

## The Crystal Raindrops Fall

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## The Crystal Raindrops Fall

by [cespool](#), [venbel](#)

### Summary

Brothers and criminals, Wilbur and Tommy Sung have fled their old home (and the Mob). In Logsted they have found a perfect way to get back on their feet-- pretend to be the wealthy Philza Craft's sons, and rob his luxury hotel blind. Of course, the last thing they are expecting is to run into "Dear ol' Dad".

Starlit Skies is a 1920's inspired, mob/mafia, urban fantasy au! Lots of magic, lots of crime, and lots of family <3

### Notes

cw // references to gun violence, mentions of vomiting, implied panic attack

(Series name from 'I Hear a Rhapsody', and if you know where the fic title is from you know.)

:D

# Dear Old Mum's Magical Blood Bell

## Chapter Notes

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

When Wilbur pulled over by the glamorous Logsted Grand Hotel, it was raining — pouring, actually. The weather only made Wilbur's already miserable existence worse. The car they stole wasn't the best-insulated hunk of metal and the rain only served to make it colder. Seemed like the universe loved its dramatics as much as Wilbur loved his.

Tommy was curled up on the passenger seat, sleeping. The position couldn't have been comfortable —and the chill almost definitely did not help — but Tommy seemed to have made due. His younger brother was sleeping, but his expression was anything but peaceful. His face was scrunched up; even asleep, his brother was clearly worried.

Wilbur didn't fault him really, the uncertainty and fear that had been hounding them for the past couple of weeks made it hard to relax. The feeling of fear never really left them; it didn't matter if they were awake or not.

Wilbur bit his lip, he *should* wake Tommy up. They were, after all, wasting precious time, but this was the first time Tommy's gotten to sleep in a long time even if it was in the world's shittiest car.

A part of him wished he had stolen something better. If he had to force Tommy to sleep in the damn thing, he should have at least found a better, more comfortable model.

*It's fine, Wilbur reassured himself, if things go to plan, Tommy can rest somewhere nicer than this stupid car.*

He gently shook his younger brother awake, and had to fight back a laugh when Tommy predictably groaned, begging for five more minutes.

“Wake up, gremlin. We're Here.”

Tommy didn't dignify him with a response and only glared at him. It was a glare without any heat and yet Wilbur was suddenly struck with just how tired his younger brother looked.

Tommy was a mess; his hair was like a crow's nest — which is what anyone's hair would look like if it hadn't been combed in days. The bags under his eyes were deep; it looked like bruises against his pale skin.

They were both on their last legs. To say those past few days had been rough on them was a huge understatement. Wilbur had been through rough times — anyone who's been on the wrong side of the law has been — but that must have been the most stressed he'd felt in a long long time. Wilbur was cold, miserable, and exhausted, and he didn't need to be a genius to tell that his younger brother felt the same, maybe even worse than he did.

Tommy was only 15 after all. God, he was so young.

Wilbur felt the reoccurring guilt find home in his chest. What had been plaguing him the entire time they'd been on the run. What was he thinking putting Tommy in that much danger, maybe it was smarter if they'd stayed with-

*“Let's play a game, shall we? A little Russian roulette?”*

*A revolver. Tommy looking more scared than Wilbur has ever seen him. That damn smug smile.*

Wilbur shook his head to clear his thoughts; the alleyway near the stupid hotel they were meant to scam was *not* the place to relive *that* memory.

They made the right choice leaving, Wilbur firmly reminded himself. It was the right choice.

“Uhh, Big dubs.” Tommy had creased his brow — Tommy had been creasing his brow a lot more recently, “You okay there?”

“Yeah.” He smiled with what was hopefully a reassuring smile, “Let’s go scam some bourgeois fuckers, shall we?”

“But that’s soooo much work,” Tommy whined, “I don’t know why we can’t just sneak into the damn thing, we’ve got Mum’s bell don’t we?”

Wilbur closed his eyes. He was not a religious man but he couldn’t help but ask the lord above for just a smidge of patience. His younger brother was a *lot*.

“Tommy,” he started, only to find his younger brother digging through their luggage, carelessly throwing their clothes everywhere, looking for something.

Tommy let out a triumphant “Aha!” when he found what he was looking for. He held up what seemed to be just a simple wooden box to an outsider, but to the two boys, it carried their greatest treasure.

“Tommy,” Wilbur tried, but was once again ignored by that little shit. Instead, he gently opened the box and freed the very fragile glass bell their mother left them.

“I don’t see why we can’t just-“ Tommy rang the bell and immediately disappeared from Wilbur’s sight, “and just sneak in! It’s easier an’ foolproof!”

Apparently the universe wanted to spite Tommy because just as he said the last word, he became visible again even if he was still ringing Mother’s bell.

Wilbur leveled an unimpressed glare at him. “You know the thing barely works, I doubt we share even a 16th of the blood with whoever it was enchanted for. It’s far from foolproof and you know it. You’re just being a lazy prick.”

“But Wimblurrrrrr...”

Wilbur resisted the urge to groan. His younger brother was such a fucking piece of shit.

“I’m cold and tired,” Tommy pouted, and was that fucker actually going to give- oh God Tommy was busting out his *fucking puppy eyes*, “Acting an’ scamming is a lot of work. Can’t we just use dear old mum’s magical blood bell and call it a day?”

“No we *can’t*,” Wilbur thwacked his younger brother’s forehead, “Besides, you know our forgeries are the best in the area, these fuckers are much more reliable than that old bell.”

He held up the set of passports that declared them as “William” and “Thomas Craft” — the two sons of Philza Craft, the same Philza Craft who owned the Logsted Grand Hotel they planned to stay in for a few nights.

“And if the passports aren’t enough,” Wilbur added, hefting up the silver pocket watch that had

what looked very much like the Craft Crest, “this would definitely convince them.”

“But Wilbahhhhhh-“

Wil shushed him before he could continue whining. “Tommy, the quicker we get this over with, the closer we are to sleeping on actual beds that are nice and comfortable and warm. Stop whining and try to look presentable. We’re posing as the sons of a rich fucker; we need to look the part.”

The keyword was *try*, there was only so much they could do with such limited supplies. They freshened up to the best of their ability, trying to hide their eye bags with powder, adding a light blush on their cheeks to liven up their pale skin. They combed their hair and tried to change into more appropriate clothes but well — their clothing situation was hopeless, ratty coats, fraying sleeves, ill-fitting shirts. Their clothes couldn’t be helped — they were going to have to bank on their charisma. Thankfully, the brothers had that in spades.

It was only when they were about to leave for the actual hotel when Wilbur realized it was still raining buckets.

“Did we happen to bring an umbrella?” Wilbur asked.

Tommy looked around before shaking his head, “Nope.”

“Well fuck.”

There goes any and all prep they did for the past 30 minutes. It’s not like they could drive to the actual hotel entrance. The shitty clothes might be brushed aside with enough charisma but the old beat-up car they stole would definitely sell them out.

Wilbur sighed. “Guess we have to run through the pouring rain.”

“Race you there big man?” Tommy challenged. There was a competitive glint in his younger brother’s eyes which irritated Wilbur. Maybe enough to forget about the slight despair the setback in their plans caused him.

“You fucking bet,” Wilbur responded, ready to humble that smug motherfucker.

Tommy was ready to bolt but Wilbur stopped him just before he left the car. “Remember, we’re the sons of a bourgeois dickhead, act like it, yeah?”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “Stop acting like that’s a hard role to play, Wil. I’ll just act like a self-entitled prick who’s up his own ass.”

“Tommy, you’re just describing yourself.”

“Oh fuck off!”

Wilbur couldn’t help but cackle at his brother’s reaction.

“No swearing, dipshit, it’s not proper,” Wil reached over to the other side of the car to ruffle Tommy’s carefully combed hair — it’s not like it would have survived the rain anyway.

“I’ll fucking show you proper you motherfucking-“

Tommy would have probably reached over to strangle him but Wilbur already opened the door and bolted with his bag in hand.

“Last one to the hotel is a-” He taunted, before slipping on nothing at all. He quickly righted himself, praying to a god he didn’t believe in that Tommy didn’t see.

The sky never really got black, the city made sure of that. Everything gilded and reflecting electric lights— even well into the night, Logsted was bustling. Full of fast cars, flowing drinks, and shining jewels. Although calling that city alive was maybe a step too far, or maybe it was just Wilbur who lacked the city’s nighttime enthusiasm. It was hard to be hooting and hollering, let alone smiling when he was soaked to the bone with his feet half freezing off. The rain came down in sheets, waylaying the marble building in front of them. The Logsted Grand Hotel, 24 stories tall with golden light spilling from every window. The tower, perfectly symmetrical, shot into the hazy dark sky, its top fading from view.

Wilbur craned his neck to see just a smidge more as they walked under the awning. The Sung brothers immediately caught the attention of the doorman. All clad in green and gold, a soldier on the frontlines of ‘good society’ sorting the riff-raff from those worthy to take a step into paradise. Of course, he wasn’t letting the two of them anywhere near the glass doors. They were stretched out drowned rats, in cheap rags with even cheaper smiles. Wilbur felt like the nail about to be hammered, but he grinned and tipped his hat — water spilling off the brim.

"Nice night," Tommy said, his chest puffed and hands out. Not like the kid had a gun to brandish anyway, but best not to give the doorman another reason to keep them out.

"Y’all aware there is something of dress code roundabout here." The doorman gestured to the other patrons with their silks and velvets.

"I’m sure you can make an exception." Wilbur’s voice dropped an octave, he didn’t have to try hard to sound the part. To sound like his voice would leave someone sugar sick after a single bite. The doorman was not impressed.

To be expected.

Wil pulled the silver watch from his coat pocket, it too being slightly damp, and sighed. "I’ve had nothing short of an awful night — what’s your name, sir?" He didn’t wait for a reply. "This is just awful service, don’t you think?"

"Oh, just dreadful," Tommy said with an equal air of arrogance about him. "Well, I suppose we’ll have to call down the manager... for some helpful feedback."

“Now, now, I’m sure the manager is quite busy — we wouldn’t want to trouble them with something so trivial, it must just be a mistake.” Wilbur looked down on the man. “A mistake, is it not?”

“Father wouldn’t stand for it, so why should I? This sort of behavior must be sorted out.”

The doorman tried to speak, but Wilbur didn’t let him.

“But my dearest brother, I’m sure the poor doorman is just confused.”

“This is the first thing guests see! Confusion isn’t acceptable. All employees must meet a certain standard. I could catch my death out here, and for what? Father would have to go through all the trouble of planning a funeral!”

“That is simply a horrid thought.”

“Oh, the girls from school would be in mourning for the next decade — imagine, Linda in black

and bombazine.”

“A tragedy.”

“It would be a tragedy.” Tommy looked Wilbur directly in the eyes. “And pardon my french- *God*, imagine the headlines!”

Wilbur wanted to strangle him.

“No, Wil, really think about it, ‘Thomas Craft frozen to death on the steps of the Logsted Grand Hotel!’ on the front page of the Empire Times. Oh, and if I die, please make sure they use a good picture of me.”

“You shouldn’t say such things, they might just happen.” His voice was syrupy, dripping with false concern.

Tommy let out a gasp and shot a look at Wilbur. Back at it again with the big innocent eyes, “Wil, I can’t feel my fingers! Am I going to die?”

“Pardon... Craft?” the doorman stammered out, the cogs finally turning. “I didn’t know the boss had kids...”

“Father is a very private man,” Wilbur glared.

He checked the watch once more.

“Are you waiting on an invitation?” Tommy tapped his foot impatiently.

The doorman pushed the glass doors open.

One foot in the door, and they were already halfway there, right? He wanted to take a glance at Tommy, to make sure he was alright. But they had to look like they owned the place, looking down their noses as their shoes squelched with every step.

The lobby really was like walking into Elysium. Wallpaper patterned in green and gold glittered much like the massive chandelier which dangled in the center of the vaulted ceiling. Electric lighting twinkled off what had to be real crystal. A part of him thought it might have been diamond. Despite his better judgment, he wanted to get a closer look. Just to be sure. He wouldn’t put it past “good ol’ pops”.

The rain was deafened but the windows still rattled with the wind. It was so much quieter than the street. Quiet conversation and soft piano floated in the overly perfumed air. In the middle of the room, there was a fountain surrounded by ancient vases containing massive bouquets. Although calling it a ‘room’ didn’t quite feel right. There wasn’t a word grand enough to describe the lobby.

Wilbur knew he’d been gawking at it all. In the back of his head, he knew places like this existed, the rich had to hide away somewhere. Scurry like cockroaches into skyscrapers and country houses. He just didn’t expect it to be like this. It was like a mouthful of animal fat. He wanted to spit it out before it made him sick.

The clerk at the front desk didn’t notice the two of them until they were towering over the counter. Even then, the clerk made a great effort in not humoring them. No proper eye contact, just the occasional glance of *oh god why are you still there*, which was always returned with a matching pair of Cheshire grins.

Tommy set his wet hat down and rang the bell, several times. "Awful service," he mumbled.

"Do you have a reservation?" the clerk said with practiced cordiality.

"Well, I'd hope so." Wilbur didn't bother looking the man in the eyes. He leaned with his back on the counter, watching the patrons mill about in the lobby. They watched him back, confused looks, a few intrigued, like they were sideshow attractions.

"What name might you be under sir?"

"Craft," Wilbur spoke, as though the name held no weight.

The clerk made a show of flipping through the logbook. "We don't have a reservation under that name," he said, fidgeting. "All the rooms are called for at the moment but I'm sure I could pencil you in for a later date."

"All the rooms? Really?" Tommy rang the bell with every word.

"What does it matter? They'll make room for us." He clicked open the watch he hoped no one had noticed was broken, took a long exasperated sigh, and clicked it close. "They best do it quickly, we've already waited far too long."

"I'm, sorry but--"

"You know, one day--" Wilbur took a peek at the man before beginning to pace, "this whole place will be mine. I was practically born for it." Maybe he was laying it on thick, but he was exhausted. "To bring this place to even higher heights, to cement my father's legacy. Do you want to be a part of that? Be a part of the future? Or would you like to leave? You have an awful attitude. How long did it take you to serve us? Or even say a little hello? Dreadful."

"Excuse me?"

"My father owns this hotel. One day, praise the lord, far away, he'll eventually pass, and this place will be mine, but for now, I have a little bit of sway over how things are run." He paused for dramatic effect. "Perks of being the eldest."

"Mr. Craft has a son?"

"Two!" Tommy said with another ring.

The man bit back laughter. "You're serious?"

Wilbur smirked and whispered like it was their secret. "Deathly." He chuckled, pulling himself back to his full height. "Now that the matter of our identities has been sorted, we'll be needing a key."

"I'm going to have to see some identification. For the, uh, booking process."

The brothers glared at him, and Tommy started up again, "Are you bloody---"

"For the booking process, of course, of course." Wilbur sighed, and gestured for his brother. God forbid the heir have to rifle through his bags. Tommy snapped open Wil's carpet bag, and pulled the passports out. They were wrapped in a shirt and managed to stay dry through their rain-encouraged race. He slapped their passports onto the counter all the while continuing to glare at the clerk.



“Is that all your luggage?”

“We like to travel light.”

“Uh huh...”

The man flipped through the booklets, looking back and forth between their photos and the “Craft” Brothers in the flesh. Wil hoped that he wouldn’t have noticed that the two of them were wearing the same suit jacket in both of the photos.

“You seem to be well-traveled... Mr. Craft.” He scratched at the ink and picked at the photographs. How long could someone look at passports for?

“Father always said worldliness is second to godliness.”

“Uh-huh.” He picked up Wilbur’s passport and shook it by the binding. Was he expecting a goddamn test? With all the studying he was doing they could quiz him on paper types and stamp inks.

“Can we go up yet? I’m tired,” Tommy whined, hunched over the front desk. There was a faraway look in his eye. Reality and the lie mixing together in a way that made Wilbur half-ready to reach behind the desk and just take a key, consequences be damned. It clawed at him. The cracks were beginning to form in both their masks. He just wanted Tommy to sleep in an actual fucking bed, was that too much to ask for?

“If the staff can do their jobs, sooner rather than later,” Wilbur said directly at the clerk.

“I don’t want to wait! We shouldn’t have had to deal with this anyways!” Tommy was right back into gear, whining, and grumbling. “I should have you fired for this.”

“If you really are Mr. Craft’s sons, you wouldn’t mind me calling my manager to confirm your identities?” The clerk was seriously getting on Wilbur’s nerves. Those passports were flawless, god damn it; that fucker had no reason to doubt them.

Wilbur tried to hide his mounting fatigue and irritation with a cocksure grin, trying his best to channel the arrogant heir he was claiming to be. “Go ahead!” he challenged, sounding more confident than he felt. “It would be the perfect opportunity to file a complaint about your downright dreadful attitude and god-awful service!”

“Father will not be pleased to find out you were the reason his precious boys were denied of the respect we deserve-” Tommy yawned before haughtily adding, “but I suppose getting to see you proven wrong will be entertaining enough to make up for this annoying setback.”

The clerk paid no mind to their taunts as he sauntered over to a door that led to what Wilbur presumed was a staff-only area. That shit was actually bothering his manager for this.

Tommy looked over at him and shrugged.

*What can you do about it,* Tommy seemed to ask.

Wilbur almost rolled his eyes. He would have probably continued the wordless conversation they had going on but then the manager arrived.

Any bit of Wilbur Sung that resurfaced during that brief lull in the scam immediately disappeared, instead there stood William Craft, soaking wet, bone-tired, and absolutely miffed that the staff of

his father's hotel would deny him and his brother of their god-given right to be served. The William Craft who was ready to be the pompous, privileged asshole he was born to be. Wilbur's cover may have begun to slip due to his exhaustion, but he picked himself up. There was a scam to accomplish and he'd be damned if he was the reason it failed, if he was the reason Tommy had to sleep in that cold uncomfortable hunk of metal instead of the 5 star bedroom he deserved. Wilbur was, after all, a bonafide professional – or so he claimed.

“Ms.-“ Wilbur's gaze briefly flickered over to the manager's name tag as he held out his hand, “Ms. Sanford, pleased to make your acquaintance.”

Wilbur gave the manager what he hoped was a charming grin and a firm handshake. “It's really a shame that we had to meet through such unfortunate circumstances. You see, Ms. Sanford, I am William Craft, the son of the owner of this fine establishment we are in! It's also the very same establishment you and that little clerk work for, and Father certainly would not be glad to find out that you were denying us a room in the hotel we own!”

“My older brother and I have been through a downright awful day!” Tommy complained, sounding the perfect mix between hurt and outraged. “Our car was stolen, our wallets were pickpocketed, we had to walk through the pouring rain to get to our father's hotel, which was the closest place we knew was safe only to get stopped at the entrance and be humiliated because your staff doubts our parentage? Shame on all of you!”

Tommy was heaving by the end of the rant, and if you looked closer, you could see that there were tears collecting on his lashes.

“Look at what you horrid people have done! You've made Thomas cry!”

Wilbur hid a smile, burrowing his head on Tommy's hair as he brought his little brother into a hug, “comforting” him by rubbing his hand reassuringly on his back. The manager's practiced smile was looking more like a wince, seemingly believing their story. He could always count on Tommy to sell their cover; Wilbur would loathe to admit it aloud but his brother was unfortunately good at acting.

The manager cleared her throat, “Mr. uh-“

“William,” Wilbur supplied, not bothering to hide the irritation in his voice. “Honestly, how many times do I have to tell you miserable lot my name?!”

“Pardon me Mr. William,” Sanford sounded genuinely apologetic. “We were only following protocol! We can't just believe everyone claiming to be Mr. Craft's children. We would prefer to not be scammed, I'm sure you both understand.”

“So you're calling us scammers?” Tommy scoffed, breaking free from the hug to hold up their passports. “Is this not good enough proof? Do you really want our birth certificates? Do you want me to recite the entire family tree starting from dear old great-grandpa Watson?”

Tommy took a deep breath, seemingly preparing to list down the Craft family in excruciating detail. The manager, as if sensing another incoming Tommy rant, immediately spoke up. “Mr. Timmy. I'm sure you know your forefathers very well but there is really no need! Just hand me your passports and that would be enough to confirm your identities.”

Tommy would deny it but Wilbur swore his younger brother let out an annoyed *squawk*, “Timmy?! Do I look like someone as spineless as someone named *Little Timmy*?!” Wilbur almost broke character right then and there, the sheer vitriol and disgust Tommy's tone had was almost

impressive. "I am massive you hear me?! Absolutely massive! My name is Thomas, Big T to Linda but *Sir* Thomas to you!"

"Calm down, Tommy," Wil soothed as he plucked the passports from his younger brother's grip, ignoring the pointed glare he secretly shot him.

"Here you go." Wilbur gave the passports to poor Sanford who was *not* paid enough to deal with Tommy at all. "I'm sure that will be good enough for you?"

Wil knew that he and Tommy did good work on those passports, so they were not surprised at all when Sanford couldn't seem to find any faults or any tells that they were anything but legitimate.

Poor Sanford seemed to age years within minutes once she realized that their claims might just be true.

"Well?" Wilbur couldn't help but up the smugness in his tone. "Does there seem to be any problems, Ms. Sanford? Are we scammers trying to leech off your lovely hotel?"

"Nonononono!" Sanford was quick to reply.

"Hubert?" she called, and out came the clerk from earlier. "We are being graced with the presence of Mr. Craft's two sons, so go tell the staff to prep the free suite on the 23rd floor and fetch me the key."

When Hubert returned with a room key, Sanford then turned to the two brothers and handed it to them, saying, "I'm truly sorry for doubting you both, unfortunately, the penthouse suite has been booked but I hope one of the presidential suites will be enough to satisfy your needs."

"Finally!" Tommy exclaimed as he snatched the room key. "Took you buffoons long enough!"

Bellhops came over to assist them with their luggage – through luggage was a generous term for the two ratty bags the boys had in their possession, but who was Wilbur to deny them of their jobs.

Wilbur was about to turn to follow the bellhops to the elevators but stopped when he remembered something.

"Ms. Sanford?" Wilbur called, enjoying the way the poor manager seemed to flinch. "I'm sure it wouldn't be too much of a hassle for your staff to deliver us dinner, would it?"

"Of course it wouldn't, Mr. William, dinner will be delivered to your room within an hour or so."

"Thank you, Ms. Sanford," Wilbur sweetly smiled. "Truly! Thank you for everything. Perhaps Father *won't* hear of this incident thanks to your quick work."

If Sanford let out a sigh of relief, Wil certainly didn't hear because he was too busy walking over to the elevators that would lead them to paradise on earth. He strode with purpose, his gait confident and head held high — making sure he was always looking down on everyone passing by. Tommy followed suit. After all, they were still pretending to be pretentious assholes.

Wilbur and Tommy didn't dare break character until the elevator doors shut behind them. The elevator operator didn't ask questions, but the lad wore the same look as the rest of the staff. Finally, they stood in front of a room that normally cost \$52 a night — a small fortune no one but the richest could afford to waste — but was free of any charge thanks to some well-done forgeries and their bottomless charisma.

“Soooo-” Tommy wiggled his eyebrows, “presidential suite, ay?”

He swung open the double doors of the hotel room, threw down his wet coat, and rushed off. Giddy laughter and pounding footsteps their downstairs neighbors most certainly did not appreciate. Wilbur was speechless, he clicked the lock behind them and marveled at it all.

The room was fucking massive. The same size as their flat back home. Well, home was a strong word — their flat back in Greatborough. And the room they had just walked into was just the parlor — there was a parlor in the hotel room. The only way Wilbur figured that was that there wasn't a bed in sight. Instead, there were sofas and a bar fully stocked with the legal approximations of liquors and cordials. He was sure they came with the room, and he was just as sure they would sell rather well.

Vases and potted plants turned the already absinthe green room greener. He lifted up the vase on a coffee table between two of the sofas. It boasted an ornate floral design with what had to be real gold leaf. He'd find a buyer for that. Everything in the room that wasn't bolted down they could and would grab — what were they going to do, arrest William Craft for stealing from his own hotel? Bullshit. Wilbur was a kid in a candy store.

“Wil! Come ‘ere! I found chocolate!” Tommy called from one of the adjoining rooms. There were multiple rooms in the hotel room. Wilbur came in, wondering how much the doorknobs would go for. He found Tommy sitting smack in the middle of a canopied bed with a crystal bowl of chocolates in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other. He hummed a little tune Wilbur could barely hear. Wilbur forced down a smile and tried to snark. God forbid anyone knew he was happy. He couldn't actually let himself feel it, it might disappear.

“Are you planning to sleep in a wet bed?” Wilbur said, noting Tommy's still soaked through trousers and socks.

“Nah — this one's yours.”

“Is that so-?” He had half forgotten that there was another bed. “Then I'm sure you wouldn't mind me taking a walk on yours.” Wilbur held his muddy shoe up and turned for the parlor.

“You wouldn't-”

Wilbur leaned out the bedroom door, looking into the seating area. He narrowed his eyes and began to take the step out.

“Wil-”

He let out a long sigh. “I've done enough walking for today.” That much was true, they had spent the past few days on the move. The pier, the ferry, the whirlwind of leaving Greatborough. Even after they had nicked the car, he couldn't rest; driving in a city, especially such an unfamiliar one, made his head spin. Now it was finally catching up with him. He sat on the edge of the bed and fell back, half ready to fall asleep right there and then. Instead, Tommy flopped back onto Wil's chest.

Wilbur yelped, curling his legs up. Tommy laughed, awkwardly reaching around to pat Wilbur's face with his grimy hands. Wilbur made no attempt to stop him.

He missed this.

His brother's laugh, something soft beneath his back, a warm room. For maybe a moment they were safe. Just for a moment. Maybe he could stew in that, comb through Tommy's damp hair with his fingers, feel the tension in his back release, let the warmth and exhaustion lull him to sleep. He

might have slipped into unconsciousness, because suddenly the rain against the windows had stopped, and Tommy was getting up.

“Getting more chocolate.”

“You’re gonna spoil your appetite.”

“You just want some for yourself.”

“Maybe. But I’m sure I could just ring a bell and get some.”

“You’re really falling into the role of a pompous prick eh, Wil?”

“I’m just being realistic, they should be bringing up dinner soon, you can’t just eat sweets all day.”

“I mean I could, realistically.” Tommy pushed off the bed, and went out to the parlor.

“Hey.”

“What?”

“I’m proud of you.”

“Why, why wouldn’t you be, I am a man to be proud of. I am, in fact, exceptional. You should always be proud of me.”

“I am, I always am.” Wilbur could only do sincerity for so long. “Aside from that time you and Tubbo tried to hotwire the mayor’s car.”

“Okay- that was not my fault that we got caught, it was Tubbo and his tiny legs.”

“I don’t remember either of you having a chance to run. You got caught in the front seat with your hands under the dash. I don’t think Tubbo being small had anything to do with it,” Wilbur teased.

“Shut up, you are old and don’t remember anything, I’m sure Tubbo would back me up.”

“I’m sure he would- what was that, rule 3?”

“No rule 3 was-” Tommy’s smile dropped, “Can we see Tubbo soon? He’s not even in Greatborough anymore so it’s okay, right?”

“He’s the first person we’ll see after we get back on our feet.” This was not technically a lie. Snowchester was under complete control of the Greatborough Mob, setting foot there would be the same as waltzing back into their old flat building. The brothers would be at their liberty, deserters wandering back into camp fully expecting not to be hung.

But once they were on their feet again — *really* on their feet, Greatborough would bend to Wilbur’s will. The world would be at his mercy, and not the other way around. Tommy could go anywhere, speak to anyone whenever he pleased. He’d need Tubbo to make that work — he’d need all of L’Crimeburg.

There was a knock at the door. Wil and Tommy both froze. Wilbur stood from the bed and signaled Tommy to stay out of the parlor. Of course, Tommy didn’t listen and followed on his heels. Wilbur peered through the peephole to see a hotel worker with a cart topped with a shining metal dome.

“Who is it?” Tommy whispered into Wil’s neck.

“Dinner-”

Tommy didn’t let him finish, throwing the doors wide open. Wilbur wanted to yank him away; a lot of things could be hiding in that cart. Although his paranoid thoughts were dashed away when he smelt whatever was there. He didn’t even know what they were serving that night. Didn’t matter much though — free food was free food.

When he asked for dinner, Wilbur knew he was getting a meal, but he sure didn't expect a meal this size. There were 5 large plates, one was a large hill of mashed potatoes, another had a fish that must have cost a lot considering its size. There was a bowl of some kind of thick soup that smelled positively divine, as well as a huge tray just lined with different pastries and delicacies. The boys had only ever seen those treats on the glass displays of those expensive bakeries they would regularly walk past back in Greatborough. There was even steak!

Wilbur was almost queasy with the sheer volume of everything. This was *one* meal for the rich? This could have kept him and Tommy fed for weeks — a month even, if they rationed it right!

Wil plastered a smile on his face and thanked the staff member who brought up their food.

"Put it on dear old dad's tab, won't you?" He winked before shutting the door.

Tommy dug straight into the meal, any table manners almost forgotten in the face of so much food and an empty stomach. Wilbur's stomach was rumbling, basically begging him to join him. He made his way to the table, grabbing one of the plates and only grabbing small portions from every tray.

"You should really pace yourself," he told his brother. "You might end up throwing everything up if you eat too fast."

Tommy seemed to heed Wilbur's advice, slowing down and actually chewing the food instead of inhaling it.

However, despite the boys’ best efforts, the food refused to settle down in their stomachs. It didn’t matter if it was the best tasting meal they have ever had in their entire lives, Wilbur and Tommy’s stomachs were simply unused to the luscious steaks, the delectable pastries, the tasty seafood, and the disgusting excess of it all. There was a certain taste their dinner had that their stomachs didn’t agree with, or maybe it was just that they weren’t used to eating actually good food. It didn’t help that their stomachs were trained to be empty, that being hungry was the rule rather than the exception.

They both ended up laying down on the carpeted floor of the parlor in an attempt to prevent themselves from hurling out their very expensive dinner.

“You know,” Tommy pondered out loud, “the last time I was this full was that dinner with...”

He trailed off, not wanting to complete the thought. The atmosphere immediately got a lot tenser, a lot less lighthearted; both brothers remembering a time they would much rather forget.

Wilbur forced a chuckle out. It sounded strained. “Yeah, me too. But we don’t need him anymore, yeah? We got all this by ourselves.”

“Yeah.” Tommy smiled. “All of this shit-” he spread his arms to gesture at everything around them, “by ourselves.”

The brothers laid there, soaking in each other's presence, both enjoying the moment. Even before they ran away, they rarely got moments like these where they got to unwind and simply be. They always had to be doing something — casing their next victim to rob, scouting the location for their next heist, forging the next bunch of documents their clients ordered, doing whatever they needed to do to survive. The life of crime was exciting and fast-paced, risky and demanding; it left them little to no time to stop and relax.

“How much do you think these are worth?” Tommy broke the comfortable silence that had settled on the both of them, extending his hand to gesture at the ceiling lamp — or more specifically the lampshades — that hung above them, “I reckon I could sell these for what? 7 bucks? 8 bucks a pop?”

“That,” Wilbur answered matter-of-factly, “would be highway robbery.”

“Really?” Tommy turned to face him, raising his eyebrows. “And how much would you sell them for then, big man? Hmmm?”

“3 bucks maybe? 4 if I want to push it. The shades are high quality but anyone who could afford them for their actual price wouldn't buy it from fuckers like us, they'd buy it from the actual craftsmen who make 'em. Would undervalue it just enough to appeal to the poorer fucks but not too much that I can't make a profit.”

“Huh.” Tommy turned to face the ceiling once before sitting straight up and looking at him again. “And the lightbulbs? How much do you think they'd sell for?”

Wilbur followed suit and sat up, cocking his head. “What's with all the questions, Toms? Careful there, someone might get the wrong idea.” Wilbur had a shit-eating grin on his face.

“Get what idea? The idea that we definitely plan to steal everything that isn't bolted down?” Tommy replied with a matching smirk.

“We?” Wilbur let out a scandalized gasp, even going so far as to dramatically place his hand on his chest. “How dare you, you lowly street rat- how dare you bring me into your nefarious schemes?! I'll have you know that William Craft would never stoop so low as to steal from his own hotel!”

“You motherfucking bitch!” Tommy grabbed the nearest pillow and whacked him. “Fine then! It's not like I need you to rob this fucker. I bet I could steal more than you ever could!”

“Oh really now?”

“Definitely.”

“30 minutes?” Wilbur suggested.

“30? Those are rookie numbers,” Tommy scoffed, “15 minutes.”

“15 minutes and whoever wins gets the last bit of chocolate.” Wil offered his hand out.

Tommy paused, seemingly weighing his choices, before shaking his hand.

Wil glanced at the clock; it had just turned 10:24 when they let go of each other. The moment they broke off the handshake, both brothers immediately bolted straight for the table where they ate dinner. Wilbur let out a curse when Tommy ended up getting most of the silverware.

They made quick work on the parlor —snatching lamp shades, unscrewing lightbulbs, grabbing

ash trays, yoinking the bottles that decorated the bar. Years of heisting and thieving shown in the way both brothers worked like clockwork. They were speedy and efficient, pocketing everything and anything that could potentially earn them cash with zero hesitation. Wilbur even removed some door knobs, it might have costed him a few more minutes but their value made it worth it.

The brothers split after ransacking the parlor — Tommy to the bathrooms, Wilbur to the bedrooms. Wilbur was in the middle of stripping the bed of its sheets — it's not like they would have used the beds anyway, the brothers were too unused to the comfort, too accustomed to stiff mattresses and thin sheets— when he heard a loud thud.

He ran back to the parlor to find his younger brother kicking the walls.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Tommy had the gall to roll his eyes, "I'm tryna take the copper, duh."

"From the wiring?!"

Tommy shrugged, "They're worth it."

Wilbur pinched the bridge of his nose, "Okay this is where we call time."

"Booooo! We have like 3 minutes left," Tommy crossed his arms like the petulant child that he was. "How come you can steal door knobs but I can't steal some of the fuckin' wiring?!"

"The rules were things that weren't bolted down—"

"THE WIRING AIN'T BOLTED DOWN YOU FUCK-!" Tommy interrupted.

"And," Wilbur continued, completely ignoring Tommy's outburst, "the wiring is still live, dumbass. You're gonna get shocked."

Tommy probably made a face but Wilbur was too busy walking over to the two sofas and cataloging his hard work to care.

"Considering the gilded knobs, cotton sheets, and silk brocade pillows, I think I pretty much have this in the bag, Toms." He looked up from his stash of stolen goodies to shoot a cocky grin at his brother.

"Oh shut it! I've got the silverware that might actually be silver, all the fancy toiletries, the crystal ashtrays, and all the stupid lampshades!"

Wilbur stood up to appraise Tommy's own stash, mentally taking note of each of the objects' values and comparing them to his own. "Hmm, I mean you *did* do pretty well."

Wil did another sweep on both their loot. "Tie?"

Tommy cocked his head, considering his options once again before nodding his head. "Tie."

"Who gets the chocolate though?" he asked, before looking at his older brother and gesturing at the mess they've caused. "First one to keep all his shit?"

"Deal."

They moved with the same efficiency they had while stealing, putting the smaller objects into their bags and the bigger finds into the pillowcases they prepared for this exact reason. To no one's



surprise, both brothers ended up tying once again —though Wilbur swore the only reason he lost was because Tommy purposefully knocked over one of his pillowcases and he had to start over. However, instead of starting another competition, they decided to share the last chocolate bar, and if Wilbur made sure that Tommy got the larger chunk of chocolate, it was no one's business other than his own.

There were three short knocks on the doors, and Wilbur froze like a deer in headlights. His hair stood on end and his skin prickled. He reasoned it was probably just the hotel staff again. He gathered himself, heading to greet whoever wanted to speak to 'Mr. William Craft'.

The lock turned.

It clicked.

The door opened.

Wilbur couldn't breathe, he couldn't move. He felt his head fill with cotton, and his heart stop. *Not again, not again, not again.* He was going to be sick. Everything was moving so fast, like sand falling through his fingers. He couldn't grasp anything that was going on, let alone act on anything. He couldn't keep up.

It was happening again, wasn't it?

*No.*

No, it wasn't. *He* couldn't be here. This was far outside of Greatborough territory, and they were free. *He* couldn't touch them here. They were safe. They had to be.

Tommy picked up the vase like a club and got between Wilbur and the door. There were two pale-eyed men with slicked-back hair and pressed suits. The elder of the two led, hair as golden as Tommy's, although that was where the similarities ended. Tommy was panicking like a cornered animal, whereas the stranger was calm and collected. He held a cane in his left hand, the right in his pocket.

A gun?

The other man followed, both hands behind his back. He was young, maybe even a teenager, but that didn't mean he carried himself like one. He wore a cocksure grin and a golden circlet. Wilbur hadn't seen anything like it since his mother was alive, and he certainly had never seen the odd shade of hair the boy had. It was light pink.

"What do you want?!" Tommy hissed.

"I just want to see the 'Craft brothers'." the elder man said, as his companion's expression soured in confusion.

"Who's asking?"

"Philza M. Craft."

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Also thank you @georgesspotify @thscus and @itsmeKhiori for being betas!!!

Please note-- Tommy and Wilbur's names in this are canonically Wilbur and Thomas Soot Sung, their mother is the refrigerator, Samatha Soot Sung (although she is not a refrigerator in this amen)

also this au has a carrd! it's not finished yet but :D  
<https://starlitskies.crd.co/>

# Four for Four LMAO

## Chapter Notes

cw// threats of gun violence

sup sbi enthusiasts get ur 4/4 juice. they may hate each other but hey its still 4/4

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

There was a stranger in their room. In all likelihood the owner himself; it's not like they were going to be running into another criminal in a hoity-toity hotel, let alone someone claiming to be of the same family. On the off chance that they were being conned themselves, they could not, under any circumstances, break character. The show must go on. Tommy didn't want to think what curtains closing meant here. The act was back on. Thomas Craft had just unexpectedly run into dear ol' dad.

"Of course, of course. It's wonderful to see you father." Tommy set the lamp down. "I was just awfully surprised— we weren't expecting you."

Tommy took a glance behind him. Wilbur was tight-lipped and still as a statue. *Come on*, he needed backup. Mr. Craft and his associate were not having this whatsoever.

"Right." Mr. Craft walked deeper into the room, his cane thudding on the soft carpet. He spoke with a level of standard distrust. Mr. Craft was shorter than Tommy, and yet he managed to look down on him. "I hope that everything has been well, I heard you had some trouble with the front desk staff and wanted to see if everything was alright."

"It's going perfectly swell."

"Is that so?"

Tommy let out a nervous laugh. "Course- what cause would I have to lie?" *Why the fuck was he playing along?* Wil was still utterly useless, and Tommy knew for a fact that this was not going to end pretty. The other shoe was gonna drop any second now.

"I must admit — you have audacity."

"Miss 100 percent of the shots you don't take right?"

"Uh-huh..." Mr. Craft looked unimpressed — bored, even.

"Well then, if that's all you are here for, then it is quite late! I'm sure you are going to be very busy in the morning." Tommy gestured to the door. Mr. Craft gave him the most goddamn passive-aggressive smile Tommy had ever seen. He tried to match it with a twisted grin that didn't meet his eyes. Tommy patted the man on the shoulder, which was met with Mr. Craft swatting his hand away.

*Rude.*

Tommy opened his mouth to make another snarky retort, but then the bloke with the circlet

suddenly tensed up.

He whipped out a pistol, “Lower your weapon.”

“WHAT?! I’m unarmed — it’s just a friendly pat!” Tommy couldn’t hide the panic in his voice. Jesus, that guy was fucking overprotective; it was literally just a pat! “See, pat-pat!” He stopped himself before he actually touched Mr. Craft again. Tommy stumbled away, raising his hands up.

“I said, put it down.” He raised the gun up, pointing it at Tommy. Sure, a raised gun was one thing, but having it pointed at you was another.

*Put what down?!* Tommy didn’t trust himself to speak as panic seized his body. He wanted to make a witty comment, a funny joke, anything to get that gun away from his fucking face — but his mouth was dry.

“Put it down!” The younger man repeated, any level of levity in his voice disappeared. He stepped forward in an attempt to protect the so-called ‘Mr. Craft’.

“I’m unarmed.” The nervous smile he wore didn’t leave him. This was going to be fine. Perfectly fucking fine — why wouldn’t it be? He wasn’t doing anything wrong — at the moment. The whole night had been a string of crimes and offences, but he wasn’t a threat. But when was the last time that protected someone from a bullet in the chest.

Wilbur placed a hand on his shoulder. Tommy turned to look at him, eyes immediately widening in surprise.

Wil had a gun.

Wilbur had a gun.

*His brother had a fucking gun.*

Where would he hide it- when did he get a chance to get one? How long had he had it? Why didn’t he tell Tommy? They’d been in this business since Tommy was knee-high, and Wilbur never so much as loaded a gun. What was he supposed to do here, what angle were they pushing? He couldn’t fucking ask then. *Why didn’t he tell him?*

Tommy looked back at the younger man, finally putting two and two together. A sick part of him was glad that the gun was pointed at Wilbur, if only because it meant that it wasn’t pointed at him. It was nothing more than a fleeting thought — though a horrid one, he was meant to protect Wilbur. His brother, his leader. What was he without him?

“Tommy, get behind me.”

“Wil? What the-”

“Tommy!” Wilbur shouted. Tommy didn’t move. He stayed between Wilbur and the strangers. Wilbur would not shoot with him there, and if the younger man took a shot there was no way the bullet would hit Wil, right? And if Wil was okay, they were okay.

Besides Wil was harmless, they were *harmless*. Tommy knew Wilbur didn’t even know how to fire it. It would probably blow up in his face, if it was even loaded and it probably wasn’t. But why would he carry a weapon he couldn’t use? Tommy didn’t know about the thing, so what else might Wilbur be hiding? They weren’t supposed to have secrets. They shared a script, every act, every scam, every show. But that script never included firearms. Sure, they might have left two dozen

people without their life savings, but they never left someone bleeding out on the pavers.

“Techno, put the gun down,” Mr. Craft said.

If it wasn't such a tense situation, Tommy would have laughed. Techno. What kind of name was that?

The younger man- Techno protested, "Phil-!"

Craft shot a glare at his companion. After a tense moment of silence, Techno reluctantly did what was asked of him, putting the gun down but still having it on hand. A threat.

“Do you know how many people are currently staying at this hotel?” Mr. Craft continued as he started pacing around the brothers, the gold on his cane glinting in the dull light. “Well, there are around three-hundred rooms; I wonder how many of them are occupied at the moment?”

Tommy stood eye to eye with the old man. He couldn't move, he couldn't retreat, as much as he wanted to — hide behind his big brother and hope this would all go away. Or at least backup a few paces. Philza stood far too close for comfort. Stabbing range. Tommy wished he had a knife.

“You know, I pride myself on this place, but I cannot say it is without fault. You see, these walls are awfully thin.”

Tommy noticed how erratic Wilbur's breathing was. How long had it been like that?

“Did you know that each floor of this hotel has a telephone? For emergencies, of course. Even this one —floor 23. If something bad were to happen, imagine having to walk all the way down those—”

“SHUT UP!” Wilbur yelled, pushing Tommy aside and thrusting the gun into Mr. Craft's face.

“Hey!” Tommy yelped. “The fuck's wrong with you?!”

Wilbur didn't seem to have heard him. If glares could kill, Philza Craft would have been dead from the sheer intensity that the hatred in Wilbur's eyes held.

“Your form's all wrong, if you hold it like that it's going to blow back into your face.” Mr. Craft gently took Wil's other hand and strengthened his grip on the pistol. “Gods, you didn't even take the safety off.”

Confusion flashed across Wilbur's face before he clicked the safety off. Techno went to pull his own firearm back up before Mr. Craft waved him down.

“Alright then! Shoot me, come now, mate,” Mr. Craft said with a smile, the muzzle of the gun within six inches of his face. Wilbur shot a quick glance to Tommy, the end of the gun shaking wildly from his unsteady hands.

“Then you and your partner can grab the fixings of the room, and be out scot-free. Ride off into the sunset, like in one of those motion pictures. I'm sure you'd like to get it over and done with.”

Wilbur let out a shaky breath and dropped the gun. It fell to the floor with a clatter, and with it, the level of tension in the room dropped threefold. The four of them stood in complete silence for a few moments.

Wilbur laughed, uneasy and awkward. "Look," he said. "We clearly started off on the wrong foot, so, uhm... Let's take a step back and start fresh, yeah?"

"First of all, I do apologize for the ruckus me and my brother have caused. It's been a tiring few days and we're very jumpy. A few introductions are in order."

Tommy almost let out a sigh of relief. That was the Wilbur he knew, in control and charismatic.

"My name is Wilbur Su- Soot."

Tommy's eyebrows shot straight up. Okay, maybe his brother was not totally in control. Wil must be really exhausted to slip up that badly.

"This is my brother Tommy," Wilbur continued, completely ignoring the slip while gesturing at him. If Wil expected a wave from him, he would have been disappointed, because Tommy just glared at the two fucks who ruined their evening. "Yes, he is *actually* my brother."

"And," Wilbur added, clasping his hands together, "we are actually your sons!" He spread out his arms. "Yay!"

The two men were clearly unimpressed, both extremely doubtful.

"It's true, don't you see the resemblance?" Wilbur pointed to Tommy. This was normal. This was a script he could run with. He put on a grin and did his best to forget that the last couple of minutes had ever happened.

"Look at us, it's undeniable!"

"We just thought this was our best chance of you even noticing us."

The two brothers flashed Mr. Craft twin innocent smiles.

"You thought scamming a hotel that your long-lost dad owns was the best way to catch his attention?" Techno raised an eyebrow.

"Well you see, 'round where we're from, rich folks like father dearest over here-" Wilbur gestured over to Craft, disdain barely hidden by the passive-aggressive smile plastered on his face, "don't care much for vermin like us."

"What better way to surprise dear ol' pops than with an impressive show!" Tommy added on.

"So you admit the documents you showed were forgeries?" Mr. Craft asked, leaning on his cane.

Both brothers flinched. God, were they so tired that they would fuck up that badly? The answer was yes it seemed. This was sloppy work from the both of them; sloppy work that might end up getting them both killed.

Craft took their silence in stride and continued on. "I heard something *very* interesting from the grapevine recently. Apparently some people from the Greatborough Mob have made their way across the bay into Logsted. Two of their finest forgers."

"If there's one question I want answered tonight, it would be this one." He stared the both of them down. "Why are you both so far away from home?"

Well shit. Tommy had to fight down a laugh. Despite everything, it turned out there was something else they and dear old 'Father' had in common. Philza Craft was a rich man, that was something he knew very well, but he didn't expect Craft's fortune to be dirty. Philza-fucking-Craft had ties to the

goddamn *mob*.

Wilbur seemed to have gathered his wits because he leveled a deadpan look at Craft. "To meet you, dipshit."

Tommy let out a cackle, which was met with glares from both sides of the room. He proceeded to shut up.

"By the way," Wilbur added, "your people must be ill-informed, Pops, because we may be forgers but we do *not* work for *Dream*." There was a sharpness in his tone, a bitterness Tommy knew all too well about.

"So you know *Dream*?" Techno smirked. He must have thought he had gotten the brothers' confession, but instead, he practically confirmed their suspicions.

Tommy laughed, loud and obnoxious. "Every criminal that's worth anything knows the Greatborough mob is run by that fucker. He's so full of himself that he practically advertises it."

"But you *know* him," Techno pressed.

Wilbur wrinkled his nose. "We had the unfortunate luck of dealing with him once or twice. Fucking prick. But the past is in the past."

"We *are* criminals, Father dearest, but that shouldn't bother you too much, seeing as you're one as well."

Tommy was disappointed at the lack of a reaction from the Craft fucker.

"I'll admit to lying and scamming my way into this hotel, but I swear to you — we really did come here to find you after finding out you were our father."

Philza cocked his head thoughtfully.

"If you *really* are my sons," the Craft motherfucker started, shifting his grip on his cane. With one hand on the shaft and the other on the handle, he- holy shit, was he unsheathing a fucking *sword*?

"You both won't have issues activating the enchant this old thing has, won't you?" he continued, offering them the *goddamn cane sword*.

"Phil, have you *lost* it?!"

"That cane was a sword the entire time?!"

"Enchant?!"

Three voices exclaimed at the exact same time — Techno in protest, Tommy in shock, Wilbur in surprise.

"It's fine, Techno," Craft reassured. "What's the harm in trying? If they're right and they really are my sons, well they wouldn't *dare* hurt their father that they worked so hard to meet!"

"And if they *were* lying," Craft continued, sending the two brothers a sharp smile, his eyes hardening into something threatening and terrifying, "well, what's an old sword they don't know how to wield against *you*?"

Tommy did not like the look on Techno's face one bit. Motherfucker looked actually placated; was

he really that good of a fighter to have the confidence to take on both brothers? Tommy did not want to find out, but he might just end up doing exactly that.

"Did you say enchant?" Wilbur spoke up, bringing the conversation back on track. He tried for a laugh. "Everyone knows enchanting is just a myth—"

"Cut the bullshit," Craft interrupted.

Tommy opened his mouth to protest but Philza didn't let him.

"I can sense an artifact in the room. An old one with a..." he trailed off, briefly closing his eyes before opening them again. Tommy might have just been too exhausted, but he swore Philza's eyes were brighter for just a moment.

"Invisibility enchantment? Oh yes, a very old artifact with a faint invisibility enchantment. It's yours, don't lie to me, it's definitely yours."

He took a step forward and gestured around them. "This is a fucking hotel room, a hotel room which I own. Why would I leave something as rare and precious as an artifact in a *goddamn hotel room*?"

"You both know how this shit works, you're tied to an artifact that *you* carry around. So please, cut the bullshit already." Craft's smile was patient but his eyes were anything but; cold, cruel, and calculating.

Fuck.

*Fuck.*

They were so screwed. Philza Craft was a fucking *enchanter*, and a powerful one at that. Not only could he sense artifacts, he could also tell what enchant it had, too. Not even *Tubbo* could do that, and *Tubbo* was the strongest enchanter they knew.

Why did they have the worst luck in the universe? Why couldn't they have chosen the countless *other* rich men who couldn't *fucking enchant*?

Tommy wanted to scream, so it was only natural that he let out a boisterous laugh. "So we just have to activate your stupid cane sword, right? Piece of cake!"

Easier said than done. Literally. Tommy was a professional con man, but how the fuck were they going to con their way out of this one? Tommy had no clue.

He looked to Wilbur for advice — and maybe even reassurance — but Wilbur wouldn't meet his eyes. Instead, his older brother was staring intently at the handle of the cane.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Techno snarked.

Tommy glared at him. "Nothing, dipshit."

He slowly raised his hand to grab the sword, trying and failing to keep himself from shaking, but felt Wilbur's steady hand on his shoulder stopping him.

"Wil-?"

"Eldest first," Wilbur interrupted, looking smug — confident, even, but Tommy knew better. Wil was terrified out of his goddamn mind; he hid it well, but his older brother could never hide his



emotions from him.

Tommy wanted to argue but Wilbur just smirked. "You'll get your turn soon, Tommy. You're so impatient," he teased.

Wil turned to ruffle his hair and mouthed something so quickly that Tommy almost missed it.

*'Run.'*

Tommy felt his blood freeze.

Wilbur closed the gap between predator and prey.

There was a ringing in Tommy's ears. His heart was racing but he hadn't moved an inch.

His eyes flickered between his older brother and the two strangers — the two assholes who Tommy will forever regret scamming. Was it just his imagination, or was there a glint of anticipation in their eyes — a hunger that was raring to be unleashed?

Wilbur's fingers wrapped around the handle.

Tommy should be running.

He should be out the door. He should be out of the hotel by now. He was fast. Faster than Techno, he was sure of that. He could easily outpace the two.

Tommy should be fucking *running*.

But he wasn't.

His palms were sweaty. His heart was pounding. Every inch of his body was screaming at him to start running. *Start running right that instant*. Wilbur was offering himself up like a lamb to the slaughter to give him that chance to bolt.

And yet he wasn't taking it.

He just stood there, staring in abject horror as his older brother signed his death warrant.

Wilbur lifted the cane up. Tommy would have made fun of how awkward he looked handling the sword but his tongue was heavy, throat dry.

Tommy should be running.

Why the *fuck* wasn't he?

His older brother made a show of closing his eyes, pretending to activate whatever enchant the stupid blade had.

The silver blade glinted. Wilbur would have described it all poetic and shit but Tommy just called it pretty — or he would have, if it didn't suddenly burst into flames-

"HEH?!" Techno, of all people, exclaimed.

Fire aspect. The sword had *fire aspect* and Wilbur somehow fucking activated it. In retrospect, it was very stupid of Tommy to run to his older brother who was holding a flaming magical sword, but sue him, he was excited.

He made a move to grab it and Wilbur must have been so surprised because he didn't even protest. But the moment the sword left Wilbur's hand, the enchanted fire just... *died*. Tommy was holding a regular cane sword. Not that he had much of a frame of reference on the subject.

Wilbur made it work. His older brother made it *work*. That meant he should be able to make it work, too. So *why?* Why wasn't it *working?*

Apparently Wilbur shared the same sentiments because he faced the enchanter. "Your sword is fucking broken."

"The enchants don't lie. I'm somehow related to you and you alone," Craft replied, just as surprised as they were with the turn of events.

"Bullshit!" Wilbur spat. "I know who I'm related to and it sure as hell isn't *you!* Tommy is my actual brother, my *blood brother*, and you're fucking senile if you think otherwise!"

*Oh.*

It all clicked into place.

Blood brother. How Tommy wished it was true.

"Half brother, Wil," Tommy corrected quietly.

## Chapter End Notes

yeah we told ya the fridge was their mom but we never said they have the same dads  
>:]]

Follow us on twitter for more info, art and general DSMP stuff @ces\_pool and @venbell\_

Thank you @itsmeKhiori for betaing this chapter :D

If you haven't seen it and are interested this au has a carrd (there is even a map)  
<https://starlitskies.crd.co/>

# Let Wilbur Sung Sleep (L)

## Chapter Notes

The final chapter of this first part!

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

“Half brothers,” Wilbur repeated under his breath. He pushed his hand through his hair, sneaking a glance at Tommy who held the hilt of the sword awkwardly. So his son of bitch father was a Craft. What did this change? Maybe they could get a massive payout to disappear— but Craft could deal with a bastard and an orphan in a lot less expensive way.

That, and Wilbur wasn't the type to just leave.

“You know, this doesn't really change anything. We have a lot of family.” Techno ended his statement in a chuckle, but Mr. Craft didn't so much as grunt in response.

Wilbur knew that this only made their situation worse. He wouldn't just be running from Dream and the police, he'd be an enchanter's liability. He had to contend with whoever the Crafts aligned themselves with. Out of the pan and into the fire. His blood was going to cost Tommy, and it could very well ruin all his plans. Wilbur could take that blade and burn the room to the ground. The only thing that would stop him was a man and not the very laws of magic itself.

Who knew how many other artifacts like the sword that the Crafts had access to, and how many he could potentially use against them? It's not like Wilbur had any tied to him (the bell did not count), but if he did — he could care less about Tommy being able to use them. He trusted Tommy. Hell, he could even trust his cousin, Fundy. The Sungs were a small family, a loyal family, all of them people who Wilbur knew, or at least knew were dead.

The Crafts on the other hand...

“So we activated your dumb enchantment. What more could you possibly want — if anything, you owe us!” Tommy snarked.

“...Your brother activated my enchantment. Not you.” Mr. Craft snatched back his blade and sheathed it, tapping the thing on the ground a few times before swinging it up and over his shoulder. “Now I have some questions for you, ‘Mr. Soot’.”

“What do you want to know?” Wilbur was so done with this interview. He was constantly trying to plug holes in the lie that his exhausted brain couldn't catch during fabrication. He was tired of playing nice. His finger twitched. He wished he still had his gun- no, no, he didn't want to hurt anyone — moving money around was one thing, stealing was one thing. Murder was another, maiming was another, blood on his hands was another.

Wilbur was not a murderer.

Craft mulled it over, before taking a long sigh. “Who sent you?”

“I work for myself.”

“I didn’t ask that, I said, who sent you? Clearly, someone in this family likes to play pranks, what is this, a test? Whose kid are you?” Before, Craft was in control, and he held all the cards. But his own test had knocked him off-kilter, just enough for Wilbur to take back a minuscule amount of control over the situation. For once, he didn’t have to lie, he just had to make the man *believe* he really was telling the truth. *Did he even know how to make the truth sound convincing anymore?*

“I’m going to be completely candid — I’m not in the business of lying to family — I have never met a single Craft in my life.”

“Then why ‘Soot’? Why did you pick that name?” Craft snapped back with a raw aggression Wilbur wasn’t expecting. His bright blue eyes bore holes into Wilbur’s skull. He stared with such intensity and yet refused to look him in the eyes.

“Because it *is* my name — well, part of it.”

“Uh-huh.” Craft went back to a mocking tone. “I don’t suppose the name ‘Samantha’ means anything to you either.”

Of course it meant something to him — he just didn’t want it to mean something to Craft. He felt his face contorting in response, but forced it back into a neutral expression. But he wasn’t quick enough — Craft caught it and studied his face for any trace of what Wilbur could have meant.

“And what if it did?”

“Well, then I’d call you a liar. More than a liar, really — there is a line that I will not tolerate being crossed. You’re bringing her good name into this, to what, fuck with me?”

“...Did you know our Mum?” Tommy’s sincerity caught them all off guard.

“What?”

“Did you know her — Samantha Sung?” Craft stood to attention at the name, his face turning to pure shock.

“Once.” He settled onto the sofa, suddenly looking several years older. His head hung between his knees and his hands rested on his cane. His voice was tired, almost sad, deflated of all anger.

“Phil?” Techno looked between the two blonds. “Who’s she?”

“An old friend — I mean, well, she wasn’t *just* a friend.”

“Like an asset?”

“Techno-” Craft paused, pinching the bridge of his nose, “I think he’s your brother.”

“EH?” Techno stumbled back as if the news had pushed him over, and Tommy just burst out cackling.

“Bullshit!” Tommy said, between wheezing fits of laughter.

“How?! When?! What about Mother?” Techno’s face was a mix of betrayal, panic, and complete confusion. The poor kid thought his father was adulterous — hell, maybe he was. It wasn’t like Wilbur’s mother had ever been partially lucky with men.

“Sam was far before her,” he spoke into his lap, before speaking to Wilbur. “Let me guess, you’re

about 22, 23?"

There was a part of Wilbur that bristled at the mention of his mother. How dare this fucker mention her so casually, as if he never left her life?

"And what if I was?" Wilbur crossed his arms, being deliberately difficult.

"When I was roughly about your age, I fell in love with my childhood friend. She was kind and sweet." Craft's tone was colored with wistful fondness, filled with yearning for times that have long passed.

Tommy leaned forward, eagerly listening to every word about their mother that came out of Philza's mouth.

Wilbur, on the other hand, just looked away, clenching his fist.

"She was headstrong and got shit done. Whatever she set her mind to, she'd accomplish. And her temper! Gods, she was a firecracker!" Philza laughed. It was light, happy — a laughter that Wilbur didn't expect someone like Craft to be capable of.

He didn't mean to, but Wilbur met Craft's eyes. The cold calculating glare had softened into a melancholy-filled gaze. Gone was the dangerous man that had threatened them and scared them shitless, in his place was someone reminiscing about an old beloved friend. It was pathetic.

"You remind me of her, you know? You have Samantha's eyes."

Wilbur lunged, fully intending to punch the fucker who had the gall to talk about their mother freely and unburdened. How dare he? How fucking *dare* he talk about her?

Techno immediately moved between him and his asshole of a father while Tommy held him back, stopping him from causing any bodily harm.

"You don't get to *say* Mum's name!" he spat, years of buried sorrow bubbling up to the surface. "You don't *fucking* deserve *to*, you *sad* son of a bitch! You didn't even know I *existed*. You *never* wondered what happened to her after *whatever the fuck* you two had *ended*. Do you even know how *hard* it was for her to provide for us? How she had to *skip meals* to keep us full while you *never* had to worry about going hungry?"

"Mr. Sung-" Craft tried to start but he didn't let him.

"Do you even know how hard it was for her to raise us *alone*? How much our mother had to *suffer* while you fucking *assholes* had everything you needed or wanted delivered to you on a *silver platter*?! Do you even know she's *dead*?!" Wilbur's voice broke at the end.

"What?" Craft looked genuinely stunned.

Wilbur let out a bitter laugh. "Of course you fucking didn't. Mum's been dead for a while now. Do you really think she'd let her two boys get into crime? Mum would rather die than let that happen, and guess what, she did." Wilbur grinned, his smile stretched and so obviously faked.

Tommy flinched. Wilbur's sharp grin immediately softened. He went too far with that one. He gently removed Tommy's grip on his arm, lightly squeezing his younger brother's hand — a silent apology.

Wilbur cleared his throat, shoving down all the anger and hurt that was dragged into the forefront;

he would deal with those emotions another day, now it was time for what he did best, business.

"If you loved Mum as much as you claim, where the fuck were you when she died?" Wilbur bluntly asked. "Where were you when your so-called childhood friend's sons were going hungry? When we were homeless? When our entire world fell apart and we, actual *children*, had to pick up the pieces ourselves? Were you busy enjoying life? Busy eating more food than we could ever stomach? Busy spending more money than we could ever earn?" Wilbur took a step closer to Craft with every question.

Techno, who was still protecting Craft, tensed. Wilbur glared at him and Techno easily returned it.

"Techno, was it?" He looked down at the *fuck* who was apparently his younger brother. "How does it feel knowing your mother wasn't the only woman in your father's life- sorry, *our* father's life?"

"That's none of my business." Techno's stiff tone said otherwise.

Wilbur's lips curled into a cruel smirk.

*Jackpot.*

"Oh really? Then what was all that panicking about earlier?"

"Wil," Tommy started, "maybe don't antagonize the dude who's threatened to off us."

"Oh hush, Tommy." Wilbur waved his concerns off. "I just want to get to know *our new brother*. So how does it feel, Techno? How does it feel, that despite all your money, all your tutoring, all your efforts, you weren't and *have never been* the first? That the *honor* belongs to me, a filthy scheming *bastard* street rat?"

"Mr. Sung," Craft warned.

"I'm just being genuinely curious, *Father dearest!*" Wilbur said the title like it was the worst insult he could dish out. "I wanna know his feelings about this whole situation. I, for one, am absolutely *seething*, but let's not make it all about me, shall we?" He winked as if he told a particularly funny joke. The room stayed quiet; it's inhabitants didn't agree.

"Your issue lies with me, no need to bring in Techno." Craft's tone was stern and brooked no argument.

"Well, he pointed a *gun* at my brother!"

"You pointed a gun at my dad!"

"*Our* dad," Wilbur corrected, just to annoy the fucker further.

"Boys, boys, you are both beautiful, calm down," Tommy tried.

Wilbur, despite his best efforts, cracked a small smile. But it was neither the time nor the place for that, so he schooled his face back into a neutral expression.

"I'm gonna be honest with you Craft, and that's a treat you better treasure because I rarely am: *I hate you*. I hate that you're here, and that you ruined our evening. I hate you *so much*. After all the shit you've missed, I honestly think that robbing one of your many presidential suites is justified. It's genuinely the least you could do to make up for being an awful, absentee father. Just kindly fuck off and leave me and my brother alone." Wilbur gestured at the door.

"You know I can't do that," Craft sighed.

"Why not?" Tommy whined. "You both can let us go and we'll agree to pretend none of this ever happened! Maybe throw in a few thousand bucks to sweeten the deal."

Craft massaged the bridge of his nose. "It's not that simple."

"Not used to solving problems without murder, huh?" Wilbur taunted. "Why are you letting me live anyway?"

"Exactly, why are we letting him live?!" Techno, of all people, responded — a slight lilt of levity and sarcasm to his voice. Something that Wilbur was starting to assume was this kid's default.

"Techno, that's your brother!"

"I literally met him half an hour ago — that man is not my brother, he's a liability.

"Exactly."

Was it helping his case to bring attention to it? Of course not, but it was best to cover all his bases.

"It's a favor," Craft said with a quiet sigh.

"Like I want to spend the rest of my life repaying that debt."

"It's not your debt to pay, it's mine — to your mother. She was far too good for either of us."

"Oh, shut the fuck up, if you cared about debts, you shoulda paid while she was alive."

Wilbur was still bitter, and it still cut at the old man. Craft took a moment to collect himself as the news settled in his mind. Wilbur wanted to twist the knife, pour salt into his wounds the only way he knew how. If, for just a moment, this man hurt a *fraction* of how he did, maybe Wilbur could be satisfied. He knew he shouldn't revel in it, if only because his emotions were getting in the way, and if only because he hated the way Tommy looked at him when he did it.

Craft laid out his offer as a businessman, locking whatever grief and guilt he had away. "There is a town," he said, "west of here, in the Red Desert. Mr. Sung, you can start a new life under the protection of our family. You will never return to Business Bay, but you'll be safe."

"Fat fucking chance. You'll put me in a car and drive it right off a cliff."

"You will be fine, live a normal life. I'm sure your mother would have wanted you to have one."

"Don't you dare put words in her mouth," Wilbur hissed. He was angry — angry that Craft knew anything about her. Because he was right; his mother would hate the man he grew up to be — neck deep in the criminal underworld, dragging Tommy down with him. Just a bit too much like his father.

Maybe he should take Craft's offer, get Tommy out of this life, at least for now. Wilbur find a way back to the Bay and they would be safe, protection provided by whoever the fuck Craft really was. Wilbur could smooth-talk his way into the family proper. He could gain their influence, their intelligence, and weaponize it. A bastard was one thing, a *clever* bastard was another, and the pair of them were a whole other story.

The Sungs wouldn't be in 'exile' for long. Tommy would be taken care of. He could spend every night like tonight, but without the fear or the lies. Hell, maybe he could even go to school.

Craft sat idly, his hands folded in his lap, his brow taut with something. Worry? Concern? Confusion? Wilbur refused to believe that any kindness from this man was anything more than a twisted obligation — if even that. Craft was trying to help himself. Tie up loose ends or attempt to band-aid grief with money. Not to protect his son.

*Craft's son.* The concept of being anyone but his mother's son was so foreign. It picked at the back of his skull and he shook the thought away. He didn't have to think about that now.

"Is that a no?"

"No. I mean yes. No, no it's not- I don't—" Wilbur bit his cheek and looked at his actual brother. This might be their new life, it wasn't a decision he could make alone. Tommy would never admit it, but he wanted to see the world outside the Bay. Wilbur saw the way he watched trains leave Greatborough, how he quietly counted pennies, how wide Tommy smiled when *he* brought them up the river. When Tommy saw the starlit skies — it was like nothing he had ever seen as a city kid. But Tommy stood still, his scrunched up face half-covered by nervous hands. His eyes were glassy and he was very obviously trying not to say anything. "Toms?"

"We're sticking together right?" Tommy spoke with strained confidence, far too loud, and a smile far too forced. "I really don't care where we are as long as we're together."

"What, yeah, of course, were sticking together—" unless the bastard wanted to separate them. *Wilbur* was Craft's loose end, not Tommy. To him, Tommy was just another man's son. What obligation did Craft have to his brother? Why waste resources on some kid he had no connection to, on someone who didn't pose a threat? Any glimmer of opportunity he saw in Craft's offer disappeared, replaced by more hatred and a stirring sickness in the pit of his stomach.

"Tommy, you won't even be rid of me when I'm dead, what's a leader without his right hand?" Wilbur attempted a joke, but it came out grave serious.

"I don't know, left-handed?" Tommy chuckled. Wilbur wanted to cry, his brother was so much more than a second-in-command.

"We're a package deal. I'm not going anywhere without him. Ever," Wilbur said, turning back to Craft.

"I figured that was a given. I'm not going to separate your family."

"Then I can't leave the Bay."

"Pardon?"

"I have a lot more family than Tommy, and they are stuck here." Wilbur's stomach twisted once again, guilt hitting him like a wave. He left Fundy behind. He left Tubbo behind, he let Jack die. He wasn't going to let it happen again. For as long as he lived, he would not let it happen again. He needed them safe.

"I'm sure things can be arranged for them."

"No, you don't understand, they're stuck here."

"You doubt my connections?"

"Well, yes, but only because you underestimate mine." It hurt him to say this. "Unless you wanna go toe-to-toe with the heads of Greatborough, best not to meddle in my affairs."



“Is that a threat?” Craft’s response was genuine. Not what Wilbur was expecting. It was subdued, maybe with a sprinkling of surprise, but no fear, no anger. It scared Wilbur.

“Of course it’s not, it’s a bloody warning. You don’t know who I am, you don’t know my family.”

“And who exactly *is* your family?”

Wilbur struggled for his words, but Tommy found them. “Try Dream’s personal house guests.”

“I thought you said you didn't know the man.”

"I lied. That's what happens when a powerful unknown party asks about your affiliation with a potential rival. You lie." Wilbur shrugged.

"Well, this changes everything." Techno turned to his father. "Phil you *have* to send them to the Red Desert. If Dream finds out that the Syndicate's keeping his people from him, he's going to see that as an invitation to *war*."

"The Syndicate? You guys are with the fucking *Syndicate*!?" Tommy's outburst was ignored, both Crafts busy discussing their fate.

Wilbur felt his stomach drop. His father had ties to the Syndicate, the second biggest mob in the Bay area — deep ties. Not only did he have to deal with Greatborough, he now had the Syndicate to worry about. Just his luck.

"If Dream finds out the Sungs are related to us, there will be war, whether you like it or not." Craft shot back. "If he gets his hands on them, the amount of artifacts he has access to would double — triple, even. The other side of the family is capable, but the boys are crafty; I doubt even Grian could keep them safe."

"You can't possibly be suggesting-" Techno looked actually angry, but Craft didn't let him continue.

Craft faced Wilbur and Tommy and took a deep breath.

"Boys, how would you like to stay a little closer to home?"

## Chapter End Notes

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