Never Coming Home

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& TommyInnit & Phil Watson, Toby Smith | Tubbo & TommyInnit, Clay |

Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Darryl Noveschosch & Sapnap

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Never Coming Home

by electribunny

Summary

No longer freaking out, he looked around. The sky was blue and cloudless, and the sun was glowing bright. He looked down, where Left Boy and Right Boy were standing in lush, green grass.

He looked up. They were at the gates of a huge castle, tall and white. He stared in awe. He had never seen a building that large in his life, guarded by an equally large marble wall.

"Whither art we?" He asked.

Right Boy smiled and extended his arms out.

"Welcome to Apotheosis, kid."

A poor orphan boy from Shakespearean times. When he's taken into another strange dimension by a set of twins who speak English in a way he's never heard, what is there to do but adjust?

if you came here from the mapleport au all I've gotta say is: sorry lol.

anyway, welcome! this is the first chapter of what noir and I have named the apotheosis au! i said it in the tags but it's worth mentioning again; this fic is NOT gonna be a happy one. it's very angsty, and will have some pretty violent scenes, especially toward the end. if happy endings are your thing, go read our mapleport au.

for those of you who are new, noir is one of my best friends, and he works with me to make au's! on top of being my beta reader, he helps with note taking, keeping things consistent, and giving ideas. i don't know where i'd be without him.

anyway, this fic is gonna be pretty short. it's not a huge project, it's just kinda meant as a filler between mapleport and the next big project noir and I are working on.

so sorry for the long beginning note, enjoy! fic title is from ghost of you by mcr!

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fic discord server: https://discord.gg/EwNBrGPMCP

See the end of the work for more notes

he will take them away from you.

It was sunny. That was nice because normally it was rainy, and the streets were wet, and it was muddy and it would stick to his feet and it was hard to get off. But it was sunny, so the streets were dry, and all he'd have to do to get the dirt off his feet was brush it off.

A cart barreled down the street, and Henry jumped out of the way to avoid its path. He stopped and stared for a bit longer, before remembering that he had a mission.

Sister Kate had sent him out with a paper, a basket, and instructions on how to get to the right farm. He didn't know what the paper said, he didn't know how to read, but that was fine. He was just happy to leave the orphanage.

He wandered around until he found the building she had described. He stopped to say hi to the pretty brown horse that was standing outside. There was a sign on the door, but since it was letters and not pictures, he ignored it. He reached up and knocked on the door.

"Come in, anon!" A voice yelled. Henry reached up and pulled the door open. A man was sitting by the fire, and he visibly softened when he saw who was knocking.

"Come hither, young lad!"

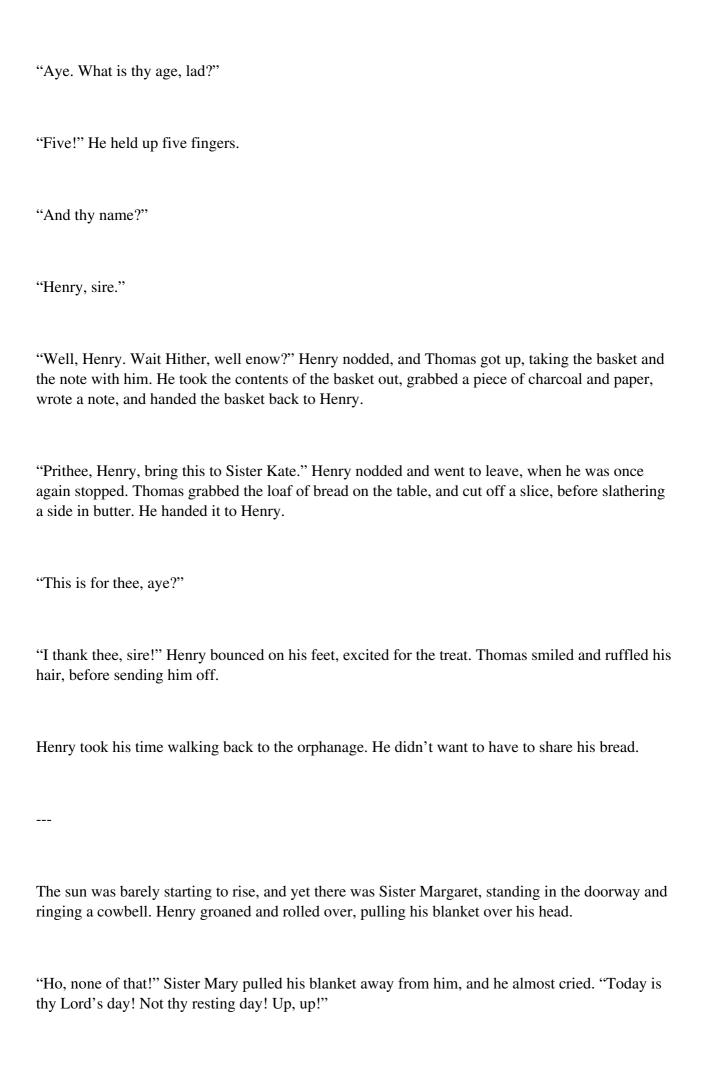
"Art thee talking to me?"

"Aye! Come hither!" The man beckoned him over with his hand. Henry nodded and walked up to the man.

"Sister Kate asked that I bring this hither, sire. Doth thee know a man called Thomas?"

"I am Thomas, peat. Bring yond to me." Henry nodded and lifted the basket into Thomas' lap. He watched as Thomas' eyes scanned the paper.

"Thee can read?!" Henry asked, forgetting his manners in his excitement. The only literate people he'd ever known were the nuns and the priest. Luckily for him, Thomas just laughed.



He joined the rest of the kids that were being corralled into the front room. He grabbed a bowl and a spoon from the pile and waited in line for his oatmeal. The chairs at the table were reserved for the big kids, so he went to his favorite corner on the floor, and settled down. After everyone had their food, and Sister Margaret led them in prayer, he got to eat.

After breakfast was finished and bowls were washed, they were corralled toward

the bathing room. The Sisters made quick work of cleaning all the kids. Henry waited in line, and once it was his turn, Sister Margaret quickly pulled off his nightgown and placed him into the water. He yelped as the frigid water hit his skin, but he knew better to complain. She grabbed a soap bar and quickly scrubbed down his hair and body, before dunking him under once more to rinse him off, and then taking him out, handing him a cloth to dry himself with and pushing him off toward Sister Kate.

Sister Kate was gentler with him. Henry always thought she was the nicest of the nuns. She helped him dry off, and began dressing him. She buttoned up his nice white shirt, tucked it into nice black pants, and slid socks over his feet, along with dress shoes. She brushed his hair so that it laid flat on his head, and sent him off with a kiss on the forehead to wait with the other kids.

While he waited, he wriggled his feet in the shoes. He only ever wore shoes with his Sunday clothes, and the feeling was unfamiliar to him.

Once all the children were dressed, they were marched off to the church and sat in the pews, where they waited for the rest of the town to arrive. Once they did, and the building began to fill up, they grabbed their music and started to sing with everyone else. Henry only pretended to sing. He couldn't read the music, and he didn't have the words memorized. They were written on the paper in neat print, but that wasn't any help to him.

After they sang, they sat down and prayed again, and then he sat and listened to the Pastor talk, even though he didn't understand what he was saying. After that, he stood up and pretended to sing again, and then it was time to sit and wait quietly until it was time to leave.

"Henry." Sister Kate grabbed his hand and dragged him up from his seat. "Henry, someone hither wishes to speak to thee." Henry was pulled down the aisle and stopped in front of Thomas, who smiled at them.

"Joyous Sunday, Henry! Tis the Lord's day!"

"Joyous Sunday, sire." Henry parroted.



Henry's coin felt like it was burning a hole, between his sock and his shoe, where he had carefully hidden it before any of his fellow orphans could see. He feared getting it stolen. He itched to run out into town and spend it, but the few shops in the town weren't open on Sundays, and besides, Sister Mary would never forgive him for dirtying his nice clothes. So he sat, and admired the stained glass painting of Mary and Jesus, and waited.

Finally, though, the nuns returned. Opposite to his usual behavior, Henry rushed to be first in line for confession. He sat on the floor and blabbed to Pastor John about how he struggled to get up that morning, and how he lied to get out of fieldwork on Wednesday, and then finally, *finally*, he was released. Sister Kate walked him and the first batch of kids back to the orphanage as the sun set, and he happily skipped along. As soon as they were in the building, Henry rushed to stache his coin somewhere safe. He was changed into his normal day clothes in preparation for dinner, and then he got to go outside and play.

Henry wasn't even upset when he was woken up the next morning. He rushed out of bed with a spring in his step and was one of the first in line for breakfast. He only half-listened to the morning prayer, and was then shoving his food down as quickly as he could.

After being dressed by Sister Mary, Henry was about to leave, when there was a strong knock on the front door. Sister Kate rushed to open in, and in walked Thomas. His eyes scanned the room, and they stopped on Henry.

"Henry! Come hither, lad!" He called. Henry grinned and ran toward him, accepting the hug that Thomas offered.

"Good day, sire!" Henry smiled up at him.

"Good day, Henry!" Thomas smiled and ruffled his hair. "Doth thou spent thy pence coin?"

"Not yet, sire," Henry answered. Thomas nodded.

"I hath't a gift for thee." Thomas smiled at him. He pulled something out of his pocket and handed it to Henry. Henry inspected it. It was a small toy soldier, uniform painted on in shiny paint, wooden sword in hand.

Henry gasped. "I thank thee, sire!" He bounced on his heels in excitement and gave Thomas another hug. Thomas just laughed.

"Go and play peat. I need to speak with Sister Kate." Henry nodded and went to go play with his soldier.

His name and the word "adoption" came up a few times in the conversation, but Henry didn't know what adoption meant, so he just ignored it. All he knew is that when Thomas left, he stopped to give Henry an extra hug.

Henry was too enamored with his soldier to remember his coin. That was alright, though. There was always tomorrow.

The next day Henry was once again in a good mood, and he went through his morning as usual. Sister Mary dressed him up in a loose white shirt and soft khaki-colored pants, and he was off. Henry grabbed both his coin and his soldier, gripped them in his hand, and wandered off into town.

He didn't even know where to start. He had never had his own money before. And he could spend it on whatever he wanted! It was exciting.

He was so distracted in his excitement, that he missed the horse and cart barrelling down the street. Luckily for him, a hand gripped his shirt collar and pulled him out of the street.

Henry looked up at his savior, and found it in a tall, lanky young man, with a mop of curly brown hair. He then had to shake his head to make sure he was seeing correctly, because there was another teenager who looked exactly the same standing directly right of him.

"Are you sure this is the right one?" Right Boy asked.

"Why wouldn't he be?" Left Boy asked.

"Uh, because he looks like literally every other medieval peasant boy in existence?"

"Do you see any other young blonde kids running around out here?" Left Boy elbowed Right Boy.

"You're causin' a scene, Will." Right Boy rolled his eyes. He looked down at Henry. "Hey, kid,

what's in your hand?"
Henry took a moment to process what right boy was saying. He and Left Boy talked weirdly.
"Thou two speak strangely." Henry voiced his concern.
"Ah, shit." Left Boy groaned. "Uhhhwhateth isth in thoust handeth?"
"You suck at this." Right Boy laughed.
"I'd like to see you do it better, Techno." Left Boy pouted.
"What art thou holding?" Right Boy asked him.
"Wherefore?" Henry asked, hesitant. He was terrified of getting his items stolen.
"Curiosity." Right Boy responded.
"A toy soldier. And a pence coin." Henry eventually answered. Right Boy gave Left Boy a smug look.
"Don't act so high and mighty. This means I got the right person." Left Boy shot back.
"You know what? Fine. We both win. Come on, kid." Left Boy grabbed his hand and began dragging him off.
"Wherefore!" Henry whined, digging his feet into the ground.
"Because." Right Boy groaned.

"No! I doth not want to!" Henry dug his heels further into the road.

"Jesus kid, do you have to cause a scene?" Right Boy rolled his eyes. Left Boy let go of his hand, only to pick him up. Henry started squirming in his arms, trying to escape. Left Boy fumbled, but eventually got a sturdy grip on Henry. Henry began screaming then, so Left Boy clamped a hand over his mouth, and the trio ran out of town and into the forest.

Eventually, Henry tired himself out, and he accepted his fate, settling into Left Boy's arms. Once Left Boy was certain he wasn't going to start screaming again, the hand on his mouth was removed.

"See buddy? This isn't so bad, huh?" Left Boy soothed, leaning forward to press a soft kiss to his forehead.

"Wherefore art thou taking me?" Henry muttered, leaning into the touch as Left Boy began stroking his hair.

"We're almost there. You'll see." Left Boy responded.

"Will, he's asking why we're taking him, not where." Right Boy chimed in.

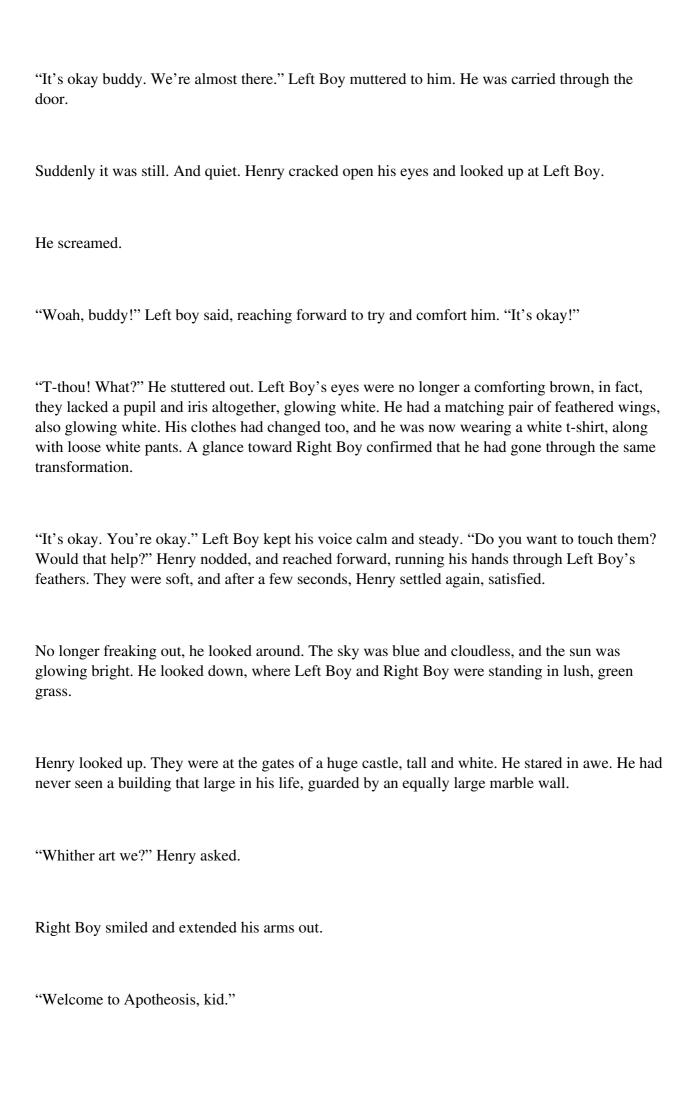
"Really? Oh. I'm not too sure. Phil just asked us too."

Henry didn't know who Phil was, but he didn't feel like asking. He leaned further into Left Boy's chest.

"You think this is far enough out, Wilbur?" Right Boy asked.

"Yeah." Left Boy nodded.

"Cool." Right Boy pulled a very fancy-looking key out of his pocket. Henry stared in awe as he placed the key into thin air, and a door suddenly appeared. Right Boy opened it, and a blinding white light shone through. Henry buried his face into Left Boy's chest to shield his eyes.



you'll connect with the others,

Chapter Notes

i am so sorry about the dialogue. it gets better next chapter, I promise. special apologies to non asl speakers, it might be a tiny bit hard to understand what erets saying here. asl speakers, ur in luck, be I used asl grammar for her spoken lines!

anyway besties my first day of in person school is tomorrow, wish me luck, lol. enjoy the fic!

my tumblr/twitter: electribunny noir's tumblr/twitter: h0n04rys3n10r

fic discord server: https://discord.gg/EwNBrGPMCP

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

The castle gates opened automatically as they approached, and Henry watched in awe as Left Boy carried him into the castle. Once all three were in, the gates slammed shut behind them.

As they neared the doors of the castle, Henry noticed three other kids sitting on the steps. There was a boy about his age, dressed the same as Left and Right Boy, and two girls, a blonde one, and one with brown curls. The girls wore the same shirts as the others, but had long skirts that stopped at their ankles. All 3 kids had the same eyes and wings.

It was a little scary.

"Found him you!" Curly Girl shouted out, waving as the three approached.

"Yeah, we did!" Right Boy called back.

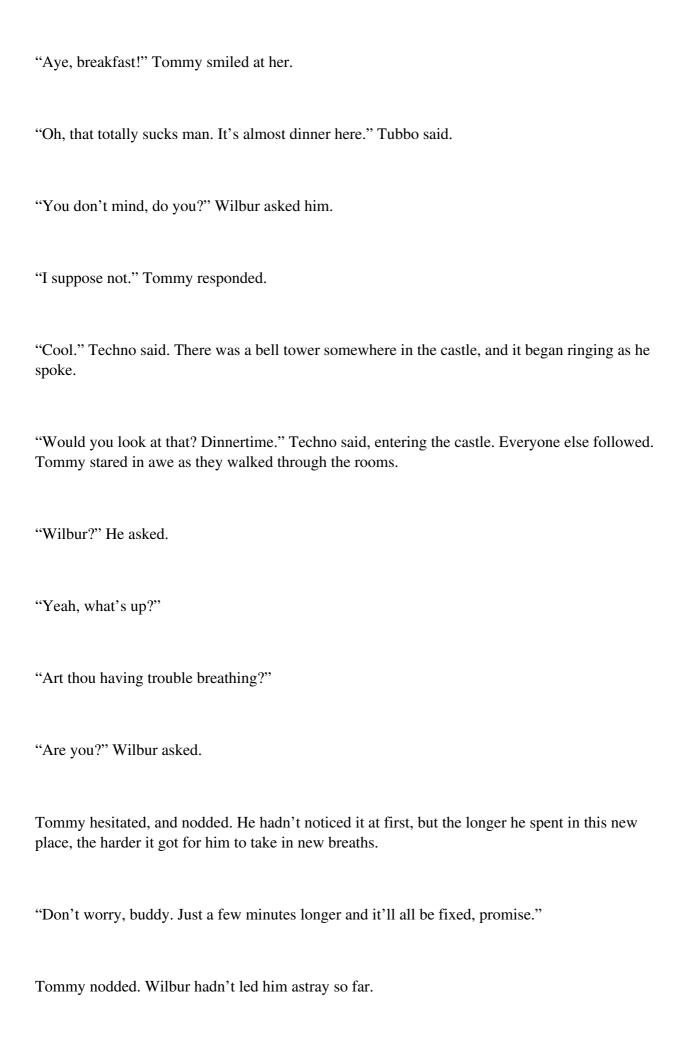
"How was it?" Blonde Girl asked.

"Pretty easy." Left Boy responded, adjusting Henry in his arms.

"Old he what?" Curly Girl asked.







They rounded the corner, into the largest dining room Tommy had ever seen. A huge marble table, with 7 giant chairs to match. Three on each side, one at the head. At the head of the table, sat a man. He had the same wings as everyone else, except his were much larger. When he stood, Tommy had to strain his neck to look up at him. He was probably as tall as 3 Tommy's stacked on top of each other. "Phil!" Niki shouted out. The other kids followed suit in their greetings. They all seemed very excited. "Dinner family tonight?" Eret asked. "Yeah, I'm eating dinner with you guys tonight." Phil smiled at her. "Wilbur, Techno, did you find him alright?" "Yup!" Wilbur smiled up at Phil. "He's right here." Wilbur held up Tommy, and Phil bent down to take him. Tommy shrieked at the height change, reaching forward to dig his fingers into Phil's shirt. "It's okay kiddo, I won't drop you." Phil smiled at him. "Have you picked a name yet?" "Thomas!" "But I nicknamed him Tommy!" Wilbur chimed in. Phil laughed. "Tommy, huh? Are you having a hard time breathing?" Phil asked him. "Mhmm." Tommy nodded. Each breath was an astronomical effort.

"Well, I'm going to fix that for you, okay? But, it's going to hurt a bit, got it? It's only for a few

"Must it hurt?" Tommy asked.

seconds though, after that everything will be all better."

"Yes, it has to. I'm sorry." Phil said, carrying him to his chair. He sat down and settled Tommy into his lap. "I'm gonna do a countdown so you can prepare for it, okay?" Tommy nodded, and took a deep breath.

"Okay." Phil grabbed something, although it looked invisible to Tommy. He tied whatever it was, and lifted it over Tommy's head.

"Three. Two. One." Phil dropped the invisible object onto Tommy's shoulders. It burned where it touched, and he cried out in pain. Then, Phil was reaching behind him, and tightening it. It burned worse as it closed around his neck, and Tommy screamed, vision whitening out as the pain increased. It completely cut off his airflow, and he gasped, trying and failing to breathe. He instinctively reached his hands up to pull the object off of his neck, but his hands were slapped away. The pain was in his whole body now, and he kicked his feet, trying to escape. He squirmed in Phil's lap in an attempt to free himself, and suddenly there was a hand holding him still. The pain crested, and Tommy screamed as loud as he could. A hand came to muffle him, and he leaned forward to bite it.

Suddenly, it stopped. Tommy froze for a moment, greedily taking in as much air as he could. After a few seconds, he began sobbing. He buried his face into Phil's chest, searching for comfort.

"Oh, Tommy." Phil sighed, running his fingers through his hair. "It's alright. You're safe. You're okay. That wasn't so bad, was it? How do you feel?"

"Scared." Tommy wailed out, sobbing harder.

"Shhh. It's over now. You're okay. It's okay." Phil leaned down to kiss the top of Tommy's head. "Here, I know what will make you feel better." He snapped his fingers, and suddenly a maid appeared next to him, the same pale white as the castle, with translucent skin. She was holding a gold encased hand mirror, and she handed it over to Phil.

Phil took the mirror and handed it to Tommy. Tommy held it up and looked at himself. His eyes had lost their pupils and blue irises, instead glowing white like everyone else's in the castle. On his back, barely peeping over his shoulders, were two white tufts.

"Those are your wings, Tommy," Phil spoke to him in a calm, even voice. It made him feel better. "They won't grow big enough for you to fly for a while, but you still have them. Now you're like all your brothers and sisters, see?"

"I doth not have any siblings?" Tommy looked up at him, confused.

"Yes you do!" Phil smiled at him. "Tubbo, Niki, Eret, Techno, Wilbur. They're all your siblings now!"

Tommy didn't quite understand, so he ignored Phil, instead reaching his hand up to touch his wings. They were soft. After a few more seconds of looking, he handed the mirror back to Phil. Phil handed it to the maid, who disappeared as quickly as she had appeared.

"Do you feel well enough to sit by yourself in your own chair?" Phil asked. Tommy thought about it for a second, and decided he was. He nodded, and Phil carefully lifted him up, placing him down in the seat closest to him. The chair automatically brought itself up so that Tommy was level with the table, but it was still huge for him. He swung his feet experimentally. He had never gotten to sit at the dinner table before.

"Before we eat, Will, Techno, c'mere for a sec." Phil beckoned them over, and they hopped out of their seats and walked over. "Now that you're back these don't need to be so long." He mumbled, reaching behind Techno's neck, and adjusting something that Tommy couldn't see. Once he was done with Techno, he moved on to Wilbur, and did the same. He yanked on it, and Wilbur went flying backward towards Phil.

"Whoops! Too tight, sorry Will." Phil laughed, and adjusted the invisible object once again to his liking. Once he was satisfied, he sent Wilbur and Techno back to their seats.

"Well." Phil smiled at the family. "Ready to eat?" The kids all nodded, and he snapped his fingers once again. A whole wait staff appeared, the same translucent white as the maid from earlier, and made quick work of setting the table. As soon as the food was set out and plates were places, they disappeared. Tommy stared in awe. He had never seen that much food in his *life*, and a lot of it was stuff he didn't even know existed. He sat frozen as everyone began filling their plates.

"You can have some, Thomas." Phil prodded. "This is for you, too. You're one of us now."

Phil disappeared pretty quickly after dinner. He brought Tommy right to the doors of his wing of the castle, made it clear that Tommy was never to go in there, and left. Tommy nodded, and went

back to the dining room to find the rest of the kids. As soon as Wilbur confirmed Phil was gone, he turned to Tommy.
"Hey, Toms. Do you still have those things you brought with you? The coin? And the soldier?" He asked in a hushed voice.
"Aye." Tommy nodded, patting his pants pocket.
"Great. C'mon." Wilbur grabbed Tommy's hand, and led him down some halls into a room. Wilbur shut the door, and Tommy looked around. The room had shelves full of books, and boxes. On one of the shelves across the room, there was a box with a shiny front. There was a picture on it, but it was moving. Another similar box sat on a desk. There was a rug on the floor, and many types of seats.
"This is our playroom." Wilbur gestured to it all. "This is where we hang out after dinner. Phil doesn't really want us in here during the day though. Now come here." Wilbur brought Tommy to one of the shelves, and moved one of the boxes. Behind it was another box, which he gingerly pulled out.
"This is a secret box. We don't tell Phil about the secret box, okay?" Wilbur locked eyes with Tommy.
"Wherefore?" Tommy asked, cocking his head to the side.
"He'd get upset. He doesn't like us having things that he didn't give to us."
"That doth not seem very kind." Tommy mumbled.
"Oh, no, Phil's nice! He's really nice. He just has some weird rules." Wilbur reassured him. "But if you put your coin and soldier in here, he'll never take it from you, promise."
"Art thou sure?"
"Positive. Tubbo's had his action figure in here for God knows how long." Tommy hesitated,

before pulling his things out of his pocket and placing them into the box.
"Wonderful." Wilbur smiled at him. "Can you pinky promise me that you won't tell Phil about the box?" Tommy nodded, and reached his pinky out toward Wilbur.
"Awesome. Now that that's done, you wanna learn what a computer is?"
"Computer?" Tommy asked.
"Yeah, this is gonna blow your fuckin' mind. Freaking mind, sorry. Don't tell Phil I said that. It's only got like solitaire and minesweeper on it because it's from the '90s but it's better than nothing. Man, I miss my Switch. I miss Minecraft. Don't tell Phil I said that either." Tommy didn't have a clue what Wilbur was going on about, but he seemed happy, so he let him talk.
Tommy's head felt fuzzy. He couldn't wrap his head around the concept of a computer. Or the TV Techno complained about how the only 3 tapes they had were a recording of the Superbowl, an episode of Judge Judy, and half a Rachel Ray recipe (whatever those were). Tommy didn't understand his discontent at all. You put a black box into another black box and then a picture showed up in the big black box. And it moved! And made noises! It equally perplexed and fascinated him.
Techno and Wilbur went through a long series of contests to see who would get to use the computer, and Techno won. He was about 5 minutes into explaining Minesweeper to Tommy when the bell once again rang.
"Oh, bath time!" Niki announced. "Tubbo, who do you want to bathe you?" She asked him. Tubbo thought about it for a moment, before pointing to Niki.
"I'm honored! Let's blouse!" She smiled at him, reaching out for his hand, before leading him out.

"You gotta take a bath too, Tommy." Techno said, turning him around in his lap so Tommy was facing him instead of the computer. "Who do you want your bath from?"

"I recently bathed! Just two days ago!" Tommy protested, pouting at Techno. He hated bathtime. "Well, we bathe every day here, sorry buddy. You gotta pick someone." Techno shrugged. "Wilbur." Tommy mumbled, crossing his arms. "I'm Tommy's favorite!" Wilbur singsonged, lifting Tommy from Techno's lap and spinning him around. "Whatever." Techno rolled his eyes. "I'm going back to Minesweeper." Wilbur set Tommy down, and led him to yet another room. There was a whole room dedicated to just the bath. Tommy voiced his awe as Wilbur began removing his old clothes. "Two, actually. Tubbo's in the other one right now. Lift your arms, please." Tommy obeyed. Once his clothes were discarded, Wilbur lifted him into the tub. Tommy froze, bracing himself for the cold water. It was warm. He snapped his eyes open in surprise. The bath was actually...quite pleasant. Wilbur used a special kind of soap Tommy had never seen before. It lathered like normal soap, but was in liquid form. There was a separate soap for his hair, his body, and his wings. He put a cream in Tommy's hair called conditioner. The whole time, Wilbur talked to him gently, explaining exactly what he was doing, and why it was good for him. Once he was done, Wilbur lathered his body in floral-scented lotion, and dressed him in pajamas. A white pair of pants and a matching button-up shirt, with holes in the back for his wings. It was a fabric Tommy had never seen before, and he rubbed his hands all over it in curiosity. "It's silk," Wilbur explained. "You ready to go back to the playroom?"

Tommy nodded, and let Wilbur carry him back. Techno was still glued to the computer, and Tubbo

was sitting on the floor with Eret.



the twins: 2020's tubbo: 1980's

niki: 1920's eret: 3000's

phils around 8 feet tall btw. i couldn't explicitly mention it bc tommys a little boy he doesn't know how much 8 feet is.

they'll help you when you're injured,

Chapter Notes

hey besties sorry this chapter took so long. i wasn't intending this at all but returning to school full time really zapped my energy. i was just so tired last week. hopefully won't happen again, sorry!

reminder to heed the warnings in the tags. they're there for a reason.

comments and kudos are forever appreciated!! enjoy!!

my tumblr/twitter: electribunny noir's tumblr/twitter: h0n04rys3n10r

fic discord server: https://discord.gg/EwNBrGPMCP

"Thoust art a bitch!" Tommy yelled out, letting his bare feet carry him down the halls of the castle. The past three years had left him more than familiar with it's layout, and he sprinted without a second thought as to where he was going.

The front doors opened automatically as Tommy approached (they always did), so he didn't slow his pace as he ran outside.

He didn't bother with running down the stairs, instead leaping and letting his wings carry him to safety.

His feet collided with the soft grass. He took off running once again, but only made it a few steps before a pair of strong hands were wrapping around his waist, and tackling him to the ground.

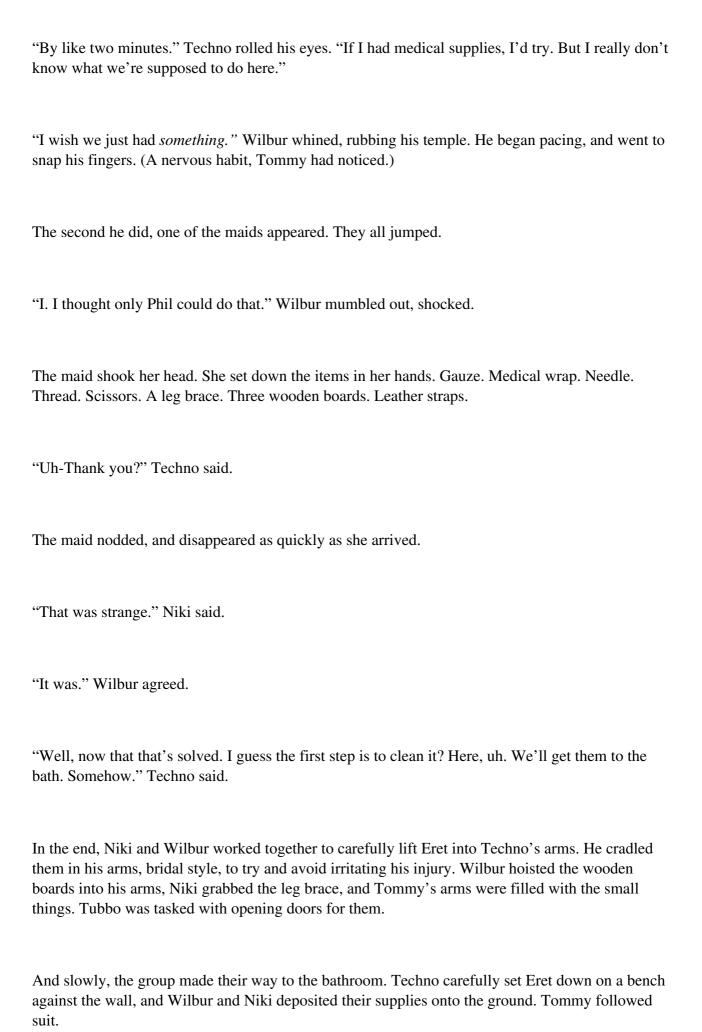
Tommy landed on his stomach, and he rolled over, bringing his wooden sword up to block the blow that he knew was coming.

He grinned in satisfaction as he heard the scraping of wood colliding with wood. However, it quickly faded as his sword was dislodged from his hand, and sent flying away.

"I don't think eight year olds should be running around calling people bitches, Tommy." Techno laughed, sitting on Tommy's thighs to make sure he didn't run.



"I just beat thee in a fight, I think I can do what I want." Tommy shot back.
"With your words, not your fists. Wilbur would be proud of you, but I'm barely counting it." Techno laughed.
"Oh really? Beca-" Tommy's retort was interrupted by a blood curdling shriek somewhere in the castle. Before he could process what was happening, Techno was scooping him up into his arms, and sprinting toward the source of the noise.
"Gross." Techno commented, taking a closer look at Eret's leg. As soon as he figured out that no one was in immediate danger, his demeanor returned to its usual state. Tommy was glad. Techno was supposed to be the strong one. He didn't like seeing him afraid.
"I know." Wilbur agreed, poking a bit of bone that was sticking out. Eret hissed, and gripped Niki's hand stronger. Tubbo hid his face in Tommy's shoulder.
"What the hell even happened?" Techno asked, inspecting the leg.
"T-tripped. Was walking with Niki. Fall down. This happen." They hissed out, obviously trying to push through the pain. Tommy winced in sympathy. It looked pretty bad. Their bone was sticking clean out of their leg, and blood was slowly but steadily pooling out of it. The deep red was a stark contrast to the pristine white of the floor.
"What are we going to do?" Niki asked, looking up at Techno.
"I don't know why you're looking at me. Do I look like I know how to fix a broken leg? I'm sixteen."
"Yeah, but you're the oldest." Wilbur pointed out.



"Okay, Tommy, can you go and get Eret some new clothes? And Tubbo, will you take their dirty clothes to the laundry?" Wilbur asked them. Tommy nodded, and left the room.

On his way to their bedrooms, he passed the hallway Eret had fallen in. Two of the translucent castle maids were there, silently mopping up the blood. Tommy stopped, so they did too, looking up at him.

"Um, hello?" He waved at them.

They stared for a couple seconds. They went back to their mopping.

Tommy tried to ignore how strange that made him feel, and continued walking. He carefully opened the door to their bedroom. Six king sized beds, exactly identical, the beds perfectly made.

That wasn't what he was there for. He walked past, pushing open the door to their closet. He went over to Eret's section, looking over the clothes. He thought about it for a second, and decided a skirt would be better for their legs than pants. He grabbed a new t-shirt, and a new skirt, and bundled them up into his arms, making his way back to the bathroom.

The blood wasn't in the hallway anymore. The maids weren't either.

Tommy walked back into the bathroom, clothes in hand. Eret was sitting on the edge of the tub, sweating despite the fact that they were only in their boxers. Niki had a hand towel, and was dipping it in the water, bringing it up to wipe their face. Techno was laying out their supplies on the table, preparing to use them. Wilbur had another towel, and was carefully cleaning the wound.

"I brought the clothes back." Tommy announced.

"That's great." Wilbur tried to smile at him, but it looked more like a grimace. "Just set them down on the bench, okay? Then go sit with Tubbo." Tommy nodded, and did what he was told.

They all seemed very stressed. They were working in complete silence, besides Eret's heavy breathing, and whimpers of pain. Tommy reached out for Tubbo's hand. The other boy took it instantly.

"T-Techno." Wilbur finally breathed out. "I...think it's clean."

"Alright." Techno nodded at him. "I think I figured out how we're going to do this. Help me sit them on the table." Wilbur nodded, and he and Niki carefully maneuvered them to be on the edge of the table, legs dangling off.

"Okay, the first thing we gotta do is put the bone back. I think." Techno mumbled. "This is gonna hurt like a bitch." He looked up at Eret.

"Figured." Eret nodded back. Techno took a deep breath, counted down, and snapped Eret's leg back into place.

The scream was haunting. Tommy winced. Once Eret was done shrieking, they began crying again. In response to their sobs, Niki rushed up, grabbing a bowl and filling it with water. She grabbed her hand towel, and resumed wiping their tears, trying to comfort them.

"On the bright side, that should be the worst part." Techno said. "Now we...sew it shut?"

"Niki. I think you better do this. You're the best seamstress out of us three." Wilbur suggested.

Niki handed the towel to Wilbur, who took over her job. She grabbed the needle and thread, and began sewing Eret's leg back up, with instructions from Techno. Tommy was thoroughly grossed out, but also couldn't look away.

Once the leg was sewn up, things went rather quickly. There was gauze to stop the bleeding, and medical wrap to hold the gauze in place. The leg brace was gingerly slid onto their leg. The three boards were placed on the sides and the back of their leg for extra stability, and finally, the leather straps were wrapped around it all to keep it in place.

It didn't look great. But Eret's leg was in the position it was supposed to be, so Tommy counted that as a success.

They leaned onto Wilbur and Techno, and hobbled all the way back to their bedroom. It was only about three, but they still passed out the second they hit their bed.

Tommy whined as the light to their bedroom was turned on. Him and Tubbo went to bed earlier than the other four, which normally wasn't a problem. They snuck in quietly, and Tommy was normally fast asleep by the time they came in to go to bed.

Except, with Eret's leg, they couldn't quietly waltz in. They had to turn the light on, escort them to bed, undo everything on their leg to check on the progress, and then put it all back.

After three days, it was starting to get on Tommy's nerves just a bit. They always came in right as he had gotten to sleep.

"Sorry." Wilbur whispered to him, shooting him a grin.

Tommy groaned, and hopped out of his bed. He toddled over to Tubbo's, getting under the covers. Tubbo pulled him close with no protest. They pulled the covers far over their heads to block the light.

Tommy fell asleep again to the concerned mumblings of his siblings, and Eret's whimpers of pain.

Day five of Eret's broken leg was just like any other day. They woke up, the three older siblings checked on Eret's leg. They went to breakfast. Wilbur taught school to Tommy and Tubbo. They went to lunch. Techno taught fighting to Tommy and Tubbo. They did whatever for a few hours. They went to dinner.

They made their way into the dining room, Wilbur and Techno helping Eret hop along. Tubbo opened the door for them, and they all made their way in.

Tommy gasped in excitement when he saw a seventh chair at the table.

"Phil!" He shouted out. At the noise, the rest of the siblings stopped too. Phil coming to family dinners was the only time they saw him, and that itself was a rarity. In his three years in the castle,

"Kiddos!" Phil grinned at them. "Come sit down!" They nodded, and Tommy, Tubbo, and Niki made their way to their seats. Wilbur and Techno were still helping Eret, and Phil frowned as he noticed them.
"Kids?"
"Yeah?" Tubbo responded.
"What happened to Eret's leg?" Phil asked.
"They broke it." Techno explained. "We tried to fix it up the best we could."
"We got the supplies from the castle maids! Wilbur summoned them! I didn't even know he could do that! Isn't that awesome!" Tubbo chimed in, excited.
"Ididn't know you guys could do that either." Phil said, shocked. "Techno, how long has their leg been broken?"
"About five days." Techno said, hoisting them into their dinner chair with Wilbur's help.
"Well." Phil said, getting up and going to take a look at it. "You guys sure did put a lot of care into fixing it up."
"We did." Wilbur nodded.
"It's not perfect, but it works. Who did it?"
"We worked together." Techno said.

Tommy had probably seen Phil only about 18 times.

"Yeah, but you did about 80% of it, Techno." Niki chimed in.
"This was really resourceful Techno. I'm proud of you." Phil said, reaching out to ruffle Techno's hair. Techno beamed at the praise. Phil's presence was rare. His approval was even rarer. Compliments from him were like gold, as far as the kids were aware.
"Wilbur, Techno, help me remove all this stuff, okay?" The boys nodded, and quickly got to work, removing everything from their leg. Tommy grimaced at the wound. It was healing up nicely, but it still looked pretty gruesome.
"This might hurt. Hold my hand if you need to, okay?" Phil looked up at Eret, and they nodded, reaching out. Their small hand intertwined with Phil's large one.
Phil placed his free hand on the broken leg. It glowed white. Eret hissed out in pain. But after a few seconds, the light faded. Tommy looked at their leg.
The wound wasgone.
"Here, try walking on this for me, got it?" Eret nodded, and hopped down the chair. They landed on their good leg, and took a hesitant step out with their bad one.
They seemed pleasantly surprised when they put their leg on the ground. They stamped on it. They looked up at Phil. They shifted their weight onto it. They looked back up at Phil.
"Itall better." They said, shocked.
"Well, I'm glad." Phil smiled. "Let's eat now, alright?" The group nodded, and they settled into their chairs, preparing for dinner.

Once their plates were full and they began eating, Phil set down his utensils, addressing them.

"Kids?"

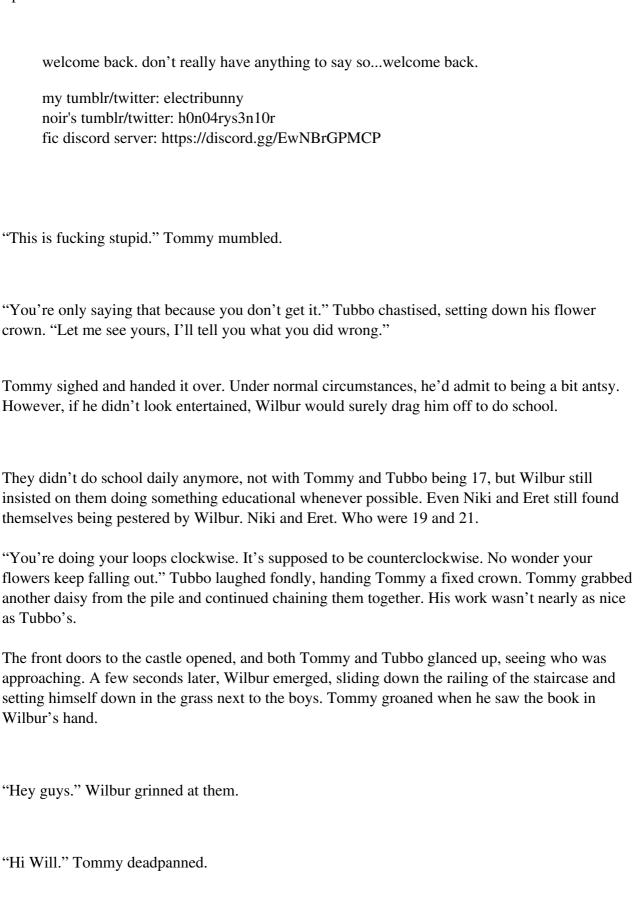


"You've just made it clear that we're not supposed to bother you when you're in your chambers." Techno chimed in, covering for his twin.
"Alright. Don't tell me." Phil leaned back in his seat. "But next time, you come get me, okay? Eret's leg could've been ruined forever."
The kids all nodded. Phil took a bite of his food. They took it as their cue that they could eat too.
Dinner was silent. The air felt suffocating.

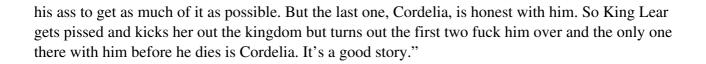
he'll protect you from outsiders,

Chapter Notes

"You'll never guess what I found."







"Well, way to spoil the whole thing you massive dickhead." Tommy rolled his eyes.

"There's way more to it than that. It was just a summary. Okay shut up. I'm going to read now."

Tommy sighed, but listened intently as Wilbur started reading. He leaned against Tubbo, and continued with his flower crown.

Tommy grunted as his back collided with the foam mat on the floor. He couldn't even catch his breath before Techno was on him, forearm pressed against his neck.

"Will you fucking get off of me?" Tommy glared at his brother after a minute. "You won. It's finished."

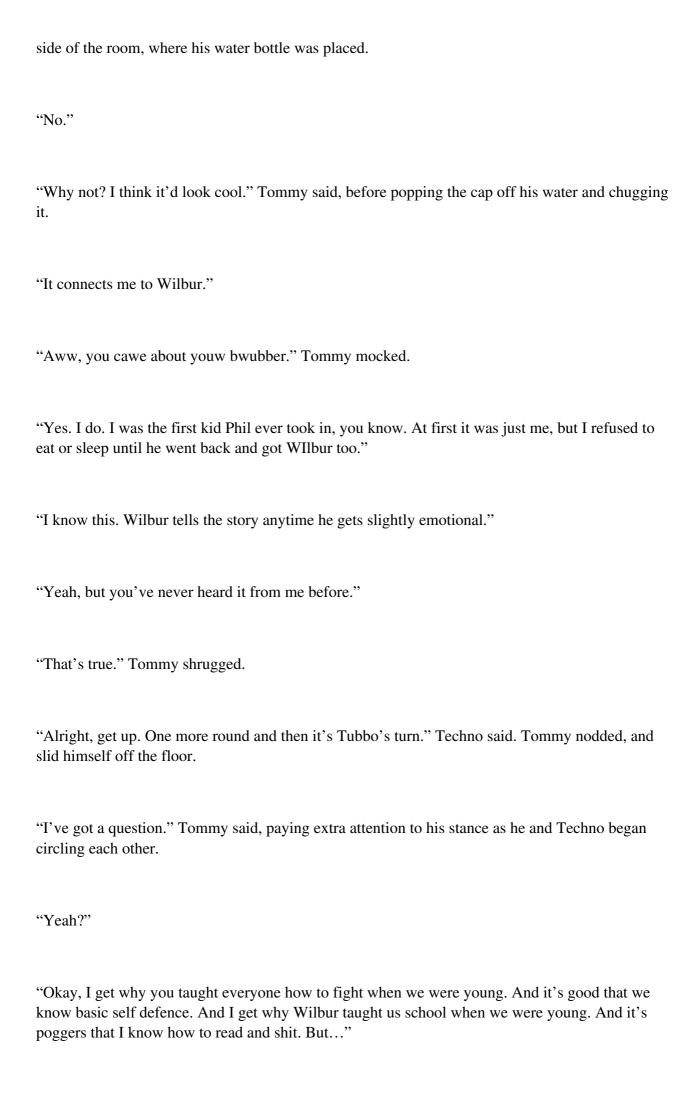
"Your stance should be wider than it was. Standing with your feet too close makes you easy to knock over. We've been over this, Tommy." Techno scolded. Tommy just glared at him. His pink curls, now reaching his waist, cascaded around his face.

"Maybe it's not my stance that makes it easy to knock me over. Maybe it's the fact that I'm 17 and you're 24. A full grown adult."

"I could've taken down a full grown adult at your age." Techno shot back, finally freeing Tommy. "Although, I will say the hair tie thing was pretty smart. Having my hair down was pretty distracting." Techno picked up his hair tie from where it was discarded after Tommy had yanked it out of his hair. Techno didn't put it back in it's bun, and instead elected to braid it.

"Now, if you try that again, nothing will happen." Techno grinned at him.

"Have you ever considered straightening your hair?" Tommy asked, getting up and jogging to the





On day two of Wilbur reading King Lear, Eret had walked by, and been interested. And then Niki. And Techno apparently already knew the story, but he wasn't too keen on being left out. So the group of siblings met in the yard every day, and listened to Wilbur read to them.

It was nice to hear English in the format that he was used to. Tommy still sometimes felt like a bit of an imposter speaking "modern" English. He ran his fingers through the grass absentmindedly, and let himself enjoy the story.

Until Wilbur was abruptly interrupted by a noise Tommy had only heard once before in his life. He sat up, and stared in shock as the gates to the castle walls opened.

Four figures started walking in, and Techno immediately sprung up, between them and the newcomers, assuming a battle stance. After calmly setting down his book, Wilbur went to stand next to him.

"Let's talk to them first, Tech." Wilbur said, placing his hand on Techno's shoulder. "We can't assume they're here to hurt us."

"But I don't want to be caught off guard if they are." Techno mumbled, eyes glue to the four people.

"What about a compromise? Lower your fists?"

"Fine." Techno lowered his hands, although Tommy could see that they were still in a fighting position. Tommy subtly adjusted the way he was sitting, so he could get up easily if he needed too.

Tommy stared in awe as the four got close enough to be distinguishable. The first reminded him an awful lot of Phil. He stood at about 8 feet tall, and his wings were larger than the other three's. However, unlike Phil, glowing white light shone from his whole face, not just his eyes. Tommy couldn't see what his face looked like.

The other three had the same wings and eyes as Tommy and his siblings. But, unlike Tommy and his siblings, they weren't dressed the same. The one to the tall man's right was wearing a blue t-shirt and jeans. The one to the left black sweatpants and a white t-shirt. The one to the left of sweatpants man black cargo pants, with a black hoodie.









You're not doing them any favors by keeping it a secret. You should know better, Phil. The Authorities aren't going to like this."
"Don't act so high and mighty. You're not any better than me, Dream. Remember Alyssa and Callahan?" Phil laughed. Tubbo curled up into Tommy. Tommy wrapped his arms around his brother. He had never seen Phil look so scary in his life.
"ALYSSA AND CALLAHAN WOULD STILL FUCKING BE HERE IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU! YOU FUCKING HYPOCRITE!" Dream shouted. He shoved Phil off of him.
"You know what? I actually came here to tell you I forgive you. But now I don't think I do." Dream took a step back. "If I were you, I'd start preparing for The Authorities to come, Phil."
"You wouldn't ." Phil said, shocked.
"Oh, so it's fine when <i>you</i> do it. No, no, I get it." Dream said, voice dripping with sarcasm. "Come on boys, we're leaving." He turned around, walking away. His friends followed suit. Dream stopped, and turned right toward Tommy and his siblings.
"I'm so sorry." He said, voice suddenly soft and soothing. "None of this is your fault. I'm so sorry you were all put in this position. None of you deserve this."
"What!" Wilbur shouted as Dream turned to walk away. "What isn't our fault!"
"Quiet, Wilbur." Phil scolded. "Let them leave. They shouldn't even have been talking to you anyway."
"Why?" Wilbur asked.

"I fucking told you to be quiet, Will."

and still, none of it will matter,

Chapter Notes

i totally spoil the ending for king lear (yes, the shakespeare play) at the end of this. don't think anyone cares but i figured i'd warn y'all just in case.

i take my ap lit test on wednesday. wish me luck im so fucking nervous lol.

anyway enjoy!

my tumblr/twitter: electribunny noir's tumblr/twitter: h0n04rys3n10r

fic discord server: https://discord.gg/EwNBrGPMCP

Phil dragged them into their room, bolted the door behind him, and proceeded to grill the six kids until he had gotten every last detail about their conversation with Dream.

As soon as he was certain they hadn't lied or omitted anything, he had stormed out without a goodbye. As soon as he was out of earshot, they glanced at each other, nervous.

Techno, ever so brave, spoke first.

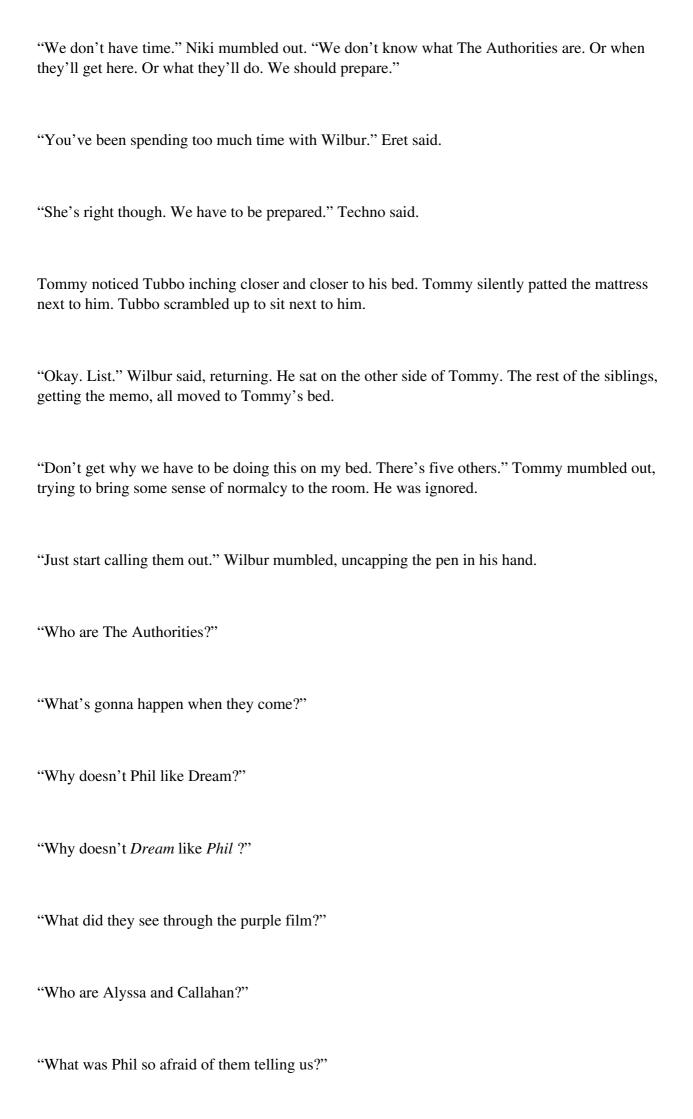
"So, I'm assuming no one else knows what the hell just happened."

The group shook their heads.

"We should write down a list of questions. Try and find answers. We're not going to figure it out by sitting here." Wilbur said, rushing up to grab a piece of paper.

Tommy couldn't help but smile at his brother. Wilbur couldn't stand lacking knowledge about anything. He didn't like not knowing.

"I really think we should just take a moment to collect ourselves here." Eret said.





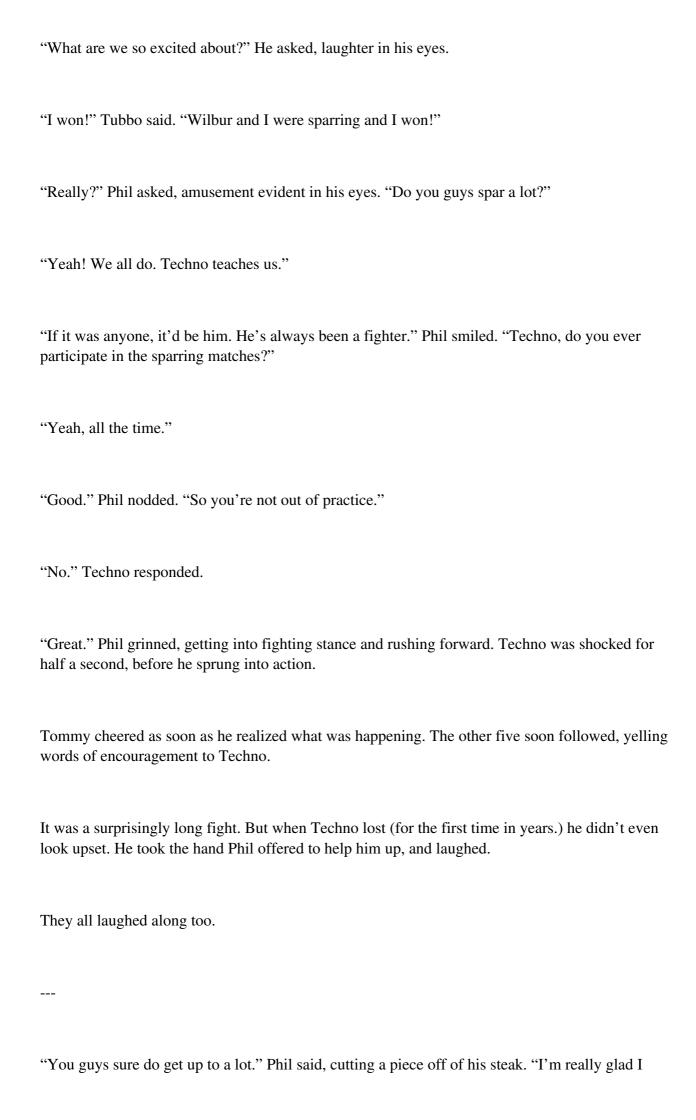


	nank you miss." Tommy said. She froze, and stared at him like he had two heads. After a few onds, she seemed to remember Phil was standing right behind her, and hastily got back to work.
lau	nners were always a happy memory for Tommy. A place to relax after the events of the day, and gh with his family. They were extra special when Phil was there, and they all scrambled for his ention.
Dir	nner always left him with a warm feeling in his chest.
	is one was ice cold. It was the same painting, but in different colors. The same song, but in nor key.
Тоі	mmy sighed, and pushed his spaghetti around his plate with his fork.
	lright Tommy, your turn." Wilbur tossed the Expo marker to him. Tommy purposely let it fall to ground next to him with a whine.
_	ust don't understand when I'll ever need to use calculus like, ever." Tommy said, reaching wn for the marker.
	e grateful. I had to teach myself this shit." Wilbur grinned at him. "Derivative. Go. C'mon, you this."
"I c	don't think he does." Techno joked.
	Tell then why don't you come do it yourself." Tommy grumbled, working out the problem with niliar ease.
"Bo	ecause I don't need the practice."
"Fu	ack you." Tommy turned to Wilbur. "Is this right?"



He was feeling awfully conflicted about Phil too.
"Well, by all means don't let me interrupt you." Phil said, gesturing for Eret to continue. He nodded, and continued his work.
"You got it right. Would you look at that!"" Phil said. "I got the next one. Make it a difficult one, Wilbur."
Will nodded, and copied a problem from the textbook in his arms. Phil got up, and began writing on the board. It was solved in seconds. Tommy stared in shock.
"That'scorrect." Wilbur nodded. "That's correct."
"Gimme that book." Phil reached out for it, and Wilbur handed it over.
Tommy preferred it when Wilbur was his teacher. But, Phil wasn't horrible. He knew much more about calculus than Wilbur did, to say the least.
Tommy was pretty good at sparring. As long as Techno wasn't his opponent, he found himself winning most of the time.
Niki was the exception. She was ruthless.
"You know I'm going easy on you because I would never hurt a woman." Tommy said, wincing as Niki dug her fingers further into his shoulder blades.
"Yeah, that's why you're so out of breath right now, huh?" She laughed.
"It's for your ego. Women deserve to have high self esteem."









little conflicted about Phil. I mean, I've always wanted him around more, but now that he actually is, I don't know how to feel. Like, I'm happy he's here? But I'm also angry that you and Techno did all the hard work and he just gets to reap the benefits. And I'm also confused? Why now? Does he have an ulterior motive for something? Fucking...I don't know, man."

"I think we're all feeling that way right now." Wilbur mumbled, reaching over to ruffle his hair.

"So Cordelia dies? That's it? That's how it ends?" Tommy looked up at Wilbur.

"At least King Lear got to make amends before she did." Tubbo responded.

"Still a shitty finale. Wilbur, you lied to me. You said I'd like this one."

"I never said the story had a happy ending, Tommy."

he will take them away from you.

Chapter Notes

hi. i know this chapter is late. the executive dysfunction/depression/ed/cfs combo really came and kicked my fucking ass. so sorry about that. but it's here now.

please please PLEASE heed the tags, especially for this chapter.

although this fic started out as just something to buy noir and I time to work on our next big au, we're both really proud of what we've really created here. I've never written heavy angst like this before, so it was amazing to step out of my comfort zone!! enjoy the chapter!!

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See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Tommy was awoken by shuffling in the room. Grumbling, he went to throw a pillow toward whoever was making the commotion. When he heard Phil's laugh instead of the usual mumbled apology, he shot up.

"Sorry mate." Phil whispered. Tommy got the feeling he was smiling at him, but the only thing he could see in the dark was the glow of Phil's eyes. "I didn't mean to wake you. I just needed Techno for a second. Go back to sleep."

Tommy was too tired to think about how strange that was. He buried his face in his pillow and went back to sleep.

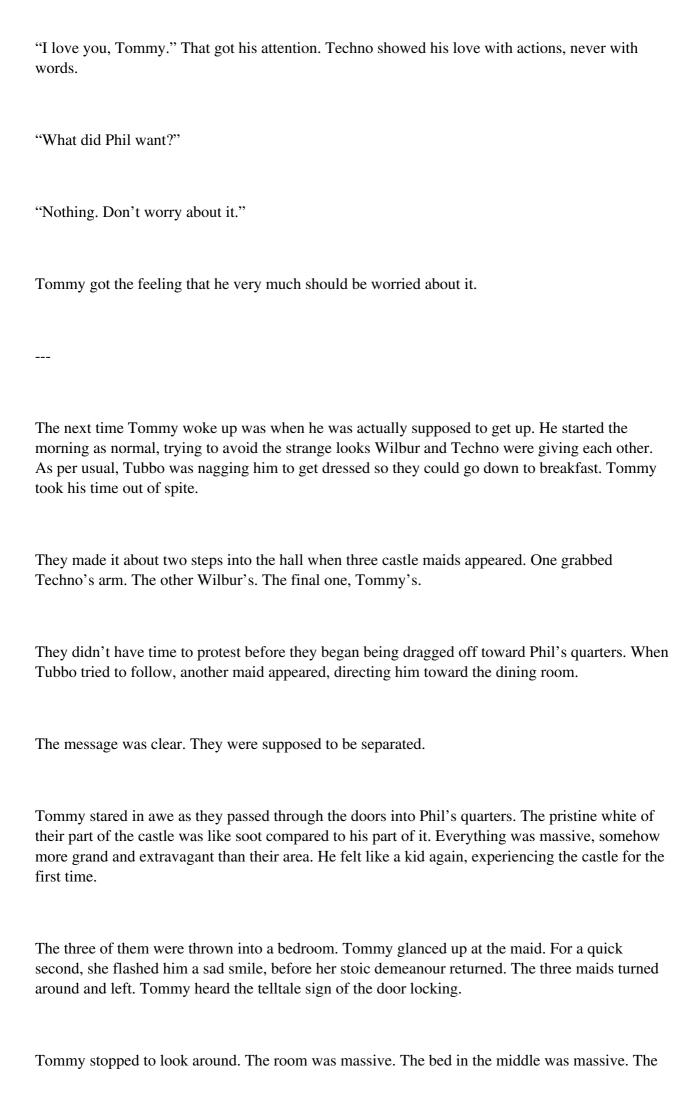
He was awoken again 10 minutes later. This time, he just pretended to stay asleep.

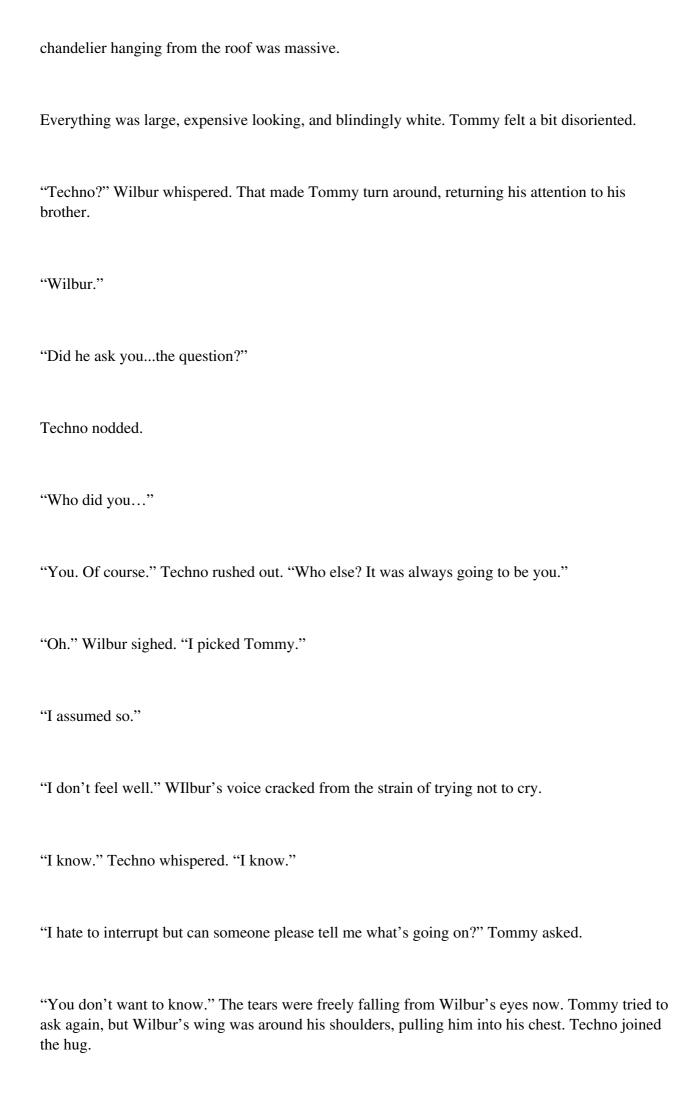
"Uhh, Will." Techno whispered. Tommy heard him shake Wilbur awake.

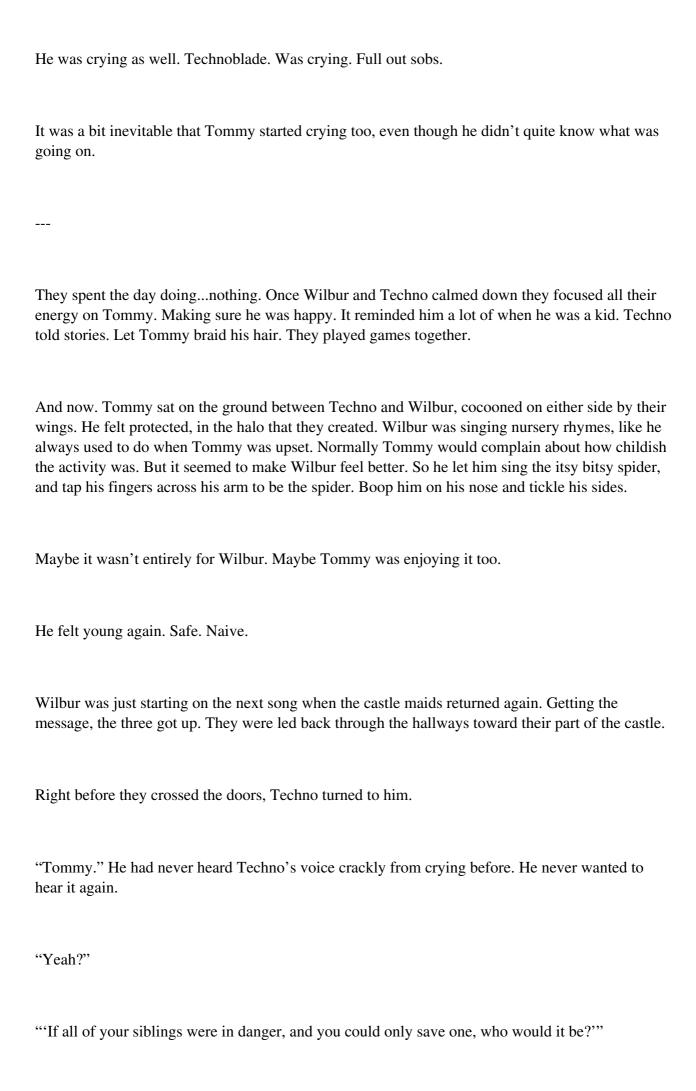
"Huh? Is everything okay?"

"Shhh! Everyone's still sleeping."





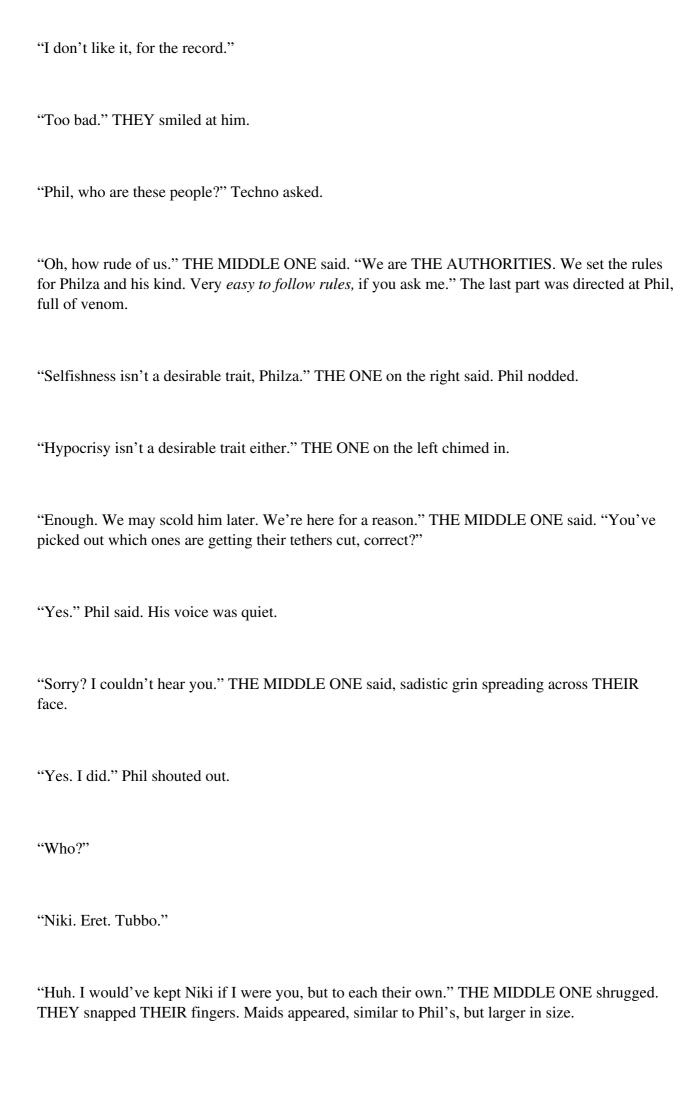








silence, and after the castle maids cleared the table, they sat for another five minutes. There was a pounding on the door. Phil sat up straight in his chair. "PHILZA!" a voice boomed. Tommy jumped. Phil sighed, and got up from his chair. "Come on, kids." Phil said. He ushered them all out of the room toward the front door. Tommy felt like he was going to throw up. He stumbled on his feet, reaching out for whoever was closest. Tubbo grabbed his right hand. Wilbur grabbed his left. Tommy stared in shock as they walked out into the front yard. Phil was tall. Massive, even. But next to THESE PEOPLE, he looked like nothing more than a toy doll. "Philza, Philza, Philza." One of THEM tutted, like a parent scolding a child. "You of all people should really know better." "I know, sir." Phil mumbled, ducking his head. "Luckily for us, Dream believes in reciprocity. Don't you, Dream?" "I don't know why you made me come watch." Dream said, from where he was standing next to the TALL FIGURES. "I don't want to see this." Tommy hadn't even noticed Dream and his friends until they were pointed out. "It's only fair, don't you think?" Another one of THE FIGURES said. "He took delight in watching Alyssa and Callahan's tethers get cut. I figured you'd like to be here."



They grabbed Niki. They grabbed Eret. They grabbed Tubbo. In his peripherals, Tommy saw Bad take a step forward. He saw Dream grab his arm, and pull him back.

THE ONE on the right pulled out a pair of scissors. They gleamed in the sunlight. Tommy brought his free hand up, shielding his eyes.

"No use in waiting." THE MIDDLE ONE said, grabbing the scissors. THE LEFT ONE grabbed Eret by the hair, lifting him up into the air. Eret's wings instinctually fluttered, trying to support his weight as the ground was taken from him.

THE RIGHT ONE grabbed something. Tommy couldn't see it. It was invisible. Whatever it was, THE MIDDLE ONE lifted up the scissors, and cut it.

Rope. It was a rope. One end, connected to Phil. The other, wrapped tightly around Eret's neck, the skin chaffed, red, and bleeding.

Eret, who no longer had wings, and who was kicking and screaming. Or, trying to. No sound was coming from his mouth. Eret, who was now indistinguishable from any other human.

THE LEFT ONE let go of Eret unceremoniously. He fell straight through the ground.

He was...gone.

George let out a gut wrenching sob, and buried his face into Sapnap's chest. Wilbur's hand tightened around Tommy's. Tommy fell to the ground, no longer able to support his weight.

Gone, gone, gone. He was fucking gone.

Tommy swallowed down the vomit crawling up his throat. He glared over at Phil. He **hated** Phil. Despised him with every bone in his body. It was Phil who took them in. It was Phil who let them form meaningful relationships with each other. It was Phil who decided he wanted nothing to do with them until they were going to be taken.

He wanted to scream at Phil. Shout about how he'd never ever forgive him. But the words weren't

coming to his mouth. So he just stared at where Eret used to be, and began sobbing.

Niki was taken next. Tommy almost couldn't watch as she was lifted into the air. But he knew this was the last time he would ever see his sister again. So he stared, as she sobbed. As her tether was cut and her wings were taken.

Before she was dropped, she tried to smile at Tommy. It was entirely forced. Her shaky hands went to form a heart.

She was gone before the two halves were connected.

"I'm sorry!" Dream shouted out, interrupting the process. He too fell to the ground. "I'm so fucking sorry!!" Bad stepped forward, and placed a tentative hand on Dream's shoulder. "I never should've said anything. You're being punished for something that isn't your fault." George and Sapnap sat down too, and all four were on the ground, holding each other.

"No, Dream." THE RIGHT ONE said. "You did the right thing. You should be proud of yourself."

Tommy's attention was torn away from Dream by Tubbo's yelp of pain. He watched in horror as his best friend was lifted into the air. He knew what was going to happen.

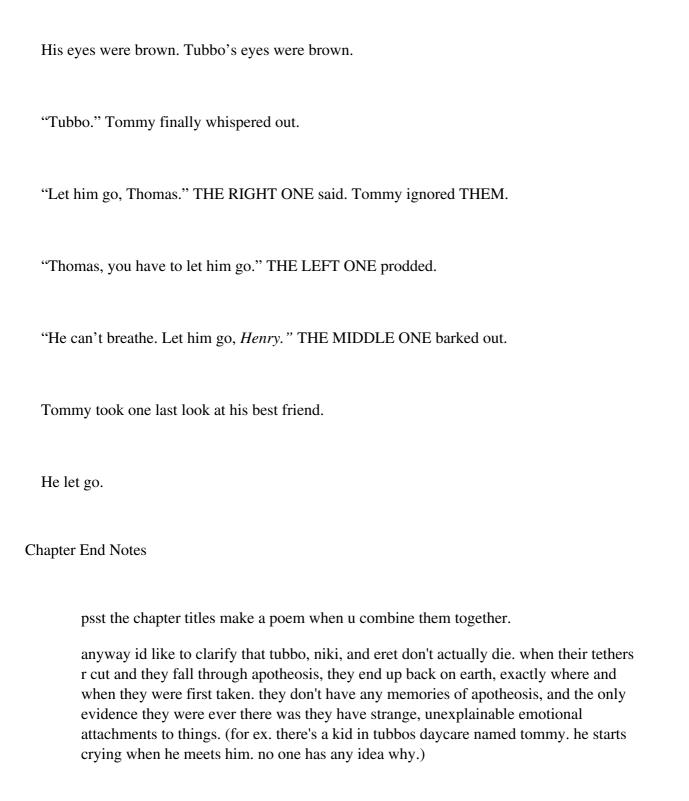
For something so monumental to him, THE AUTHORITIES treated it like normal day to day business.

The scissors went to cut the tether.

"TOMMY!!" Tubbo used his final breath to scream out his name. Tommy wanted to scream right back, but he couldn't find the words.

As Tubbo fell to the ground, he reached out for Tommy. Tommy, who ran toward Tubbo and grabbed his hand before he could even tell what he was doing.

Tubbo looked up at him. Only his head remained above the ground.



End Notes

sorry about the shakesperean english. it's only really for this chapter. promise.

comments and kudos are forever appreciated, so please leave either if you feel so inclined!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!