

## Carved out of Stone, Earth, Blood, and Bone

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39938016) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39938016>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson   Philza</a> , <a href="#">Kristin Rosales Watson</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Royalty</a> , <a href="#">Tags Contain Spoilers</a> , <a href="#">Emperor Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Siblings</a> , <a href="#">Adopted TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-28 Updated: 2022-08-18 Words: 4,804 Chapters: 2/?

# Carved out of Stone, Earth, Blood, and Bone

by [Saturn\\_Bug\\_\(fuzzbuckets\)](#)

## Summary

Rooted by trees  
Anchored to Earth  
No place to be free  
A wingless birth  
Gone from the skies  
No gods will return  
The last avian dies  
And so the world burns

## Notes

Twinsduo my beloveds

this is a rewrite of my abandoned fic No Brother of Mine!

thank you for reading! Enjoy <3

# Chapter 1

Wilbur was only sixteen years old when he lost the remainder of his family and left home. His parents were lost when he was thirteen to a seemingly endless war, leaving him with only his older brother. The two did their best to carry on alone, even with the help of caretakers and guardians, but even still, they grew apart. Grief and despair and the weight of responsibility eventually spread their love for each other so thin that by the end, the brothers could barely stand the sight of the other.

Neglected, not feeling loved or needed as his brother took on responsibilities they were once meant to share, Wilbur left. Not leaving so much as a note to tell his brother where he was going or even if he was okay, the younger brother left. He sold most of his valuable belongings, keeping only one thing from his old life. Not that he could get rid of it anyway.

The boy had left to live a life of adventure and maybe make a new name for himself, but, not knowing anything about the real world and its terrors, the child was left homeless and starving, forced to beg for scraps. Wilbur got lucky as he got older and wiser, working odd jobs and occasionally washing dishes for the various pubs and restaurants that took pity on him, but it wasn't enough. He fell in with a bad group of people nearing his eighteenth birthday and since then he'd worked for them as a sort of messenger.

Never actually committing crimes himself (not counting the few times he'd taken more than his share of coin or food), Wilbur became well known among the criminals of the empire, both big and small. He supposed he had, in a way, made a name for himself.

Which of course, is why he is now being led, blindfolded, to the emperor's dungeons, where he would await questioning.

The fools were wasting their time. Wilbur knew nothing they wanted to know as it was part of his terms. He'd deliver written messages, even small parcels, but no real info could enter his ears or he'd drop the job. And for exactly this reason. In case he got captured and questioned, he didn't want to be accused of being fully involved.

To really get the info the emperor wanted, they'd have to do better than capturing a glorified mailman for low-level goons and criminals.

After what seemed like ages, and at least a hundred iron doors being opened and closed, Wilbur was plopped down into a highly uncomfortable metal chair, and cuffed to what was most likely an interrogation table, and left to wait for whoever was going to question him. And he was still stuck with a stuffy, itchy hood over his face. Great.

He didn't want to be here. For more than one reason. There were too many risks involved with being taken straight to the castle. He needed to get out of here as quickly as possible before the life he'd made for himself went to shit more than it already had. Once they realized he didn't actually have any information, and as long as he played it off as just doing simple chores for scraps and pennies, he could get away without jail time.

Even still, he'd have to leave the capital city. He realized that staying here was enough of a risk as it was, but in the six years he'd spent working in underground markets, Wilbur figured that he would be fine. Unrecognizable by now, surely. It was stupid to think this encounter was anything but inevitable.

And now, of course, he was dragged here with no possible way of knowing how this meeting was actually going to go. He felt trapped. Like a bird in a cage.

Wilbur did his best to be patient. He really did. But he was never one to sit still and he certainly wasn't going to allow anyone to treat him like garbage without a fair fight. There wasn't a lot he could do, with his hands bound and him locked in a room. But he had his voice, and boy could he be loud.

The song he sang was a simple one. One his mother had taught him and his brother when they were young. The three would sing it while spending time together, whether that was walking through the gardens, or playing together in the family room. His mother would sit, embroidering her latest creation as she sang the soft words while he and his twin would play with whatever new toys their father had whittled for them. He knew it by heart and sang it often when he was bored or concentrating on a job.

Now, he used it to annoy the shit out of the guards.

He started out humming the words, quietly and gently just like his mother would. His voice grew louder and louder, the intensity behind his tone rising along with it. His smile widened as he started to get loud enough that his voice echoed through the small stone brick room. Soon enough he was screaming the lyrics at the top of his lungs, and he lost sense of the words as he repeated the single verse over and over and over.

*Rooted by trees*

*Anchored to Earth*

*No place to be free*

*A wingless birth*

*Gone from the skies*

*No gods will return*

*The last avian dies*

*And so the world burns*

The door slammed open with a bang, causing Wilbur to startle, his song faltering and petering out into nothingness. The hood was ripped from his face, causing his glasses to fly halfway across the room.

“Will you please for the love of the gods above, shut the fuck up?” A man said behind him. “I’ve had to listen to your incessant, awful singing for the past twenty minutes and you’re getting on my nerves.”

The man rounded the table, bringing himself into Wilbur’s view. Though he was blurry without Wil’s glasses, distinct and rather important features were noticeable.

Dressed in full armor, a bright green cape, and the emperor’s crest on his chest, the captain of the castle guard stood before him. The man was known for his ruthlessness and cunning. He wasn’t one to give up easily, and he certainly wasn’t planning on bowing to an annoying, repetitive criminal such as Wilbur.

His signature blond hair and piercing green eyes were easily recognizable, considering posters praising his accomplishments were plastered all over the capital city. But what really gave Captain Dream away was the crudely painted white and black smiley face on his breastplate.

The 'mask', as it was called, was a scare tactic. Meant to be the first thing an enemy sees when encountering the infamous soldier. A symbol meant to invoke fear into the foes of the kingdom, and placing hope into the hearts of the citizens of the crown.

Having him as the person sent to interrogate Wilbur meant that they thought Wil's influence and knowledge was greater than it actually was.

"Well I'm sorry that your dungeon's walls are so acoustically advanced," Wilbur hummed, amused that his song was enough to annoy the captain. "And I got bored. It's rude to keep guests waiting, you know."

Dream glared at the man, opening his mouth to retort, but Wilbur interjected before he got the chance. It only made the look of irritation on the guard's face grow.

"Also, before you interrogate me, would you be so kind as to find my glasses that you graciously threw across the room? I won't be answering any questions until I'm able to see my captor properly."

Wilbur smiled smugly as Dream searched the floor for the wire-rimmed frames. It was funny to see the highly respected captain fulfilling the request of a prisoner. Perhaps this man wasn't as strategically advanced as the posters said.

Once Wil's glasses were returned to his face, eyesight immediately restored, Dream sat down across from him. The pair sat in silence for a few seconds, taking the time to size each other up before Dream began the questioning.

"I'm assuming the officers that arrested you told you what you were arrested for?" The blond asked.

Wilbur didn't answer. Dream continued.

"You were arrested for assisting known criminals in suspicious activity. Your questioning will be to identify the people you were working with, who you are, and what exactly you were doing."

The brunet leaned back in his chair, at least, as far as the chains around his wrists would allow.

"What exactly do you know?" He asked. "Just so I know what *not* to say."

The captain glared.

"We know you go by the moniker 'Soot'. We know you act as a messenger taking parcels and letters, most likely agreements, in between the much more notorious criminals. We know you're connected to The West Wind. You act as a middle-man for him and some others. There's very little likelihood that you don't know anything."

Wilbur threw his hands up into the air, exaggerating his faux remorse at being unable to help. Something caught Dream's attention, but he chose to ignore it.

"Well, unfortunately for you, that's about all I know too. Even if I did talk directly to the people I've worked for, I'd only know their nom de plume. This "West Wind" guy? No fucking clue who he is or what he looks like. Which is about as much as I'm guessing you and the great Emperor Technoblade know too. I run errands for all sorts of people down there for a bit of extra cash. I need it to eat and buy essentials, you know how it is."

He looked Dream in the eyes, noticing that he hadn't been paying attention. The prisoner rolled his eyes, preparing to mock the shit out of this asshole.

"If you're going to question a prisoner, you're going to need to pay attention- HEY!"

Dream interrupted Wilbur's jeering by grabbing his wrist, turning his hand to reveal a ring.

“I know a lot more than you think, Soot. But one thing I didn’t know was that you have a ring. A crest ring perhaps? A family name we can finally match you to?”

The brunet jerked his arm away but the damage had already been done. Dream had seen the tell-tale crow’s wings and emerald of the [Watson] family. The emperor’s family.

“You- You’re-” the captain began, dropping his hand in shock. “Where did you get that?”

Wilbur shoved down the panic threatening to suffocate his thoughts and acted cool. He had to be careful if he was going to get out of this.

“I bought it out of a pawn shop because I thought it was pretty,” he said, deciding to play dumb. “Why? Does it mean something?”

Dream looked at him in disbelief. Everyone knew what this symbol meant. Wilbur had fucked up.

“Give me your hand again,” the captain ordered.

“No! Why the fuck would you need my hand? I bought this ring fair and squa-”

But Dream had already grasped his arm, holding it so tightly that Wilbur gasped from pain.

The captain pulled at the ring, trying to pull it off the finger it encircled, but it didn’t budge. He tried again, to no avail. There was clearly space for it to be removed without much struggle, fitted perfectly to the finger it inhabited.

Family rings were given to children of families at the age of sixteen. It was tradition, in their kingdom. Wealthy families had their rings enchanted with the curse of binding, making it



impossible for the ring to be removed until death. There were very few ways to get rid of the rings, most of them including a considerable amount of pain and money in order to get them removed.

“How-” Dream began. “But that’s not possible.”

Wilbur’s heart thumped in his ears as Dream tugged once more, grim realization and acceptance dawning all at once on the captain’s face. Wilbur was fucked.

“Please don’t tell him,” he pleaded with the guard, dropping his act. One last attempt at getting away. “I wasn’t lying when I said I don’t know much, but I’ll give you whatever information I can. I’ll do anything. *Please* Dream. I’m begging you.”

Dream backed away, heading straight for the door, shaking his head in utter disbelief, looking like he’d seen a ghost. And he might as well have been.

“I’m sorry, your highness,” he said. “I can’t do that. You’ve been missing for six years. I can’t just let you get away.”

He left the room, slamming the door behind him with a clang. Wilbur jumped at the sound, panic and tears rising as he heard the captain bark orders at the guards in the hallway.

“Take the prisoner to the throne room. Uncuff him but keep him guarded at all times. I’m going to get the emperor and tell him we found the prince.”

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Techno paused for only one second to gather his breath before dealing the final, long-awaited blow, tears streaming freely down his face.

“You gave up being the prince of this kingdom and you gave up being my brother when you abandoned me and left me to carry the burden of an empire alone.”

Wilbur’s eyebrows furrowed and he sucked in a breath. Any sadness or regret he felt evaporated immediately. The unspoken words had finally been put out into the world. He had expected them. He had wanted them. A severance from his old, miserable, princely life. An opportunity to finally let it all go.

But that was before he knew just how badly it would hurt to hear it. Hurt to hear his disownment and finally, truly lose what was left of his family.

### Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading! Enjoy <3

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

The throne room was slightly different from the last time Wilbur had been here, though the ache in his feet from standing too long on the marble floors as a criminal remained exactly the same as it had been when he stood here as a prince.

Dread filled his heart, not knowing how his brother would react to his return. The last time they had talked had been six years ago and... it hadn’t ended well. Accusations and guilt had been thrown, leaving the pair close to tears, and with one less brother than they had started with.

Now Wilbur stood, diamond chandeliers above and guards stationed on either side, in front of two beautifully carved quartz thrones. One throne was larger than the other, obviously meant for the emperor. His brother. The signature crow's wings of their family's crest splayed themselves at the top, and gilded designs of vines and flowers flowed down around the plush cushioning of the seat.

The smaller throne had similar designs as the larger throne, but they were simpler. More fitting for a prince. Fit for Wilbur.

Had his brother saved him a seat after all this time? Or was it simply to keep up appearances? Could it really be a sign that the kingdom would welcome him back as their prince? Even after what he had done?

The man winced at the thought and looked away from the harsh reminder of his betrayal to the crown he was meant to wear. His eyes wandered around the room to see what exactly his brother had changed.

The emperor had built a reputation in the years following his coronation. Wilbur got to hear all about it from gossip spread throughout the kingdom, always keeping close tabs on where his brother traveled for trade meetings or even battles to conquer more land for the empire. The emperor was known to be a ruthless leader, skilled in battle and never yielding to adversaries. The young man ruled with an iron fist, never allowing room for his subjects or enemies to undermine his authority. Even those who loved the emperor feared him.

"The Blood God" they called him. A title he embraced.

The emperor kept up that persona at all times, even by decorating his throne room with depictions of battles fought and won by their kingdom throughout history on woven tapestries.

Wilbur recognized one as the origins of their once tiny kingdom. The revolutionary battle fought to create a safe haven for their ancestors. On the tapestry, a winged man, an avian from legend, flew above endless rows of soldiers, sword in hand as he lead the army of avians, hybrids, and humans alike against invaders set on wiping out the people of their peaceful mountain settlement where the capital city and castle still stood to this day.

The battle had been fought centuries ago, and the avians had long left their world, leaving Wilbur and Techno's ancestors to the throne. Their crest was an acknowledgement and nod of respect to the supposed origins of their power, though avians were left in the past, and turned into mere myths and legends. Simple bedtime stories told to children.

Wilbur had believed in avians as a child. His parents, for many years, told fantastical stories of the winged people who lived amongst the treetops and clouds, but, like most, had lost his belief in the magical beings as he got older.

He continued the scan of the room, memories of his lost childhood too painful to dwell on.

Though the tapestries held images of brutality and conflict, that seemed to be where the charade of The Blood God ended. The quartz walls and ceiling were painted with wandering patterns of flowers and birds. They were outlined with gold, and sparkling with what appeared to be tiny jewels. It was interesting, seeing how this seemingly bloodthirsty emperor liked to surround himself with such delicate and beautiful artistry.

A secret door behind the thrones swung open on creaky hinges, interrupting Wilbur's train of thought. Guards spilled out onto the floor and lined up against the walls. The door had been installed to make entrances into the hall quicker and more accessible. It also provided an air of mystery when civilians walked in to find their rulers already present.

Once all the guards had taken their places around the hall, a man entered the room.

If you didn't know him, you wouldn't be able to tell this rather young man was the fearless emperor, with his simple linen clothes and simple braid down his back. That is, you wouldn't be able to tell, if not for the golden crown atop his shell-pink hair.

He didn't walk with the air of an emperor either; choosing to approach his throne with more of a saunter. Not once, on his walk to the throne, did he look in Wilbur's direction.

At the sight of his brother seemingly unbothered and uncaring that the missing prince had been found, any nervousness or remorse Wilbur felt evaporated. Now he remembered why he had left. Even now, Technoblade didn't care about anything but the crown. He certainly didn't care about Wilbur.

Anger and contempt for his brother born from abandonment and sorrow rose in Wilbur's chest and formed into a ball in his throat. His eyebrows dropped to form a glower and Wilbur, rather impulsively, spat on the steps leading up to the throne. It was petty and childish, but it succeeded in finally getting Technoblade's attention right as he took his seat.

The brothers stared at each other, neither saying a word. Neither wanted to interrupt the silence that had lasted between them since the night before Techno's coronation six years ago. The last time they'd spoken had resulted in an argument so devastating to their relationship, that it caused Wilbur to run away without a word. Technoblade himself looked almost nervous to see that yes, his little brother had been found, and was standing before him after all these years.

It was eventually Techno who broke the silence.

"Wilbur-" he started, voice calm, trying to keep peace between them. His tone was level, monotone, as always betraying no emotion lest someone actually find out what he was thinking. That someone, in this case, being Wilbur, who didn't allow it for a second.

"Oh, so you do recognize me do you? I thought for sure that you'd forgotten your little brother, *Technoblade*."

He spat his brother's name like it was a curse. And to him, it was.

The emperor straightened his posture, tensing at the venom in Wilbur's words. He hadn't expected his brother to still be this angry, not after so much time had passed. An emotion Wilbur couldn't name if he tried flickered in his brother's eyes. He hoped, if anything, that it was hurt.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Wilbur continued, a wry smile darkening his expression. “Should I say ‘Your Majesty’ now? Am I not worthy enough to speak my own brother’s name?”

Technoblade winced, just slightly, as long forgotten memories of their argument resurfaced at Wilbur’s jab. He caught the reaction though, and his face turned stony again before he stood from his throne, taking slow, almost cautious steps towards his brother.

“You haven’t changed, have you?”

There was no anger in Techno’s words. No accusations. Only disappointment, as his fears were confirmed.

“You... You left, Wil. You pulled away despite all of my attempts to keep us together and happy after mum and dad’s disappearance.”

Wilbur scoffed and prepared to make another jab when he noticed the tears at the corners of Techno’s eyes. Tears of his own threatened to fall.

At the sight of each other, years of bottled up hurt and longing for the comfort of their brother were threatening to spill forth and flood the halls of the castle once more.

Wilbur was speechless, having not seen his brother this... emotional since they were very young. He’d only seen anger and disdain for years. And now here was his sadness, being laid bare. He had longed for this, for Techno to finally open up. To drop his indifferent mask and show that he was in as much pain Wilbur was. But he had wanted it much sooner than this. Now it was too late.

“I wasn’t the one who started arguments. I wasn’t the one who left the other behind, leaving no chance for us to get better at dealing with our shared pain. You left no chance for us to heal together. You abandoned that possibility.

So yes, Wilbur. You will refer to me, your emperor, with my title. As far as I'm concerned, you gave yours up the night you left this castle without so much as a note to let me know where you had gone and why."

Techno paused for only one second to gather his breath before dealing the final, long-awaited blow, tears streaming freely down his face.

"You gave up being the prince of this kingdom and you gave up being my brother when you abandoned me and left me to carry the burden of an empire alone."

Wilbur's eyebrows furrowed and he sucked in a breath. Any sadness or regret he felt evaporated immediately. The unspoken words had finally been put out into the world. He had expected them. He had *wanted* them. A severance from his old, miserable, princely life. An opportunity to finally let it all go.

But that was before he knew just how badly it would hurt to hear it. Hurt to hear his disownment and finally, truly lose what was left of his family.

The words stabbed at his heart like knives. Memories of their childhood flooded his mind and the pain was almost too much to bear. But he shook it off, just like he always did. Just like his big brother. Not allowing any emotion to show. Shoving it away for later when he could properly nurse the wounds those words had left on his unbroken skin.

Wilbur opened his mouth, another biting remark prepared on his tongue. One that would hopefully, and likely hurt Technoblade just as much.

An acceptance of his brother's declaration. And an accusation that he had, in fact, not been the emperor's brother much longer than before he left.

He was interrupted, at the last moment, by a harsh squeaking. The hidden door was opening once again. The words died, and were filed away for another time.

The door slammed shut with a loud bang, making everyone in the room wince with surprise.

The muffled pitter patter of tiny little feet filled the room, dumbfound silence befalling everyone as they watched as a little boy, no more than five years old, ran out in front of the thrones. He faced the emperor and stared him down, hands on his hips and a very peeved expression on his face.

The little boy was dressed in a similar manner to the emperor, matching head to toe from the shirts to their boots. The only differences being a red cape clasped around his neck with a simple golden brooch, and a contraption made out of twine and sticks clutched tightly in his hand. Not to mention his face was dirt-stained and leaves stuck out of his blond curls.

“You said you wouldn’t question prisoners without me!” He shouted, tiny voice echoing around the room. He pointed, what Wilbur now realized to be a makeshift sword, at Technoblade threateningly, as though it would actually do some damage to the rumored untouchable Blood God.

Astonishment was clear on Techno’s face, but there was no surprise. He knew the boy. Wilbur looked around and none of the guards seemed the least bit concerned. They all knew who this tiny terror was.

Technoblade’s voice broke through his thoughts, immediately answering his questions.

“Tommy- How did you even- Listen, kid, this was a special case. I’m-”

“No!” The boy- Tommy- interrupted with another angry shout, his face almost turning red enough to match the fabric draped over his shoulders.

“You promised. You said I could help you with the bad guys and now you’re doing it without me. You promised, Techno...”

He dropped the stick onto the floor as tears welled in his eyes. He raised his hands to his face to wipe tears away, shoving balled up fists into his eyes as though to stop the flow of tears. Whatever promise the emperor had broken clearly upset him.



Technoblade hesitated, glancing at Wilbur who stood there dumbfounded. an internal conflict evident in his brother's eyes.

It broke when Tommy let out a small, pitiful snuffle.

The emperor rushed to where Tommy stood and kneeled down in front of the unhappy toddler.

Wilbur's bewildered expression watched as his cold, supercilious brother melted in the face of the tiny boy's tears. He talked in a quiet, soothing voice. A kindness he had never extended to Wilbur.

*Who the fuck was this kid?*

"Tommy, listen to me. I didn't lie. I was always going to let you help. But this one is..."

Another glance Wilbur's way.

"This one's different. It's special. Plus, you were out in the garden and I didn't want to interrupt that. Please don't cry. I didn't lie to you, I was always going to let you help. I just couldn't with this one, do you understand?"

Tommy's frown deepened but he didn't cry, only wiping away any snot that had started dripping from his nose with his sleeve. After a deep, scrutinizing look at the face of the man in front of him, he seemed to conclude that Techno was telling the truth and ran into his arms, shoving his dirty little face into the emperor's shoulder, wiping dirt and snot all over the once pristine shirt. Techno was visibly relieved, though disgusted with the stains the boy had left.

After Tommy had finally calmed, he pulled away and grabbed Techno's face in both hands, squishing his cheeks in the process, and pulled the emperor close enough that their noses

were nearly touching. He stared directly into Techno's eyes, not allowing the emperor to break eye contact for even a second. The man gave no reaction, acting as though this were a regular occurrence.

"Next time, you're gonna come get me, right? You said you'd spend time with me and let me fight bad guys with you."

A beat passed with no response from the emperor and Tommy's scowl intensified.

"You pinky promised!" He reminded, though it sounded more like a threat than anything else.

A chuckle left Technoblade's mouth, amused with the child's antics. His hand strayed up to pluck a leaf out of the boy's messy blond curls as he answered.

"Yes, of course I'll get you next time. You know I wouldn't break a pinky promise unless it was absolutely unavoidable. I'll make this up to you somehow, okay?"

Tommy, satisfied, let go of Techno's face and hugged him again before picking up his forgotten sword.

"Okay, then I'm gonna go back to the garden before Puffy gets too worried. Come get me when you're done and tell me all about it."

Techno nodded and Tommy's smile widened.

Without warning, he pivoted to face Wilbur, who had been watching this all unfold with a sinking feeling in the pit of his empty stomach.

"And as for you," the strange little boy spoke with a tone most similar to the man stood behind him. "You should just answer all the questions or you're gonna face the wrath of The Blade. My big brother."

At the last word, the room went cold and the feeling that had been slowly descending in Wilbur's stomach finally dropped, creating ripples in the tension that had suspended the room since the moment he had arrived.

“Brother?”

## Chapter End Notes

Wouldn't be a family reunion without some drama amiright?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!