

You know, most people who first meet me find me annoying

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You know, most people who first meet me find me annoying

by [Anonganon](#)

Summary

“Y’know,” Tommy says, reaching up to try to pry the blade out, “most people who meet me first find me annoying.”

“Every minute, you prove them right.”

“Dick. Will you remove your knife from my person? I feel very endangered.”

Notes

This is based on a superhero au me and @/RebelDoodles on twt made!

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

Ever since he was a kid, a little boy so young a gust of wind could knock him over, Tommy had wanted to be a hero. He had seen the loud colored heroes on the television, seen them revered for their bravery, for their strength, and he had wanted to be liked that one day. He wanted to be strong. He wanted to save lives, to help people in need.

“I’ll get all the ladies,” he had boasted, in a cheap costume several sizes too large, perched on the sofa like he ruled the world, “Tommyinnit, they’ll says, he’s so brave.”)

When his powers manifested at the late age of eight, and he had healed the scrape on his classmate’s knee, he had been ecstatic. Sure, healing wasn’t the *manliest* of powers, but it served as an entryway, and by God he was not going to let this opportunity slip by. He swore on the Crowfather posters on his wall, he was going to become a hero, the likes of which the world has never seen. He showed up to the appointment an hour early, at age fifteen, and he applied for a hero license.

With barely a passing mark, Tommyinnit became a hero. And it had been the single coolest moment of his life.

Tommyinnit is a hero.

He is also so incredibly fucking bored.

Turns out, *shockingly*, crime fighting is only a measly 30% of being a hero. A good 60% of it is doing absolutely nothing, patrolling the streets and keeping drunkards from face planting into the open road. (The 10% is networking, but he’s not going to think about that, not after the whole fiasco with the Star.)

And Wilbur, that slimy bastard, had put him on evening patrol, reasoning that academic duties keep him from taking the morning, or god forbid, afternoon patrol. Instead, he gets the evening. Not even the *night*. The evening, when evil is like halfway on the rise, but just meandering enough that things only start to get exciting just as his shift ends.

It’s unfair, is what it is.

Tubbo, of all people, gets the night shift, and gets to actually be useful while Tommy has to do his homework and go to bed early because *you’re still in school, Tommy, you have to balance your responsibilities, and do well to keep your hero life and personal life separate*. Bitch.

He hops a building, sliding down a couple stories onto another rooftop, muttering strings of curses under his breath. The streets are annoyingly quiet, save for the few civilians walking home from work. A street light ahead stutters. A figure stands on the fire escape.

Wait.

A figure stands on the fire escape.

He's clad in dark clothing, almost blending into the shadows cast around him as he crouches on the metal. Blonde hair blows lightly in the breeze.

He's known by many names, each moniker a heavy crown on his head, each title a different meaning to the one who utters it.

"The Angel." Tommy breathes.

The Angel of Death stiffens, cold eyes flashing to him for a single terrifying second before dark wings burst from his back. With a single, earthshaking flap, he launches into the air, soaring away past the skyscrapers. Tommy gasps out a *holy shit*, scrambling to his knees as he leaps across rooftops, tailing the dark shadow that flies past the clouds.

The Angel is, well, so incredibly cool. Unfortunately, he may also be a criminal. Vigilantes are as bad as the criminals they claim to beat up, Tommy reasons to himself, justifying his chase as a pursuit of lawful intent, and not just because he maybe wants to maybe possibly ask for an autograph.

Maybe he could ask for an autograph while waiting for the police?

That is, assuming he could even take the guy down. It's a well known fact that The Angel is as ruthless as he is kind, and Tommy wonders if he'll be walking away from tonight with several broken ribs.

But Tommyinnit is a big man, with a dream and brass knuckles, and he will not be defeated so easily.

He parkours down another fire escape, sliding down a pipe and sprinting down the sidewalk, skidding to a stop by an alleyway.

He's lost sight of The Angel.

He paces by the entrance to the alley, confused eyes scanning the horizon for any dark shape flying across the sky.

Where did he go?

A hand reaches out of the shadows, shoving him up against the wall, his head knocking painfully. Something cold and sharp pins his hood, digging into brick.

"Hi mate," The Angel mutters, the blade of another one of his feathers resting on the hollow of Tommy's throat, "Any reason you're following me?"

How did he manage to make the word *mate* sound intimidating. What the fuck.

"Crowfather," Tommy squeaks out. Admittedly, not one of his best moments.

The Angel blinks, peering at the young hero, "That's not my name, mate."

"Well, it used to be," Tommy says, "and it's not like you have an official vigilante name."

"I have an unofficial one," he shrugs, "the press seemed to really like it."

"The Angel of Death is a mouthful."

"A bit tacky too, yeah."

Tommy nods, "Crowfather."

"Gods," the vigilante sighs, "Why were you tailing me?"

And what does Tommy say to this?

To arrest you, sir. To prove myself to Wilbur, so that he deems me useful enough to handle bigger tasks. Because I adored you as a kid, and I still do, even if you've fallen from grace.

What happened to you?

“Uh,” he swallows, “to ask for an autograph?”

The Angel sighs, and loosens his hold. His wings furl into his back, and his blade is sheathed on his thigh. Tommy sags against the wall with an audible *oomph*, hood stretching up past his head from where it's still pinned to the wall.

The vigilante glares at him, though it holds less bite than it did a minute ago.

Progress.

“Y'know,” Tommy says, reaching up to try to pry the blade out, “most people who meet me first find me annoying.”

“Every minute, you prove them right.”

“Dick. Will you remove your knife from my person? I feel very endangered.”

He ignores Tommy, which is very rude, and says, “How old are you? Who let a child be a hero?”

“I'm twenty one,” Tommy says, you know, like a liar, “and I can be whoever I want.”

“Mate, you barely look sixteen.”

“Okay, maybe I was exaggerating.”

The Angel shakes his head, muttering under his breath, something about common decency and a few other words Tommy wouldn't repeat to his mum in good conscience.

“You're too young to be a hero, mate,” He says, “It's a lot more dangerous than you think.”

Tommy bristles, “*I'm* a lot more dangerous than you think.”

“You're not even allowed to *drink*,” the vigilante snarls, “this isn't safe. This isn't right.”

And maybe he has a point, because what kind of organization lets teenagers put their lives on the line but *damn it*, Tommy's earned this, he's earned this badge and he's earned this dream.

The Angel stares at him with something like pity, and Tommy realizes he may have spoken those words out loud.

He sighs, shaking his head mutely and turning to walk up to the alley's entrance.

“The knife keeps you under my protection,” the vigilante calls over his shoulder, “It should keep most people from messing with you while you wait for your friends.”

Tommy hisses under his breath, fingers scrabbling for purchase on the gilded hilt. Wow, it's in there deep.

“Get another dream, hero,” The Angel of Death says, as he turns his back for the last time, “This life isn't worth dying for.”

Feathers brush the wall as the vigilante's wings spread across the narrow space. He gives a single flap and takes off, shooting up high into the rooftops and fire escapes.

Tommy stares for a good minute, slack jawed, before he fumbles with his ear piece, hearing the start up dual tone as he gives the dagger one last wrench, stumbling forward as the blade comes free. He cradles it in numb fingers, tracing the carved veins of the once-feather.

'Tommy? Tommy where the fuck are you?'

“Uh, hey Wil,” Tommy laughs breathlessly, “Guess who I just ran into.”

End Notes

Tell us what you think :0 and for more info on the au, head to my twitter @/WolfyTheWitch, I have a twitter moments up with the designs and some lore! And follow RebelDoodles too, she is very pogchamp

My twt: twitter.com/wolfythewitch

Reb: twitter.com/rebeldoodles

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