with fear was basically his hobby and she was very much afraid for her nephew's life.

"Or what? What are you going to do?" She glanced just above Dream's head. He tried to take a quick glance, but that's when Puffy charged at him. The knife cut through his sleeve, but didn't touch his arm. He blocked the next attack and attempted to make the former captain trip, but her stance remained steady. She got better at fighting, which was surprising. He tried to see if there was any movement in the house as he rolled punches and kicks. Finally, with a corner of his eye, he saw three figures in between the trees. He immediately noticed the familiar golden-haired boy. He was running along with Schlatt's son and a tall creature from before. He had to stop them somehow.

The moment he thought that, he managed to make Puffy drop the knife. Dream swiftly caught in the air and escaped the attack radius. He went on a chase and tried his best to catch up with the trio, even though they were quite far ahead. He could hear the former captain shouting behind him. The scent of power hung in the air as he sprinted. He put all of his energy into it, like his life depended on it. Finally, he got close enough to see brown wavy hair and small horns clearly. There was no sight of Tommy, but he had to be nearby. And Dream knew how to get his attention. He aimed the knife at the boy's arm. Someone screamed at him to watch out, but it was too late. The weapon got stuck just above Tubbo's elbow. His sleeve was quickly turning red. Dream slowed down. He was sure getting Tommy back home would be a piece of cake now.

"Tubbo!" His precious flower kneeled by the other boy's side. The monster was there too, whispering something in panic. Dream wished he could hear the conversation between them well. Two of them seemed to be arguing, trying to figure out what to do. Tommy quickly glanced at the distance and ended up staring at Dream himself. His caretaker stopped. He had never seen the golden-haired boy looking at someone like that before. His stare was piercing and cold. It shocked the ex-deity so much that he did not notice the monster coming between his companions and touching their arms. Suddenly, the trio disappeared, leaving purple particles behind.

His heart nearly stopped when he realized he could not sense where Tommy was.

# Closing Wounds, Opening Hearts

## Chapter Summary

As Ranboo rests after teleporting far, Tommy heals Tubbo's wounds.

Warnings for this chapter: blood, injury, passing out (due to tiredness)

## Chapter Notes

Guys, after the last chapter we hit both funny number of comments and funny number of kudos, which is amazing! MY LIFE IS COMPLETE also WARNING FOR THIS CHAPTER, there is quite a lot of talk about blood, so proceed with caution!

Tommy's heart stopped when he finally got to Tubbo. He was sitting under a tree and holding onto his arm, which had a knife sticking out of it. His hat must have fallen during the chase, because he could see two small horns on his head clearly. Maybe he should have been surprised, but it barely fazed him. His focus was on a sleeve of his coat turning red, and the stain kept getting bigger. Ranboo was by his right side, whispering 'no no no no' repeatedly in a panicked voice. Tommy kneeled down to check how bad exactly was the wound. As he examined, it became obvious that a simple bandage would not be enough to treat it. If he didn't want Tubbo to bleed out, some healing magic was necessary.

He heard a branch snapping in the distance. Shit, he completely forgot there was a maniac after them. They had to move, but how far would they get before Dream gets to them? They had to think of something quick.

"Ranboo, I know how to help him, but we need to get out of here." Tommy's voice snapped the tall guy from dark thoughts. He nodded in agreement.

"I can try to teleport all of us to Snowchester and Puffy can treat him there." Tommy shook his head in disagreement. Snowchester was not the safest option at the moment.

"No, we can't go back there. It's an obvious option. We need to get as far from here as possible." Ranboo scoffed in disbelief.

"But all of the equipment for healing is in there! What are you going to do!? Magically make the stab wound disappear?" Tommy almost laughed, but quickly regained his composure. That was exactly what he was planning on doing. But he didn't want Ranboo to know about his healing abilities yet. Even though he was ready to do whatever it takes to help Tubbo, it still felt iffy to just show what he is capable of, after nearly seventeen years of hiding it.

"Just get us out of here before that Dream bitch catches up!" He was surprised that he actually screamed. He never shouted at someone before. It was liberating, in a way. It also caused Ranboo to go silent. He moved in between Tommy and Tubbo. Then he gently placed his hands on his companions' shoulders. As that was happening, Tommy looked at the direction they ran from, to check if Dream was nearby.

His gaze froze when he saw the masked man behind the tree line. He was standing completely still. Even though his face was covered, he seemed to be staring. Which should not be possible, there was no space for eyes in the mask. But Tommy could somehow sense the complete focus. It gave him shivers, like an army of spiders crawling on his back. Why did Dream stop? Why didn't he come closer? The stupid smile on porcelain made Tommy so unexplainably angry. He wanted to smash it into bits, for chasing them for no particular reason and for stabbing his friend.

He barely even noticed when three of them got embraced by purple particles. Suddenly, the surrounding forest disappeared before his eyes. For a second, there was nothing. Utter darkness seemed to be the only existing thing in the universe. Then, air filled his lungs again as their trio reappeared in a small clearing in the woods. The trees were different, nearly white with dark marks. Lilac flowers covered the field. It was quite beautiful, especially with April sun shining, keeping them warm.

A silent groan brought him back to reality. Tubbo still had a knife stuck in his arm and it was obviously causing him a lot of pain. He had to be quick.

Ranboo was laying on the grass with his eyes closed. He seemed to be pretty tired. Teleporting had to be quite exhausting, especially if you also brought along two people with you. Tommy decided to let him rest, he could take care of Tubbo on his own. Besides, he was pretty sure the tall guy passed out from exhaustion, he could hear the snoring.

He kneeled on Tubbo's side once again. He was still conscious, but the blood loss made him significantly weaker. He barely kept his eyes open. Tommy gripped the knife tight, trying his best not to move it too much until he had to take it out.

"This will hurt." Tubbo closed his eyes and grimaced while the golden-haired boy carefully pulled



out the blade out of his arm. Tommy put it away on the grass, noting to clean it up later. Then, he slowly lifted Tubbo up and took off his coat. He rolled up the sleeve of his green shirt, so that he could see the wound. It looked pretty nasty, there was blood everywhere. All there was left was to sing a song and get some magic healing going on. He hesitated before gently grabbing Tubbo's hand. It was smaller than his, which made sense. The teenager with horns was a tiny person in general. He took a deep breath and opened his mouth to begin, but he couldn't bring himself to it. He was so scared that once Tubbo realizes what his abilities are, he would want to use them for his own gain. But... he wasn't like that, was he? Despite knowing him for not even a whole day, he treated Tommy with kindness and risked his own safety for someone else's dream. How can you not trust someone like that?

"Shouldn't you be, like, putting bandages on or something?" Tubbo was staring at him with a puzzled expression. Right, from his point of view, Tommy was just sitting there holding his hand. He huffed.

"I don't need bandages. Just... don't freak out. I know what I'm doing." He closed his eyes to focus better on the task. Quietly, he began to sing a familiar song.

" *Flower, gleam and glow*" He could feel the magic activating within him, starting from his heart and ending at his fingertips. " *Let your powers shine*" He could not explain it, but the sun made his ability stronger. Its rays seemed to embrace him and encourage him. " *Make the clock reverse*" The healing has spread to Tubbo's arm. He had never treated a wound so deep. It gave him second-hand pain, but he could take it. " *Bring back what once was mine*" He opened his eyes, to see what was his friend's reaction. Tubbo's gaze kept shifting from his arm to Tommy, as if he could not believe what was happening, but he remained still. The golden-haired boy took it as a permission to continue. " *Heal what has been hurt*" The wound began to close up. Both pairs of eyes were watching it get smaller and smaller. " *Change the fates design*" The damage that was done to veins lessened, which was good. There was no chance for internal bleeding. " *Save what has been lost*" Tubbo's face was slowly regaining color, and with that he also had some energy returned to him. " *Bring back what once was mine*" Tubbo tried to sit up more straight, without moving his arm too much. Meanwhile, Tommy finished the process of healing with the last line. " *What once was mine.*"

The magic faded and Tommy let go of Tubbo's hand. The boy with horns touched the place where the knife used to be. He probably expected it to leave any form of mark, but the skin was perfectly smooth there. It was gone, just like that.

"Woah." Tommy's head was slightly dizzy, but he did not care. The most important thing at that moment was that Tubbo was fine. "That was amazing! How did you... What the hell, that was so cool!" Tommy gave him a small smile. He was relieved to see that Tubbo was feeling alright, great even. He kept flapping his freshly healed arm around, checking if it worked normally. Suddenly, he turned towards Tommy. "Thank you!"

With a big grin, Tubbo wrapped his arms around Tommy and hugged him. The golden-haired boy froze. A hug. An actual hug, first one in a long time. He hadn't been hugged for such a long time and it felt so good, so safe. The sensation of it was overwhelming, but without much thought he allowed himself to relax and returned the embrace.

# Making Excuses

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and Tubbo bond over their life experiences. Tubbo tries to make Tommy realize his dad is shit.

Warnings: mentions of past traumatic experiences

## Chapter Notes

This is the longest chapter yet, my dudes! It is mostly light-hearted, with a bit of pretty important conversation for both Tubbo and Tommy. Once again, thank you for all support!

The sun was slowly coming down, hiding behind the trees and painting the sky with orange and pink light as Tubbo and Tommy were washing blood-stained clothes in the nearby stream. Ever since the golden-haired boy shared his healing magic, the atmosphere got significantly lighter. They kept joking around and splashing each other with water. Tubbo wouldn't be surprised if it was the most carefree moment of Tommy's life. He seemed much more relaxed and he stopped filtering himself that much. It was nice, very nice.

Despite seeing and experiencing the healing, Tubbo still couldn't believe it. His arm was perfectly fine, just like that. There was no sign of a stab wound, not even a tiny bruise. It was absolutely remarkable and he wanted to know everything about it.

"How can you even do that? Like, did you always have magic or did it appear later in life? And how does it work? I have to know everything!" Tommy tried to hide his smile, but he couldn't. It was exciting to be able to talk about his powers with someone.

"To be fair, I'm not sure why I have it. I guess I was just born with powers. And it's not just healing! I can make people temporarily stronger and younger. It's really cool!" Tubbo listened to every word attentively. He found all of this fascinating. "My dad found out about it by accident when he tried to get me to fall asleep. He knows a lot about ancient times and he was trying out some of the songs from that times and the one I was singing before made me all glowy and shit." Tubbo chuckled at the thought of baby Tommy shining aggressively in the dark. "What are you laughing about?"

"Dude, you glow in the dark?! That is hilarious!" Tommy rolled his eyes, but the corners of his lips gave his amusement away.

"Technically, I always glow. Sometimes it's just not very visible." Tubbo scoffed.

"You really think highly of yourself, don't you? You light up every room you enter with your presence?" The golden-haired boy took some time to think of an answer. He stopped trying to get the stain out of coat and looked up.

"Well, I haven't been to many rooms in my life, so how the fuck am I supposed to know?" Tubbo giggled.

"Touché, touché." For a while, they washed clothes in complete silence. When the boy with horns decided his shirt was clean enough, he put it back on. The wet sleeve annoyed him with its stickiness, but it was going to dry off quickly.

He was caught completely off guard when Tommy asked him a question.

"Why were you hiding your horns before?" Tubbo unconsciously rose his hands to his head. He completely forgot he lost his hat while being chased and that they were perfectly visible.

"I still have to hide them, if I am entirely honest." He had to find something to cover his head with. If a Royal Guard patrol would come across them...

He looked at Tommy, trying to figure out if he should tell him the whole truth or not. Normally, he would keep his past a secret, but Tommy wasn't exactly the same as the rest, was he? They have already gone through a lot together, especially considering they knew each other for less than a day. Weirdly enough, it was difficult not to trust him and to not consider him a friend.

Tubbo sighed, preparing himself to tell his story. "Do you remember how I told you the Queen got killed by a royal advisor many years ago?" Tommy nodded. "Well... That advisor was my dad." His friend's eyes went wide. "He was executed for murder and plotting against the crown when I was six. And I... the king couldn't stand having a child of a man who killed his wife in the castle, so I got exiled from L'manberg, with a threat of being executed if I ever return." Tommy clenched his fists and huffed. He seemed to be taken aback.

"Hold on, this is a lot of fucked up shit at one time." He put his hands together and closed his eyes. "The king exiled you when you were six?! And he swore to kill you if you return?!" Tubbo nodded silently. Tommy stood up upon getting that confirmation and began stomping angrily. "That is fucked up! It's not like you killed her! What the actual fuck?" He stopped for a second. "But what does it have to do with horns?"

Tubbo sighed. "Well, my father was a ram hybrid and I am one too. And it just happens that in the whole kingdom, we are the only ones of this specific type of hybrids, which means that if someone sees my horns, it would be easy to identify me as Schlatt's son. So I hide them, especially now that apparently the whole royal guard knows I am back in L'manberg." Tommy shook his head in disbelief.

"I have just decided that I hate the king. He can go fuck himself." Tubbo sighed sadly and laid on the grass.

"See, the problem is that I have every reason to hate him and the rest of the royal family, but... I can't do that. Because I keep remembering all the good memories with them. We used to be close and I hung out with Techno and Wilbur a lot. They were like brothers to me." Tubbo closed his eyes. For a second, he recalled running down the castle halls and watching two princes spar. He had never spoken about how he missed the days before the exile and missed his friends. Sure, they had changed a lot. They were adults now, with important roles. Wilbur had a freaking son! Still, Tubbo would do anything to catch up with the royals again.

"So you miss them? Even though they are horrible?" Tubbo thought about his next answer. It was actually something he had never considered before.

"Look, I know it's not the healthiest to miss the man who wants you dead, but it's not easy to not make excuses. You do that a lot." He had no idea why he added the last bit, but what he knew is

that he possibly made a terrible mistake. Tommy squinted his eyes and tilted his head ever so slightly.

What do you mean? Excuses for who?" Tubbo was sure his friend would not take his next words lightly. He had to explain what he wanted to say very carefully. Or...

"Tommy, you have a shit dad. Like, he is so shit that I might put mine in the same level of shittyness." The golden-haired boy blinked his eyes a few times. He looked like he wanted to say something, but the pure shock upon hearing such accusation was too much. "He kept you isolated from the whole world for years, not letting you meet anyone and make friends in a name of a danger that doesn't even exist. No one wants to kidnap you or hurt you, no one has even heard about you until today. To me, it sounds like your dad selfishly wants you all for himself, which is fucked up." Tommy was massaging a spot on his forehead. His eyes were closed and kept shaking his head. "Are you...okay?"

"This can't be right. This can't be right, it couldn't be. You have to be wrong, because if you are right.... I don't like what it means then." Tubbo gulped. Perhaps he dropped that bomb on Tommy too soon. Maybe he should have seen more of the world to see that his father was a fucking liar. "I don't want to think about that, how do I stop thinking about that? My head feels so fuzzy, I can't-"

Tubbo had never been more thankful for Ranboo, who chose that exact moment to wake up and find the duo. He yawned as he stretched his arms above his head.

"Remind me to never teleport multiple people again, because that was exhausting." Tubbo sighed out in relief. Ranboo's sudden appearance stopped Tommy from spiraling down into a hole of realizations about his life. "Wait a minute, Tubbo! You're okay! But how?" The ram hybrid shared a look with the golden-haired boy. Tommy's facial expression made it clear he was not comfortable with sharing his secret. Tubbo nodded to let him know that he wasn't going to tell anyone how he got healed.

"Wouldn't you like to know, enderboy? Just enjoy me being alive!" Ranboo opened his mouth to say something, but he got quickly cut off by Tommy wondering how far from Snowchester they were. Besides, everyone had their right to secrets. He had his own too.

# Last Moment of Peace

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur sits in the garden with his son, Fundy. Other family members join. Miscommunication strikes.

Warnings for this chapter: none

## Chapter Notes

I cannot thank enough for all the hits and kudos and comments, they make my day!  
Thank you!  
To summarize this chapter, you know how we always get 3/4 of SBI?  
ENJOY!

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

When Wilbur needed some time to relax and to be alone with his thoughts, he would go to the royal garden. Not many people actually had time to visit it daily, so he didn't have to worry about being disturbed. He could just watch the sun slowly set behind the horizon as he walked along the path and his mind raced. He always had a lot of thoughts at that time of the year.

He sat down on a marble bench and exhaled softly. While the bushes already grew back their leaves, most flowers in that particular area weren't even close to blooming yet. In the summer, however, the bench would be surrounded by pink carnations and baby breath. The prince smiled at being able to see the view of them in a few months. It was one of his favorite spots in the entire castle grounds.

The sky turned pink and orange as he remembered what the next day had in store for him. Once it would get dark, people of L'manberg were going to gather outside at squares and near the coast to light up lanterns and to let them fly high. Many foreigners would probably arrive just to see them. He could not blame them, the lights were absolutely mesmerising, but the Lantern Festival always tasted bitter for the royal family. All they could think of was the missing piece, Tommy. Even after nearly seventeen years, just thinking about his brother's kidnapping made Wilbur's blood boil. They didn't even know why Dream, that sick motherfucker, did something like that. Sometimes he wondered what could have been if Tommy was with them. What would he be like? Would they get along? He had no idea.

"Dad!" Wilbur turned to see a fox hybrid running towards him. He grinned and opened his arms so he could pick up his son and hug him. No matter what was going on, Fundy always managed to

make the future king smile.

"What is my little champion doing here?" His son tried to climb on his knees. Wilbur lifted him up in the air and the boy laughed. "You didn't run away from your nanny again, didn't you?" He gently placed Fundy on his legs and let him snuggle up to his chest. Even though he has done that plenty of times, Wilbur's heart melted.

"Not this time! I brought him here." The prince was surprised to recognize his father's voice. Wasn't he supposed to be busy until dinner? "I cleared both yours and mine schedules for the rest of the day, and Techno should be on his way back." He sat beside his son and grandson, awkwardly trying to position his wings right. He ended up putting the right one behind their backs. The weight of somebody laying on it made him feel slight pressure, but it was okay. He was used to it. "I miss hanging out with my boys."

Wilbur rolled his eyes, but couldn't hide his amusement. At that moment, Fundy decided to stand up. The prince held his son's sides as he reached out to touch the king's wing.

"I mean, technically we're definitely going to spend a lot of time together tomorrow." His dad immediately slouched slightly and the corners of his mouth dropped. Maybe, just maybe, Wilbur shouldn't have said that.

"Technically. But you know how this day is like to me." Out of the whole family, the king was probably the most somber on his lost son's birthday. Wilbur suspected he felt guilty - he heard the story of his dad jumping out of the window to catch the kidnapper many times. He sacrificed his wings' health and ability to fly just for a chance to take Tommy back, yet he still hadn't stopped the kidnapping. That probably fucks you up as a person.

"I know, I know. I just-"

".. Tried to cheer you up and failed miserably? Sounds about right." Techno appeared seemingly out of nowhere. He sat right next to his twin with a huff. Fundy immediately turned his head to him and reached his grabby hands to Techno's pink hair. A lot of it fell from his braid. The piglin hybrid winced a bit as he felt a pull.

"As if you would do any better. You would probably manage to make dad cry somehow with the level of your social skills." Techno snorted and Philza lightened up a little. He found his sons' bickering quite enjoyable to hear.

"So, Techno, how was your search? Did you find him?" Both men turned their heads to him, waiting for an answer. Techno sighed and straightened his back.

"Well, in theory, I found him a bunch of times. But..." Wilbur blinked a few times. What did he mean by that? Why did he find Tubbo only in theory? "... He just keeps running away! And I don't know why. It's not like I'm going to kill him or something."

To explain what was going on, about two months ago one of the royal guards told the royal family that Tubbo, known mostly for being exiled after his father killed the Queen, was seen on L'manberg grounds. A family discussion occurred, and each of royals agreed that the ram hybrid shouldn't have been banished in the first place. He wasn't guilty of anything. That's when king Philza gave Techno a task to find where Tubbo was and to bring him to the castle, so he can be officially pardoned and welcomed back.

"That makes no sense! I mean, you must have told him the reason why you were looking for him, right?" Technoblade became completely silent and his face turned red. It took the king and his heir a second to connect the dots. Once it hit them, Wilbur put a hand on his mouth in shock.

"You didn't tell him?!" That was an absolute disaster. King Philza rested his head on his head and exclaimed. And Fundy just kept looking at each of three with a confused expression.

"Look, my social skills are legendarily bad and I also kind of forgot to do tha-"

"For weeks?!" Poor Tubbo. Of course he would run away from Techno. According to what he knew, he probably thought he would be killed. They had to set things right quick. "I have to take care of this right away. For the love of Prime, if I haven't regretted exiling him enough before, I definitely do now. Fucking hell." King Philza stood up and quickly left the gardens. Techno and Wilbur looked at each other.

"See, this is why I wanted for you to go with me, I would do the tracking and you would do the talking and it would all work out!" Wilbur lifted Fundy up and then stood up with his son in his arms. He looked down at his brother.

"You are in so much trouble man, holy shit. I'm going to help dad and you... you should probably join us actually, so get up. I have to drop off Fundy first."

The twins separated as they entered the castle. Wilbur wished he didn't have to leave his son with a



nanny again, but duty called. He noted to himself that he had to find more time to spend time with him as soon as possible. Before he left for work, he kissed his son's forehead and promised to come back to read him a book before bed.

## Chapter End Notes

I have a small question. Originally, I was going to add a chapter or two with Dream's back story, it would go into why he lost his deity status, but I realized it doesn't fit right. Would anyone be interested in reading Dream's back story as a separate fic, that can be also read as a stand-alone?

# April Morning

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo and Tubbo talks in the morning, before the enderboy leaves. Tubbo and Tommy are close to the capital.

Warnings for this chapter: none

## Chapter Notes

Before we go, I am thanking you all once again for reading. The seperate fic for Dream's backstory will definitely happen! I don't know when exactly. I am very excited for a next few chapters, but at the same time we are slowly getting to the end which is sad. I might cry.  
Anyways, enjoy this!

The sun didn't even rise fully when Tommy woke up. The boy shivered and curled up under his coat. The fire that kept him warm died out, leaving ash and coal. Despite being slightly cold and having to sleep on the ground, he could not be happier. It was his birthday afterall. Not only that, it was his first birthday outside of the house and he was going to make one of his biggest dreams come true. Every sign pointed that the greatest times of his life was about to happen.

"Oh, good, you're awake!" Tommy turned on his back to see Ranboo standing right in front of him. He seemed even taller than usual from his perspective. The enderboy was holding something in his hand, but the golden-haired boy could not make out what it was. "I couldn't sleep at night, so I decided to look for a hat for Tubbo. For, you know, his horns. Since he lost his. While we were chased." He waved it above Tommy's face. It was dark green, made of wool. "Can you... Can you give it to him?" Tommy yawned and slowly sat up. He had to wake himself up a bit more, because he could barely understand what was going on. He reached out his hand and Ranboo let go of the hat. Tommy caught in the air.

"Sure, but can't you do it yourself? We're all going to L'Manberg together, right?" Ranboo looked away and started playing with a strand of his hair. The golden-haired boy was hit with realization. "You're not coming with us?"

"It's not like I don't want to, but someone should let Puffy know Tubbo is okay, she must be worried sick." Oh Prime. Tommy completely forgot about Ms Puffy. Ranboo was right, someone had to tell her what happened.

"Are you sure you're okay to go? You seemed pretty tired yesterday." The tall guy seemed surprised that he asked at first, but then gave Tommy a small smile.

"I rested a bunch, don't worry. And it wouldn't be the first time I teleported on far distances, it was bonus passengers that exhausted me." The sleepy one yawned again and nodded his head. He couldn't tell that to Ranboo, but he understood being fatigued after using magic. One time, his father was gone for nearly two weeks. When he got back, bringing him the youth required so much time and energy that Tommy felt like he was about to pass out for the rest of the day.

"Will you be there at the festival?" Ranboo nodded his head energetically. His eyes seemed to light up from excitement.

"Of course I will! We've been looking for the best spot for weeks and a bunch of cool people will be there. It's going to be epic." Tommy didn't know about having to make many new acquaintances, but the rest of it sounded more than great. "Anyways, I have to go now. See you later!" They waved at each other as Ranboo turned into purple particles and disappeared, leaving Tommy alone. He sighed and stood up. There was no chance he would fall asleep again, and he didn't want to wake up Tubbo yet, so he decided to try and find out how far from the capital they were. The ram hybrid mentioned that the castle was visible from pretty far. Unfortunately, the trees made it impossible to see the skyline. He tried to figure out what to do. He obviously wasn't about to wander off, since he knew nothing about the geography of the kingdom. The only other option was to climb up above the forest roof.

He walked up to one of a white trees and carefully placed his hands on thick branches. Step by step, with great difficulty, he got higher and higher. It took him a while, but he managed to get through the leaves that kept hitting his face. The golden-haired boy was suddenly hit by the morning sunlight. He squinted for a second, blinded by it, but once his eyes adjusted, he slowly opened them and he gasped.

The view was absolutely breathtaking. The capital was placed on an island. He could see the castle with its cream coloured walls and red roofs. It towered above the many buildings of the city. They came in all kinds of colors, from pastel blues to vibrant oranges. Each path came down to the coast, which was full of ports for boats and ships. The island was connected to the mainland by a wide bridge, which was on Tommy's right side. All of that seemed to be in a relatively close proximity. It shouldn't take long to get to the capital.

"Tommy! Ranboo! Where are you guys?" The golden-haired boy attempted to look down, but he ended up almost losing balance. His heart raced as he clinged to the branches. He was very much at risk of falling and breaking his bones.

"I'm at a tree! Give me a minute!" Getting down turned out to be much more difficult than climbing up. He thought he was on the verge of slipping at all times. There were a few times his foot didn't ground itself properly.

"What are you even doing up there?!" Tommy stopped for a second to look how far the grass was. He estimated the distance was about three meters, which was not a lot, but he didn't want to jump down just yet. With little grace, he finally managed to sit on the branch he used to pull himself up before. Tubbo was standing beneath it. "What the hell, man? You got me worried! And where is Ranboo?"

Tommy jumped down on the ground. His legs hurt a little and small cuts all over his body were annoying, but it was nothing he couldn't handle.

"To answer your question, Ranboo is currently teleporting back to Snowchester to let your aunt know you are okay. He said he will join us at the festival." Tubbo let out a silent 'oh'. "He also got you a hat! Wait, where the hell did I put it?" He checked his pockets, but it wasn't there. He must have left it by his coat. Tubbo followed him as the golden-haired boy picked up a green woolen hat. "Here you go!"

"Oh, sweet!" Tommy handed it down and the ram hybrid quickly put it on, covering his horns completely. "I totally forgot I can't walk into the capital with a bare head. Thank Prime that Ranboo did." He adjusted the hat, and moved some strands of his hair around. When he was finished, he looked up to Tommy. "Does this look good?" The golden-haired boy quickly confirmed.

"Yeah! It really does!" Tubbo let out a yawn. "Now, why were you at the tree?" Oh, right! Tommy forgot he climbed up for a second. He quickly explained he wanted to check how far they were from the castle and what were his observations. "

Really?! We're close!? Dude, Ranboo really outdone himself, he saved us hours of walking." The ram hybrid quickly picked his stuff up. He hid the coat in his bag. "C'mon, pack your things, we have to get there before the tourists!" The excitement in Tubbo's transmitted to Tommy. Soon enough they were ready to go. The capital was waiting for them.

# Hand in Hand

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and Tubbo arrive at the capital. Tubbo learns it's Tommy's birthday and buys him a gift.

Warnings for this chapter: none

## Chapter Notes

Hello! This chapter was brought to you by a horrible headache and stomach pain all weekend! It took me longer than usual due to bunch of homework, but here it is! The next chapter will probably from Tubbo's point of view, I kinda miss the funky nuke boy.

Thank you for all support and enjoy!

The clock hit eight by the time Tubbo and Tommy arrived at the bridge between mainland and the capital. Carriages mixed with cityfolk and tourists. According to the ram hybrid, the place was heavily overcrowded compared to any other day. Both boys looked up as they crossed the water. Pennants hung between pillars. Each one of them represented a golden flower on a white background. Even though it made no sense, he recognized it somehow. Maybe he saw it in a book?

"What's up with that flower?" Tommy pointed at one of the small flags. Tubbo followed his finger and squinted. After a short second, he turned to his friend.

"Didn't I tell you? The Queen got very sick when she was pregnant with the third prince and nobody could cure her, so the king ordered the guard to look for a magical flower. There were legends that it grew nearby and it could cure all diseases." Tommy almost scoffed, but then he remembered he has healing powers himself. A magic plant wasn't the weirdest thing he heard about. "A lot of people thought it was madness, but they found it, made a cure and both the Queen and the baby were okay!" The golden-haired boy nodded along. That was quite a good story. It's a shame both the Queen and the prince ended up meeting terrible fates. One killed. One kidnapped. He wanted to ask more questions when suddenly Tubbo grabbed his hand. "We are moving far too slow, let's go!" He dragged Tommy through the crowd swiftly. It was honestly admirable how easy it was for the ram hybrid to maneuver between all those people.

Soon enough, they got to the other side of the bridge and entered a large square, full of vendors and locals. It was so full of life and each color seemed so vibrant. There were many noises, from

shouting about different products to silent conversations. It was almost too much, but Tommy loved the busy atmosphere.

"Holy shit." He was still holding Tubbo's hand. He refused to let go of, because if he did, he would probably end up being lost. The other boy looked back at Tommy and he grinned.

"I know right? Oh, we should buy something! I don't know about you, but I am starving." Before the golden-haired boy could answer, his stomach growled. Without further ado, the duo walked up to the nearest stand. Since Tubbo was the one with money, he bought them two apples. They kept walking as they munched down, filling their empty stomachs.

"Is there anything specific you want to do?" Tommy thought about it for a while, but could not come up with something special. To be fair, he didn't expect to get that far. Although...

"You know, I always wanted a proper birthday cake. Father can barely bake and I am only a tiny bit better." Tubbo stopped abruptly, turned around and blinked a few times. He seemed to be shocked by something, but Tommy had no idea what it could be. "What?"

"It's your birthday today?! Why didn't you tell me?!" Holy shit, did he totally forgot to mention that? All this time, Tommy was sure that Tubbo knew somehow. Thinking back, he now fully realized it was ridiculous to assume so.

"I don't know, but yeah! I turned seventeen today." The ram hybrid shook his head in disbelief. He let go of Tommy's hand and grabbed him by the shoulders, looking him in the eyes. The golden-haired boy chuckled. "What is it?"

"This changes everything. We have to celebrate properly and we will begin by getting you the best cake from the best bakery I know." He grabbed Tommy's hand again and started powerwalking. The other boy followed. They left the main path and turned left. A bit of shadow from tall buildings provided a break from merciless sun rays. It was way too hot for a normal April day, Tommy thought. "Ugh, I wish you told me it's your birthday earlier! I don't even have a gift." The golden-haired boy could help but roll his eyes. Was he actually serious?

"I am literally the happiest I have ever been because of you dragging me out of the house and you dare to think you need to buy me a gift?" He didn't even realize how true his words were until he said them. He really had never felt so good in his entire life. No amount of gifts from his father could beat that. His father who kept him away from the world for no logical reason. For a second Tommy's thoughts wandered where he really didn't want them to. He couldn't ignore the voice that kept asking what all the lies were for. It demanded answers. It also harbored a strong dislike

towards his father. Tommy definitely wasn't going to trust it, not even a bit. He was sure things would be explained when he comes back home... But did he even want to return?

Tubbo's voice brought him back to reality. "You really mean that?" The ram hybrid was staring at him. Tommy quickly remembered what he had said just a moment ago and nodded his head energetically. Admitting it with words seemed too vulnerable at the moment.

"Awwww, man! I'm happy I made you happy then!" He smirked and returned to looking forward. "Although it's kinda clingy of you to say that." The golden-haired boy pretended to be deeply offended, but a smile and wrinkles around his eyes completely gave his amusement away.

"Oh fuck off." Tubbo laughed and kept going. Shops mixed with regular houses. Tommy noticed that almost everyone had flowers outside their windows. They were a very nice addition, it made the whole city even more beautiful and colorful.

On their way to the bakery, they passed a strange place that sold circular objects with holes in the middle. He tugged Tubbo's arm and the ram hybrid stopped. "Yeah? What is it?" Tommy pointed at the unknown store.

"What are these things they sell here?" Tubbo immediately provided an answer.

"Oh, those are discs. They're really cool, if you have a jukebox, you can put them in there and play music. I have one at home." Tommy was intrigued by the concept of those 'discs'. All the music he knew was usually sung by him. "Do you want to check it out?"

"What about the bakery?" Tubbo waved his hand dismissively.

"Eh, don't worry about it, we're actually one turn left away! Besides, it's your birthday, you get to do whatever you want." That was indeed correct. He had the decision making power.

"Let's go then!" The duo quickly entered the disc shop. Only then Tommy noticed that it also sold music instruments, like guitars or pianos. You could also buy something that had to be a jukebox Tubbo mentioned. On their left stood a shelf full of discs. Each one of them had different colors in the middle. Two of them were displayed on the top, a purple one and a green one.

"Oh, I know what those are! It's Cat and Mellohi. I heard they are good." Those seemed to be silly

names for music discs. Then again, he had never seen one until a minute ago. "I'm sure we can listen to them. Hold on, I'm going to ask." Soon enough, the clerk played both of the tracks. Tubbo and Tommy focused entirely on the sound. The first one, Cat, was definitely calm. Listening to it felt like a slow morning on a sunny day. It radiated with tranquility and hope. The next one, Mellohi, had a darker undertone. It was spooky, eerie even. It filled Tommy with unease, but weirdly, that unease felt detached from him. Both discs were really pleasant to hear. And there were just two of many. There probably wasn't enough time in the world to listen to all of them.

The last tones of Mellohi accompanied Tommy's words.

"If I had any money, I would literally spend all of them here. I'm not even kidding, those discs are the greatest invention in the world. I want all of them." Tubbo nodded as he fumbled in his bag. The golden-haired boy watched as he took out a small purse full of coins. "Tubbo, what are you-

"I would like to buy those for my friend here." The clerk smiled and told Tubbo the price for both discs. The ram hybrid quickly took out the right amount of coins as Tommy stared in disbelief. While he literally had no idea how much any amount of money was worth, that particular one seemed like a lot. The discs quickly ended up in Tubbo's hands, and he handed them to Tommy. "Happy birthday man!"

"Tubbo, you didn't have to! You've done enough already! And I don't even have a jukebox!" The ram hybrid rolled his eyes as they were leaving the shop.

"Hey, you said you want all discs of the world, this is how you begin collecting them! And I would get you a gift one way or another, so stop complaining and enjoy your discs, man!" Tommy was absolutely going to cherish them until he dies, he had decided. No gift he had ever received meant as much. Why? He would assume it was a mix of things, from them being his first birthday gift outside to a memory of listening to them for the first time with Tubbo. He could imagine himself listening to Cat and Mellohi in a few years and recalling the day he turned seventeen. Which was strange, considering he hadn't really thought about his future before. He used to be sure every day would be the same as the other until he draws his last breath.

Clearly, he had no intention of keeping his life that way.



# Birthday Cake

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and Tubbo get a birthday cake. They talk to Niki, one of the best bakers in town.

Warnings for this chapter: none, although I feel the end might get some people anxious

## Chapter Notes

Okay, before we dig into this chapter, I want to warn everyone there is a lot of talk about food in this chapter.

Also, another thing, I will probably have to slow down with publishing chapters. I have important exams in a month and bunch of tests in two weeks, it's only logical. I also plan on getting started with Dream's backstory! I want it to be at least partially out by the time that [REDACTED] happens.

AND another thing, I want to thank @Illi\_Hades\_daughter because their comment actually helped me out a lot with figuring out what to do within this and next chapter.

Okay, I am done, ENJOY

Despite the fact he had visited L'Manberg before and nothing bad happened, Tubbo was on edge. A persistent voice in his head kept saying his luck was about to run out. He didn't want to believe it, especially because of Tommy. He promised himself to make that day as special as he could for him. Finding out about his birthday only inspired him to try even harder. Still, he had difficulty convincing himself everything would go without a hitch. At least the incredibly large crowd made it easy to blend in. He pulled his hat a bit lower, just in case.

He looked up as soon as they left the shop. Tommy hid the discs in his bag. He still appeared totally shocked by his gift. Tubbo figured out he would love a meaningful souvenir from their trip. When he returns home, his friend would be able to look at them and remember all the good times. Although, if you asked the ram hybrid, he would prefer if he could just visit him rather than let Tubbo become a memory.

"So, the bakery is right around the corner! I honestly can't wait for you to see all the things in there, I think your brain might actually melt. Also, fair warning, we may end up standing in the line for a bit." Tommy nodded attentively. The corners of his lips refused to go down, which was the best thing. He really enjoyed the capital so far. Although his cheeks would probably hurt later from smiling too much.

"

As long as I get my cake, I don't care about any lines. Besides, how bad can it be?"

The answer was 'pretty bad'. The line to the bakery began shortly after making a turn to the left. It was about 10 meters long outside and it continued inside the building. Wonderful smells of bread and chocolate did not make the wait any easier. Despite having eaten not so long ago, Tubbo's stomach was growling. That and the painfully slow pace of getting closer to the door was driving him insane. Not to mention the guards passing by every once in a while.

"Tubbo, are you okay?" The ram hybrid nodded his head, but something had to be an obvious sign he was lying. "Tubbo, tell me." The boy took a deep breath and whispered, making sure nobody but Tommy would hear him.

"I guess I feel nervous that someone will figure out who I am, somehow. Even though it makes no sense, it's not like every citizen of L'Manberg is looking for me, but still..." He tried to breathe normally, he really did, but his exhale was shaky. With a corner of his eye, he noticed Tommy pouting.

"How about we switch places? You'll stand near the wall, so you're further from the guards, and you would be hidden behind me. Does that sound good?" It really did. It was a small thing, sure, but it would definitely make him feel safer. He nodded. "Okay, let me just..." Tommy grabbed Tubbo's shoulders and carefully, yet swiftly, moved him near the wall of some building, while taking ram hybrid's previous place. The boy with horns sighed out in relief.

After about fifteen minutes, the duo finally entered the bakery. They took a deep breath to take in all the wonderful smells. They were even more intense inside, to the point it made Tubbo's head dizzy. He watched as Tommy tilted his head to get a better look of the display. The ram hybrid could not see it well, due to his height, but he could definitely spot a woman with pink hair behind the counter. She was bringing new pastries to showcase. Without much thought, he waved his arm at her and shouted to get her attention.

"Niki! Hi!" She immediately raised her head to see who was calling her. As soon as she noticed the boy with a green hat, she grinned.

"Tubbo! Hi! Hold on, I'll be right there!" Tommy raised an eyebrow at his friend. Before Tubbo could explain, Niki managed to get on the other side of the counter and run up to the ram hybrid. She went for a hug almost instantly and he returned the gesture right away. Some customers gave them weird looks, annoyed with an unexpected commotion, but Tubbo chose not to care. It's been a while since they have seen each other.

"Niki, it's so good to see you! How have you been?" She let go of him, a smile was still present on her face.

"Oh, you know, I bake a lot as always. Today's particularly busy, but I think you figured that out." He chuckled. Niki tried to get some flour off her apron, without much success. "And what about you? What brings you here?" Right! He forgot he had a very specific reason to visit the bakery for a second. He pointed to Tommy, who kind of just stood awkwardly right next to them the whole time.

"This is Tommy, we've been friends for about a day, it's his birthday today actually, and he never had a proper birthday cake, so we are getting one now. I was actually going to see if you could make it" Tubbo hoped it wasn't too much to ask. When he thought about it, he assumed making a whole cake and decorating it on one of the busiest days of the year was the least urgent thing to do, especially on such a short notice.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Tommy! Oh, and happy birthday!" She went in for a quick hug, which the boy clearly didn't expect. Tubbo kept his giggle in as he awkwardly hugged her back. "You're in luck, actually. One of the clients cancelled their order, so I have one cake spare. C'mon, I'll show you!" Other customers seemed annoyed by two random teenagers being able to not only skip the line, but also to go behind the counter.

Niki led them through the door to what could be best described as a storage room. It was slightly chilly in there and shelves with all kinds of baked goods stood right by the walls. Most of them were already decorated with colorful frosting and figures made of sugar. Those which had yet to be finished were separated from the rest. Niki pointed at one of them.

"This is the one. It's chocolate flavoured, but it also has a raspberries layer in it. Does that sound good?" She glanced at Tommy, who was currently staring in awe at the cake.

"Of course it does! This looks much better than anything I have ever baked, holy shit!" Niki smiled and chuckled.

"Okay! I can't get it to it right away, but it should be ready by the time afternoon comes. And obviously you are getting a discount." Tubbo tried to protest, but Niki just shushed him. He could easily pay the full price! "You're a friend! And your friend has his birthday today, so consider this discount as a gift, from me." Tubbo rolled his eyes. She really didn't have to do that!

"You're impossible Niki. But thank you."

It was only then that the trio realized the sounds coming from the other part of the bakery got much louder. Something must have happened out there. They quickly left the room to check it out and their eyes went wide. There was a large crowd in front of the shop window. A piece of paper hung on it. It had to be pretty important if it caused so much commotion.

Tubbo grabbed Tommy's hand and maneuvered through the crowd, making his way to the door. It was hard to make out what people were saying. Most of the dialogue seemed to be full of disbelief. Some people appeared angry. There was no way of telling what was written on that piece of paper based on reactions.

They managed to get outside, but could not get close enough to see it. Tommy tapped a random person's shoulder to get their attention.

"Hey, what's up with the crowd out there?" The person shrugged their arms, but replied.

"It's something about Jschlatt's son I think." Tubbo's heart started to beat much faster. He unconsciously tightened his grip on Tommy's hand.

"What exactly?" There was a subtle change in Tommy's voice. Something that screamed with impatience.

"I don't know! I came here for the lanterns, not to learn about some kid getting pardoned or whatever."

The guy walked away, murmuring something under his breath. Tubbo put a hand on his chest. No way. There was no way that was real. Not after all the running him and Aunt Puffy had to do.

That had to be some kind of joke.

# Family Issues

## Chapter Summary

A night before, Philza and Techno struggle to make things right. Tubbo tries to process the news. He takes Tommy to a mural of the royal family.

Warnings for this chapter: mentions of past traumatic experiences

## Chapter Notes

What is up guys! I took my sweet time to write this one, but I think it was worth it. We really get a lot of insight into Tubbo's mind here.

Naturally, I am thanking you all for comments, kudos, hits and subscriptions if there are any. I don't know how to check that to be honest.

Anyways, enjoy!

Tubbo waited patiently for Tommy to read the paper and report what was written on it. The ram hybrid sat by the wall. He tried to breathe in and out slowly, so his heart would stop beating so fast. However, nothing seemed to work. It would not calm down, no matter how hard he tried. Some people gave him weird looks, but he couldn't care less. Not until his situation wasn't perfectly clear.

There was some angry shouting, and soon enough Tommy emerged. He was holding the paper in his fist.

"You can't just take the royal decree! It's for everyone to read!" The golden-haired boy sighed loudly and shouted back.

"Clearly I can!" He quickly jogged up to Tubbo and crouched down. The ram hybrid didn't look up. He felt like his body only let him do the bare minimum. It had to be the stress of finding out there are papers about him all over the capital. They had to be everywhere, right? It was a royal decree after all.

"So, do you want to read it or should I?" While Tubbo was eager to find out why on Earth he got a whole decree about himself, he knew how letters would always get scrambled up as he read. It would take too long. He needed to know right away.

"You do it. I'll listen." Tommy nodded and cleared his throat. A few people around stopped to hear him, which didn't go unnoticed. The golden-haired boy sighed out and motioned towards the crowd.

"What? Move along! Now!" Everyone who stopped quickly stepped away, leaving the duo alone. Tommy shook his head at them and returned to reading. "Okay, here we go."

### ***Last night***

*"Why do all of my drafts sound like apology letters? I know how to write decrees, I've written tons of them!" Philza laid back on his chair, nearly completely given up. Techno rested his head on his hand, trying not to fall asleep. He had never been good with that part of being royalty, the formalities confused him. That's why he was the warrior one. Usually Wilbur took care of those kinds of things. He probably would be helping with that particular decree, but both Techno and Philza told him to go hours ago. He obviously wanted to spend more time with Fundy, which the king understood more than anything else.*

*"I mean..." Technoblade stifled a yawn. "Maybe we should not make it official?" The king raised an eyebrow at his son.*

*"How do you mean?" The piglin prince fixed his posture and rubbed his eyes.*

*"The whole point is for specifically Tubbo to know he is not exiled, isn't it? And he used to be a family friend. It feels pretty personal, if you know what I'm saying." Philza connected his hands in front of him. He thought about all the times he could not sleep, guilt eating him up. His son was right. They could let themselves be vulnerable about it. It's what Tubbo deserved.*

*"You are right." He took another piece of paper, picked up the quill and began to write, Techno chiming in from time to time to add his own apologies. After midnight, the letter was ready to be published.*

"... If there is any way we can repay you for the harm we have caused you, do not be afraid to ask for it. And remember, you are always welcome in the castle." Tommy finished reading the whole decree. He turned the paper around, as if he was expecting another side to continue on. He then looked at the right side again. "Look, I know nothing about royalty, let alone decrees, but that is not a decree. That is an apolo-

Tubbo took the paper out of Tommy's hands. He looked at it in disbelief. It was just hitting him, the information which each word entailed. He was a free man. There would be no more chasing, no more hiding. He didn't have to wear a hat every time he went out. And most importantly, the constant stress over a chance of being caught and killed would now be gone forever. After years. He rubbed off a tear in the corner of his eye. He actually was free!

"It doesn't matter what it is." He hid the paper in a pocket of his pants and brought his right hand to a hat on his head. With one sure move, he took off the hat and threw it on the ground. It felt weird to have his horns on show, but he would get used to it. A light breeze ruffled his hair. "What matters is that I am finally not exiled! I've been dreaming about this for eleven years! I can't... I don't even... What do I even do now?" The world seemed to be full of possibilities. There were places he avoided going to due to heightened guard activity, or places where he spent most of his castle childhood that he couldn't enter. Nothing was stopping him from visiting them.

"I don't know, but holy shit! You're a free man, Tubbo, that is amazing!" Their conversation began to attract attention. People were whispering and the ram hybrid was pretty sure it was about him. He stood up, Tommy quickly following his suit. It became more clear what everyone was saying. 'Jschlatt's son', 'poor kid' and other terms surrounded him. It was overwhelming. Tommy looked around and then looked back at Tubbo. "We should go."

"Yeah." They didn't run away from the crowd, but their steps were quick. Tubbo didn't really think where he was going - he just wanted to be away from the people who heard his conversation with Tommy. He assumed they would start asking questions sooner or later and he was not in the mood for that. He just wanted to enjoy his newly-given freedom while also celebrating his friend's birthday.

"Can we slow down for a second? I'm kind of out of breath." Only then did Tubbo realize that they were walking for quite a while. They stopped immediately. They were standing on yet another square. How many squares can one capital have?! Tubbo could swear they ran across about five of them already, they just didn't stop at them. That one was special, however. He recognized from his memories, before the exile. It was much bigger than the rest. There were oak benches to sit on and elegantly trimmed bushes provided shadow from the sun. The most characteristic feature was the mosaic on the wall of one of the buildings. It represented the royal family.

"C'mon, let's sit." The duo went over to the nearest bench and rested there. They were facing the mosaic. Tommy stared at it with great curiosity.

"That's the royal family, isn't it?" Tubbo nodded to confirm. He looked at each of familiar faces. King Philza's eyes seemed just as warm as in real life. He stood beside his queen. In front of them were royal twins, Wilbur and Techno. From what he heard the mosaic was made before Tubbo was

even born. Philza's wings were protectively around his family. They were still in perfect condition, not full of scars that he remembered.

"It is, the whole gang. Except the lost prince, but nobody even knew he would be born back when they made this." He felt conflicted about those people. On one side, they kept them away from his country for over a decade. And swore to kill him. On the other, he remembered all those times the twins treated him like he was their little brother. Or how the Queen would always include him when she took her sons on a small trip. Or how Philza would let him climb on his lap during meetings when he was small... "I miss them sometimes." Tommy blinked a few times in shock.

"Even after they exiled you?" Tubbo leaned back on the bench and exhaled. He had no idea how to explain that weird kind of nostalgia he had been experiencing about the royals. How despite everything that should make him despise them, he still wanted a reunion.

"I know, it's weird, but... They always treated me like their own. They cared for me more than my own father did, if I have to be honest." The truth was brutal, but that's just how it was. He could not deny it. Tubbo's father was a power-obsessed maniac who spent all of his time on plotting. It didn't matter that his last words to his son were 'I love you'. Those words... they were just words. He could not remember any action that would prove them.

But Tubbo didn't want to think about it today. Today he would focus on enjoying the festivities. He would push the signs that the royal family missed him just as much as he missed them. No, today was all about joy and fun.

Tommy opened his mouth to ask a question, but the ram hybrid immediately cut in. "I don't want to talk about it today, it's... it's a lot."

"Don't worry, I get it. I think for the first time in forever I am finally beginning to understand it." Was he alluding to his asshole father? Tubbo never found out. He did ask for the subject to be dropped after all. For a while, they sat quietly on a bench, listening to birds singing and people talking to each other. The moment was peaceful, yet somehow so full of remaining confusing thoughts.

The moment ended when a cloud of purple particles appeared in front of the duo. A second later, a tall half-enderman emerged. His eyes scanned his surroundings frantically before noticing the duo right in front of him.

"Oh my Prime, finally! I found you!"



The day was about to get extremely fun for those three.

# Down In The Docks

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo is back. Tommy is up to some good ol' not really thought-through mischief.

Warnings for this chapter: none

## Chapter Notes

Surprise Shawty! This chapter was brought to you by my visit to the doctor because I waited about an hour and wrote this on my phone. I finally found out what statistics on ao3 are for and check subscriptions and oh my so many of them. I legit teared up. If it is for other news, we got Ranboo P.O.V. coming up very soon and I am began writing Dream spin-off. It's going to be capped "Tales doomed to be forgotten". Anyways, enjoy this fluffy chapter!

"Ranboo!" Tubbo immediately stood up to greet his friend with a hug. The enderboy returned the gesture, which resulted in the ram hybrid being lifted in the air. His feet dangled above the ground. Tommy chuckled at the sight. The height difference between those two was hilarious. And even though he enjoyed seeing that small moment between them, he felt a pang of jealousy forming. He definitely was friends with Tubbo, there was no doubt about that. He just wished he was as close as Ranboo was. "How dare you leave us like this!? I freaked out when I woke up and you weren't there." The half-enderman chuckled and waved his hand dismissively.

"C'mon now, it was just four hours! And I made sure you would know where I went. Wait, you told him why I left, didn't you?" The question was clearly directed at Tommy. Ranboo turned to him, with one eyebrow raised.

"Yeah yeah, I did, don't worry. How did that go anyway?" Ranboo took a deep breath in. Tubbo's eyes instantly went wide, as if the sigh alone was meaningful enough to cause him to panic.

"Well... I'm sorry to say this, but you're a dead man walking. Puffy is furious and she does not believe that you are perfectly fine after being stabbed by, you know, the most dangerous criminal in the country." Somehow, Tommy completely forgot that happened. Which was strange, considering how healing the wound of said stabbing was actually a big moment for him. At the same time, yesterday was quite eventful, he had a right to lose track of things.

"I'm sure she will forgive me for everything once she finds out I am not exiled anymore." Ranboo's whole posture changed. He stood more straight and his eyes went wide. He stuttered, trying to find the right reaction.

"You're what?!" Perhaps he shouted those words a bit too loudly. People around grimaced in dismay. Both Tommy and Tubbo immediately shushed him. They did not need any more attention than they already received.

"The posters are all over town, man! It's surprising you didn't notice." As Tommy said those words, Tubbo fumbled for the decree, or should he say, an apology letter. He quickly found it and gave it to Ranboo. "Quick, before an angry crowd screams at you about not respecting royal decrees." The enderboy quickly scanned through the writing, making sense of sentences after sentences, paragraphs after paragraphs. He seemed to get more and more shocked with every second, a realization forming.

"Holy cow! You are actually non-exiled!" He lifted Tubbo in the air again and spun him, with the biggest grin on his face. The ram hybrid laughed.

"I know!" Ranboo gently let go of his friend. He flapped his arms energetically and walked in circles.

"We should head to the Golden Flower Festival to celebrate!" Obviously Tommy had no idea what the enderboy was talking about. What was surprising was the equally confused expression on Tubbo's face. "You... Oh, right. One didn't even go outside until yesterday, the other one was too nervous to actually be *in* the capital last year." Tommy blinked, waiting for some follow-up. Couldn't that tallass get to the point?

"What is the Golden Flower Festival?" Tommy decided to ask that question for both of them.

"It's like a fair in the royal docks, there are a bunch of games, food stands and live music. It's pretty fun, from what I remember. I think I spent a lot of time there last year, so it had to be." Tubbo glanced at Tommy. That festival sounded good, and they really wanted to just spend a great time celebrating. They had a lot to celebrate after all.

"Lead the way Ranboo, my beloved." The enderboy chuckled softly. Tommy had no idea why, it had to be some sort of inside joke he couldn't understand. Ranboo grabbed Tubbo's hand, and Tubbo grabbed Tommy's. Together, they maneuvered through the labyrinth that was the capital. While the half-enderman knew the general direction he wanted to follow, it was the ram hybrid who chose the quickest route. They ended up walking through prestigious neighborhoods, where

everything was perfectly clean and taken care of, and lower, poorer parts.

Finally, they made it to the royal docks. You could divide them in two parts. One was made mainly for boats and ships with either goods or guests from far lands, which was guarded heavily. The more commercial part was the one the trio was standing in. It consisted mostly of different kinds of stands, some with dishes he could not recognize, others with what appeared to be toys or small gadgets. Tommy was eager to find out more about them. Naturally, like any other place they visited, the crowd was huge. In the middle of docks stood a platform with four fancy chairs, one much smaller than the rest. Tommy assumed they had to be thrones for the royal family.

"So! What do you want to do first? We could grab some food or play whack-a-mole. Or a strength tester. Although I know for sure neither me nor Tubbo are really strong, so do we need to test it?" Tubbo looked at Tommy with a smile.

"Well? It's your birthday big man! You should pick!" Tommy shook his head. He could hear Ranboo say 'wait, what?' in reaction to the birthday part of the sentence, but the golden-haired boy's brain was not focused on him at the moment.

"You already bought me discs! You pick, you're the freshly un-exiled one!" Tubbo protested immediately. Meanwhile Ranboo kept glancing at both of them, as if he was watching a tennis match.

"You were the one locked in the house for nearly seventeen years! You win 'whose childhood was saddest by default, so you pick, end of story.'"

"Yooooooo, true!" Tommy gave Ranboo the closest thing to a death glare, which immediately shut the enderboy up. While he could agree his childhood wasn't the best when put in a perspective, he would argue having your biological father killed at six and being exiled was worse, but it was a subjective thing, wasn't it? Besides, he already had a plan forming in his head. It would require using his power, but it would also be pretty funny to see Ranboo's reaction.

"Tell me more about the strength tester." As they walked to find the game, still keeping their hands connected, he quietly sang the activating song. Only Tubbo could hear him, which made the ram hybrid turn with a puzzled look on his face. He received a mischievous smirk as an answer. Tommy hoped that Tubbo would just follow his lead. It was about to be his first prank ever afterall.

# Unfair Game

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo and Tommy prank Ranboo. That causes Ranboo's brain cogs to spin.

Warnings for this chapter: short moment of anxiety, one paragraph mimics fast train of thought

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait! I think I mentioned this, but I have very important exams in May and my uni stuff is also a lot to handle, so chapter will come up slower now. I personally hate it, but what can you do.

Also, you have no idea how excited I get when I see comments that guess correctly what is about to come.

Also, this chapter mentions blood and stabbing at the end, so proceed with caution! It's nothing too graphic, but still beware.

Anyways, enjoy!

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

The trio was waiting in the line of a strength tester. Ranboo was rocking slightly on his heels as he watched little kids pick up a wooden hammer and hit the button on the floor as hard as they could. Usually, the indicator didn't even rise up a lot, barely even rising from the ground. Adults managed to achieve better results, but nobody could get close to the bell at the top. He could safely assume neither him nor Tubbo nor Tommy would.

Once it was their time to shine, Ranboo gave three coins to a man taking care of the game. Each of the trio would get one try. He explained the rules and the grand prize to them, as if they didn't overhear them a bunch of times when they waited. Tommy, being the birthday boy and all, got to try first. He raised the hammer up and then hit it as hard as he could. They watched the indicator go up, nearly to half of the construction. Ranboo had to admit, he was impressed. It was going to be the highest score of the whole trio.

Or at least so he thought.

"Hey, Ranboo. I bet Tubbo will hit the bell!" The enderboy couldn't hold in the laughter. That was not possible. Tubbo looked at him, showing disappointment with a lack of faith. Ranboo rolled his eyes playfully.

"Please, I watched him try to lift a sword once. Emphasis on the word 'try'." Tubbo stuck out his tongue at him and gripped the hammer. He had a very suspicious smile on his face. Something was afoot, he shouldn't be so confident about his chances.

"You know what? If you're so sure I'm too weak, I say you bet on it." Ranboo glanced at both of his companions. He did not like the looks on their faces. It was obvious they knew something that he didn't. Yet... He also knew Tubbo. Physical strength wasn't his strong suit, he excelled in agility. There was no way he could do it.

"Fine, if you hit the bell, I am going to give you all the prizes from fair games I will win. If you don't, you give me yours. Deal?" Tommy and Tubbo looked at each other, then at Ranboo. They nodded their heads in synch and reached out their hands to shake them with the enderboy. While it was slightly awkward, they managed to do it right. Ranboo noticed Tubbo's grip was a bit more stronger than usual, which made him gulp. That certainly wasn't normal, but no big deal, right?

The ram hybrid grabbed the hammer again, lifted it up above his head and hit the button with all his might. Ranboo's jaw dropped when the indicator immediately hit the bell. And he wasn't the only one in shock. Everyone who watched could not believe that a short boy with horns had it in him. Except Tommy, apparently. All he did was letting out an euphoric scream.

"Yo, I can't believe this actually worked! Holy crap!" The clerk of the attraction stuttered as he went for a prize. Meanwhile, Ranboo's brain cogs worked like crazy. That wasn't the first time something miraculous happened around Tommy. Just yesterday, a very serious stab wound seemingly disappeared from Tubbo's arm. Now he just witnessed his friend showcasing incredible strength out of nowhere. It had to be something of Tommy's doing. But how? He couldn't think of any logical explanation. Which meant it was something unnatural, which meant...

Ranboo got closer to Tommy and he leaned in enough so the golden-haired boy could hear him whisper.

"Do you happen to have some kind of magical powers?" Tommy went pale and quickly turned his head to Ranboo.

"I... Uh..." He struggled with his words and began to play with his hair nervously. Heck, he didn't mean to make him anxious in any way. He had no idea that question would result in such a reaction, especially since he must have used his power in public, or at least he assumed so.

"Hey, don't worry, I get it. I used to try to hide some of my non-human traits but..." He vaguely gestured at his face, one half black, other white. "You can see how it wasn't easy." Color returned to Tommy's face and he chuckled. Ranboo couldn't help but smile a little. "And I have never met someone else with a power! It's pretty exciting." Naturally, he wanted to ask questions about what exactly he could do and how did Tommy get his magic. However, he also didn't want to be nosy or make him any more uncomfortable.

"No no, I get that, I just... My father used to tell me people will want to take advantage of me if I told anyone. And I know that is not true. I mean, I was the one who suggested 'powering up for strength tester, because I thought I am comfortable enough to let you know I have magic, and also to mess with you, but I guess I wasn't as ready as I thought." He inhaled shakily. Some nervousness still remained in the golden-haired boy, but Ranboo understood that. He remembered how scary it was to show Tubbo his teleportation for the first time.

"I don't know if it helps, but I think your power is cool. I mean, I don't know how it works, and no offence to Tubbo, but he is not the strongest, physically speaking." A poke on a shoulder made the enderboy jump. He quickly turned around to see who touched him, Tommy following his suit. Behind him stood Tubbo with an arm wrapped around a giant dragon plush.

"First of all, that is not correct right now. In fact, I have never been stronger." To prove his point, he punched Ranboo's arm lightly. Or, to describe it better, it would be a harmless hit if it weren't for Tommy's magic. The golden-haired boy tried to tell Tubbo to stop, but it was too late. The enderboy ended up falling due to the impact. He felt sharp pain on the palms of his hands. He must have scraped them when he tried cushion the fall.

"Shit! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to!" Tubbo put the plush on the wooden planks of the docks. Tommy joined him in helping Ranboo to stand up. As soon as he regained his balance, the golden-haired boy took his arm by the wrist, checking enderboy's palms. There was something in the way he studied the scrapes that he had inspected many injuries in his life. The way his gaze focused spoke more than any words would.

"It's nothing major, but I can heal it, if you want to. With, you know, magic." Facts connected in Ranboo's head fast. Tommy could heal people with his powers. And Tubbo was stabbed with a knife by Dream. He remembered the blood, it seemed to be every time. He remembered feeling hopeless as the ram hybrid grew pale. And he remembered waking up after he passed out from exhaustion, seeing Tubbo doing perfectly fine, with Tommy looking a bit tired somewhere in the back of that memory. It became crystal clear. The golden-haired boy was a healer and...

"You saved Tubbo." The gratitude Ranboo was experiencing at that moment was so overwhelming. Those three words were all he could utter. Tubbo meant everything to him. He was enderboy's first true friend and he wouldn't bear to lose him. How do you... How was he supposed to thank for saving the life of your best friend?

Tommy looked down for a second and then looked back up again, yet avoiding the enderboy's gaze. He shrugged somewhat nonchalantly. "Of course I did."

"I...Thank you. So much." Tommy shrugged again, but a small smile dancing on his lips didn't go unnoticed. Ranboo could tell perfectly what he was feeling, he knew that strange type of satisfaction you get when someone appreciates your magic. It was exhilarating, in full honesty.

Ranboo was still looking at Tommy when his mind began to connect dots together. A golden-haired boy, with the same birthday as the missing prince of L'Manberg and the same name as him just happens to have healing powers. Healing powers that a magical flower that saved Queen's and her son's lives also had. And it also coincidentally occurs that Tommy was kept away from the real world for his entire life, which is extremely suspicious. And they were also chased by Dream, a criminal who kidnapped the royal baby and had no reason to hunt for neither him nor Tubbo. All missing pieces of a great puzzle found their place, creating a perfectly clear picture in Ranboo's head. It was hard not to gasp upon the realization, even

Tommy was the long lost prince of L'Manberg.

## Chapter End Notes

Fair warning for next chapters, they will be less about fun times now. I've been waiting for this moment for weeks :)

It's also worth mentioning that this fic most likely will not be updated until 10 May. I need to focus on studying more than ever, and I won't be able to write as much until then. So sorry in advance for the wait!



# Final Warning

## Chapter Summary

The trio leaves the festival to meet up with Jack Manifold and Quackity. Ranboo takes an unexpected detour while picking up the cake.

Warnings for this chapter: violence, chocking, mentions of death, crying, panic

## Chapter Notes

### SURPRISE SHAWTY

Gentle people, I am back in business. I was originally going to come back after all exams, but I feel pretty happy after the first one, so why not pop off and post, hmmmmmm.

The Dream spin-off is slowly coming along, although my aro ass dreads the moment when I have to write more romancey parts. I also decided I should add chapter summaries!

It feels good to be back, I missed writing!

ENJOY

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

*"Should we tell him now? Or should we wait?" Tubbo couldn't believe it. When Ranboo told him about his realization, he wanted to laugh, but as the enderboy continued with his reasoning, it made more and more sense. The elements fit perfectly. It had to be true. The same Tommy who was currently trying to bite the apple in a barrel full of water was also the one and only Prince Tommy of L'Manberg. The first thought Tubbo had was to tell him straight away, but... He also remembered how the golden-haired boy shut down when he told him his dad was a dick. It turned out to be too much to handle. Finding out he was actually royalty would possibly break him. And it was his birthday! His first days out of the house! He deserved to spend them in the best way possible.*

*"I don't think we should. Not today at least." As the conversation went on, Tommy kept on struggling to win the apple bobbing. His hair managed to get wet.*

*"Then when? Doesn't he want to come back home right after the festival? And he has Dream trying to find him, probably! It might be better to tell him now, so he can have a chance at a happy future." Tubbo hated to admit it, but Ranboo was right. If Tommy knew, they could quickly take action, so he would never have to see Dream ever again. That motherfucker. If Tubbo saw him at that moment, he wouldn't hesitate to kill him. It's what he deserved, for keeping his friend imprisoned in a house for years and lying and the kidnapping that started it all and-*

*He took a deep breath. He had to remain calm. He could figure out how to deal with all this, he just needed to think it through.*

*"I know, but I have to be delicate. It's not the easiest news to receive, is it? I have to pick the right moment and figure out how exactly I should tell him." Ranboo opened his mouth to say something, but Tubbo quickly shushed him. "For now, we'll pretend I didn't befriend the most important missing person in the country and we will enjoy the festival. Okay?"*

It's been a few hours since Ranboo had that conversation with Tubbo. During that time, the trio managed to check out all fair games, eat tons of street food and win way too many plushies and gadgets. While they could hide most of their prizes in their bags, they had to give away the dragon plush from the strength tester. It was too big and unwieldy to carry around.

As the sun began to set slowly, more people came to the pier. They wanted to be as close as possible for King's speech. Each year, when he spoke about his son, it broke people's hearts, but somehow it also remained hopeful. It was crazy how both him and Tubbo could just turn that whole festival around with a single information. But his friend insisted they should wait with revealing it, and Ranboo was planning on respecting that. He obviously already knew Tommy well enough to determine how difficult it would be to hear those news. And Tubbo was smart, he could trust his judgment.

"We should get out of here, Jack and Quackity are about to arrive and I am pretty sure we will suffocate in this crowd if we stay any longer." Tubbo nodded in agreement and Tommy followed his suit. Yet again they grabbed each other's hands, so they wouldn't get separated. It took them a while, but they managed to get to the square in front of the bridge connecting capital island with the mainland. Tommy quickly scanned his surroundings, and his eyes seemed to sparkle with recognition.

"We were there this morning, weren't we?" Tubbo nodded his head energetically.

"Yeah! We are supposed to meet Jack and Big Q here, so keep an eye out for a bald man and a short guy." Ranboo chuckled at the latter description.

"Don't call him short when they get there though, Quackity will get so mad. And how dare you call other people short when you are literally the shortest person I know?" Tubbo stuck out his tongue and crossed his arms.

"It's not my fault most people around me are freakishly tall!" Ranboo and Tommy simultaneously rolled their eyes at him as the trio stopped near the bridge.

"Maybe, but it's your fault you're freakishly short. You should have grown more." The enderboy laughed. The prince had his funny moments, that is for sure. Tubbo shook his head and looked up to the sky, as if he was asking gods in what way he deserved such treatment, but his eyes gave out the amusement.

"I hate you both so much. Once Jack and Big Q arrive, I will just stop talking to you two. Forever." Coincidentally, it was the moment when Ranboo spotted two familiar figures walking their way. One of them had a beanie, similar to those that Tubbo used to wear when he was hiding his horns, and the other had an extremely short haircut. They began to run as soon as they recognized the tall half-enderman.

"Ranboo! Tubbo!" He heard Jack Manifold shout from not so far. The ram hybrid didn't notice his friends until Big Q embraced him and the enderboy with a huge grin on his face. Jack joined soon too. It was always fun to meet up with them. Which wasn't that many times actually, at least for Ranboo. That was actually the second time he had seen Quackity. "It's been a while since we saw each other! How are you two doing?"

"Hold on, wait a minute, since when do you have horns!?" Quackity pulled away. With great curiosity, he reached his hand to touch two small bumps on Tubbo's head. Ranboo watched as his best friend grimaced slightly, but said nothing. "Okay, I know you the longest out of everyone here and I have never seen those horns in my life. How did that...?" Tubbo gently pushed Big Q's hands away from above of his head and glanced at Ranboo and Tommy seemingly looking for an answer in them. Obviously neither of the two knew what he was supposed to say.

"It's... It's a long story, I will explain on our way, I promise." They were standing in a semicircle when Tommy's presence was noticed. He stood awkwardly next to Tubbo. Compared to the whole time they had at the festival, he became surprisingly quiet.

"Who is that?" Jack Manifold pointed at the prince. Ranboo gave Tubbo a quick glance. They had no idea how much they should actually say about their new friend.

"I'm Tommy. I..." He looked at the other two people he knew. Poor guy, he had no idea how to continue. "Tubbo and Ranboo told me a lot about you!" That was true. While at the festival, the ram hybrid explained how he and Quackity knew each other from the time before the move to L'Manberg, and how Jack lived near Snowchester and visited it often. The newcomers stared at him with a certain pinch of distrust. Naturally it didn't go unnoticed. Tommy began to turn red. Thankfully, Tubbo jumped in with a save.

"It's a long story, but basically I met him not so long ago and I decided to take him with us to see the lights. He had never seen them before. And it's his birthday! Crazy, right?" Ranboo could not stand the awkwardness. The whole conversation. It was obvious that each side of it struggled to think of the things to say. Luckily, the enderboy recalled that there was something to pick up in the city. He had a chance to escape the situation, at least for a short while.

"Speaking of birthdays, I should go to the bakery to get the birthday cake! For Tommy! Because it's his birthday! " The rest of the group visibly panicked. It was kind of funny to see them freak out. "Don't worry, it shouldn't take too long! Actually, Tubbo and Tommy can take you to our spot, I'll join you in a bit. Because, you know, I might have to stand in a line, on a busy day, so there is no point waiting. See you in a bit!" Before purple particles swallowed him, the boy with horns gave him a death glare so terrifying, that a shiver went down enderboy's spine. He wouldn't hear the end of it later, he just knew that.

Once he could see again, he immediately noticed that he wasn't in front of the bakery. Actually, he wasn't even in the capital. On one side, tall birch trees grew strong, golden sunlight shining through the leaves. On the other, there was the coast of the sea. He could see the capital island in its full glory, all the houses and shops. He took a step back, away from the water. He could not risk touching it, since it hurt him. He made a mistake of jumping into a puddle once and he was sure he never wanted to experience something like that again.

How did he even get there? The teleportation shouldn't have taken somewhere he didn't want to be. Sure, maybe when he was younger, but not as a teenager! It honestly felt embarrassing.

Suddenly, he felt someone's hand on his shoulder. The grip was tight. Ranboo attempted to free himself, to no avail. He could feel the panic slowly forming, but he wasn't about to give in to it. He turned his head to see who was holding him back. Much to his horror, there was no face, just a mask with a smile.

He struggled once again, but Dream wouldn't let him go.

"You know, I thought I killed all the endermen centuries ago." What the heck was he talking about? No, that was not important at the moment. He closed his eyes and tried to focus on teleporting, but nothing happened. It didn't work. Why wasn't it working!?" "I was surprised to see you. But you know what was more surprising?" Without a warning, another hand landed on his other shoulder and Ranboo's feet suddenly lost touch with the ground. Dream slammed him against the nearest tree, sending a pang of pain through enderboy's entire body. He hissed. "You were hanging out with someone of great importance to me." If there was any doubt that Tommy was the missing prince, it would disappear now. Still, he couldn't let Dream know that he had figured it out. Ranboo had to play dumb.

"Really? With who?" The man with a mask obviously didn't like the response. The enderboy could tell by the hand that was suddenly wrapped around his neck, restricting the easy flow of air into his lungs.

"Don't play dumb with me, enderman." The last word was said with so much disgust, like being an enderman was a disgrace. It made Ranboo feel dirty, even though he was usually proud of his origins. "I know you know where he is. Because despite all of my warnings, my flower appears to be too trusting. I just want my son to come back home and to be safe." The half-enderman felt sick. He knew those were lies. Even though he struggled to breathe, he managed to utter a short sentence.

"No, you don't." He must have said something right, because Dream abruptly let go of him. Ranboo fell on the ground and tried to take deep breaths between coughs. His neck felt horribly sore.

"What the hell do you mean? How would you know that!?" Crap. He said too much. Oh, he shouldn't have said that. "Answer me or I will throw you into the water." No. No no no. He couldn't let that happen. He didn't want to hurt all over again and feel like he is about to dissolve. Dream must have seen the pure fear in his eyes, because he let out a small chuckle. Still, Ranboo tried to be brave.

"I mean, once you connect all the dots, it's obvious. You only want Tommy for his powers, don't you?" The masked man punched the tree to which he previously pinned Ranboo. It immediately broke and fell over.

"That little bastard told you everything?!" Dream began walking in circles, his movements erratic. Despite still having to gasp for air, it was satisfying to be a thorn to someone like him, to the biggest of all evils. Suddenly, he stopped. "There was another one, wasn't there? A short guy. Does he know too?!" No, he couldn't endanger Tubbo. Anyone but Tubbo. He didn't want to. Naturally, Dream didn't enjoy the silence, because he grabbed Ranboo by the shoulders and lifted him up right above the water. He didn't have to say anything. The quiet noise of waves crashing into the sand. He didn't want to die, he didn't want to die, he-

"He does! But I'm begging you, don't hurt him. I'll do anything, just please, don't hurt him." Tears began to form in his eyes, which was simply horrible. He couldn't cry, he couldn't let those salty drops fall. Dream chuckled and gently put Ranboo on the ground.

"I won't, unless you refuse to cooperate. Just do what you're told, and no one will get hurt."

Ranboo hated absolutely everything about the situation he found himself in, but there was no escape. For some reason, he could not teleport away and there was no one around to save him. He had to comply.

He just wished there was a way to warn the rest before something terrible happens.

Chapter End Notes

:)

# Storm Clouds

## Chapter Summary

Tommy appears to have come to terms with the fact his father is a bad person. Upon discovering that, Tubbo attempts to tell him the horrible truth. 'Attempts' is a keyword.

Warnings for this chapter: fear, anxiety, general panic, mentioning of hostage situations

## Chapter Notes

Me? Not taking an entire week to publish a chapter? It's more likely than you think! Fun fact, this chapter is actually a half of the chapter, but I had to cut it. Too much things would happen at once.

Also, we are so close to 1000 kudos. It's crazy! Thank you so much!

Another thing worth mentioning, it's important to note that all realizations Tommy is having would probably take longer to come to terms with in real life. This fic being a Tangled AU kinda demands fast pacing of realizations. I honestly would love to get into psychology of characters more. And I try!

Anyways, enjoy!

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

Tommy definitely wasn't a weather specialist, but he knew it should not be possible for the sky to become so cloudy in such a short time. Big rain clouds came seemingly out of nowhere shortly after Ranboo had rudely abandoned them, blocking the sunlight nearly completely. Only singular rays tried to break through. The four looked up, the bridges of their noses wrinkled.

“Well, that’s strange.” Jack commented shortly. ”The sky is always clear for the Lantern Festival.” Tommy tried to recall his previous birthdays, hoping to remember the weather. And that Manifold guy was right - it was always a sunny day. Even though it was a ridiculous thought, the golden-haired boy couldn’t help but wonder if the universe was trying to say something.

“Hopefully it won’t rain! I don’t know if lanterns can float then.” Although Tubbo’s tone remained quite cheerful, his brows furrowed in worry. Tommy should probably be concerned too, shouldn’t he? The whole reason he came to the capital was to see the lanterns. However, now when that dream was on the verge of coming true, he had a feeling that maybe there was more to his journey. Because if all that were just for the lights, he should be devastated upon a possibility of not being able to see them. But he wasn’t. In just two days, he made two friends, saw so much of the world, tasted what freedom was like. He had more fun than ever. All of those things, those were the ones really he was missing from his life all along. They made his existence feel full. They were what actually mattered. No lights could compare to that.

“Speaking of, we should buy some! Jack and I didn't have a chance to get any on our way here.” Everyone agreed with Quackity and followed him to the nearest stand that sold lanterns. They came in many pastel colors, like pink, yellow or orange. Some of them had complicated flowery patterns. Tommy's hands shook slightly out of excitement. Yes, he saw friendship and liberty as the most important values, but that didn't he couldn't feel all jiggly about actually holding a lantern and the whole festival. He picked one randomly, not paying much attention to its appearance. He had no idea how to put it together, but he was certain someone would show him at the right time.

With a corner of his eye, he noticed Tubbo staring at him. Something was off about him. The smile didn't quite reach his eyes. The way the bridge remained wrinkled posed a clear sign that something wasn't right. He wanted to ask about it, but that's when Quackity demanded for the group to get a move on.

"Tubbo, lead the way!" They quickly crossed the bridge to the mainland and followed the coastline. Well, the tree line, since tons of people sat on the soft sand, waiting for the grand show. Families and friends huddled together and talked cheerfully. Tommy imagined he and his father could one day be like them. Once he manages to convince him he can handle himself outside.

On their way to their reserved spot, where lantern watching would take place, Jack and Big Q kept asking the ram hybrid about the horns. So he explained it all, from a scheming father to a royal decree. The Manifold guy seemed to be wounded by the fact Tubbo didn't tell him anything about his past. To be fair, so did Quackity. And they weren't wrong to feel that way, but Tommy obviously sided with the boy with horns more. He did what he had to to stay safe.

Then, questions aimed at the golden-haired boy began. He answered some of them, but many of them were a bit too much to handle, like the ones that would have to reveal his powers. Still, Big Q and Jack got a basic outline of Tommy's life.

"Wow, your dad sounds like an asshole." Tubbo visibly tensed up, most likely expecting a negative reaction. However, Tommy thought about his father a lot since he had left the house. He recalled a little speech Tubbo made about how his father shouldn't have isolated him. And how he lied about so many things. It caused him to recall all moments of his life when he really needed a hug, but didn't get one. The truth hurt, but Tubbo was right. While Tommy didn't always understand why some things were bad, he could admit his father was shit.

"Yeah, he really does. Apparently. I'm still getting used to the thought of it." Tubbo's shoulders went down. There was a small flicker in his eyes, but Tommy had no idea what it meant. Meanwhile, Jack Manifold continued the conversation.



"It's kind of sad you have to return home after all this." Did he really have to though? Couldn't he just... never come back? He certainly didn't want to. At least not until he fully wraps his head around father's shittiness. But he had to talk about it with Tubbo first. He would probably be staying in Snowchester for a while after all! It was something that deserved a proper discussion after the festival, not during a casual conversation.

"I... I'm actually considering not coming back." It felt weird to say it out loud, to share it with people who were basically strangers. But letting others know about his thoughts made them more real. And he liked being heard.

Tubbo took a deep breath, as if he was mentally preparing for something. He avoided the golden-haired boy's gaze. "Tommy, there's something you need to know." He blurted the sentence out so fast, as if he was holding it in for a while. It caused the whole group to stop and look at the ram hybrid with puzzled expressions on their faces. Tubbo looked back at them, his eyes scanning from one person to the other. They stopped at Tommy. Apart from completely understandable confusion, he also seemed... scared. He nervously played with a strand of his hair, waiting for a continuation. What could Tubbo mean? "And I'm sorry I haven't told you right away but you freaked out yesterday and I didn't want to put too much weight on you and-"

There were screams in the distance, coming from the direction where the four were headed. Everyone immediately looked there, to see what the noise was all about. Their jaws dropped when they saw quite a crowd running. Some of them carried their picnic blankets, others had their hands empty. Clearly they were running away from something. Or someone.

"Is there any guard here? We have something important to say to the guards!" People stood up and tried to calm the others down. Quackity stopped the woman who was shouting just a second ago.

"Hey, why do you need guards? What got you all panicking?" Her breathing was still unsteady, each inhale didn't seem to be enough. Tommy, Tubbo and Jack tried to show her some methods of calming down. It took a while, but finally she was able to speak more clearly.

"It's Dream." That motherfucker. The one that chased him, Tubbo and Ranboo for no reason and stabbed his friend. Tommy's hands turned into fists. With a corner of his eye, he noticed Jack's lips becoming a thin line and Tubbo putting a hand on his heart. Poor Tubbo, he had to be so scared at that moment. Just a minute ago he was still heading in the direction of the man who nearly killed him. "And some other guy. I think... I think he is being held hostage. A very weird looking guy. Tall. His eyes were all weird, red and green." Tommy went pale. That could be Ranboo! But how would he even be with Dream? He was supposed to get the birthday cake! Tubbo's breath quickened. "H-h-he said he'll kill him and us if we don't leave." The ram hybrid grabbed Tommy's hand tight. The golden-haired boy squeezed it, hoping it would comfort his friend.

"Tubbo, if that guy is Ranboo... We have to go to him." Tommy nodded his head, while the ram hybrid could only stay silent. There was no way they could leave Ranboo with that monster. They had to face Dream.

Tubbo's voice sounded weak when he spoke up. "No." Tommy's eyes went so wide that he was afraid they would fall out of his eye sockets. How could Tubbo, out of all people, say something like that? Wasn't Ranboo his best friend? "Jack, Quackity, you should go somewhere safe. Somewhere on the island. Just...Away from here. I know what Dream wants and I am not dragging you into it." The two tried to protest, but Tubbo ignored them. He was entirely focused on Tommy, which caused the golden-haired boy to panic. Was he...How could he be involved in something with Dream? He didn't even know Tommy's name!

"Tubbo, what does he want? And why didn't you tell me to go? I mean, I would stay with you even if you did, but why?" When the boy with horns looked at Tommy, his eyes were glassy. It was the only sign of emotions visible."Tubbo! What does he want?! You're scaring me!"

Tubbo inhaled shakily. He was actually barely holding it together. That wasn't good. It was so far from good. Something was horribly wrong. The ram hybrid squeezed his hand before finally answering.

"He wants you. It's been about you all along."

## Chapter End Notes

Hopefully I won't jinx this, but the plan is to publish the next chapter within next 4 days! Thankfully, I see what is about happen so clearly that putting it into words shouldn't be very difficult! So see you all soon!

# His World Crumbling

## Chapter Summary

Tommy doesn't believe Tubbo. He thought he wanted to know the truth, but as Dream arrives with a hostage and starts talking, he wishes things stopped making sense.

Warnings for this chapter: manipulation, gaslighting, violence, passing out

## Chapter Notes

I will go now from funny to emotional, so that notes set the mood right.  
First of all, I've been waiting for this one! For so long! You have no idea!  
Going to emotional, on 14th May I woke up, checked ao3 and saw 1001 kudos under this work. I do not know how to thank everyone that made it happen. I am thankful for all of you individually and you keep making my day  
Anyways, enjoy !

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

*"Can you tell me a story about Dream?" Father smiled at little Tommy. The stories about the god of dreams and nightmares were his favorite of all time. He was a hero! He killed monsters, he travelled the world, he fought in wars. Dad would always tell him that people used to call him the Defender of Humanity. And Tommy believed him. Why wouldn't he?*

*"There are no more stories to tell, flower. And I don't want to make something up. That would be a lie." Tommy folded his arms in front of him. This couldn't be it. He wanted more Dream stories!*

*"What about Dream dying? Oh, I bet he died in a battle or something!" Father's face got all serious. He stared at his son as if he had said something terribly wrong.*

*"Dream didn't die. He was a god, remember? And gods don't die." Tommy couldn't take that as an answer. There had to be something! Why would father run out of stories then?*

*"What happened to him?" Father took a deep breath. He grabbed Tommy's hand and began to whisper their lullaby. But... It wasn't the time to sleep yet. "Father?" The golden-haired boy began to feel a bit sleepy. His eyes were closing on their own. Tommy always found it weird that he didn't really want to go to bed when he sang, but when father did, he fell asleep quickly.*

*He barely registered the moment when father finished the song. He felt himself being lifted up and being put to bed. He wasn't sure if he was supposed to hear what father had said right before dozing off. In a way, it didn't matter. The memory would remain forgotten anyway.*

*"Never ask me that again."*

It seemed like the whole world became silent. Most people had already escaped, Jack and Quackity involved. They left when they realized that the situation had gotten too heavy. The remaining duo wasn't about to hold it against them. They really wished they could just walk away, but fate wasn't working in their favor.

Tommy let go of Tubbo's hand and took a step back. He hoped the ram hybrid would say he was just joking, but he remained stone-cold serious. Which meant it was no joke. But... but how?

"Tommy?" The golden-haired boy was too stuck in his own frantic thoughts to respond. He searched for an answer, but he couldn't connect the dots. Well, he figured out it had to be about powers. What else could it be about? And how did Dream know? They hadn't even talked! Was father right all along? Did he make a mistake by believing Tubbo's words about nobody wanting to hurt him? More questions kept arising, and Tommy had to pick one to ask, otherwise he would spiral. And he really didn't want to spiral.

"How... How can you know that? What..." Tubbo took a deep breath. The golden-haired boy waited, his foot tapping the ground.

"Ranboo figured it out. Your powers, the fact you were hidden away all this time..." He inhaled shakily before continuing. That short pause was used for glancing at Tommy, to check how he was reacting. And at that moment, the boy fidgeted nervously. At that moment, he switched to playing with his hair. "The fact that a magical flower had the same powers as you... And Dream kidnapping a child who was saved by magic..." How were any of those connected? How could Dream stealing a newborn be about him?

"I don't understand, what are you trying to say? Don't beat around the bush! Just tell me!" Tommy didn't mean to shout, but the panic made it impossible to keep quiet. He tried to connect the dots on his own, but something didn't let him and he hated it. It scared him to death.

"Tommy, Dream kidnapped you when you were a newborn, because of your powers. He's not your real father... King Philza is." The golden-haired boy froze. He wasn't sure if he heard it right. He couldn't have heard it right. No, Tubbo was lying. He had to be. Tommy didn't even want to consider what that being true would imply. And he wasn't going to! Because it had to be some sick

kind of joke.

He let out a disbelieving snicker. “Stop trying to prank me or something. It’s not funny. Tell me the actual reason!” At that moment, Tommy liked Tubbo a bit less. Saying things like that was incredibly cruel and he wasn’t enjoying it.

“For fucks sake, you just had to tell him, didn’t you?!” Both boys were so caught up in their conversation, that they didn’t hear nor see the man in a mask and with one hand covering half-enderman’s mouth approaching. Both of them jumped at the unfamiliar voice. Well, unfamiliar to Tubbo. Why was that voice...? Tommy turned his head in the direction of the coastline. There, Dream stood. Waves of the sea kept nearly touching his feet, but they always backed away at the last second. In front of him was Ranboo. Something terrible happened to his face. Two long fresh scars ran from his eyes to chin, just like tears do. The masked man kept his hand on his shoulder, preventing the enderboy from moving. Tommy wanted to free the enderboy, but he froze in fear.

“Ranboo!” Tubbo called out to his friend. The half-enderman tried to respond, but Dream was still covering his mouth. It was heartbreaking to see him struggle. The wind picked up as Tommy watched Tubbo shift his gaze to that stupid smile on a porcelain mask. “Let him go, right now! Ranboo, what did he do?!” Dream tilted his head. He appeared to be focused on Tubbo.

“Relax, he is fine. You should be happy I didn’t kill him. I killed a lot of monsters like him in the past, you know? But as much as he disgusts me, it wouldn’t be smart, would it?” Suddenly, he let go of Ranboo and pushed him away, right into Tubbo and Tommy’s direction. The duo caught him, making sure he didn’t fall. He appeared to be exhausted, his arms and hand slouching. He closed his eyes and for a second purple particles surrounded him, but just as fast they disappeared. Dream chuckled “Don’t bother trying to use your ender powers. They might not work for a while. I have that effect on...people.”

“Why...Why did you take me hostage only to let me go? I thought...” Dream laughed. He shook his hands off, as if he wanted to get rid of something icky.

“Oh, you thought this would be an exchange situation? That’s precious! No, I just need something that would draw my flower’s attention...” Flower. Father has always called Tommy ‘his flower’. He hoped it was a just coincidence. It had to be. It had to be! “By the way, Ranboo and...Tubbo? I don’t care really. You can go now. You brought me what I wanted” Tubbo’s words rang in Tommy’s head. It’s been about you all along. The dots began to connect on their own, from fact he knew as a child to all recent knowledge he gained only recently. He thought he wanted to know, but now he wished everything stopped making sense. It made his head hurt.

The voices of Tommy’s two friends seemed muffled as Dream approached him. He registered a ‘we’re not going anywhere’ and ‘don’t you dare get any closer’. However, Tommy’s memory

would exclusively focus on the masked man. He would always remember slow, but sure steps, the way the green cloak waved at the wind, how he stopped right in front of him and slowly lifted the porcelain mask, uncovering the face. Tommy recognized the scars, the ones he tried to heal so many times before, but always failed to. All lies were suddenly revealed to him at once, uncovering awful truths.

“Father?” That was the last resort. If Dream would have said ‘no’, he could have just gone on with his day. It’s all he wished for. But alas, much to his own horror, the fact didn’t get denied.

"I have to say, I am quite disappointed with you, Tommy. You ignored everything I have taught you, just like that." The golden-haired boy put his hands on his mouth and shook his head in disbelief. Tubbo was right. His father was Dream. Which meant all the other things he was told were also true. So his actual father, his actual family, himself...No, it was still too difficult to comprehend. Tommy tried to speak up, or to do something, anything, but his voice failed him. His throat seemed to be closed up. The masked man began to walk in circles around him. "You ignored all of our rules, our most important rule..." He put a hand on the golden-haired boy's shoulder. It sent a shiver down his spine. He tried to escape the grip, but it only got tighter. Tommy feared his arm joint might get crushed. "You ran away from our home! Do you even know how scared I was? I thought they found you and that I would never see my flower again!" Dream stopped right in front of him and ruffled his hair, like he did thousands of times before. But it didn't feel affectionate at all. It was just an empty gesture. Has it always been so soulless? "And look where all this left you. Because of your stupidity, I had to kidnap Ranboo! And I had to threaten all those people. And..."

“Y-y-you threw a knife at T-t-tubbo. He nearly died!” It was the first thing Tommy managed to utter. His voice was weak and shaky. Can you blame him? His whole world was crumbling and he couldn't find anything to hold on to. F- Dream rolled his eyes and pointed at the ram hybrid.

“That’s what you care about? Some random hybrid? What, do you think he’s your buddy or something?” Tommy didn’t say a word. His lips remained pursed together, but the way he avoided any eye contact was enough of an answer. Dream laughed once again, his laugh maniac. “Seriously? Tommy, my dear, precious flower, he doesn’t actually care about you! If I told him to choose between you and Ranboo, he would ditch you instantly. They have known each other for years! He doesn’t know you, I do! I raised you! That ram knows you for two days. Are you this naive to think he actually cares?” Was he naive? Tommy didn’t even know what to think anymore. He had a feeling Dream was trying to explain something to him, but there were just so many polar opposites in the golden-haired boy’s mind that he wasn’t sure what he was supposed to understand.

Tubbo’s voice rang in the air. “That’s not true! Tommy, I really care about you. And I don’t care if it’s been two days, because...” Both him and Dream looked at Tubbo. They listened carefully, and Tommy tried to register every single word. “...because it feels like I have known you for all of my life. I mean, if nothing went wrong, we would have known each other since diapers. Maybe... Maybe our meeting was meant to be. And I’m sure I know you better than Dream. He knows you only as a person he kept captive, but he hasn’t seen what you are like free. And I think the free you

is the real you.” Tommy wanted to consider his words further, further than a warm feeling in his chest upon what he had heard, but Dream immediately grabbed his hands. It got all of the golden-haired boy’s attention. He looked at the man he used to consider to be his father for such a long time.

“Tommy, my son, all I ever wanted was for you to be safe. Please, come back home with me. I’ll forgive you for running away, but you have to come back home. You prefer it when I’m not mad, don’t you?” Tommy furrowed his eyebrows. He was at a crossroads. Who should he trust? Who actually cared about him? He looked at Tubbo. He was still helping Ranboo keep his balance, but his eyes were fixed on the lost prince. He recalled every memory they had together, starting with the moment when the boy with horns appeared in his home, through their travel to Snowchester, the healing, the birthday gifts, the moment when Tubbo found out he was free, the festival shenanigans, finishing with being told the truth about his father. Then, he looked at Dream. The man who... who didn’t let him go touch grass, who rarely hugged him, who was always away, who would mainly show any form of affection through holding hands. He was doing it at that moment. And Tommy’s powers worked best through hands...

“I’m not your son.” He let go of Dream and took a step back. The man in a green cloak opened his eyes wide. He must have not expected Tommy choosing someone else over him. “And I’m not your flower. You don’t actually care! You barely showed me any affection and I’ve spent most of my life alone and-” He didn’t see the kick coming. It hit him right in the stomach and sent him to the ground. Tubbo let out a cry. When Tommy’s gaze focused again, Dream had the mask back on.

“Okay, you little bastard, I thought we could resolve it nicely, but clearly that isn’t going to work.” The masked man grabbed his hand. Tommy tried to free himself from the grip, but Dream was too strong. With a corner of his eye, he saw Tubbo trying to charge the man, but he was sent flying with a simple push, straight into the water. Ranboo ran up to him, his long legs shaking.

Suddenly, Tommy heard *the* song. A delicate glow surrounded him. No, he didn’t want to give any power to his father. He had to fight it! He kept trying to free himself, but to no avail. He had never noticed it before, but as his...as he continued, it felt like the healing power was being stolen for him. It never seemed that way when Tommy was the one singing. Out of blue, the golden-haired boy started to get sleepy. No, he had to stay awake, he had to stay awake!

The world around him got dark and the lost prince sank into darkness.

## Chapter End Notes

Btw, I tweet about Gleam and Glow daily so if you want to check my twitter, it's

@lovelyspongy. It's a nice mix of me being funny, polish and dsmp obsessed!



# Taking In The News

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo saved Tubbo from drowning. The enderboy then lets his friend know what happened when he was with Dream. The duo teleports on the the royal ship.

Warnings for this chapter: drowning, crying, mentions of past trauma

## Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! This chapter is sponsored by my uni, cause I wrote most of it during French grammar. Also, the kudos and hits are skyrocketing! What the heck? That is so amazing!

I know I've been talking about a Dream spin-off, but after much deliberation, I decided against it. I think I found a way to explain some things about him in the next chapter actually!

Anyways, enjoy!

Tubbo flew in the air like a ragdoll. For those few short seconds, the world was just a blur of desaturated colors. He tried to locate Ranboo and Tommy, but focusing made him nauseous. Suddenly, his body touched something wet. The sea. He broke through the surface and soon hit the murky sand. He immediately tried to return to the shore, but struggled due to his body being sore and the water in his lungs. His sense of balance was impaired too, so he couldn't tell where up or down were. He began to flail in panic, hoping that at some point he would push himself in the right direction. But he was lacking air and everything was dark and-

He sensed a pair of arms under his armpits. Then, cold air hit his face. He coughed out the water as he tried to inhale as much of it as he could. Tubbo opened his eyes and looked up to the gray sky. It seemed to have gotten even darker. There was a rumble of thunder in the distance. His sight was slowly regaining focus as he got dragged on the grass. Much to his horror he didn't hear neither Tommy nor Dream. And where was Ranboo?

His savior finally stopped and gently put Tubbo on the ground. The ram hybrid shivered. He was so cold. His clothes were completely wet, which didn't help. Still, he searched for the face of a person who prevented him from drowning. His jaw dropped when he finally made eye contact with his favorite enderboy. But... That didn't make any sense! Ranboo was terrified of water! It hurt his skin! It could have dissolved him!

"H-have you c-c-completely lost your mind?! You could have d-d-died!" His teeth kept clicking

together and he had no idea how to stop. Ranboo sat right next to him and wrapped an arm around the boy with horns. Even though Tubbo knew touching something wet definitely wouldn't help the half-enderman at all, he allowed himself to lay his head on enderboy's shoulder. Apart from desperately needing warmth, he really needed some comforting. Just for a short while. He grimaced as he saw the scarring on both of Ranboo's arms. That kind of damage would take weeks to heal.

"I know. But you have to realize that I would swim across the ocean for you if that meant saving you." Tubbo wanted to cry. He wasn't really a crier, but considering everything that happened in a single day, he was overwhelmed with emotions. And being reminded that he would always have Ranboo on his side, even at the worst point, it was the last straw. So he let himself shed exhausted tears and sob. He didn't have to say that he was thankful. Ranboo understood.

Sadly, the moment couldn't last forever. "We should start thinking about what to do next. Because we have to do something." Tubbo nodded and fixed his posture. The enderboy was right. They couldn't just sit and wallow. But he had to find out what happened while he was in the water first.

"You're right. But first thing, where is Tommy?" Ranboo's mouth turned into a frown. He looked down. "Dream took him away when I was trying to get you out of the water. Tommy... he was unconscious when Dream took him." Unconscious? Why would he... What did Dream do to him? As much as his stomach twisted just from unclear ideas of what that monster could have come up with, Tubbo needed more information.

"Do you remember where they went? Like, in which direction?" Ranboo nodded and answered quickly.

"Yeah, they were heading north, by the same path we use to get to Snowchester." Thank Prime for that! At least the ram hybrid knew exactly where Dream was taking Tommy. They had to be heading to their house, hidden in the mountains. Or outside the border, but that seemed less likely. Dream had absolutely no resources on him, so he had to get them first before escaping the country.

"I know where to go! Let's go." He stood up and took a first step forward, but Ranboo grabbed his hand and stopped him. Tubbo raised an eyebrow at him. What was he doing!?

"Tubbo, slow down! I always thought you were the one who thinks logically out of us two. We can't stop Dream on our own. Right now, he is all powered up and he is already far. And to be fair, I personally think he might have gone insane. And we're both injured! We need some help." He did make valid points. Tubbo guessed he was so caught up with saving Tommy that he couldn't think straight.

"Okay, you're right. But who do we turn to?" As soon as he said that, He realized who it had to be. There was only one person, or rather one family, that would be ready to turn the world upside down to track down Dream and find Tommy. It was one of their biggest wishes to do so. He looked at the outline of the Royal Docks. He could barely make out the shape of the ship from that distance. Ranboo followed Tubbo's gaze. There was a flicker in his eyes as he realized what his friend had in mind. They didn't have to say anything. The basis of a plan was clear to both of them.

"I can try to get us on the ship." The enderboy said with confidence. Tubbo immediately shook his head in disagreement.

"No, no way. You were a hostage fifteen minutes ago and you could barely stand on your own. I'm not letting you." Ranboo folded his arms in front of him in a protective manner.

"I have to! It's the fastest way!" Purple particles began to rise up around him.

"Dream said you might not be able to do it for a while! What if you hurt yourself?" Tubbo had no idea why his friend was so insistent on using teleportation. Yes, it would be much faster, but they had to pay attention to their well-being. And Ranboo definitely wasn't well. The enderboy ran a hand through his hair and then abruptly let his arms fall.

"I don't care if I hurt myself! I need to know I can still do it!" It was probably the first time Ranboo had ever shouted at Tubbo. The ram hybrid took a step back. He must have looked hurt, because the half-enderman immediately relaxed his shoulders and when he spoke again, it was much more quiet. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have raised my voice. It's just..." He took a deep breath. "I don't know why my teleportation took me to Dream, even though I wanted to go somewhere completely different. And being around him... He is like a void. A dark, empty void who sucked up all of my power and it was terrifying, Tubbo." He took a short pause, possibly to recollect his thoughts. "I know you can't understand it, but all the things that are ender within me are so important to me. And he just took them away, and he said so many terrible things about what he had done to the endermen in the past..." He let out a single sob, but looked up, to make sure not a tear escapes his eyes. "I have to at least try to get us there. So I know it's still in me. Okay?" Tubbo was staring at Ranboo. He could only imagine how horrible all the things he had described were. While he was still worried about the enderboy's safety, he had to let him try. It was clearly of utmost importance to him.

"Okay. If this is what you need." He grabbed Ranboo's hand and squeezed it reassuringly. "You can do it. I know you can." The enderboy gave Tubbo a small, unsure smile. He closed his eyes and the purple particles arose once again. The duo disappeared from the shore.

They reappeared exactly where they needed to be, on wooden planks of the royal ship. To be more precise, right by the steering wheel. Ranboo immediately fell down on the floor with a loud thud,

so fast that Tubbo couldn't catch him. He crouched and quickly checked if he was breathing. He let out a sigh of relief as he saw the enderboy's chest rise and fall at a steady pace. For a second, he was worried that he... No, he couldn't even think that. And he didn't have to. Because Ranboo was okay.

"Who's there!?" Tubbo recognized that voice with ease, thanks to being chased by its owner for the past few weeks. It was Techno. The ram hybrid's heart instinctively started to beat faster. In his head, he kept reminding himself that he was safe. He wouldn't hurt him. The past was just a catastrophic misunderstanding.

He stood up from behind the helm. He could see the twin princes staring at him in shock. Even though they looked much different, which was understandable considering one of them was a piglin hybrid, their face expressions were nearly the same. Both of them had their mouths open slightly. The corners of their eyes wrinkled in the same way. They were as alike as Tubbo remembered. Well, eleven years older, and a small child in Wilbur's arms didn't go unnoticed. It had to be Fundy, his son. He stared at Tubbo curiously.

"Tubbo? How did you get here? And why are your clothes wet? And whose legs are those?" Technoblade pointed at Ranboo. The ram hybrid quickly looked down and then back at the royal family.

"This is Ranboo. He teleported me here and passed out right after. I'm wet because I've nearly drowned. It's been one crazy day, you know?" The twins still looked at him with astonishment, but also worry. Tiny Fundy pointed at Tubbo and babbled something to himself.

Wilbur was the first one to break the awkwardness. He grinned at the ram hybrid and handed his son to Techno. "Hold him for me for a second, will you?" As soon as his arms were free, he ran up to Tubbo and lifted him up in a hug. "I've missed you so much, big man! And I'm so sorry for everything we have put you through." The ram hybrid teared up a little and hugged Wilbur back. It felt exactly like when he was a kid. He wished he could just forget all the painful history and let the moment linger, but too much was at stake. And the effects of charging Dream were kicking in.

"Okay, now put me down, okay? You are about to crush my lungs. And I am bruised all over." The king-to-be let him down gently. Tubbo took a deep breath. It kind of hurt to breathe, probably because of nearly drowning. "Thank you. Now tell me, where is Philza? I have news and I think he should be there to hear them."

"We have to cancel the festival." The royal family and Tubbo looked in the direction of the voice. It came from the main deck. King Philza himself had just entered the ship. Much to Tubbo's astonishment, he seemed to have barely aged. The only sign of eleven years passing were white strands of hair. "I have just received a message that Dream was seen on the mainland. We have to--"

He stopped abruptly as he finally noticed Tubbo standing beside his sons. He blinked a few times in disbelief. “Tubbo? Is that you?” The ram hybrid realized that he was slowly losing his patience with the royals. As much as he wanted a proper reunion or to scream at them for exiling him for over a decade, there were much more important things to take care of.

“Yeah, it’s me, now come up here and let me say what I need to say!” A few guards that were on the ship gave each other glances. Who was this kid to order the King around? And why was that king listening? Philza quickly joined the rest near the steering wheel. Tubbo looked at the nearly complete family. His heart hurt a little as he remembered that Tommy, the missing piece, was currently on mercy of his kidnapper. “It’s about Dream actually. Well partially. I know why he was near the capital and where he’s heading now.” He looked at each of the royals. They looked surprised to learn that he had some information on the man they despised. For a short second, he wondered how they would react to the second part of his news. “It’s also about Tommy. The Tommy. I’ve found him and he is in danger.”

# Tale of a Fallen Deity

## Chapter Summary

Dream stops the run to the house when Tommy begins to wake up. He then shares a bit of his painful past.

Warnings for this chapter: character being unconscious, lying, minor violence, dnf, cursing

## Chapter Notes

\*Slides this chapter on the table\* If you take this, you'll give me week max. to figure out the next one because I messed up and forgot half of the things I wanted in the previous one and I need to salvage this. Go, have some Dream pretending that he doesn't care anymore.

Now in all seriousness, as usual I thank for all the support! It makes my day! This chapter is sponsored by my new laptop!

Enjoy!

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

It was nearly midnight when Dream was swiftly making his way through the maze of trees. He had been running with the unconscious boy slung over his shoulder for hours, but he didn't feel tired at all. The magic of the sun was coursing in his veins, giving him strength and stamina to continue with few breaks. To be fair, he stopped only to power up a little. While he was absolutely sure that Tommy wouldn't manage to run away again, he couldn't help the paranoia. Those short two days when he had no quick access to his flower, when he felt like he might die of old age after centuries of persevering were the scariest times of his life. What if someone took it away from him? Of course, as long as Tommy was alive, he could come up with a plan to grab him back. He had done it twice! But he couldn't risk him being found again. He just needed to take a few things from the house before leaving the country for good, somewhere safe.

Dream heard Tommy groan. Shit, he was waking up and there were still about two hours of journey ahead of them. They had to stop. The man with a mask quickly scanned for a good place to lay Tommy down. He strayed from the path and ran deep into the woods, so it would be harder to spot them if a guard went by.

"Fuckin' bastard..." Dream rolled his eyes. All of the reprimands about cursing were for nothing, weren't they? That kid was way too quick to abandon all caution and rules. The kidnapper never knew that he could be so...reckless. One encounter with someone from the outside was all he needed!

Finally, he stopped. He put Tommy on the ground without much care whether he accidentally hits himself or not. He had been gentle for long enough. The kidnapped prince opened his eyes slightly and stared as Dream grabbed his hand. His gaze could drill a hole in his head, if his abilities

allowed it. The criminal wanted to get to singing, but he couldn't focus. He sighed and looked back at Tommy.

"Spit it out. You obviously have something to say." The prince seemed to be surprised that he was allowed to talk. He tried to fix his posture, but Dream held him down, in fear that it was an escape attempt.

"Did you ever love me? At any point?" The kidnapper was taken aback by the question. His mind drifted to someone he used to know centuries ago. He remembered caring with all of his heart, walking hand in hand, whispering promises he couldn't keep. Back then, Dream believed love was worth more than anything. How foolish he was. Love was the reason why higher gods deprived him of his abilities, immortality and status. It turned him into no one, a human. And he promised himself he would never care or love again. And apart from short moments of weakness, he hadn't broken that promise.

"No. You're just someone who has something that belongs to me, nothing else." Tears welled up in Tommy's eyes. For a short second, Dream felt guilty for hurting his feelings, but then remembered they don't matter. It was his fault that he trusted him, his kidnapper. He quickly switched to a sigh of annoyance. "Stop being a crybaby. I'm honestly surprised you were so naive that you didn't notice." He opened his mouth to activate the power, but his hostage spoke up again.

"I'm not stupid." Dream tightened the grip on Tommy's hand so tight that he could crush it. The prince whimpered in pain as his kidnapper leaned closer to his ear.

"Yes, you are. If you weren't, you wouldn't have befriended a hybrid and a monster so quickly. How long did it even take you to tell them about the magic, hmm? Hours?" Tommy stayed silent. His lips turned into a thin line. He didn't have to say anything to confirm the assumption. "Exactly. And it took you two days or even less to trust them! I may have told you tons of lies and pointless lessons, but believe me, the one I am about to tell you is absolutely true. You can't afford to care about anything or anyone. A friend is going to bring you to your doom. Because if you love someone or something, it can be taken away from you. Just like they took my..." He almost said a name, *the name*. He hadn't said it out loud for centuries. "...my godship." Tommy scoffed. How dare he?!

"Okay, now you're just being insane. Just because you live longer than you should doesn't mean you're a god." He said with so much certainty that Dream wanted to strangle him with his bare hands. He had no idea how sensitive the topic he had just commented on was. But... he needed him alive. He had to push all the urge to turn to violence down and suck it up.

"How do you think I knew all those stories about Dream the deity? Because those weren't made up, by the way. Your bedtime stories were me simply reminiscing on the glory days." He sighed out with a smile as Tommy stared at him with a horrified expression on his face. "People adored me, you know? I was the most worshipped deity of them all! Which of course drove higher ones insane. And they tried to take me down, multiple times! They imprisoned me, left me in solitude. I've been through hell, but I soldiered on. I fought in wars that weren't mine and kept being a pain in the ass. Kind of like you are to me!" He laughed to himself. Tommy tried to move away from him, but there was no place to go. "Everything changed when George came along." Shit. He didn't mean to say the last sentence, but there was something about telling Tommy a story in the middle of the night, something familiar. Like back in his childhood, when Dream had to stay in the house for longer periods. Wait, why was he so nostalgic about it?

An unknown name picked the prince's interest. "You've never told me about George. Why?"

Dream wondered if he should tell that story. He had to admit, he kind of wished he could talk to

someone about it for a few decades. Maybe it was time? He couldn't really hope for any other audience and it certainly wouldn't do any damage.

"You know what? How about I'll tell you." He was tempted to take his mask off, but opted for keeping it on. He wanted for it to be clear that the dynamic between him and his hostage would never be the same. That meant he couldn't see his face ever again. "George was someone special. You see, if it weren't for him, I would still be a deity, the golden flower would have stayed on the coast and you probably wouldn't even get born. He's the reason I lost everything. Do you want to know how?" Tommy unsurely nodded his head. Dream continued with a story. "Because I cared about him. And gods saw that, frowned upon it and they gave me a choice. Godship or George. Now, can you guess what I chose?" The prince thought about it for a short second. Then, he answered.

"George?" *Correct. The image of his dead body in the middle of the flower field where they would always go haunted him in his dreams.*

"Wrong. I chose being a deity. Because no one and nothing ever will be more worth to me than immortality and power. It's why I kidnapped you all those years ago. You're the only thing that can give me a reminder of those two." Once again, Tommy tried to widen the distance between them, without much success. "Anyways, I stupidly thought choosing godship would be enough proof of my loyalty, but..." "For a second, he could feel the pain of having the godly essence ripped out of him and of having to watch George get struck by divine lightning. In that short moment, he cared and it hurt him so much. But it was just a second. It passed with a blink of an eye. "They took everything that made me a deity away." *They took George away too. He lost two most important things in the world at the same time.* "Since then, I know I shouldn't have gotten close to any human ever." And that was true. Looking back, he wished he had just stayed with the others and listened obediently. It wouldn't be a joyous life, but the power. The power was worth the emptiness. It was more valuable than anything else in the world.

There was a long silence. Tommy seemed full of disbelief for what he had just heard. He must have been trying to process all the information. Only owls hooted once in a while, disturbing the moment. Dream waited for him to say something, anything! Finally, the prince spoke up. "You're a one sick crazy motherfucker." Seriously? That was his takeaway from all of this? Without further ado, Dream forcefully grabbed Tommy's hand and began to sing the song. Naturally, the boy tried to break free from the grip, but soon enough having his power stolen from him exhausted him and he had no strength anymore. Maybe to make sure he wouldn't wake up too soon, or maybe because Dream was angry that Tommy had no sympathy for him, he repeated the same melody and lyrics a few more times. He couldn't know that it would cause the prince's heart to dangerously slow down its beat.

When the masked man was done, he grabbed the kid he used to think of as his son, threw him over his shoulder and continued the run to their house.

## Chapter End Notes

\*laughs\*



## Other Side

### Chapter Summary

Tubbo and the royal family ride to find Dream and rescue Tommy. When they finally find them, they face something none of them could have predicted.

Warnings for this chapter: mentions of past traumatic experiences, major character death, cursing

Disclaimer: I have no idea how fast a horse is. I have checked many sites, but they offer distance in miles and I am not American. To be fair, I know nothing about horses. I had no idea how tall they are even though I saw some 3 weeks ago.

### Chapter Notes

Ah yes, welcome to the chapter that was written because I forgot half of things I wanted to write in a one of the previous ones. But it was a blessing that I forgot. I think it was meant to be.

Before we dive in, the next chapter should arrive very soon! I've been writting two at the same time.

Please enjoy! :D

If you asked Tubbo, the royal family took too long to prepare for the journey. While he understood that they were hurrying as much as they could, especially after the ram hybrid had summarised everything he knew about Dream and Tommy, he was worried that they wouldn't make it on time. In time for what? He wasn't sure. They wouldn't flee the country. Apparently getting out was out of option - according to Wilbur, his dad had sent crows to all the outposts to deliver a special order. To some extent, it made sense. King Philza had crow wings. But at the same time, Tubbo couldn't help but think that such a fact alone wasn't enough of an explanation. It didn't matter that much though.

They were standing by the horses in the yard in front of the main entrance of the castle. Originally, Philza tried to convince him he should stay with Ranboo, since they both had already been through a lot because of Dream. Tubbo insisted on going. He didn't care about stabbing and drowning, not at all. He had to be there for Tommy. The only problem was that he had no idea how to ride a horse. Thankfully, Wilbur offered him a place. If the king or Technoblade did so, it would lead to a real awkward social situation. While he acknowledged the reasons for his exile, the chase and an apology, he couldn't forgive them. At least not yet. The wounds were too fresh.

"Wilbur, we know you want to be there when we find Tommy, but if leaving Fundy in the castle is too much, perhaps..." Techno didn't get to finish his sentence. The king-to-be butted in.

"No! I'm going! I have to!" The nanny waited patiently for the youngest prince to be handed over. Tubbo had no idea why there was a hold up. They really had to go! Each second counted!

Wilbur's breath quickened. Philza put a hand on his shoulder reassuringly. "Wil, I understand how you're feeling now, more than anyone else. When Tommy was..." He gulped, avoiding saying *the* word. "Well, I didn't want to leave neither you nor Techno out of my sight. But I had to learn to manage my fear of losing you. And remember, we are about to get rid of the biggest danger there is. Fundy is going to be extremely safe here." Tubbo had never really thought about how Tommy's kidnapping affected the royals. He could barely process Wilbur having a kid! But he did begin to feel guilty for being impatient with the royal family. None of this was easy for anyone, for more reasons that could be seen at the first glance.

"You're right. I can do this." He took a deep breath and glanced at his son. He was sleeping soundly, snoring quietly. Wilbur kissed his forehead farewell and, with some reluctance, handed Fundy into the hands of the nanny. "I'll be back soon, okay? Dad has to leave for a while, but I promise I'll be back before you know it." Fundy fussed a little, nearly waking up. The nanny managed to quickly calm him with delicate swaying. Only when the little prince was fully calmed did she promise to take care of him and turned around. Wilbur seemed to be in genuine pain as he watched them walk away.

"Okay, now we really have to go. C'mon." Technoblade abruptly turned around and made his way to his horse. Philza squeezed Wilbur's shoulder before following Techno's suit a moment after. That left Tubbo and the king-to-be alone. The ram hybrid could see the situation wasn't easy for him and he wanted to say something. But after all those years, he had no idea what would help.

Wilbur sighed deeply and glanced at Tubbo. "Techno's right. Let's go." He led the boy with horns to their horse. The prince needed to push him up a bit as he struggled to get on the creature, but as soon as both of them were ready to embark on a journey, the royal family began their ride. They had hours of travelling ahead of them, but the silence turned awkward in a matter of minutes.

"I can't believe all those years he hasn't even left L'Manberg. How could we have missed the hideout?" King Philza was the first one to speak. From the moment he found out what his son had been through while missing, worry didn't leave his face even for a second. He kept trying to ask so many questions that Tubbo had no strength to answer. After the adrenaline had worn off, he could barely keep his eyes open, but he fought to stay awake. That sensation went away as soon as his participation in the rescue mission was confirmed. With new motivation, he felt energetic again.

"To be fair, I did literally stumble upon it by pure accident. And I have passed by it tons of times before realizing it's there. You can't really blame yourself for not finding it." Should he add 'Your Highness'? He had no idea. Nobody tried to correct him, so maybe it was okay.

Tubbo carefully looked behind him. Much to his astonishment, despite the threat of rain, thousands of lanterns flew in the sky. He wondered if people knew what was going on. He figured out they had to. The gossip must have spread already. For the first time, the whole point of those lights actually made sense. Maybe Tommy could see them at that exact moment! That thought led Tubbo to a sadder one.

“He really wanted to see the lanterns up close, you know? He said it was his dream.” A pained expression appeared on everyone’s faces. He didn’t even get to fulfill his wish. Prime, why was he thinking about him in the past tense? He was alive! Dream needed him alive!

“What is he like?” Techno asked. Tubbo thought about it for a while. How do you describe the lost prince? “You have told us all about his life, but not about his personality.” The ram hybrid could sense the anticipation in the air. Whatever he was about to say would be of great impact and he didn’t want to screw it up.

"Well... He was pretty jumpy and anxious at first, but he came out of his shell pretty quickly! He..." Tubbo paused for a second to check how the royals were reacting. All of them listened attentively. Everything he said must have meant so much to them. His words were the only information they could about their beloved Tommy. "...He's energetic. And quite loud, but I honestly don't mind. I feel like anyone would be loud if they spent so much time in the house. And he really enjoyed pulling a prank on Ranboo, even though he kind of panicked right after. Oh! And..." The conversation found its course. The royals kept asking questions about Tommy and after some time, they also began inquiring Tubbo on what he was up to. They seemed to be relieved that despite being exiled, he actually had a pretty good life. Of course, apologies spilled every time the boy with horns mentioned missing home. It was starting to get tiring a bit. From time to time, Tubbo found courage to ask the royals a question about their lives. While some topics were avoided at all costs, it was great to catch up on all the years they have missed. And in all fairness, all of them needed something to keep their minds busy. It kept them sane in a way.

It was still dark when they got close to the hideout, but Tubbo still easily recognized the place. He shushed the royal family and all of them obediently stopped talking.

"We're almost there." The horse slowed down as the ram hybrid scanned for the entrance of the cave. Everyone was mentally preparing for a fight that could have possibly occurred soon. Techno absent-mindedly put his hand on a sword hilt. For a short second, Tubbo worried that maybe they arrived too early, that Dream wouldn't be there, but then he remembered how strong the masked man was even without any magic. And he definitely had some of it at that moment. Which brought up another question. How were they supposed to fight someone invincible?

*Dream carelessly dropped sleeping Tommy on the couch. Even though he had tons of strength,*

*enough to carry him for maybe even weeks, it did get tiring after a while. Or staying in about the same position for hours bored him? He couldn't tell. On top of that, he was pretty sure he had a bruise from his head bouncing on his back. A short break, even if it was mainly to pack for the rest of the trip, was a blessing.*

*He walked off to the kitchen to get some food, but he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. He tried to figure out where it came from. The house was empty, he checked. He had everything he needed, the weapons weren't misplaced. Still, the air... there was an element missing. What could it be?*

*He came back to the living room to check on Tommy. No, he was still asleep. He would be for hours. But the longer Dream stared at him, the more unsettled he became. Why? What was wrong?*

*That's when he realized. He could always feel the power of the sun. A scent always helped him find the source, even when he was far away. But he didn't feel anything at all. Panicked, he walked up closer to the lost prince. He looked so peaceful... too peaceful. Something was horribly wrong. Was he...? No. No, he couldn't be. He shook the boy, but there was no reaction. None at all.*

*"Tommy?!"*

“Here it is!” Tubbo pointed at the trench on their left side. Indeed, here it was, the entrance of the cave he fell into two days ago. For a second, a short memory of Techno and his hounds chasing him flashed his head, but he quickly shook it off. There would be time to process everything later. The royal family looked at each other. They seemed determined, judging by their straightened postures and determined looks on their faces. Philza took a deep breath in.

“Okay boys. Here we go. Be prepared for everything, but most importantly, be careful.” He quickly got off the back of his horse. The twin princes and Tubbo quickly followed his suit. They let the ram hybrid lead the way. He wasn't going to admit it out loud, but he was dreading the moment they would have to face Dream. He feared that defeating him would turn out to be impossible. Swords or any kind of weaponry could turn out to be not enough. But despite those doubts, Tubbo tried to stay positive. He had to believe there was enough strength between all of them to send Dream straight to hell.

They swiftly reached the other end of the tunnel. The masked man had to be in a hurry - the rocks that used to block the way were put away on a pile. What if... No, they couldn't be too late. Tubbo refused to believe that. He and the royals made it through the narrow exit on the other side of the cave with almost no difficulty. There was a slight issue of the king's wings barely fitting in a clearing, but with some help, he managed to get on the other side. They quickly, yet quietly made it through the tall grass to the door of a run-down house. Tubbo's heart was beating fast as Wilbur

tried to open the door, to no avail. Should they try to get in by the kitchen window? He was about to propose his solution, when suddenly Philza lifted up his leg and kicked the heavy door with all of his might, sending them flying. The twins and Tubbo stood frozen in astonishment for a short second as the king marched in with a shout on his lips.

“Where are you, Dream!?” The rest of the group quickly followed him as he walked up the stairs. How did he know where to go? Was it instinct? Was it just being a father who misses his child dearly? It didn’t really matter. The direction he chose appeared to be right. Tubbo could hear some sounds coming from upstairs. At first, it was impossible to tell what those were, but the closer they got, the more clear it became that the sound was someone’s loud sobbing. Was Tommy crying? If Dream made him cry...

Once again, Philza forcefully opened the door with a kick, revealing a dark room. However, he didn’t go in. His eyes seemed to be focused on something on the floor. The twins and Tubbo tried to catch a glance. While it probably wasn’t as obvious for the princes, the ram hybrid recognized the mask with ease. However, he didn’t recognise a crack in it. It nearly split the taunting smile in half. But... that wasn’t what the king was staring at, Tubbo realized His gaze was fixed on Dream. Dream who was sitting on the floor, with his back being supported by a back of the couch. Dream who hid his face in between his knees and cried. Why was he crying? And where was Tommy?!

“Where is my son?!” Philza screamed, his voice full of pain and anger. The sobbing man looked up. He seemed confused, as if he didn’t even notice anyone’s presence until that moment. His face was wet from tears and he sobbed uncontrollably. What the fuck was going on? Where was Tommy? What happened to Tommy?!

Dream wiped his eyes and pulled his knees closer to his chest. He tried to calm himself, without much success. Tubbo had a terrible assumption, but it couldn’t be true. It didn’t make sense! It couldn’t be it couldn’t be it-

Tubbo barely held in a scream when the monster finally managed to utter a sentence.

“He’s dead. I killed him and now he’s dead.”

# Life and Death under the Sun

## Chapter Summary

Philza's heart breaks. On another plain of existence, Tommy takes back what Dream had stolen from him.

Warnings for this chapter: major character death, mourning, crying, past death mention, blood mention, kidnapping mention

## Chapter Notes

I AM SO SORRY

Also, I couldn't leave the last chapter like this. I ended up writing this one the same day. Please, enjoy!

I am so tired.

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

Philza's heart had been broken twice before. The first time was the moment he was told that the guards didn't manage to catch his son's kidnapper. Learning that his baby was gone was so painful that he couldn't care less about not being able to fly ever again due to his injuries. He was like a shadow of himself, haunting the halls with his tearful eyes. The second time was when he found his wife in a pool of blood. The memory was blurry, but he remembered screaming and crying and falling on his knees. He cradled her body in his arms, begging her to wake up. When he realized his friend, his advisor, was the one to take the Queen's life he was furious. The results of decisions made in rage and mourning echoed in his life for many years.

The third heartbreak was definitely hearing Dream say those terrifying words. He didn't want to fall apart, but his knees gave out on their own. He tried to breathe normally, but all he could think of was his boy, his poor boy. The son he didn't even get to know, but missed with all of heart for seventeen years. He wanted to burst into tears, to mourn his son who was stolen away from him, but the shock he was experiencing made it impossible to react further.

He was thankful that Technoblade took over in the confrontation. With a movement so fast that the king didn't even manage to blink, his warrior's hand lifted Dream by the throat. The kidnapper gasped for air, but the grip didn't loosen. However, his windpipes weren't being crushed, no. Dream had some explaining to do and he needed air to do so. "What the hell do you mean?!" Techno screamed. Dream flinched. He could barely talk, but he managed to utter some words.

"I didn't mean to! I swear I didn't mean to." Philza wanted to scream at him, ask him how that was

an excuse for everything he had done to him and his family, but he couldn't move. Where was Tommy? "I didn't know there are limits to how much power I can take." His voice cracked in the middle of the sentence. He broke into even more desperate sobbing. "I'm going to die! I can't die!" Wilbur gently touched his dad's shoulder. The king was sure he was saying something to him, but he couldn't hear him for some reason. Techno was probably still shouting at Dream, demanding explanations for all the cruelty, but the ringing in Philza's ears was too strong. He looked at his heir. Wilbur's eyes were glassy, and it was obvious he was trying his best not to break down. He should feel free to break down, and he shouldn't be comforting his dad at that moment. It felt wrong, it's the father who should stay strong for his kids, but he was barely holding it together. The fight not to cry was exhausting on a physical level.

A soft gasp from over the sofa. Philza looked up. Tubbo was staring at something, shaking his head in disbelief. He put a hand on his heart. "He's not lying. I thought he was lying, but he's not." Dream shouted something, but once again his hearing chose to ignore everything. He slowly stood up, Wilbur helping him out. With a corner of his eye, he saw Techno's grip tighten on the monster's neck. The king didn't care whether he would die or not, although he had a preference. All he could focus on is getting on the other side of the couch. He had to know what Tubbo saw.

"Oh God." He heard Dream's body falling on the ground. He was finally dead. For years, he used to think his death would be one of the best moments of his life. He wouldn't be able to hurt anyone of his close ones after all. He always thought that getting rid of Dream would be something grand, but at that moment the king knew it could not matter less. Not when he was about to see Tommy for the first time in seventeen years.

Techno and Wilbur were by his side when he saw those familiar golden hair. They had exactly the same color like when he was born. Of course everything else changed. Tommy probably would be taller than him if they stood next to each other. Another thing the king noted is that he was thin, too thin for his liking. But the most important fact was that his chest wasn't rising and falling like it was supposed to. It stayed completely still. With his breath shaking, he kneeled beside him and looked at his face. Unsurely, he reached out his hand to touch his cheek. It was cold.

That was the breaking point. Philza burst into tears. He could feel Wilbur and Techno hugging him as he wailed. He could even sense Tubbo being there, hiding his head in someone's shoulder. He had no idea why started talking to the dead boy, but he just had so much he wanted to say.

"I'm so sorry, Tommy." He stroked his cold cheek, hoping it would somehow bring him back to life. "I didn't manage to save you from him the first time." The image of Dream holding his baby as he begged him to give him back haunted him in his nightmares. He couldn't stop blaming himself and thinking how there had to be a way to prevent the kidnapping, that maybe he didn't try his best. "And I failed to save you again. And now you're gone. Forever" He carefully took Tommy's cold hand in his. He was sobbing uncontrollably, but kept on talking. "We would have loved you so much, you know? I would try to prove my love to you each day. Because I love you more than you could ever imagine." He gently squeezed the hand, trying to pour all of his affection into that simple gesture. *"Please."*

*Tommy woke up to absolute darkness. There was nothing, not a sound, not a smell, nothing that could affect his senses. He was all alone. Where was he? The last thing he remembered was the forest. Dream... he was singing the song, this stupid song. He recalled wanting him to stop, because he was getting dangerously tired, in a way he had never been tired before. It felt like his body was giving up on him.*

*Wait, was he dead?*

*If he was, it was fucking boring. But also scary. The darkness... No, this couldn't be how his story ends. He barely even started! He called out into emptiness, but it didn't reply. Was he doomed to nothingness forever? Was that what he deserved after everything he'd been through?*

*Suddenly, there was blinding light and he wasn't standing in nothingness anymore. He appeared to be in a meadow full of colorful flowers. The light breeze pushed the hair out of his face and the sunlight warmed his skin. He closed his eyes and hummed approvingly. The sun was always at his side, wasn't it?*

*His peace was disturbed by a new arrival. He instinctively took a step back at the sight of the face he knew so well. He also noted his breath quickening.*

*"Why are you here?" Dream opened his eyes. He seemed to be taken aback by Tommy standing opposite him. He looked around, his moves frantic.*

*"No, no, I can't be dead! This isn't supposed to happen!" Tommy honestly couldn't stand hearing Dream panicked babbling again. He rolled his eyes at him. He was pretty sure he could just send him away, somewhere far from him, but... he had something that belonged to the golden-haired boy. Tommy reached out his hand, as if he was waiting for something to be handed to him.*

*"Give back what you stole from me. Now." His powers... Dream kept taking so much of his power that it ended up killing him. He sang the damn song so many times, without Tommy's consent, it made the boy sick to even think about it. Dream didn't need the magic. He was just incredibly selfish and claimed his rights to it and Tommy had stupidly trusted him. But he knew better now. "I was the one born with it, not you. It's an essential part of who I am." The sun shone more intensely as the golden streak moved through the air. It brought Dream down to his knees, but made Tommy stronger. Dare he say, he felt alive again. It was like each line of the activating song fulfilling Soon enough, the ground opened under Dream and he fell, heading straight to the deepest pit of Hell.*



*Meanwhile, Tommy closed his eyes and with a satisfied smile he his very first breath.*

There was a subtle golden glow in the room. All the crying had immediately stopped and everyone looked at Tommy. Philza wiped away his tears, staring in disbelief. How could he not when his dead son's chest to rise up and fall? He was breathing! That shouldn't be possible. Unless...

“He’s alive.” Tubbo was the one to say it out loud. He heard Techno sigh out in relief and Wilbur chuckled happily. “Holy shit, he is actually alive!” Philza began to cry yet again, thankfully for a much happier reason. He pulled his older sons closer and grinned. Their boy was alive! He didn’t even care how on Earth that happened. All he could think of is Tommy being okay. The warmth would soon return to him and he would open his eyes. And the king would be able to talk to him, and hug him, and take care of him and love him with all of his might. His family would regain its missing piece, the person they longed for. If only his wife could be there for this moment... Philza liked to believe she was watching over them from the heavens, smiling just as much as he was.

They waited patiently for Tommy to wake up. He surely took his time - the sky kept getting lighter and lighter. He shifted in his sleep from time to time. At some point, Techno took off his cape and covered his brother with it as he was shivering. Finally, with the sun appearing on the horizon to begin a new day, Tommy's eyes slowly opened.

Their boy was back.

Chapter End Notes

**MY BOY I BROUGHT HIM BACK HELLO HELLO**

Also expect a long chapter coming, we still have a lot of things to tackle

# Reunion

## Chapter Summary

Tommy wakes up after reviving himself. The royal family has to figure out what comes next.

Warnings for this chapter: death mentions, slight panicking, mentions of past traumatic experiences

## Chapter Notes

We hit 1300 kudos! What the heck! Thank you!

Also, after a bit of thinking, I figured out the long chapter, and by it I mean it might end up being 10k words long, is going to be the last one (cries because it's going to be the last one and because she can't imagine letting go). But this one is just as important. I rewrote it so many times, you have no idea.

Anyways, enjoy this one!

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

Tommy could tell that he was awake, but he didn't want to open his eyes yet. He adored the warmth and weight of a blanket that covered him. It felt so cozy and safe. The morning haziness was also quite enjoyable. He would have never suspected something as simple as waking up could bring him so much happiness, but dying makes you appreciate small things. He snuggled into that sensation, wishing it could last forever. He knew it wasn't possible - at some point he would have to rise up and face the new unfamiliar reality, where there was no Dream. No Dream... he remembered feeling happy as hell swallowed him, and he still definitely preferred having him gone. However, at that moment he realized the only constant he ever had disappeared forever. Tommy had no idea how he was supposed to live his life.

He yawned and stretched his arms. It made him a bit dizzy, but at least he knew his arms and body were working properly. He did revive himself after all. He could have messed something up, but it didn't seem so. Hopefully nothing would come up later.

"Tommy?" He didn't recognize the voice, which made him freak out a little, even though it sounded welcoming and warm, like a fire in a fireplace on a winter day. It also occurred to him that he had no idea where he was. Last time he was conscious, he was lying on the forest floor, not a... couch? Hold on, those walls... The furniture... That was his house. Why was he there? He anxiously scanned the room he knew so well. The house reminded him of loneliness, waiting for days for someone to come. And he hated being lonely. He had to get out of there as fast as he could. Unfortunately, as soon as he tried to raise his head up, a piercing ache went through his skull. He hissed in pain and layed back on the couch.

"Hey, take it easy, okay? You've been through a lot last night." Tommy carefully turned his head to the source of the voice. In front of him sat a man with light blonde hair. He was definitely older than him, but he couldn't tell how old exactly. He stared at Tommy like nobody had ever before. The way the corner of his eyes wrinkled...there was something so soft and adoring in it. Also, a small content smile danced on his lips. It is worth mentioning that there were two younger men resting their heads on each of the older's shoulders. One had curly brown hair and round glasses, the other one had pink hair in a braid. The latter one was snoring. They shared some similar facial features with each other, but the golden-haired boy couldn't point out which exactly. When he thought about it, they also resembled the one in the middle. Were they related?

"Hi. Who the fuck are you?" The man chuckled, moving his shoulders slightly. It was enough for the two other guys to wake up. They seemed to be confused at first, rubbing their eyes and looking around absent-mindedly, but immediately focused their gazes on Tommy as soon as they realized he was awake. They simultaneously sighed out in relief and smiled, the same way that the light blonde hair guy did. Why were they so happy to see him?

The man in the middle fixed his posture a bit and took a deep breath, as if he was preparing for something. Tommy waited for an answer patiently. "I'm Philza. And those two are Wilbur and Technoblade. We're... We're your family." Oh. That explains it. They looked at him with so much hope, but Tommy could barely comprehend what was said to him. Wait a minute....Oh Prime. In all the craziness, he completely forgot he had a family. Actual biological family. He vaguely remembered Tubbo mentioning them. He said that King Philza was his father, did he? A bloody king. No, he could not comprehend being royalty at that moment, it made him dizzy.

"Tommy! You're awake!" The golden-haired boy immediately recognized the voice. It was Tubbo! Oh, thank Prime he was there. His presence was exactly what Tommy needed, something familiar and with no negative connotations. He awkwardly tried to sit up, despite the headache he felt everytime he moved too much as the boy with horns ran up to him, paying no attention to the royals in the way. The family had to quickly move away, so that they wouldn't get stomped on. Tubbo hugged Tommy tight and without much thinking, the lost prince returned the gesture. He closed his eyes and sighed softly. Thankfully, the ram hybrid seemed to be okay. He buried his face in his shoulder. "Don't you ever die again!" Tommy chuckled.

"I won't, I promise. Not any time soon." Maybe it was bold to promise something like that, but he honestly didn't care. He knew he wasn't ready to go yet and he had no life-endangering plans in the future. There was so much of living he had to discover.

After a short while, they pulled away. Tubbo sat on the other side of the couch with his legs crossed and the royal family scooped closer to them. Everyone was focused on Tommy, which wasn't something he was used to. To be fair, it was kind of embarrassing to have all of the attention. Hopefully his entire face wasn't red.

"Uh, so..." He knew he should probably first respond in any way to the family statement, but he still could barely comprehend having a biological father and siblings. He decided to ignore it for now. "How did you know where to find me? I know I had no idea where fa-" Philza unsuccessfully tried to hide a frown. "I mean Dream. Where Dream was taking me. How did you know?"

"Well, it was Tubbo who knew. We wouldn't even realize why Dream was in L'Manberg if it wasn't for him." Began Philza. He glanced at the ram hybrid with so much gratitude, like he owed him life. Although, if you asked the king, Tommy mattered to him more than living.

The brown-haired guy, Wilbur, continued on. "Yeah! He literally appeared out of nowhere, shouted at us to pay attention and explained everything. He even screamed at dad!" Techno chuckled and sighed in amusement.

"It was so funny, you should have seen the guards' faces! They were so outraged. But honestly, Tubbo has an exclusive right to shout at us. He's a hero." Wilbur, Philza and Tommy nodded in agreement, which made Tubbo cover his face in his hands.

"I just wanted to save my friend, it's not a big deal." The golden-haired boy gasped in disbelief. He did not just say that.

"Of course it's a big deal. The biggest deal of my life! You are literally my savior and I can never thank you enough for that. If it weren't for you..." He would be stuck in the house for the rest of his life. Dream would be manipulating him and stealing the power from him. He would always be lonely. But none of that was going to happen, because Dream was in hell, suffering for eternity and Tommy could do whatever he wanted. He looked up, hoping it would stop tears from falling, but a few escaped. There were four 'awwws' and then suddenly he was hugged from every possible direction. And as much as he wanted to enjoy the warmth and cry his heart out, his brain kept screaming that he didn't know most of the people embracing him, so tried to squirm away. Luckily, they took a hint and pulled away.

"What's wrong?" It was Philza, his... *father* who asked. Each time the king looked at him he seemed to care so much about him. His brothers cared too, they had it all over their faces. Tommy felt guilty that he couldn't say the same to them. Why? Why did they care so much? And why didn't he trust them? They probably risked a lot to come there to save him and they missed him for years. They did nothing to deserve his distrust.

He turned on a side and focused entirely on the royal family. They leaned in in anticipation. "It's just... I know you are happy to see me. And you probably want me to come home with you, now that Dream rots in hell. And I know he does, I was there when hell swallowed him. But..." There

was still so much to unpack, years of trauma to process, things about his life he failed to notice, the utter fear just at the thought of using his power again... He was desperately pushing all those away, delaying the moment it would crush him like a rock. If he had to deal with his own issues while trying to find his place in his new family, it would be way too much. "I need time. I am barely adjusted to life beyond this fucking house and so many things happened... I'm sorry." He expected for Philza, Wilbur and Techno to be angry with him, but all he found in their faces was understanding. The King spoke to him calmly.

"Tommy, you have nothing to apologize for. I mean, sure, we would love it if you came back to us right now, but what we want more is for you to do well. And if going to the castle is not going to make you feel well..." He took a deep breath. He seemed to be collecting his thoughts. "We can give you the time you need. And we will wait." The lost prince sighed out in relief. He liked the sound of that.

"Okay. Thank you." He looked around the room once more. That was probably the last time he was going to sit in that house... Thank fuck for that! He obviously couldn't wait to get out of it. And he had decided he is not going to prolong the moment further. "But can we please get out of this shithole and, I don't know, burn it down or something? I hate being here."

Soon enough, Tubbo helped him get on his feet, which turned out to be difficult with a pounding headache, and the five left the house. Tommy noticed the dent in the wall as they walked through the door of the living room. It had to be new, so he asked about it. Techno told him that it was the exact spot where Dream died. The golden-haired boy shivered. There was something absolutely chilling about casually walking by the place where his kidnapper drew his final breath. He decided not to inquire how exactly Dream died. Watching him fall into a pit of hell was enough.

When they had finally made it through the cave that separated two worlds, the time to decide where Tommy would be staying while he recovered came. The brainstorm ended up with the royal family and Tubbo riding to Snowchester. The plan was quite simple: the lost prince would stay in the village for as long as he needed to. Philza, Wilbur and Techno would visit from time to time to check how he was doing. Tommy would also be gifted a 'mail crow', which apparently was something exclusive for the L'Manberg royalty and their friends, so he could get in touch with any family member easily. The golden-haired boy liked that plan. He was thankful that he was given the space he needed.

When they made it to Snowchester, Puffy immediately got out of the house with an angry scream on her lips, directed at the royals. However, when she saw her nephew on one of the horses, she instantly seemed to have calmed and ran up to hug him. Tubbo was so happy to see her, he nearly broke his legs as he quickly jumped off the saddle and greeted his aunt. Tommy stared at them and wondered if one day he and his family could be like that too.

Once the king explained everything to the former captain, it was time to say goodbye. Tommy

allowed quick hugs from his brothers and his father, although it still felt weird to him, but he was sure it was the right thing to do. Still, they seemed reluctant to leave as they got back on their horses. They probably wanted a bit more time with their lost prince, Tommy figured, but he just couldn't give it to them yet.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay here?" Philza asked. The golden-haired boy nodded.

"I'm sure. And once again, thank you for not forcing me to go to the castle, it's... I really appreciate it." He looked down at his feet, avoiding the king's gaze. He didn't know why, but he couldn't look him right in the eyes.

"And once again, it's no problem, Tommy. Take care, okay? And don't forget to write when you're ready." Tommy promised to do both of those things. A moment later, the royals began their ride back to the castle, leaving him with Tubbo and Ms Puffy in Snowchester. The golden-haired boy sighed out.

It was the first day of a new chapter in his life.

## Chapter End Notes

Guys.

Only one chapter left D:

This will be very emotional to me so expect long ending notes. I have literally written out scene by scene and it's been in works for two months.

EDIT: The last chapter is coming along slowly since I have finals and I currently can't focus. Also, I can't let go and I want it to be perfect. But I may or may not plan on starting a separate work just for some loose stories that happen in between things in a plot! I kind of want to be able to come back to this ever once in a while, although I do have plans for over tics.

# Taking Time

## Chapter Summary

Tommy learns who he is outside Dream's control and gets to know his family. Sometimes it's especially difficult, but it's not going to stop him from healing. Warnings for each segment:

Sleepless Nights -nightmares, mentions of past traumatic experiences, mentions of death, injury, trouble with sleep

Unconditional Love - mentions of major character death, anxious thoughts

Understanding the Broken - mentions of death, mentions of past traumatic experiences, implied past character death

Sailing Away -mentions of past traumatic experiences

Letter on His Nightstand - mentions of death, trust issues, mentions of past traumatic experiences

Father and Son - mentions of past traumatic experiences, checking the meaning of flowers is recommended

Wish fulfilled - no major warnings

## Chapter Notes

Here it is! The last chapter! It's an emotional moment, truly. Technically, I wrote seven chapters in a span of two weeks AND during finals. I find it quite remarkable. I will get all touchy feely in the end notes, now go enjoy!

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

## Sleepless Nights

It had been four days since Tommy moved to Snowchester. The sky became dark hours ago, but he was still sitting outside, right at the edge of the forest. He could see the stars above him in a frame of treetops. It was quite a view. To be fair, he loved everything about nature, and he kept stopping for a moment just to get a better look. He had never had a chance to do so before. He sighed contentedly. That moment would have been perfect if it weren't for dark circles under his eyes and an annoying stinging pain in them. On the physical aspect, his body was exhausted. On a mental one, his mind screamed at him to stay awake.

“You need to go to sleep.” Tommy turned around and saw Ranboo. He came back from his stay in the castle the previous day. His arms were bandaged, covering ugly burns.

“Aren’t you supposed to avoid teleporting for a while?” The enderboy sat beside the found prince.

“Don’t turn this around, okay? I have Tubbo to scold me about it.” He brought his knees close to his chest and joined Tommy in staring deep into the forest. Leaves waved gently on a chill breeze. From time to time, a lightning bug flew from one tree to another. After a minute or two, the ram hybrid joined them. He quietly sat on the other side of Tommy. None of the trio said anything, but the golden-haired knew it wouldn’t stay like that for long. He had been avoiding having one conversation for four days, and he felt like there was no escape anymore.

“Tommy, you haven’t slept at all for days. Well, except for that one short nap, but that lasted way too short. What’s wrong?” The golden-haired boy didn’t dare to look at Tubbo. He knew that if he looked at his worried face, he would spill, and he really didn’t want him to know the reason why he fought to stay awake so much. “You were supposed to heal here, but so far it seems you’re getting worse and we don’t understand why.”

“It might help if you talk about it, you know.” Added Ranboo. Both of Tommy’s friends put their hands on his. It was weirdly reassuring. The golden-haired boy took a deep breath. Should he tell them? He doubted they would understand. And it was honestly stupid. He himself found it ridiculous.

“Tommy, look at me.” The golden-haired boy did so. He glanced at Tubbo and something in his worried stare and wrinkles that formed on his forehead made him tell what the problem was immediately. He was so tired of seeing that expression and he wished it was gone.

“Last time I was asleep, I died. What if... What if I die again?” He blinked, and in that short second his eyes were closed, he could see the same darkness that surrounded him in the afterlife before Dream arrived. Sure, later on there was a meadow full of flowers, but Tommy was sure it wasn’t his. His breath quickened. “And if I die, what if this time hell swallows me? I can’t risk it! I can’t I can’t I-” He sensed Tubbo’s hair and one horn laying on his shoulder. Unsurely, Tommy rested his head on his. He could also feel Ranboo arm wrapping around both of them.

“Tommy, the circumstances of your... you know, they were insane! I mean, according to what Dream managed to say when he was crying like a baby, he didn’t even think it could happen. And it certainly didn’t happen because you fell asleep, that motherfucker k-k-killed you.” The golden-haired boy was trying to use one of the breathing exercises Puffy had shown him as he listened carefully. “But he is gone and he can’t do that to you again.” Tommy wished hearing those words



could be enough, but his imagination kept racing. He could picture Dream grabbing him by the ankle and dragging him to hell as he dreamt. He couldn't allow that to happen. And laying in bed alone for hours sounded absolutely horrible.

He must have looked pretty unconvinced, because Tubbo continued to try to find a way to encourage him to sleep. "We could have a sleepover, if it helps." That caught the golden-haired boy's attention. He had never heard of sleepovers.

"And what is that?" Ranboo quickly provided an explanation.

"It's when you go spend the night at a friend's house. Usually you end up staying up late, but... it's already late. So we could go straight to sleep." Tommy thought about it for a second. Having someone who he trusted in a room would certainly be comforting... And if anything bad would happen, Tubbo and Ranboo would be there for him, right?

"That sounds good. I would like that." Soon enough, the trio headed to the enderboy's room, since his bed was the biggest due to him having freakishly long legs. Still, there was a bit of an issue with finding enough space, but somehow they managed. Tommy thought that falling asleep would take him forever, but as soon as his head touched the pillow, he drifted off to dreamland. Prime, he was really exhausted, wasn't he?

It may not have been the most peaceful rest of his life, but when morning sunlight greeted him in the later morning, things seemed to be looking up a bit better.

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## Unconditional Love

When Tommy walked into the kitchen in the morning, he found Tubbo sitting by the table, holding something in his hands. A piece of paper. Two others were put in a close distance. Even though the golden-haired boy was absolutely hungry, he decided to take an opposite seat and inquire about it. Breakfast could wait.

"What's that?" He asked. Tubbo looked up at Tommy, in a kind of distracted manner.

"Oh, it's a letter from Wilbur. That mail crow Philza was talking about arrived and left like six of them." As if it knew that someone spoke about it, a black bird sitting at the window cawed,

making the golden-haired boy jump. He recalled a creature like that flying near the house he grew up in a couple of times, but he had never seen it so closely. It was bigger than he expected. Its feathers seemed to hide a rainbow under the darkness. "There are some for you too, I put them at the counter." Tommy looked at the pile of envelopes. He walked up to it and quickly scanned through all of them and picked three letters addressed to him, each one from a different member of the royal family. He stopped as he noticed the name 'Philza', beautifully calligraphed. He couldn't help but wonder what was his... his father like. What if he was like... ? No, there was no way. Unless he was only trying to appear nice. The guy did exile a six-year old kid...

Suddenly, the front door opened and Ms Puffy came in. She appeared to be mad, even though she was obviously trying to hide it. She looked at the found prince.

"Hey, uh, so Technoblade is patrolling around and he was wondering if you would like to take a walk with him. You know, to chat." That explained why she seemed annoyed. Tubbo's aunt wasn't shy to share her strong opinions about people who derailed her family's life. Tommy gulped. That would be his first actual conversation with anyone from the royals. He obviously wasn't about to say no, since Techno was already there. Besides, he needed to get to know his siblings, no matter how much he dreaded it.

"Uh, yeah, sure. Just let me grab something to eat." He blindly took an apple from one of the shelves and bit into it on his way out. He was starving before, but at that moment he felt kind of sick, like very angry butterflies in his stomach. He wondered if he should throw the fruit away, but opted against it. It would be a waste and he needed to eat.

His thought came back to Techno. He had no idea what to expect from his brother. All he knew is that he had horrible communication skills and that he was the current Captain of the Royal Guard. And that he chased Tubbo for a few weeks. And he was kind of scary. So yeah, promising!

The prince was waiting right outside Snowchester. He was walking in small circles, his cape waving slightly due to the movement. Tommy was relieved to see that he seemed just as anxious as he was. At least they had that in common.

"Uh, hi!" The found prince shyly waved his hand. Technoblade mirrored the gesture. Tommy walked up to him, but kept in mind that he shouldn't stand too close. What distance exactly was perfect for first hanging-out with the brother you didn't know you had until last week?

"Hey." Techno stopped for a second, seemingly trying to find something to say. It's not an everyday thing to hang out with your long lost sibling. "Uh, um, how are you doing? All well?" He was playing with the edge of his cape, shifting his glance from Tommy to the ground rapidly.

"I mean, I do have trouble sleeping, but otherwise I am doing pretty good. Tubbo is going to teach me how to take care of bees." While the initial small talk was extremely awkward, they managed to find a flow of their conversation. Tommy chatted about his time in Snowchester and Techno was telling him about his travels through the kingdom. Apparently his job as a captain took him all over the place. At some point, his brother got so deep into his stories that he dominated the conversation, but the found prince didn't mind. He loved hearing about all the places he had yet to visit. Besides, they had all the time in the world.

Time passed and they walked quite far from Snowchester. The density of spruce trees grew as the temperature rose. From what Tommy could gather, they were about halfway to the village where Jack Manifold lived.

There was a small stream of freezing water running through the ground. Two brothers sat on a large rock beside it to rest. Tommy's legs felt sore. However, Techno, despite wearing armor and a cape, seemed to have barely broken a sweat. How was he doing that? He definitely had better stamina, that's for sure.

For a while, they focused on taking in the nature surrounding them. The air was still quite chill, making the golden-haired prince shiver from time to time, but he didn't mind. It felt refreshing.

"So? How am I doing so far? What do you think of me?" Techno asked, breaking the silence. That guy was surely straightforward. Tommy thought about his answer for a short second. He compared his first expression to the one that he had at the moment to form a proper answer.

"Well, uh, at first you seemed kind of scary. You're, like, all tall and buff and you have those tusks. And..." He recalled a conversation he had overheard on his first day. He was pretty sure he wasn't meant to hear it, but it rang in his mind. It was right after the attempt to take a nap. Tubbo was telling Puffy what happened after Dream chased and he mentioned an important fact. "... You killed *him* with your bare hands." Even though he was grateful that someone got rid of Dream, he tried not to imagine it. He couldn't bear the image of *him* being dead. Not yet. And the fact that the man who took his life was sitting right next to him... It was a lot. "Thank you for that, by the way." Techno shrugged as if it wasn't a big deal, which was an absolutely ridiculous thing to think in Tommy's opinion. "But now you don't seem so scary anymore. You're pretty cool." The older prince let out an amused huff. "Social interaction is obviously not your element though, no offense." His brother snorted.

"Yeah no, that checks out. What else?" There was one last thing left to be said. Actually, it was more of the question. He could pose it to any member of his family, but all signs pointed that Techno would be the one to hear it.

"You... You obviously care about me. I can tell. But I don't understand why." He picked up a rock

and weighted it in his hand. "I get that I am your long-lost brother, but... you don't know me. Like, at all! So why do you care?" Technoblade looked at Tommy. The golden-haired boy looked so confused. It was... sad. Just simply sad. The big brother huffed. That was not a simple question.

"Well, I don't know. I just do, like I have been since the day you were born. It's as natural as breathing, if I have to be completely honest. " The found prince still appeared to be lost and the captain didn't know how to explain it well. He wasn't about to stop trying though. There had to be a way to make his little brother understand. "Tommy, you have to realize that not only me, but Wilbur and dad too would literally move heaven and Earth for you if you asked. All of us love you so much, to a ridiculous extent. It's... it's impossible to express with words alone. But we will keep saying it with letters, actions, everything that we can think of." Tommy listened and could not believe what he was hearing. He didn't understand how someone can love a person so much without any solid reason. To love unconditionally... He tried to process it, but it made no sense. It appeared that Techno could see that, because he dropped the subject. Clearly it was a heavy conversation topic, maybe too heavy for the first conversation.

Technoblade lifted up a small rock and threw it into the stream. Two brothers watched as it disappeared in the water. "By the way, uh... don't you dare tell Wilbur I got all sappy with you. He will tease me so much about it if you do." Tommy chuckled. Technoblade had to try to keep out a reputation of a scary warrior, didn't he? Or maybe it was a sibling thing?

"Okay, I won't tell him a thing."

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## Understanding the Broken

Wilbur was different from his twin brother. Sure, their face features were basically the same, but that's where similarities stopped. When you looked at Technoblade, you could tell he was a warrior. The way his body is built, broad shoulders, his posture - it was like he was meant for battles. There was also something in his monotone voice and restrained gestures that screamed with seriousness and much distance. Wilbur, he definitely was suited to be a diplomat. The way he spoke was so charismatic, his pronunciation of each word precise. He didn't shy away from gesticulation to emphasise a point. And despite carrying the weight of being an heir of an entire kingdom, he was more relaxed when talking. He was a sun, and Techno was a moon. The found prince wondered where he fit in his family's sky.

Wilbur was gently strumming his guitar and Tommy was listening with his eyes closed. They were sitting on the same rock by the same stream as the golden-haired boy did with the other twin. It was a great spot for endless conversations. There was something in the air that spoke with a promise of a sunny May. Maybe it was the green leaves slowly growing bigger and bigger or how all the snow that melted away. Or maybe both. Nonetheless, the atmosphere was pleasant.

“You seem to enjoy music a lot.” Tommy opened his eyes. Wilbur had stopped playing the guitar and was looking directly at him. The boy nodded and quickly responded.

“I think so? I mean, I knew one song for most of my life, but I did like those two discs Tubbo gave me for my birthday. Shame that they got lost in a whole Dream mess, they were really good.” The older prince supported his head on the palm of his hand. He looked at the younger one inquisitively.

“What song is it? I might know it.” That was hardly possible. There was no way he could know the healing incantation. Tommy couldn’t imagine a song like that being easily accessible to the public. It held too much power.

“I doubt it. It’s a song that activates my magic and makes me all glowy. I feel like I have known it even before I was born.” That was true. It was like the lyrics and the melody were engraved in his mind. He used to hum it before he knew how to crawl.

Wilbur seemed to be fascinated by what he was saying. He listened attentively, paying attention to every word. “Oh, right! You have powers! I keep forgetting you have those.” Tommy chuckled. It was funny to hear his family kept forgetting about a whole magic thing he had going on, especially after years of fearing what would happen if someone found out. “What’s funny?”

“It’s just the fact that the whole healing and strengthening used to be my biggest value, but also the reason why I was always afraid. And you just forget. It’s hilarious and nice, in a way.” It was more than nice. Knowing that people looked at him and didn’t see magic first filled him with euphoria. “But…” It was still an important part of who he was, but he felt detached from it recently. He hadn’t sung the song for two weeks. It’s like his throat closed up whenever he tried to recall it. The thought of it made him tear up. He tried to hide it, but Wilbur noticed.

“What’s wrong?” Tommy didn’t understand why he wanted to tell him about the event that brought all of those thoughts up. It was embarrassing and Wilbur wasn’t able to fully grasp the problem. He wasn’t magic like him, or the enderboy. Still, he decided to trust his instincts.

“I tried to heal Ranboo’s arms yesterday. You know Ranboo, right?” The king-to-be nodded his head. Right, that tall-ass stayed in the castle for a couple of days. He mentioned that he got acquainted with all the royals and that little Fundy seemed to like his company. “Well, I began to sing, and I could tell everything was working, but…” He remembered his voice cracking in the middle of the first verse. He couldn’t even get through the first line. Not when images of everytime Dream held his hand and the golden-haired boy gave him a bit of magic flashed his mind. Not when the memory of the last time he saw Dream, right before his first death, felt so real, too real.

Not when he remembered being dead. He inhaled the air sharply. “I couldn’t do it. I was so scared, Wilbur, so scared. And I’m scared that I will never stop feeling scared of using my own power. And I know you can’t understand that, but-” He stopped abruptly as he sensed his older brother’s hand on his shoulder. It made Tommy look up and focus entirely on the man in front of him. He took a deep breath.

“When Fundy was born, I refused to leave the room without him. I didn’t even let him alone with dad or Techno, because I was paranoid that somebody would take him when I’m not looking. Sadly, our family is marked with all kinds of loss, you being kidnapped, mom being killed, Sally...” Who is Sally? She had to be pretty important, because Wilbur choked up a little. Tommy was about to comfort him, but his brother continued his monologue. He quickly wiped his eyes. “She was Fundy’s mother. I... I don’t want to get into too much detail.” Oh. Was. She was gone. Even though Tommy kind of wanted to ask how she died, he decided to respect his brother’s wishes. “The point is, each time something horrible happened, it derailed me completely, and most people in my environment expected me to move on quickly. But the thing is, Tommy, healing doesn’t happen overnight. You take small steps, one at a time, and one day you’ll realize you walked so far that you are in a good place again. And that is what you need to do. It’s how I got to the point where I was able to leave Fundy in the care of a nanny and I am sure it will get you to the point where you can use your powers freely.” It made sense, much to Tommy’s surprise. Starting with little things and slowly building up to the bigger ones was logical, and most importantly, sounded doable. “But it’s also important to remember that a slight push in the right direction can do wonders. It’s up to you whether you will need it or not. Okay?” The found prince nodded. He could do it. He would find his own way of healing, he was sure of it. And he had time, tons of it!

“Okay. And thank you.” Wilbur took back the hand he had put on Tommy’s shoulder and smiled softly at him.

“It’s no problem, big man.”

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## Sailing Away

The final phase of sunset had just begun as Tubbo and Puffy slowly walked down the docks of L’Manberg capital. The days were getting longer, it was almost 8 p.m. and the sky was still painted with blues, pinks and oranges. There was a comfortable silence between an aunt and a nephew. They had just spent a day in the castle. The royal family had invited them for dinner, mainly to properly apologise for all the pain they have caused to the ram hybrids all those years. Everything was addressed: the exile with its unfairness, the chase of Tubbo, how long did it take to undo past decisions. The ‘sorries’ and regrets had no end. They literally begged Tubbo and Puffy for forgiveness. Well, Techno and Philza did that mainly. Wilbur wasn’t very guilty in that situation.

“So, what do you think about all of this? Do you think you can forgive them?” The boy with horns

kept thinking if he could for the whole past month. He was reminded of the topic everytime he looked at the pile of unopened letters next to the ones from Wilbur.

“I don’t know. I mean, I can see they are remorseful. And I can see they really want to properly make up for everything, but...” He stopped walking and Puffy quickly followed his suit. She looked at him inquisitively. “I don’t know! It’s still so fresh! And it’s not that easy! And yes, in a perfect world, where I don’t feel wary around Techno and I haven’t missed my home for over a decade, I would forgive them right away. And I want to be able to do so, but I... It feels so complicated. You know?” Puffy nodded, trying her best to understand her nephew’s point of view as he gesticulated wildly.

“Tubbo, it’s very kind of you to want to forgive, but you don’t have to, if it is too hard. You don’t owe it to anyone.” She was right, of course, but he really hoped one day he would be able to trust the royals again. They were like a family to him for a major part of his childhood, and he could see that kind of bond reforming with each letter exchange between him and Wilbur. He was sure he could rebuild all the relationships in a similar manner.

“I know, but it is something I want. And I think I know how to start. When we get back home, I’ll read the letters. All of them. It’s about time.” Aunt Puffy nodded once again. She turned into the direction of the sea and watched as boats sailed on the water. Her mind seemed to be somewhere else, somewhere far. Tubbo decided to join her in admiring the view.

After a longer period of silence, she spoke up. “I always thought that after I retire from being a captain of the Royal Guard, I would sail. It was a dream of mine when I was a kid. I even took classes for a while.” Tubbo was surprised to hear that. She hadn’t mentioned sailing even once before.

“You have never told me that.” She chuckled, somewhat sadly. Tubbo could tell his aunt was reminiscing on the old days, before she dropped everything for him.

“Of course I didn’t. I knew you would feel guilty, like you took that dream away from me. But I hope you know you didn’t, never think otherwise. I’m happy I chose to take care of you. If I was given a choice, I would pick it again, without the shadow of the doubt.” Tubbo felt all warm in his heart, even though he was told that exact thing many times before, excluding the dream part. He rested his head on Puffy’s shoulder.

“And I’m thankful you did, but what is bringing all of this up?” His aunt sighed and straightened her posture, causing the boy with horns to lift up his head. They made eye contact.

“You’re not a scared little boy that clinged to me as we searched for a new home anymore. You’re mature, you show off your horns proudly and you know how to take care of yourself, for quite a while now. It feels like a natural point when I stop being your caretaker anymore.” Oh. *Oh*. Tubbo could see where that was going. Maybe he could pretend that he didn’t. Puffy looked up to the sky as she took a deep breath, preparing for what she was about to say. “I want to pursue my dreams, Tubbo. But I don’t want to leave you alone if that is something you’re not ready for.” In all honesty, the boy with horns wanted his aunt to stay. Sure, he was pretty self-sufficient, but he also loved her, he really did. He couldn’t imagine not seeing her everyday. However, he wasn’t going to keep her from chasing her dream of sailing. She had sacrificed so much, her life, her stress, everything for him. It was basic decency to let her go. He could only wish there was something more to do to show how thankful he was.

“I won’t be alone! I have Ranboo, Tommy, Jack, Quackity and like the whole royal family who are going to be there for me. And you deserve to do something other than worrying about what kind of mess I got into. So yeah, I think you should chase your dreams.” He tried to lighten up the mood, but he couldn’t help but feel sad at the thought of his aunt being gone. It was probably written all over his face.

“Are you sure you’re okay with that?” She seemed concerned for him, but there was really no need for that. He was fine.

“I mean, I’m going to miss you a lot, but there is nothing that can be done about it. You can’t blame me for being a bit down.” Suddenly, he felt a pair of arms embracing him. Tubbo quickly returned the gesture. He buried his face in her shoulder.

“I’m not leaving yet.” Her voice’s soft tone reminded him of all the times he scraped a knee and Puffy was there to kiss it better.

“I know.”

“And I will write as much as I can.” Another memory, the time he had to stay at Big Q’s for two weeks when his aunt unexpectedly had to take care of some business, popped into his mind. He was still a kid and he missed her so much back then. It would be longer than two weeks this time, wouldn’t it?

He hugged Puffy tighter, not wanting to let go. “I know.”



It was nearly June and Tommy could say, with full honesty, that his life was going great. He had friends he cared about deeply, a good relationship with both of his brothers and a nephew who absolutely adored him and kept drawing him pictures. He was able to sleep through the night peacefully, with no nightmares of his past or death haunting him. He even caught himself singing the activating song! That meant he would be able to try healing soon. Nearly every aspect of his life had improved. He took Wilbur's advice and recovered little by little, step by step. And it worked so well! Sure, he had some bad days, when his past was a bit too much and needed someone to comfort him as he tried to calm down, but otherwise he had never felt so good in his entire life. Each day, he would help out in the bee dome, meet up with twin princes or go on walks with Tubbo and Ranboo.

There was only one element missing and Tommy was reminded of it every time he went to bed. A pile of unopened letters taunted him, each one of them signed with the same name. Philza. His biological father. The found prince stared at them and wondered what he was like. While he knew the easiest way to find out was to open the envelopes and read their contents, his shaking hands prevented him from doing so. It was easy to accept having siblings and a nephew, incredibly easy. But having a father? Not so easy. Tommy had so many doubts about the king of L'Manberg. Sure, Wilby and Techno praised him for his care and his kindness, but all of that could be a lie. Tommy had thought Dream was caring and kind too. Or what if he read all the letters, decided Philza is a good person and began to trust him only for it to turn into someone just as bad as his previous father figure, or maybe even worse. Not knowing was much easier.

However, as all the lights were turned off and Tommy was left with a pile, he wondered if he should just get over himself, ignore his doubts and anxieties and just read them. That thought occurred to him more and more. Also, the royal twins hinted that it might be a good time to get to it, since he was in a good headspace for a longer while. The golden-haired boy agreed back then, but completely ignored the suggestion, telling himself he wasn't ready. But something, an insistent voice in his head, kept shouting at him, demanding for action to be taken.

On that one particular night, despite the fear, Tommy got up, lit a candle on the small desk and took the letter with him. He made sure the envelopes were in the right order and tore the first one open. With hands shaking from nervousness, but maybe also excitement, he unfolded the piece of paper, making sure he didn't make a single tear. And then he began to read. The more words and sentences he went through, the more he regretted his wait. The king wrote about many things, but the structure remained the same. Firstly, he always asked about Tommy's wellbeing. Then, he would summarise what had happened in the castle since his last letter. The next step was some story about his family, their family. Philza told him about shenanigans his two other sons would get into, about times Tubbo would get tangled into them, but also about more serious happenings. A letter about his wife, Tommy's mother, brought the found prince to tears, the ones that roll down your cheeks one by one in complete silence. He would never meet her, and she sounded so lovely. It hit him would never have a mom present in his life. Sure, he wasn't even familiar with the concept of two parents, but it still felt like he had lost something. The letter about the kidnapping was too much. He had to put it away, for some other day.

Despite some of his wrongdoings, Tommy could tell that the king was a good, caring person at heart. He wasn't like Dream at all and he felt guilty for even thinking something like that. He tried his best to rule fairly, while also paying as much attention as he could to his family. And he loved his family so much, the found prince could sense it in the way he talked about his queen and his sons. Even about him, a boy who was taken away from him and he didn't know. A boy who didn't respond to his letters for nearly two months.... That had to change. Philza opened his heart in front of him, he deserved a proper reply. So Tommy quietly got a quill and empty sheets of paper, trying his best not to wake up anyone in the house. And he wrote back to each letter he received.

The golden-haired boy's eyes felt sore and the ink nearly ran out as he raised his head up after finishing writing. He was surprised to see the sun on the horizon. He stood up, walked up to a window and watched as the sky slowly changed from pink to blue. At that moment, there was no passage of time, just him and the sun. He was mesmerized by it, in a way. The magic inside seemed to gleam and glow bright as he stared at it. That moment felt like a sign, a sign that he had made the right decision.

But like most moments, that one had come to an end. Tommy packed each letter, signed the envelopes and then went outside. The mail crow was waiting on the porch, as if it knew he would be needed. The found prince attached the letters to the bird, worrying it might be too heavy. However, the animal flew in the air with no struggle. Tommy watched as the crow kept getting further away from Snowchester, heading to a chamber in a castle, where a flightless king wondered if there was any hope for him and his son building a connection.

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### **Father and Son**

It took Tommy tons of letter exchanges, and careful lessons of trust to finally get there. It's been a month since he had replied to the king and after a few weeks he was ready to meet him face to face. Their relationship was formed differently from the bonds with his siblings. Both sides knew it would be a rocky road, where they would have to navigate through the found prince's distrust towards father figures and general anxieties. Communicating by writing made it certainly easier. They could really think about what they wanted to express, and find the right words. A special consideration was needed for difficult topics, but it was worth it. Philza ended up being the first person to hear about Tommy's realizations about Dream and the ways he treated him whenever they came to him. And even though the king's heart was breaking as he found out his youngest son was hugged few times in his life or that he spent most of his time alone, or even about small things, like always being kept at a distance, unless that sick bastard wanted to use the boy's power, he felt proud. Proud that his kid slowly got better and better at recognizing which treatment was wrong and which one was right. Proud that he was finding out who he is. And he would mention that in each letter, just how proud he was for him whenever Tommy took a step further in his healing process.

The father and the son were sitting on a bench in the royal garden. It was the first time the found prince was visiting the castle. The royal family had already given him a tour around their home.

Techno and Wilbur were absolutely thrilled to show him the best hiding spots of each room. Philza kept rolling their eyes at them, but it was obvious he was just as happy to see all of his children getting along so well. Tommy certainly brought a new energy to the halls and the castle finally felt full. But at that moment, it was just two of them, staring at the sun slowly disappearing behind the horizon. They were surrounded by pink carnations and baby's breath, flowers that were picked by his mother while she was still alive. The golden-haired boy liked the way they complimented each other. To be fair, he liked all of the flowers in each part of the garden. He had never seen so many types of plants in one place and they were all so colorful and beautiful.

"Look, I know I've said it before, but I'm sorry it took me so long to respond to you. And to actually meet up. I genuinely wish I reached out sooner." Tommy knew what was about to happen. Philza would reassure him that it's okay, that he understands the need for more time, the whole shebang. Still, the found prince couldn't shake the slight guilt.

"Tommy, what matters to me is that you did reach out, not the time it took." The golden-haired boy nodded, giving his dad a side-glance. The older man stretched his wing and put it behind his son's back. If Tommy could see from that angle, he would notice tears and scars marking the space between feathers. "And I think that it's good we didn't meet up right away, even though I really wanted to see you. It was a surprisingly difficult transition, to get used to you being back. It still feels surreal, that you are actually sitting next to me right now."

Yeah, Tommy got that. It's been like three months and he sometimes struggled to believe he is not stuck in a house, doomed to boredom and loneliness. But he wasn't there. He was on a bench with his father. His actual father who actually gave a shit about him and loved him. And while Tommy definitely wasn't in the place where he could return both of those exact sentiments, he knew he could depend on the king. Sure, sometimes doubts and fears would pop into his mind, but he simply pushed them away. They were just an echo of his past self, anxious and paranoid. He wasn't that person anymore. And if it is about love... He wasn't sure. He definitely loved Wilbur and Techno, but he wasn't sure if he loved Philza yet. He wanted to do so though.

Tommy covered his mouth as he yawned. It was quite a tiring day, he was up very early in the morning so he could arrive at the castle before noon. Then, he was constantly on his feet for hours. And dinner... He had never been so full. All of that was enough to make the prince exhausted. Without much thinking, he rested his head on his father's shoulder and closed his eyes. He heard a soft chuckle and then sensed a wing covering him. At that moment, Tommy felt safe.

"Can I stay for a night? I know that wasn't the plan for today, but-" Philza didn't let him finish the question. He already knew how he wanted to answer it.

"Of course you can! We'll prepare a bed for you, it's no problem." Tommy sighed out in relief. He really couldn't imagine having to go all the way downstairs and then spending hours on his way back to Snowchester. If he could sleep in a comfortable bed, he wasn't about to pass on that

opportunity.

“Cool. Thanks, dad.” He was too tired to register what he had actually said at first, but then it hit him. While had been thinking of Philza as his parent for a while, he had never actually expressed it in any of the letters, feeling like he had to wait for the right moment. And now it slipped so casually, like it was the most natural thing in the world. And it felt natural and normal and it made Tommy so happy. He was able to call his actual dad a dad! He looked up to see his reaction. The king appeared to be completely shocked. His eyes also turned glassy.

“You called me dad.” That sentence was said almost like a question, as if he couldn’t believe what was said to him. He put a hand on his chest, around the place where his heart was as a single tear left his eye. Tommy couldn’t help but tear up too. It was a big moment for both of them. The dad opened his arms and then embraced his boy. The prince didn’t think twice about hugging him back. He sensed tears of joy falling on his shoulder, but he couldn’t care less. He was probably crying too, but it was hard to tell. He was too happy about having a good, caring dad and being able to say it out loud.

The last missing piece of his life was finally found.

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### **Wish Fulfilled**

In retrospect, playing hide-and-seek with a toddler while being on a ship was not the greatest idea. Tubbo was the one to come up with that idea. Him, Tommy and Ranboo were given a task to take care of Fundy and that was their way of keeping him entertained. None of them predicted that Wilbur’s son could hide so well that it would be nearly impossible to find him. They were searching each deck very carefully, checking each corner and nook, but there was no sign of him. Tommy sighed out exasperatedly and ran his hand through his hair.

“Wilbur is going to fucking kill me. How did we lose an entire nephew?” He was currently standing by the steering wheel with Tubbo. His best friend bit his lip, trying to figure out where Fundy was. After a second or two, Ranboo appeared in a cloud of purple particles, looking just as stressed as the rest was.

“He couldn’t have jumped out, could he?” Tubbo asked. The golden-haired boy went pale. Oh Prime, what if he did? No, that was impossible, he was way too short to even reach the railing with his tiny hands. He had to be on a ship.

“Don’t even say that! Besides, there is no way. We just have to keep looking. How much time do

we have?” Right, soon the rest of the family would arrive to officially open the Lantern Festival. Technically, it was purposeless, since it was supposed to commemorate the lost prince, which was very much found. However, it was a lovely tradition, which brought so much attention to the kingdom. And Tommy, the birthday boy, insisted it had to happen. He was a freaking adult and he still hasn’t seen the light up close.

Tommy was about to answer when he spotted two familiar figures making their way to the ship. Wilbur was cheerfully talking to Techno while the latter tried to loosen up the collar of the fancy shirt he was forced to wear. Tubbo and Ranboo must have noticed the twins too, because they ignored waiting for an answer and quickly rushed to the entrance. The prince followed them to the main deck, where they stood unnaturally straight as they tried to figure out what to say when Wilbur asked about Fundy.

“Hi guys!” The heir’s voice rang through the air, accompanied by a ‘hallo’ from Techno. As they got close, the warrior ruffled Tommy’s hair, like he would always do. He knew it annoyed the younger prince, but that was the whole point. He squinted as he tried to push Technoblade’s hand away, which earned a laugh from the brother. “Did you take good care of Fundy?”

“Uh, yeah! We had fun! We played hide-and-seek and he is very good at hiding.” Tubbo elbowed Ranboo on the side, causing the enderboy to stifle a yelp. To be fair, he deserved being elbowed, they couldn’t let Wilbur know they had no idea where his son was. And he was surely dancing on a thin line of being exposed.

“Where is he? Is he still hiding?” Ranboo immediately responded, maybe a little too quickly. It made Techno raise his eyebrow at the trio. Tommy shook his head, hoping it would be enough of a hint to drop the subject.

“Yes! He is! And we just can’t find him, right guys?” He tried his best to sound playful, as if he knew Fundy would come out of hiding in a second. Tommy and Ranboo nodded. Somehow, Wilbur remained oblivious to clear signs of freaking out.

“Well, sadly he has to come out of hiding because dad is giving a speech in seven minutes!” He began to look around, making comically slow and big steps, his arms behind his back. “C’mon Fundy! Where’s my little champion?” Tommy heard a giggle coming from above the main deck. He turned into the direction of a noise and saw the youngest prince running down the stairs to his dad. What the hell?! How could he be hiding upstairs!? He was there a minute ago! Still, he sighed out in relief, along with the rest of his trio. At the end, it didn’t matter where he was hiding. At least he was found. Wilbur picked up Fundy and lifted him in the air.

“There you are! Did you have fun with your uncles?” The kid shook his head in agreement. He began to talk about what he was up to and the heir listened carefully, exclaiming from time to time

to show his attentiveness. Tubbo and Ranboo walked to the railing and to watch gentle waves on the water surface together. Meanwhile, Techno stood next to Tommy, looking up at the sky.

“I’m just going to ignore your weird behavior from just a second ago and ask you this: how is your first proper birthday going? Do you like it?” The golden-haired boy nodded excitedly.

“Like it? You can’t call me a child anymore! It’s the best day of my life.” Technoblade laughed. “What? What’s so funny?”

“I will call you whatever I want, *child*.” Tommy rolled his eyes and groaned. He hated being called a child, but his brothers wouldn’t stop annoying him about it. It was ridiculous. He crossed his arms.

“Fuck off.” Techno was about to respond, when something casted a shadow on them. Everyone, including the crowd on the docks, looked up. A man with crow wings flew above the ship. Tommy recognized him immediately. There weren’t many people who could soar through the air in the kingdom and he knew that particular person pretty damn well.

“Dad’s not getting bored of his grand entrances, isn’t he?” Techno commented. Tommy chuckled in response.

“I guess not. But seeing him like this means I did my job right.” Healing dad’s wings wasn’t an easy task. The wounds turned into scars years ago, but they didn’t heal up properly. It took a lot of energy to reverse the damage and to treat the injury right. Luckily, he had been slowly building up his abilities before the first attempt of healing. He started with small cuts, bruises and scrapes. Then he took care of Ranboo’s arms. He was particularly proud of the job he did with them. Watching the scarring disappear with no issue was satisfying, especially since it was the first bigger task in a while. Dad’s wings... they took weeks. Tommy had to plan an entire treatment, including spaces between each session. For about a month, the king walked around the castle with bandages which needed to be changed twice a day, and there was some aching, but it was all worth it at the end. Why? Exactly one month ago, he flew for the first time in years. He needed to relearn some things, naturally, but he was still euphoric.

Philza gracefully landed on the deck. He folded his wings with a huge grin on his face. Everyone on the ship, including Tubbo and Ranboo, quickly made their way to him.

“Dad, what the hell? We have less than three minutes until your speech!” Said Wilbur, quite loudly. Philza laughed and sighed contentedly.

“I know, I know, but I can’t help myself. Besides, those things are always late, even if everyone tries to be perfectly on time.” He quickly fixed his clothes, straightening them out a little. “Okay! Everyone, let’s go to the bow of this thing and remember where your place is!” Everyone followed the king. Philza stood at the front and his son’s were right behind him. Tommy was also in close proximity to Tubbo and Ranboo, honorary guests and heroes of L’Manberg. The king gave them those titles as an official sign of gratitude for finding and saving his son. They also had their own bedrooms in the castle, near Tommy’s chamber. They were spending so much time in the royal home for the past year, and that didn't seem to be close to changing.

After a short while, the king began his speech. Tommy tried to pay attention to it, but those things were so boring. He had the most important elements memorised, ‘I am so happy I can celebrate my son’s birthday’, ‘for the first time this day feels joyful’ and all the rest. He was relieved when he sensed a tap on his shoulder. He didn’t turn around, but he carefully leaned back. He heard Tubbo whisper to him.

“As much as I like craziness, this birthday is so much better than last year, isn’t it?” Tommy scoffed in disbelief. He tried to lean in a bit more. He had to be careful and not too obvious or Wilbur would notice and scold him.

“That is an understatement! You call last year craziness? It was horrible!” There was no need to go down the memory lane about Tommy’s seventeenth birthday. The general rule was to avoid details at all costs. Besides, it wasn’t all bad. The duo had plenty of fun in the capital. “But we had some fun before shit went down, didn’t we?” While he couldn’t see it, Tommy imagined Tubbo was smiling right now.

“Yeah. And it got us here. I don’t know about you, but I wouldn’t change it for anything in the world.” The golden-haired boy smiled fondly. He thought about everything he gained in the past year, his family and friends.

“Me too. And it’s all thanks to you.” Tubbo smacked Tommy’s arm playfully, which earned a warning glare from Wilbur. The boy with horns quickly backed his hand away.

“Don’t get clingy with me, royal highness. And pay attention, he is almost done with a speech.” At that exact moment, wild applause hit their ears. Both of them stood straight and politely clapped their hands.

“Now I would like my son, Prince Tommy of L’Manburg, to light up the first lantern.” More applause. It totally didn’t make the golden-haired boy nervous. He took two steps forward, ending up right next to the king. Philza watched as his boy carefully straightened out the lantern, filled it

with air and then took a match to light up the fuel. He gasped softly as he realized he did everything right. That was it! Finally, after years of looking through the window or climbing up the roof and dreaming of seeing thousands of lights fill up the sky up close, his biggest wish was about to come true. Before he let the lantern float, he looked back at people most close to him, his brothers and his best friends in the world. They were smiling at him, happy he would finally fulfill his dream. Then, he looked at his father. He had the same kind of a soft smile on his face. Those five people around him, Tommy loved them so much. He would die for them if he had to, which is a strong compliment from someone who actually died once. He took a mental note to tell each person how much he cares about them later.

Without further ado, he let go of the lantern and watched it rise up to the sky. Soon enough, thousands more followed, surrounding the ship from each direction. It was the most beautiful view Tommy had ever seen. His eyes practically glowed in wonder. Suddenly, he felt a ray of sunshine touch his face. He closed his eyes taking it all in.

He had never been happier.

## Chapter End Notes

This is a very emotional to me. If you told me one year ago any of my fanfic would get so much attention, I would not believe it. But it's very real and I don't know how to show my gratefulness. Each kudo, bookmark, subscription, comment, it means so much to me. I look through all them sometimes and I can't believe I actually have some impact.

Writing this brought me so much joy. When I realized I finished, I was scared of adding 'The End', because I can't imagine not writing this. And this wasn't made by me alone. Those who were there when this fanfic was not finished, you shaped the plot so many times and you don't even know it. I am going to use this moment to especially thank each person who commented under every chapter, your icons alone give me so much serotonin.

I may come back to this in a while, maybe with shorter stories about things I see clearly happening, but would make no sense in this work. I'm also going to start something new, once I am done with all finals.

Once again, thank you for everything, for reading this and inspiring me. I love you all and hopefully see you in some other fic!

- Ola

Works inspired by this [one stars only come out once a year](#) by [lamagera](#)

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