

## I want to see a day in the life of The Blade

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## I want to see a day in the life of The Blade

by [Anonganon](#)

### Summary

Wilbur hums noncommittantly, “Just watching out for him. Brilliant kid, reckless though.”

“Are you sure he’s not your kid.”

“Stop. I will cry.”

In which this is a regular day for Technoblade, owner of Whitelisted. Nothing at all out of the ordinary.

### Notes

There’s mentions of injury and blood, but nothing too descriptive!

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

*‘Wilbur Soot is a musician, he sings about women, which I find cool,’*

Wilbur laughs, a pink tint to his cheeks. He leans back on the stool, spooning another forkful of carbonara as he resumes the video. A young boy glares out from the cracked screen, singing along to a distorted bass.

“Adorable, isn’t he?” Wilbur says, eyes crinkled up in a smile. “He’s just fuckin’ making it all up on the spot, didn’t realize I caught it on camera.”

“Cute,” Techno snorts, leaning in to peer at the phone. Callused fingers reach out to rewind back a few seconds. “Is he your brother or somethin’?”

“No, no.” Wilbur waves a hand, nabbing at the corner of his mouth with a napkin, “He’s like an apprentice of sort, a protégé if you will.”

“I feel sorry for him already.”

“You *prick*,” Wilbur cackles, “I’ll have you know I’m an excellent teacher.”

“What’re you teachin’ him? Limericks?” Techno leans back on the soles of his feet, continuing to wipe at the tabletop. And then he asks curiously, “Are you recordin’ a song together?”

Wilbur hums noncommittantly, “Just watching out for him. Brilliant kid, reckless though.”

“Are you *sure* he’s not your kid.”

“Stop. I will cry.”

Techno huffs, amused. He looks up across the room, noting as Ranboo waits on a couple by the window. The new kid’s nervous, but amiable. The regulars have already taken a shine to him. Phil definitely has been leaving bigger tips for the boy when he comes around.

His focus is brought back to Wilbur at the buzz of a phone.

Wilbur scrolls through with his lips pursed, eyes widening by a margin.

He claps his hands lightly, moving to fish out his wallet, “Man, something’s came up. I’ll have to go.”

Techno grunts, fetching the receipt. He hands it over to Wilbur, who in turn slaps down *double* the written price.

“Uh, Wilbur? I think your glasses need fixin’.”

Wilbur waggles his fingers at the bemused restaurateur, hurriedly patting his pockets to take stock of inventory, “Get your staff something good, my treat.”

He all but hightails out of the restaurant, veering a hard left to avoid a speeding car. Techno winces at the squeal of tires as it corrects itself.

“Alright, then.”

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Ranboo’s humming to himself. That’s new. The kid wears rubber gloves to keep from touching the wet cloth as he wipes the tables. Techno isn’t able to make out his expression behind the heterochromic glasses and mask, but he’s almost certain the hybrid is smiling.

“Anythin’ happen? You sound more cheery than usual.” Techno asks.

The kid jumps, hands darting out to steady the spray bottle, “Oh! Nothing, nothing out of the ordinary. Tubbo just stopped by before closing.”

“One of your classmates?”

Ranboo waves a gloved hand, “He dropped out. Met him through a classmate, though. With how smart he is, I can see why he’d quit school.”

Techno inclines his head, “It’s not like they teach you much in college, anyway.”

Ranboo nods, “I swear every lesson is just regurgitated each year, but with more glitter tacked on.”

Techno huffs a laugh, “It peaks at middle school then it all goes downhill from there. No more original lessons after that.”

“Did you know the mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell?”

“Kid, everyone knows that.”

“Somehow, despite my horrible memory, they’ve managed to ingrain it deep into my psyche. Every time I close my eyes, I see Mr. Lox’s diagram of the cell.”

“Terrifyin’.”

Ranboo nods sagely, “Very.”

Techno shakes his head, fishing out the hundred dollar bill Wilbur had left earlier. He hands it over to Ranboo. “Here, split it up evenly with the rest. Wilbur’s treat.”

“*Yooooo*.” He cradles it in his hands like a museum artifact. “Wilbur Soot with the carry.”

Techno snorts, “Don’t let him hear you say that,” He waves him off, “Hurry, we’re closin’ up soon.”

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It’s late in the evening. Techno sits at his desk, penning through clusters of paper and redoing

the calculations. He crosses out an incorrectly summed number, rewriting it two digits higher. His clock quietly ticks in the background, a steady rhythm while he works.

He'll have to set his alarm a few hours early, he muses, crossing out another line of numbers. There's a delivery for fresh produce coming in at dawn. Squid might beat him to it, if he doesn't wake up in time.

Though, that would mean he wouldn't have to interact with the person manning the delivery. That'd be nice. It's too early to be sociable.

He taps his pen against the wood, leaning back against his chair and raising his arms. He feels his spine pop in ways that shouldn't be healthy.

*I'm getting old*, he jokingly despairs. He hums, a rumble that waveringly walks the line between song and sound. The streets are quiet out tonight.

He hears a muffled thump against hard wall.

His fingers dart to a switchblade from his drawers, drawing it out and concealing it behind a palm. Light footsteps press against the carpet as he approaches the back door, the one that leads out to the garbage bins. A turn of the knob, a creak of the hinge.

He blinks out into the darkness, eyes adjusting to the dim light from the room behind him. His gaze catches on a figure slumped by the wall.

The shadow drunkenly waves, toothy grin minutely laced with pain.

"Hi, mate." Phil says, taking a staggering step forward and collapsing.

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"So let me get this straight, you decided it was a good idea to fight some goon who's impervious to sharp objects and wields giant swords?"

Phil winces, a hiss caught between his teeth, “Well when you say it like that it sounds worse.”

“I wonder why.” Techno hooks the needle in again, tugging gently at the string as he sees another hatch, “Quit squirmin’.”

The vigilante’s fingers dig into the table, muffled curses spilling out of bloodied lips, “*Fuck* me. This shit hurts.”

Techno shakes his head, knotting the thread, “Maybe it wouldn’t hurt as much if you’d call in reinforcements.”

“Wanted, remember?” Phil waggles his fingers, he leans back on the table just as Techno swats away the limb.

“Not there, you’ll get blood all over my documents,” He says, unsympathetic of Phil’s baleful glare, “and aren’t there others like you? I heard a new one was spotted near the area, someone with a jump boost.”

“Purpled? I’m not bringing a kid into a fight,” Phil squawks, half indignant and half pained as Techno plasters on a sheet of gauze, “He’s got a voice modifier on but I can tell he’s young enough to be my grandson.”

“Maybe you’re just old,” Techno teases, earning him a slap to his head for his troubles. “What about the gold guy?”

“King and Midas aren’t around tonight, they’ve been keeping a low profile ever since the police raided King’s apartment.”

Techno frowns, “They all right?”

“They weren’t home,” Phil shrugs, “but it was a close thing.”

Techno hums contemplatively, wrapping another line of plaster over the gauze, “You gotta be more careful, there’s some talk of unrest lately. Heroes found dead in their beds.”

Phil swipes at the corner of his mouth, smearing blood on his palm, “It’s probably just coincidence, mate. They’re ancient, they probably died of heart attacks.”

“Phil.”

He raises his hands placatingly, “I will, I will.”

“Alright,” Techno says, patting the dressed wound more firmly than warranted. Phil yelps, glaring daggers at his friend.

“That’s what you get for almost givin’ *me* a heart attack so late in the night.”

“You were close by! It was *convenient* .”

“Not for my poor desk,” Techno despairs, “Blood is so tedious to clean, Phil.”

“Oh, quit your whining,” Phil says as Techno stores away all the medical equipment, “I’ll buy you a new one.”

“I’m holding you to that,” He says. Techno takes the kit and puts it back in its place on the back shelf. He then turns to the sulking vigilante currently perched on his work desk.

“Do you think you can get home?”

Phil nods, “‘Tis but a scratch, mate.”

He pushes himself up, and promptly falls back flat on his ass.

Phil pauses, “‘Tis more than just a scratch.”

Techno sighs, “I’ll call Kristin.”

## End Notes

I need to stop writing these at 1am but it’s the only time ever

Anyways tell me what you think :0

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