

Snowmen

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Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo & Wilbur Soot , Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Snowball Fight , Snowman , I wrote this for school , this was supposed to be crime boys but now its bench trio and wilbur , Mentioned Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Mentioned Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Comfort No Hurt , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Older Sibling Wilbur Soot , Good Sibling Wilbur Soot , Emo Wilbur Soot , Author is a TommyInnit Apologist (Video Blogging RPF) , Child TommyInnit , Good Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Good Sibling TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Good Sibling Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , i will die fighting that technoblade is the older sibling , but for this fic he is the middle child , tagging is fun , i just like adding more tags :D , yes beta we live on like tommy's trauma
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Snowmen

by [EnderWasTken](#)

Summary

Wilbur is put in charge of Tommy during a snow-day, much to his disappointment, but maybe it isn't so bad.

or

crimeboys (plus beeduo) have a snow war and then build a snowman because i said so

or or

i wrote crimeboys for creative writing class just so i could post it here.

Notes

crimeboys crimeboys crimeboys crimeboys crimeboys
also thank you astro for beta reading <3

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

Wilbur doesn't know how Phil does it.

"Wilbur ", the squeaky voice of his little brother, Tommy, draws out. "Hurry up! The snow's gonna melt." He says with a huff.

It had snowed overnight resulting in a snow day. Phil had put Wilbur in charge of watching over Tommy as Techno had been over at Dream's and he had work. Wilbur begrudgingly obeyed and now he was being dragged outside so Tommy could play in the fresh snow. "I'm going Tommy." Wilbur replied with a grunt. He had been struggling to put his boots on for the last five minutes. He will definitely be telling Phil he needs new ones.

Tommy just crossed his arms and tapped his foot, "Maybe if you weren't so old you'd be able to put your boots on."

Wilbur tripped over his words "I'm not old! I'm sixteen you gremlin."

"That's what an old person would say." Tommy remarked with a snicker.

Wilbur fell back as his boot finally slid on. Tommy cackled at his brother's misfortune, doubling over with his hand now holding his stomach.

Grumbling out curses at his boot, Wilbur stood back up and slipped his gloves on. "Are you done?" He asked in a bored tone. He clearly didn't understand the comedy genius that was others misfortune.

Tommy kept giggling as he looked at his brother with a glare "Yes. Now let's go outside." He stomped over to the door, running outside before Wilbur had a chance to stop him.

"Tommy!" Wilbur called out as he closed the front door, "stay in the yard!"

Tommy stopped right at the fence gate turning back around and walking into the middle of the yard. He lied down in the snow and started moving his arms and legs up and down, and side to side. This gave Wilbur an idea.

"Hey Tommy!" he yelled, walking over to his little brother.

Capturing his brother's attention, he sat up, just in time to be met with a snowball to the face. Tommy carefully wiped the cold snow off his face and grinned. "Oh you're ON" He shouted as loud as he could. Picking up some snow and packing it as much as he could before throwing it at his brother. He didn't hit his face but he got high enough to make it slide down the back of Wilbur's jacket.

Wilbur jumped in surprise as his back got wet. He turned to face Tommy with an armful of snowballs. Tommy's eyes widened with fear as he took off running in the opposite direction, crushing his snow angel in the process.

Wilbur cackled maniacally as he chased his younger brother. Throwing snowball after snowball, often missing. Tommy bobbed and weaved around the yard occasionally picking

up some snow and throwing a snowball of his own back at Wilbur. With all the noise Wilbur noticed the kid peeking over the fence on the other side. “Ranboo! Come in!” he said cheerily.

Upon his name being mentioned Ranboo ducked below the fence and timidly walked into the yard. Tubbo followed after as Wilbur expected. Tubbo immediately picked up snow and threw it at Wilbur as Tommy took refuge behind Ranboo.

Ranboo’s tall stature proved to be a great asset in the war between Wilbur and the bench trio as Tubbo and Tommy continued to use him as a shield. They ran rampant around the yard as they continued to throw snowballs at Wilbur. Eventually Ranboo got tired of being a human shield and picked Tubbo up (kicking a screaming) and threw him into the soft snow.

They all fell into a fit of laughter, all of them collapsing to the ground in exhaustion. After calming down from their fun you could hear the faint breathing of Wilbur as he struggled most having to run away from three third graders.

Tubbo was the first up, despite having been thrown to the ground, and started making another snowball. Wilbur, scared he was going to get assaulted by the boys again, hurriedly stood up and was going to run towards Tubbo until he noticed that Tubbo was, in fact, not making a snowball, but slowly rolling the snow into a wonky, uneven body.

Wilbur continued to watch Tubbo roll up the body of the snowman, a smile slipping onto his face.

“Are you going to just sit there or are you going to stare at me?” Tubbo asked as light hearted as a third grader could.

Tommy, who was now helping Ranboo up, snickers at Wilbur’s taken aback face. “You get offended really easily, Wilby.” He said matter-of-factly. He turned to Tubbo and started helping him roll the now big snowball around the yard.

Wilbur, coming to his senses, took Ranboo by the arm and started making the snowman’s head with him. They worked together making sure the head wasn’t too big for the body, moving onto searching for sticks and rocks for the face and arms.

Tubbo wiped his forehead and stood up fully. “I’m going to run inside and get a hat!” He yelled, already to the door. It slammed shut with a quiet echo and Tommy joined them in their search for the perfect stick arms.

Tubbo returned 2 minutes later with an arm full of winter garments. When he felt he had gotten close enough he unceremoniously dropped the contents of his arms to the ground. “I didn’t know if he would be cold with just a hat so i got him everything” He admitted sheepishly.

Due to Tubbo’s wild nature, you wouldn’t expect him to be worried about a snowman being cold, but here he is with a pile of gloves, and hats, and scarves for the boys to choose from.

Tommy rushed over to Tubbo getting on the ground and sifting through the options. They ended up settling on a blue beanie that used to be Wilbur's, a scarf from Phil’s ever growing

collection, and a pair of Techno's old winter gloves.

Looking back at the snowman, the two boys saw Ranboo pushing some rocks into the snowman's face while Wilbur held him up. Ranboo looked over and smiled at them, "Can you give me the hat? I'll put it on Kenny."

"Who's Kenny?" Wilbur asked knowing Kenny was the snowman.

"Kenny is the snowman obviously. Wilbur you are dumb." Tommy said, his mischievous grin returning.

Tubbo handed Ranboo the hat he had asked for, then proceeded to slip the old gloves onto the snowman's stick arms. Wilbur gently put Ranboo down, stepping back so Tommy could put the scarf onto the snowman.

After watching Tommy struggle to wrap the scarf around Kenny they all took a step back and admired their handy work.

"Why don't we go inside? I'll make you guys some hot chocolate and we can watch movies." Wilbur suggested.

"Yeah!" The three boys cheered, racing each other to the door. Wilbur followed behind, closing the door after them. And as he made the hot chocolate he promised he thought maybe watching his little brother (and his friends) wasn't so bad.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!! i have like one week left of school and have been working on this for like 3 weeks so i decided to hurry up and finish it. I hope you enjoyed. this is the first fic i've written since i was twelve so i hope its good. <3

I use it/its and neos btw and i go by E or Ender i just like puns so i didn't feel like changing my name. I struggle to focus when writing so this took a lot in me to write, and i tried my absolute best so, uh, be nice in the comments :]

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