

Love Languages

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Love Languages

by [ElizaLane](#)

Summary

Tommy learns to show his love in different ways to different people.

Notes

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

Therapy was something that Tommy had been attending for a while. It was comforting and Tommy liked that Puffy was contractually obligated to not mock him. Tommy found that he enjoyed therapy most days. It was cool.

“I don’t know, I don’t like hugs ‘n’ touchy shit. It’s weird,” he says one afternoon after mentioning how he doesn’t like being touched when someone’s trying to calm him down.

“Why not? Does it make you feel weird?” Puffy asks, non-judgemental as ever.

“It’s like bugs are crawling on me and I get weird shivers sometimes if it lasts too long. I just don’t like being touched. I never have,” Tommy shrugs, leaning back on the bench.

“Not even when you were younger?”

“Nah. Techno and Wilbur liked to wrestle and I didn’t like getting thrown around.”

“How much touch do you usually get?” Puffy asks. “Because being touch-starved is a whole other problem.”

“Like, Tubbo likes to give hugs, so I let him hug me. And Dad likes to ruffle my hair. He does that and it doesn’t feel too bad. Oh, and you and Ranboo do high -fives a lot. So there’s that.”

“Okay. So then you’re not touch-starved, you just aren’t a big fan of touching.”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t think that I’ve asked this before, but what *is* your love language?”

“My what?”

“Your love language. What makes you feel loved the most?”

“What are love languages?”

“There’s physical touch, which is hugs, high-fives, hair ruffling, cuddling, hand holding, all that stuff. Then there’s quality time, so spending time with people. Acts of service is doing things for people - I’m acts of service. Next is gift giving and receiving, which is self explanatory, and the last one is Words of affirmation. So that would be actual words and things that are said, like ‘I love you’ and various compliments,” Puffy explains.

“Uh... can you give me an example?” Tommy asks hesitantly.

Puffy smiles. “Sure! So, quality time would be going and getting coffee with someone, gifts would be paying for the coffee, acts would be making coffee for someone, Touch would be, like, holding hands while you get coffee, and words would be saying, like, ‘you’re so smart, it’s such a good idea to get coffee.’”

Tommy pauses. Then, “I think words. I like the words one.”

“Excellent! Words of affirmation is a good one. Of course, all expressions of love are valid, but words of affirmation is easier than most. Nikki has words, too,” Puffy says brightly. “I think that she’s the only other one on the server with words. Tubbo is touch, like most ram hybrids. I think that Sam and maybe Fundy are quality time.”

“Huh. That’s cool. I think that Phil is touch, too; he liked to give us hugs as kids, and preening is a big thing for avian hybrids. Oh, and I guess that Techno would be gifts. He always liked presents.”

“It’s good that you can figure that stuff out, Tommy. That’s very clever of you,” Puffy smiles.

Tommy can’t help the smile on his own face at that. He felt his chest swell with happiness and joy.

“D’you know about anyone else on the server?” he asks, still bright.

“I’m not sure, but I think that Jack is gifts and that Fundy is quality time,” Puffy offers. “Why?”

“If I don’t have to be uncomfortable to make other people feel better, I want to do stuff for them. I don’t mind Tubbo being clingy, but don’t want to hug everyone. Oh, you can’t tell anyone about Tubbo being clingy! You’re under contract!” Tommy blurts.

Puffy laughed, but Tommy didn’t feel like she was being mean about it. It was nice.

After dinner, Tommy follows Dad into his workshop area with a question on his mind.

“Dad, Big Q’s your kid too, right?” Tommy asks, sitting with Fran in his lap while Dad works on redstone stuff that Tommy will never understand.

“He is,” Dad agrees, glancing up.

“D’you know what his love language is?”

“Gifts,” Dad replies absent-mindedly, returning to his work. “I got him that beanie a few years ago and he still wears it everywhere.”

“Okay,” Tommy says, scratching Fran’s ears. “What kinds of gifts does he like?”

“Anything, really,” Dad says, and Tommy can see his I’m-happy-I-get-to-talk-about-my-kids face. “Cool-looking rocks, random bird feathers, gag gifts. He’ll take them all.”

“Pog.”

“What’s yours?” Dad asks after a few minutes, looking up at Tommy again.

“My what?” Tommy asks.

“Your love language. Mine is quality time.”

“Uh, words. Of affirmation,” Tommy says, nervous.

Dad smiles. “I’m not surprised. You’re very kind, Tommy. I love you.”

Tommy beams. “I love you, too, Dad.”

“Now, then, do you want to learn about redstone?”

“Nooo,” Tommy laughs. “It’ll put me to sleep!”

“Maybe that’s the goal,” Dad winks. “It’s getting late and you need rest if you’re going to Snowchester tomorrow.”

“Fine,” Tommy sighs good-naturedly and gently moves Fan off of him. “You’d better come ramble in my room then, because I’m not sleeping on the floor in here again.”

Dad laughs and follows Tommy out.

“Tommy!”

“Tubbo!”

Tommy opens his arms as Tubbo charges into him knocking Tommy into the snow.

“Ranboo,” Ranboo cheers quietly, following Tubbo with a--

Actually, what the fuck is Ranboo holding?

“Is that- is that a fuckin’ *child* ?” Tommy gapes, squinting up. “Tubbo, get off me, what the hell is Ranboo holding?”

“Nooo,” Tubbo giggles, squeezing Tommy tighter. “I need a Tommy hug.”

Tommy softens, slightly, and hugs Tubbo a little tighter.

“Fine. But you have five more seconds before I shove you into the snow.”

Tubbo savors those five seconds. Tommy still shoves him into the snow. Ranboo offers Tommy his left hand and Tommy takes it.

“Thanks, big man. What’s with the kid?” Tommy asks, brushing the snow off of himself.

“Actually, what with the wedding ring?”

“Um,” Ranboo says.

“Oops,” Tubbo says, standing up. “Um, Ranboo and I got married. Plankton. And Micheal’s our son.”

“What the fuck does plankton have to do with this?” Tommy asks, baffled.

“He means platonically,” Ranboo says, passing the child (a zombie piglin?) to Tubbo.

“We would have invited you, but we decided to get married and then we immediately got married,” Tubbo explains hesitantly. “And you’re an uncle now!”

“I was already an uncle,” Tommy says, choosing to fixate on that rather than on the spur of the moment wedding. “Fundy, remember?”

“Oh, yeah,” Tubbo says.

“Wait, what? I didn’t know that Fundy was your nephew,” Ranboo states, surprise written on his features. He pulls out his journal and flips through to a page. “How? He’s not Techno’s son, is he?”

“Oh, fuck no,” Tommy laughs. “Wilbur’s my brother and Fundy’s his son. So Fundy is my nephew.”

“Wait, so does that make Micheal and Fundy cousins?” Ranboo takes a pen to his journal, ready to add to the nightmare of a family tree.

“I have no idea,” Tommy says, carefully carefree. “If you or Tubbo consider Wilbur your brother, then yeah.”

“Huh. Phil’s kinda my dad,” Ranboo says cautiously.

“Better you than me,” Tommy shrugs. He reaches into his inventory and pulls out a grass block. “I got you this.”

Ranboo takes the block with wonder in his eyes. "Thank you," he whispers, holding it.

"No problem."

"Why'd you give Ranboo a grass block?" Tubbo asks later. Ranboo is getting Micheal ready for naptime and Tubbo and Tommy are cleaning the kitchen from lunch. Small children are surprisingly messy when eating, especially when they only have most of their face covered with flesh.

"I figured that gift giving was his love language and I want him to know that I care about him," Tommy explains casually. "Like how you feel and show love through hugs 'n' shit."

"Ah."

They wash and dry dishes in silence for a moment.

"What's your love language?" Tubbo asks.

"Word of affirmation," Tommy replies immediately. "Puffy explained it to me. I like it when people say things to me and aren't mean about it."

"Oh. Okay. I love you, Tommy," Tubbo says easily.

"I love you, Tubbo," Tommy says, unable to control the smile on his face. "I love you more than anyone or anything in the world. And I would give up my discs a thousand times for you, and all my lives over and over, but I know that you wouldn't want that."

"Whoa, hey, that's *my* husband you're talking to," Ranboo says from behind Tommy and Tubbo. "Why are you professing your undying love to my man?"

"Tommy," Tubbo says, his voice quivering. "I love you so much."

Tommy smirks at Ranboo. "Your man, huh?" he asks as Tubbo wraps him in a hug.

"Shut the fuck up," Ranboo replies, fake-menacingly. "You shut the fuck up right now."

"No, be nice," Tubbo whines, tugging Ranboo into the hug. "Tommy feels loved when you say nice things to him."

"Oh. Um, I love you," Ranboo says, surprised.

"I love you, too," Tommy says. "You guys are my best friends."

"Awww," Tubbo says.

Tubbo informed Tommy, a week later, that Jack Manifold's love language was gift giving.

Tommy isn't every close with Jack anymore. Like, they're friends! But they aren't very close.

Like, the relationship is like that one where you were best friends in middle school and then you went to different high schools. All of your mutual friends are still close, but you guys just... drifted apart.

That's not to say that Tommy doesn't still care for Jack, though. They may not be best friends, but Jack's still nice to have around. And he works for Tommy, so they should at least be on good terms.

But because they aren't close, Tommy doesn't know what Jack likes. So. Generic but meaningful gifts! Puffy said that diamonds were nice because they're practical and not super easy to obtain, so clearly you put effort into the gift. So Tommy goes and mines half a stack of diamonds for Jack, to give to him at random intervals.

The first time he gives Jack one, it's a week before the hotel opens.

"Here," Tommy says simply, handing Jack three diamonds.

"Thank you?" Jack replies, looking baffled but taking them anyway. "Why're you giving them to me?"

Tommy hesitates. He doesn't know if Jack will laugh at him for going to therapy, so he says, "It's a thanks for donating your personal diamonds for the hotel upgrade."

"This isn't nearly enough to pay me back," Jack says. He sounds less suspicious now.

Tommy just shrugs and continues his business.

Three days later, Jack says, "Aw man, my pick is almost broken."

Tommy glances over. He reaches into his pocket and hands Jack three more diamonds. "Make a new one."

Jack stares at Tommy. "What?"

"Make a new pick. You can take the rest of the day off if you want to. Go sit at the spawner and get some good enchantments."

Throughout the week, Tommy continues to give Jack diamonds and then make sure that he has enough to give him the next day, too.

Jack is suspicious of him, but he doesn't outright say anything.

After the hotel's grand opening, Tommy give Jack a whole block of diamonds.

"Why are you giving me so much?" Jack demands. "And where did you get them? I swear, if you've been stealing from someone and this is all an elaborate ruse to pin it on me--"

"I don't have any ulterior motives," Tommy interjects. "And maybe I just don't want my employees looking like they just started on the server." Tommy's lying, of course he is. He's embarrassed and outright saying "I want to make sure that you know that I appreciate you" might not go over well with Jack. so he keeps up his loud and rude personality.

Tommy scoops up a rock. It's yellowy-orange and he immediately thinks of Quackity's wings. And he had seen Quackity just a few minutes ago...

Tommy springs to his feet and sprints off in the direction that he'd seen Quackity.

It only takes him a few minutes to catch up, but by that time, Quackity had been joined by his two fiancés.

"Big Q," Tommy hollers.

The trio stop and turn around. Tommy stumbles to a stop in front of them.

"What's up, bro?" Quackity asks.

"I got- you a rock," Tommy wheezes, struggling to catch his breath. "It's cool- cool colors. Thought 'bout you."

Quackity brightens, eagerly accepting the rock. "This is wild, man! Thanks!"

"Course," Tommy says simply. "I gotta go now, though. I got an 'otel to run!"

Tommy spins around and begins jogging back down the path.

Three days later, Quackity struts into the Big Innit Hotel and hands Tommy a fist full of yellow feathers on a string.

"I know you don't do jewelry, but I'm molting and I wanted you to have a part of me. You know, 'cause you're family now," Quackity says, the most sincere Tommy's ever heard him.

"Aww, Big Q," Tommy coos, tying the feather around his neck. "Thank you."

"Anytime," Quackity grins.

And he means it! Every few days, Quackity will show up at the hotel or at Dad's base and give Tommy something cool. It ranges from rocks to stacks of cobblestone to the occasional rarer object. Tommy's favorite gift, though, is probably the invitation to Quackity's, Karl's, and Sapnap's wedding. Or the necklace.

Tommy also enjoys giving Quackity stuff. Rocks are his favorite, Tommy manages to find cool rocks every time he goes down to a riverbed. He grabs shells from the seaside and random flowers from flower forests, too. It's nice and peaceful. Puffy said that she was proud of him for that, at their last session. For being considerate and having a 'healthy coping mechanism.'

And Tommy can't bring himself to do anything other than smile then.

Nikki isn't someone who Tommy sees often anymore. In the good days of L'Manburg, he saw her everyday and bought fresh baked goods at her bakery. Tommy misses those days. But when Tommy does see Nikki, he has a stock of compliments and comments for her.

Dad and Puffy always do a really good job of saying things that make him feel loved, so Tommy follows their example and says similar things to Nikki.

“Hey, Nikki, I was thinking about you the other day, and I realized that I never told you how awesome you are!”

“Nikki, your hair looks poggers like that!”

“Nikki, d’you think that you’ll start another bakery somewhere? You’re really good at baking and stuff.”

“Hey, Nikki, you mean a lot to me and I really care about you.”

Nikki always seems thrown off by his words, like she hasn’t heard anything like that before. It reminds Tommy of himself. How he always gets surprised when Dad’s really nice to him. Tommy wonders who could have hurt Nikki. He hopes that she didn’t go through anything like he did. Nikki’s the nicest person on the server and only deserves the best things.

Tommy finds Fundy working on a redstone project one afternoon and just plonks himself down.

“What’re you doing?” Tommy asks.

“It’s complicated.” Fundy sounds frustrated and Tommy tenses before forcibly relaxing.

“You know, when Dad is having trouble with his redstone stuff, he just explains everything to me. Like he’s walking through the problem out loud, from the beginning. It helps him. And I always ask really basic questions so he’s sure that he’s got the basics down.”

Fundy’s tail twitches. “I didn’t know that Phil did redstone.” He sounds upset.

“Oh, he doesn’t. And I meant Sam, anyway. He’s my dad now,” Tommy explains.

“Oh,” and Fundy sounds much more relieved. He untenses and rolls his shoulders. “Well, I’m trying to connect-”

And Tommy doesn’t understand a word Fundy says from there. Tommy knows that buttons and pressure plates and levers can open doors and otherwise activate various pieces of machinery, and that is it. Redstone is not his strong suit by any stretch of the imagination.

But he guesses that’s okay, because it only takes Fundy five minutes to figure out what’s wrong.

“Why’d you come hang out with me?” Fundy asks after finishing for the day.

“You’re part of my family, you know? And I want you to know that I care about you,” Tommy says. They’re words he’s said before, but they work, so he’ll keep saying them. “And I heard that you feel love best through spending quality time with someone, so…”

Fundy grins brightly. “I love you, too.”

Tommy feels his chest expand and he smiles right back.

“Do you want to do some fun pranking?” Fundy asks, a familiar glint in his eyes.

“Only if there’s no major grieving,” Tommy says. “That’s Dad’s major stipulation. And I’m okay with that, I don’t need to get exiled again.”

Fundy laughs, and Tommy is glad that he has someone who can understand his trauma-induced humor.

“Tommy,” Phil says, sounding bitter.

“Phil,” Tommy replies courteously. “If I give you a hug, will you go away?” he adds before Phil can say anything else.

“I- sure,” Phil stammers.

Tommy steps forward, wraps Phil in a tight hug, and lets it stay for seven seconds. He steps back and rolls his shoulders.

“As much as I wish I didn’t, I still care about you. But I want you to respect the fact that you’ve traumatized me and leave me alone,” Tommy says. “Good bye.”

And Tommy walks away. He heads towards Dad’s base, towards home. And maybe he curls up on the sofa with his dad and with Fran and just lets Dad shower him in kind words. It’s nice, he thinks, to have someone care so unconditionally for him. To have someone who’s always got kind words and open arms. Dad’s always willing to do something for Tommy, and Tommy’s finally getting used to it. He’s happy, he realizes. Tommy hasn’t been this happy and content in his entire life.

He lets himself melt further into the sofa, his eyes slipping shut. He wakes just long enough to feel Dad scoop him up and carry him to bed and kiss his forehead before he passes out again.

When he wakes up in the middle of the night, there’s a note by his bed next to Quackity’s feather necklace that tells him that there’s leftovers in the fridge if he’s hungry.

Life is good.

End Notes

I was projecting my love language onto Tommy, but I hoped that you enjoyed! Please leave a comment and validate me lol.

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