

home is wherever i'm with you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27077575) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27077575>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	No Romantic Relationship(s) , Dave Technoblade & Toby Smith Tubbo , Dave Technoblade & TommyInnit
Character:	Dave Technoblade , Toby Smith Tubbo , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Family , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Fluff , Family Dynamics , Happy Ending , Villain Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Villain Wilbur Soot
Language:	English
Collections:	Mixed Fics , Completed stories I've read
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-10 Words: 2,443 Chapters: 1/1

home is wherever i'm with you

by [watercolorwoods](#)

Summary

Home doesn't have to be a place; it can be anything you find comfort in. The one thing you always find yourself coming back to, seeking solace in.

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Techno saves Tubbo, instead of executing him.

Notes

i had to write a fic where techno doesn't kill tubbo. i had to

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

"Kill him now!"

Techno's heart races, his ears ringing as he stares at Tubbo. His hand grips his crossbow so hard it shakes, knuckles tinted white. His legs tremble like Jell-O beneath him. Alex is trying to convince Schlatt that killing Tubbo is unnecessary. Techno weighs his options.

Schlatt and Alex are armorless. Most of the crowd is too, or at least just wearing leather. Tommy is somewhere near; he remembers catching a glimpse of him briefly on top of the building next to the podium. He'd been in full netherite.

The only people in the crowd he has to worry about are Purpled, Fundy, and Punz. All three of them are armed in the same gear as he is. Can he two versus three? He's done it before.

God, it would be so easy to just kill Tubbo, like he's being pressured to do.

But he thinks of the times he's seen Tommy and Tubbo listening to Tommy's discs together, how happy the two of them had been, even in the midst of a war. He thinks of all of the times he's seen Tubbo playing with the bees outside of Pogtopia. He remembers when Tubbo automated his potato farm, and the time they collected flowers and raced horses.

It feels like ages ago, but he can recall the familiar warmth that came with spawning into a server for the first time. It's very pleasant, like sinking down onto a bed of cotton. He remembers crawling under the wall at spawn, and dashing through the forest, the wind in his hair and cloak as he chased after Tommy's horse. He'd laughed and laughed then, listening as Tommy yelled. It had been so easy. So *free* .

Tubbo is the kindest person Techno has ever met, he realizes. He's unknowingly crafted his own funeral, dug his own grave, betrayed by the man he was betraying. He's undyingly loyal to his friends, refusing to give up on Tommy and Pogtopia, constantly putting himself in danger. At the end of each day, the three of them would always count on Tubbo to show up with new information. It was routine.

But more importantly, Tubbo is a kid. And sure, he'll respawn, but respawning is no walk in the park, and dying itself isn't pleasant either. Death is only still feared by all in this world because of how badly the respawn hurts. Techno still remembers the first time he died; it'll never escape him.

Techno has killed so many people.

But he can still see the flowers in Tubbo's hands, hear his excitement about his redstone, feel him playfully shoving Techno away from his horse. The boy in front of him is so human that Techno doesn't think he has it in him to do this.

Swallowing hard, Techno points his crossbow at Tubbo, but he can't fire. His hands won't let him. He can't kill Tubbo. Not when he knows how important he is to Tommy, Techno's *brother*. Not when he knows how wonderful this boy is. He can't betray his family, no matter how much he tries to convince himself he's heartless.

"Tubbo, I'm sorry," he says, and means it. He's sorry that this is a situation a 16 year old boy has to be in. "I'll make it as painless as possible," he lies, hooking his crossbow onto his belt. If he shoots the crossbow, it'll still hit Tubbo. Instead, he draws his sword.

"Technoblade..." Tubbo whispers, eyes wide as tears streak down his face.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. There are at least 9 people behind him, ready to shoot him in the back the second he lunges for the president. His brows furrow as he listens to Schlatt laugh joyously.

There is no other option. He can't kill Tubbo. He *won't* . He imagines what Tommy's face would look like if he had to watch Tubbo die, at the hands of Techno, his own brother. So clearly he can hear the way he'd scream for Tubbo, and pictures him grieving, pictures his anger. He can almost see the blood on his hands. His arms tremble, but this time, it's not from nerves. Fire courses through his veins.

Now, he's *angry*. He's pissed that Schlatt would put him in such a position, and expect him to go

along with it. The thought of Tommy in so much peril fuels him with rage. He would *never* hurt his brother. He loves his brother, more than anything in this world.

In a moment, his sword is skewered through Schlatt's stomach. The laughter comes to a stop, and the man slowly looks up, eyes impossibly wide. "You-

"As if I'd hurt Tommy like that," Techno snarls, freeing his sword and kicking the man to the ground. His body fades, ready to respawn wherever his bed is at. He grabs his pickaxe from his belt and tosses it to Tubbo, who catches it readily.

He twists toward the crowd and pulls out his crossbow, firing it a few times, as fast as he can. They need a way out of here, and as far as Techno is concerned, this is the best way to ensure that. The rockets explode in a mangle of red, white, and blue. He hears screaming, but he doesn't know who he hits with them. When he turns back around, he eyes a pearl flying by and as it shatters against the wall. The outline of a person forms from the shards and he points his crossbow in preparation, muscles tight.

He sighs in relief at the sight of familiar blonde hair and lanky limbs, and he watches a newly freed Tubbo grab onto Tommy like a lifeline. He lowers his crossbow, smiling.

"You're okay," Tommy tells him firmly, pulling Tubbo into a tight hug. "You had me worried," Tommy says to Techno, a pleased smile on his face.

In response, Techno snorts, brandishing his sword as he watches the survivors from his rockets orient themselves. "Where's Quackity?"

"He ran," Tubbo answers, hiding behind Tommy. "We need to pearl out of here, Techno."

"Just used my last one," Tommy mutters, cursing under his breath.

"Go after Tommy!" Alex yells from the crowd, pointing up at the podium.

He reaches for his belt again and unclips the bag that holds his pearls, tossing it haphazardly toward the two boys. Tubbo releases Tommy to catch it, and quickly opens it, grabbing a pearl for himself and a couple for Tommy.

"Go as far as you can with them, toward Pogtopia," Techno yells over his shoulder, holding his sword in front of him as he sees Fundy starting to climb the hill. "I've got my trident, so don't worry."

"Wait- are you sure?" Tubbo asks, while Tommy says at the same time, "Got it, big man."

Out of the corner of his eye, he watches Tommy toss a pearl with all his might, and sees Tubbo do so in the same direction. In a few seconds' time, the two of them blink out of existence.

He only barely manages to collide swords with Fundy, blocking the man's swing. He sees Ponk climbing his way up as well, and falls back, sheathing his sword. Instead, he pulls out his trident, and grins.

He's ready to fly.

Pogtopia is a welcome sight, and he sighs as soon as the ravine is in full view. He plops down right at the bottom of the staircase, bending over and resting his head between his knees with a sigh.

Someone taps him on the shoulder, and he lifts his head, only to get yanked up and pulled into a hug. He gasps a little, taken by surprise. As soon as he recognizes the person as Tubbo, he relaxes, his arms held out awkwardly. Slowly, he places them around Tubbo, only barely touching him. He's a really not one for physical affection, but he knows Tubbo is, so he'll bare it.

He feels Tubbo press against his chest. "Thank you, Techno," he says genuinely, and Techno can hear the grin in his voice.

"Um," he starts eloquently, and considers punching himself. "You're welcome."

Tubbo seems to get the hint, letting Techno go. Tommy rounds the corner at the same time, and grins at the sight of Techno. "You're finally home!" He cheers as he runs toward them, completely dropping his sword. It clatters obnoxiously to the ground.

Home, he thinks as Tommy hugs him too.

Is this really home? After all, he has his own base that he operates from. He barely spends any time in this ravine. Then again, would he really call his other hole in the ground a home?

Does he even have a home?

Their phones all buzz in unison, and Techno pulls his own out. A message from Wilbur shines on the screen, announcing that he's nearly at Pogtopia, and he plans on bringing Niki with him.

"Niki?" Techno asks, brows furrowed. "Isn't he the one that didn't want her here in the first place?"

"I've no idea how he works anymore, Techno," Tommy grumbles, and shoves his phone into his pocket with more force than necessary. "He's fucked in the head."

"He's your brother," Techno reprimands, even though he agrees. Something is seriously wrong with Wilbur lately, and he doesn't know how to fix it. If Phil were here, he'd know. Phil would know exactly what to do; he always does. Techno misses him.

Steps echo above them, and Techno figures that must be Wilbur and Niki.

When Wilbur's eyes find Techno, he tosses his hands in the air. "Technoblade! So you're not a traitor!"

Something about the words makes him bristle. Maybe it's the way he says it, so shocked, like he fully expected Techno to take the shot. Like it's so insane that he didn't. It makes Techno feel like utter shit, and maybe that's what Wilbur meant to do. Regardless, his shoulders tense.

"Never was, Wilbur," he answers gruffly, glancing over to Tommy. The boy wears a sour expression, one he's desperately trying to hide.

"Tubbo," Niki says with a smile as she runs down the stairs, straight into the boy's arms. "I'm so glad you're safe."

Techno turns away, and finds himself in a staring contest with Wilbur, who still stands in the middle of the cobble staircase. "Can I help you?" Techno asks, and feels his eye twitch.

Wilbur sighs, and clears the rest of the stairs, coming to a stop next to Techno. He rests his hand on

Techno's shoulder. Unwillingly, he freezes, slowly glancing over to Wilbur. He can't see his face, only his side profile.

"I'm disappointed in you," he says, lowly enough that only Techno catches it. The words stab Techno straight through the heart, cutting right through it. Wilbur lifts his hand and smiles. "Anyway, I'm off to bed. It's been a long day."

The words enter his cotton filled brain and stick there. He doesn't move, even after Wilbur has walked away. He stares wide-eyed at the wall for so long that it attracts attention in the form of Niki shaking him gently. He physically lurches.

"Techno?" She asks, gentle. "Are you okay?"

He shakes his head, as if to clear it, and bites his cheek. "Yeah," he answers, and turns to face the three of them. They're all looking at him with so much concern. He squirms. "Wilbur's just..."

"A dick?" Tommy proposes, a scowl on his face.

"He's... different," Niki murmurs, brows furrowed. "He's not himself, is he?" She asks, and looks to Tommy.

He shakes his head. "He hasn't been for awhile, Niki."

They all share a brief moment of silence, heavy with something a lot like loss.

"You know what?" Niki starts, a smile on her face as she glances between them. "Let's go look at the sunset. It was beautiful on the way here."

Techno has half a mind to decline, but the joy on Tubbo's face stops him. Tommy seems to be in the same boat, and he watches as Niki heads up the stairs. The two boys quarrel for a bit over something Techno didn't catch, and then race up the stairs together. Slowly, he trails after them.

"Come on, Techno!" Tubbo calls, waving at him from the top of the staircase. "Before the sun sets all the way!"

Techno sighs and starts jogging up the stairs. "I'm comin', calm down."

"Tubbo, have you got a jukebox?" Tommy asks, poking his head around the corner as Techno clears the last step.

Enthusiastically, Tubbo nods. "I've got the discs too! They're in my ender chest, one second!"

As Tubbo darts over to the ender chest on the other side of the room, Tommy's eyes shine. Techno doesn't know much about the discs, but he knows how important they are to Tommy.

Tubbo fishes out his jukebox and a red disc. "Blocks!" Tommy grins, and clears the room to look at the disc. "This is the real one, right?"

In response, Tubbo hums. "Yup! Let's go catch the sunset! Niki is waiting!"

Techno follows them out of the cave, ducking through the entrance. He gets stuck recovering it, but it doesn't take long. Once he's finished, he follows the sound of Tommy's voice to an outlook that overlooks the sunset. The jukebox sits in the grass, the disc in Tommy's hands. Niki is asking if it's the real one, and Tommy is happily telling her it is.

The sunset is beautiful behind them, an array of pinks and oranges coloring the sky as the sun dips

beneath the trees. He smiles and takes a seat behind the jukebox. The others circle it, settled down in the grass.

"Are you gonna play it?" Tubbo asks excitedly.

"Yeah, yeah, chill out!" Tommy scowls, and places the disc in it. The notes of what Techno assumes must be blocks start to play, and the other three smile.

It hits him then. Home doesn't have to be a place; it can be anything you find comfort in. The one thing you always find yourself coming back to, seeking solace in. His eyes drift over to Tommy. The blocks disc plays quietly on the jukebox, background sound to Tommy and Tubbo's loud laughter. Niki is chuckling next to them, a smile on her face.

Maybe this is home. Maybe *they're* his home.

The laughter dies down, and they're all left in the glow of the final rays of the sunset. Niki, Tommy, and Tubbo all wear wide smiles, and Techno can't help but smile too.

He doesn't know much about what home feels like, but he thinks this may be it.

End Notes

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