

## Married Life

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## Married Life

by [Doodlebloo](#)

### Summary

"Promise you won't get mad," Tubbo mumbles.

Tommy rolls his eyes. "Tubbo, you just used a nuclear weapon to break me out of a maximum security prison and save me from my abuser. What could I possibly get mad at you for."

Tubbo takes a breath, and doesn't turn around to look at Tommy while he talks, voice still small.

"You know how I make impulsive decisions when I'm stressed out?"

"Yeah..." Tommy drawls, apprehensive.

"I- well, I think... I think I... Married... Ranboo?"

Tommy short circuits.

*What?*

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Tubbo breaks Tommy out of prison with a nuke and then introduces him to his husband and son.

# Married Life

## Chapter Summary

"Hey, big man," smiles Tubbo, "Sorry it took me so long. I had to scout out the roof, and ask a lot of questions to figure out where the cell was... Sam was pretty mad about the dick I built, too."

Tommy is brought to his feet, and he's sure this is a dream - he's hallucinating, or he passed out and is imagining this, or a million other things - but he's sure this cannot be real.

"How did you- how did you get in," Dream shouts.

Tubbo shrugs. "I built a nuke."

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Tubbo breaks Tommy out of prison with a nuke and then introduces him to his husband and son.

## Chapter Notes

I wrote this at like 2 am when I should've been working on a different fic because I could not get the idea out of my head. Is it good? Who knows. Nevertheless, here it is.

Reminder: This is not RPF, I am writing about the characters. Also, please do me a favor and don't send this to any ccs (not that I think any of you will) <3

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

Tommy doesn't know how long it's been since the TNT went off and Sam stopped answering him. What he does know is how many potatoes he's gone through: 24. He's counted. He's had nothing but time.

The first couple hours he'd been trapped in here, he'd yelled at Dream. The shouting match between them went nowhere, of course, and it emotionally drained Tommy to the point that he'd immediately concluded that this was going to be worse than exile.

He'd fallen asleep, after that, and his voice had been gone when he'd woke up. Which was fine by Tommy - he didn't want to talk to Dream anyway. Now, though, it's been what feels like weeks, and Tommy still doesn't have his voice all the way back. He tries to focus on the ache of his throat, curled in on himself in an obsidian corner, sweltering heat of the lava next to him, ignoring any and all of Dream's attempts to talk.

Tommy keeps silent, keeps still. He does not let himself think about how small the room is. About how the lava is right there, how he could jump in if he wanted to and free himself. (Why shouldn't

he? Ghostbur can go anywhere - if it were Ghostbur in here instead of Tommy, he could just escape). He does not let himself think about how Dream is right there, *he's right there he's right there he's right there*-

Tommy had lamented all throughout his exile about how terrible it was to be alone. If only he'd known how much worse it was to have company. But Tommy is nothing if not resilient. He lasted more than a week in exile, he can last a week in here. He's sure of it. He can do this. He *has* to.

From where he's lounging on the bed, Dream sits up. "That's day four," he muses.

*Don't respond*, says a voice in Tommy's head that sounds a lot like Wilbur. *Just keep your mouth shut for once in your life.*

The silence is deafening.

Tommy caves. "We don't have a clock."

"I have a clock," says Dream. "An internal one. And if my internal clock is right, it's been four days since the day you got stuck in here."

Tommy huffs. He wants to argue, but he'd lost all sense of time around potato number seven, and by potato number fifteen, he'd learned that he needed to pick and choose his arguments if he wanted to make it out of this with any sanity left.

"Four days," Dream continues. "That's a pretty long time."

He's using *that* voice again- the friendly one, the one that sends shivers down Tommy's spine, makes him want to throw up or cry his eyes out. Dream knows Tommy hates it.

"Yeah," Tommy grunts in response. "Yeah, it fuckin is."

"Honestly, Tommy, I'm surprised you're still here."

*That's bait*, says the Wilbur voice. *Don't rise to the bait. Don't encourage him, don't-*

"Why? Why wouldn't I still be here?"

"Well," Dream starts, getting up to pace around the room in fake thought. Everything Dream does makes it seem like he's acting in some fucked up play that Tommy didn't know he was the main character of. It's all fake, all practiced. It all serves a purpose, and half the time, Tommy doesn't know what that purpose is.

Tommy hates it. Tommy hates Dream. Dream keeps talking anyway.

"I mean, the whole server loves you, right? They all came to save you from the vault. Isn't it weird that they haven't come to save you from me a second time?"

"No," snaps Tommy, "it isn't. They... They aren't allowed in."

"Oh, that's right," Dream fake-realizes, acting still thick and hard to swallow. "Sam is keeping them out. The same Sam that helped you build the hotel, the Sam that came to save you. *That* Sam."

Tommy can feel himself beginning to tremble. *Fuck*. He can't crack this early, he still has three more days to go. Tommy steels himself. Dream will tire himself out eventually, Tommy just has to last that long.

Tommy takes Wilbur-voice's advice. He shuts up.

Dream makes a noise when he realizes Tommy hasn't responded, surprised but apathetic. He keeps going. His pacing gets closer to Tommy, making Tommy feel even more cramped. He wants out. He wants out he wants out he wants out, but he's still stuck here with Dream.

"I mean, it's weird, isn't it? Why wouldn't they come to save you a second time?"

Dream stops in front of him. Fuck. Tommy doesn't look up. He knows it'll be worse if he does.

"Do you think they realized, once you got back from exile, that they liked you better when you weren't around?"

Dream crouches down so he's right in front of Tommy. Tommy is fully shaking, now, hiding his eyes with his arm like a child. His breathing is ragged and shallow, and it's all he can do not to let himself cry.

He hates being weak and vulnerable like he is now, but over the course of the past four days, he'd had almost too many comments like this to handle. Dream had perfected the art of getting under Tommy's skin, of getting to the root of Tommy's insecurities with a single sentence. Tommy knows Dream isn't done, knows he's going to keep twisting the knife.

"Come to think of it... Were they even coming to save you? Or did they show up just to save Tubbo?"

Tommy can't help but make a noise when Tubbo's name is said, and he knows he's doomed himself as soon as it happens. Dream stops crouching, moves to sit in front of him criss-cross. He's so close that Tommy can hear his breathing. Tommy couldn't even make for the lava if he wanted to, and at this point, it's looking increasingly more tantalizing.

"Everyone loves Tubbo, you know," Dream taunts. "Well, except for me, but... Everyone else loves him. He's not loud and impulsive, he doesn't commit crimes... I mean, you remember what he said, Tommy. If he'd been in your position, you wouldn't have even had to exile him."

Tommy's breathing quickens. Dream isn't supposed to know about that conversation, couldn't have known about it, wasn't there when it happened. Tommy suddenly isn't sure if this is real or if he's having another nightmare. He prays to any gods he can think of that he wakes up in his dirt shack gasping for air, or that he wakes up in Snowchester, or even on the fucking ground, anywhere but here, please not here-

"Come to think of it... Where *is* Tubbo?" Dream's voice has changed. He's dropped all pretense of being friendly, allowing the sharper undertones of his voice to show through. "Shouldn't he be coming for you?"

"He can't," Tommy chokes. "He- you'll kill him."

"Maybe," Dream agrees. "But that didn't seem to stop him from telling you to take your discs and run, now, did it?"

And *oh god*, is Dream right. Tubbo wasn't impulsive like Tommy, wasn't irrational like Tommy, thought through the decisions he made - but when it came to Tommy, the lengths Tubbo was willing to go were honestly *terrifying*.

"I dunno, just... Seems like he should be breaking you out somehow. I mean, assuming he still cares about you." Dream leans in closer to him, tries to get a look at his eyes. "Have you done

anything since you've been back that might make him stop caring?"

That's what makes Dream so good at manipulating Tommy - the doubt. Tommy would start to doubt he even existed if he were left alone with Dream for long enough. He's starting to worry that might be his fate in here.

"No," cries Tommy, "No, I- I haven't. I haven't even- I've barely been around him, really, there's no way that I-"

"Well, that's it, then," Dream interrupts him. "He tried to die for you, and you didn't spend any time with him afterwards? Did you even talk to him about it?"

Tommy let's out a strangled, noncommittal noise, and Dream tuts.

"Oh, come on, now. Haven't you ever learned how to treat a friend?"

Dream shifts, scoots closer to him, puts his back against the wall so he's sitting next to Tommy, their shoulders almost touching.

"I'm your friend," says Dream. "I can teach you. I'll teach you how to be a good friend, Tommy. Tubbo, he's- he doesn't want you. He's not a good friend-"

"Fuck you," Tommy shouts. His head snaps up and he backs away until he hits the opposite wall. "Fuck you, he- Tubbo *is* a good friend, he is-"

"He *isn't*," growls Dream, standing up. "You're in here, and he's out there, and he seems pretty content for it to stay that way, Tommy! Does that sound like something a friend would do?"

Tommy doesn't answer. He doesn't want Tubbo to come in here and die, but he misses Tubbo more than anything. (Tommy also misses Sam. And Ranboo. And Puffy, and Ghostbur, and L'Manberg and Home and his discs and the sky and the grass-)

"Tubbo. Is not. Your friend." Dream takes a step with each sentence, stomping forward until he's directly over Tommy.

Tommy finally uncovers his eyes. Dream looks down at him, face still hidden by his mask. Tommy doesn't have to see his face to picture the horrible smile he has - Tommy can hear it in his voice.

"I am."

Is he? Dream has been feeding him. Dream has been making sure he didn't throw himself into lava. Dream has been trying to talk to him, and Tommy's been yelling at him - why has Tommy been yelling at him?

*Wait, says the Wilbur voice, this isn't right. You know this isn't true. What would Tubbo do if he were in here with you?*

Tubbo, Tommy thinks, would offer him the bed. Tubbo would give Tommy double the potatoes and go hungry until Tommy finally noticed. Tubbo would put himself between Tommy and the lava on purpose, would try and keep Tommy's eyes off of it. Tubbo would hold him if he cried over a nightmare, Tubbo would give him space if he needed it, Tubbo would not *stand over him and yell at him like this*.

"You're wrong," Tommy says, and he honestly means to be a lot louder and more confident than he

currently sounds, but it's all he can muster at the moment. "Tubbo, he- I don't want him to have to die for me. He's-"

"Well, I don't know that he'd die for you anymore. Honestly, he might kill himself all on his own - it isn't like anyone takes the time to talk to the kid about his mental health. I mean... You sure don't."

Tommy is on his feet in seconds. He shoves Dream with as much strength as he can summon from about five hours of sleep and six potatoes.

"Fuck you! You know what, Tubbo is going to get me out of here, alright, and when he does, you're- you're gonna look fucking stupid!"

And then Dream, the bastard, throws his head back and cackles at him.

"How?"

An explosion shakes the prison.

The impact is so forceful that Tommy and Dream are both thrown to the ground, and a cloud of dust fills the cell. An alarm siren starts to go off, muffled by the layers of obsidian walls, and a red light begins blaring. Tommy coughs, waves his hand until he can see again. His heart races. Does this mean another week in the prison for him? That sounded like a *lot* of TNT.

The dust clears, and both Tommy and Dream are able to see it.

There's a one block hole in the roof of the cell.

Dream and Tommy lock eyes, and Dream springs into action. He grabs the bed, starts pushing it towards the hole. Dream stands on it and jumps. Not tall enough. He curses, and starts trying to lug over the cauldron.

Dream suddenly catches sight of Tommy still on the floor, and marches over to him. "Get up," he snaps, "and help me with this. Stop being so useless."

Dream reaches out to grab him, and Tommy flinches back, fully expecting a hit, fully expecting to resign himself to a life on the run with his abuser, but the hit never comes.

Tommy blinks the tears from his eyes. There's a figure in front of him, between him and Dream, trident in hand. The figure turns around, and Tommy's shoulders relax before he can even remember why the familiar baby blues are so comforting to him.

Tubbo is meeting his eyes.

"Hey, big man," smiles Tubbo, "Sorry it took me so long. I had to scout out the roof, and ask a lot of questions to figure out where the cell was... Sam was pretty mad about the dick I built, too."

Tommy is helped to his feet, and he's sure this is a dream - he's hallucinating or he passed out and is imagining this or a million other things - but he's sure this cannot be real.

"How did you- how did you get in," Dream shouts.

Tubbo shrugs. "I built a nuke."

Dream sputters. "What!?"

Tubbo tilts his head. "I taught myself how to build a nuclear missile...? It's not hard." He turns back to Tommy and hands him a trident. "Seriously, though, we've gotta get out of here, Tommy. Sam's real mad at us - he's gonna kill us for sure if he catches us."

Tubbo places water, but before he can trident out of the hole, Tommy catches his arm. Tommy stammers uselessly, just as in denial as Dream. "I- Tubbo, what about..."

Tommy looks over to Dream, who looks frantic, like he's seconds away from jumping on Tubbo and ripping the trident from his hands. Tommy readies himself to jump in front of Tubbo if he needs to. Tubbo seems unfazed.

"Oh, right," says Tubbo, and before either of them can react, Tubbo pulls out an axe and sinks it into Dream's chest, not deep enough to kill but more than deep enough to hurt. Dream stumbles back, blood pouring from his mouth.

Tubbo grabs Tommy's hand. He raises his trident. Tommy does the same.

"Burn in hell!" Tubbo sing-songs, and with that, they're off.

When the cool night air and the pouring rain hit him all at once, Tommy comes to the sobering, terrifying realization that all of this has been *real*. Luckily, though, he has time to think as he blindly follows Tubbo to wherever they're flying to.

Firstly, Tommy is free. That's good. Dream is gone, and if the alarms that he can still hear from the prison are any indication, Sam will probably catch Dream before he's able to shimmy his way out of the hole to the roof of the prison like climbing a chimney. (Probably.)

Secondly, though, he's a criminal now. That's bad. Tommy had signed a contract for situations exactly such as this, and it stated that Sam was allowed to hunt him down and kill him until he was fully dead.

Tommy would like to think that Sam wouldn't do it, but he isn't naive. He knows Sam would hesitate, though, and isn't that a lovely thought.

Thirdly, Tubbo is here.

Tubbo is here and he saved Tommy, blew up the prison with a fucking nuke that he taught himself to build, signed himself up for a life of being a wanted criminal, fought his way into an obsidian box with a man that wants him dead just to grab Tommy's hand and lead him out of his own personal hell.

Tommy realizes that Tubbo is still holding his hand. He unclenches his jaw for the first time in four days.

Soon enough, the nighttime chill turns to biting cold, and the raindrops become snowflakes, and before Tommy knows it, they've landed in Snowchester. Tubbo releases his hand. Tommy notices Tubbo's hand give off a sort of glint, but he elects to ignore it.

Before Tubbo can say anything, Tommy pulls him into a tight hug. He allows himself a moment to be weak, to recover, to bury his face in the crock of Tubbo's neck and just be *safe*. Tubbo holds him until Tommy gets too embarrassed not to pull away.

"I'll be right back," whispers Tubbo, "don't go anywhere," and then he's gone.

Tommy looks around. Snowchester is beautiful at night. Maybe it's the half-week spent in isolation



talking, but Tommy can't seem to remember why he didn't want to live here. The snow falls in gentle flurries on the docks. A half built snowman sits next to the potato farm, the shipwreck in the bay is just barely visible. The ghostly form of Squeeks floats around aimlessly around Tubbo's house, a warm and cozy glow emanating from the windows.

Snowchester really is lovely, Tommy thinks, his stomach dropping. It's a lovely village that Tubbo built and loved and protected that he's about to have to leave behind for Tommy, again. Tommy curses himself. How many times had Tubbo abandoned a home for him? How many more?

Tommy swears, silently, that Tubbo's next home will be better, will last longer.

Tubbo comes out of his house with a backpack and something in a bundle. Tommy nearly faints when he sees what it is.

Tubbo has a Zombie Pigman the size of a three year old bundled up in a blanket. The Pigman rubs at it's eyes sleepily as it snuggles a plush chicken.

The air around Tubbo forms puffs of exertion as he carries everything. Tubbo slips off his bag. "Can you carry this, do you think?"

Tommy is opening and closing his mouth like an idiot, unable to find the words, but he takes the bag anyway. "What the fuck?" He eventually gets out.

Tubbo raises an eyebrow, and then shakes his head. "Oh. This is Michael. He's my son. He's chill. I need to move him somewhere safe while we go on the run. Er, I'll explain more in a sec, but we need to move."

Michael blinks up at Tommy from over Tubbo's shoulder as Tubbo walks them over to a staircase. Somehow, the kid has Tubbo's puppy dog eyes down pat. Tommy scoffs. Unfair.

Tubbo leads him down a staircase to a boat on an ice bridge. Tubbo gets in, and once Michael is seated securely in his lap, Tubbo turns around. "You coming?"

Tommy blinks and shakes his head. "Yeah, I- I guess- Tubbo when did you get a *son!*?"

"I dunno," Tubbo says as Tommy clambers in behind him. "Valentine's day, I guess. You ready?"

"I guess so, yeah. Where are we even going?"

"Well," Tubbo explains as he begins rowing, "this tunnel will lead us to the nuclear launch site. I don't think any of the wardens know where it is, so that'll probably be our best bet on not getting caught. Once we're able to get to the nether, we can just wander a few hundred blocks out and make a portal, and then I reckon we'll have to lay low for a while."

Suddenly, Tubbo's demeanor shifts to something unreadable. He clears his throat. "We do, um... Need to make a quick stop at Technoblade's first. We can use his portal, but I just- I have something I need to-"

"What!?" Tommy squawks. "I thought you were trying to keep us *alive*, what- why are we going to fuckin' Technoblade's house!?"

Tubbo shifts uncomfortably and whines at him.

"What?" Tommy asks.

Tommy can feel Tubbo's posture stiffen. In Tubbo's lap, Michael is sleepily batting his eyes, having been awoken by Tommy's outburst.

"Promise you won't get mad," Tubbo mumbles.

Tommy rolls his eyes. "Tubbo, you just used a nuclear weapon to break me out of a maximum security prison and save me from my abuser. What could I possibly get mad at you for."

Tubbo takes a breath, and doesn't turn around to look at Tommy while he talks, and his voice is still small.

"You know how I make impulsive decisions when I'm stressed out?"

"Yeah..." Tommy drawls, apprehensive.

"I- well, I think... I think I... Married... Ranboo?"

Tommy short circuits.

*What?*

"I- Ranboo is my husband, now," Tubbo finishes, slightly more confident.

Maybe this is a dream, after all.

"Tubbo, what the fuck." It comes out a bit harsher than he means for it to, but Tubbo brushes it off.

"I dunno, I just- I dunno! I just... Wanted to, I guess."

"Wanted to get married," Tommy clarifies. For the person who supposedly knows Tubbo best, he's feeling pretty lost at the moment.

"...Yes?" Replies Tubbo, hunching his shoulders. Tommy can see the stupid face he's making even though he's staring at the back of Tubbo's head. Tommy clears his throat.

"So you two are like... Together." Four days. He'd been gone for four days, and Tubbo and Ranboo had-

"No, it's... We're plankton."

Tommy blinks. "You're *plankton*?"

Tubbo hums, thinking. "Tectonic."

"Tec..."

Tommy chews on that for a bit, and he hates how quickly he's able to translate the Tubbo-speak in his mind. It's simultaneously the most exhausting and most fulfilling thing he's ever experienced, knowing Tubbo like the back of his hand. Tommy would never admit how much he'd missed it.

"You mean platonic."

"No, we're not platonic..."

"You're not?"

"No. Tommy, were friends."

Sometimes it was more exhausting than fulfilling.

"Wh- that's fuckin'- that's what platonic *means*, Tubbo!"

"Oh. I guess we are platonic, then!"

The boat stops, and they both get out. Tommy grabs their bag as Tubbo picks up a now awake Michael and leads Tommy to the crater.

It's still nighttime, and a small part of Tommy wishes they could stop and look at the stars. Most of Tommy, though, had abandoned childish things like that years ago. Most of Tommy was used to being hunted.

Tubbo adjusts the toddler on his hip. "We've gotta walk from here, because Michael can't trident with us, but I just figured... I should probably tell my husband I'm a wanted criminal?"

Tommy scoffs. He and Tubbo are on the run with a fucking toddler because Tubbo nuked a prison and stabbed Dream, the man who wants Tubbo dead most, to rescue him, and they're about to go and visit Tubbo's husband, who lives with the man that wants Tubbo dead second most. Their current situation is absurd, it's insane, it's so absolutely *Tubbo* that it almost hurts.

"Remember what I said in the vault about being your sidekick?" Tommy asks.

"Yeah."

"I was right. You're the main fuckin' character right now, Tubbo, Jesus Christ."

Tubbo laughs at that. Michael snorts, almost like he gets the joke, and somewhere distantly Tommy thinks that he might actually like Tubbo's kid if he had time to get to know him.

The trio trudge through the snow, stars twinkling above them. A quiet peace stretches over them that will only be broken by Tubbo informing Tommy of his role in the wedding.

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Ranboo is pretty sure that your spouse is not supposed to try and kill you via heart attack. Then again, if Ranboo wasn't used to regular heart attacks, he wouldn't have married Tubbo.

He hears them before he sees them, trudging through the snow and shouting and laughing. Ranboo shoots out of bed and dashes outside. The pair meet his eyes as they approach Techno's house, and they all freeze (literally, in Ranboo's case.)

It's about five thirty in the morning, and Ranboo is outside, staring at his husband, his husband's criminal best friend, and his son - all of whom are literally outside the house of the Blood God himself. Ranboo isn't wearing shoes. His pajama top says "Gamer Dad". Michael drops his chicken plushie into the snow.

Ranboo resists the urge to scream. A voice in his head that sounds suspiciously like Phil calls, *Hey, you married him!*

Ranboo grabs them all and rushes them inside his house, shushing their protests.

He slams the door and locks it behind him.

"*Tubbo!*" He hisses. "I've told you a thousand times that you can't visit me here, if Techno and Phil see-"

"Yeah, yeah," Tubbo interrupts, waving a hand, "our marriage is forbidden, whatever. Calm yourself, this is important."

Ranboo calms himself, but he ends up calming himself enough for the ramifications of Tommy's presence in the room to click into place in his mind. Horrific realization sets in.

"Tubbo," he says slowly, "Tommy is supposed to be in prison."

"I know," chirps Tubbo, bright and nonchalant as always. "I broke him out."

Ranboo wants to scream, wants to spiral and panic and lose his mind, but he stops himself, notices something.

Ranboo does not know everything about Tubbo. He is not Tommy, and he never will be, and he's made his peace with that. But you don't become husbands with someone you don't spend a ridiculous amount of time with, so Ranboo has picked up a few things. Specifically, he's picked up enough to know that right now, Tubbo is keeping himself together by completely ignoring and repressing the reality of the situation. He's distancing himself to think logically. It's what he does best.

If the way Tommy is squeezing Tubbo's hand is any indication, though, Tommy's figured that out, too. Ranboo takes a breath.

"O...Okay, you- Okay, so... Okay-"

"Ranboo, chill, it's okay."

"I- it, Tubbo, you- you don't-"

Ranboo can feel panic starting to set in as he realizes how not okay things are. Tommy and Tubbo are wanted criminals now, they each have one life left. If they get caught, it's over, if Techno and Phil find out, it's over, it's over and *Ranboo is too young to be a widow-*

"Hey," he hears, gentle, soothing, and he doesn't realize he's backed himself against the wall and curled up in a ball until he meets Tubbo's eyes. "Calm down. Breathe for me, okay? Everything's gonna be fine, Boo, I'm taking care of it."

Ranboo counts out his breaths in his head, squeezes Tubbo's hands so hard he thinks they might break, focuses on the vibration of Tubbo's voice as he keeps murmuring affirmations.

*If anyone can get away with a prison break and live to tell the tale, says the Phil voice, it's Tubbo.*

Eventually, Ranboo finds the strength to stand. His hands are still trembling and he's still overwhelmingly worried, but Tubbo helps him up and lingers before dropping his hands.

(Tubbo moves to stand next to Tommy again. Which makes sense, because Tommy has just been through pretty intense trauma, but a part of Ranboo still feels it sting.)

"What... What are you gonna do?" Ranboo rasps.

Tommy rounds on Tubbo. "Yeah, what- what *are* we gonna do, Tubbo? They- everyone wants us *dead* now."

"Well-" Tubbo starts, but Ranboo can tell he's getting overwhelmed, can tell it's getting harder for him to distance himself. He looks like he has the weight of the world on his shoulders. He looks

like the president again.

"Okay, I- Um, so I didn't *really* quite get this far in my plan, but- but that's okay! It's- I knew me and Tommy would probably, probably use the nether to travel somewhere far, and then... I dunno, just wait it out, yeah? There's gotta be, like, an expiry date in the contract you signed or something. They've- they'll forget eventually. They have to."

Ranboo twists his ring around his finger nervously, because they *don't* have to, and they may never, but he smiles and says "Yeah," anyway, because his husband is falling apart at the seams.

The silence is tense. Ranboo breaks it, because a new, even more terrifying thought has entered his mind.

"Did Dream get out?" He asks, and he hates how small his voice is, and he wishes Tommy hadn't flinched back when he said it.

Tubbo keeps his upbeat demeanor, but there's something darker under the surface. "No. Just Tommy."

"Does Dream have a *way* to get out," Ranboo clarifies.

The pair go silent.

That's answer enough.

Ranboo sighs shakily and feels himself start to spiral again.

"Wait, no no no, its- it's fine!" Tubbo is nearly manic now, convincing himself more than he's convincing Tommy or Ranboo. "D-Dream- okay, Dream won't kill Tommy, and I doubt hell kill you- you're not coming with us, anyway, I assume- and he can't grab Tommy to take him back to exile if he doesn't know where he is, so! Middle of nowhere plan it is, I reckon."

Tubbo looks proud of himself for the plan he's come up with, but Ranboo's eyes shoot up to meet Tommy's, and for once they're on the exact same page. Neither of them dare ask "What about you." They both know Tubbo will crack.

Tubbo claps his hands. "So! I just came to drop Michael off, keep him safe with you, and- and to-" Tubbo blinks, and the tension drains from his body as he knits his brows. Tubbo's voice cracks when he speaks. "... Say goodbye, I guess. I'll- I'll tell you where we end up-"

"No!" Ranboo shouts, cutting him off. The pair stare back at him in shock. He swallows.

"N-no, don't- don't..." Ranboo groans. "Tubbo, I- I can't know where you are, okay?"

"Wh- Ranboo, why?"

Tubbo looks heartbroken and Tommy looks ready to kill, and Ranboo isn't sure how much more of this he can handle.

"I just- I can't. It could put you in danger."

If Dream finds out where they are, he'll hurt them; And if Ranboo has to live with the knowledge that he *gave* Dream that information in his Enderwalk state, well... He isn't sure what he's going to do with himself.

Tubbo keeps pleading with him, taking a tentative step forward. "Ranboo, you won't- you won't

forget to keep our location a secret, I promise. And- and even if you did, you'd just need to let us know that you slipped up, and we could hide, or- or move-

"No, Tubbo, I- it's too dangerous."

Ranboo arms are crossed now, and he's turning his back on them, but Tubbo keeps moving closer, keeps reaching for a touch that Ranboo flinches away from, and their rings glint in the light of the sunrise and *oh god-*

"Why? Why is it too dangerous? I- I don't understand, Ranboo, I don't-

"I can't," Ranboo whimpers. "I can't tell you. I *can't*." Ranboo covers his face with his hands and murmurs, "You'd hate me."

Dream is not going to hurt Tubbo. If that means Ranboo can never see Tubbo again, means Tubbo hates him forever, means the rings Tubbo spent so much time perfecting are worthless, so be it.

Ranboo is irrationally expecting Tubbo to yell, to throw things or to hit him, so the warmth of the hug he gets throws him so off guard he isn't sure it's real.

"That's stupid," soothes Tubbo, tugging at Ranboo's hands to get them away from his face. "Really really stupid. You can tell me anything in the world, and I'll forgive you for it." His voice is muffled by Ranboo's shirt, but it's so *genuine* that Ranboo can feel himself starting to tear up.

Tommy coughs from the back of the room. "I mean," he says, "if you've got a secret that you can't tell Wanted Criminal TommyInnit or your literal husband... Kind of a shit secret, innit?"

Ranboo lets a startled laugh escape.

He doesn't want to tell them. It's the last thing he wants to do.

He's trying to come up with a way to politely decline, but Tubbo must feel his heart rate increasing again, because he looks up at Ranboo, all puppy dog eyes and pouty face, and says, "Please?"

Ranboo doesn't think he's ever been so close to swearing. He knows Tubbo knows what he's doing, and his suspicions are confirmed by the way Tubbo smiles at him when Ranboo slowly nods his head.

"Fine," Ranboo concedes. And then, thinking better of himself, "but not here."

They set Michael up with a coloring book and a juice box inside Ranboo's house, and Ranboo locks the door on their way out. Michael has always been polite and well behaved, and Ranboo can't see him stopping now.

He leads Tommy and Tubbo to his panic room, pointedly ignores the way they communicate nonverbally the whole way there. The sun is rising and Ranboo would love to stop and enjoy it, but he's currently preoccupied with ruining two of his closest relationships.

What is he doing?

When they get to the panic room, and Ranboo takes a breath.

"Give- give me a sec to make sure I-" *To make sure of what? To make sure I'm not possessed?* He gulps. "...To make sure I can do this, and then I'll- I'll tell you everything."

---

Having a husband is really weird. Tubbo has a ring on his finger, now, and a lifelong obligation to be devoted to Ranboo.

(Not that he planned to stop being devoted to Ranboo before the marriage, but still. This marriage thing is serious business, apparently.)

Maybe the only thing more weird than having a husband is having a husband that periodically gets possessed by your best friend's abuser.

That, Tubbo thinks, is really *really* weird.

He assess his situation. Tommy is frozen, eyes glossed over, lost in thought, while Ranboo is actively panicking after spilling his guts and explaining everything about his situation to them. Tommy will be okay for the time being, Ranboo needs more immediate attention.

Tubbo grabs Tommy's hands, squeezes twice. *Just let me know you're okay*, he tries to convey. Tommy's eyes clear a bit. He squeezes twice back.

Tubbo's always found it cool, the kind of emotional telepathy they have.

Ranboo is in shambles by the time Tubbo gets to him. "Hey," he whispers, "it's okay."

"It's not," Ranboo cries, "it's- I've done so much, I- I helped him hurt you both, he- Tubbo, he was gonna k- kill- he-"

"I know," coos Tubbo. "I know he was. But did you help him on purpose?"

Ranboo sniffs. "Wh- What?"

"Did you help Dream do all those things because you wanted Tommy and I to get hurt?"

"No," Ranboo shouts, frantic. "No, no, no, no- of course I didn't! I was possessed, or- or sleepwalking, or- I would never do that on purpose!"

Tubbo smiles down at him. "Then why would I be mad at you?"

Ranboo's breathing is still shallow as he cries, and Tubbo holds him and rubs circles into his back and mentally kicks himself for not taking Puffy up on her therapy offer when he was in between traumatic events, because he could really use some comfort right now, too, if he's being honest.

Tommy "emotional telepathy" Innit seems to hear him, somehow, because he crouches down to be eye level with Ranboo. Tubbo moves so that Ranboo can see him.

Tommy sighs.

"I hate Dream," Tommy croaks. "He's- he's the worst- everything bad that's happened has been because of him."

Ranboo ducks his head in shame.

"And in- in exile," Tommy continues, "he- he almost- no, he *did* convince me he was my... He was my friend."

Ranboo glances up at him, confused.

Tommy swallows. "He- he made me think he was good, made me think I needed him, and I

almost... If he'd asked me to do something bad, I don't- don't know if I would've been able to... To tell him no." Tommy's gaze sharpens as he looks down at Ranboo. "Count yourself lucky that you don't remember it," he rasps.

"It isn't on purpose," Tubbo squeaks, voice barely above a whisper.

Tommy meets his eyes.

"It isn't on purpose?" Tommy repeats, not breaking Tubbo's gaze.

Tubbo feels Ranboo nod. "It isn't on purpose."

After what feels like an eternity of silence, Tommy gives a single curt nod. "Right, then. I guess you're forgiven, Ranboob."

"Hey," Tubbo grins, relieved for the break in tension, "watch it. That's my husband."

Tommy barks out a laugh, and Tubbo drags him in, and they all collapse in a pile of limbs. Tubbo knows that Ranboo and Tommy aren't especially close, but they both mean the world to him, and they're both close enough for him to hear their heartbeats, *feel* that they're okay. Knowing that they're both safe is more than enough of a comfort for Tubbo.

Eventually, they all stand.

"Hey," Ranboo says, grabbing Tommy's wrist. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"Everything."

Tommy breathes the ghost of a laugh. "Thank you for everything, too, I guess. You were... During exile, you were there. It helped. Thank you."

They smile at each other, and Tubbo is so happy they're getting along he thinks he could burst. Tommy notices his joy, because of course he does.

"And thanks for taking care of Tubbo for me while I was gone, too."

"Of course," smiles Ranboo, and Tubbo knows Tommy is getting sick of hugs, but he can't help himself from sandwiching his way between them.

"Wow," says Tubbo, "I might as well have *two* husban-"

"*No*," shouts Tommy, wrestling his way out of their grasp. "Holy shit, no, absolutely fuckin' not, I am not marrying you, Tubbo, under no circum-"

"Ranboooooo, Tommy's being mean to me," Tubbo pouts.

Ranboo puffs out his chest and juts out his chin, and Tubbo must be more tired than he thought, because Ranboo looks like he grows a few inches as well. "Hey," Ranboo shouts in fake anger, "that's my husband!"

"*Good*," Tommy shouts back, laughter in his voice. "Keep him."

"*Hey!*"

---



Ranboo catches Tommy alone while Tubbo says his goodbyes to Michael. It's adorable to watch - Tubbo is sat with Michael in his lap, and although neither of them can communicate very well with Michael through language, he can tell by the way Michael clings to Tubbo's shirt that he gets the message.

Ranboo likes to think that Michael gets his brains from the Beloved side of the family. (God knows he got his pout from the Underscore side.)

Unfortunately, as much as he could watch Tubbo and Michael for hours, Ranboo has business to attend to.

"Tommy," he says, sidling up next to him, eyes still on Tubbo and Michael. "I need to ask you to do something. I'd ask Tubbo, but he... He won't agree."

Tommy shifts uncomfortably. "I- alright, I guess. Shoot."

Ranboo purses his lips. This is actually going to be harder than he thought.

"If... Okay, if I- If Dream poseses me, or- I don't actually know if it's possession, okay, uh..." He shakes his head. "I- I just mean..."

He forces himself to meet Tommy's eyes. "If I show up, and I try to hurt either of you, it's... It's not me, okay? It's not me. And if- if I did that, and I hurt one of you, I couldn't- I wouldn't be able to live with myself after, okay? So, I just... If I show up and try and kill you guys or something... Kill me, please?"

Tommy's eyes widen. "Ranboo-"

"No, I- listen. I have all three lives, and you each have one. I'll come back, and when I do, I'll- I'll say 'thank god I'm not planning a funeral for either one of my closest friends or my husband right now', okay? I- I don't want- don't let me hurt you."

Tommy's face changes rapidly as he undergoes an emotional journey Ranboo can't quite track, but eventually, Tommy nods. "Right. I can... I can do that, Ranboo."

Ranboo smiles, but before he can say thank you, Tubbo comes bounding over.

"I'm really gonna miss Michael," he pouts, and before he can think to stop himself, Ranboo blurts, "I'm really gonna miss *you*."

He didn't mean to say it, but it's the truth, and Tubbo melts and drags him into a hug. "It's not forever," he mutters into Ranboo's ear, "promise. I'll- I'll come see you at least once a week."

"No, you won't," Ranboo chuckles, pulling away. "I won't let you. It's too dangerous."

"Oh, whatever," Tubbo complains, holding Ranboo's face between his hands. "Tommy's middle name is Danger. Right, Tommy?"

"Leave me out of this," calls Tommy, walking away. "I do not want to be involved in your marriage, come and find me when you are done being husbands."

Ranboo laughs at that, and Tubbo grins up at him, and *god* does Ranboo wish he didn't have to go. He's never had a friend like Tubbo - he isn't even sure he's really had a *friend* before Tubbo - and he isn't ready to lose him. He hugs Tubbo again.

"We can build a tunnel," Tubbo suggests, "from our place to yours."

Ranboo frowns. "Wouldn't that be the same as me knowing where you live? I'll know that you live at the end of the tunnel."

Tubbo heaves a frustrated sigh. "I'll- I'll make it like an ant farm, I'll make a bunch of decoy tunnels, or- or, I'll- I-"

"Hey," Ranboo interrupts gently, "why don't we just meet up at the nuclear test site on the same day every week? Dream has never seen it, so it'd take him a bit to find it, and this guarantees he won't know where you live. Plus, the wardens won't be looking for you there, either."

Ranboo feels the tension drain from Tubbo's shoulders, relief at not having to make a decision for once.

"We'll have a picnic," declares Tubbo, determined. "We'll have a picnic on top of the crater, on the bridge that goes across, and it'll be lovely and dangerous and I'll woo you with my ukelele."

Ranboo hums. "I'd like that."

They finally break apart. Tubbo still has Ranboo's hand in his. He twists Ranboo's ring. "Don't forget about me, alright? Marriage is forever, Memory Boy, you're not allowed to get rid of me."

Ranboo could make a joke, here, and Tubbo would probably laugh, but Tubbo has been through a lot today, and so has Ranboo, so Ranboo smiles down at him instead.

"I couldn't forget you if I tried, Tubbo Underscore."

Tubbo grins and drops his hand and elbows him in the gut. "Shut up, you're so dramatic, why are we even married."

"Because you said yes," Ranboo muses, and with that, they meet back up with Tommy.

---

Tommy hugs Ranboo goodbye. It catches him off guard, but Ranboo hugs him back, tells Tommy he cares, brightens when Tommy says it back.

He watches Tubbo double check he has everything he needs in front of the portal.

"Alright," says Tommy. "Time to start our new lives as criminals on the run, I guess." He sighs as he turns to Ranboo.

"Let us know if anything cool happens while we're gone, yeah?"

"Of course," replies Ranboo, and Ranboo tries his hardest to convince himself it isn't the last he'll see of Tommy as Tommy steps through the portal.

"Ranboo," smiles Tubbo, standing up straight, "my beloved. I'll take this opportunity to remind you that we do not have an open marriage, and if you plankton-ically propose to anyone else while I am gone, I *will* take you to court."

Ranboo snorts. "I think Phil and Techno would have a heart attack if I came home with a *second* ring on my finger."

Tubbo blanches. "Do they know, then?"

"Not yet," Ranboo admits. "I'm- worried. With the whole 'Techno hates you' thing and all."

"Yeah," hums Tubbo. Suddenly, his demeanor turns serious. "Maybe... Maybe you should talk to them."

Ranboo bites his lip. "...About?"

"I... I dunno. Just, in general, I guess. Maybe they'd be cool about us being married, or maybe they could help you calm down when you freak out since I won't be here as much, or- hell, maybe they could even help with the Dream thing."

Ranboo blinks, and his world spins.

Why hadn't he thought of that? He was pretty sure Techno had some kind of blood god powers, Phil had almost succeeded in bringing Wilbur back, and with their powers combined, Techno had secured some kind of item that literally cheated death - if anyone would know, it was them.

"I... You know, maybe I will."

"You should," says Tubbo. He steps into the portal.

"Ranboo, my beloved," he shouts, all overdramatic acting and fluttering eyelashes. "Wait for me! I will come back for you, my beloved, I will-"

Tubbo is cut off after he finally gets sucked through the portal, and Ranboo still has a stupid smile on his face half a minute after Tubbo is gone.

Ranboo looks at his ring. Tubbo and Tommy had forgiven him. Everything he'd done to them, and they still cared. *They're your friends, of course they care about you*, the Phil voice says. *Hell, that's why you married Tubbo. He's kind.* Ranboo hopes the real Phil feels the same way. He twists his ring around, and although it's only been about a minute, he wishes Tubbo were here.

"Ranboo!" He hears Phil calling from behind him. "Ranboo, who was that screaming just now? Are you alright?"

"Fine," he calls, and takes a breath.

Talk to them. He can do that.

Ranboo takes one last lingering look at the portal, turns on his heel, and prepares himself to gush about his husband and introduce Phil to his second grandson.

## Chapter End Notes

Also, forgot to say this earlier, but the Wilbur voice and the Phil voice are just like, the logical part of Tommy/Ranboo's brains. They aren't actually hearing voices, it's more like they associate Wilbur/Phil with their consciences. Anyway I hope you enjoyed this, I will hopefully have something more planned/with an actual point soon <3

# Fatherhood

## Chapter Summary

Techno takes a breath. Tries to calm himself.

"Ranboo," he grits, "I get that you're not exactly spoiled for choice of husband, but did it have to be..."

Actually, he decides, "my nemesis" would be giving the kid too much credit.

Techno growls. "Couldn't it have been anyone else?"

Ranboo gulps. "L-listen, I," he stammers, "I know that he kind of, kind of tried to execute you, but- but I was there, too, and I was- I was with them, and you took *me* in, so-"

"I don't care about that!" Techno rumbles, incredulous. "Ranboo, he's government!"

Phil and Ranboo both look dumbfounded.

"He's... Government," Ranboo repeats slowly.

-

After a week of procrastinating, Ranboo finally tells Techno and Phil about his marriage. It doesn't go as well as he'd hoped.

## Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! I had planned for this to be a oneshot, but you guys really seemed to like it, and once I started writing more I actually had a lot of fun, so it became three chapters :) This chapter picks up a week after the events of last chapter btw, ok thank you for reading!

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

Philza Minecraft is a lot of things. He's meticulous, he's morally gray, and he could even be described as apathetic, at times.

One thing Philza Minecraft isn't, though, is stupid.

Ranboo is hiding something. He's naturally predisposed to anxiety, (sometimes Phil worries what made him like that, thinks maybe it's better that he can't remember it) but lately it's gotten exponentially worse. He'll leave at random intervals to take phone calls he never used to get before, he looks increasingly more exhausted with every passing day, and he panics if Phil or Techno get within 5 feet of his house.

There's also, of course, the issue of the ring.

Phil has never gotten a good look at it, but it's shiny and brass and it looks hand-crafted by someone patient, someone who knew what they were doing. Phil's not sure exactly when Ranboo started wearing it, only picking up on the presence of the thing once Ranboo developed the habit of twisting it when he got nervous.

Ranboo is a smart kid, he really is - which is why it confuses Phil that he wears the ring around them. Not that he'd condemn Ranboo for... Whatever the ring symbolizes, but Phil will be the first to admit that a bit of explanation would've been nice. Was a quick "Hey, sorry I didn't invite either of you to my wedding or tell you I was engaged" too much to spare?

He knows he should confront him about it, probably, but he doesn't want to scare the kid. If Phil backs him into a corner and demands answers, it may spook him so badly that he just... Takes off somewhere. And Techno really likes this one, too, Phil can tell, so he resolves to let Ranboo tell them in his own time.

That's another thing that Philza Minecraft is. Patient.

It all comes to a head on a calm Monday morning. A week ago, Phil remembers, they'd received visitors in the form of the prison wardens, demanding to know where they were hiding Tommy. After a thorough house search and a vehement denial from Ranboo, who'd looked fine while the wardens were present and nearly fainted after they were gone, they were cleared of all suspected charges of harboring a fugitive. Techno had clapped Ranboo on the back, proud that he'd already learned how to avoid sharing information with government officials. The poor kid looked like he'd wanted to melt into the floor.

This morning, though, is quiet. Birds chirp along to the sunrise as Phil makes his way to their beehive to harvest honey. He's gotten used to the chill, by now, but he's still eager to complete his morning tasks and escape to somewhere warmer. The bees buzz around sleepily, and Phil is careful not to bother them.

Distantly, Phil wonders where Tommy actually is. Maybe he'd gotten out, escaped somewhere. That would be good for him. It would be nice for Tommy to rest. Maybe, Phil thinks, if he'd taken the time to think through things instead of rushing headfirst into decisions he didn't want to follow through with, Tommy would've been able to rest a long time ago.

Phil, lost in thought, gets careless, and one of the bees stings his hand.

He curses under his breath, less upset about the sting than he is the death of one of Techno's bees. Phil had never been good with the bees. You didn't need to be, if you had Tubbo around.

Tubbo is with Tommy. Phil has seen no proof of this, and he doesn't need to see proof - Tubbo was with Tommy, always, forever, and the one time he wasn't, he'd been miserable enough to become a different person.

People liked to think it was Tubbo that kept Tommy from lashing out, and they were right. But Phil knows he wouldn't have been placed on house arrest, knows Tubbo wouldn't have let his eyes turn cold as he dragged Techno to a public execution if Tommy had been there. Phil knows they're better together.

He hadn't wanted them to get hurt, not really. If they had ended up really, truly dying during any of the explosions, he would've brought them back. Back when it happened, Phil had said he was teaching them a lesson. Now, though, he thinks it was more akin to taking away a toy that a kid

keeps breaking.

They were never going to learn. They were both still kids, one life left each, and Phil has a feeling that if L'Manberg had been left alive, it would've swallowed up their last ones as well, finally solidifying them both as the perfect martyrs for independence.

Teenagers shouldn't be martyrs. Wilbur wouldn't have wanted that.

Phil doesn't hate the kids, he really doesn't - he hopes they're happy, wherever they are. But Techno hates the government, and what Techno says goes - and, anyway, Phil's been alive for centuries and never come across a government that impressed him much.

Wilbur cared about them, Tommy and Tubbo, and so Phil cares, too. Not enough to go find them, to put what he has here with Techno at risk - but if Phil were to spot them out in the nether or roaming around what's left of L'Manberg, he certainly wouldn't be alerting any guards, and he could be able to allow a stray gapple to slip out of his bag.

Phil is carrying the honey he's harvested inside when he spots a figure in the snow, too tall to be anyone but Ranboo. He really is getting up earlier and earlier these days.

"Ranboo," calls Phil, chuckling when Ranboo jumps a foot into the air. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you. Think you can help me carry these boxes inside?"

Ranboo strides up to him, shivering a bit in the snow. "S-sure," he says, teeth chattering, and he grabs a box from Phil.

If Phil is being honest, Ranboo looks a bit of a mess. It's unlike him to be up so early, and it shows - he's got his sneakers on, but he's wearing pajama pants. He doesn't have his crown, hair tousled like he's been running his hands through it.

Ranboo's shirt says something about being a Gamer Dad. Phil chuckles.

"Since when did you become a dad, Ranboo?"

Phil expects Ranboo to laugh along with him, to tell a silly anecdote about how he got the shirt and invite him inside for coffee.

Instead, Ranboo stiffens, and the color drains from his face, looking like a deer in the headlights.

Phil swallows. *Oh.*

"Phil, I have something to tell you," he says robotically.

Phil purses his lips. His eyes flit down to Ranboo's ring. Ranboo tracks the movement.

Phil runs through a roster in his mind. Someone near Ranboo's age, someone who Ranboo likes spending time with, someone Ranboo wouldn't want to talk about...

Ranboo twists the ring around his finger nervously. Phil finally spots the honeycomb design. Bingo.

"...Tubbo?" He asks gently, wincing.

Ranboo groans, throwing his head back, shoulders slumping. "Techno's gonna *kill* me."

As much as Phil hates to admit it, Ranboo is right - Techno will probably be pretty upset with him.

But Techno likes Ranboo a lot more than he lets on, so Phil reckons it's worth a shot.

"Welp," Phil sighs, jostling the box in his hand to get a better grip, "come on, then. Help me bring these in, and I'll make some tea."

Ranboo opens the door, holds it for him, and Phil knows that it's autopilot for him to be polite like that. Phil sets his box down on the table a little too roughly. He really doesn't want to lose this one to a marriage technicality.

He turns to Ranboo, who is zoned out like a lamb being lead to the slaughter.

Phil puts a hand on Ranboo's shoulder, and Ranboo doesn't flinch away. "Hey, chill out, mate," he tries, "it's not that bad."

Ranboo looks down at him, hopeful. "Really?" He asks, painfully genuine.

Phil bites his lip.

Another thing Philza Minecraft is not - a liar.

"Well... Maybe."

Ranboo whines and puts his head in his hands, and Phil grimaces, leaning his back against the wall.

"I hate to ask, Ranboo, but as long as we're having a talk... Are there any other hidden family members you need to tell me about?"

Once again, it was meant to be a joke.

Phil has really got to stop joking around Ranboo.

Ranboo slaps a hand to his forehead.

"Oh my god, *Michael!*"

For the briefest of moments, Phil has to wonder if he'll have to grapple with the decision of telling Tubbo that Ranboo is cheating on him.

"Michael? Who the hell is Michael?"

"He- I- Phil, can you tell Techno I need to talk to him?"

"Sure," says Phil, because he's spent so long being assigned the role of Techno's keeper that it's second nature to him at this point.

"Great, thanks," says Ranboo, frantic, and he dashes out the door.

Phil blinks as it closes. This is certainly turning out to be an eventful morning.

Techno, he discovers when he reaches the basement, is already awake as well. He's running through the motions of villager trades, half asleep, and yet still alert enough not to make any mistakes. He speaks up before Phil is in his field of vision.

"Mornin', Phil."

"Good morning, mate."

Phil suddenly isn't quite sure where to go with this. He swallows.

"Ranboo's already awake this morning, isn't that nice?"

"Good to see that he's survived another day" Techno grunts. He's half asleep. Phil lets it slide.

"Yeah, I was, um. I was thinking of making us all some tea, yeah? You should come up."

Techno furrows his brow as he considers this. He opens a few chests, double checks some things, and then nods as he yawns. "Might as well, I needed breakfast anyway."

They make their way upstairs, and Phil turns on the stove. Techno sits at the table, looking on the verge of falling asleep again. Phil takes a breath.

"Alright, listen, Techno, I don't want to lie to you - Ranboo says he has some important news for us, and from what I understand, it could be... Upsetting. Are- are you in a state of mind to receive information that could upset you?"

Techno blinks up at him, eyes bleary with sleep. "Upset me how badly," he asks.

"Nobody's hurt or dying, and no new governments that I know of, but... You might get pretty mad at him."

Techno snorts. "It's Ranboo, how bad can it be."

As if on cue, Ranboo bursts through the door with a zombie pigman the size of a toddler bundled up in his arms. The kid is holding a plush chicken, and he's wearing a jacket that's far too big for him, despite obviously being too small to be Ranboo's.

Phil and Techno share a look.

Oh boy.

Ranboo sets the toddler on the couch and turns to Phil, pointedly angling himself away from Techno.

"So," Ranboo asks nervously, refusing to glance in Techno's direction, "is the tea ready?"

The kid's body language *screams* fight or flight, so Phil busies himself with making the tea, giving Ranboo his personal space.

"No, I haven't started," he admits as he rifles through their cabinets, "but I better make it chamomile."

Ranboo doesn't respond at all as Phil retrieves the tea, and when Phil turns around, he freezes as well, baffled.

Phil and Ranboo both watch in shock as Michael strides up to Techno, determined, and offers him his plush chicken. Techno looks flabbergasted.

Phil has to hold back a laugh.

Gingerly, careful not to damage it, Techno takes the plush in his hands. He looks up at Ranboo.



"Ranboo, am I hallucinatin', or is there an orphan in my house?"

Ranboo's fists clench. "He- um... He's my son, actually?"

Techno blinks. "Your... Son."

"Well," Phil claps his hands, "I'll make the tea."

---

It's seven in the morning, and Techno wishes he'd slept in.

Their conversation had honestly been a disaster from the start.

"So," Ranboo had sighed resignedly as they'd all sat down to talk, "what should I start with: my son, my husband, or the demon possessing me?"

Phil had choked on the tea he'd been sipping. "I'm sorry, the *what!?*"

Techno had scoffed at him, rolling his eyes. "Okay Protagonist, save some plot for season four."

"I resent that," Ranboo had deadpanned back, and Techno had to fight back a smile. He really did like Ranboo, and he couldn't see the kid doing very much to upset him.

"Demon first," Techno had declared, crossing his feet as he lounged on their couch, "because I doubt I'm going to have to kill your son or your husband."

Ranboo had laughed, half hysteric and half mortified. "You would think so, wouldn't you?"

Phil swatted at his arm.

Ranboo hissed at him.

Then, finally feeling the weight of Techno's gaze, Ranboo had taken a breath, and begun his tale.

That had been what felt like hours ago.

Techno had woken up and expected to head to his wither farm and grind for skulls, take Carl out for a ride, maybe work on a few secret projects he wasn't quite ready to reveal yet. He'd fully intended to have a normal, basic day.

Techno sits in his living room listening to Ranboo describe the extent of his demonic possession, and there's a baby Zombie Pigman next to Techno currently flipping through a historical tome from Phil's travels.

*It's seven in the morning.*

Techno knows the kid isn't reading it - even if he were literate, it would be leagues above the reading level of a child - but the kid sits so still, studies the maps so intensely. If Techno strains hard enough, he can make out the kid softly humming to himself. When did Ranboo even adopt him?

Techno realizes with a start that he's been tuning out the conversation, and forces himself to start listening again.

"...doesn't sound like a demon," Phil is saying, "or even a dreamon, for that matter." Phil scribbles on a notepad, because he apparently has been taking notes, which makes Techno feel even shittier

for not listening.

He glances over to the child. "You don't blame me, right?" He mumbles in piglin. "This conversation is impossible to follow."

The kid looks up at him and smiles. "Map," he says in piglin, pointing to his book.

Techno nods at him. "Map," he agrees, and he tunes back in.

To his surprise, both Ranboo and Phil are staring at him.

"Oh my god," realizes Ranboo, "you can talk to Michael."

Techno frowns. "You adopted a kid without being able to talk to him?"

"It's not- okay, *he* followed *us* around, and he kept trying to come through the portal with us, and- and we even took him around to zombie pigmen and tried to get them to take him! Nobody wanted him, and he wanted to come, Michael- it isn't our fault!"

Michael, Techno notes. Huh. There are worse names, he supposes.

*Wait*, Techno mentally backtracks. *We?*

"We being...?" He prompts.

Ranboo tenses, and Techno can feel the fear coming off him in waves. Which is ridiculous - killing whoever Ranboo is married to wouldn't even make the kid an orphan, it'd be a waste of time. Also, Techno wouldn't do that to Ranboo, but you didn't hear that from him. As long as Ranboo isn't married to the head of a government, he'll be fine.

Phil places a hand on Ranboo's. "One thing at a time, Techno," he chastises. "I'm trying to keep him from getting possessed, slow the fuck down."

He turns back to Ranboo. "Honestly, this sounds like it has to do with whatever the other half of you is, because..."

Annnnd Techno has zoned out again.

Michael has found a spare sheet of paper, and he's scribbling away with a fancy quill that looks absurd in his tiny hands.

Well, if Phil and Ranboo are going to keep yammering on about things that Techno doesn't understand, the child may as well be better company.

He hunches over to look at Michael's drawing. "Whatcha makin, there?" He asks, disinterested.

Michael holds up his drawing proudly. "Boo!"

It's a crude drawing, but the fact that he's colored in half of the figure and left the other half blank is a dead giveaway.

Techno can't completely suppress his smile. "Honestly, Michael, that looks just like him. Dead ringer, especially with his hair messed up like it is right now. You're exceptionally talented."

Michael flips the paper over, but Techno squints. "Hang on a sec," he says, and he gets up to rummage around in his chests. He should have at least a few colored writing utensils... Eventually,

he finds something that will suffice, and heads back over.

"Here," he says, dropping the bag on the table. "This is rune chalk meant for witchcraft. Don't summon anything."

Michael opens the bag, and takes out a piece of chalk.

"Gween!" He exclaims.

"So true," agrees Techno.

Phil is still listening to Ranboo talk about his situation, but he catches Techno's eye. His grin is subtle, but mocking nonetheless. Techno huffs.

*Don't make a big deal out of this, he tries to convey, or I'll bring the kid outside and start his combat training early.*

Phil shrugs, hands up in surrender, but the smile never leaves his face. Poor Ranboo is still too frazzled to notice their exchange.

Techno looks at Ranboo's ring, glinting in the light as he gestures wildly. From what Techno can tell, it's incredibly well crafted. *Good, he thinks, Ranboo doesn't need to be married to someone incompetent.*

Come to think of it, Techno has no idea who Ranboo's husband could even be. It would have to be someone around his age, and Techno doubts Tommy could craft a ring like that...

Michael tugs on his sleeve, drawing him out of his thoughts.

"Another masterpiece?" He deadpans. Michael holds up his picture, and Techno nearly faints.

Green shirt. Brown hair. Horns. What looks like a nuclear weapon behind him.

"Bee!" Michael elaborates.

Techno's eyes shoot to meet Ranboo's, who is still ranting, but when Phil catches his arm, Ranboo stops.

"Techno," tries Phil, but Techno isn't having it. He stands up so quickly that he pushes the table away, and Michael whines as his piece of chalk snaps.

Techno takes a breath. Tries to calm himself.

"Ranboo," he grits, "I get that you're not exactly spoiled for choice of husband, but did it have to be..."

Actually, he decides, "my nemesis" would be giving the kid too much credit.

Techno growls. "Couldn't it have been anyone else?"

Ranboo gulps. "L-listen, I," he stammers, "I know that he kind of, kind of tried to execute you, but-but I was there, too, and I was- I was with them, and you took *me* in, so-"

"I don't care about that!" Techno rumbles, incredulous. "Ranboo, he's government!"

Phil and Ranboo both look dumbfounded.

"He's... Government," Ranboo repeats slowly.

Techno narrows his eyes. Alright, maybe he'd worded that one wrong, point Ranboo.

Luckily, Techno is about to win that point back.

"Don't think I don't know," Techno warns, "about Snowchester."

Ranboo blanches. "It's not a government," he tries frantically. "It's not- there's no president, there's no hierarchy, they- they have no leader-"

"You expect me to believe he isn't the leader-"

"He *isn't*, he's the founder. 'Leader' and 'Founder' mean different things, that's why we have two different words-"

"Oh, so it's the *founder's* job to control the nukes, then, is it?"

"Um, guys," Phil tries to interrupt, but Techno is having tunnel vision and he feels like he's being betrayed again and he honestly doesn't care about anything other than winning this argument.

"The nukes were for *Dream*, Techno." Ranboo is raising his voice now, as well, and Techno hates that he has to look up to meet Ranboo's eyes as Ranboo stands. "The guy that tried to kill him and I both multiple times? How is you having withers to protect your home any different from him having nukes to protect his-"

"Because *I* didn't go from President of a nation to 'Founder' of a 'Commune' in the span of a week and a half!" He shouts back, complete with sarcastic air quotes.

"Guys," Phil urges, but the two continue on.

"Why should that have any affect- you know what, I bet if Wilbur made nukes, you'd let him get away with it. He was an ex president, and you tripped over yourself to help him-"

"Do *not* bring Wilbur into this. You dont know *anything* about him-"

"*You* don't know anything about *him!*"

"I know enough!"

"*Shut the fuck up!*" Phil finally shouts at them. Techno and Ranboo both blink in surprise.

As Techno's tunnel vision clears and he comes back down to Earth, he notices what Phil has in his arms.

Michael is crying, tiny fists balled in in Phil's shirt, and Phil is comforting him as best he can.

"You made the fuckin' kid cry," he spits. "If you're gonna keep shouting, go the fuck outside." Phil holds Michael close, rubbing his back as the child's hiccuping sobs continue.

Techno may be stubborn, but he isn't a monster. Of course he feels like an ass for making Michael cry.

Ranboo is at Michael's side in an instant, murmuring apologies, offering to hold him. Michael takes the offer immediately, and Techno realizes that Michael calls Ranboo "Boo" in commonspeak as he whimpers.

Ranboo suddenly shoots a look at Techno, and Techno must be doing something right with mentoring him, because if he were a lesser man, he'd be shaking in his boots.

"He's forgiven you," Ranboo says. There's no venom behind it. If anything, he sounds... Hurt.

"Tubbo. Tubbo's forgiven you for everything."

It's the first time any of them have said his name so far.

Techno clenches his jaw. He knows Tubbo *said* he'd forgiven him after the festival, but there was no way that was still the case. Not after everything Techno had done, after everything else he intended to do. Ranboo keeps going.

"He forgave you because he's kind, and because he cares about me. He knows that you mean something to me, and he didn't want to force me to choose sides."

Techno suppresses a flinch. Ranboo hates choosing sides.

"I tried to choose people," Ranboo finishes, on the verge of tears, "but I guess you're not going to choose me."

With that, Ranboo turns and marches out of the house into the snow, Michael cradled in his arms.

Michael waves goodbye to Techno from over Ranboo's shoulder, pouting. He's not their biological son, but he somehow has Tubbo's eyes.

---

Tommy Innit is tied for Tubbo Underscore's favorite person in the entire world. He's been there for him for as long as Tubbo can remember, and after everything they've been through, they still know each other inside and out. Tubbo couldn't ask for a better best friend to have by his side.

But Tommy is a pretty shit builder.

They'd decided on a flower field biome, because it was close to their portal location, because Tubbo loves flowers and he knows Tommy does, too, even if he denies it. Their little flower field biome has a few scattered beehives and a village a comfortable distance away and a babbling brook that leads to a lake brimming with fish, and it'd seemed like the perfect place to make their new home.

Tubbo's house is reminiscent of Snowchester, but not an exact copy - he'd taken the lack of available nearby spruce trees at their new home as a sign to leave the past behind him. His cozy little cottage has a chimney and a farm and a pen for sheep, and it sits in the middle of a lovely little flower-filled meadow.

Tommy's house sits next to Tubbo's. If Tubbo is being honest, though, he'd say it's less of a house and more of a cobblestone monstrosity.

It doesn't really matter what Tommy's house looks like - between movie nights and night terrors, they usually end up passed out on Tubbo's couch anyway. Still, Tommy's house is an eyesore, and Tubbo really deserves a medal for putting up with it.

Tubbo lounges on his porch as he glances over at his recently built bee apiary. He's quite fond of the apiary, which is, in typical Tubbo fashion, a front for the underground villager trading ring that lies right beneath it. In Tubbo's defense, though, it was very therapeutic to beekkeep - it was just slightly more therapeutic to ensure that he and Tommy had enough armor to protect themselves.

Tommy is currently off working on a "secret project" that Tubbo isn't allowed to see, and when he'd announced that to Tubbo this morning, Tubbo had smiled and packed Tommy extra food in his backpack and pretended he didn't know it was another cobblestone rollercoaster. (As long as it doesn't extend high enough for him to see from the house, he can abide by yet another ugly cobblestone build.)

They're doing well for themselves, Tubbo thinks. It's a bit boring out here, but if anyone can think of things to do, it's him and Tommy. Tubbo spies an unoccupied spot of land in their valley as he gazes across their new home, and starts contemplating what he could put there. A guest house, he thinks, would be nice. For when he convinces Ranboo to trust himself enough to come visit. Tubbo thinks Ranboo might end up falling asleep mid-movie on his couch as well.

Tubbo is startled from his thoughts by an incoming message on his communicator.

*Ranboo whispers to you: Tubbo*

*Ranboo whispers to you: Are you awake?*

*You whisper to Ranboo: yes*

Immediately, Tubbo worries. Anything and everything could've gone wrong - the wardens could've discovered his location. Ranboo could be being held hostage, or maybe Techno and Phil are on their way to kill them, maybe Michael got hurt-

Tubbo shakes his head and stands up. He takes a breath, listens to the babbling of the river and the buzzing of his nearby bees and the faint curses Tommy is shouting.

Expect the best, prepare for the worst.

*Ranboo whispers to you: Can you come to the crater*

*Ranboo whispers to you: Please*

*You whisper to Ranboo: yes are you okay??*

*Ranboo: Physically yes I am okay*

*You: is Michel okay*

*Ranboo: Yes. I've got him with me now actually*

Tubbo sighs in relief.

*You whisper to Ranboo: can i talk to him*

*Ranboo whispers to you: sure*

*Ranboo whispers to you: say hi Michael*

*Ranboo whispers to you: ajxuQ#+\_7@;kandai ebbbbbbeeeeeooooo*

*You whisper to Ranboo: ily too son*

Tubbo is grinning at his communicator like an idiot. The past week without Ranboo and Michael has been tougher than he'd realized, and talking to them again is soothing in a way he can't quite describe.

*Ranboo whispers to you: I told Techno and Phil*

*You whisper to Ranboo: it didnt go well did it*

*Ranboo whispers to you: they were less upset about me getting regularly possessed than me being married to you*

*Ranboo whispers to you: if thats any indication*

*You whisper to Ranboo: oh ranboo :(*

*You whisper to Ranboo: omw*

*You whisper to Ranboo: want me to bring tommy*

*Ranboo whispers to you: Please*

*You whisper to Ranboo: see you soon my beloved :)*

Tubbo flips his communicator closed and sighs. He'd had a feeling this would happen, and so he had tried not to be pushy with Ranboo when he hadn't told them immediately.

Tubbo hates to see him sad, but at least he's safe.

Tubbo finds Tommy rifling through a chest, muttering to himself. Tommy looks up at him and narrows his eyes.

"Tommy, hey," he starts. "We need to-"

"What the fuck are you doing?" Tommy whines. "Tubbo, what part of *secret project* do you not understand? Secret means you can't see it!"

Tubbo rolls his eyes. "I know it's a roller coaster, Tommy. Come on, Ranboo's in trouble."

Any complaints Tommy would've had die in his throat as his eyes darken. He starts walking immediately.

"What happened, is he safe? If Techno did something I swear to fuckin' God-"

"He's fine, big man, chill. They're just mad that we're married."

Tommy scoffs. "They would be, wouldn't they? They always hated you. Jealous, I bet. Not Ranboo's fault he can get married and Techno can't."

"You think Techno's upset because he doesn't have a plankton-ic husband?" Tubbo asks him as they pack their essentials, amused.

"Well, sure seems like it, doesn't it?"

Tommy leads the way as they find their portal spot - they'd ended up right at the mouth of a cave, and had destroyed the portal to avoid being found. This was the entrance to their subtle breadcrumb trail back home.

"Hey," Tommy stops him, just before they step through. "I'm not fucking around, alright? If Ranboo or your kid got hurt, I really will help you fight Techno. I'll beat the shit out of him and rob him blind"

Tubbo smiles at him. That's his Tommy.

"Nah," he concedes, "Ranboo likes them. We'd have to wait for the go ahead."

They step into the portal.

"But," he adds, once they're both mid-teleport, "once we get the go-ahead, I call dibs on the villagers we steal from him."

Tommy's sudden bark of laughter is cut off as they finally go through.

---

Ranboo nearly cries when he spots Tommy and Tubbo approaching the crater.

He's been passing the time with Michael, playing patty cake or peekaboo or fetch or any other

game they could play without being able to talk much. At the moment, Michael sits in his lap, playing with Ranboo's hands.

Ranboo, for his part, has been replaying the morning's events in his head on repeat.

The fact that he expected it didn't make it hurt any less. He'd really had a small sliver of hope that Techno cared, that Ranboo's happiness mattered more to him than who was or was not a former government official, and to have that proven wrong...

Ranboo has four unread messages in his communicator. The thought of opening them makes him sick.

Michael jumps up out of his lap and starts running as soon as he spots Tubbo. Ranboo stands, brushes the snow off his pants, and smiles as Tubbo starts running as well.

"Michael!" Tubbo swoons.

"Bee!" Michael exclaims in reply.

Michael launches himself into Tubbo's arms, and Ranboo can hear him giggling as Tubbo spins him around.

"Michael, my baby boy! My spawn!" Tubbo sing-songs.

Tommy grimaces. "Ew."

Tubbo puts his forehead against Michael's. "Did you miss me?" Michael nods, and buries his face in Tubbo's neck. Tubbo holds him, rocks him back and forth. It's so adorable to witness that Ranboo almost forgets about everything that's happened.

Almost.

Finally, Tubbo meets Ranboo's eyes, and the tension drains from Ranboo's shoulders.

"...Hi," he says weakly.

"Tommy," says Tubbo, "this is Michael. He's your nephew or something, I dunno, but you're family. Hold him."

Tommy splutters. "What, I- are you sure? He's-"

Tommy doesn't get to finish before Tubbo has shifted Michael into Tommy's arms.

Ranboo doesn't even have to ask for a hug before Tubbo closes the distance between them and wraps him in a tight embrace.

"I'm sorry, Boo," he mumbles.

Ranboo sighs shakily. "It's okay."

The two break apart, and Ranboo has to bite back his laughter. Tommy currently has Michael held at arm's length as Michael swings his feet back and forth happily.

"What do I... Do with him?" He asks, less disgusted than he is confused.

"I dunno, he's a kid, Tommy. Play with him or something." Tubbo replies.



Tommy frowns, eyes set on Ranboo, and he sets Michael down.

Tommy marches over and grabs Ranboo by the shoulders, makes Ranboo really look at him.

"Are you okay?" He asks, softer than Ranboo can ever remember hearing him be to anyone besides Tubbo. "Really, man, are you alright?"

Ranboo smiles. No matter what happens with Phil and Techno, he knows he has two people that will always care.

"I'm okay," he decides. "This... This really sucks, but I've been through worse."

Tommy smiles. "What a fucked up thing to say," he declares, and he turns back to Tubbo.

"Alright," Tommy announces, "I know you two probably want Husband Time, so I guess I'll go bond with this child or something."

Tommy picks Michael up by the leg and carries him upside down as he walks off. Michael squeals in glee. Ranboo nearly has a heart attack. Tubbo is unfazed.

"Don't teach him any swears!" Ranboo calls after him.

"And if you do," adds Tubbo, "make sure they're funny!"

Ranboo looks down at him and frowns. Tubbo smiles.

"I missed you," he says simply. Ranboo melts.

Ranboo sits in the snow. Tubbo plops down next to him, and Ranboo leans his head on Tubbo's like it's muscle memory.

(This is how they'd been sitting when they'd decided to get married, on the roof of Tubbo's home in Snowchester.

Tubbo, tears still drying on his cheeks, had opened up to him. About trauma, about Tommy. Not everything, but enough to make Ranboo feel like Tubbo trusted him immensely.

Tubbo had been discussing how he didn't know if he'd ever really have a future, how he'd gotten used to living week to week, never thinking more than a month ahead, and Ranboo had realized with a sickening jolt that Tubbo had never been able to guarantee his *survival* beyond a month into the future.

It was tragic, and Ranboo couldn't do anything about it.

"Maybe it's overrated," he'd offered, "getting married and having kids. Getting old."

"Well," Tubbo had mused, "I've got a kid already - we've got Michael, don't we?"

"Yeah, I guess we do." It was still weird, having Michael, but Ranboo found himself more and more attached to the kid every second of the past two days they'd had him.

"I don't care much about getting old, either - my bones will just get all brittle, and then they'll break and I'll be like a peach."

"Yeah," Ranboo had agreed, "I get what you mean."

In no way had he gotten what Tubbo meant.

"Marriage seems nice, though," said Tubbo, lost in thought.

Marriage... *did* seem nice, if Ranboo was being honest. Not the romance part, really, that wasn't for him, but the idea of a life partner? Someone that cared about you enough to guarantee they'd be there with you for the rest of your life?

Ranboo had always preferred to choose people, and marriage was basically just choosing a person.

Tubbo sat up suddenly, turning to look at him.

"Would you want to, do you think?"

"Want to what?"

"Get married."

"Yeah, I think so," said Ranboo.

Sometime in his future, marriage would be fun. Maybe after he worked out his whole Dream problem, after the egg was taken care of-

"Should I propose, then? You can, if you want. Or we could flip a coin."

Ranboo blinked, and his mind had drawn a blank.

*Huh?*

Ranboo furrowed his brow as he suddenly realized his mistake.

Oh. Tubbo meant marry *him*. He meant *now*.

"I'm- I," Ranboo stammered, because the concept of marriage - of that kind of commitment - was a terrifyingly large decision to make.

Then again, though, it was *Tubbo*.

Tubbo, who had refused to execute him, who did not hold a grudge after Ranboo betrayed him. Tubbo who would sit with him when he panicked and hum a song Ranboo had never heard before and tell him he was going to be okay. Tubbo who would explain anything and everything Ranboo forgot, even if he didn't do the best job at explaining it. Tubbo who, at that moment, was under immense stress, who had a target on his back and a bounty on his head, and who wanted to share his life with Ranboo anyway.

Ranboo wasn't used to that, being someone's first choice. It was strange.

"What about Tommy?" He'd asked as a reflex. Tubbo's expression had shifted slightly.

"I'm not asking Tommy to marry me. I'm asking you."

Ranboo blinked in incredulity.

Tubbo's eyes widened. "As- as friends! As friends, of course as friends, ew. Sorry, I should've-"

"No, no, I got the 'as friends' part," replied Ranboo, slowly, not meeting his eyes. "It's- it's the 'I

want to spend my life with you' part that's throwing me off."

"I do, though," said Tubbo, far too nonchalant and easygoing for a declaration of lifelong commitment. "I'd like to have you in my life for however long I've got left. Might as well get some cool matching rings, yeah? I mean, Tommy and I have bandanas. Isn't it kind of the same thing?"

*No, Ranboo thought, matching bandanas and marriage are decidedly not, in fact, the same thing.*

Instead of voicing this thought to Tubbo, Ranboo stammered.

"I... Tubbo, are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure," Tubbo smiled. "Don't overthink it, Ranboo, it's just marriage. If you figure out you don't like it, just divorce me."

Ranboo couldn't argue with that.

"...Let's flip a coin," he finally decided with a smile of his own, and Tubbo's maniacal grin in reply is still ingrained in Ranboo's mind.)

"What now?" Asks Tubbo, and Ranboo jolts back to the present.

"I... I don't know," he admits. "I have no idea. I mean, I- I don't... I don't know if I can go back."

Tubbo hums, and grabs Ranboo's hand. "Do you want to go back?" He probes, twisting Ranboo's ring absentmindedly.

"I... Think so?" Ranboo answers, but he's not confident about it.

"...I want to go back, yes, but not if... I want to go back to a version of them that are okay with me being married to you," he finally deciphers.

"They're not, though," Tubbo reminds him, voice barely above a whisper. "They're not. They might not ever be."

"I know," laments Ranboo. "Believe me."

There's a beat of silence, and Ranboo lets himself rethink his situation now that he's more relaxed. He still has unread messages, but he isn't quite ready to tackle those yet. He doesn't know what he'll do if he reads "don't come home", if the banishment becomes real.

Tubbo squeezes his hand. "Can I run something by you, big man?"

"Okay," says Ranboo, because he might as well.

"What if... You and Michael came with us?"

Ranboo inhales sharply. "Tubbo-"

"No, no, hear me out! If you really don't have a place to stay, we can keep you safe, can- can build you your own little cottage, or you can just add a room onto mine, or-"

"C'mon, Bee, don't-"

"And I've already run this by Tommy, as well! He is completely on board, I promise, he wants you safe as much as I do-"

"Tubbo, I *can't*," he forces out. "You *know* I can't. If- if I sleepwalk back to Dream, all he or anyone else has to do is follow me home or ask me for the coords, and you and Tommy are done for."

"Then we'll keep you under watch. We'll- we'll lock the doors at night, hide the keys, you- you'd have to build a portal, as well, it's too far to walk in a night, we'd hide the obsidian. We could also, if you wanted, blindfold you on the way there, that way you-"

"Tubbo," Ranboo sighs in exhaustion, "I don't want you guys to... Why would you risk all that for me? You're putting your lives at stake, you know that."

"Of course I know that," scoffs Tubbo.

"Ranboo," he starts, shifting to look at him. "I married you."

"I'm aware."

"Do you know why?"

Ranboo shakes his head, because he figures Tubbo will get mad if he says *because you were having a crisis and I was right there*.

"I married you, Ranboo, because I care about you. You're tied for my favorite person in the whole world, three ways, alright? I'd do anything for Tommy, you know that, and I'd lay down my life to protect Michael, too. But you've gotta start including yourself in that family in your head."

Tubbo is frowning at him, now, some mixture of sympathy and hurt in his face. "Ranboo, this isn't a mistake. I didn't marry you as a joke or a prank, okay? You... I feel like you think you don't deserve this, or that I don't mean it, but... I mean it. You're my husband. I love you and I love Tommy and I love Michael, and I love our little homes that we've made, too, but that will never be more important than you guys, alright?"

Ranboo is stunned. He blinks uselessly. Tubbo doesn't like to give emotional speeches like that, he knows, and he'd done it anyway. He grabs Tubbo and holds him close.

"Thank you."

They sit like that for a bit, to give Ranboo time to process. How does he even respond to that? How can Ranboo convey that Tubbo has given him everything he's ever wanted just by giving him a family that cares?

"Living together would be nice," Tubbo adds, "because Michael is probably starting to think we're divorced, living miles apart and all."

Ranboo laughs wetly, still holding back tears.

"Yeah, I guess I've got custody at the moment."

He pulls away from Tubbo.

"We could probably trade custody of Michael, I guess. It isn't like he'd be able to tell anyone the coordinates or describe the location, unless they speak piglin."

"True!" Tubbo's agrees excitedly. "Oh my god, when Tommy finishes his shitty roller coaster, we can-"

"It's not shitty!" Tommy shouts from somewhere distant. He suddenly comes stomping into view. "It's not finished yet, and you haven't even seen it, dickhead."

Tommy has Michael sat on his shoulders, and Michael is dual wielding sticks. He waves them back and forth at Ranboo. Ranboo waves back.

"Okay, okay," concedes Tubbo, "it's not done yet. But I'm not putting my kid on a shitty roller coaster, so you'd better make it good."

Tommy scoffs in mock offense. "I bet Michael thinks it's cool."

Tommy grins wickedly at the child on his shoulders.

"Michael," he recites, "what do we say when Uncle TommyInnit is being awesome!"

"PogChamp!" Cries Michael, raising his sticks as he grins.

"Yes!" Tommy praises, "exactly big man! You're so smart!"

Ranboo and Tubbo laugh. "Glad you're getting along," Ranboo smirks.

Tommy sniffs. "Not my fault you picked a smart kid, is it? Come on, Michael, they're still being gross. Where to now?"

Michael babbles in piglin and points at a nearby tree, dissolving into giggles as Tommy races towards it, making racecar noises all the way.

"Huh," says Tubbo. "Well, that could've gone a lot worse, I suppose."

Ranboo smiles, and for the first time since this morning, he thinks things might be alright.

"Living with you guys... It could be good, I think," he admits. "It's dangerous, but if it's the only option..."

Tubbo grabs his hand. "We'll make it work," he promises.

Ranboo offers him a weak smile, and pulls out his communicator. Still four missed messages.

"They messaged me," he relays to Tubbo, "but I've been too scared to open it."

"Well, open it, then," urges Tubbo. "It could be an apology!"

"Yeah, or it could be a 'don't come home' message," argues Ranboo.

He knows he has a guaranteed home with Tommy and Tubbo, if he wants it, but... Phil and Techno mean a lot to him. If he has to lose them to protect his family, he will, but it's still going to hurt.

"...We'll be here either way, you know," Tubbo reminds him, squeezing his hand in reassurance. Ranboo takes a breath and flicks the communicator on.

*Philza whispers to you: Sorry about what happened with Techno. You should give him a chance, though. He's really torn up about it*

*Technoblade whispers to you: where are you*

*Technoblade whispers to you: Ranboo where are you*

*Technoblade whispers to you: are you and Michael safe*

*Safe*, Ranboo types, and then, just to remind Techno he's still upset, *With Tubbo*.

From his position reading over Ranboo's shoulder, Tubbo cackles. "Yeah, that's right," he cheers. Ranboo shakes his head fondly.

The communicator blinks. No new messages. Ranboo refreshes. No new messages.

"Maybe he got so mad you were with me that he threw it away?" Tubbo ponders. "Or maybe he's going to take a selfie with *his* new husband. You know, Tommy thinks he's jealous."

Tubbo's rambling is interrupted as Techno finally replies.

*Technoblade whispers to you: come home.*

*Technoblade whispers to you: bring Tubbo.*

Ranboo sees red. He can feel himself, hackles raised, hiss involuntarily. Tubbo slips his arms around Ranboo's waist, anchoring him to the present.

*You whisper to Technoblade: like I'm going to lead him to you*

*You whisper to Technoblade: I get that you want him dead, but you're gonna have to find someone else to lead him to his death*

*You whisper to Technoblade: or better yet, don't, because you'll have to get through me*

"Breathe," Tubbo is murmuring to him. "I'm not dead, I'm right here. Just breathe."

Ranboo takes deep, shuddering breaths as he waits on Techno to respond. Tubbo is here, Tubbo is safe and alive, and Tommy and Michael are sat under a tree, Tommy cutting up an apple for them to share, and even if Technoblade wanted to come and hurt them, he has no idea where they are.

The communicator dings again.

*Technoblade whispers to you: Ranboo I have no way to convince you that I'm not going to kill him other than asking you to trust me*

*Technoblade whispers to you: if I was going to kill him, I wouldn't ask you to bring him here*

*Technoblade whispers to you: I don't want to kill him, I just want to talk*

*You whisper to Technoblade: why should I trust you*

*Technoblade whispers to you: I don't know. I can't make you trust me*

*Technoblade whispers to you: but I promise you, I will not lay a finger on any of them while they're in my home.*

Ranboo lets out a long breath of air, and Tubbo tightens his hold.

"What do I do?" Asks Ranboo, and Tubbo tilts his head.

"I... Don't think I can answer that, Boo. I think this one's up to you."

Ranboo's communicator pings.

*Philza whispers to you: I know you might not trust him, but I really do think he just wants to talk*

Ranboo sighs.

*You whisper to Technoblade: so you really just want to talk, huh*

*You whisper to Technoblade: one big family dinner with all of us*

*Technoblade whispers to you: I think a whole dinner might kind of be overkill, but if you insist*

"Ooh, are we going to dinner?" Asks Tubbo, bouncing in excitement.

*Technoblade whispers to you: Phil says soup's on at 6*

*Technoblade whispers to you: Please come*

The blinking cursor in the box seems to mock Ranboo as he makes his decision.

Techno tried to kill Tommy and Tubbo multiple times. With Tubbo, he ended up succeeding, once. And Ranboo is about to lead Tubbo right to him.

Ranboo looks over his shoulder at his husband. "Are you okay with going?"

"Yeah, sure," Tubbo smiles. "Free food, and I reckon it'd be good for you to talk."

"Yeah, but-"

"Ranboo, Technoblade has tried and failed to kill me many times. Today will not be the day he succeeds." Tubbo's tone is still as bright as always, smile unmoving.

Ranboo kind of loves having a husband, he thinks.

*You whisper to Technoblade: okay*

*You whisper to Technoblade: we'll be there*

"Michael's favorite food is spaghetti, right?"

"Yep!" Tubbo nods, visibly proud of Ranboo for remembering. "Only with meatballs, though."

*Ranboo: make spaghetti and meatballs*

Ranboo flips his communicator closed, emotionally exhausted.

"I'm proud of you," Tubbo tells him earnestly. "Really. You did good, alright?"

"Thank you."

Ranboo gazes down at Tubbo, and allows himself a moment to mourn the loss of a world in which they lived together, with Tommy and Michael, in a valley surrounded by flowers. It certainly would've been nice.

Ranboo is pulled from his thoughts by the sound of Michael giggling and clapping his hands.

"Bitch!" Michael shouts as Tommy defends him from a nearby skeleton. In Tommy's defense, the skeleton doesn't make it within ten feet of Michael before Tommy has a sword plunged through its skull.

"Yes, yes, exactly! He is a bitch!" Tommy encourages.

Tubbo sighs. "Well, he's gotta learn English somehow."

Ranboo chuckles as they both make their way over. He crouches down to look at Michael, who still has an uneaten apple slice in his hand.

Michael points at Tommy. "Mimi!" Michael exclaims.

Tommy smirks as he saunters over. "I'm *Mimi*," he explains, wearing the nickname like a badge of

honor.

Tubbo picks Michael up. "Have you been having fun with Mimi?" He asks. Michael nods.

"What do we say when something is fun," asks Tommy.

In unison, he and Michael give a definitive nod. "Me gusta," they say together.

Tommy bursts into laughter, and Ranboo brings a hand to his head.

"Oh god," he groans, "there's two of them."

"We've been trying to teach him common for weeks," Tubbo laughs incredulously, "and you've succeeded with 'Bitch' and 'Me gusta'."

"Don't forget PogChamp," Tommy corrects.

Michael gasps. "Me Gusta PogChamp?" He asks.

Ranboo has never seen Tommy so close to crying.

Tommy takes Michael from Tubbo's arms. "You know what, I've decided. Michael is a very smart young boy, and he needs the great TommyInnit as his mentor."

"Cool," says Tubbo.

"He's my son, now," Tommy deadpans.

"No," Tubbo chirps happily.

"...Our son?" Ranboo offers. "Just because you aren't married to either of us doesn't mean you can't help raise him, if you want."

Tommy grimaces. "Ugh, but raising a kid is so... Shit." He looks down at Michael. "You would never raise a kid, would you, Michael."

Michael babbles at him in Piglin, gesturing with his hands the way that Ranboo often does. Michael's a quick learner, that much is for sure.

"We're going to dinner," Ranboo suddenly remembers, "by the way. Techno and Phil want us to come and talk."

Tommy takes a step back, holding Michael close to his chest. "Doesn't that sound like... I dunno, a terrible idea to you?"

"It'll be fine," Tubbo waves his hand. "He's not gonna kill us. Anyway, they're making spaghetti and meatballs, and that's Michael's favorite, so. I reckon we have to go."

Tommy still looks apprehensive, but Michael stops squirming around in his arms long enough to say "Sketti," and Ranboo watches Tommy melt.

"Fine," he huffs "But only so Michael can have sketti."

"PogChamp," says Michael, and with that, their dysfunctional family has a dinner date.



## Chapter End Notes

A few things that the perfectionist in me wants to clarify:

+ Phil is not Tommy or Techno's dad in this. Wilbur was Phil's son, and he was close enough to Tommy to practically raise him, but Phil never officially adopted Tommy or anything like that. Techno is just Phil's friend, but Wilbur considered him to be like a brother.

+ Michael knows more Piglin than he does English, but he picks things up quickly. He has trouble with some English words, though, so he sometimes shortens things, like shortening Tommy to Mimi.

+ Ranboo and Tubbo refer to each other as Bee and Boo affectionately (platonically) so much that Michael started calling them that, and they both agreed that they like it better than "dad" because "dad" makes them feel old

This was really really fun to write, so I hope you enjoy it as much as I do! I have zero experience writing Phil or Techno, so I hope it wasn't too painful. Chapter 3 will be out within the next few days, so look out for that :)

# Dysfunctional Family Dinner

## Chapter Summary

Over Techno's shoulder, Tubbo can see Tommy and Michael sneaking over to the fridge, only to be caught in the act by Phil.

"Quit it," Phil chastises, blocking Tommy's way to the fridge with his body, "you'll spoil your dinner."

"Tommy's here," frowns Techno. "I don't remember agreein' to that."

"You didn't," Ranboo says simply, and the two enter a sort of staring contest, both daring the other to continue speaking on the matter.

Tubbo has a feeling he's in for a very long evening.

Eventually, Tubbo clears his throat awkwardly. "Hullo, Technoblade," he finally forces out. "I'm sorry for... marrying... Ranboo?"

Techno looks as uncomfortable and out of place as Tubbo feels.

"That's... Okay," Techno grunts. "I'm learning to... Deal with it."

## Chapter Notes

This is your warning that this last chapter is VERY long. I thought about splitting it into two chapters, but I couldn't find a satisfying place to break it in half, so it's just one really long finale! Anyway I hope this helps you guys cope with Recent Canon Events, because I know it helped me!

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

Tubbo Underscore is not a very emotional person.

Usually Tubbo prefers to keep his emotions to himself. He'll let the people he loves know that he cares, sure - but when it comes to discussing trauma or opening up about anxieties? That's an endless pit of despair, a downward spiral waiting to happen. Tubbo is worried that if he opens the floodgates, he won't ever get them to close.

As Ranboo would say, Tubbo will keep all his emotions right here, and then one day, he'll die.

Every rule has its exception, though, and as Tubbo stands outside Technoblade's house, he's sure his anxiety is written plainly on his face.

It's the first time he's been here (*really* been here, not getting shoved into Ranboo's house within the first few seconds) since the butcher army. Since Tommy was asleep in Techno's basement right under Tubbo's nose, and Tubbo had still thought Tommy was...

Tubbo doesn't quite regret the butcher army.

It had gone poorly, of course, and the plan wasn't very solid to begin with, but Tubbo doesn't really regret trying to execute Techno. Technoblade had made it clear after L'Manberg exploded the second time that he would destroy any and all government, and had disappeared afterwards without a trace. Of course the L'Manbergians would assume they were being hunted and attempt to strike first.

If you were a part of L'Manberg, you were *always* being hunted.

Tubbo wipes his sweaty palms on his jacket as he chews his lip. He's getting better - he isn't quite sure whether he's finally healing from trauma or he's just repressing it farther and farther down, but Tubbo is pretty sure he'll be able to hold a conversation with Techno without flinching.

...At least, he hopes so.

It's worse for Tommy, Tubbo imagines. Being back here, seeing Techno again, yet another reminder of exile. If Tubbo had to guess, he'd assume Tommy is going to treat the dinner as a joke, is going to use the tried and true Tubbo Underscore method of distancing yourself from a situation until it's over.

Problem is, Tommy's never been very good at detaching.

For a split second, Tubbo is above the L'Manberg crater, watching his country get destroyed for a second time. He is numb, completely zoned out, dissociating to the point of being catatonic. Tubbo can hear Tommy in a shouting match with Technoblade, voice dripping with venom, but he knows whatever Tommy is saying won't help. What's done is done.

Tubbo remembers keeping Tommy in his peripherals, remembers seeing Techno pull out a crossbow loaded with a firework. And Tubbo *hates* fireworks, can't stand to be around them, but in that moment he'd seen a weapon pointed at Tommy and his own trauma had taken a backseat as Tubbo flung himself in front of him.

It hadn't been a real death. They'd both died, the rocket going through Tubbo's head and into Tommy's heart, and it had hurt, (oh god had it hurt), but it wasn't a real death.

Tubbo honestly doesn't know if Techno had intended for it to fully kill them or not.

Now, though, Tommy has Michael in his arms, trying to teach him some kind of elaborate handshake. Michael, to his credit, actually seems to be picking some of it up.

Tommy's hands shake. His eyes aren't as bright as they should be.

Tubbo will keep an eye on him.

Before the visit, they'd had a talk, just the two of them, while Ranboo was off feeding a group of nearby ducks with Michael. Tubbo had double, triple, quadruple checked that Tommy was okay with coming, had made Tommy *swear* to keep his mouth shut when arguments got heated. If Tubbo had it his way, Tommy wouldn't interact with Technoblade at all, but he knows that's wishful thinking.

Ranboo is also visibly nervous, more so than normal, but as he raises a hand to knock on the door, he looks over to Tubbo one last time.

"You sure you want to go through with this?" Ranboo asks him, and for a moment, Tubbo feels

like Ranboo can sense his worry. "It's not too late for us to take a rain check."

Quite frankly, Tubbo would love to take a rain check. He'd like nothing more than to tell Technoblade to go fuck himself, and to grab Tommy and Ranboo and Michael and take them home, to put on a movie that Michael likes and take a nap.

Ranboo needs him, though, and Tubbo will be damned if he'll give anyone the satisfaction of calling him a bad husband.

Tubbo breaks into his signature smile, slipping on the mask easy as pie. He's gotten good at it, too - it's getting harder for Tommy and Ranboo to notice it's fake.

"I'm sure," he reassures his husband. "Hurry up, the spaghetti might be getting cold."

Ranboo huffs the ghost of a laugh, and knocks on the door.

Through some divine stroke of luck, it's Phil who answers.

"Ranboo," he greets, "Tubbo. Michael," he nods as an afterthought.

Phil's eyes widen as he realizes Tommy is with them. "I... See you've brought Tommy."

Phil's tone is tight, stilted, and all three of them freeze when they hear it. As they lapse into an uncomfortable silence, Tubbo almost hopes they get kicked out.

As it turns out, though, Michael is inheriting traits from Tubbo more and more every day, as he cuts through the tension by pointing at Phil and grinning. "Pi-za!"

Phil clicks his tongue. "Hmm. Hate that."

"Aren't you going to invite us in, Pizza Minecraft," Tommy mocks.

Phil raises an eyebrow at Ranboo. "You have a lovely family," he deadpans.

"Thanks," Ranboo deadpans back, "I picked them out myself," but Tubbo can tell from the small, knowing smiles they both wear that there's no real heat behind their barbs.

The quartet are led inside, shedding their boots and winter clothes, and Tubbo notices with a start that Technoblade's house is actually quite... Cozy.

He has art on his walls, and shelves of knick-knacks and artifacts that appear to date back decades. There are several large bookshelves, a seating area with a very strange looking coffee table, and an oil lamp burning low. The dining room is brimming with light, flames dancing on the candelabra centerpiece of the dining table.

Tubbo had honestly been expecting... A dungeon, or army barracks, or some kind of horrific training gauntlet. Technoblade's home - the tasteful rugs, the jar of hard candy on a nearby shelf, the potted plants scattered around - does not seem like the house of the Blood God. It seems more like the house of... An average person.

There's something profound, there, Tubbo knows, but he's using too much mental energy on his happy-go-lucky facade at the minute to try and decipher it.

Phil gestures for them all to make their way to the kitchen as he finishes setting the table.

"You lot are early," Phil explains, "so it'll be a bit before dinner is ready."

Tommy huffs, crossing his arms. "Phil, Michael and I are hungry now. We'll need some snacks to tide us over, please."

Looks like Tubbo's theory was right - Tommy is going to be in child mode for most of the evening.

"What- no! No, absolutely not!"

Whatever argument they were going to spiral into is cut off by Technoblade's entrance into the room.

Techno isn't wearing his cloak. He has on no armor, and there are no weapons at his side. In fact, Techno is wearing reading glasses. Once again, he looks much more human - less like a terrorist and more like a tired uncle.

Techno locks eyes with Tubbo, expression unreadable, and Tubbo can only stare back.

Tubbo purses his lips as he undergoes his mental gymnastics, trying desperately to figure out something reasonable to say.

Over Techno's shoulder, he can see Tommy and Michael sneaking over to the fridge, only to be caught in the act by Phil.

"Quit it," Phil chastises, blocking Tommy's way to the fridge with his body, "you'll spoil your dinner."

"Tommy's here," frowns Techno. "I don't remember agreein' to that."

"You didn't," Ranboo says simply, and the two enter a sort of staring contest, both daring the other to continue speaking on the matter.

Tubbo has a feeling he's in for a very long evening.

Eventually, Tubbo clears his throat awkwardly. "Hullo, Technoblade," he finally forces out. "I'm sorry for... marrying... Ranboo?"

Techno looks as uncomfortable and out of place as Tubbo feels.

"That's... Okay," Techno grunts. "I'm learning to... Deal with it."

Tubbo fidgets under Techno's gaze. "Erm... There was no wedding, if that makes you feel any better? If there had been, we'd have invited you for sure, becau-"

"What do you mean there was no wedding?" Phil cuts him off, turning his back on Tommy long enough for Tommy to duck under his arms and run for the fridge.

"We just eloped at Church Prime," Ranboo explains, "we didn't really have a ceremony."

"Instead of kissing," Tubbo fondly reminisces, "Ranboo piggyback carried me back to Snowchester, cause I was tired of walking. It was awesome."

"...Phil?" Techno questions. "That legal?"

"Er, it's hard to say..."

"Ooh, leftover chips *and* baby carrots! Michael, we have hit the jack-pot!"

"Oi! Tommy, quit that shit!"

"It's just elopement," Ranboo argues, "I'm pretty sure it's legal."

"Was there a witness to the wedding?" Phil asks them, finally giving up on chasing Tommy around.

Ranboo crosses his arms. "Does there *need* to be?" Tubbo can tell that Ranboo is getting a bit defensive, and he hopes to god that it takes at least a bit longer before they inevitably dissolve into petty squabbling.

"I mean... I haven't read the server-specific laws on marriage," Phil admits, doubt lacing his voice, "but in most marriages, you kinda need a witness."

"Um... Oh, Ponk was there!" Tubbo recalls.

"Oh yeah," replies Ranboo, "he was. He was in some kind of trance, staring at the Oogway mural? I- I don't know if that counts, cause he didn't actually *witness* the marriage."

Techno and Phil share a look.

"I don't think *anyone* should have to witness their marriage. Am I right, Phil?" Tommy bellows from his place on the floor, sharing snacks with Michael.

Phil pinches the bridge of his nose. "Tommy, you're dipping your carrot stick in the ketchup right now."

Everyone in the room looks over at once to discover Tommy doing exactly this, absentmindedly, as he hands Michael colors from the chalk bag.

Tommy rolls his eyes. "Get a load of this guy, Michael, can you believe this shit?"

"Shit," Michael parrots.

Phil sighs. "I'll go start the noodles."

At Tubbo's side, Ranboo is visibly tense. Tubbo grabs his hand.

"Hey, it's alright," he murmurs softly enough that only they can hear. "Calm yourself, my little medical issue."

Tubbo achieves his goal of bringing Ranboo back down to earth as Ranboo rolls his eyes fondly, a small smile now forming on his face.

"I'm calm, I'm calm. Don't worry your pretty head, my little nightmare," Ranboo jokes back.

Bantering with Ranboo like this is familiar and comforting enough that Tubbo almost forgets where he is.

Technoblade pulls out a chair, seating himself at the head of the table, and Tubbo is thrown back into his state of hyper-awareness. He remembers his promise to keep an eye on Tommy.

Tubbo breathes a soft sigh of relief upon noting that Tommy is still coloring with Michael. He hasn't acknowledged Technoblade at all, yet, which is probably for the best.

Tommy is really only doing this for Tubbo, who is only doing this for Ranboo, who barely even

wants to do this himself. It's a fragile house of paper-thin excuses they've built to justify a dinner none of them want to be at, and Tubbo really wishes they could all just go home.

Ranboo pulls out a chair opposite Technoblade. Tubbo sits next to him, both of them scooting their chairs as close together as they can without being on the same side of the table.

Tubbo fiddles with his hands in his lap as an awkward silence engulfs them. Tommy has it easy, at the minute - watching Michael guaranteed him something to do, an excuse to avoid conversation - but if any of them need the emotional crutch at the minute, it's Tommy.

Technoblade, Tubbo is able to tell from fleeting glances at him, also seems to be in extreme discomfort.

Phil is the one to finally break the silence as he takes a momentary break from his work in the kitchen.

"Thank you for coming," he says amicably, "really. We were pretty worried about you and Michael. Glad you're both okay."

"Thanks," Ranboo mumbles, and Tubbo can tell that Ranboo had bitten several comments back.

"Michael's a smart kid," Techno sniffs, attempting to seem disinterested as he watches Michael color. "Fast learner. Picks things up easy."

"Oh my god," Tubbo let's the words tumble from his lips as he realizes, "you can talk to Michael! Like, actually talk to him!"

Techno narrows his eyes and nods. "I can."

Overwhelmed with curiosity, Tubbo bounces up and down in his seat. "What does he say? Does he have an American accent, or is he British like me? What sorts of things does he talk about? Does he get homesick? Are-"

"Tubbo," Ranboo warns, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Take a breath, Bee."

Tubbo obliges, shutting up as he turns back to glance at Techno. Techno's brows are knit, and he looks fairly overwhelmed with Tubbo's barrage of questions. Oops.

"Um... He mostly says... Baby things. And his accent is like... More American than British, I'd say, but it's a weird mix, like he just started randomly pickin' which vowels to pronounce like an American and which to pronounce wrong."

"Oi!" Shout Phil and Tubbo in unison, Tommy still tuning their conversation out.

Ranboo cackles. "I win," he sings. "I win, Michael likes me more, I'm the better husband."

Tubbo frowns at him. "He takes after me more," he argues.

"Then why isn't he British?"

"Because Michael has taste," Techno finishes for them, and Tubbo actually ends up laughing at that.

Maybe this dinner will be okay, after all.

"Okay," says Phil, "I've just gotten everything started, so it'll probably be a bit before dinner's

done. Um..."

Everyone looks at each other, and Phil coughs.

"I... I'll be honest with you lot, I'm not really interested in cleaning spaghetti off the walls, and I reckon Techno isn't, either, so if there's any... *substantial* conversations you wanna have, now might be the best time." Phil pulls out a chair next to Techno, and a hush falls over the house, only the ticking of a clock and the boiling of the noodles and the soft murmurs of Tommy and Michael to break up the quiet.

"Alright," Techno grunts, shifting in his chair to a less relaxed posture, "I guess I'll start. Ranboo, I wish we hadn't gotten into a shouting match, but you should've told us that you and Michael were okay when we messaged you."

One of Ranboo's ears flicks. He coils his tail around Tubbo's wrist, keeping his posture straight and unmoving. "You're right, I shouldn't have left you hanging like that." Ranboo works his jaw. "I wish we hadn't yelled at each other, too. *I wish you had just said 'Ranboo, I'm happy for you,' and left it at that.*"

Techno huffs. "I wish I was *able* to say that I'm happy for you and mean it," he glares.

*I wish, Tubbo thinks to himself, that Ranboo and Tommy and Michael and I were watching Spiderman Two, and Techno and Phil were three thousand blocks away from us. That would be nice.*

Ranboo digs his nails into the chair, tail gripping Tubbo's wrist even tighter. "I wish you weren't so self centered," he says, voice icy cold.

Phil catches Tubbo's eye from across the table, and shoots him a look that clearly conveys a simple "Uh oh, here we go."

Maybe Phil can be allowed to come and watch Spiderman with them. As a treat.

"Oh, okay, *I'm* self centered," Techno shoots back, sarcasm dripping from his voice. "*Me*. Not the guy who married a government official behind my back, even though you knew that the *one* thing-

"For the last time," Ranboo interrupts, threading his hands into his hair in frustration, "I did not marry a government official. I married *Tubbo*. You're acting like I typed 'unmarried presidents in my area' into google or something, I didn't intentionally-"

"Either way," rumbles Techno, "you married an ex president, and you didn't tell me till Phil figured it out on his own."

"I was planning on telling you, honest," Ranboo grimaces, "but I *knew* you'd react like this, so I decided to-"

"To lie to me?"

"-to *put off* telling you, so that-"

"Oh, yeah, I'm sure if this family dinner hadn't been organized, Tubbo would've been knocking on my door any day now to ask for your hand."

Against his better judgement, Tubbo actually considers this. Should he have asked Technoblade for



permission first? He furrows his brow in confusion. Did it make him a bad husband for not asking first?

Phil, seemingly reading his thoughts, shakes his head slowly. "No," Phil mouths at him.

Actually, Tubbo reckons Phil *can* be invited to Spiderman 2.

"Why do you get to dictate who I do and don't marry? I don't live in your house, you don't provide me food, I don't rely on you for protection-"

"That's a lie-"

"I don't do it on *purpose*. You could be the weakest person on this server, and I'd still want to be your friend."

Techno softens at that, for a split second, but then Ranboo keeps talking.

"Friends are *supposed* to accept each other."

Technoblade's entire demeanor darkens.

"I dunno, you seem to be pretty drawn to powerful people on this server, Ranboo," Technoblade taunts. "I mean, how long after you figured out about the nukes did you marry Tubbo?"

Ranboo puffs out his chest, staring into Techno's eyes with determination written across his features. "I didn't marry Tubbo because of anything he has or is. I married Tubbo because he's *Tubbo*, and he cares about me, and I care about him back."

The sentiment is sweet enough that Tubbo might've swooned, had Techno not continued.

"Tubbo," he spits, "is the leader of a country, and he's also a wanted criminal. Sounds like a setup for a war to me."

Tubbo trusts Ranboo more than almost anyone else, and the last thing he wants is for this dinner, for *Technoblade*, of all people, to ruin that.

"Do you want a war to happen, Ranboo?"

Tubbo looks over at Ranboo, ready for him to shut Technoblade down yet again, but Ranboo shrinks under his gaze, refuses to meet his eyes, uncurling his tail from Tubbo's wrist. "No," Ranboo murmurs.

"Wh- Ranboo," Tubbo starts, offended, "you... You know I wouldn't start a war. You *know* that."

Ranboo glances up at him through his fringe. "You... *have* mentioned a war before," he replies meekly. Tubbo blinks in shock.

Tubbo is vaguely aware of Tommy coming over, silently, and getting Michael situated in a high chair. He must've overheard Tubbo's hurt tone of voice.

"I didn't- I don't want more war! I'm sick of it. Ranboo, I've told you about how done with it I am, and- and the only reason I mentioned war is because if Dream came after us, we'd have no choice!"

Tommy sits down next to Tubbo, laces their fingers together. Tubbo doesn't even need to glance at him to know that Tommy is barely holding in a flurry of insults and curses, biting his tongue for Tubbo's marriage's sake. Tubbo squeezes his hand twice in a silent *thank you*.

"You're the leader of a country," Techno continues, "and Dream is never gonna stop hunting you and Tommy. What do you think is gonna happen when he gets out of prison? *War*, that's what."

Ranboo inhales sharply through his teeth. Tubbo gives him another look.

"Well..." Shrugs Ranboo, unsure.

"I am not the leader of a country," Tubbo starts, trying to stay calm. "Snowchester was just a group of people working together to make their little island better, and the independence was to make sure I wasn't under the control of a man who actively tried to kill me multiple times. It wasn't a government - if anything, I was emancipating my group of people from the government of the Dream SMP."

A soft smile forms on Ranboo's face at Tubbo's eloquence, and for a moment, Tubbo thinks he's won them over.

"And the nukes?" Techno speaks up.

Tubbo has to bite his tongue so he doesn't say, "partially to protect me from you."

Instead, he gets defensive, rolling his eyes.

"I- I don't even *live* there anymore, so it doesn't matter."

Techno raises an eyebrow. "Really. Where are you staying nowadays, then?"

"Tommy and I found a-"

Suddenly, Tommy elbows him hard in the side.

"Ow!"

Tommy glares at him.

Tubbo stares blankly back.

Tommy frowns, glances at Techno.

Tubbo knits his brows, confused.

Tommy rolls his eyes.

He drops Tubbo's hand, and makes a big show of picking up his fork and dropping it on the ground with a loud clatter.

"Oh, no," Tommy shouts, stilted and robotic, over-enunciating his words, "I have dropped my fork. Let me crawl under this dining table to retrieve it."

And with that, Tommy yanks Tubbo under the table.

"What are you *doing!*?" hisses Tommy, "Why would you ever tell Technoblade where we *live!*?"

"I dunno, to get him off my back? I don't want to get divorced."

"Tubbo, I feel like there may be a bit of a middle ground between getting divorced and giving Technoblade enough information to come and kill us while we sleep."

"Well, it's not like I gave him *coordinates*, Tommy - do you have any idea how many flower field biomes there are?"

"Actually, they're one of the rarest, thank you very-"

Tommy is interrupted by the scraping of a chair as Ranboo stands up from the table.

"Oh, no," Tubbo is able to hear Ranboo say, just as unenthusiased and robotic as Tommy had been. "I dropped my- ugh, my... My wallet? I don't- this is stupid-"

Suddenly, Ranboo is under the table with them.

"What is *wrong* with you two," Ranboo whisper screams.

"Ranboo," Tommy rolls his eyes, "we are *trying* to have a private conversation, *please*."

Ranboo looks a bit pissed at them, if Tubbo is being honest. "They can hear everything you two are saying! You're not in another room, you're under a table talking at full volume!"

Tommy groans. "What- how can- well, why didn't you tell us that before, then, Ranboo?"

Tubbo has never seen Ranboo look more like he's about to strangle someone.

---

"What- how can- well, why didn't you tell us that, then, Ranboo?" Techno can hear Tommy say from under the table, barely muffled at all.

Phil shoots him a look. "Oh no," Phil mocks, "I've dropped my spaghetti, I better go and check on it." With that, he stands and leaves.

Technoblade sighs, leaning his face on his fist as the three children under his table continue to argue. Why couldn't Ranboo have married Purpled, or, hell, even Tommy would've been better - more annoying, sure, but at least the kid didn't have nukes.

Sat next to Techno in his high chair, Michael continues to color studiously.

"What's shakin', Michael," Techno deadpans in piglin.

"Bee an' Boo say Pizza make Sketti," Michael explains, gesturing with his chalk.

Techno sighs as Ranboo drags the two other teens out from under the table, still hissing at them.

"He sure does, buddy," Techno agrees. The three take a seat again.

Tommy hadn't even bothered to actually grab his fork.

Techno has decided he's done playing around.

"Dinner will be done soon, so let's get this over with. Ranboo, I thought you were with us because you don't like pickin' sides."

"I don't," Ranboo defends, leftover anger still in his voice. "But I'm starting to think you guys *are* a side."

Techno sighs. He really can't win with this kid.

"We're no more a side than the kid with the nukes is."

Tubbo growls in frustration. "Can we *please* drop the nuke thing," he pleads, "Ranboo doesn't even care."

Oh, doesn't he?

Techno looks at Ranboo, skeptical.

"Oh, so you agree with Tubbo's nuke plan, then?" He asks innocently.

"Wh- No, of course I don't!" Ranboo splutters.

Tubbo shoots him a look, visibly hurt. "What? You don't?" Techno watches as Tubbo breaks out his puppy dog eyes, and he doesn't envy Ranboo one bit.

(Those eyes had made Techno hesitate for the longest he'd ever hesitated before pulling the trigger under a direct order. With Techno's blood god instincts that kicked in once he was commanded to kill, that was honestly impressive.)

"Well, No-" starts Ranboo, but Techno is quick to interrupt.

"You sure seem like you do," Techno mocks. "What did he give you the launch codes as a gift on your honeymoon?"

Ranboo sighs. "Techno, you know I never wanted the nukes to be built-"

Tubbo makes a noise of indignation. "*I* didn't know you never wanted the nukes to be built!"

Techno appears to have stumbled headfirst into the marital issues of children.

"Tubbo," Ranboo pinches the bridge of his nose, sounding exasperated, "I told you I didn't agree with them."

"No," Tubbo argues, sounding increasingly more emotional, "you *told* me that they made you nervous, but you trusted my decision in the end."

And then, in a much smaller voice, complete with a pout that could put every dog in his kennel to shame, Tubbo adds, "Did you not trust me?"

*Oof.* Techno may be semi-rooting for their downfall as a couple, but still... *Oof.*

Ranboo's entire demeanor softens immediately. "Of course I trust you," he coos, "you told me you weren't going to use them-"

"Didn't he?" Techno doesn't miss a beat before he's on the offense again. "On the prison?"

Immediately, Tubbo pales. Tommy's face has been getting more and more red as their conversation progressed, almost like he's been holding his breath to keep from speaking. Honestly, Techno wouldn't be surprised.

"I- it- that was for Tommy," Tubbo stammers desperately. "That- that was for Tommy, you know that, Ranboo-"

"Yeah," Techno butts in, "but it was almost for Dream, too. Shouldn't you be putting what your husband wants over what Tommy wants?" He lowers his voice an octave, letting his tone darken as he goes in for the kill.

"Or is Tommy more important to you?"

Tubbo opens and closes his mouth, stammering like an idiot with tears brimming his eyes. Apparently, this is what causes Tommy's floodgates to burst.

"Alright, *fuck you* Technoblade, okay? I promised Tubbo not to talk to you once you started arguing, but this is ridiculous. We- we don't have to take this shit from you, you know-"

"You're in *my* home," Techno snaps at him. "By definition, you *do*, because you're under my roof-"

"Not for long," Tommy grits, helping Tubbo out of his chair and steering him out of the house by the shoulders. Just before they actually exit, Tubbo lingers in the doorway, staring at Ranboo with glossy eyes.

"Ranboo," he croaks, but Techno doesn't let him finish.

"Don't listen to him, Ranboo," he tries to persuade. "He's a politician. He persuaded Tommy to betray me, and he's had enough practice being in charge of a government to persuade you-"

Techno is able to pinpoint the exact second when something inside of Tubbo snaps.

"*I am not the head of a government!*" Tubbo screams, fists balled at his side, tears falling freely. "I just wanted to make a home that didn't get burned down or blown up to teach me a lesson! Every home I've ever had except Snowchester has been burned or exploded." Tommy keeps his hands firmly on Tubbo's shoulders, murmuring reassurances as Tubbo partially composed himself. "You wanted to teach me a lesson on Doomsday? Well, I learned it. I learned that I have to be the most powerful person on the server if I want to keep my loved ones safe. Snowchester has nukes, and it's the only home still standing. Doesn't take much to do the math, does it?"

Technoblade, for his part, is speechless, because he doesn't remember the last time he heard Tubbo scream like this.

(Yes, he does. Tubbo had screamed Tommy's name before he jumped in front of the rocket launcher, tried to take a bullet that ended up killing both of them. For the record, Techno is really glad they didn't both die from it.)

Still, it's unexpected for Tubbo to snap at anyone like this. Techno doesn't really know what to say.

Emotionally exhausted, Tubbo's shoulders go slack, and Tommy guides him out of the home as he starts to cry. "Don't fuckin' follow us," Tommy spits, and he slams the door in his way out.

Phil is in the kitchen, Techno sees, as Phil had scooped up Michael as soon as the arguing got heated and whisked him away. Techno is thankful that Michael didn't have to hear it.

Techno is forced to tear his eyes away from Michael when Ranboo abruptly stands from the table, snapped out of whatever shock he was in.

An involuntary chill runs down Techno's spine. Ranboo look angrier than Technoblade can remember, and he's grown taller than Techno thought he was capable of. Ranboo's pupils are pure slits, hackles raised, fangs bared, and he looks like he's ready to attack. Techno preemptively braces himself for the yelling.

---

Tommy would like to think that he's done with war, now. He really is sick of it, and he'd like to take a bit of a rest after everything, thank you very much.

Right now, though, Tubbo is crying. Tubbo is crying, and Tommy wants to bash someone's fucking skull in about it.

(He knows he doesn't actually want to hurt Ranboo or Technoblade, but Tommy has always had a bad habit of becoming a powder keg of violence the second someone hurts Tubbo's feelings. Some things never change.)

Sitting here curled up in a ball with Tubbo is familiar. Tommy doesn't realize how often he's broken down to Tubbo until Tubbo is breaking down to him.

Since they'd moved to their flower field, Tommy had needed at least a bit of comfort every night that week, and he'd had a panic attack practically every other night. Every time, though, Tubbo was there, and Tubbo had only needed his comfort once, after a particularly bad nightmare.

It's the least Tommy can do, now, to gather Tubbo in his arms and rub circles into his back and beat the shit out of anyone who comes near him.

(Again, old habits die hard.)

It had been snowing pretty hard when they'd left Technoblade's house, so Tommy had moved them both to Ranboo's - he knew Ranboo wouldn't mind, and if he did, fuck Ranboo. He made Tubbo cry.

Now, they sit on Ranboo's floor, Tubbo still crying, Ranboo's cat nuzzling against them. Tubbo sniffs and wipes at his eyes.

"I- I didn't even wan- wanna *come* here," Tubbo hiccups. "I th- thought it was a ba- bad idea."

"I know, Big Man, I know. I'm sorry."

They're both shaking, shivering from the cold, trembling with sobs in Tubbo's case and with leftover fight or flight response in Tommy's case. They hadn't had time to put back on their winter clothes before rushing outside, so the both of them are damp and uncomfortable.

Tommy really wishes he were better at comforting people. He especially wishes he were better at comforting Tubbo.

"I'll kill him," Tommy grits. It's a lie, he thinks, but if Tubbo actually ended up agreeing, said he wanted them dead, Tommy isn't sure he'd say no. "I'll fuckin- I'll beat the shit out of him. I'll kick Technoblade's ass, and we'll rob him, and- and you can have his villagers, just like you said, remember?"

"You don't have to do that," Tubbo sniffles weakly. "Honestly, if anyone's gonna kick his ass, it might be Ranboo."

*Ranboo.*

Tommy likes Ranboo, he really does. If Ranboo had taken them up on their offer to move in, Tommy would've enjoyed his company immensely. Ranboo was smart and kind and he knew a lot of things that Tommy didn't.

But if it came down to the choice between Ranboo and Tubbo? It was a no-brainer, and he's sure that Ranboo feels the same.

"Bastard," Tommy can't stop himself from mumbling. "How can he let Technoblade say that shit to

you and not speak up about it?"

"He just... I dunno, I guess he wants to be... Morally correct? I- I don't know..." Tubbo groans, and fists a hand in his hair. "I- I don't *know* Tommy, it- we didn't exactly go over our moral codes right before we met at the altar! I didn't- I didn't think he'd..." Tubbo lapses into a silence, and Tommy can tell he's focusing his energy on not crying again.

It's selfish, maybe, but Tommy can't help but ask.

"The... The altar... So, there was a wedding, then?" The fact that Tommy missed it, that Tommy was stuck with *Dream* while his best friend was getting married, makes his chest ache.

"Oh, no," Tubbo says quickly, "no, there was no wedding. We eloped, um... The day before you went to the prison, I think? I- I was gonna tell you that day, but I couldn't find you, so I just assumed you were busy..." Tubbo clears his throat awkwardly. "But yeah, it- I wouldn't've... Could never have a wedding without you, big man."

Something bright blooms in Tommy's chest. He rests his chin on Tubbo's shoulder, arms around his middle.

"The ring is nice," Tommy muses. "You did a good job."

"Thanks," Tubbo smiles weakly at him. "You wouldn't believe how hard they were to make - I spent hours making prototypes before I got it right."

Suddenly, Tubbo laughs, bright and full of mirth. "Ranboo actually- he proposed with a... Well, it wasn't even really a locket."

Tubbo shifts in his arms, obviously getting ready to tell a story, and Tommy settles in as he speaks, ready to listen for as long as Tubbo wants him there.

"So, when we decided to get married, we said we'd flip a coin to see who proposed, and the coin landed on tails, which was Ranboo. And Ranboo was all nervous, like, 'I've never done this before, what should I do, when should I propose?'"

Tommy snorts, because Tubbo's impression of Ranboo is actually pretty close, in a goofy sort of way, complete with twisting his ring around when imitating him.

"And so I was like, I dunno, surprise me. And- when I said 'surprise me', Tommy, I thought- I figured he'd, like, jump out and scare me, or show up in the middle of the night, or something. Something- I dunno, something *funny*, right? But then, he..."

Tubbo's face splits into a blinding smile, all dimples and sparkling eyes, and he looks at Tommy dead-on as he continues.

"He told me out of the blue one day that week that he had a surprise for me, and if- if I'm being honest, I really didn't suspect a thing." Tubbo laughs at himself. "I- I thought that- he knew I was making the rings, so I thought he'd wait till they were done, but he- he led me to this cliff over a flower field, okay, and then I noticed that he- Ranboo had spelled out POGCHAMP in flowers, like, *hugely* big. And so I was like, oh my god, obviously, but I still- I still just thought it was, like, just a random project he was working on or something. So I ran down there, all excited to see it up close, and I ended up right in the middle of the O, but-"

Tubbo cuts himself off, covering his face with his hands in embarrassment. "The O in PogChamp was actually a *heart*, Tommy, it- he made it a heart. And he actually, he fully knelt down behind

me, and when I turned around to ask him about it, he asked- he proposed. He said, 'Tubbo, are you ready to be friends for life,' and he had this- he literally had taped a heart-shaped rock he found to a piece of string, and he wrote Ranboo on the front of it, and that's what he proposed with. But I still said yes, and I wore the stupid rock around for like, three days, and when I finished the rings, he literally had to *beg* me to take it off."

Tommy breathes out a laugh of disbelief. Part of him curses himself for missing it. His best friend in the world had found another person that he really clicked with, and Tommy hadn't been there to see it. He'd been so caught up in his hotel that he hadn't been available for Tubbo to run up to him in excitement and show off his rock necklace.

"I still have it," Tubbo smiles proudly, "in my ender chest." Then, in an instant, his face falls.

"...I hope Ranboo doesn't divorce me."

"He won't," Tommy blurts, but he finds that he actually means it.

"...Are you sure about that, big man? I mean, who wants to be married to the nuke kid?"

"Ranboo does," Tommy tries to reassure him. "Ranboo does, or he wouldn't've done it. Tubbo, no one spells 'PogChamp' out of flowers unless they really care, alright? You're friends, and Ranboo's... He's not a wrongen, okay? He'll come back around."

"Yeah... Maybe," Tubbo concedes hopelessly.

"And if he does divorce you," Tommy growls, "I'll make him regret it."

Tubbo giggles. "You reckon you could take Ranboo in a fight, then? You know he gets taller when he gets mad."

Tommy sniffs in disinterest. "Yeah, and I get bigger when I get mad. That's why they call me- Tubbo, do you know what they call me, back home, between the hours of 9pm and 5am?"

"Big man?"

"*Huge* man," Tommy corrects. "Tommy Careful Danger Trusty Huge Man Innit could abso-lutely take Ran Boo in a fight, especially if-"

Tommy's rambling is interrupted by a knock at the door, and before Tommy can stop him, Tubbo scoots away from him. Tommy shoots Tubbo a look, and Tubbo shoots one back. The two begin a silent conversation.

*Do I open it?*

Tubbo grimaces. *Reckon we have to, don't we?*

Tommy scowls. *No. We can tell them to fuck off.*

Tubbo rolls his eyes. *Just go and open it already.*

Reluctantly, Tommy obliges, swinging the door open to reveal a very apprehensive Ranboo.

"Um...hi. I just came to-"

Without thinking, Tommy slams the door in Ranboo's face.



"Tommy!"

---

As soon as Tommy and Tubbo storm out of Techno's house and slam the door, it takes every ounce of self control within Ranboo not to let his enderman side completely take over.

He stands from the table, and he can feel himself growing, can feel his pupils change, but he doesn't care about anything but the fact that Tubbo is hurt.

"Did you get what you wanted?" He asks. "Tubbo means the world to me, and he might hate me now. Is that what you wanted?"

"You *know* that isn't what I wanted, Ranboo," Techno groans.

"I... Do I?" Ranboo had been prepared to get into a shouting match, but thinking about Tubbo hating him, Tubbo taking off his ring, telling Ranboo he never wants to see him again-

Ranboo honestly feels more like crying.

Techno seems to catch on to this. "Whoa," he says, hands raised, "Don't- don't be crying in my house, now, okay?"

Ranboo scoffs and rolls his eyes bitterly. "I *can't*, remember? I'm half enderman, it'll burn me." And then, quieter, he adds, "I would if I could, believe me you."

Techno sighs heavily. "Look, Ranboo, I know you're upset, but Tubbo is dangerous."

"So are you," he replies, incredulous. "You're- you're the Blood God, you're the Blade, you- you're the most dangerous person *here*, and I literally borderline live with you!"

"That's different," Techno grunts.

Ranboo puts his hands in his hips. "Oh, really? *How?*" He challenges.

"Because," Techno grits, "I know that I'm not going to use that power against you."

"I *don't*, though, Techno! I- I have no way of knowing that you won't use your power to hurt me. I just have to trust you. And I do! I trust you, and I trust Tubbo, too."

Techno looks Ranboo dead in the eye, and there's something vulnerable hidden under the layers of ice within his gaze. "It won't last," he rasps. "It won't ever last. I don't want you to... Tommy and Tubbo are always gonna run back to one another as soon as the going gets tough, and I don't... I don't want you to get left behind."

Ranboo straightens his posture and narrows his eyes. "So, that's what this is about. You're mad that Tommy betrayed you."

"No, Ranboo, I'm trying to keep the same thing from happening to you."

Ranboo sighs softly. Maybe he's forgotten some things here and there, but he's pretty sure... Tubbo wouldn't ever do that to him, right?

Having a husband is a lot more fun when you don't fight.

"When I say that Tubbo might hurt you, Ranboo," Techno clarifies, "it isn't that I think he's going to set a nuke on you. I just know that he is a politician, and politicians know how to-"

Alright, thinks Ranboo, that's enough of that.

"Tubbo hasn't been a politician in *forever*, and you know that. He-"

"He signed a declaration of independence, like, a month ago, Ranboo, how is that not-"

"I've been *over* this with you, already, Techno! Snowchester is not a government, it-"

"Yes, it *is*-"

"It isn't!"

"-and even if it isn't, what about the nukes? What about the potential of war? What about the wardens hunting Tubbo down, what about Dream, what-"

Finally, Ranboo cracks.

"*Who cares!?*" he shouts. Techno looks shocked, and Ranboo has to take a moment to catch his breath.

Ranboo hisses as his face breaks out in blinding pain.

Great. He's crying.

"*Who cares*, Techno," he continues. "I- I don't- if I live my whole life refusing to get close to people just in case they hurt me, then... What's the point of being alive? What's- what's the point of any of this if I only ever let myself be around people who share every single ideology and moral standard that I have?"

Techno purses his lips, glancing over to Phil guiltily. "I... It'll end badly for you, Ranboo. Government always does."

"That's my risk to take," he sniffs, using the sleeves of his jacket to dab at his eyes, ignoring the searing pain from the burns. "If- if I want to risk that, I should be able to."

"...*why?*" Techno asks him, and his tone is hushed, as if he genuinely doesn't understand. "Why would you risk that?"

Ranboo chuckles wetly. How does he even explain this? The long answer is that a series of complicated and nuanced events had led to him trusting Tubbo (and, by extension, Tommy) more than anyone else, letting Tubbo in on his deepest insecurities and sharing some of his happiest moments with him. The long answer was that Ranboo had made his first genuine friend, and for whatever reason, they'd both latched onto each other, spending every waking minute becoming so in sync that eventually, Ranboo had woken up and made the decision that he wanted to spend the rest of his life laughing and crying with Tubbo by his side. The long answer is that it doesn't matter if a war breaks out, or if the entire server gets turned to ash, if there's nothing left but a flat platform of bedrock - as long as his loved ones are safe, Ranboo will make do.

Instead of articulating this, Ranboo settles on the shortest answer of all.

"...It's *Tubbo*," he says.

Techno allows himself a half smile as he relaxes his shoulders. "You sound like Tommy."

"I'm sure Tommy feels the same way I do. It's- it's okay, though, because Tommy is also my friend. Tubbo and Tommy and Michael."

"Yeah, I guess you've... Built quite the little family for yourself."

Ranboo sniffs and wipes away the last of the stray tears on his face, pain finally easing. "I'm just excited to finally have one that I can remember," he admits.

Something about that causes Techno to stop, to give him a once over. Techno's expression is hard to read. Pity, maybe? Sympathy? Ranboo has no idea.

Finally, Techno crosses his arms. "Alright, listen. I don't like Tubbo, and I probably never will. I'd rather not have him in my house again after this."

"The feeling is mutual."

"Good. But..." Techno chews the inside of his cheek before finally deciding to continue. "If... If you really have that much faith in him, I won't give you any more trouble over being married to him."

Techno's eyes flick up to meet Ranboo's.

"But do you think you can let me know next time a major life event happens to you?"

Ranboo affords himself a soft smile. "Sure thing, actually. I got so stressed out from hiding it that I think my hair might've started to fall out."

Techno chuckles, and stands from the table. "I'm going to go and help Phil with dinner, but you should... You should probably go and find Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber."

"Hey," Ranboo scolds, slipping on his winter boots and scarf, "that's my husband."

Techno sighs at him again, but this time it's fonder, more gentle. "Don't I know it."

With that, Ranboo sets off into the snow.

He realizes almost immediately that he has no idea where he's supposed to be going.

This is especially bad considering the steady snowfall that Ranboo is decidedly allergic to.

Without thinking, he makes a mad dash to his house, mentally cursing himself. Why would he not send a message asking where they'd gone first? What was wrong with him?

Ranboo gets to his house, and to his absolute bafflement, the door is locked.

Ranboo knocks, and he waits. Which is absurd, because it's *his* house, and he's currently standing in the snow, which he *is* allergic to-

The door suddenly swings open, and Tommy is there, glaring at Ranboo so hard that he thinks Tommy may actually be able to make his head explode.

Ranboo has no idea what to say to him.

""Um...hi. I just came to-"

The door slams in his face. Ranboo blinks. He's still in the snow.

"*Tommy!*" Ranboo hears his husband scold from inside. "Why would you do that!?"

"What? What? We're mad at him, he's a bad guy, he- you're crying, and-"

"Let him in."

"Wh- but Tubbo-"

"Tommy."

"Alright, alright, fine, jesus christ-"

Finally, Ranboo's door swings open, and he tentatively walks inside.

Tommy blocks Ranboo's view of Tubbo immediately, scowling at him. "You've got a lot of fuckin' nerve showing up here after you made Tubbo cry like that, bitch."

Ranboo is on the verge of giving Tommy a less-than-polite reminder that this is *his house*, but Ranboo spots a glimpse of Tubbo over Tommy's shoulder, and he can tell that Tubbo's been crying with a single glance.

"I'm sorry," Ranboo half-whispers, voice hoarse with sincerity. "I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry. I- Tubbo, I..."

Ranboo trails off as Tubbo peers up at him from behind Tommy. Tommy glances between them.

"Um... Can- can I," Ranboo asks, and Tommy turns around.

"Tubbo?"

Tubbo's bottom lip quivers, eyes glossy. "Ranboo, are you gonna divorce me? Please don't divorce me."

Ranboo feels his heart break.

"No, no, of course not, Tubbo. I- I would never, I-" Ranboo attempts to get closer to him, but Tommy puts out a hand to stop him.

"Tubbo?"

"Let him through," Tubbo squeaks, and Ranboo all but collapses into his arms for a hug.

Don't cry, Ranboo reminds himself, it'll hurt, don't cry, don't...

Tubbo pulls back quickly, cupping Ranboo's face and running his thumbs gently over the wounds. "I... You're hurt. You've been crying."

"I'm sorry," Ranboo chokes out, unable to stop his tears. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean- I do trust you, I promise I do, I didn't mean to make you feel like I didn't."

Tubbo unties his bandana and dries Ranboo's tears, careful not to upset any of the wounds. "Hey, hey, stop crying, you're hurting yourself."

"S-sorry."

"Don't be. It- I shouldn't have dragged you into everything, Ranboo." Tubbo frowns and studies the floor. "Technoblade is- well, he's kind of right. I'm... I've got a lot of baggage. Dream wants me dead, the wardens want me dead, and there's probably some other people I don't know about..."

Plus, my nukes, and the egg has a weird thing with Tommy that we may have to deal with eventually..."

Tubbo swallows. "I... I'm a lot of risk, Boo, and that's not... It kind of isn't fair."

Ranboo grabs Tubbo's hand, the one with the ring, and Tubbo looks up to meet his eyes in response.

"You're worth it, Bee," he says gently. "You're worth the risk, alright? You're my best friend."

Tubbo grins and hugs him again. "You're my husband," Tubbo reminds him as he squeezes Ranboo's torso, "plankton-ically."

"Plankton-ically," Ranboo agrees, hugging him back.

Finally, they break apart. Tubbo stands, offering a hand to Ranboo. "So, has Technoblade officially kicked me out, then?"

"Has he?" Agrees Tommy, who Ranboo had honestly almost forgotten was here. "It'd be nice to go home."

"No, he... I think I convinced him, actually."

"Really?" Tommy raises an eyebrow. "How?"

"I... I dunno. I guess he likes me."

"That's my husband, the Keeper of the *Blade*." Tubbo boasts melodramatically, drawing out the last syllable.

Ranboo laughs. "I think that'd be Phil, actually."

"So, we can go back in, then? Because as much as watching you two be husbands is souring my appetite, I'm still hungry, and I'm sure that Michael misses me," Tommy teases as he shrugs on one of Ranboo's spare coats.

"Yeah," Ranboo turns to face Tommy after handing Tubbo another spare, "we're good."

"Hey, Ranboo?" Tubbo asks.

Ranboo turns around. "Yeah?"

Tubbo slaps Ranboo across the face with the oversized sleeve of Ranboo's coat. It barely hurts.

"That's for making me cry," Tubbo grins.

Tommy laughs at him. "L."

Ranboo gets the door for them both. "I guess I deserved that," he admits, and when he walks outside, he notices that it's stopped snowing.

Hm. Rain would've been a lot more dramatic.

Tommy throws the door of Technoblade's house open without a care in the world. "Oh, Michael! Mimi's back!"

Michael comes running in from the kitchen to greet Tommy. "PogChamp!" Michael squeals, and Technoblade chokes on the water he'd been drinking.

"Tell me you did not teach Michael to talk like you," he bemoans.

Tommy grins. "Michael, Technoblade is being cringe, what do we say to him."

"No me gusta!" Exclaims Michael. Techno looks genuinely heartbroken.

"He was so bright... He had so much potential..."

"And I used his potential to the fullest. You are welcome."

"Oh," Phil says as he brings a tray of garlic bread out from the kitchen, "you're back."

"Yeah," Tubbo gulps, "yeah, I reckon we are."

Reluctantly, Techno turns to face Tubbo. "Listen, Tubbo, I... I didn't mean to break up your marriage or anything, alright? It's fine with me for you to stay married to Ranboo, as long as you don't go formin' any governments behind my back, alright?"

Ranboo watches the cogs turn in Tubbo's mind for a moment, and he has no idea what Tubbo is thinking about, but then Tubbo opens his mouth and speaks.

"Cool!" He chirps with a false brightness. "Except, I shouldn't have to swear to never participate in a government in order to marry Ranboo, and so I won't, because he doesn't actually *need* your blessing. You're going to have to put Ranboo above your moral code, and actually compromise with your loved ones for once. If I had it my way I'd never speak to you again, but I'm here because Ranboo wants me to be, and so is Tommy. I'm not promising you shit except for the fact that I'm going to treat Ranboo with nothing but love and care, and that should be enough for you."

The room falls completely silent.

Ranboo blinks down at his husband, and if he were able to marry Tubbo a second time, he'd do it in a heartbeat.

Tommy suddenly barks out a laugh. "Fuck yes, Tubbo, let's go!" He cheers him on.

To Ranboo's shock, the thin, angry line of Technoblade's mouth quirks up in a smirk. "You know what?" He drawls, "I respect that, actually. But if this comes back to bite you, Ranboo, don't say I didn't warn you."

Ranboo considers his words as he glances down at Tubbo.

Tubbo is one of the kindest people Ranboo has ever met. Tubbo is loud and goofy and incredibly intelligent. He sings songs Ranboo has never heard before, he breaks the law for fun, he pushes the envelope to see what he can get away with but stops before he does any real damage. Ranboo has seen Tubbo take down enemies with a single well placed crossbow arrow, and he's seen him rock their adopted child back to sleep after a nightmare. Looking at Tubbo now, Ranboo can't think of anyone he'd want to spend his life with more, can't describe how happy he is that Tubbo sees something in him that makes him worth being friends with - worth *marrying*.

"I think I'll be fine," he says back, mirroring Tubbo's easy smile.

"...Are we done?" Phil asks from where he's just set down a bowl of spaghetti. "Are- is this

finished? Can we finally eat our spaghetti in peace?"

"Sketti!" Michael calls excitedly, kicking his feet from within Tommy's grasp.

"Yep," Tommy nods, "Michael says it's sketti time. Make with the bib, Pizza Minecraft, he's not about to wait around for your old ass. Are you, Michael?"

"Me gusta sketti!"

"Amen."

---

It's amazing to Ranboo just how well the night goes after that.

Dinner had actually been... Pleasant. Tommy had taken over making sure that Michael didn't make too much of a mess, cutting up his noodles so that they weren't a choking hazard, and Phil had brought out sparkling grape juice for them.

"It's a special occasion," he'd told them. "Ranboo somehow cracked through all twelve layers of Techno's stubbornness."

Tubbo had started rambling about Michael, and Techno had explained a few aspects of piglin culture. Eventually, Phil began sharing Wilbur's baby stories, to the delight of absolutely everyone.

Now, though, Ranboo sits on a couch with a common-to-piglin dictionary in his hands that Techno had been able to dig out of the back of a closet. Michael sits in front of him, giving Ranboo his full attention as Ranboo fumbles his way through a conversation.

"Michael... Like new home?" He attempts to say. Michael smiles at him, and speaks back to him in piglin, gesturing as he speaks. Despite the language barrier, Ranboo can make out the nicknames Bee and Boo clear as day. Ranboo flips through the dictionary rapidly, trying to translate as Michael speaks.

"Stay with Boo is nice. I miss Bee lots."

Ranboo's heart melts. He flips backs and forth again, attempting to try another piglin sentence.

"Michael move back and forth? Sleep with Bee some nights and Boo other nights?"

Ranboo is honestly pretty proud of that one, though he wished it was easier to grasp the piglin words for "I" and "you." He's sure he'll learn in time.

Michael brightens, voice filled with awe as Ranboo translates. "I go see Bee and Mimi house?"

Ranboo is so overwhelmed by his own joy that he ends up butchering the next sentence, but he thinks he ends up saying something along the lines of, "Michael want?"

Michael nods vigorously, and that settles that.

To Ranboo's left, Tubbo is taking notes on a notepad as Technoblade rattles off basic facts to know about raising a pig hybrid. Tubbo is listening diligently, completely engrossed by Techno's lazy speech about caring for the exposed part of the skull. Tubbo has already filled up a page and a half with notes, and Ranboo feels pretty lucky to be raising a kid with him.

To Ranboo's right, Tommy and Phil chat softly as they both work on new clothes for Michael. From what Ranboo can tell, Phil is halfway through a beanie that says "Gamer Child", but Ranboo

isn't quite sure what Tommy is making.

"Tommy," Ranboo calls as Michael slides off the couch and bounds over to Tommy, "what's that?"

Tommy smiles as he turns it around. The coat isn't finished yet, but it's very obviously patterned with the Spiderman logo. "I haven't decided, yet, if I'll be calling him Spider Ham or Spider Pig while he wears this. But it will be one of them, and it *will* be funny."

Phil breaks into melodic laughter over that as Michael finally reaches Tommy.

"Eh? Eh?" Tommy shows off his work in progress. "What do we think, Big Man, is Spider Ham a winner?"

Michael says something in piglin, and then quickly follows it up with "Me gusta!"

Tommy grins as he scoops him up. "There he is, Big Man Michael! Let's go!"

As Tommy hands Michael some knitting needles so Michael feels like he's helping, Ranboo flips through his dictionary to translate.

Wait... No, that can't be right.

He checks again.

How... How would Michael even learn that? Sure, he picked things up fast, but who had he been around that spoke piglin other than...

From where he's seated next to Tubbo, Technoblade had gone suspiciously quiet.

"Techno," Ranboo says, slowly looking up from his dictionary, "what sorts of things did you say when I left to go and find Tubbo?"

The tips of Techno's ears turn red. "I didn't think he'd pick it up."

"What?" Asks Tubbo. "What's he saying?"

Ranboo takes a breath. "I... I think Techno taught him to say fuck."

"Fuck," Michael parrots in piglin. And then, making the connection, in common as well. "Fuck!"

Tommy and Phil both burst into laughter, throwing their heads back as Michael wanders over to Tubbo.

"Aww," Tubbo coos, "do you know swears in two languages now?"

"Shit," Michael agrees, and Tubbo giggles.

"How- why does my kid swear more than I do?" Ranboo asks incredulously. "He's... He's like, two, or something."

"I- it's because-" Tommy forces out between his laughter, clutching at his stomach, "it's because Michael is *cool*, and you're lame."

Before Ranboo can retort, Tubbo calls for him.

"Hey, Ranboo."



"Yeah?"

Tubbo looks Michael in the eyes.

"Bitch," Tubbo says.

"Bitch," Michael repeats.

Tubbo grins manically. "Now who does he take after?"

Against his better judgement, Ranboo tallies that one up as a loss.

That's okay, he thinks, looking out across his family, laughter filling the room as they all trade quips. There will be plenty of time for Ranboo to tally a win on his part in the future.

After all, it isn't like they're going anywhere anytime soon.

---

"Are we almost there?"

"Mm... Kind of. A little."

"Really?"

"No. Keep walking straight."

"Tubbo!"

Tubbo sits on Ranboo's back, covering Ranboo's eyes as he verbally directs him to their home. If Tubbo is being honest, he's a bit nervous.

Ranboo had spent the week and a half following the dinner trying to get a handle on his possession issues with Philza. His memory issues were still there, but after a week of treatment and monitoring, the sleepwalking seemed to have slowed to a halt.

It took another full week of no incidents, however, before Ranboo had agreed to come and sleep over at Cobbletown Petalville. (He and Tommy had argued over the name for so long that they'd just ended up combining them, but at this point, Tubbo almost hates the name enough to agree to let Michael name it like Tommy wanted originally.)

"Steep hill," Tubbo warns, "be careful. And do *not* drop me."

"I'll try my best," Ranboo retorts, and Tubbo snickers as he physically feels Ranboo roll his closed eyes.

Even after a few weeks of being clean, Ranboo had insisted that he be blindfolded and lead to their home without seeing anything.

Tubbo had come up with a much more fun alternative for a blindfold.

Ranboo suddenly trips over a rock, and Tubbo thinks fast, leaning backwards as a counterweight to prevent Ranboo from falling over.

"Careful, big man!"

"I'm trying my best here, alright?"

Well... More fun for Tubbo, anyway.

Ranboo groans. "I'm tired of this, are we almost there?"

"Be patient, my little Pogchamp, it's only a bit further."

Ranboo snorts at that, but he keeps walking.

Tubbo has butterflies in his stomach as he notices that they're approaching, and he hopes his palms aren't sweaty as he works through his nerves.

Tubbo really, *really* hopes Ranboo likes his surprise.

"River," Tubbo warns, "but there's a bridge just to the right. Take two steps right?"

Ranboo obliges without question.

"Okay, now forward."

Tubbo can see it, now, the break in the trees that leads to their clearing. If he weren't acting as a blindfold, he'd cross his fingers.

"Almost there," he promises.

Tommy waits for them, standing just in front of the surprise with Michael in his arms. The two of them look at each other, each with a finger to their lips, as if they're both ensuring the other is being quiet. It's adorable. Ranboo sighs as he enters the clearing.

"Tubbo, there's no *way* it's this far, am I being pranked, or-"

"Okay, stop! We're here." Tubbo bites his lip, and in one fairly impressive sloop, hops off Ranboo's back and uncovers his eyes. Ranboo blinks as his eyes adjust to the sunlight.

"Huh," says Ranboo. "This place is nice!"

From behind Ranboo's back, Tommy gives him a thumbs up.

"Alright," Tubbo says, "I hope you like it."

Ranboo raises an eyebrow. "I do, it's lovely."

Tubbo smiles gently. "Turn around, Boo."

Behind Ranboo sits a cottage identical to Tubbo's.

Well... Mostly identical.

Ranboo's cottage has cobblestone accents and a chest with several stacks of ender pearls, courtesy of Tommy. Tubbo and Tommy had worked in unison to create the umbrella waiting for Ranboo next to the door, and it had been Tommy's idea to add on the awning above the front door in case of rain.

Tubbo had built the thing in it's entirety, and then, unsatisfied, added a tunnel system underneath all of their homes, in case of rain or emergency or boredom.

Michael had done his part, too - Ranboo's cottage is decorated with framed drawings, all certified

Michael originals. There are doodles of the three of them, doodles of the four of them, drawings of anything and everything Michael could think of. One drawing even features a smiling Philza and an overly grumpy Technoblade.

"Surprise!" Tommy and Michael shout in unison, and Tubbo curses himself for not bringing a camera, because he'd like to bottle this moment and relive it forever.

Ranboo's jaw drops as he sees the cottage. Speechless, he slowly approaches it, turning the knob gently and letting himself peer inside. Ranboo shuts the door back after he's had a look and takes a shaky breath.

"...Do you like it?"

Ranboo, to Tubbo's horror, starts to cry.

"Oh- oh my god! Don't- hey, don't cry, Ranboo, we can tear it down, it's okay! We- we can-"

Ranboo drags Tubbo into a hug, and then, thinking better of himself, drags Tommy and Michael in as well.

"Thank you," says Ranboo, "really. I love it. I love you guys."

Tommy snorts. "Love you too," he says sarcastically, but they all know he means it.

Eventually, Ranboo breaks away from them.

"I... You know I don't live here, right? Like, you know I'll be going back to my home with Phil and Techno soon? This is just a visit."

"I know," Tubbo assures, "and that's fine! I just wanted you to... I dunno, to feel welcome here. Only the best for my husband, and all that."

Ranboo chuckles and ruffles Tubbo's hair, and Tubbo groans in protest.

"This is the best. You guys are the best."

"I know," says Tommy, but his smile is sincere. He readjusts Michael in his arms.

"Well, now that that's all done with... Who wants to ride a roller coaster?" Tommy's smile changes to a wicked grin.

Michael bounces up and down in Tommy's arms. "Me! Me! Me!"

"Well, let's go then! I think I've got it going as fast as possible, but we'll see," Tommy trills as he carries Michael off. Tubbo stays where he is next to Ranboo.

"We should be worried about that," Ranboo notes.

"Hmm," Tubbo hums, "Probably."

"Wanna go sabotage the coaster to go really really slow?"

Tubbo smiles. "You know I do."

Ranboo offers Tubbo his arm, and Tubbo takes it. Together, they chase after Tommy and Michael.

Things are not perfect for them, Tubbo knows. There's still the egg, still the wardens, still Dream and Snowchester and Wilbur's impending resurrection and a million other things.

But for now, for the moment, they are happy. All three of them are taking a very well deserved rest. Ranboo and Tommy and Michael are all with him now, and all safe, and Tubbo is being honest, that's more than enough for him.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading! I had no idea people would enjoy this, and I've had a ton of fun writing it, so thanks for the encouragement :) Also, remember to take care of yourself, especially considering recent events in canon. Love you all! <3

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