

The Faceted Dance

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The Faceted Dance

by [Trias_Pandora](#)

Summary

The past holds many secrets and scars, all with their own stories to tell. But Fate and Destiny dance upon gilded threads, each step causing a rippling effect to those the thread affects.

And Dream will run on the backs of those ripples to understand why her and Tommy were considered so special. But as the dance continues, so do others who seek to take what isn't theirs.

Thus she has to dance as well, if only so she can protect those she cares about.

Notes

I read too many vigilante Tommy fics. And then the three kittens running on my mental hamster wheel asked "WHAT IF!?" and now you get to read this. I'm not sorry and you're welcome. :3

Two Idiots get a job

Spending so many years on the streets taught you a lot of things. Like where the best places to get food samples for free snacks, or where the best stores were to snag clothes that no one would miss.

Or in Dream's case, as of right now, how best to avoid Superheroes Royal Blade the Invincible and Nammu the Hydromancing Queen. Why their names were as long as they are was something to do with Hero naming rights, but Dream didn't care at the moment.

She was just interested in getting Tommy out of the fucking mall while the two heroes fought the fucking villains Infernace and Nightmare near the water fountain.

"Why the fuck today?! They tore out the food court!" whined Tommy as both ran out of the building.

"Because they're fucking assholes that don't think of other people. Same for Heroes but that's another rant. Come on, we got to get the fu-SHIT!"

The Royal Blade flew out of the massive shopping complex, somehow barely missing both Tommy and Dream, but only because the two ducked down.

"Okay, change of plans, we're avoiding this mall for the foreseeable future. Go! To Puffy's!" Tommy got up and bolted, Dream right behind him. It was about ten minutes of running that they got to the safety of Puffy's little diner, both yanking the door open and running into the office.

"What the-what are you two doing?!" demanded Puffy, her sheep-like eyes glaring at the two as they threw themselves into her office.

"Infernace and Nightmare attacked the mall and Blade and Nammu came in. Wrecked the place and nearly got us. We didn't stop running till just now. I think I'm going to die." said Dream before she plopped onto the floor.

Tommy just groaned. "They took out my favorite food vendor..."

Puffy, in between Dream saying Wrecked and The, had leapt over her desk to make sure the two were okay. Seeing that they only had dust and exhaustion, she sighed in relief before putting her hands on her hips. "At least you two weren't pickpocketing again."

"Yeah, speaking of that, they took out my pawn dealer." said Dream from the floor.

"Oh no, whatever shall you do." said Puffy flatly.

"Well, getting a legit job isn't exactly on the table, Mom." said Dream as she propped herself up on her elbows. "And everyone can look at our feet to see Bad's handiwork. Most employers look at these pretty anklets and go 'NOPE!' really loudly."

Puffy sighed again before she looked at some papers. "If I can pull some strings to get you two dumbasses jobs, will you ATTEMPT to not get fired?"

"Depends on the job. You know our unique little problems." said Dream as she got off the floor.

"Antfrost has a place that needs help. His animal sanctuary is always needing someone to help tend to the animals, and I know someone here always wanted to meet a cow..." said Puffy, knowing the youngest in the room had large eyes at the thought.

"Sis, please let me meet the cow!" said Tommy.

"That's being responsible. And what was-"

"I am the most responsible man you will ever see this side of Pogtopia! I'm also the biggest man you'll ever find, but that's besides the point."

Dream chuckled before she patted his shoulder. "Just remember, animals aren't toys, okay?"

"Yes! I won't disappoint you I promise!" said Tommy, so ecstatic over meeting a cow for the first time ever.

"Where's the sanctuary?"

"Don't worry, Dream. It's a half-hour drive but I can get him there. Now, to get YOU a job that doesn't involve you stealing or causing trouble." said Puffy, though Dream could tell the other had an idea about where the younger would be going.

"...You're going to make me work here, aren't you?"

"Wow, you're not as dense as I thought you were. A massive improvement." said Puffy, ignoring Tommy's loud laughter.

Dream groaned before plopping onto the sofa. "Fine. I'll work here. Just..."

"I know. He won't be showing up here, anyway. Too many heroes and vigilantes visit. You could be occasionally called to the back to help deal with an injury or two, though you'll have to warn them of your little gift."

"Yeah. Though seeing a plant grow in the wound before healing would be highly nerve-wracking." said Dream.

"If it's any consolation, I still burn people with my touch. Sometimes unintentionally." said Tommy.

"Well, long as you keep an eye on that with the animals, Antfrost should be okay with you." said Puffy as she got her phone out. "I'll call him and see if he'll let you work there under the table."

"Mom, you're the best." said Tommy as he hugged her.

“I know. Just behave and don’t swear as much when at the sanctuary, okay? Now let me make the call.”

“Wait, would he be okay with having a 14 year old working for him?” asked Dream.

“He won’t mind. And I can tell him Tommy’s part of a rehabilitation program for troubled kids. Cuff’ll be proof enough of that.” said the sheep hybrid.

“Aren’t we supposed to be in that program anyway?” asked Tommy to Dream, who nodded in response.

“Anyway, when do I start?” asked Dream, only to be shushed as apparently Antfrost answered the phone.

“Antfrost! Hi! Remember me talking about my kids? Yeah..Yeah, Tommy. Yes he’s still part of the rehabilitation program...no, he’s been fighting me to join most of the others...Because I know for a fact he’s good with animals. I seen the little shit tame a raccoon to treat her back leg before returning her to the wild...No-wait, let me ask. Tommy? The raccoon you named Clementine, does she still live in the alleys?”

“No, but she does visit once in a while. How she hasn’t been ran over yet’s amazin’.” said Tommy honestly.

“Thanks, sweetie. Yeah, she visits but she stays in the woods...Tommy’s not sure either. Bullshit’n magic is all I can say. So what do you say?..Thank you, Antfrost. I’ll be driving him there and back so don’t worry about it...his sister’s going to work for me...Yes Antfrost, I can trust her not to steal from me. And I can enforce this since I know where her apartment is.”

“Yes Mom.” said Dream from the sofa, still ignoring Tommy’s giggles.

“Okay...okay...perfect! Makes fighting with him in the morning easier. See you tomorrow, Antfrost!”

“Tommy, bubs, you’re doomed. You’re waking up at four in the morning.” said Dream, making Tommy whine.

“No he’s not. It’s nine am. Same time you’ll be getting up.” said Puffy. “So don’t stay up all night plotting your next thieving escapade. I want you two to at least TRY to go straight and narrow.”

“Yes Mom.” said both in unison.

The First Day

Chapter Summary

Yes, a short chapter, but I really couldn't get it to work otherwise for some reason. So, yeah, here you go.

At nine the next day, Dream entered the cafe and put the apron on as Eret walked to the register from the back.

“Hey Eret. I’m your new coworker. Let your enthusiasm melt in the trash. Where I belong.” The other laughed as he readjusted her sunglasses.

“Know how to operate the machinery?” asked the taller of the two.

“Barely. I never stayed around long enough for Mom to stuff it into my head.”

“Well, then let me show you the glory that is caffeine in all its flavors. Also show you the myriad of ways to tell Starbucks to fuck off.” offered Eret with a grin.

“I feel like we’re going to be great friends.” said Dream with a big smile, green eyes glittering.

“Oh I hope so. Trying to get decent conversation out of heroes, villains and vigilantes is like ripping teeth out of a mountain of shale.” grumbled Eret with a look. “If I hear one more-”

“That’s confidential.” interrupted a new voice at the counter, making both turn to look at the Royal Blade himself, who seemed to be slightly smirking.

“Oh you asshole.” said Eret flatly as they looked at the hero with the flattest of looks. “Order now.”

“An expresso lungo to go and one of your strawberry muffins.” answered Royal Blade. “You can use the opportunity to teach her how to use the machines.”

“...either you have really good hearing or you literally just popped up and waited when we weren’t looking.” said Dream.

“I blend in with the crowd. It’s a gift.” claimed Royal Blade.

Dream looked him up and down before deciding that no, she wasn’t buying the mountain of red and pink bullshit the other presented her.

“Sure you do. And I am a world renowned barista just hiding from Starbucks.” That earned a rather loud snort from Eret.

“Come on, I still have to show you how to work this thing.” they said as they pulled Dream to the machine.

“Yeah yeah.” muttered the dirty blond haired woman.

It was a few minutes before Royal Blade’s order was presented to him, charged and payment was rendered.

“Thank you.” said Royal Blade before he left, waving at the two as he went out the door.

“He’s an asshole.” grumbled Dream.

“He is, but he also pays, unlike a few others I can list right now.” remarked Eret flatly.

“Can’t they get in trouble for that?” asked the dirty blonde as Eret showed her the ropes.

“They used to, but then the Elite Law hero group started paying for them. Legend’s a horrible offender but thankfully he doesn’t come here. Heard about what happened to the little diner that ‘didn’t meet his standards’.” said the taller of the two with a disgusted look.

“I...know nothing about that. What happened to it?” asked Dream as Eret showed her how the caramel dispenser worked. “Also, why does this thing require two buttons to use? A simple pump would work.”

“Company we usually go to gave it to us and never took it back. Puffy’s waiting for the new one. Until then, we get the complicated diva of a caramel dispenser.”

“Yay.” came the...enthusiastic cheer from both baristas.

Some Family Fluff

Chapter Summary

Here, some more fluff with a hint of background info and maybe a hint or two of something else.

Dream never thought that being a barista to a neutral ground coffee shop would be both nerve-wracking and exhilarating. She got to learn the various types of coffees that each hero, villain and vigilante wanted, got hit on by a few of them, listened to two argue over the legitimacy of frogs compared to toads, heard one guy shout on the phone about how the other end shouldn't be smoking as a creeper (that got more than a few worried looks) and she got to cuss out a creep that wanted to know if she was available on the corner that night. And she never found out what happened to the other cafe.

All in all, she pitied Puffy's line of work.

"Ma, love you and all, but HOW do you do it?" asked Dream as she just laid on the floor.

"Same way you did, hun. Professional vitriol."

"You need a raise." Puffy nodded before she looked at Tommy, who was still giddy at meeting a young calf named Henry.

"Have fun, Sunshine?" "

Fuck yeah! I got to meet Henry the baby cow, and I got to *bottle feed* him! It was the most poggiest moment of my life!" Dream looked at the boy as he continued to talk about how awesome the animal sanctuary was, a fond smile on her face as she got up. Going over to him, she hugged his shoulders with one arm, pride in her gaze.

"And to think, you'll get to do it again tomorrow, and the day after and the day after that. How pog is that?"

"SO FUCKING POG!"

"Easy on the shouting. Neighbors still live next door and the walls are shit." said Puffy.

"We need a house." said Tommy.

"We need more money for that." replied Puffy before heading to the kitchen. "Okay, what you two want for dinner? We're celebrating the fact that neither one of you got fired on your first day on the job."

“The fact that our first day is something to celebrate is really concerning and sad.” mumbled Dream as she went to the couch to plop on. “But pizza sounds nice.”

“Yeah it does. Just not one with nuts in it. I don’t wanna get sick again.” said the youngest of the three.

“I never heard of a pizza with nuts in it. I mean, if it was a dessert pizza, maybe. Not an ACTUAL pizza...” mumbled Dream, remembering that time with a grimace. “I should have set that place on fire.”

“No burning places down. You have Sapnap for that.” said Puffy.

“I haven’t talked to him since he started dating Karl five years ago. And that was after I bitched him out for passing out while babysitting Tommy.”

“What about George?” Asked Tommy.

“Dating the Superhero, XD. And he can have him.” semi-snarled Dream.

“Easy, honey. We know you don’t like heroes.” said Puffy as she went over and patted Dream’s head. “Oh by the way, someone named Jugador called the café while you were dealing with the Warden’s order. Wanted to know if you were up for a parkour race?”

“Oh I love those!” said Dream, sitting up straight and looking at the Sheepborn.

“And what exactly IS a parkour race?” asked Puffy, suspicious.

“It’s exactly what the name implies. Parkour that’s also a race. They’re really fun Ma, you should try it.” said Dream.

“No, I’ll stay out of the headlines of being found dead in a dumpster because I missed a step. This isn’t another way of saying you’re going to rob peoples’ apartments for their jewelry, is it? I don’t need the heroes carting you off and leaving Tommy without his big sister.”

“It’s not, Mom. It’s literally just a race on the rooftops. Whoever gets in the top three spots gets ‘Ralds. Alot of them. No powers allowed, and all of us wear tracking wristbands until we get to the end. That way no one cheats and if someone gets uppity, we can use the bands to warn the others. It’s been going on for years and no one’s died yet.” Puffy looked at Dream for a moment longer, looking deep into her daughter’s wolf-like green eyes before sighing.

“Okay. BUT!” she said, holding a hand up as Dream was about to say something. “I want you to promise that you won’t do anything illegal during that race.”

“I promise!” said Dream.

“Okay. Now, I’m going to order three pizzas from the GOOD pizza place. What toppings do you two want?” asked Puffy.

“Vegan Special with a bit of sunflower seed!” said Tommy instantly. Dream speculated that Tommy would be an Avian if he didn’t have that suppressor cuff on his ankle.

“Meat lovers,” said the older of the two siblings in a calm tone. “Do we get bread sticks to go with it or just pizza?”

“For you two? A thing of breadsticks won’t hurt.” said Puffy with a smile. “Though no loading up on soda. Don’t want you two sick again on that, either.”

“Yes Ma.” said both in unison. And that night, both ate with smiles.

Running on Rooftops

Chapter Summary

And now we have a minor turning of the tables, a poorly described chase scene, and some more worldbuilding. I may or may not have edited this more than is legally allowed.

Chapter Notes

Guys, if there's anyone weird or wrong with this chapter, please let me know. It feels okay, but not at the same time and it's driving me nuts.

Dream positioned her mask on her face before readjusting her running hoodie. Confident she looked like a he, she went into Jugador's office.

"Hey Boss. Where's my route today?" she asked, a smile evident in her voice.

The Hispanic man looked up from the map of the Essempian city of L'manburg. "Sonrisas! You arrived! I need you to run this bag to Vinsons. Their kid's sick and needs the good stuff. Think you can get there without trouble?"

"I can't make promises, but they will get the delivery." said Dream as she accepted the bag. "Any heroes or villains I should worry about?"

"Royal Blade's making his rounds, so keep an eye out for him. Also keep a look out for Pulsar. Someone's got his panties in a twist and wants to take it out on someone. Don't be that someone."

"Got it, Boss. Off on my 'race' now." said Dream as she walked out of the office. Waving to the other Runners in the warehouse, she went out the back door and climbed up the tall brick building next to it. Once on the building's roof, she began to run.

There were many paths she could take on the ground, freeing up opportunities to scout places or enjoy what was in the windows, but she was a Runner and Runners didn't stop for window dressings.

Besides, as a Runner, she needed to make sure her package made it to its destination without distraction or roadblock. So that meant running on rooftops. It also meant they were more

likely to be spotted by flying villains and heroes. She didn't have to worry about vigilantes though, they already knew who the Runners were and what they were for.

Well, the Las Nevadas Runners, anyway.

There were other runner groups headed by other people. One group was headed by a woman who wore a pirate's costume with a knight's faceplate on it that called themselves the Knights Errant. Her power of hydromancy may not have been potent at Nammu's, but she was exceptionally creative with its use. They usually ran a smuggling operation where they would find people in need of disappearing or taken from a dangerous situation and put them somewhere else. How the Captain was able to do that, Dream didn't know. Woman must have a ton of contacts to make people literally disappear.

Another group was called The Ram's Head. They were weapons runners. Any villain or anti-hero needing a weapon went to them for it. Even some up-and-up heroes would order a weapon from him, though with the instruction that it wasn't to be lethal. Ran by an imposing man known only as Orion's Ram, he made sure any and all weapons that his people ran were exactly what was ordered. Everyone knew his power was to create telekinetic armor that he used with deadly efficiency so not many would dare cross him. Yet there were always those that decided that they could outwit or reign on their deal and always ended up in either the hospital or the morgue.

The fourth group was ran by what people claim was an alien. Dream never met them, but from what she could tell, they were dangerous with how much knowledge they accumulated on anyone. Thing was, they commanded a hefty price tag for their information. A steep enough price that some people lost limbs and organs for it.

Then there were the Pogtopia Runners. They were considered the worst by all the Runners, though how anyone considered them Runners anymore was baffling and insulting. Drug runners and slave-catchers, those low-lives inspired fear in anyone unlucky enough to catch sight of their blue and yellow signature bandana tied to their left upper arm. And if you could spot that, you were either born with an eagle's sight, or you were fucked. Ran by an enigmatic Phantomborne that came onto the scene a scant six years ago, he turned a once floundering Runner group into one of the worst things that could ever exist.

But thankfully they rarely, if ever, left the filthy ravine they holed up in to get 'fresh stock' for their horrific pit fights. Most had to worry about the drugs that were constantly sold on darkened corners and the depths of slimy alleys.

Upon finding the building that Dream needed to make her delivery to, she went down the fire escape two floors before knocking on the window of the third story apartment.

When the window opened, the man looked at the white mask with a bright smile.

"Oh Smiles! I'm so glad to see you! Do you have it?" he asked.

"Yup! Here you go. I suggest cutting the pills in half to make them last longer. Might take your kid longer to get better, but with Big Pharma cracking down on security measures, it might take awhile to get another batch."

“Thank you. I’ll make it last as long as I’m able. But thank you so much. And tell your boss thank you, too!” said the father, hugging Dream tightly as he resisted crying.

“I’m glad to help.” she said before a faint crunch on the opposite building’s roof sounded. “Oh no...close the window. You saw no one, okay?”

The man nodded and did so as Dream ran back up the escape, looking around to see what it was she heard. Seeing no one, she cautiously got onto the roof, ready to bolt if she needed to. Then she saw who it was on the other building.

“Oh shit...” said Dream as Royal Blade easily hopped over the gap between the two buildings. “Uh...Hi! Nice night for a rooftop run, huh?”

“Are you a drug runner? Who did you deliver to?” asked the pink-haired man, unnaturally red eyes seeming to glow in the darkness of the new moon.

“I’m not a drug runner! I’m just a lowly parkour runner enjoying this nice summer night.” said Dream, bullshitting as best as she could. Besides, it was only fair play as Royal did bullshit his gift of blending into crowds yesterday.

“You could get hurt or worse up here. And that bag screams otherwise. What’s in it?” demanded the other.

“My things. You know, bandages, splints, new pair of boxers...normal things.”

“Uh huh. Well, I hate to inform you, but you are trespassing on private property. I’m going to take you in-Hey!”

Dream wasn’t staying for that noise, no-siree!

Using every trick she knew to try to shake her pursuer, jumping large gaps, doubling back, hopping down escapes and running back up them, even jumping to the ground and running through the alleys. Anything she could conceivable do, she did.

However, Royal Blade seemed to have this unnatural ability to hunt her down, knowing which way she was going, where she was hiding, even sometimes accurately predicting where she was going to go. And to her horror, he had somehow her trapped in a dead end alley.

“You are coming with me.” he growled as he stormed over to her, grabbing her mask and yanking it off, only to stop once he saw her face. “You’re the barista!”

“And you’re a dick! Give that back! That’s part of my OTHER job’s uniform, thank you so FUCKING much!” snarled Dream in return, yanking it back out of his hand.

“Are you a drug runner?!” demanded Royal Blade.

“Fuck no! I run deliveries to people that need it! Not like you rich, posh fucking HEROES could care!”

“Oh? Then what do you run?”

“Ha! What, and have the corporations have my hide? Fuck you! I’m doing a better job of being a hero than your vampire-looking ass.” she snapped before he suddenly grabbed her throat, gagging as his grip tightened while lifting her a few inches off the ground.

“Watch your mouth, little girl.” he said, voice low and deep. “Now tell me what you are doing.”

“You want to know? Let me go.” she choked out, trying vainly to pull his hand away, but it was impossibly strong.

Letting her throat go, he refused to back away, making sure she wouldn’t bolt on him. She returned his stare with a glare as she caught her breath again.

“You want to know what I do? Meet me here tomorrow at 9 pm. Wear dirty clothes and I’ll give you a full fucking tour of how much of a failure your system is. And not the ‘oh, this ratty cloth is trending on Essempia Magazine’ dirty. I mean ‘think like an orphan’ dirty. Think like someone who’s been abandoned, abused, used without consent and then tossed aside, dirty.” growled Dream to the hero, forgetting that the other was a hero and had every right to kill her. Words spoken with an anger deeper than someone just doing this to feel better.

“And why would I want to help you do illegal activities?” asked Royal Blade with a cold stare.

“Because letting people die is worse!” snapped Dream. “Do you know how many people die because they don’t have medicine? Do you know how many kids die from easily treatable illnesses? Do you? Of course you don’t. They don’t report the death toll of those in the lower districts. Only the rare deaths from those in the one percent! You want to know what I delivered? Yeah, it was an illegal drug alright. It was fucking antibiotics! ANTIBIOTICS! To a kid dying of pneumonia! And don’t you fucking say that he should have gone to a doctor. That requires money, a lot of it. And guess what a lot of people in these apartment buildings don’t have in excess. Oh, that’s right, MONEY! So you want to know what I do? Meet me here at 9 PM tomorrow, and I’ll run you through myself.”

The Royal Blade stared at the other, honestly surprised at the absolute vitriol she spewed at him. But she wasn’t wrong, either. The news rarely spoke of anything about the poorer districts unless it was a Hero fight with a villain. Besides, the trip might be more enlightening than she thinks it’ll be, but not for the same reasons.

“Alright. I’ll take you up on your offer.”

“Good. ...And wear something that hides your hair. Pink hair’s really fucking noticeable.”

Vampire be wrong

Chapter Summary

Now we see how The Royal Blade has the wrong info. Believe you me, if your only source of information comes from ONE source, you might not be getting the whole story.

Chapter Notes

This has mentions of rape, illegal substances, violence, and human trafficking.

Royal Blade walked into the office building of the Elite Law Heroics organization. Waving at the receptionist, he went to the elevator, sliding an id card before being allowed in the metallic closet. Pushing button 13, he sighed as the doors shut and he felt the slightly jarring feel of the floor moving.

“What did I get myself into?” he mumbled to himself, ignoring the various comments he was receiving from disembodied voices. He shouldn’t be allowing that damn barista to keep doing what she was doing. However, the intel he could get by being in the main base of Las Nevadas was simply too good to pass up. At least, that was what he was telling himself. The fact that the barista seemed passionate about what she was doing with the group had him doubting the intel that he had gotten from them thus far.

But just because she was passionate about something shouldn’t detract from the fact that the Runner groups were known drug runners and slave traders. Not to mention brutal monsters advertising their Blood Pit, an arena where you watched people murder each other in horrific ways while under the influence of drugs. And the fact that people paid to watch the winners of the fights ‘breed’ with women that didn’t have a choice in the matter was deplorable.

Honestly, he was repulsed at the horror stories, and he was a damn vampire!

Opening his eyes and looking at the elevator doors as they opened, he took another breath and shoved himself off the wall, walking out and looking for a friend’s door.

“Oh hey Tech.” said the winged human as he walked out of his office.

“Hey Phil. Do you still have that can of hairspray? The one that changes your hair’s color temporarily?” he asked.

“Yeah, still in the bathroom. Why?” asked the other, tilting his head in a bird-like manner.

“Tomorrow night, I’m gathering intel about Las Nevadas. So I need the can and tomorrow night off. Shouldn’t be too difficult to find out how dirty the group is.” said Techno as he went to the bathroom. For a brief moment, the pink-haired male wondered exactly WHY the can of temporary hair dye was in the office bathroom and not at either Phil’s or his homes, then he remembered that the can was actually a work-related purchase.

The things heroes will buy if it helped with recon.

“Do you need someone to man your wire?” asked Phil, walking over to the other as Techno looked at the can. Apparently it would turn him into a temporary brunette. Nice.

“Probably with recording any info I get. Other than that, I don’t expect any communication between us.” said the vampire as he put the can back onto the shelf and started taking his crown and cape off. Personally, Techno wanted to talk about the job and not the damn woman that offered him a ‘tour’. Or even what her motives were.

“There something else you wanna talk about, mate?” Techno really should have known the other could read him as easily as he could Phil.

“...the Runner I met was the barista from Puffy’s coffee shop. She claims the group doesn’t run illegal drugs or slaves, but that goes against all the intel we ever got. And she seemed so passionate about it...”

“Huh. Know her name? I can ask Jack to look into her.”

“Goes by Dream. I honestly don’t know if that’s her real name or not.” said Techno.

“If she’s adopted by Puffy, then we can easily find out. If not, we can always call and ask. ‘Sides, mate, the way you talk about their coffee, I wouldn’t mind trying it myself.” said Phil with a grin.

“Yeah, they do make a good espresso lungo.” said Techno with a nod. Phil patted his shoulder before gently pushing him to Techno’s office.

“Do your paperwork and get changed. Sun’ll be up in a few hours so you need to get ready for the new night’s little mission you got. Anything else you need?” asked the Elytrian.

“Dirty clothes. Like what the homeless wear. Not the trendy kind either.” said Techno as he went into his office, putting the cape on a hook and his crown on a pillow. Then he began the process of getting changed into more normal clothing. Meaning he was going to be wearing a black hoodie with a pink pig on his left shoulder, a black turtleneck, dark blue denim jeans and black medieval style boots with pink shoestrings. Why the odd boots? Because he misses the time he was a highwayman and killed idiot nobles for their blood and wealth.

“Why homeless?” asked Phil. “I think that’s who the group mainly recruits. Who else would be desperate enough to sell drugs and kidnap people?”

“True. Well, you do what you need to, I’ll send someone up with a blood bag and get to work on getting you those clothes and requested vacation day. Want me to use the ‘I’m a vampire and I need a me day’ excuse again?”

“I haven’t used it in two years...sure. Not like most remember what excuses we use.” said Techno with a snort before he sat at his desk and got to work.

Technosmitten

Sexy Vamp Daddy, can you please nibble me?

THIRST ALERT!

Thank you, Mods.

I never want to see that ever again.

F

F

F

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F

*You know, the barista lady does look **dreamy**. Eh, eh? I’ll see myself out.*

I never want to speak to you again.

TechonoSneak! TechnoSneak!

BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

Shut up, he’s not angry yet.

Henry the Cow is so adorable!

Wrong chat, moron!

Techno stopped writing the instant the mention of a cow was brought up. Why would a cow be mentioned? He hasn’t been to any farms within the last week. Though he should go to Antfrost’s Sanctuary to visit his horse, Carl.

“Chat, what does a cow have to do with anything?” he asked quietly.

Poor kid, almost set something on fire.

Thank God it wasn’t the cow! I would have been pissed!

Why? Be a free hamburger.

THAT'S A BABY COW YOU HEARTLESS CUR!

Oh, we're going medieval now?

Guys, he asked us a question. Can we stay on topic?

Have you considered: No. <3

Antfrost hired a kid to help with the animals, and he ADORES Henry the calf.

And why wouldn't you be? He's a preshiush cinnymun rool!

Oh Prime someone make the baby talk stop!

Oh shit! Kid DID set something on fire!

Velvet to the rescue!

Oh no, Antfrost is calling Puffy!

“...Puffy adopted two kids?” asked Techno, but Chat had officially devolved into a verbal mess in his head. Taking a deep breath, he went back to writing, making sure to write down what Chat just informed him before they went off the rails.

Again.

He'll just ask Phil the next time he sees the other.

Readying the dance steps

Chapter Summary

No calves were hurt, and Henry would like his favorite human to come back the next day.

And before anyone wonders, no, I'm not including the Eggpire thing here because it would clash with what I have going here.

Puffy answered the phone, listening to Antfrost explain that there was a small fire that Tommy attempted to put out to make sure the animals were safe, but his palms were a bit burnt now and required some medical attention.

“Do I need to go over there?” she asked in worry.

“It would help if you did. Velvet’s trying to tell Tommy it wasn’t his fault but he’s almost inconsolable.” said the Felineborn as it sounded like he was pacing back and forth in front of the medical room they had. Listening to the young teen crying as he apologized was heartbreaking. The boy really did love the animals and he only met them a few days ago.

“I’ll be there as fast as I can. Let Tommy know I’m coming and that I’m not angry. And that no, I’m not telling Dream.” said Puffy as she got up, grabbing her purse and car keys. “Talk to you when I get there.”

After Antfrost said goodbye, both hung up and Puffy left, telling Eret they were in charge until she got back.

“What’s going on?” asked Dream.

“Problem came up. Don’t worry, just do the orders and don’t sass anyone.”

“No promises, but I will make the attempt.” said Dream.

“Good, now behave. I need to go.” said Puffy and she was out the door.

“...why does it feel like it involves Tommy?” asked Dream.

“Sibling sense. Maybe he accidentally got adopted by a giant chicken.” said Eret as she finished an order.

“I would pay to see that.” said the dirty blonde with a thoughtful look. “Well, nothing we can do, right? Just do the job and not set the place on fire. I can do that.”

“You instill much confidence in me.” said Eret.

“Hey, I been here, what, three days now? Nothing caught fire yet!”

“Confidence is growing exponentially.”

“Oh shut up.”

Before more of the conversation was had, the door jingled and in walked one of the greatest heroes the Elite Law had on hand.

Ultimus.

Or if one was to go by his full title: Ultimus Angelus, The Last Angel.

It was rare to see him on the field, but the few times he was seen, he was a terror. Deadly with a katana and twin wakizashi, he only went when it was obvious that the villain was choosing death by force. Though it should be said that Ultimus didn't like how he was the Elite Law's executioner, and had gone on record stating as such.

Though his powers involved near god-like control of the winds and all birds seemed to obey him, he was surprisingly not the number one hero.

That went to a sanctimonious prick named Legend. And let's just say that Legend is the reason a lot of the lower districts didn't trust heroes.

“Hi! Welcome to Puffy's Delights. How can I help you today?” asked Dream while on her best behavior. She didn't want this guy to make a tornado in the shop. Puffy would tan her hide in more ways than one.

“I'll take..” he said, looking at the menu above Dream's head. “A macchiato with a blueberry Danish roll please.”

“Sure thing. That will be 7.50 Monds. We'll call you up when your order is finished. What name, please?”

Eret was sure Dream was behaving because she knew who the guy was, but seeing her actually being completely professional was a surprise. She didn't think Dream was capable of it.

“Ultimus. If I used my real name, the committee would have a fit.” said the blond with a roll of his eyes “Not like anyone can't see my face. I don't wear a mask.”

“That is ridiculous, but I guess it's policy.” said Dream with a shrug. “Order should be done in abit.”

“Thanks, mate.” said Ultimus as he went and took a seat, getting his phone out to scroll through while he waited.

Dream was a little nervous that he would be there. Maybe Royal Blade mentioned the cafe had good coffee? Or some of the other heroes did. There were a couple of lower ranked ones that frequented the place so maybe Ultimus heard about it and decided to try it out himself?

Why was she so nervous around him? He was just a hero that was a noted villain executioner- oh, that's why. He was a noted villain executioner. Not like the guy wanted to be. Hell, from her brief interaction with him, she could tell he was a nice guy. But he wasn't afraid to do the dirty work if that's what it took.

Shaking her head, she finished the order, calling his name afterwards. With a grin, he happily accepted and walked out, sipping his drink while doing so.

Once he was out the door, she let out a loud sigh of relief, making some of the other heroes chuckle.

"Shush, I'm allowed to be nervous." she said to them. And that got a few laughs as she threw her hands up at them.

Otherwise, it was peaceful until Puffy returned with a sad and puffy-eyed Tommy with bandaged palms.

"Tommy?! What happened?!" asked Dream in worry, running around the counter to help him. "Are you alright? Come on to Mom's office, we'll talk there." she said, leading the other to the office while everyone looked at the three. Once Dream and Tommy both were out of earshot, Eret looked at Puffy.

"Who's the Mom again?"

"Sometimes I wonder." she said before she followed. "Before you ask, Tommy's fine. His hands'll be okay in a few days and no one was hurt."

"What happened?"

"Something at Antfrost's Sanctuary caught on fire and in a panic, Tommy used his hands to keep the flames away from Henry the Calf. He thinks Antfrost's going to fire him, but that's not going to happen. The big kitty thinks that what he did was noble, if a bit reckless." stated Puffy before she sighed. "I better tell Dream before both lose their minds."

When the Sheepborn went into her office to console the two derpy dumbasses, the fox hero, Kitsune, piped up.

"Uh...so, what's the deal?"

"From what I was able to glean, Dream is overly motherly to Tommy, Tommy loves animals so much as to hurt himself saving them, and Puffy doesn't get paid enough to deal with it." said Eret with a straight face.

"Sounds it. But, uh..."

“Kitsune, I don’t know and I’m not going to ask. Unless they tell me, it’s none of my concern what happens behind closed doors. Unless abuse is involved and then all bets are off. But by the looks of it, there’s none of that.”

“Fair, fair.” said the fox hero before he got up. “Thanks Eret. Have fun with the Derp Clan.”

“Thanks. Have fun with being called furry by the Lady of Roses.”

“Not a furry...” mumbled the Foxborn as he left.

Once he was gone, Eret sighed. He needed to get ahold of Foolish and start getting the plan into motion. If things kept the way they were going, the others would never figure it out and that would cause alot more problems than necessary.

The Two Step

Chapter Summary

This is another chapter that fought me for awhile. Still not fully satisfied with it, but I'm posting it anyway.

Also decided that a hint of Feral Boy Dream manhunting her way on insane things was in order. I do not, in any way, recommend it. Not because I done it before, hell no. But because it's a stupid idea.

Also, if something doesn't line up or sounds wonky, let me know. I'll try to correct it as best I can.

Chapter Notes

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

Dream was leaning against the wall, listening to the sounds of distant traffic, clubs playing loud music, people yelling and laughing as they left said clubs, and the sounds of arguments over things she could care less about.

Looking at her watch, she noted that the Royal Blade was going to be late if he didn't hurry his pale ass up.

"Sorry I'm late. Had to walk around a pair of coworkers." said a voice to her right, causing her to nearly jump out of her skin. "For a Runner, you aren't all that observant to your surroundings."

"By Prime you nearly gave me a heart attack! HOW are you able to do that?!" she demanded. She was listening for approaching footsteps and she didn't hear a single one!

"Trade secret. Now, shall we?" asked Royal Blade with a smirk.

Growling, she waved for him to follow. "Just don't be a smarmy asshole. Pogtopian sightings have us on edge tonight."

"Pogtopian?" asked Royal Blade as they walked to a warehouse.

"One of the five main Runner groups. Though we don't consider them Runners anymore. Boss and the other three held a meeting and it was decided that they didn't meet the reqs for being one of us. Also, they're abhorrent, so who would want to associate with them?"

"So you're saying there's different groups of Runners?" asked the incognito male.

“Yup. I’ll explain once the delivery is done and we’re on our way back. The delivery is important, the walk back isn’t. But yeah, there used to be five but Pogtopia lost the right. Now it’s just Las Nevadas, the Knights Errant, the Ram’s Head, and Exterratrialis. Each has their own role and ‘uniform’. Las Nevadas are masks. I don’t know about the other three.” said Dream as they approached.

“Hey, who’s with you?” asked a gold-skinned man.

“Hey Sharktooth. He wants to be a Runner so I’m vouching a test run for him.” said Dream. Royal Blade nodded, remaining silent.

“Not talkative, are you?” asked Sharktooth before he grinned, showing off why he had that name. “Eh, don’t worry. Once you get to know us, you’ll probably enjoy talking! Oh hey, Jugador has a job in Ram’s Head territory. Don’t worry, though. Orion’s Ram already knows and gave the go-ahead.”

“Thanks!” said Dream and both entered the building, Royal Blade looking at the people already there. Most looked like homeless young adults, others small kids. There were few older adults minding the kids, but many of the young adults and older teens had masks on them, be it on their heads, to the side, or hanging from their necks.

Why would the youth be doing this? Where were their parents?

“Hi Smiles of District Twelve!” said a voice, making the vampire turn quickly to gaze upon a man that looked like he was made of slime.

“Hey Slimecicle. I’m vouching for a new Runner today.” said Dream as she went to the office. “Don’t do anything to unnerve him, okay? Don’t need to scare someone on their test run.”

“Don’t worry, Smiles of District Twelve. Sharktooth of Gold Sands already told me not to!” said the human-shaped slime before he looked at Royal Blade with a smile. “What name do you want to be known by?”

“...don’t know yet.” mumbled the vampire.

“That’s understandable. Most take their names from what mask they wear. Like Smiles!” said Slimecicle.

Royal Blade so desperately wanted to ask a thousand questions about the group, but resisted, feeling like Sharktooth was watching. And when he looked around the place again, he saw from the corner of his eye a pair of emeralds glowing in the light of the many small barrel fires. He briefly wondered if Sharktooth already knew who he was and what his goal was.

“Hey.” said Dream as she walked out of the office, her mask already in hand. “Boss wants to talk to you.”

Royal Blade nodded and approached the office, entering and shutting the door behind him before looking at the 'Boss' himself. And who it was stopped him in his step.

"Hey Royal Blade. Take a seat." said the last person The Royal Blade was expecting as he sat down.

"...What are you doing here, Quackity?" asked Royal Blade, eyes widening as shock coloring his voice, his legs becoming weak at what he saw in front of him. He plopped down into the offered chair, unable to keep standing at that moment. "We...Karl thinks you're dead..."

"It's not an ideal situation I wanted to be in, Blade. That night took an eye and nearly took my life. And as much as it pains me to let Karl keep thinking I'm dead, I have no choice. That fight was rigged against me and I know for a fact it has something to do with who's in charge at the Elite Law's committee. And as long as the committee thinks I'm dead, they won't harass me."

"But...I can tell Karl about-" Blade started to say, trying to figure out how he was seeing what he was seeing.

"Blade, no. I can't risk it. I know they're watching Karl like a hawk, even after six years. I also know that if they so much as think he knows where I am, they'll trail him. Hell, letting Dream bring you here is a risk because they could have had someone trail you." said the Hispanic male as he got up to pace abit. "Look, I'm...I'm sorry that everyone thinks I'm dead and all, but for the time being, it's the only option I have that won't get those around me hurt. Something is corrupt in the committee and until it's dealt with, I can't come back." he said in defeat before he took his seat again.

Blade was unnerved by all that he was hearing and seeing. He knew Phil, who was listening in as well, felt the same way about the committee but rarely ever vocalized it as they always seemed to have logical reasons for their actions. But...maybe Blade should start delving deeper into what's going on.

"...Alright. I promise not to tell Karl and maybe even bring you news on his well being through Dream. She does work at Puffy's Delights." he said softly, though he wished he could tell the time-manipulating man. And he didn't have it in him to tell Quackity about how he was dating someone named Sapnap.

"Thanks mi amigo. Now!" said Quackity as he clapped his hands. "To business. Everyone, even test runners, have to wear a mask. Most usually pick a mask and let that be their nickname. So go ahead, there's a wall of unclaimed ones right there."

"You expect me to just carry on without issue?" asked Blade.

"No, but I do expect you to know that until something's done, there's nothing we can do. So...at the moment, pretend I'm someone else. I'm effectively someone else because of the Captain and The Witherlord anyway." said Quackity with a wave of his hand. "Now come on, pick a mask. Don't make this any more awkward than it already is."

Well, he did need to complete what he set out to do...Standing up slowly, Blade looked over at the wall of masks and decided that he wanted the paper mache-looking pig mask.

“Oh thank Prime. No one wanted that thing for the life of them. Get it off my wall, I’m tired of staring at it.” said Quackity.

“Does it unnerve you that much?” asked Blade with a smirk.

“It looks like a pig skull painted pink. ...honestly surprised you don’t wear something like that as normal garb, to be honest.”

“Are you suggesting that I, a hero, look scary?” joked Blade, but it did sound like a good idea to him. He wondered if Phil would agree.

“Make the criminals scared, that’s for damn sure. Now wear your mask, Jabali. Mandatory Las Nevadas gear.”

Blade nodded and put it on, noting with slight surprise that it fit.

“Now get going. That insulin doesn’t keep well, and the family that needs it is far. Piérdete ya.” said Quackity as he waved for the other to leave.

Blade left the office, spotting Dream talking to someone in a frog mask about different types of trees as he approached.

“Oh! Ready to go? I got the bag already and the Rivas really need it.” said the green-clad woman with a smirk.

“Yeah.” he said with a nod of his head.

“Hope to see you again, Boar of Auriu.” said the slime, causing Blade to almost trip over his feet. He hadn’t heard that name in centuries.

“Auriu?” asked Dream as they left the building.

“Old place. More dead than anything else and thousands of miles away.” said Blade, wondering what the hell was up with this place now.

“Huh. Anyway, once we get on the roofs, we’ll start running and not stop for anything, weather and gunfire be damned. Today we have to worry about Infernace and Nightmare causing trouble, but a couple of vigilantes are on it. Let’s go.” said Dream as she put her mask on her face.

And the two were off.

If there was one then that Dream taught him quite firmly that night, it was that ANYTHING can be used as a bridge if you have the batshit lunacy to make it work. And Dream apparently had that in fucking spades for she used TELEPHONE WIRES as bridges.

Blade felt that leaping the large gaps were a safer option.

Dream would have commented on it but all she did was smirk and kept on running. It took about twenty, maybe thirty minutes to get to the Rivas' apartment building, going down the fire escape to a window and tapping on it.

A young woman opened up and smiled brightly.

"Smiles! Here for the Rivas?" she asked.

"Yup! And I have a test Runner with me tonight. Boar, say hi."

"Um...hello." he said awkwardly with a wave.

"Come on in. David! Unlock the front door!" Apparently the scrambling heard in the living room was David getting untangled out of something and getting to the door.

Looking at Dream in confusion, Blade simply followed the other to the front door, making small talk with the lady like this happened often.

"We're simply-?"

"Yeah. The Rivas don't have a fire escape to their window so the Parkers let us in to get to them." said Dream.

"It's really no problem. The Las Vegas Runners bring meds to anyone that needs it, so letting them through our apartment's no issue." said the apartment owner as she let David close the window.

Dream thanked them for letting them through before leaving the apartment, making their way to the Rivas' apartment, knocking on the door. Once the door opened, both faced a teen with black curly hair and a tired grin.

"¡Mamá, Papá! ¡Sonrisas está aquí!"

That was when both of the boy's parents came into the room with large smiles.

"Hi! Got the delivery!" said Dream happily as both were allowed to enter.

"Thank you, thank you, we're so glad. We ran out of insulin three days ago and Carmen almost slipped into a coma twice."

"Don't worry. Everything'll be okay now." said Dream as she took the case out of the bag and went to their fridge. "Bottom crisper?"

"Always."

Everything that Blade was watching and hearing ran almost completely counter to what he had been briefed on. The Runners weren't a single large organization, they were multiple groups that had different goals. And the one group that the Runners were mostly associated with wasn't even a Runner group anymore!

“Okay, the vials are in place and we’re ready to go.” said Dream as she went to the mother and gave her a hug. “We’ll try to get you another delivery next month, but the Pharma companies are cracking down. Also be careful. Pogtopians are being spotted out and about.”

The others nodded, now fearful of the news.

“Don’t worry, though. There’s been a redistribution of vigilantes into the areas until those monsters go back to their hole.” said Dream. “We have to go now, but I promise I’ll be back.”

The little family nodded and both Dream and Blade were hugged before ushered out. Dream snickered quietly as Boar awkwardly hugged back.

“Back to base?” asked Blade.

“Yup. Now we can take the long way back, and I’ll explain everything I know.” said Dream as they climbed the fire escape again. “...you don’t have any friends in this area, do you?” she asked as she looked around.

“I shouldn’t unless Ultimus decided to do a fly over.” said Blade as he looked around as well. “Who came up with the idea of the Runners?”

“Don’t know, to be honest. Some say Boss did. Others say The Captain. A few even go out and say the Runners always existed, but change to meet the ever changing needs of the people. I can’t say. I joined about seven years ago and they’ve been the second best years in my life.”

“Second best? To what?”

Dream stopped, mulling over what she was willing to tell. Blade waited patiently as she thought it over.

“...Don’t know you that well. Come on. Any other questions to ask?”

“Yeah. Where’d you get the cuff?” asked Blade. He had noticed it a few times, but only the most violently powerful or just violent were made to wear those. And the other hadn’t demonstrated anything even remotely like a power. Unless they counted insanity as one, then that may be the case here.

“Bad put it on my brother and I. Don’t know why you’d put these on pickpockets, but what do I know about the great and wondrous wisdom of Legend.” she said flatly. “Literally. Caught pickpocketing once, and SLAP! There goes the cuffs! I seen other pickpockets too, and they don’t have ’em! What the hell, man?”

Blade looked at the other, completely baffled. Dream wasn’t wrong, the cuffs weren’t meant for pickpockets so why did she and her brother get them?

Phil, meanwhile, was definitely writing that down so he could pursue that later. Alot wasn’t lining up and he intended to find out why.

“I can see about trying to get them off. How long has your brother had his on?” asked Blade as they started forward again.

“Since he was around nine, ten years old. His power hadn’t manifested yet when he got cuffed.” said Dream in what was supposed to be a nonchalant way, but Blade could almost feel the deep-seated anger in her words.

“...I’m definitely going to see if I can’t get them removed. Cuffing a kid before his power manifests is both confusing and possibly detrimental to his health.” said the incognito hero.

“Yeah. Anyway, let’s go. I got work in the morning and it’s eleven now.” said the green-clad female as she started jogging across the roofs.

Blade nodded and followed behind. He had work in the morning, too, and not just for reports, either.

Chapter End Notes

PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY DO NOT DO WHAT DREAM DID! IT IS DANGEROUS, DUMB, AND WILL NOT WORK. Maybe I should add a tag for "DO NOT BE DREAM"....

The Foxtrot

Chapter Summary

And now we add MD to the list of colorful characters to the list. Possibly in more ways than one, who knows? Also, just a random question, but COULD someone be a villain with confections? I need to know now.

Chapter Notes

Warning: This has a squicky bit of healing magic being used. I don't think it's overly detailed, but when you get to the part mentioning seeds, skip should you not wish to read it.

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

Eret was sore.

They didn't want to be sore, but Infernace and Nightmare both were dickheads and decided that they wanted to make him sore.

The white-eyed barista never thought they would hate fancy BMW's, but after last night, he hates the fact that they were made. Why did they exist, if people were going to just DRIVE them into places they shouldn't be? Like in the poorer districts? They were just asking to be robbed at that point.

"Whoa, what happened to you, Eret?" asked Dream with a raised eyebrow as she walked in.

"Idiots being idiots in BMW's. I swear if I have to listen to another one be ripped up while the owner screams bloody murder about how expensive it is because two bored villains decided it would be FUN to tear it up one more time..."

"Did they use the car to beat you? That's a nasty bruise on your face."

"...I'm not going to lie. It feels like it, but no. It exploded, sending me into a wall. It was not fun." said Eret before she finished putting the last of the chairs down off the table.

"Vigilante?" she asked. Eret thought for all of three seconds before she said fuck it, he already knew Dream was Smiles the Las Nevadas Runner.

"Yeah, but only you and Puffy know."

“Awesome. Why is there a guy with a Mexican flag version of my Runner mask in the back?”

“What?” asked Eret, clearly not expecting that. Both entered the back room to the sight of said man laying on the floor.

“Uh...hey uh...I know this looks bad, amigos, but I’m not trying to rob you...” said the masked man as he attempted to sit up.

“You’re bleeding on the floor.”

“Yeah...I tend to do that sometimes.”

“Okay, hold still, I got this.” said Dream as she pulled a packet of flower seeds out of one of her many pockets. “Cargo pants. So awesome.” she smiled as she took a seed out of the packet. “Okay, this is going to be HIGHLY unnerving, but trust me, this works.” she said as she lifted his shirt and found a large gash from just an inch above his left hip to just under his right pectoral. “I may need more than one seed for this.”

“Seed?” asked Eret as he grabbed the medkit.

“Yeah, I use seeds to help with healing. It’s really fucking weird but it works.” Dream stated as she got a few more seeds out. Putting each one in the gash, she willed her power into the seeds, making roots and stems grow out and weave the flesh back together like internal stitching. Once the wound pulled tightly together, she changed her energy to pull the lifeforce out of the seedlings themselves to make the Hispanic man’s muscle tissue and skin rapidly heal. Both watched her work with near identical looks of horror and fascination as she healed the injury while pulling the stems out of the wound.

Once the wound itself was closed, she nearly slumped over onto the masked man’s lap.

“What the fuck, man? I never seen anything like that, and I see some weird shit almost every night in Mexican L’Manburg.” said the masked male.

“Look, I can use plants to help me with stuff. I don’t know the full extent of it, because of the cuff, but yeah.” said the green-clad barista as she went to sit on the sofa.

“Wait, you have a power suppressor on? You shouldn’t be able to do anything, then!” said Eret, clearly surprised.

“Well, I can. Takes alot out of me, though.” said the other barista, clearly not fully understanding the implications.

“How...how powerful are you?” asked Eret before he wrapped the other’s chest up as a safety precaution.

“I really don’t know. Never had to use my power much. Why are you guys acting like it’s such a big deal? Isn’t that how it’s supposed to work?” asked Dream, getting more and more confused.

“Dream, when people wear suppressor cuffs, they can’t use ANY power. At all.” said Eret calmly. “You have to either be very powerful, or the cuff itself is faulty.”

“Mi amigo, I don’t see Bad’s work being faulty. She’s just powerful. That’s like, Tierra Madre shit there.”

“Madre-what?” asked Dream.

“Mother Earth.” translated Eret as he stood up. “This...is mind-boggling, but we’re going to shelf that for now. What’s your name, sir?”

“Sueño Mexicano, but everyone calls me MD.” replied MD.

“Nice to meet you. Wanna help clean the blood up and explain how you got in here?” asked Dream as she got up to get a mop. She was still tired, but a cup of coffee could help with that. But first, mopping up the blood. Puffy would be right pissed if it was there when she got in. Only reason she wasn’t there now was because she was making sure Tommy knew he wasn’t fired.

“Do you have a job or do you just randomly pop into the backs of diners and cafes?” asked Eret.

“No, but I also don’t randomly pop into places. One of those más santo que tú ‘heroes’ had a fit when they found me, saying I was trespassing and mierda. Said they had to fix their vigilante problema. I’m not even a vigilante, man. I’m just a run of the mill joker making fun of that one Runner guy. Smiles?”

“Yup.” said Dream, totally not gonna mention anything. She honestly found it funny now. “Why mock the guy? He run you over or something?”

“Nah, but guy needs to stop runnin’ on telephone wires. Gonna fall and get himself killed one day.”

“Yeah, I hear that alot about the moron. Also about how some wires make some people lose their tv signals, though I’m not sure how.” mumbled Dream with a look before they finished cleaning. “Okay! What do you know about baking?”

“Eh, I can make cookies, churros, maybe some sopapillas. Why?”

“If you don’t have a job, want me to convince Mom to give you one?” replied Dream.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” asked Eret. “I mean, we literally found him bleeding in the back and he hasn’t explained how he got in.”

“Yeah. True, but you also mentioned we needed more people to Puffy how many times?” asked the other.

“True...Fine.”

“I’m feeling the love so much over here, man.” said MD alittle flatly.

“Don’t worry, we’re like this all the time. It’s literally the only entertainment we have in this place. We’re frequented by heroes, villains and vigilantes and NONE of them want to make small talk, like, holy fuck, please talk about anteaters or something, I don’t care!” whined Dream.

“Yeah, it’s always, ‘It’s confidential’ this or, ‘Don’t ask or I’ll have to kill you’ that. At least with the vigilantes, they can make jokes about stupid shit but they don’t pop in often enough to save what little sanity we have left in the sanity jar. And the jar’s getting smaller every day.”

“...well shit. Maybe I can cuss people out in Spanish and let them try to figure it out. Usually good for a laugh for abit.” said MD.

“Good. We need it. Now, how’d you get in here?”

“Eh... I can make portals. Can’t control where they drop me off, but hey, I haven’t found my way into a volcano yet, so I’m doing something right.” said MD with a shrug before taking off his mask.

“Huh, so you think with portals? Are cakes a lie to you?” asked Dream, only to get a face full of rag. “Totally deserved that.”

“Good game, but the memes are dead for a reason.” said Eret.

“Hey, reviving dead memes is fun. Especially if no one gets them.” said Dream as they heard a bell ring.

“Guys! Where are you? We’re late in opening!” shouted Puffy.

“Ah, here’s our cue. We’re in here, Ma!”

“What are you doin-who’s that?” asked Puffy.

“Someone who wants a job here. He can make Mexican snacks!” said Dream with a grin.

“Dream, honey, I know you want more people to work here. I know Eret does, too. But why are you trying to hire him without letting me interview him?” asked the owner flatly.

“Because I’m desperate and this place looks nice. Also, from what I can tell, these two need someone to make fun of other people with, otherwise they’ll go supervillain with confections.” said MD with a straight face.

“I... wouldn’t put it past the two. Okay. To my office and we’ll make it official, okay?” asked Puffy as she went to her office. MD followed and once the door shut, Dream sighed.

“Well, let’s get the cafe open and get ready. I think a line’s beginning to form.” said Eret as he walked out of the back.

“Oh whee.”

Chapter End Notes

Alright, next chapter is going to be a bit of a long one. Hope you don't mind.

The Charleston

Chapter Summary

Learning more things, uncuffing, and I think Blade has a fondness for apples.

Chapter Notes

Beware, this be a long chapter.

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

“Bad, why would two lowly pickpockets even NEED cuffs like that?” asked Blade as he followed the shadowy demon from room to room.

“I don’t know, but Legend said they were a threat and had to be neutralized before they became a problem. And he had a warrant for their cuffing so I did!” exclaimed Bad as he went to his oven, taking out a tray of muffins.

“Bad, I’m beginning to think that Legend either lied, or is fudging with the system. You put a suppressor cuff on a kid that hadn’t even manifested.” explained Blade before accepting an apple cinnamon muffin from the other. The heat of a freshly baked pastry didn’t bother him, his Piglin ancestry rendering him immune to the vampiric weakness to fire. However, it didn’t stop the sun from being a dick to him about it.

“Are you sure? The warrant said he already did and caused damage.” said Bad.

“Do you have a copy of that warrant?” asked the pink-haired male.

“I think so. Let me dig it out.” replied the other as he went into his office. “You can follow if you want. Skeppy won’t be back for another hour or so.”

“Good. I’m still worried he’ll take one of his diamond spikes and impale me.”

“He won’t. I already explained the situation and he’s now just using it to mess with you.”

“That’s a relief.” mumbled Blade as he looked at the demon’s office, taking another bite of the muffin as he did so. Regular food didn’t really do anything for him, but it was nice to taste things he used to savor before becoming a vampire.

“Ah, here it is.” proclaimed Bad as he handed the warrant to Blade. Taking it, the other read everything on it, seeing everything in perfect order. Until he got to the signatures.

“Why is Legend’s name the only one on this? Cuffs are a committee agreed thing.” said Blade, handing it back to the other to read.

“I...don’t know.” muttered Bad as he looked it over. Then he went and got out a few other warrants, checking all the signatures and finding that the more recent warrants didn’t have the committee’s names on it. “I...oh my...I think we have a problem.”

“Yeah. Do you need me to get Dream and her brother here? Or do you want me to take you to them?” Blade asked before taking another bite.

“I’m going to them. This is something that needs to be rectified immediately.” said Bad in an apologetic tone, though Blade could also hear the anger that underlined it.

“I’ll let them know. Maybe you’ll get a coffee at Puffy’s while you’re there.” said Blade with a smirk.

“Hopefully. Give me a few hours to gather all my tools.”

“Alright. I’ll head on over. Call me if you need anything.” said the vampiric Piglin before he left, finishing off the muffin before pulling the hood of his hoodie up. It wasn’t difficult to get to Puffy’s cafe, looking at all the people inside as he entered.

Spotting Tommy sitting at a table as he glared at his hands, Blade went up to the counter and smirked at Dream.

“Oh no, whatever could you possibly want? Another expresso lungo with a strawberry muffin?” asked the other flatly.

“No, I’ll be taking a Caramel Frappe today. No pastr-what are those?” asked Blade as he noticed new confections in the display case.

“Sopapillas filled with various pie fillings. New cook is pretty good with baking. Needs to work on his cakes, though.” explained Eret in passing.

“...any of them in apple?”

“Want one?”

“Yes please.”

Dream happily filled the order out, writing Pinky Without Brain on the to-go cup before charging him.

“Oh, before I forget, Bad’s coming here. He’s taking your cuffs off.” said Blade with a straight face.

“What?!?” asked pretty much every worker.

“Seriously?! That’s so pog!” said Tommy, eyes bright at the news. Then he ran into Puffy’s office to let her know what he just got told.

MD thought that was a terrible idea, but he wasn't going to upset the lady that healed his gash with periwinkle seeds. But he noticed that Eret seemed more pleased with that outcome than upset. Which was odd given his earlier reaction to Dream using said seeds to heal him.

"Bad said he'll be here in about an hour or so, so expect him to show up with either a large bag of tools, or a small bag and couldn't remember where he placed them." said the vampire as he stepped to the side, letting the line continue as he spoke to them.

It was around the two hour mark when Bad arrived.

"Hi!" said the demonic looking man with a grin.

"Oh my Prime, he looks too wholesome to be what he is." said Dream as he approached the counter. There wasn't anyone needing anything at the moment, the lunch rush having ended half an hour ago.

"Makes good muffins, too." said Blade from his spot across from Tommy. Apparently Tommy dragged him over and was just asking him random things about how things worked in the Elitum Tower. Like how many floors there were, did they have a cafeteria (that apparently sucked so most heroes ate out anyway), and how the crown that the Royal Blade wore was an actual crown.

Nothing that wasn't taboo for anyone to learn. Though what had Dream a little worried was that Tommy expressed a small interest in learning to be a hero. If he wanted to fight crime, then so be it, but she was TERRIFIED of him becoming a hero. And it wasn't because she thought it would corrupt him. She knew him better than that. Dream was just afraid that the Hero committee would kill him off when he didn't abide by their rules.

"Okay! Who do I help first?" asked Bad with a bright smile.

"Tommy." said Dream instantly as Puffy walked out of her office. "He hasn't manifested yet and I'm afraid it'll hurt him."

"Bad, what are you doing here?" asked the Sheepborn.

"There's been an egregious lapse in protocol and I'm fixing it now." said Bad as he looked at Blade and Tommy. "Are you Tommy?"

"Uh..yes sir?" replied the 14 year old hesitantly.

"Wonderful! Lift your pant leg up and I'll get that cuff off in a jiffy." said Bad as he got his bag out. The blond didn't hesitate, lifting his own khakis to show off the silver band that sat snug against his ankle.

The shadow demon took a pair of what looked to be nail pullers, a chisel, a hammer made of what looked to be netherite and a weird tool that looked like it was made to hold onto a chunk of the cuff. Which was proven to be its purpose the moment Bad used it to grab the cuff into a secure grasp.

“Okay, this part’s slightly dangerous because it requires me to start hammering. So what I want you to do is hold as still as possible, okay?” said Bad.

“I’m a big man! I can do what I need to!” said Tommy with a cocky grin and a nod. However, Dream could tell he was nervous when Bad used the nail puller to make a dent in the band, and then got the chisel and hammer out.

Puffy went and stood behind the booth seat that Tommy was sitting on, watching in apprehension as Bad put the chisel in the dent and started hammering. She also noticed that Blade was watching with the attention of a wolf waiting for his prey to mess up.

Huh, who knew the Royal Blade was worried about a kid? Guess Tommy wasn’t orphan enough to ignore.

But soon enough, the strange metallic cuff snapped in half, letting it fall to the floor in two chunks.

“There you go! Now, I should warn you, it’ll take awhile for your power to realize it’s not being suppressed anymore. So if you can’t do anything right now, that’s perfectly normal. Now, to your sis-”

That was when four officers came in, followed by a Hero.

Most that were there looked up in confusion and surprise. Blade stood up quickly as Tommy hid his foot under the table and Bad picked the cuff pieces up and put them in his bag.

“What’s going on here?” asked the vampiric Piglinborn as they went up to Puffy, yanking her away from Tommy rather roughly before putting handcuffs on her.

“She’s The Captain, leader of one of the five Runner branches. She’s under arrest for kidnapping, human trafficking-”

“What are you on about?! It’s Puffy! She’d never do anything like that!” exclaimed Kitsune as he jumped out of his seat. “She used to be a hero!”

The entire cafe was now up in arms over it, Dream using the chaos to grab Tommy and yank him behind the counter.

“Everyone, don’t worry. This has to be a mistake and it’ll be resolved peacefully.” said Puffy, somehow silencing the outcry. “Dream, honey, you’re in charge of the cafe for the rest of the day, and until I return. But if you feel you can’t handle it, I won’t be upset if you shut it down until I get back.” she said calmly before being yanked again. “Cut that out! I’m going with you! By Prime...”

“Mom?” asked Tommy, fighting back tears.

“Don’t worry, Toms. I’ll be okay.” said Puffy before three of the four officers marched her out. The fourth one went to Bad and waved for him to follow.

“You’re being put under house arrest while we investigate Skeppy’s involvement with the Runner group. Come along.”

“What?!” demanded the demon as Blade got in front of him.

“What is the meaning of this?! Who ordered this?” demanded the vampire, now clearly angry.

“The committee has. Legend put the order out today and if you don’t move, you will be incarcerated with Skeppy.” said the officer.

Everyone was silent. What was the committee doing?!

“Blade, I’ll go. But I am very much calling the committee and demanding to know what is going on!” said Bad in indignant anger as he followed the last officer back to his home.

Once the officer and Bad were well out of hearing range, the entire cafe erupted into a chaotic mess. Dream hugged Tommy closer to her as she pressed herself against the back.

“Dream, why don’t you and Tommy go into the backroom while MD and I take care of this?” suggested Eret. With words lodged in her throat, she nodded and both went into the back, taking her phone out in the process. If those officers were right and Puffy was The Captain, then her boss was in just as much danger.

“Sis, what the fuck’s goin’ on?” whimpered Tommy, tears slowly falling down his cheeks as he fought against the emotion.

“I don’t know, Toms. But whatever it is, we’ll survive it. We did it before, and this time, we got help. Mom’ll be back before we know it.” she said as she hugged him, her phone waiting for her to press the button to call.

The blond nodded and hugged back before letting go. “Gotta call your boss, right?”

Nodding, Dream pressed the call button and waited. And waited.

And waited.

Just as worry began to settle in her gut, the phone was answered.

“Smiles, now’s kinda not a good time to be calling.” said Quackity as he was ruffling some papers. “We were able to get some shipments and I need to sort them before they expir-”

“The Heroes got Puffy. They’re accusing her of being The Captain.” said Dream.

“What?! SHARKTOOTH!” shouted the other, making the dirty blonde wince and pull the phone away from her ear. “Check the Knights Errant signal! NOW!”

A moment later, when Dream put the phone back to her ear, she listened as someone was attempting communication with an old CB Radio.

“Boss, we’re not getting anything. Line’s dead.” said Frogs, causing the knot in her stomach to tighten painfully. “I can try the emergency signal.”

“Do it.” said Quackity.

Another ten minutes before a voice came through. Sadly the phone wasn’t able to pick up the words of what was being said, but whatever it was had Quackity swearing in Spanish.

“Sharktooth, get everyone ready to move. One Runner group’s been ran down. We’re next on the block. Go go go! Dream, thanks for the warning. I’ll do my best to see how Puffy is The Captain for you, but stay safe. Until I call you back, you are on vacation. Do what you need to, and I’ll do what I can. Frogs, let the Rams and Aliens know.” said the Hispanic man before he hung up.

Looking at her phone, she didn’t notice Blade opening the door abit.

“Dream?” he asked gently.

Almost jumping out of her skin, she looked at the other. “Y-yes?”

“...Is he okay?”

“...They’re moving to another location. Don’t know where. The Knights been ran down... I’m...I’m on ‘vacation’ until otherwise informed...I...I don’t know what to do.” she said, her own tears starting to slide down her gently freckled cheeks.

Blade entered the room completely, hugging her and Tommy both.

“I...don’t know how to help, to be honest. But...I can see about helping Puffy out. If not completely, then at least a sort-of house arrest.” said the vampiric Piglinborn before someone knocked on the door.

“Um, Ultimus is here, asking for you, Blade. Please hurry up because he’s leaving feathers everywhere and his wife is about to abuse him with her hat.” said Eret.

“...Yeah, that sounds about right. Hey, want to meet the woman that shoots Ultimus with a nerf gun for no reason?”

“What?” asked Dream, thrown for a loop.

“I’m figuring a minor distraction will help with your emotions and my inability to be of any help with said emotions. Also, here’s a tissue.” said Blade, handing both a tissue.

Both siblings accepted them, using them to wipe their eyes before following the hero out of the office and into a mostly empty cafe.

“Most left to give you time to figure out what’s going on, señorita.” said MD. “Weird seeing even the villains be apologetic and leaving without a scene.”

“It’s Legend. It’s gettin’ to the point that I’m ready to craft a fuckin’ belt.” said Ultimus.

“...why do I get the image of you putting him over your knee and beating his ass like a fuckin’ toddler?” asked Tommy.

“You let him swear like that?” asked Ultimus to Dream.

“His former principal Schlatt swore in front of him when he was in first grade.”

“He did not! I was fuckin’ sent to his office while he was fuckin’ cussin’ a dumbass moron of a teacher out like the dumb bitch he was and I just overheard.” said Tommy.

“WHY were you sent to the principal’s office?”

“For calling my teacher a dumb bitch!” said the 14 year old with a shit-eating grin.

“Yeah. We haven’t gotten him to stop yet.” said Dream, resigned to this fact.

“That is so adorable.” said Ultimus’s wife with a grin before she went over to Dream and hugged her. “We’ll do our best to help Puffy out. We used to work with her and this is not how we treat our retired heroes. Are the both of you okay?”

“Personally? Not really, but we can manage. We pretty much live at Puffy’s anyway, and I’m going to try to make this café work until I either can’t or something else happens. I...Prime damn it.” said Dream as she went and sat down on a chair, rubbing her face with her hands.

“If it’s any consolation, at least the demon bitch got my cuff off. But...it feels weird that I don’t have something on my ankle anymore.” said Tommy as he lifted his pant leg to look at the small groove where it used to be. “And I can feel like there’s fire under my skin, but I can’t make it do anything. But it also feels like...fuck, like it was supposed to be there this entire time.” said Tommy, looking at his hands and arms, wondering how he doesn’t see fire on them.

Blade looked at both Ultimus as his wife, wondering if they were going to deal with the emotional issues or not. Just because he may be an old vampire turned when kings and wizards ruled the lands, doesn’t mean he ever bothered to learn about how to deal with emotions.

Seeing the silence stretch out longer than it should, Tommy cleared his throat and looked at the woman with the large hat. “Um...can I ask your hero name?”

“Sure. I’m Lady Nocturne, though my whole title is Lady Nocturne of the Moonless Night. Still don’t know why we even have long hero names like that.” she said with a shake of her head.

“Merchandising. Also it’s in competition with the Wrestling Federation. There’s a reason why you can’t use La Fantasma or The Great Jade Tiger.” said MD as he put his elbows on the counter.

“Wait...the hero committee trademarks Hero names so wrestlers don’t use them?” asked Eret incredulously.

“I’m...at a complete loss of words.” said Blade.

“You’re a hero and you fucker didn’t know?!” demanded Tommy.

“Kid, I’m a hero, not a marketer.”

“I’m not a fuckin’ kid ya damn Tory! I’m the biggest man you’ll ever see this side of Snowchester and I’ll-!”

It was around then that Blade ruffled Tommy’s hair, somehow silencing the youngest in the room.

“Wait, that’s his off-switch?” asked Ultimus.

“Use it against him and we’re having issues.” said Dream with a stern look. “...But yes. Now. GOING to blow past all of that. I’m going to have to close the cafe for the rest of the day while I try to learn Mom’s paperwork.” said Dream before she shrugged, clearly knowing she’s in over her head. “I get to be responsible and out of everyone, that scares me the most. Now I’m...going to look at a bunch of numbers and cry.”

Chapter End Notes

If you noticed the chapter name but don't know what it is, it's a dance that was popular in the 1920's due to how chaotic, twisty and energetic it is. WHY it's named after Charleston, though, I'm not sure. *Shrugs.*

The Tango

Chapter Summary

A new character dances onto the scene, Dream looks at numbers and is trying to comprehend, and Tommy is actually alone for once.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was a little shorter than I originally planned, but then I realized that the first paragraph of the next chapter would fit better here, so here ya go.

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

Tommy, for the first time in his life, was left alone in the apartment.

You'd think he'd have had more opportunities to be alone and all, but Dream never really left him be. Now, before anyone thought otherwise, no. She always made sure he had space, could do what he wanted provided it didn't kill him or anything, and could keep secrets from her. Same with Puffy.

But, never was he ACTUALLY alone.

Puffy being in jail and Dream at the cafe with Eret learning how to crunch the numbers, Tommy really had nowhere else to go except home, besides the apartment that Dream did own, but never really made use of. It was there when his older sister needed space for herself, but there was nothing there. No photos, no electronics, no food, no furniture save a bed, no real reason to actually rob the place.

The teen figured that having the apartment was more like Dream having a place as an address to throw someone off. Whoever that Jericho was and whatever he done to her, it still gave his sis nightmares.

"Well well! What have we here?" asked a voice from the doorway.

Leaping off of the sofa, Tommy whirled around and brought up a baseball bat.

"Now now, no need for violence. I just needed to speak to the Biggest Man this side of Pogtopia." said the yellow sweater-wearing man.

"Well, you found him, but you ain't gettin' a fuckin' thing outta me! I know how to use fire, you fucker!" snarled Tommy, mostly in fear. Hopefully his bluff would stare the other off.

“That is a shame. All I wanted to was to ask if you could help me set up a meeting with an old friend of mine. However, if you want, I can make a deal with you. Something that will benefit you and your sister in the long run.”

“You’re one of them Pogtopia stalkers, aren’t ya? Fuckin’...stalking people, kidnapping them! You’re a wrong’un if I ever seen one, ya balding bitch!”

“Excuse you, Gremlin! I have wonderful hair on my head and I don’t kidnap people. I merely observe their daily affairs without them seeing me. No kidnapping involved.” said the other.

“THAT’S STILL STALKING YOU DUMBASS!”

“...Okay, yes, it is stalking, but that’s ALL I do. Now, I’m willing to make a deal to get your help setting up this meeting.”

Tommy looked at the other, noticing a faint transparency of the other, like he was only semi-corporeal. Round frame glasses on the other’s nose, and now that Tommy was looking, he seemed to have small splashes of blue on his sweater and face.

“Uh...what’s with the blue?” he asked the other.

“Oh, am I bleeding again? Damnit, I thought I got it all this time.” said the other as he looked at himself. “Sorry about that. Phantom blood. Hard to get rid of after you heal your injuries.” said the other with a laugh.

Tommy was not sure why, but he kinda liked the man. But he also knew he was a danger because he was both a stalker and was trying to set up a meeting with someone using the teen instead of himself.

“Why can’t you set up a meeting yourself?” asked Tommy.

“Ah...that’s kind of the crux of my problem. You see, I am supposed to be dead. A lot of people think I am, and at the moment, I do not wish to disabuse the notion. HOWEVER, things are starting to heat up, both in Pogtopia and in L’Manburg. What it entails, I’m not fully certain, but I need to contact someone that I know will keep silent on my current status of Not-Deadness. So, I very much would like to ask you to convince The Royal Blade to meet me on the roof of this very building.”

“Wait, you’re supposed to be dead? That explains the ghosty shit you’re doin’ right now.” said Tommy, waving a hand at the other.

“I’m a Phantomborn, we normally look like this. But yes. Most Phantomborn really don’t know they’re Phantomborn until they die. Generally of murder or accident. Old age does nothing.” explained the other.

“Okay, you’re a ghost man who’s alive yet dead, got that. Why Blade, though? Why not Ultimus or Kitsune? Hell, why not a vigilante? I seen the Void Rover run by a few times in the area at night, teleporting around. Sure he can do somethin’.”

“Err...they...don’t need to know? Look, vigilantes aren’t going to be able to help because they’re dealing with enough trouble as is. As for Blade, he’s really the only one I can trust with my existence at the moment. Also, I can trust him to do what he needs to should I go too far.”

“Not inspirin’ any confidence there, Ghosty.” said Tommy.

“I know, but it’s the truth. As much as I’m able to tell at the moment. Just...can you get him to visit me on the roof? I’ll...I’ll...what do you want that I can bargain with you for?”

“Man, I don’t know what’s more sad, you not being able to set up your own meetin’ or that you can’t bargain with a 14 year old.” said Tommy before he waved his hand that wasn’t holding the baseball bat. “Okay, okay. How about this? I love my family alot. If you can’t help get Mum out of jail, then can you do somethin’ about that Jericho guy whose existence terrifies my sis?”

“Oh? Oh I would LOVE to do something about HIM.” said Ghosty, eyes glowing a malevolent yellow for a moment. “I’ll get you a thirty pack of cola too!” he said happily. “OH! Oh oh! I forgot something important. If I know Blade well enough, he’ll tell you to stay away or have someone keep an eye on this place or shadow you to make sure I can’t talk to you again. BUT! There is a little phrase that I know for a fact will not only get his attention, but will get him to listen. The Phrase is ‘Revolution waits for no man’. Trust me, he’ll know what it means.”

“OKay...Revolution waits for no man. Got it. I tell Blade that, and to meet you on the roof of this building, and you and him do...whatever. Afterwards, you screw around with Jericho and I get soda. I’m sure this won’t end with me being abducted and taken to Pogtopia.” said Tommy with a grin, though both could tell it was a forced one.

“I formally promise you and yours will never make it into the hole that is Pogtopia.” said Ghosty with a nod.

“You know, you never mentioned a name.” said Tommy.

“No...no I haven’t, have I? Hmmm...Well, can’t use my usual name, can’t use my old name...Why don’t you call me Orpheus?”

“Okay. So to make sure I got everything here: Orpheus wants to meet the Royal Blade on the roof of my buildin’ and get him to listen by tellin’ him Revolution waits for no man, and then you’ll do whatever?”

“Exactly! Thank you so much for helping me with this. You truly are the biggest man this side of Pogtopia!” said Orpheus with a large grin. The teenager didn’t know if the other was intentionally flattering him to get his guard down or what, but it did feel nice for someone to finally admit he was the biggest man ever.

“I need to go now. Hopefully you’ll come through!” said the Phantomborn before he phased through the floor, turning invisible on the way down.

Tommy waited for ten minutes to see if anyone or anything would suddenly bust into the apartment or grab his foot or whatever. When nothing happened, he dropped the bat and bolted out of the place, jumping out a window onto the fire escape and onto the next building's roof, intending on making it to the cafe in as little time as possible.

“Okay, so buying in bulk is cheaper, just not by much unless it's certain things like rice or flour. Which case that's super fucking che-” started Dream, trying to understand business numbers and only partially getting it right.

Then Tommy busted through the door, panting from sprinting for so long. “SIS! I think I saw the leader of Pogtopia!”

“Wait what?!” Two separate trains collided in Dream's head, leaving no survivors.

“What do you mean by the leader of Pogtopia?” asked Eret, more on the ball than the other at the moment.

Explaining what happened back at the apartment, Tommy didn't skimp out on any details. When he finished, Dream was texting Blade instantly.

“Who're you texting?” asked Tommy.

“Blade, why?” replied Dream.

“...did he give you his number?” asked Eret.

“For situations like this, yes. Again, I ask why?”

Both Eret and Tommy looked at each other before looking at Dream.

“Are you and him dating?”

A third train wrecked in Dream's head, and still no survivors were found.

Chapter End Notes

And now Wilbur joins the colorful cast of chaotic characters! :D

Raise your hand if you were wondering where he was going to pop up at.

The Mambo

Chapter Summary

A meeting is arranged, in a way, and Tommy asks Dream's coworker for a place.

Chapter Notes

Yeah, sorry if this one's short. What should have started this got moved to the previous chapter. Hope you still enjoy, though.

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

Twenty minutes later, Blade enters in his hero costume, looking quite worried. The text of 'Blade, Tommy met Pogtopia's Leader and he has a message' didn't sit well with the vampire.

"Hey Blade. Tommy's in the office with Dream." said Eret.

"Has he been hurt or anything? No one meets the leader and survives, much less come away unharmed." said Blade.

"He looked fine, if out of breath when he busted into the room." said Eret. "He did insist on telling you about what was said, though."

"Alright. Thanks." said the vampiric Piglinborn before he entered the office. "Hey. Are you two okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Tommy's still shook up, though." said Dream before she looked at her brother and tilted her head to the side. "Go on, he's here now."

"Yeah, um...Orpheus wants to meet you on the roof of our apartment building cuz somethin's happening and he's not sure what it is. He also told me to tell you that Revolution waits for no man, whatever that means."

Blade looked at the teen like he had been struck in the face.

"...what did you just say?" he asked quietly.

"Revolution waits for no man. Orpheus told me that you'd listen once I told you that." said Tommy, wondering just what he did.

“...Did he say what time to meet him?” asked the other, wary of the answer.

“Well, he looked all ghosty and shit, think he said he was Phantom? Yeah... Yeah, Phantomborn. He didn’t seem all that fond of sunlight, so I’m guessin’ after dark.” said Tommy. “Otherwise, he never mentioned. Uh...where do Sis and I stay if you’re doin’ your meetin’ on the roof?”

“Hmm...seeing that, as far as you mentioned, he only wants to talk, I guess you could stay in your apartment. BUT, since you said he was Phantomborn, that means he’s probably capable of phasing through solid materials, so keeping you there would be like handing him hostages if a fight DOES break out-”

Dream and Tommy watched the other pace back and forth, listening to him ramble about his thought process on if it was a good idea if they were in the apartment at the time. Watching him go back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

“-so it’s probably for the best if you two stay somewhere else. And the fact that you both watched me pace back and forth like distracted puppies, I can say that you at least understood me a little bit.” finished Blade as he looked at the two.

Dream and Tommy both gave him a thumbs up with their left hands.

“Do you have any other place to be for the night?” asked the vampiric Piglinborn.

“Uh...not really. The guys I was friends with kinda...decided I wasn’t friend-worthy anymore. Namely, Sapnap got drunk and passed out once when Tommy was nine and babysitting him, and George kinda started dating XD and that fell through.” explained Dream.

“XD?” asked the vampire, thinking a moment before he remembered who they actually were. “Oh. Him.” came the flat tone. “Yeah, I can understand that perfectly. His parents are insufferable.”

“Glad we can agree.” said Tommy and Dream in unison.

“So that literally takes out any potential locations you could be safe at.” mumbled the vampire to himself as he returned to pacing again.

Suddenly, Tommy got up and went to the door, opening it and looking out. “Hey Eret, mind if my Sis and I crash at your place tonight?”

“Tommy, we can’t just ask my coworker-”

“Eh, sure. I have nothing planned and I have tonight off from my other job. Do you like Turkish coffee?”

“Never had it and pretty certain Sis won’t let me try it.” replied Tommy.

“A shame. Maybe I can get your sister hooked on it.”

“Is Turkish coffee a drug I need to know about?” asked Dream as she got up.

“Only if you’re referring to the caffeine in it, then yes. Otherwise, no.” replied Eret. “I also have tea and soda. Got any allergies?”

“Uh, can’t eat tree nuts.” said Tommy with a shrug.

“Wolfborn, suppressed.” said Dream flatly.

“Wolfborn? Oh does that mean you have big fluffy ears?!” asked Eret.

“MUCH. REGRET.” said Dream flatly.

“I bet your tail would be so fluffy, too! I bet when you were younger you had bows tied-”

“CAN WE PLEASE MOVE ON TO WHAT WE’RE NOT ALLOWED TO DO? PLEASE?” practically yelled Dream, much to the laughter of both Tommy and Eret, glaring at Blade as the other chuckled quietly. “You can stuff it, too.”

After a moment of glaring at the others, she threw up her hands and went to the computer, making sure the numbers were saved before turning it off.

“Since we’re in abit of a pickle, we need to get to our place and get a night bag.” said Dream to Tommy.

“Sure Sis.” said the teen once he calmed down and let her take charge.

Chapter End Notes

Side Note: When Dream was first taken in by Puffy, she did have a big bow used to tie her hair back behind her puppy ears. Her tail was trimmed, but never really bothered with.

The Waltz

Chapter Summary

Orpheus meets with the Royal Blade. And some puzzle pieces are put into place.

Chapter Notes

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

Blade waited on the roof, wondering why this Orpheus needed to speak to HIM of all people. If he really was the leader of Pogtopia like Tommy said, then why speak? He honestly hoped it wasn't a trap. He hated traps.

When the vampire told Ultimus what he was doing, him and his wife both decided they were going to not be far to make sure that if it was a trap, then they could help within ten minutes. But they kept their distance enough that they couldn't see or hear anything that was going on.

A dangerous decision, but they also knew Orpheus was a dangerous man, even if there wasn't much about him. It was also the reason why they didn't bother with a wire. Any time Orpheus was actually out and about, all wire signals in a forty foot area were jammed.

He was dangerously clever to the heroes' ways, and that made dealing with him a nightmare.

"Ah, my friend!" said a voice.

"Orphe...us?" asked Blade, finally spotting the other. "...Wilbur?"

"Hi Blade! It's been so many years since we last talked and I was feeling abit homesick. How's Dad and Mumza?" asked the spectre-like entity in front of him.

"H-how...? Wilbur, you and Quackity..? What the hell happened that night?! I demand to know!" said Blade, his anger and confusion spiking.

"Now now, give me a moment. I want to word this properly so we don't have anymore miscommunication here. Because I heard that you heroes think Pogtopia is a Runner group, and though I wasn't at the Runner meeting, I know we were kicked out of the Runner Organization. Not like I was attempting to stay in it. Honestly, they should have kicked us out years ago." said Wilbur as he walked back and forth.

"Wilbur, please." said Blade, agitation evident in his voice.

"Okay okay. Look, when Quackity and I went on patrol that night, I didn't realize that something was hampering our powers until Figment and Wolfstorm were on us. It was through sheer luck on Quackity's part that he just lost an eye and a couple of teeth from

Wolfstorm's pickaxe. Also, do you know how fucking batshit crazy he gets when his life's on the line? He ripped the pickaxe out of his own head and used it to kill both Figment and Wolfstorm with brutal savagery. I can see why you and him were good friends." said Wilbur as he went to sit on the roof's edge.

"And you? Who saved the both of you?" asked Blade, honestly afraid of the answer.

"Quackity was saved in the nick of time by the vigilante Witherlord. I...sadly wasn't. But that's honestly besides the point. The Witherlord helped me come to terms with being a Phantomborn once I 'came back to life' so to speak. And I even brought my love back with me. And that agitated him more but again, besides the point. If there's one thing I need to tell you now, Blade, it's this. Do not, in any circumstance, trust ANYTHING edible or drinkable in the Tower. I think someone there spiked my coffee with Obsidian dust."

That bit of information suddenly explained why some days, his powers felt weak. That explained why some villains looked shocked when he still won against them.

That explained why Legend always seemed pissed when he came back to the Tower afterwards.

"Legend..." the vampire growled in anger, eyes glowing a malevolent red as his blood boiled and the voices screamed for blood. "Everything seems to tie to him."

"If it's any consolation, his civilian name is Jericho. And I want to absolutely gorge myself on his suffering." said Wilbur. "I created Pogtopia as a haven for those that wanted to get away from the Elitum after my death, turn it into a functional and still morally sound black market, and yet he somehow got in and corrupted EVERYTHING I built. Turning it into a hellhole of suffering and pain, and...and...Blade, I would never have found out I was Phantomborn if that night never happened. I would still be a goody two-shoes, patrolling the districts and bothering both you and my parents with whatever random melody came to mind. I would still be Wilbur the Siren, not Orpheus the Devourer. I...I miss everyone back home, but I know I can't go back. Not like this. Probably not ever." said the other, the regret in his words heavy on the air.

"Wilbur...your parents miss you too. So does Fundy. Everyone back at the Tower misses you." said Blade, sitting down besides the other.

"Even Friend? I hope Legend didn't have him killed. He's such a good sheep." said Wilbur.

"Legend wanted to, but Phil got him to Antfrost's sanctuary before he could do anything. Fundy visits him every other day if he can. Everyone visits him at least once a week. Even got the official designation of Therapy Sheep." said Blade with a nod.

"You visit him often?" asked Wilbur.

"Once a week, like most others, but...the last few days have been rather taxing. ...Do you want me to not tell Phil about you? I don't even know if I can hide this knowledge from your mom." said Blade.

“...Tell them, but swear them to secrecy. And tell them I’m not ready to speak to them yet. Maybe...maybe when Legend’s gone. But not right now. Right now, I’m telling you this: I’m sealing Pogtopia off. There’s going to be people crawling out, but those ones are innocent and should never have been there. And have everyone evacuate the surrounding area. The ravine is deep and I don’t need any more deaths on my hands than I already have.” he said before standing up. “...Jericho is a monster, Techno. He’s Pogtopia in human form. Stop him before he makes more monsters like me.”

“I will, either with him being in jail or his head on a pike.” growled Techno. Then he sighed and took the skull mask off, rubbing his eyes. “Wilbur. You aren’t going to do anything to the kid and his sister, right?”

“I promise. I couldn’t do anything to them anyway, even if I wanted to. They are powerful in their own right, and if anyone was stupid enough to trigger them, then that’s on them alone. I’m sometimes airheaded, but I’d like to think I’m not stupid. You don’t hurt the Huntsman’s daughter and think you can get away with it.”

“Wait, what? Who’s daughter? WHO is WHO’S daughter?” asked Blade.

“Ah...yeah...I don’t think I need to tell you that part, as that’s her history to explain to you. But to reiterate, swear my parents to secrecy, make sure Friend still gets his hugs, Legend is Jericho, Pogtopia is getting sealed, I’m Phantomborn with the name Orpheus, there’s a dance going on that you, Phil and Niki need to start dancing to, and please make sure to let Fundy know it’s not his fault. It never was and it will never be.”

The vampire nodded, committing it to memory. “I will.”

“Thank you. Now, I best get going. Sally’s waiting for me to begin the sealing process. Should take about an hour or so.” said Orpheus as he stood up, the moonlight making everything about him shimmer in an ethereal glow. “To our places, Uncle Tech. This waltz is going to be a long one.”

Chapter End Notes

Yay! I got Wilbur in here! Don't worry, this won't be the last time we'll see him. Maybe he'll bring Sally along!

Also, I'm going to assume that at one point, Phil conned Techno to change baby Wilbur's diaper once and the vampire regretted it deeply.

The Bolero

Chapter Summary

Hints of a past and possible futures.

Also some exasperation.

Chapter Notes

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

Dream was looking at the little flower on the table in front of her, wondering why Eret had it if she didn't know how to take care of the poor thing.

"You are an insult to florists everywhere." she said to him.

"What did I do now?" asked the other with a roll of their eyes.

"This little flower doesn't get enough sunlight or water! I'll write you down some instructions on this flower's care." said Dream as she got up, looking for a notepad and a pen.

"If I knew you were going to critique my floral arrangements, I would have told you to find the nearest hotel." said the other flatly.

"Yeah, shoulda warned ya of my Sis's weirdness. She can blame her dad all she wants, I think she's just weird." said Tommy.

"Wait til you meet him. Your brain'll explode." said the elder of the two, writing down the best place to put the flower and how much water to give per day.

"Who is your father? I didn't know Puffy was married." said Eret in curiosity.

"Er...she didn't. He...look, I was raised in the Forest for ten years of my life. You can guess who lives there." she said before she handed Eret the note and then went to get water to water their flower.

"Wait...the Huntsman raised you?!" demanded Eret in surprise. "But, he-? Why?"

"Yup, he raised me. Don't know why. I kinda want to take Tommy to the Forest to meet him." she said.

"What, and have him kill me?!"

"He won't hurt you, dumbass. He knows we're related so he'll call you like, I don't know, his Ruby or something."

“Why a gemstone? Why not ‘Biggest Man Ever?’” asked Tommy as he went to the kitchen. Which was very large. Turns out, Eret lived in District Two, nicknamed SnowChester by everyone.

“He calls me his Emerald, so calling you Ruby, Turquoise...I don’t know. It’s just his thing. I’m not going to think about the inner mental machinations of a giant treeman.”

“Fair enough.” said Tommy as he sat on a stool. “So! Big E, if you live here in SnowChester, WHY do you work at Ma’s cafe?”

“Because the diners here are boring, bland, too professional and lacking in that warm feeling that makes a place comfortable.” they said after a moment of thought. “Also, if I worked anywhere else, I wouldn’t have met your sister and you both would have been stuck in a hotel.”

“True” said the sibling before a knock on the door caught their attention.

Eret, true to form, grabbed what looked to be a bedazzled horseman’s pike and went to the door. “Hello?”

“Hey! I brought the coffee!” said a familiar voice.

“Sharktooth?” asked Dream with a confused look as Eret opened the door.

“Smiles!” said the gold-skinned man happily, before he looked confused. “What are you doing here?”

“Blade and a wrong’un was meeting on top of our apartment buildin’ so we asked to crash at their place. Now Sis is scoldin’ him for not taking care of a flower, I’m standing here explainin’ this and you’re there looking confused.” said Tommy.

“...OKay, rolling with it!” said Sharktooth with a toothy grin. “I brought the coffee and the grinder, I hope you got the sands ready.” he said with a grin.

“I do, Foolish. And while we’re at it, we’re going to be explaining the purpose of the sands. And telling Dream to leave my plants alone.”

“Insult to florists everywhere!”

“Yeah, that sounds like her. Bossman Judagor listened to her rant about a tree someone torched for two hours once. I also remember him ordering me to throw her out a window about it.”

“He did.” said Dream with a nod.

“...do you lack any survival skills? It would explain so much about you.” said Eret.

“I can say with a straight face that I look at common sense and flip it off. This is a daily event because otherwise, I would be dead.”

“And I’m gonna be just like her!” said Tommy with a shit-eating grin.

“Oh Prime no.”

“So...I should expect to see you on the news ALOT in the coming years. Good to know.” said Foolish with a nod.

Eret let the other into the apartment completely, leading the group to a small area in the kitchen with a big metal tub of sand being heated by electricity. “Now, to the lesson about how to make authentic Turkish Coffee.”

“Uh, you don’t use sand to filter it, right?” asked Tommy. And then laughed at their looks of horror.

“That’s my gremlin!” said Dream with a large smile.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I want to see a bedazzled horseman's pick.

The Funky Hustle

Chapter Summary

More details are coming to light, but instead of answers, everyone's getting more to question. However, collecting the pieces of the puzzle may help turn up those needed answers.

Chapter Notes

Yeah, short chapter. I wanted to bring in more characters, even if they'll be mentioned only once or twice. I just didn't know how to add more to this, so here you go.

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

The last few days had made everyone working with Techno question everything that the Elite Law Heroics Committee did and represented.

From imprisoning an innocent woman who was formerly a hero, to letting Legend cuff people that didn't need cuffing, to even spiking coffees and snacks in the cafeteria to weaken their own heroes.

The vampiric Piglinborn was very much tempted to go back to his vigilante ways. First, though, he needed to make sure both Phil and his wife were okay.

They took the news about Wilbur a little hard, especially when they were told that he wasn't ready to talk to them yet.

Having gone to Puffy's cafe, which was surprisingly open and Dream in Puffy's office, he got his friends some tea and pastries. While he waited, he saw a Ramborn and an Enderborn enter and go straight to Tommy's table.

Huh, the little raccoon gremlin made friends. Miracles did exist.

Once the vampire procured the snacks, he made his way back to the Tower and to their offices.

"Phil, Kristen, I got you tea...and Danish rolls." said Techno as he entered the room the two were in.

"Thanks, Tech. I just...who would want Wilbur to die?" asked the winged man. It was clear both were still upset and it even looked like they cried a bit.

Putting the two cups down on Phil's desk, he took the pastries out of the bag and placed them on napkins to not stain anything.

"Know it's not healthy, but it's something to eat," said Techno with a nod. "And all three of us know the answer to that. If not the committee, then the one calling the shots."

"Legend..." growled Kristen, eyes turning black in rage. "I'll wither his soul."

Phil patted her head, calming her down. "Not yet. We need to make him pay, and anyone that helps him in the committee. It's clear he isn't doing this alone, else he would have been caught by now and charged."

"So we might need to bring in some outside help. What about Niki? Once she hears about what happened to Wilbur, she'll get SOME kind of closure." said Techno.

"Yeah...it's best to bring her in. Closure and her dedication will help out alot. Also her access to the records about that night." said Phil with a nod as he took one of the two cups of tea. "Mint?"

"Eret suggested it. Said it had a calming effect. I just know it's tea." said Techno with a straight face.

Kristen chuckled lightly before accepting her cup. "Want to bring her in? We need to bring her up to speed about all that's happened within the last week or so. And warn her about the cafeteria food."

"I can do that. You two drink the tea and eat. You both need it." said Techno with a nod before he went to the door. Once he left the room and shut the door behind him, he sighed and wondered how the hell to even remotely breach the subject to Niki.

"I'm going to be flung around like a doll." he muttered to himself before he started forward.

He had to go down a floor, but he eventually made it to Niki's office, knocking to let her know he was there. And he was hoping she was. It would be rather annoying if she was on patrol.

"Enter! And please mind the boxes!" came Niki's muffled voice.

Opening the door, the vampire Piglinborn looked at her office. Filled with a large aquarium full of fish and a water tub to soak in, and boxes. Lots and lots of boxes.

For one fight, there was apparently a massive amount of paperwork and video footage she combed through. And yet...

"You couldn't find a single thing about Quackity and Wilbur." he mumbled to himself.

"Yeah." she replied, knowing what he was thinking. "Some pieces of evidence are missing, like a store camera that should have been working properly was missing two hours of footage, and someone watching the fight just vanishing within three hours of the fight ending. I asked the Warden and Manifold to help, but even they couldn't find where the electronic

trail went, and all eyewitness accounts are either gone or contradictory. It's about to drive me NUTS!" she said, the last word emphasized by a large bang of her hand on her desk.

Her poor fish were startled for a second.

"...Why don't you come to Phil's office? I think we found a break you're looking for." he said. Then he noticed the cup of coffee beside her hand. "...where'd you get that coffee?" he asked.

"From the breakroom, why?"

"Have you drank it yet?"

"Nooo...? I just got it ten minutes ago. Techno, what's wrong with the coffee?"

"Phil, Kristen and I think someone's spiking the coffee and cafeteria food. Come on, pour that out and I'll send someone out to Puffy's to get you a real cup of untainted coffee. Maybe a pastry, too. ...That's what I forgot, one of those sopapillas." said Techno.

"...isn't Puffy arrested on false charges, though?" asked Niki as she got up.

"Yup. That's another thing we need to talk about. Trust me, there's A LOT to talk about." said Techno as he led the way back to Phil's office.

Once him and Niki arrived, they found the Warden there, talking to the other two heroes in the office while a disturbing amount of smoke oozed its way out of his mask.

"Please don't explode. I don't need to ask for blood donations again." said Techno. "Nor lose an arm again. Losing limbs sucks."

"Agreed." said Niki as she went to a window to open it. "What has you up in arms, anyway?"

"Legend commissioned me to make modifications to The Vault. Specifically for young adults. I'm letting Phil and now you know I'm quitting. I'm not going to have children be subjected to that place! I regret ever designing and building it in the first place! I refuse to accept this commission, I told Legend as such and he threatened me with Committee action! Threatened! I don't care who he thinks he is, I will NOT build it!" spoke the Creeperborn with such fury that no one dared to interrupt.

"...We need to gather as much information on Legend as possible. Now." said Phil.

Niki made sure the furry centurion man drank some water to keep his gunpowder from exploding prematurely.

After a few gulps, he sighed. "I'm sorry. I'm just so furious over what's going on. First Skeppy being arrested on suspicion of being a Runner, then Puffy, and then a kill-on-sight order on vigilantes. And now this! What is the committee doing?!"

"Making it really easy for us heroes with a conscious retire or quit." said Niki. "Sam, apparently Phil and Techno knows something about what happened with Quackity and

Wilbur that night.”

“Want to join the investigation team?” asked Techno.

“Into what? Legend? Yes.” said Sam.

“Then sit down and join us in Story Hour. We have alot of ground to cover.” said the Avian man. “And don’t trust anything edible or drinkable here in the Tower. That’ll be explained, too. Someone call an intern, we’re going to need something stronger than mint tea.”

Chapter End Notes

By the way, the Hustle is an actual dance and I did not know this until I looked it up as the chapter name. Also, Pre-Next-Chapter Warning. Next Chapter's gonna be abit squicky so just a heads up on that. I'll post the warnings before the chapter starts, don't worry. Also, if I need to tag something my story has but I didn't tag yet/properly, let me know.

The Buck and Wing Dance

Chapter Summary

Good thing Bad got the cuff off. Who knows what would have happened otherwise?

((BTW: This is the Squick Chapter, so it can be skipped with no impact to the overall story. This is strictly for character development and nothing else.))

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING!

This is a squicky chapter, with descriptions of medical practices not practiced properly. It is entirely okay to skip this chapter, as it's more character development than anything else.

I will have a TS;DR at the bottom to summarize this chapter if you want the bullet points.

Again, there are mentions of blood, scalpels, cutting, a child in pain, and a bit of a graphic depiction of new limb handling. If this makes you ill, just skip to the very bottom for the bullet points. Otherwise, I'm okay with you skipping this chapter entirely.

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

“Sis...my back hurts.” whined Tommy as he laid on the sofa, his back to the ceiling.

“How badly?” she asked from the kitchen, washing some dishes.

“Enough that I don’t wanna move.”

“That doesn’t explain alot.” said Dream as she put the rinsed bowl into the strainer. Drying her hands, she went into the front room to see what Tommy was talking about.

“...Feels like something’s trying to push out of my back...like a huge zit or somethin’. If it’s one of those giant zits Youtube occasionally shows in their recommendations, I want you to pop it but don’t talk about it. Just do it and make it stop.”

“When did it start hurting?”

“Honestly? A few days ago, but it didn’t start hurting so bad until now.” he mumbled into the couch cushion. “Even having the shirt on hurts.”

“Okay, let’s take it off and see what’s going on.” said Dream as she went to his side, intent on helping him take his shirt off. Worry spiked when he hissed in pain at the movement and whimpered a bit as the shirt rubbed against his back.

And then she saw the source of his pain.

Two large bulges had apparently formed just slightly under his shoulder blades. And when he flinched at Dream’s touch, she could have sworn they flinched too.

“I...I think your wings are growing in.” she said.

“Make it stop...” he whined.

“I...” started Dream before she stopped herself. “Oh shit.” she said.

Now she was in a predicament. Take him to a hospital and have Jericho find them, or let him let his wings burst out of his back and possibly get an infection in the resulting giant exposed wound?

At that moment, she would have given her left arm for some advice from her mother. Then she got a thought in her head.

Foolish said that he had plenty of medical training. Maybe HE could help! Picking her phone up, she dialed his home number, hoping he was there. After a moment of ringing, he did pick up, making her sigh in relief.

“Hey Dream! What’s up? Want some more Turkish Coffee?” he asked, grin evident in his voice.

“Coffee may be nice, but your medical training’s more important. Tommy’s wings are growing in, leaving two huge bulges on his back. Can you come over and help? I’ll give you my address.”

“Oh shit, really? I’ll get my med-bag. Eret! Heading to Dream’s place!”

Dream absentmindedly wondered if Foolish and Eret were dating but shook her head. Not her place to ask or care.

“What for?” asked her fellow barista.

“Tommy’s wings are growing and hurting him.”

“Oh shit. I’ll take you over.”

“Thanks. I’ll be there in a bit. Just make sure he doesn’t move around much, we’ll be there as fast as possible without the cops involved.”

“Thank you,” said Dream.

“No worries.” said Foolish before saying goodbye and hanging up. Dream took a deep breath as she looked at Tommy’s red and obviously sore back.

“I knew you were part bird. What colors you think your feathers’ll be?” she asked, going to at least distract him some.

“If they don’t have any red on them, then they’re not pog.” said Tommy. “...with the exception of purple. Like the allium Ranboob found at the park.”

“The one you insisted I plant and make sure didn’t die?” she asked with a soft smile.

“...yeah. But you aren’t tellin’ him about that.” he said with a glare at her.

“I never even met him. How am I gonna tell him shit? Wait...is he one of the others working at the Sanctuary?”

“Ayup. He helps with the cats. Tubbo helps with the goats and sheep. Except for a blue one there, named Friend. That sheep has a special vest on and you won’t believe how many heroes just come in, go over to him and just hug ‘em. Weird.”

“Emotional support sheep? Who’s blue.” said Dream, trying, rather vainly, to even remotely imagine someone like Blade hugging a blue sheep. “...Tommy, try not to laugh, but imagine Blade hugging the blue sheep.”

The teen thought about it and then had to fight snickering because that was kind of a funny image. “I’m the great and terrifying Royal Blade, who hugs sheep!”

Dream’s chuckles turned into snorts of laughter as Tommy laughed before wincing. “Oh, sorry hon.”

“It’s okay.” mumbled Tommy. Then he shoved his face into the cushion to scream as one of the appendages in his back attempted to stretch. Dream watched as the limbs moved under his skin, feeling absolutely helpless in trying to help him.

Once the limbs stopped moving, she pet his head as he sobbed. It would take fifteen agonizing minutes before Foolish and Eret arrived. Yanking the door open, she looked them in the eyes before pointing at the teen on the sofa.

“Help him please.” was all she could croak out as more muffled screaming was heard.

The gold-skinned man wasted no time getting over there and examining the other’s back. “May need to call Ponk, Eret. It’s clear these things are going to be large.” he said before he got a tube of medicated lotion from his bag. “Okay Tommy, I’m going to put some Novocain lotion on the sore spots to ease the pain. It may not help a lot, to warn, but hopefully enough to make it feel tolerable.”

The teen just nodded, nearly shrieking when the other started putting the lotion on as Eret sent a text.

“Who’s Ponk?” asked Dream.

“They’re a Vigilante Healer. Everyone has an unspoken deal that all healers are to remain untouched regardless of which side they’re on. Ponk’s power can be useful, especially on large-scale injuries such as this. Speaking of which, can’t you use your seeds on him?”

“Too wide an area, too dangerous an area, and they’ll just burn before I can use ‘em.” said Dream.

“What do you mean burn before you can use them?” asked Eret.

“Last time I attempted to use any seeds on him was when he was eight years old. He had a nasty cut on his leg and I put in a poppy seed to help heal it, and before I could even begin to manipulate it, it just caught fire. I haven’t attempted it again.” she said with a shake of her head.

“Dream, I hate to say this, but I feel like there are some things you need to question just a little deeper than, ‘yeah, that happened.’” said Eret.

“True. So...is Ponk coming?” she asked, looking at his phone before looking at the Witherborn.

“Yes. Should be here in a few.” said Eret before reading a new text. “...oh boy. This isn’t good.”

“What isn’t good? Is Ponk coming?” demanded Dream.

“Oh, yes yes, they’re coming, no problem. Apparently the Warden sent Ponk a warning text to tell his friends that Vigilantes are now to be killed on sight. This isn’t good.”

“And people said my views on heroes are horse-shit.” snarled Dream in anger.

“Not all heroes. Just those that don’t question the Committee.” said Foolish as he rubbed the area between Tommy’s shoulder blades. “Can I ask how long they’ve been hurting him?”

“From what I can tell, at least a few days before his cuff was taken off. But I’m guessing once the cuff came off, it started accelerating.” said Dream.

“Shit.” said Foolish. “Good thing Bad got it off when he did. Who knows what would have happened if he hadn’t.” he said before shuddering.

Then the door banged. “I’m here I’m here, open up!”

Eret opened the door quickly as a masked person almost fell in, the strong scent of lemon wafting in behind them. “I’m here where’s the pa-oh shit. Uh...that’s new.”

“Does that mean you can help or not? He’s in pain.” snapped Dream.

“Sure, but I would need him on a bed or a flat surface.” said Ponk as he went over and looked at the two large lumps on the teen’s back. “Yeah...they’re definitely wings. And they are

going to be quite large once the feathers grow in.”

Dream went and opened her bedroom door. She didn’t mind if blood got on her’s, since she knew how to clean that up.

“Hey kid, can you tell me if anywhere else hurts? Like at the base of your spine?” asked Ponk gently as he let Foolish lift him up.

“Not a kid...nowhere else...” said Tommy.

“That’s great. To the bedroom. The bed’ll be perfect for what I need to do.” said Ponk as the other carried the whimpering and sniffing teen.

“What do you need to do?” asked Dream.

“Well, to keep his back from ripping to shreds, I’m going to attempt to cut the skin and then help pull the limb out. Hopefully when I make an incision, they won’t just rip out. What I need you to do is hold his hand and comfort him the best you’re able. I don’t think we have enough time to let any numbing agents work.” said Ponk as the group went into Dream’s room.

“Prime, your room’s an arboretum.” muttered Eret.

“Can’t sleep well otherwise.” said Dream as Foolish placed the teen on the bed. “I’m here buddy. Break my hand if you need to, okay?”

Tommy grabbed the offered hand and nodded, the pain making speech difficult.

Ponk took out a scalpel and held it above the larger of the two lumps. “Okay, I’m making the incision now.” he said before he placed the blade on the skin and gently traced it against the skin, leaving behind a slowly stretching red line, blood oozing out from it. Once he was done, he put the scalpel down and nodded for Foolish to get the gloves on.

“Okay, Foolish is going to pull the limb out, since out of all of us, he’s the strongest. If you need to scream, I’m sure your sister doesn’t mind you doing so into her pillow.”

The teen merely nodded again, stuffing his face into the fluffy thing and screaming in pain when Foolish started pulling the limb out of the incision. Pink did his best to wipe away as much blood as possible as the other pulled the limb completely free of Tommy’s back.

“There, one wing down. Think you can handle the other one, bud?” asked Ponk as he went to the other side.

Tommy couldn’t say anything, just nodding as he sobbed.

Dream said nothing as the teen’s grip tightened even more. If it hurt her, she made no indication as she started gently singing lullabies.

His other wing, sadly, wasn’t as patient as the first, ripping out the moment Ponk made a cut an inch long, nearly getting stabbed as it tore out. And from the sudden shock of pain,

Tommy passed out.

“Okay, that wasn’t intended but expected. How’s he doing?” asked Ponk as he had Eret get something to stop the blood flow.

“He passed out from the pain,” said Dream once she checked him.

“Okay, awesome. I’ll start healing him now since both limbs are out. Afterwards, I suggest you find an Avian to help with wingcare and consult the Avian Forums for instinct care. Trust me, you’re going to need to read up on this.” said Ponk before he took his gloves off and started healing the teen’s new wounds.

“The only Avian I know is Phil so can I get recommendations as to who to look for?” asked Dream.

“Well...there’s Grian, but I’m not sure you should let the two meet...or you meet him..” said Eret.

“Wait...Grian...Grian...that name’s familiar and I can’t place why.” said Dream.

“Pesky Bird.” said Foolish flatly.

“That fucker owes me twenty monds!” said Dream.

“Tell him you’ll drop the money if he helps you with Tommy’s wings. I’m sure he’ll behave if you do. Likes his diamonds more than his friendships, it feels.” said Eret.

“Why does he owe you money?” asked Foolish.

“Reasons. Who has his number?” asked Dream.

Eret happily handed it over since he didn’t need to worry about two chaotic lunatics banding together to burn the city down. And he was just going to pretend that Dream would keep her little brother from doing what she won’t do. Because if she didn’t lie to herself, she wouldn’t be able to sleep at night.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY!

For everyone that skipped, (and I don't blame you, I would, too), here are the bullet points that happen in this chapter:

- Tommy's back's hurting
- Dream finds out his wings are growing in
- Dream calls Foolish, who gets Eret to take him to Dream's apartment
- Eret calls Ponk

- Ponk, before getting there, informs Eret about the Vigilante kill-on-sight order Legend posted before Ponk arrives
- Ponk helps Tommy's wings pop out
- Ponk heals back while Eret suggests meeting Grian for Avian care knowledge

BTW: I have a few more chapters already written, I'm just having slight issue with remembering to post them. I've also noticed that the chapters are starting to get longer, so be prepared for a bit of a lengthy read in a few chapters.

The Samba

Chapter Summary

A visit from a hermit helps.

Chapter Notes

Hey, back to your normal shenanigans. :D

It was two hours later that three people showed up.

Two were Tommy's friends.

One owed Dream twenty monds.

"Hey Pesky. Wanna redeem your debt with actions instead of cash?" she asked.

"Sure! What do you need from me, Dream? ...Besides to lecture me over tree care. I really don't want to listen to another hour of that." said Grian as she let all three into the apartment.

"Where's Tommy?" asked the Ramborn as he looked around.

"He's sleeping in my room. Um...his wings came in today. Which is why you're here, Grain. Show me what I need to do to make sure he doesn't go insane." said the tan-skinned woman as she went to her room.

"You have a lot of plants in your room." said the Enderborn.

"Can't sleep, otherwise. SO! Grain, what's your first bit of advice?" she asked, looking between the three and the slumbering Tommy.

"Why's his wings look like those fuzz dolls you see on Etsy?" asked the Ramborn, eyes covered with his hair.

"Tubbo, that's called down. Baby birds have that." said the Enderborn with a bit of a flat tone.

"Down is basically baby bird's proto-feathers. Meant more for keeping them warm as they mature. Though I have to say, once he's reached maturity, his wingspan is going to be

impressive.” said Grian as he looked at the downy limbs. “And why did you call me Grain? It’s Grian.”

“Because, Wheat, I’m being petty.” said Dream with a smirk.

Grian sighed before he accepted that. “Alright then. First off, we’re going to have to learn about his limbs. Specifically, stretches and exercises. If he’s going to fly with those monsters, he’s going to need them to be strong enough to carry his weight. Even with hollow bones, he’s not going to weigh lightly.”

“Muscles, right?” asked the tallest of the four.

“Ranboo, right?” asked Dream.

“Ah, yes ma’am.” he said with a hesitant nod.

“Okay, making sure. Tommy spoke about you two, but never really mentioned what you looked like.” she said.

“Sounds like ‘im.” said Tubbo with a nod. “So...want us to come back later?”

“Only if you want to. You could stay and learn about this shit with me so we all can make him do this when he wakes up. And isn’t sore.”

“How bad did his wings tear? Wait, did you even take him to the hospital?” asked Grian.

“Nope. Don’t ask for my reasons, either. Anyway, Ponk helped with his wings. First one, a buddy gently pulled out after he made an incision, the other...wasn’t as patient. Tore his skin, but Ponk is a damn good healer. Hence why my bed should be cleaned up abit.”

“...have you ever thought of getting a therapist for your paranoia?” asked Tubbo.

Dream looked at Tubbo and the little shit’s grin. “So THAT’S why you’re Tommy’s friend.”

“I’m the token common sense person they repeatedly ignore.” said Ranboo with a nod.

“I bet you never have a dull moment.” said Grian with a grin.

“Oh no, I would die if things ever get dull.” said Dream with a straight face.

“I’m sure you would. Anyway, let’s begin with the basics of wing care. At the moment, you don’t really need to do much, just make sure you have him stretch and fold, along with flapping motions. Most will be instinctual motions, but you want him to try and go slowly, learn how to better control his limbs. This’ll actually help when it comes to flight.” said Grian.

“...You know what we can ask him to do now?” asked Tubbo suddenly.

“No Tubbo, we’re not having him drop water balloons on people.” said Ranboo.

“Not without the water being colored.” said Dream, making Ranboo look at her in surprise. “What? The shit got it from SOMEWHERE.”

“...No wonder Antfrost keeps saying ‘I don’t want to pull a Dream’...” said the Enderborn in horror.

“Yeah. I’m talented like that. Anyway, next?” asked the elder sister.

“It probably wouldn’t hurt to learn how to preen feathers. This is important for flock bonding. Buuuut...before we go there, we’re going to have to learn about Avian instincts. First off, nesting.” said Grian. “Show me where his room is.”

Dream shrugged and did so, and that was when Grian began talking about nesting instincts, how they’ll turn their bed into a nest, possibly start chirping, may become clingy for a few days to a week, and will need someone to share the nest with until the bird part of the brain is satisfied.

“Okay. I’ll do my best not to blackmail him if he chirps. Got it.” said Dream.

“How are you and him siblings and not have one or the other dead?” asked Ranboo.

“Because we might be assholes to each other, but we do it out of love. Also, I will murder people if they hurt him. I have no qualms with that.” said Dream.

“Duly noted.” said the three.

“What if it’s accidental?” asked Tubbo.

“Accidental murder then.” she said with a nod.

“Can you please adopt me?”

“No.” said Ranboo.

“Why not? And why do I have to run that by you?”

“Because your adopted father Sam’ll eat me alive and I would rather keep all of my limbs, thank you very much. So please, think of my life.” said the tallest of them all.

“I will when I’m fully adopted by Dream.” said Tubbo, making Ranboo groan in horror.

“I may not adopt you, but I will let Sam know I’m adding you two to my pack. It’ll be great.” she said with a grin.

“I’m going to die horribly and it’ll be all your fault.” said Ranboo.

“No you won’t. This is the good timeline.” said Dream with a smirk.

Grian chuckled before getting their attention again. “Still need to know how to make a nest with cushions and blankets.”

“Ah, demonstrate away, Oats.” said Dream, grinning at Grian’s sign of exasperation.

The Cha-Cha

Chapter Summary

We finally get to meet George. Without actually meeting George. And another piece of the puzzle is put into place.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry I took quite a while to get this chapter posted. Just to let you all know, i do have a few chapters already written, I just need to remember to post them. I'm also going back to working on my previous fic, so if you like ESO, give it a read. If not, no worries. :D Later, have a good day, and keep cool my dudes.

Surprisingly enough, it was a calm week of small, happy events after that day.

Blade and his group frequented Puffy's Delights for all their meal needs in-between their patrols and investigations into Legend and his connections.

Pogtopia went silent, with people who were abducted being spotted wandering the streets in a daze and taken to the hospital before returning home to their families.

The Las Nevadas Runners had set up shop in a new location, letting Dream know about it but still leery about what happened to the Knights. Because of that, most of their out-of-house Runners were still on 'vacation', but the in-house ones were still running medicine to those that needed it.

And thankfully, Puffy was released from jail. Sure, it was still under house arrest, but she was allowed to go to her café to work during the day and teach Dream how to do the paperwork.

Tommy, meanwhile, was a clingy shit once he woke up and absolutely hated it. More so when he couldn't seem to stop chirping instead of speaking for a few days. Ranboo and Tubbo let Antfrost know why their erstwhile friend wasn't attending his duties at Sanctuary, and when the Ramborn returned from working there a few hours later one day, apparently Velvet and Antfrost both got Tommy a gift basket of things he would need. Including a jacket that had wings slots for him.

And during that time, Dream, Puffy, Tubbo and Ranboo TOTALLY didn't record the chirping for their own purposes. Nope, they would never dream of it, nu-uh, how rude of you to think so.

However, though the good things were happening that week, there were other things that weren't as pleasant. Bad was still under house arrest and unable to leave nor accept visitors, Skeppy WAS a Runner, but not for Las Nevadas but for the Rams, which prompted the Rams to start withholding their weapon deals with any and all heroes until his release, and rumors began to ooze their way into the inner city about how the Forest was becoming more active.

Dream was wondering if the Huntsman was about to do something.

But what was most bothersome was that George started coming into the picture again.

Through her dreams.

She was happily having a nice dream where she was running over the roofs of a city made of trees and mushrooms when she heard a cough. Stopping, she looked over and saw George on a large Dripleaf tree.

"...are you the REAL George or a figment?" she asked.

"Real. Here to visit, actually. Only way I can, to be honest." said George as he went from being on the dripleaf house to standing next to her.

She sighed before she looked around. "So, not gonna make a couch or chairs pop up? I know you well enough, George. I can't control my dream if you're in it."

He nodded and waved his hand, making a patio set pop up for them to sit in.

"Well, better than that tacky set you made last time." muttered Dream as she sat on a plastic chair.

"Shut up, I was bored and wanted to annoy you." said George as he sat across from her. "So. How's everyone?"

"We're doing great. Tommy's made friends, I have a job that actually keeps me distracted, and Mom's back from jail. All and all, we're doing damn good. You? How're you and Edward?"

"We're going good. Especially given our vastly...non-compatible jobs. By the way, he is wondering if you're okay. The last couple weeks have had your name running around the Tower and he got worried."

"What, so he can tell Mother that I'm still a disappointment?" asked Dream, eyes narrowing.

"He hasn't spoken to that woman in months. Drista got emancipated and moved in with someone she trusts. She's worried about you, too, by the way."

"They know where I live," said Dream. "Hell, they know where I work. YOU know where I work. And I know you know because I saw you pay a kid to get you a coffee so you didn't have to enter. Speaking of which, why do that?"

“Because I know you and don’t trust you to not pour scalding hot coffee on me.” said George.

“You know, it will surprise you to know I wouldn’t. If only because I don’t want to mop it up when you leave.” she said, anger beginning to rise in her chest. “George, WHY are you here? Seriously? You had months to visit and never did, so why now? Why like this?”

“...Look, you’re pissed at me for dating Ed, and I get that. But I’m also a villain and I didn’t want-”

“Don’t give me that spiel. I work at a coffee shop that’s a neutral ground for all three groups. Again, WHY are you here like this? Are you wanting to spill information I don’t have?”

“Dream, please. I actually don’t want to do that. With everything in the Tower going on, Ed is worried about you. Your name keeps popping up, first in being the reason the cuff warrants are being repealed and reexamined, then Tommy meeting Pogtopia’s leader, and how Puffy was taken into custody for something she possibly CAN’T be apart of, and how all this is literally because you were a pickpocket before turning your life around. Edward’s afraid. He won’t admit it, but he’s terrified that Legend’s going to hurt you.” said George.

“Why should I be worried about that Superman knock-off? I never did anything to him.” said Dream, arms crossed over her chest.

“It’s not that you did anything to him. It’s that you’re literally breaking down every single one of his plans, whatever they happen to be. Clarissa, please.”

“Don’t call me that. I hate that name. I’m DREAM.” she snarled in rage. “I am Dream. Clarissa died in that forest when Mother and Father left me in the Forest to die as a baby!” She had shot to her feet and went around the chair, pacing angrily like a caged wolf as she spoke. “I am not that important for anyone to want to hu-”

“Legend is Jericho you dumbass!” snapped George, stopping Dream’s angry rant instantly.

“...what?” she asked, horror making her voice shudder.

“Legend. He’s Jericho, and he’s still looking for you!” said George as he went over and grabbed her shoulders. “So please. Now you know why we’re scared, right? He doesn’t know that Clarissa is Dream. He only knows YOU are a thorn. And once he finds you, it won’t take him long to figure out your connection to him. To Tommy’s connection.”

“He’s not getting Tommy,” said Dream. “I will fucking turn this city into a Prime-Forsaken HELL before I let him near Tommy.”

“We know. That’s the reason I visited here. I’ll visit you at work tomorrow, promise. But I’ll bring Ed with me. Please don’t pour hot coffee on us, okay?”

“Okay...George?”

“Yeah?”

“Goodnight and see you tomorrow.”

“Goodnight, and see you tomorrow.”

The Funeral's Dance

Chapter Summary

A plan is formed and a meeting is held.

Chapter Notes

To those that know, I salute with you, and to those that is finding out now, I embrace you in a hug. We all will miss Technoblade, but know that he is where he should be now. I know I was still new to being his fan, and I can admit I wasn't a great one and all, but he still impacted me in a way I didn't account for, and he's still going to impact everyone in the Minecraft community for years, hopefully decades to come.

I will still be continuing this story, and he will still be a key figure in it, that will never change.

Because the best way to make sure he never dies, is to eternally remember him.

Also, #FuckCancer

Work was busy as usual.

Tommy was at the café, his friends with him along with Phil sharing their booth, probably talking to him about all known Avian behaviors and what to expect in the coming months and years.

Dream was working the register when George and a man looking like a male version of Dream walked in, wearing civilian clothing as they went to the counter.

“Hey George, Ed. What you want?” she asked.

“Black coffee with a cherry Danish roll.” said George.

“Um...I...don't know.” said Ed, more nervous about meeting his estranged sister than anything else.

“I'll get you a sweet tea and a chocolate muffin.” said Dream, confusing Tommy abit at her not attempting to murder the two.

“Uh...” asked Tommy to Phil.

“Maybe he called and asked to talk? It’s not my business until they start yelling, mate.” said Phil before he motioned for Tommy’s attention. “Interrogate her after they leave. That way you can blindside her.”

After getting their orders, Dream let them sit at a booth abt before she got Eret to take over, going to their booth with her own sweet ice tea and a strawberry muffin.

“So...let’s rip the Band-Aid off. Ed, is Mother and Father still hounding you?”

“I changed my phone number three times before I told reception to stop handing it to them. Drista calls at most once a day, four times a week at least. Also, I’m old enough that they shouldn’t be dictating my life anymore. Especially Mother.”

“Anything else?” asked Dream.

“I’m seriously considering changing my name. I hate the name Edward.”

“Good on you. Now, to the crux of the meeting.” said Dream before she took a deep breath. “How...how has he gotten away with all this?”

“We aren’t sure.” said Ed as he looked at George.

“Sap thinks that he’s kept his identity as Jericho secret from the Committee so he could move around freely when he isn’t being a ‘hero’ to the rich. Which is probably why he wants the heroes to stay in the wealthier districts.” said the clout glasses-wearing male. “But how he is able to be a CEO, a Hero AND a reason for Pogtopia’s being what it is is something we can’t puzzle out. How does he have the time for that?”

“Maybe he’s not a Superman knockoff. Maybe he’s a shapeshifter, or a Mimic. Or a Replicant. I honestly hate those.” said Ed.

“Yeah, they’re annoying. Especially when you’re dating one, and find out he’s dating three others at the same time. Not fun.” said Dream with a grumble.

“What is he the CEO of?” asked George suddenly.

“What’d you mean?”

“Like, what is Jericho the CEO of? He’s seen as the head of a powerful company, but never do I hear anyone mention it. Is it a company company, or a ‘company’?”

“...there’s one person to ask, and he’s talking to Tommy at the moment.”

“Can I meet him without being shanked by a fork?” asked Ed.

Dream thought a moment before taking a deep breath, exhaling, and then taking a sip of her tea.

“I don’t know how you can drink it like that.” said George.

“Live in hot places long enough, and you’ll know the practicality of ice tea.” said Dream before she looked over at Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo and Phil.

“Sure. Just...don’t say anything I haven’t explained yet, okay?”

Both nodded and all three got up, going over to Phil’s booth.

“Can I help you, mate?” asked the elder as they approached.

“Do you know what company Jericho is CEO of?” asked Dream.

Phil opened his mouth before he closed it, thinking on that question a moment. “I have no idea. That’s another thing we need to look into.” said the Avian as he got his phone out, texting the question to the Legend Inquisition group chat they made.

You can guess what it’s for.

“So Jericho is the CEO of a mystery company, the Hero Legend, and the driving force behind Pogtopia’s corruption. Three things that require a lot of time, effort and resources to manage with any kind of efficiency. So unless he’s a replicant-type person with Superman-like abilities, he’s definitely not alone. And if so, who are his conspirators? The Committee? Is the Elite Law Heroics Committee a company? Can I have the recipe to this muffin?” asked Ed, getting slightly distracted at the taste of his muffin.

“You’d have to ask Mama Puffy for that last one.” said Dream before she patted Tommy’s shoulder. “Toms, meet Edward. Edward, Thomas.”

“Prefer Tommy,” said the teen as he shook his uncle’s hand. “These two clingy bastards are Tubbo and Ranboob.”

“Ranboo.” came the deadpan reply from the Enderborn.

“Honestly, can’t blame them for hanging around me. With my Big Man personality, I can get as many wives as I want.” said Tommy, before he got headbutted by Tubbo in the shoulder.

“...Drista will love to meet you. Want to drive her nuts and cause her to melt my phone?” asked Ed.

“Fuck yeah!”

“Did you teach him to swear?” asked George as Ed positioned himself to get a selfie with the teen.

“George, you know how I was when he was little. Are you sure it was me that taught him?”

“...after thinking about it, no. Was it that principle?”

“Yup. Fucking New Yorkers.”

The other snorted out a chuckle as Ed and Tommy looked at the phone.

“So...what are we waiting for?” asked Ranboo before Pink Elephants started playing.

“For Drista to light my phone up with texts and demands.” said Ed.

“Huh, she swears as much as I do.” said Tommy as he started reading some. “Oh, I’m keeping that one. That’s a good one.”

“Apparently, I taught him to Human, so that he knows how to not-Human properly,” said Dream.

“You’re a menace to society.” said George.

The look he received made him look away sheepishly. “Oh really? JUST me?”

“...shut up.”

“Thought so. Anyway, what’s our course of action? Like, do I have to find a bunker to hide in, listen to the wind through many ears, go to Eret’s again to complain about how they’re an insult to florists everywhere?”

“You are NEVER going back to my apartment, you plant-based demon!” shouted Eret from the back.

“Aww, that’s the nicest thing she called me yet.” said Dream with a smile.

“Well, for the moment, he’s busy with things, so he should keep to the Tower. But I would suggest having a bug-out plan in case things go south.” said Phil. “Got any family outside the city that you DON’T want to murder?”

“...my dad?”

“Who?” asked everyone but Tommy.

“...he lives in the Forest. Trust me, if anyone can keep Tommy and I safe, it’s him.” said Dream.

“No one lives in the Forest. No one.” said George.

“...there...is...? Look, in public, not comfortable talking about that. Later? On a roof? Being illegal without being given three shits about?” she asked.

“Wait, being on the roof is illegal?” asked Tommy.

“Surprisingly, yes. I found that out when Blade first found me. And further inquiries have told me that yes, unless we have permission or happen to be the building’s owner, it is considered trespassing to go to the roof of an apartment building. They really don’t make that obvious with all the movies they do up there.”

“I see.” said Tubbo before he grinned.

“I can’t see your eyes, but I know that look anyway. No.” said Phil.

“Not unless you can get out of there really fast.” said Dream.

“Don’t encourage him. Please.” said Ranboo.

“ANYWAY!” said Tommy, clapping his hands together. “We have a bug-out forest. Awesome. Anything else?”

“Well, until we need to bug out, we just live every day like normal?” said Dream with a shrug. “Need to let Mom know.”

“I’m sure we at the Tower can run interference when needed.” said Phil with a nod as the group chat was talking about something that he decided to ignore for now. “You know what? Why don’t you and Tommy go and visit your Father in the Forest? I’m sure he’ll want to meet Toms here anyway.”

“What about us? We’re a packaged deal!” said Tubbo with a nod.

“...I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

“And that’s how you know it’s lethal. If the personification of insanity is saying something is a bad idea, then it’s guaranteed to get us killed.” said Ranboo.

“Not wrong, seniorita! I’ve seen half the shit you done.”

“Stuff it, you puta!”

MD laughed as he went back to making more pastries, which prompted Puffy to leave her office.

“We’re not causing problems, are we?”

“No, Ma. We’re behaving like proper employees.” said Dream.

“I don’t have those. Why are you not stabbing those two?” asked the Sheepborn with a suspicious look.

“Truce. Oh hey, need you a moment.” said Dream before she went over, still holding her tea and muffin as she led her mom back into her office.

“...Okay, now that she’s out of hearing range, I got some questions to ask you two fuckers.” said Tommy, looking at Ed and George with a glare.

“Ask away, but be warned, you may not get what you want.” said George.

“Awesome. Never wanted the pony anyway. What’s in it for the both of you, do I need to worry about that bitch of a grandma, why is Sis jumpy when she’s trying to pretend she isn’t and finally, is Drista really a jackalope?”

“Well, I can answer my half of the questions.” said Ed before taking the last bite of his muffin. Once he finished it off, he looked at George. “I’m getting another one before we leave.”

“Sure thing.”

“Okay, what’s in it for me is that I don’t see Dream being locked up or worse, no you don’t need to worry about that bitch ever again, we found out some information we felt she needed to know and are planning to help in any way we can, and yes.”

“Never heard of a jackalope. What’s that?” asked Ranboo and Phil explained as Tommy held his phone out to Ed.

“Contact info. I might actually want to call and ask you shit one day. Just not today. And tomorrow’s looking sketchy.” said Tommy.

“No problem.” said Ed as he happily inputted his information. “Want me to put Drista’s in? You can have her call you and then have Dream answer it. If you plan it, you can have Drista even make some weird animal noises as a greeting.”

“Hated when you two planned that.” said George flatly.

“Hey, why’s there a guy on fire outside?” asked Tubbo as he looked out the window.

“That’s...oh. That’s Sapnap. What has him upset?” asked George. “Ed..?”

“I’m staying right here to make sure Tommy and crew are okay. You can deal with him.” said Edward. “Also, I REALLY don’t want to look like charcoal today.”

“Sure, whatever.” said George as he put his drink and muffin on the table before going out to see what had Sapnap’s knickers in a knot.

“Hey Eddy? Is Sapnap really Halo’s son?” asked Ranboo.

“Yup. It’s where he gets the fire from. He also has a pair of horns on his head, but they’re small and well hidden under his hair.” said Ed as Tommy scooted over to let him sit down.

When Dream returned with Puffy in tow, she looked at the booth in confusion. “Where’s George?”

“Dealing with Sapnap. I think they’re talking about something.” said Tommy with a nod.

“That’s how you usually deal with things, Bud. But what’s got his panties in a twist?” asked Dream as she looked out the window herself, watching as whatever Sap was saying required alot of arm waving and some fire splashing off of his limbs. “He needs to be careful. This isn’t a fire-proof location.”

“Maybe someone should do something about that?” suggested Phil.

“I got it.” said Puffy, rolling up her sleeves as some of the flames got worryingly close to the building, with Sapnap still being none the wiser about it.

“What’s Ma doin’?” asked Tommy.

“I have no idea. What’s Puffy’s power?” asked Dream to Phil.

“Minor hydromancy. Can’t just condense the water in the air, but there’s a small water feature in front of that clothing store she can use.” replied the other as they watched Puffy cause the water in the feature to lift up and then splash on both the fire and on Sapnap himself.

“WATCH WHERE YOU THROW YOUR FIRE YOU IDIOT!” shouted the other before returning back to the booth. “So, heading to the Forest for the weekend, huh? Need camping supplies?”

“Probably. I don’t know if he kept it in good condition.”

“Who’s brave enough to live in the Huntsman’s Forest?” asked Edward to Tommy. Tommy knew, but since Dream was being vague, the teen figured he would just shrug and let her do the talking about that.

“Never met the guy. Be the first in my life, Big Man.” said Tommy as he patted the other on the shoulder. “By the way, how long is this truce you and Sis have?”

“Hopefully for the rest of our lives, but that’s up to her. I’ll say this now, I wasn’t the best older brother and I regret that alot. I can only hope she’ll let me try to make it up to her.”

“Then don’t fuck up.” said Tommy, like it was the easiest thing to do.

“That’s going to be hard, but I’ll try.”

“If you fuck up, make it a hilarious one. She’s more forgiving if she can laugh at you later over it.” said Tommy. “Also, I’m curious if we can roast marshmallows over Sapnap’s head.”

“No. After the last s’mores fest, marshmallows got into his hair and he’s refused to do it since.” said Ed.

“What a bitch.”

“Have YOU ever gotten marshmallows in your hair? Trust me, it’s not fun. Or easy.” said Edward before Puffy patted his shoulder. “Um…”

“Edward, Dream explained to me what’s going on, so I want you to do me one little favor. While Tommy, his two buddies, and Dream are off camping, you’re going to report everything Legend does to me provided you’re able to. Okay?”

“Really want to know what’s going on here…” said the blond teen flatly.

“And you’ll know in due time. Just not today, and tomorrow’s looking sketchy.” said Puffy before she grinned. “SO! Other than that, I think we’re all good. Behave, don’t break

anything, and if you do, clean it up before someone steps in it.”

“Yes ma’am.” said the group before Puffy went back to the front door of the café, making Sapnap turn his fire off quickly.

“Just drying myself, nothing else!” he shouted before stepping behind George.

Dream snickered as Puffy looked at him a moment more before heading back to her office. Dream, however, smiled and clapped her hands together.

“So kiddies, wanna go camping in the land of the murder trees?”

A Dance of the Forests

Chapter Summary

We get to see where Dream first grew up before shit hit the fan. The kids are less than thrilled.

Chapter Notes

Yeah, this is a long chapter, but now we're getting closer to the end now, so things are going to start picking up, hopefully. By the way, most of this fic is written down, I'm just as forgetful as Ranboo in posting chapters sometimes, but this fic is at 92 pages as of this posting date, so, this fic is officially the longest fic I ever wrote in my life. Whooo! (P.S.: Look up A Dance of the Forests)

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

“Why do we have to walk all the way to your old house? We had a perfectly good car and driver.” complained Tommy.

“Because the Huntsman doesn’t like things going vroom vroom in his forest. Besides, the walking isn’t killing you any.” said Dream as she hefted her camping bag higher on her shoulders.

“Yeah, but we have to carry these things! They’re heavy!” whined the teen as Ranboo and Tubbo walked behind them.

“Tommy, I love you with everything I have, but I swear I’m going to brain you with a frying pan.” said Dream.

“No you won’t. You’ll just threaten to take away my cola or somethin’.” said Tommy with a pout before they came to a massive, fallen tree. “Whoa. What knocked that over?”

“Don’t know. Been like that since I was little. Speaking of which, we’re here.” said Dream as she took her bag off.

“Wait, what? I don’t see a house anywhere.” said Ranboo.

“Yeah, there’s nothing here.” said Tubbo as he lifted his bangs to get a look around.

“Well, that’s because you guys assumed there would be a house here. I never mentioned a house.” said Dream as she went over to what looked to be a bush. “Oh yay, it’s still here!”

And...it didn't grow, damn. Guess that's on me for not warning him." said Dream before she looked around.

"...your house is a hole in the ground?" asked Tommy, incredulous.

"Again, I ask, do you see the Huntsman letting people build houses in his Forest?" asked the eldest of the four.

"...no." said Tubbo before he dropped his bag. "So what are we doing here? Just looking pretty?"

"No, we first need to set up camp. Get the tents out of your bags and I'll show yo-how did you get here, Phil?"

"I flew."

"Nah, really? I couldn't tell." said Dream. "I mean how did you get to this grove? Only way to get here is to have someone that lives here lead you here."

"Ah, the Huntsman did. Kind of insisted, actually."

"...why would Dad insist?"

"Well, it involves your cuff and how both you and Tommy there don't know jack shit about your innate abilities."

"...what, putting seeds in large cuts and using them to heal them isn't the full extent of what I can do?" asked Dream.

Tubbo and Ranboo looked at her in horror at that.

"Yeah, Sis can do that. 'S weird and really gross, but it works." said Tommy with a nonchalant shrug.

"And you didn't tell us this?" asked Ranboo.

"That's shit you don't bring up in polite company." said the winged teen.

"Who's polite?" asked Tubbo before Dream coughed, getting their attention.

"Before ANYTHING ELSE. We're getting tents set up. Phil...are you here for camping, or is someone else going to join that I need to know about?"

"Probably Techno. I'll carry him and drop'im from the sky if I have to." said the Avian with a shrug.

"...I don't think he'd survive that?" asked Ranboo.

"He's a vampire. Drops like that aren't gonna bother him, mate."

"A vampire?!" said the group of four.

“I fucking KNEW it!” said Dream. “I knew there was no way he was that quiet! I knew it, I fucking KNEW it!”

“I feel like I fucked up one of his games with ya.” said Phil before he shrugged. “Eh. First we get the tents up, then I can teach ya how to break your cuff, mate.”

“Yeah, we’ll just go with the simple things first and go from there.” said Dream, and thus two hours of getting the camp set up began.

It was funny when Ranboo somehow got tangled up in his tent, and then somehow got Phil stuck as well.

“...Your parents need to teach you guys how to go camping.” said Dream flatly. “Speaking of which, YOU ARE SURE your dad said you could, right, Tubbo?”

“Yeah, he knows.” said the ramborn.

“...he didn’t agree, did he?”

“I plead the fifth.”

“Tubbo, you’re going to get ME killed.” said Dream.

“Now you know why I tried to get you to ask his dad instead of him.” said Ranboo as he and Phil finally got out of the mess that was the tent.

“Yeah. That’s on me.” said the dirty blonde as she sat on a folding stool. “Need help with the tent?”

“Yes please.” said Ranboo as Phil abandoned him to it.

Tommy and Tubbo, meanwhile, helped Phil get a ring of stones ready so they could start a campfire.

“Think I can light it?” asked Tommy as the Avian showed how to set up a campfire.

“If you can convince your ability that it’s not suppressed anymore, you could.” said Phil, wings flapping abit before resettling against his back.

“Okay, how do I do that?” asked the winged teen, his own winged appendages flapping abit before settling down.

“Your wings still look like a lint doll.” snickered Tubbo.

“You’re a lint doll you fucking goat!” snapped Tommy angrily, making the ramborn laugh at him. Phil got their attention and began instructing the other Avian on how to get his fire to work.

It took a few tries, but the teen was soon able to make a spark that got the fire started.

“Whoo! Sapnap can suck it!” whooped Tommy happily.

“Aww, soon my little birdy’s going to be an arsonist. I’m so proud.” said Dream, wiping away an imaginary tear from her face.

“How are the both of you still alive and not in jail?” asked Ranboo.

“Flipping common sense off.” said Dream.

“You need a t-shirt that says that.” said Tommy as he started practicing more with his fire.
“...think I can sit in the fire?”

“Not yet.” said Phil. “Later, when your powers are more awake you potentially could.”

“Wait, he can set himself on fire and not get hurt?” asked Tubbo.

“Wish that was a thing a few weeks ago...” mumbled the Avian teen.

“Well, until then, just keep practicing and your fire should be setting assholes alight in no time.” said Philza with a cheeky grin.

“We’re trying to CURB the murder tendencies, not exacerbate them!” said Ranboo, who looked like he was going to grow grey hairs before he turned twenty. Poor child befriended the wrong people.

“Well, Ranboob, you’re doomed. We’re the crazy club and you clearly signed the wrong waiver.” said Tommy with his own cheeky grin, grinning wider when Ranboo groaned.

“I’m going to die because of you all and I will haunt you with pasta every day.” said the Enderborn.

“THERE we go!” said Dream. “Just sass us back and we’ll be right as rain.”

“If only,” said the Enderborn flatly.

“Okay, so tents are up, campfire going, everything else is ready for a weekend of getting to know my homeland, and I made sure to pack the essentials. Am I missing anything?” asked Dream.

“Your mind?” asked Ranboo.

“Your meds?” asked Tommy.

“Your paranoia?” asked Tubbo.

“Your Blade.” said Philza.

“WE’RE NOT DATING, DAMNIT!” shouted Dream, making the others laugh.

“Out of all the things she could scream about, it’s Techno!” Tommy howled as he rolled on the ground.

“I hate you all.” she growled before she pulled up a folding chair and plopped on it. “Okay, so what do we do first to get my cuff broken if Bad can’t do it?”

“Well, there’s a few ways to get your cuff off, but one is not ideal.” said Phil as he started tending to the flames.

“Before we go further, are you staying the night or what?” asked Tommy as he got off the ground, flapping his wings to get the twigs and dirt off them.

“I’ll get the brush.” said Ranboo before Dream could. “Learn to break your cuff off else you’ll never terrorize your brother and sister with R-rated flowers.”

“...Ranboo, you are now my favorite.” said Dream with wide eyes.

Tubbo, however, gasped in mock-horror. “My angel swore!”

“He’s not your favorite, Sis! That’s me!” said Tommy in his own horror.

“Now now, children!” said Phil. “I’m not staying the night. At some point I’m going to head out and drop Techno off. Or Eret.”

“Both have their own forms of hilarity. Why not both?” asked Dream.

“Because one needs to stay and look after the city. Trust me, it’s one or the other, not both.” said Phil.

“What is so important about Sis getting her cuff off, anyway? Like, why is it important that we know what we can do?” asked Tommy.

“Well, that’s what we’re here for. I’ll bring Eret because he’s more knowledgeable about it, since I can’t stay and elaborate myself fully. Because it’s long, convoluted and will require A LOT of explaining of things that aren’t directly important, but needed for understanding.” said the Avian. “There’s a lot.”

“Wheee.” said the kids and Dream as Ranboo returned, using the brush to gently get the grime off of Tommy’s fluffy appendages.

“Wear your jacket to protect your wings,” said Dream.

“Yes Sis.” said Tommy. “When Ranboo’s done.”

“Okay. Let’s start.” said Phil as he stood up, motioning for Dream to follow.

Doing so, Phil took her off to the side where, if her power ran rampant, it wouldn’t hurt or destroy anything.

“Alright, sit on the ground and try to extend your senses. You said you can use seeds to heal injuries, so let’s see if you can feel the earth.” said Phil, getting on his knees, waiting on the other. Dream sat crossed-legged on the ground, doing as she was told. She wasn’t exactly

sure how to ‘extend her senses’ but she’d try anyway. After trying for a few minutes, she sighed.

“How the fuck am I supposed to extend my senses?” she asked, slightly frustrated that she couldn’t tell what she was supposed to be doing.

“Well, you’re half wolf, right?” asked Phil.

“Yeah.”

“Then think like a hunter. Sense the forest around you. Look for your prey. Let your prey be the Earth and the Forest.” said Phil, his voice taking on a slightly airy sound. When Dream looked at him, she nearly jumped up off the ground.

He looked like the wind was taking the form of Philza, with glowing blue eyes.

“...Phil?” she asked, confused, unnerved, and slightly scared.

“Trust me, Mate. You can do this yourself, but not with wind.” said the Wind-Philza and for some reason, Dream could tell the other was smiling.

“Uh...okay...Hope your wife knows she fucks air...” said Dream as she tried again. “Feel like I’m in a power-creep cartoon show.”

“Is it power-creep if you already know how powerful you are, but you have to regain your powers?” asked Tommy, only to be shushed by Ranboo and Tubbo.

Dream closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Just think like a hunter, hunt the earth...hard to hunt with it being all around...all around...

All around her felt like home.

She suddenly wanted to be home. Not in the apartment in the city. Not even in her old little den.

She was sitting on her home and yet wasn’t there. She wanted in her home.

Dream felt tendrils of her home around her so she decided to start mentally yanking on them. Pulling at it to drag her into her home, open the door, lift the gates, whatever. She wanted in.

Tommy and the others watched as vines and roots grew out of the ground, crawling up her legs and arms to wrap themselves around her. Ranboo had to stop him from leaping over there to yank them off.

Philza let himself regain his physical form, watching the other rather intently. But more importantly, he was watching the cuff on her leg strain under the power it was trying to suppress. Watching the obsidian start to crack and splinter as more roots and vines grew on her, turning her tan skin to stone and dirt. The enchantments that were supposed to assist in Obsidian’s suppressing powers were flickering and warping, the power that Dream was channeling overwhelming the runes.

“Wh-what’s happening?” whispered Tommy.

“She’s the Emerald, little Ruby.” said a gravelly voice, making the three boys snap their heads to it.

“The Huntsman...” said Ranboo in awe, looking at the massive tree-like entity.

The Huntsman smiled lightly, if the twisting of the facial bark was anything to go by. With a massive arm made of vines and branches, it reached over and used a stone to gently move a piece of burning kindling back into the campfire ring. Then it somehow silently walked fully into view from behind the massive fallen tree.

Tommy blinked as he watched the Huntsman’s ‘legs’ sort of slid through the dirt and rocks. Like the roots were going through water instead of the more solid earth it was walking on.

“Um...I don’t get the whole Ruby and Emerald thing.” he said, the other two silent as they were afraid that the Huntsman would take offense at their presence.

“Facets of a greater gem. Sapphire will bring Onyx to explain.” said the giant Treeman.

“Okay...perfect!” said Tommy as he gave a thumbs up with a nervous grin.

Then the group turned to Dream as her stone-like visage cracked before she came back as a fully physical person. Who was panicking something fierce and trying to breathe.

Tommy launched himself at her, grabbing her as Phil went and held her, too. The other two looked worried, Ranboo getting a bottle of water and teleporting over to Dream’s side.

“Sis! You okay?!”

“I felt...EVERYTHING! The-the trees, the rocks, the fucking HIGHWAYS!” said Dream as she tried to get her breathing under control. “I-I felt everything...I felt...Oh Prime.” she said as she leaned forward, hands on her face while elbows on her legs.

“You felt what?” asked Tubbo.

“I felt I was home. Where I was supposed to be all this time. What caused me to panic was that I was so close to just...letting go and being a part of everything.” said the dirty blonde, ignoring all the roots and vines still on her. Not like they were hindering her in any way.

“Yeah, the first time can be overwhelming.” said Phil with a smile. “Now that this happened, I’ll be heading out. Expect Eret in an hour or so if I don’t drop her off from the sky.”

“What’s the Onyx?” asked Ranboo as he handed Dream the bottle of water, letting the female adult chug the thing.

“That’s for Eret to explain. I need to make sure Techno’s on the ball about this now that I think about it.” said Phil as he stretched his wings.

“When are my feathers gonna grow in again?” asked Tommy.

“Within a year. Don’t worry, you’ll be able to fly if you do your exercises and train every day.” said Phil before he flapped once, blasting air at the group as he launched impossibly high on that one flap.

“Guess the winds help him fly up fast and stuff.” said Tubbo.

“Yeah.” said Tommy and Ranboo in unison.

“So...” started the three boys before the Huntsman reached over and gently pushed some of Dream’s hair away from her face.

“Huh? Oh, Dad! Hi...I didn’t...didn’t see you there a second...I am totally disoriented.” she said.

“Expected, little Emerald.” he said with a chuckle. “Why don’t you get up and eat something?”

“Sure, just...damn that felt exhilarating in a way I never expected...and I’m not sure that’s a good thing.” said Dream as she slowly got up with Tommy and Ranboo’s help.

“You turned into a stone statue.” said Tubbo before he waved at her. “And you’re still covered in vines and roots.”

Looking down at herself, she watched as the roots and vines retreated back into the earth.

“Uh...yeah, that’s a thing. I’ll do what Eret suggested and actually ask about what the hell.” she said before the three went back to the fire. “Dad, can YOU explain some of this? Because I’m really lost right now.”

“I cannot explain your power to you, for I do not know its intricacies. However, I can explain that you were chosen for this power. You were only two winters old at the time.”

“Wait, Sis was two years old when she got-wait, she was CHOSEN!?” demanded Tommy.

“Yes, little Ruby.” said the Huntsman, chuckling when Tommy complained at being called little.

“He calls me little Emerald and he’s LITERALLY four stories tall. He can get away with calling everyone little.” said Dream.

“...still the biggest man this side of Pogtopia...” mumbled Tommy before Dream patted his back.

“Get your jacket on. The sun’s setting and it’s getting nippy.” she said, making the teen get his jacket from his pack.

The blond teen put it on over his wings, grumbling that it still felt weird to have them on his back.

“Okay, when was Tommy chosen?” asked Tubbo. “Or do you just call everyone a gem of some kind?”

“Only the Facets have their names. Everyone else...I know not what to call you. Child? Goat? ...intruder?” asked the Huntsman.

“They’re with me, Dad.” said Dream instantly. “Their names are Tubbo and Ranboo. They’re Tommy’s friends.”

“Ah. Alright then.” said the Huntsman, making the teens sigh in relief. “They are Children, then.”

“Yup. Only a year older than Tommy.”

“Bullshit that I’m the youngest, too.” said the youngest.

“But yeah, Tubbo’s right. When DID Tommy get chosen? You call him Ruby.” said Dream.

“There are six Facets, five chosen for their task and one born into it. Fire is born into their task to ensure it does not consume them when it awakens.” said the massive treeman.

“So Tommy was chosen BEFORE he was born. Didn’t that hurt the mom?” asked Ranboo.

“Doubt it. If he was chosen in the womb, that meant his power wasn’t manifesting.” said Dream with a nod. “And remember, he had a suppressor cuff on LONG before his power could manifest. I mean, it’s been off for what, a week? Two weeks? And his power STILL hasn’t manifested fully.”

“Maybe I should sit in the fire and meditate.” said Tommy.

“Your immunity to fire hasn’t manifested either!” said Dream, almost in a panic at that.

““Nother question. Sis, did your cuff break? I heard the enchantments straining and whining like dyin’ motors, but I didn’t hear any snaps.” said Tommy.

Looking down at her ankle, she sighed. “Nope, still on. But...” With a thought, she looked around and spotted a small wilting sapling in the grove. Mentally reaching out, she felt the sapling’s energy before channeling just abit more into it to let it grow.

It took some effort, the enchantments were still on the cuff after all, but she was able to bring some life back into it. The other three clapped as they watched her revitalize the baby tree.

“So you gave yourself more wiggle room to use your power, then.” said Tubbo. “Think you can turn into the Mona Lisa in statue form?”

“Goat, shut up.” said Tommy, making the other laugh.

“I’ll probably turn into dirt.” said Dream with a wave of her hand. “But that’s besides the point. The point is, we’re apparently physical manifestations of the elements. That isn’t using our powers to the fullest extent.”

“If it was me, I’d be using my powers to dominate the city.” said Tubbo.

“And that’s why we’re thankful you aren’t any of those Facets.” said Ranboo.

“A Facet’s power is not meant to be abused,” said the Huntsman. “They are to maintain their balances and to represent those they guide. Abuse of their power will ultimately have their powers consume them.”

“So our powers will rebel if we abuse them?” asked Tommy.

“Precisely. For they aren’t truly yours to do with as you please. You are simply making use of them.”

“Well, that’s one way to keep people from being stupid with god-like powers.” said Ranboo.

“Yeah, but that sucks. I mean, what if I wanted to demolish a small section of the city?” asked Tubbo.

“Then you’d have to do it with your own hands.” said Tommy. “I know, that requires a lot of effort, but I’m sure you can think of something.”

“No villain arcs for you, Tubbo.” said Dream, snickering at the Ramborn’s whine.

After awhile, the kids talking to the Huntsman and him answering back, what sounded to be high winds roaring above them before Eret landed on the ground with ease.

“Hey Eret!” said Dream and the teens. The Huntsman nodded his greetings before he stood up.

“I shall take my leave, but will return come the dawn’s light. Make sure the children do not destroy the forest, for it is a sacred place.”

“Can do, Dad.” said Dream before she looked pointedly at the sleepy Tubbo. “Set my house on fire and we’re going to have issues. Many of them.”

“Yes ma’am.” said Tubbo.

“I honestly didn’t believe he raised you.” said Eret as the Huntsman sank into the ground.

“Yeah, most don’t. I mean, why would he?” asked Dream before she waved at a vacant chair. “Sit and speak. I am taking your advice and demanding answers.”

“And answers you shall have. But first, it’s late and I’m pretty certain Tommy’s falling asleep where he sits.”

Dream nodded and stood up, going over to the mostly asleep teen as Eret picked Ranboo and Tubbo up.

“Need help?” she asked him.

“No, I’m good. You?”

“Nah. I carried him for nine months, what’s a few minutes more?” she asked as she picked the sleeping teen.

“Ni-”

“Shhh, they’re sleeping.” said Dream as she took Tommy to his tent.

“Is there something else I need to know?” asked Eret as he got the teens in their sleeping bags.

“...Not ready for that yet.”

“...alright then. Let’s go to sleep and in the morning I’ll explain everything I know.” said Eret, eyeing the other.

“Use my tent, I got a spare bag.”

“Alright. Goodnight Dream.”

“Goodnight Eret.”

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, next chapter's gonna have a doozy.

The Yosakoi Dance

Chapter Summary

New plans are made in the face of a new turn in the Dance.

Chapter Notes

Hey, minor trigger warning here. There's a semi-descriptive injury near the end of the chapter. Go ahead and skip it if it makes you uncomfortable. Just know that Sam is hurt rather badly.

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

“So you’re saying that these Facets. They are human representatives of the elements, but we don’t have full control over those powers because we’re representatives, not actual elementals.” said Techno as he listened to Phil and Niki explain.

“Pretty much. And you’re the Garnet, the Representative of Undeath.” said Niki.

“Why gems? This sounds like a bad take of the Steven Universe cartoon.” said Techno.

“Steven Universe is first, a cartoon, and second, a bad take on the Facets.” said Kristen as she entered the room. “And as a bonus, they don’t know anything about the Facets anyway, so that’s why.”

“That doesn’t help explain literally anything.” said Techno as he sipped on a blood bag.

“Mate, think of it like this: You are the duly elected king of vampires. Dream is the duly elected queen of werewolves and dryads. But if either of you decide to go to war or do something immensely stupid with your powers, those powers will impeach you and elect someone else to be king or queen.” said Philza. “That’s how it has always been, and will always be after we become as dust in the wind.”

“Okay. I get that. But why are we called gems?”

Niki sighed before she folded her hands. “No one knows. We’re just known as the Facets of Creation. We were chosen to bear these powers until whoever chose us decides to take the powers back or that we failed to use our powers constructively. The powers have always been known as the Facets, and as far as I can tell, will ALWAYS be known as the Facets.”

Techno nodded, though he didn’t like it.

“Alright. I’m the Garnet, you’re the Pearl, Phil’s the Sapphire, and Dream’s the Emerald. Who else is there?”

“Eret’s the Onyx. You’d know her as the vigilante, Witherlord.” said Phil.

“I knew something was off about him.” mumbled the vampire.

“And Tommy’s the Ruby.” said Niki, looking concerned when Techno’s head snapped to her. “Uh...”

“He’s a kid!” said the vampire, red eyes wide. “He’s a tall kid, yes, but a kid nonetheless! He shouldn’t have that kind of responsibility!”

“He was born into his task,” said Phil. “Else he would burn up from the inside out once his power fully awakens.”

“But-”

“We know, but we didn’t choose him. The Force of Creation did, and we still don’t know what that is.” said the Avianborn. “Think of it like this: Fire’s a chaotic force and Tommy’s a chaotic gremlin. Both are a fit for each other.”

The vampire Piglinborn groaned and put his face into his hands. “That’s not what I meant but okay.”

“Techno, if I didn’t know any better, I would think you were actually concerned about Tommy.” said Kristen with a smirk.

“You know what? Yes. Yes I am. And for Dream, and for all of us. Yes, this vampire has a working emotional heart, even if I don’t know how to use it right.” said the Piglinborn as he threw his hands into the air. “My secret is out. I’m attached to a lunatic and her little brother.”

Niki couldn’t help the snorted laughter that threatened to spill as Philza chuckled, patting Techno’s shoulder. Kristen showed no mercy and laughed outright.

“There anything else I need to know? Like if I need to meditate on blood or whatever?” asked the vampiric Piglinborn as he glared at them.

“Just go to a cemetery and bug a corpse there. Sure that’ll help.” said Phil with a shrug.

“What wisdom you share,” said Techno flatly.

“I’m not the undead one, here!” said the Crowborn, wings fluffed up abit.

“Hitting up a cemetery may help, though. You said yourself that whenever you feel overwhelmed, you’d go to one, right?” asked Niki.

“That was before I became a hero, but yes.” said Techno, getting a thoughtful look. “Hmm...I should take a night off and go and visit Durntial Cemetery.”

“...don’t you mean..?” slowly asked Niki before Kristen held up her hand.

“It’s Durntial, not turndial. It’s...it’s a weird name for a weird cemetery.” she said, making the Axolotlborn tilt her head in confusion before shrugging.

“Just don’t do the necromancer thing and summon an army, okay? As tempting as it is, we’re the good guys.” said Phil.

“Even if the need to make them do the Thriller is powerful, you must resist.” said Kristen.

“...I wasn’t thinking of Michael Jackson but okay.” said Techno before he grabbed his blood bag again. “Alright, before we go any further than that, can we talk about what we learned about Legend thus far?”

“We’re waiting on Sam at the moment. He said Kitsune may have something.” said Phil as he took his phone out. “Where is Sam, anyway? I haven’t heard from him in nearly six hours.”

A moment after Phil said that, Kitsune entered the room, looking nervous and upset. “You’re all needed in Medbay 2. It’s Sam.”

They all looked at each other before they bolted to the door, intent on getting to the medical ward.

Once there, they saw Sam, injured almost grievously. Looking like he exploded as something took a pick to his face, taking out part of his cheek and upper jaw while completely obliterating his left eye.

“Oh Prime, Sam...” said Niki in horror as she watched the doctors move around him, making sure everything was okay. “What happened?” she asked.

“Apparently he was found after the Witherlord attacked him, leaving him in this state.” said a doctor. “Legend brought him in an hour ago and we were finally able to get him into a private room after having to surgically staple and glue part of his skull back together.”

“How was Legend able to find him?” asked Techno.

“He said he was patrolling the area and found Sam bleeding out. You should thank him for finding him when he did, else he would have died.” said a nurse.

“Yeah...we will.” said Kristen, knowing the others put two and two together already. This game has gone on long enough. They had to do something now or that monster was going to try and kill them off one by one.

A moment later, the doctor shoed them out and they went to Fundy’s office, letting him shut the door and sit in his chair.

“They were right in Legend bringing him in about an hour ago. I found out about ten, fifteen minutes ago and went to inform you. Tried texting, but no one was answering, so I got you myself.”

“Sorry, we were having a meeting about something else and didn’t want anyone to bother us.” said Phil apologetically. “Do you know anything else?”

“Legend wasn’t patrolling. He wasn’t even scheduled to patrol for today. And I don’t care what anyone tells me, I know blood patterns well enough to know what I saw wasn’t Sam bleeding out on him. They were splatters, like he took a pike to Sam himself.” said Fundy. “I don’t know what all you guys are doing, but if it involves Legend, I want in. I know a few others that do, too.”

Techno sighed before he looked at the foxborn. “Alright, but I’m beginning to think speaking here’s dangerous. Think we can head out for a more private location? Under the guise of ‘looking for the Witherlord’?”

“Sounds good. And we keep burner phones on so we don’t worry about Committee hacking.” said Niki.

“Maybe we can ask Manifold for help in that regard.” said Phil. “Maybe make it where no one but us can read our texts?”

“Yeah, and maybe delete what we have now.” said Kristen. Then she sighed. “We signed up to be heroes and help people. When did the committee lose their way?”

“I wonder if they were even on it.” mumbled Techno with a snort. “Look, let’s suit up and get to work. And maybe find out what happened at that alley, if it happened in an alley at all.”

The others nodded and they were off.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter is going to hurt.

The Pasodoble

Chapter Summary

An anvil of truth is just as painful to get on your head as a real one.

Chapter Notes

OKAY! This chapter is Pain.

It took FAR TOO LONG for me to write because I couldn't figure out how to proceed.

Now, here are the trigger warnings: This contains mentions of rape, child birth, and child abuse.

And a not-serious trigger warning: Ranboo actually swears once.

If you don't want to read that, I will have a bullet point at the bottom of the page for the serious points.

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

Eret was explaining everything she could while making sure Dream and Tommy both understood what was going on.

And then they got a call from Foolish.

Dream didn't like the tone Eret used when they were informed of something, first paling, and then becoming horrified.

“HE’S PINNING IT ON ME?! I WASN’T EVEN IN THE CITY!”

“What the fuck’s goin’ on?” asked Tommy, curious and slightly worried.

Eret held up a hand, asking for a moment before finishing the call. “Legend attacked Sentinel and is pinning the attack on me! There’s now an arrest warrant for my vigilante identity and on top of the Kill-on-Sight order that Legend has on just regular vigilantes, it’s making it difficult for people to get help!”

“I’ll call Mom and let her know what’s going on.” said Dream as she got her phone out.

“I just noticed something.” said Ranboo quietly, heard only by Tubbo and Tommy.

“What’s that?” asked Tubbo.

“Phones have REMARKABLY good service out here.”

“What?” asked Tommy before he thought about it. “..Yeah they do, don’t they? How’s that possible?”

“Probably magic.” said Tubbo with a shrug. “I mean, what else can do it? A tower pretending to be a tree?”

“It’d be more logical.” said Ranboo before Tommy whacked his arm lightly and pointed at the Huntsman.

“He wouldn’t let anything like that be built in here and is a giant tree man logical?” demanded the Avian.

“Well, when you say it like that...” said Ranboo. “Bullshit and Magic it is!”

“MY ANGEL SWORE!” said Tubbo loudly, getting two looks from the adults. A small glare from Dream and a concerned one from Eret.

“No Mom, that was Tubbo in the background... Yeah, he’s safe. I know, Eret just told me... Eret’s with me, too. Yes Mom, we’re all in the Bug-Out forest... I’ll let him know... yeah... sorry Mom... See you in a few days, I guess?... Alright. Talk to you later, Mom. Bye.” said Dream before she hung up. “Okay. First off, Eret? You don’t have to come into work and if anyone asks, you came down sick with something and she didn’t want to stress you out. Second, until further notice, you are staying with me, Tubbo.”

“Sam couldn’t have been hurt. He isn’t Sentinel.” said Tubbo with a grin.

“Sam IS the Sentinel and Puffy said he’s in the hero’s version of the ICU. He’s hurt, and not leaving the place for a good long while.” said Dream. “What all his injuries are, she doesn’t know yet, but she’ll keep me posted for you.”

Tubbo had been silenced, and though his eyes were covered by his hair, she could see they held a shocked look.

“What?”

“Yeah,” said Dream, getting up and going over to the ramborn. “But he’s got the best care, so he’ll be okay. I promise.” she said, hugging the other gently as Tommy and Ranboo joined in. “Eret? Need a hug, too?”

“With all that’s happening? Yes please.” said Eret, walking over to join the hug in progress.

“What do you think’s gonna happen to us?” asked Ranboo.

“I don’t know. And at the moment, I’m afraid to find out.” said Dream as she tried to get as many of them in her arms as possible.

“Children, I think it is time you stood up to this...Legend, you speak of. Also, my little Emerald, there is something you and I must speak of.” said the Huntsman as he stood up straight.

“...Yeah. Hey Eret, think you can handle the three?” she asked him.

“I think I can manage.” she said with a nod, letting go so Dream could talk with her father.

Once Dream was released, she followed the treeman to a secluded area that possessed a small babbling creek.

“My little Emerald, why do you fear Legend?” asked the Huntsman, having felt her fear when she nearly melded with the earth.

“...when I was fifteen, he took from me my purity.” she said.

“And this Legend, he is Jericho, yes?” asked the Huntsman, curling his branches around Dream.

“Yeah...”

“And the boy with you, who carries with him your blood?”

“...my son.” she whispered, wanting to cry, but refusing.

“I see.” said the Huntsman, his branches ‘hugging’ her gently as she curled up against him. “He does not know, though I feel he should, given what is happening now. How many winters is he?”

“Fourteen, soon to be fifteen.” Dream said as sniffled, leaning against the bark and moss of the giant tree entity.

“I apologize for not being there for you, my little Emerald. I should have kept you in my Forest instead of trusting the city to care for you.”

“You couldn’t have known something like Legend would be there,” said Dream. “I’m just glad that Tommy wasn’t raised by him.”

“That is a small blessing, my little Sapling. But now we have to speak to the child, tell him the truth of his ancestry, and then teach him how to protect himself with his power.”

“Yeah...yeah,” said Dream. “I’m...I’m scared, Dad. I’m scared Jericho is still looking for me. That he wants to hurt me...take Tommy and mold him into another Jericho.”

“He will not, for you are the Emerald, Lady of the Earth and Forests. His power is not greater than yours, and with the other Facets beside you, he will fall and perish.” said the Huntsman. “And I may not know your child well, but his fire burns far too greatly to let Jericho do anything he doesn’t want him to do.”

Dream nodded, sniffing a bit before wiping her eyes. “Yeah, Tommy’s good at being a gremlin. My precious little gremlin. Which will soon be able to fly AND set things on fire.”

“That is my precious Sapling. Now...go and speak to him. He needs to know.” said the Huntsman, nudging her back to the camp.

“Okay...” said Dream with a nod before getting up and walking back to camp. “Hey, Tommy. Come with me a second.”

“That doesn’t sound good.” said Ranboo.

“Sis, everything okay?ish? OKay, dumb question, but what’s going on?”

“Remember how you keep asking what my deal is with Jericho? I’m about to tell you. But without an audience because....because I’m not that comfortable about it.” said Dream.

Tommy stood up and followed, though he worried about what this all could mean. He hoped it wasn’t something like them being related to him, because being related to that would make him sick.

Once Dream returned to the little babbling creek, Tommy in tow, she turned and looked at him. Taking a deep breath, she steeled her nerves to tell him the truth.

“Tommy, there is a reason why I fear Jericho, I have since I was fifteen. He’s....he’s your birth father. And...And I’m your birth mother.”

Tommy stared at her, trying to process this fucking anvil of a truth bomb she just dropped on him. “Wh-what?”

Dream nodded, though she looked ready to cry. “The huntsman raised me until I was ten years old, before returning me to the city in hopes that the people there would care for me properly. However, neither of us realized about all the laws and stuff people had, so I grew up on the streets with a little gang of orphans for about five years. When I turned fifteen, we were all caught and put into the foster system, shuttled from one home to another trying to find the one family that could help care for us.

“Unfortunately, it was after the third home I was shuttled to that Jericho came into the picture, adopting me and a few other girls. He...was polite in the beginning, making sure we had rooms, clothes, food. He treated us...well, to a point. He kept his distance from us, emotionally. It was three months into the adoption that everything turned on its head. He forced us into the basement, keeping us in cages as he...did terrible things to us.

“But then one day, he was gone long enough for one of the girls to pick the locks on our cages and helped us get out, fleeing into the city alleys and avoiding people as best we could. We eventually separated, going our own ways until it was just me...and little you, resting within.” said Dream, wiping away the tears falling down her cheek.

“It was when I was about to give birth to you that Puffy found me, helped me bring you into the world. I begged her not to take you from me. I begged her not to take us back to Jericho.

She...she kept us with her, becoming our mother to make sure you weren't taken from me, and to keep me from being ostracized by a society that puts down young mothers that didn't even ask for it. Her and I agreed, it was for the best to make you believe you were my little brother because I didn't want people to mock and hurt you." she said. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner. I didn't...I didn't want to place this on your shoulders, ever...but...I'm so sorry." she said, hugging the still in shock teen.

Tommy didn't hug back for the first few minutes, but his arms eventually found their way around her.

"It's okay...it's okay, I'm not mad. I'm...okay, I am mad. What the fuck?!" he demanded. This was literally the last thing he wanted in his life. Being the SON of Jericho/Legend/rape?! He felt so sick to his stomach that he honestly thought he was going to puke.

Dream, though, was sobbing now. And it wasn't long before Tommy started crying with her.

Now he knew why Jericho scared her. Now he knew why she was so protective of him. Why she never truly left him alone if she could help it. Why she mother-henned him so much. Why she refused to take him to places where Heroes were constantly visiting, like hospitals and police stations.

"...Dream, can I ask a few questions?" asked Tommy after he calmed down enough to talk.

Dream let him go, wiping the tears off her face with a sniff before she got a napkin out of a pants pocket. "Y-yeah. Sure. I'll do my best to answer it."

"Okay. Mom was a hero, so...why did you hate them before you found out that Legend is Jericho?" he asked.

"Because heroes were supposed to help people, and they never saved me. Petty, I know. How could they help me if I never screamed, shouted, got their attention? But I was afraid that if I went to them, they'd take me back to him. That they'd take you from me, place you in his care, and I didn't want to lose you. Not to him, never to him. And I just knew Legend wasn't going to help me, but I could never tell exactly why until George told me when he visited me in a dream. You know him as Nightmare."

"George is Nightmare?! Fucking Hell!" said Tommy. "That's fucking bollocks of 'im! Who's Sapnap?! Infernace?!"

"Yup."

"I'm going to punch him in the face the next time I see him," said Tommy. "He set fire to my favorite pizza kiosk."

"I'll let him know the next time I see him." said Dream with a chuckle, before looking at him again. "Anything else?"

“Can you explain why you thought making me believe I was your little brother was a good idea? I know you did it to keep me from being mocked but...I wanna know how.” said Tommy.

“Well, living on the streets, I met many pregnant teen girls. Most were treated like trash, insulted, mocked, propositioned, it was horrible. Society didn’t care how they got pregnant, only that they were and the adults didn’t approve of it. Even if it was an adult’s fault. Many told me that if I ever had a baby before 18, I should tell people they’re my little sibling, because people prefer older siblings taking care of their younger ones than they do the ones they call whores.”

“Fucking stupid if you ask me.” said Tommy.

“Yeah, it is,” said Dream. “But that’s why. I wanted you to have as many opportunities to get ahead in life, and if lying about our relationship will do it, then so be it.”

“One more question, then I think I’d be done for now.” said Tommy, with Dream nodding. “...do I still call you Sis or Mom?”

Dream blinked, a fresh batch of tears in her eyes. “...In public I’m Sis, but...you can call me Mom when no one else hears, okay? I’m...I don’t think anyone can handle me crying every time you call me Mom.” she said with a wet chuckle, wiping her eyes.

“Yeah. You crying now is freakin’ me out.” said Tommy with his own chuckle. Dream chuckled with him before both went quiet. The little stream flowed on as both came to terms with what happened, the information that was eating Dream from the inside, poisoning her without her even realizing it finally releasing most of its poisonous hold while settling heavily in Tommy’s mind.

“So...what do we do now?” asked Tommy, looking at Dream.

“...We find a way to stop Legend. Because we can’t sit back and hope it’ll go away anytime soon. And it’s clear he’s dug as deeply as a fucking tick. We have to pry him out, and then burn him. Because if we don’t, he’s going to suck L’Manburg dry and leave the corpse for the vultures.”

“How do we do that?”

“That...I don’t know. But Techno and them should have something to work with, what with their access to resources and all. Maybe they already have a plan waiting and ready to put it into motion. Have to ask and see.” said Dream before she wiped her face one more time.

“...I’m not going to stop you from telling your friends about this, but I am going to ask you to tell them not to spread it out. Jericho isn’t gone yet.

“Yeah. We need to get him locked up in Pandora.” said Tommy with a nod before he stood up. “...Let’s head back to camp. I need a cold cola.”

Dream smiled as she put her arm around his shoulders, both walking back to camp and to three others that were going to get the shock of a lifetime.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY! Bullet Point Time!

- Dream is Tommy's birth mother.

- Jericho is Tommy's birth father that neither of them want.

- Eret was informed he was being framed for Sentinel's attack.

- Ranboo swore.

- The Forest has damn good reception for phones.

- The others, upon finding out Tommy's heritage, are understandably upset and hugs are passed around like candy at a carnival.

- And Dream has had enough. She's going to get involved now.

The Passacaglia

Chapter Summary

The Syndicate is formed, and the truth spreads.

Chapter Notes

This is just a small refresher chapter. Meant to make sure we're all on the same page, me included. There are new details added, but it's mostly just a refresh page.

Trigger warning: they are going to mention rape and childbirth, but only one paragraph after Puffy mentions using Hydromancy on people. Also the mentioning of keeping girls in cages. You can skip that.

Techno looked at the notes that Fundy had written down and placed on cork boards so everyone could read, placing red, blue, and green threads to show which fact was connected to another that Fundy just happened to have in his apartment.

“Fundy, I feel like you went conspiracy theorist on us about this.” he said as he looked at the four large boards he had.

“Yeah, I felt nuts writing all that down, putting the threads up and all. Though I like to think I was professional by having the little legend on the side detailing what the colors mean.”

Philza snorted before he looked. “Green’s confirmed, blue’s questionable and...Fundy, you wrote too cursively on that, what’s red?”

“Red’s info we’re looking for. Missing 411 and all that.” said Jack as he looked up from his laptop. “Would have used orange, but the store was out.”

“Okay, so what we got so far is that Legend is Jericho, Jericho is a CEO, and is the reason Pogtopia is corrupted. Speaking of which, someone needs to check the place out. There’s been reports of multiple explosions sounding deep in the ravine and parts of the cliff faces falling in.” said Puffy as she sat on the back of a bench.

“He also has been tampering with documents and having innocents cuffed for no real reason,” said Kristen. “Dream and Tommy both are evident of that.”

“Yeah. We also know that he seems to have power over the committee somehow, if them brushing off a concern Sam had about Pandora’s Vault adding a teen ward there is any indication.” said Niki. “Speaking of Sam, has he improved any?”

“No, he’s still out cold, but the doctors feel that he’ll make a complete recovery. You said Tubbo’s with Dream, right? Next time I see him, I’ll tell him how Tubbo’s doing.” said Fundy.

“Yeah, staying with her until Sam gets out, at least.” said Techno. “Okay, what do we know that could potentially be apart of what we’re looking into?”

“Tampering with food and drinks in the tower to weaken heroes. It could be him, or it could be one of the committee members. Also debatable if he’s the one that attacked Sam, even though I want to say he is, we haven’t found the alley the altercation happened at to gather evidence.” said Fundy. “We also don’t know if he’s the one that sent Wolfstorm and Figment to attack and kill Wilbur and Quackity. We also need information on what company that Jericho runs, because I found nothing yet.”

“Same here. It’s like the company doesn’t exist.” said Jack. “Makes me think it’s either a Deep Web company, which are both illegal and dangerous to tangle with, or he’s the one running Elitum.”

“...You know, I always wondered why the Hero Tower was called that.” said Techno. “Now, I wouldn’t be surprised if he intended to use the Tower as his base of operations to rule everyone like some demented god. Which is something I always wanted to topple.”

“Go you.” said Fundy as he looked at the board. “Now, we need to figure out some info about Dream’s relation to Jericho. You said so yourself, she avoids places where Heroes are known to go like the plague. Hospitals, police stations, certain diners. If she knows something, we need to know.”

“Her records state she was an orphan up until 15 years old, when Puffy adopted her.” said Jack.

“Yes. I found her and her little brother in an abandoned building while we were having that all-out war against the Crimson Cartel. I was not able to find her legal caretaker and thus I took both in.” said Puffy in a well practiced way.

Everyone looked at her, because that was too well rehearsed to sound right.

“What?”

“Puffy, that was the most rehearsed statement I ever heard, and I helped Phil and Kristen raise Wilbur.” said Techno.

“But it’s true!”

“Yeah, and yet still answers almost NO questions.” said Niki. “Sweetie, please. We need to know. Who is Dream to Jericho? Why is she scared of him?”

“...If I tell you, it does NOT leave this room.” said Puffy. “Never leaves this room, never leaves your mouths. If I hear that it did, I will find you and use my hydromancy on you. Do I make myself clear?” she said, looking at each and every one of them dead in the eye, waiting for their nods.

“Crystal.” said Fundy, highly intimidated by both her tone and her stare. The others were quick to agree before she sighed.

“Fine. ...Jericho adopted her and a few other girls, raping them until they got pregnant. Her and the batch she was with were able to get away from him, but afterwards she lived on the streets. It was during that war that I found her in a building, struggling to give birth. ... Tommy’s her kid, and she’s terrified Jericho’ll find out.”

The silence was deafening until Techno grabbed an unused chair and threw it hard against the wall, shattering the chair and impaling a leg in it.

“I...am going to mutilate him.” he growled, voice distorted and eyes glowing.

“You’re going to save some for the rest of us, right mate?” asked Phil.

“Beat me to him, and you might.” said the vampiric Piglinborn before he sighed, willing himself to calm down. “Sorry Fundy, didn’t mean to break your chair or wall.”

“If I had the strength, I’d do it too.” said the Foxborn. “How...how was he able to get away with that?!”

“We’re not really sure. I haven’t found any of the other girls, or their kids. Which means two things: one, they left the city completely, and I don’t blame them for that. Or two, Jericho found them again and made sure they couldn’t leave.” said Puffy.

“That was your search project you were doing?” asked Jack.

“Yup. From what Dream was able to give me, it seemed he was well versed in keeping people in cages in his basement, and the scratches on the cement indicated that she wasn’t the first batch there. But if we raid his house now, any evidence we get would be discarded in a court of law because we didn’t have a warrant, and we can’t get a warrant on him because he’s Legend, the head of Elitum and the reason everything’s shit!” said Puffy.

“...We’re going to have to go rogue.” said Techno suddenly.

“What?” asked Niki. “Rogue? Legend has a Kill-On-Sight order for vigilantes. We go rogue, we’ll instantly have targets on us.”

“We already have targets on us. Legend is catching on that we’re catching on to him.” said Fundy. “Sam doesn’t explode if he can prevent it. If he felt his life was not only on the line, but the lives of others, he’ll do it, so for Sam to be in the ICU for Self-Detonation injuries along with someone taking something to his face? And for Legend to be that one guy that miraculously found and brought him in on a day he wasn’t even slated for patrol? Yeah, he

knows we're on to him, probably not knowing how many, but definitely knows we aren't playing by his rules anymore."

"He could have attacked Sam for refusing to add the Teen Ward to the Vault. No one says no to Legend, after all." said Jack.

"There is also that." said Kristen. "There is also the issue with the Witherlord. We haven't heard from them since before Phil dropped her off in the Forest."

"Dream called me, said he was okay." said Puffy. "That place has damn good reception."

"Good to know." said Techno. "Anything else? Because we're already walking on thin ice and we need all the help we can get."

"Someone also needs to stay in the Tower to get intel on Jericho's actions." said Fundy. "I'll stay in the Tower, but I'll funnel info to you through the diner if I can."

Phil nodded at his grandson. "Need to make a group, let Legend know we aren't takin' this shit laying down anymore. Got any names?"

"The Syndicate." said Techno, almost instantly.

"You've been thinking on that, haven't you?" asked Puffy.

"Honestly, when I started paying attention to the fine details of Legend's bullshit, I was thinking of splitting off and making a group anyway." said the vampire as he looked around. "He can ostracize me all he wants. I never really cared for his bullshit anyway."

"Alright then. Who wants to join, and how do we go about doing it?" asked Kristen.

"I'm your spy, so I'm in." said Fundy.

"I'll join and I can maintain data access." said Jack. "Never know when you might need to have a camera turn a certain way."

"I'm joining. What he's doing is unthinkably horrific and unquestionably disgusting." said Niki. "After what he did to Dream, Wilbur and Quackity, there's no way I can work there any longer. He taints the waters with his filth."

"I know Kristen and I are leaving. He pretty much murdered our son. There's no way I can forgive him for that." said Phil.

"I'll join." said Puffy. "I got some connections and see if I can ask a few others to join, like Witherlord, Infernace and Nightmare. Maybe we should ask Edward to join us."

"Once he finds out what happened to his sister, the guy's gonna fucking lose it." said Jack.

"As he should!" said Puffy. "Maybe we can get Las Nevadas, the Rams and the Aliens to help back us up?"

“We’d have to pay for the Aliens to help.” said Techno, vaguely remembering everything Dream told him about the Runner groups. “...it’s only been a few weeks, hasn’t it?”

Everyone stopped and thought about it.

“..Huh, yeah it has.” said Phil with a thoughtful nod. “Who knew that a simple mission of getting intel about Las Nevadas would end up like this?”

“I don’t think anybody was lookin’ to fall into a rabbit hole of shit.” said Techno.

“Well, lets see who we can group in, and then get to work. Starting vigilante groups usually takes a bit of effort.”

The others nodded and got up, the Syndicate’s first meeting being adjourned.

The Hula Kahiko

Chapter Summary

The Syndicate gains more members.

Chapter Notes

Hey! Just thought to let everyone know I am working on the final act right now, but I'm stalled on how to actually do it justice. Like, how to actually write the scenes without making them feel bland or anything. There's a couple of chapters after this before the Final Act, so don't worry.

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

When the camping group returned to the city and to the closed cafe, Puffy had dragged them to her office, explaining everything that was happening at the moment. The rise of the Syndicate, the impending meeting of the Runner Groups at the Round Table, and how Puffy regrets breaking Dream's trust in telling the members about her past with Jericho.

"It's okay Mom. I...had to do the same." said Dream.

"Makes me feel dirty knowing this," said Tommy, almost willing his internal fire to burn away that fact from his veins.

"Has there been any improvement with Sam?" asked Tubbo.

"There has been. He's awake now, but he's not able to speak yet. From what I heard, he'll need an eye replaced, but other than that, he's keeping all his limbs and teeth. Even the self-detonation scars aren't too bad this time." said Puffy.

"This time?!" asked the kids.

"Guys, he might be the architect of Pandora and everyone's gear, but he's also a hero. He kinda has to do Hero things." said Eret.

"That's stupid to blow yourself up, though." said Ranboo.

"If it's the only option, then he'll take it. Especially if he knows it will save more lives if he does it. Like blowing Legend up." said Puffy.

"We'll give him that." said Tommy. "Anything else?"

“Eret, it’s recommended that Witherlord doesn’t show up for the next few days. Though I am personally inviting you to join the Syndicate.” said Puffy to the other.

“And I will accept,” said the Witherborn with a nod. “I would also like to ask who else is joining.”

“I’ll add you to the discord chat so you can find out. Easier that way and the hero committee thinks Discord is dumb.” said Puffy.

“Can I join?” asked the three boys.

“Sadly, no,” said Puffy to them. “We appreciate that you want to help, but it is also dangerous and we can’t, in good conscience, let you join.”

“What about in bad conscience?” asked Tubbo.

“Still applies.”

“Dang it.”

“I...” started Dream, but hesitated. She knew she had to deal with him, with or without Syndicate help, but she was worried about Tommy. “...I want to know, if I join, what happens with the kids?”

“They will be placed in Las Nevadas care. Jugador already said he’d look after Tommy and his two buddies, while we do the work. Dream, are you willing to trust?” asked the Sheepborn.

For once in Dream’s life, she was.

“Sure thing. Sign me up.”

“Kick his ass, Sis!” said Tommy with a grin and fist pump.

“Yeah!” said the other two.

“Alright. Gimme your phones.” said Puffy to Dream and Eret, hands out and waiting.

Both handed them over and waited as she put the details in, making sure everything was settled before handing them back.

“First meeting’s tomorrow at around 7 pm. I’ll lead you there.” said Puffy.

“How are you going to do that if you’re monitored?” asked Eret, remembering the ankle monitor.

“I have my ways.” she said with a grin.

“Ma, are you a Knight?” asked Tommy.

“...would you be upset if I said I was?”

“No. Can I be a Knight when I get older?” asked the Avian teen.

“Maybe. That’s if you don’t change your mind and join Las Nevadas later.” said Puffy before she looked at Eret and Dream. “Sharktooth said that he’ll look after the boys during the meeting and get them to safety should anything happen.” she said before Tubbo raised a hand. “Yeah?”

“You’re the Captain of the Knights Errant. And no one is freaking out over this?” asked the young Ramborn.

“Tubbo, we learned that Jericho is my father, I’m supposed to control fire like a fire bender, that Eret is the GRIM FUCKING REAPER, that Philza is wind itself, that the person that I thought was my older sister is actually my birth mother and that everything we all knew is a lie. Mom being the Captain of the Knights isn’t that big a deal anymore.” said Tommy.

“Well, when you put it like that...” said Tubbo in exasperation. “Any other life altering facts we need to know about? Like if Pogtopia’s been destroyed or something?”

“It has.” said Puffy casually, making the little Ramborn blanch.

“I WAS JUST JOKING!”

“And I wasn’t!” said a new voice behind them, making everyone jump and have Dream pull all the kids behind her as Wilbur appeared, followed by a woman. “Hello everyone! It’s me again, and this time, with my beloved Eurydice. We want to know more about this Round Table meeting and this Syndicate. They sound like a lot of fun.”

“Uh...Orpheus, right?” asked Tommy.

“Yes?”

“You did the stalking thing again.”

“Yes. And I don’t regret it, to be frank.” said the Phantomborn, making ‘Eurydice’ giggle. “Now, may we please join? I promise we’ll behave.”

“Wait, Wil-” started Puffy in shock before he raised his hands, stopping her.

“Ah ah ah ah! Orpheus, thank you. And my beloved Eurydice, as I have mentioned multiple times and will continue to mention.” said the Phantomborn with a large grin.

“I’ll...call and see.” said Puffy as she got her phone out, calling Phil. A moment later, he not only answered but was wanting to speak to Orpheus on the phone.

“He won’t tell me anything, saying it has to be directly to you.” said Puffy, holding her phone out to the spectral man.

Taking the phone, the two spoke quietly.

“So, um...Eurydice. Would...you like a drink?” asked Dream.

“Oh yes please, that would be lovely. Do you have any jasmine?”

“Yes we do.” said Dream. “Regular black for him or..?”

“Oh, knowing him he’ll ask for some undrinkable abomination.” said Eurydice. “I suggest you get him a chamomile mint tea with three sugars. And if he gets upset, I’ll inform him it was me.” she said.

“Alright. I’ll be back in a moment.” said Dream, taking the kids with her.

Eret stayed with Puffy, making sure everything was okay.

“Sis...” said Tommy.

“Yeah.” asked Dream as she made the two cups of tea.

“Should we trust them?”

“Honestly? No. But if their goal is in alignment with ours, then so be it, we can work together. If we work amicably enough, we might be able to ask them not to attack us later.” said Dream.

“I hope so.” said Tubbo. “Phantoms are notoriously difficult to fight.”

“And he seems alittle..” and Ranboo finished his statement by spinning a finger by his temple and mimicking the cu-koo clock noise.

“Yeah but if we’re polite, he might think we’re cute and ignore us.” said Tommy with a nod.

“Or worse, adopt us.” said Tubbo.

“I don’t know him well enough, but something does tell me he would.” said Dream with a look before she finished the drinks. “Just...stay with me, okay?”

The three nodded and followed Dream back into Puffy’s office, drinks in hand.

And came upon the scene of Orpheus crying as Eryudice hugged him as he spoke onto the phone.

“Um...” asked the four.

“Parents.” said Eret quietly.

“Oh.” came the reply from the four.

“I’ll just...put the cups here.” said Dream, letting Eurydice see.

The Mandarinfishborn nodded before returning to hugging Orpheus, who calmed down enough to tell them he was joining and though it was only him and Eurydice, they could both still cause trouble for Legend. It was a bit longer before Orpheus handed the phone back to Puffy, smiling as he wiped blue-stained tears from his eyes.

“I didn’t realize I needed that.” he said before he looked at Eurydice, giving her a quick peck on the cheek.

The three boys made a gagging noise, making Dream shush them, which only made Eurydice giggle.

“One day, you might like getting kisses on your cheeks.” she said with a smile.

“But what if we’re ace?”

“Toms, just let them.” said Dream.

“Do you like getting kisses on your cheeks?” asked Ranboo.

“Oh don’t start.” said the green-clad woman with a flat look, making everyone else chuckle or giggle.

“Okay, okay. Remember, the meeting’s tomorrow, we all meet up here, and then I’ll lead the way. Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, Foolish will also be here to lead you guys to safety, so don’t give him any trouble.” said Puffy.

The others nodded, with Orpheus standing up to do so.

“Well then, time to get ready.” he said before he grabbed Eurydice, spun around with her, and then vanished through a wall, and preferably going invisible as well.

Everyone just watched the wall abit before Eret sighed. “Well, tomorrow’s going to be interesting.”

Chapter End Notes

And we now get a glimpse of Sally the formerly Salmonborn. I seen pics of the Mandarinfish and they are what I call lethally colorful. Also lethally venomous/poisonous due to their toxic slime. Anyway, her change of fish-type happened because when you swim in the oceans of death, you ain't comin' outta that unchanged.

And also Eret is upset that Wilbur pulled a successful Orpheus with Sally, but won't do anything about it as the two are kinda harmless.

Kinda in that they are still chaotic shits and will have a problem trying to remember that murder is wrong.

The Melbourne Shuffle

Chapter Summary

A true meeting of the Syndicate minds.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone. Hope you're enjoying the fic. I'm still working on the last chapter but it's being difficult so...

Anyway, just wanted to mention that once I finally get Pickpocket finished, I'll be starting another fic. But with some proofreading. (Hopefully)

So, look forward to that.

Dream never attended a meeting if she could help it. The formalities, the dress code, the BORING trivialities before the actual meat of the meeting, not for her at all.

Thank Prime then that Techno decided to just skip all of the bullshit and went for the crux of the matter.

“First off, everyone gets codenames, and then we talk about how to off Legend.” he said.

“Yeah, the weather is fine.” said Quackity with a roll of his eyes. “Alright. What do you have planned for names? Anything Greek?”

“Greek is good, though I’ll also accept other mythologies.”

“I vote you get Dracula.” said Dream to Techno flatly.

“...how’d you find out?”

“A hunch. Anyway, who’s who?” asked Kristen.

“I’m Protesilaus.” said Techno.

“I’ll take Persephone.” said Kristen.

“Fitting. Do I get to be Demeter?” asked Dream.

“Sure, you do the nature thing, after all,” said the other with a smile.

"I'm Nemesis." said Niki with a nod. "I need to give him a piece of my mind over what he did."

“I’ll take Osiris.” said Eret. “That way, we all know what I can do.”

“Are you sure we can’t convince you to take the name Thanatos?” asked Techno.

“Fairly certain. Besides, Foolish wants in the Syndicate too, and he’s a Totemborn.” said Eret.

“That’s fair,” said Techno, knowing that Foolish was notorious about Egyptian mythology.
“He can be Ptah.”

“I’m surprised you know who that is.” said Eret.

“Eh, did SOME basic research into it.” said Techno. Then he looked at Quackity. “Which one do you want?”

“I’ll buy Egyptian for three hundred, Tech. And it will be Amon.”

“Okay, Amon. Phil?”

“I’ll take Thanatos. Would be Hades but...Eh, Thanatos actually leaves the place. AND he has wings, too.” said Phil with a smirk.

“Stay on brand, Phil.” said Techno with a smirk. “What about you, Ram, Alien?” asked the vampiric Piglinborn to the two others that haven’t spoken yet.

“I’ll stick with Orion, thank you.” said Schlatt.

“I will take the name Horus for the duration of our alliance. Legend is bad for business and I would see that he be removed.” said Purpled, tilting his head almost in a bird-like manner.
“Shall we continue the meeting?”

“Yes.” said Techno before Orpheus and Eurydice appeared, making the others jump.

“Sorry we’re late. Had to deal with dinner, first.” said Orpheus. “We got the naming out of the way? Good. What do you need of us?”

“Well, not causing heart attacks would be great.” said Techno before he waved around.
“Here’s our temporary friends until Legend dies.”

“Oh hey! Been a while since we last met!” said Orpheus to Quackity, who nodded slowly.

“Uh, yeah...I thought...”

“Long story short, I’m Phantomborn!”

“...that explains more than I’d like.” said Quackity to Wilbur.

“Wonderful. Now, how do we go about murdering Legend?” asked Orpheus as he sat down on a spare sofa.

“Getting him alone’s a good start.” said Dream. “He’s strong, capable of flight and has the committee at his beck and call.”

“Yeah, and Harpocrates was able to find out that Wolfstorm and Figment were both in Jericho’s employ, meaning Legend did have them sent to kill Amon and Orpheus.” said Philza.

“That the name he chose?” asked Techno.

“Fundy knows your like of Greek Mythology and the god of secrets is a good name to use.”

“Good on him.” said the vampiric Piglinborn before he looked around. “Where’s XD, Infernace and Nightmare?”

“They wanted to join but they have to keep up appearances,” said Puffy. “XD in a multitude of meetings now that a good portion of the Elite Law’s heroes have suddenly defected, and our two idiot villains having no sense of timing.”

“...Infernace and Nightmare forgot what time the meeting was.” said Dream with a groan.

“Yup.”

“Okay, I expect Nightmare to just sleep through everything important, he does that alot, but I’m honestly surprised with Infernace.” said Dream.

“Eh, they’ll get the details later.” said Techno before he stood up, walking to a wall and pressing a button. Suddenly, three of the walls opened up, revealing suits, weapons and masks. “I figured this would be a good time to show this off.”

The others looked at the three walls in shock.

“What the fuck?!” demanded Dream as she stared what the walls formerly hid. “How did you have time to plan this, get the meeting started and...and...WHAT THE FUCK, MAN!?”

“I have a bit of an argument with Sleep. Mostly that I don’t get enough of it.” said Techno as he went up to one suit and opened its case. “Go ahead, each one was custom made for you.”

“Okay, no. You don’t get to slap this on us and then just say ‘hey, it’s good I don’t like sleeping’.” said Dream. “How did you make this? This shit is NOT something you can make in an hour.”

“And you’d be right.” said Techno. “Orion, how long did all this take you?”

“Three months of non-stop work. You better be fuckin’ happy I have the strings needed to get this shit.” said Schlatt with a frown. “And I’m also glad you had the fuckin’ Raldis to pay for it all. Don’t know how you did the base, though.”

“That would be Ptah.” said Purpled. “He is an excellent architect with an amazing ability to make things like this quickly and efficiently. However, I also doubt he did this in under twenty-four hours.”

“And you’d also be right.” said Techno.

“Oh my Prime...” said Dream as she put her face into her hands, making the vampire laugh at her. “Is that the reason why Sharktooth was busy most nights of the week for the last two weeks?”

“Yup.” said Techno. “I should commission him to build more things for me.”

“Filthy rich asshole.” mumbled Dream.

“You were planning this for more than a few weeks, Techno.” said Phil. “How long have you been wanting to leave the hero business?”

“I never wanted to leave the hero business. I just wanted to leave Legend’s employ. I was going to just one day drop this on the floor somewhere and hope people wanted to join. The fact that Legend’s a dick is a convenient benefit.”

“For how long?” asked Phil.

“Eh...couple years.”

“How were you able to get ME a suit?” asked Dream as she had gotten up to look at them. “I never even WANTED to be in the whole hero-villain thing until now.”

“That...is a new edition. Very new.”

“Made within the last week, new.” said Schlatt. “Trust me, designing something for, and I quote MD here, ‘Mother Nature’s insanity’, I knew I had to make you something special.”

“How do you know MD?” asked Puffy.

“He’s actually one of my employees. Tests certain gear pieces under the pretense of mocking Smiles of Las Nevadas. Thanks for giving him a job at your cafe, by the way. Keeps him busy when he isn’t testing things for me.”

“...and that works.” said Dream flatly.

“Yes it does.” said the Ramborn before he leaned forward. “Anyone else want to look at the goods I made ya? Because I’ll be fuckin’ pissed if you don’t like it.”

The others had gotten up and were looking around at the gear that Techno must have spent millions on.

“This is...completely unreal how you did all this. Without anyone knowing.” said Phil.

“You have something for me?” asked Eret, looking over the suit the vampire had made for him. “...you gave me a human skull mask?”

“You’re the Grim Reaper. Why wouldn’t I, oh Witherlord?” asked Techno.

“I both hate and love your sense of irony.” said Eret before he put it on his face. “Oh, it even has the little screens on the inside so I can see. Lovely.”

Dream looked at Eret before she grabbed her mask to put it on. Her mask had a wolfish motif with it, but also a forest theme as well.

“Whoa...I can’t tell Tommy I have this. He’ll be so pissed.” she said as she took the mask off.

“When he gets older, I’m sure we all can manage.” said Techno as Kristen put on her mask.

“Though he’ll be also upset that both of his mothers are heroes now. Even if the public won’t know it.” said Puffy.

“For a long while, anyway.” said Dream. “...when do we start?”

“Let’s draft up a plan first before we start getting to work.” said Quackity. “We need to be able to plan this meticulously if we’re to stand a chance against Legend.”

“Then let’s get to planning.” said Techno

The Dance of the Little Swans

Chapter Summary

The prelude to the end.

Chapter Notes

Holy Carpal Tunnel guys! Second to last chapter and this thing will be over! It's a bit short, but don't worry, the next chapter's gonna compensate for that.

And if you're worried, don't, I finally finished that chapter and have started on the epilogue. Enjoy the calm. The Storm's on the horizon.

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

For three weeks, it was an utter mess.

The heroes Blade, Ultimus, Lady Nocturna, Nammu, Sentinel once he recovered enough to leave, and the formerly retired hero Captain all left Elitum to join a new hero group called the Syndicate. It was then discovered that former villains Nightmare and Infernace joined, and vigilantes Witherlord, Healing Lemon, and Sharktooth had also joined.

For those that kept track of hero-villain-vigilante relationships, they found it odd that the Sentinel would willingly join a group that had his supposed attacker in it.

It was also strange that all the heroes would let villains join, and go by completely different names and motifs in a short amount of time.

With hundreds of theories washing over the media, online and on tv like a massive tsunami, it wasn't a surprise when Legend started adding more heroes to the roster that didn't have stellar track lists.

Rumors were also beginning to abound about how Legend was going on long tangents, rants, severe rage attacks at even the remotest of implications that the Syndicate was doing a better job than Elitum.

The committee had designated the Syndicate as a villain organization and to be killed on sight, but the people were beginning to refuse to help Elitum in tracking them down. Especially since they were working in conjunction with vigilantes in protecting the unpatrolled areas of the city. And even more so when they were assisting the four Runner groups that helped those that couldn't be helped.

Fundy and Jack kept running info about Legend's and the committee's actions to the Syndicate, using highly encrypted lines and even Phil's crows to relay messages.

However, it was also noted that Legend became so hard and cruel on those under his employ that XD formally resigned from the organization, citing horrible work conditions and a conflict of moral interests.

Which sparked another wave of theories and conspiracies to run rampant.

And let's not even get started on the criminals being caught.

Legend eventually had someone put in a teen's ward in Pandora, which set off a political and public relations nightmare for Elitum to deal with, but when information about how random people were getting cuffed without the Committee signing off on them surfaced, a lot of people just outright stopped trusting the Elite Law Hero organization, with most people working there just straight-up quitting or walking out.

For all intents and purposes, it should have spelled death to Legend's multitude of plans and works. But he was still going, somehow.

However, those with keen eyes could see how it was causing him to crack.

The Syndicate knew he was going to start making mistakes now, let people see what he was really like, what the truth about him really was.

They just needed to keep doing what they were doing. And that was what the people needed.

Being heroes.

And with the villains of the city seeing what the Syndicate was doing, they actively would cause problems for Elitum, only to abandon the fight the moment Legend or his cronies appeared. Only staying to fight if any of the Syndicate did, thus ensuring the media's focus wasn't on Jericho's little party.

During those weeks the kids hung around Las Nevadas and gotten to know the people there. Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo got to meet Eryn and befriended him, learning that his dad was also Halo and how Sapnap was his older brother.

It explained the horns so easily.

It also explained why he liked fire a little too much. Him and Tommy got along terrifyingly well.

Tubbo and Ranboo feared for their lives like good friends do.

However, it was also discovered that Ranboo had been hiding a little secret. He was Void Rover, the vigilante. Though he wasn't inducted into the Syndicate, Techno had taken it upon himself to train Ranboo so that he could protect the people better.

And not get hurt badly in the process.

When Dream found out, she asked why.

Ranboo told her that he was just a foster that no one was gonna adopt, so he decided that he might as well be useful somehow.

Upon hearing this, Techno started proceedings to adopt Ranboo.

“I thought you didn’t like orphans.” said Puffy at one meeting.

“When I adopt him, he won’t be an orphan.” said Techno, making Phil laugh.

It was also during those three weeks that something changed.

No one knew what it was, not finding anything different or off, but everyone could feel it. They were heading to a precipice, the approach of the cliff’s edge, the height of the dance. And they were ready to jump and fly when they came to it.

Dream just prayed that Tommy would be okay.

Chapter End Notes

I hope the end justifies the read, darlings.

The Last Dance

Chapter Summary

Now leap and fly.

Chapter Notes

Last Chapter! Wheeee! After this is the Epilogue and then we're good! Hope this ending is up to snuff because I'm about to lose my damn mind over it!

Enjoy!

Tommy was enjoying himself as he played a couple pinball games, trying to beat Tubbo's high score on it. The Las Nevadas base was full of cool stuff to keep him occupied, and Foolish and Charlie Slime were pretty cool guys, even if Charlie weirded him out with some of the things he said.

Like one time, he looked Tommy straight in the eye and told him that being Patient Zero of the Echo Virus wasn't as cool as one would think it'd be.

Another time he mumbled that Schlatt needed to stop offering people golden apples.

Guy was weird, but damn if he wasn't fun to listen to.

Tubbo figured he was connected to a billion other Charlies in the multiverse, and that was his super power.

Eryn thought he was just insane.

But whatever the case may be, he was pretty harmless.

Recently, though, a new guy had shown up to hang around the place. He didn't enter the building but he seemed awfully interested in the kids. Sharktooth didn't like that and after the fifth day, approached him, said something and made him run off.

"Hey Tubbo!" shouted Eryn. "Where's the cartridge for the gameboy?"

"I think Ranboo's got it." said the ramborn.

Ranboo entered and was about to say something when Sharktooth suddenly grabbed someone. They were invisible but once grabbed, they became visible, startling everyone around them.

“What the fuck?!” demanded Tommy as he lept away. “What the fuck’s wrong with you, ya wrongun?!”

“I-I”

“I told you never to come here.” said Sharktooth angrily, the scent of ozone starting to build around him. “Now that I see that my warning was insufficient to deter you, I guess I’ll have to take you to some friends of mine. Kids, if you will excuse me.” said Foolish as he lifted the man high, and walked away with him.

“...Okay, raise your hand if you’re worried now.” said Eryn as he raised his hand.

The others did the same. Even Charlie.

“I think we need to move you to one of the bunkers for the time being. I know there isn’t much there to do, but it’s for your safety.” said the slime-man.

The four nodded and followed him to a bunker room, making sure there were no other invisible people spying on them.

“You...you don’t think he is trying to spy on us, do you?” asked Ranboo suddenly as they got situated in the concrete room.

“He’s a sick fuck, but why spy on kids? I think he’s more interested in trying to find who the Syndicate are.” said Eryn, not having been informed of Tommy’s connections.

“If he thinks the Syndicate members are parents, then holding their kids hostage would be par for the course,” said Tubbo. “Seriously. If he thought we were their kids, he would put us in Pandora, no questions asked. Guy’s losing his marbles.”

“Fuckin’ wrongun this side of Pogtopia.” said Tommy with a grumble and a bird in the Tower’s direction.

“Oh hey, Tommy, noticed something,” said Tubbo.

“Yeah?”

“I think I see a baby feather.” said the Ramborn boy, getting up and going over to the other teen.

“Really?!” said Tommy, leaning forward as he let Tubbo take a picture of it.

Ranboo and Eryn got up to look and saw that, yup, that was a baby feather. Not quite an actual feather, but it wasn’t down, either.

“Yup! Your sis is gonna be so damn happy.” said Eryn with a grin before they heard something above them.

“That...sounded like a wall broke...” said Ranboo as the screams from the others in the warehouse sounded. “Guys. I’m teleporting you all out now!”

“GO!” shouted Charlie from down the hall. “GET OUT OF HERE! HE’S HERE! HE’S HERE!”

Ranboo wasted no time in teleporting the four out of the place, popping up in the middle of the sidewalk seven city blocks away.

“Ranboo, Eryn and I will head down 47th and Evening Star, you and Tommy find the others now!” said Tubbo, grabbing the other teen and booking it.

Tommy and Ranboo didn’t think, just doing what the other said as they ran. Thankfully, they were able to find Amon and Vulcan chatting on a corner about something while tying up two purse snatchers.

“GUUUUYS!” shouted Tommy.

Both looked up and Amon instantly got worried.

“El Ninos, what are you doing here?!” demanded Quackity.

“Legend! He busted into the warehouse and I teleported us out, Tubbo took Eryn down 47th and Evening Star while we came this way. He busted in after Sharktooth found some invisible guy spying on us!” said Ranboo, speaking so fast that both heroes almost didn’t catch it.

“Fuck!” said Vulcan before he got his com out, texting the others. “Go Amon, they’re your people.”

“Thanks.” said Quackity before he bolted, flying off to help his people deal with Legend.

“Okay you two, follow me. This guy’s here tied up so no worries. Come on!” said Sapnap and both boys followed him, letting him text an alert to the others.

Techno looked at his wrist-com before looking at Phil. “I think Legend figured out Tommy’s secret.”

“Then we need to get him away.” said the Avian before spreading his wings. “I’ll help Vulcan. You deal with Legend.”

“With pleasure.” said Techno as both went their separate ways.

The moment Dream got the alert, she made a beeline to where she guessed the three would be at, letting the plants nearby tell her where Tommy was.

“SIS!”

“Tommy!” shouted Dream as she skidded to a stop in front of them. “Thanks, Vul.”

“Glad to help, but we need to keep going,” said Sapnap. She nodded and the group started running again, only to stop when they saw Techno fly by in front of them against his will. “Oh fuck.”

“Other way!” said Dream as they turned around, Phil flying overhead as both him and Eret went to fight Legend, who was on a bit of a rampage.

“Sis, I think he found out.” said Tommy as they ran.

“He isn’t touching you if I can help it.” snarled Dream. “Ranboo, if you can, teleport Toms to the Forest! To the grove!”

“I don’t know if I can make that kind of leap!” said the teen.

“Take as many as you need!”

Ranboo nodded and grabbed Tommy, teleporting away with him and back to the grove. Hopefully there, the Huntsman can protect her son while she dealt with Legend.

Her and Vulcan skidded to a stop the moment the two were gone, turning around and heading back to the fight. Though Dream wanted to keep running away, she knew she couldn’t. If she didn’t deal with the threat now, he would forever chase after her and Tommy.

And now, she’ll finally get her closure.

Channeling an obscene amount of power, she forced the very earth underneath Legend’s feet to shoot up straight into the sky, launching him unexpectedly into the air. Phil capitalized on it by becoming the very winds, spinning him around at tornadic speeds, further disorienting the former hero.

Sapnap was launched into the air for the sole purpose of igniting the air, turning it into a ball of swirling flame encompassing Legend.

Legend, however, busted out of the ball and attempted to go straight for Sapnap. Thankfully, Phil deflected the former hero’s attack by forcing Sapnap back down to the ground, letting him get caught by a spectral slide summoned by Eret before he launched an offensive of a thousand death-spirits. The spirits couldn’t do a whole lot of damage to Jericho but it was enough to distract him from Niki’s incoming ice spears.

Techno, meanwhile, was making sure people were gotten out of the way before he cut his hand, letting his blood flow out before becoming a sharp blade. Dream made some vines and two large trees form.

“Get on the vines, I’ll launch you!” she said. The vampire did so, and once Dream turned the configuration into a giant slingshot, she launched him with the fury of a pissed off vampire piglinborn. Technoblade’s blood-sword pierced Legend’s chest just as Niki’s ice-spears riddled the former hero.

Dream watched Legend start to fall as the others fell away from him. Phil landed next to Dream, putting a hand on her shoulder as she watched.

Something about this wasn't sitting right with her. This seemed too easy.

"Phil."

"Yeah?"

"Why do I think this isn't over?" she asked.

"Well, probably because you're still para-oh." said Phil as he saw Legend suddenly stopped in midair and then launched himself at the two.

Phil turned into air while Dream dodged out of the way, letting him hit the building's roof before skidding away. It was also then that Dream saw that Jericho wasn't human.

At least, no human she knew had black blood nor could survive multiple impalements.

"What are you?" she asked in horror before he was suddenly grabbing her throat, squeezing tightly.

"Oh, but Clarissa, you would have known had you not been a whore and fled." he growled, anger making his grip tighter until Phil and Eret cut into his back, making him release her and attack them instead.

Techno wasn't far away, easily joining in on the fight as Niki appeared, helping Dream crawl away from the fight to regain her breath as they took to the air again.

"He knows my name..." she whispered to Niki in fear.

"Then let him take that to the grave, and know that Clarissa the Dreamer will forever be free of him." replied Niki, helping the other get on her feet.

Sapnap was lobbing balls of fire at him before Amon returned, using his telekinetics to lob a dumpster at him.

"YOU HURT MY PEOPLE AND I'LL FUCKING BREAK YOU!" screamed Quackity before he telekinetically lifted a large chunk of asphalt off the ground, forcing it to fly as fast as it could to hit Legend as hard as possible.

And it hit him hard. But the malevolent force in human form would not be laid low. After getting hit, he broke the chunk, launching himself at the building that the group was on. Dodging again, but this time, Dream wasn't able to get away from his grasp, his grip tight enough on her ankle that she felt it snap in two places before he flung her off the building.

Vulcan and Amon attempted to stop her descent but Legend flung Niki at them, getting both to fall off the opposite side of the building before he took aim at Eret, Techno and Phil.

It was then that XD came down upon Legend. He found out what happened to his sister by that monster and he had every intention of slaughtering that beast so help him Prime.

Welding beams of solar energy, XD slashed, stabbed, and chopped at him, letting his rage power his attacks while keeping his mind clear enough to keep from being too reckless.

And then Dream popped back up onto the rooftop and both started attacking with reckless fervor. Years of terror, hatred, uncertainty guided her hands and movements, dunking when XD would slash near her, or jumping when Techno would go for his legs.

Niki had no problem jumping back up, making bladed rings to cut deeply into him, becoming as water when Philza or Eret wanted to get a slash or stab in.

The six worked in tandem, cutting, slashing, stabbing, impaling, tearing, gouging, eviscerating him where he stood.

But with a single pulse of some strange energy, he pushed them all away from him.

Skidding away from him, they watched him fight to stay standing, the black ichor pretending to be blood almost pouring off him in gushing waves. Formerly stylized dark brown hair left frazzled, scorched and torn. His white uniform bereft of its former pristine appearance.

What was once a peach-colored skin was now marked with the black ichor, bruises and every other injury one could make upon him. One eye was just straight gone courtesy of Dream using a large thorn as a dagger.

He looks more like an undead abomination than a person.

“I...will not fall...to you...” it growled, its voice reverberating and almost doubled in on itself. It was difficult to listen to yet they still understood it. Then it started to do something.

However, everyone fighting it was on the same page and were savvy enough to just stab it at once to keep it from doing whatever it was thinking of doing.

Ripping their blades out, they watched as the abomination started writhing on the rooftop, its body spasming and contorting in horrific ways as more of the fluid.

Dream wanted to stab the mockery of a person some more but Techno held her back, instead waving for Sapnap to step forward.

“Torch it.” said Techno and the flameborn had no problem with that. Mustering up all the fire he could, he blasted the flames at what was once Legend, setting him on fire and then Phil used his power to make it spin around the former hero in a violent fire twister.

The screams the creature emitted were unholy and painful, but Phil and Sapnap kept going, intent on erasing every speck of what was once Legend, the hidden monster of L’Manburg.

It took an agonizing ten minutes before nothing was left of the thing except an oily residue.

“Is...is it over?” asked Dream, waiting for a moment before a feeling she never truly felt before blossomed in her chest. True relief. That was when she impulsively kissed Techno on the mouth before she started doing a little hopping dance with Sapnap, her wolven tail wagging in pure delight.

The vampiric Piglin blinked in complete surprise before he looked over at the two as they hop-danced. “That was a violation of my boundaries! ...But I’ll let it slide for now because you aren’t listening.” he mumbled the last part as Dream didn’t seem to hear.

Phil chuckled as he patted his shoulder. “She’s just happy he’s gone now, mate. You can tell her about it when she’s not as hyped as she is now.”

“I will. ...After I tie a ribbon to he-wait, when did she get a tail?!”

Thus a new dance goes on

Chapter Summary

And thus this tale closes. Life moves on and healing continues. But for our observance, we now close the curtains, for now the dance is over, and all need a rest.

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys for liking this fic. This actually means so much to me to know I actually wrote something people were willing to read. I'd hug every single one of you if I could, I mean it.

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

It's been a year since Legend's destruction and Dream honestly couldn't have been happier.

After his demise, they were able to expose him to not only the world, but to every other hero commission on the planet, getting warrants out the ass to search every piece of property he ever owned. And every speck of information they found about him went back decades of planning on how to absolutely destroy the city from the inside out.

Anyone that was under his employ were either arrested or put under house arrest until their names could be cleared.

It also brought out some really odd information about why he would adopt girls constantly. Dream decided to ignore ALL of that in favor of being able to sleep at night. Tommy did the same.

Techno, meanwhile, had gotten the Commission Committee's permission to install the Syndicate as the current Hero Commission until they could figure out a new, more permanent system to put in L'Manburg.

Wilbur's return to society had been a rocky one, due to everyone 'knowing' that he DIED, but Phil and Kristen both were able to explain to everyone that he apparently was Phantomborne and was able to come back! ...With the sun's agitation at his back. It wasn't odd to see the former hero walking down the street, mumbling vile curses about the sun, Sally giggling beside him the entire time.

And Fundy was thrilled his parents came back. A little unnerved because they were technically undead and a little off-kilter, but happy they came back and were able to be his

parents again.

Puffy's cafe returned to normal, with Dream, Eret and MD working there still and yelling at each other over stupid things, or asking if someone spiked their coffee with something. It was kinda funny seeing Dream partially trip out because MD put a trace amount of LSD in her coffee and thought she saw a purple eldritch alien, an adult Tommy with wings and her, but as a guy, and also with wings.

That was a weird Monday.

Phil and Kristen decided to retire from the hero business, instead choosing to help with a youth program for troubled teenagers to get them the help they needed. Even if sometimes, Phil encouraged some less than approved behavior.

Even the Forest had returned to normal, with the Huntsman letting them camp in Dream's little grove during the summer.

Skeppy was released so the Rams were back to running their weapons and armor deals again for anyone willing to pay, and Bad was finally able to get back to work without stress-baking a metric ton of muffins. He also took off the dozens of improperly authorized cuffs that Legend ordered be placed.

Dream's cuff had broken off when she hit the ground during the fight, letting her instantly meld with the earth before allowing her back into the fight. What happened to it afterwards, she couldn't care less about. It wasn't on her anymore so she didn't need to worry about how to do something anymore.

She still ran for Las Nevadas, making sure people got meds, but now that most corporations were being investigated for fraud and price gouging, many were getting their meds for free if not dirt cheap.

Tommy finally grew in large, beautiful red, gold and orange feathers, though the tips of the primaries had a slight black tinge to them, probably the only hint of Jericho in him. No one paid it any mind, however, and he was willing to agree on that.

As for the committee that Legend had at his beck and call, they were all tried and placed in Pandora for a lifetime of crimes. After they took out the Teen Ward in the place.

Everyone was now moving forward with a bit of a hop in their step and a smile more readily available for everyone to see.

"Siis! We're home!" said Tommy loudly as him and his ever-growing group of friends entered the apartment. Dream nodded at them as she braided Techno's hair, mouth holding onto a hair tie as the vampiric piglin worked on the Syndicate's paperwork.

"Hey Runt. How many people did you con into being your friend this time?" asked Techno without looking away.

“Hey, I’ll have you know they can tell who’s a Big Man in this city.” said Tommy as a white-eyed teen rolled his eyes before elbowing him. “Hey! I’m not wrong.”

“Yeah yeah.” said another.

“Anyway!” said Ranboo with a grin. “This is Deo, Luke, Bitzel, and Wisp.”

“We’re part of Business Bay, a youth group under Kristen.” said Deo with a grin.

“Related to Eret?” asked Dream as she finished Techno’s braid, tying the end with the hair tie before looking at them.

“Distant cousin at best. Herobrine was a man-whore back in the day, I swear.” said Deo as Tubbo went into the kitchen. “Mind if we get a soda?”

“I have no problem.” said Dream. “Just leave the dew alone, Ponk’s coming by later to get it.”

“Why?” asked Tommy as he went to get a soda.

“Anniversary party of Legend’s Death. It’s being held at the park.” said Dream before the kids crowded the sofa. “....Yes, you’re all invited.”

“Whoo!” said the group loudly before they finished getting cans of soda from the fridge.

“What time does the party start?” asked Wisp as he sipped his soda.

“Should start at 5, so...in a couple hours,” said Techno. “Okay, finished with this paperwork. Thanks for braiding my hair.”

“No problem.” said Dream as she got off the back of the sofa. “Got any plans before the party?” she asked Tommy.

“Eh, torment the pigeon population, see if Wisp can mug five people at once like he claims he can, maybe see if Sapnap will set something on fire. The usual.” said the teen with a shrug.

“Just don’t get caught. Kristen will be disappointed.” said Dream.

“Phil would just give us tips for next time.” said Tubbo.

“He would, too.” said Techno as he stood up. “Well, time for preparation. I need to bring some potato snacks. Maybe drag Quackity from his new warehouse. How many does he have now?”

“Three.” said the others without hesitation.

“He has too much money on his hands.” said Techno, smirking when Dream laughed loudly before calling him a rich asshole. “Anyway, time to get going. Just because it’s a few hours away doesn’t mean prep for snacks and stuff doesn’t take time, nerd.”

Dream rolled her eyes before shooping the kids out. "Just make sure you aren't caught. Party's at Boomer Park at five."

"Yes Sis." said Tommy while the others nodded before heading out, sipping their sodas as they left.

When the large group of friends left, Dream sighed. "It's been a whole year."

"It has." said the vampire with a nod. "Sometimes, it doesn't feel all that real, huh?"

"Yeah. Some days, I look in the mirror and get surprised with my ears." said Dream before she shook her head. "But life keeps marching. I'll one day stop being surprised. Just like one day, the nightmares will be truly gone. We just need to take it one day at a time."

"Yeah. Does that mean that, one day, you may NOT run on telephone wires?" he asked, making Dream laugh.

"That'll happen when I'm too old to run." she said before she started out the door. "Gotta help Mom with some pastries. Later, Tech!"

"Later, teletubby!" he said loudly, shaking his head with a smile as Dream's laughter sounded through the door it shut. "...She left me in her apartment again. This is why people keep asking if we're dating. I'm gonna smack her face with a potato cake."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for joining on this journey. I'm on to other projects now, but I'm glad you guys like this story. See you on the next trip!

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