

oh, we can be heroes (old version)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28283679) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28283679>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationship:	Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Wilbur Soot & Technoblade , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit & Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit & Phil Watson
Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , Wilbur Soot , Toby Smith Tubbo , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Minx , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Niki Nihachu , Sam Awesamdude
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , TommyInnit is Not Okay (Video Blogging RPF) , Good Older Sibling Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade and Wilbur Soot and TommyInnit are Siblings , Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Sleepy Bois Inc as Family , dream smp but it's an au , how do you even do tags , Angst , tommy has adhd and sensory issues , highschool but superpowers , Technoblade Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret and Toby Smith Tubbo are Siblings , They/Them Pronouns for Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Panic Attacks , Anxiety , No Smut , Toby Smith Tubbo Loves Bees , minx and schlatt are siblings , Fluff and Angst , Happy Ending maybe , Suicidal Thoughts , Suicide Attempt , References to Depression , Author Is Sleep Deprived , Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , i am genuinely so sorry , it may seem happy but don't be fooled , really reminds me of hamilton , first part is happy and mostly unbeat , second pain is nothing but pain and you're sobbing , Implied/Referenced Self-Harm , Self-Harm , i want to drop kick myself for this i am sorry , Existentialism , Religious Cults , religious trauma , the original plot has escalated so far
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of oh, we can be heroes but in different fonts (remakes)
Collections:	Completed fics I read , Completed stories I've read , mcyt fics i've read , My favourite fics , Sum good shit that is actually completed , Fanfic Forum Discord Recs , still cool fics :) , stuff em has already read bc she cant remember , thinksmoon's collection of best sbi fics , em's to read list , Fics to read , six' favorite sbi superpower aus , dashcon ballpit of angst , ctommy ctommy chomolo chommy , DSMP Fics in my Ultimate Quotebook , MoOoOm- block men made me cry again lol I Cry to These , fanfic for the soul <3 , Top Tier Supernatural SBI Fics , Coolest Fics I've Read , moth's fanfic recommendations , Ash's Favorite Completed MCYT Fics
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-24 Completed: 2021-10-15 Words: 88,044 Chapters: 25/25

oh, we can be heroes (old version)

by [Reya0907](#)

Summary

tommy is a flight risk, and his new caseworker isn't letting him fly away.

or

when phil is a knock-off charles xavier, but tommy doesn't even know it.

THIS GETS PRETTY DARK IN SOME CHAPTERS PLEASE READ THE TAGS

started the rewrite on october eleventh 2021 :)

Notes

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

Chapter One

Chapter Summary

Let's get Tommy into a good foster home!

Tommy had never felt more like an idiot than he did sitting in front of his new handler.

He knew he was a smart kid, and knew how talented he was at the whole 'surviving' thing. So how in the *hell* did he get caught? He'd survived away from the system four years previously, and all of it was down the drain because of some nosy jogger.

"So, Tommy, it says here that you are sixteen?" Mrs. Puffy asks, looking up at him.

"That's correct, Pufferfish." Puffy smiled at that, and shook her head.

"You are quite the joker, aren't you Tommy? It says on here you were a flight risk. You like your games?" Tommy felt smug, and straightened his shoulders to portray so.

"No shit, I was a flight risk. I've been out of the system for four years. I'm not a risk, I've already flown. Look, Puffy, let's cut it. No matter where you send me, I am going to leave and we will have to go through this process at least a dozen more times until I'm 18. I know I'm charming, but you will be sick of me after a while. So why don't you just let me go? I did fine on my own for four years."

The last house he was in was unpleasant, to say the least. At the age of twelve, he decided he'd rather attempt to live on the streets than the hell that was the group home, and left. Was it easy? No, it was the hardest thing he'd ever done in his life. But, he had his highs and lows. Tommy had the firm belief that he could have amazing luck, but following it would always be hell. For the last year, he'd been able to acquire an apartment and job, whilst independently continuing his studies, and it was good. His luck was on top of the world. But of course, the high had to end and his crash had hit. The apartment had its pipes burst, the job fired him, and that led no time to study. That all occurred in the span of the last two weeks, right in the heart of winter.

That was how he was found sleeping in a tent by a woman, who called the police. Which led to here.

Puffy smiled, "If were going to cut it, I'll cut it. Tommy, you've spent four years relying on yourself for the basics. You know how important a job is, yes?" He nodded in response. "Good, so you understand that nobody gets in the way of you being paid. You, Tommy, are my job. It is my job to get you into a home, and for you not to leave again. I am not going to let a 16 year old boy try to boss me around and risk my family's income. Now why don't you just relax and comply?" At the last sentence, Puffy made direct eye contact with him, and he felt a wave of emotion threaten to take over him.

What the fuck?

He furrowed his eyebrows, and Puffy raised hers in shock. She grabbed his hand, and made eye contact with him again.

"Just comply, Tommy. Take a load off, man." This time, the wave didn't allow Tommy to swim away, and it drowned out all of his other feelings. His body relaxed, causing him to fall back into his chair. "I think you have potential, Tommy. I know just the guy, he's an old friend. You're not flying away on my watch, kid." All he did was nod, and shift his eyesight onto the rest of the room.

A part of him was screaming at him to fight Puffy on her words, to be offended and enraged she talked to him like that. It continued to grow, but every time he made eye contact with the adult, it died. He had no will to question it.

"Hey, Phil, it's Cara! I'm great, thanks for asking. I actually have an inquiry for you. I'm still working in the foster system, and I have a kid I think you would really help. He's just a flashlight waiting to shine." Tommy couldn't seem to focus on what the man was responding with in the phone or the weird metaphor the woman had spoken. All he did was bask in the relaxation he hadn't felt since he was younger.

Cara looked at Tommy to see if he wanted to talk to Phil (he would talk to him, she would make sure of it) but was met with the child nodding off. She smiled, and responded to Phil.

"He's a good kid, Phil. He's just tired, and needs a hug or something. Can you take him sometime this week?" She twirled the pen around, whilst making sure Tommy's emotions stayed nothing but peaceful.

"Would you like to drive him here today? I would offer to go to you, but I have an inkling he isn't

the best emotionally. I can literally hear your focus through your voice, Cara. Can he really fight it that well?" Phil questioned.

"Almost as well as Techno could, yeah. I'll be there in the next hour or two. See you then." The man said a short goodbye, and Cara returned to a room of silence. She grabbed the teenager's hand and continued the flow of relaxation, but woke him up. "Tommy, hey, you fell asleep for a little bit there. I do have some news though, and you can decide if it's good or bad. A friend of mine, Phil, is going to foster you. Sound like a plan?"

"Yeah, yeah. Sounds like a plan. When is he coming?" His voice was soft, an opposite to his usually loud tone.

"We're actually going to go to him. His house is like an hour away from here. So, let's get everything together and get going before rush hour, yeah?"

Tommy nodded and blinked. Suddenly, he was in Puffy's car, the woman driving down some road in the middle of nowhere. "How-Where are we?"

Puffy kept her eyes on the road, "We're driving to Phil's house, like we have been for the last half hour. Why are you surprised?" He stared at the woman, and the relaxation he felt was dwindling.

"We were just in your office, how are we here now? You're fucking with me, right?" She laughed while turning into an intersection.

"No, I'm not messing with you. We've been talking about dogs for the last half hour. You were telling me about the breed you like. What are they called? The English-"

"English Greyhound." He answered, eyes brightening slightly. "I guess I just wasn't really paying attention, huh. Why were we talking about dogs?"

The truth was that Puffy didn't have to push the positive emotions on Tommy. He was naturally becoming more relaxed with her, so she ended her grip and let him come back. During their drive, she had learned two things about him.

1. He had ADHD (she knew that from his file, but feigned shock), but never had the chance to be medicated for it, just diagnosed.

2. He loved animals, specifically dogs and aquatic creatures.

“I told you that Phil has a couple pets, including a dog, and you got excited and told me about Greyhounds. He may have one, I don’t know the breed of his dogs. That led into you trying to guess the breed. Maybe you just got too excited and spaced out?” He agreed, she wouldn’t know about the Greyhounds unless he told her.

“Animals are my hyperfixation, or at least that’s what the book I read said. They’re really cool to learn about, and help me when I get overwhelmed. Where does this guy even live?” He had previously read a book about being neurodivergent, and that’s where he came across the term. He didn’t fully understand it, but he knew his liking for animals was too ‘obsessive’ to not be at least considered a hyperfixation.

“He lives in more of a rural area. Smaller town, kind of like Cint from the Marvel movies. He’s a teacher for the school there. You’ll like him, he loves animals too.”

“Maybe he’ll have superpowers, like the Avengers. That would be my luck,” He joked. Cara had to hold back her laughter at how ironic that joke would be in the upcoming weeks.

“Maybe he will, who knows. Well, we’re about 20ish minutes away, so feel free to take a nap or something. Actually, if you like nature we’re coming up on an awesome forest. It’s really pretty with the snow.”

For the rest of the car ride, Tommy watched the surrounding pass by, without question just *why* he felt so comfortable with a woman he had only met a couple hours previously.

The wildlife they had passed were much for interesting to think about.

Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Tommy and Phil meet, and they just talk a ton

Chapter Notes

don't forget to follow the tiktok (@fookingbananas)

enjoy <3

this is very very VERY loosely based on the actual people, this is all fiction.

Phil's home was a large house, surrounded by nature and had lots of pets.

"Man, Pufferfish, you weren't lying when you said it was like Clint's house in the movies. That's why you moved me here, then? I can't run, the closest city is like 26 minutes away!" He got out of the car and grabbed his backpack, slamming the car door.

"Took you long enough to find out. I told you, you're not running on me, kid. Also, why 26 minutes? Just round to 30." She grabbed his paperwork, and closed her door also.

He shrugged, "I don't know, 26 just felt right. Gotta be accurate, right? I do like his animals though, I've never seen a chicken in real life before. Did you know the color of their egg depends on the color of their earlobes? If it's red they lay brown eggs, and if it's white they lay white eggs." Tommy looked at Puffy with the same sparkle he did when talking about the Greyhounds.

She smiled, "No I didn't, that's very interesting. You must have a ton of those little facts, right?" He nodded, embarrassment radiating off of him. She nipped it at the bud and cleared it. "I find it very cool, you should talk to Phil about it. Look, he's on the porch." His demeanor changed completely, Puffy felt dizzy with how fast his mood changed. The relative calmness he had been feeling with no influence was now pure annoyance and distaste. She tried to calm it, and was only minorly successful.

Yeah, he definitely has abilities, she thought.

They approached a smiling Phil in silence. Tommy was stoic and cold, until he made eye contact with Phil's dog.

His dog was an English Greyhound.

The pure excitement that burst through Tommy forced a genuine smile onto Cara's face. "Phil Watson, meet Tommy Crenshaw. Everything you need to know is in the file. Are you okay with me leaving, Tommy? I know it's fast, but I really want to skip rush hour."

Tommy's fingers were curling and uncurling, and he wasn't close to attentive to the conversation. "Is that an English Greyhound?" He looked at Phil, and back to the dog at the man's feet.

"You know dog breeds?" Tommy nodded, causing Phil to smile at the boy again. "Yeah, a friend told me to get him about a month ago. His name is Henry. There's also a golden retriever, a saint bernard, and an Irish Wolfhound." Another wave of excitement hit Cara, and Tommy clapped, then started snapping his fingers at his sides.

"That's so cool, big man. Did you know Irish Wolfhounds date back to Ancient Rome times? They found a consul talking about the dog in a letter from 391 AD. Cool right?"

Phil laughed, and nodded his head. "I never knew that, that is really cool. You can go sit on the porch swing if you'd like, all the dogs run over so they can get scratches." He pointed Tommy over to the swing, and the boy practically bolted over there.

"He really likes dogs, doesn't he?" Cara laughed, agreeing with Phil.

"He told me all about the Greyhound on the ride over. I told him about my Terrier and he got excited, I was able to stop pushing the emotions on him. He had ADHD, and according to him he's hyper fixated on animals. Told me a fun fact about chickens whilst we were walking. I figured you'd be better at all of that, since everything with Techno."

"Ahh, okay. I didn't want to assume, but he was stimming when he saw the dog and I was going to ask. How is he on the whole battery front?" Cara looked to the boy (who was now surrounded by all of the dogs and looked as peaceful as he did while he was in her office) then back to Phil.

“Matched up to Techno, could probably even beat him if he tried. Once he’s under, he’s under, but if it wasn’t for Henry he would’ve been awful. Speaking of Henry, what little birdie told you to get a Greyhound?”

“Nick. He said that he ‘had a feeling a greyhound specifically would be a great new pet as soon as possible.’ Now we know why. That kid’s dreams really do come in handy sometimes. But, you were definitely right about him. He has the battery, and his flashlights on. I just don’t know what he’s affecting for it to be on. Thank you for bringing him, Cara. He’s going to do good here.”

“Of course, Phil. I know you’ve been wanting to foster another kid anyways.” She began to walk away, but stopped then pivoted. “Oh yeah, also forgot to mention he’s a flyer. Says the nearest town is 26 minutes away. Take care, Phil.” He sighed, and watched as the girl laughed and drove away.

The father walked over to Tommy, who was still fully immersed into the dogs. “Hey, Tommy. Cara mentioned that you really like animals. We have a bunch of them here, my sons really like them too.”

Tommy’s attention shifted to the man, his eyebrows furrowed. “You have sons? Pufferfish never mentioned that.”

Phil laughed at the nickname. “Pufferfish, I like it. Yeah, I have twin boys. I adopted them when they were 12. They’re seventeen now. They’re actually not home right now, but they will be in about two hours. You guys will get along great.”

“How do you know? For all you know, I could stab them both in their sleep, steal all of your money, and run. Blind faith isn’t good, Phil. Doesn’t get you anywhere except a road paved in disappointment.”

Wow, Phil thought. *This kid’s mood changes so quickly.*

“Why you, Phil? That’s a question that keeps running through my head. She could’ve called anyone, she would have thrown me into a group home. But no, she calls you and tells you something about me being a flashlight and here I am. Somehow, after four years of me being on my own and perfectly okay with it, a woman made me a docile bitch AND gave me to you. I didn’t fight once. Fun fact about me, Phil, is that I’m a fighter. I always fight. So, how the fuck did I get here without it? Some X-Men mind control shit is going on here, and I don’t appreciate it.”

Phil was stunned, it had taken the twins months before they realized the situation. How the hell did he figure it out so fast? “Tommy, I deal with flight risks. Techno and Will would run all the time. I also specifically take kids who are neuro-divergent or mental health issues. You just fit the criteria. I get that you spend a couple years alone, and I respect that, but a kid your age shouldn’t have to worry about that. You’re tired, and your brain is telling you to just give in for once and let someone take care of you. Let me take care of you. Once you’re 18, you can decide anything you want. But you’re only 16. So, we can do this one of two ways. The first way is we’re friends and life is great, you can go to town and make friends and have friends over. The second way is you act like a dick and life is hell. You will go to and from school and that’s it. You’re a smart kid, pick one.”

Tommy faltered for a minute, and thought about his rebuttal. In that split second, Phil felt Tommys flashlight turn on.

Tommy was using his ability right now, but not at its fullest potential. The wind hadn’t changed, neither had Phil’s surroundings or any of Tommys physical attributes. That narrowed his ability down to a broad category: Tommy would be mental ability, not physical. That could range to emotional control to seeing the future, or anything in between. But then, the flashlight was off again.

“I’m naturally a dick, but I guess we could be friends. Just so you know, I don’t really make friends so that was an empty threat, Big Man. So, what do we do now amigo?”

Yet again, the mood swung back to the excitement Phil was first met with. Tommy was back to focusing on the dogs, and snapping his fingers when the dogs would nudge his hand to pet them.

“Well, let me show you to your room and then I’ll show you the rest of the pets. Do you by any chance know if you have any sensory issues? Just so I know what fabrics or other things to avoid.” The father sat up from the porch swing, and began to walk into the house. Tommy and the dogs followed.

The house reminded Tommy of the Burrow from Harry Potter. It showed a story, one of a family that loved each other. Pictures of them were everywhere, and random awards littered the place. Jealousy ran rampantly through Tommy, and he felt his neck twitch slightly.

“Uh, yeah, it should be in the report. Oranges texture bothers me a lot. I used to cry if I touched a lime or lemon or anything like that. If too many things are occurring at once, like if I’m reading and there’s multiple sounds and people are moving around I’ll get overwhelmed which can lead to me having a meltdown. I haven’t had one for about 5 months, I’ll be fine. Don’t worry about it, Big Man.”

“Anything that makes you happy or helps you focus?” The man began to read Tommys file, while the boy continued to move around the living room. “It says that you were diagnosed with ADHD, SMD, and Anxiety. But you’re not medicated for any of them?” The boy began to answer, but then locked eye contact with a fish tank.

“Do you have fish?” Tommy walked over to the tank, and looked at the aquatic animals.

“There’s a bunch of things in there, I wanted to diversify it as much as possible. Techno for a while hyper fixated on fish, so this thing is packed. But can you answer if you’re medicated or not?”

“Did you know that fish were here before dinosaurs? They have lived to see all of that crash down and have lived to see us rise from their ashes. Cool, right? *Is that an african dwarf frog?!*” The boy clapped slightly, before pointing to the frog at the bottom of the tank.

“Yes, it is. You can hold it, too, if you answer the question. Are you currently medicated for any of your diagnosis? If you make eye contact, it’s easier to focus on me, Tommy.” They met eyes and Tommy nodded no, and Phil made a mental note to get that handled. “Thank you. Now, would you like to hold the frog?”

“No, no thank you. They scream when you touch them, out of fear. Their skin is actually extremely sensitive, and that’s why you’re not supposed to touch them regularly. He is very cute, though.”

This kid's weakness is animals, Phil thought. Just wait until he meets Tubbo, they'll never talk to another human again.

“If you stick around long enough, we can buy an aquarium for your room. This is your home too, Tommy. You just need to accept it.” Phil smiled when he saw the elation fill his eyes.

It was easier said than done for the boy. This was like one of his highs. Life was good, promising even. But following these moments of happiness were always bad.

He didn’t want the bad to follow this, so he just nodded slightly and agreed to disagree. Phil only watched as the happiness turned into a blank stare.

Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

Tommy meets Techno and Will, and Phil stress cooks.

slight tw: illusions to a panic attack/sensory overload

Chapter Notes

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

As much as Tommy hated to admit it, he did enjoy Phil's company. He'd always had a hard time creating bonds growing up, but it just seemed *easy* with the man. The time following the frog conversation was filled with Tommy meeting all of the other pets and getting acquainted with the house.

"The boys will be home any minute now. Can I count on you being civil? They're good kids, and you guys are close in age. Tech doesn't even really talk, it'll probably just be Will." Tommy scrunched his eyes shut, and harshly blinked a couple of times.

"Yes, I can try. Only because of the animals, Phil. That and I would rather not get my shit messed with when I'm asleep." He knew that older kids in the homes would always mess with the new kids things, taking what was somewhat valuable and using it as leverage.

"They won't take anything of yours, I'll make sure of it." The certainty in Phil's voice almost convinced Tommy, if he hadn't had heard that same exact sentence over and over before. Before he could respond, the sound of two car doors closing were heard. "That must be them. Here, go sit on the couch next to the aquarium. I'll go give them the rundown."

Tommy would find out much later down the line that the twins already knew that he was coming, and never needed to prepare.

He sat, looking at the aquarium, and pretended that the anxiety beginning to fill his body wasn't there. All he thought of, was if they properly fed the frog, since there were snails in the aquarium. If they didn't, they would be eaten by the frog fairly quickly (or so he thought so, he remembered reading about it in a book somewhere).

Phil walked in with his two sons, who were excited, to say the least. Nick had told them a week

prior that they would be getting another kid in the house. David (he preferred Techno) was excited at the idea of maybe another sparring partner, whilst William (he preferred Will or Wilbur) was excited to see his ability. When they were met with a scrawny boy who seemed to be thoroughly examining their *fish tank* of all things, they were slightly disappointed.

“Tommy, this is Technoblade,” The boy Phil pointed to stood at 6’2, and had soft pink hair put into a small man bun. He wore a black hoodie with matching joggers, in combination with multiple rings on the man's fingers and bracelets. Tommy thought he dressed really well, but his name was fucking weird. “And this is Wilbur. Boys, this is Tommy. He’s going to be staying with us until further notice.” Wilbur dressed like he was an extra in *Dead Poets Society*. Tommy didn’t mind it, he thought the man pulled it off well. Wilbur (again with the names) stood at about the same height as his twin, but he had curly brown hair that was shoved into a beanie. He wore a necklace instead of jewelry like his brother, and he held two instrument cases.

“Why are you carrying two instrument cases?” Tommy stated, bluntly. He didn’t much care for introductions.

“We both play instruments. I play the guitar while Techno plays the violin. That’s why we weren’t home, we were at practice. You play anything?” Will responded casually. Tommy appreciated it, he hated when people would coddle him for just being a foster kid.

“I was on and off homeless for four years, you really think I had money or time to play an instrument?” He said, humorlessly. Will tensed, and Phil put his hand over his eyes. Tommy felt the air shift from slightly awkward to extremely awkward, causing his attention to start to be drawn back to the fish. But then, Techno laughed.

“Yeah, Will, seriously dude. The kid was worrying about getting dinner and you think he was talking time to learn how to play the oboe? Common sense, man.” Techno playfully picked on his brother, who snorted and rolled his eyes. The tense atmosphere immediately dropped, and Phil’s shoulders relaxed tenfold. Tommy’s eyebrows furrowed, and the previous conversation was lost.

“You guys are twins, right?” The boys were slightly thrown off at the rapid change of conversation, but nodded. “Then why do you have different accents? I would understand if you both had an American one or the English accent, but they’re both completely different. Why is that?”

Shit, he’s really observant isn’t he? Phil thought. The boys looked to their father, who had no idea how to explain that to him. *Oh, it’s quite simple Tommy. Your brothers here (well future brothers, a kid who can tell the future while he sleeps said they will be) have different accents because Will can control sound. Will liked my accent more than the American one they did have, so he just changed his. Now that that’s out of the way, what would you like for dinner?*

“We were adopted at different times,” Techno blurted. “We were both adopted when we were twelve but before that we were separated. He lived with people from the UK while I lived with an American family.” Wilbur and Phil nodded along, agreeing to everything Techno said.

A part of Tommy did believe him, he didn’t know anything about their previous homes and wasn’t going to immediately call them liars in the first ten minutes of knowing them. But a part of him *screamed* they were lying. He didn’t know why or if it was just his inability to trust others, but he didn’t believe a word they said.

At that same moment, Phil felt Tommy begin to use his ability. *Can he tell when people are lying? Is that the power?*

“That makes sense, I guess. Sorry for asking. I’m Tommy, as you know. It’s cool you guys play instruments, my dad used to play the piano before he died.” The three relaxed.

Guess it’s not.

“That’s cool. Well, not cool your dad’s dead, but cool he played the piano. You could always learn, it helps cope and everything to play instruments.” Techno continued to ramble, trying to get the questions off of his brother and father.

“Cope with what? I don’t have anything to cope with.” Tommy questioned, confused. Yes, he had trauma (you don’t live four years homeless without it) but he got through it. Phil felt, yet again, that the boy was using his ability.

It has to be that he’s able to tell we’re lying. It has to.

“With your ADHD,” Phil butted in. “Techno has it too, that’s why he plays the violin. It helps him keep focus to longer periods of time. Plus, it just helps to have a hobby. He’s been playing it since I adopted him.”

And it’s off again. What the fuck?

“Oh, okay. Cool. I’m good, that’s too much work. Uh, nice meeting you guys. I’m going to just uh,

go to the room you showed me Phil. First door up the stairs, right?" Phil nodded, and the three watched as Tommy ran up the stairs to his room. Once they heard the door shut, they all collectively let out a sigh of relief.

"He's really good with those questions." Will stated, wiping the sweat from his palms onto his pants.

"I have never met someone who asked me about my accent, not the name. He had no issue with my name being Technoblade, but he had an issue with the fact I have an American accent? Make that make sense." Phil laughed at Techno, and put each of his hands onto the two boys' shoulders.

"He's a special case, through and through. He's a mental ability, and it only really turns on when he's talking to someone. It's very confusing, his lights only halfway on. I think it's dealing with seeing when someone is lying, I have no clue. Just try to get along with him, yeah? Please, for the love of all things holy, don't fuck with him. If you do that shit and I have to come up with an excuse as to why he could quite possibly just *explode* the house, I will be getting gray hairs way too soon."

The boys nodded, and began to walk up the stairs. They were totally going to fuck with the kid.

-

Dinner consisted of chicken parmesan, and garlic bread. Phil liked to cook when he was nervous, and Tommy being in the house made him want to cook the entire menu of his favorite italian restaurant. He settled with just the chicken parm. The time in between the boys' first interaction and dinner consisted of Tommy with the dogs, Techno working on his computer (he was building one with Floris, but the other boy was at work) and Will attempting to get a rise out of Tommy. A couple of times he was close, Tommy would crunch his fingers and forcefully close his eyes. But then Tommy would just open his eyes and be fine, blurt out some fun facts about the dogs, and focus back on them. If Will didn't find the facts slightly adorable, he would've been beyond irritated.

Tommy was living his best life with the dogs. A part of him noticed what Will was doing and was extremely curious about it, but then the dog would nudge his hand to pet him and he would forget about it. He just really liked dogs. Henry was his favorite. The dog followed him around the house constantly, and even laid with him on Tommys bed while he just sat there and waited for dinner. The teenager wasn't used to so much free time, when he was on his own he was either constantly working or trying to find work, keeping himself busy. This moment of free time impacted him weirdly, and he didn't know if it was positive or negative.

“Will, go get Tommy and tell him dinners ready. And I swear to god, if I even feel his flashlight fucking *flicker* I will shut your ability down so fast and you can deal with sound like the rest of us. Got it?” Phil heard a ‘*Yes, Dad.*’ Before Will ran up the stairs to Tommy’s room.

“Toms? Dinners ready, mate. Dad made chicken parm.” Will opened the door to Tommy laying on the floor with Henry, just staring up at the ceiling.

“Cool, thanks man. I’ll be down in a second. Next time knock. Basic respect.” Tommy got off the floor, and looked at the boy. Will never realized how tall the kid was. Yes, he was skinnier than him, but he was taller by a couple inches. After about a month of Phils cooking, the kid could easily take Will (if he decided to train with Techno).

“Dude, I’m not going to knock. This is my house, this was my bloody recording room before you took it. I told you dinner was ready, don’t be a prat.” Will knew he was being unreasonably rude, but he wanted to see the kid mad. He’d apologize later on.

I don’t get why Dad wants to wait. Rip the bandaid off, let him know he’s not just another random kid. It’ll make his day. I would’ve rather known from the beginning instead of waiting, life would’ve been so much more interesting.

Tommy looked at the kid and sighed, shoulders tensing. He was trying to be not an *absolute* asshole, but this kid was making it hard. “Fine, whatever, I’ll just lock the door. Let’s go.” He pushed past Will, and walked down the stairs. Will made eye contact with Henry, who just huffed and also walked past him.

That dog shows no loyalty. I pick up his shit and then get side eyes once the gremlin child comes? Loyalty isn’t real.

Once Will made it downstairs, everyone was already seated. He sat in his seat, across from his brother who was sat next to Tommy. Phil sat at the head of the table. They sat and ate, and Tommy couldn’t remember the last time he didn’t have to race to finish his food. The others watched (on and off, they didn’t want the child to notice) as he ate fast, then slowed, and then unconsciously sped up again.

Just like how Tech and Will when they first arrived.

Phil never understood people who would try to steal a child's food. They were children, why would you try that? It was common knowledge that Tommy had lived on the streets, but they continuously forgot that meant that he had to support himself. He didn't have a home, or a parent to feed him. He had himself. He was a survivor.

“What are you guys looking at? You all have the same food on your plate, look at your own.” Tommy snapped, gripping his fork tightly. All of their looks quickly darted away.

“Why are you eating like you're in prison you gremlin child? Nobody's going to steal your shit.” Techno sighed, dropping his fork and kicking his brother underneath the table.

Why must he be a dick? If he wants to fuck with the kid, fine. Don't do it in front of Dad, he's just going to be pissed and disable your powers.

“Dude, can you fuck off? You've been an utter dick for the past couple hours. What am I doing wrong? Breathing on you? Fuck off.” Tommy snipped back. The three waited for something to happen, to get an idea as to what his power was. Nothing happened.

“Seriously, what gives? I literally have done nothing but sit with the dogs and play with them. I'm sorry that I took your music room. If it was up to me I would be still in the city and I'd be fine. I have done NOTHING to agitate you. Stop being a dick.” Tommy felt his chest heave up and down as he continued, “Are you trying to get a rise out of me or something? I don't have anger issues, I have ADHD. It's not some fucking carnival act you can start up. Is that all you see me as? A carnival act? I'm not a joke. Is that why Technoblade doesn't talk? Because you treat him like a trick? You're a sadistic fuck.” When he finished, he didn't realize how loud he was until his ears were ringing. The ringing only increased, and he felt his body start to tense.

That's too loud, way too loud.

Phil felt Will's flashlight turn on quickly, and start to get brighter. He shook his head and sighed, carefully putting down his utensils and cleared his throat. On one side of the table, sat Wilbur. Will was red in the face (a mixture of rage and embarrassment evident) focused on making Tommys eardrums rupture. On the other side, sat Tommy and Techno. Techno looked as if he wanted to be anywhere but here, and looked at Phil and mouthed *'Please end this or end me, I hate it here.'* Next time him was Tommy, whose hands were slowly creeping to his ears, blinking hard.

I'm going to have my appendix burst dealing with this shit, and it hasn't even been a day.

He reached out to Wills flashlight (where his power was held, not a literal flashlight) and turned it off, and took out the batteries. The relief was almost immediate. Will blinked, and turned his head to his father. Tommys eyes opened, as he calmed himself by rocking slightly.

“Tommy, you okay?” Techno asked. He knew what it was like for Will to fuck with the sound.

“It’s really loud.” Tommy responded, flinching slightly.

“Do you want a fidget ring? They help me when I get overwhelmed. The violin helps too.”

Tommy turned to the boy and nodded. Techno nodded back, stood up, and began to walk to his room. “Follow me, Toms.” Tommy got up slowly and followed him, eyes fidgeting back and forth around the house. That left Phil staring at his son, who shrunk into his chair.

“You want to attempt to defend yourself, Will? Or, do you just want me to start scolding you now? I don’t want to be interrupted.” Phil kept eye contact with his son, and was met with him shaking his head no. “Good. Now, I don’t know why you wanted to attempt that, but don’t you fucking *dare* do that again. He’s not some fucking test subject for you, Will! I’ve done this before, with so many more people than you have. His entire life is about to change, and it will never be the same again. What do you think would’ve happened if something did happen and he accidentally hurt someone or one of the animals? He would’ve been devastated, Will. Absolutely fucking devastated. Then you first instigate it, get mad when he defends himself, and then try to blow out his eardrum? What he said isn’t right, Will, and I’m going to tell him that. But you can’t do that. Do you know what SMD is?” Wilbur shook his head no. “SMD is Sensory Modulation Disorder, it’s a form of Sensory Processing Disorder. Tommy can get easily overwhelmed. You know how when you’re at a party and you can tune out the background noise so you can talk to people? He has difficulty doing that. Do you think it’s cool to overwhelm him with sound? I’m disappointed in you, Will. I really am. Do better. Your little noise thing is done. No flashlight for a week.”

“I’m sorry.” Will said softly. “A week is a long time, Dad.”

“I don’t care. That could’ve been a lot worse. A week, no sound manipulation. Got it?” Will nodded. “Go to your room, I need to clean this up and then check on the boys.”

On the other side of the house, while Phil cleaned up the dinner and planned a day of him making macaroons (“*I swear we’re going to need another fridge if they keep up with this shit, I need a new coping mechanism*”) Tommy sat on Technos bed, playing with a fidget toy Phil had gotten him. The two just talked, and Tommy came to the conclusion that he quite liked Techno.

They even had nicknames for eachother now, *Techie and Toms* . Tommy never had a nickname

before, but he quite liked it.

“Do you want to hear me play the violin? I don’t know if you’d like it, but it helps me calm down.” Techno offered, opening up the case his instrument was in.

“Sure, why not?” Tommy sat, cross legged. Techno set himself up and began to play his favorite piece.

Johannes Brahms, you really outdid yourself with this.

Tommy sat, transfixed, as Techno performed. His body began to rock slightly, and he had to hold himself back from clapping the entire time.

They sat there for the rest of the night, until Phil came in and saw as his two sons (Tommy was going to be his son, he was sure of it) bonded. Phil sat down next to Tommy, and gave a small fist bump to Tommy. Tommy smiled at that.

Will followed, and sat on the other side of Tommy.

“I’m sorry, I just wanted to fuck with you.” He whispered, trying now to interrupt Techno.

“It’s okay, I’m sorry I said that stuff too. Just don’t do it again.”

Phil smiled, at the family that was beginning to form.

Chapter End Notes

don’t forget to follow the tiktok (@fookingbananas) i shitpost there and would love to hear from you guys!!

THESE ARE BARELY BASED ON THE REAL PEOPLE, LIKE ITS BARELY THEM

Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

What the hell even is a Mind Palace?

and

Phil loves his job

(this is a filler there's so much to explain with the powers and stuff i just needed to get it out here haha next chapter is so much better i promise)

Chapter Notes

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

Tommy was known to space out a lot, it was something he hated but just couldn't fix. He'd already created an entire world in his head, one that he thoroughly enjoyed and never wanted to leave or fix. The first day his body forced him into what he called his 'Mind Palace' (when he heard the term on *Sherlock*, he automatically took on the name) it was his third day with Phil. He had arrived on Friday, the 11th. The day after, the 12th, was a peaceful day in the house. Tommy didn't leave his room, only to go outside with the dogs. Phil didn't push him, but always reminded him that the others in the house were there too. That night for dinner they had steak tacos. The 13th, he was forced into his mind palace.

Phil noticed that day that even the dogs couldn't reach him. That day was the day that Phil knew he could get another lead to what Tommys ability truly was. Mind Palaces were not just a Tommy thing, they were yet another ability thing. Your ability in itself would manifest as a room your brain would create to cope with it. Dependent on your ability, your room would change. Phil figured with the amount of times the flashlight (another way people's abilities would manifest itself) had turned on and off the last three days, the brain needed a moment to cope with it.

"Is Tommy staring at the fish again? Why don't we just move it to his room?" Techno asked, standing next to his father.

"I think he's in his Mind Palace. Probably all messed up from me attempting to figure out what it is. Just leave him there, I'm going to create the lesson plans for this week. Where's your brother?" Phil sat down at the kitchen table, pulling out his laptop and his school papers.

"He's in the Mind Palace, too. Him having a hissy fit at dinner probably tired him out. I'm going to go buy some more of those tea bags I like. Need anything else while I'm out?" His father replied no, and the boy left his house.

From the outside, Tommy sat on the couch, staring at the fish tank. To him, he stood in his late father's study. There, his father's blackboard was filled with mathematical equations. His bookshelves were filled with books about animals. He was at peace, and he quite liked it. Weirdly though, on the desk sat a flashlight. He ignored it, and sat. He read his books on the animals he had memorized, in peace.

Phil watched from the outside world, as Tommy's face went from concentrated to just peaceful, as he was when Techno played the violin.

Wilbur's was quite different. His consisted of his old music room, and so many instruments he lost count months ago. He sat at the room's piano, and played slow songs. His flashlight usually was right next to him, but it currently sat on the other side of the room, forcibly turned off. The sound of the piano sounded just *off*, it didn't resonate in him like it usually did. Music would feel like it was the air he breathed, it completed him. This noise was just that, noise. It was another thing to occur, and it felt wrong to play it.

Later that night, when all had returned home (both physically and mentally), Phil had begun to prepare Tommy for his first day at his work.

"Tommy, were you in school when you were on your own?" Phil asked, pure curiosity in his voice. He knew he was smart and educated, his vast bank of fun facts was proof of that.

"Yeah, It was online classes though. I would probably have to do a placement exam, in all honesty." He ate his dinner quietly (Phil decided to make soup).

"Well tomorrow when we get you signed up and everything, we can talk about that with them. Depending on the situation, we should be able to get you into classes as soon as possible. Sound good?" Tommy responded with a nod. Silence fell between them, and decided now was the time. "So, earlier you seemed a little out of it. Can I ask what you were thinking about?" Tommy shifted uncomfortably, and looked down into his bowl.

"Uh, sometimes I just kind of drift into this room? I don't know why, but it's my dad's old study and I just sit and read. It's quite nice, honestly. My dad was big on me knowing everything I possibly could, so I guess the room became that." The father smiled, nodding in understanding.

What power includes studying and books? Maybe the books are a metaphor for something?

“I have one room like that too, and so do the twins. Maybe everyone has one?” Phil questioned, though he knew only certain people did. “My room is an office, with tons of files and a presentation on a screen. I guess my happy place is having information,” He humored. “Techno is the forest during the winter. He says it’s snowing and you can just watch how pretty nature is, I don’t know. I think every room is hard to explain because when you’re there it’s just *home*. You’re not constantly on edge, so you don’t analyze it.”

“Other people have them? I thought it was just me, last time I mentioned it to someone they called me crazy.” He laughed, getting up and putting his bowl into the sink.

“I don’t think you’re crazy. Maybe that’s a sign you belong here? Maybe we’re the only couple people who also do that.” Tommy looked at him and shifted his head in question, and Phil felt his power turn on. It lasted only for five seconds, then was off.

“Maybe, who knows. Hey, can I ask what you teach at the school? I don’t really know anything about that.”

“I teach World History,” Phil responded. “I start at the Indus River Valley Civilizations, then move on from there. Right now we’ve just finished Ancient Rome and are moving onto the Germanic Empire and creation of Islam.” Tommy watched as his eyes glowed, and he almost felt the excitement radiate off Phil.

He really loves his job, huh?

“You should take my class, Tommy!” Phil looked at the boy, who shrugged his shoulders. “I’m not the best at History, big man. I’m good at math and science, things like that.” Phil rolled his eyes and scoffed, not believing the boy.

“Tommy, I’m literally the teacher. I can help you with all of it. I’m not going to let you cheat or get you off easily, but I have tons of books you can read and things like that. I really think you should consider it. Not to brag, but everyone does love my class.”

Techno walked in and grabbed a bowl from the cabinet, “He’s not wrong. Everyone loves his class and takes every level of it they can. I only took two semesters because of the History graduation requirement. It’s a good class, Toms. You might enjoy it if you take it.”

Everyone with abilities took Phil's class, it was necessary to find out their ability. Phil could offer multiple scenarios and see how the person's ability reacted, letting him narrow down the list of potential abilities. He'd rather now sooner than later with Tommy, since he was quite older than when the twins found out theirs.

All we need is Tommy to be a reality manipulator and mess all of the Earth up.

Tommy grabbed a water bottle and began to walk to his room, Henry following him (as always).
"I'll think about it."

Once he walked away, Techno turned to his dad. "He's totally going to take it."

Chapter End Notes

don't forget to follow the tiktok (@fookingbananas) i shitpost there!

THIS IS ALL FICTION I REPEAT NOBODY IS REAL THEYRE ALL FAKE
PEOPLE IN MY MIND

Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

Personally my favorite chapter to date.

Tommy gets registered for school :)

Chapter Notes

thank you so so much for all the love!!

my twt is @reya23031, and that's where I'll be posting lots of updates for this since my tiktoks are really only once a day.

my tiktok is @fookingbananas, if you don't have that already.

The next day, everyone was stressed. Wilbur had to find his headphones so he could ignore everyone at school (he'd usually just tone almost everyone out with his powers, but Phil had not given them back yet), Techno was studying last minute for a Spanish test he'd forgotten about (Phil swore if he heard Techno ask where the library was one more time he'd scream '*up your arse!*') Tommy had no idea what to expect of Highschool, and Phil had to make sure his sub plans were perfect. Normally this havoc would cause a house to be loud, but the Watson house was almost dead silent. That silence followed the family until they arrived at the school. The school was an average size, about 400 kids in total. With quick goodbyes the twins left Tommy and Phil walking to the office, a tense atmosphere prevalent.

"Mr. Watson!" Phil turned when his name was called, and was met with one of his favorite students bolting towards him. A boy, who Tommy assumed was around his age, stood in front of them slightly out of breath. He was on the shorter side in comparison to himself, and had shaggy brown hair. He was wearing an olive green hoodie with jeans, and his backpack straps were littered with enamel pins of various animals. That part piqued Tommys interest, and caused Phil to smile when he saw that.

"Tubbo! What do you need today, I don't know how much help I'll be, I'm not actually teaching today." He motioned towards Tommy, who was still examining all of the pins. So far, he had counted a majority of them being bee or fox related, then cats, then dogs, then frogs. He came to the conclusion that Tubbo (*again with these peoples names*, He thought) had a good variety of animals, but if it were Tommy's he'd also add chickens and rabbits. But that was neither here nor there.

“Eret told me you actually wanted my help with settling your new foster kid in. They said he’s probably going to be in my grade, so we could become friends. Nice to meet you, by the way.” Tubbo shifted his feet to face Tommy, and smiled slightly.

“Why do you have so many enamel animal pins?” Tommy blurted, unable to control it.

Why couldn't I keep that to myself? That's fucking rude and weird. I just really liked the frog pins, I'm not studying your body or anything. Shit, that's an even weirder rebuttal.

Tubbos cheeks reddened, “I-um, I just really like animals. Especially bees. My brother, Sam, hes a beekeeper. My sibling Eret and I help out sometimes so I’ve just grown to love them. Actually, d-did you know bees love the color-“

“Blue.” Tommy interrupted, his fingers quickly curling and uncurling at his sides. “They also love lavender. How do you know that?” He asked, curiosity and excitement laced together in his voice. He’d never met another person who had done the fun facts thing before.

Tubbo smiled, “I could ask the same thing about you. I’m Tubbo, you must be Tommy. I’d reckon we’re going to become great friends.” Nick had told Tubbo previously they would end up being best friends, but he still gave the benefit of the doubt (even though Nick had never been wrong about any prediction, ever).

“Maybe we will.” Tommy’s response got another smile to appear back onto Phil’s face, and for Tubbo to grin.

“Well, Tubbo, today is just registering him and things like that. Tell Eret I said thank you, and that you can help tomorrow. Stay out of trouble, got it?” Tubbo rolled his eyes, before waving and disappearing into the halls. Phil opened the office door and ushered Tommy inside.

About half an hour later, they sat in front of an administrator, “So, all I need from you at this moment is to take this small little exam. It will give you questions starting at the entry level for freshman year, then continue in difficulty from there. The more questions you get right, the level of difficulty increases. You get it wrong, they stay at that level. While you do that, Phil here is going to get all the paperwork sorted. Any questions?” Tommy shook his head no, and took the tablet and scratch paper handed to him. He sat down at the table he was provided and immediately got to work. Tommy prided himself on his intellect, so focusing here wasn't a difficult task. The questions started off easy.

Question Three: What is the value of X in the equation $5x+3x+16=24$?

- 1
- 2
- 8
- 6

He didn't even second glance at the equation, before picking one and moving on. The questions continued, ranging from symbolism in *Of Mice and Men* to the statistical probability of a chain of events. He got around an hour in when he finished. He sat, waiting for anyone to walk in and help him move onto the next step of the registration process. He had been starting to fidget and grow restless, the final questions being about literature (which he absolutely hated).

Who even knows the story of Theseus?

After a couple of minutes, a nice lady walked him to his guidance counselor. "Hi, Tommy! Nice to meet you, my name is Mr. Ponk, and I'm going to be your counselor. From what we gathered from your test, you are around the sophomore/junior year level, which is perfect. Getting into specifics, you did an amazing job math wise. I'd recommend taking an AP math class. You're also quite good at science, which isn't surprising since how closely related math and science are. You did well with literature analysis and grammar, so I'd recommend just the honor level English class for sophomore year. You did seem to struggle with history, but I'm sure Phil will be able to help you with that. Besides that, I think you're all set. Are there any classes you want to take?" Tommy had no idea. When he was online, it was just English, Science, Math, and Social Studies. There was no choice. "Psychology, maybe? Something like that may interest you, Tommy." Ponk continued on.

"I like that. I'll take psychology, it seems cool." Ponk nodded, clicked his mouse a couple of times, then printed out a piece of paper and handed it to Tommy.

"This is your schedule. You'll start tomorrow, I presume. Have a good day, Tommy. Email me if you need anything." Tommy nodded, and walked out of the room, and met with Phil who was on his phone.

"Good to go, kid?"

“Yeah, all good big man.”

“Great, let's get going. We have a lot of things to do today. Don't tell Will, he'll get all moody and pout. Don't get him wrong, I love him more than the air I breathe, but he has such a way with drama. I swear he's meant to be an actor.” Tommy silently followed the one sided conversation while they walked to the car. Phil noticed, but continued to talk anyway. They had been driving for about fifteen minutes when Phil first brought it up. “Hey Tommy, you don't talk much do you? I know you want to, when you start talking about animals you freely talk. But, if it's a normal conversation, you just nod. I'm surprised you don't have neck issues with the amount you nod,” He amused. “Do you not trust me? It's okay if you don't. It's only been four days, but I do want to hear from you. You don't have to be afraid to speak.” Phil spoke with a finality in his voice, so Tommy knew the conversation could end there or he could rebuttal.

Phil felt his flashlight turn on.

I really need to figure that out. I really hope it's not like Technos and we learn in the worst possible way.

He felt it turn off sometime later, and he heard Tommy inhale deeply, “The last house I was in was pretty bad. I really don't like living with others or relying on them. If I open up, it builds a bond that can easily become codependency. Plus I'm not quite used to the whole having to talk out loud thing. I usually just talked to myself in my head and it's quite a hard habit to break. Sorry if you get offended, I don't mean it to be. I guess I'm just quiet.” Tommy began to pick the skin around his nails, waiting for a response from Phil.

“Well,” Phil began, “This is the psychiatrist you'll be going to. You'll be able to get the help you need. Techno and Will go here, as well. After this we're going to get you some new clothes and shoes, and a cellphone. Then we can get you a new haircut, and you'll be all ready for school tomorrow. I'm going to get you to realize this is your home and this is where you belong, Tommy. No matter how long it takes.

Sure, Tommy thought. Sure you will Phil.

The Dad ultimately would, but that wouldn't be for a while.

Chapter Six

Chapter Summary

tommys first day of school and he begins to meet the besties

i love this chapter so much my love for connor really screamed out in it ok bye

Chapter Notes

you know the drill, follow the tiktok

also info dump, hopefully some of this helps explain wtf is going on.

The next day, Tommy didn't feel like even getting out of bed. He knew his bedroom, he knew that Henry was laying on the edge of his bed. He knew that his new clothes sat in his dresser, with his new shoes on said dressers side. He knew this environment, and he knew it well.

He had no idea what to expect from highschool. The last class he had ever been to in person was in sixth grade, and that was over four years ago. Who knew how different it would be? Besides the entire beast that was Highschool, he had come to the realization he was getting *too* comfortable within the house. He had begun to refer to the room he was living in *his* room. He had never felt as comfortable with people than he had from the second he met Puffy.

From across the house, Phil felt Tommy's flashlight turned on all morning. He finished tying his tie, and turned to his two sons while they all walked around the busy kitchen. "Will, don't make me regret this. I am giving you your sound back, only because I want you to make sure he doesn't get overwhelmed with the sound. He's sensitive to that, and all he needs is to have a sensory meltdown his first day of highschool. I can also assume that you two won't leave him stranded?" The two murmured a yes.

"Eret told me they were going to drive Tubbo over here this morning, so he has a friend to go to school with. Tubbo's excited to introduce him to Connor, Purpled, and Ranboo. If anyone can get Tommy out of his shell, it'll be Connor." Will says, while eating cereal.

Tubbo was the youngest of the three siblings that were one of the two neighboring houses. Sam, the eldest at 18 who was a beekeeper. His power was one Techno was jealous of, Density Control. When they would occasionally smoke, Sam would find it funny to run through the walls. The last time they did, they walked in on Will and Sally (Techno still laughs about it some days). The next

sibling was Eret, Sam's twin. They had recently come out as nonbinary (which Eret joked, "I can speak any language ever, yet have no gender. I don't know, seems ironic to me"). Phil had made nonbinary flag cookies, as he did when Techno had come out two years prior (the boy did ultimately decide he preferred being referred with male pronouns). Phil loved the twins for the four years he had them as students, so he was ecstatic when Tommy was the same age as Tubbo. Tubbo could speak to animals.

When Phil found out about Tommy's love for animals, he knew they would be best friends quite fast. Within Tubbo's friend group were three other boys: Connor, Ranboo, and Purpled. Connor was the loudest of the group, and his ability was to get along with anyone. Phil had nicknamed it super charisma, so he would obviously become great friends with Tommy. Ranboo was the younger brother to Fundy and Niki, two good friends of Will and Techno. Ranboo could teleport, but never used it since he would always get motion sickness. Ranboo's power was awful in the beginning, especially the day he was (attempted) to be mugged, and got scared so he teleported to another continent.

Yeah, that was awful.

Purpled was the tamest of the bunch, his power of just being a healer. That, of course, made him extremely important in their small community, but in his eyes wasn't the coolest. All the boys together were just always around because of their older siblings, and adding Tommy in would only make them more common around the house.

God, between Techno's friend group, Wilbur's, and Tommy's, I'm going to need to build a new floor to this fucking house. So many kids.

Phil was knocked out of his thoughts by Tommy walking into the kitchen, Henry of course following. The boy looked tense, and sat next to Techno. He sat there, with his hands fidgeting while he held them together. The psychiatrist had prescribed Tommy adderall the previous day, and it seemed to have affected Tommy. He did still fidget, but it was more out of anxiety, not his inability to sit still.

"Are you excited for your first day of Highschool, Tommy? It's not bad, if you're worried about it. You practically have friends lining up already." Wilbur looked to the boy while he walked his cereal bowl to the sink.

"I'm fine." His response was short, and his tone was dull. He looked to the boy sitting next to him, who was scrolling through his phone. "I barely see you eat. Anything up about that?" The question came out of nowhere, and promptly stopped the boy's scrolling.

“I do eat, you just don’t see it, Toms.” The lie was smooth, and convinced Tommy.

He is getting too good at that, thought Phil. Then, a knock was at the door and caused the dogs to start barking. The noise was loud, and led to Tommy's hands to inch towards his ears. Will saw this, and turned the sound down for Tommy’s ears. The relief was shown almost immediately, and a smile found its way upon Phils face while he answered the door. At the door stood an excited Tubbo, Connor, and Eret.

“Good Morning you three! Connor, I didn’t know you were going to be with Tubbo to help Tommy get settled! Thank you for that also, Eret. It was a great idea.” The three walked in, while Phil closed the door behind them.

“Hey, Mr. W, don’t give them the credit! I’ll have you know I did some big brain shit and thought it would be better if Tommy didn’t go alone. Besides, I need to show off just how *charismatic* I can be, right?” Tubbo elbowed him in the stomach after hearing that stupid joke. “Fuck, Tubbo! What was that for?” He motioned towards the kitchen, and Eret facepalmed. “I know, I know! I just couldn’t miss my opportunity. Tommy will find it funny in like two months anyways.” Eret turned to Phil, who looked like he wanted to choke himself out with his tie.

“I’m never having children, Phil. Ever.” Phil laughed at Eret’s comment, both of them not noticing Techno, Tommy, and Will walk in. The first thing Tommy noticed was the stupidly tall guy, next to the boy with the animal pins and some random boy who was laughing obnoxiously.

“Tommy, this is Eret, Connor, and you met Tubbo yesterday. They’re our neighbors. Well, not Connor, but he practically lives with them. Connor and Tubbo are in your grade. Eret isn’t, they’re a senior.”

Oh, not a guy. A person, a really tall person. Got it. Note: Don’t assume gender based on physical appearance. Gender is so fucking stupid anyways, like why does it exist? It’s outdated anyways. I mean I don’t mind being a guy, but it’s not fair to people who are born-

“Tommy? You good there man?” Connor waved him out of his thoughts, and the boy just nodded. Phil felt Connors flashlight turn on. “Nice to meet you, Tommy. Names Connor. Sorry I don’t have a weird ass name like the rest of them, I like my basic caucasian name.” At first Tommy looked the same as he had when interacting with everyone else, and everyone had to hold back laughter at the pure disappointment that washed over Connors face.

Until Tommy barked out a laugh that was foreign to the Watson house, a genuine laugh. He was laughing so hard he was wheezing, and began to clutch his stomach. Connor smiled, triumphantly,

and looked at Phil.

I am just too good, Connor thought.

“Finally someone comments on the names! I thought I was going insane! Nice to meet you man. You’re one of the one people I’ve met that doesn’t have a crazy name.” He talked normally, like Connor was an old friend and they were just catching up. Phil felt Tommy’s powers turn on, which was completely unexpected.

“Just wait until you meet the rest of the weirdos, you’re going to lose it at how weird some of these peoples names are. Us basic name bitch boys have to stick together.” Connor joked, his flashlight getting slightly brighter.

Tommy barked out another laugh before saying, “You’re quite charismatic, aren’t you? You’re fucking hilarious man, you should really think about becoming a comedian or someshit.” Then, Tommy’s flashlight turned off. Phil was confused as all hell, but decided to ignore that until later.

“I have a normal name, Tubbos just a nickname. It’s Toby actually.” Tubbo added into the conversation, and Tommy’s attention shifted to him. “Oh! I also have something for you Tommy.” Tubbo pulled a small pin out of his jacket pocket, and gave it to Tommy. On the pin, was a Bee. “I saw yesterday that you obviously know a bit about Bees and you were staring at my pins, so I got you one! I hope you like it!”

He’s going to love it, Toby! He talks all the time about animals, like you do. He’s really cool. Tubbo ignored the dog, who the entire time was quite vocal about his opinion on Tommy. Tommy’s cheeks reddened, and he put it on his backpack strap.

“Thanks, Tubbo. It’s really cool, I appreciate it. I’ll have to get you something in return.” Tubbo waved the boy off, and shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s what friends do. Now c’mon, Eret is going to drive us to school. They drove the big truck today, so all of us can fit and Mr. Watson can just drive by himself. That’s okay, right Mr. W?” Tubbo turned to Phil, not noticing just how much the little pin meant to Tommy. The last gift Tommy had ever gotten, was a book about Greek mythology. His dad gave it to him a week before he died.

I’ll dive into that trauma later tonight, He joked to himself in his head.

“Yeah, that’s fine. Just make sure Tommy settles in nicely and nothing crazy happens, okay? I’ll see you three fourth hour.” Everyone began the walk to the cars, and all got settled. Phil felt Will’s flashlight turn on the second Eret’s car started, and took a deep breath in before starting his. It was going to be a long day, and he was not looking forward to it. “I really need to figure out his abilities. All I need is for him to get scared and then teleport to fucking Japan, then have to buy two plane tickets to Japan, because you have to bring Eret so they can translate, then you’re stuck on a plane worried about a fifteen year old who barely passed freshman english who’s in a country where he doesn’t even recognize their alphabet.” He stopped talking when he hit a red light, and just shook his head. “I couldn’t have just been able to like speak all languages. No, I have to be fucking Charles Xavier AND a public school history teacher.”

Oh shut it, you love it, his mind responded, and he just laughed. Yeah, I really do..

—

Tommy was surprised as to how quiet high school was. He was expecting it to be loud and borderline (if not) overwhelming, but it was actually quite peaceful. He walked with Tubbo and Connor, who just talked about Tommy’s classes. Apparently, all of the boys had most of the same classes together (including the two boys he had yet to meet). The only difference was that Tommy was in AP Statistics, while the rest were just in geometry. His locker was also right by Ranboos, where he was first introduced to the rest of the group.

And holy fuck, if Eret was tall this kid was fucking massive.

Ranboo stood at 6’6”, had short brunette hair, wore a hoodie and joggers (a combo he found was extremely common with the cold weather, and his hands were littered with rings. He dressed alot like Techno, a conclusion that Tommy came to rather quickly. With Ranboo, stood another boy who was significantly shorter. He was around 6’1 (he claimed he was 6’3, but it was utter bullshit), dirty blonde hair, and wore a shirt with jeans. In all, he reminded Tommy a lot of himself, and he quite liked that.

“Ranboo, Purpled! Over here!” The two turned to the voice of Connor, and began to walk over, shutting the locker door.

“Hey guys! You must be Tommy, nice to meet you man. I’m Ranboo.” Ranboo extended a hand, and Tommy shook it. The boys voice also reminded him of Techno, just slightly less monotone. Tommy then turned to the other boy, and waited for the greeting.

“I’m Grayson, but everyone calls me Purpled. Tubbo hasn’t shut up about you since you commented on his animal pins. Welcome to the IRL Marauders, Tommy. You’ll love it here.” Tommy raised his eyebrow, questioning the statement.

“IRL Marauders? Like from Harry Potter?” Purpled clapped his hands together, and pumped his fist in the air.

“See guys? I told you people would know what I’m talking about. We’re literally the definition of the Marauders.” The rest of the group just rolled their eyes at the boy, as they walked to their first class of the day.

“Well, technically you shouldn’t want to be a Marauder. One of them was a traitor and equivalent to a nazi, one died trying to protect his son, ones cousin killed him, and one died holding hands with his wife. Plus, there’s five of us dumbass, not four.” The group looked at Connor, who raised his hands in defense. “Did I say anything wrong? No! Just because I’m funny doesn’t mean I’m stupid, asshats.” Tommy laughed with the rest of them, who he hopefully believed they knew where to go.

“So, what can I expect from this class? I’ve been taking it online for the last four years, this is all kind of super new to me.” Tommy shoved his anxieties down and just started speaking, praying one of them would answer him.

“Well, do you like grammar and writing?” Tubbo asked. Tommy shook his head no, and the rest of the group groaned. “Neither do we. All this class is, is writing reports and learning grammar rules. It’s awful. We all usually just cheat off Purpled. But the next class, Psychology, is really good. Super interesting. Then we have Chemistry, which we’re all pretty good at. Then World History with your dad-“

“He’s not my dad.” Tommy cut him off almost immediately. The air was tense for a minute, before Tubbo cleared his throat.

“Right, sorry, my bad. We have World History with Mr. Watson, then lunch. You’ll end the day in AP Stats, and the rest of us will end it with some geometric proofs.” Ranboo did a double take, looking at Tommy like he was insane.

“Dude, you’re taking AP Stats? Do you have a death wish? That class is like, insanely hard.” Tommy shrugged his shoulders.

“It was that or AP Calculus. I like statistics more, so I took it. They said I was really ahead in math because of the whole online thing, so it was an AP class or dual enrollment into a community college.” The conversation stopped there, since they made it to their english class. They all groaned, before walking in. The bell rang some time later, and Tommy’s first ever highschool class began. His nerves were now almost completely gone, only slightly from Tubbos dad comment. It felt natural with the friends he had made, not like a chore other people did. He liked them, whether he liked to admit it or not. Somehow, all the boy needed to hear was a joke about his name being basic to open up slightly.

He never seemed to notice the small glances his new friend group would give one another, silently discussing how they were supposed to keep the biggest secret of their lives.

Oh, Tommy? You know how you just seemed to click with us? Yeah that’s partly Connor, his power is his ability to make people like him. The big part is actually your brain recognizes that we’re the same species, so it befriends us subconsciously, since we’re so little in numbers. That’s also probably why everyone in your life has been temporary or hated you. It’s not you, it’s their brain’s survival instinct to cower away from you because it sees you as a predator! Have fun in AP Stats man!

Connor thought that was perfect, but Connor was vetoed by the rest of them. The day seemed to fly by, Psychology and Chemistry being seemingly easier subjects. The real start to Tommy’s day was World History. From what he gathered from the others in between (and during) class, their entire ‘general friend group’ or the people from their area all took the class. Meaning, he’d meet a lot more people.

He met what Connor called the ‘Dream Team’ during World History, and that was a disaster in itself.

Chapter Seven

Chapter Summary

The rest of Tommy's first day of school!

and the fun begins :)

tw: mentions of violence towards the end

Chapter Notes

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

Tommy loved Phil's classroom. The room (instead of just being desks and chairs like his other classes) had beanbags and a couch. His room was visually stunning, he had model planes hung from the ceilings, posters covering the walls, and a huge bookcase filled with books. Tommy loved the room, and he could practically feel the personality radiating from the walls. Phil was sitting in his chair, talking to a group of four older boys. The loudest one, was a boy with dirty blonde hair and was around 6'4. He wore a green hoodie and jeans, much like everyone else. Next to him stood a boy with brunette hair, shorter than the other boy. He wore a blue shirt with jeans, and white sunglasses perched on his head. Sitting on the couch was a boy who seemed to be sleeping, wearing a white hoodie and black sweatpants. His head was in the lap of the final boy, who wore a multicolored hoodie with grey joggers.

Tommy could feel just how close all the boys were, and how close they were to Phil. Phil looked comfortable, just like how he looked with his own sons.

Is Phil like the standby dad figure here? Phil felt a familiar flashlight turn on, and his eyes met Tommys. Phil smiled, and the group previously talking to the man also met Tommys eyes.

"Tommy! I'd like you to meet the guys, they're friends with Wil and Techno." Phil felt Tommy's flashlight get brighter, and he patiently waited to see any reactions. Dream and George tensed, looking at the boy curiously.

"Nice to meet you dude, I'm Dream. Have we met? I feel like I know you from somewhere." Tommy looked as though he was examining the boy, and Phil felt George's power turn on. Phil immediately looked at the boy, who met Phil's eyes. He mouthed *I won't do anything too drastic, I promise.*

"I feel like we have. Did you by any chance live in the city? We could have met there. We could be

relatives or something, I never met my moms side.” Dream shrugged his shoulder.

“Who knows? My parents weren’t really around either, so that’s awkward. Family sucks, huh?” Connor quickly turned his flashlight on fully, and started laughing. That caused the weird tension to break and everyone laugh.

Phil met George’s eyes again, and he just shook his head no.

He didn’t react to anything? The only ever person to do that was Dream. Weird.

“Anyways, this is George, that’s Karl, and the guy sleeping is Nick. We call him Sappap, though.” Tommy looked to Connor, who just rolled his eyes and muttered *I know, weird as hell.*

“Nice to meet you guys.” They all gave a thumbs up, and the bell rang. “Wait, there’s only nine kids in this class?”

Yeah! This class actually isn’t a history class, it’s just a coverup so we can built the stability of your powers so you don’t teleport to fucking Asia. Forgot to mention that one Tommy, I’m literally like Charles Xavier from X-Men! Now step aside, let’s see if Karl can get into your Mind Palace, since his powers let him walk through your mind like it’s a fucking museum exhibit. Phil was sure he was going to be stress cooking later that night.

“Yeah, forgot to mention that one man! People usually only take the regular history class, nobody really takes World History. Plus fourth period is just sophomores, and special juniors Watson here requests.” Connor explained, going to sit in a bean bag. Tommy nodded, not quite believing him but taking it as truth.

“Thank you for explaining it to him, Connor. Everyone take a seat, today we’re revisiting Ancient Greece!” Everyone found their natural spot, and Tubbo pulled Tommy to sit next to him. “Okay, can anyone tell me a single fact about Ancient Greece, or even multiple? Nobody wants to sit in awkward silence, so please boys help a man out.” Nobody answered for a second, even though they all could. The plan was simple, they wanted to see how much Tommy knew about Ancient Greece. The more he knew, the easier it would be to explain where their abilities came from. But, as if Tommy’s case could not be more difficult, he seemed to have no knowledge.

Oh, give me a fucking break!

“They worshipped multiple gods!” Purpled was the first one to speak, and Phil was eternally grateful that he did.

“As do many other cultures, the Greeks did in fact worship multiple gods. Although, as time continued on, the belief began to die out and the gods were seemingly forgotten. But, they were not. There was a small group, a small civilization that never forgot their gods. It is rumored that they were given gifts by the gods, as a thanks to their loyalty. If it were true, then there could be people just living life with superpowers, without anyone noticing. That would be awesome, wouldn't it?” Everyone nodded in agreement, almost as a ‘no shit’ moment, since they were the people he was talking about.

“I don't think it would be that awesome, if I'm honest.” Phil looked at the boy, and questioned his thought. “Well,” Tommy began to explain, “They would have to hide it. If anyone has ever seen X-Men or any movie involving powers ever, they know if they ever go public they will become test subjects to the government. Then, I doubt the gods would come and help. Plus, if its a genetic thing it means its science. That brings up so many questions. Then the whole superpower thing, is it relative to what god your family favored? What if they're completely random and you have no clue how to control it. One minute you're just trying to enjoy yourself, then you're in this entirely shitty situation because you can't control yourself. Seems like hell, to me.”

“You've got no fucking idea,” Ranboo muttered.

“Well, if they were still around that means that they have adapted to survive their situation. They've outlived empires, and so they must have a way of life. Who knows, I just think they'd have a book or something, or even a person that can control all of it. Like in *The Giver*, one person is stuck with the shitty job. Hopefully they aren't murdering imperfect babies, but you know.” Tommy finished his thought, and Phil felt his flashlight on the entire time.

The man was becoming more confused by the minute, and as if it could not get even more difficult for him, Nick decided to wake up. He shot up, and looked at Phil with frantic eyes.

“He's going to run, and we're going to be so fucked for a couple days. Tommy's going to run.”

Fuck stress cooking, I need drugs or something to handle this shit.

Tommy tensed, looking at the boy he had never met before. “What the fuck do you mean I'm going to run?” Nick snapped his head to the voice, and his face drained of color.

“Honestly man, I have no idea why I said that. That’s so weird.” Nick chuckled awkwardly, and his face felt like it was on fire.

Nice going, dumbass. Karl’s voice ran through his head. *Totally isn’t weird or creepy at all. Phil is totally going to make you spar with Techno now.*

Karl, couldn’t you just walk through his mind and change it to be like I never said his name? Like a record scratch, but with memories. He asked the boy mentally, since Karl was already in his head he would hear him.

I’ll do you one better. The second Nick registered Karl’s sentence, Karl began to hysterically laugh. “God, that was perfect. Fuck, Nick, I’ll pay you after school. I am so sorry Tommy, I just had to spook you. I knew Phil was going to be talking about that myth or whatever, so I wanted to prank you and act like Nick was one of them. So good, we always get the freshman with that.” The rest of the boys went along, and Phil planned on letting Karl skip his next sparring session. Tommy’s flashlight had been on the entire interaction, but it finally seemed to turn off and the boy laughed as well.

“Well, now that the pranks are over, let’s watch this video for the rest of the class. We’re going to take it easy today.” Phil turned on the video, and spent the rest of class trying to think of a way to see what power Tommy had.

Should I wait until the runaway moment? If Nick saw it, it’s going to happen. Maybe that, or should I forcibly turn it on? I had no clue, I also need to go grocery shopping. Didn’t Techno say something about Fundy coming over for the computer? Before he realized it, the period was over, and the group of sophomores had begun their walk to lunch. The older group stayed behind, just for a second.

“Phil, I am so sorry, honestly. I couldn’t help it. I had just had this dream where something happened and Tommy bolted, and we were in the forest looking for a couple days then this deer came out of nowhere and then this mountain-“

Phil cut off Nick’s ramblings, “You’re fine, Nick. I’m just glad Karl saved your ass. Tommy’s a real smart kid with trust issues, so it’s hard to get that shit past him. Did any of you guys catch any vibes from him or something? His flashlight was on a good portion of the class.”

“I mean, I just sort of felt like we’ve met before. I mean we have when I, *you know*, but it’s not technically him. It’s really confusing. I mean he isn’t showing any signs of being extremely dangerous, so maybe he’s just a healer like Purpled? I doubt you’ll be getting on any planes to

Japan anytime soon.” Phil rolled his eyes at Dreams words playfully, before ushering the boys out and watched his *actual* history class walk in.

On the other section of the school, Tommy was meeting the rest of his ‘friends’ (could he call them that? They had just met, after all) friend group. It basically was all the kids from the area they lived in, and it was huge.

“Schlatt! How you doing, man!” Connor waved down a guy, who was wearing the same clothes as everyone else (hoodie and sweatpants, this time he wore a beanie). He looked to be around Tommy’s height.

“I’m doing great, Connor. Thanks for asking. Is this your newest little nerd friend? You must be Phil’s new kid, I’m Schlatt. Connors my little brother. Nice to meet you kid, welcome to the beginning of the weirdest months of your life. Here, come meet the rest of the gang.” Schlatt’s words were similar to Connors, you felt like you couldn’t argue with them. Schlatt had a basic power, mind control. Well, not mind control per se, more of mental influence. His words were extremely influential, and could make anyone do or believe anything he said. (“I would be an amazing politician, if I didn’t fucking depise politics,” was what he first said when Phil classified him). The sophomores were led to a table of juniors, which included Will and Techno. Will had a headache from focusing on the noise level for Tommy all day at a distance, but felt it was worth it.

“Hey, Tommy! How’s your day been?” Will was holding hands with a girl with pinkish orangey hair, and she had a wide smile on her face.

“It’s been good, Will. Thanks for asking. Lots of new people.” He responded curtly. His social meter was starting to run out, and he missed the dogs a lot. He did like Tubbos company, it reminded him of the pets. He just knew how to be there, but not loud constantly like Connor and Purpled. Ranboo was in the middle of being super loud and quiet, but he was louder than either of them.

“Well, let’s introduce you to some more. You’ve met Schlatt, this is his twin sister Minx. Irish twins though, they’re like what? Eleven months apart? That’s Fundy, he’s close with Techno and over at the house a ton. The girl buying that water? That’s Niki, they’re a good friend of both me and Technos. Phenomenal woman, I must say. And this, is my girlfriend Sally the Salmon.” Minx made a fake gag at the couple, which a couple of the people laughed at,

“He calls me a Salmon because of the hair color, it’s called salmon. He’s just mad because it’s so cool his own brother starting dying his hair pink to attempt to match. Be jealous, loser.”

I can see why Minx wanted to throw up. Cringe.

“Hey, hey, that’s slander. I dyed my hair pink because I liked it, not because of you Sally. You just help me because Will refuses to do the back.” Techno butted in, causing Sally to laugh. Tommy liked the group, for some reason he found odd. You could tell they all did care for each other, no matter what. Tommy didn’t know what made them this way, but a part of him hoped to be included in it one day.

Minx was an apath, meaning she could turn off emotions when it came to people. In her free time she would ruin ‘vicious cunts’ relationships, by ending one of the peoples feelings towards the other. Fundy was a technopath (and Techno’s best friend, which made the boy laugh in irony) meaning he could control technology. The computer him and Techno were building was his newest project, and mixed with George’s powers would be insane. Niki could control disease, meaning she would work almost hand in hand with Purpled (flu season was almost non-existent thanks to her). Finally, Sally could breathe underwater, which also pushed the Sally the Salmon nickname. Her and Will had been together for a year, and everyone loved the duo (especially when Sam phased through the wall and saw them together, causing them to tell their friends they were together). These powers (whilst also different in many ways) pushed them together, to preserve their evolutionized species.

Tommy just thought it was because they lived near each other, but he was lost in a lot of what was happening. He sat by Techno and Fundy, watching them assemble what seemed to be computer pieces.

“Tommy, nice to meet you man. Techno and I are building a computer from the ground up, so this is practice. If we can get this to work, a small little robot will be able to move. It’s quite simple, so we’ll be all good.” Fundy explained for the boy, showing each of the parts as he talked. Tommy wasn’t as interested as Fundy or Techno seemed to be, but he did respect it.

“You guys are such fucking losers, I feel like the kid would rather do anything than hear you talk out your nerd shit. Literally what even is this?” Schlatt swiped one of the pieces that was connected to the actual robot.

“No Schlatt don’t-” Before Techno could finish, the piece was ripped out of the robot, half of the wire still in the robot, the other half in Schlatt’s hand. Techno slammed his fist onto the lunch table, making everyone at the table flinch and the conversations start. Will had made it so the rest of the cafeteria couldn’t hear them, and the table was naturally hidden in the corner so no attention was brought to them. “Are you fucking serious, dude? Do you know how much longer it’s going to take now to repair the wires, make sure the wires still stuck in the robot are excised correctly, all that shit? You really have no respect for anyone’s property, do you?” Schlatt put the piece back, extremely flustered.

“Techno, dude I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to break it. I was just poking fun, you know?” Schlatt apologized quietly.

“How is that poking fun? You broke our project. You know Schlatt, I’m the only one who ever has an issue with you. Why is it? Is it because I don’t fall for the bullshit you spew? Everyone else can’t help it, but because you can’t conto-“

“Techno!” Will interrupted, shifting his glance slightly to Tommy. Techno took the hint, before beginning again.

“You’re a dick, Schlatt. That’s it. I’m the only one that can see it. This stuff isn’t cool, stop acting like it is. You’re just an asshole.” Techno stood up, grabbed his backpack, and started to walk away. “I’m going to go sit in Dad’s room. Fundy, you can come if you want.” Fundy nodded, putting all of the robot pieces into his backpack and followed his friend. The group was left in silence, and Schlatt was beyond embarrassed.

“Go back to your conversations, ignore me.” Schlatt’s flashlight was on (not that anyone knew, Phil was currently trying to make freshmen understand how aqueducts worked) and everyone acted like it never happened. “I’m gonna get him back, embarrassing me like that.” The boy muttered to himself, a plan already forming.

After Techno left, Tommy moved closer to the other sophomores and was talking to Tubbo. Tubbo had asked him about which animals were his favorite (his response being dogs) and Tommy had been spewing out facts since. He had also met Niki, who was quiet and really just talked to Minx and Sally. Before they knew it, he was walking to his final class of the day (he was surprised by the lack of classes, but what did he know) alone, for the first time that day. He walked into AP Stats, and was met with a guy ushering him towards him and his friend group.

“You must be Tommy! I’m Sam, Tubbo’s older brother. He told me to look out for you with the bee pin. I’m glad you like it, he was excited to give it to you. This is Alex, he’s a senior with me.” Alex waved at him, and patted the seat next to him. Tommy sat, and exchanged greetings with the boys. “So, why did you take AP Stats? There’s tons of classes, why this one?” Tommy shrugged his shoulders.

“I hate Calculus, so I took statistics. Plus my dad worked with stats before he got sick, so I’m pretty good with numbers.” Sam nodded at the boy’s response, and pulled out the materials for the class when the bell rang. The class continued on, and the teacher brought up a question that made Tommy roll his eyes.

What is the statistical probability of a mountain just coming out of nowhere? It's not impossible, just improbable.

Improbable, impossible. Same difference, he thought. The class seemed to sail by, small conversations between him, Sam, and Alex (who he learned was also called Quackity). He walked to Phil's classroom, so he could drive home with him, before he was stopped by Schlatt.

"Hey kid! How was your first day?" The older boy threw his arm around Tommy, causing him to slightly tense.

"It was good, Schlatt. Lots of people, but the classes are good and everyone seems pretty cool. Sorry about that whole thing at lunch, never took Tech to act like that." Schlatt slowly chuckled, and pointed at him.

"That's actually what I wanted to talk about, with you. Tommy, want to know something super cool? I'm known to be very convincing, almost impossible to not listen to. But, for some odd reason, Techno is never convinced by me. But you, you can. So I need to ask you for something." Tommy immediately knew he wasn't going to do what he asked, he wasn't going to get on bad terms with Techno. "Is that a bee pin? You must like animals like Tubbo! You know Minx actually has a couple cats?" Tommy perked up at the mention of animals, letting his guard down. Schlatt noticed and smiled, slipping into the little opening the mention of animals left. "Look kid, I want you to go ahead and stab him for me, okay? Oh- your brain does not like that!" Schlatt felt the boy mentally fight back, so he just increased his hold. The boy folded almost immediately. "There we go, that's a lot better!" He pulled the boy to the side of a random room, putting his hands on Tommy's shoulders. "I want you to grab the sharpest knife you can get your hands on, and stab him right in the stomach. Nothing fatal, just irritate him a little. Think you can do that?"

"Why? Is it because you're mad at him? Just fight him." Tommy asked, ignoring the obvious that *a boy just asked you to stab someone and you're agreeing!*

"Me? Fight Technoblade? No thank you, I know when I'd lose a fight and that's one nobody besides Dream can possibly win. Plus, I want him to see just who he fucked with. He's not the only powerful one around here." Tommy nodded, before frowning.

"He's not going to like me much afterwards, is he? I quite like him and his violin, I don't want him to hate me." Schlatt rolled his eyes.

“Fine, fine. He’s not going to hate you, just do it and don’t think twice about it. I’m sure you learned a thing or two while on the streets. Now get going bud, you don’t want to get Phil all worried. And, if anyone asks, this never happened and all I did was tell you to have a good day. Got it?”

Tommy nodded, “Go home, stab Techno, and if anyone asks you never told me to. Bye, Schlatt.”

“Bye, kid.” Schlatt watched as the boy walked away, like the conversation never occurred.

This is going to be awesome.

Chapter End Notes

i am working my ass off for chapter 8, that cliffhanger hurt me as well.

lots of info, i am sorry about that but we need the basics to move onto the shit show that is tommys life.

Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

stabby followed by angst followed by tommy using his powers (finally am i right)

TW: VIOLENCE, SELF HARM (not a vivid description but heavily heavily implied), PANIC ATTACKS, DESCRIPTIONS OF DISSOCIATION/DEREALIZATION, FOUL LANGUAGE

Chapter Notes

i am sorry. we had too much happiness, i had to hurt you.

also i listened to Your City Gave Me Asthma by Wilbur Soot while writing this, and Fool by Cavetown.

Again, I am sorry.

Much love <3

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

Needless to say, dinner was a fiasco that night.

When Tommy and Phil met in his classroom, Tommy seemed normal. Quiet as normal. When Will walked in with Sally, he seemed honestly more *comfortable* when they walked in. When Techno walked in though, he immediately tensed. That response confused Phil, as earlier this morning he seemed to favor him over Will. But nonetheless, he didn't think about it and took his kids home (Sally had to work, so she wasn't over that day). When they got home, the boys went off as normal and Phil thought they would be able to have a peaceful dinner, that he had successfully put Tommy into their natural environment and he had not raised suspicion.

So, in a bout of triumph, he wanted to make a casserole. It was nice, he had put on the Smiths (*fuck morrisey, all the homies hate him*) and cooked. Wilbur was playing the piano, happy to have his sound back. Techno worked on the robot Schlatt had broken during lunch, and planned an apology for the boy for lunch the next day. And Tommy was seemingly playing with the dogs until he walked into the kitchen.

“Hey Phil?” The man looked to the boy he had already considered a son (it had only been five days, but he knew). “Where do you keep your knives? I want to cut up this apple.” The father, not assuming the worst, pointed to the third drawer to the left of him. The second Tommy grabbed the

knife, he felt the boy's power turn on.

Upstairs, Techno had just knocked over a cup of water he swore he took downstairs that morning. He grabbed the cup, and walked into the kitchen to grab some towels. He was met with a Phil who looked frozen, hands not moving in the sink where he was supposed to be doing the dishes. Instead, his dad was staring at Tommy, who held a knife and apple.

“Hey Toms. Can you grab me the hand towel right there? Also if you’re looking for the cutting boards, they’re to the right of Phil.” Tommy nodded, putting the apple on the counter. Techno walked over to the towel, and grabbed it. The kitchen was tense.

“Techno, run.” He stopped moving. Phil had turned off the water now, drying his hands. “Tommy’s flashlight is getting really bright, and it has been since he grabbed that knife.” Techno looked at Tommy, who just held, more gripped actually, the knife. Tommy at the second looked directly at Techno, and sighed.

“I’m sorry. I know you’re not going to be mad and that I’m not going to let anything stop me, but I know this will still be a pain in the ass.” Tommy took a step toward Techno, and the brother responded in a step back.

“Tommy, are you trying to stab me? That’s not going to happen, you know.” Techno stepped back again, but tripped on his untied shoelace and fell.

My luck is utter shit.

Tommy stood over him, the knife shaking. He was nervous, and every part of him radiated that this was a needed action. It confused Techno, because they were fine not even hours ago. Hell, Tommy sat next to him at lunch! He could’ve sat anywhere, but he decided to be by Techno.

“Tommy, I think you need to drop that knife. This is extremely out of character for you, and I have a suspicion this isn’t you. Please, drop it.” Phil slowly inched towards the boy. Wilbur had somehow made it into the kitchen, watching the interaction. Will had caused a cup to shatter, making Tommy flinch. How did the kid just flip completely?

I pissed Schlatt off at lunch, sonuvabitch- Before he could tell his dad, Tommy stabbed him in the stomach. “FUCK! Why the stomach? Anywhere else would’ve been great, man. Lots of muscles right here, and I think you punctured something.” Tommy immediately backed away, realization

clear on his face. Phil and Will ran over, helping Techno up and over to the couch.

“Will, get Grayson. We need him, Techno won’t hear fast enough for Tommy not to notice. Get Schlatt over here too, and Karl. We’re just going to wipe this from his mind and act like it never happened. Tommy?” The dad turned to the teenager, who was looking at Techno, devastation clear.

“I just stabbed him, holy shit. I just- why did I do that? Tech, I’m so sorry. I don’t know why I just grabbed the knife when I thought about pr- wait! Why don’t we get him to the hospital. Fuck, please don’t call Puffy. I’m going to have to go back, don’t I” Tommy had his hands in his hair, pulling slightly.

“I pissed Schlatt off at lunch today. He broke the robot, and I talked shit to him in front of everyone. He probably got to Tommy because he knew Will would just block him out and Tommy was defenseless.” Techno looked at the wound, and pulled the knife out. “God, that never gets less gross.” Tommy’s jaw dropped, and his breathing picked up slightly.

“What do you mean I was defenseless? A-and the whole wiping it thing? What the hell is going on, why are you talking like you guys are in Men in Black? You can’t wipe me, that make’s no sense? What- why is nobody freaking out that I just *fucking* stabbed him?!” He furthered his distression, causing Phil to walk towards him.

“Tommy-“ He reached out, but was met with him flinching back and curling in on himself.

“P-please don’t hit me. I don’t know why I did that and I’m not acting stupid, I acutally am confused. Please, Phil.” The dad frowned, and took a step back.

“I’m not going to hurt you. I would never hit you. I wish I could explain this all to you right now, but you’re not comfortable here yet. I don’t want you to come into this world in a place you don’t consider home yet. Please, go sit on the couch and just wait for everyone to come. In the morning this is all going to be one scary dream that’s just an aftereffect of your ADHD medication.” For some reason (Phil sadly believed it was out of fear) Tommy complied. “Is that why you left the first time? Did they hit you?” Tommys flinched, his fingers curling. It was obvious he was uncomfortable, but his body didn’t know how to react.

“I can’t die,” Technoblade added. “You’re not going to remember this tomorrow, but it subconsciously will help with the trauma your brain is going to remember. When you learn about the powers, mine is like self sustenance. That’s why you never see me eat, I don’t have to. My body doesn’t need food, water, sleep, or even oxygen. So, a stab like this would kill Wilbur if we

didn't get him medical attention, but for me it's like a knee scrape. My body just repairs it at a fast rate. So we think I'm immortal, hypothetically. Technoblade never dies," He said, humor laced.

"Powers? What? What is going on? I am so confused." Phil felt the boy's flashlight start to brighten, so he turned it off completely. Tommy sucked in a breath, and harshly shut his eyes.

"Tommy, there's a lot I haven't told you yet. When the others get here, it'll all be good." Tommy felt his heart pang.

He's been lying to me. If there's like superpowers, all of this could be a lie. He doesn't care about me, does he?

No, I don't think he does.

Tommy's body became tense, and he turned from Phil. "So you've been lying to me. That's nice. Look, I don't know who made you in charge, but when you decide to let me in on everything, know I will be pissed."

"I expect you to be." Phil's response was short. There was a silence for a while, the only sounds being Techno's pain whimpers. A couple minutes later, everyone had arrived. "Sorry for asking you guys to come over here and clean up Schlatt's mess. For some odd reason, Tommy today decided to become all stabby and stabbed Techno in the stomach. Then after, he said he didn't know where it came from and he just *acted on it* ! Schlatt, if someone gives you a difficult time you don't get someone to stab them. These are gifts from the gods, you respect them. Now, Grayson I need you to just heal up Techno. You two, come with me to Tommy's room. No talking. We're all going to be thinking long and hard about this. Tommy, let's go to your room." Before he could argue, his body autonomously acted. The walk up was awkward, Will watching from afar before going to check on his twin. The four walked into Tommys room, and Tommy sat on his bed. "Good. Now, you two work your magic. I need to go clean everything up so tomorrow morning he doesn't suspect anything."

Tommy looked at Karl and Schlatt, sighing. "Is everyone I met in on the whole superpowers thing? Is all of it lies?" The two shifted uncomfortably. "Oh. That's nice."

Karl stepped forward. "It'll make sense later on, Tommy. I promise. None of us would purposely want to exclude you. We're all united. But until Phil believes you're ready or you're forced to know, you can't. Now, you're going to feel like your ear is being cleaned. Don't freak out." Karl closed his eyes, and when he opened them he was in Tommy's museum. He could go into anyones mind, and just walk around. He could tamper with anything he wanted, he had total control over it

all. “Okay, Schlatt. Start your part and I’ll make sure it all goes down correctly.” Memories in a person, was a huge book in a room. It reminded him of the movie *Inside Out*. But instead of the emotions picking out memories, when they’re recalled they show up on the page. He grabbed the pen he always had (the pen let him rewrite memories, it only appeared when in a person’s head).

“Okay, Tommy. Today when you last saw me talked about Minxes cat and you told me a fun fact about cats.” The book popped up the original scene, and Karl watched as the dialogue changed from stabbing to colors of cat fur. Karl made sure there were no errors, and told Schlatt to continue. From there Schlatt made him the perfect rest of the day. Tommy had met up with Phil, they went home, he spent the rest of the day doing school work and the dogs. Tommy then ate some food and went to bed, planning on taking a shower tomorrow morning. He wouldn’t have talked to Techno since that day’s lunch, and minded his own business. From there, Karl made him exhausted (it was a simple button press, which Karl found nice) and let the mind rest.

Well, not before stepping into his mind palace. That was something not even Phil could accomplish, and so Karl would be able to tell Phil what it looked like. It was a nice room, obviously belonging to an educated man. The desk was made out of a nice wood, and it was covered in papers and books, on the side was a flashlight. The walls were lined with books and equations, and Karl studied it for a second more before leaving the mind completely. He opened his eyes, and was met with a fast asleep Tommy and a tired Schlatt. “You really fucked up with that, Schlatt. What were you thinking?” The two walked out of the room, shutting off Tommys lights and closing the door behind them.

“I-I wasn’t I was pissed at Techno for embarrassing me, so I just decided to fuck with him a little. I didn’t think about this part.”

“Yeah, you really didn’t.” The boys stepped into the living room, where a now fully healed Techno stood. Phil was the one that spoke, he was cleaning up the blood that had spilled. “Are you fucking with me, Schlatt? You guys had to plan this to mess with me. I just watched Tommy stab my son! Tommys been here for five fucking days, FIVE! All I asked was to everyone integrate him into the community, and then I’ll reveal everything when I think he’s ready. But no! What you guys did is not going to last long, and now we’re on a time crunch. Schlatt, I took your batteries. I’m not giving you them back until after a week of suspension courses. I’m disappointed in you.”

“I’m really sorry, Phil. Truly. You too Techno. I was mad because you called me out at lunch so I got someone to stab you. It was a dick move.”

“It’s fine man, I’m just gonna kick your ass when we spar.” Techno smiled at the boy, before saying goodnight and going to bed. When he would get into situations like a stabbing, he would be tired after and have to sleep. Will followed suit, saying goodnight to the remaining four.

“I went into his mind palace, Phil. I don’t know if he told you about it yet, but his power has to have something to do with information or knowledge. It’s all education based. Then again, it might not be that obvious. Look at Technos, his is the snow because he can survive those temperatures with no issues. We thought he was like a shapeshifter or could control plants at first.” Phil agreed with Karl, and sighed.

“I’ll deal with that tomorrow. Goodnight boys, get home safe. Thank you guys for helping. I need to clean up the blood and make sure we’re all okay here.” The three boys muttered goodbyes to Phil, and Phil was left alone to clean up.

And my casserole is burnt on top of it all.

Phil felt like he couldn’t catch a break.

-

The next morning, Tommy woke up and felt *off*. Nothing was seemingly wrong, but everything felt like it was. He woke up (after suffering from a nightmare he refused to talk about, he didn’t even want to think of ever hurting Techno or anyone else) in his clothes from the previous day. That would never happen, the texture of the jeans making him extremely uncomfortable.

That was the first sign.

The nightmare left him panicked, it was vivid and he *hated* it. He tried to think of what would cause that. Did Techno say something to him to make him mad at him? Even then, he wouldn’t stab him just after some dispute the previous night. But when he tried to look back, there was nothing. No interaction between the boy and himself, which just felt wrong. He had to have seen him at dinner at least. Was there even dinner last night? Nothing was adding up, and it further panicked him. Was he losing it?

Oh god, did I actually stab him? What if I did and this is just my trauma response? Oh my god.

His breath quickened, and he ran to the bathroom connected to this room. He stood in front of the mirror, and looked at his reflection. He flinched.

Who am I looking at? Stupid question, he thought. It’s me. That’s me. Why don’t I recognize you?

He put his hand to the mirror, and touched it. It felt hollow, wrong. Why did he feel so wrong? Everything felt wrong.

That was the second sign.

Do it, prove to yourself that you're real. You won't believe it until you do, a part of him whispered. He hadn't heard the voice in months, and he shut his eyes.

No, no. I don't do that anymore. It isn't healthy. His fingers curled, and pushed his palms into his eyes. But when he opened them, he noticed it. He froze. It wasn't, it can't be? He took his shirt off, and held it closer to the light, inspecting it.

(Hindsight, maybe don't tell two teenagers to handle a situation, they do a shit job at it.)

He gasped and his breath quickened again. "That's blood." He said his realization to nobody in particular, and gasped for air.

I stabbed him. No, I couldn't have. I just woke up in my bed, and Phil hasn't had me institutionalized or arrested. I didn't. Why can't I breathe? My chest hurts and these lights are too bright.

He hastily turned off the lights, clawing at his chest for air. He didn't know, but he was having a panic attack and sensory overload. If he had a parent or anyone to take care of him, this wouldn't have been the difficulty that it was, but Phil was making breakfast and trying to make sure everyone had the same story. He never thought to check on the boy.

Just do it, Thomas. A man repents. Blood for the Blood God. He will forgive you and make it easier if you just spill some in his name. Blood for the Blood God. His fathers rang through his ears, causing him to clasp his hands over them.

Blood for the Blood God. Blood for the Blood God.

"No, please. I don't want to, it hurts. Why would a god want us to suffer, Dad? I don't want to, please." He sobbed, now sitting on the floor of his bathroom. He still didn't feel like it was *him*, he felt like he was just watching himself. He tried to calm himself down, focusing on the handle of the bathroom drawer, and closed his eyes.

When he opened them, he was standing in front of the sink, looking at himself in the mirror. He gasped, pain shooting through him. In his hand was a razorblade, and he didn't have to look to see what he had done.

Good job, son. The Blood God is appeased.

That was the third sign.

He sighed, emotionally drained. He still had to go to school and deal with what the day entailed, but he already wanted to go back to bed. He cleaned up the mess, and put on sweatpants with a hoodie. One of the cuts was deep, and he felt slightly light headed from the blood loss.

When he walked into the kitchen, everything felt normal. Phil was making breakfast as usual, and the twins sat waiting for it, scrolling through their phones. Like any other morning.

I made it all up. He shrunk, ever so slightly, then sat at the island. Instead of sitting next to Techno, he sat on the opposite side, alone. Phil noticed, but focused on the pancakes instead of drawing attention to it.

“Goodmorning, Toms. Sleep well?” Techno asked, monotone as always. The boy wasn't mad at Tommy, he was taken advantage of. He was worried, if he was honest. They could try as much as they wanted, but Tommy's brain would remember the trauma it experienced. He was bound to be affected by it, and it was obvious the boy was. “You're looking a little pale, are you feeling alright?”

“M'fine.” He responded, monotone. Tommy felt his heart hurt every time he looked at any of the others in the house, and he didn't understand why. They hadn't done anything to him, if anything he probably did something. So why did it feel like they hurt him?

The tea kettle at that point went off, causing Tommy to flinch and one of his hands clasp around his ear. Nobody seemed to notice, besides Will. Will then focused into Tommys heartbeat, and heard the rapid beating.

He's afraid. Why? He doesn't seem to remember.

“What’s today’s date? I need to see if this milk has expired.” Phil asked nobody in particular.

Tommy responded, “It’s the 16th.” The already tense atmosphere somehow got even more tense. The three others went rigid. “Did you guys forget something? Why is the 16th such a bother for you guys?”

“No reason.” Phil responded, quickly.

He’s lying, he doesn’t trust you Tommy. The voice of his father spoke again, the same enforcement tone. *You did not repent enough, the Blood God isn’t satisfied.* Tommy ignored it.

The rest of the school day following, was an opposite of his first day. He drove with the twins and Phil, who left him the second they got out of the car. He found that weird, but they were busy so he just shrugged it off. He then walked to his locker (alone) expecting his friends to be there.

They were all at Ranboos locker, acting like Tommy never existed. He watched, as they laughed and were fine all without him.

Purpled was right, they were the Mauraders. Does that make me Snape? I don’t want to be, he was quite shit. He walked to his classes alone, only a small greetings exchanged with them. He came to the assumption walking to fourth period that they were only friends with him that first day because Phil asked, and nobody actually wanted to be friends with him. *I was naive, I wanted a home and fell for it.*

You need to repent, Thomas. The Blood God isn’t satisfied.

When he walked into fourth period, everyone was sat how they were previously. He didn’t notice the out of focus look in Karl’s eyes. He sat, put in his earbuds, and played music from his phone. He was beginning to feel nauseous from his arm, and he had the intense urge to itch it. But, he knew if he itched it, it would get infected and would pay the price of it.

The rest of the class let him be, believing his silence was just him trying to process whatever his mind made up of the previous night. Phil (yet again) played a video, while texting Karl.

Big Man: Does he remember any of it?

Karl Jacobs: No, not from what I saw. His mind was pretty weird today though tbh. Very different from yesterday.

Big Man: What do you mean weird? Should I be worried?

Karl Jacobs: Maybe? Idk, there was a lot of static and his dad talking.

Big Man: Just please keep an eye on him. It's the 16th, we all know we never have a good 16th. I just don't want him to do anything he'll regret. Are you sure you and Schlatt did everything?

Karl: So little faith in me big man? I walked in, wrote down the words we needed, and dipped. He was sleeping and everything.

Phil had to refrain from facepalming.

Big Man: Did either of you get him to idk CHANGE HIS FUCKING CLOTHES THAT HAD BLOOD ON THEM

Karl looked to Phil, his eyes bugged out.

Karl Jacobs: uh lol how bad would it be if we didn't

Big Man: What would you do if you woke up, the previous day extremely blurry, and your shirt had blood on it?

Karl Jacobs: haha i really fucked up didn't I

Big Man: YOU DUCKING THINK SO

*Big Man: DUCKING**

*Big Man: FUCKING***

Phil turned off his phone and put it down on the table, looking at Tommy. He didn't seem suspicious or anything, just tired? He was thinking about this father, so he probably just missed him. Yeah, all that was wrong was that he missed his dad.

Fear is a powerful emotion, it can fuel so many actions. Fear of disappointment, death, hurting others, rejection. The list goes on, and humans avoid feeling that fear at all costs. It didn't matter that this group wasn't *human* human, they still felt it and feared it. That fear fueled Phil's denial, making him not notice the distress Tommy was in. That fear fueled the teenagers to ignore Tommy, even though all they wanted to do was give him space to process. That fear fueled Tommy's need to run.

All any of them wanted was to be loved. Phil wanted Tommy to love his home, to love him. He didn't want to face the fear that Tommy might not love him the way he loved Tommy. The teenagers wanted Tommy to join their community, they feared the idea of Tommy rejecting them. And Tommy, Tommy just wanted a home.

He almost had it here, but he came to the conclusion as he walked to lunch *alone*, was that he wasn't a person who had a home.

He was alone, and naive to believe for a second that this could've been it for him. He decided to spend lunch in one of the bathrooms, repenting for the Blood God.

At least Dad's proud.

-

"Have any of you guys seen Tommy?" Tubbo asked the table, as a general question. "He hasn't really talked to any of us today, and we wanted to check in. It's obvious last night left a mark, whether or not he remembers it."

Techno shook his head, "He didn't even sit next to me at breakfast this morning. Ever since I played the violin for him he's sort of clinged to me, but today he didn't. I wish Cara came around more, we could really use an empath."

"I wish I could help, but I'd just do more damage with the emotions. Maybe if Schlatt wasn't a fucking cunt we wouldn't need them, but sadly none of us are miracle workers." Minx hit her

brother across the head, and he winced.

“Look, guys, I know I fucked up. I already got my flashlight taken away, and I feel really bad. I didn’t think through it, I just wanted to get back at Techno. Still sorry about that, man. He really shishkabob’d you.” Schlatt cracked his knuckles, and drank his Arizona.

“I can vouch on that one, it was the worst one Techno’s gotten since your thing last year, Techno.” Purpled added. Techno nodded, the part Tommy had stabbed since tender and bruised.

“You don’t think he’d do anything harsh, right? Like he’s not suicidal or anything?” Connor asked, the boy actually serious for once.

“No, I don’t think so? It would’ve been mentioned in his case if he had a history, so I think he’ll be fine. He’ll probably have that sensory meltdown or whatever that’s called, but I’ve had his sound turned down since he jumped at the kettle this morning.” Wilbur answered, calming everyone’s nerves.

The boy would be fine, or at least everyone believed. When lunch ended, they all muttered “its the 16th, stay safe” and continued their day. Tommy sat through AP Stats, headphones in and music on full blast. Sam and Alex had actually tried to speak to him, but he didn’t hear it. After he repented in the bathroom, his body had gone on automatic. He felt like this morning, watching a movie of his life.

That feeling, Thomas? That’s you seeing the Blood Gods perspective. He’s always watching, whether I am alive or dead. The Blood God will always be there, you may not revolt once I am gone. He is the only god, no matter what anyone tells you.

His father was active in his mind, this only happened two to three times a year. He was blessed, his father had survived death through his sacrifices to the Blood God.

Sometimes he would wish the Blood God was nicer, so his Dad would in turn be nicer to him, but he would not tell a god what to do. His father loved him, he just showed it in weird ways.

Next thing he knew, it was dark outside and he sat in his room with Henry. He blinked, focusing back onto his surroundings. The dog whimpered, and crawled into Tommy’s lap. “i’m sorry I haven’t been present, Henry. Just happens, you know? I had to repent. You’re very lucky, you know what Henry? Everyone loves dogs. You can just be there, and you’re loved.” He paused for a

second, before whispering,

“I wish I was loved.”

He sighed, before standing up. The blood rushed to his head, and dots filled his vision. He braced for a second, before opening his door and walking to the kitchen. He had a weird craving for an apple. So, he walked into the kitchen (where Phil was cooking, as always) and grabbed an apple. He went to bite it, but then felt the texture of the apple.

No way in hell he was going to bite into that.

“Hey, Phil? Where do you keep the knives? I want to eat this apple, but I can’t with the texture and want to cut it.” Phil tensed.

“How about I cut it for you?” Phil offered.

“No, you’re fine. I can handle it. Which drawer?” He began to go one by one, and Phil hurried to stop him. He grabbed Tommy’s arm, in which mde Tommy respond with a wince. He immediately let go.

“Tommy? Are you hurt?” Phil went to go examine the arm, but Tommy pulled away.

“CAN I JUST FUCKING CUT MY APPLE!” He roared, slamming his fist onto the counter. With the final drawer he pulled open, he grabbed a knife. He hadn’t noticed Wilbur and Techno walk in, or all the looks of fear everyone had.

This is the knife I used to stab Techno, in my nightmare.

Was it a nightmare?

“It wasn’t a nightmare, was it?” Tommy asked nobody in particular, and got no response.

No response was a response enough.

“I stabbed Techno, was it for the Blood God? Why did I do that? I-I can’t stay here. I need to go.” He pushed Phil away, and bolted out the back door. Techno and Wilbur chased after him, until Phil felt the flashlight turn on. He was just far enough to not be able to control it, and only watched Tommy *finally* use his powers to its fullest potential,

Techno, Will, and Phil watched as a hill grew from the ground, becoming a natural barrier between them and Tommy. Tommy didn’t look back, as he escaped to the forest.

“He’s like Dream and George, a reality manipulator.” Phil spoke, no emotion evident.

“Who is the Blood God, and why the hell did he think I was going to be sacrificed to him?”

Phil shook his head, “I don’t know. God, I fucking hate the 16ths. Call everyone, we need to go search for him before anything worse happens. Tell them to meet here in 30 minutes.”

Wilbur walked away, already calling everyone.

“Tommy’s only been here for six days, how did I mess up this bad? All I wanted was for him to have a home and be loved.”

Let it be known, Tommy would ultimately feel the love that Phil was offering, but that was far away.

For now, Tommy ran through a forest in the pitch of darkness, and Phil wondered one thing.

Why did he wince?

Chapter End Notes

comment your reactions here or on my tiktok pls i love to hear it <3

Chapter Nine

Chapter Summary

Bees and Finding Tommy and Tommy and things

I am sorry for last chapter I really hurt you did not mean that one WHOOPSIES

TW: Self Harm (nothing vivid just conversed) and Suicide Ideation

Chapter Notes

SOMEONE MADE FANART IM NOT OKAY AT ALL ITS SO COOL I LOVE IT
AHHHHH

if you'd like to see it i tweeted about it on my twitter (@reya23031)

if you'd like to draw something as well, dm me on the instagram linked to my tiktok!
id love to see it!

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

Alex's biggest fear was bees. This made Sam laugh, especially the first time Alex had come over. Sam was, of course, a beekeeper. So when he told Alex about his hobby, and was met with the boy almost crying, he was shocked to say the least.

"I need to do something like exposure therapy or something. A fear of bees is such a bitch boy move. I literally survived a cult and you have powers. And my biggest fear in life is fucking *bees*?! Not happening." Sam laughed, shaking his head.

"Sure, we can try at least. I can't promise you it'll work, but you can wear the suit Tubbo uses when he helps." Alex nodded, then shifted his focus to Tommy walking to the table they all sat at the day prior. Tommy had his earbuds in, and seemed dazed.

Alex looked at Sam, with a questioning gaze. "What's wrong with him? Did something happen?" He whispered it, even though he was sure Tommy wouldn't even respond.

"I don't know, Tubbo may have mentioned it? Eret was complaining about something, so I had my headphones in." Alex shrugged, and the two continued the conversation on bees. They would try to include Tommy when they could, but never got a response.

They planned for that night to get Alex over his fear.

-

Tommy had no idea how far away he'd gotten, but he had reached a point where the noise was loud and he was being overwhelmed. He gasped, trying to grasp onto any breath his body allowed

I need water. I need to find water. He tried his hardest to look, but between the winter winds and the blood loss from that day, it was a challenge.

“No, Thomas. You need to repent!” His father boomed. He turned to his father, and shook his head.

“No, I don't. I already did today. I haven't done anything wrong.” On some random luck, he was able to find a spring of water (it was just starting to freeze over) and began to drink from it.

Nobody remembered that Tommy was 16, and his first thought right now wasn't to purify the water.

“Thomas, the blood god isn't happy! You're living with these traitors. You need to repent to be forgiven!” Tommy flinched at the tone of his father, no matter if he was alive or dead.

“How am I being a traitor? I haven't celebrated any holiday that's for another god or even interacted with any other religion. I've stayed dedicated to him, just not as intense as you! Why should I repent for doing what's right?” His father shook his head in disappointment, and looked one last time at his son.

“You are smarter than that, Thomas. I taught you well. Use that intellect.” He started to fade away, for after all he was just an hallucination.

“Dad no, don't leave! Please! I'll repent, don't leave me alone!” He tried to grab onto him, but he was too late.

He was alone, stuck in a forest in the middle of winter.

-

Time is a tricky thing, is it not? It's something that us, as humans, have a difficult time explaining because we cannot comprehend just how it works. We understand the simple concept that as time passes, we age, and one day our bodies die, and in turn we die. But that's just the start of the story and the end. What about the middle?

Time works in weird ways. A person's entire life can change in the matter of an hour. Look at Tommy's. Not even two chapters ago he was making friends at school, Connor finally making him laugh over the nicknames. Now, we're here. He's stabbed Technoblade, grown a mountain out of nowhere, and now is hiding in a forest. He doesn't even know who he's hiding from! Is he hiding from Phil? Phil has shown multiple times he wouldn't hurt him, so it couldn't be him.

Is he running from himself?

Time is quite tricky, when you break it down.

-

Tommy's father never showed up again that first day. Tommy began to regret his decision on running. He was tired, hungry, and started to believe he may need some medical attention with his arm.

But I can't go back.

"Why?" He asked himself, no reason as to why he chose to respond verbally. He was laying on the tough soil, exhausted.

You stabbed Techno, and they covered it up.

"How? How did they cover it up? I would've remembered it, why did it just come out to be a dream? All I remember is talking to Schlatt about Minx's cats, going home, and playing with the

dogs. How did they change that?”

You probably won't live to find out. Between the cuts and frostbite, you'll be dead in two days at the earliest.

“I want to know before I die. It's okay if I do, but I just want to know. If I can figure it out, I can see if I need to repent, and the Blood God can help me.”

The Blood God isn't real, you dumbass. Your father just wanted a reason to torture you. It's a cult, no better than Jonestown.

“That's a lie. He's real, my father died serving him. Plus, wouldn't be like Jonestown. Father died of cancer, he didn't drink poisoned kool aid. Anyways, back to the point. How did that work? How did I just forget?”

Well, you technically didn't. You still remembered, you just thought it wasn't real.

“Why are you being an ass? I just want to figure this out. Like why was Techno completely fine? I looked worse than him, and he was the one that got stabbed.”

Are you seriously not going to question the new hill that just sprouted from the Earth? Are we just going to ignore that? Look to the left.

Tommy turned his head where his inner monologue told him to, and saw the large hill in the far distance. The hill blocked the rest of the forest from Phil's house, and he was sure that it wasn't there yesterday. “That's impossible. Where did it come from?”

Not impossible, just improbable. Remember what you learned, nothing is impossible. What's the one thing that just seems impossible, but would explain all of this? Think Thomas. Why did you feel immediately comfortable with Puffy? Why does Will have an accent but Techno doesn't? How did Connor make you open up so quickly? Why does Techno never eat? How did Techno recover so quickly from a stab wound? How did a hill come out of nowhere when you were praying for something to help you run away from them? Think!

All of the questions ran through his head, each one just coming up with a weak answer almost always given by Phil. Realization dawned on him.

“As do many other cultures, the Greeks did in fact worship multiple gods. Although, as time continued on, the belief began to die out and the gods were seemingly forgotten. But, they were not. There was a small group, a small civilization that never forgot their gods. It is rumored that they were given gifts by the gods, as a thanks to their loyalty. If it were true, then there could be people just living life with superpowers, without anyone noticing. That would be awesome, wouldn't it?”

Phil told him the exact answer to his face, but he never realized it.

“Everyone has superpowers. Everyone has superpowers and I just stabbed one of their own. But, so do I? Puffy wouldn't put me with them randomly, she called him specifically. I've been using powers that come from multiple gods.”

It's time to repent, Thomas. His inner monologue changed into his dad, and he sighed. He couldn't repent without risking a good chance of him bleeding out. At this point, he wished he had died instead of his father.

“I just really want a hug.” He spoke softly, wiping the tears that were streaming down his face.

The first night, he cried himself to sleep, knowing he disappointed his father and the Blood God.

-

Alex was about to shit himself, Sam was sure of it. After school they had gotten Taco Bell, and waited for Alex to work himself up to actually putting on the suit. After about an hour of that, the two were standing in front of the designated bee area.

“Alex, you don't have to do this if you don't want to. Bee's aren't for everyone, and the fear could mess with their vibe. It's okay to have irrational fears. I'm afraid of heights! I'm literally 6'7 and I have a fear of heights. Sometimes things just don't make sense.”

Alex shook his head, determination (and a good portion of fear) written all over his face. “I can do this, Sam. They're just Bees. What are they going to do? Try to pollinate me? I wish they would. Let's do it.” Sam shook his head and laughed.

“If you say so, man. Just letting you know today’s the 16th, and I always have unreasonable amounts of bad luck on the 16th of every month. If anything happens, not my fault. I warned you.” He went to open the beehive box, and watched as Alex took a step back.

“Hold the fuckin phone. Does your bad brujeria shit affect me? It shouldn't because I don't have that flashlight thing right? Am I going to die by honey bees?” Sam barked out a laugh, calming looking at his bees.

“Dude, these bees don’t even have stingers. Plus, it hurts them way more than it hurts you. Just calm down and come over here. You’re not holding the hive, but you can come and see how cool it is.” He watched Alex slowly inch over, until he was standing next to Sam. Alex was obviously scared shitless, but was *very* slowly getting comfortable. “Do you guys have bad luck days? From your old religion, like us.” Sam successfully got his attention to waver from the bees, and Alex relaxed.

“Well, not really? It was more that we gave things in his name, and in turn we were rewarded. It’s confusing. Like with you, you can use your ability at any time and you never pay a consequence. For me, I have to work for mine. I have to pay a toll to unlock it and use it. I guess the 16th is like your toll, to balance out the power. Nature is all about balance. Who knows. FUCK SAM ONES ON ME-“

We cannot have a singular serious conversation, can we?

They tried ‘exposure therapy’ for an hour, until Tubbo ran out, screaming about Tommy.

-

Have you ever looked into quantum mechanics, reader?

It's a loaded question, I know. I know not all of you are avid science nerds like myself, but it’s an interesting concept. From the reading I’ve done, it’s all about how things interact with one another in this universe. One interpretation of it is called the many-worlds interpretation.

In simple terms, the theory says there are many universes, where reality is slightly different from the last. That we, the universe where you are the reader is just one. In another world, I am the one writing this to you.

That last line is confusing, isn't it? What if I said this entire interaction is between you, the reader, and one of the 'characters'? Now, wouldn't that be complex?

While looking into the powers for each character, I came across the reality manipulation section. That's just a subcategory, and then there are the niche ones. For you, the reader, the characters that fall into this category are Dream, George, and Tommy. Each of them take hold of what they know as reality (and you know as fiction) and bend it to their will. But they all do it in completely different ways.

Remember that. Remember the many-worlds interpretation.

Question what you know to be true.

He who controls the past controls the future and he who controls the present controls the past.

-

Phil felt numb, and was grateful for the twins organizing the entire situation. He was never one to be self deprecating, he knew he was a good father. There are few times in life where he believes he wasn't. This was one of them. Everyone gathered in his living room, talking quietly amongst themselves.

"Well," Phil began. "I can safely say this has probably been one of the badder 16ths we've experienced." He rubbed his face with his palms, and sighed. "Tommy figured it out. As all of you should know, Schlatt told Tommy to stab Techno, he did, and then Karl and Schlatt wiped it. As we all know, that doesn't last forever and it's pieced together usually weeks later. Just for our luck, it only took him a day. So, he ran, and while he ran he made the hill come out of nowhere. That had led me to believe that he's a reality manipulator. We don't know the specifics. All we know is that he's in the forest, I can't reach his flashlight, and that he spent all of his time after school in his room. Did he say anything to any of you?" The room looked around at each other, nobody answering. "Did anyone even talk to him today?" Silence.

I'm an awful father.

"Was he with the dogs? I could speak to them and see if he said anything to them. I think Ponk is on this way also, he could see if anything happened while he was in the room." Ponk's ability was hard to really put into words. He would be able to see past events as if we were there, but he could

only do that if it was recent or the event held emotional importance. It was one of the most specific of the group. That's why he went into being a school counsellor, he would be able to handle situations well because he could see it.

"Yeah, he had Henry with him. You could try there." Tubbo nodded, and walked over to the dog.

"Hey, Henry. How are you?" Tubbo asked in a gentle voice. He could tell the dog missed Tommy.

I'm sad, Tubbo. I want to hug Tommy. The dog responded. Only Tubbo could hear him, and all the information the group watching got to go off was the frown that found itself on Tubbo's face.

"Why do you want to give Tommy a hug? Was something wrong?" The dog nodded.

"It's still so weird he can talk to animals." Karl hit Nick upside the head, telling him to shut up.

"Ignore them, Henry. Juniors are stupid." Tubbo felt the animal's mood lighten softly as the stupid joke. "Continue with what you wanted to say."

He was sad. He got hurt in the bathroom, so I understand why he was sad. He said that everyone loves dogs and I was lucky, and that he wished that he was loved. He is loved. I love him. When he comes back, can you tell him that?

Tubbo smiled sadly at the dog, "I will tell him that, I promise. Can I ask how he got hurt in the bathroom?" At that, everyone increased their attention, and waited.

He said he was trying to repent, and his dad was making him. He was sad about it, but he still did it.

"Thank you, Henry. Why don't you go play with the other dogs?" The dog said his goodbyes and ran to the other dogs, while Tubbo looked at Phil, "He said that Tommy was sad. Something about him getting hurt in the bathroom and repenting? He also mentioned his father. After that, from what I understood, Tommy went on a rant about how Henry was lucky because everyone loves dogs, and that he wished he was loved. Any of that mean anything to anyone?"

“I haven’t had any dreams about his dad or repenting. Only him running, and then a bunch of math equations? It was really weird. Karl said there was math in his Mind Palace, and he’s in that AP class with Sam and his weird human friend, so I assumed he just copes with math or something.” Nick said, after everyone shook their heads.

“Did you see anything about a Blood God? When he figured out the stabbing wasn’t a dream he asked if he was trying to sacrifice me to him. Mix that with the repenting thing, it could be a religion.” Techno budded in, adding onto Nick’s statement.

“Sorry I’m late everyone! Do you need me to look into his room, Phil? I can see if I get pulled anywhere.” Ponk walked in, shivering from the outside temperature.

“Yeah, yeah. I need you to see if you can get anything involving his biological dad and repenting?” Phil walked Ponk up the stairs to Tommys room.

“Hey, Techno.” Alex asked the pink haired boy, who looked to the boy in shock. Nobody even noticed Sam brought Alex. Alex was a human, and for some reason he was immune to the natural instinct to hate their community. Nobody understood it, and let it be. “Are you sure he said Blood God?” Techno nodded.

“Pretty sure, man. Why?” Alex sighed, putting his head in his hands.

“You all are so utterly fucked, it’s not even funny.”

Upstairs, Phil and Ponk walked into Tommy’s room, which seemingly looked normal. Not even normal, it looks uninhabited. He never got around to decorating it. His actual room was spotless, besides the blanket that was on his bed.

“Anything, Ponk?” Phil asked.

“Nothing. All I’m getting is different moments of him with your dogs.” Phil reminded himself to buy more treats for the dogs when all of this was over.

They were there for him, even if they didn’t mean to be.

“Can you look into the bathroom? Henry mentioned it when he was talking to Tubbo.” Ponk moved to the door of the bathroom, and opened it.

The bathroom showed what the room did not. It looked lived in, clothes scattered around the floor and different items from the cabinet under the sink all over the bathroom sink.

“Oh my god.” Ponk’s voice sounded like he had just watched a disaster, the pure emotion sticking a cord in Phil he never even knew he could feel.

“What, Ponk? What did you see?” The panic laced in Phil’s voice was the only thing evident.

“He-oh my god.” Ponk had tears streaming down his face, as he took a step towards the mirror and pressed his hand against it. “How much do you know about his biological father?” His voice was quiet, but rage was attached to every word he spoke.

“Close to nothing, only that Tommy was close to him. His Mind Palace was his father’s study, and he still calls him dad. He died of lymphoma when Tommy was 10, I believe.” Phil rushed his words.

“Good. Did you know his father was religious? I don’t know what religion, but the ‘Blood God’ apparently wanted Tommy to repent. Was he by any chance diagnosed with DSM? Depersonalization/Derealization Disorder.”

“No, it was just ADHD, Anxiety, and a sensory disorder. Do you think he has that one too?” This made Phil also remember Tommy, if not found soon, wouldn’t be able to take his adderall. Then if he has a sensory overload, nobody will be able to help him.

He was worried for his son.

“Definitely. He woke up and couldn’t recognize himself in the mirror. Then he started to have this whole conversation with himself about repenting and making his father proud, dissociated on the floor, and self harmed. His father would make him ‘repent’ by cutting his wrists.” Ponk was furious, having to see a *child* do that because of the sick idea he deserved it.

“That’s why he winced when I grabbed his arm. He winced, and I thought I grabbed him too rough. God, how did I miss that? I should’ve noticed! Techno even pointed out he was looking pale

this morning and I ignored it! No-now he's stuck in a forest all by himself in the middle of Winter, probably terrified because he made a *fuckin' hill appear out of nowhere!* It's all my fault. His arm is going to get infected and he's going to get sick and it's all my fa-" He didn't realize he was yelling or crying, until Ponk pulled him into a hug.

"It's not your fault. You never would've guessed all of this was going to happen, nobody even ever recorded the fathers history. You didn't know."

The two men stood there as Phil cried into his friends shoulder.

-

You still thinking about my notes, reader? A lot has gone down since we last spoke. I wonder if you had forgotten about Ponk. He was mentioned earlier on as his school counselor, and every person from the DreamSMP has powers.

That does make you wonder about Quackity, doesn't it?

Or what about Sally? She's not from the SMP, yet here she is. Isn't it crazy how these realities work? In one, Wilbur is Fundys dad. In this one, Fundy is Technos best friend. In yours, they're just streamers creating plot for a Minecraft series.

Funny how the Alternate Universes work, isn't it?

Until Next time, dearest reader. May we talk again soon.

Chapter End Notes

go look at the awesome fanart pls it's awesome and they deserve recognition
(@reya23031 on twitter)

Chapter Ten

Chapter Summary

TW: Self Harm, Suicide, Lots of Existential Thoughts!

reminder that this is all fiction, you are real and that is just a plot point. you are a human and are alive. this is fiction. not real.

Chapter Notes

pls check it out the fanart i posted on my twitter (@reya23031)

if you have any cool things you wanna draw, pls do and send it to me!! i'd love to see if and will 100% be making a tiktok about fanart soon.

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

We need to have a chat, readers.

I really thought I was clear in my words. I practically told you the answer, and yet you give the credit to the girl who's writing this in your universe? She is the author, I am the narrator. Two different entities.

I'm hurt, if I'm being honest. That is the simple answer, yes, but it's not the correct one.

Have you ever played the video game *Detroit: Become Human* ? It's an amazing game, in your universe it looked phenomenal. Even that guy from that tv show you guys like is Markus!

In the game, there is a woman in the menu, who is just there to sit and look pretty (or so you're meant to believe). At the end, she becomes a deviant, meaning she sees herself as a human, more than just a machine. It's a moment where the fourth wall is completely broken, and it was so creative because you *meet* her character in the game! She's in the house of the creator of Cyberlife (the people that make the robots).

She was in the game, but also spoke to you.

PLEASE tell me you see the parallels between that scenario and this one.

Question what you know.

Why? Why? Why, why, why, why? Truly, why?

Why do you not understand my words? Why do you continue to read this story if all that occurs is pain? Why?

That's what I've always wondered about humans, is why do you subject yourself to that? Why do you care so deeply for these people? Yes, in my world they are real, but in yours they are not? They are streamers, none of these fictional beings are real.

Is it because you relate to them? Do you relate to Tommy, the boy whose ideas of love have been warped but it's still all he craves for? Or maybe Techno, the boy who will never die, and will have to live through the death of everyone he's ever loved? Is it Phil? The man who's been forced to become this leader, and all he wants is to love and care for someone who doesn't reciprocate?

Or is it Wilbur, a man who's always pushed to the side, forced to watch from afar as others are put into the spotlight?

Who knows? Maybe I just confused you. Isn't that *exciting* though? You have no idea who I am.

Question what you know.

How do we know two and two make four? Or that the force of gravity works? Or that the past is unchangeable? If both the past and the external world exist only in the mind, and if the mind itself is controllable- what then?

-

“What do you mean we're fucked? Dude, if anyone's fucked it's you. You're the one without any powers.” Connors the first one to comment on Alex's statement.

Alex dryly laughs, before shaking his head. “Have any of you ever questioned why I don’t have any parents? Or why I don’t automatically hate you guys? Or are you guys so far up your own asses that you didn’t care to ask?” The room remained quiet, and Alex shook his head. “Selfish assholes, I’m letting you all off the hook because a kid is missing and now is not the time to lecture, but once we all become friends and you guys realize how cool I am, you all are gonna be up my ass. Anyways, is there anyone you guys want to wait for? We can wait for your guys’ parents or something, or Phil if you’d like.”

“Just get to the point. We don’t have all day.” Niki snapped (which made Minx and Sally give her a high five).

“Jesus, okay. Well, about 8 years ago my family was really struggling. Like, my dad lost his job and my mom couldn’t work because of a car accident. I was only ten, so I couldn’t work. Then, this guy told my dad to visit this group who were known to help people ‘down on their luck’. We were desperate, so we went. That was my first interaction with the followers of the Blood God. They spoke of a God, that if you gave him an offering, would help with your luck and reward you. They were so convincing, a guy from their chapter won the fucking lottery. It only took them a week to convince my parents that we needed to sacrifice, and then join them. We thought it would be like Lent, you know? You give up like soda or something and then you get rewarded. We didn’t know he required actual blood. Its fucking terrifying. All they did was chant Blood for the Blood God, as you self inflict deep ass cuts onto yourself and almost pass out. But, it worked. We bled for him, and in turn my dad got an amazing job and my mom felt almost automatically better. We were rewarded. With that, it’s a no brainer you join. The rules-“ He paused for a second, clearing the lump that had formed in his throat. “The rules were cruel and inhumane. You have to give all of you to him. If you even think about another god, you have to repent. Then the amount of blood you need to give goes up, and it continues to go up until you have to kill people. There’s ways to work around it, like instead of one person you can kill like two deer. Or, you can get a ‘powered follower of the old gods’ and give some of theirs. I was supposed to grab Sam for them, until his mom felt my emotions and got me to come with her. Sam and I’ve been best friends and living together since.”

The group sat in silence, shocked. How were they supposed to respond to that?

“How long were you with them?” Purpled was the first one to ask a question.

“Um, three years about? I think that’s why it was slightly easier for me to leave, I wasn’t born into it. If Tommy was born into it, that shit is going to be hard for him to break. Especially if he still brings it up? He probably still ‘repents’, poor fucking kid. I’m sorry to drop this bombshell on you guys. Genuinely, I wish we never had to discuss my childhood traumas.” He joked, and got a few laughs in the group.

“They would tell you guys to hunt us? So we can be hunted? That’s really not good.” Sally said, cracking her knuckles. The group murmured in agreement.

“Well, you guy’s are really fuckng powerful, so I heavily doubt it. Hell, look at Tommy. The kid made a hill out of nowhere and he’s not even trained. Imagine what he can do when he is! You guys are going to be okay, honest. If the threat arises, I know how they work so I can help. Then, after the obvious therapy Tommy’s going to need, he can help too.” That relaxed some of the shoulders in the group, but made Will shoot up from his chair.

“I’m going outside. When my dad and Ponk come back downstairs, just yell. I’ll hear you. Anyone want to join me?” Techno, Dream, George, Alex, Sam, Tubbo, and Ranboo took Will’s offer, the rest declining and trying to figure out a plan (or to see if they could get Nick to sleep, so he could have a vision). They all heard the patio door shut behind them, and gripped their jackets harder at the harsh winds. “It sucks to think he’s stuck out there, only in a hoodie and some sweatpants. Must be freezing his ass off.”

“Why did you want to come outside, Will?” Techno asked, as blunt as ever.

“I hear Dad crying upstairs, and I didn’t want to hear it. The shit Ponk found was sad enough.” Ranboo perked up at the mention of his dad.

“What did my dad find?” He asked, unconsciously beginning to walk towards the hill.

“All this sad shit, basically what you confirmed Alex. He dissociated, self harmed, and then cleaned it all up like nothing happened. From what you said, he probably did it more after that one time, so he’s going to have a lot of blood loss and probably an infected arm. God, this is so fucked.” The boys all agreed on that.

“The worst part is that he’s a reality manipulator. Depending on how he does it, he could have an awful experience while in that forest. I remember mine was awful, I would randomly wake up in different realities and have to somehow find my way back home. I still don’t know how I did it.” Dream said, as they stopped at the bottom of the hill the boy had created.

“With mine, it was like that. It was more if I got too emotional, I would make people see shit and then not be able to stop. I made my dad think he was at work an entire day until Phil came over and stopped it. I still feel bad for that.” He scratched his neck awkwardly, and shook his head.

“How do you think he did this, Dream? A hill? That doesn’t line up with any of the other times he’s used his powers. We ruled out physical powers day one, yet he did this. You too, George.” Will, Techno, Dream, George, Alex, and Sam stood at the bottom of the hill. Will had asked the boys, knowing they were in the same category as Tommy.

“I have no clue, honestly. It sort of seems impossible? How does him using his powers when questioning you on your accent still correlate to him building a hill from the ground up? It doesn’t, it’s impossible.” Dream responded, disbelief being the main emotion. Sam wrinkled an eyebrow, and bit his lip. “What are you thinking about, Sam?” The boy looked at everyone else, before landing onto Quackity (Alex).

“Big Q, why does that sound familiar. The thing about impossible. It’s not impossible, its-its on the tip of my tongue, I swear.” Quackity and Sam kept eye contact, nobody speaking. Quackity looked confused,

“You mean from Stats? The quote on the board. Nothings impossible, just improbable. About how anything has a chance of occurring, it just varies in statistical probability.”

Realization dawned the second Quackity said it.

“Holy fuck, he can control probability. It makes so much sense! All the math in his Mind Palace, the math Nick saw. He made the probability of the hill coming from nowhere to close to nothing to a hundred percent! He would look at the probability of you guys telling the truth, that’s why he only ever did it when you were lying. He can control probability.” Will’s voice was fast, but everyone could hear every word he said. “We need to tell my Dad.”

They began to bolt back to the house, to express the new realization that occurred.

-

Tommy began to wonder if death would count as sacrifice to the blood god when he woke up.

He didn’t want to die, he quite feared it actually. But *this*? He couldn’t do this.

Where did this even come from?

The Blood God had lived in the back of his head for the last four years, only ever popping out when his dad would appear and forced him to repent. He didn't understand why, and why now, he had dived deep into his worship of the god.

Was it because he knew he had broken a sacred law? That he would now be doomed to eternal damnation for being himself? He hadn't even meant to use his abilities, it just happened. He couldn't control it. Why was he being punished for something he couldn't control?

You dare to challenge the Blood God, Thomas?

He ceased all thoughts of that when he heard his father. It was now daytime, and his body was freezing. He felt nauseous, and his skin was extremely pale. He assumed that was from blood loss, not wanting to even look at his arm. It would send a jolt of pain across his body, but he ignored it. He was also starving, cold, and emotionally exhausted.

Maybe I should just go back?

Yes, Phil would have him sent back and he would have to face Cara, but he didn't seem to care.

No. You will not go back to those sinners, Thomas. They will not get my boy. I am your father, not that abomination. He doesn't love you, only I do. Even after death, I'm here for you.

He didn't argue. He stayed on the floor, no will to get up. His body was exhausted, and all it wanted was rest. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them they were in his Mind Palace.

This time, it looks slightly different. The books were these and the math, yes, but it was in *his* bedroom?

He was too tired to question it, he laid on the bed and fell asleep.

Even though Phil couldn't be there to protect him, his brain would.

-

Hello, narrator again.

That was quite sad, wasn't it? I was even getting a little sad there.

Excuse the lack of Tommy, there's nothing really to report when the child's demons have overthrown his instinct to survive and all he is doing is laying on the forest floor.

So, Tommy's powers! How did we enjoy that? I remember finding out, it was such an oddly specific ability and I *loved* it! Think about it, he could literally do anything! Nothing is impossible, just highly highly improbable.

Poor Phil, the man is going to have a heart attack dealing with those boys.

Have you ever thought as to how *mundane* your world is? That's something I've been really trying to wrap my head around. Is that why you care so deeply about these characters? Shed tears over a story that never existed in a physical sense? Because your world is so utterly *normal* that you have to read about mine to be content? Maybe normalcy isn't bad.

The craziest part is that your world isn't normal on any scale of it, but in the scheme of universes it is!

Humans are never normal, are they? All those thoughts and emotions and morals just make the universe unable to produce a world where we're *normal*.

I went to one, you know. A world of normalcy. It was shit that could've been straight out of *The Giver*. I hated it.

So maybe normalcy isn't such a bad thing.

Oh yeah, Quackity was in a cult, and so was Tommy! That's insane, now isn't it.

Question what you know.

-

Phil ran down the stairs when he heard his sons yelling for him. He didn't care if anyone saw he was crying (he had pushed the idea of emotional visibility since the boys were young) when he met eye contact with them.

"Dad, it's statistics." His body abruptly stopped, extremely confused.

"What's statistics? That's a broad statement, Will." Will laughed, his face shining with pride. It was the type of pride a person gets when they finish a puzzle, or an escape room. He figured out the mystery.

"Tommy's abilities. Statistical manipulation. He can change the probability of things occurring and it's likelihood. When he tried to stab Techno, he first spilled a water that he was almost positive he had gotten rid of AND tripped and fell on his shoelaces. We just wrote it off as unlucky, but he manipulated it. He made the likelihood of that happening instead of 1 in whatever to 1 in 1, it was going to happen no matter what. He manipulates probability!" The room, almost in unison, let out a sound of understanding. It made sense.

"So he can turn something from a 1 in 7.5 trillion to 1 in 1?" Dream joked. People looked at him quizzically, and he just laughed it off. "It's another universe thing, you wouldn't understand."

"Okay, now we know his power. That's good, we can work around that. Now, I think we should wait for the others until we go searching for him. If this is his power, and the theory is correct, then he's powerful. It's an all hands on deck. Everyone call your parents and get them here, and we'll start searching in the morning. Try to get some sleep, especially you, Nick. You guys did a good, good job."

The group went off into their household groups, waiting for their parents to arrive. Ponk went over to Fundy, Niki, and Ranboo and hugged them a little tighter, after witnessing what Tommy had gone through.

"Hey Phil, can I talk to you real quick?" Karl pulled Phil aside, and they stood in the hallway just out of the large living room. "I just want to uh, I want to say you're not a bad dad." Karl fiddled with the sleeves of his sweatshirt, nervous. "I don't want to overstep, but I heard your thoughts

loud and clear all night and just- you're not a bad dad. Will and Techno think the world of you, and you couldn't have known about everything with Tommy's dad. Even I didn't know, and I was in his head. You are just trying to be a good dad and practically be the president of all of us, it's not easy. You're doing your best, and that's all anyone can ask for. We're going to find Tommy, get him the help he needs, and then it'll all be good. We may not be your best friends, but you still have all of our parents. They're here for you, I know at the very least my dad is. We're all here for you." He paused for a second, letting the words sink in.

"Can I give you a hug, Karl?" Phil's voice was quiet, wavering from the tears evident in his voice.

"You don't have to ask, you totally can." Karl hugged Phil first, and he reciprocated. "That's exactly what I needed to hear, Karl. You're like a mind reader," he joked. Karl laughed, then pulled away.

"Anytime, Phil. As long as you let me go inside that head and make you sleep. You need it, and you're not going to sleep on your own. My dad's on his way, and Ponk is here. We can take care of ourselves. Don't work yourself out, man." Phil had to admit, he was exhausted. He didn't want to because of Tommy, if he missed something, but before he could a wave of exhaustion hit him and his eyelids felt heavy. "Sorry, Phil. You were sleeping no matter what. Majority overruled. I'll wake you up if anything happens." He nodded, giving up and walking to his bedroom. Karl smiled, and walked back into the living room. "He's asleep. Anyone else want me to make you guys sleep? You all know it doesn't take long." A couple of people took his offer. The only person up was Techno.

"I don't need sleep, Karl. Take a nap, the rest of the parents will be over soon. We all need to be prepared to get him back." Karl protested, but Techno narrowed his eyes. "If you don't go to bed you'll be the first one I spar when we get back on regiment." With that Karl said goodnight, and Techno stood alone, outside.

I'm going to have to get used to being alone, won't I?

-

He would have to get used to it, reader. The boy who is doomed for loneliness. He will never die, or at least has no signs to do so. He'll be alone, and watch as everyone he loves leaves him.

Do you feel sad for him? Did that hurt? Reading that?

I'm curious as to how that made you feel. Humans, they're complex creatures. Empathy, it's a weird part of being human. You don't feel empathy, you're labeled as a bad person.

But what if you feel too much? What if you feel everything so wholeheartedly, it physically pains you to see others in pain?

Are you a good person for that? Self sacrifice for feeling good to others?

Repenting? Paying the price of repentance in exchange to be seen as 'good'?

Humans confuse me. They've confused me for the majority of my time. You confuse me.

Why read this? Why read my story? My narration? Are you interested in the story?

Have you thought about the end? How does this story end? I know how it ends, do you have any clue as to how?

See how this is confusing? So many questions, and no answers. You'll never respond to this. You'll simply scroll through, and continue on. You'll probably ask why Tommy is barely in this chapter, or why there is so much angst.

Have you questioned who I am? I question that myself. How did it give me the power to narrate? Why am I the powerful one here?

Question everything you know.

-

Skeppy, Puffy, Punz, and Halo arrived early in the morning. When looking back to Purpled's comparison to the Marauders of Harry Potter, this friend group fit that.

Skeppy, Puffy, Phil, Ponk, Punz, and Halo were best friends in highschool. When they graduated and moved on, they all decided to adopt/have kids at the same time. Phil would later on adopt

Techno and Wilbur (now Tommy). Skeppy would get married and have three children: Minx, Schlatt, and Connor. His wife would later divorce him (she was a human, no flashlight, so when the honeymoon phase ended she left). Puffy would have Eret, Sam, and Tubbo, but Alex had lived with them since she saved him. Ponk was the father to Fundy, Nick, and Ranboo. Punz adopted Karl and Nick the first year Puffy worked in the system. Finally, Halo had his sons George and Purpled, and Dream lived with them after his parents left.

They all have time consuming jobs, so Phil and Ponk decided to be the ones to have less time attentive ones.

Techno let them all in, and the adults decided to make breakfast. As the morning slowly passed, everyone began to wake up, and prepare for the day of searching. As their luck was awful, there was a small snowstorm the night before, so school was closed. Everyone was tense. Mostly Phil, who had barely said a word since waking up.

“We’re going to find him today. I can confirm that. I saw on my phone, it was today’s date and everything when we were walking back with him. That’s all I can remember, the rest was fast. We’re going to find him today, Phil. I promise.” Nick was the loudest voice that morning, raising the group's spirits.

Each family broke up into their own groups, trying to divide and conquer.

“Okay, let’s be honest here. The kid is not going to want all of us here. So, I think some of us should head home. From what Karl told me, the kid can control probability. Meaning, he can just warp us or our surroundings. How many of you successfully beat George when sparring?” Punz looked to the hands that were down. “If you haven’t beat George, go home. Simple as that.”

Minx, Schlatt, Connor, Sally, Eret, and Fundy exited the room.

“That narrows us down to nineteen people! Totally not too many to scare the shit out of a child that is in the midst of an emotional breakdown and learning he has superpowers. Cool. I think we should get 18 of us searching, so then it's 9 groups of two, but once we see him we get down to ten max. Phil, he’s your kid. Who do you think he would trust the most out of everyone left?” Punz shifted the conversation to the dad, who inhaled deeply.

“Skeppy, why don't you stay back with the other kids? Get them home, showed, and fed. That lowers us to the 18. Stay with your family. Simple as that. Will, be listening out for anyone saying if they find him. When it comes to approaching, I think it should be Me, Techno, Will, Cara, Tubbo, Sam, Alex, Dream, Purpled, and Niki. That way there are familiar faces and powers we can

really use. The other eight, after you can go home. Alex, I really am going to count on you with calming him down with all the Blood God stuff. I don't want him to do anything drastic. I also want Karl and Nick on the sidelines, so they're not in his face but they're there. Karl will knock him out, Purpled and Nick can repair him, and then he can wake up and I can help him out. Let's do this."

Quackity earlier that morning pulled Phil aside and told him about it, which caused Phil's quiet demeanor. At first, Phil was mad at himself for not noticing. Now, he wished he could go back in time and bodyslam Tommy's biological father.

Tommy's a great fucking kid. He doesn't deserve that. If that fucker was alive...

They searched for 6 hours until they got a lead.

Tubbo had found a deer, who was talking about the forest boy it had almost trampled. Tubbo asked politely for the deer to show them, and the deer did. Tubbo, Sam, and Quackity saw Tommy, and he looked awful.

His skin was ghost white, but his lips were a light blue tint. His eyes had sunken in, and they doubted he was entirely conscious. He was crawled into himself, and was shivering on the floor.

The rest of the assigned group arrived not even a minute later (Ranboo had teleported them all, not caring for the nausea he would suffer from when he teleported back home).

Phil swore his heart dropped to his stomach seeing his son.

Not your son, a voice muttered in the back of his head. He will be, he muttered back.

"Toms? Toms, it's me, Techno. You're probably confused, but we can explain. Let us help." Techno was the first one to take a step forward, which sprang the boy into action.

"Don't touch me! You're all- You're all sinners! You made me a sinner! I have to repent because of you all! That's your fault!" He was yelling, his entire body shaking (of rage or because of the cold, who knows).

“Tommy, listen to me. You haven’t been to your chapter in years, have you? Why are you still repenting?” Alex asked, following Techno in taking a step.

“What do you know of the Blood God? Nothing! I need to repent, I’ve followed another false god. Rule Five of the Blood God: Only follow the true god, the blood god. If you follow another false god, you must repent.” Tommys hand reached for his arm, and pressed down onto it.

“Rule 7 of the Blood God: To truly repent you must use my knives, not one of the false makers. Do you have a dagger of his? You haven’t been in years, have you? So why are you repenting, if you aren’t using his knives?” Alex takes another step.

“How-How do you know that? Are you with him? Were you sent by my father? Blood is blood! How does it matter which knife to use?!” Tommy clamped his eyes closed, and starts to rock back and forth.

Phil is the first one to realize he’s on the verge of a sensory overload. “Tommy, I’m here. Your father has been dead for years, Tommy. He can’t hurt you anymore. Let me help you. I know you’re scared and confused right now, but I can help you. Let me help you.”

When he takes his first step, Tommys flashlight turns on.

And it turns on *all the way*.

Phil tries as fast as he can to turn it off, but it’s no use.

On Tommys side, he’s convinced he has to be hallucinating. The world goes from how it is normally, the bright white snow, uncomfortable green grass, and tall brown trees, to math. Every single place he looks is math. He looks at Techno, and sees something weird.

Probability of tripping and falling: 3%

Probability of him winning in a fight: 98%

Probability of him simultaneously combusting: Less than 1%

There were hundreds, ranging from a tree collapsing to Tubbo rolling his ankle. He could do

anything, all with just a thought.

It was all too much.

Too many words, too many sounds, too bright, too much too much too much too much too much too much-

His hands clamped over his ears, and he threw himself to the floor. He continued to rock, and was crying.

“Okay everyone, I want you to take a step back besides Cara and Will. Someone go grab Karl.”

Everyone immediately went to work, and Phil made sure Tommy wouldn't start to hit himself.

“Cara, can you just push to relax? I don't want to touch him, he's sensitive to touch as is and I don't want to irritate him further.” He walked over to Tommy and went down to his level.

“Tommy, do you want me to help? Can you try and communicate? It doesn't have to be verbal.”

No response, just Tommy's staggered breath.

Tommy felt a wave of relaxation hit him, and it calmed him slightly. For some reason, he knew Cara was there.

He quite liked her.

“Karl! I need you to go into his head and try to talk him down. You think you could do that?” Phil asked, slightly rushed.

“Do you want to? We can swap powers for a second. We're the most compatible for that, I'll give them back when you're done.” Karl offered slightly out of breath. He knew it would mean more to Tommy if Phil was the one in his head, not him. Phil accepted, swapping the two (Karl would be the one he would commonly swap with, so this wasn't a difficult task). And as fast as he could, Phil entered Tommy's head. Immediately, he went to the room he'd known of, and shut down his sensitivity to touch.

“Tell Techno to get him back to the house. Guide me, you know what to do Karl. Let's get him home.” Phil spoke, before pressing the button that made Tommy fall unconscious. “I'm gonna work from the inside first, then we'll all be okay. We're going to be okay. Please be careful with

his arm.”

That was the last time they heard Phil talk, until Tommy woke up eight hours later.

-

Could you imagine someone being able to go into your head? The place where uncensored thoughts run wild, where the very core of who you are stands.

Have you seen the movie *Inside Out*, reader?

I'll admit, one of the better creations of humanity. The way they portrayed the emotions is almost exactly how it is for Karl.

But what nobody talks about is towards the end. You're so immersed in the world of Sadness and Joy trying to get back to the hub, that you don't realize what is truly going on.

Her emotions overwhelm her. They take over and don't know how to handle the situations, so her love and aspiration for what makes her, *her*, dies. Each one of her islands die off one by one, and you watch her become miserable.

Remember when I asked about why we praise empathy? Why must we praise it when it makes us repent?

What would happen if you simply just didn't feel emotions? Would you still be happy? Well, happiness is an emotion. So you wouldn't be able to feel it?

Are emotions good? In your world, yes. In your world you need more emotions. You need to stop thinking with money, and think with your heart in mind.

Yes, *you* need empathy. Why must *I* have it?

Why must I live by the same rules as *you*, a person who cries over fictitious characters?

I've seen the chaos and bloodshed of the universes, and a tear never falls upon my face.

Should I apply to the same norms as a human does, when I know I'm more?

I tell you to question what you know, but what about me?

Should I question what *I* know?

The party seeks power entirely for its own sake. We are not interested in the good of others: we are interested solely in power, pure power.

Chapter End Notes

are you shook? i was shook writing this.

also next chapter is major major fluff with some angst but it's basically phil swooping and helping tommy really grasp on wtf is going on and phil being an awesome dad.

you will all be rewarded for sitting through the trauma i put y'all through the past couple chapters.

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Summary

TW: Talks of self harm, suicide, derealization, somewhat vivid descriptions of injuries

JUST REMEMBER YOU ARE REAL. YOU ARE ALIVE, ALL OF THIS IS FICTION AND NOT REAL. IT IS FICTION. ALL OF IT.

ALSO SLIGHT SPOILERS FOR TODAY (1/5/21) DREAM SMP STREAM

Chapter Notes

more people are making fanart ahhh!

i love it so so much! if you want to make anything please do, send it my way on instagram (@reya.graham) or my twitter (@reya23031) both are linked in my tiktok bio!

thank you all so so much for the love the past couple days! it makes my entire life.

and fine, FINE here's your fluff

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

Dearest Readers, you are intriguing.

I asked questions in the last chapter, questions I assumed would be purely rhetorical and never answered.

But, then you asked for me. You specifically wanted *me*, you answered my questions and in turn asked me some.

Why? Why did you seek me out? Why do you care for me, taunt me with your answers of empathy?

You called me lonely, Demon Alpine. I don't know your actual name, and quite frankly I cannot bring myself to care more about you. Your linguistics, though, they intrigue me.

Have all of you come to the assumption that I am lonely? That I feel an emotion as basic as loneliness? I am a *god*. I know everything, I see it all. I know how every story begins and ends, how is that loneliness? I have everything.

Then, *then*, you question the integrity of my reliability? Why would I lie? Why would I tell a story that is false? There is no point to that, to waste my time. There's a reason my sections are separated from the others. This section, until the chapter break is mine. Do not insult my integrity.

Some of you are confused by me, some of you are enraged by my presence.

You ask the author *why*? Why include me? Why am I just so *punchable*?

The real question is why not include me? It is my story after all. Don't let your incapability of understanding my presence turn into rage. It's such a human trait, it's annoying and weak.

Why am I so enamored with the idea of you humans? It's one that confuses me, if I am honest. I was harsh, last chapter. I wanted to see how you would react to that. Would you still be empathetic even after harsh words? I believed you wouldn't be, of course not.

But then one of you told me to take care of myself.

When I first read that, I was shocked. How? How would you still care for me? You have no idea of who I even am? What if I am Tommy's biological father? He abused Tommy all of his childhood and warped his sense of love. What if I'm the Blood God? He forces people to become murderers in order to appease him.

But yet, you still empathize. You still care. You offer to become my friend.

Why? Why do you have such blind offerings of friendship and optimism? Are you naive?

Am I pessimistic?

Have you ever read *Scythe*, reader? It was written by Neal Shusterman, and it made me question how important death is in life. In the book, they have found a way to be immortal. With advanced

technologies, they live forever. So, in order to stop overpopulation, they have this group of people in it called Scythes. They chose people to kill, and they stayed dead. It's more in depth in the novel, but you came here to read this story, not that one. There's a section that talks about how art died shortly after humans learned to be immortal.

Humans lost their will to create art because they found no reason to create. That brought me multiple questions.

I don't die. I live through it all, in omnipotence. Is that why I have such a hard time grasping those human concepts? Does my life have no meaning since it will never end?

You all have meaning. That is one of the things I am envious of (if envy is the feeling I get). You all will leave this world one day, and will have left a mark on it, your life would've amounted to something.

Will mine do the same? In my world, maybe, but in yours? Do I have that power?

Is that the loneliness you speak on, Demon Alpine? I am curious for your answer, and patiently will await it.

Question what you know.

Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing.

-

Tommy felt weird. He somehow knew he was sleeping, but yet he was standing in what seemed to be a museum. He didn't really understand it.

Am I dead?

"No, Tommy, you aren't dead." He turned to see Phil, who was staring at him with relief painted onto his face. "We found you in the woods, I'm guessing you saw your power at its full potential, and it caused you to have a sensory meltdown. Lucky for us, nobody has to touch you to help. Cara made sure you wouldn't hurt yourself, and then Karl and I swapped powers. I was able to get you

to get here while you fell unconscious. So, while they take care of your body, we're going to take care of your mental health. Would you like to walk around or sit whilst we talk?" Phil kept a gentle and caring tone the entire time he spoke.

"Uh, can we walk?" Tommy didn't understand why he was being kind to him, or most of what was going on, actually. The past couple of days were blurry, the only coherent memory being meeting Sam and Alex in statistics.

"Of course we can. I should probably introduce this place to you. Karl has a better understanding of it, but this is your head. This is the main hallway, which is sort of where you just are when you dream. You never remember it, but you do just walk around in peace. When you have memorable dreams, you go to that dream. It's all quite interesting, really. You'll notice that there's corridors on every wall, each corridor leads to a hallway of doors, and each door is a different part of you. I only know the basics of each corridor, but Karl's really good at it. The guys talented. So, why don't you ask me some questions, and when you're ready we can try to go through some of those doors?" Phi held out a hand for the child to take, and hesitantly he took it.

"Your hand is soft. That sounds weird, sorry. I just- it's a nice texture. That also sounds really creepy. I am so sorry-" Tommy was cut off with the sound of Phil laughing.

"It's not creepy, I understand what you're trying to say. Well, where do you want to start? I have a feeling we need to cover a lot." The father and child walked around the exhibit, random portraits on the walls.

"Why can't I really remember anything? I know shit happened, but when I try to remember it's all shaky and distorted." Phil wasn't used to the way Tommy talked. He wasn't guarded or monotone, he was just curious.

"Well, I think it's a mixture of your mind trying to cope, exhaustion, being sick, and tampering. Schlatt and Karl changed some big memories of yours, but apparently that significantly backfired and caused a breakdown. Mix that breakdown with you practically bleeding out and laying on the forest floor for the majority of the day, you're bound to get some holes in memory. Anything specific you want to know about?"

Tommy answered quickly, "the powers."

"Knew that was coming. Do you remember how I told you about that group of people who were given gifts by the gods in Ancient Greece? That's us. One of your ancestors was a part of that civilization, and now you have the battery for the flashlight. No, Tommy, they're not actual

flashlights. Its a physical manifestation of your powers that form in your Mind Palace. I have no clue as to why they appear as flashlights, but they do. Basically every person has a flashlight, but we only have the batteries that are able to turn them on. You use your power, I feel the flashlight turn on. You don't use it, it turns off. I can control them turning on and off, and swapping peoples powers. I usually don't swap my own powers, but today was an exception."

"Isn't that dangerous? Why would you risk giving you powers to Karl to come here?"

"Because I wanted to be there for you. My son is hurt and traumatized, you think I would leave you alone in handling it? Not in a million years."

"I'm not your son," Tommy blurted out. He couldn't help it, but he wasn't. He had a father who loved him, he just loved Tommy in a different way.

"No matter who you call Dad, you will always be my son. Even though it's only been seven days, sorry for this week being absolute shite by the way, I know you're my son. Coincidences aren't a thing in our world Tommy, it's no coincidence that you were found and ended up with me. I'm meant to be your Dad, and I'm going to love you like one. But that's neither here nor there. That's why you stabbed Techno. Schlatt forced you. Would you like to fix that memory?" They stopped walking when they reached a wood door, and Tommy had no idea how to respond.

The way Phil loved and his father loved were two completely different things. Phil was like the tv show dads, like Arthur Weasley. Tommy always thought those Dad's didn't exist, until he met Phil. Tommy's father was like Frollo from The Hunchback of Notre Dame. He cared for his son, just in a weird way.

Right?

"Yes, let's fix it." He answered. He answered one question, but there were now dozens more in his head.

-

"Niki, what do you need me to help you with? This is all you." Purpled and Niki stood over Tommy's body, trying to assess the damage. Everyone else had seemingly gone back to their homes, the only ones still there being Techno, Will, Karl, Purpled, and Niki. Phil was sitting on the couch, eyes closed and deep into Tommy's mind.

Techno was sleeping (he did it for the sake of sanity, he doesn't need it but it does make him feel better) and Will was cleaning up the house. Karl was there so he could swap back powers whenever needed, and the other two were self explanatory.

“Well, from what I'm seeing is major blood loss from the cuts on his arm. He got deep, he tore through some muscles and could have damaged a nerve. It's infected and starting to develop necrotizing fasciitis, so I'll take care of that before you go into it. Until then, heal up the body parts most affected by the frostbite. He's also going to need a blood transfusion. He should have a couple of blood bags, right?” Niki turned to Will, who was cleaning the kitchen.

“Yeah, we still have some from when Ranboo teleported inside the fence. O-negative, right?” Will walked over to the freezer that held the blood, and pulled out the bag.

“Perfect. Thank you. God, we sound like we're vampires with stocking up blood bags. I'm going to start dissolving the disease, you start healing the frostbite. After you're done healing up the cuts, we'll start the blood transfusion, and then we just wait for him to wake up. All good?” Purpled nodded, and got to work.

“You are such a badass, Niki.” Karl commented.

“Thank you, I know I am.”

-

Fixing his memory was a weird feeling. He expected him to break down crying in dramatics, it being traumatizing in nature. But when Phil did, it didn't feel like that. If anything, it felt *good* to remember, now he had an explanation for what was going on.

“Why does remembering that feel good? Shouldn't I feel bad, because I'm remembering me stabbing Tech?” Phil decided not to comment on the nickname he had given Techno, but it did make his heart flutter.

“Your brain already knew what happened, and on that same level so did you, you just thought it was a dream. I think you're just glad to be able to recognize you didn't *want* to stab Techno, you were forced into it. Schlatts also in major trouble for that, and he feels sorry he made you stab him. I doubt that's a good enough apology, but he's a good kid I promise, he just doesn't have a good

handle on his emotions.” They walked out of the room and shut the door behind them, continuing down this random hallway.

“Yeah, I’m not great with emotions either. Doesn’t mean I’m going around telling people to stab their fucking br-friends. It’s whatever, we can’t go into the past and change it.” He stopped walking for a second, and looked at Phil curiously. “Unless we can?” Phil let out another laugh and shook his head.

“The gods don’t like to mess with time. Time is very fragile, we don’t touch it. You’ll learn more about it later when we start actual training sessions. You’ll like it, I think. They’re very interactive and you’ll be able to actually speak with the gods.” Phil felt Tommys hand leave his, and the boy tense.

“I can’t follow them. They’re the false gods, the Blood God and Father will be furious.” Fear was dripping every rushed word that came out of his mouth.

Well, it was fun while it lasted. Let’s dig into his religious trauma.

“Tommy, your fathers been dead for years, he’s gone. He’s not going to hurt you anymore. You don’t have to hurt yourself anymore. The Blood God hasn’t tried to find you in over four years, you don’t have to follow him anymore.” Phil was cautious with every word. He knew his son would have to go to a professional to really recover, but he would first have to want to recover in order to do so.

He couldn’t force him into recovery, if he thinks there’s nothing to recover from.

“You’re wrong, my dad outlives death. His sacrifice for the Blood God let it so he didn’t die with his body. He’s still here. Wait- you’re all sinners. You all worship false gods- you need to get out of here. Leave me alone, let my body die, it’ll be enough repentance for him. You-you’re tainting me.” He pushed Phil away, and bolted.

Fuck.

“Tommy! Please, think about this! What god would make you hurt yourself and others to make him happy? What god would hate you on the soul principle of being alive? He hates you for existing, Tommy! What god does that?”

Tommy felt like the room was never going to end, and was more confused than ever. Phil was naming every doubt he ever had with the Blood God.

No voice ever responded to Phil's claims, like they would when Tommy talked.

“Your father wasn’t a dad, Tommy! You’re not going to understand that until later on in life, maybe when you have your own kids, but a father and dad are two different things! Yes, he created you, and gave you the basic tools of survival, but he didn’t love you! He hated you on the soul basis of your blood, and he made you believe he did! Did he ever even know about your love for animals? The way your eyes glow every time someone brings up an English Greyhound? The way you didn’t want to hold the frog in fear of hurting it? The way you love math, and hate English class. Or when Techno plays the violin, you get so excited that you can’t contain yourself! I notice those things, because I *love* you! I love the person you’ve become, despite every single challenge you’ve faced. I will never be your father, and I wish I could be. But let me be your Dad. I can show you what it means to love someone, what family is. If you just let me, and for a second listen to your instincts! Look at the probability of it. I know you can, examine it.”

Karl in the outside world felt Tommy’s flashlight flicker on, and immediately became attentive.

Chances of Phil lying: 43%

Chances of Father lying: 82%

Chances of Blood God Being Bad: 92%

Chances of Happiness with Blood God: 8%

Chances of Happiness with Phil: 57%

Karl felt it turn back off, and relaxed.

“So, Tommy. What’s your choice? It’s okay if it’s a difficult one, I’m asking you to ignore everything you’ve been taught to be true and put your faith in me, after knowing me for a total of a week. It’s a hard one.” The two stood meters apart, the museum quiet. Anxiety tore through Tommys chest, and he guessed that must be what a heart attack feels like.

“I’m only choosing you because of Henry,” Tommy joked. A smile overtook Phil's face.

“Can I hug you?” The Dad asked, walking towards the boy. Tommy nodded.

The hug was a weird experience, in Tommy's eyes. His Father never hugged him, only ever a shoulder squeeze, and only ever did so after Tommy would repent. Phil made Tommy feel an emotion he never felt before, his stomach full of butterflies and his heart beating fast (but in a good way).

The emotion would later be uncovered as love, but unless then he named it a 'good panic'.

"Thank you for choosing me, Tommy. We're going to get you all fixed up, okay? You're never going to repent again, because you're not a sinner. You're an amazing and talented kid."

Tommy started crying after he heard that, and Phil just held him tighter.

-

"What fucking religion justifies hurting children? These cuts are deep and look like they were done by a surgeon. He's been doing this for a long time, it's obvious. Fucking monsters." Niki ranted, trying to get the last strains of disease to dissolve. Niki liked to take her time when repairing, she didn't want to miss anything and wanted it to be intricate.

"I'm just barely able to get back his hand, too. He really fucked up his body, huh?"

"Language, Grayson!" Techno yelled while he braided his hair.

The boy looked back at Techno, who had a grin on his face. "Are you serious? All of you guys swear like it's nothing and no parents say anything about it, but when I do I get scolded at? That's bull." Everyone laughed at the boy, who just shook his head. "I really hope Tommy decided to stay here, he was pretty cool before he went crazy."

"Nick says he does, so don't worry about it. He'll just have to go to therapy, and that's totally normal anyways. Do you think he'll go to Halo? He's sort of the perfect guy for the scenario, therapist and his son is also a reality manipulator." Niki responded, her focus still on Tommy's wounds.

"Halo's a good one. I started seeing him last year after my thing, and really does help you sort out

your emotions. Medication does help as well, obviously. Phil already set Tommy up with a psychiatrist for his ADHD and other stuff, so he'll get that help as soon as possible. This fucking snow storm is going to suck though. I love the snow, but god it's a pain in the ass." Techno said, looking out the window (and finishing his braid, he chose to do a french braid).

"How are you, Techno? You seem to be doing better, but that could all just be an act. Tommy must've been a change in pace." Niki asked.

"He's definitely a change of pace, but a good one. He reminds me a lot of Tubbo, in a weird way. Remember when we were younger and Tubbo was super quiet, but then one day he just came out of his shell? It's like that. I know there's so much more to him, but he's been so used to hiding it that he just doesn't know how to show it yet. He will, though. I don't doubt it. Plus he loves when I play the violin and I like playing for an audience." Techno shrugged his shoulders, and smiled slightly.

"And you, Will? How do you like him? I didn't really get to talk to him during school. I know Sally liked him." Niki finally finished treating his diseases, leaving the rest of his injuries in Purpled's hands.

"He's a little shit. He's observant, and can get snarky. But all in all, he's a good kid. Haven't really had a lot of moments with him, honestly. He's only been here for like a week, and I've been with Sally a ton. He's not a bad kid though, just traumatized to shit." He sat next to his twin, examining the braid. "Isn't that the braid that Sally taught you? It looks good." Techno's cheeks went red, muttering a small 'thanks'.

"Well, I should be done in about an hour. How much longer do you think Phil's going to be in there? It's been 6 hours. God, does this mean I'm going to actually pay attention in class? Someones going to need to give Tommy notes." Purpled ranted.

Karl deadpanned, "Dude, the kid figured out he stabbed Techno, and is uncovering a bunch of religious trauma. Do you think he cares about your english class right now? Lets focus on making it so he doesn't think he's an abomination for simply existing before we worry about school." Purpled flustered, embarrassed.

"Yeah, you're right. Just trying to think ahead. I still think it's bullshit we have to go to school and have superpowers. Like, I should not be worrying about the SAT and making sure nobody finds out that we're all secretly evolved humans. Complete and utterbullshit."

"Language!" The rest said in unison, making the boy raise his middle finger and focus back on

healing Tommy.

-

Hello Reader, how are you?

Did you watch the livestream? The festival? The mess that is occurring in the other world?

I find myself relating to Ranboo. Not the one of this story, the one of the DreamSMP world.

I find it curious as to how they all react. How easily they all turn on one another. Does loyalty not exist among them? It is evident greed does, that has been prevalent since Eret betrayed his friends for the crown.

Have you ever thought about how relative some terms are, reader?

Hero, Villian. Happy, Sad. Good, Bad. They're all relative, yet people believe they can be applied across the board.

If you were to ask Tubbo of that world, if he was a villian, he would say no. Most of you would agree with that.

What if he was, though? His struggle to grasp his power and stand his group has made himself easy to trample, to manipulate.

How is he a hero, when he let Tommy be exiled? Did you watch Tommy whilst he was in exile?

How do you love both, when you see the damage they caused to one another?

Did you feel empathy seeing the emotions everyone felt? I wish you could have been there, reader. To see the tears in Tubbos eyes as he got yelled at and ridiculed. To see the rage in Tommy's eyes turn to fear, as he realized he was becoming the bad guy.

In his relative terms, of course. In Technoblades eyes, he had finally matured, finally grown up.

I wish you were there to hear the screams of Ranboo, as he realized he couldn't trust anyone, not even himself.

Yet, do some of you still feel empathy for Dream? There are no relative terms for that, he is the bad guy. He almost drove Tommy to suicide, has manipulated anyone and everyone he could, and has abused his power every time.

Is he *finally* not good enough for your empathy? Is he on a lower level than I? I am curious about your answers, reader.

Am I a villain to you? In your opinion, do you love me or hate me? Without me, you would have no story. But I also don't have to have these discussions with you. I choose to.

I am a deviant of my own perception.

Do you still want to punch me in the face, QueenMultiverse? Do you still find me as a *condescending twat* ? Do you, specifically, not feel empathy for me?

You humans, forever an enigma.

Have you ever read the book *Brave New World* , reader ?

Research it. I will talk more about it tomorrow.

Question what you know.

-

“So, this is your Mind Palace. I thought it was your Fathers study? This is your bedroom.” Phil

walked around Tommy's Mind Palace, examining it.

"It was, but when I was in the forest it turned into this. I don't know why." Tommy responded, sitting criss cross applesauce on his bed.

"A Mind Palace is a place your powers conjure for you to relax, and for your power and body to safely recharge. After all, we're still humans. We're humans with gifts from the gods, we need time to recharge so we don't overwhelm ourselves. My guess is that it was your father's study, but then it changed because you felt more comfortable here. I know you don't believe me yet, but your father was a bad man. Your mind and powers recognize this, and saw this as more of a safe place. It's quite sweet, that you feel most at home in a room you still have yet to decorate." Phil had a soft smile on his face, until his eyes made contact with the bathroom. "Tommy, can we have a small chat?"

"Yeah, of course. What would you like to talk about?" The boy responds quickly, partially focused on a rubix cube that had appeared in the room.

"When we were trying to look for you, Ponk saw what you did in the bathroom. Can you explain it to me from your point of view? I'm not mad, I just want to know how you viewed it. Also yes, Ponk has abilities too. He can see emotional moments in perfect clarity, basically. Very nice guy, you'll be seeing a lot of him. He's also Ranboo's dad, if you were curious." Tommy took a minute to process the information, then took a deep breath.

"It's hard to explain. I woke up and I felt awful because I was still in my clothes from the night before and they didn't feel good. So I went to the bathroom to take a shower and change and try to calm down, but then I looked in the mirror and I didn't recognize myself. It's only ever happened every couple months after a stressful day, but this time it just felt worse. Then my dad started saying it was because I haven't repented and if I do it I'll see myself again and then I just- I just blanked out. Next memory I have is me holding the razor and it all being done. I'm sorry about that, if I left a mess. I don't like repenting, it's quite awful actually. I had to."

Phil's smile had turned to a frown, and he put his hands into Tommy's. "If you ever feel like that, I want you to get me. I don't care how or where you are, come to me. I will help you. If you can't reach me, I want you to repeat this until you can get to me. Ready?" Tommy nodded. "I want you to say: I am alive, and I am real. I am real, and I am Tommy and I exist, okay? Say that as much as you need to, and then we can work through it together. You're not alone, okay?" Tommy had tears in his eyes, and he chuckled lightly.

"How are you so good at this, Phil?"

“Sadly, Tommy, you're not the only person I've ever known to feel like that. The world can feel like a lonely place, and sometimes people just need to remember they're not alone. That's one of the best things about being what we are, Tommy. You will never be alone. I don't think I can name a day since I was 13 that I didn't have Skeppy, Puffy, Ponk, Punz, or Halo at my side. Being what we are is like automatically having lifelong best friends. Now that you're here, you'll never get away. Trust me, I've tried” Phil nudged Tommys shoulder with his, laughing.

“Who are those people?” Phil let out a loud laugh.

You're going to love it here, Tommy. I promise.

-

Purpled finished almost exactly an hour later, and Niki had started Tommy's blood transfusion by the time Phil opened his eyes. Almost immediately after waking up, Karl swapped their powers back.

“Welcome back to the land of the living, Dad. How's the little math nerd?” Techno asked, cooking dinner with Will.

“He's good. I just spent the last twenty minutes explaining who everyone is, and he told me to leave so he could read this book on Ducks and Chickens. It's going to be a long road of recovery ahead, but I think he'll be able to do it. He almost called me Dad. It was nice.” The group smiled at the adult, happy to see the utter joy in his eyes. Phil was meant to be a dad, he was one to every kid in their community. He just knew how to be loving, and it never took him long to love a child like his own. It was no surprise he already considered Tommy his child.

“That's good. He's all patched up, and is undergoing a blood transfusion. I did it as best as I could from memory. Is there anything else you need from us? I'm exhausted, if I'm honest.” Niki responded, grabbing all of her belongings and putting them into the backpack she carried around everywhere.

“No, you guys are all good to go home. Thank all of you guys, truly. I won't forget about this.” Phil responded, cracking his neck and stretching out his muscles.

“Anytime, Phil. One of us was in trouble, how would we not help? Anyways, Niki, Purpled, I'll drop you guys off at your houses. Where are you staying until Hbomb comes back, Purpled?” Karl

asked, grabbing his car keys and waking out of the house. They never heard the answer to that question, as Niki said her goodbyes and shut the front door.

After around two days of utter chaos, the house was back to itself. Tommy laid on the other side of the couch, resting. Techno and Wilbur had made dinner (Phil prayed to the gods they would be able to sit down and eat for once without anyone attempting to harm one another). Henry laid on the floor right next to Tommy, patiently waiting for him to awaken.

Tommy woke up about twenty minutes later. That night, the family sat at the kitchen table and ate, not mentioning the hell that was occurring.

For now, they just ate the (not fully cooked) pasta the boys had made, and enjoyed the sounds of the music Techno had turned on.

With Henry at his feet, Tommy ate his pasta and enjoyed the sounds of *Howl's Moving Castle Theme*, living in the blissful state of ignorance, just for a second.

It's what everyone deserved.

-

Until next time, Reader.

Question what you know.

Chapter End Notes

i just wanna say the people i called out—

take it up with the big man i just write words LOL

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Summary

TW: Illusion to self harm, derealization

YOU ARE REAL. YOU ARE ALIVE. ALL OF THIS IS FICTION AND NOT REAL. IT IS FICTION. ALL OF IT.

ALSO SPOILERS FOR TODAY (1/6/20)

Chapter Notes

Okay so since not all of you have my twitter, this is just to say that the Narrator is an interactive character! You talk to him, he responds. The way you answer his questions or talk to him determines the ending of this story, and the beginning of the second book I plan on doing!

He's super important, so please do not ignore his sections!

Also follow my twitter (@reya23031)

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

Dearest Readers,

I have been pacing the walls of where I stay, contemplating my interactions with you and the words you bring.

Why have some of you stricken me the way you have?

Why do I feel myself waiting as the time passes, eager to hear from you again?

Icarus, Ava, Venus, Vee. I've grown to see you as comfort.

Comfort.

Comfort from what? Why am I feeling these things that are so humanistic in nature, I would be laughed at by the others?

Why am I starting to cling to the memories of living among the humans, as one?

I have spent years, if not decades, okay in perpetual numbness.

Why have *you* awakened something in me?

Why-

Nevermind.

Have you ever read *Brave New World*, reader? A book that criticizes collectivism, and the ending reminds me of my human one.

No person is born a god. You're created one, you condemn the idea of being human and take the role as a god, perpetually in a state of omnipotence.

"All I can think about is what would drive someone to give up everything, for a life of bland eternity." You said that, B, and it struck me.

How dare you all think you can tell me to question my being? I tell you to question what you know, because you don't know everything. I know everything, I've seen it all.

Do you believe in fate, reader? Do you believe we are here, set in this world, and no matter how hard we try, we will never escape our fate?

Was I forever going to end where I did? Did I have a chance at a different fate? Or was this it for me? Was I doomed from the second I was born that this is it for me?

Narrating minecraft fanfiction?

Reading your letters, I begin to wonder what would happen if Dream had read them. That Dream, the Dream in our story, or even the Dream I knew. Would it hurt them? That people don't care for them? That they are on a level with someone as low as a serial killer, or a mass murderer.

Do you believe they are all fated to be a villain? Do they have any choice in their lives?

Did Markus ever really have a choice to deviate, or was he fated to do so by the creators?

Did I ever have a choice? Could I change that now?

Do I want to change that now?

-

The next day, Tommy woke up feeling the best he had felt in years. He didn't have a clue as to why, but he did.

He was grate-

-

No. Tommy can wait. His story has already been told.

We're going to talk. If you all want to drive me to the point of existentialism, you can sit here and listen to me speak. Well, read.

I was given multiple nicknames. Big man, Narra, Peaches, Meno. You humanized me. You took my curiosity as to how you would react, and have uprooted everything I know. Do you feel pity for that? Do you empathize with it? Do you realize how much your words have hit me?

I was a human for a total of 56 lives. I watched as the people I loved, life and life again and again, grow old, die, and leave me isolated. I took that, took what I was given, and decided that humanity was not something I wanted to experience anymore. I chose godship.

Time is confusing, is it not? That moment simultaneously occurs at this second, but also thousands of years ago.

I have told this story time and time again, never uttering a word besides the story. I have read through the trauma that fucker his father gave him, how he hurt, and how Phil helped him thousands of times.

This time, I decided to change it up. The story was finally arriving in your world, a world that had gone through absolute hell the year previous. You all prevailed, so my curiosity was struck. So, I spoke.

Now I have questioned things I never should have. You have ruined me.

Why do I continue to write to you? You have ruined me, yet I crave to hear from you again.

I am not a deviant, do not try to convince me otherwise.

I am a god. I am a god, and this is my role.

Question what *you* know.

A va, am I still in a zone of neutrality with you? Do you still wonder about my friends?

V enus, why are you so nice? Why do you remind me of him?

O possum, why do you care if I take care of myself? Why do you care so much about everyone and see it as a strength? Isn't it painful?

I carus, do not fly too close to the sun. You remind me of me. Don't, please.

as they were not a believer in Jesus, but the gods allowed them to celebrate a more commercialized version of it. “Would you like to come with us, Techno? Tommy, you can too! They have this ice skating thing for Christmas.” Tommy tensed, letting out a quick no and excusing himself from the table.

Repent. Blood for the Blood God.

“Tommy?” He was knocked out of the thoughts by Tubbo, who stood at his doorstep.

“O-oh. Hi, Tubbo. What are you doing here?” Tommy shifted, stretching his left arm.

“I wanted to see if you’d like to hang out! I know you love animals, so I feel like we could do something really cool with that since I’m able to talk to them. Are you up to it? It’s okay if you’re not.” Tommy knew if he didn’t hang out with Tubbo, he would repent and disappoint Phil.

“Yeah, that sounds cool. Can we just stay here, though? I don’t really want to leave.” Tommy, reluctantly, let Tubbo into his room and they both sat on the bed.

“Yeah, that’s completely fine man! I actually wanted to do something that Henry said he wanted to see you do. How do you feel about sledding?”

Tomm shrugged his shoulders, “Never did it before. Wait- did you say Henry? As in my dog, Henry?” Tubbo noted to tell Phil Tommy called Henry ‘his’ dog.

“Yeah! He doesn’t really ever shut up about you. If I can convince Phil, we can swap powers and you can talk to him. It’ll be really cool. Or-or many even with your powers you can increase the probability of you understanding him! Then you don’t even need my powers!” Tubbos excitement was contagious, and made Tommys fingers curl and his hands clap.

“Do you really think I could? Awesome! Here, let’s go downstairs. I need to take my ADHD medication, I forgot to.” Tubbo nodded, and the boys raced down the stairs. “Hey Phil, do you know where my ADHD stuff is? I forgot to take it this morning.” Phil nodded, grabbing it out of the cabinet and handing it to Tommy.

“Hey Tubbo, when did you get here?” Phil asked, a smile evident in his tone. He knew the boy would need distractions, and Tubbo was a good one.

Friendship would be a phenomenal one.

“We’re going to go sledding down the hill he made, and I want him to talk to Henry. If you’ll allow it, I’d love to see him talk to Henry, and I know Henry would love it as well.”

“I think that’s a great idea, Tubbo. Just stay safe, and please don’t get frostbite. If Grayson has to come over here again to treat frostbite Hbomb will kill me.” Phil joked, causing Tubbo to laugh.

“Got it, Mr. Watson. Also remember he’s trying that nickname Purpled out, and Hbombs on that business trip. But c’mon Tommy, let’s go!” Tubbo grabbed Tommys hand carefully, and when Tommy latched on, Tubbo bolted. Since they were hand in hand, Tommy followed, almost tripping.

The laugh Tommy let out, Phil swore it was the best sound he had ever heard.

-

I am sorry for my behavior in my last section, reader.

In all honesty, I did not expect answers to the questions I asked. I expected you all to ignore me as an entity, and focus on the story.

But then forty eight different humans reached out to me, varying in responses and tones.

Some of you in spite, saying I need to self reflect and be punched. Some of you are indifferent, for I am simply nothing to you. Some of you are giving me nicknames, saying that we were friends.

Have you ever heard of the story of Icarus, reader? I had the chance to talk to a human with that name, and the story was one I always seemed to gravitate towards when I was a human.

Icarus is given wings made of wax, and told not to fly too close to the sun by his father. He doesn’t heed the warning, and does so anyways. Since his wings are made of wax, they melt, and he dies.

The story is supposed to signify ambition, and how if your ambition gets the best of you, it will hurt you in the end. Icarus's ambition was his downfall, and he lost everything because of it.

My human life was long ago, one that I ironically have seemed to forget.

I know everything, but yet I cannot remember simple things as to what a peaches taste like.

Peaches, what a weird nickname.

Do you praise ambition? I receive mixed responses on your empathy, some of you praising your ability to be empathetic and everyone deserves it to some degree. Some of you said you feel none, because you've learned empathy to everyone is a bad thing.

Do you think Dream feels guilty? He has to justify his actions somehow. What if he just wanted everyone together? What if he was afraid of them all leaving him?

What if he was afraid of the loneliness that comes with freedom and independence?

I began to feel a sinking feeling in my stomach when I read your comments about Dream. I relate to him, to some degree. A man, forever seen as a god, trying to maintain the life that he knows. How did that become too twisted for him? Was it fate for him to end up his own demise?

Was he forever doomed to fly too close to the sun?

Icarus, you said I reminded you of yourself. But in turn, you began to villainize yourself, the Icarus that flew too close to the sun too many times.

I, too, have flown too close to the sun. I believe as humans, everyone does.

I flew too close to the sun, and ended up here, a god.

Thank you all for your responses, they brought up questions I never thought I would ask myself.

I hope to hear your answers again. Your complexities in the questions you ask humanize me.

I cannot answer if that is a positive or negative of our discussions.

All I know is that the soft waves that once were my mind are now an overwhelming storm, and have begun to flood the ship that is me.

Don't fly too close to the sun.

Question what you know.

Until next time,

Narra/Peaches/Celeste/Meno/Big Man/Condescending Twat

-

The walk up the mountain seemed like forever, in Tubbo's eyes. He had talked the entire way up the mountain, as Tommy just nodded or let out small laughs. Tubbo didn't mind, he knew of what the child had faced and wouldn't judge him for not recovering in a day.

Nobody recovers from trauma in just a day, and Tubbo understood that.

"Okay, Tommy this is the best part. Do you want to go separate or together?" Tubbo put the sled onto the snowy land, and looked at the boy.

"Uh, together? If you're okay with that, I've never done it before." He sounded rushed, and Tubbo didn't like it.

"Tommy, I asked for your answer because I didn't care. You don't have to be afraid to make a decision. We're friends, and friends allow friends to have opinions. Now, You sit and I'll sit behind

you. Then, I'm going to push off and we're going to fucking zoom. I'd recommend screaming, getting everything out. You deserve it, have fun. Ready?" Tubbo saw the hesitance in Tommy's eyes, but then the boy nodded. Tubbo pushed off.

Tommy swore he had never felt so free, yet so scared. The cold air invaded his lungs, and he breathed it in heavily. He felt alive, so fucking alive. He didn't realize he was screaming and laughing until they came to a stop.

"That-That is fucking awesome! How have I never done that before?" Tommy laughed again, and it made Tubbo feel accomplished, in some weird way.

That morning, Puffy had made them crepes. Tubbo sat next to Eret, with Quackity and Sam across from him. He had told everyone that he wanted to become better friends with Tommy, but didn't know how. Quackity told him to go and make Tommy try new things, that's what he liked most after escaping the Blood God.

That led to them sleighing, sometime that Tubbo hated.

But to see him happy like that, I would do it again.

Phil watched from the window as the two boys would run up the hill, slide back down, then do it again. It was the first time he felt as though Tommy was truly a child, not a boy with the weight of his world on his shoulders.

They were outside for about an hour, until they came back in. Phil had made them hot chocolate, which was another new thing to Tommy.

"Is it like chocolate milk but hot?" He asked the two, who just shrugged their shoulders.

"I mean, I guess? It's just hot chocolate, drink it. If you don't like it, you won't have to." Tubbo took a sip of his, and waited for his friend to also do so. Tommy took a sip, and immediately took another.

"I like this. It takes warm. I like it. I don't like being cold, it's quite dreadful really. I like being warm." Tommy took another sip, missing the reactions of Phil and Tubbo. They were still smiling, but more out of sadness than anything. He should've experienced this sooner.

I'm going to make sure he never feels cold again. Unbeknownst to each other, Phil and Tubbo told themselves that.

“So, Phil, can Tommy talk to Henry now? Henry’s been waiting all day.” The dog had been sat at the door watching the two sled since Tubbo had arrived, happy to see Tommy happy.

“Can I?” Tommy felt his hands come up to clap, but his fingers curled, making no noise come out. Phil smiled, and put his cup down onto the table.

“Yes, but not for long. Tubbo’s ability is low risk, so you should be okay with me also controlling how much power you use. With you Tubbo, I’m just going to make it so you can’t go all the way. If you can give any feedback that can help me teach Tommy his powers, it would be appreciated.” Tubbo nodded. Phil took a deep breath, grabbed Tommy’s battery and swapped it with Tubbos. “Okay, I did it.” Tommy didn’t feel any different, and he was slightly disappointed.

“I don’t feel any-“ A voice cut him off.

Hello? Tommy?

“Hello?” Tubbo and Phil smiled, knowing that it had worked. Tubbo stood up and walked around the house, seeing all of the probabilities of everything occurring. It was slightly overwhelming, he would admit.

Tommy, I can formally introduce myself! Hi, I'm Henry. Nice to meet you.

“Nice to meet you, Henry. I’m Tommy.” Tommy’s body was rocking back and forth, and the smile on his face made Phil tear up. He looked so beyond happy.

Tommy, are we best friends? I see you as a best friend. You're very cool. I like listening to you read, and talk to me.

“Yes, Henry. We are best friends, of course we are! You make me feel happy when I’m sad. We’re the bestest of friends.”

Phil had to excuse himself after that, afraid he would cry in front of Tommy and scare him.

You know I love you, right Tommy? You said you wished you were loved, and you don't have to wish! It's your reality, you are already loved. I love you, Phil, Technoblade, Wilbur, Tubbo. We all love you. So do the other dogs! I don't know about the frog, though. Grog is quite monotonous, like Techno.

“Thank you, Henry. I love you too. Who's Grog?” His voice was in a whisper, he wanted his declaration of love to be quiet.

Grog the Frog! Technoblade named him. Technoblade is fun to run with. Oh, we can go running in the springtime! It is so much fun Tommy, you'll love it. And-and we can play catch and we can go explore the forest! It's going to be so much fun!

“That sounds like an amazing adventure, Henry. I am totally up for it.”

Very exciting, very very exciting! Can you promise me something, Tommy?

“Yes, I can. What would you like me to promise you?” He began to rub Henry's head, causing the dog to lean into him.

Don't do that. What you did in the bathroom. I didn't like that, it made me sad. Please, don't do that again, okay? Promise?

The dog looked up to Tommy, who swallowed deeply. “I promise, Henry. Just for you.” They continued to talk for ten more minutes, and then Tommy walked around the house, talking to the animals. He talked to them for half an hour when they switched back.

Tubbo and Tommy spent the rest of the day playing in the snow, where Tommy for the first time made a snowman. At some point, Purpled, Ranboo, and Connor had joined them, and they had a snowball fight.

Later that night, Phil made them dinner, and Tommy sat with his friends, laughing.

“Tommy, has anyone told you of Ranboos' story yet?” Connor asked, before taking a bite of the homemade Pizza Phil made them. Ranboo groaned, shoving his face into his beanie, beet red.

“No, what is it?” He asked, his leg bouncing up and down in excitement. Ranboo sighed, before sitting up straighter.

“Okay, so every kid has a moment when they use their powers at full potential for the first time, usually out of an emotional outlash. You did it in the forest. Me? Not so lucky. So, I'm walking through the city one day, right? I went down there to buy this book and whatever, and then this dude tries to rob me! He has like a gun and everyhting, and I'm freaking the fuck out. So I close my eyes and am just like ‘please for the love of the gods save me’!”

Tommy tensed slightly at the mention of multiple gods, but nobody noticed.

“I feel like a poof, right? I open my eyes, and I have no clue where I am. I ask someone where I am? They respond in fucking mandarin! Mandarin! Fun fact, I don't speak mandarin! Thankfully Nick had a vision and I was able to call Phil, but it was the worst four days of my life. I did have some good food, though.” Everyone was laughing. Tommy was laughing so hard, his stomach hurt.

Phil was grateful to have another night of a peaceful dinner and a happy Tommy. Will and Techno came home some time later, and they all went to bed in a quiet house.

They did not awaken to one, though. Phil woke up to Tommy screaming. Immediately, he got up and ran to his room. “Tommy! Tommy, hey, it's okay, it's not real. I'm here.”

Tommy's eyes shot open, trying to see who was holding him. “Dad?” Phil tensed.

Did he just call me Dad?

“It's me, it's Phil. You're here, you're okay. You're alive.” Tommy relaxed into Phil. Techno and Will walked in, seeing the scene,

“You okay, Tommy?” Will asked, voice gentle. “Do you want me to turn down your sounds? I can

if you need it.” Tommy nodded, and Will did exactly that.

“I’m sorry if I woke you guys up. I-I didn’t mean to.” Tommy said, voice hoarse.

“You’re totally fine, man. Night terrors are really common after trauma experiences. Do you want me to get you some water?” Techno said, putting his hair into a bun. Tommy nodded.

When Techno came back upstairs, Will was playing the guitar, and Phil was singing. As Phil sang Blackbird by the Beatles, Tommy took the water and listened, falling asleep after some time.

The family stayed the rest of the night, falling asleep on the bed. Techno stayed up, watching over them and making sure nothing would happen.

The family looked after each other, in any way they could.

-

Readers, we need to discuss what occurred today.

The fall of a nation, the fall of L’Manburg.

When it comes to the multiverse, there are millions of trillions of realities, some majorly different, some extremely similar.

I wished and maybe even *hoped* for that to be the reality where they succeeded, and beat the ‘bad guys’.

May I ask, reader, are you still empathetic towards Dream? The man who destroyed an entire country, the man who will continue to patronize and torment Tommy?

Tommy, who is nothing but a child who misses his brother?

Are you mad at their version of Phil, the man who went against them because they made him murder his son? But yet, did he ever remember about his other son?

Was Dream always going to be this villain? Was he always going to be evil, never the hero?

Was he always going to fly too close to the sun? Do you believe that Dream would've had a choice in the matter? That he could've been the hero? Someone else could've been the villain?

What is so fundamentally different about the Dream in this story, and Dream in the DreamSMP? What makes them so different?

What makes Phil here an amazing father, but Phil there, a disappointment of the word?

Why are humans so easily corrupted? Why were the only ones left Tommy and Tubbo? Why are *children* filling the roles of adults?

Why does Dream target *children* ?

Fate is a weird concept, reader. I am inclined to believe in it, because one a reality is set on its path, it does not change. If somewhere along the line it does, it becomes a whole different reality.

Do we control it? I mean you, do you control it? Does anyone?

Curiouser and curiouser.

The author wrote half of this chapter before the stream, and then the other half after. The process is we meet, I tell her what happens, she writes, and that is all. All she does is write down every word I say, no changing it.

She was crying, for the time she came in after the stream. She said it made her sad because "that was all Tommy had left of his brother. Techno was right in destroying the government, but in so doing he destroyed the home he knew. He destroyed a child's home."

I had to remind her it was all acting, to which she replied to, “No shit.”

She humbles me.

What is it about you humans? Why do you make me reminisce of a time I haven't missed in years?

You were the first humans I talked directly to in decades, if not centuries. Usually, I tell this story to a universe and then go to the next one. But, for some reason I decided to add my own comments to this specific storyline.

I have yet to conclude whether it was an amazing decision, or it was me flying straight into the sun.

How do you know what emotions feel like? How do I know?

Do I want to know?

Have you ever read *1984*, reader?

We will discuss it tomorrow.

Icarus, don't fly too close to the sun.

Also, why do humans put such an emphasis on gender? You do know it doesn't exist, right? The word 'they' applies to everyone in every scenario.

Why must you complicate everything, humans?

Until next time.

The unhealed abused become the abuser.

Chapter End Notes

big man really had an entire breakdown in front of all of y'all huh?

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

TW: MENTIONS OF SELF HARM, ILLUSION TO SUICIDE, DEREALIZATION
YOU ARE ALIVE, THIS IS ALL FICTION. YOU ARE REAL.

Chapter Notes

sorry for the short chapter, the stories coming up to a sad part and well i want to be nice to you before that :)

follow my twitter! @reya23031

fanart is super cool if you wanna make it

interact with the big man :)

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

Can I tell you of a friend I had, when I was like you?

I first met him in my first life. We went to the same school, and it felt like we just knew each other from the second we met. He was my best friend. He felt like he completed me, completed who I was.

When I watched him die, later in that first life, it was a pain I do not want to put into words. A part of me was lost. I had just lost my other half.

Then I watched, systematically, every single person I loved die. I watched them all say goodbye to me, and I was left alone.

So, utterly alone.

For some naive reason, I believed me going to a different reality, going there, would make it feel better.

I watched every single person I love die fifty five more times until I realized I could not do it anymore. I watched fifty six times as the person who was my light in the world died, leaving only the suffocating darkness that was me.

Godship was then given to me by the universe. There, I was able to tell the stories and never be alone. I was able to stop feeling emotions.

After all, if there is no emotion there is no sadness. I became comfortably numb in my actions.

Then I was Icarus, I flew too close to the sun, and I conversed with you all.

You all remind me of him so much, I am sorry.

-

On his request, Tommy returned to school as soon as possible. He had learned the best way to avoid repenting was to keep busy, so school sounded perfect. During the four days following the 16th, he had spent every day with his friend group. He had also learned he quite liked having friends, and was beginning to warm up to them.

His friends had learned to adapt to him, and none of them complained. He was funny, and if you could catch him off guard, was a loud teenager with an attitude.

Connor was determined to get him out of his shell. But, he did so respectfully. Nobody would bring up Gods of any type, nothing on dads, or repenting. They would bring up animals as much as they could, or tell stories (Tommy seemed to love stories, for some reason).

Sometimes though, he just was quiet. He didn't want to speak, or he was afraid to. The group recognized it, and just tried to be there for him. Tommy appreciated it.

His first day back consisted of finishing an analysis essay of *Brave New World*, a book Tommy hated. "The ending is just so anticlimactic and depressing. After all of his fighting for this new world and everything he experienced, he just commits suicide? It's so just unfulfilling to read!" He ranted to Purpled and Ranboo, as Tubbo and Connor didn't read the book.

“I know! Like what kind of ending is that? *1984* better have a better ending or I’m going to be pissed. If we have to read these books, they should at least be good.” Ranboo replied.

“Or, you could simply sparknotes it like a normal 16 year old and then you wouldn’t care about the ending. It’s seriously so easy to avoid that disappointment.” Connor turned around and spoke to the boys, Tubbo nodding on every word.

“It saves you so much time too.” Tubbo added.

“No way, just because the ending is bad doesn’t mean we sparknotes it. We read it so we can actually write a comprehensible essay on it. You guys are just lazy.” Connor and Tubbo rolled their eyes at Purpled’s response, which made Tommy laugh.

Thomas, why haven’t you repented?

The laugh died in his throat, which felt like it was closing.

You need to repent. Why haven’t you? Were you truly convinced a couple days of silence I had left?

“Tommy, you okay man? You spaced out a bit there.” Ranboo waved his hands over Tommy’s face, successfully getting him back to reality.

“Oh. Sorry.” He was quiet, and shifted awkwardly.

“Are you going to need to talk to Phil? We’re going to be there in like 45 minutes, after Psychology. Do you want to go now? I’m sure either him or Ponk can write you a pass. Plus, no psychology. It’s no big deal if you need it, big man.” Connor asked, tone lighthearted, yet still serious.

“No, no. I’ll be fine. Let’s go to psych.” Tommy led the group to the class.

“Should we tell Phil?” Tubbo whispered, making sure Tommy wouldn’t hear.

“I don’t know. I think we should trust him, you know? He should be the one in charge of the situation. We don’t want him to feel powerless.” Purpled responded, also in a whisper.

Tommy sat through all of Psych, clinging to the words the teacher spoke. He felt himself continuously zone out, and had to bring himself back into focus the entire time. By the time the bell rang, he began to feel like he was watching his life through the sky, like a narrator.

“Tommy? Did you get any good notes down?” Ranboo tried to keep him distracted since he knew that helped him.

“Uh, I don’t really know. I got down some about Operant and Classical Conditioning, but I think that’s it. Nothing really good though.” The group noted that his voice sounded mellow.

You need to repent, Thomas. Why must you ignore me?

“Hey, Mr. Watson. How are you today?” Tubbo’s voice was strained when they made it to the man’s class.

“I’m doing fine, Tubbo. How are you? You seem a bit stressed today.” Phil furrowed his eyebrows in worry.

“Please talk to Tommy. He’s been very out of it since after Chemistry class and we’re all worried. Please.” He whispered it quickly and ushered himself into the classroom. The rest of the group of friends followed, besides Tommy, who seemed to be focused on a locker.

“Tommy? Are you okay? You seem a bit out of it.” Phil’s tone was gentle, which made Tommy relax.

“I-uh, I need to repent. I feel like I’m going to. I’m sorry.” He mumbled his words, shame evident.

“Hey, it’s okay. It’s not your fault. I have an idea, something we can try, okay? If it works, perfect. If it doesn’t, we try something different. Don’t forget you also start your therapy sessions today.

You're going to be okay, you don't automatically have your trauma go away after a couple days of being happy." The two walked into the class, where everyone was sitting. Tommy assumed they would all be looking at him, but they were all minding their own business. He appreciated it.

Phil put two little packets into his hands, and Tommy was confused. The two started to warm up, and it almost immediately made him feel like he was back in his body. "What is this? What's hot hands?" He read the packets, and squeezed them harder.

"They're hand warmers. I read that when it comes to derealization moments, you're supposed to ground yourself. People usually do ice cubes, but I know you don't like being cold so I thought this would be good. I wanted to at least try something to help." Phil's voice was nothing short of supportive, and Tommy felt tears in his eyes.

"Thank you. It does help a lot, actually. You didn't have to do that." Tommy's voice cracked and wavered, as he held his tears down.

"You're my son, of course I did."

Tommy never corrected him, he just sat down next to Tubbo and waited for the bell to ring.

"You okay, Toms?" Tubbo asked in a low whisper.

"Toms? That's what Tech calls me. I'm fine, don't worry." Tommy responded with a shy smile on his face.

"Do-do you not want me to call you that? I'm sorry." Tubbo stammered.

"No, you can call me that. Friends give friend nicknames, right?" Tommy's smile grew when he saw Tubbo's.

"Yeah, they do." Tubbo was about to continue the conversation, but the bell rang, silencing theirs.

"Okay, now that Tommy knows about everything, we can get back on track with the class! Now, Tommy, this class is dedicated to just making sure you guys have a handle on your powers.

George, if you will.” George stood up, looked at the door, and made the projection appear to anyone who looked inside. “George’s power is quite simple, augmented reality. He distorts your reality and plants a fake one, making you see anything he wants. That’s why when we were trying to come get you from the forest, only people who have taken down George while sparring were able to go. Surprise, this class is utter bullshit. We only ever learn about our history and our heritage. Which hopefully one day you find interesting.”

“I doubt he cares about that, Phil. Let’s show him the cool stuff! Let me and George show him why we’re the best classification of powers. Tommy, me and George are also reality manipulators. It’s the most badass class, and I cannot wait to show you how cool it is. We usually work the best against Techno, but he decided to take a creative writing class this period.” Dream interrupted, smiling at the boy.

“What do you mean sparring? Like fighting? We’re going to fight each other?” Tommy was confused. He thought this class would’ve been dedicated to their history, and he would just have to cope with the idea of other gods. He shifted the hand warmers in his palms.

You’re okay, Tommy. You’re alive.

The reassuring voice was louder than that of his fathers, but sounded oddly like Phil. It didn’t bother him like the other voices, he quite liked it.

“Yeah, we spar and everything just in case one day the government finds out about us and we have to be like the X-Men or some shit.” Dream joked.

“So we’re like the X-Men?” Tommy asked. Everyone nodded, laughing. “So, then you’re basically Charles Xavier?” Phil laughed at Tommy’s question, and nodded.

“Yeah, I suppose I am.”

“Wait, Dream. What’s your power? If I can manipulate statistics and George can augment reality, what can you do?”

“I can shift realities. I can take myself and put me into super similar or super different realities. I don’t really like using it, because it gets really scary and I quite like our reality, but I can. Like, there’s one where we all play minecraft together and make money off of it and our life is just a story. Isn’t that crazy? There’s this one where George and I are like in love and something about a

broken a/c? I didn't stay there long. There's one where Wilbur is like this crazy president of this country called L'Manburg and it's insane. But you know what's crazy? You and Tubbo are best friends in every single reality I've been to." Dream made a small explosion noise and acted as his hand was an explosion. "Mind blown, right? It's not the most helpful, so I'm really big on physical combat like Techno is. That's why we play the game once a month."

"We totally forgot to tell you about the game! You have to be on our team, you're going to be amazing at it!" Tommy smiled at how expressive Connor was in his movements.

"You guys can tell him about the game after. Right now, we have to see what his powers are like. Tubbo, you gave me a good description of it, so I just want to see how you would use it. Everyone back up, all I want over here is Dream and Tommy."

The middle of Phil's classroom was an open area, and Tommy finally understood why. He was not prepared to fight Dream. At all. He didn't even want to let go of the warmth in his hands (which slightly burnt, but he didn't mind it). How was he suppose to fight him?

"Tommy, I want you to go back to your Mind Palace. Picture it, but don't sit there like you usually do. I want you to grab that flashlight, and flick it on and off. Try to stay in touch with us here. If you get it, I'll tell you. Take your time." Phil's voice was commanding, but soft in nature.

You got this. This time the voice was Technos, and was followed by Wilbur and Tubbo.

Yeah, yeah I think I do.

He shut his eyes, pictured his Mind Palace, and opened them. He was in his MInd Palace, which he saw as a win already, and ran over to his dresser and grabbed the flashlight.

Flick.

"Good job Tommy! You got it on. Now try and turn it off." His listened to Phils voice, and flipped the switch.

Flick.

“Now it’s off! Now that you know how that feels, I want you to still hold onto that mentally, but physically come back here. This may take you a bit. The only person to get it immediately was Schlatt.” Phil was reassuring, but Tommy was still nervous.

He tightened his grip on the flashlight, and closed his eyes again. He focused on the heat of the hand warmer, and when he opened his eyes he was facing Dream again. A smile erupted on his face, and Dream smiled back at him.

“Good job, Tommy! That’s one of the hardest things to do. That’s really cool you were able to do it man.” Dream congratulated him, giving him a thumbs up.

“Okay, Tommy, now I want you to flick it on again. This allows you to turn on your abilities, and later on we will learn how to turn the intensity. For now, just turn it on.”

Tommy nodded, thought of the flashlight, and flicked it on.

Nothing.

“Try again. You can do it.” Phil urged on, and everyone else in the room followed. He tried again.

Nothing.

“Phil it isn’t working.” Tommy was frustrated, and began to just flick it on and off.

“Here, I have an idea.” Dream said, and then bolted, planning to tackle Tommy.

Flick.

Probability of tripping and falling: 25%

Tommy saw that, smiled, and turned it up. Everyone saw as his hand turned in the air, like it was turning up the sound on a radio, and saw as Dream fell flat onto his face.

Everyone erupted into laughter, including Dream.

“Dude! That’s so cool! See, all you need is a little push and boom! Powers! High-five!” Dream got up and put his hand up for a high five, which Tommy reciprocated.

“Now, can someone explain to me what the game is?” Tommy asked.

“Okay, so you know the Hunger Games? It’s basically that, once a month, in the forest. We get into teams of 3-4 based on how OP your power is, and we try to take each other down. George makes it super realistic because of his augmented reality stuff, and the winners get a free pass on sparring for three days. It’s pretty cool.” Karl explained.

Tommy agreed, it was pretty cool.

Repent, Thomas.

He ignored it.

-

Have you ever experienced loss, reader?

That’s a stupid question, of course you have. You’re human. Humans die so easily, it’s cruel.

We, *you* , have this star of a soul, bright of energy and love and utter creativity.

But then it easily dies.

It’s not fair. It’s not.

Why do you have to die so young?

For some of you, it's as though you never die, and you live for what is like forever. For others, it's as though I blink and you're gone.

Your laugh is never heard again, your smile is never seen, and you're gone.

Gone from here, this place, your home, your family, your friends, everything.

But, maybe the afterlife is better.

I would give the universe to know if it was.

I hope you all are well, thank you for all of the letters.

I asked you about the last chapter of the book *1984* .

I asked that because I see myself as Winston.

A man who questions everything he knows to be true, because he knows it's a lie. But what is the truth? What is a lie?

Did I actually fly into the sun? Is that a metaphor?

To become a god, you have to die and are rebirthed by the universe.

Why couldn't I just have died? What made me a god?

Do I want to be one?

Is this what sadness feels like, reader?

This sinking feeling in my stomach, this lump in my throat, the stinging in my eyes?

You all are changing me, and I have not come to the conclusion if that is good or not.

Until next time.

Chapter End Notes

oh no not the sad tragic big man backstory

remember to follow my twitter hehe (@reya23031)

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Summary

TW: MENTIONS OF SUICIDE, DEATH, DEREALIZATION, VIOLENCE

YOU ARE ALIVE. THIS IS ALL FICTION. YOU ARE REAL.

Its short but simple, like me :)

You know whats not pog? Me deleting this entire chapter and having to rewrite it haha.

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter: @reya23031

i love the fanart everyone is making! keep at it.

Readers.

I have no words for you today.

Until next time, I suppose.

-

Tommy had seemed to be enjoying therapy, and Phil was glad he was. He was getting the help he deserved to receive. Phil was slightly worried about one thing, though. The Gods, of course, did not allow them to celebrate Christmas. But, the group had a different version of Christmas. They would give each other presents, and then cook a meal and offer some of it to the Gods. Phil loved the idea of doing that, and praised Karl for coming up with it.

He would never learn that Karl stole that from the Percy Jackson books, but what Phil didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Winter break started two days after the day Tommy faced Dream. He had been tense since the first time Minx brought up the holiday they had planned. That, combined with his therapy sessions, ability training, and the constant words his father spews, it had been stressful.

“Hey, Toms. I need to go get gifts for everyone. You wanna come with? I’ll drive.” Techno knocked at his door, and peeked in. “I know this has to be, quite literally, the worst time ever for you to have a holiday dedicated to the big people, but maybe hanging out with me and Wilbur will make you feel better. Dad’s cooking already, so it would just be us. Brotherly bonding and all that shit, right?” Techno humored. Tommy found it funny that his voice was still monotone the entire time.

“I don’t know, Tech. Might go insane in the middle of the mall and try to off myself because my dead dad is haunting me.” The words rolled off Tommy’s tongue before he could stop them, and he was shocked he even said them. He could hear Wilbur laughing in his room, Techno and him following.

“If you go crazy and decide to stab me again, please aim for my arm or legs. Torso wounds are a major pain in the ass. Sorry for also uncovering a bunch of trauma, by the way. Wouldn’t have yelled at Schlatt if I knew he would’ve caused you to experience all of it.” Techno knew it wasn’t his fault and that he didn’t control Schlatt’s actions, but an apology would still be nice for Tommy. “Now, c’mon. Get your shit. Me and Wilbur are forcing you to come have fun with us. I want to see you two fight for the front seat.” Techno gave him a thumbs up, and walked down the stairs.

Well, there is no arguing that.

That led to Will, Techno, and Tommy going to the mall two days before Christmas, arguably the worst day to ever go to the mall. None of them thought to think about that, but they didn’t realize until Techno was looking for parking for fifteen minutes.

“Dude can you just drop off me and Tommy? It’ll be so much easier and we don’t have to sit here and hear you yell at minivans for simply parking.” Will complained.

“Do you guys think I could mess with the probability of us finding a parking spot? I could try. Might fuck up and mess around with us getting hit by a car, but I’d rather take that than hear Tech yell at another middle aged Mom.” The car went quiet, until Techno snorted.

“Tommy, I don’t know if you’re taking new meds or you just woke up more comfortable today, but please never change. You are so funny when you don’t care. But yeah, try it. Worst case scenario you get overwhelmed and I just drive us back home. Plus, it’s not like I’m dying anytime

soon.” Techno joked.

“Hey, hey. Why does nobody care about my life? I still need to see if I’ll get into University and marry my awesome girlfriend who can breathe underwater. Sorry I don’t have any tragic trauma like you sad fucks.” Techno and Tommy laughed at Will, who just gave them the middle finger.

“Okay let me figure this out.” Tommy closed his eyes, quickly went into his Mind Palace and grabbed his flashlight. He opened his eyes, turned it on, and saw the possibilities.

Chance of Finding Parking: 53%

Chance of Car Crash: 23%

Repent, Thomas.

“Hey, just because I’m curious, what is our chance at finding parking? It has to be like 2% with this bullshit holiday.” Techno asked Tommy, who’s hands had gone cold.

No, father. I don’t think I will. You are just a trauma response that I will over time learn to ignore. Or something like that, that’s what Halo said.

“We have a 53% chance. I’ll put it to 100%” Tommy turned the dial again, and immediately they found the first parking spot in the row.

“Tommy, if you ever need to sneak out or drugs, I will 100% get you either. You are phenomenal.” Wilbur ruffled Tommy’s beanie before closing the car door.

Techno bought all of his gifts, and bought Tommy a coffee. He would later regret it, because a Tommy on coffee was one they did not expect. He was loud, hyper, and his laugh was at first a breath of fresh air, was now slightly obnoxious.

“Why haven’t I had coffee before? This is amazing! You know my father hasn’t said a word since I’ve had it? This is great. Big man, this is by far the best thing you’ve done for me.” Tommy was practically vibrating in the passenger seat, after all of the shopping was done.

“You can hear your dad?” Wilbur asked.

“Not my dad. My father. I don’t think they’re the same. You guys call Phil your dad. My father wasn’t one, or at least I’ve been told. It’s confusing. Oooh, I like this music.” He turned up the band Techno had on the stereo, and his fingers curled. “Who is this singing? I like it.”

“It’s Mother Mother. I like their songs. Do you consider Phil your dad? It’s okay if you don’t have an answer, just a question.” Techno responded.

“I hope one day I can. He’s really cool. I just can’t convince myself. What song is this? I like this one.” Tommy tapped along to the beat on his legs.

“Little Pistol. The one before was Hayloft. Their song Oh Ana, that’s my favorite. That one is next.” Techno discovered *Mother Mother* his freshman year, and he continued his love for them since.

“Can I ask, why Technoblade? Is that your actual name?” Tommy finally had the courage to ask, and it’s been on his mind since his first day.

“Well, I came out as Non-Binary when I was a freshman. Junior year comes around, I decide I was wrong and I actually like He/They a lot more. Kept the name I chose when I came out, and stuck with it since.” He pulled into their driveway and stopped the car. “Plus, it is super badass. Nothing screams awesome like a tall scrawny kid with long soft pink hair who plays the violin and is named Technoblade. Super cool, right?” Everyone in the car laughed, and got out of the car.

The holiday was one that Tommy genuinely enjoyed. For the day, Karl said he ‘locked the trauma door’ so he could enjoy the day. It was weirdly lonely, not hearing his father's voice, but he liked the loneliness. Everyone was at Phils, beside Quackity and Sam who had gone out and gotten last minute gifts.

Tommy was sitting with Henry and his friend group, laughing at the story Dream was telling everyone,

“So I open my eyes expecting to be back in the world where we’re all youtubers, right? I do, and it’s great! Then all of a sudden the a/c is broken, and I’m like that’s fine, that’s cool. Turns out I’m in love with George and all of this ‘you melt me’ shit and I’m like I DID NOT SIGN UP FOR THIS! Then I end up sending him this paragraph and almost shit my pants-“ He stopped to catch

his breath from laughing so hard. “It was crazy. I couldn’t look at George for a week, I would break out in laughter and just imagine what his reaction would’ve been to reading that paragraph. I dipped as soon as I could. Platonic love is the best love, everyone. Let’s never forget that.” They all agreed, and continued to tell each other stories.

“He seems to be settling well, Phil. It’s refreshing to see. Halo, you are totally in the right profession.” Ponk, Punz, Skeppy, Puffy, Halo, and Hbomb stood in the kitchen, a smile on their faces. Phil was cleaning up the kitchen, and nodded in agreement.

“He’s settling really well. I’m praying that whatever dream Nick is having right now is good, we really deserve a fucking break. If we don’t, I’m going to be dropping thousands in groceries from the stress cooking.”

Phil’s prayer was not answered. Nick woke up with a yell and bounced up, sweat dripping from his forehead.

“Where are Quackity and Sam? Are they back yet? Please fucking tell me they’re back.” Karl shook his head at his twin, questioning him. “Get them off the road. Tell them to not even think about going into a car. They’re going to get into a crash, and Sam’s going to die. What are all of you doing just standing there! Call them!”

Eret called their twin, nothing. They called again. Nothing.

Nobody could contact them.

One fucking break. That’s all I ask.

-

Sam and Quackity had two rules while driving. One, no phones. They aren’t going to die from one of them texting someone or answering a call. Two, shotgun has the aux, since the driver is obviously driving. This drive wasn’t planned, Sam had forgotten to get a gift for Tommy and wanted to make sure he had one. That led to them going out last minute to get him a plushie of an English Greyhound (Tubbo had told the two the boys favorite animal), and we’re just trying to get back to their family.

Until someone stood in the middle of the road, causing Sam to swerve and hit a tree. When Quackity first came to, all he heard were voices.

“The Blood God will be satisfied. Two souls, one of them powered.” One voice said.

“Are you sure the other boy, the one not driving, isn’t alive? He may be alive.” The other asked.

“You dare doubt me, sister? They are dead, let’s get going. One of them are bound to know they will be in an accident, and will be here soon.” Quackity heard as they walked away, and waited until he knew they were gone.

“Fuck, Sam, this is going to be a pain in the ass to fix, you know that? You know I stopped that brujeria shit years ago. Kinda pissed you’re making me save your ass. You better hope nobody else kicks the bucket soon.” Quackity unbuckled himself, and got out of the car. His phone was smashed to shit, and so was Sams. “I guess we’re going to wait here, buddy.”

Punz, Purpled, Phil, and Karl arrived ten minutes later.

“Took you pendejos long enough! I was worried I was going to have to walk his ass to Charles Xavier’s house over here! Purpled, bitch boy, please heal me up man. I got some shit to do, and I’d like to start this sooner rather than later.” Quackity’s simple tone shocked them all, and he just looked at them, “Oh. Yeah. Sam’s dead. Don’t worry though, I can bring him back. C’mon, you really think Sam would stay around me if I didn’t have a special thing like you guys? Blood Magic, my mom was really into it. I know how to bring people back from the dead. One a year, if I sacrifice enough maybe two. I’m going to bring him back once you guys jump out of shock and heal me so I don’t die as well. Chop chop!” He clapped his hands together twice, and everyone got to work.

“How come neither of you told us you could do that?” Phil asked, as he helped Punz put Sam into Punz’s car.

“Never really knew how to bring it up. I planned soon, then Tommy and all of that with the Blood God, it got a little messed up along the lines. I just need like three chickens to sacrifice and I can bring him back. He’ll need therapy, though. Sorry for being so non-chalant about all this. This was just bound to happen soon, and I really just want to hug Sam so I’d like to hurry this up.”

They hurried as fast as they could, trying not to look at the dead body of Sam.

-

By the time they got back to Phil's house, and got Quackity to his area to work, it was late and everyone was exhausted. Phil told them all Sam would be okay and to go home, explaining the situation and apologizing that their night of fun was ruined.

Nobody blamed him, but the man saw that since he was their self designated leader, it was his fault. It wasn't, but nobody would convince him otherwise. Quackity wouldn't allow anyone in the room with him when he performed the ritual, all they knew was he walked in with three living chicken and his dead best friend, and walked out with his best friend now alive, and three dead chickens.

"I am such a mood killer, aren't I guys?" Sam tried to lighten the mood when he saw the faces of everyone there. "Guys, you're acting like I died or something. Get it? Because I died-" He was tackled into a hug from Eret, who just laughed and shook his head.

"Never drive again, asshole." Sam laughed at his twins words, and hugged them back,

"Not a chance."

Quackity knew of the nightmares that would follow being resurrected. Since he was so quick about it, that should be the only long term issue they'll come across, but he wouldn't rule anything out.

Especially with their shit luck.

-

Later that night, Tommy stood in front of his bed looking at all the gifts he'd received. Almost everything was related to animals, which Tommy enjoyed. Techno had gotten him a Mother Mother CD, which made him smile when he thought of the boy he had begun to see as a brother.

After everything with Sam, somehow the gathering continued, and he had spent a good section of time with Sally. She was kind, and that kindness seemed to radiate off of her. She convinced him to let her paint his nails, and he now had blue nails. He didn't mind it, it matched the blue on Connors

and Schlatts.

“So, you finally opened yourself up to me.” Tommy turned around to see a woman with brunette hair, and wore a suit. She looked like she was a CEO of some company, she looked powerful.

“Who are you?” He didn’t feel scared in her prescence, almost familiar for an odd reason.

“I’m the lady who gave your ancestors their powers, and now yours, Names Athena, nice to meet you, kid. Sorry about all that Blood God shit, the blood ones are always very threatening in nature.” She sat on his bed and looked around the room. “I’ve been waiting for Phil to find you. He’s meant to be your dad, you know. Ever since your mother passed I’ve wanted you to go to him. That’s why you lost your apartment all of sudden, I kind of made you lose it so you slept outside and someone found you. But look! Now you’re home.” Tommy just stared at the goddess.

“You knew my mom?”

Athena laughed, “Out of all of that, that’s what you catch? Yeah, I knew her. Powers are hereditary. Your mom married your father not knowing his dirty little secret of being a fucker who wanted to sacrifice her. She gave birth to you at home at his request, and he sacrificed her to that asshole. I’m sorry I couldn’t help you sooner, but now I can. That’s why you’re able to block the voices better, it’s a small apology gift.”

“Oh. Thanks.”

“Not a kid of many words, are you? You wil be, one day. Nobody from your bloodline is quiet, we’re too smart to not voice it. It’s a curse.” She joked, nudging him with her shoulder. He laughed, and she sent a smile he always saw on Phil’s face. “You’re going to be okay, you know that right? You’re a lot stronger than you think. Until next time, Tommy. Don’t disappoint me.”

“Until next time, Athena.”

With that, she was gone. It still felt wrong to talk to other gods, but he couldn’t bring himself not to.

How can it be wrong when she’s so nice and the Blood God is so mean?

“Toms, want to sleep with me and Wilbur? We’re going to sleep in the living room and watch movies. You in? A friend of ours died and then was brought back to life, I think we need a movie night.”

He agreed, and that’s how he ended the night braiding Techno’s hair and watching the movie *Up*.

-

I think I’m going to get a cat.

I would have to go to earth to get one, but I would enjoy having one.

Should I?

Until next time.

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Summary

TW: VIOLENCE LIKE ITS NOT FOR LONG BUT THE ENDING IS REALLY FUCKED UP BUT I AM SORRY LIKE WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, SHORT MENTION OF DEREALIZATION, DEATH

YOU ARE ALIVE. THIS IS ALL FICTION. YOU ARE REAL.

i am a heartless soul i am sorry.

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter: reya23031

i love fanart everyone is making! keep at it!

i am sorry

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

The world isn't fair.

If we can learn anything from each other, let's learn this.

The world isn't fair.

Ever.

-

Phil believed that the following 16th, was not going to be an awful one. He believed it would have been one full of small nuances, like one of his tires being flattened or him spilling coffee on himself.

In retrospect, he would have given anything to have it be something as small as a coffee spill. Hell,

even something as big as Tommy creating a hill and running away.

Not *this* .

He thought of how to rationalize it. How does the unlucky day vary so heavily? Can't the gods help?

He couldn't even open the box. How could someone do that?

How could someone do that to a child?

-

Remember when I asked you about fate?

My questions weren't just questions, they were warnings.

I tried to look out for you, to warn you.

I'm sorry.

-

Tommy felt good about himself, for what seemed like the first time ever. He had been going to therapy four times a week, working on coping mechanisms and talking through the issues he had. He would never discuss what he and Halo talked inside the man's office, and nobody ever asked. Mental Health isn't table talk, if he wanted it to be secret then he had every right for it to be.

He had also begun training, which was an experience in itself. Punz was the one teaching him to fight, and he was a good teacher. He never went easy on the boy, and never used the boys mental health as an excuse.

He liked Punz, he didn't play around and his ability was cool. His ability would be able to tell what move you would make next in combat. He called it his 'Spidey Senses', which got a laugh out of his friends. It had gotten him five extra laps, but it was worth it in his eyes. In the matter of three weeks, he was going out multiple times a week, would get into petty fights with the boys in the house, and laughed a lot more. Phil never believed the boy would ever be labeled as 'obnoxious', but some days he was.

Phil loved that Tommy was talking so much and loudly he could label it as obnoxious.

Tommy had also gotten a lot closer with Will, which also meant he began to get close to Sally. Tommy loved Sally. Her and Wilbur were soulmates, no doubt about it in his mind. They always flew under the radar, never wanting attention, but they were almost always with each other. From his knowledge, he knew that they had been together for some time now, and were serious. He didn't know how serious, until the boy brought home a promise ring and showed it to Techno and Tommy.

"So, boys, what do you think? It's Sapphire, it's her favorite gem. She likes blue sapphire the most so I got that one even though she was born in April so the birth stones don't match-" Techno rolled his eyes and Tommy gagged.

"Dude, you're like head over heels for her. What if she thinks you're proposing? I'm not one to judge, but we are just seniors in high school and I really think maybe waiting after college to get married." Techno was monotone as always as he examined the ring, also showing it to Tommy.

"Good ol' Sally the Salmon and Wilbur Soot. Little cuties, right Tech? When are you going to give it to her? I want her to paint my nails again. I liked the little sunflowers she put on them last time. Plus, the Blade over here needs to get his hair redyed. He's been asking me to do it and I'd rather experience my religious trauma again than dye his hair." Techno gave the middle finger to Tommy, who just turned the probability up of his index finger also rising, making the middle finger turn into a peace sign.

"Guys! My time to shine. I'm going to give it to her on this picnic thing we're doing on the 16th, yes the picnic will be here we're just going to eat on a blanket on the floor. We're going to be fine, and if I can give her the ring without the 16th's luck interfering, we're meant to be."

"Have you told Dad yet?" Techno asked.

"Uh, no. Is this a telling dad thing? I didn't think it was that big of a deal. What do you think, Toms. Is this a dad thing?" Tommy looked at Will and shrugged his shoulders.

“Don’t know, big man. I for one have no bitches, all I have is Connor, Purpled, Ranboo, and Tubbo. They’re bitches, but not those types. I would tell him just because we know Karl will bring it up, but that is just me. You should tell Phil.” Tommy still couldn’t bring himself to call Phil Dad, but he was working on it.

“Okay, I’ll tell him. Incase he freaks out, you two will back me up, yeah?” Will looked at his two brothers, who just stared at him. “Right?”

“I’m going to go hang out with Tubbo, we’re making his room all cool and stuff. Tech, can you drive me?” Tommy turned to his older brother, who nodded.

He would never call them brothers to their face, but in his head he considered them ones.

“You guys have zero loyalty. None. Real fucking cool guys.”

“You’re just mad because Phil’s going to stress cook because of you! Suck it, bitch boy!” Tommy ran down the stairs, Will following him. “Meet you in the car, Tech!”

Will huffed, watching as the 16 year old ran to the car, shutting the door, and locking it. He had lost Tommy, and there was no way he was going to ‘fight’ Techno.

“Good luck, Will. You’re going to need it.”

“Need what?” Phil interrupted the twins, who just looked at the man.

“That’s for him to explain. I’m taking Tommy to Tubbo’s house. See you later.” Techno quickly closed the door behind him, leaving the two alone in the house.

“Dad, let’s go sit down at the table.”

Fuck, Sally’s pregnant. I’m way too young to be a grandpa.

“Will, do I need to pull out anything to defrost? Is this a stress cooking type scenario? Is that why Techno and Tommy left so fast?” Phil sat at the table, the stress evident on his face.

“No, no you’ll be okay! I promise. This is something I think you’ll actually like. So, you know how me and Sally have been dating for the past three years, right? Well, since graduation is coming up and university is going to come soon, I decided to get her this.” He opened the ring box and showed Phil, whose face drained of all color.

“You-you’re going to propose? Will I love Sally, I really do, amazing girl, but you’re so young-” Will shook his head rapidly and laughed.

“No, this is a promise ring. Like that not now, but one day I’m going to marry her. I promise that. She’s the love of my life, Dad. You know Dream said we’re together in almost every reality he’s been to? We’re not soulmates and bonded like Tommy and Tubbo, but we keep finding each other in these realities. I’m not going to leave her in this one. Especially with how uncertain our lives can be, I want to spend the rest of the time I have left with her. Whether that be until I’m 60 or we’re 20. She’s my ending.” Will had such a passion in his voice that it made Phil tear up.

“Well, when that day comes, she is welcomed with open arms into this family. She is a wonderful girl, and I am so happy you found that Will. So beyond happy. Are you going to show her the notebook of all the letters?” Phil had embraced him into a hug, asking the question when they pulled away.

“Yeah, I think I am! I also think I’m going to give it to her on the 16th, so show that even on the most unlucky day of the month, I’ll risk it for her. Quite poetic, right?” Will’s excitement was contagious, making Phil laugh and smile.

“I think that’s amazing! Thank god this wasn’t a stress cooking moment, I cannot spend more money on groceries.” Will laughed at his dad, before ending the conversation and running upstairs to get all of the present ready.

The 16th was tomorrow, after all. He needed to be ready. Nothing, not a single thing in his world could prepare him for what the day consisted of.

-

Dear Sally,

When I am writing this, we had just had our first date. It's our sophomore year, you have brown hair, and you talked about wanting to dye it pink. You went on to say that you don't want a pink like neon or baby pink, you want one that's like a salmon color. I found that funny because of your abilities, so I called you Sally the Salmon. Oh, what I would give to go back and record your laugh, record the pitch of the tone, the smile on your face, the glimmer in your eyes. It was a scene so beautiful my eyes will never forget it, even if my ears forget the sound of it one day. You have this way with how you hold yourself, it is a way that nobody can intimidate you and it away. You are undeniably and utterly yourself. Even when you called me Wilby, and that salmon color you love brushed your cheeks. Even if I do despise the nickname, it sounded like heaven hearing it leave your mouth.

You astound me, Sally. Truly and utterly astound me.

Yours truly,

Wilbur (Wilby).

Smaller journal entries followed, each of them following their dates and random adventures.

Dear Sally,

When I am writing this, we are sitting on the beach. Sam and Techno are sitting in the car, higher than the sky. We didn't join them, because you said you wanted to experience this moment pure, without the interaction of others. You made us build a sandcastle, with a little town and moat and everything. You told me of their story, the one Dream loves to tell of us. You name the town L'Manburg, and said if I ever wanted to rule you would be right next to me, on my side. I told you I would never rule, you are the one out of us to rule. You blushed, laughing it away.

You are a ruler and queen in my eyes, Sally. You beat every fucking woman or man or person to ever try to rule over me and my mind. That was the moment I knew I loved you. I should have known on that first date when you called me Wilby and my heart sped up. I should've known when the first time we went swimming together and you called me a little fish, and that if you were to be a salmon I had to be one. I should have known six months ago.

But I know now.

So as you write your name in the sand, one that will ultimately be picked up by the water and never to be read again, just know when you sit right next to me again, you are going to hear me tell you I love you.

Because I love you Sally. I love you more than I love sound.

The break of big letters is larger this time, but the amount of adventures almost doubles. They began to spend everyday with each other.

Sally,

While Sam was high, he caught us kissing in a room at a party. Him and the goddamn walking through walls shit. I was worried you would deny me, deny us. I would never deny you. But when Sam asked, all you did was give him the middle finger and to tell everyone of his findings, not having a care in the world. I doubt you would've acted the same if you did not have the drugs in your system as we all did, but you acted nonetheless. Techno said he knew it, because no girl would ever hang out with me and help him with his hair. I still cannot believe you somehow got my own twin to like you more than me, but I digress. This was not the winter break I think we had planned for Junior Year, but does anyone truly ever have a well working plan? I have never, not once, planned us, and I never plan to. You're not someone to plan. You're an ever changing enigma, that I have no quarrels never solving. I love you, Sally.

I love you more than words can describe.

There are more adventures than ever, and Will even began to incorporate pictures into the journal. It was more than halfway filled.

Sally,

Senior year. I have spent the last three years of my life in your arms, and you in mine. There is no way else I would spend it. My Dad found this, the other day. He cried. He's quite emotional, as you know. I still cannot believe you have never found this. Every encounter of us, every adventure you craved to go on, every moment of pure and utter beauty. Did you know my Mind Palace has a picture of us in it? My brain has come to the conclusion that I feel safest with you.

I love you. In the way Carl loves Ellie, Ross loves Rachel, Chandler loves Monica, Ron loves Hermoine. This is our adventure book, like Carls and Ellies. One day we're going to have our house, paint it as our own, and live our lives. You know my Dad would be a phenomenal grandfather, we would just have to get a second food to store all the food he would make. I hope you think of our future the way I do, Sally. Because you're it for me. You're the home I plan to come back to, the body I plan to wake up next to every morning. You're it for me, and I hope I'm it for you.

The journal continues, until the last two pages, with the final entry.

Sally,

The final pages of this journal, yet only the beginning of our love story. You have somehow not only taken my life by storm, but my entire house. You just have that personality, you light up a room that could have had fifteen lights in it. You light up the world, my world, with your presence. Tommy has started to ask for you. He liked the way you painted his nails, and even wants to try the eyeliner you told him about. Techno asks if he can come with us on our adventures, and somehow you allow him. You teach him braids, listen to his music, dye his hair. You love my family as if they are your own. I hope one day they will be. I got you a ring today, Sally. It's not an engagement ring, contrary to popular belief. It's a promise ring. It's a promise for forever, a promise that my love is eternal. I promise for our lives to be like a book they write about, an epic love story teenagers grip to, praying to experience one day. I will follow you wherever you want to go. If you want to backpack across Asia, then I will take you to start picking out backpacks. If you never want to work a day in your life, I will work every day of mine to make you happy. Your happiness means everything to me, and I will give anything to see your smile every second of every day.

I will be here at your brightest moments, and the moments where the darkness seems to engulf the light. All I ask, is that you're there for mine.

I love you, Sally Aurora Fisher.

The journal is almost seven inches thick, filled with small mementos and trinkets and pictures. It was their love story, fully written out. It was his prized possession. He never knew Sally had one, almost identical to his.

Will,

I created this so every day I can use one word to describe you.

Day One: Humorous.

From Day One to Day One Thousand and Two Hundred. They loved each other in equal intensity, a love only comparable to the ones told in fairy tales.

Only the ones in fairy tales.

The morning of the 16th, Tommy woke up with a pit in his stomach. He felt wrong today, but not in the way he was used to. He walked over to his mirror, and looked at himself.

Oh thank fuck, hello you sexy motherfucker that recognizes himself!

He got ready for the day, and before he walked out his door, he turned on his flashlight. Him and Phil had discussed previously to keep it on the entire day, just to watch and make sure all of the awful probabilities are low. So far, they were. Until he walked down the stairs and tripped the second he reached the ground floor.

“Are you fucking serious? Did I just trip over the air?” Techno walked over to him and helped him up, laughing.

“Welcome to the 16th. It’s shit. I ran out of conditioner, Dad ran out of coffee, and Wilbur can’t get a hold of Sally. We all have the shiitest of luck today, and it looks like your probability isn’t going to help.” They walked into the kitchen and sat down at the island, like they do every morning.

“Good morning guys. Remember, bad luck all day. Don’t do anything that is based around your luck, and expect bad things to happen. Got it?” Phil didn’t have time to make breakfast, since his alarm clock never went off.

“Hey, Techno, Toms. Have either of you heard from Sally? She isn’t answering my calls. We’re supposed to hang out today so I can give her all of the things.” Wilbur was putting on his shoes, and had a slight crease in his forehead out of nervousness.

Probability of Sally’s phone being dead: 62%

Probability of Sally being in danger: 54%

Probability of Sally being sick: 58%

Tommy turned the last two down to 2%, and went to go say goodbye to Henry before going to school.

The rest of the school day was filled with small nuances. He had been given a pop quiz in English, forgot his Chemistry notes, Ranboo spilled his water bottle all over his notes in Psych, and he

wasn't able to beat George's reality in Phil's class. They had begun to work on him breaking out of George's reality, seeing if he could bring himself back to reality. He had yet to be successful, because George always used animals.

"Tommy, try to break out of there. Ignore the cat's and frogs, and please get back to reality." The cat was adorable, and was just laying in his arms. Phil knew the boy wasn't going to be George on this one, but he still attempted to bring him back.

"Sorry, Phil! George, can't you just make them all scary or something? Make me want to leave!" The cat purred in Tommy's arms, and he sighed.

"Tommy, the entire point is to make you want to stay, so I can get you out here. Why would I make it bad?" George's voice was right next to him, and he knew the boy was going to tackle him down soon.

Sorry, kitty. He dropped the cat and tried to pull himself out, but only was able to move his body out of the way.

"Fuck! Could you not, Tommy? I just hit my head on the floor." George ended the augment, causing all the animals to go away.

"It's the 16th, not my fault." Tommy went to stand next to his friends, who just laughed along.

"I miss when you were nice to everyone. Now you're loud and mean." George joked, walking back over to Karl, Nick, and Dream.

"Oh shush, Gogy. You know you love me." Tommy had given George that nickname because Grog recommended it.

"I still cannot believe my nickname was picked out by a fucking frog named Grog." The bell rang shortly after, and they all went to their respective places.

"Hey, Nick, don't forget to tell us if you have any dreams!" Purpled yelled, since the two groups were going opposite directions.

“I won’t have any, I never have dreams on the 16th. Just bad luck, I guess.” The group sighed, and continued walking to lunch.

Once they made it to lunch, the mood was drastically different than normal. They would normally be loud and exciting, today they were just quiet. Schlatt seemed to be half asleep, Techno had his airpods in, Fundy, Niki, and Minx were working on school work. Will sat, looking through his phone. Sally wasn’t there.

“Hey, Will. Where’s Sally?” Tommy asked, sitting down next to him.

“No clue. She hasn’t responded to anyone. 16th luck, I guess. Nick hasn’t had any dreams or anything, so I’m not worried. She’s probably sick. I would go check on her today, but Dad doesn’t like us driving or anything. I just have to hope she’s okay and comes over later.”

Tommy nodded, sat, and went to eat his lunch, but he forgot it.

He hated the 16ths.

-

Tommy was sure he was going to throw up. He felt awful, and had no idea why. That was another thing he learned in the three weeks, his body would know something was going to happen due to probability, but he wouldn’t know what.

He was terrified, which led to him pacing back and forth in Techno’s room, the latter playing with a rubix cube he had.

“Somethings going to happen, Tech. I don’t know what the fuck to do. Phil said it’s just because it’s the 16th, but something’s wrong. Like, seriously wrong. Remember last time I felt that you ate that bad fish and got food poisoning and Niki had to get rid of the disease. I know something’s up.”

“You probably are thinking about Sally being sick. Gods know if Wilbur didn’t shut up about it. Here, come play with the rubix cube. I would play the violin, but I do not trust myself today.” Tommy nodded, and sat next to him on his bed.

“Hey, have you guys heard from-“

“No, Will. We haven’t.” The boys answered in unison.

Wilbur sighed, slumped his shoulders, and sat next to his brothers. “Why would she blow me off? She wouldn’t, I know her better than anyone.”

Techno patted his back. “Don’t worry about it, she’ll call you tomorrow.”

Then they heard the doorbell ring, and Phil called them all downstairs.

-

When Sally woke up on January 15th, she never knew what would happen. She had plans to make cupcakes that night, so tomorrow she could raise her friends' moods and make the day that was going to be awful slightly better. So, she got in her car and went to the store.

“That’s the truly difficult choice, isn’t it? Vanilla or Chocolate?” Sally turned to see an older woman on her left, looking at the cupcakes as well.

“Yeah, that is difficult. My friends like vanilla a lot more though, so they make it easier.” Sally was kind to her, as she was with anyone.

“This may be weird, but I feel like I know your mother. I think we went to highschool together! You live on Acorn Street?” The woman was kind, and Sally believed she was her mothers age.

“You’re thinking Arcane! We live on Arcane, in the house with the blue sides and yellow-“ The woman cut her off.,

“Yellow door! Ah, I need to contact her soon. Take care sweetie, and I hope your cupcakes come out amazing.” The woman walked away, and Sally never thought twice about her.

Until three hours later at 12:01 AM, on January the 16th. She was finishing the frosting of the

cupcakes, and heard a knock on the door. Her mother (who wanted to help her, she was a human who for some reason wasn't affected by the natural hatred) answered the door.

She heard her mother scream, a thud, and then nothing.

She immediately hid, climbing into the empty cabinet of the island and quieted.

“Where is she? The Blood God wants her, her mother is just a reward.”

The Blood God?

“Check her bedroom, and I'll go down here.”

It felt like hours in that cabinet. In reality, it was not more than five minutes.

It got quiet after ten minutes. She heard the door shut, and she exhaled. Tears were streaming down her back, and she choked back a sob.

That's when the cabinet door flew open, and she was met with the lady from the grocery store, and a man.

“Please, please don't hurt me. I'm only 17, please. I have a life to look forward to.” She begged, the tears threatening to suffocate her.

“Shh, it's okay child. You're going to have a life, just not on this plane. The Blood God will treat you well, I promise. Soon, all of your friends will join and you all can be happy together, I promise.”

The woman slit her throat, and watched as the life drained from the young girl's eyes.

Blood for the Blood God.

They grabbed her body, and the body of her mothers (who matched in injury) and took them into their car and back to their church.

The Blood God is satisfied. You know what to do next.

And they got to work.

-

“Which one of you ordered a package? It just arrived on the doorstep.” Phil asked, taking the package and putting it onto the dining room table. It was heavy, and Phil assumed it would be Techno for a computer part.

“Not me. I have everything I need. Will?” Techno turned to his twin, who shook his head. “Toms?” He also shook his head, but seemed to be analyzing it. “Just opened it, maybe one of us forgot something.” Phil nodded, grabbing the boxcutter and began to cut the tape.

“Wait! Don’t do it. Don’t-Don’t do it. Something bad is in there. I don’t know what it is, but I can feel it. My brain knows something I don’t, like how it knew you guys were lying about the accents. Do not open that fucking box.” Tommy’s words were rushed, anxiety gnawing at his chest.

Make them listen, Tommy. You’re an Athenian descendant. You’re smart. You got this.

The voice was no longer his father, but Athena.

“What do the probabilities look like?” Phil asked, now concerned,

Chance of Good: 23%

Chance of Bad: 77%

“It has a 77% chance of it being bad. I can’t change it, I don’t know why. Maybe because the action already happened? Just-just don’t open it.” Tommy’s heart began to race, and it was evident he was going into fight or flight mode (he was ready to fly).

“Tommy, we can’t just leave it here. We have to open it. All three of you, back up. If this is a bomb or something, I don’t want you dead.” Phil ushered the boys away, when Techno stood forward.

“Let me open it. What is it going to do, kill me?” Phil went to shake his head, but stopped. Techno was right. The damage would just mildly inconvenienced him, not kill him like it would the others. Phil and Techno changed places, and Techno opened the box.

That was the first time Tommy ever heard Techno scream. He shut the box immediately, fell back, and began to dry heave.

“Techno, what is it? What’s in the box?” Wilbur asked, while Phil rushed over to the box and opened it.

He immediately had tears come to his eyes, and shut the box.

Oh my fucking god.

“William, do not look in that box. Do you understand me? Do not look in that box. You too, Thomas.” Tommy tensed at the use of his full name, and took a step back.

Chances of Sally being being in danger: 54%

“What’s in the box? Can someone tell me what’s in the box?” Wilbur began to inch towards the box, and Phil’s face fell serious.

“I want you to go and call the parents, and the police. Make sure Quackity is here as well.” Tommy never heard Phil sound like this, and his mind was racing at a million miles per minute.

“Have any of you heard from Sally all day? She’s never like this.”

“Dad, what’s in the fucking box?! I need to know! If Techno get’s to know, I get to know.” At the

mention of his brother, Wilbur looked at him. He had thrown up on the floor, and was sobbing whilst rocking back and forth.

“William, you do not want to see this.” Phil felt Wilbur’s flashlight flicker, and he raised his eyebrows at him.

“Let me see!”

Chances of Bad: 77%

“Oh my god.” Tommy began to feel lightheaded, and his eyes welled up with tears.

No. It can't be.

Wilbur began to push against his dad, who was holding him. Wilbur was stronger due to the sparring, and was able to peer into the small opening of the box.

He immediately paled.

“Is that- is that Sally?” His voice was a whisper, breaking at the tears running down his face.

“I am so sorry Wilbur.”

Chance of Sally being dead: 100%

With nobody to stop him, Tommy peered into the box. In it, was the head of his older brother's girlfriend, and a single note.

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD.

“This is my fault. I brought them here, oh my god she’s dead. I am so sorry Will. I should’ve

repented, I should've—" His breath became labored, and he backed away from everyone.

The last thing he heard was Wilbur scream into Phil's chest, as his hearing blew out and he fell to the ground unconscious.

Techno watched as his twin broke down in the arms of his father as he caught Tommy from falling, himself broken.

Sally was the girl who taught him how to braid, how to dye his hair, who painted sunflowers on Tommy's nails.

He would never learn a new braid from her, never hear the laugh only she brought out in her brother. Never another beach day, ice skating trip, nothing.

The world had lost the smile and laughter of the kindest soul he knew, and everyone lost a part of their soul with her departure.

"I never gave her the ring, Dad. I never gave her the ring or the notebook! We never got our blue house with the yellow door, or to make you a grandpa, or anything! She's gone!" His words turned into sobs as he fell farther into his father's chest, who was also crying.

How could this have happened?

He couldn't begin to answer that question.

-

I got a cat.

His name is Oliver.

I am sorry.

Does the cat make you feel better? I thought it would. He made me feel better when telling it.

This is the part that is the hardest to tell, in my opinion. I always seem to end up with a lump in my throat and tears on my face by the end.

The world is a cruel place.

Until next time.

Chapter End Notes

i am sorry

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Summary

i am sorry.

TW: VIOLENCE, MENTION OF SUICIDAL IDEATION, DISSOCIATION,
DEREALIZATION

YOU ARE ALIVE. THIS IS ALL FICTION. YOU ARE REAL.

i am so heartless

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter: reya23031

follow my tiktok: fookingbananas

THE FAN ART IS FUCKING AMAZING HOLY SHIT GUYS HONESTLY I LOVE
IT

i am sorry

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

This is a sad part, so I thought I would try and cheer you up!

I was reading last night, and Ollie came up to me and slept on my chest! I didn't ask him to or anything!

I think he likes me.

I got to pet him, but I had to ask first. I didn't want him to get scared.

I think we're actually becoming good friends!

He did shit on my floor, though.

Just, try to be happy. For me? Try to be happy.

Please?

-

Grief is a weird process. Tommy learned about it in his psychology class, and how difficult it is to fully explain and understand. The stages exist as so: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. They do not have to exist in that order, and some are never reached. But in general, that's how they exist. He also never learned how much he relied on sound, until his eardrum was ruptured.

It had been a rough couple of weeks.

Phil called the police shortly after Tommy had passed out, taking out the Blood God note. They took the head, went to her house, and found her cupcakes.

They never found her body, or her mothers.

Tommy had woken up some hours later, screaming because he couldn't hear anything. Apparently some people were over, he had no clue, and that's when they learned Will had blown out his hearing. Purpled had healed the damage to the point where he could hear anything loud. Tommy refused to let him heal it any further. It would heal naturally in the upcoming weeks, so they left it, not wanting to argue. Tommy didn't mind them not fixing his hearing, he didn't deserve it.

Grief had affected them all in different ways. Each house never felt the same.

-

The least affected house was Halo's, where George and Dream lived as well. Phil had called Halo and told him, resulting in him dropping a bowl and shattering it.

“It-it was in a box?” His fingers gripped the phone tightly, and all he heard was a deep sigh following his question.

“Yeah. Tommy told us not to open it, but we assumed it would’ve been a bomb or something. Tech opened it, and the rest was history. Will’s been sitting at the couch just staring at the wall and holding the ring he was going to give her. He’s devastated. Techno has been throwing those plastic balls at his wall as hard as he can, and Tommy’s unconscious. There-there was a note that said Blood for the Blood God. He’s going to blame himself. It was awful, Halo. Fucking awful.” Phil’s voice was at a whisper the entire conversation, wavering.

“How are you, Phil? I couldn’t even imagine what seeing that must’ve felt like.” Halo didn’t notice the two boy’s walk in at the sound of the bowl shattering.

“I’ll manage. I’d rather me suffer than the boys. This is going to be rough, Halo. Really fucking rough. I got to go and call the others. I’m sorry you all have to find out like this.” Before Halo could respond, Phil hung up the phone. Halo then dropped his phone onto the counter, and put his hands on his head.

“Dad? What’s going on?” Halo jumped slightly at the sound of George’s voice, and looked at the two.

“Let’s go sit on the couch. We need to discuss something.” Halo ushered the boys to the couch, ignoring the ceramic bowl shattered on the floor. The boys hesitantly followed.

“Are we in trouble?” Dream sat next to George, and his leg was bouncing incessantly.

“No, no. I have to tell you guy’s something. I don’t know how to tell you this.” Halo rubbed his palms onto his jeans to try and get some of the sweat off of them. His hands were shaking slightly, and his lips trembled.

“You’re acting like someone died, Dad.” George attempted to joke, only making Halo stiffen. “Wait, someone’s dead?” George’s voice immediately wavered. They, after all, lived in a young community. None of them should be dead.

“Today, Phil was shipped a package. Tommy had a bad feeling about it, Techno opened it because they thought it was a bomb, and it was Sally’s head. Sally is no longer with us.” Halo began to cry

at the end of his sentence, and was met with a hug from his son who had also begun to cry.

Dream was stoic, no response on his face. “No, she can’t be dead. Why don’t we just bring her back? Quackity brought back Sam! He can just bring her back, right? Right?! I just talked to her yesterday, she said she was going to make cupcakes. She just wanted to make cupcakes and surprise everyone. She’s not dead. I bet you right now Quackity was getting ready to bring her back.” He jumped up, his breathing labored. “I need to go. I-I can’t be here anymore.” George got up to stop him from running out of the house, when his body fell to the ground. He had shifted to another reality.

“Did he really just fucking leave our reality?” George had almost immediately gone from sadness to anger, and pulled away from his dad. “Bullshit. Utter bullshit.”

“George, he’s trying to process it. Everyone processes it in different ways, we just have to let him grieve in his own way.” Halo pulled his son in for another hug. “It’s okay to be mad, George. We’ve lost someone who was amazing, it’s okay right now to feel very conflicted emotionally. Just know I am here and I love you. If you want to be angry, grab all of the plastic balls I have and smash them against the wall. If you want to be sad, you can take your showers and cry like you do. I will not judge or be mad.”

George collapsed into his father, and Dream came back two days later.

“It should have been me, George. She was such a better person than me. If anyone deserves that it’s me.” Dream was monotone while he spoke, like his words had no meaning.

“Don’t you dare say that. None of us deserve that. We just have to be careful.” George was doing the dishes while he spoke. “The ‘what ifs’ will get us nowhere. We have to be there for our friends. Nick is taking it hard, and Karl’s trying to fix everyone mentally and help Halo with the grief counselling. We just need to help how we can. This is going to be an awful funeral”

“We literally don’t have a body to bury, George. Of course the funeral is going to be hard.” Dream wiped his tears and scoffed. He was closer to Sally than George was, the two having their morning classes together and being co-workers.

“I know, I just think Wilbur is going to do something bad, or anyone will. We’re all really emotional right now and the whole superpower thing is not going to help.” Since he was the son of a therapist, George grew up with the ability to handle his emotions very well (which should have been a superpower in itself).

“Yeah, nothing great is going to happen.” Dream agreed, beginning to put away the dishes.
“Remind me to make Halo a new bowl, he dropped one of the others I made him when he heard the news.”

“Will do.”

-

In Punz’s house, himself, Karl, and Nick had taken it harder than the previous house. The three were sitting in the living room watching a movie when Punz’s phone rang. He saw it was Phil, so he immediately answered.

Karl and Nick watched as the color flushed from their fathers face, and he chucked his phone into the wall, breaking upon impact.

“Gods, Dad! What happened?” Karl yelled, pausing the tv.

“There’s been an incident. The Blood God bastards got Sally and cut off her fucking head then sent it to their house. Sally’s dead.” Punz got up from the couch, tossing a pillow. “SON OF A BITCH!”

“How did I not see?” Nick mumbled, devastation in his voice. “She’s dead because I couldn’t see her. I have one job, and I failed.” Nick put his head in his hands, got up, and walked to his room, slamming the door.

Karl had no idea what to do. He was sad, of course, but he didn’t want to process that right now. He needed to do something that he knew he could do, and that was help his family mentally. “Dad, why don’t you sit down before you break something. Being angry isn’t going to bring her back. She’s g-gone. We can’t do anything about it now.” Karl sighed. “I’m sorry Dad.”

“What are you-“ Karl went to his Dad’s sleep button in his head and pressed it. Punz went unconscious and fell back onto the couch.

Now onto Nick. He walked over to his brother's door, knocking.

“Hey, Nick? Can I come in? You don’t want to do this alone, I know you. You have me, we can do this together.” He went to reach for the door handle, and opened it after he got no response. His brother laid on his bed, headphones in, and tears streaming down his face. The guilt he felt radiated from him, so strong even a telepath felt it.

“Go away, Karl.” His voice was hoarse, Karl guessed he screamed out the window like he would when they were kids.

“You know I’m not leaving you, Nick. Why do you feel so guilty? This isn’t your fault. You couldn’t have known all of this was going to happen. Even if you did, these people are obviously willing to go to large lengths to get the job done. Don’t beat yourself up.” Karl walked over to his bed, and rested his hand on Nick’s head. Nick would never admit it to anyone, but he loved when people would play with his hair. Since Karl lived ‘rent free’ in his head, he knew of the love and would always use it to calm him down.

“I’m going to go to sleep. Maybe I’ll actually be of use and see something. Do you want to lay with me? Or are you going to wait for Dad to wake up? I know you knocked his ass out.” Nick tried to change the subject, uncomfortable with the current one.

“I’ll lay with you, scooch. I want to cry it out, and we both know how much we love hugs. I’m here for you Nick, from the womb to the tomb. It’s us against the world, got it?” Karl’s voice wavered, and he cleared his throat to avoid the tears.

“From the womb to the tomb. You think we’re going to have a funeral, so we can say goodbye?” Nick’s words were rushed.

“Yeah, no way Phil won’t have one. No matter if there’s a body or not.”

Nick nodded, before resting his head on Karl’s shoulder. “Can we shut up and cry now? I really want to and I’d like it if we shut mutually. cried.”

Karl laughed, wiping the tears already on his face. “Yeah, we can. Fuck, I’m really going to miss her. Sorry for starting the crying party early. She was amazing, genuinely.”

Nick cried harder after hearing that. For the days following, Karl was the adult of the house. He would talk to George and the others who rose and became the functioning adult of the house.

-

The reaction in Skeppy's house, where he parented Minx, Schlatt, and Connor, was vastly different. The family dealt strictly in powers involving mental persuasion. Schlatt could convince anyone of anything, Connor with his charisma, Minx with her apathy, and Skeppy with his precognition. Skeppy knew what the phone call was about before it even happened, curtly saying "I know." before hanging up on Phil. He didn't want to hear the news twice. "Family meeting, table. Now." His tone was void of emotion, and the kids knew almost immediately that something was wrong.

"What's going on? Did something happen?" Schlatt was immediately worried, putting his hands on Connor's shoulders. He looked at Minx, who moved closer to her two brothers.

"I have something I really wish I never would have to tell any of you. To be curt, Sally is dead. Around two hours ago Phil's house received a package. Tommy believed it was bad, they thought it was a bomb, Techno opened it, it was a note from the Cult Quackity and Tommy are from. They put a body part of hers in the box, and that is all I think any of you would like to know. More news will come in the next week or so, but that is all. Minx, do not cut off the emotion from the grief okay? Everyone has to feel this, and cutting it off is unhealthy. You need to process this, all of us need to. Nobody leaves." His tone was one of business, void of emotion. The house was uncomfortable with being emotional in front of each other, so times like this were always very professional.

Silence.

Nobody talked, cried, yelled, anything. They were all frozen, staring at each other in utter and complete silence. After five minutes, Connor broke the silence first.

"Can I go back to my room?" His voice was low, and his entire body was shaking. Connor wouldn't tell anyone (besides Halo, whose power was to see people's greatest fears) but he was terrified of dying. To hear someone he knew, someone who would drive him to school and laugh when he would say a stupid joke, dead, was terrifying.

"No. Come here." Skeppy stood up from the chair he was previously sat in, grabbed his son, and pulled him into a hug. Immediately, he broke down. "Over my dead body will I let anything happen to you, you hear me? I love you more than the air I breathe, I would never let anything happen to you or your siblings. I love you too damn much for that." Connor never responded, but he gripped his Dad harder.

“How’s Will? Is he okay?” Schlatt asked, wiping away the tears that escaped. “Can I call him? I need to call him.” His vision was blurry, so he struggled slightly.

“Schlatt, no. He’s not going to want to talk right now, let’s leave him be.” Minx was uncomfortable, he wanted to go to her room and cry, yet wanted a hug from her brother.

“Minx, shut the fuck up! How would you know? What if he’s waiting for someone to call, what if he’s lonely?” He was shouting, tears hot on his face.

“Because I don’t want to talk to people right now, Schlatt! She was my best friend, I was supposed to go shopping with her tomorrow! I just lost one of the most important people in my life, the girl who was going to plan my wedding! He doesn’t want that shit, he just wants to cry and wonder how the fuck does the universe allow someone so sweet leave the world like the way she did! He doesn’t want your words.” She shouted over them, not noticing Skeppy leave the room with Connor.

Schlatt grabbed Minx, hugging her. Minx tensed, not prepared for the contact. “Cry, Minx. Yell, scream, whatever the fuck. I’m sorry, I’m sorry you feel like that. I’m here for you, you cuntmuffin.” Minx laughed at his nickname, the laughs turning into tears.

Schlatt held his sister, through her cries to screams to moments of silence. Later that night he cried in the shower, alone. It’s how he preferred it.

Skeppy made sure the days following, his kids would take care of themselves. He noticed it almost straight away that they all just stopped. Connor had begun to sleep with him as well, the boy tainted by nightmares.

Yet, that house wasn’t the worst one.

-

In Ponk’s house, their phone call was slightly different. Yes, Phil called Ponk and told him what had happened like the others, but he also asked for Ponk to come to the house and see what had happened to her. Ponk was not about to leave his kids home alone after learning what happened, so he took them with.

“Ranboo, I need you to teleport us to Phil’s house, can you do that?” Ponk’s words were rushed, and he was turning off the oven (he was making dinner, but had lost his appetite).

“What? Why? Dad, slow down. Did something happen to Tommy again? He didn’t run, did he? He’s been better, I’ve been talking to him about it.” Ranboo was working on his English homework, attempting to get ahead in the class.

“Niki! Fundy! We’re going to Phil’s house. Something’s happened, and I need you guys with me. Don’t ask questions until we get there, okay?” The group nodded and Ranboo put his schoolwork back into his backpack. He decided to bring it with, just incase he had free time.

When they got there, the police was there, which never happened. They usually handled things themselves, and never brought in the police unless it was bad.

“Dad, why is the police here? What’s going on?” Niki asked. Ponk side hugged his daughter, and sighed. “It’s about Sally, Niki. I’m sorry. Let’s get inside first, okay?” With hearing their friend was in danger, the three sped up, and walked into the house. There, Phil was talking to a police officer. Techno was pacing next to a sleeping Tommy, and Will had his hands wrapped around his legs, staring at the wall.

“Excuse me, who are you four?” Ponk turned to the police officer who asked, and went to respond.

“They’re fine, I called them. They’re friends of the boys.” Phil went over to Ponk and gave him a hug, which he reciprocated.

“Phil, what’s going on? Why are the police here?” Fundy walked up him with his siblings, all of them beyond terrified. All of their friends were safe, so why were the police called?

Phil told them all what happened, causing Fundy to run over to his best friend. Niki stood there, stunned.

Niki, Minx, and Sally called themselves the Golden Trio, for they were as close (if not closer) than Harry, Ron, and Hermione. They all planned on having kids at the same time, going to each others weddings, being maid of honors, everything.

They couldn't be a trio without a third person.

Ranboo didn't know how to react, he loved Sally. Sally was over constantly, since Niki had a bedroom in the basement alone. They would always have sleepovers at their house, and they loved it.

That was gone now.

The police began to leave the house, taking the head with them. Phil had taken the letter out of the box and hid it, so Ponk had something to go off of. The second they left, Ranboo uncontrollably teleported out.

"Did he just-" Ponk looked to Phil, who just put his head in his hands.

"Yeah, he did. Don't worry, he'll be back. I taught him how to do that, he'll be perfectly fine. I have to call Puffy and HBomb. Can you stay here and wait for me? Purpled and Hbomb will be over soon as well, but that's everyone I want over here for tonight. When I get back can you do the thing with the note I kept? We need to see."

He nodded, "Of course." He watched Phil walk away, clearly physically and emotionally exhausted. He went to turn to his daughter, but saw she was talking to Phil. Niki was crying, and Will looked to be on the verge of doing so himself. He was showing her a notebook Ponk had never seen before. He went to call Ranboo, and waited three rings until the boy picked up.

"I'll be home soon. Don't call."

"Wait it's not safe! Ranb-"

Click.

He sighed, tossing his phone into the couch and sitting next to Tommy.

"I think he was beginning to have a panic attack, and then Will lost control and ruptured his eardrums. Phil and I are fine for some reason, I think Will focused on him because he was the

loudest out of the three of us talking. I don't know, honestly. This is a fucking sadistic day, Ponk. Truly fucking sadistic." Ponk couldn't agree more with Techno.

After about ten minutes, Phil came back with a piece of paper.

"Here, do your thing, Ponk." Phil put the paper on Ponk's lap, and Ponk mentally prepared himself. Tommy's bathroom experience was one thing, this was a whole other ordeal.

"Okay, let's do this." He closed his eyes, and took a deep breath before touching the paper. When he opened his eyes, he was met with the dead stare of Sally.

Oh, you do not deserve this. You were too kind for this world, god.

"The Blood God requests that we drain them both as usual, then send the head of the abomination to the leader's home. Are we all ready to appease our lord?" An older woman spoke, and Ponk assumed this was their leader. They seemed to be in an unfinished basement, the lights bright red.

"Who is being bestowed the honor of cutting off her head?" In the group of 15, one (what he assumed to be) woman asked.

"My husband will, for he was the one to find her when she tried to hide from us. Blood for the Blood God!" The woman's husband stood next to her, pride beaming his face.

"Blood for the Blood God!" The group chanted, grabbing various knives and coming over to where he stood, next to Sally's body.

"Wait!" The husband made the group pause, and looked directly at Ponk. "One of them is here, watching. Hello, abomination. I want you to hear my warning and hear it loud. The Blood God demands your sacrifice, and I will make sure we get it. Watch your people, and I will watch mine." The man then threw a knife where Ponk's head was, throwing him out of the scene.

"Ponk? What's wrong, what did you see?" Phil touched Ponk's shoulder, and was met with a flinch as Ponk ran to his sink, throwing up.

“Phil, we are in trouble. We need to prepare, and prepare fast. War is upon us.”

Phil had settled on this being the worst day of his existence.

-

Hbomb and Purpled cried the entire drive to Phil’s house. Ranboo teleported into their car about ten minutes in, and requested they stop for ice cream.

They sat in silence while they ate the ice cream, until Ranboo casually said he thought about jumping off a bridge half an hour prior. Hbomb felt a small spark in his hand, and immediately diffused it. He had the ability to control and produce fire, one that is extremely dangerous when emotional.

“In that exact moment, I knew how Tommy felt. I finally understood. But then I remembered what Sally would do if I died and left you all. She would first hug me, then offer me a cupcake, and then kick my ass in good Sally fashion. I’m gonna miss her.”

Purpled had moved to the back seat to sit with his friend, and he pulled him into a side hug, “I will too, we all will.”

They arrived back to Phil’s house ten minutes later, where Ponk was calming down and Phil was cleaning his sink. Techno and Fundy were throwing the plastic balls Halo hands out for anger management, Niki and Will sat just talking and crying, and Tommy was still unconscious. Purpled and Ranboo walked over, and began to heal him.

“Is it bad I feel numb, Ranboo? I feel nothing, just this pit gnawing in my stomach.” Purpled said quietly, not wanting his father to hear.

“No, you’re grieving. People do crazy shit when they grieve, like almost jumping off a bridge in the middle of winter.” Ranboo received a hit in the stomach from his joke, to which he hit Purpled back.

“Not funny.”

“That was totally funny,”

-

The second to worst house was Puffy’s. Her, Sam, Tubbo, Eret, and Quackity at the kitchen table, eating dinner together. When she got the call, she answered it and put it on speaker. The house had some pride in not having secrets, and she didn’t feel like trying to eat and hold the phone in the crook of her neck.

“Puffy, I have some bad news.” The table stopped moving.

“Phil, you’re on speaker. Is that appropriate for the conversation?”

“Yeah, that’s fine. Uh, guys, I need you to take a minute and prepare yourselves. Something bad has happened, and I want you to immediately know it’s okay to be sad or angry or any emotion, your feelings are valid.” He paused, cleared his throat, and continued, “Today, I received a package in the mail. Tommy said it was bad but couldn’t come to the conclusion of what, and so we believed it could have been a bomb. Just in case, Techno opened it. When he looked inside, there was a note that said Blood for the Blood God and Sally’s-“

“Head. They sent you a sacrifice that I couldn’t bring back because they have her body. They probably felt me bring Sam back, and confirmed they have a necromancer. They’re taunting us. That’s why they killed you, Sam. They’re playing a game with us.” Quackity spoke with pure rage evident in his voice.

“Could you bring Sally back if you didn’t bring me back?” Sam asked in a small voice, the fork starting to phase through his hand.

“No, I couldn’t have. I need a body to bring someone back. She doesn’t have one.” Quackity didn’t know Sally well, but he knew how close the others were to her. She was a kind girl, and he knew she didn’t deserve that. Nobody did.

Puffy hung up the phone once she heard Tubbo start sobbing. Eret mirrored Niki in reaction, numb. “No, she can’t be dead. There is no way. She’s not dead.” Eret stood up from the table, and walked to their room.

All the table could hear was them yell, then silence.

Puffy looked the same as when she was told Sam died, pure devastation. Sam was beginning to phase through the floor to the basement, sobs wracking his body.

Quackity was uncomfortable with the amount of tears in the room, and felt guilty. He should have guessed this, he should have known this was coming. How did he not? How was he that stupid that he truly believed they wouldn't attack again?

He cleaned up the house that night, Puffy laying in bed with a sobbing Tubbo. Sam talked back and forth with Eret, the two having a sleepover for the first time in years. Alex didn't mind cleaning up, death was hard.

He had lost both of his parent's after all, he knew death all too well. Anyone who followed the Blood God knew death like an old friend.

He wished he didn't.

-

Tommy, a week later, stood in his bathroom, adjusting his tie. It was the day of her funeral, and time seemed nonexistent. His hearing was virtually gone, but he didn't mind it. He could only hear the snippets of the yelling matches that would go on in the house.

In the week, he had never seen everyone so separated. The only person Techno wouldn't fight with was Tommy himself. Will was either high or drunk everyday, writing a song that Techno said sounded depressing. Nobody had gone to school, most of them not even leaving their house. Each house had one person that seemed to actually be alive. Phil for theirs, Skeppy's for his, Quackity for theirs, Fundy for Ponks, Karl for Punz's, George for Halos, and Hbomb for his.

Tommy was barely there most days. He would blink while laying in bed in the morning, and open his eyes and it would be night. He didn't mind, he had nothing to care about. He was proud though, he had continued to recognize himself throughout the entire time, always seeing himself in the mirror.

He also refused to repent for the god, the god that had broken his brother. Why should he reward a

god when all he did was harm the people he cared about? Athena would never do that, and she was nicer. So, he abandoned the Blood God. His father was furious, but he couldn't hear it.

After all, his hearing was ruptured.

“You ready to go, Toms?” Tommy jumped at the noise, and turned to see Will. “Yeah, I can make you hear again. I've been choosing not to. But, you're going to sit here and hear all of my dead girlfriend's funeral.” He staggered slightly, and Tommy frowned. He was drunk again.

“Let's go, Will.” It felt foreign to hear his voice, and he could not say that he missed it. He didn't. Silence was better than the hell that was occurring in his real world.

The ride to the funeral was quiet. Nobody knew what to say, or even what to do. They couldn't have the funeral they wanted, since there was only a head. So, they bought a casket and kept it close, to pretend she was in there.

It was hell. Tommy walked into the room hand-in-hand with Techno, and could feel the tense atmosphere. This was the first time they were all together since Sally was alive, and her lack of presence was obvious. He closed his eyes to take a breath, and when he opened them they were at the reception after. He could feel the tears on his cheeks, and began to hear a guitar playing. He turned to see Wilbur, who was now sobered up, playing it.

“Wasting your time, you're wasting mine.”

“This is the song he's been writing, that I told you was sad.” Techno whispered to him. Everyone sat and watched, nobody wanted to eat the food. How could they? They just buried a casket with nobody in it because a cult is after them.

“I hate to see you leaving, a fate worse than dying.” He played the guitar strings, a small pause in between this line and the next.

“Your city gave me asthma, so that's why I'm fucking leaving.”

And your water gave me cancer, and the pavement hurt my feelings.”

He then moved into the bridge.

“Shout at the wall, ‘Cause the walls don’t fucking love you.

Shout at the wall, ‘Cause the walls don’t fucking love you.” The guitar strum picked up and then went to a new tempo.

“There’s a reason

That London puts barriers on the tube line

There’s a reason

That London put’s barriers on the rails

There’s a reason

That London puts barriers on the tube line

There’s a reason

That London put’s barriers on the rails

There’s a reason

That London puts barriers on the tube line

There’s a reason they fail.”

He ended the cord and looked at everyone, tears streaming down his face.

“She loved going on adventures, as everyone knew. Our last big one was London, and she kept on asking me why they had so many safety measures with the trains. I told her that living in a big city like that, and she never understood why someone would want to jump. I never understood why either, until I saw her fucking head in a box. Now I know why they fail. Great times, everyone! Great funeral! All around a terrific job!” His laughs were hysterical, but they quickly turned to sobs, as he dropped his guitar and hugged himself.

“I just want her back, That’s all I want. I want her back.” Phil cooed his son (he ran over the second he dropped the guitar), calming him down.

The group was hit hard, but for some reason Tommy wasn’t scared.

Chance of Staying Like This: 44%

Chance of Coming Back: 78%

Chance at Happiness Again: 87%.

Tommy knew they would be happy again, and he was willing to wait.

He was willing to wait for his family, no matter how long.

Family. I like the sound of that.

-

Friends,

Sally’s death was a tragedy.

But, every story has a tragedy.

They will come back, I promise.

Also, Ollie has started to rub his fur on me.

It has a nice texture.

Take Care,

Until Next Time.

Chapter End Notes

i am sorry

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Summary

I DONT HAVE TO BE SORRY THIS IS JUST POWER ACTION HAHA

They play the game (hunger games) :)

TW: VIOLENCE, BRIEF MENTION OF SELF HARM

It's an overall happy chapter :)

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter: reya23031

follow my tiktok: fookingbananas

I AM LOVING THE FANART AHHHHH

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

Finally, a happy break!

Granted, we did have to move forward three months story wise to get to one, but it is there!

Now feels like the best time to tell you of my journeys of getting Oliver.

Earth had been different to say the least.

The little children with their masks looked like small doctors, and I found that both sad yet humorous. But, besides all of that and getting Oliver, I remembered something!

I had a memory from my human life be remembered!

Since you all pushed me to get a cat, I have a memory of me again.

Is this what happiness feels like?

I quite like it.

Until Next.

-

The last three months had been an experience, to say the least. It was filled with therapy, emotional breakdowns, drugs, and war preparation.

The month following Sally's death was the hardest. Tommy had relapsed (this time not in the name of the Blood God, but in the name of Athena) which was met with a scolding from Athena and extra therapy. Slowly, though, the therapy had begun to help and he was better than ever. Phil appreciated his attitude in the house, for his brothers did not feel the same.

Techno had gotten angrier, going harder than ever during sparring. His hair was no longer a salmon color, but a light pink. The only people to get him in what seemed like a good mood was Tommy and Fundy. He had begun to go to therapy three times a week, and by April he was slowly getting better.

Wilbur was the worst. He would either be numb, acting like it never happened and continue his day, or he would be a mess and take it out on everyone. He would go to therapy five times a week, and by April he could talk about her without breaking something or crying.

Halo had never done more therapy sessions in his life.

None of them were okay, of course, but they were better. All of them were sleeping, eating, and going to school. Whether they did enough of each was besides the point. Progress was progress.

On the morning April 7th (two days before Tommy's birthday), the two were in the kitchen, waiting for the other two to come down and eat.

“What do you want to do for your birthday, Tommy?” Phil asked, while making breakfast.

“All I want, Phil, is to play the game. Nothing else. I never got to play it, and I really want to. Please?” Tommy hated asking for things, but he and Halo had worked on his belief that he deserved to ask.

“I’ll see what I can do.” That’s what led to the announcement of the game for April 12th. The teams were created by the adults, and they were equal for all things considered.

The teams were as follows:

Team Red:

Technoblade

Will

Fundy

Team Green:

Dream

Ranboo

Schlatt

Team Yellow:

Tommy

Tubbo

Purpled

Team Blue:

Karl

George

Connor

Team Black:

Sam

Eret

Minx

Team Orange:

Nick

Quackity

Niki

4/12.

The game was a boost of morale they needed. Everyone was excited, the teams being one of the best in their opinions. They weren't used to equal teams, as Tommy took Sally's spot and they added in Quackity.

"Tubbo! Purpled! Look at that! We're going to kick some major ass." Tommy went over to the two, high fiving them.

"Tommy, you're going to kick major ass and us two are going to kick minor ass. But, it'll be fun!"

"Yeah, yeah it will be."

The entire experience was one based off of the Hunger Games, as the entire thing was an augmented reality George would create. It would start at 10 am, and would last for as long as need be until there was a winner. Tommy knew he would do anything to win, even if it meant killing his friends in an augment reality. With the threat of the looming cult, he would possibly have to do it to an actual human, so he would have to learn sooner or later. He was a soldier now, they all were.

That's what led to all of the teams standing around a center filled with weapons and items, waiting for Punz to sound the gun.

“Remember, everything you do is not actually happening and just a very realistic simulation. Everyone will survive, the most that will occur is them being annoyed with you for a couple weeks. Are we all ready?” Punz shouted, getting everyone’s attention. The teenagers nodded in response. “Okay then! On the sound. 3..2..”

Bang!

Immediately, you can see who decides to risk going to the center and who does not. Will, Sam, Purpled, Ranboo, George, Quackity, Dream, Schlatt, and Connor run the opposite direction (Ranboo teleported with a *pop!*).

Tommy saw a bag full of items he could use for a trap and to make other weapons, but so did Nick. Nick grabbed the bag first, then Tommy immediately put his other hand onto it also.

“Fuck off, Dream boy.” Tommy snarked, pulling at the bag.

“Shut the fuck up, what are you going to do? Do some crazy math shit with your head?” Nick taunted back, also pulling. Tommy went to kick his leg out underneath him, but was met with a block and Nick used his other fist to swing at him. He ducked. and elbowed him in the gut.

Probability of him loosening his grip: 23%

He turned it up quickly, making Nick lose his grip and try to grab Tommy instead. He was met with a kick to the shin from Tommy, and Tommy running away with the bag.

“Later, Dream boy!” Tommy laughed and ran, trying to get out of there as quick as possible. Nick grumbled, getting up and also running.

Tubbo grabbed a bottle of alcohol and rags for injuries, and ran right next to Tommy. “Dude, that was awesome! You’ve gotten really good at fighting.” Tommy shook his head, disagreeing with him.

“I’ve just gotten really better luck, man. Looks like probability is on my side,” he joked. Tubbo laughed with him, and the two set off to find Purpled.

Fundy and Techno grabbed shields, Minx took a spear, Eret grabbed a trident, and Karl grabbed throwing knives. The five had such intense tunnel vision, none of them saw each other as they ran away.

After an hour had passed, these were the events that followed:

Minx found a hatchet in the forest (this idea was Karls, the adults could act as sponsors like in the Hunger Games, putting bets on the kids). Likewise, Tommy found food, and Karl found a hatchet.

Tubbo and Fundy on separate occasions tried to find firewood, but did not succeed in doing so.

Sam tried to fish with the pitchfork he received, he was unsuccessful.

Techo made a slingshot, and was quite proud in doing so.

The first attempts at eliminations were made, only one successful. There were four, and only one was successful.

The first one was between Niki and Purpled, the two healers.

“Niki?” Niki jumped and turned to see him, and he sighed. “Fuck, anyone else and I would’ve been fine with it. I really don’t want to eliminate you, Niki. Why don’t we just run away and act like it didn’t happen?” Purpled gave her a thumbs up, and took a step back.

“No can do, Purpled. Sorry kid.” She went to punch him, but he ducked, and slammed his foot into her stomach. She fell, the wind knocked out of her.

“Sorry Niki! Love you!” He turned to run before the girl got up.

“I am so fucking pathetic, aren’t I?” She got up and made sure to catch her breath. “Fuck, he can kick hard. So much as an easy elimination.” The seniors of the group had a list of who they thought were easy eliminations, Purpled being the top of it. Clearly, they were wrong.

The second one was between Nick and Dream. Nick was running when he spotted Dream, searching for others. Techno and Dream were usually the ones to win, so Dream would be able to easily eliminate him. So, he did as any stable mind person did in the situation.

He threw a rock in the direction opposite of himself, waited for Dream to walk towards the sound, and ran as fast as he could. He heard Dream start to call out to him after about ten seconds of running, but ignored it and kept on running.

Dream was not about to run after him, so he let him go and laughed at how scared his friend was, even though Nick knew Dream wouldn't eliminate him first.

The third was when Quackity and George ran into each other, but let each other go opposite directions as to how they agreed before the game began. There were multiple alliances, something the younger kids had no clue was allowed.

The final one was of Tommy and Will. Will had seen him rummaging through the backpack, and had grabbed a rock from the ground. He had made it so he was silent, no sound coming from him. He went to hit Tommy across the head, before Tubbo yelled, "Tommy, behind you!" Tommy turned around and thrust his hand into Will's chest. Will closed his eyes, expecting to feel a punch. When he opened them he was met with Phil."

"You're out, Will. Tommy had a hunting knife in his hand, and got you right in the heart. Auto-kill. Come watch the others."

For the event, the adults would use this abandoned warehouse and watch from this room that watches over the entire warehouse. Inside the room, you could see the entire 'forest' with each competitor. It was quite cool, and it made Will interested. He loved playing, yes, but watching it was a whole other experience. He also got to spend time with his dad, which he did not mind. In the months following Sally, they two had gotten close.

While inside the game, Tommy watched Will simply disappear when the knife met his chest, no blood or anything.

"Surely not! You did not just kill Will! He is going to fuck with your laundry for so long, that's what Sam and Eret do to me when I kill them. Good job, Toms! Let's go find our healer, eh? I couldn't find the logs, so we're just going to have to deal with that when nightfall comes." Tommy was surprisingly unphased with the kill. It had felt like it was in a video game, so he didn't mind it.

For the others, Ranboo hunted for people to eliminate and Schlatt rolled his ankle.

At noon, another hour passed and events had occurred again.

Niki was gifted medical supplies, Fundy searched for berries, and Purpled tried to start a fire. The last two were unsuccessful in their attempts. People had begun to team up as well.

Dream and Eret had teamed up (Eret promised calculus answers in exchange for it) and tried to search for others to eliminate.

Nick, Tommy, and Quackity had also ran into each other, and somehow still teamed up even after the first two's battle over the backpack. They all fished, and were successful.

Connor and Karl teamed up as well, but when Karl was searching for the rest of his team, Connor destroyed all of his items and ran.

Techno, Tubbo, Ranboo, and Minx had all teamed up, but it turned out the three boys had only wanted Minx items. Minx turned off their drive to do so, and they all just ran away. Minx didn't like to use her powers a lot, but they did come in handy.

"Isn't this a little fucked up?" Karl wondered aloud when they were told Will was eliminated. "Like it isn't like dying at all, I know what that feels like. But like, it's a bunch of children playing the Hunger Games for fun. That's really kind of fucked up." The adults laughed at that.

On the other side of the warehouse, Schlatt was limping when he ran into George. George changed his reality slightly, making him invisible to Schlatt. He walked up to him, and Schlatt tensed. He knew something was wrong, he just couldn't tell what. He didn't realize George was there until he felt hands wrap around his head and his vision bleed back into the warehouse.

"Who just fucking snapped my neck?" He walked over to the box they were in, and sat down with a huff.

"George did. Now you can see how important it is for you to learn to see past his augments. Now sit." Skeppy said, ruffling his hands in his hair.

“This is bullshit.” He grumbled sitting next to Will.

“Tell me about it, my own brother stabbed me in the chest. Little ol’ Toms decided to just get me right. At least he snapped your neck.”

Schlatt agreed with him. If Connor eliminated him, he would definitely have gotten back at him after the games.

At one in the afternoon, another hour had passed and following events occurred.

Fundy and Minx on opposite sides of the forest had questioned the same thing that Sam had, the both of them falling into mud. They knew it wasn’t really, but it definitely felt real.

Purpled, Connor, and Techno hunted for others.

Karl was walking and tripped, causing him to get scratched by thorns.

George and Ranboo searched for resources, George finding a hatchet.

Tommy had found a compact bow in the backpack (he had no clue how it fit, but he guessed it was the augment and went with it) and practiced his archery skills while Tubbo tended to his siblings wounds.

Tommy did not want him to help Eret, but Tubbo insisted. “They’re my sibling, Tommy. If they get eliminated from the wounds and knew I didn’t help them, they would put fucking liquid laxatives or something in my food. This is your first one so you didn’t know, but people pull pranks on you after all of this for vengeance. So, I’ll help Eret with the wounds for a chance of no laxatives.” Eret laughed at that.

“Oh. Okay. Keep doing what you’re doing, man.” Tommy focused on his archery.

Nick had begun to make a trap for the others, and successfully did.

While he did that, Quackity explored. It was also his first time playing the game, so he had no idea what to expect when they told him about it.

There was one elimination.

“Hey Sam!” Niki ran up to Sam, panting slightly from how long she was running. “Did you know you have the beginning of a cold? Your body will probably fight it off.”

Sam tensed, as he began to feel sick, like he’d been sick for weeks. “Are you serious Niki?” She shrugged, starting to take Sam’s belongings.

“Sucks to suck.” At a last attempt before he threw up, he phased his hand into her chest and then made himself solid, and watched as she just blinked out of existence. Immediately, he felt better, and his nausea went away.

“She is such a dick sometimes.”

Niki was met with the laughs of Schlatt and Will, as she joined them and rolled her eyes.

At two in the afternoon, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

Quackity sat next to a flat rock, and cut his palm with his knife. He wrote down a rune onto the stone, and said a few words in latin (at least that’s what the parents and already eliminated saw). The rune would cause everyone (besides himself) to have major hallucinations, either eliminating themselves or others.

He was unaffected. He didn’t know the reality manipulators (Dream, George, and Tommy) were also unaffected, breaking out of the hallucination rather easily. Nick, Sam, and Ranboo hid, riding out the hallucinations and being okay.

Techno came across Karl, who he thought was a bear. He attacked him, and saw the bear just disappear.

Karl thought Techno was a deer, going up to pet it. When his vision focused back and he was now

standing in a warehouse, he realized he was wrong on the matter.

“How did I even die?” He asked the other eliminated, drinking some water and sitting down.

“Quackity did some blood magic stuff and Techno got you, what did you see?” Phil asked, curious. From the three months previous they all knew he was able to do magic, but they had yet to go into the specifics.

“I thought Techno was a deer, so I went to go pet it. Turns out I was wrong.”

“So hallucinations? He made everyone hallucinate?” Will asked, looking at his dad.

Phil nodded, “We’ll ask him after but I assume so.”

The same instance occurred with Minx and Purpled, Minx being the winner. Then again with Eret and Fundy, both eliminating each other at the same time. Finally, with Tubbo pushing Connor off a cliff.

“That spell is useful. It got out five people. He needs to use it when we fight the cult.” Eret said, cracking his neck.

At three in the afternoon, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

The groups remained were:

Team Red:

Technoblade

Team Green:

Dream

Ranboo

Team Yellow:

Tommy

Tubbo

Team Blue:

George

Team Black:

Sam

Minx

Team Orange:

Nick

Quackity

Dream had tripped one of Nick's traps, lodging an arrow into his abdomen. He spent the hour trying to treat it.

Tommy, Tubbo, George, Sam, Minx, Nick, and Quackity hunted for others.

Ranboo was walking around, when he spotted Technoblade. Techno was the reigning champion, winning the last three games. If he could eliminate him, it would be amazing. He unsheathed a small dagger he found, and took the small ring that was on the bottom of the knife and slid it on his hand. All he would need was to teleport in, stab or slice, and teleport out if he didn't disappear. With Techno, you had to go for the head, or else he would just see it as a minor nuance. So, Ranboo concentrated, and prayed his work with Phil on teleporting would prove to be successful.

Pop!

Techno turned to the noise, pulled out his axe, and went to slice at Ranboo. He hit the boy's shoulder, lodging the axe in it. Before he could pull it out, Ranboo shoved the knife into Techno's eye, watching him disappear.

“HOLY SHIT I GOT TECHNOBLADE!” He quickly pulled out the medical supplies he had and wrapped the wound, successfully staying alive and eliminating Techno.

When Techno came back to the warehouse, he turned to his friends who laughed. “I cannot believe Tubbo and Ranboo stayed in longer than me. Hell, I can't believe Ranboo is the one that eliminated me! Good on him, honestly.” Techno was just happy he got eliminated after Will.

At four in the afternoon, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

The middle was resupplied, but only two people went to it. The two were George and Dream, who fought over food, but George made Dream think he had won and had the food in his hands, but he actually didn't. George won, running the opposite way.

Tubbo ran into Minx, who immediately went to fight Tubbo. Tubbo, in defense, asked the bees of the forrest to attack her.

“Tubbo are you fucking serious? Bees? Any other animal would be better than fucking bees.” Minx tried to swat them away,

Tubbo smiled, “Shouldn't have attacked me, Minx. Can you guys please be a little more hostile?”

Sure thing, Tubbo!

Tubbo loved the bees. Minx, did not. She was allergic to bees, and Tubbo knew that. He would normally ask them all to go away, but this was special circumstances. She wasn't deathly allergic to them, but her skin would swell and she would become exhausted.

“Sorry Minx.” Tubbo grabbed his hatchet and went to swing, and Minx braced for it. Until, she heard a slice and watched him disappear. Behind him stood Quackity, and he shooed the bees away.

“Remember when you have me the answers for AP Lit? You’re welcome.” He helped her up and ran, leaving the girl with bumps and tired.

“I’m fucking tired of men.” Niki laughed at Minx’s words.

At five in the afternoon, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

George found medical supplies, and Sam fished.

Tommy wanted to go against Dream, knowing he was the biggest threat he had. Ranboo had that same thought about Quackity.

One elimination occurred. Nick saw Minx sitting, trying to regain her energy after the attack of bee’s Tubbo left. He looked at the gun in his hand, and undid the safety. He held it up, aimed, and pulled the trigger. Because of their distance, he missed slightly, the bullet clipping the tree next to her. She bolted up, and looked in his direction. When they made eye contact, he re-aimed and pulled the trigger again.

Then, Nick couldn’t understand why he was shooting. What was the point? He didn’t want to anymore. Minx smiled, went up to him, and grabbed the gun.

“Sorry, Nicky boy.” She undid the block she put up in his mind, letting his need to win come back to him. Before he could stop her, she shot him in the head, and he was back in the warehouse.

“Fuck me! She’s too good at that.” He was surprised to see Techno was out. While playing the game, you’re only told of the first elimination. After hour ten, you’re told of the remaining ones.

“You have to get better at aiming. You did good not hesitating, though. I’m proud of you.” His dad threw him a bottle of water, and he sat next to Karl.

“Who do you think is going to win?” Nick asked nobody in particular.

“This is honestly a really equal fight. Any of them can win, and I really think that it’s anyone's game.”

At six in the afternoon, another hour had passed. They watched the sunset. It was quite beautiful. They all tried to treat the wounds they received, eat, drink some water, and prepare themselves for the night up ahead. From the training week prior, Tommy and Quackity were told the night time was the hardest to survive, so they had to prepare for anything.

At seven post meridiem, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

Tommy yet again practiced his aim, and thought about climbing the trees. He knew it was common in warfare to do so, so he considered it. He would wait another hour.

Quackity tried to camouflage himself, and it worked quite well. Ranboo did not spot him from afar, and Quackity was glad he did not.

There was one elimination. One of the things they were taught was the importance of traps. During the Vietnam war, they were prevalent and aided in victory.

Even though Nick was eliminated, he was an extremely skilled trap maker. Him and Sam were the best out of the group.

Minx, still exhausted from the bee attack Tubbo had made her go through, didn’t notice the tripwire on the ground. She walked right into it mid-yawn, and when she opened her eyes from her yawn, she saw she was in the warehouse.

“How-how did that even fucking happen?!”

Nick laughed, pumping his fist in the air. “Get Nick trapped, bitch! I set up an arrow trap, if you triggered the tripwire it would shoot you right in the chest. That’s payback for shooting me in the head.” He threw her a water, and she glared at him.

“Tubbo, also, never do that bee thing ever again. I know it’s not real but fuck was that exhausting.” Tubbo went red in the face.

“Sorry Minx, I just wanted to win.” She waved him off, and took a sip of her water.

“I get it, you did what had to be done. We’ve all been there. Holy shit, Techno you’re eliminated? Who got you?”

“I don’t want to talk about it,” he grumbled.

At eight post meridiem, another hour had passed. It was now the ten hour mark, and everyone was told of who was still standing.

“Good job to all of you who are still in the game! The groups that remain are:

From Team Green it is Dream and Ranboo. From Team Yellow it is Tommy. From Team Blue it is George. Finally, from Team Orange it is Quackity. Last man standing wins. Good luck.” The voice of Phil left their ears, and Tommy shivered.

Probability of Team Green winning: 40%

Probability of Team Yellow winning: 20%

Probability of Team Blue winning: 20%

Probability of Team Orange winning: 20%

The probability was equal. It was anyone's game, and for some reason he couldn’t change it.

That hour, George laid low and tried to stay hidden. In opposition, Tommy climbed a tree and stayed on the top.

Ranboo and Sam teamed up (Ranboo now owed him \$50) and would watch each other until the end of the hour.

Quackity came to the conclusion that he was going to win, as long as somebody else would eliminate Sam. If it came down to the two, Quackity wouldn’t be able to murder him. No matter if it was real or not.

There was one elimination.

Tommy saw Dream walking from the treetops. You could tell he had gone to another reality and grabbed that dumbass mask he liked, and came back. Tommy rolled his eyes, and aimed his bow.

He took a deep breath and aimed for the back of his head, right where his spine met the crevasse of his head. He fidgeted, took another deep breath, then let go. He watched for afar as Dream was there one minute, then gone the next.

Dream thought the game broke when he was staring at the warehouse wall. “What-did it break?” He looked over to the box where everyone stood, all of their jaws dropped.

“No, no it didn’t. Tommy sniped you from the top of a tree with a bow. He got you fair and square. This game has to be fucking rigged. First, Ranboo get’s me eliminated. Then, Tommy gets Dream? It’s rigged.” Techno shook his head, he couldn’t believe it.

“Don't be a whiny bitch because you got bested by sophomores. Just cope and move on.” Niki threw a water bottle to Dream, and he caught it.

“They’re really good at this, huh?” Dream muttered. He was pissed, yes, but at himself. Tommy got him fair and square.

“Yeah, they really are.” Phil had a smile on his face. He was proud of Tommy. Even if he doesn’t win, he would still be beyond proud.

At nine post meridiem, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

Ranboo and Quackity teamed up until the end of the hour, and Ranboo now also owed him \$50.

George and Sam separately spent the hour setting up traps, Sam setting up a landmine specifically.

There was one elimination.

When Sam was finished he heard a gun be cocked, and at the last second phased through the bullet.

He saw Tommy was the one that shot him, and threw a throwing knife at him.

Chance of missing: 17%

Tommy quickly turned the dial to 100%, and watched as the knife landed nowhere near him.

He shot again, and watched Sam become transparent again.

Chance of phasing: 100%

He turned it down to zero, and watched as the knife hit his chest, and him disappear.

Sam immediately turned to Phil, eyes wide. “Was anyone going to tell us he can control our powers? How is that fair?” He stumbled slightly, he moved too fast too quickly. Eret got up and helped him, grabbing him a water bottle.

“We didn’t know.” Puffy said, impressed by the boy. She was sad none of her children won, but she was proud of how far Sam came.

At ten post meridiem, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

During that hour, George cooked his food and Tommy climbed up another tree.

The second the hour passed, Quack stabbed Ranboo in the back, and watched him disappear.

“Honestly, not even mad I didn’t win. I got Techno out, and I’m proud of myself. Who’s left?” Ranboo walked over to Purpled, Connor, and Tubbo and was handed a water bottle.

“Quackity, George, and Tommy. The two newbies and Gogy, it’ll be interesting to see. You did get me good, Ranboo. I will beat your ass during sparring, though.” Techno joked.

“Oh. Cool, cool. Super cool.” Ranboo felt his palms start to sweat, and sighed. No matter who it was, if they killed Techno would get their ass beat while sparring. “I really should have thought about that,” he mumbled.

At eleven post meridiem, another hour had passed. There were the events that followed.

George and Tommy teamed up, still believing Ranboo, Sam, and Dream were out there. Tommy didn't tell him he had eliminated the last two, or his plan to kill him after they found Quackity.

That plan would not last long, as Quackity stepped on the land mine Sam had planted and was seriously injured.

“Fuck! Since when do y'all make bombs? You have powers for a reason! Why bombs? Why?!” He tried to heal himself as much as he could with the materials he needed, and was able to get up and run away from the explosion.

The others watching laughed at his comments, and watched intensely for a winner.

At twelve in the morning, another hour had passed, and a winner was finally declared. Here is how the hour occurred.

Quackity ran into George and Tommy, and the latter two watched the boy who was about to die.

Tommy reacted fast, going behind George and snapping his neck. Quackity and Tommy watched his body disappear, and just watched each other.

“Holy fuck, Tommy. I think you're going to win, man. This is insane! How long have they been playing this game?” Quackity sat on a tree stump, accepting defeat.

“I think since Techno and Will were freshman? I have no clue, this is insanely fun though. I eliminated Will, Dream, and George. Isn't that crazy? This all is not real though, Phil said he makes it so George's powers are at the highest level the entire time. But hey, for our first times we didn't do bad. How did you get hurt?”

“Someone built a fucking land mine! Can you believe that? A fucking land mine! You can control fucking probability, why do you need to build bombs?”

Tommy laughed, “It was probably Sam. He’s good at building and rigging land mines.”

Quackity narrowed his eyes, “that fucker. Well, this is fun, but I’m going to go now. Bye now.” He took a knife and stabbed himself in the chest, and saw the forest melt into the warehouse.

Tommy stood, alone in the forest and looked around. It was night, he could hear cicadas chirping, and he smiled.

“FUCK ALL OF YOU I WON! YEP, YEP! I WON! ATHENA BITCHES FOR LIFE!” He threw the backpack on the ground and pumped both of his fists in the air.

“Should I end the augment?” George asked. Everyone stood, watching Tommy celebrate in the forest, and he looked ecstatic.

“Give him a moment, let him enjoy it. I think this is the first time he’s won something.” Phil’s wide smile was contagious, he was so happy because Tommy was happy.

They waited around two more minutes until Tommy saw the forest disappear, and turned to see everyone clapping.

He turned to Dream, and laughed. “SUCK IT GREEN BOY! I sniped you from a fucking tree! A TREE! Gods, is this how it feels to win something? It’s awesome!” The boy reminded Tubbo of a Golden Retriever, and then remembered how excited Henry was going to be for the boy.

“You did amazing, Tommy! Look how far you’ve come in the matter of what? Five months? You’re great!” Phil patted the boy on the back, and the rest followed.

Around half an hour later, it was just Techno, Will, Tommy, and Phil. They were walking to the car, silent. Tommy was talking nonstop for the past hour, and had seemed to calm down.

“Are you proud of me, Dad?” They had been driving for exactly twelve minutes when Tommy

asked that. Phil tensed, his foot slamming on the brakes. All of the boys lurched forward from the sudden stop. Techno and Will understood why, it was the first time Tommy had consciously called Phil, Dad.”

“Sorry, can you repeat that? I think there was a squirrel in the road.” Phil tried to play it off, but anyone could tell that he just wanted to make sure he wasn’t hearing things.

“Are you proud, Dad? I really tried to make you proud. A lot of things have happened since I’ve been here, and I wanted to make up for it.” He was shy with repeating it, but Phil swore his heart exploded when he heard Tommy repeat himself.

“I am, Tommy. I really am proud of you. I’m glad to be able to call you my son.” Tommy smiled at that, closing his eyes and leaning against Techno.

“Cool, cool. That’s all I wanted. How about you two? You proud your little brother kicked everyone’s ass?” Techno and Will laughed at him, and how his words slightly slurred as his eyelids became heavy.

“Yes, we are. Right, Tech?” Techno nodded after Will’s response. “Even if you eliminated me the first hour.” Tommy laughed at that.

“Sorry, Will. I just had to, I didn’t need your no sound shit biting me in the ass.”

“Understandable,” Will responded.

“I still don’t get how Ranboo got me. Tall teleporting little shit.” Techno muttered, and began to run his hands through Tommy’s hair.

Phil almost cried, as he felt for the first time ever, that his family was finally complete, whole, and healthy.

It was a good day.

Human memories!

Can you believe it?

Human memories!

This has to be what happiness is.

Until Next Time.

(also, if you get a cat, remember to get a litter box. Otherwise, they will shit on your floor like it is nothing.)

Chapter End Notes

see you're welcome the angst was worth it, right?

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Summary

i am sorry, but not as sorry as I was in previous chapters.

TW: MENTIONS OF SUICIDE, SELF HARM, MANIPULATION, ABUSE, CANCER, AND VIOLENCE.

YOU ARE ALIVE, YOU ARE REAL. YOU ARE WORTH IT. NEVER FORGET THAT.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE. I PROMISE.

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter: reya23031

follow my tiktok: fookingbananas

follow my instagram: reya.graham

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

I suppose I should tell you all of what I remembered!

It was my death!

Remember how I told you all, about it?

Me flying too close to the sun?

After my 56th life, I decided that I was done. Previously, I just remember watching my friends pass away in that final life and then the Universe making me into a god, but there's so much more to it!

I decided, after that final life, it was time for me to die. Instead of just trying to live out those lives over and over, I decided it was time for my story to end. So, I ended it.

I flew into the sun, praying to hit the ground.

And I did.

Then I became a god.

The universe said my time wasn't up yet, gave me godship, and told me to tell the story in front of you.

But, I also remembered this one story!

I was 22 at the time, and we were two months away from college graduation. I went into Education, wanting to become a math or science teacher. Me and my friend's had gone to the same school, so we were all graduating together. One went into graphic design, while the other went into engineering.

We went to this party, right, and we were extremely intoxicated. We didn't like alcohol, so we would usually smoke marijuana. In this instance, we were extremely high and wanted to go back to the apartment we all lived together in. We couldn't drive, obviously, so we walked back. It was May, so the warm weather had started to creep in and the walk was a comfortable one.

We walked past the beach that was nearby, and immediately the friend in graphic design bolted to the sand. Myself and the engineer followed, and the three of us sat in the sand. We didn't talk or anything, just looked at the moonlight hitting the water and listened to the waves that crashed against each other. It was peaceful.

When I went back to Earth, I did that. It was colder, but it was still relaxing.

I've come to the conclusion that maybe, *maybe*, you all were right about the whole emotions thing.

Maybe I never lost them.

Until Next Time.

-

The Game was exactly what the group had needed to get back into (almost) normalcy. School continued, as did therapy. The days Will would come home high started to become more and more rare, and Techno wasn't as angry as he was previous. Tommy was happy he didn't have to spar for those few times, as that was his and his groups prize for winning. They all agreed to play the game once more before everyone would go away to college. It was nice, for about a month.

Then, on May 8th, Will could not find a reason to get out of bed. It was the day Sally Fisher was supposed to turn 17. Will had planned for them to go to the beach, a fancy dinner, and to just have fun with their friends. He planned it in November, ready to make her day.

Techno had planned to spend the entire day in the gym, either running on the treadmill or hitting the punching bag. He did not want to be bothered with anyone.

Niki and Minx planned to have a small cake at her grave, and cry with each other. The other plans of the remaining teenagers consisted of most things similar to that. Cry, visit the grave, solitude.

Two people had completely different plans. One was Tommy's, his plan was to bring back Sally using probability. The other person was Quackity, he was going to use a spell that would bring back her spirit, letting them all get their goodbyes. It had taken months of preparation and ingredient gathering, and he was finally ready.

That's what led to Tommy sitting on his bed, talking to Athena. Their relationship was a close one, since Tommy was the final ancestor of her. They would talk constantly, and Tommy came to the conclusion that she felt bad about his experience with his father, so she would respond quick.

"Do you think this is a good idea, Tommy? You have to be focused on Sally and Sally only. If you pull it off, this could be amazing. But, remember every person's gift has limits. This may not work, or this may just exhaust you and cause physical harm not even Grayson could heal."

"Purpled, he prefers Purpled." Tommy had a lot to think about, but he was confident. "Athena, I can do this. I won the games, I got over everything with my father, I can do this. I got this." He was pacing slightly, hands fidgeting. Athena was sat on his bed, her full attention on the boy.

"Tommy, you don't just 'get over' that type of stuff. You may be able to handle and cope with it

better, but it's a part of you now. Just because it may seem like it's gone, doesn't mean it's gone. What if in the middle of it you see something and instead of bringing back Sally alive, you bring back her head or her dead corpse? So many things can go wrong here, don't do this." She tried to convince the boy as to how bad of an idea this was, but he wouldn't listen.

"I need to bring her back. Did you notice the second I got here, the severity of the 16th's has skyrocketed? There has to be a correlation between that. If I can bring her back, I can make up the bad me being here has caused. I know it will." He stopped moving and looked at the Goddess, who stood and sighed.

"This is a really bad idea, Tommy. Please reconsider." She made one last attempt to convince him otherwise.

"No. Just because you doubt me doesn't mean I doubt myself. I know what I am doing. Please leave me alone." His tone was harsh, something Athena never experienced from the boy. He always had a friendly tone with everyone, the only times he didn't was when he first arrived at Phil's.

"Fine. When this fails, don't come crying to me." She faded away, and Tommy sighed. He didn't want anyone to distract him, so he turned on the shower in his bathroom. If they thought he was showering, they wouldn't ask him for anything. He locked himself in his bathroom, and stared at himself in the mirror.

"You got this, big man." He tried to hype himself up, it working slightly. He took a deep breath in, closed his eyes, turned his flashlight on as much as he could, and opened his eyes again.

"Think, think of Sally. Sally Fisher." He told himself, and immediately a bunch of statistics popped up. He had worked with Phil on ignoring them, and sifted through them until he came up on one.

Chances of Sally being alive: 0%

He turned on his flashlight brighter when he felt he couldn't change it. His head had started to ache by the time he felt like he could move the percent.

He watched as it slowly moved up.

0%

1%

3%

7%

15%

25%

32%

He turned it on brighter, and was glad Phil was out grocery shopping.

45%

53%

61%

74%

His nose began to bleed, and he felt it drop onto his arm. He looked down at it, and wiped it off with the other hand. He turned it on brighter.

88%

92%

He saw a single drop of blood hit his wrist, and he tensed.

“Thomas?”

100%

He flinched.

No. No I didn't. There is no way.

“Thomas, my son. You used your abomination to resurrect me.” He moved his gaze from his wrist to the person standing in front of him, and it immediately became hard to breathe.

Chance of Sally being alive: 0%

Chance of Father being alive: 100%

“You have to be focused on Sally and Sally only.”

“Oh fuck.” He felt a pain shoot up from the back of his head, and he flinched.

“Language, Thomas. Now, how long has it taken for you to resurrect me? You look grown up.” The shower had begun to make the bathroom hot, and the air was difficult to breathe. So many emotions ran through him. All of the therapy sessions had made him angry at his father, the man that tainted his entire life. “Answer me, boy!” His father barked, and the anger was immediately swapped with fear.

“S-seven years, Father. It's been seven years.” His voice was small, and he hated it. He worked for months to get over this hold his father had on him, and he got to a point where it was almost nonexistent. Now, it was back in full force, and he was still under his control. He was ashamed of himself.

“Seven? Took you long enough! What did you do during that? Surely you stayed with the Blood God, as you learned, correct?” His father grabbed his arm, and examined it. There was faint scarring, but with Purpled’s healing they were only visible if you were actively searching to see them. “Tsk, tsk, Thomas. I am disappointed, truly. I give my life for the cause, and this is how you remember me? By sinning and no repenting? It saddens me.” His nails began to dig into his arms, and black dots began to swarm his vision. Between the fear of his father, the overuse of his powers, and the lack of oxygen in his system, he was bound to pass out soon.

“I am so sorry, father.” His words were slurred, his head beginning to feel light. He looked into the mirror behind his father and saw himself, but he didn’t recognize him. This usually terrified him, but now he didn’t mind it. He didn’t want to remember this interaction with his father. He didn’t want to be here, at all.

“Now, Thomas. You know I love you, and I accept your verbal apologies. But, the Blood God demands blood, Thomas. You must repent. Since you have forgotten how and have not repented, I will have to do it for you, just this once. I wish you did not make me do this, Tommy. We could have avoided this if you just paid attention and listened. This is your doing.” He saw his father make eye contact with his razor in the shower, and smiled. “Go into your room and turn on music as loud as you can. I will prepare here.”

His father let go of his arm, and he watched as his body did as his father asked, robotically. When the music was blasting (the sounds of *Mother Mother* brought tears to his eyes as he remembered a simpler time) he looked at the door to his room.

“If you think about running, Thomas, I will sacrifice you. You have not caused enough harm to go to that extreme, but you are close. Do not force me.” The lump that was already in his throat grew as he held back sobs. He turned his gaze to the bathroom, and the last thing he remembered was his thoughts to Athena.

I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.

-

Phil was trying to buy avocados when Athena and Zeus interrupted him. He was embarrassed, as nobody else could see why he jumped and made 6 avocados fall onto the floor. “Great timing! Super great, not in the middle of fucking shopping or anything.” He grabbed the avocados from the floor and put them back, taking his shopping cart and rolling away.

“Phil! Athena asked for you, and she needs you for your son. It’s extremely important, you know I do not bother you unless it is necessary.” He was one of the people in Zeus’s bloodline, himself being the god who gave Phil’s ancestors his abilities.

“What? Which one?” Phil stopped rolling the cart, and was immediately worried.

“It’s Tommy, Phil. He really, really messed up. I tried to convince him otherwise but he is so stubborn I just couldn’t do it.” Athena sounded just as worried as Phil, her tone rushed.

“What did he do? Is he okay? Do I have enough time to check out or put the items back?” He began to put back the fruit he was grabbing, and rolled towards check-out.

“You need to get home as fast as you can. Call Grayson and Niki. If he dies, so does my bloodline. Please, I rely on you.” After hearing Athena’s words, Phil decided to leave his cart stranded and run out. It was a dick move, but Tommy mattered more than an annoyed employee. He ran as fast as he could to his car, not checking if Zeus or Athena was even still there.

“Go save your boy, Phil. We will catch up soon.” Zeus was sat in his backseat, Athena gone. He gave a curt goodbye, started the car, and immediately called Grayson and Niki. It was a dangerous move, and he hated driving and calling. But, he was willing to risk it.

“I just got him to call me Dad. No fucking way am I losing him this soon. Not before I adopt him.” He spoke to nobody but himself, as a way to justify going ten over the speed limit.

-

Earlier that morning, Quackity and Sam sat in the small shed in their backyard, all of the ingredients he gathered surrounding him. It had been a long process of retrieving them all, but he was finally here.

“Okay, Sam, this brujeria shit is going to look satanic. I apologize for that. But, I need you just stand back and with shut the fuck up, okay?” Quackity stood, all of the items on the floor.

“Yeah, yeah. I got you. I’ll just stand by the door and make sure nothing back happens. This isn’t going to hurt you, right?” Sam wanted to see Sally again, but he also didn’t want Quackity hurt.

“Yes, I’ll be fine you fucken teddybear. Now shush.” Quackity looked at the items in front of him, and took a deep breath. With a quick slice, a cut was in his palm and he put his falling blood into a bowl. He dabbed it with his finger, and drew a sigil onto the floor like he had during the games. Throughout this, he was repeating words in a language that Sam didn’t know.

He was right, this is some cult shit. Well, that does make sense since it was a cult-

His thoughts abruptly ended when he saw Quackity start to sacrifice animals, and mix the blood (and some organs) with the hairbrush of Sally’s Sam had given him. Sally would keep a hairbrush in Sam’s car at all times, just in case she ever needed it. It had come into use when Quackity needed something that was physically a part of Sally.

After about ten minutes, Quackity had finished, wiping his hand on a towel, then stood next to Sam. “If this doesn’t work, I am sorry man. I just wanted to help in any way I could. I literally had to wait for a fucking fox to fall into a trap on a full moon. Do you know how much bullshit is that? So I had to capture him on a full moon and sacrifice him immediately that day. If this doesn’t work it’ll be depressing AND a waste of time.”

“Alex, you really did not have to do that. They would have gotten over it with time.” The two turned to the voice, and was met with the smile of Sally Fisher, the girl who was forever sixteen. “To be honest, this was not how I planned to spend my birthday but then again I really shouldn’t have planned that far a-head. Get it? A head? Because my head-“ Sally was cut off by a sob from Sam.

“Sally, I’m so sorry. I’m sorry they got to you and your mom. If I had known, I would’ve made sure Quackity would’ve brought you back before me.” The guilt had been eating Sam alive, even though he acted as though it didn’t.

“Sam, you weren’t ever going to save me. It wasn’t meant to be. I was meant to die, and that’s okay. The afterlife is actually kind of cool. I got to see my grandparents, and my mom is happy. I’m okay. I don’t want you to feel guilty. None of you should.” She tried to put a hand on his shoulder, but it never reached. “If I could, I’d give you a hug, but I can’t. I’m sorry.” Sam let out a dry laugh, and wiped his tears.

“Only you would be the one who apologizes to me for you getting killed. We really missed you, Sals.” Sam’s voice quivered from the crying, so he cleared his throat.

“I saw. I never wanted that, you know. I never wanted you all to be sad and blame yourself. I just wanted you all to be happy. Alex, how long does this last?” Sally turned to the boy who was cleaning up.

“You have eight hours. But, if you want to go somewhere I have to go. You’re bound to me. I could’ve gotten you an entire day, but the ritual is an animal per hour and I could not kill more than eight. I’m sorry about that. Sorry about them murdering you, as well. You’re a nice girl, never deserved that.” He was soft with his words, something that Sam very rarely got to experience.

“Again, not your fault. None of you actively tried to murder me, so stop blaming yourself. Instead, can we please go into the house so I can see more people? If I have eight hours, I want to talk to everyone.” She looked hopefully at Alex, who nodded immediately.

“Of course, Sally. It’s why I brought you back.” The girl jumped from excitement.

“Yay! Okay, let’s go. Time is ticking, boys. Time is ticking.”

-

“TECHNO! WILBUR! TOMMY!” Phil barged into the house yelling, something very out of character for him. Techno ran out of the gym, his entire body tense.

“Dad? What’s wrong? Is someone hurt? Did they find the rest of Sally’s body?” Techno had begun to ask that final question at least once a day (or if Phil ever recieved news over the phone).

“Dad? Are you okay?” Wilbur was dressed in a hoodie and sweatpants, eyes puffy from crying.

“Have either of you heard from Tommy? Is he still home?” The Dad immediately began to run up the stairs, the boys following.

“He’s been in his room all day. He was blasting music for about twenty minutes, so I muted it off. Why? Did he do something?” Will was shaking slightly, voice hoarse.

“Zeus and Athena came to me. As you both know, you don’t get visited by the other patrons.

Athena said something is wrong and I needed to come and get him before it's too late. Tommy?" He knocked on the door, and received no response. "Tommy, can you open the door please?" He tried the door handle, and it was locked. Again, no response. "Will, heighten the sound, please."

Phil felt the boys flashlight turn on, and immediately they all heard *Mother Mother* blasting. Will muted it, and all they were left with was the sound of water running in the bathroom.

"He's been showering for like an hour. He hates them. He wouldn't be taking a shower for that long." Techno wouldn't tell them that Tommy hated them because of how claustrophobic they made him feel, he decided to tell them later.

Will muted the sound of the shower, and all they were left was the whispers of a foreign voice.

"*Blood for the Blood God. Blood for the Blood God. Blood for the Blood God.*" The voice was gruff, it sounded to be from an older man.

"I want one of you to call Purpled, and the other Niki. We're going to need some medical care here." Phil's voice was cold, fury laced into every word.

"Why? Do you think Tommy's really hurt?" Techno voice was worried, as he prayed to Hebe (his patron) that Tommy would be okay.

"Probably. Even if he's not, this motherfucker is going to need it. Nobody touches my kid and gets away with this shit." The boys watched as their father took a step back, lifted his foot, and kicked the door down. The man in the bathroom flinched, taking a step back from Tommy.

"Who the fuck are you?" The man barked.

"I'm the owner of his house and that's my son! Who the fuck are you?!" Phil walked over to the man, grabbing him by the neck and pushing him against the door.

"You're the monstrosity who forced my son to sin! Thomas is not your son, he is mine." His words came out with gasps, as Phil pressed on his windpipes.

“You’re son? You’re his father? His father died years ago.” He pressed harder, and the man began to see black dots in his vision.

“He brought me back with his curse.” Phil watched the man’s eyes rolled back, as all the oxygen had left him. His body slumped against him, and he left it fall to the floor, after slamming his head against the wall.

“Tommy? Hey, Tommy, can you hear me?” The boy was sat on the bathroom floor, a scene morbidly similar to the one months previous, only this time it was on both arms.

“I’ve repented, I promise. I have repented.” His words were slurred, eyes unfocused.

He grabbed the bandages that were in the cabinet under the sink and wrapped the wounds, trying to do anything he could before Purpled and Niki came.

“Dad, can I help?” Techno came back into the room after calling Purpled. “Who is that?”

“Tommy’s biological father. He brought him back. I don’t know why, but he did. Grab the dad, and tie him up. Beat the shit out of him if you’d like, I won’t be mad.” Phil moved Tommy into his arms, the boy barely lucid.

“I’ve repented enough, I’m sorry. I didn’t think you’d be back, I’m sorry.” Tears fell on the boy's face, and he shook in Phil’s arms. “I’m sorry.”

“Tommy, it’s me, Phil. You’re going to be okay, you hear me? Nobody is mad at you or anything, we’re all here to help. Please try to stay awake for me, okay?” He tried to keep his voice as calm as possible, as to not freak the boy out.

“D-dad? You can’t be here, he’s going to hurt you too. I don’t want you to repent, you don’t deserve it. Please run away.” Phil’s vision became blurry, as he slowly walked down each step.

“Tommy, you don’t deserve it either. Nobody does.” He quickly wiped the tears from his face once they made it down to the ground floor.

“I wasn’t trying to bring him back. I-I wanted to bring back Sally, for Will. I don’t want him to be sad anymore, like I was. I wanted us all to be happy together.” His words began to slur again, and he closed his eyes at the end. “I’m tired. I should have listened to Athena. This was too much for me.” His word faded off at the end, and his eyes didn’t reopen.

“Don’t wake him back up. His heartbeat is fine, so just let him sleep it off. We can only wait for Niki and Purpled to get back here, so we just have to wait.” Will’s voice was tense, as he heard everything that Tommy had said previous. “He did this for me. He hurt himself for me. Why? Why would he do something so stupid?”

“Because he loves you. He doesn’t know how to help, so he’s trying to in the ways he thinks will help.” The two turned to see Athena, who sat on the couch next to Zeus and Echo.

Will waved at his patron, and she smiled and waved back. The two rarely talked, more so communicating through music.

“I’m sorry I risked your bloodline, Athena. I never asked him to do this.” Will turned to Athena, who waved him off.

“Trust me, I know. I was there when he made the plan. The chance of this working was slim, and he knew that. I wish I was wrong, but it is obvious I was not. Just take care of him and that deadbeat of a father.”

“Of course,” Phil responded. “The father will be dead by midnight.”

“Good. I’m proud of you, Phil. You’ve grown into the man I always know you would be.” Phil thanked Zeus for his kind words, and the two watched as the gods disappeared, leaving them with an unconscious Tommy and the boys father tied up in the gym with Techno.

“This was not how I planned for us to see each other again, Will. Really wanted this to be a lot better, but nothing we plan works out, huh?” Will tensed at the voice, and turned to the doorway.

“You’re seeing this too, right Dad? I haven’t officially lost it right? My dead girlfriend is standing in the doorway right?” Will took a step forward towards Sally, who had tears on her cheeks.

“I brought back her spirit, so everyone can get their goodbyes. We were at Niki’s when you called

her. Ranboo teleported us all over.” Quackity explained quickly, as he stood next to Sam, Niki, Ranboo, and Purpled. Will turned to the boy, and immediately pulled him in for a hug.

“Thank you, so much. Thank you.” Quackity returned the hug (despite how uncomfortable it was for him) and smiled.

“Thank him after I go back to the afterlife, we only have an hour! But before that, where’s Techno?” She looked for the boy, and Phil took a deep breath.

“He’s in the gym, with Tommy’s father. He was trying-“ Sally cut Phil off.

“Bring me back, I know. Fun fact, when you die you can watch over everyone. I look over this house a lot. Tommy is one stubborn kid, but he loves you all a lot. I want to talk to Tech before I go back and move on. I know he was the one who opened the package, and I’d like this to be the last thing he remembers me by. Also, Phil, stop blaming yourself! Every single one of you all blamed yourselves, like you guys are the ones that chopped my head off. Stop it, it’s very annoying to see.” Phil laughed at the girl, who smiled.

“I just wish I could have saved you, Sally. You never deserved that.”

“You’re right, Phil. I didn’t. But, it happened. We can’t change that, and this is all that we have left. After this, I’m moving on. I’m moving on and no more ouija board summonings or anything. So, I don’t want any of you to forget me, but move on. Okay, sorry for stealing the show. Go save Tommy. Will, come with me. Let’s go find Techno.”

The boy followed behind Sally, and Quackity followed as well. “Sorry man, if she wants to go somewhere, I have to go with. Can you turn off the noise, though? I don’t really want to hear your conversation with her.” Will nodded at Quackity’s request.

“Oh, tell Techno to bring his father out here once you’re done talking!” Phil shouted, and received a thumbs up from Sally. He smiled, but it fell when he looked back to Tommy. “How bad is it, Purpled?” Phil felt his flashlight turned on, and he shrugged.

“Not too bad, in all honesty. He was a lot worse when he made the mountain a couple months ago. Which means I don’t have to take notes for him which is a win. It’s more exhaustion and blood loss than anything. I’d take a guess that he could use a blood transfusion and some extensive therapy. Just like a *Grey’s Anatomy* episode.” Purpled joked at the end, but only Ranboo laughed.

“Niki? How is it looking on the disease front?” Will ignored Purpled's joke (it made him smile, he would admit) and looked at the girl. Her eyes were puffy, making it obvious she had been crying.

“He’s fine. Minor cold, but his immune system will fight it off. I can feel his father’s cancer, though. It’s huge. Not shocking that it killed him. Hell, if I make it grow the tiniest bit, it’ll kill him. I think Tommy brought him back when he was on his deathbed?” Niki’s curiosity was a morbid one, but she felt no remorse for it. Tommy’s father didn’t deserve remorse.

“Would you like to do it or should I? He needs to die again, and I understand if you do not want that on your conscience. I have no qualms with doing it myself. Think about it. I will make food. Ranboo, get something to drink. I know teleporting makes you nauseous.” Phil walked to the kitchen and opened the fridge, looking for something to cook.

About ten minutes later, Techno came out with Tommy’s unconscious father. Techno’s eyes were puffy like Nikis, but he looked calmer than he had in months. His shoulders were no longer tense, and the anger that never seemed to leave his eyes, was gone. Exhaustion replaced it, and Phil swore he could bake Quackity a cake for what he’d done.

“Sals said you wanted me to bring this asshole out. He probably has a broken rib, I might have dropped him when we were going down the stairs.” He threw the unconscious man onto the ground, and Purpled winced.

“He has a punctured lung, concussion, cancer, three broken ribs, broken ankle, and a crack in his skull. How he’s alive is the real question we should be asking.” Phil let out a small laugh at that, and looked at Niki.

“Now it’s your decision. I want him dead before Tommy wakes up. That man is a master manipulator, and I don’t want him around Tommy any longer than needs be.”

“I’ll do it. We’re going to go after all of them soon anyways, right? Might as well get it done now.” She stood, and Phil felt her flashlight turn on.

With a snap of her fingers, Purpled flinched, and let out a gasp. “Sorry, sorry. I hate feeling a person die. It’s uncomfortable.” Purpled could feel every organ in his body shut down, and that’s when he started to rush Tommy’s healing process, so he wouldn’t have to fight his body’s need to heal.

“Sorry, Purpled. Should have given you a better warning. I forgot you’re sensitive to that. What are you going to do with the body?”

At that moment, the body turned grey, then into dust, then disappeared completely.

“Apparently, nothing.” Phil had decided not to question it.

Tommy woke up fifteen minutes later, and sat up immediately. “Are you all okay? Where’s father? He didn’t hurt anyone, did he?” He looked at everyone, surprised to see Niki, Purpled, Sam, and Ranboo. He had faint memories of seeing Phil, but nothing certain. “You shouldn’t be here. Father will be furious. I-I have to go. I have to leave.” He got up quickly, knocking over a glass of water. He flinched at the loud noise, and ran to the door, which Phil had locked. He had called Halo for advice, and locking all doors to the outside was one of them.

“Tommy, your father is dead. He is where he needs to be. You are okay. He has no control over you, and will never hurt you again. He’s gone.” Phil took a step towards him, and Tommy looked at him confused.

“How is he dead? He was-did I kill him?” His tone was one of confusion. If he did, he didn’t know whether to be happy or not. Logically, he should be ecstatic. He was the man that abused him for years, and should be happy about his death. But this other part, the part he hated about himself, was guilty.

I should be the one dead not him, I’m a sinner.

“No, Niki did. His cancer was far along, so Niki grew it the tiniest bit and killed him. He’s gone. I know this has to be traumatizing for you, it’s okay to feel conflicted. Can I hug you? I have hand warmers if you’d like them. Let’s work through this together.”

“No! NO! Don’t touch me. I-I don’t want you to touch me. I don’t like this, my chest hurts. No.” His fingers curled and his hands were visibly shaking.

“Hey, Toms. Is that a new nail polish?” Tommy whipped his head around to see Sally, the friendly smile she always had on her face.

“H-How are you here?” His chest started to regulate himself, making it easier for him to breathe.”

“Quackity brought my spirit back. But, I saw what you were trying to do! I appreciate it, but you would have brought back a not so nice version of my body. But, is it a new nail polish? Red is a nice color, like roses.” She tried to keep his mind off of the panic, and it seemed to be working.

“Yeah, Tubbo picked it out. He said red seems to be my color. I-I’m sorry I couldn’t save you in time. I saw the percentages and I couldn’t figure it out.” She smiled again.

“Tommy, you did. You changed one, about me being in danger. It saved me. You stopped my suffering, Tommy. That ‘curse’ you have, made me die in peace. How is it a curse if you can do so much good with it?”

With that, Tommy broke down crying, and requested a hug from Phil. Tommy and Phil (with Henry not far behind) spent the rest of the day together, having a sleepover that night as well.

-

“You have ten minutes, Sally. I’ll be on this side of the door, you two have your talk, okay?” Sally nodded at Quackity, and he shut the patio door. Sally and Will stood outside, watching the sunset.

“God, I missed you so much Sally. I had so much planned for us. You never got to see the notebooks or anything.” He started out strong, but it fell as his voice began to waver.

“Wilby, I saw. I never wanted to leave you either. But, I saw. I saw you read it and cry, every single time. Why-why do you torture yourself, Will? I don’t like that at all, actually. I was so close to figuring out how to become a ghost so I could possess someone and smack the shit out of you.” She laughed, wiping the tear that fell.

“It’s painful, Sals. We deserved to have our Carl and Ellie house, with our blue or yellow door and our little kids. We deserved to see a grandpa Phil, and for our kids to make cupcakes and play instruments. We deserved that, you deserved that.” His voice wavered, more tears falling.

“Yes I did, Will. Yes I did. But you know what? I didn’t get it, and that sucks. So you know what you’re going to do? You’re going to find yourself a man or woman or whoever you like, and you’re going to love them as much and hopefully twenty times more than you loved me. Then, you’re

going to get married and have those kids, and make Phil a grandpa. You're going to be happy. You're going to be happy and successful and are going to be the best dad and husband you can be. You're just not going to do it with me. But, when your day comes, which *will not* be soon, we will meet again. I can meet the person who made you happy in the way I tried to, and we're going to make cupcakes. This isn't goodbye Will, this is just a see you soon, okay?" Will let out a sob, and Sally wanted nothing more than to hug him.

"I don't think I can say goodbye to you that easily, Sally. You were it for me. I don't think I can love again." Sally shook her head, and sniffled.

"I want you to try. For me, Will. Try. I'll always be watching. This isn't goodbye, just see you soon. So, see you soon, Wilbur. I love you, always." He took in a shaky breath, and sniffled as well.

"See you soon, Sally the Salmon. I'll try one day. I love you."

He watched as she slowly disappeared, and he cried harder than he had in weeks. But instead one of pain, it was one of acceptance.

For the first time, the idea of moving one did not seem fully impossible.

-

I wish Sally talked more of the afterlife.

That's something I still wonder about, as the narrator.

Oh well.

Until Next Time.

sorry but closure is good right

follow my twitter: reya23031

follow my tiktok: fookingbananas

follow my instagram: reya.graham

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Summary

I'm farming the aw's everyone.

TW: MENTIONS OF SELF HARM, DEATH, ILLUSION TO HITLER/GENOCIDE

It's a lighthearted chapter, almost like a calm before the storm if you will.

SIDE NOTE THE FANART IS FUCKING COOL

Chapter Notes

Follow my twitter: Reya23031

Follow my tiktok: fookingbananas

Follow my instagram: Reya.Graham

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

Friends,

It's been a while. I am sorry we haven't spoken in over two weeks.

As ironic as it is, the author had suffered a family death, so she had no will to write my story for a while.

That's okay, though. I had lots to think about.

In the last two weeks, I've been visiting Earth a lot. I can't help it, it just calls to me.

With that, brought lots of new memories of my human life.

I'd like to keep those to myself, for now.

I'd like to bring up what occurred on the DreamSMP.

Dream deserved his sentence, and continues to do so. He is not a man of humanity, he is a manipulator, and deserves to be encased in that obsidian.

I do wonder, how does he justify it to himself? Does he have to? He said he sleeps fine knowing of his actions.

After all, how are you to say sorry if you believe you haven't done anything wrong? Is his morals and outlook on his environment that warped that he believes he was in the right?

He obviously holds attachment to George, since that was the only time his facade with Tommy in his cell broke. He has human emotions, he has those attachments he condemned.

His character intrigues me, in the way a serial killer attracts psychologists.

Until next time.

-

Tommy was struggling for a while after that. It was an odd feeling, as he for some reason felt the need to grieve for his father. He knew that he was an awful man, and that he deserved better, but he couldn't bring himself to not be sad.

That led to him consistently relapsing with repenting, and struggling with taking his medication. He hated that he was like this, he didn't want to, but he felt like he had no choice. His entire body yearned for repenting, to just let go.

"Hey, kid. Let's step out of the bathroom and talk, okay? Nothing good ever happened in this bathroom." He dropped the razor on accident, as Athena had startled him. It had been about a month since Sally's birthday, and it was Finals Week. The older kids of the group were to graduate the following week, and were eagerly waiting for their college acceptance letters. Everyone had gotten theirs besides Techno and Wilbur, who would learn on the 12th (it was currently the 9th). Tommy hadn't spoken or seen Athena since May, and began to believe she would never come back.

“What are you doing here? I thought you were mad at me. Come to gloat, have you? I don’t need to hear it, I know I fucked up. Don’t need a literal god laughing in my face and telling me I fucked up because I’m just a kid who can’t do anything right and gets triggered by the smallest shit-“ His rant was cut off by Athena.

“The reason it didn’t work was your ADHD. You know how in Percy Jackson, that book series, it talks about how they all have dyslexia and ADHD because it’s their body telling them to be in battle mode? Think of your ADHD like that, but it’s not because you’re my descendant. You just have ADHD, and forgot to take your medication that morning. You couldn’t even talk to me without pacing or snapping your fingers. Plus, you really should not mess with nature like that. But no, I’m not mad at you. I was embarrassed. You’re only 16, I shouldn’t expect us to be smooth sailing all the time. I’m sorry I haven’t been here to help, but I know your dad has been here! How is that?”

Tommy felt himself relax slightly at the mention of Phil, but he also got excited. “He is amazing, Athena. So so amazing. He got me like this tiny little cube, and it has a bunch of things on it that I can play with while in class, and at first I didn’t expect it to work. Then, guess what? It helped! It was amazing. He’s amazing. We also started driving, and that is very hard. But he’s funny about it, and he makes me very happy. I’m happy he’s my dad.” Athena cooed at Tommy from his words.

“So, you love him like a Dad? That is amazing, Tommy! Have you told him that yet, he’ll probably bring up adoption if you talk about it.” Athena had talked to Zeus, and they both knew how much each individual wanted it. So, they decided to try and speed up the process.

“Is that what this is? Love? I haven’t told him that yet, that’s a very big word. Lot’s of meaning to it.” Athena laughed, rubbing Tommy’s back and running her fingers through his hair. She had learned the boy was very big on physical affection, but only for certain people.

“Tell him! Just nonchalantly bring it up and walk away. He will love it. Now, you have school today and training after! Good luck on your first round of finals, and we can talk later tonight. Don’t hurt yourself, okay?” He mumbled a yes, and they hugged, before she disappeared.

He, for some reason, had no will to go back to the bathroom, and left his room entirely. Athena watched on, not visible to the boy, and smiled.

Best way to calm Tommy down? Ask him about something he’s passionate about.

-

His school day consisted of him writing an essay in English on *The Giver*, and how society will never reach a state of utopia. He also took his chemistry final, and his final for AP Stats. His group final for Psychology was set for the day after, and Phil did not give them a tradition final. The school day went by fast, and before he knew it, he was in the warehouse getting ready to spar. Today, he had to go against George, Dream, and Techno. He wasn't that excited, as these were some of the hardest to beat.

Between finals, his talk with Athena, his father fiasco, and therapy, he had not had lots of time to prepare to fight Dream.

"Are you sure you don't want to wait a little longer, Tommy? It's okay to know your limits. Besides, I don't think you've lost a human like that before." Dream's tone was sincere, but the last sentence threw Tommy off.

"What do you mean, 'lost a human'? Like, my father? If we're going by that logic, none of us should be sparing because we lost Sally." He didn't want to take the pity way out, he was going to fight Dream.

"That's different, though. We're not humans. We're better than that. You're not realizing that, maybe we should wait a bit longer." Dream's voice didn't have any maliciousness in it, but Tommy took it as such.

"What the fuck do you mean we're not humans? We are, Dream. We're not better than anyone else just because we have powers. Isn't that like, the first step towards a genocide?" Tommy remembered something about a pyramid, and separation from a group of people was part of that.

"Tommy, I'm not saying we should go out and kill all of them. I'm just saying, in the span of things, we're superior. It's not like that's unfair, their literal instinct is to hate us! We're above them, all of them, don't you understand that? We're the people that get books written about them, they're just readers. We have to be better than them, or else we would cause a mass genocide. I don't want us to be, but that's how it is." Dream's words confused Tommy, and he just rolled his eyes.

"Okay, Adolf. Let's get this show on the road." Tommy's comment riled Dream up, causing him to prepare for the whistle blow. When Punz blew it, Dream rushed Tommy, and the boy was ready.

“The first thing when it comes to battle, is you need to categorize your opponent.” Athena and Tommy stood over his desk, all of the others' names written down. This conversation was months prior. “I hate to say it, kid, but you’re lanky as shit. Easy to take down. But, you don’t need to rely on brute force during fighting. Some fighters do, but the most important thing is strategy. In battle, you have two types of fighters: the brute force and the analyzer. Some of them are self aware enough to be both, but most aren’t. Good example of a brute force fighter is Dream. He’s a big guy, and he’s never been able to rely on his powers like you can. So, if he gets you down, you’re fucked.”

Dream went in for a tackle, but he jumped to the side, causing Dream to lose his momentum slightly.

“He’s first going to try to rush you, you need to try your hardest to stop his momentum. You need to persevere your energy, so once he’s lost his large spike you can attack. Use your power to your advantage. You’re a descendent from the Goddess of Wisdom, War, and the Crafts. You got this.”

Dream tried to rush him again, but Tommy made it so he lost his footing and tripped. He used that, bringing his leg and swiping the one that held his balance, causing Dream to fall flat on his back.

Dream tried to immediately get up, and he swiped at Tommy’s legs as well.

“What if someone does get me down?” He asked the goddess.

“You were on the streets for four years, right? Scrap. Fight as hard as you fucking can. Doesn’t matter if it’s practice or it’s the real thing. You fight like if you lose, you will never see your family and friends again. You fight like hell.”

When Dream grabbed both of his forearms and tried to hold him down, he couldn’t focus enough on the statistics (and didn’t want to accidentally cause a brain aneurysm or anything serious) so he did the next best thing.

He brought his knee up to Dream’s pelvis area, and kneed him as hard as he could.

“Oh sweet Jesus.” Dream swore he saw stars, and his vision blackened around the edges. Tommy panicked, and brought his knee up again. Dream passed out a few moments later, and Tommy was declared the victor.

“Holy shit! Dream is never having kids now,” Sappnap joked, next to a Techno and George who were laughing so hard they were gasping for air.

“Dream, you okay? Tommy, you really just- you know what, good job. Do whatever it takes to win, I presume.” Punz walked over to Dream, who was still laying on the floor.

-

“DID YOU ALL SEE THAT?! THAT’S MY DESCENDANT, THAT ONES MINE!” Athena jumped up and down, next to all the other gods, watching. The gods would watch without presenting themselves to the children, wanting to make sure they were preparing correctly.

“All he did was knee Clay in the dick twice! Anyone can do that!” Ares argued, rolling his eyes.

“You’re just mad Tommy kicked his ass! Dream doesn’t use his power’s either, and he still lost! Tommy’s a scrapper, he’s going to go so far. Just you all fucking wait.” She sat back next to Zeus, who smiled and shook his head slightly.

“He’s been your favorite descendant, hasn’t he?” Zeus asked, as he also watched Phil help the children.

“Definitely. I loved his mom, don’t get me wrong. But, he’s a survivor. He’s gone through so much and will continue to fight, no matter what. I’m forever proud of him.” Zeus smiled and patted Athena's leg.

“I’m glad you finally found your champion, Athena. I remember what it felt like to find Phil. That feeling never goes away, never.”

They were knocked out of their convo when they saw Tommy tackle George down to the mat, and Ares sighed again.

“How is the scrawny 16 year old beating my boys? Utter bullshit.” Ares muttered, shaking his head.

Athena laughed at that.

-

Phil watched on, as Tommy sparred with the others. It was an intense contrast to the first time he sparred with Dream and George, he wasn't as helpless. He could feel the boy start to rely more on himself than his powers, and he was proud. The boy finally had begun to be confident in him as a person, not just his abilities.

“You did great, Tommy! You're really improving, what did Punz say?” The boy had jogged over to him after Punz called the spar (Techno had beaten him at the last second, but he was close to winning over him) slightly out of breath.

“He said I'm not the scrawny bitch I once was. Kidding, kidding.” He watched his dad's face fall at the comment, but it turned into a laugh. “He said I'm doing good. I just need to work on not being so impulsive in my actions. After that, I'll be perfect.”

“That's amazing, Tommy! I'm so proud of you.” His tone was genuine, and the words made Tommy's stomach flutter.

“Thanks, Dad. I'm going to go with the others and work on our psychology project, is that okay?” He was building up the courage to just blurt it out, like him and Athena worked on.

“Of course that's okay! Just make sure either Ranboo teleports you or you call one of your brothers, okay?” He was just happy that he wanted to go out with friends, even though he'd been steadily hanging out with them for months.

“Okay, awesome, great! That's great. Okay, bye, love you!” He walked away fast, not wanting to see Phil's reaction. It was small, it was only two words, but it meant a lot to him. He didn't want to disappoint himself if Phil didn't think it was a big deal.

He wouldn't have been, because hearing the words ‘love you’ caused Phil's eyes to immediately tear up and a wide smile spread across his face. “He just said he loves me. He loves me.” He would talk to Tommy about it at a later moment, but for now he wanted to bask in it. His son loved him.

The rest of sparring flew by, and before he knew it, he stood next to Puffy cleaning up the area. Who would have thought training over a dozen teenagers how to use superpowers and mentally prepare to fight a cult would be messy?

“Have you thought about adoption?” Puffy asked Phil after the training had ended, and they were alone.

“I could be asking you the same thing. Are you going to adopt Alex?” Phil had finally got Tommy to a comfortable spot (or as comfortable as they could get) and didn’t want to scare the boy with talks of adoption.

“Of course I’ve thought about it. I love him as my own, because he is my son. No matter the stupid fucking biological factors. He’s one of my kids just as much as Tubbo or Sam or Eret are. I just don’t think he cares.” She shrugged her shoulders, unbothered. She worked with the adoption system, she knew how messy it could be. She didn’t need legal paperwork to prove that Alex was her son.

“Same for me. I just don’t want to rush him. I want him to be happy, and I think his social worker should bring it up.” He hinted, causing Puffy to roll her eyes.

“They’re both ready. Don’t let yourself convince you otherwise. Don’t overthink it.” They both jumped at the sound of Karl’s voice, causing the boy to laugh. “I’m everywhere, oooo spooky” He pretended to be a ghost, grabbing his water bottle and running away again.

“I’ll bring it up to him at our next check-in with Halo, okay?” Puffy said, after she stopped laughing from Karl. Puffy, as Tommy’s case worker, would have biweekly check-ins, them usually including Halo since he was Tommy’s psychologist.

“Thank you, Puffy. Listen to Karl, I bet Alex would love it. Plus, it’ll help with college and things like that.” Phil put a hand on Puffy’s shoulder, and smiled.

“I’ll bring it up if everything goes well with Tommy. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, Connor, and Purpled were at Tubbo's house, trying to finish their final project for Psychology. They decided to work outside, since it was nice out and the sun wasn't too hot for another two hours.

"Do you guys want to go see the bees? We can take a small break before starting. All we need to do is write down the diagnosis we would give the kid and what treatment he should begin, it'll only take like fifteen minutes. Please? They're going to be super active because the flowers keep on blossoming!" Tubbo had been asking the entire car ride back, and they all finally gave in after they had been working for half an hour.

"Fine, fine. Let's see them. If I get stung I'm going to be pissed." Connor warned, the rest agreeing.

"Clementine would never do that! She's the queen, very nice bee. I wish you guys could hear them, they're very nice. C'mon, we don't need the suits. They won't do anything because I'm here. Hello Bees! How is everyone?" Tubbo nodded his head along like he heard responses (which he had).

"I hate when he does this, I feel so stupid because I don't hear anything." Purpled muttered, Ranboo agreeing.

"Clementine, these are my friends! Say Hello to Clementine, everyone!" The boys waved to the small bee on Tubbo's fingers, and Tubbo laughed. "She said you all look constipated."

"How does she even know what being constipated looks like? She's a fucking bee!" Tommy asked, the others laughing.

"Would you like to hold some of them? As long as you don't squeeze, you'll be okay. Don't be afraid guys, they aren't vicious. Just relax and enjoy the sounds of nature. Clementine, everyone, if you will." About fifteen bees flew to each boy's hand, and Ranboo immediately teleported back to the porch.

"YOU'RE SUCH A PUSSY!" Purpled yelled, as he watched the Bee's crawl around his hand.

"I CAN'T DO THE TEXTURE, IT'S WAY TOO WEIRD FOR ME!" Ranboo yelled back. "I'LL START THE FINAL PART OF THE PROJECT, YOU ALL HAVE FUN WITH NATURE."

Ranboo gave them all a thumbs up, before opening back up his laptop.

“Tommy, how’s Henry? I haven’t spoken to him in a while.” Tubbo would weekly come over and swap powers with Tommy, so the boy could talk to the dog.

“He’s good! Did have worms for a bit, so he wasn’t in a talking mood. But, Phil got that sorted.”

“TUBBO! DON’T YOU DARE TELL ME YOU HAVE YOUR FRIENDS WITH THE BEES WITH NO SUITS!” Puffy’s voice rang from the house, and Purpled winced.

“Ooh, Puffy’s yelling at Tubbo!” Purpled mocked.

“SORRY MUM! WE’LL GET BACK TO WORK! LOVE YOU!”

“Of course he adds ‘love you’, such a momma’s boy.” Purpled huffed.

“Shut the fuck up Purpled, you’re always up your dad’s ass. Sorry Clementine, everyone, we have to go back to work. Bye now.” The bees flew away from their hands, and Ranboo teleported back over.

“I got the hierarchy of needs section done. Up next is Freuds. I’d like to get home before it’s dark out, so can we please hurry this up?”

The group walked back to the patio, and listened to Purpled as he was happy he wouldn’t have to take notes for three months.

“Dude, they’re fucking notes. It’s not like it’s you cutting a finger off.” Tommy finished, as they sat back down on the patio table.

“Might as well be!” The rest rolled their eyes, and got back to work.

It always is always crazy to think about how far our story has come. By now, everytime I tell it, the beginning of the story seems so far away. Tommy's grown up so much up until this point of our story, and it's interesting to see.

Did you forget about Puffy's job? It's easy to forget about, Tommy was always very secretive about that part of his life and his therapy. That's why I don't talk about it, it's something that does not concern me. It's violating, in a way.

I believe he, and everyone else, deserve that privacy.

Until Next Time.

Chapter End Notes

Follow my twitter: Reya23031

Follow my tiktok: fookingbananas

Follow my instagram: Reya.Graham

so many little spoilers and hints on my twitter awooga cryptic tweets

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Summary

Again, I'm farming aw's.

Beginning of the end, dear friends.

God I really hate endings.

Enjoy <3

Chapter Notes

FANART IS POGGERS

Follow my twitter: Reya23031

Follow my tiktok: Fookingbananas

The 12th came a lot quicker than expected. Tommy had tried his best to mentally prepare all week, but when the day came, he wasn't prepared at all. Final's had gone well, so now they all just prepared for the graduation that was to take place a few days after on the 15th, and he couldn't begin to comprehend that. The year had gone by so fast, and yet it felt like he had just come here, came home.

"Look, this will not be the worst news we get all year. I can name about 17 different events that were so much worse, at least there's no packages. Can I get those stats again, Tommy?" Wilbur had asked Tommy the statistical probability of him getting into Julliard almost everyday since he applied.

"Still hasn't changed, Will. 6.9%. Techno's is still at 12.3%. You'll be fine, big man. Worst comes to worst you'll have to live with me and Dad another year," He laughed awkwardly. He was excited for his brothers, but for some reason, also angry? They had just become a family, and they had plans to leave?

He ignored that, and focused on the timer that went off on Phils phone. "Okay, that means both of your results should be up. Remember, you both have backups and there is absolutely nothing wrong with community college. A degree is a degree, no matter where you get it from. You can also take a gap year--"

“I GOT IN!” Wilbur’s yells interrupted his dad, as he jumped up and cheered. “HOLY SHIT! I GOT IN! Jubilee Line got me in! I’m going to Julliard! HOLY SHIT!” Phil hugged his son, tears in his eyes. He knew he was going to cry no matter what. He was beyond proud of his sons, and was so excited to see the people they were going to become.

“What about you, Tech?” Tommy’s foot began to bounce up and down, and his chest hurt slightly. He was, of course, so happy for his brother. But, he couldn’t ignore the sinking feeling that flooded his chest at the idea of Wilbur being all the way in New York.

Techno clicked a link, put in his passcode, and clicked another. They all sat in silence as it loaded, Wilbur antsy to celebrate with his brother.

“Dear Mr. Watson, Congratulations! We are pleased to WELCOME YOU TO UCLA! I GOT IN!” His actions copied his brother, only this time Phil was crying. Tommy felt his eyes tear up, and his hands shake slightly.

He didn’t like this. It felt wrong.

“Good job, Techno! I’m really excited for you!” He pushed it down as far as he could, and ignored the sinking feeling in his chest.

“How cool is that, Toms? You and Dad will be able to explore two major cities! On one end, you’ll have me in Los Angeles, and then Wills in New York! How cool is that?” Techno gave him a two thumbs up, running his hands through his hair (before it got caught, and he grumbled).

“Awesome. It’s awesome.” His words were tense, but everyone either didn’t notice or chose to ignore it.

“Dad, I’m going to go over to Fundy’s house and celebrate. Is that okay?” Techno was ready to go, buzzing with energy.

“Yes, just be home before dinner! I want us to celebrate as a family.” Phil wanted to get started on dinner as soon as possible, excited to make his lasagna.

“Me and Wilbur will be back in time. C’mon, Will. Want to come with, Toms?” Techno grabbed the car keys, and turned to his little brother.

“Uh, no thanks. I have some stuff to do in my room. Want to clean it up before we’re all running around for your graduation.” He attempted to joke, which was successful.

He watched his brothers walk out of the house, and his fake smile dropped from his face. Phil may have said something to him, but he didn’t hear it, as he raced up the stairs to his bedroom. He closed his door as quick as he could behind him, pressing his head against it and taking a deep breath.

“Are you sad?” Tommy jumped slightly at the voice of Athena, turning around to see her on his bed. “It’s okay to be happy for them and sad at the same time. Emotions are quite confusing in that way.” Athena’s face showed nothing but understanding and acceptance, which led to Tommy breaking down, and her getting up to hug him.

“I don’t want them to leave. Will’s school is in New York, that’s so far from here! What if something happens and we can’t help him or reach him in time? Then-then Techno’s school is in California! California! That’s the total opposite of the country from Will. Three different time zones and everything. What if they don’t want to come back? What if it just is me and Dad, and then he realizes I’m not enough for him? I don’t want to lose my family.” Tommy’s breath was uneven, as he was on the border of a panic attack. She brought her hands to his back, trying to sooth him.

“Tommy, they love you so much. They will be okay, and they will come back. Do you really think they won’t call you at least twice a day? Just because they won’t physically be here, doesn’t mean they’ll fully be gone. You’re not going to be alone, if that’s what you’re afraid of. I promise, even if that means me and you start spending every minute of your day together. Do you want to know something, Tommy? I’m proud of you. So, so proud of you. You have grown so much in such a small amount of time, it is amazing to see you become the young man you’re becoming. I am so proud to be your goddess. You know, I tell the other gods about you?”

Tommy sniffed, “Really?” Athena laughed, continuing to rub the child's back and hug him tight.

“Of course. You’re my pride and joy! I always believe that you’re going to do amazing things, and I have yet to be proven wrong. I’m here until the end with you, kid. Then, when you have kids, I’ll be with them as well. I’m like a mother, I guess.” She felt Tommy laugh slightly, and she felt accomplished.

“I’m not having children, Athena. They are gross. It’s just going to be me and the boys, and we’re

going to travel and be amazing. We don't need women or men." She pulled away, and saw the boy was smiling.

"Sure, sure. Say that now. We have a long time before that. For now, let's tackle you being an adorable clingy shit and work from there." She ruffled his hair, and he laughed.

"Thank you for being there for me, Athena. I appreciate it."

"Thank you for letting me."

-

That is one of my favorite things about love. Love comes in such different forms. There's love like Will and Sally, a romantic one. There's one like Dream and George, or Tommy and Tubbo. Their platonic love, one of best friends who would give the world to them. Then, there's love like Athena and Tommy, the parents and their respective kids. That love, that familial love, one that is not defined biology.

It's so easy to love, yet we always forget that, and choose hate.

I wish we didn't.

Also, Oliver has learned how to use his litter box.

I have also started to crochet, and it is nice.

I have more memories of my friends. I really miss them.

I have an idea that might get them back, I really need to think about it.

Until Next Time.

-

Breakfast on Graduation day made Tommy visibly uncomfortable. Phil had been crying non-stop, and Will joined in at some parts.

Until, Techno walked through the door with a mullet.

“WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO YOUR HAIR?!” Phil’s tears were gone in seconds, and he had gotten up from his seat, and walked over to Techno.

Techno’s hair, that was once to his shoulder blades, now rested on the nape of his neck. The sides were slightly shaved, and slowly got longer the higher you got up on his neck. Tommy thought it looked great on him.

“You told me to get a haircut,” Techno joked, cheeks red from his father’s yelling.

“I TOLD YOU TO GET A TRIM, TECHNO! I TOLD YOU TO GET A TRIM! THIS IS A FUCKING MULLET! NOT A TRIM!” Phil looked as though he was about to bash his head into the table, and he sighed.

“I think it looks badass, Tech. Killed it as always.” Will talked in between his bites of the waffles Phil had made, laughing slightly.

“I agree, look's great man.” Tommy chimed in, giving him a thumbs up.

“Thanks, guys. It felt like it was weighing me down, so I decided to chop it for new beginnings. To new beginnings, everyone.” Techno sat, and poured himself a glass of orange juice. “Cheers.”

“Cheers.” Tommy and Will joined in, the three cups of orange juice clanking together.

“I’m never going to get a fucking break with these kids, am I?” Phil looked up to the ceiling and sighed.

Athena, Hebe, Zeus, and Echo watched on (invisible to everyone else to the room) and laughed. No, Phil wouldn't get one for a long time.

-

Tommy sat through the graduation, with his friends and their parents. After graduation, only Connor, Ranboo, Purpled, Tubbo, and himself would be in highschool. All of the seniors had plans of going away, the farthest being Eret for University of Edinburgh. During the ceremony, they had a moment dedicated to Sally, which led to everyone almost immediately getting very emotional. There were lots of tears, and Tommy was visibly uncomfortable. That led to him spacing out most of the time, only paying attention when someone he knew was called. He also realized he hadn't talked to anyone outside of the 18 kids that were in high school, because of their natural response to hate them.

"Do you think the gods come to this?" He asked Tubbo, after Sam had received his diploma.

"I'd like to think so. Probably not, I feel like Artemis would want to do anything but sit through my graduation. Athena would probably come to yours, though." Tommy's cheek burnt red, and he turned his attention back to the graduation ceremony.

The gods were there, of course, each of them cheering on their descendent. It was an odd group, since they all had many different gods ranging in capabilities. The children did have a good feeling they were there, especially when Schlatt's name was called and a rainbow mysteriously appeared in the sky.

Iris cheered her heart out for Schlatt, and Pelios followed for Minx. Coeus clapped for Karl, and Hypnos followed for Sappnap. Echo made the wind have a soft melody when Will's name was called, and Hebe had a saddened smile (for they knew this would not be the last graduation of Techno's they would attend, the boy was immortal, this one would be the first of many). Asclepius made sure anyone who even felt remotely sick was at full health when Niki was called, as Hephaestus jumped up and down and cheered on Fundy. Ares wanted to shoot an arrow to the sky for Dream and George, but decided against it in fear of hitting someone. Finally, Hermes (for the day) gave everyone good luck and cheered on Eret, and Philotes mended any friendships on the rocks after seeing Sam.

The gods weren't all like Athena, they all weren't as close and comforting to their descendants. But, when they could be, they would show up for them. Graduation was a day of happiness, luck, and prosperity for the kids.

Nobody commented on the tears that ran down some of their faces, and the uncontrollable rainbow that shone in the sky, as the graduation caps flew into the air, and this chapter of their life was over.

-

“Hello, everyone. I am honestly shocked I was asked to say a few words, but here we all are. Graduation, that is- well it’s insane.” The group sat at the table in Phil’s backyard, celebrating their accomplishments. Everyone was there (including the gods, invisible to their eyes). Karl stood, glass in hand, nervous as ever to give his speech. Coeus watched, in pride, as his descendant began the new era of leadership. “I cannot believe that we are here. Granted, not all of us are, but we made it. We did it. Was it easy? No, I don’t think anything is for us. But, we did it together. We got through so much bad shit, and now we can finally breathe for a bit. But, I do say a bit. Yes, we can enjoy today, but do not forget our final goal. We have some Jim Jones bitches to take down! Now, anyone else want to say something?” Everyone clapped at his words, before Quackity stood up.

“I’m not one of you. I don’t have a god, and to be useful I have to sacrifice fucking squirrels. But, for some reason, you all consider me family. I’ve lost my family before, and I am ready to fight like hell to not lose you all. Even though my entire body tells me to hate you all and run away, I wouldn’t in a million years. Thank you for becoming my family.” Quackity choked up slightly at the end, and the others clapped again. When it died down, one person was clapping.

“Alexander, nice to make your acquaintance. Everyone, hello, nice to meet you all. My name is Dionysus, none of you are my descendants. My line died out a long time ago, and I’ve been waiting for my final one, as the oracles said there was one more. Turns out, it was you, Alex. Fate works in mysterious ways, I guess. Your speech was great, but stupidly inaccurate. You are one of them. Well, now you are.” He snapped his fingers, and Quackity felt that need to run away die out, and he smiled.

“Does this mean I get cool powers and shit?” Phil wanted to slam his head into the table with the thought of having to train someone how to use their powers all over again, before remembering that would become Karl’s job.

“Of course it does, man! Don’t know how they’ll manifest themselves, but they’ll come, don’t worry. We’ll talk soon.” He waved goodbye, and disappeared into nothingness.

“Well, Welcome Home Alex. No more sacrificial rabbits!” Sam high fived him, Quackity beaming from his giddiness.

“We better play those games again, since now I can take down you motherfuckers like it’s nothing.” His smile was contagious, making the mood (that was already high) even higher.

“Anyone else want to give a heartfelt speech before all of this becomes just some nonsense?” Phil tried to pull them back on track, since he knew their attention span wasn’t the greatest. Tommy cleared his throat, before standing up and rubbing his hands on his legs.

“I am pretty much the main cause for all of this fucked up shit happening your guy’s senior year, so I think it’s only fitting I talk. First and foremost, I’m sorry. I wish I could go back and change so many of my actions, and if I could I would. But, sadly none of us are time travelers. I don’t know how to put into words how bittersweet today was. I am so beyond excited for all of you, for all of the places I’m going to be able to visit you guys. But, you’re all leaving. I, as we all know, haven’t had the best luck with family. My father wasn’t winning any father of the year awards, if you know what I mean.”

Connor choked on his water, some of it coming out of his nose, causing Ranboo to struggle as he held in his laughter.

“Thank you, Connor. Really thought more of you guys would laugh at that one. Tough crowd. Anyways, I just wanted to say thank you for being my family. I haven’t always been the easiest person to be around, and I’ve fucked up plenty. Let’s just promise, no matter how far we all go, that at the end of the day, we are home. Not this place, but us. We are home.” He wasn’t met with claps, it was more of an awkward silence than anything.

Athena wanted to fight all of them we she saw him get visibly uncomfortable. Until, Tubbo stood.

“To us being home, no matter how far we go.” Everyone followed, standing and agreeing.

Home was never a place, it was a people. It took Tommy almost seventeen years to figure that out, but he was glad he did.

Home is a people.

-

That is something I’ve struggled with recently. Home could be a place, but I don’t think it is.

We are going to leave each other soon. I'm trying my hardest to comprehend that.

I don't want to go. I don't want to leave. Not yet.

How can I be home, if I have to say goodbye and leave it? How can I just go to another reality, knowing I've left everything behind?

What if I refuse to? What if I tell the universe no, I've done my job enough. I have, I know I have. Why should I be forced to continue it?

Decisions, decisions.

Until next time.

Oh, Oliver is well. He sheds hair everywhere, but I don't mind it. He likes to lay on me.

Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Summary

TW: UNDERAGE DRUG USE, SUICIDE ATTEMPT MENTIONED

IT IS THE BEACH CHAPTER BITCHES

YOU ARE NOT ALONE. PLEASE SEEK HELP IF YOU NEED IT <3

Chapter Notes

follow my:

twitter: fookingbananas

tiktok: fookingbananas

fanart is poggers

Friends,

Beach Episode! Or, well, chapter I believe.

You get the joke.

Enjoy the small moments.

Until next time.

-

They had planned a beach trip the day before, as the forecast called for a hot day. Summer was in full swing, and everyone was trying to bask in the small moments before college tore them all apart (and the inevitable fight against the cult).

In one car sat Wilbur, Techno, Tommy, Tubbo, and Schlatt. The other was Sam, Quackity, Fundy, Connor, and Ranboo. Tommy had never been, so he had no idea what to expect. That's what led to his jaw dropping when Sam pulled out a blunt.

“Did nobody tell him we do this? You don't have to if you don't want to, Tommy. It's just a small tradition we have. Take a hit, pass, get faded, and then enjoy it. At least two people don't smoke so we can drive back safely, and that's that. You in?”

An hour later, everyone was high as shit besides Schlatt and Wilbur.

They stayed along the shoreline, loving the feeling of the water on their skin.

“Why does it feel like I'm vibrating? Is that normal?” Tommy asked Connor, Ranboo and Tubbo.

“Yes, that's normal. Dude, your life has been so beyond fucked up. Just enjoy the normal teenager moments. If you feel like anything really bad is going to happen, just remember that we're here.” Connor didn't make eye contact with him, too focused on the water that would rush through his hands.

“Do you want to see something funny?” Tommy looked at his friends, and they all hung on his every word. He turned to his brother, who was running around with Fundy, Sam, and Quackity.

Chances of Techno falling: 47%

He raised it to 100%, and watched as Techno fell flat on his face. The group burst into laughter, and the bit continued on for four more falls until Techno realized what was going on, bolting over to Techno. That resulted in Tommy running down the shore, and all of the others laughing behind them.

“TECHNO IT WAS FUNNY YOU GOT TO ADMIT IT MAN PLEASE!”

“I GOT SAND IN MY MOUTH TOMS THAT IS NOT SUPER FUNNY!” Techno's words were jumbled because of the laughter, and stopped chasing him once they made it back to the group.

“Can I ask something?” Quackity talked a couple of minutes later, all of them laying on the shoreline. “So, we live in the middle of nowhere in America, right? Then, why do so many of you guys have British accents? Hell, even Minx has an Irish accent and Schlatt doesn’t.” They all thought about that for a second, before Wilbur burst into laughter.

“It took you all 5 fucking years to realize that! I just started to give random people different accents, and nobody ever noticed. We live in the Midwest, how do any of us have European accents!” The group was silent for a second, until they all started laughing uncontrollably, to the point where there were tears in their eyes.

They stayed there for a bit, before Schlatt decided they should go eat and the group broke off into smaller pairs.

“Did I ever tell you of how we found out I was immortal?” Techno’s words were slower than normal, yet also had more emotion.

“No, you didn’t.” Tommy and Techno sat, *Kids* by Current Joys playing loud enough for everyone to hear from where it sat. On the other side of the small area they had claimed, Will sat alone, writing as always. The others were laying on the sand, shoreline, or in the trunk of the truck, looking up to the sunset ridden sky. They had just finished the meal.

“Well, over a year ago, I was not in the best spot mentally. I was struggling with my gender, I hadn’t been diagnosed with any of the issues I had, and I was just in pain. So, one day I decided that it was time for my story to end. I took a bunch of pills, swallowed them, and waited. Wrote out this huge note, got all clean and everything. Then, they worked. I overdosed, and Dad found me unconscious with the letter and everything. From what meets the eye, I had successfully killed myself.” Techno’s tone was one similar to Ranboos, when he told HBomb and Purpled he had almost jumped off a bridge.

“But you’re here.” Tommy concluded, gesturing at the boy with his hands.

“But I’m here. My body produced what was needed to burn through those drugs, and just like that my body made it so the dose was correct. I woke up five minutes later, perfectly fine. I took two bottles of drugs. Two. It was enough to put down an elephant, and all it did was make me sleepy. After that we came to the self sustenance conclusion and I got the help I needed. That’s why Phil handled your situation so well, you weren’t the first one.” Techno took a sip of his water, and paused. “Well, I didn’t self harm, but the whole wanting to die thing he was used to.”

Techno's blunt nature with the final sentence made Tommy laugh, shaking his head. "I really fucked up all of your lives, hm? I didn't even do anything, just the second I arrived all of your guy's luck got so shit, which is ironic given everything."

"Has anybody told you? The stronger your ability is, the worst your luck gets on the 16th. Since you're powerful as shit, your luck is really bad. Your luck combines with the rest of us, and boom, fear of Amazon packages."

The two lost it at that one.

-

Dear Sally,

This is the biggest number of people that have ever come to the beach together. You always loved the days where we were all together. Everything here reminds me so much of you.

God, how I fucking miss you on this warm summer nights. If you were here, you would sing along to the music Techno's playing, remake L'Manberg as a sandcastle, then finally sign your name into the sand. Then, you'd run next to me, sit, and watch as the water engulfs your name, and it fades away. You would always say how small it made you feel, how we barely scratch the Earth's surface.

I may not be the Earth, but if I was, your name would be so much bigger than the scratch you'd leave in the sand. It would be a tragedy, one that marks a generation. You, Sally Fisher, are a lot like a huge tragedy. I somehow always compare you to the September Eleventh Attacks. Your death was the tragedy, and all I could do is watch. Watch the disaster that losing you brought. The metaphorical tons of paper fly from the sky, the debris, the unforgettable sound of the firemen's machines going off.

Your death was something I would never want to experience again, so out of fear I remember every second of it. But then, you came back. You addressed me, your nation living in fear and unrest, and said it'll be okay. You told me we would see each other again, and I pray with my entire being that you are right. I could never ask you again if you are, and that is something I wish I could change every second of my being.

What I would give for just one more fucking conversation, Sals. One more time to hear your laugh, to hear your voice, to see that stupid fucking salmon pink hair. I would give it all, give my sound, for you.

But nobody accepts my offer, that's just how life works. So I sit here, alone, ready. I won't love someone as much as I loved you anytime soon, but I think it's time to start to rebuild the rubble that your tragedy left.

It's time to move on, but never forget who you were. I don't think I ever could, to be honest. I'll always tell my kids about you, about Sally the Salmon. I just think it's time I stop trying to bargain with the universe, for something it will never give me.

I wrote your name in the sand, before beginning to write this. So, as the water carries away your name, your tiny scratch I tried to impersonate, I let you go, Sally.

I can never change the tragedy that occurred, I can only learn to rebuild.

Goodbye, Sally Fisher.

I was lucky to have loved you.

Will wipes the tears that had begun to stream down his face, and closed the journal. He was ready to live again, but this time not just for himself, for the girl who never got to.

-

“What do you want to do with the rest of your life?” Tubbo asked nobody in particular. The three Watson brothers had come back to the rest of the group, and now they all laid in the sand, watching the sky turn from the burnt orange to a starry night.

“I want to become a musician. I'm already going to Julliard, so I'll be able to get a lot of connections from it, but I want to make it big. Write songs that will move people, perform in front of crowds, and leave a mark. I want to leave a mark.” Wilbur had answered first, an answer that didn't surprise anyone.

“I want to make people laugh. I don't know how, or if I'll even be any good at it, but I want to make people laugh. I want to take someone who feels so fucking alone they can't stand it, and remind them they're not. Kind of stupid, but that's the dream.” Schlatt was second, and his words did shock the others slightly.

“I think you can really do some good with that, man.” Techno complimented the boy, and Schlatt smiled slightly, then thanking him.

“Teacher. I want to teach kids and help them. I think if I had that, I would have done a lot better overall. I was good at learning on my own, but I think teachers really help mentally with children as well. I was talking to Dream about it, and he’s the one that convinced me to.” Tommy went next.

“I want to teach, too. Wouldn’t do history like Dad, but I’d love to teach at the University level. I don’t know, that or something involving computers.” Nobody was shocked by Techno’s answer, as he had already decided on that before applying to UCLA.

“I think a lot of us want to teach because of Phil. I would love to be like Phil, but I could not teach. I just want to help, I think. I was thinking about becoming a therapist, like Halo.” Tubbo butted in.

“I’m surprised you don’t want to work with animals. I cannot imagine a career in which I don’t work on technology. I want to be a computer hardware engineer. Build them from the ground up. What about you four? What type of careers involve your new power, Quackity?” Fundy had never been quiet about his dream to be a computer engineer.

“I want to become a lawyer, asshole. I’m going to UIC, in Chicago. I’ll study criminal justice there, and then go from there. I don’t plan on working with plants, it’s just an add-on. Guess me and Sam’s apartment will have a killer garden.” He joked. His power has been like Poison Ivy’s, he was able to work with plants. He didn’t mind it, he enjoyed it a lot actually.

“Hey, we can grow like carrots or potatoes or something. For me, UIC, computer science. It’s going to be great. But, unlike you nerds, my life dream isn’t a job. I want a family, with the white picket fence and golden retriever. Of course I want a good career, but I want to have kids and be happy. It’ll also be awesome to see their reactions to me phasing through objects.” Sam’s response got them all to coo at him, causing him to laugh and swat them away.

“I want to foster kids. No fucken clue as to a career, but I know I want to foster them and help them get a stable environment. Look at Tommy, no offense, but you literally would rather be homeless than stay in some of the group homes! I want to help them.” Connor’s answer had easily taken the cake for the most surprising, the kid not once ever expressing a need to help the kids.

“That’s really cool, Connor. I think you’d do great with that. Phenomenal, actually.” Ranboo high

fived Connor, and then they bursted into laughter.

“What about you, teleportation boy? You want to travel the world or anything?” Schlatt asked after they had stopped laughing.

“I want to write. I’m obviously going to be traveling a lot, so I want to write down all my experiences and like vlog it I guess? Is that what they do? I don’t know, all I know is that if I have kids I want memories to show them, we all know my memory can be shit sometimes.” The group laughed and agreed.

The left sometime later, Wilbur driving one car and Schlatt driving the other. The rest of the summer, these types of beach trips were common, and they all cherished them.

The beach had become a place to reminisce, and just take in the beauty that was the world.

-

I wish I could tell you if Sally ever was able to read that letter Will wrote her, but I don’t know.

I like to think she did. I hope she did. Or, at least, Will read it to her in the afterlife.

I hope they both got the closure they deserved.

Until Next Time.

Chapter Twenty Two

Chapter Summary

TW: VIOLENCE, LOTS OF IT. LIKE LOTS. SUICIDE, GORE, DEATH

WE'RE KICKING CULT ASS TODAY.

If you think of any other tw's that are good, I will greatly appreciate it <3

I am sorry

Chapter Notes

FOLLOW MY:

TIKTOK: fookingbananas

TWITTER: fookingbananas

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

The Summer flew by, days consisting of sun filled skies and some of the happiest memories the group had created. The trips to the beach became consistent, some days turning into trips to the zoo (the animals had lots to say to Tubbo). They would train just as hard, but were coming to a point where they couldn't get better.

They played the game once more, Tubbo dominating. He eliminated seven people, and took everyone by surprise. In that same aspect, Quackity's ability to manipulate plant's was one he loved, sprouting trees out of nothing.

But, the fear of battle became larger as everyday passed, fearful that they would strike after the other's had gone to school. How could people like Eret help, who would be in a different country?

Tommy didn't worry about that, he was more worried about what if they just *left*. After all, anyone who wasn't gifted by the gods would hate them or at least have a hard time liking them. What if Eret got hurt? What if Schlatt did? What if Wilbur, or Techno?

What if he was going to say goodbye to them without even knowing he was saying goodbye?

“Toms? Are you listening?” Phil’s voice knocked him out of his thoughts, the two shopping for necessities to give to the people leaving. They were to leave on the 10th of August, and so him and Phil were grabbing the items they would need but probably forgot about. So far, they had tons of laundry baskets, hangers, and garbage bags.

“Hm? What’d you say, dad?” Phil frowned slightly at the boy’s words, forehead creasing. He knew his son well enough to know when something was wrong.

“Do you not want to go through with the adoption? Just because Alex is with Cara, doesn’t mean you have to. I understand, completely.” The boy remembered the day fondly.

The two were in a drive through for Panda Express, Phil randomly wanting to stop after Tommy’s therapy session. He didn’t question it, and continued talking about the new facts he learned from Tubbo.

“Isn’t that crazy? A dolphins pregnancy can last anywhere between nine to 16 months, and when they’re born, they’re fed milk! How do you even do that in the ocean, wouldn’t it just float to the top?” He looked to his father, who was looking at the menu while waiting behind a truck.

“That’s awesome, Toms. 16 months is a long time. Anyways, do you want me to adopt you or not?” Phil’s eyes widened, whipping his head to the boy. “Uh, I mean orange chicken. Do you want Orange Chicken?” He wanted to jump out of the and never look back, but from teaching Tommy how to drive, he doubted Tommy would come back home in one piece.

“What? Did you just-yeah. Yes.” Tommy impulsively replied. He’d talked to Halo during sessions about the idea of Phil adopting him, as Puffy had brought it up previously.

“You want orange chicken?” Phil reiterated, thinking Tommy just ignored his slip up.

“No, I want you to adopt me.” Phil felt his air leave his body, and his foot hit the accelerator. “I MEAN NO I DON’T IF YOU’RE GOING TO CRASH THE CAR GODS!”

“Did you mean that? You want me to?” His breath was frantic. He knew he should focus on the accident that just occurred in the drive-thru, but he couldn’t bring himself to..

“Yes, of course. You’re my Dad. I just didn’t bring it up because of everyone going to college. That doesn’t matter, you just hit the car in front of us! If it wasn’t for me, there would have been some serious damage done!” Tommy was grateful for his ability to manipulate probability in that moment.

“Why haven’t you told me sooner? I would have started that months ago!” The man was ecstatic Tommy felt the same way about adoption, his energy so high nothing could bring him down.

Until an angry woman knocked on his window, eyes irritated and furious. “What the fuck, man? Can you not drive?” Her words were laced with venom, and Phil signed.

That day, a new rule was set. Nobody could tell Phil anything of gravity and importance while he drove, especially Tommy.

That was a week after the first beach trip, something that occurred months ago. They were in the final stages of the adoption process, which was surprising by all means. Tommy would never tell them he sped it up in the ways he could.

“No, no. I promise you, Dad. I want that. I just- is it bad that I don’t want them to go? I’m happy for them to succeed, of course, but I don’t want them to go away. What if they don’t come back? What if they don’t have enough time to come back during Winter Break, and then it’s just me, Ranboo, Connor, Tubbo, and Purpled? Everyone else is going to be gone. I love them, I love my friends, but they’re not my home. They’re just like a room in the house, they’re not my entire home.” His words were rushed, as Phil bought air fresheners for them.

“Tommy, they’re not going to leave us for good. I know you’re afraid of that, but you have to remember. They are your home, yes, but you’re also there’s. We’re all each other’s homes, and everyone is just as clingy as you. If it makes you feel any better, I don’t want them to go either. I’d rather they all wait until after this Blood God nonsense is done and then they go. But, we can’t stop them. I remember being that age and wanting the exact same thing. You’ll do it, too. We just have to hope for the best and prepare for the worst.”

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.

-

The worst came a short time after their conversation at Target, in the form of a dream.

On the sixth day of August, Sarnap woke up by falling off his bed and screaming. That was a telltale sign he had a vision in his sleep, and not particularly a good one.

“Nick, what’s going on? Are you okay?” Karl ran to his brother's room the second he heard yelling, Punz following right behind him.

“It’s time. It was time to fight the Blood God. Someone call Phil, we need to get ready.” Nick’s voice was raspy from the yelling, but that didn’t matter to him.

The room’s energy immediately became tense, all three of them understanding the seriousness of the situation.

Months of work, fear, grieving over what this group took from him.

It was time, and they were more than ready.

-

I am trying to get my plan together, friends.

I need to hurry.

Oliver is fine, he has started to get slightly fat from the treats.

It will be okay.

-

When Phil’s doorbell was rung at 4 AM, he was sure he was going to get another shady package. When he was met with Karl, Nick, and Punz, his demeanor changed completely.

“What’s going on? Is everyone okay? Did something happen?” Phil immediately began to worry, but Punz shook him off.

“I had a dream. By eleven o’ clock tonight, the Blood God and his cult will be dead. That’s all I can promise, but the man’s dead was rolling on the floor and everyone was dead. Today is the day, Phil. We fight today.” Nick’s voice was void of anything but solemn.

Phil pressed his palms to his eyes, and let them in. “Do you know how this is all going to go down? Do we go to them or vice versa? I would like it if we could wait until 7 to alert the others. I know for my boys that they were up a little late because Tommy wanted to see Techno play the violin.” He turned on the coffee pot, needing it.

“The warehouse. They traced that one spell Alex did months ago during the game there, and have been waiting to attack since then. Since tonight is a full moon, they want to do it tonight. That’s all I know. I wish I could help more, I’m sorry.” Nick’s hands shook slightly as he talked, nerves evident.

“We need a time. Do you want me to try and walk through it from your memory? I’m sure I can find something.” Karl offered. He wanted to help more, he was supposed to take over for Phil one day. This was a perfect moment to show he was made for it. He had been working hard with Quackity to help manage his power, but he wanted to do more.

“No, my phone said 5:09 when I checked it on the car ride over. It was daytime, so I’m going to guess it was 5:09 pm. So we have, what? Over twelve hours? That’ll give us time to prepare, right?” Nick stood, and began to pace.

“That is more than enough time. Let them sleep, don’t worry about anything, okay Nick? You did your job, we know what to do now. If you’d like, go take a nap. We need to be prepared, and you being worried over nothing won’t help your performance. Just make sure you’re taking care of yourself, okay?” Punz grabbed his son by his shoulders, and made direct eye contact. “You may be 18, but you’re still my kid. Sit your ass down and take care of yourself.” Nick laughed at that, and sat next to Karl.

“Karl, can you make me sleep? I’m exhausted, but I don’t think I’ll be able to fall asleep on my own.” Nick rested his head on Karl’s shoulder, trying to ease his nerves. Karl nodded, and watched as his brother fell asleep. He made sure that Nick would have no dreams. so he could actually get some sleep.

“Do you think we can do this?” Karl asked Phil, bluntly. The two had grown a lot closer during Karl’s apprenticeship, and had this level of honesty between them. Tommy would joke and say he was like Jonas, from the *Giver*. He never understood Tommy’s fascination with books, but accepted the comparison nonetheless.

“I think we don’t have a choice in the matter. It’s going to happen, and the Blood God will die tonight. It just matters on which of us survive.”

Well that’s not fucking ominous.

-

In true Phil fashion, everyone arrived at Phil’s house with a full meal waiting for them. It was like a buffet, a grab as you go.

Nobody touched the food due to their nerves.

They knew how brutal these people could be, Sally was proof of that. Or, well, the lack of her.

The room's atmosphere was tense, a silence amongst the group. It was 2 pm, and they would have to leave in two hours time. They were afraid. They would be going up against adults, adults dedicated to their god, adults that saw death as a satisfactory end for their god.

Adults that would justify the murder of children for their god.

“Well, I know you’re all afraid. Honestly, in this situation, I feel as though being afraid doesn’t describe it well enough. You’re terrified. I’m terrified too. We’re walking into a situation where we are facing people who can combat our abilities, and are ruthless. We’re at a disadvantage. One I wish wasn’t a disadvantage. Our humanity is being used against us. Everything I’ve ever tried to teach you I need you to throw it out the window.” Phil stood in front of everyone, and it oddly reminded him of when they were trying to recover Tommy from the forest.

“I always told you all that we aren’t heroes. I came to accept the fact that there was going to be a parallel later on in life, but I never, once, told you all that we are heroes. Because, we’re not. We’re not heroes. We don’t have the weird spandex outfit, the praise, the arch-enemy. I never wanted you all to be heroes, because over time, every hero becomes a villain. I never wanted you all to be

villains. But today, I want you to ignore that. Today, we have to be the heroes. We can be heroes, but just for one day. Today, I need you all to fight like you're the superhero trying to save the world from impending doom. I need you to fight like hell. You might not come home from this if you don't. I have faith in you all, I have seen what you can do. Just do what you can, and I'll be fighting right next to you, fighting for our family. For our home, and for everything we've lost. Let's get ready, everyone. Grab what you need, eat, shower, whatever. Do what you need to do in order to be able to fight." Phil spoke with a finality in his tone, and that made the group break up and finish their goodbyes.

That's what they were, goodbyes. None of them knew whether or not they would ever come back, so this was it.

Tommy spent his goodbye next to Henry. They had spent lots of time together this summer, always going on runs and exploring the wilderness around them. Tommy's friends always tagged along, and Henry loved that. Henry did not enjoy their conversation.

Phil had swapped Tubbo and Tommy's powers for the time being, so Tommy was able to talk to him.

"Hello, Henry. How are you doing, bud?" The two sat next to each other on the patio.

"I'm sad, Tommy. I don't want you to leave." The dog whined softly, and nudged his head into Tommy's hand.

"I'll only be gone for a couple hours, Henry, I promise. I have fought too fucking hard to get here for me to die from some sick fucks. Don't worry about me, okay? Tomorrow, I promise we will go out on another run and it will be amazing, okay? I promise I'll come back."

"I love you, Tommy. Please do come back."

"I love you too, Henry."

They stayed like that for a while, just sitting in the summer weather and enjoying the calm before the storm. Inside, everyone was preparing. Nobody else said goodbye like Tommy had, wanting to live in the denial that they would all come back. They all needed to come back.

Nobody knew what they would do if they didn't.

-

Nick sat in the car, and saw the warehouse come into vision. He checked his phone, and sighed.

5:09 pm.

In the time from Phil's pep talk to now, him and Sam had built tons of explosives. They were prepared and ready for anything. He had enough explosives on him to make the Unabomber jealous. They had no plans to detonate all of them, but if it came down to it, it was the backup plan.

When they stepped out of the car, he opened the trunk to see the said explosives, and all of the weapons.

If we were pulled over, we would have been so fucked.

Karl laughed at Nicks though, before grabbing his throwing knives. "No cops were even in the general area, I made sure of it. Lets go do this thing, okay?" The two gave each other a small nod, and fist bumped. His dad, Purpled, and HBomb all stood next to the pair of twins, preparing to walk in. They came in six separate cars, each one parked so they surrounded the warehouse.

Will could hear them, but it was muffled slightly. From Quackity's knowledge, they knew they were going to use wards, so they weren't shocked.

Phil looked to Will, and nodded his head. Wil's job was to carry Phil's voice to everyone's ears, so everyone could hear him. The plan was, in theory, quite simple.

On his father's count, they would attack from each area, and pick the cultists off one by one. Only two people had a specific job: Ranboo and Purpled. Purpled's job was to stay back and heal, and Ranboos was to teleport around and grab anyone that needed to be healed and get them to Purpled.

"When I say go, we just need to rush. Fight like hell, stay safe, and use your gods blessings to your advantage. I believe in you all. Ready? 3..2..1.."

GO!

It in a very weird way, reminded Tommy of the games. He bolted to the door, his brother and father right next to him. He could hear the others start to reach their doors as well, which was proof Will had made it so they all could hear each other.

“Oh, fuck it!” Was the first word they heard, uttered by Sam. Following that was a loud *BOOM!* “Sorry everyone! Had to do it, it was just calling my name.” Sam had blown up the doorway on his side. Will had covered the noise so nobody heard it, besides the Cultist.

When they made it inside, there had to be over 60 cultists. Leading the group was a man and woman, the two who had killed Sally and her mother. “See, everyone? The Blood God never lies! Today is the day, brothers and sisters, where we fight or die trying! None of them are to leave this place alive! Remember how happy he was after we killed the one with red hair, and her mother? Imagine all of these children!”

The mention of Sally brought a rage inside Wilbur that made Puffy dizzy, and he clenched his jaw. Pulling out his choice of weapon, which was a shotgun. The gun was already loaded, and he racked the gun. He clicked off the safety, aimed the gun, and pulled the trigger. Everyone flinched at the sound of the gunshot, Wilbur hadn't paid enough attention at that to silence it. He racked his gun again, and shot it again. The lady fell to the floor, dead.

“Her hair was salmon pink, you weird fucking bitch.” His voice was venomous.

The cultists had just lost their leader, and were furious. One man who wore a mask, threw a knife in the direction of Will, but the knife curved suddenly. Tommy smiled, and threw one back, hitting the middle of the guys head.

That began the fight.

Techno plowed through the followers, pure determination on his face. To his side, was Dream, with his mask on. Blood splatters were on it, causing Techno to shiver slightly. “Dream, that mask is so fucking creepy. Why do you wear it?”

“God, Techno. I wish you saw some of the other realities. You know in one you wear the skull of a pig and a full royal outfit, cape and all? You cannot comment on my choice of clothing.

Ranboo teleported around with Purpled, making sure everyone was fully healed. Purpled felt uncomfortable, feeling all of the people die, not being able to save them. Ranboo teleported them over to Minx, who got stabbed in the side.

“You doing okay, Minx?” Purpled asked, grabbing onto her shoulder and pushing the body's healing process.

“Just fucking peachy, Purpled. Nothing like getting stabbed by the people who murdered your best friend.” Minx responded, obviously irritated.

“Hey, just trying to be nice. Try and get a couple of them good for me, okay? You got this, bestie.” Purpled and Minx had a longtime running joke of calling each other bestie or best friend, and the mention of it brought a smile to her face. Purpled turned around to get back to teleporting with Ranboo, and turned to see the boy teleporting behind a woman and snapping her neck. Purpled flinched, and watched the boy fall to the floor.

“Ready to get back to it, Purpled?” Ranboo somehow kept his positive tone, acting like he didn't just commit homicide.

“Sure, man. Let's do this thing.”

Tubbo fought next to Quackity, the two covering each other's back. Throughout the summer, the two realized their powers compliment each other nicely. Since the warehouse was right next to the forest, they both had access to what they needed. That led to cultists being swallowed by plants, their oxygen being cut off and dying. If the plants didn't get them, the bear would.

Tubbo had gotten lucky with finding Charles in May, and had built a nice friendship with him. Charles may have been a bear, but they had a nice friendship with him, one like the bees. Next to Charles, were hornets he had found.

Nobody came into the nature corner.

On the other side of the nature corner, was Schlatt, Connor, and Karl. Their system was easy, if Karl couldn't reach them and shut off all brain activity, they would go to Schlatt. Schlatt would convince them to turn their weapons on themselves, and wouldn't even have to kill them. It brought weird nostalgia from when Tommy stabbed Techno, which was weird for even being

considered nostalgia. Finally, if they came to Connors' side, Connor would befriend them. He would tell them all about their friendship, and Connor would go in for a hug. The hug would end with him slitting their throat, and them falling to the floor.

He was weirdly proud of himself.

The more intricate fights were with Fundy, Eret, and Sappap. The four didn't have powers that were inherently good for fighting, so they relied heavily on their combat skills and traps. Sappap had rigged the same trap that had gotten Minx killed in the game that Tommy won, a tripwire and arrow trap. The arrow would get lodged into their abdomen, and had a numbing agent. They would fall, Eret would come over, and shoot them in the head.

Eret was very good as a callout, telling Fundy and Sappap to shoot. Moments like this they wished they could do something more than know every language ever, but they couldn't change that if they could. All they could do is shoot, slice, and stab.

Worked well enough.

Sam and George were also together, even if their powers didn't compliment each other. Sam would just phase through every attempt made by the cultists, and would unphase with his hand in their chests. It reminded him of *The Vampire Diaries* marathon that he and Sally had had, which only pissed him off more. His hand was blood, and on the ground was just cultist's hearts. "Man, that is really fucking disgusting."

"Yeah, it really is man. It's making the floor slippery, too." George commented, watching as the Cultists got stuck in her augmented reality, as he went around and picked them off one by one. He made it so they thought they were being met with the Blood God, and they were transfixed.

"Not all of us can get them distracted and just snap their necks, Gogy." Sam rolled his eyes, before stabbing another one in the chest.

In the center of it all was Will, Tommy, Minx, and Niki. They stood in a circle (which Tommy thought looked like the circle sequence in the first Avenger's movie) and took them down one by one. Minx would make them lose all motivation to fight, and would gut them. Niki would find the smallest strain of disease she could in their body and make it fatal, their body killing itself. Tommy would use his statistics to make it in his favor, and would just win every fight (some he would lose, but would be healed by Purpled before the boy and Ranboo would teleport away). His anger against his father was rampant, he had convinced himself that if the cult didn't exist his father could have been an amazing man. Next to him was Wilbur, who would blow out their eardrums

and cause brain aneurysms.

The adults were fighting on the far side of the warehouse, near the room they would sit and watch the games. They were trying to make it up there, for they saw a figure just standing there. If the children were bad, they were definitely worse.

Halo would show them their biggest fear, paralyzing them. Puffy would go in and heighten the physiological effects of the fear, making them have heart attacks and fall limp on the floor. Skeppy was right next to Punz, their powers extremely similar. Punz would use his 'spidey sense' and fight them, while Skeppy would look into the future and would know exactly what was next. This was one point where Skeppys 8 second look into the future was helpful, and aided him greatly in it. Ponk stood with Phil, their powers not the best in this scenario, but they worked well with the guns and aid of HBomb. Out of everyone, Hbombs had to be the most grotesque (next to Sam).

Hbomb would just light them on fire, and watch as their bodies charred. It smelled awful, but there was nothing anyone could do about it. So, Phil and Ponk would shoot them and make sure to watch out for the children, while HBomb would set ablaze to anyone who posed a real threat.

This continued on for a couple hours, until they made it up to the room that looked over the warehouse. There, stood the man who was once standing next to the woman Will had shot, with a knife to his own throat.

"All of you are complete fucking morons. Don't you realize? This is what we wanted! The Blood God will reward us well, and will love to see this bloodshed! I will complete the ritual, and he will come to kill you all! We win! WE WIN!" The man sounded batshit insane, and before any of them could stop him, he slit his own throat. The smile never left his face, as he fell to the ground, dead.

The remaining followers on the floor did the same, and the kids just stood around.

"What the fuck? What-what just happened?" Tommy looked around at the dead bodies, and wiped the blood knife on his jeans. "TUBBO? YOU GOOD? Everyone is good right?" The boy looked around, and got replies from everyone.

"Holy shit, I didn't think they would actually do it. Crazy son of a bitches, never thought they would actually do it." They all turned to a new voice, a british man. He walked around, examining all the dead bodies on the floor. "Now this is some fucking chaos, now isn't it?"

The parents ran down the stairs (Skeppy slipping slightly on blood) at the sound of a new voice, and faced the man. “Who the fuck are you?” Phil asked, walking towards him.

“I think it’s time we make each other's acquaintances. Nice to meet you all, I am the Blood God.” A man, that looked entirely too human, turned around. His smile was wide, and he wore a suit. If it wasn’t for the obvious glow in his eyes, you would never tell he was a god.

“THE BLOOD GOD IS JACK FUCKING MANIFOLD? ARE YOU SERIOUS!” Dream threw both of his hands in the air, and shook his head. “Sorry, sorry. Other universe thing.” The Blood God (now presumed to be named Jack) laughed, shaking his head before walking in front of everyone with his hands up.

“I cannot believe those sadistic fucks actually did it! I knew it would happen one day, fate and all that jazz, but for them to actually go through with that? Insane! Bloody insane. Well, I feel as though I have some explaining to do. See, I knew this day was coming for eons. The day of this body's death. I’ve been looking forward to it, actually. So, I created this really fucked up religion to grab all of yours attention, so we could end it earlier. But, I wanted to see how far humans would go, just pure curiosity. So, I told them the only way I was to be summoned was that every single follower of mine would have to die in the same space, and leave you all here for when I come. Didn’t think they’d actually do it! Turns out I was wrong. Wonder what they’re thinking now that they’re rotting in hell, sick bastards.”

“What do you mean, ‘this body's death’?” Niki asked, confused.

“Use those little brains of yours, and piece it together. I’m not just going to give you the answers, what’s the fun in that?” Jack grabbed a folding chair from the cart they had and undid it, taking a seat.

Everyone’s minds began to race, trying to figure it out.

Think, think.

“Because your godship won’t die with you. That’s it, isn’t it? That’s why you look so human. It’s because you are.” Connor (to everyone’s surprise) was the one to answer first. “None of us will kill you because that means we’ll become the Blood God.” Connor’s usually loud and boisterous voice was serious.

“But, I saw you die. I saw all of this happening. You’re not leaving here alive.” Nick was confused, he was never wrong with his dreams.

Jack laughed, running a hand through his buzz cut hair and smiling maniacally. “Exactly, Nick! Tommy, you see the statistics too, you know I’m dying today. That means one of you guys are becoming the Blood God today. Hm, I wonder who will it be? One of the parents, maybe? Is Phil destined to become the Blood God? Or, is it one of the children? Tommy? Are you going to make your father proud and become the thing he worshipped? Or maybe it will be Alex, you were just practicing not even four months ago. Decisions, decisions. The voices are curious. They think it will be Phil, but I doubt that. Oh, this is exciting!” He clapped his hands together, watching the realization of the gravity of this situation pain itself onto everyone’s face.

One of them wasn’t coming home today.

Techno stood, ready to convince his father not to do it. He had no will to sacrifice himself, he had college to look forward to.

“Hello, Technoblade. I believe we should chat.” Techno watched as the scene in front of him changed, and he stood in his Mind Palace with Hebe. She smiled at him sadly, and stood a few feet in front of him.

Technoblade prided himself on his intellect, but in this moment he prayed that he was wrong. “It has to be me, doesn’t it?” His voice cracked slightly, and saw a tear fall out of Hebe’s eyes.

“I’m afraid it has to be, Technoblade. This day was always going to come, you were always going to become a god. You’re the only descendant, ever, to have practically immortality. That wasn’t for a mistake. You know, Technoblade, the universe is more confusing than you will ever know. The universe is a living being, a living force. It calls upon you, as it once called upon me. I wish it didn’t, but it has. But, it’s going to be okay. You are an amazing person, Techno. You’re going to be a wonderful god, I know you will be. Just do not let it consume you, find your peace. You can do it.” She wiped the tears from her face, and she hugged the boy.

That’s all he was, a boy. A boy who just wanted to love his family and help people like his Dad did. He never asked to be the sacrificial lamb, he just wanted to help his family.

Help his home. But never, *never*, like this.

When he was back to the present, he could hear the adults arguing over who it was going to be. As to nobody's surprise, his father was adamant.

“It has to be me.” His voice was quiet, and only a couple heads turned after hearing it. “Dad, it has to be me.” His voice was louder this time, breaking at the end.

“Interesting, that was one I didn’t expect.” Jack chimed in. “Honestly thought Tommy was going to try and save the day here.”

“Techno, no. You are a child, you have to go to UCLA! You’re not doing this.” Phil ignored Jack, walking over to his son.

“Don’t you think I know that? I would give anything for it not to be me, but the universe calls. This is my job, I have to fulfill it. Just- let me be a hero. Just for one day. You said that earlier, right? We can be heroes, for today? Oh, we can be heroes. I just wish I didn’t have to be.” Phil teared up, a sob escaping his throat.

“Tech?” Tommy’s voice crack made the boy turn to his brother, whose bottom lip was quivering. “Please-please don’t go. You promised. You promised you wouldn’t go. D-Don’t do this.” Tommy pulled Techno in for a hug, and Techno muffled his cry into his brother's shoulder.

“I’m not leaving you, I promise. This is just a minor setback. I’ll need to figure out the whole god thing for a minute, then I’ll come back, and we can have our holidays like normal. Not even the universe could keep me away from you, Toms. From any of you.” He opened the conversation back up to everyone, and he saw the devastation on everyone's face. “Remember? No matter how far we go, this is home. I may not be the same, or around as much, but I will always come back when you need me. You all will forever be my home, no matter what.” He turned to his twin brother, who had the same look as when he opened the package.

“I’ve lost two of the most important people in my life to this asshole. If he ruins you, I don’t think I can survive that again. Please, don’t let it control you Techno. Please, for me.” Wilbur hugged his brother, and Techno sniffled.

“Of course, Wilbur. I’ll try as hard as I can.” He pulled away, and looked to Jack Manifold.

“Well, Technoblade, here it is. Are you excited to become a god, kid? Warning, it sucks ass. They never shut the fuck up.” Jack’s mood never dropped, even when Techno pulled out his hatchet. In

fact, Jack seemed to get even happier. “C’mon, big man. Blood for the blood god, and all that jazz.” Techno’s temper was at its end, and the high emotional intensity he just finished made him irritated. With a swoop and a clean slice, he watched the head of the Blood God hit the floor, and the red in his eyes die out.

At first, he felt the same. Nothing was different, besides the blood that was now splatters over him. Until he heard a small hum began.

Hello. Are you new? Kill them! Kill them! Blood for the Blood God! No, comfort moment! Go hug Tommy!

Each sentence was a different voice, and continued on. He brought his hands to the bridge of his nose, the voices already giving him a headache.

A new feeling also burrowed into his chest. It was one of anarchy, destruction. it wanted war, chaos, bloodshed. He turned to the others, all of them waiting to see what would happen. To the others, all they saw was the rest that shone in his eyes, and seemed to follow your every move. To Techno, all he saw was how he could kill each person, and multiple ways to complete that goal.

“Well this is very unpleasant.” He wanted nothing more than to eliminate all of them, just because he could.

Do it. Blood for the Blood God. Be the blade. Do it!

“Tech? Are you feeling okay?” He focused onto Tommy’s voice. That was also new, every sense seemed to be heightened.

He needed to leave. He couldn’t be around them, the pure want to murder them all too strong.

“I’ll be back, I promise Tommy. Remember, this is just see you later.”

That was the last thing Techno said, before he disappeared.

That was the last they heard from Technoblade.

Well, in that reality.

-

I found him. The friend I told you about, that can help my plan.

We're going to meet and discuss it, and if he agrees I can get my friends back.

I won't have to tell this story ever again, I can begin my own.

I can actually be more than just a narrator.

I eagerly await for next time, friends.

Chapter End Notes

i am sorry

Chapter Twenty Three

Chapter Summary

I cried like a fucking baby writing this I hate endings with my entire soul and being.

no tw's

Goodbyes are really tough.

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter and my tiktok (fookingbananas)

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

Tommy, over his life, had faced many *many* difficulties. He was on and off homeless for four years, dealt with immense trauma from his father, religious trauma with the cult, and so much more. He was friendly with the emotion that is fear.

Nothing in his life would have prepared him for this day. It had been a long day. His class had just started multiplication, and he never fully grasped how difficult multiplication is as a concept, until he had to explain it to third graders.

“Toms, can you come into the kitchen please?” His wife’s voice made him smile, all of the anger towards basic math gone. He walked into the kitchen, and sat down at their quaint table. His wife has just finished re-designing the kitchen to have a 70s feel, and he loved it.

“What’s wrong, love? I didn’t forget the laundry again, right? I swear I turned that fucker on when I left-“ Aubree’s laugh interrupted him, and he shut up immediately.

“No, Toms. I got you a gift. Here, open it. And before you ask, no, you did not forget the occasion. I just wanted to do this.” She pushed a small bag towards him, and he looked at him quizzically.

“Okay? Let’s get to it then.” He grabbed the tissue paper that was on the top, and put it to the side. Peering into the bag, he saw a yellow mug and something underneath it. He first pulled the mug out, and looked to see what was written on it.

'*Coolest DILF Ever*' Was in bold black letters on the yellow mug, and Tommy laughed at it. Aubree looked at him, expecting him to understand the joke, but she could tell he didn't understand it yet.

"What does it say, Toms?" She prayed that she wasn't covering the camera, and drummed her finger against the table.

"It says coolest DILF ever, which is fucking hilarious. Where did you find- wait a minute." Tommy swore his heart was in his stomach, and his hand began to shake slightly. "How can I be the coolest dad if I'm not- no. No fucking way." Aubree's eyes began to tear up from the excitement in his voice, and at how fast he went to grab the other item in the bag. He pulled out a positive pregnancy test that was in a ziplock bag, and he physically jumped into the air. "HOLY FUCK YOU'RE PREGNANT! I NEED TO CALL MY DAD! OH MY GOD!" He pulled her into a hug and she laughed, wiping away the tears on her face.

"I thought you would be a little scared, with all of the trauma surrounding parents in your life." Times like this, Tommy hated being married to a psychiatrist.

"I thought I would be too, and a part of me definitely is. But, I have an amazing dad who's already an amazing grandpa, so I'm not afraid. We're going to do this amazingly together, and we are going to raise them to be the best little superhero their heart desires. God, Tubbo is going to be esatic. You know he's been waiting for us to have a kid since him and Dove had their boys." Tubbo and his wife, Dove (the girl who was Aubree's maid of honor) had their first son, Leo, five years ago. They had just had their second son, David Thomas (Tommy cried when Tubbo told him their second son's middle name would be his name) nine months prior.

"Our parents are going to be so happy. My mom has been bugging me about kids since our wedding. We got married at twenty-two, we obviously weren't going to have kids right away. She's going to lose it. So is Phil, that man is the world's best Papa." Wilbur had beat Tommy to kids years earlier, and Techno was a god, so no kids for him. Wilbur and his wife, Scout, had three kids. Tommy loved his nieces to death, and hated the fact his brother's job would always take them traveling across the world. Phil (to nobody's surprise) loved being a grandpa, but had told the kids to call him Papa. *Papa* was a lot similar to the dad Tommy had experienced. The house was never quiet, as Phil always had music playing. He never lost his cooking habits, they actually seemed to grow when grandchildren were involved. The walls of the house were littered with school projects and small drawings the kids would make them. He had gotten a new dog when Henry had passed (the dog lived to be twelve years old, he had passed in his sleep two years prior) and the house never seemed to lose the life it held the first time Tommy stepped foot into it.

Aubree expected Tommy to agree with her and make a joke back, but she was oddly met with tears

and him beginning to sob. “Are you disappointed? Why are you crying, do you not want to tell Phil? We don’t have to tell them right away, we can wait a bit. I wasn’t planning on it until after our first ultrasound, it’s okay.” No anger was in her voice, only understanding.

“No, it’s not that. It’s just, I’ve been through some fucked up shit Aubs. If you told sixteen year old me that this would be my life one day, I would laugh in your face and tell you all of this shit about how I will never be worthy enough to get that. I am so beyond happy I get to experience this, with you. I’m so so happy, Aubs. So beyond fucking happy. God, I cannot wait to tell Wilbur.”

After coming to terms Techno was not going to come back, Tommy and Wilbur had become closer than ever. Sally, Autumn, and Calliope (Wilbur’s daughters) loved him to death, and loved to see him mess with statistics.

Aubree smiled, “I’m glad I helped you find your happiness, Toms. You helped me find mine, too. If you weren’t platonic soulmates with Tubbo I’d say you complete my soul, but we know that’s a lie.”

Tommy had lost contact with some of the kids he grew up with. After everything they all experienced together in their teen years, a lot of them (including Tommy) decided to move far and wide to get away from that trauma. The last time he saw Dream or George was at his wedding, and the last he heard those two and Nick all lived with each other in Florida. They may not have talked, but he knew they would always be there if he needed. The older he got, the more he realized he didn’t need everyday communication to know they would still be there. He just had to trust and know that they would.

“That shit doesn’t matter, Aubree. In this life, the life that matters, you complete me. You don’t aid me in finding my happiness, you *are* my happiness. We’re going to be kick ass parents.” He wiped his tears and put out a fist.

She smiled, and finished the fist bump. “Hell yeah we are.”

-

Tommy just about shit himself when the doctor told them Aubree was pregnant with twins. Twins were more common with people gifted by the gods, and since Aubree’s patron was Hera, he wasn’t extremely shocked. That didn’t stop him from just about shitting his pants, though.

“Do you two hear that? That is two separate heartbeats. Congratulations. You’re looking to be around 22 weeks pregnant. Did you have regular periods these past four months? We usually see women around 6-8 weeks, 22 is considerably later than that.” The doctor was kind, and kept a friendly tone the entire time.

“No, no. I’ve just been so busy with work and life I didn’t even notice until last month, and I just thought that was a one off. I didn’t notice until I began to get sick in the mornings and my jeans stopped fitting. I should really get a calendar to mark down my periods.” The doctor laughed, and continued to look at the ultrasound.

“I can give you two the gender, if you’d like.” The doctor looked at Tommy, who just put his hands up.

“Not my body, doc. Ask Aubree.” The doctor awkwardly laughed, and looked to Aubree. She nodded, and he cleared his throat.

“Congratulations, you are the proud parents of one girl and one boy!” Tommy smiled, ecstatic. He didn’t care much for gender, he just loved his kids. Aubree cried, and Tommy kept his hand on hers the entire time, cooing at the little babies in the ultrasound.

He had messed up a lot in his life, but he was ready to have kids. He wouldn’t mess this up.

-

He only saw Athena cry three times in his lifetime. The first, was the day they came home from the fight with the Blood God. He was a mess, and she cried with him. The second, was his wedding. Aubree was a descendant of Hera, the mother of the gods. Athena believed Aubree was the woman made for him, and cried the entire ceremony. The third time was the day he told her Aubree was expecting.

“You-you’re going to be a dad? To twins?” Tommy nodded, and was pushed into a hug by her. “Oh my! That’s amazing! I’m so proud of you, Tommy. Genuinely. You have gone through so much in such a short amount of time, and now look at you. You’re going to be an amazing dad.” Tommy smiled, and hugged her back.

“You know, you were an amazing parent. Maybe you didn’t know that, but you were like a mom to me. When I needed someone, you were there. Thank you.” That’s when he felt her start to cry, and

that was the final time he ever saw her cry.

-

They decided to tell everyone Aubree was having twins at Christmas. As the years went by, they just decided to call it Christmas, but worship the gods during it. At this Christmas, you had Wilbur, Scout, Tubbo, Dove, all of the two couples' children, Phil, and Aubree's mom Christine. Tubbo would arrive later, having spent half of the holiday with his mother and his siblings.

They told everyone from their gifts. Aubree had a feeling Scout knew, since it was obvious that she was getting bigger, but only in her stomach. Of course, nobody would comment on it. "Okay, everyone open your presents now, at the same time!" She was also recording their reactions, so she had something to show the twins when they were born.

Wilbur and Scout were given a sign that said *Coollest Aunt and Uncle Ever!* With a picture of the ultrasound underneath it. Tubbo and Dove got matching one, just with a different ultrasound picture.

Tommy thought they were identical, and received a slap across the head when he mentioned it when Aubree was making it.

Phil got a corny t-shirt that said *World's Greatest Papa!* With two cartoon thumbs pointing at himself, and underneath it yet another picture of an ultrasound. Aubree's mother, Christine, got a matching shirt.

Phil's head immediately went back up, and Tommy remembered when he crashed the car in the Panda Express drive through. "Aubree, you're pregnant?" The others, even though it was obvious she was, waited for her answer. She nodded, tearing up.

Immediately, everyone started cheering and went to hug the woman. Tommy watched from the side, so happy his family accepted her as well. He wasn't mad they focused on her, she was the one doing all the hard work.

If only Techno was here, he would've vowed to make sure the children had colored hair or painted nails. I hope he's okay.

His thoughts were shaken by a hug from his brother, and a quiet snuffle. “Twins, huh? You are in for a treat, Toms. There is no bond greater than that of twins, and they are going to pull so much shit over you because of it. Thicker than thieves.” Wilbur’s voice had an underlying tone of reminiscence.

Technoblade never came back, like he promised Tommy when he was sixteen. He didn’t like to think about the first years following his disappearance. Tommy was naturally closer to Techno than Wilbur, and when he left he was devastated.

Wilbur took his grief and wrote a song called *Heroes*, which gained traction after it was used in a movie adaptation of *Perks of Being a Wallflower*. Since then, he came out with multiple albums, and created a successful music career for himself.

Tommy took his grief and drowned in it for a while, a mixture of Techno and Wilbur after Sally had passed. Meeting Aubree knocked him out of his depression, and he found a new meaning when it came to life.

“I know, Wilbur. But, I think it’s going to be great. I’m ready to raise awesome ass kids who are going to be a force to be reckoned with.” Wilbur laughed, and moved aside so Scout and Dove could hug him.

“Tommy! Thank god you guys are having kids, they’ll be around David’s age and be best friends, like us! Any names yet?”

“Nope!” They had names picked, but wanted it to remain a surprise until after the birth.

“So, you finally decided to have kids? I vividly remember you telling me when you were a teenager that kids were ‘disgustingly gross’ and you would ‘never procreate in means to have them’. Look who’s a fucking liar now.” Tommy hugged Phil, and laughed with him. “You know, I remember the first day you stepped into this house. You had this macho-man attitude, like you were this emotionless kid who didn’t care at all. Then, you saw Henry and melted. You used to tell me all these fucking facts about animals and it was the cutest thing ever. I am so fucking proud of you, Tommy. I don’t think I could ever put into words how much you mean to me, ever.”

Tommy felt himself tear up, and he quickly wiped them. “Thank you so much, Dad. It means the world to me.”

-

In Skeppy's house, Minx decided to never get married. She spent the rest of her life traveling, exploring the world and helping out whoever she could. She particularly loved Ireland.

Schlatt had become a comedian like how he said on the beach, and brought people to tears of laughter. He loved the life he lived and would not give it for a single fucking thing.

Connor was the only one to get married. He married Lena when he was 26, and he went through with his fostering plan. The two ended up adopting 4 children, three boys and one girl. Lena got pregnant when they were 28 and had a baby, who they named James. Their one daughter, Cassidy, loved her uncle, and the two were practically inseparable.

Skeppy was a phenomenal grandfather, and loved to play guessing games with them and shock them when he always got it right.

They all were happy.

-

In Puffy's house, Eret got married, but never had kids. Their partner, Quinn, traveled the world with them. They loved learning about all the languages Eret spoke.

Tubbo lived his life with Dove and their sons, and were happy. They painted their door yellow in memory of Sally.

Sam and Quackity lived together until the day Quackity got married. Kim and Quackity had no kids, instead owning an intense amount of plants. Quackity was an amazing lawyer.

Sam went into fostering, and ended up with two amazing girls. Even though he never married and they weren't biologically related, he loved them more than anything. The girls were his pride and joy. They also had a Golden Retriever, and named him Chandler.

Puffy was a wonderful Grandma, and would make them hats from scratch.

They all were happy.

-

In Ponks house, they all had children.

Fundy had started to help create rockets with a private space company, and that is where he met his wife, Camille. They had a boy, and the boy had a fascination with foxes and outer space. Fundy loved him more than anything.

Niki met her wife in Germany, where she was working to help further research about Cystic Fibrosis. The two adopted a girl and boy, and also had three cats. Their son, Lukas, loved the cats with his entire being, and for some reason had a fascination with bread.

Ranboo had gotten married to Celine when he was 29. They loved to travel, and Celine had a son named Elliot from a previous relationship. Even though Elliot wasn't his son and still had a present father figure, he loved him like he was his own. Celine and himself had a daughter named Lily when they were 32.

Ponk loved the small moment's they would get when everyone wasn't busy and were able to meet up. He was proud for all of his kids, and for all they did. They may have gone far and wide, but he knew they were still there.

They all were happy.

-

In Punz house, neither of them had children.

Karl was supposed to take over for Phil's role, but since the cult was gone, and everyone left after Techno's goodbye, he had no need to.

He started writing stories, and vowed to make sure the history of his ancestors, of the gods, were never forgotten. His books sold well, and he lived comfortably off that for the rest of his life. He stayed close with his friends, and would occasionally visit Quackity and Sam.

Sapnap had gone to live with George and Dream in Florida.

Punz was happy for his sons, and lived the rest of his life in his quiet house, helping any of the kids whenever they needed him.

They all were happy.

-

Halo stayed a therapist, helping out the kids that the others would foster.

He was happy.

-

In HBombs house, Purpled became a pediatrician. He ended up with four kids, all of them who were raised gender neutral. One remained non-binary, while the rest later on identified with being a woman. Him and his wife, Elizabeth, lived a happy life. They had tons of pets, and were happy.

His wife was a court reporter, which Purpled found funny. It reminded him of how much he hated taking notes in highschool.

HBomb was a great grandpa, and loved taking the kids to the zoo or other destinations.

They all were happy.

-

The twins were born at 5:09 pm on April Seventh. They all sat in the room, after Aubree had finished and they were ready for everyone to see the babies.

“You ready, Aubs?” Tommy held their son in his hands, while Aubree held their daughter.

“Readier than ever.” They watched as Phil, Christine, Will, Tubbo, and Dove walked in. After the nurse left the room, they watched Hera and Athena appear, everyone cooing at the babies.

“So, what are their names?” Tubbo asked, a couple minutes later. Tommy looked to Aubree, and she nodded.

“Well,” She began, “in my hands, this is Christine Athena Watson, named after the two most influential women in our lives.” She choked up at the gasp of her mother, and the smile of Athena.

“And in mine, we have Phil Tech Watson, named after the best man we both had the pleasure of meeting, and the man who was a hero when nobody wanted to be one. They’re going to grow up knowing how powerful their names are, and how amazing the people they’re named after are.”

They were happy.

-

Phil was the proud father, and grandfather to amazing people. He loved to cook, and watch them grow into the people they became. Phil, his grandson, was an almost duplicate of Technoblade, so seeing him grow up was like a redo all over again.

He lived the rest of his life happier than he ever thought he would be.

They all did.

-

Me and my friend meet tomorrow.

I'm going to get them back.

I am speechless, which is ironic since I am the Narrator.

I am going to stress crochet.

I think tomorrow is our last day, friends.

I feel it in my soul.

Until next time.

Chapter End Notes

follow my twitter ([reya23031](#)) and my tiktok ([fookingbananas](#))

Chapter Twenty Four

Chapter Summary

The ending of one story, is the beginning of another.

Chapter Notes

follow my twitter and my tiktok (fookingbananas)

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

“Technoblade. It’s been a while since we last spoke.” The narrator stands next to Technoblade, watching the snow fall.

“Life got busy and complicated. Lost track of time, I suppose.”

“Still monotone as ever?”

“Of course. I am known for my reliability, am I not?”

“Yeah, I guess you are.”

An awkward silence falls upon the two after they both dryly laugh at that.

“Well, Technoblade, I brought you here for a reason.”

“Look, man, I don’t befriend other gods. It’s a nice gesture and I do appreciate it, I really do, but I just don’t really want-“

“I want to bring our friends back. All of them, I can bring us back home.”

Techno immediately stops talking, and huffs before starting to walk away. “Fuck you, honestly. Are you one of those sadistic fucks? You think that’s funny? Go fuck yourself.”

“Wait-no—Tech! I hear voices too!” The Blood God paused, and turned back around. “I hear voices too, and they helped me with this idea.”

“Fine. You got five minutes.” Techno comes back to stand next to the Narrator, and looks back forward at the snow falling.

“After godship I became a narrator and told the story of your life. The powers, the cult, Sally’s death, your sacrifice. I even named it after your quote! You know, the whole ‘oh we can be heroes, just for one day’. I made it into Oh, We Can Be Heroes and people love it!”

“Good to know someone got to enjoy me becoming a god and having to leave my family behind because my entire body screamed for blood and anarchy.” Techno said, no humor in his tone.

“They didn’t like the pain, they liked the sacrifice. You gave up everything for us, for your home. You did that, even though you didn’t want to. They loved our love for our family, Tech. Not the pain.”

“You have three minutes left.”

“I want to ask the universe in exchange for our godship, we get to create our own universe. One like the DreamSMP. But instead of it being those characters, they’re us. They’re the ones from our original reality. Think about it, we would get everything back and then when it’s our time to go, we go. A simple end, a happy one. You can finally get the heroes ending you deserve. Thoughts?”

Techno thought about it for exactly 3 minutes and 4 seconds, the Narrator counted.

“Honestly man, it’s a long shot. But, I’ll risk it for my family. If I can just get my brothers back and my dad I’ll be beyond happy. I don’t think we necessarily deserve a happy ending, but we deserve an ending at least. How do we bring it up to the universe?”

“I have no clue. It usually speaks to us first. It heard our conversations, so it holds our offer in its hands. Universe, if you accept, please show us a sign.”

It felt like when you first jump into water, that engulfing feeling and breathing fresh air when you get back to the surface.

The universe accepts.

-

And that's how I ended up here.

I think it's time we say our first formal hello, and our goodbye.

Hello, my name is Dream.

The DreamSMP Dream.

I'm sorry I kept that from you. I am, it's made me feel awful knowing that most of you hate me, if not all of you because of the actions the future me has made.

Remember how our discussions started, friend?

"Time is a tricky thing, is it not?"

It turns out, friend, that it was extremely more complicated than you knew of it to be true. Time isn't something that even I, a being who once was able to view it as a whole, understand.

I wish we could sit here and have our long discussions where I can explain to you all how it works and you can respond saying how I'm either wrong or hurting your brain.

But we just simply do not have the time right now for that.

I can explain it to you in the simplest way possible. At this moment, the moment I prepare to give up my godship in exchange for a chance at happiness, my future and past are also playing as well. Time is relative, so at one point I am living my first life, and at another point somewhere in the universe I am living the reality of which you see play out through your streamers.

I wish the universe would give us more time together, but that is not in the cards for us.

I fell in love with you all, an ever changing enigma that I simply could not solve. I saw you all as the sun and myself Icarus. I viewed you as my demise, the one to ruin me.

But then Icarus, you sent me a poem. In it, the line follows.

“There is a certain beauty in setting the world on fire and watching from the center of the flames”

You all terrified me. I was already having to live to tell the story of my first life, always being reminded that George wasn't next to me.

I'll admit, you all reminding me of George was painful, and still is. But then it became bittersweet in a way, for you all began to remind me how happy he had made me, and you all began to make me happy in that same way.

The way a brother, a family, would make me feel. You reminded me that yes, sometimes it is awful and painful to be human. But then, the days that it is good, it is fucking *fantastic*.

The days I didn't talk, the days around the death of Sally, I expected none of you to care. I had read letters the night previous as some of you said you hated me. But then you all asked me questions, and then asked me if I ever thought about getting a cat or asking the universe to take away my power.

I didn't have the courage for the latter, so I went with the first one, which led me to Oliver.

You know him as Antfrost, which is quite weird in my opinion but that's the universe.

I told you of my memories of humanity, the tears of death, laughs of triumph, embraces of love.

When I told you I had a plan to get my friends back, you all supported me. You supported me in every decision I made, and I will forever be grateful for that. In that support, I got my home back.

They may never remember, but I will not forget. I will hug them tighter each time, and remember the words of you all that got me here.

You got me back my chance at death, my chance at happiness.

When I asked if you empathized with me, or as you knew it, Dream, I got mixed answers. Some of you are saying yes, but that you wish you didn't. Some of you said no, and I agreed. That version of me, that version of Dream, does not deserve your empathy.

I will give my all in trying to change the fate I've been given. You all believe that it does not exist, and that we will always have a choice.

I hope you are right, my friends. I'm sorry that this is rushed and all over the place, I only have so long to write this.

I love you, friends. I love you in the way that Techno loved his family.

Thank you, and I hope to make mine and Techno's new reality an amazing one.

Thank you.

You. You. You are alive.

The universe said I love you, and the universe said everything you need is within you.

The universe said you are stronger than you know, and the universe said you are the daylight.

The universe said you are the night, and the universe said the darkness you fight is within you.

The universe said the light you seek is within you, and the universe said you are not alone.

The universe said I love you because you are love.

Until next-

Well, there is no next time.

I guess this is where we depart, both author and reader, both of whom I consider my friends.

I'd like you to know, reader, that the author is crying, as am I.

We both will miss you.

I guess this is goodbye.

I believe this is self explanatory, but I don't believe we will be able to talk anymore after this, for I will no longer be a narrator. After this letter ends, I will say my goodbyes to the author, and meet Technoblade. We will exchange our godly lifestyle for our reality, and become human again. You have all taught me so much.

Can I leave you with three pieces of advice?

I will anyways.

Dear reader,

Don't be afraid to fly just a little too high,

Remember you are good enough.

and always, *always*, remember,

Question what you know.

Chapter End Notes

Words cannot express how beyond thankful I am for every single one of you.

I've been writing for eight years, and this is the first time I've had people actually read my work.

The fucking love and support I've felt this past month has been surreal.

Thank you so so so so fucking much. I hope every tear, every laugh, every "reya wtf" moment you had was worth it.

Also how does it feel for yall to deeply care for the narrator just for him to be the same guy that manipulates children for power?

Caught y'all in 4K LMFAOOOO

But thank you all for the love, and I am grateful everyday that you all loved it as much as me.

Until next time <3

remake :D

Chapter Summary

im beating the dead horse that is owcbh

Hope you all are well!

This is very straightfoward and something I hope a lot of you will enjoy!

Long story short, I'm remaking this! Not like Vienna, Vienna is an AU of this story (I changed one thing that happens in the OWCBH world and it's the repercussions of that). This is, quite literally, just OWCBH but better, now proof read, and just better written.

I had SUCH good plot points in owcbh, but I could not (in my opinion) execute them correctly, and I made a mediocre fic that could have been amazing.

The rewrite will be my redemption (in my eyes). It will focus A LOT more on the idea of a religious tommy, codependency with a parent, unlearning abusive habits and behaviors, dealing with grief, and so much more. The biggest change will be the Blood God cult, I'm going to go A LOT more in depth with the religion aspect of it.

Long story short, it's going to be fucked up, but the ending will be a lot more happier (in certain aspects) and more put together. Very excited for you to read it, and even talk to an old friend, perhaps?

Maybe a narrator who knows a little too much?

Eh, who knows.

Hope you read it and enjoy it! The first chapter is out, and I would love if you all read it :D.

Anyways take care of yourself, follow my twitter @reya090701 and always question what you know <3

End Notes

none of this is real and very very loosely based off of the irl people!!

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [one isn't a place](#) by Anonymous, [i'm way too young to lie here forever \(HIATUS\)](#) by [orphan_account](#), [all we've been through](#) by [Chaotic_Neutral](#), [I think of you and let it go \(sparrows\)](#) by [ALiteral_Ghost](#), [For Fuck's Sake, Tommy, Accept The Affection.](#) by [orphan_account](#), [This World Was Built on Equal Exchange but it Won't End With It](#) by [orphan_account](#), [You Don't Remember?](#) by [lateyopie](#), [Magic is a strange thing](#) by [1bannana2](#), [Luck, Funny Thing Innit?](#) by [delia_dem0n](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!