

paper peonies & other apologies

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paper peonies & other apologies

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Ranboo never thought that he'd live to see two people having an entire argument over flowers, but he supposed that there was a first for everything.

Notes

inspired by [this tweet](#)

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

When a five-foot-something brunette burst into his store, chest heaving and posture perfect, Ranboo stared for a moment before shouting out a greeting, his interest piqued.

“Welcome to Bebo Flowers,” he said, voice shaking slightly in an attempt to hide his laughter as the boy stomped up to his counter. “What can I get for you today?”

“How do I say ‘fuck you’ in flowers?” The boy seethed, and Ranboo struggled to keep a chuckle from erupting from his chests.

He hummed to himself, mulling over the boy’s words. Why would he want to say ‘fuck you’ in flowers? Ranboo turned heel and walked to the front of the store, feeling the boy following him closely. A puff of air escaped, mock laughter as he shook his head, trying to decide why someone would ask for something like this.

“Do you just want a general insult, or do you want-” his voice broke as he failed to try his laughter, “-do you want something that just straight up says ‘fuck you’?”

“Fuck you.”

Ranboo’s head whipped around to look at the boy, his gaze tilted downwards to meet his eyes. “Excuse me?” He asked stiffly, words clipped as the boy startled slightly.

“I mean- not, you know, ‘fuck you’, but- for my friend.” He stumbled over his words, and Ranboo laughed slightly. He shook his head once again, withdrawing something that was a gorgeous pastel pink, the peonies being the best thing he could think of on the spot.

He pulled a couple more, gathering the stems gently. Ranboo found the paper and wrapped the flowers gently, a yellow ribbon holding the bundle together. “That’ll be 15\$,” he said blandly as he held the bouquet out to the brunette, a plastic card being placed gently on the counter.

They handled the payment, and the boy thanked him, apologizing slightly for his earlier words. Ranboo laughed at the apology, waving him off. “I know what you meant, so don’t worry about it,” he said, and the brunette smiled at him gently.

The boy made way to leave, stopping right before he crossed the threshold. “My name’s Tubbo,” he called, turning around to wave slightly. “I have a feeling we’ll be seeing one another every now and again.”

He blinked a couple times, shock coloring his features before settling into a soft smile. “Ranboo. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

The brunette beamed at him, flowers overflowing from his arms as he left. Ranboo sat in silence for a few moments, processing exactly what had happened, before letting laughter force him over the counter. His torso shook at the notion that he'd be seeing Tubbo again, the idea that the boy's friend may come in and ask for something similar.

It was, frankly, one of the funniest things that had happened to him all week.

paper peonies

“How do you say something worse than ‘fuck you’?”

Ranboo looked at the blonde curiously. He tilted his head slightly, sighing as he came to a conclusion. “You’re the person Tubbo gave peonies to, aren’t you,” he asked, the question coming out as more of a statement than the inquiry it was. The boy bristled, and Ranboo had his answer. “Stay here.”

He moved to the back of the store, sorting through the few flowers he absolutely refused to keep on display should someone who knows flower speak enter. He mulled over butterfly weed and foxglove, settling on the former as he delicately withdrew the orange flowers.

“That’ll be 15\$,” Ranboo said blankly, wrapping a red ribbon around the bouquet. “Mind if I get your name?” The boy made a noise of confusion, and Ranboo elaborated, refusing to let an ounce of emotion seep into his tone. “I have a feeling you’ll be coming in here a lot.”

The blonde stared at him for a moment before speaking. “Tommy,” he announced simply, taking his card from Ranboo and leaving without another word. Ranboo sighed, exasperated at the notion of dealing with the duo once more.

He found it amusing, that they were having an argument through flowers rather than words, assuming that the other would understand the message behind the gifts they leave for one another passive aggressively. Ranboo laughed lightly.

This was going to be fun.

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He wanted one normal day. Was that too much to ask of the universe? Because apparently it was, and he let his head fall into his hands when he saw two familiar figures waltz into the lecture hall, what looked like friendly banter passing between the two.

“Ranboo!” An accented voice called, one he vaguely registered as Tubbo. “I didn’t know you were a university student, too!” Ranboo sighed, leaning back in the uncomfortable chair he was seated in. His gaze traveled from Tubbo to Tommy, noting the height difference and the difference in auras between the two.

“Are you two good friends?” He asked in lieu of a greeting.

Tommy sighed, his shoulders sagging. “Unfortunately, we are,” the blonde muttered, forcing a laugh out of Ranboo.

“What’s your major, Ranboo?” Tubbo asked as he slid into the seat next to him, curiosity coloring his tone slightly.

“Projected botany,” he responded, pulling his laptop out of his bag and setting it on the desk gently. “Minor in English literature. What about you two?” The duo rattled off their majors, sound engineering and video editing respectively. They made small conversation, chattering like blackbirds over a flower field.

Maybe they could be friends, he supposed as the lecture began, words dying in their throats as the occupants of the hall pulled out notebooks and pens and readied Google docs. If they could, it certainly would be an... *interesting* relationship, to say the least.

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Ranboo never thought that he’d see a full blown argument occur through handing off flowers, but there was a first for everything, he supposed. His parents asked about it, confusion coloring their words as Tommy left the store in a whirlwind the last day of their visit.

“Isn’t that the third time this week that we’ve seen him? And he always asks for something meaning an insult,” his mother asked quietly, a box in her arms as they stood behind the register.

He sighed, shaking his head lightly. “He’s been having an argument with Tubbo,” Ranboo explained, refusing to provide any further context. Wisely, his mother took the words and shrugged the situation off without further thought.

When his father asked about it, watching Tubbo storm out of the store in silence, his mother simply shook her head, muttering soft words to her husband. “Don’t worry about it,” Ranboo heard her say, and a faint smile pulled at his lips.

Smart.

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He watched curiously as a blonde around his age wandered in, clad in a deep purple sweatshirt and a simple pair of jeans. “Welcome to Bebo Flowers, what can I help you with?” Ranboo called, a spark of recognition flaring in his chest when he saw the boy’s features.

“Don’t we have lab together?” The boy asked as he walked up to the counter, and then it clicked for him- this was Purpled, local campus prodigy when it came to math. Ranboo nodded easily, and Purpled made a slight noise before leaning against the counter. “Whatever. Do you have anything that means, uh-”

Ranboo felt his eyebrows pinch as Purpled stuttered slightly. “That means...?” He trailed off, waiting for Purpled to finish the thought.

“Do you have anything that means ‘give me all your money’?”

Ranboo stared at the boy before him, a strained grin on his features as he leaned across the counter. Silence fell over the shop, the sound of people chattering and cars passing outside the shop a simple filler for the lack of noise.

He brought a hand up to rub at his eyes, tired as he laughed lightly. This was really happening, wasn’t it. “I don’t think we have anything that specifically means ‘give me all your money’, but we do have peruvian lilies.” Ranboo slid out from behind the counter, feeling Purpled’s eyes follow him as he pulled the flowers.

“15\$, please,” Ranboo said as Purpled withdrew his card. “Also, do you have any idea about what Mr. Jensen was talking about in class earlier?”

Purpled grinned slightly. “Absolutely no clue. We can call about it later, if you want. Are you on the Discord server?” Ranboo nodded with ease, handing the blonde his card back. “Cool, I’ll DM you about it.” Purpled unceremoniously left the shop, leaving Ranboo to ask himself *what the everloving fuck just happened?*

paper peonies

At this point, Ranboo didn’t even need to ask Tubbo or Tommy what flowers they wanted. He would hand them yellow carnations, geraniums, meadowsweet, candytuft, butterfly weed, foxglove, and many others without a single word passing between them. Occasionally they would ask about an assignment or chatter about what the hell was happening during lecture, but other than that, they didn’t say much.

Purpled would pop in every now and then, asking for weirdly obscure flowers that Ranboo didn’t bother to question at this point. They would talk about their organic chemistry class, sometimes discuss what was happening on the server for the class.

It was nice that they had formed friendships like this.

Sometimes they would all eat lunch together, or sit in silence in one of their dorms doing homework (usually Purpled’s, since he had somehow finessed his way into getting a single). They would talk about what upperclassmen were doing- whatever the fuck was happening between Bad and Skeppy, Dream and George being so damn gay that no one could defend them anymore, Techno appearing around campus at random times from seemingly no where.

It was nice.

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Ranboo stared at Tommy, the slightly shorter boy looking frustrated to hell and back. Silently, Ranboo moved to the far left of the store, withdrawing simple purple flowers, wrapping them neatly with a pastel blue ribbon and handing them to Tommy.

The boy reached for his wallet, but Ranboo cut him off. “Don’t bother,” he said easily, a faint smile tracing his lips. “It’s on me this time.”

Tommy bobbed his head slightly, turning heel without another word. His father passed by, tapping Ranboo on the shoulder slightly. “What did you give him?” The man asked, and Ranboo laughed lightly. “Another ‘fuck you’ flower?”

“No, not this time.”

“Then what did you give him?”

Ranboo turned to watch Tommy walk away through the white stained glass at the front of the store. “Alliums.”

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Tommy came in the next day with Tubbo, and they both slammed a handful of cash on the counter silently. A soft expression found its way onto Ranboo’s expression, watching them bicker slightly at who would pay more. Eventually they left, lighthearted banter filling the shop.

Ranboo picked up the money and sorted it into the register, motions quiet and easy. “Did they finally work it out?” Purpled asked from his seat in the corner of the shop, looking up from his book curiously.

“I think they did,” he replied easily, flipping the bills between his fingers.

Silence fell over the two of them as Purpled returned to his book, and Ranboo smiled. He didn’t think that anyone would ever hold an entire conversation, an entire argument over *flowers*, of all things, but he supposed there was a first for everything.

End Notes

[shameless twitter plug lol](#)

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