

## **Sbi Oneshots or Ideas cause I decided why not join the ride?**

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# Sbi Oneshots or Ideas cause I decided why not join the ride?

by [CiderCake](#)

## Summary

Oneshots and random ideas go brrr. Chapters with "\*" at the beginning are chapters inspired by another work. Just to make things easier.

Recently there's been more oneshot books with SBI and I was like "Why not?" so here I am, making one too.

This focuses a lot on Tommy but I want to write about others too. Also- PLEASE read the tags, things get a little sad, a little bloody- I really should write some fluff man.

Oh yeah, If I write oneshots that I find more interesting or like not just a prompt to me, I'll put them as their own work instead of on here. Just to separate them cause I want this to be more laid back.

You could write these if you want, do put me as inspired though, no need for permission.

## Notes

Cold walls.

Warm hands.

### **Tw: Implied kidnapping(?)**

- Inspired by [don't hang up yet \(i'm not done\)](#) by [Teahound](#)
- Inspired by [TommyInnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death](#) by [eneliii](#)
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [MistingDreams\\_ThunderingSeams](#)
- Inspired by [The Time Technoblade Saved the World](#) by [SwissCheesits](#)

# **A monster he is, yet his warm hands hold me with more care than I've ever felt.**

## Chapter Notes

Oh yeah, If I write oneshots that I find more interesting or like not just a prompt to me, I'll put them as their own work instead of on here. Just to separate them cause I want this to be more laid back.

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

Tommy's a strong big man, bigger than any man ever.

He admits, he sometimes makes dumb, *stupid*, and clearly bad, decisions.

Perhaps he shouldn't have trusted the person in black, he realizes now, the person's unnatural yellow eyes looking down at him with too much love.

Whatever.

He just has to get out of here.

His bare feet stomps on cool metal, his breath already ragged, and he curses himself for never exercising before this.

A sudden screech is heard behind him as he turns a corner and instantly catches sight of so many doors-

He goes into the first one, since y'know- he doesn't want to die today..

First thing he notices is that it's dark, and he hopes- prays that the monster won't open the door this time.

Fast, heavy, steps come close and he holds his breath, pressing his hands to his mouth to keep his breathing quiet.

The shadows of their feet underneath the door turn to where he's hiding.

Fuck.

His eyes widen, his breath and heart suddenly sounding too loud in his ears, and he feels the dread twisting in his chest.

The shadows moves closer, and closer, and closer, and yet so close-

The door knob turns.

Tommy flinches, staring at the door knob turning slow, and he realizes with tears pooling in his eyes that-

The monster knows he's in here, hiding.

The door is flung open, light suddenly blinding him and as dark hands reach for his face-

He screams.

And suddenly the hands cupping his face fade away, their words coming out so smoothly but they're gone before he can even blink.

The metal walls that felt like a cage, the maze like hallways, and the burning curiosity but the stronger fear kept him running.

He wakes up sweaty and in his too warm bed, the red blanket on him clutched in his shaking fingers.

Staring at his ceiling, he remembers warm, yet terrifying hands reaching for him, the walls so, so cold compared to the person's voice..

Grumbling as he feels his cheeks burn and his heart clench, he decides it's just a stupid dream.

He took a shower right after, the warm water reminding him of the hands, so, so warm.

Maybe even burning, like hot coal, yet like fire, close and you're warm, too close and he'll burn, turning into ash.

Shaking his head, he makes himself a decent breakfast, with a coke, of course.

It's a bit of a blur as he does things how he always does it, eat breakfast, clean whatever, get his stuff, and go out on another adventure to whatever he'll encounter today.

Maybe he'll stop by the creek he really likes too since his mind is still stuck on that dream.

Walking down his steps, into the tall trees, and he listens to the nature of the place, birds chirping, the splashing of the creek nearby, and the swishing of the leaves give him peace.

Seeing the familiar water, Tommy runs over to the soft mud, taking in the sight of the tall trees and little flowers scattered all around on the grass past the creek.

Huh, he's never been over there.

Maybe he should explore it?

A grin spreads across his face and he steps into the water, feeling it go into his shoes but he doesn't care.

No one is here to stop him anyways!

---

Tommy likes to adventure to calm his mind, and recently he's been dreaming the same dream, where he makes the same mistake, over and over.

He always hides in the first door.

And Wilbur always finds him.

So you probably have read some Cryptid SBI, right? Well if not, I recommend you should, though usually it's pretty hm.. they're protective.

Basically Philza, Techno, and Wilbur are Cryptids, and Tommy has unknowingly stepped into their forest many times.

They watch him, a kid in their eyes on his own, and so nearby.

Why wouldn't they take such a once in a lifetime opportunity?

Tommy isn't an idiot, but he's still unaware.

He sees the weird wet footprints, the scent of blood he can't find, and the crows that always seem to watch him.

It's unsettling.

Things get ever more unsettling the more often he gets these dreams of cold walls and hands reaching for him.

It's just weird nightmares, he tells himself, weird fucking dreams.

Until, while he's adventuring beyond the creek, he finds a dark lake, and a person with a yellow sweater, hands looking warm.

The man is sitting on a swing that's hung by a tree, and the man freezes then turns to him.

He stares into brown eyes, and the man grins, teeth looking normal yet Tommy knows better.

This man has been chasing him in his damn dreams.

And Tommy never escapes.

He takes one step backward, then two, and Wilbur stands up.

Tommy bolts the fuck out of there.

Tommy runs across the creek, ignoring the sting on his feet, and runs in his house, locking everything he can think of.

He turns off the lights and gets his cutting knife in his bedroom.

He is not getting caught today. *No way*, not without a fight.

---

*He's screwed.*

He's an idiot, he realizes.

He's locked himself with the fucking cryptids who have been watching him.

Great, now he has to escape his own house.

Holding his knife tighter, he opens his curtains slightly, looking outside just in case-

A crow with red eyes.

A crow with red fucking eyes, is standing right on his window sill.

The crow tilts its head and Tommy holds his breath, feeling the dread crawl into his chest.

Caw! The bird squawks, flapping it's stupid wings.

The damn bird!

Cursing every decision he's made until now, he quickly pushes his window open, putting his knife in his pocket, and shoos away the cawing crow who flaps at him.

If he doesn't hurry, he's gonna get caught again!

Climbing over, he clumsily falls onto the grass, pain spiking up his leg- but fuck it- he has to run.

Getting up- he ignores how his ankle hurts- he runs to the road.

Running across the grass, he's so close to the road-

*"Mate, come here."*

And Tommy can see flashes of the sweet smile, the safe hugs and black wings wrapping around him.

He hasn't ever met them before, only in his dreams did he see glimpses that he barely remembers.

Yet he stops, hesitantly turning to Philza, as Tommy grips his knife hidden in his pocket.

Phil smiles, and raises his hands, asking for a hug.

One step, and then five more and he's in Phil's grasp, hands wrapped around him, wings shielding him from the afternoon sun.

"Heya Toms."

His name is spoken so warmly, he can't help but let his chest feel full and like those scented candles he really likes.

*Warmth.*

He has a knife though.

A shiny, sharp, and new knife that will surely injure this damn bird man who's- who holds him with warm, *too warm*, arms.

Tommy could kill this man right now, one good stab, and he'll only have two more to get.

*But he can't.*

His lips tremble, he feels tears build up, blurring his vision and he holds Phil closer.

He lets go of the knife.

Phil holds his son with a smile.

*He just can't.*

## Chapter End Notes

I kept trying to explain the plot but I just kept writing the story so I just deleted my explaining to continue the flow of the story.

Anyways yeah, Tommy moves in and after a few weeks he goes in the forest to explore, not knowing they're watching him.

And they decide "Yeah, he's perfect." and Techno just be like "Hey Wil, you should spook Toms so we can like corner him in his home." "Okay I guess."

Yeah. Oh wait- if you were wondering why I haven't been writing much it's cause I got school and today my ear has been blocked and it's real annoying since I can't hear well

now, I'll get help soon though so no worries.



# Green just isn't my strong suit.

## Chapter Summary

Dandelions.

Featuring Tommy, isn't it?

## Chapter Notes

**TW: Mentions of blood, screaming and gun powder.**

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

Ding!

Tommy silently sighed, looking up to- ah, it's Tubbo, a regular here in this flower shop.

Tubbo, who walks in with shaky breathing, smiles at him, walking over.

“Hey Big man! Do you have uh- Dandelions today?” Tubbo looks around the many assortments of flowers, and Tommy snorts, then gestures to a whole table filled with Dandelions, ready to be planted somewhere else.

“Do we Tubs? Of course we do, you're one of the many people who buys them almost daily for your many bees.”

Tubbo laughs, walking to the Dandelions to examine a few.

“Well yeah, I got to keep my bees happy Big man, it's my whole job.”

Tommy rolls his eyes. “I *know* that Tubs, you say that almost every time I say we have Dandelions.”

Tubbo holds up a box filled with Dandelions, settling it on the counter for Tommy to scan the code on the box.

Tommy turns the box, holding the scanner to the code and with a beep, Tubbo puts down the money.

Humming as he counts the money and puts it away in the cashier, Tommy can see Tubbo staring out the windows at the busy streets, people and cars going about their day.

“Tommy.”

Tubbo says, and he hums, pushing the Dandelions closer to Tubbo-

“Have you made a wish yet?”

Now that catches his attention.

Tommy looks to Tubbo who’s holding on to a Dandelion that hasn’t bloomed yet, still closed in by green.

“No? Tubs are you asking about general wishing or like Dandelion wishing? Cause I can’t tell, man.”

Tubbo just smiles at him, suddenly his blue eyes not seeming so bright, and brown hair seeming to flash between being covered in burnt gunpowder.

For a second Tommy hears distant screaming, sees flashes of blue and red, and there’s blood, blood, *blood* everywhere-

Breathe in.

Tommy inhales, smelling sweet, *sweet* Dandelions and he looks down at the box.

They’re all fully bloomed, white fluffing up, seeds wanting to be free.

Biting his tongue, he looks up to Tubbo already walking away, a stupid fucking smile on his face.

“Tubbo..”

He whispers, and he reaches a hand out for his friend.

Tubbo shuts the door, and his figure blurs with the crowds and cars.

Breathe out..?

He fears what happens if he looks down.

But then again, what’s the point of continuing?

Tommy plucks a Dandelion from it’s group and stares at it’s soft, soft white.

Breath in.

And..

Breath out.

The white falls.

He makes a wish, one final wish.

“Please.. I just want to stay in this dream for a little longer, just a little longer..”

Tomorrow will be the same.

## Chapter End Notes

Did you know? You could make a wish with Dandelions once they bloom into white. Blow on it as you think of your wish and it may come true.

Nothing ever works out for Tommy though, what's to be expected?

Anyways, I kind of rushed this since I wanted to quickly write something and got this. Wishing.

Tommy is kind of dissociating here, ever since L'manberg has been falling apart he's been slowly losing feeling of what's real and what's fake.

He imagines a scenario, and this so happens when Tubbo gets executed with fireworks.

Tommy struggles to see this, but he's vaguely aware of it, yet he doesn't want to leave this comfortability. Not yet.

So he makes a wish.

He doesn't realize the screaming was him, but he doesn't need to know that. :)

Also his "world" is sort of a repeating "dream" but not really? The same scenarios kind of happen, he meets different people, but always at the same place, same flowers, same day.

# "Don't get attached!" He reminded himself, knowing it was doomed to fail.

## Chapter Summary

hehe hanahaki who?

## Chapter Notes

Suffer Techno, SUFFER. (Not really)

Keep being king :D

A little short idea!

**Tw: Blood, choking(Only a little), mentions of death, fear of death.** Techno does not die. Feel free to not read!

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

Techno is well acquainted with death.

It's a given, he's slain many who were unprepared for their blood spilling out and their vision blurring.

Which is why he has to stay distant from people.

Do not trust, do not get attached, and do not show weakness.

Those were his rules, simple, easy right?

*There's blood on his hands.*

His rules were so, so very easy.

So tell him how is there a bloody white Hawthorn petal in his hands?

For a second he thinks he's gonna die, feeling something stuck in his throat, and it-

Techno coughs and-

Oh god, it's not getting out.

Breathing in- ah no, that's just pain, ouch.

Coughing- coughing has to do with choking, right? Keep coughing to-

He hacks up petals of a green pansy.

Wiping blood from his lips, he breathes in, savoring the air with no flowers blocking the way. Techno stares at the green Pansy and grins, sharp teeth covered in blood.

"Now if that isn't obvious."

It'd be the wise decision to tell them right now, before things get worse, before fully bloomed flowers start to plant themselves in his lungs.

He's seen many people on battlefields, colorful yet bloody flowers falling from their mouths, sometimes- he saw someone slowly lose air as flowers filled their mouth and-

He now feared choking to death.

And these damn flowers aren't helping with that fear.

So he'll tell them.

Soon..

---

Tommy's a Hawthorn to Techno, symbolizing hope for him. Phil's a Pansy to him, occupying his thoughts often, keeping the voices down. Wilbur is a Honeysuckle to him, devotion and affection.

Phil also used to have hanahaki, back when he only had Wilbur, he saw Wilbur as an elegant, lovely Orchid.

Phil doesn't have hanahaki anymore, he was cured by Wilbur confirming his (Platonic) love for him.

I don't know how accurate these meanings are, I just got them from my flower meanings book. Obviously, Hanahaki is a life threatening disease, Techno knows this, he saw people choking on petals, but never thought he'd have it.

And at first he's obvious, he's uncertain if he wants to keep it secret, let it kill him slowly or he can tell them only for them unable to save him.

They care for him, but they don't care that much about him, right?

But you see, Philza, the bravest man I've ever met, has had this disease before, he also tried to hide it, mainly cause he didn't want to bother Wilbur since Wilbur was young back then, Techno and Tommy hadn't met them, so he decided to hide it until Wilbur was older.

Of course, when the petals started to turn to fully bloomed flowers, Wilbur caught on, and asked Phil many times "What's wrong?" "Is that blood!?" "Phil, please- Are you okay?"

Phil did not die, and he did not get surgery, he told Wilbur, giving the information before telling Wilbur he loved him. (Platonic of course)

Wilbur does indeed love him too. Phil and Wilbur catch on quick and interrogate him because they dealt with it, saw, felt, and had been in that situation.

They don't want *answers*, they just want him to *live* and *keep living*.

## Chapter End Notes

"Tell them! TELL THEM!" "L" "Technosoft" "Don't tell them!"

"Shut up Chat, I'm currently trying to *face my fear* while also *saving* my life. Much harder than it looks."

It started with me wanting to write Techno fearing death since he's seen it so much, but then I had a thought.. "What if I added Hanahaki to it?"

And wapow! Here it is!

# **Forgive me, for I am nothing but a ghost with no home.**

## Chapter Summary

Another Tommy-centric oneshot? More likely than you'd think.

Tommy has a bad time cause of school stress, and his thoughts gets bad.

Thank god he has a family.

A family with typical red eyes, sharp fangs, and pale skin.

## Chapter Notes

Man I really should write fluff cause I've just been serving angst.

Here! Have a scrambled, tangled, and scribbled mess of an idea from my brain, with a heap of angst but a few teaspoons of comfort.

**Tw: Crying, running, suicidal thoughts.**

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

Occasionally, Tommy likes to meet Wilbur's family.

Their home is so warm, and their banter and night talks do not make them mad, do not make Tommy feel isolated, and he smiles at just the thought of them, to the point it makes his cheeks hurt.

He's lived with them for a while actually, but he hasn't gotten used to the security of not fearing if he'll fuck up.

Which is why, when he told them about this fear, they told him a secret they've been keeping for years.

They're vampires.

Fucking, real, vampires.

Crazy, isn't it? That vampires do exist, which makes him curious if other beings he thought weren't true, are real too.

He remembers taking a few seconds to even process that information, then he's laughing, looking at them with raised eyebrows.

"You're- You're joking! Right? 'Cause fucking vampires don't exist man, I.."

He stopped talking.

His family- no friends, had shown them their fangs, explained their pale skin, and they had the classic red eyes, staring into his human, and blue eyes.

Tommy felt like he couldn't breathe.

Then he ran out the living room, barely hearing their calls, and he slammed the front door open and ran even more.

Truly, a dumb move on his part.

Because it was night.

Night is said to be where the monsters come out, whether you believed it to be true or not, his friends were vampires, who *thrived* in the damn night.

They found him quick, and he was thinking they were going to suck his blood, kill him, keep him locked in a basement or something- just *something* terrible-

"We're- Tommy, we're still your family, I'm still Wilbur, y'know.. Wilby?"

Fuck, Tommy absolutely hated and loved that nickname he said when it was simply a mistake of his thoughts going too fast for his mouth to catch up.

His face felt warm, but he still feared for his life.

Until he actually processed the words, and he paused, looking at Wilbur, his friend.

Red eyes, and sharp fangs ready to kill if he made one, simple, mistake.

But it was also Wilbur.

His dear, and one of his only friends right now.

Tommy didn't run away, didn't die or even get injured, they didn't touch him or speak angry words at him as he hesitantly walked with them back home.

And that was enough to remind him they weren't just vampires.

They're his fucking family- friends he means, he's spent months interacting with them, he should have enough memories to know they wouldn't dare hurt him.

So with all this dumb memory lane, why is he thinking about this one moment?

He feels like he's fucking rotting in his own mind.



It's been a couple of months after he learned about them being vamps, that's not the cause of his stress right now.

It's stupid really.

Tommy goes to school, learns all the shit he needs to, does his work, wakes up on time, all that jazz.

Until recently, he's been feeling like shit, for absolutely no reason.

There's seriously no reason!

He took one day off, and woke up the next to go to school and had to do his work all in one go, and then he had to do it again tomorrow- he was just tired.

His.. friends noticed, Wilbur checked on him a lot, which annoyed him a lot. Why couldn't he leave him alone to sleep in peace?

So he shouted at Wilbur to leave him alone.

And regretted it the moment Wilbur did leave, but Tommy saw his frown, guilt tying around his throat, tightening, and *oh* how he longed to just scratch at his neck until blood was stuck under his nails.

Techno and Phil probably heard from Wilbur how he's been acting, staying in his room to sleep, even though he never felt energetic despite sleeping early all the time, it was just a stupid mess.

All because he couldn't get out of bed because fear held him down with chains, so he stayed.

He continued to suffer as quietly as he could.

They tried to help him.

Oh they tried hard, even talking about letting him go to the doctor, skipping a whole year of school, Techno and Wilbur even said they'd let him play Minecraft on the computer for as long as he wanted.

Normally, he'd jump straight out of bed, open his door and with excitement in his eyes he'd take a breath.

"Really!?"

Then they'd respond. "No Tommy, can't believe you'd believe us like that, what a stupid child-"

Okay, they wouldn't say the last part, Tommy knows they wouldn't.

But he's laying in his hot bed, skin feeling cold, heart pumping in his ears, and he was feeling as if the world was blurring away from him.

He's scared.

But why? He thinks to himself even though he knows why.

He dread waking up to an immense amount of homework, and he'll break down sobbing at just hearing Wilbur or Techno- or- or Phil sigh in disappointment.

He doesn't want to be a fucking failure, a disappointment to them.

They deserve so much better than him, a wreck in his bed, a pathetic kid on the verge of crying, clinging on to his friends like a *leech*.

Somehow he tricks himself into believing waking up tomorrow won't be that bad, right? It won't be terrible, he hopes.

But he'd really like to be dead by tomorrow, so when they're angry at his failing grades, and burst in his room ready to yell- they'll see him dead.

Or at least almost dead.

He'd rather not die so soon when they're literally immortal, he wants to be with them forever.

His breathing is slower now, and he's been staring at the wall for a long time now, time to stare at the bright lamp then.

They've talked about turning him into a vampire, and Tommy wants to, he really does, but not when he hasn't even gotten a job- hell, he isn't completely done with school yet.

He thinks about asking them right now to turn him, but he's still not sure if he wants to do that.

Since he won't feel the rush of fear and pride as he grabs a knife in the kitchen, when he's turned he won't feel that sweet, sweet rush.

So he's in a bit fucking trap.

The easy way is to just get himself together and do his work, ask them for help and use his lunch hours to work and work and work-

But the other choice is to just go fuck it and ask them to turn him and he can just fuck off of school 'cause he'd have an eternity to learn what he needs to anyways.

There's a problem with the last one though.

*Is that footsteps he hears..?*

He's been feeling like shit- and for some reason his mind always goes to hurting himself just so he could release this feeling and he knows- he knows, alright?

This is a bad coping mechanism, he should tell them to help him, he should ask for help-

But the urge, the tears, the *misery* is almost like a drug to him.

A terrible drug, but a drug he's addicted to nonetheless.

Breath Tommy, breath..

A knock sounds from his door and he sucks in a breath, holding it-  
"Tommy? You awake Bubba?"

It's Wilbur.

Did he hear Tommy's heart beat? Is he here to comfort or to yell at him to-

Should..

Should Tommy let Wilbur in..?

Getting up from his bed, his leg muscles feel oddly cramped, but he ignores that and creeps to his door.

His hand stops right above the door knob.

And he's scared.

He nearly laughs out loud at himself, him, a stupid, failure of a child, is scared?

How more fucking pathetic can he get?

"Tommy, I can see the shadows of your feet under the door, are you okay? I can come back later if you'd like."

Panic fills him, clouding his head, and his breathing is going faster and faster and Wilbur could probably hear it even without being a vampire-

He wants to break this door down, tear it's stupid wood apart even if it'd give him splinters for weeks, make him *bleed* and probably poke his eyes out but-

"Don't.."

Tommy mumbles and regrets ever speaking up because his voice was so quiet and soft, *what the fuck is wrong with him*- but Wilbur hears it, he knows 'cause he hears his sigh of.. relief.

"Don't want me in or don't want me to leave Bubba?"

This is his chance, to ask for help, to explain his fear and worry and oh god- why is his hands shaking-

"Come-" Tommy clears his throat, he's gotta mask his nervousness at least a little bit so Wilbur doesn't worry too much, "Come in Wil.. uh please."

Immediately he notices his mistake of saying please, sounds weird- 'cause he's only said that when there was something more going on, and worst of all, worst of fucking all.

Wilbur knows this super fucking well.

"I'm going in then, okay?"

Tommy only numbly steps back, feeling cold fear now all over him, he doesn't want to be scared.

He watches the door knob turn, and the door is pushed in, he feels like he's can't breath-

He falls, collapsing on his bed hard, and he almost starts sobbing because he knows- he knows his family heard that.

"Tommy, oh Tommy, I'm here Bubba."

The bed dips, hands run in his hair, and it feels good when he lets the tears fall and a weak whine escapes from him.

"It hurts Wilbur- it- it won't go away.."

He hears footsteps running closer to his room and he scrambles backwards to hide away- they can't see him like this- not a crying, sobbing mess!

Wilbur hugs him.

Despite the man being a vampire, the touch somehow warms Tommy's chest, and..

He feels safe here.

## Chapter End Notes

All he needed, was a reminder that he's safe with them, in their warm home and even away from them/

They'd protect him until the end of time.

Also- man I put a lot of italics, what the heck. I also did- project on him a little, more than a little actually- but yeah. School be stressful sometimes, but I've gotten better at kind of pretending I'm good at it even when I barely remember the past weeks of constant work.

Oh yeah I never know if I should categorize my works as Minecraft or Video Blogging RPF cause I write their DreamSMP characters but like, different settings so is it all minecraft and not videoblogging or is it both??

Maybe I should put both just in case?

# **Rich twins getting shit whispered about them? Not on Tommy's watch!**

## Chapter Summary

Another scrambled oneshot where Wilbur and Techno are rich twins and Tommy slowly becomes their rumor bodyguard.

This isn't my original idea(my brain isn't that great yet) but hey, it's a fun idea.

## Chapter Notes

**Tw: General bullying, rumors.**

This one is pretty light hearted!

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

The fucking rich twins are at it again.

Rich twins, Tommy sees Techno shove Wilbur off a bench before he looks away, Rich twins is what everyone calls them.

Their dad is full blown rich, could probably buy half the town if he wanted to, while his son's were born twins, same hair color, same eyes, but the only real way you could pick them apart was how they talked, their body language, and face.

Of course the twins took advantage of everyone's confusion and, would at least once a week, dress like each other, probably fucking doing scenarios with each other and the other would laugh while saying how terrible the other was.

Tommy craved that kind of bond, able to do scenarios with someone without offense, shouting jokes and curses without dirty looks or gasps.

But he could live without it.

Even though it hurts sometimes.

Anyways- back tracking a little, Wilbur and Techno are in no way spoiled, despite how polite and kind a lot of people seem to be in front of the twins, Tommy hears the whispers.

“Did you know Wilbur was an orphan?”

“I heard Techno beat up a kid real bad in Elementary, do you think if we bribe him he’ll go beat up that asshole Dream?”

Things like that, he’d hear almost daily yet the twins either didn’t care or hadn’t heard one yet because they never acted rude or confronted the rumors.

Tommy really wanted to find out why, why just take it like that? Why don’t you call the bastards out?

It’s not like there’s a lot of people who talk shit about them, there’s barely more than five- but god, they never seem to want to shut up.

“Did you hear? Yesterday the rich twins dad got so angry-”

Oh my god. He feels his eye twitch, as he glances at the people right by the door where the twins are outside, literally right next to the door.

They’re holding their hands so obviously in a ‘I’m telling you a secret’ way and they’re not even whispering, they’re talking as if their conversation is about the damn weather.

“Really? What-”

“Ay! Shut the fuck up- everyone can fucking hear you so don’t put your hands up like that if you’re gonna be so obvious!”

Tommy turned to glare at the two gossiping pricks who froze up and shut their dumb flailing mouths.

He glanced at the twins who are still talking to each other but he notices how Wilbur’s smile is slipping, Techno is holding his hand, and Tommy stands there, confused because what the fuck..?

The two people talking about the twins were right at the door, windows showing the outside, and the twins were there, almost right next to the door.

Tommy swallows, dread squeezing his chest, and Techno looks up-

Fuck, his brown fucking eyes are staring at me- Tommy bites his tongue, turning away and walking down the hall again.

*They know-* he screams in his mind- they know the rumors, but- but why aren’t they doing anything about it?

Maybe they don’t care- maybe, maybe, *maybe-*

Groaning, he puts his face in his hands, leaning on the school’s walls for support, and wallows in his mind jumping from possibility to ‘what if they’re aliens?’.

He’ll ask them later.. On second thought maybe never-

A hand grabs his shoulder.

“Hello Tommy! I know this may be sudden, but can we perhaps talk somewhere a little more private?”

Shit- guess he can ask them now? Why is Wilbur talking to him- oh god, why is this happening?

---

For a bit of plot, Wilbur here does know about the rumors, so does Techno, they could ask their dad(Dadza!) to buy the school but Wilbur fears he'll prove the people right, that he's just a spoiled brat.

Techno doesn't care much about the rumors, just wants Wilbur to be comfortable around people without fearing if they're faking their sweet words, so they thank Tommy because someone finally stood up for the twins.

So they notice him more, and eventually he does interact with them again, and again, and again.

The twins want to be sure Tommy isn't pretending, but they have human decency, so they ask if they could hang out at his home.

Don't worry, Tommy has actually decent parents here! It's a fun time, and they like to visit each other a lot.

Unfortunately, every story has a conflict.

People start whispering about *Tommy* now.

Wilbur, and Techno obviously don't really like this, and neither does Tommy but it's fine.

Until people actually start to believe the rumors and people start to bully him when he's not with the twins.

Angered, when one student stole his backpack which had his wallet, god damn it- he decides enough is enough, so he gets the teachers, principle, counselors, even the police since one guy threatened him, he decides to go *ham* on the assholes who couldn't help but assume and never ask.

After the whole ordeal, the school has actually decent people in it, other students agreeing with Tommy's statements of the people's doings, and things go well.

I don't how it'd end though, but it's mainly fluff with bits of angst found here and there.



## Chapter End Notes

First impressions are important.

Tommy sure made a decent one!

# I think we could do it if we tried(If only you say, you're mine.)

## Chapter Summary

Title from "Sofia" by Clairo.

Here's more vampire stuff, but with Techno!

## Chapter Notes

**Tw: Blood, bashing skull in, violence, and murder.** Techno goes "Blood for the Blood God." and waps someone just really, really hard.

Yeah, kinda bloody here today :)

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

Techno's recent friends are weird.

Well, them being vampires is pretty weird already but he's talking about something else.

They always fret over his scars, they stopped asking if he's okay long ago but he notices their eyes, their frowns and fingers twitching as if they're trying to stop themselves from just dropping everything and healing already healed scars.

He'd let them wrap bandages and stick bandaids all they want anyways.

Tommy's a brat, but he quickly realized the kid isn't that bad.

Disregarding the one time he knocked out a vampire hunter in a dark alley, who was a little *too* eager to slice the kid up, Techno swung a punch out of instinct and it felt damn *good*.

Despite the scars covering him, he's never really done violence against people without holding back or something simple, like just a bunch of dumb drunk dudes who just needed a good hit and they'd run away on shaky legs

The man screamed, but he put his hands around the bastard's throat and squeezed, the pulse of blood was there, beating and flowing, and oh how he wanted it for himself, *popped* like a bubble and- and that little wheeze that came out the bastard's mouth..?

Pathetic.

Weak, little desperate fingers scratched at his hands and Techno grinned, watching the hunter's eye's blink slowly with tears.

Twisting, and yanking their neck sideways- with a satisfying pop and a crack, the man went limp- oh, he hummed in his mind, his hands feeling warm and wet.

The bone definitely shouldn't be jutting out like that.

But he wanted more blood.

His head fogged, and he could feel his heart thrumming with joy as he felt blood spread all over, more, more, he wants *more*-

Clouded, cotton filled, his head is, with his own shouts of wanting blood, juicy blood, more blood, he demanded his body to keep it's hands to pull at the skin- swing, punch, *dig in to his fucking skull*-

"Wait- Stop, Techno- C'mon the dude's skull is already smashed in, jeez if I knew you'd be so ready to murder a man maybe I'd tell Phil to bring you as like, a body guard!"

Oh right.

Murder is illegal and bad.

Staring at a blood covered man with his brains splayed out like mud and neck looking oddly.. bent.

Nope, he'd like to ignore the fact he just committed a crime- well the man did deserve it honestly..

Breathing in, he smells the blood, and usually he'd cringe a little at the stench so similar to rust but..

It's almost addicting.

Techno slowly stood up, and both hating and loving the feeling of warm blood sticking to his pants and shirt, yuck.

A hand smacked his back and he instantly recognized it as Tommy's, but that didn't stop him from tensing and turning around only to meet blood colored eyes and oh-

Making a weird noise from his mouth, he reached his hand for the blood, give me that-

Tommy immediately raised his hands, backing away to the opening of the alley, "Woah, chill Techno! You alright, king? You're acting awfully.. I don't know, murder?"

Murder? That's all his dear brother has to say?

He almost laughs, but only a puff of air from his nose answers Tommy who somehow looks even more chipper from just that.

“As far as I know you’ve never gotten so, y’know, violent.” Tommy gives the corpse a soft kick to the shattered skull, blood spreading, and Techno stares at all the little red dots, holding back the urge to also kick the body, maybe break a bone or two..

“Same as me Tommy, didn’t even know I was that strong to bash in a skull like that- *god*, that felt good to- uh, yeah.. Good.”

He almost puts his hand to cover his mouth with his own surprise, but instead looks down at the blood coating his hand like a glove.

His head feels really weird.. But he doesn’t mind the fogginess.

“Uh Techno?”

Looking up, he looks into Tommy’s lovely red eyes, how their shadows and lights mesh so well together..

“Yeah..?” Murmuring the word almost automatically, he continues to stare at the red jewels in his dear brother’s eyes.

“You’re uh.. Fuck, how do I say this right- uh you.. what’s up with the blood? Fuck wait-”

Blood..?

There’s blood on the cold ground, blood in Tommy’s eyes, blood covering his hands, legs, shirt-

Does Tommy want some blood..?

He’s a vampire, Techno brings his hand up to stare at its beauty, of course Tommy might feel a little thirsty when blood is spilt.

Holding his hand out, he realizes Tommy has been muttering about fucking up his question the whole time, but that doesn’t matter,

“Thirsty?”

Tommy stops muttering, whipping around to stare at him but glances to his hand with a glare, “What? No I- I’m not thirsty, let me- I gotta call Dad okay? So just- chill until he comes here.”

Humming at the request, Techno decides standing still is fine, and watches Tommy pull out a phone, the light reflecting in Tommy’s eyes and he’s instantly mesmerized with the bright ruby, just like blood.

He wants it forever.

Tommy nervously fiddles with his sleeves, glances at him, then perks up and brings the phone to his ear when it vibrates.

“Hey dad, uh Techno is acting hella weird, a hunter- yes I’m fine, the hunter kept trying to slice my fucking arms and legs off, then Techno- oh boy, Techno,” Tommy laughs, laying his head on the stone wall, bringing a hand to his forehead and Techno leans closer to him, his dear-

“He literally just snapped the hunter’s neck like a damn *twig*, and then punched his head and I swear Phil- I- I saw brain matter or something Phil- it’s crazy- yes..”

Then everything blurs.

Blurring.

Dizzying.

Colors mix, voices fading in and out like rain, and he blinks and suddenly brighter colors swim in his vision like fish.

He blinks again, this time able to actually see his surroundings clearly.

Staring at Phil’s guest room ceiling, Techno wonders if that was all a weird dream.

Footsteps come to his door, someone knocks twice, and the door knob turns..

“Mate?”

Red eyes, red eyes, red and bloody eyes-

Mine *mine mine mine*- I want them-

His breathing quickens, chest heaving, he stares into red, and a smile creeps on Techno’s face.

Making a weird happy grumble in his throat, he reaches for Phil, waving his hands out, and Phil laughs, and hands hold his.

The hands aren’t red, not even a pretty color at all, but it’s Phil’s, and Techno holds on to them as he closes his eyes.

The hands don’t drift away, and Techno lets his mind calm until his mind blanks out.

He falls asleep in a warm comfy bed, with his dad by his side, and his brothers looking in from the door with worried glances.

Maybe he isn’t as human as he believed.

I honestly don't know if Techno would be some kind of hybrid or creature that is somehow fascinated with blood but aw well.

Anyways- hey, I finally wrote something not in Tommy's pov, wooh. Also, triple upload? From me? Yep! Don't get too used to it though, I want to use weekends as time to write and upload and finally get into a proper schedule.

# **\*A simple assistant and his happy friends.(Insp "don't hang up yet,")**

## Chapter Summary

Inspiration= [don't hang up yet, i'm not done](#)

I don't know how to put links yet eee-

## Chapter Notes

Here's another scrambled idea.

Oh yeh remember I said I'd only update on weekends?

Haha- too early I guess.

Anyways it says I have too many tags, oop- so make sure to read warnings now.

**Warnings: Mentioned deaths, reference human experimentation, implied non-con drug use, implied torture, that's the gist of it I think.**

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

“Assistant T, please enter the room.”

A robotic voice says from the intercoms in the corner of the room, a camera on top, recording every sound and movement.

This is his chance.

Taking in a deep breath, Tubbo steps in, shoes lightly tapping on soft pads, he adjusts the board that shows the information needed for the subject, and he instantly notices that the entire room is covered in white.

It’s just a white room.

But there’s something more.

Behind bulletproof glass, he expects a mob, maybe a Zombie, or a Piglin-

Not a tall.. person with their face half black and half white, hair matching the colors and reaching their mid-back.

They're sitting on the soft floor, body facing him, but it's as if they're stuck in their own world, he observes them, one of their eyes an Emerald green and the other a Redstone red.

Freezing in his walk as he takes in the appearance of what seems to be half-mob, with black skin as that of an Enderman, and- and human eyes aren't those bright colors, blue yes, but green and red? No, no way-

Who is this?

Who has Dr.Dream captured for Tubbo to research..?

Tubbo keeps his composure as best he can, making his shoes louder than needed as he walks closer, Ender- his hands are shaking.

He needs to calm down.

He focuses on the board in his hands as he brings it up to read- which is definitely going to be a struggle with people's many different handwritings scribbled on paper.

With a sigh, Tubbo looks up to see the person staring at him, body tense, and eyes scared.

"So.. Ranboo yes?"

He hates being an assistant already.

---

Tubbo made a promise once, he barely remembers it, he can't help it- it's been so many loops since that happened and now it's one of his only motivations.

He has to get Ranboo out of the damn laboratory, Dr.Dream has been doing crazy shit, drugs, torture, utterly terrible, but the worst part?

Out of at least twenty loops, with the information he's gathered just to die in the end, he still couldn't escape with Ranboo and Tommy and- and Wilbur and Phil and Techno.

Someone always has to get hurt or die here, it isn't fair.

This isn't fair at all.

His friends didn't deserve the pain he's seen them endure just for a chance to be free to fall out of their grasps and Tubbo is grabbed and taken apart- tools digging in, Dream's laughing, someone's screaming beside him-

He once again 'wakes up' in front of the building, about to reach for the door handle- Tubbo almost throws up whatever he ate for breakfast.



Falling backward, he sits down on pavement but damn it- this loop he'd gotten even more info that should've been able to give them an advantage- it should have!

He's right at the beginning once again, god remember when he was naive, unprepared, and so willing to follow their orders to assist- by getting information, and using the very thing that has gotten him this far- trust. He still feels the hope in his cold hands.

Ranboo trusted him, with his life, hands, injuries, health- too many to count.

Tubbo has to break the loops soon, before he goes fucking mad and abandons Ranboo here- he can't do that.

So as he swings the door open and walks down the halls towards Ranboo- he decides to fuck good morals.

He wants to nuke this dirty place until it's radioactive *ash*.

Feeling the buzz of madness, he goes past Ranboo's cell, aiming to fight for what he's been craving for so long.

Absolute, fucking *freedom* from this hell hole with those he loves.

## Chapter End Notes

(blood mention, and mention of being shot)

He proceeds to bleed out right after, a security guard shot him in the chest, and Tubbo isn't invincible, he's going to make so many more mistakes before he can grab that happy ending and strangle it close so that it finally *stays*.

## **\*Tumoasd but Tommy can't escape.**

### Chapter Summary

Tommyinnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death.

And he does.

Unwillingly kind of.

Based on [Tumoasd!](#)

### Chapter Notes

**Warnings: smoke, crying, mentions of death, and implied suicidal thoughts and an implied attempt of suicide.**

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

"Tommy?"

Blinking his eyes, Tommy sees familiar walls, and there's something soft under him.

Shifting, it's a bed, he realizes, a very familiar bed.

"What..?"

He whispers, how is he still here? Did he make a mistake?

A hand, Phil's, he knows the feeling of the hand on his shoulder, gentle and reassuring.

*Usually.*

"Mate, breakfast is ready, you can't sleep in today, not even five minutes, okay?"

The hand pulls away- it can't- he can't-

Grabbing the wrist of Phil's, he yanks him down, Phil letting out a "Woah!"

His father, not a hero, nor a winged man, yet the wings flapping in a panic tell Tommy all he doesn't want to know.

His dad falls on the bed, bouncing, landing on his elbows, and Tommy pulls his hand.

"Why am I still here?" He asks, tightening his grip on his dad's skin.

Tommy just wants this to stop.

Phil whips his face up, and Tommy can see all the emotions clearly in his eyes, worry, concern, and stupid confusion.

"What do you mean Tommy? Mate- are you okay?"

No, he's fucking *not* Dad.

"Why am I still stuck in this fake ass world Phil!"

Tommy shouts, letting go of Phil's hand to grab his green shirt with both hands to shake him back and forth.

"What the fuck am I doing here!?" Tommy breathes in, breathe shaking and quick, glaring at Phil's face.

*How dare he wear his dad's face-*

"Why- I- I *accepted* that I wasn't suppose to continue this stupid, and- and dumb fantasy!" Turning his face down to hide the tears building up, he hits his forehead to Phil's chest.

"..Why?" He mumbles, losing the last drops of fight to continue his rant.

Hands wrap around his back, and it's warm, so warm and so *Phil*.

He sobs, tears falling as he blinks, and Phil rubs his back, face tucked on Tommy's shoulder, he can't see his dad- the man's face and neither can Phil see his.

"Because you haven't truly accepted anything yet Toms, I know you feel it, despite the hurt of repeating and repeating your fantasies and dear wishes- you still want us here, with you."

Phil pulls away, and Tommy frowns at his happy smile and blue eyes bright with joy.

"You're stuck now, don't worry, we won't ever speak of any 'fake world' or scary fire okay? I promise."

He hates this.

All he does is cry and scream in a stranger's hold that only makes him feel smothered and *suffocated*.

-----

The smoke falls all over the city, the news all over saying to stay in their homes for safety.

Tommy yanks a window open, and the stranger's that used to be his so called family scream as he slams it shut behind him.

Disgusting smoke fills his lungs as he breathed in when he falls onto dying grass.

This is for the better if he 'dies' in this world, he's never died here, except in those *terrible* fires, but everything is worth a try now, aren't they?

## Chapter End Notes

Too bad, this is a world meant for him to rule, he will not die.

# The world is a blur, where has the joy gone?

## Chapter Summary

A Tommy-centric idea except I wrote this like a week ago, forgot it existed, and now I don't even know the plot.

I want to continue it but I don't remember the plot?? I regret not writing even a vague description like "Oh, Tommy gets adopted!" or "Another vampire SBI idea." or even just "Sbi sad times" because *all* I wrote was the story.

Gosh dang it past me.

Anyways this is super short so go ahead and skip if ya want.

**Tw: Derealisation(?) it's not too bad though**

## Chapter Notes

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

The world is blurry.

Well, Tommy thinks as he squints at the road, the street lights passing by, and the person driving him isn't really talkative, he knows since he's rambled about questions and they've only hummed or mumbled a few words he couldn't hear.

At least they're paying good attention to the road.

Ah heck- right, he was talking about how the world is fucking blurry.

It happened slowly, and it's not like it's actually blurry, he can clearly see specks of dust, the little bumps on the road, and even the faint lights in the distance of his soon to be 'home'.

But it's as if, if he blinked, it'd all warp, and it'd be fake. Fake and untrue, he had lived a fake life, nothing was real-

What if this isn't real and it's all temporary? Why should he even worry about death then-

No, no- He shakes his head lightly, wanting to grumble but he doesn't want anybody staring, watching, or gazing at him right now.

Tommy the strongest, manliest, and *most* handsomest big man alive does not have bad thoughts like that!

He's fine, he ignores the dread in his stomach as he stares out the window, the darkness of the night entrancing him as lights pass by every few seconds.

He wonders who's gonna be there, most likely kids around his age, which is five- nine- he looks down at his fingers, counting..

12, he concludes with a proud huff, he's lived for a whole 12 years.

Yeah! Take that Death!

## Chapter End Notes

I seriously don't remember the plot and it's bugging the heck out of me.

# Two troublemakers, and two amused watchers.

## Chapter Summary

Library worker Philza, suddenly adopts two chaotic balls and one equally chaotic yet has better control of it.

Yes, it's his three sons who visits him when he works, and yes- he knows just what chaos they can unleash in this supposed to be quiet library.

**Tw: none as far as I am aware, should be generally fluffy.**

## Chapter Notes

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

Maybe he shouldn't have accepted the extra hour of work at the library.

“Oh fuck off, *fuck off*- fuck- Phil! Wilbur's being annoying!”

“No I am not! I'm pretty sure that's your whole personality Tommy-” “Meh meh meh, I'm Wilbur and I'm a big pussy who picks on big men- ow! Phiil!”

Sighing, he looks up from the books he was putting on the returned cart and Phil sees Techno reading a book on a red couch, casually ignoring Tommy and Wilbur running around him in a circle.

Phil glances at the cover- huh The Art of War: Sun Tzu, interesting-

“Phil- ow! Hey, I'll bite you bitch! Hey- don't you dare run away like the pussy you are Wilbur!”

Ah right, he has to make sure they don't kill each other, revive themselves out of pure spite, then die again and it'd loop for fucking *ever*.

He closes a book titled The Revive Book by XD, really interesting yet not what he'd usually read, but Dream- a person who always seems to smile- recommended it, so he gave it a chance.

Phil hums quietly as he sees both Tommy and Wilbur both sprawled on the red carpeted floor, hands about to smack each other.

They're facing each other, and as he's right at their feets, his shadow over them, they refuse to look at him, eyes going everywhere but his direction.

“Boys,” He sighs, watching their shoulders tense with a smile tugging on his lips.

“Alright, alright! I’m sorry..” Tommy shouts, standing up and crossing his arms- *still* refusing to meet eyes with him- and Wilbur slowly sits up, raising an eyebrow at Tommy.

No one talks.

The blonde boy only shuffles his feet, staring down at the floor for some reason.

Phil crosses his arms, and raises an eyebrow at Tommy who is oddly silent.

The library is quiet.

Which is great and all, but Tommy, always shouting and joking around, is *never* quiet.

Awkwardly pretending to cough into his elbow, he dares to smile at Tommy, who has finally apologised, probably for the first time in whatever amount of years he’s lived.

“Thank you Tom-”

“Sorry that Wilbur’s such a fucking bitch!” Tommy laughs, and Wilbur immediately lunges, hand reaching out to grab his younger brother, but he barely misses the red sleeve of Tommy’s T-shirt.

Tommy screams, the silence no more, and runs back to Techno’s couch. Wilbur chases him, and yet again, they’re in a loop of chasing and trying to trick the other to run the other way so they could get whatever their goal is.

What the fuck.

Phil loses it, laughing with tears in his eyes, hands holding his stomach and with a shuddering breath, he goes to sit down at the couch where Techno is peacefully ignoring his brothers looping around him.

The pink haired man doesn’t look away from the page as Phil sits down besides him.

Turning the page with his thumb, Techno lets out a laugh as they both hear a thud from behind the couch, Wilbur complaining about how his fall hurt, and Tommy cackling about tripping him.

“Just another Friday Phil, get used to it.” Techno nudges him with his elbow, and Phil snorts, nudging the man he considers his own son back.

“Tech, it’s a Sunday mate.”

“..Oh.”

"Oh, indeed."



I think I wanted to make his sons vampires, but eh.

Also references to DreamSMP revive book and Sun Tzu in Techno's potato wars? Yes, yes indeed.

# Phil is soulmates with Wilbur, what can go wrong? (Double Life System)

## Chapter Summary

More unfinished scribbles but Phil basically finds his soulmate but they want to do a bad thing and he's like "No,"- they're like "Yes!" and he pulls out a certain potion of green death to try and win. Because if one of them dies, they die together.

## Chapter Notes

**TW: Vague descriptions of injuries, scars, blood, and weapons. Phil has a potion of poison that he thinks of using to do a murder suicide. But it isn't written out(it ends before he drinks).**

It's not that dark when you read it though, don't worry!

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

Phil breaks the row of wheat as he counts the number of seeds he picks up from the tilted dirt. A couple of villagers wander by, one farmer watches him as he collects the wheat. He gives the farmer a nod as he plants the seeds back.

The farmer gives a thankful hum before they continue on their walk and he happily hops off the dirt to place his crafting table in front. Phil has gotten enough wheat from before to make enough bread to last him a few days on his travel.

Absentmindedly checking his inventory for any seeds- he has plenty of those not to need to take from the villagers again- he pauses his finger on the icon of a few emeralds. The transparent screen of his being is covered in iron armor.

Surely, he could pay them for their troubles of losing precious time on their crops? He could always go back underground and mine for hours. Phil knows the villagers struggle to even defend themselves against the monsters.

He takes a bite of bread and watches his hunger bar full up as he taps his inventory and a few emeralds are in his hand. He carefully breaks his crafting table so it can take place in his hotbar.

Looking around, he spots the farmer from earlier that he nodded at. Perfect, the person he took from. He should give these emeralds to them.

Phil walks on over, the farmer doesn't seem busy, just examining their crops. Well, *his* crops.. He snorts before he steps beside them. "Excuse me?" He says.

They turn, a questionable and skeptical eyebrow raised and he laughs. Right, they're completely right to be so distant. Many humans just steal and never have the politeness to replant or offer anything they don't need.

"Ah- I'm sorry that I may have messed with your crops this month, but I hope these-" Phil gasps, oh shit, shit his arm. It fucking hurts. He breathes in and fumbles with his emeralds before he desperately grabs his forearm.

It burns and stings. Hot and he barely feels blood trickle out. Oh- he realizes. *Oh*, this must be his soulmate's pain.

Readjusting his hold on the emeralds, he offers a small smile to the farmer who has backed away with a look of pure exhaustion.

"Sorry about that!" He hurriedly moves on as he holds out the emeralds—three beautiful green gems for each of the plots of crops he took.

"I just- uh, soulmates, y'know? Bond." He stutters. But the Farmer only nods and happily grabs the emeralds, a grateful hum sounding from them.

They seem to deal with this a lot. Phil thinks as his arm continues to shake with lingering pain.

Huh, he pauses as he takes a second to pull his palm away, wet with blood. And he hurriedly pulls out a wrap of bandages from his inventory.

Another injury today, the cut in his arm is the third so far and the others are bruises covering his knees that ache when he walks.

Hopefully not for long. He doesn't know what his soulmate is doing, or who is hurting them, but he prays they can run.

---

"Phil, come on! We wouldn't have to fear for our lives!" Wilbur yells as he presses a hand to his heart. "Listen, Phil. I know how many hits you took, cuts, scratches, *your* blood on people's hands."

Wilbur gently, very gently places a finger atop Phil's nose. A soft smile grew on his face. "Don't you realize we could stop that? I could help you, I can help us both."

The finger trails across his cheek where a scar lays from when he used to stick to groups. A cut from the tip of a sword that had gotten too close. His soulmate scowls, mouth open for another tangent but Phil flinches, his scar feels like it's burning.

The silence that follows is loud.

His nose tingles as if the scar was fresh and bleeding. It leaves a rather unpleasant feeling inside his skin. Phil covers his cheek with a hand and backs away in slow steps. "Just- we don't need to, Wil." The casual and sudden nickname brings light into his soulmate's eyes and Phil huffs.

"Wilbur," He corrects himself. "we can't just take everyone's bond and control it. Could-" He loses his train of thought but forces himself to think, anything, just to convince his destined companion that this is wrong.

"Can't you imagine that happening to us? Threatened with harm whenever someone decides you deserve it?" He furiously rubs his cheek to rid the feeling of blood and Wilbur scrunches his face. His soulmate rubs his cheek.

Wilbur rushes over, heavy steps towards him that have Phil freeze up before he starts trying to distance himself. But not in time. Wilbur grabs his shoulder. A gentle, but firm hold. And Phil curses.

"Surely, we can talk this through, Phil? Just have a little bit of faith in me! I can control perfectly well." Wilbur tries to drag him closer, but he yanks his shoulder away, ignoring the pain that flares there and how Wilbur looks like he wants to cry.

His fingers hover over his hotbar, a potion placed in earlier planning is there, ready.

Wilbur sees his hand and blinks. "What are you doing?" A pause, "...Phil?"

The questioning tone is so innocent and confused that if Phil was hopeful and naive, he could imagine Wilbur and him as friends.

Maybe, if they met earlier, in their younger years of pain. They could've protected each other not out of fear and hate for others, but mutual worry and care.

Phil twirls a potion of poison in hand, enough to knock him down to only half a heart, and Wilbur's breath hitches.

One swallow and they'll both be on the brink of death.

They'll either both die or live.

Oh yeah, a chapter that I deleted that was simply called "Chapter 11" was where I said, long story short, I will still keep writing Techno. Though I don't write about his character often, if I do then obviously it's fine if you don't wanna read it, and always read the tags too.

I'll put it in TWs if Techno or anyone gets hurt, physically or mentally.

The heck, when you meet your Soulmate for the first time and they decide to become a dictator and control people's bonds.

**Tags aren't completely up to date since they're at max, but warnings will still be here!**

Take care! :D

# Slime goops out and in!

## Chapter Summary

Slime dies and lives on, now named Charlie, he keeps on living, away from wars and Las Nevadas.

Very short because I gave up halfway through. Either Charlie meets Quackity in two different times, Las Nevadas or near a certain Pub in Origins. Y'know with the idea that Origins is the future and reincarnation of mostly everyone on DreamSMP.

## Chapter Notes

**TW: Descriptions of Charlie's death by burning in lava but it ain't graphic.**

That's it, I think. Feel free to tell me any other warnings!

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

It's very hot.

And Slime's goop is melting into the warm and yellow liquid.

And Quackity is yelling.

Quackity from Las Nevadas is crying.

"Slime!" He yells, sand pouring from his hand to the side, a safety zone from the burning liquid.

"Get in the sand- get-" Quackity is also burning. But it isn't hurting him.

He feels his legs melting into the hot, hot liquid.

He does a small attempt to move his arms, they're so warm, he feels his goop slide off, melting, burning and he knows he's done for.

"Slime-" He takes a breath.

He's ready to turn into dust. To die in this place, with Quackity in front of him.

"Thank you," He stares at Quackity's eyes, wet with water, and jaw clenched as though he's ready to shout again.

"For showing me what it was like to be human." He watches as Quackity takes a breath in. He thinks of how much he could've learned, how much he could've kept watching Quackity, everyone, but he won't come back from this, will he?

Quackity is screaming.

And he feels too hot. His chest and arms are turning to dust. They must be.

He can't feel them anymore.

"Maybe I almost was."

He melts away.

There's still screaming in his ears.

It's okay though, Quackity will be fine, right?

Slime is content to stay in the darkness.

But he opens his eyes.

And he's alive.

There's a chest..

There are walls around him, like a nice, damp cave.

Is he dead or..?

Slime is sticking to the wall behind him. He still has his goopiness!

He easily slides off the wall, it's cold, but he prefers it more than the hot liquid he was in earlier.

He opens the chest, and there's a book and quill.

He flips open the cover.

He finds memories.

And there's a heavy fog in his mind as he reads and the sound of paper flipping over and over goes faster.

He remembers, he always does, every person's dust, every person he's seen, all in his memory.

Barely feeling himself grab the quill, recently wetted with ink, he doesn't think about it a lot, and he writes.

He writes and writes on the pages.

It's a blur, and it's a bunch of scribbles and random numbers and letters.

But he remembers.

It's so blurry when he leaves.

Quackity's voice still rings in his ears. Less screaming, but just as desperate.

"Did you write this?"

He stays silent.

As much as he wants to speak goodbye.

He leaves.

For he is afraid of what will die, while he always stays alive.

He remembers.

A legacy left behind.

Hopefully a good one.

And he learns a lot.

For one, Quackity named him Charlie.

He learned a lot from Quackity, but he learns the rest of the things he couldn't from people and experience.

He learns of kingdoms, he learns what the white stuff in the sky is called, snow instead of coke, he laughs later on about that.

He recovers his goop, and he wonders if Fundy will always have a piece of his goop inside.

Charlie carries on, learning and learning so much, and he remembers it well.

And when he learns that L'manburg and the DreamSMP have fallen like other lands, he tries to push down a worry building inside him.

Is Quackity doing okay?

He researches, talks to people, reads books, and learns that Las Nevadas has risen to the top, alive and well. Thriving with power.



Quackity is the top man, the leader, and the house always wins.

## Chapter End Notes

Legacy.

What is a legacy? It's planting seeds in a garden you don't get to see.

## **\*Double Smiles :)**

### Chapter Summary

Uh oh, when you go into a different world and find out the other you sucks.  
Manhunt!Dream and DreamSMP!Dream prompt I got [here](#)!

I confused the general plot, the prompt was where the Dreams swapped places, so SMP!Dream gets his ass kicked by hunters and M!Dream gets to help out Tommy(like, truly help) and avoid his friends in this new world. I changed some things, haha.

They are stuck in the same world here and you probably know who we are rooting for to win. Night, I call the M!Dream, Night because Nightmare was long.

### Chapter Notes

**TW:Incised wound(slashes or cuts), lava kills someone but it isn't graphic. None of this is graphic.**

Later Manhunt!Dream is named as Night.

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

Dream has been happily running from his friends again, as he does.

The manhunt is what they've been calling it, something purely fun and meant to give them the adrenaline and excitement they all love one way or another.

Their deaths end with cursing and their next infinite lives start with laughter and fun revenge.

He died when he was busy mining with a measly wooden pickaxe and George laughed as lava covered the both of them.

“Get him, George!” Sapnap cheered in their comms, while Sam and Ant were frantically telling each other to hurry up their mining. George was grinning and stabbed his stomach with an iron sword. His hearts dropped and the pain made him hiss and his eyes water.

“Go, go, go!” Bad egged George on, right behind George and hands looking prepared to grab anything George would drop if he died.

He screamed in both laughter and desperation as he slowly tried to pull himself out of the hot, and searing lava with his feet taking slow steps backward. His hearts were already down to four.

“Where did you get an iron bucket!?” Dream yelled as he frantically placed his cobblestone below him but it was too late. He had only a second to think about how he should’ve done that earlier before he felt his hearts drop to nothing.

*Dream tried to swim in lava trying to escape from George.*

His vision went dark.

He could still distantly feel the open wound on his stomach, the blood sticking his hoodie to his skin, and the heat of lava on only one of his legs as he tried to take a step on the cobblestone placed too late.

And his vision cleared to show him a bright sun, the light sprinkle of rain landing on his mask and body. He could feel grass barely tickling his knees where he stood.

With his sight, came his hearing of the cheers of another victory to his friends.

“Yeah! George!” Sapnap was hugging George with an ecstatic grin, and Sam was laughing while highfiving Ant. Bad was dragged into the hug, “We beat Dream!”

He laughed, already walking forward to give George a highfive. “It’s one more win, Sapnap.” He’s won most but this time was good, especially early with the end.. “But also, where’d you get all that iron?” He turned to George.

George smiled, giving him a gentle punch that didn’t even do half-a-heart damage. “I’m not telling you.” The joy and giddiness were still clear in his friend’s voice and Dream punched him, just as softly, back.

“What- no!” He protested, turning to punch Sam who would tell him. “Sam! How’d you guys get all those tools and stuff?”

Sam only nudged Ant forward with a hand on his back. “I won’t tell you, ask Ant.”

Ant only sighed, and gestured to a direction where, if he squinted, he could see cactus and sand. And he immediately realized how they got stacked so quickly.

“Sapnap found a Desert Temple and we all looted it while George and Bad were keeping chase on you.”

“There was a Desert Temple there the whole time?” Dream said, laughter coming back in a wheeze at the end. He went in the complete opposite direction to the oak forest where he could hide behind trees and hop from branch to branch carefully.

Ant pushed Sam forward with a fanged grin. "I won't tell him the rest, you tell him."

Sam chuckled, faking a hiss of anger at Ant's push. "Fine, fine. We ran back to spawn to give George the loot, including an iron bucket that we made from the iron. Gogy, here-"

Sam messed with George's hair, including his round glasses, which George huffed before fixing it and elbowing the creeper man who continued his talk. "Gogy and Bad managed to sneak around you, and slowly get closer while holding a conversation with us. Also- why were you so close to the cave's entrance anyway?"

The question directed to him made Dream think back. He was quick to mine what he could at first sight, which meant going into a relatively open and clear cave he didn't even explore before he died. He only had a wooden pickaxe from his running and he wanted stone tools before they found anything good to kill him quicker.

"I didn't find anything good and tried to mine for better tools. You guys got lucky," He crossed his arms in fake arrogance. He knew how well they could adapt to his clutches and often lucky items. They were smart.

"Lucky? Maybe, but we still had our victory!" Sapnap pumped his fist into the air as he readjusted his headband.

---

"Dream?"

Huh? He sat up, his hands grabbing fistfuls of.. sand? How is sand here?

When Dream saw a teen standing afar from him, he blinked from behind his mask.

---

Dream raised his crossbow.

Night put the now empty bottles into a chest beside him as he stared down at his other self. The rush of strength and speed in his system had him letting out a silent breath.

His comms dinged, and he pulled it out from his hoodie's pocket. Not letting his eyes off Dream.

Dream was smart, but not as strong as him. But he'd have to take care to not fall for any of Dream's acting or promises.

He knows how traps and lures work too.

## Chapter End Notes

Wowza, a prompt of a prompt, mmmm- getting that Tommy healing arc EARLY. I need better sleep if I wanna carry out ideas, pals.

I've got like five in the back of my mind, one where Techno is a mosquito hybrid but not in a weird way okay- he doesn't just bug you and drink your blood, no, he has manners. And then he meets other people who also drink the "Mhm, red punch!" but they're just vampires.

But before I write about stuff, I wanna fix my sleep which never sticks when I do, so eh- maybe I should drink coffee, although it doesn't help much. See ya later, maybe drink some water, water sounds good right now for me.

# The Easy Ocean Breeze

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur lives a blank life.

Until he goes to a flower shop.

## Chapter Notes

No trigger warnings since this was meant to be generally light other than **pollution, littering, a mention of beer bottles** and Wilbur's overall tired look on his life.

Oh yeah, this isn't romantic shipping btw just cause he meets Niki and goes "This is nice."

Just that Wilbur is so used to living the routine of a bland life that he's like "Woah, the vibe is nice here." and he hasn't had that in a while.

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

Another cloudy day, and another day of waking up at fucking noon.

Wilbur stares up at his ceiling, his bed is warm, and his blanket is warm, but his room is cold and he doesn't want to get up.

He doesn't have anything to do for the whole week, what even is today? He sighed.

He ruffled his stupidly brown hair, god- it keeps blocking his vision, he really should get a haircut or something. It's annoying.

Reaching for his phone, he brushes his fingers on the nightstand, smooth but cold against his fingers. No phone is there.

Fuck. What was he doing last night? Wilbur was.. on his phone, it was dark and he fell asleep with his phone, screen down, on the side of his bed.

He groans as he slowly crawls to the edge of his bed, he takes a second to lay his cheek on his covers, it's so warm and he almost lets himself fall into the darkness of sleep. But he needs to get out more, he's been feeling more and more stuck and it's messing him up.

Getting out into nature helps with stress or some weird shit like that.

Okay, enough of just laying around, he finally lifts his head and looks over the edge of his bed and..

There it is.

His phone. Right on the hardwood floor of his bedroom, screen faced down and a sticker on the cover with 'Wake up, Bitch!' on it, in bright fucking colors, red, green, and yellow with a white outline that he takes a second to even realize are colors.

Wilbur snorts, picks his phone up, and mentally prepares himself to face whatever bullshit life may give.

If he's honest, life finds ways to knock that barrier he has a lot.

He doesn't know why he tries to be strong.

He isn't.

---

After waking up, he realizes his phone is dead, which immediately sours his day, but he just sighs for the third time since he woke up, plugs in the charger, and gets up to go about his day.

He walks on cold, oh so cold, hardwood flooring, he shudders as he opens his closet to find a sweater and some pants.

It's a blur as he thinks about visiting the flower shop for the refreshing smell of sweet flowers and clear air. It's nice there, quiet and not crowded, but it's awkward to just stay in a shop for half a day doing nothing.

He hasn't gone there since he was a kid, but it still looks the same and he knows those flowers are still just as fresh and taken care of as years ago.

He thinks of going to the beach, it isn't the pretty yellow sand, but more grey and brown rocks. Big rocks too.

He thinks of the pollution, plastic bags, empty cans of soda, and brown paper bags scattered around in the dark waters.

Disgusting, Wilbur thinks, a soft and warm yellow sweater now on him. Someone should do something about that.

But as he puts on pants, he doubts anyone will do much about the garbage.

He isn't.

Why would others bother?

He just lays on his couch, taking a moment of silence to relax and savor the calm in his home.

When he's ready to go out hours later, he puts his fully charged phone in the pocket of his pants, his keys in the other, he doesn't bother thinking much about breakfast.

He doesn't want to eat and he isn't craving anything anyway.

He walks out with his phone on and in his hands. He ignores his stomach growling, empty and hungry.

When he locks his door, closing it behind him, the squeak of his hinges irritates his poor, poor ears. Every time. He sighs his fourth sigh.

He looks up to a normal cloudy blue sky and looks down to the sidewalks, he sees bottles of beer, empty and knocked over on the concrete.

Yeah.

Why would anyone bother?

---

He opens the door to the flower shop, and a soft ding of a bell above sounds about, alerting everyone of his arrival.

Wilbur internally regrets walking in, but he likes the smell here, fresh, and clear of the stench of alcohol and trash. Why would anyone care about some random guy walking in? He's fine.

He starts to walk toward a whole cart full of.. he glances at the label at the bottom, it's hanging on hooks.

He's at a cart full of Edelweiss, that's the name. What a name, he thinks as he stares at the white petals and a pretty yellow in the middle.

It looks like Daisies, he nods to himself.

..Maybe he could buy some and plant them somewhere, or keep them in a pot and water them every day in his house. Have something to do instead of staying in bed, on his phone for hours at night.

But what if he doesn't take care of it enough? He forgets things a lot, what if the flowers die and- and he wasted his money and time on it?

A tap on his shoulder.

Wilbur turns around, stepping away and barely stopping himself from bumping against the cart, but his eyes find a person with the brightest pink hair and brown eyes.

She steps away too, then he's afraid he scared her, but then she smiles.



“Hello, I’m sorry about startling you, you seemed to like the Edelweiss flowers?”

She tilts her head towards the said flowers, and he looks at them, desperately trying to find an appropriate answer.

“Uh- I- yeah! Yeah, I do like them,” He nods hurriedly, then looks at her, focusing on her hair to avoid awkward eye contact, and adds. “they remind me of Daisies.”

Okay, he did *not* need to add that. Isn’t she the one who works here? Why is he so shit at talking?

But he thinks she didn’t notice how nervous he is because she nods at him.

“They do look alike,” She laughs, and Wilbur takes a moment to blink at her and realize- hey, maybe this town isn’t as bland and dead as he thought.

He was surprised at her bright hair too, it’s not a common sight here and..

Maybe he should come by again after this, it’s just so.. new. It’s the same as when he was younger. Calm.

Why hadn’t he visited ever since then?

## Chapter End Notes

If you're wondering on if Wilbur's "Why would anyone bother?" with the trash in the ocean and bottles left on the ground may imply someone does something about that later..

Well, the first step to doing something that seems impossible is believing in yourself. Wilbur decides to believe he can do that.

Edelweiss represent courage. In my book of flowers but I searched it up and google says devotion and deep love so Idk. It's meant to be courage here.

The "Wake up, Bitch!" sticker on Wilbur's phone was from Tommy. Because yes.

# **\*Our Angel(Inspired by Technoblade Saved The World)**

## Chapter Summary

A statue of white wings and a template of text lays spotless in the open plains of Origins.

An elytrian shall arrive and they will be the person to heal the distance between hybrids and humans. Whether they fail or succeed depends on them and them alone.

Those wary and selfish shall perish at the hands of our Angel.

That is the words written into the stone.

Wilbur hugs Tommy, both of their wings holding each other. "I fucked up." The phantom dully says. Everyone knows he fucked their one chance up.

They sink to the floor.

"I'm sorry," He laughs.

"The elytrian won't help us now." His tears fall and so does Tommy's.

---

Phil crashes into an ocean.

He can barely see his white wings in the water.

Where is he?

---

OR: Phil launches himself into a strange place.

OR: A prophecy foretold that an Angel arriving in Origins will be the one to save the world.

OR: Phil meets the people of Origins at one of the worst times.

## Chapter Notes

I was gonna post this on it's own but then I was like "I don't like it, though." So I'm putting it here, lol.

There was a scene where I was like "Eh, that's not logical." but I'm giving up so meh.

**TW: High heights, falling, blood, implied racism(hybrids & humans thing), self-injury(with wings but the injury is not permanent).**

I think that's it, as always, please tell me any I missed. Inspired by [The Time Technoblade Saved the World](#).

Phil doesn't like the cold.

Snow is soft and as a kid he liked it. He liked watching it fall from the sky. Little blurs of white fell on him and disappeared nearly instantly.

He loved those moments because it was full of peace and he felt like he was with himself. And the snow.

He wore the proper winter clothes. Snow boots, thick socks, and coats with nylon. The nylon was perfect since it didn't get soaked and was smooth to the touch. Finished with hoods or soft hats made of yarn.

Phil, younger and still learning of the Crafting world, loved the cold. He lived in the Winter areas, after all, grew up with it never melting.

Then, he got older and hated when he was unprepared for his wings to be cold and completely wet.

He didn't hate it then.

Even when he spent hours in his nest in a separate room from his bedroom. His wings shivering and icy drops of water trickled down his back when he spread his wings towards the fireplace.

His wings were earned when he traveled to the End and fought for an elytra.

He was pushed through the portal framed with ender eyes after signing a book that he consented to possibly being stuck inside for about a year before they'd pull him out.

Phil landed face first onto a tiny land of obsidian and his diamond gear, shiny and enchanted, met the End.

Sure, he nearly fell off the edge a few times. He got burned by the Dragon's breath. He looked far too many endermans in the eye. But he won.

He would not have even stepped foot in the End without knowing the basics of, well, everything. That's what school was for.

Plus no one would have allowed him to sign himself to be stuck with a Dragon for a year without at least iron gear or basic knowledge of fighting and enchanting.

He knows. Because he tried and saw others try.

And they failed, along with him. Now, he'd look back and laugh at himself.

His enchanting was basic and truthfully, he wasn't prepared. But he was old enough and if he wanted to do better next year, then he would.

Mistakes were good, his parents taught him that. Especially when cooking and sparring with them ended up with him impatient and bleeding.

He'd get so many bruises from tripping. He once sparred in a field of grass while it rained heavily, and fell so many times that his wooden sword or axe would give him a splinter in the face or hands.

How his parents dealt with him even when he blabbered he wanted to fight the End, at the age of ten and still trying to hold the tiny wooden sword correctly, he'll never know.

Cooking was easier for him.

He still held a blade in hand, but it was meant to slice carrots and chop meat.

Phil still misses those days when his parents got sick and jokingly blamed each other since those two shared a bed.

He made soup for them and himself. Warm and light and those years are a little blurry now.

He doesn't see them as often. He's an adult with wings, exploring the lands he used to only daydream of looking down at, he doesn't live with them anymore.

They still stick to their house, in the cold snow, where he had cried and grown.

If he misses those days sometimes, then that'd be true.

He still visits when he's done flying and watching the clouds float in and out. His heart would tear if he left them for too long.

And again, the snow just reminds him of his childhood and of *before*.

Phil made a mistake.

He blinks and he slams into a fucking ocean.

First, he stills. Second, he curses in his mind because- for fuck sake, his wings!

He flaps his wings, slow and with only a hint of white in the water, they manage to push him up.

Or down, he thinks. He fell into an ocean, how the hell will he tell what's up or down?

When he looks.. up, he sees the shining glimmer of the sun above and he starts swimming towards it.

He glances down at his stats, keeping his pace and head up. His bubbles are nearly out.

Just as he sighs internally about feeling the annoying ache of running out of breath, his head surfaces out of the water.

Immediately taking a deep breath, he searches for land. And lucky, the ocean turned out to be a lake.

Thank, End. Phil sighed as he luckily wasn't plopped falling towards a river or creek. He'd hate to crash underwater and then hit against rocks. Again.

But, he thinks as he swims towards the sand and spruce trees. He was flying in the clouds again. Before this.

The wind is essential for people with elytras. Sure, you could fly in a completely still place, but like fish letting the water guide them deeper. Wind helps a lot.

That's one of the first things he was taught back in his school.

The wind being your enemy is also the first thing to learn.

He was just trying to glide through the clouds, breathe in the cool air and watch the land below him pass in a flash of color.

It's mesmerizing. To fall and be able to rise on your accord.

Phil still makes mistakes.

Mistakes such as in it was a younger him mistake, that he was looking down instead of around him.

If he was in his hometown, he would have crashed into someone and gotten broken bones and probably a concussion for that old mistake. He's done that a few times.

Here, the wind had pushed him forward and he followed. Enjoying the pull because he could go faster, genuinely enjoy the skies and the feeling of being so high, that no one could drag him down.

That's exactly why he choked on the air rushing around him and the clouds now blinding him in a vision of gray and white.

His wings meshed with the colors, white on white and gray with grays. He couldn't see the grass or flowers that were so vibrant below.

He realized he was practically blind and the wind was dragging him forward like he was a plucked piece of cotton he got from a hole in his coat.

That he held up on the tip of his fingers and blew it towards the fireplace that was keeping him and the house warm, watching it flutter towards the flames and he saw a glimpse of black and burned edges before it disappeared into the air.

Phil will either crash into something or he'd get thrown spiraling down to the ground.

His armor would not save him from such a fall, the wind will not hold him, he can't see and he can't use his fireworks.

No, he was *scared* of using the fireworks.

He'd fly himself off with a bang at incredible speed, and end with crushing his brains instantly on dirt. And his blood will splatter like he's a bag of red, ready to explode.

But fuck it, he got too carried away with excitement and he held on tight to his fireworks.

And he set it off.

The wind now pushed him back as he tried to arrange his wings to sort himself into control once more.

But suddenly the wind disappeared, the misty air fell away, and he squinted as blue invaded his view.

His vision went black, and he felt frozen for a second. Like he was waiting for something to put things forward again instead of time just going onward.

He had a few seconds before he realizes he was gonna fall right into what he thought was an ocean.

Phil carefully steps onto the sand, his green robe is soaked and his wings are a mess of feathers, shaking from the cold water.

Flying in the cold wind and then landing in water is not helping his usual want to not get sick or have hypothermia.

He shivers, his hair is tangled and as he raises a hand to run through it, he tugs out knots and huffs. He's got to dry off and then eat something warm so he doesn't get a cold.

If his mom was here, she'd surely be starting a fire by now.

His clothes and hair will dry off in no time so he won't bother drying them in sun or whatever. His wings, however, should be fine when he takes them off into his inventory.

He flicks his inventory out, rechecking everything as he taps his elytra off.

He relaxes his wings, spreading them to feel the last moments of them as they numb. The feeling of them becoming nothing is never comfortable but he takes it over pain or the feeling of them being torn apart.

Those times suck, he grimaces, when people got too rough. They'd go for weak points, which are often the wings for people with elytras.

Sometimes, he wishes he couldn't feel them at all, no pain or pulled feathers.

"Hello?"

Phil whips his head up.

Behind a tree, he sees a man. With wings.

He swallows, staring at this stranger.

They have wings that look like bats. The bone of their wings is covered with stretchy skin and he glances at their nails, dark and sharp.

Their.. monster parts are all a dark purple, nearly black.

Phil has never seen anyone with wings that aren't elytras.

They step out from the trees and he contemplates pulling out his netherite sword.

No, no. His fingers twitch but he forces them still.

This is a person, he scolds himself. A person who only greeted him and that he knows nothing about.

But why do they have different wings? He wonders as they put their gloved hands out in front and they start to slowly walk closer to him.

Okay, they don't seem harmful. He flashes to their rather sharp nails and his hand moves unsurely, hovering at his side. Ready to defend.

"Hey, hey." They speak with wide green eyes that seem to fucking glow, even in the sunlight.

They wave their hands gently. "I didn't mean to intrude, man. I was just walking and heard your- your fall. In the lake." And they step away.

"Oh," He says, slowly letting his tension fall and he shifts feet.

"Oh, right- I was flying and um," Okay, now that he thought about it, he doesn't know how he ended up here—surrounded by spruce trees with the sun high instead of the land he was watching with flowers and birch trees.

It was cloudy before and he glances up. Yeah, barely a wisp of white in the sky.

“I don’t know how I ended up here and uh- do you know this place?” Phil asks while gesturing around them. “I’m lost.”

“Wha- you’re lost?” They end with giggles, covering their mouth and he can see *fangs*. The person raises their eyebrows incredulously.

He pops his inventory open, still keeping the strange person in view. Only now does he notice the person covers their entire body from the sun.

Their cape is pure white and their buttoned up shirt is the same. A leather hat sits on their head, wide enough for the sun to not reach their eyes. They’re dressed rather warm for this weather.

It isn’t cold today.

The air is a little humid and the sun is warm on his back. But he tries to move on from his growing confusion to get information.

“Yeah, mate. You know this place?” Okay, his finger pauses on an icon of a crafting table.

He remembers his previous coordinates, maybe he should make a compass. So he could go back to the birch trees and continue his flight to the village he saw not too far away.

Where is he, anyway?

“Oh!” The man speaks. “I’m Wilbur, you’re currently on Origins lands, a place for everyone.” Huh, he’s never heard of a place like this before.

“I’m surprised..” Wilbur says and he looks up from his inventory.

Wilbur's mouth drops into a frown and shrugs. His webbed wings flutter. “No one who comes here doesn’t know about Origins.”

Phil blinks and tilts his head. He puts his inventory away. “I’m Phil.” He says before adding, “What do you mean, Wilbur?”

“Ah,” He looks to the side and gives a hesitant gesture to his wings and then Phil’s.

“You know..” Wilbur mumbles and he gives an exaggerated flap of his wings that leaves him silently marveling at how alive they move.

When he gives no response, Wilbur seems to hesitate as he spits out, “We’re *hybrids*.”

Phil stares.

Wilbur pulls his hand down and adjusts his white gloves. “Phil, I- I don’t know how you made it in here if you’re not a hybrid.” He sees a small smile that Wilbur forces and he narrows his eyes.

“I’m not a hybrid.” He says, lifting his head in contemplation.



Wilbur chokes as he lets out a breathy, “Not a *hybrid*?”

Nodding, Phil swiftly places his crafting table on the sand and thank, Ender. He has iron for that compass he was debating if he should make.

“I don’t know what a hybrid is,” His words make Wilbur reel back, wings spreading wide.

Mustering up any resolve he can, he makes a compass in an instant. A glowing line appears in front of his compass from where he holds it in hand.

As he idly inputs the coordinates he remembers from when he was in the clouds, Wilbur’s boots step forward and then back.

Phil ignores that, and when he’s done he spins in place. His compass should point him to where he was before.

When he looks at the arrow, he stills.

The red arrow spins with no stop, the coordinates he put in are there, labeled in the transparent text but the compass doesn’t work.

“What the fuck,” He whispers.

“What the- how the hell did you get in here then?” Wilbur hisses, he sounds like a cat. And Phil gulps looking up at green eyes.

“Where the *fuck* am I?” He shoves his compass away and looks around himself.

There’s a building made of wood somewhere in the sky. Not out of the normal but it looks like it’s a little run down.

It’s a little uneven and he thinks he can see inside it through the gaps between the wood.

There’s the sound of dings from behind him where Wilbur is.

There’s suddenly the sound of footsteps coming from the trees and Phil taps his inventory.

His white wings sprout from his back, phasing through his robe that’s dry and he pulls out his netherite sword. Glowing with enchantments.

When he turns around, Wilbur is gone.

And it seems his friends are here.

They all have some kind of animal or monster parts. Extra ears or completely new limbs.

Phil does not raise his sword. But he does spread his wings, which feels mechanical compared to how real Wilbur’s looked.

“I don’t know where I am,” He flips to an empty spot in his hotbar to raise his arms and the people analyze him, especially his wings and his hands.

“I don’t mean any harm-”

“How the fuck did you do that?” A young boy with golden colored wings demands and caws at him. Fucking *caws* at him. How does a person mimic a perfect parrot caw?

“How’d I do what?” He steps back, bare feet sinking into the water. Quickly swinging his netherite axe to put his crafting table away. Safe and sound.

The people stiffen and their weapons and bags are on their appearance. And that’s weird. Everyone has their inventory.

“How did you just- just make that!” The kid shouts and is yanked by the shoulder by how he gets pulled behind the crowd. But no one was there, not even a hand appeared to do that.

Is someone invisible?

Phil grits his teeth and takes another step back.

“Everyone knows about inventory and crafting tables, nice try.”

And he steps back.

Someone rushes forward.

He lurches to the side and his wings take him off into the air.

The people are loud but he doesn’t care. He shouldn’t waste time in this weird place made for only hybrids. Even though whatever hybrids are, he’s never heard of them.

“Techno!”

Techno? What kind of name is-

Arms wrap around his chest and someone is pressed against his back.

“Let go-” Oh fuck. Phil loses his breath as he starts to fall and the person only holds on tighter.

“No,” He mumbles. His wings uselessly flap but not enough with this person pushing them down.

“No, no, *no*-” He twists. They hold tighter.

They fall faster.

He turns and stares at a person with rabbit ears that flip in the air. “What the fuck happened when I fell into the lake?” He asks no one as an empty feeling fills his chest, and they only frown.

Then they hit the ground.

“Oh fuck,” He curses, tense and wings curling into his back. “Oh fuck, oh hell-” That was faster than he thought.

He’s let onto the ground gently but his breath hitches and he grabs at the grass. He should’ve used his items.

He nearly died.

He would’ve died.

What the fuck.

Phil trembles and scrambles away on his hands and heels. Chanting curses and swears.

Footsteps are coming closer.

He grabs at his wings, digging into the perfectly aligned feathers. And snaps them off.

The pink haired person gasped and he raises his sword at them as his back burned and blood trailed down his back. “Fuck off!” He yells and aims at their chest.

He swings.

They jump away on rabbit feet, and then they’re joined by the rest. They’ve caught up. Bastards.

His back itches from the feeling of wet blood and at the fact he tore his wings off, a single bloody feather is crushed under his feet as he stands.

He’s quick to start talking.

“I don’t know where the *fuck* I am or why you all are trying to kill me or something-” He puts his shield on and his armor is perfectly placed on him.

“But just leave me alone and I’ll leave. I’ll fly on out of here and you can go on about your day.”

And suddenly Wilbur appears out of thin air.

And Phil laughs. “I knew it,”

Wilbur stiffens and he continues. “You used an invisibility potion, bastard.”

“A what?” Wilbur chokes.

“Just- I’ll leave,” He repeats himself. “I just want to go back, that’s it.” “You’re not human?” Wilbur says with a horrified voice.

Phil takes a second to calm himself. Even with their parts, he’s the only one with full armor, netherite at that, and he has spare ender pearls.

“I’m an elytrian, *Wilbur*.” He puts his wings back on from his inventory. And stumbles when his shoulder blades bleed as if they’ve been cut.

Normally he keeps his wings a rather normal length, just at his knees. But when he snapped them earlier must have loosened his control.

They burst covered in blood and brush against the grass. The feathers are unaligned.

“..You’re the elytrian.” Wilbur’s voice trembles and then spreads his wings. Pushing everyone back.

“Wil-” The rabbit who nearly killed him speaks in a monotone voice but Wilbur shushes them harshly.

“He’s the elytrian!” and the group reacts as if he’s suddenly important enough to not murder today, it seems.

Phil takes his chance to turn and run.

He expects them to chase like they did but there are only whispers and no footsteps.

He does not fly in the open air, they’d just see him and that rabbit person will drag him down again.

No, Phil mines down while covering the way with dirt and he creates a burrow.

As he runs a hand carefully down his bloody wings he places his bed and this time. He lets his wings into his inventory slowly.

They numb and disappear with only a prick of pain.

He could still fly no matter how tattered or featherless they got. That’s what made elytrians praised.

Their wings would never fully break unless by their own hands.

Phil lays himself on his bed, his torch keeps the room warm enough for him to sleep without a shiver.

---

A statue of white wings and a template of text lays spotless in the open plains of Origins.

*An elytrian shall arrive and they will be the person to heal the distance between hybrids and humans.*

*Whether they fail or succeed depends on them and them alone.*

*Those wary and selfish shall perish at the hands of our Angel.*

That is the words written into the stone.

Wilbur hugs Tommy, both of their wings holding each other. “I fucked up.” The phantom dully says. Everyone knows he fucked their one chance up.

“It’s gonna be okay, Wil.” The avian smiles and shoves his face into his shoulder. His golden wings are small but shiny despite their old and shitty wooden home.

They sink to the floor.

“I’m sorry,” He laughs.

“The elytrian won’t help us now.” His tears fall and so does Tommy’s.

# Let's Go, Ghost Man.(Superpowers)

## Chapter Summary

When someone kills you and you want revenge but then you time travel back in time, haha.

Yeah, have fun, Phil. :)

## Chapter Notes

**TW: Phil dies by getting shot in the head(not super graphic but later, as a ghost, blood pours out his head continuously). Blood, guns, cuts, glass shards(that cause cuts) and deaths.**

Sounds super dark but they're mostly brief. Except Phil is a ghost so he has to deal with his blood a lot.

Extra long because I was gonna continue this, make it a part 2 or 3 on it's own. But I then realized I didn't know what I was planning to do. Phil goes back in time, and then what? He's still dead, so I stopped.

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

Phil's been dead for a while.

For a good few weeks, actually. He's been a ghost, just wandering the city he used to live in. As he walks down a sidewalk he walks through people.

If these people could see him, maybe they'd ask him how he died, what he remembers, and why he hasn't moved on. Ghosts who stick to the world of the living always have unfinished business.

He doesn't. The asshole who got him killed was a so-called Hero.

And what power did that Hero have? The ability to see the future. So how did Seeker, who could see what would happen, fuck up keeping Phil alive?

He was a normal civilian until now, he didn't know he had powers until he woke up the next day with a bullet hole in his head. Right through the side of his head.

Maybe there was more to it. He thought as a sprinkle of rain started. Must've been a stressful situation for everyone but how would Seeker explain why only *he* died in that mall?

He remembers it exactly.

Phil was going to the mall, just to get a drink, maybe watch people fall in the ice rink and laugh. But he just wanted to get coffee and he was out.

Of course, a simple day out wasn't as easy as that with Villains and Heroes.

There were alarms, people screaming and security trying to evacuate everyone. His cup of coffee fell on the ground, rolling below the rails and falling from the fourth floor to the first with a splash.

He couldn't stare at the drop for long before the crowd was pushing him along.

Why were they running? He didn't know at the time but he learned in the news of a random person's home, that the Villains right as he was being pushed by people, were trying to get rid of the entire mall.

No, not the people or shops, the whole building.

He continued walking, and a couple of security people left which made him feel a lump in his throat.

They had more problems than taking care of a crowd that knew where to go but the situation made him scared of what would happen if they turned against each other where the drop would prove fatal.

His poor cup of coffee, he wanted to at least take a sip even if it would've burned his tongue.

As the exit doors with red signs finally came to view from a shop's corner, he heard a glass break and the sound of a bang.

He never hears guns often, but he knows the sound enough to duck to the floor on reflex and cover his neck and head. And roll to the side.

Which didn't take him far as he only bumped into people's legs and got a person stepping on his fingers when he tried to get up.

The bullet didn't hit him or anyone in the crowd by the silence, probably hit the window of a shop, but his heart was pumping and he could feel his pulse through his neck without a finger pressed to it.

This was a terrible day.

And his last alive, he would know later.

Then as the crowd now frantically ran to the exit, he followed. He didn't want to get shot, or worse, left to face whoever had a gun and had the guts to shoot it.

Were they trying to shoot a person? Who knows, they could've been a person trying to defend themselves and got a gun. But he assumed they were a danger so he refused to be in their sights.

Later, he'd pity himself. He was right because the shooting was Villains, fucking King planned the shooting poorly.

King is a well-known Villain that didn't needlessly kill people on a whim but still did chaotic shit. Like trying to destroy an entire mall for whatever reason.

King was caught afterward by a person with the power to pick out lies accurately.

Arson, the lie detector, had the King under Bell's power. Bell didn't have their powers said outright in the news, no one did. No Hero, Villain, or even Vigilante wanted to expose their powers immediately.

And if they did, then people would figure out ways to pick it apart and counter you. Delaying it or letting the secret out now was your only pick.

After Arson was quickly labeled a Hero through simple conversations and fights. Especially in hostage situations or weapon trading, the news was a gold mine for digging up clues.

The Villains targeted the hell out of Arson.

The news last year was filled with Arson as the focus in the beginning. Out of the three months, January, February, and March. The total amount there was a clip or any mention of Arson was a whole month's work.

The rest of the two months in total? Was weather, other news of crimes, and talks of Villains. None focused on a single Hero for as long as Arson had been that year.

Of course, the Hero was picked apart in manners, language, and body movement. Arson liked chaos just as much as King did, but put themselves into the Hero organization for a reason.

Arson didn't fight as well as others and seemed to know how to rile people up in the right ways to benefit themselves. This is connected with the numerous successes of their work, meaning their power wasn't physical.

It could very much be physical, but how do you know a drunk person with her knife swinging at you wouldn't kill you? How do you know Bell's favorite color was blue despite their denial?

The conclusion people came to, was that Arson had powers like Seeker. Not seeing the future because Arson would've tried to stop it from happening in the first place as Seeker does.

Arson was obvious about their morals, unlike Seeker.

Every Hero was asked a question about their lives at some point, and it was practically as soon as someone could pick you out of the crowd that you'd be on camera and interrogated.



“If a person asked you if you’d say the truth and get your friend killed as a result, would you?” The person holding the phone ran up to Arson with fingers covering the edges of the camera.

“What?” Arson responded, whole appearance black and close to their body. Heroes weren’t able to make clothes or masks that could hide your identity, not for long at least, or good enough.

No one had powers like that, and if they did then they’d surely want to avoid being involved in this debate of morals and violence.

“Would you let your friend die just because you wanted to tell the truth?” The person repeated, breath heavy after running but you could see Arson’s shoulders tense up. The sun and crowds surrounded them.

“I- uh, I wouldn’t.” Arson said, sounding like they spoke that through gritted teeth, then, their shoulders tensed and they lifted their head. The hood fell just back enough to show dark hair.

“I’d have to kill-” Arson stood still as a statue. Black mask moving at the mouth as if Arson didn’t know what to say. “Him.”

And Arson turned around and ran. And people proceeded to follow with questions yelled out like a crowd of news reporters.

People couldn’t help but notice the hair and the frozen state Arson seemed stuck in for those few seconds.

And how he covered his mouth as soon as he turned around.

Yes, *he*. Arson later looked uncomfortable as he answered a seemingly non-threatening question about his gender as he punched a person’s gut.

Said person lurched forward with a cough and Arson idly rubbed a hand to his mouth. The person holding the phone had a good angle of that. As good as an angle in a bank while on the floor.

After that, people were quick to debate and labeled Arson as a lie detector. A lie detector that couldn’t lie without punishment.

Whatever made him clench his jaw or cover his mouth was a side effect of his power.

That was how they found out King wasn’t doing crazy shit out of fun or to watch the world lose another mall. Under Bell’s influence or power and combined with Arson’s ability, King had spoken the truth.

“I didn’t tell them to take hostages,” King muttered, in a daze with fluttering eyes. King never had masks on and it didn’t matter until someone died in that mall.

“I told them to let everyone out and just blow that mall up.” And when King only repeated that over and over, they tried to put him in a cell.

King's powers were more of the mind.

As in you couldn't see it happening. Well, his fake power that is. King had one lie and that was it, his abilities.

King stayed seated in his chair, wrists and ankles chained down. And they tapped their bare feet seven times. He was searched before this, of course.

The heroes barely noticed but when they did, they both immediately raised a pepper spray bottle to his head.

He wasn't a threat yet, his workers were.

King flashed a smile full of teeth and this wasn't let out to the public but he laughed.

"I bet seven points you both won't spray me right now." They both pressed the trigger of the spray a second too late. King's eyes blinked to show green eyes.

And the burning orange only sprayed on the chair and wall right where King was.

Phil watched that whole situation as a ghost and fucking lost it. He laughed, he was right next to King. Watching the whole show go on and on.

The spray went right through him and he knew where King was right now. He couldn't tell anyone anyways but if he could? He would keep his mouth shut even if someone pointed a gun at his head again.

He died and it was Seeker's fault.

Oh yeah, that. King sent those assholes but at least he made a bet right when he knew they were deviating away from the goal. Phil didn't know when the workers with guns found the crowd and screamed for them to get away from it, that King made a bet.

Those workers weren't just keeping the hostages in. They were also trapped by a gamble.

King's ability was more complex than most. Arson's was simple, a person who can know when someone lies or tells a truth but he can't lie.

Phil learned that King made a bet in almost every decision he made. If he was Phil that day, he'd have made a bet about the coffee, a few security guards leaving, and the heroes arriving not even a minute later than when the shooters aimed guns at the people.

King was a master of gambling his life and others in a sense other than death and violence. This luck and points had built up in his bets to benefit whoever and however, he wanted.

Which made you wonder.. what were points to King?

It was cash, essentially. If you've played card games with chips, then those were points. You'd think that since King has the power, it'd benefit him the most, right?

Just like gambling, every bet King made was chance and luck. Sure, he could be right all his life and build up his points.

But it would take one game, one bet, one mistake for him to lose it all.

Every game had a way to an end though. The shooters got caught in the end, with their masks off. King had won his game.

King had rules, yes, but loopholes existed and life was the most unpredictable show ever. Phil never knew what bet he made to stall the shooters, but it worked.

But the shooters were smart for once, never mentioning the bomb sitting on the first floor just under the bed and pipes.

Arson slowly crept in between the crowd and shooters, arms out in a false show of no weapons. “You guys don’t happen to have planted explosives here somewhere, yeah?”

Poor Arson and King, Phil was angry for a bit until he realized how much their powers could jump back and ruin their lives.

The shooters were honest when they said, “None of us have planted explosives, Arson. You hypocrite.” That brought a chuckle through King’s workers.

It was true, those explosives were planted by strangers or people who worked at the mall.

Let’s just say, the see-through lockers at each entrance that had bags with explosives were ready to blow.

Lockers weren’t allowed to be built in places much anymore.

Phil walked across the street, the rain already falling in big droplets.

King made a third bet that day and made a phone call to Arson. A fucking phone call while Arson was peeking through the windows.

Turns out, no, King didn’t have powers that built up points. What a fucking lie that was.

Phil just liked to remind himself what a good lie King made. A chaotic man, surely. A mislead so the public couldn’t dissect what or who he is.

King’s power is teleporting. Probably more simple in idea than Arson’s in the end, yeah? Eh. He’d disagree. Teleporting, but you can only choose one place to teleport to for a month.

Terrible? Good? King never complained about it, but always held his stomach whenever he’d fall into his bedroom. Then threw up in a trash can that’s always been there.

Yeah, Phil could safely assume King was prepared to throw up every time he teleported back to his home.

Speaking of, Phil was already feeling sick just looking back at the masked people and Arson right in front of him.

King had called Arson, speaking truths after truths before this.

And Phil was pulled forward with an invisible force, a person with a gun held a hand out to him. Stupid powers, he cursed. Powers were overrated, he thought.

Arson cautiously raised his hands higher. And that's when Seeker carefully walked in on the scene from a shattered window that he should've noticed was the glass that got shot.

The guy held Phil up in the air with a hand. It wasn't very high, but not very comforting. Gun raised to Phil's skull.

Arson clicked his tongue. Seeker opened his mouth.

"Shoot Phil."

"What?" Phil wheezed and managed a wide-eyed glance at Seeker and the gun to his head before he heard a bang right next to his ear. Seeker only kept his gaze on the man with the gun with a cold stare.

His head was thrown to the side with a force he couldn't recognize at the time.

His body started to drop to the floor. He could only stare until his head went blank. And things went dark.

Then he woke up the next day, sprawled on the mall's bloody floor. The blood was dry and brown. He ran his fingers across his blood on the tiles and was silently taking in his situation.

"What the fuck.." He whispered in the dark. Then he spoke it louder, then shouted it. There was no echo to be heard. A ringing stayed persistent in his ears, particularly strong in his left ear where the gun had pointed to.

He sat on his knees, gently prodding his head. He felt wetness and pulled his hand into view. Fresh red blood stained his hands. His long hair was untied and laid on his shoulders.

Phil checked his appearance, he pulled and twisted his hair, and even stepped into the sunlight coming from the boarded-up windows that the Heroes came from.

His hair was strangely enough even more blonde. He rolled it between his fingers and stared at the glow. He was a glowing ghost.

No, his hair was gold now. Sparkling and pooled in his hands in a strange floaty way. A perk of being dead? No gravity and no taxes. Score.

It'd be rude to make a dead person pay while they're a ghost. What if someone saw him strolling in Walmart just trying to buy flowers to plant in his garden and screamed?

What if he was a cashier who never got tips and could only gain most of his allowance on Halloween?

Instantly, he chuckled. Oh, how he'd love to spook people on Halloween. Maybe see who took more than one candy from the baskets people left out and snatch a kid by their hood just to scare them a little.

No, no. He reeled himself in—no bullying of children on holidays.

Until he remembered how he became a ghost.

He grumbled the whole way angrily as he tested his new form. Being a ghost was excellent but he wouldn't think it'd stay like that for long. Lonely, if anything. Isolating.

He stuck his arm through the boarded window. Then took a step right through to the outside. He could still smell strangely enough. The sun was high in the sky and the clouds have gone somewhere else.

It was very clear today, the air smelt humid and Phil savored the senses he still had. What if that disappeared eventually?

Then, he looks down. Ah, right. He's stepped right out into the open air.

He died on the fourth floor. And he freezes. But he does not fall and instead stays right as he was. A foot and head out to the outside. Huh.

It took a few minutes to figure out a way down to the grass where glass still glimmered in the sun. Guess they didn't have time to clean up yet. He stomped on air, then sat down. But that didn't work.

Phil forced a step up, like he was going up a flight of stairs, and pushed. He went up.

"Wow," He squinted at his feet. Waiting for the moment he'll magically fall.

He could smell, he could see, he could even hear the trees rustling in the wind and cars. But he couldn't touch or move anything. He slowly stepped down a step, and he stayed in the air.

He felt like he was gonna fall. But did he need to fear that if he's already dead? He hovered his feet behind him.

He took a step back, but this time he let himself tilt backward.

He was falling straight to the ground. His clothes and hair remained still and he felt a scream in his throat that he held back.

His body hit the grass, the glass below his back a faint edge of something sharp. But not enough. It went through him.

Phil took a breath in and held it for only a moment before letting it out. He's here, the sun is bright, the grass a vibrant green and he slowly lowers his arms to the ground.

When his arm passes through, he freezes up. Held his breath. He started at the roof of the mall, with rows of windows showing displays of clothes, toys, and photos of people.

He was okay. He doesn't need to fear death.

He's already dead, anyways.

Fuck Seeker. With that thought, he pushed himself up. The shards of glass didn't dig into his hands as he stepped on the dirt.

Well, he wasn't stepping on dirt. But he liked to pretend he was. Just to keep some normality with him.

Phil sat on blades of grass. A shadow of the mall over him. He plucked at the grass. None came out and none reacted to his fingers swiping at them.

Not helping him keep his composure, Earth.

Then he punched a pile of glass. He didn't move it, of course. It was already there. He went through it. He trailed his hands down on the edges. No blood or cuts were to be seen when he turned his hand to himself.

He tried to peek over a corner of the mall, which was futile because he didn't stand up. On another thought, what happened to his wallet? His phone?

He pats his jeans, his pockets were empty. He frowned, standing up on bare feet. Then, he checked his cardigan's pockets. They were small and he never used them, but who knows if he left a coin or dollar bill in there?

Nothing.

Well, he turned around to look up at the boarded-up window he went out of.

Back to where he died.

When he stepped back into the mall, ignoring how he expected to see his corpse with fresh blood on the floors, he noted how he always stepped just off of the ground.

He continued to step just above or below the ground. And with that thought, he wondered about his coffee. Was it still on the floors below, spilled on the ground like his blood?

That brought a cold feeling to his chest and something that tasted like iron filled his mouth and nose. He didn't feel the need to cough or spit out the liquid, but he did. A reflex that will fade with time.

He coughed into his elbow, his green cardigan, and white buttoned-up shirt sleeves. He coughed out a mouthful of blood that trailed down his nose to his lips. Yuck.

Who knew being a ghost meant you still had to deal with your injuries later? But he got shot in the head, with no broken nose or slit throat.

Fuck Seeker. He gave a final bloody cough and blood spilled out both sides of his head. Oh, Jesus.

“Oh, fuck.” He watched as drops of his blood fell on the ground. Most of it kept on him as he pressed his palms to the sides of his head. Blood flowed down his neck and arms.

Would people see his blood on the ground? Worse, can they see him as he is right now? Moving and cursing as he’s covered in his blood? He’d hate for cameras to be put in his face as he has cupped hands full of blood.

He stayed staring at the blood that crawled to his elbows, he wiped his arms on his white shirt. He didn’t want to look in a mirror ever.

Well, only one way to find out by his choice. The lights are out in the mall and the shops nearby are shut with metal coverings and yellow tape spread around. Crime scene, they read. Do not cross.

He uses his cardigan sleeves to wipe away the blood, he crouches and sits down. Wiping away any spots of red, it soaks into his clothes, and when there are no more drops to be found or small dried patches. He pulls off his cardigan. It was ruined with blood.

Phil doesn’t need to laundry it. He’s a ghost, he can steal shit, and get away with it. Probably. But he died with these clothes on, they’re soft and he loves his cardigan. Though, he shuffles his feet on the floor.

He somehow doesn’t have his sandals or his black socks on.

Weird, he thinks. Maybe someone did see him but robbed his shoes for some reason. Questionable, stealing from a bloody person lying on the ground where the mall is closed off. But what can he do?

He doesn’t need them though unless stepping on sharp things would do something. But he already proved that wrong unless it’s certain things. Like paper. Hell, can he still get papercuts of all things?

Nothing moved in response to him, the grass didn’t get crushed under his feet, and the glass didn’t give a crunch or dig into his feet.

He gingerly rubs the sleeves on his head. Wiping the blood away. Then he wraps the sleeves at his waist, tying them together, the bloody sleeves softly make squelching sounds in his hands as he pulls them tight.

He swallows nothing but air and let's go immediately. Disgusting. He wipes his fingers on his beloved cardigan.

Whoever dealt with his body, he feels empathy for. That must’ve sucked. He wonders if he should try to open doors here, but then if he can then alarms would probably happen. He died here. They wouldn’t let his body get dumped in a lake or something.

Right then, he misses his sandals. Maybe he shouldn't have such blind trust in people. Fuck Seeker. Told that guy to shoot him like he was a mere bug that wandered into their home.

One's better than twenty, he supposes. But Seeker didn't even try to keep him alive.

Wait- when did he die? Phil walks right through a shop that has pokemon plushies on display, he remembers it was sunny, and he dropped his ten-dollar coffee on the ground, exit, shooters, Heroes and..

Fucking Seeker.

"Shoot him, they said." He grumbles, turning back to peer over the rails. Looking for a cup of coffee. It's dark, but he searches the bottom floor for any dark puddles.

He sees a puddle of something dark.

But the rest is dried up on the rails. A glint of dark brown instead of his coffee that was the color of caramel.

His eyes rush up to the blood that had long ago spread to the edge. Dripped along the side of the floors and splattered on the bottom floor. He tries to hold on to the rail.

His fingers curl into his palm. He stares.

Phil swallows back blood. He keeps his expression blank and he wanders to a set of clear doors.

He reaches for the handle on pure instinct, stops, and hovers his hand closer. He pulls.

The door doesn't open and he just walks forward. He could fall through the tiles but he doesn't want to worry about another thing with his death.

Seeker should've told that dude to shoot himself.

Maybe they'd both be alive, maybe they'd watch a different person die to a bullet, who deserved it more than him.

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He listens to the rain.

It's quiet today, the birds don't chirp and people wander about.

Weeks since September sixteen. King is hilarious to listen to and watch. Phil can't interact with the world anymore, he only watches and tries his best to find Seeker.

He even went inside Earth. It's weird to be able to see through the world and see hidden things. Surely, if he could be alive again he'd make bank off the number of fossils and bodies he's found.



A few times he'd jump back in fear as he saw hundreds of bodies in a cemetery. Buried. Gifts settled on the grass.

He feels empty. And blood falls on the grass.

A good thing he's found is that his blood disappears. His cardigan was as clean as it was before he died.

He did look in a mirror. He eventually walked into his house after trying to spook a bunch of people.

No one looked or reacted. Even as he laid a hand on someone's back, they were throwing up into a public trash can. He knew a bar close by. He assumed the person drank alcohol.

His touch did nothing, he tried to pull their curly hair back. Wipe a few tears. And pulling them by their shoulders as they decided to lay on the trash can was a good idea.

Nothing happened. But he still kept watching as they stumbled back. They didn't know they were walking right next to a ghost.

"Stupid, King." They muttered, putting a hand on the mall's wall. Phil stared at the wall for a second before they started to walk while using the wall as support.

He trailed behind them. He idly wiped a bloody hand on the wall, leaving a bloody handprint. No one would see it, he's tested that.

"Stupid mall." They slammed their fist on the wall. He imagined the mall collapsing for a good few seconds.

It was very late. Around one in the morning if he could guess by the moon in the sky. Winter was getting closer.

They passed a corner and a doorway. The grass was clean of shards but covered in frost already growing.

The person glanced at it. Then started to speedwalk to the now-fixed window. He followed with eyes stuck on the man.

A pair of people meant to be dead looked up at the window.

Phil waited by them. He wanted to know why they were standing there. He died here, but that was weeks ago. People who walked by the window would stare at a poster by the window.

Phil would watch them look away and he didn't feel an ache in his chest. If he were them, he'd look away. His death was printed on the poster.

A single name, birth, and death, and a picture of him with his plants, flowers, and mints. There were gifts and beautiful flowers that he could see from out here.

The person sighed. And plucked a mask from his bag.

“What the hell?” He stepped forward, his curiosity burning to see the mask and eyes of the person he’s been following.

Their mask was black, covering everything except the eyes.

Phil never found who got him killed, he saw them in Hero costume but never a regular civilian.

He liked King, but King lent a month of teleportation for Seeker. Phil first went to King’s home but no one showed up despite how he always saw King teleport while holding Seeker. He spent hours sitting around, trying to spook King’s cat whom he called Pearl.

Not even animals reacted to him, damn.

They were a couple of Villain and Hero who were working together, and Phil felt irrational anger made him finally look up and around every nook and cranny of King’s home. Looking for anything to just shit on King for what? He would never know.

He respected King but he did not respect Seeker.

Seeker continued talking to himself. This was Seeker, standing below the window. Old feelings were boiling in Phil.

He opened his mouth to scream nonsense into their ear. He didn’t need a specific topic, he loved just muttering about flowers for minutes.

“Should’ve thought about someone else being called Phil.”

Oh.

Oh, he trailed off. An accident? His death was an accident?

He placed a hand on the mask, the same mask as his killer, and he turned to look Seeker in the eyes.

Phil blinked and Seeker’s brown eyes shot to his blue.

Seeker shoved the mask into the bag. His eyes stayed on him. A ghost.

This was terrible.

“Hello, mate.” He tilted his head on impulse, blood spilled out his head. Seeker's breath hitched and they were backing away.

Seeker, able to see him? The person who killed him was the only one able to see him? What bullshit was this?

“You’re-” Phil says, gently wiping the blood from his head and offering a small polite smile. He continues. “You got me killed, Seeker.” He says. All he had to do to get the Hero to see him, was to touch the mask.

The ghost stables his head with his hands. Seeker opens and closes his mouth, eyes wide. He frowns at the Hero.

“Hey, you got me killed, you motherfucker. Explain.” Seeker is silent only staring at his clothes, his face, his hair, and his blood.

Phil huffs and reaches out to grab the Hero’s sweater. And he had a hold. For the first time in a while, he feels the yarn and the thread holding the sweater together.

There’s a thump as the bag is dropped to the side. Seeker grabs his hands, or more like is trying to. The Hero’s hands only grab his sweater. And holy shit, he holds on tighter, pulling them closer. Seeker is warm.

He never knew his body temp. Being a dead person still alive was just like that, he supposes. This is the first time in weeks that he’s finally felt contact.

He grins. “Don’t I deserve to know why you told that shooter to shoot me? Phil, you know that’s my name, right?”

He isn’t usually a person who guilts or prods at people. But this time is an exception for him.

“I- I didn’t know, I didn’t know.” Seeker pulls away, he keeps his hold on their sweater. He sighs. Maybe it’s not a good idea to question a drunk person.

“Surely you’d have known what would happen if you said that, right?” Phil let’s go. It’ll be fine, King is asleep right now. On the couch with his cat, Pearl. Plus, now that he knows what Seeker looks like with and without the mask, he can track them down.

Seeker won’t be able to hide from him after this.

The man stumbles back but stays steady. “Well, that’s not-” He pauses, then takes a deep breath in. “Yeah, I.. I made a mistake and you died,” The ghost stills. “Because of my decision.”

“Um, at the very least you should know my name. Your killer’s name, it’s Wilbur.” The hero says and drags their fingers through their hair. He sees the glint of brown in his eyes.

Phil silently takes in this information, Seeker is Wilbur, Seeker is his killer and Seeker is the person in front of him.

It’s simple, but something about Wilbur being Seeker is weird. Like this man in a sweater shouldn’t be his murderer, yet he is.

The silence goes on and Wilbur awkwardly opens and closes his mouth.

“I’m sorry,” He blurts out. The ghost merely blinks.

“I’m sorry I failed you, I saw that man with the gun to your head before I even woke up that morning, I saw his face and telekinesis power but not you.” He winces and puts a hand to his heart.

“You have an account on an app and I saw that poster of you, with flowers, and they were beautiful, Phil.”

He watches as Wilbur crumbles, falling to his knees and he sees how Wilbur tilts to the side. Still drunk and rambling off guilt-ridden thoughts.

“They were so beautiful and you were next to them, *dead* now.”

Wilbur slowly leans forward, pressing his forehead on the cold grass with a groan. “God, I feel sick.” He mumbles and Phil puts a hand on his shoulder.

“Alright,” The dead man says. What he’s doing is not acceptance, but understanding.

“Alright, Wilbur. We can talk about this later, you’re drunk, mate.” He gently rubs the man’s back. Warmth seeps from the sweater to his palm.

He feels like he’s just walked into a building after spending time out in the rain. A rush of warm air blasted him in the face. He feels freezing with someone alive making contact with him.

“I’m not drunk, Phil.” Wilbur breathes out and slowly lifts his head. A signal he wants to get up finally. Phil helps by pulling him by the shoulders and settling behind him.

“I’m the opposite of drunk.” The way Wilbur mutters that and nearly falls over again tells him something different.

“Which is?” He asks anyways. Wilbur straightens up, then starts falling backward. He mutters a curse as he pushes the man forward. Wilbur’s head falls back. Underneath his hand he can feel each breath Wilbur takes, lungs filling with air unlike his.

His head is tilted back enough, just enough for him to see teary eyes and a trail of fresh blood trickling out his nose.

He stills and the Hero laughs. Seeker blinks away tears while his eyes are locked on Phil’s bloody head. The ghost feels blood trail down his head to his neck.

“Aware,” Wilbur whispers. And he takes a second to listen before he fumbles to get Wilbur upright again. Was Wilbur having an existential crisis? The way he said the word sounded tired, breathy, and quiet.

“Wilbur,” He says, a little louder to try and get the man out of whatever state he’s in. But Wilbur doesn’t respond, not a hum or a nod from the Hero.

“Wilbur, your nose is bleeding.” He says with more urgency, hoping the mention of his nosebleed will knock some awareness in the man. He doesn’t know if Seeker always had these nosebleeds or if they’re normal for him, but he wants the Hero to know.

Phil doesn’t know if he could even get the Hero help. What can a ghost do?

“Yeah, I am. I know,” Wilbur wipes it away with his sleeves and it comes away red. He merely glances at it before looking at him.

“Phil,” Hearing his name, he perks up and catches Wilbur’s eyes. To make sure Wilbur isn’t about to cry his eyes out all of a sudden and to show he’s listening.

“Yes?” He responds, pulling his hands back so Wilbur can sit up on his own.

“Did you know?” The Hero starts with a giggle that sounds like it’s edging towards hysterical making him hover a hand on his arm.

“I die tonight.”

“You what?” He hisses. And everything he’s hated about Seeker is stalled for just a moment. Who’s going to kill this man? This man who killed him? This drunk Wilbur guy?

“I’m going to die,” Wilbur smiles and Phil clicks his tongue. “No, you- why would you die tonight? What-” He stutters. And a thought appears in his head.

“What’d you see?” He stares at Wilbur. No way would the Hero be so sure he’d die today if he didn’t see something about it.

What did he see with his future sight? What does he know?

“That’s the thing, I saw nothing.” Seeker closes his eyes and takes a breath of air. Like, it’s his last that he’s savoring.

“I saw nothing and that means I don’t live past today, Phil.” His hands tremble on the man’s shoulder. He brings it to his lap.

“But just because you saw nothing? What if you do live? What if you can change-” He starts, babbling out possibilities.

“No,” Wilbur shakes his head. His balance is still off since Wilbur looks like he tilted his head and shook it.

“I’ve tried before, I used to be surprised by how many people would leave my life and I couldn’t change it no matter my approach.” That.. opens up so much about Wilbur. About Seeker and his past. Every Hero that reached a high status had reasons for putting in the effort to help people, and Seeker was decently high.

Not for the hours of work but for the situations he’s helped with. God knows the amount of stress and work that piles on Heroes.

“Well, then how will you die?” He settles for. Maybe Wilbur will be a ghost, just like him. How long will Phil be a ghost then? Will he live for eternity with his killer or die with him?

He doesn’t want to truly disappear.

But is experiencing a mere fragment of his past life truly worth the loneliness?

“I never know.” And that’s it. Seeker rolls so he’s laying on the grass. He kicks his bag over. His eyes were blank and his breathing slow.

“Then..” Phil wants him dead, wants revenge, wants satisfaction, and wants justice that will quench his anger. But instead.

He slowly lets himself on the grass right next to Wilbur. Right now, this isn't just Seeker but Wilbur. A man that will die tonight.

Millions of news and warnings on his phone pop up in his mind. Seeker predicted this so stay inside a safe place. Seeker predicted this so please avoid this location.

Seeker predicted a Villain, Candle, will die today. Please do everything in your power to keep them safe. Located nearby Niki's Bakery. There were a few deaths in his mind that he remembers seeing on King's phone in total. But this one was the last.

It was about a week in his new form and he immediately went out looking for Heroes at four in the morning. He didn't need sleep and the least he could do was get information and..

Why was he searching for Candle?

He couldn't even do anything. He can't touch or even get people's attention.

Suppose it's half for curiosity and a half for hoping he could do *something*.

No, he found a woman in a bakery a few miles from King's home, she was taking people's orders and chatting with people. And Phil knew she didn't have a clue about her situation.

Seeker arrived too late, Candle, also known as Niki, had a customer who got angry and impatient with her, and turns out, they hadn't realized they had powers.

Candle was covered in cuts and glass.

Phil saw the person with blonde hair and a beautiful blue dress walk out the door and slammed it shut.

But the speed and amount of power they shut the glass door with had the windows shattering and breaking apart at a speed fast enough to gut you open like a fish.

The person in the dress turned to stare at their hand and Niki with glass stuck in her neck and right where her eye was.

“Oh shit,” He whispered, laying a hand over her face and shoulder. Niki was right behind the door. Right in the way of the glass shards.

Blood slowly flowed out. Niki tried to breathe with a hand reaching to her neck. Phil stood still as he watched the person rush back into the bakery. Glass crunched under their shoes and their hands were bleeding from the smallest bits of glass.

Safe to say, people die and there's nothing you can do about it. Not even a person who sees the future.

Every day, Seeker would see something, something that would go wrong that day. He said so himself on the news, clips, and alerts. And if nothing showed up today, then maybe this is the end for the Hero.

There was a moment of hesitation Phil had, he felt like he should tell Wilbur things would be okay. But that wasn't true.

"How do you want to spend your time then?" He asks.

Wilbur swallows. "There's a reason no alarm or alert happened today, I told no one." A change of topic, then. He shouldn't mention the time running out, he supposes.

He stares up at the stars. "And no one noticed?"

"No one noticed." A confirmation.

He feels something cold in his chest again- blood pools on the grass underneath his head.

He bites his tongue. "What about King? The other Heroes?" They're gonna miss you, is unsaid. You're letting them be blissfully ignorant, is understood.

There's a shuffle, Phil turns his head to see Wilbur holding a hand to him with a calm look in his eyes.

"They'll be okay," Seeker says with a fond tone in his voice. "They're all so strong and- and I love them." The ghost reaches to hold his hand. "I'll always treasure them, my friends and brothers."

Brothers, Phil's hand wraps around his. Friends. This Hero had people who cared about him and people who he cared for.

As Wilbur and he pressed their hands together, he sighed. Soft and silent to everyone but Wilbur.

"You're not dying alone, mate, I'll stay haunting you until then."

Phil joked, a hidden reassurance, and Wilbur laughed.

The stars twinkled. The cold of the night felt distant even to Wilbur.

They both took their last breaths.

And two people meant to be dead, finally disappeared.

And then boom, Phil wakes up to still being dead and no Wilbur with him. He's like ???  
Because surely, Wilbur wouldn't be that cruel to run away after all that? And since when  
could he go asleep?

Uh oh, he's time traveled and Wilbur is a kid.

Oh no, he's starting to understand the kid more. Ah hell, the kid can see him.

Phil changes things just by existing and somehow, it turns out for the better for Wilbur.  
Not him, of course. Ghosts aren't meant to stay.



# Techno suddenly getting hybrid traits??

## Chapter Summary

Rabbit. Minecraft. Short but explanation later. :) Basically his usual morning.

## Chapter Notes

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

Techno stretches every day before he farms.

It starts with his arms, legs then back. He pulls, holds then lets go with a sigh. His home is plenty warm with fireplaces scattered about.

Despite his home having a total of four floors and seven rooms per floor. He has a lot of space to use since he's one person in a house made for a big family.

He leans forward to rest his forehead between his feet. Stretching and working have kept his body active so the action brings no pain.

He stands up. Ah, nothing like stretching in his bedroom. Truly a comfort he needs in the morning.

As he's readying up for the day, he glances at the clock on his wall, framed like a painting. A sliver of black slowly edges to the bottom, bright blue and yellow mostly taking up the left.

Of course, it's early in the morning. He doesn't need to check the clock anymore since his routine has been done so many times he can do it all in about twenty minutes, tops.

That's if he barely takes a minute to change clothes, not stretch, not eat and put his boots on as quickly as he can without walking out with untied laces. And he doesn't bother checking his inventory.

He likes his mornings slow and steady. That's how he wins the race after all. But not when his animals need their care.

Techno mentally lists what he needs to do for today. He flips his mirror, straightening it on its stand so it won't be angled, and stares at his eyes for a moment.

Just a moment, he watches his eyes and nods to himself. Always black.

Yeah. Then he pulls his wooden chair from the wall, setting it to face the mirror and he reaches for his desk to get his brush.

His fingers meet smooth wood, he furrows his brows but resolutely pats the spot again. Then pats the spot next to it.

Alrighty then, he looks over and his brush isn't there. Bruh, it's always there. Where did he place it this time?

He doesn't want to braid a tangled mess of his hair. So now he's on a search. He first searches around his room, specifically in his desk drawers. Sometimes he needs more space so he just moves his brush in there.

He pulls out the first one, this one has a bunch of ribbons and silk. A few clips and hairpins in a corner. He doesn't use them often but it never hurts to add a little color.

Ah, his eyes catch a purple ribbon. Debating if it'd match his pink hair, he picked it up. Soft, was his first thought. And it wasn't a bad color to put with pink.

Why not? He thumbed the ribbon before placing it on his desk, next to a calendar, which he left there when he first moved into this house.

That's why the first floor is different than the rest. He was done exploring the lands, visiting cities, villages, and the Realms. Then he ended up here. It was a decent price, for a simple house and a working garden in front: three diamond blocks and five iron blocks. Techno had more than enough but the price was considered questionable by travelers at first. Until you saw the villages and cities.

The price was good. Resources were restricted due to the number of people traveling all the time. So settling in a permanent home while people were constantly flowing in? Better pay up.

There were simple rules like making sure beginners were informed well. And wouldn't die.

He met a beginner once who told him they were going to sleep in the Nether, in a bed.

He made sure to tell them to never sleep in the Nether with a bed. Then he asked if someone told them that. They were quick to say no, but the hurt on their face said otherwise.

Techno sighed and then awkwardly patted them on the shoulder. "Hey, you know now. And the instructor or manual would've told you if not. Stay safe, beginner." And they laughed.

"Yeah, I'll try to stay safe, expert." He left them with the group, on his way to the blacksmith.

Wow, memories. He's been staying here since, huh, he doesn't know. He doesn't need to keep track of the dates ever since he's gotten comfortable here. He should check his calendar after he does his hair.

Shutting the drawer, he flips through the other two. A bundle of unlit torches, and a few potions with it. The next was filled with potatoes. He put half a stack in his inventory,

although it was almost full of junk he got from his mining yesterday.

No brush yet but he glanced around his room before walking out. It was probably in the bathroom on this floor anyways and he needed to organize his inventory to feed his animals and take out his crops.

Shutting the door with a click, he ran his fingers through his long hair. It caught on a tangle that snapped then got caught on another one. Ouch.

He checked the bathroom. No hair brush.

Well, it's somewhere here. He never uses the other floors so it would never be there.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, the explanation has vague descriptions of getting stabbed through the chest btw. Techno does not find his brush. He only has one cause why need another when he's one person? So he just decides to manually untangle it and tie it up in a high ponytail.

Goes out to a library, decides reading informational books today isn't a bad idea. Reads a short one about hybrids, specifically one of rabbits. Cool. Then he shops, gives someone a free half-stack of potatoes to their surprise.

Returns home to his front door torn off with chips broken on the wooden floor. Bruh, there's people here? He meets the rest of SBI and they're rabbit hybrids Oh, they just have rabbit legs and ears, no prob. Oh, instincts? Cool, just fix his door, please.

Cue bonding. They're hiding from royalty because hybrids are not common, so royal hybrids? Hm, people can be cruel in subtle ways. His brush was literally upstairs, by the way. Phil finds it since they're staying upstairs. Old man wants distance from a stranger who can possibly hurt his sons.

And when Techno stares at his eyes in the mirror, he feels haunted by red eyes that stare at him in cold fear. They're dead within seconds from behind. A blade through the chest. They are lifted up with the blade as if nothing but a sack of meat. Their rabbit legs twitch with a dying urge to run.

He watches, turns, and carries their fear with him to run unlike how they could. Later, when he bonds with Phil and his sons. When he grows ears just like theirs. He decides they deserve the freedom to live just as they once did when they had no ears.

He makes breakfast and as Phil packs up essentials. He watches Wilbur and Tommy brushing each other's hair with smiles on their faces. Giggles erupt when their hair gets

gently tugged, ears twitching as they carefully avoid them when brushing.

Their red eyes are so bright. How can he let them leave on their own when he can protect that light? As he laughs at them, Phil catches a twinkle of hope in Techno's red eyes.

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