

## Green

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## Green

by [CodeCherry](#)

### Summary

Tommy was six when the green markings first appeared on his right forearm.

The one rule of soulmates has always been that you can't write your name or any identifying characteristics back to them.

So Tommy called them Green.

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A Soulmate AU where Tommy has four soulmates, but one matters a little bit more than the others.

### Notes

This isn't my first fanfiction piece, but this is my first foray into the current MCYT fandom, so I hope I can make at least one person smile with this one-shot :)

Anyone remember the Cube SMP? I'm the author of the Pixel trilogy on Wattpad, if anyone's ever heard of that. (username is code\_cherry if any of y'all want to read my cringe middle school writing that a lot of people apparently liked).

There is a distinct lack of soulmate content in this fandom. That is all.

All feedback appreciated <3

EDIT 12/9: For more platonic soulmate, check out my other one-shot, Anima!

Tommy was six when the green markings first appeared on his right forearm.

For a moment he had simply sat there, wondering how the little green drawing of a bumblebee had gotten on the inside of his wrist. *He* certainly hadn't drawn it—and though the drawing was obviously done by someone around his age, it was definitely better than anything he ever could have done.

Then it had hit him, and he'd rushed out of his room, eagerly screaming for his mother.

“Mum! Mum! I got my first one!”

His mother had looked up from the dinner she had been making as he barreled down the stairs, smiling as he held his wrist high as he entered the room. When her eyes fell on the little green bee, her smile only grew. “That’s awesome, sweetheart! Why don’t you write something to them?”

How had he forgotten that the bond went both ways? Tommy had scrambled into the office, grabbing for the first thing he could find—a sharpie, and had drawn a hurried *hi* just below the bee drawing.

And then he had waited.

To his delight, his first soulmate hadn't taken long to respond at all.

Hi there :)

Tommy had eagerly moved to continue the conversation, forward as he had ever been, only to be utterly confused when the words *I am Tommy* faded from his arm before he had even finished writing them. A little lost, he had trailed back into the kitchen to ask his mother.

“You can’t tell your soulmates who you are, Tommy,” she had answered patiently. “That’s the one rule.” At his petulant pout, she had simply shaken her head.

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Tommy called them Green.

It made sense, in his mind—according to his mother, each soulmate’s writing would show up in the

same place on his body, in the same color every time, no matter what they originally used to write with. And so, in Tommy's mind, the nickname made perfect sense.

Tommy really liked Green. Green was funny and goofy and always knew how to draw the high-pitched guffaw of laughter from his mouth. Green was also soft and gentle and understanding, and always there for Tommy when he got upset, no matter the reason. Tommy got in trouble more than once for not paying attention in school, electing to draw and write on his arm instead.

The green bee never disappeared from his wrist. Tommy wasn't sure if it was permanent, or if Green simply redrew it so it never faded.

Regardless, Tommy came to love bees.

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Tommy was nine when he met Purple.

It had been so long since he and Green had first spoken, and the two had been so comfortable with one another, that Tommy had forgotten he had more than one soulmate in the world. Therefore, he had quite nearly jumped out of his skin when purple marking had begun to appear on his left forearm in handwriting too neat to be someone his age like Green.

Because you're what reality is made of, even the part that's gritty

Tommy had no idea what that meant, but he did know that he had to respond immediately. He slipped a pen from his backpack and subtly began to write, keeping his arm under the desk.

*Hello!*

A purple question mark, and then, new soulmate? Or have you been secretly reading my song lyrics for years.

Tommy furrowed his brow. *No. I just now saw you.*

Oh. Hello then, I suppose.

Grinning madly to himself, Tommy had moved to scribble on his other arm. *Green! Guess what! I got another soulmate!*

"Tommy!"

He glanced up guiltily at his teacher, who was giving him a stern look from the board.

"Why don't you come solve this problem, Tommy?" she asked firmly but not unkindly.

Mumbling to himself but unable to let go of his newfound euphoria, Tommy shuffled to the front of the room, missing the way an excited smiley face sketched itself into his right forearm in green.

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Tommy was ten when he met Red.

Red occupied the space of his left leg, and to Tommy, there was no way Red was not an adult. If Green was his age and Purple a bit older, Red was the oldest of all his soulmates so far.

Red had figured out pretty quickly that Tommy was young, it seemed, and had quickly become

somewhat of a parental figure to Tommy. Whenever Tommy had a question that he felt was too dumb or was too scared to ask his parents, Red was there, offering advice.

Of course, he always shared the answers Red gave him with Green. Green often had the same questions, after all.

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One night, Green asked Tommy who he wanted to be.

Tommy frowned, squinting at the green letters in the lamplight. He and Green often talked right before bed every night, letting him know that his closest soulmate had to live nearby. They were usually pretty lighthearted, but Green's question seemed more important this time than their usual banter.

*What do you mean, big Green?*

What do you want to do when you grow up? A pause, and then I know you talked about this with Red.

Tommy sighed thoughtfully. *I dunno, Green. I kind of... want to be a performer. I like making people laugh, ya know? That or something with video games. But some people say that stuff is stupid.*

A minute or so of silence later and Tommy was sure that Green had fallen asleep, but then the familiar scrawl returned. I don't think it's stupid. You'd be really good at it.

The next morning, when Tommy woke up, the bee had a heart drawn next to it. Tommy felt more complete than he had in years.

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Tommy was twelve going on thirteen when he discovered that Red's name was Phil.

Like every other kid his age, Minecraft had become somewhat of an obsession. Talking to Green and Purple had confirmed that they were equally invested in the game that was taking the world by storm. Purple had even admitted that they had played it when they were Tommy's age, and was excited by the revival.

Tommy wished that their IGNS weren't blocked by the soulmate bond.

His idol became a streamer by the name of Philza, and Tommy spent his afternoons doing homework and watching the guy stream hardcore, building incredible structures that Tommy, with his diminished creativity, could never hope to build himself. He hummed to himself as he scribbled down a math problem, thinking of Purple and their songs, and the way they would sometimes scratch a lyric into his arm in purple and ask what he thought of it, even if they pretended they didn't care for his opinion. He wished he was creative, sometimes, but Green always said his creativity came from his comedy, and that was good enough for Tommy.

The moment was so subtle that Tommy almost missed it—Philza had kicked back in his office chair, propping one leg up on top of another, and Tommy saw his own handwriting staring back at him in the same bold red letters as Red, a question he had asked Red earlier but the other had yet to respond to.

Tommy had sat in stunned silence for several seconds as Philza's chat had freaked out over the

soulmate mark, barely registering when the streamer commented, “Leave my soulmate alone, chat. They’re just a kid right now, alright? I like to fancy myself their dad sometimes. Give them some fatherly advice, ya know?”

Tommy was barely conscious of his own actions as he sent the streamer a message on Twitter, followed by frantic writing to all three of his soulmates.

To Red, or Phil, he supposed: *Check your DMs I figured it out I know who you are*

To Purple: *Purple I found out who Red is you aren’t gonna believe this*

And to Green: *I figured out who my first soulmate is, and it wasn’t you, keep up >:D*

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At thirteen, Tommy decided he wanted to be a YouTuber.

It wasn’t easy, Phil had said when he asked on a call one night. It was also something that supposedly, he had to be older to do. Or at least his soulmate said so.

But he hadn’t said it wasn’t possible, and he was the first one since Green to reaffirm Tommy’s dreams.

He spent the whole night before bed coming up with jokes and skits with Green, testing them out on Purple until his other soulmate started to seem tangibly annoyed. He only laughed alongside Green’s smiley faces.

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Tommy was fourteen when he first learned Purple was named Wilbur. He was also fourteen when Green disappeared.

It had been yet another ridiculous coincidence—Purple had been trying out his songs on Tommy for years, and a viral video under the account Wilbur Soot happened to be a song including all of the lyrics Tommy had seen across his arm in purple over the past couple of months.

*Nice song, big man. You deserve the recognition. Can I message you?*

No fucking way you found me by my damn song

*Guess again bitch boy*

Drunk on the high of knowing two of his three soulmates’ identities, he had eagerly written to Green.

*We should figure out a way to meet up. I just figured out who Purple is. Not the same without you tho :/ I wanna know who you are*

Green’s response seemed to pierce through his very soul.

I’m nobody, don’t worry about me.

Green didn’t answer his written messages that night for the first time since they had both learned to write. Tommy went to bed feeling empty.

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The bee never disappeared.

Despite Tommy writing to Green every day and receiving no answer, the drawing that had been on his wrist since age six never faded. It sat there, taunting him, making him sick to his stomach when he looked at it.

The months went by and he pushed through the depression. He was okay, he told himself. He had Phil and Wilbur, the former a father figure and the latter an older brother. They both made extra effort to talk to him when Green vanished, but it wasn't the same. They were still his soulmates, but something in him yearned for Green every day.

Tommy started to hate the color green.

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Tommy was fifteen when he met Pink, and only a few months older when he learned that Pink was actually Technoblade.

It was all a huge joke, really. Techno had apparently drawn a "pig tattoo" on his right ankle as a forfeit for one of his streams, and Tommy had received the image in kind in a bright, vibrant pink color. Pink was deadpan, dry, and had exactly Tommy's sense of humor. Pink never failed to make Tommy laugh (not like Green did, though, but Tommy tried not to think about that).

By pure coincidence and by telling Phil the story of how he met Pink a few months later, he had been introduced to another of his idols and, apparently, his fourth soulmate.

Tommy was fifteen when he started to believe he could actually make it on YouTube, with the help of his soulmates.

His right arm was conspicuously empty, compared to his other limbs. Tommy ignored it.

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Tommy was sixteen when his channel started to take off.

Playing with all three of his soulmates had given him a wonderous start, and by now, he had his own respectable following. Viewers flocked to him for his unique stage persona and his unique sense of humor. He joined Techno's SMP and started a war for the content, and however much his soulmate complained on camera, he knew the ribbing was fond.

He met up with Wilbur and Phil, vlogging the whole thing. The viewers didn't know how they had met (though some had taken wagers that Tommy was the mysterious red handwriting on Phil's leg all the time), so Tommy tried to play off his excitement for meeting up as a bit. Secretly, he reveled in it all. Touching his soulmates for the first time felt like being home, and he wasn't ready to let it go.

Green's absence was an ever-present hole in Tommy's existence.

He slowly built himself a bigger and bigger following. He met a small streamer named Tubbo, and another named TimeDeo. He was introduced to another YouTuber who went by Fundy, and another named Eret. Several of them joined the Dream Team SMP for a laugh. Tommy started another war, with Wilbur and Tubbo by his side. His success skyrocketed.

Tubbo became his best friend, outside of his soulmates. The boy seemed to understand Tommy in a way that no one his age ever could, and Tommy lost track of the amount of hours he spent losing

his voice from laughing so hard with the other boy.

Tubbo's fondness of bees made him think of Green. He hoped his original soulmate was okay.

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"Have you ever met your soulmates, Tommy?"

The question was rather unusual for Tubbo, and even more unusual for him to ask it when they were both streaming. The question was quiet, and Tommy almost missed it entirely.

Tommy hummed noncommittally. "I dunno, why do you ask?"

"Dunno. You have a lot of markings on one arm. And some on your legs when you stand up. Chat and I are just curious."

Deciding he wanted to cause some mayhem, Tommy grinned. "Yeah I have, actually. I've met three of my four. And you all might just be familiar with all of them."

Chat went wild, and Tommy cackled internally at the fanfictions that must be practically writing themselves. He noted words tracing themselves furiously in purple on his left arm and deliberately chose to ignore them, knowing it would piss Wilbur off.

"Oh. What about the fourth?" Tubbo had gotten even quieter, if possible. Noting that something was wrong, Tommy debated if he should give his friend an honest answer or not.

*If I trust anyone besides my soulmates, it's Tubbo.*

Tommy paused his stream. "Pause your stream, Tubbo."

As soon as he noted that his best friend had done so, Tommy launched into a tirade, the words flowing uncontrollably from him as soon as he had begun.

"Well, kind of stupid story, but the one I haven't met is the first one that appeared to me. They drew a picture of a bee in green on my wrist. We'd known each other since we were kids, and they never let the goddamn bee disappear. It's just, always been there. I called them Green because I was a dumb kid and didn't know what else to call my soulmates with the info block, so I just called them by their color. Green was my other half, you know, Tubbo? We talked every night. They were the first one to support me when I said I wanted to act or do video games for a living." He took a deep breath. "You can probably tell, but Wilbur, Phil, and Techno are my other soulmates. And as soon as I knew Wil and Phil's identities, I asked Green if we could meet up. But they just—said that they weren't worth knowing, and *left*. Just fucking vanished." He realized he was crying and furiously rubbed the tears from his eyes. "They still draw the bee though. The bee has never left."

Tubbo was silent for several seconds. "Maybe they were scared. Maybe they didn't want to disappoint you."

"Disappoint me?" Tommy laughed dryly. "You don't understand, Tubbo. No one, not even Wil or Techno or Phil, has ever understood me like Green did. I would kill to have them back. I miss them to death."

More silence, followed by the familiar ping of a discord video call.

Tommy picked up to see his best friend's red and tear-stained face looking back at him through the

screen. And for the first time since Tommy had met him, Tubbo rolled up his hoodie sleeve—more specifically, his right one.

Tommy was seventeen when he and Green reunited. He was also seventeen when he learned that Tubbo had been Green all along.

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