

Who Let This Guy Near a Child?

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Who Let This Guy Near a Child?

by Anonymous

Summary

Ranboo needs someone to babysit Michael, but there's only one person present in Snowchester.

Notes

charlie please join the lore also uncle charlie supremacy

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

Ranboo was desperate.

He had a Syndicate meeting in a half hour and no one to watch Michael. Foolish and Puffy were away building, Jack Manifold was... busy, and Tubbo was away.

Ranboo glanced up at the one person he neglected to mention. Would that even work? Would he even be home? And more importantly, did he even know how to handle a child?

Ranboo sighed. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

The enderman hybrid walked towards Slimecicle's house. He knocked on the door softly.

Charlie threw open the door. His sash was tied around his head, a trail of water running down his head. Ranboo squinted in confusion.

Slime smiled. “Ranboo! *Ice* to see you!”

Ranboo smiled at the pun, but he was still confused. “Hey, Charlie. Um... why are you wet?”

“Cleaning day,” Charlie answered. “*Water* you up to?”

Ranboo bit his lip. “I need a favor.”

“Sure! *Wet* can I do for - okay, that one was bad.” Ranboo cringed in agreement. “Seriously, though, what do you need?”

Ranboo hated asking for favors. “Uh, do you have any experience with kids?”

Slime’s face darkened. “Of course I do, Ranboo,” Ranboo was nervous he said something wrong before Charlie tapped the side of his neck. “I am baby,” he said in a very high-pitched voice. Slime laughed. “I’m kidding,” he clarified.

Ranboo was relieved he hadn’t upset someone. “O-Oh! Well, I need someone to watch Michael while I’m at a... meeting.”

Charlie blinked. “That ziglin kid?” Ranboo nodded. Slime’s voice returned to normal. “Sure, I can watch a toddler. For how long?”

Ranboo smiled in relief. “Good, good, um... only a few hours. I should be back by Michael’s bed time.”

Charlie stepped out of his house. “I can do that. It’s *snow* problem!”

Ranboo hoped he wasn’t making a mistake.

~

Babysitting, huh?

Charlie could do that.

Ranboo led him into Tubbo’s house, bombarding the slime hybrid with instructions.

“A-And if you take him outside, make sure he wears his coat, piglins aren’t made for the cold, and his food is in the barrel to the left - not the middle one, that’s toys, - a-and you don’t have to get him to bed but if I’m not back in time, then-”

“Hey,” Slime interrupted. “I’ll be fine. You left the instruction book, right?”

Ranboo looked more nervous than usual. Whether it was for his child or the ‘meeting’, Charlie wasn’t sure. “Y-Yeah, jeez, you’ll be fine, sorry. I-I’m just worried.”

Charlie clasped Ranboo’s shoulder. “Hey, that’s fine. It’ll be okay, alright?” Slime checked the sun. “Uh, didn’t you say the meeting was in a half-hour?”

Ranboo’s eyes widened. “Oh, jeez!” He ran out of the room, pausing at the door. “Uh, take care of him, bye!”

Ranboo left.

Charlie hummed and climbed the ladder to Michael’s room.

The zombified piglin was in a corner, jumping in place. He turned at the sound of the trapdoor, tilting his head at the sight of an unfamiliar person.

Charlie closed the door behind him and smiled softly. “Hey, kid, I’m your babysitter!”

Michael looked at Charlie, then at the disappearing figure of Ranboo. Michael pointed at Ranboo. Slime nodded. “Yeah, your dad left me in charge. He’ll be gone for a few hours.”

Michael looked out the window. He made a grabby motion and made a sound of distress.

“Aw, shiiiiii-” Charlie remembered his company, “-iiiiiiitaki mushrooms.” Ranboo probably should

have introduced Charlie first. Or at least said goodbye. “Uh, there’s no *shroom* for being sad here.” He laughed at his worry-induced pun. Michael whimpered.

Charlie got an idea. He reached for the slime at his shoulder. “Hey, bud, do you wanna play with Cornelius?”

Cornelius the slime was put down beside the piglin. Michael’s whimpering stopped. He poked Corn with a hoof. The slime giggled. Michael sat down and continued poking.

Slime sighed in relief. “There we go. Slime babies fix everything.” He patted the one on his head.

Charlie sat cross legged next to Michael. The ziglin looked up at him. Michael snorted and patted Charlie’s leg. Charlie beamed. “Alright, bud, what do you want to do?”

Michael pointed outside.

“Play in the snow?” Michael nodded. “Alright, let me get your coat.”

Slime had to admit, Michael’s snow clothes looked adorable on him. As he was adjusting the hood, Michael pointed at Charlie’s bare arms.

Slime pulled his tee-shirt. “This? Oh, I’m not really affected by temperature too much.” Being made of slime had its perks.

Michael held Charlie’s hand as he led the toddler outside. “Do you wanna play something?” Charlie asked.

Michael looked Slime in the eyes, tapped his hand, and ran away.

“Tag!” Charlie realized. He sprinted (though making sure he was slower than the kid). “You little sucker!”

Michael was backed into a corner eventually. Slime grinned. “Looks like there’s *snow* way out!”

Michael hit him with a snowball and ran while Charlie was disoriented.

Charlie’s face would have been way colder had he not been made of slime. He chuckled. “This kid is dangerous.” He ran off after the toddler.

~

A while later, a man and a very young ziglin sat upstairs, both wet. Charlie untied Br'aad’s sash from his waist, using it to dry the kid off.

Michael shivered and sneezed.

Charlie frowned. “Oh no. Don’t you get sick on me, kid. Your dad will have my head.” He would have taken off his head there (Again, slime hybrid perks), but he didn’t want to scare a kid. The former god has standards.

Slime stood grabbing the prepared warped and crimson mushroom stew. “Your dad told me to give you this,” he said. “Hope it helps with the sneezing.”

Michael took the stew in his hooves and ran to his bed.

Charlie smirked. “Are you allowed to eat in bed?”

Michael nodded.

Charlie sat down next to him. "Okay, but if we get in trouble, it's your fault."

Michael didn't respond, eating his stew. Some definitely got on the bed. Slime chose to ignore that.

Michael set the bowl aside and pointed out the window, then at one of the posters, specifically Ranboo's likeness.

Slime rubbed his tiny head. "I know, bud, but he said he'd be back soon."

Michael kicked his feet.

Charlie glanced at the setting sun. "Do you want me to tell you a story so you can sleep?"

Michael nodded.

Slime leaned on the side of the bed. "Well, you see, it all began when we played around with a world's block drops..."

~

Ranboo didn't know what he expected to see when he got to Tubbo's house.

He returned from the Syndicate meeting, relieved that they hadn't gone to Snowchester, and rushed home to see his son. As he ran, he began to worry about what could be going wrong. Maybe someone had come to Snowchester with harmful intent (Unlikely, as he was with the Syndicate). Maybe Michael was missing (Unlikely, he had heard Michael before leaving). Maybe Charlie accidentally set the house on fire (Okay, this one was likely)! Ranboo traveled a bit quicker.

The house was, thankfully, not on fire. Ranboo opened the door to find a trail of water leading up to Michael's room. Opening the trapdoor, he found his son and his babysitter asleep on the bed. The bed was dirty, Michael's dinner and bowl were clearly seen on it (which he was not allowed to do), but Ranboo could fix that later. Charlie's slimy form lost its human pigmentation, returned to its (apparently natural) translucent green color. Michael was wrapped around Charlie's gooey arm, his snout pressing into the slime (Was that dangerous?).

Ranboo sighed in relief. They weren't dead (Or, double dead, in Michael's case). He didn't know why he always jumped to that conclusion. He decided to let Charlie stay the night and send him home in the morning. Ranboo crept back downstairs. He'd talk to Slime later.

Ranboo would have to have him babysit again.

End Notes

some things!

-charlie cleans by pouring water on his head and hoping most of it ends up on the floor

-slimecicle is hard for me to write because a) he swears a lot and b) i cannot come up with puns help c) his characterization??? always feels off????? but i write him anyway because i love him

-cornelius the slime is named after colonel cornelius cornwall, not tales cornelius but that would be funny

-i am not good at writing kids i hope michael is written fine

-BR'AAD MENTION BR'AAD MENTION BR'AAD MENTION

-charlie tells michael the 'the block drops are completely randomized' story! very underrated video i think

anyway bye please join the lore charlie or i'll keep writing these

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