

Things we do for our kids

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by [Meg_B678](#)

Summary

“Tommy!” Wilbur was helpless on the ground. He couldn’t reach his familiar as Tommy was being carried off by Quackity. The boy struggled but the older was too strong to get out on his own.

Techno was at Wilbur’s side, crossbow drawn with both familiars in his crosshairs. He was tracking them with the sights, eyes sharp.

“Wait, you might hit Tommy.” Wilbur blurted out.

“Wilbur, what day is it today?” Techno asked calmly.

Wilbur blinked, “uh, Tuesday?”

“Perfect.”

Or

Puffy's still captured, Schlatt's still after Tommy and Tommy's still new to this whole familiar bond...

Chapter 1

“Come now, Puffy, we’re all family here.” A sick smile pulled at the corner of the witch’s mouth. “Am I going to have to tell mum?”

Puffy lifted her head from where it hung down. She was exhausted. She’d lost all feeling in her body days ago, her hands and feet being tied down to the chair and haven’t moved since. It used to cause pins and needles to run up her limbs, now they were just numb.

It disgusted her to see such similarities between herself and the witch in front of her. They had the same brown, curly hair, same nose and chin. Their eyes differed. She was rather glad she didn’t get the dark gaze Schlatt gave her and she sent her own icy stare straight back.

“Now, sis, all I’m asking is that you return what’s mine.” Schlatt pouted, “did you really think you’d get away with stealing from me?”

“Tommy is not property,” Puffy said lowly. Even tied up, her tone was dark and threatening. If it was anyone other than Schlatt on the receiving end, they’d likely crumble under such pressure. Instead, the witch smirked.

“Sure he is, he’s an unpaired familiar. That means he’s fair game. I put a claim on him. He’s mine so tell me where he is and I’ll let you go.” Schlatt leaned down to be face to face with her.

Puffy breathed out a mist, chilling the air between their faces by a couple degrees, “make me.”

Schlatt chuckled at that. His smile became almost genuine and a wild look grew in his eye. He straightened up, “you think I won’t hurt you? Because you’re my sister? You think I’ll go easy on you?”

“No,” Puffy shook her head, leaning back against the chair and looking up at him, “but I will not let you treat that kid like a resource. You can hurt me, I have every reason to think you will, but I still won’t tell you where he is.”

“We’ll see about that.” Schlatt walked away, slamming a door behind Puffy’s back.

Puffy took a deep breath, “is he gone?” She looked at a spot in the corner where the teen had been watching from.

He had puffy hair just like her and Schlatt with burns down one side of his face. His hair hung down over his eyes and concealed the burn slightly. He was hugging a black and white cat to his body like it would be ripped from his grasp at any moment.

The teen nodded at Puffy, “he’s gone. For now anyway.”

“You shouldn’t be here, you know. If your father finds you-”

“Yeah, yeah. He’ll yell and ground me. Can’t be mad at me for long though,” Tubbo smirked, “I have a secret weapon.” The cat in Tubbo’s arms meowed and jumped up onto his shoulders, batting at his overgrown hair. “I *can* still do the face with my hair.” Tubbo huffed at the familiar. The cat just rolled his mismatched eyes, sitting on Tubbo’s shoulder as easy as if the young witch were a perch designed for him.

“I still think you should be careful, Tubbo. If not for *your* sake then for Ranboo’s. You’re both well aware of your father’s views on familiars.” The cat tensed at the mention of his name.

Tubbo nodded slowly. “How- how was Tommy when you last saw him?”

Puffy’s gaze softened, “he was starting to trust me. He regrets what happened to you, Tubbo.”

Tubbo scoffed, “hardly his fault. He didn’t even know about bonding, he was following my lead in the ritual.”

“It’s not *your* fault either. Neither of you were experienced enough for the backlash.”

Tubbo rubbed his side where he could feel the burn scars, “is he still hurt?”

Puffy shook her head, “he fully healed weeks ago.”

“Can I see him?”

“Probably not. He’s far from here and I don’t think your father would like you disappearing for weeks to visit Tommy, especially when he’s already looking for him.”

Tubbo nodded, “yeah, you’re right. I just... I miss him.” He looked at the cat on his shoulder, “you’d like him, Ranboo. He’s usually up for anything, we got into all kinds of things.” Ranboo meowed back at Tubbo and the teen laughed.

Puffy? Puffy, can you hear me? Please answer.

Puffy winced at how her familiar sounded in her head. She looked around her, “Tubbo? Since you’re not planning on keeping out of trouble, think you can check the warding for me?”

“Sure, what for?”

“Any tracking or eavesdropping. Dream’s been trying to reach me and I don’t want to risk answering back if Schlatt can use it to find them.”

“Ok,” Tubbo nodded then left the room, leaving Puffy on her own for the first time in a couple hours.

Puffy, I lost Tommy. We got separated by some hunters. I told him I’d find him later but I’m hurt. Please. I need your help!

A tear fell from Puffy’s eye, knowing she couldn’t do anything. She squeezed her eyes shut and lowered her head, only able to listen. The messages Dream sent her were one way, they

couldn't be tracked but if she were to respond, they could follow the message straight to Dream and the familiar would be in more danger than he already was.

It's been weeks. Tommy was out with Wilbur again, still restoring the forest after the fire. Dream's noticed the pair were a lot closer than they had been a few days ago. His hopes were confirmed when he saw the pair of them talking despite Tommy perched on Wilbur's shoulder in his familiar form.

Now though, Dream had to worry about his own witch. Tommy was safe and now that he had a witch, he'd be well protected if Schlatt found him but he needed to find Puffy.

He sat on the cliffs, thinking over his options. He could try a tracking spell but those could just lead Schlatt to him and if he was caught, there would be no hope for Puffy.

The waves lapped lightly at the bottom of the cliff until one particular wave hit harder than usual, sending sea foam shooting up the cliff right next to Dream. The sea spray dropped again to reveal a man sitting on the side right beside Dream.

"Hey, Dream." He smiled.

Dream jumped. "Foolish?"

Foolish chuckled, "you're a hard man to find when you want to be." He ran a hand through golden hair, picking out a couple bits of seaweed. "How's my favourite pirate duo? I haven't seen either of you on my seas in a while. Where've you been?"

Dream looked down at his hands now, "Puffy's missing."

"Missing? How?" Foolish leaned forward now, all nonchalance he had replaced with concern.

"One of the docks we raided was uh, an auction. One for familiars. Most were paired, we got them back to their witches, some were even at the auction to try and buy their familiars back."

Foolish grimaced, "I hate those auctions. The familiars are always half starved too."

Dream nodded, "this particular one was Schlatt's. We found an unpaired familiar, a phoenix, they were selling his feathers and ash. He was just a kid and pretty traumatised. We took him with us. Schlatt didn't like that so he sent his men after us. Puffy told me to hide the phoenix while she led them away. I haven't seen or heard from her since."

"Hmm, how long ago was this?"

"Maybe about a month?"

Foolish nodded, "well. I can tell you she hasn't left the island. I've not seen her on any boats in my seas." Foolish leaned forward, not worried about falling off the cliff. He tapped his chin thoughtfully, "my first thought was maybe talk to a fate witch, there's one in the town

near you. I'm not sure what they can give you though. There's only so much they can actually say without messing with time."

"I think Schlatt has her. She would have responded to me by now if she could."

"Need any help?" Foolish tilted his head, "you two have probably garnered enough favours from me to be owed this one."

Dream huffed but there was a smile on his face, "thanks Foolish but I don't even know where to start."

"You could try Badboyhalo. He's usually pretty good at finding people and aren't he and Puffy friends or something?"

Dream nodded, "he's a hard guy to find though."

"His son isn't." Foolish pointed out, "hell, you just need to say his name and he'll probably show up."

Dream wheezed at that, "yeah, I guess. I'll uh, I'll have to visit George later too."

"Just let me know if I can help. Anything for my two favourite sailors."

"I thought gods weren't supposed to have favourites."

"Tell that to mumza." Foolish smirked before the sea lashed at the cliff again and the man disappeared in the spray.

Dream was left on his own for a while until he saw a speck of orange in the sky. The speck got closer until it swooped down and landed on the ground next to him. The phoenix familiar let out a greeting chirp.

"There you are," Tommy changed to human while sat beside him. "I was looking all over for you."

"Hey, Tommy," Dream smiled, "sorry, I was just thinking."

"About Puffy?" Tommy asked knowingly.

Dream sighed and nodded, "it's been too long now. I should have heard from her."

"So what do we do now?"

"*We*?"

Tommy scoffed, "yeah, Dream. We. If you think I'm staying out of this then you're dumb. Puffy helped me, I want to help her now."

"Tommy, you've got a witch now. You have a place here, you don't need to--"

“Fuck off. I may have a witch now but that’s not gonna stop me from caring about you and Puffy!”

Dream smiled and leaned a little on Tommy. The teen let him. Tommy had been getting far better with physical touch than he ever did when it was just him and Puffy. Back then, Puffy was allowed a shoulder squeeze and on very rare occasions, Dream could hug Tommy.

Wilbur was a rather touchy feely witch, he liked slinging an arm over Tommy’s shoulders, ruffling his hair. Tommy had gotten used to it so that such a light touch from Dream never seemed to affect him.

“I appreciate it,” Dream said, “but chances are, Schlatt has her.” He warned carefully.

Tommy didn’t even blink, “I know.”

“He’ll have her to try and track *you* down.”

“I fucking know. I’m not dumb.”

“I’m not saying you’re dumb. I’m saying, you’ve been through a lot and you shouldn’t risk the peace you have now.”

Tommy took a big breath and shook his head. He turned fully to face Dream. “Dream? You and Puffy were the first people to be kind to me since Tubbo and you still were after you found out what I did.”

“Tommy, that wasn’t-”

“Just let me speak.” Tommy interrupted, “I’m saying that you and Puffy are really important to me, ok? You’re-” Tommy sighed, taking a breath, “you’re the first people I’d ever called a flock. I’m not letting you do this alone.”

Dream opened his mouth to argue but realised there were no arguments. What could he possibly say to sway the phoenix? Tommy was stubborn, Dream gave him that. He also really needed help. He couldn’t do this alone and if left to his own devices, he wasn’t sure how he could pull off a rescue. He’d done rescues before but never alone, always with Puffy. He needed someone.

“Tommy? Do you know about the Badlands coven?”

“I’ve heard of them. They’re further south, right?” Tommy pointed in a direction.

Dream nodded. “I need to find them. They can help.”

“How so?”

“Because they’re *my* coven. Me and Puffy are from there. If anyone can find her, it’s them.”

Tommy tilted his head, “I didn’t realise you were part of a coven.”

“Well, we haven’t seen others from our coven in a while. We chose to head off across the sea to handle the problem of the familiar trade.” Tommy shuddered a little at the name. “We keep in touch. I’m sure they’ll be worried though, we’ve definitely missed a check-in.”

“Can’t you communicate long distances with a coven bond?”

“Yes, but not that long. There’s a limit to how far you can be from your coven before the bond weakens. That’s why we have regular check-ins to make sure we’re ok and strengthen the bond again.”

Tommy nodded quietly, taking in the new information. Then he perked up like he heard something Dream didn’t. “Wilbur’s looking for us.” He informed, “do you think they can help us find Puffy?”

“Well, Wilbur won’t let you go without him. New bond and all. I’m sure they can help once we’ve located Puffy to get her back. Schlatt’s gonna put up a fight, especially if you’re involved.”

Tommy stood up and offered a hand, “let’s go then.” Dream took it and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Tommy has nightmares. Also Dream tries to contact Sapnap and immediately gets kidnapped.

Chapter Notes

Tw: flashbacks

“You ready?” Tubbo’s confident smile seemed to soothe over any reservations that the familiar had.

The pit in Tommy’s stomach lessened and he puffed his chest out, “sure am, big man.”

Tubbo’s smile grew brighter and it was worth pushing through the sense of wrong the familiar once had. They were both excited and Tubbo had snuck the ingredients right from under his dad’s nose. They sat in a circle of ash with the bowl of ingredients in front of them.

“Give me your hands,” Tubbo held out his hands. Tommy took them immediately, a slight anxiety starting to build the further into the ritual they got.

The moon had reached its peak and Tubbo pooled his magic around the pair of them. Tommy cautiously did the same, trying to match Tubbo’s output rather than give his all.

“Come on, boss man. You can’t hold back on this ritual or it won’t work.” Tubbo huffed.

“But... what if it’s too much?” Tommy asked.

“It won’t be, just relax.” Tubbo gave him another smile, thumbs rubbing over the familiar’s knuckles as a small comfort.

Tommy took a breath, “ok.” He nodded and carefully pooled the rest of his magic, channelling it from the air to his veins.

“Tommy?” Tommy furrowed his eyebrows. That didn’t sound like Tubbo. Who was that? *Focus*. He turned his attention back to his magic. Careful. Can’t hurt Tubbo again. Again? When had he done it before?

Tommy opened his eyes, “Tubbo? Have we done this before?”

Tubbo looked up at him, half of his face melted in front of Tommy but he smiled like it had no effect on him, “what do you mean, boss man?”

Tommy yelped and jumped back. “Tubbo! Your face!”

“Oh, it’s fine,” Tubbo waved dismissively.

“It’s not fine! You’re hurt! I... I hurt you...” Tommy trailed off. “This is my fault.”

“This is your fault, Tommy!” Schlatt’s voice echoed, “you’re supposed to know this stuff. What kind of familiar doesn’t know if they’re too powerful to bond with a witch. You should have stopped it sooner!”

Tommy didn’t see the man but he could picture him just as easily cradling his son’s limp body. His hands went to his hair and he whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know, I didn’t mean too.”

“Tommy?” There was that voice again. He didn’t know it, he shouldn’t have known it so why was it so familiar?

“You could have killed him!” Schlatt yelled and when Tommy opened his eyes again, Schlatt was just as he’d imagined. His face was twisted into an angry scowl, tears were drying on his cheeks and they were still surrounded by fire. “I thought I could trust you, Tommy. I took you in and this is how you repay me?” He stood over Tommy now, carrying Tubbo, “do you know what some witches would do to get their hands on you? I saved you!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Tommy cried, “please, I didn’t want to hurt him. I didn’t-”

“Do you think that matters now? You *have* hurt him! My son! He was your friend and you were playing fast and loose with his *safety* ? Get the fuck out of my sight! I’ll send Quackity over for feathers when I need them.” Schlatt spat, walking away with Tubbo unconscious in his arms.

Tommy cried more now that he was alone. Or at least he thought he was. There was still that voice calling his name. The familiar one.

It was a caw that woke him up, an answer to his usual contact calls. He shot up, eyes open to the living room. Wilbur was there with Phil perched on his shoulder. Wilbur had Tommy’s wrists in his hands, pulling his hands away from tearing at his roots.

Tommy was horrified to find out that he’d pooled all his magic in his sleep. Bad things happened when he was using that much magic and he shuddered, carefully dissipating it to avoid harming anyone in the small coven.

Phil let out a couple more contact calls and despite himself, Tommy instinctually answered. Phil seemed a little surprised by that but Tommy was too distressed to care. He was shaking. He was *crying* .

“Tommy? Are you with us?” Wilbur asked.

Yeah. Despite being in his human form, Tommy didn't want to move his lips or force air from his lungs. Wilbur seemed to understand and sent a comforting warmth through their familiar bond.

Tommy leaned into Wilbur now and Wilbur immediately wrapped the boy up in his arms, carding a hand through the boy's hair. "You're ok, Tommy. You're safe, with us."

Tommy unintentionally sent frustration back to Wilbur. Tommy wasn't worried about *his* safety, he never was. He'd done things and the guilt was eating him up alive. It just wouldn't stop. He couldn't ignore it and when he tried, it just doubled his guilt. Tripled when he thought about how easily he bonded with Wilbur without risk of hurting him.

I should have stopped him. Tommy whined. He squeezed his eyes shut and curled tighter into Wilbur's chest. *It's my fault. It's all my fault.*

"Breathe, Toms. What's your fault?" Wilbur pulled Tommy impossibly closer and Tommy couldn't get over the softness he was handled with. He didn't deserve it.

I should have known, I was supposed to know that we couldn't bond. Tubbo got hurt because I was stupid! Tommy cried more. Wilbur kissed his hair, continuing to card a hand through it while the familiar cried into his chest.

"But you didn't know." Techno spoke up now from the other side of the sofa. He'd moved from his usual seat and was actually sitting on the other side of Tommy, the phoenix not even noticing. "You can't be held accountable for knowledge you didn't have, runt."

Phil turned back to human. "It's the responsibility of older witches and familiars to teach you these things. Not for you to find out from experience." Tommy looked up at the witch, blue eyes teary. Phil wiped a tear away, "Tubbo got hurt because there was no one to teach you both the dangers of your magic."

"But... Schlatt said it was my fault. No one knows my magic more than me." Tommy blinked back a few more tears.

"Would you have done what you did, knowing the outcome?" Wilbur asked, knowing the answer already.

"No! Never!" Tommy yelled.

Phil ruffled the boy's hair, "just because it's your magic, doesn't mean you have to know it all. Wilbur's *still* discovering new things about his own magic."

"It's true," Wilbur nodded, "just the other day, I read about nature witches tuning into leylines."

"Really?" Tommy questioned.

Wilbur smiled, "yeah. And maybe we can find some books on phoenixes and learn about your magic too."

“We can?”

“Of course we can,” Wilbur smiled into his hair.

Tommy was starting to feel like a swaddled baby with all the people around him and affection being placed on him but it never felt like too much. Wilbur’s hug was constant but never constricting and any other touch was brief and gentle.

He closed his eyes and buried his face in Wilbur’s chest again, “I- I’d like that.”

A distant howl caught everyone’s attention. Wilbur tensed under Tommy and Tommy recognised Dream’s howl immediately. Techno raised his head, if he was in his wolf form his ears would be pricked.

“Where is he?” Tommy looked at Techno now, knowing the wolf had much better spatial awareness of his own territory.

“East border.”

“On his own?” Phil asked, “he was supposed to wait for us.”

“He was just calling Sapnap,” Tommy furrowed his eyebrows, “it shouldn’t be dangerous.” His eyes widened, “as long as he came alone.” His voice was lower as he only said that to himself but the others were close enough to hear.

Techno turned into a wolf, rushing out the door as soon as Phil opened it for him. Phil followed close behind. Tommy looked at Wilbur now, silently begging that they could help.

Wilbur stood up slowly, “keep close to me and if it’s Schlatt, we’re getting out of here, ok?” Wilbur took Tommy’s shoulders, holding eye contact.

Tommy nodded, “ok. Let’s go!” He took Wilbur’s hand, dragging the witch out the door. They both followed Phil towards the east border.

When they got there, they saw no sign of the familiar. Techno had his nose to the ground, searching for a scent. His ears were perked up alertly while Phil had shifted into a crow, flying up above them all to get a better search going.

“Any sign?” Wilbur asked.

Not yet. Phil called down.

Wilbur turned back to Tommy, “what did you mean earlier when you said ‘as long as Sapnap came alone’?” Tommy ran a hand through his hair, his memories flashed in front of his eyes and Wilbur was bombarded by a rush of colours and pictures.

He saw flashes of a demon hybrid. He had long black hair tied back in a ponytail with horns curling up out of his head, a black bandana around his hairline and black eyes. Flames danced around his head as he argued with a shorter man with large grey wings with a purple

iridescent strip on his primary flight feathers. The shorter man didn't care about the flames, yelling over the demon in a different language.

More images showed the two were rather close, sharing shoulder brushes and quick pecks on the cheek when they thought no one was looking.

A final image showed the familiar to be cradling a necklace with a ring on it. Tommy had asked Quackity about it but the familiar denied its existence and hid it under his shirt collar.

Wilbur blinked at the sudden influx of information. Despite being used to a coven bond, he was more used to the recipients warning him for things like that. Tommy was too inexperienced with the bond to hide anything. He didn't know how to put up any walls so everything just filtered through on his end like running water.

"Quackity and Sapnap are engaged?" He asked Tommy.

Tommy looked up at him questioningly, "is that what the rings mean? Wait- how did you know?"

"You just showed me," Wilbur said, "but there's more. My Spanish isn't the best but it sounded like Quackity was yelling about a third."

"A third?" Tommy tilted his head quizzingly. His head dropped and his eyes shifted side to side like he was searching the dirt below his feet for answers.

Like before, Wilbur could see exactly what was going through his mind. Literally. Tommy was sending the images of different faces through the bond and without Tommy even knowing, the pair were crossing off who could be the third person of their little dynamic.

Tommy paused on Schlatt himself, hearing all the times Schlatt had acted overly friendly towards his own familiar. Those moments were usually accompanied by a request for more magic or work.

"Wait, he calls his familiar 'pumpkin'?" Wilbur questioned.

"How are you doing that?!" Tommy asked, "are you a mind reader too?!"

Wilbur chuckled, "no. You're sharing it through the bond."

"Well how do I stop?"

"Imagine a wall," Wilbur said, "make it out of glass so it won't block everything and can be taken down easily when you want to share."

"Ok." Tommy closed his eyes.

"For real though, Schlatt talks to Quackity like that?"

"Only when he wants something," Tommy muttered, "he barely talks to him other times."

“Does he talk to Sapnap?”

Tommy paused, “I saw him once tell Sapnap to stay away from Quackity but... no, not really.”

“Ok, safe to say he’s not the third. If we can find them though, we might be able to get Quackity out on his own. Sapnap will be too difficult to catch, he can just poof away.”

Tommy paused then thought over more. He sent the image of a younger man with brown hair in a bright purple jumper and a pair of goggles sitting in his hair.

The image was from the perspective of behind bars. The man walked by the cage, freezing then looking in at the phoenix. His eyebrows furrowed then suddenly his eyes lit up white.

“I’m sorry, Tommy. I can’t help you but someone will come soon.” His eyes dulled back to their usual blue. “When you need, you’ll find me in Kinoko. Stay safe.”

“Karl?” Quackity called from down the hall.

“Coming.” Karl hurried down the hall, giving Tommy a wave, “bye Tommy, bye Wilbur. See you soon.”

Wilbur blinked. He looked at Tommy now.

“How did he know?” Tommy asked.

“He’s a fate witch.” Wilbur said, “we need to go to Kinoko.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The SBI coven go to Kinoko to find Karl. Tommy gets a surprise visit from an old face.

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentioned blood and attempted kidnapping

Karl hummed as he made breakfast. Sappnap had been gone for a while now so it was just him and George in the house. Well, George and XD but XD didn't talk much to Karl.

George sleepwalked out of his room, finding his seat at the table and yawning. He was so out of it that morning that it wasn't him that noticed the extra places set. XD meowed, the brown tabby headbutting the witch.

"Huh?" George looked around and saw two extra places. "Oh, are Sappnap and Quackity coming over for breakfast?"

"No, they're dealing with something right now. But we've got a couple other people coming over soon." As if he'd timed it to the second, there was a knock on the door. "That'll be them." He headed over to answer the door and saw four people standing outside. "Oh, I'm sorry. I only saw Wilbur and Tommy coming over. Come in, I'll get George to set some extra places while I put more food on." He led them inside.

Techno and Phil were armed but they both seemed rather awkward about the warm reception they'd received. Tommy was hiding in Wilbur's coat, having to keep out of sight while he's a phoenix. Phil and Techno acted like their body guards while Wilbur had a small concealed knife in his coat for if he needed it.

"George, two more places, please. I didn't anticipate more people coming."

George yawned again then laid eyes on the group. He flinched at the sight of them. "Karl! You realise who these people are, right?"

Karl furrowed his eyebrows at the witch before looking over at their guests who were now awkwardly standing around near the door. "I know that's Wilbur and Tommy." Tommy poked his head out now that he was inside and hopped up onto Wilbur's shoulder with help from the witch.

“Yeah and the other two are the Angel of Death and the Blood Wolf.” George just stared at Karl now, “they’re even armed to the teeth.”

“Well that’s because Schlatt is after Tommy. They need my help in some way.”

“Yeah, as a hostage!” George rubbed at his temples. Despite this, he still got up to set two more places, letting the plates and cutlery drop on the table with responding clangs before slumping back into his own chair with a grumble.

“Don’t mind him, he’s a bit grumpy in the mornings.” Karl smiled, “take a seat, breakfast is almost ready and I’m sure you’ve been travelling all night.”

XD was rather calm while these unfamiliar witches and familiars sat at their table. They curled their tail around George’s wrist and butted their head on George’s chin with a purr. Their eyes caught sight of the small bird on Wilbur’s shoulder and their pupils immediately blew wide.

“No, XD. Leave him alone.” George muttered. The cat didn’t seem to listen, creeping around the table to the bird now. Tommy noticed and puffed his feathers out.

What are you looking at, pussy?

I spy a little birdy at the table. The cat’s tail swished from side to side, letting out a high pitched chatter at the sight in front of them.

Oi, bitch! I’m a fucking phoenix! I’ll roast you alive if you come at me! Tommy jumped down from Wilbur’s shoulder and onto the table in front of the cat, letting out a couple grating trills. The cat simply put their paw on Tommy’s face, holding him back.

Wilbur tried to hide his smile as the cat’s tail swishing quietened and they got a hold of their prey drive. Instead, they flopped on top of Tommy, rolling onto their back while the bird let out an indignant chirrup. XD rolled, purring innocently like they weren’t just trying to rile the bird up.

“XD, stop tormenting him.”

But he’s so fun to torment. The cat sat up, looking at Wilbur trying to hold back his laugh. *I’m sure your witch would agree with me.* They tapped their paw gently on the back of the phoenix’s wing like they were petting him.

Fuck off!! Tommy trilled again. XD let out another innocent meow, heading back to their own witch.

“Sorry about them, they like to cause a bit of mischief here and there.” George looked at his familiar now. “They don’t seem to realise that consequences still apply to them.” He directed that at the cat. They bopped him on the nose.

Karl chuckled, turning back to the table with homemade pancakes, “I think it’s a cat thing though. Cats like to see themselves as gods sometimes.” XD let out a short murrp at that statement as if to be discontent with it. Their tail swished a little and Karl laughed again,

petting the cat under the chin, “of course, you’re still in charge in this house.” The cat purred, leaning into the chin scratches.

By now, Wilbur was rather relaxed in the house. Karl was perfectly welcoming and he was confident George wouldn’t try anything with Phil and Techno around. He also sensed something familiar about George’s magic.

“Are you a shadow witch?” Wilbur asked.

George looked up, “yes, I am.” He looked at Phil and Techno, “so you can relax. I’m not stupid enough to do anything to my patron goddess’ husband and sons.”

“I thought the flora seemed rather fungal here,” Wilbur nodded, having scooped out this land before even stepping foot on it.

Their wards were rather easy to get through. They kept out people who wished to do harm so it was rather simple. Just don’t wish to do harm. It took Techno a couple tries but after redefining ‘do harm’ to ‘protect his own’ the wards accepted his intentions as genuine enough to let him through.

Tommy turned back into his human form and sat next to Wilbur at the dinner table. “You were in Schlatt’s complex that one time, you were with Quackity.” He said to Karl, watching closely as the man served up. Tommy didn’t touch his food, carefully cutting it up into smaller pieces so it didn’t look like he wasn’t eating.

“I was. Just briefly though.”

“Are you close with him?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, you could say that.” Karl kept it vague.

“What does that mean?” Phil asked.

“Well, I can’t really get into the nature of our relationship. It could be found out by Schlatt and I don’t trust that man not to use it against Quackity when he needs something big.” Karl sat down now. “I’m sorry to tell you but my magic isn’t all that strong on its own so I don’t know what this is all about. I had the foresight to tell Tommy about my coven but nothing more.”

“You shouldn’t be using your magic so much without a familiar,” George said with his mouth full, “it’ll mess with your head if it’s not balanced.”

You should keep a diary of the futures you see, make sure you don’t forget everything. XD meowed.

“It’s ok. I know who my familiar will be, I just... certain events need to happen before we can bond.” Karl nodded, lifting his head to his visitors, “but about why you’re here.”

“Do you know Dream?” Tommy asked.

“Did something happen?” George asked urgently. Tommy sunk a little in his seat. XD rubbed their head against Tommy’s arm now and Tommy jerked away, shoving the cat back a little.

You can try to hate me, I’ll purr in your face. The cat said.

“Furball.” Tommy muttered.

Feather duster.

“Flea brain.”

Dinner.

Tommy let out another grating trill at that statement and XD just booped him with his paw again.

“We believe Dream was taken by Quackity to get information about where Tommy is.” Phil explained, “Puffy was taken a month ago and Dream brought Tommy to us so Schlatt couldn’t find him but when he was calling for Sappnap, he howled to us and now he’s disappeared.”

“You think Sappnap helped Quackity kidnap him?” George tensed up.

“Yeah,” Wilbur said, “we figured Karl might know where either Sappnap or Quackity were.”

“I’m afraid not,” Karl shook his head, “but I could maybe get them to come here.”

“Then I can punch Sap’s lights out.” George grumbled. Tommy tilted his head at that.

“So are you and Dream close?” Wilbur asked.

“He’s a friend. Sappnap and I used to be part of the Badlands coven with him before we split off and made our own.”

“What made you leave?” Phil asked.

“The Badlands don’t have a set land. They travel a lot.” George shrugged, “I guess you know how important it is for us shadow witches to settle and lay down roots.” Phil nodded. “We still see them though. The Badlands come to us to check-in. It’s been a while.”

“I’m sure one is due.” Karl said.

“Dream said they’ve missed a check-in.” Tommy said, “can you contact Badboyhalo? That’s who he was trying to get a hold of through Sappnap.”

“Only Sappnap can. They have their own way to communicate. I can reach out to Sam. He gave me something to contact him if I need.”

“You do that,” Karl said, “I’ll try and get Sappnap back here.” Finally he seemed to notice that Tommy wasn’t eating. “Is everything alright? You aren’t eating.”

“Huh? Oh, it’s fine.” Tommy waved dismissively.

It’s the prey animal in him. XD hopped up on his shoulders. Tommy immediately shoved him off, the cat letting out a yelp as they were pushed so suddenly. They managed to land on their feet just fine though.

“Leave him alone, XD.” George scolded. XD hopped up onto the table again.

It’s true though. He’s the only prey animal sitting at a table with three types of predators.

“I’m not a fucking prey animal,” Tommy shot back.

Sure you are. And you’re sitting at a table with a cat, a wolf and one of the scariest predators of them all. XD looked at the witches around them.

Tommy glared, “I’m a fucking phoenix, they aren’t prey!”

Maybe not to smaller birds and rodents but to humans you’re a prize.

“Shut up!” Tommy snarled. XD licked their paws and started cleaning their face with all the innocence of a tiny angel.

Are you saying you haven’t been used as a trophy? Or better yet... livestock?

“That’s enough.” Techno spoke up now, startling the two other familiars with his calm, monotone voice. Tommy glared silently at the cat while George moved them away from Tommy, setting the cat on his lap.

Once out of sight, Tommy determinedly picked up a small piece on his fork, shoving it in his mouth despite the protests of his whole body. His stomach fought back and he tried desperately to hide the gag.

He saw a window and flew out of it, hurriedly hiding in the brush before throwing up. He curled his wings around himself, leaning his head against a tree.

Tommy? Wilbur’s concern shot through the bond and Tommy just sighed at it.

I’m fine. He was embarrassed more than anything. He’d been called out at the table and proven right. Until he reaches his adult size, Tommy is as good as prey and he acts like it too. Can’t eat, sleep or bathe without a flock, he’s too vulnerable.

Where did you go? He looked out from his perch and Wilbur was out of the house, looking for him.

Tommy was about to show himself when something grabbed him and flew up. He let out a shriek and looked up at the mallard holding him in his beak.

Tommy struggled, half shifting to get out of the mallard’s mouth. His wings spread to catch him but they weren’t developed enough in his half shift for powered flight, he could only glide.

Quackity, meanwhile, could fly just as easily in his half shift and quickly caught up to the fledgling, grabbing Tommy around the body and pinning his arms and wings in his hold. Tommy kicked out but his legs could only flail. In the air, there was nothing to kick off, nothing to unbalance Quackity on. He just screamed and struggled.

“Tommy!” Wilbur was helpless on the ground. He couldn’t reach his familiar and Tommy forgot to put a wall up. His thoughts and feelings were slipping through in a panicked stream.

Can’t go back. Can’t go back. The fear was almost overwhelming.

Techno was at Wilbur’s side, crossbow drawn with both familiars in his crosshairs. He was tracking them with the sights, eyes sharp.

“Wait, you might hit Tommy.” Wilbur blurted out.

“Wilbur, what day is it today?” Techno asked calmly.

Wilbur blinked, “uh, Tuesday?”

“Perfect.” Techno’s eyes glowed blood red as he pulled the trigger, the arrow shooting up at incredibly speed.

The arrow hit something that wasn’t clear to either witch or familiar from the ground but Quackity lost his grip on Tommy. Tommy shifted back into a phoenix, flying down into the trees where the larger mallard couldn’t follow as easily. Tommy outmanoeuvred him and Quackity hit a branch that Tommy had ducked at the last minute.

Tommy flew out of the trees and crashed into Wilbur’s chest. Wilbur hid the fledgling in his coat, taking out his knife in case he needed to defend him.

Phil and Techno walked into the woods, swords drawn and found the familiar. Quackity had blood on his face, a slit from his lip to his eyebrow. His eye was bleeding heavily.

“Just who we were looking for,” Techno’s eyes still glowed, a chant for more blood in his head.

Slaughter. Kill him. He attacked us first.

Techno? Phil’s voice cut through the thoughts and Techno realised Phil had heard them all. He blinked, the red clearing from his vision.

I’m fine, Phil.

“What do you want?” Quackity snarled, holding the side of his face.

“We want Puffy and Dream released. They’re of no help to you now.” Phil said calmly.

“You’ve seen Tommy for yourself, he’s bonded to my son.”

“Wait, Tommy’s paired?” Quackity looked shocked, standing now.

“We don’t take kindly to unwarranted attacks on our members.” Phil said, raising his sword.

“Wait!”

Phil turned and saw Karl standing there out of breath. The witchling’s eyes were glowing white again. He blinked before they were back to blue and he looked pleadingly at the witch and familiar.

“Please, please don’t hurt him.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Quackity gets questioned by Phil and Techno while Wilbur tries to calm Tommy down.

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentions of past abuse and self harm

Also sorry if the Spanish is bad, I used google translate.

Phil and Techno were questioning Quackity which left Wilbur calming Tommy down with George and XD. Tommy stayed on Wilbur's shoulder, trying to stay calm but every now and then, he'd let out a peep followed by a burst of frustration through the familiar bond that Tommy would forget to block up.

"It's ok to be shaken, Tommy, you were nearly kidnapped." Wilbur said.

Fucking peeps won't stop. Like hiccups. Tommy's feathers puffed in indignation. He tried to distract himself with preening but he ended up plucking his feathers just to stay focused and stop his thoughts from spiralling into a panic. The pain let him stay in the moment.

"Tommy, you're hurting yourself. Stop." Wilbur nudged Tommy's head out of his wing. Tommy's head went right back under again. "Stop." Wilbur nudged it out again and this time, Tommy caught Wilbur's hand in his mouth. It wasn't hard, he just held one finger and he was so focused on not biting down that it acted as another distraction from his racing thoughts.

Wilbur let him hold his finger. It wasn't hurting anyone and if anything, it was stopping Tommy from plucking himself. It was also slightly adorable but he'd never say that out loud or Tommy would most certainly stop.

The door opened and Phil and Techno walked out, followed by Quackity who had his hands tied in front of him. Tommy dropped Wilbur's finger, huddling closer to the witch. The peeping started again and Tommy buried his beak in his wing to muffle the sounds. A caw made him peek out.

Phil had perched on Wilbur's shoulder beside Tommy, lifting his wing for the fledgling to hide under. Tommy took the offered cloak of black feathers and hid his face against Phil's body.

“I- I’m sorry, Tommy.” Quackity said, heart breaking at the sounds of the distressed peeps. He’d caused them. He’d been traumatising Tommy just as much as Schlatt did and it didn’t matter to the fledgling which one felt remorse for it. He was terrified of them both.

Phil looked up at the familiar expectantly, nodded down to the shaking bundle of red hiding under his wing. Quackity fiddled with the ropes and sat down at the table. For once, XD didn’t bat at his hands and it seemed more damning than anything that even the cat couldn’t bring themselves to act like this was a regular breakfast.

“I mean that. I’m sorry.” Quackity looked down. “I thought...” he sighed, “my thought process was flawed. I thought I was protecting you from more pain by stopping you from trying to bond with someone else. I thought you were too powerful and that any other attempt would... well-”

End up like Tubbo. Tommy didn’t ask. He knew. He knew that they all hated him for it. After the incident, no one looked at him the same, not even Quackity. He was placed in a cage with warnings to stay away.

Quackity looked down, “yeah, like- like Tubbo.”

You don’t have to lie. You don’t want to protect me, you want to protect others from me.

“No! Tommy, I-”

You hate me! All of you hate me! Tommy poked his head out of Phil’s wing but kept the rest of his body flush to Phil’s side. *You never even looked at me after unless it was for feathers.*

XD hissed. Their tail swished and they turned their back on Quackity. George’s eyes were hidden behind his goggles but his tight lipped face was judging him all the same. Karl shifted uncomfortably, only able to judge the reactions of the familiars. He could only hear Quackity.

“Everyone listened to Schlatt’s perspective. Even me.” Quackity lowered his head.

I never meant to hurt Tubbo! I’d never!

“I know,” Quackity nodded, “but I was angry about what happened to Tubbo and I had no reason to doubt Schlatt.”

Tommy sunk back under Phil’s wing, the older bird ducking his head under to preen a couple feathers around Tommy’s face. Tommy just let him. He felt relatively calm around the whole coven and now that Tommy’s bond with Wilbur had cemented, there was a new bond forming with regards to the whole coven.

Tommy noticed in how Techno’s been paying attention to Tommy’s favourite foods, often making meals for him that he’d end up enjoying a lot. He’s noticed in how Phil responds to his contact calls no matter where in the house he is and preens him like he’s his own fledgling. Tommy’s noticed in the way he can sit comfortably and eat in front of the three despite how he’s never been able to for anyone else. Tommy’s instincts don’t pine for a flock like they used to. He’s found one.

I can't forgive you. Tommy said regretfully. He wished he could just forgive and forget, focus on his future but he'd been abused and even if Quackity didn't physically hurt him, he still helped Schlatt as the man treated him like a resource.

Quackity swallowed thickly. "I understand," he nodded, "what I've done can't be excused with just an apology."

"Did he tell you where Dream and Puffy are?" Wilbur asked.

"One of Schlatt's landlocked bases. Apparently, they're friends with Foolish so Schlatt's keeping the pair up in the mountains away from the god's domain." Techno explained, "we're gonna need more help."

"I'll contact Sam, tell him to get in touch with the whole Badlands. Karl can contact Sapnap and get him here too." George said, his voice relatively flat like he was talking about the weather rather than gearing up for a hostile invasion.

"What about him?" Techno nodded to Quackity.

Karl fidgeted, "have you told Schlatt you've been captured?"

"Not yet," Quackity said.

Karl nodded, "good." He reached out, his eyes going white. His hand grabbed at air, materialising a thick black rope that was pulled taut around Quackity's neck. As Karl touched it, the rope loosened and glowed white.

Quackity flinched, "what did you just do?" He yelped.

"I silenced the bond. No messages in or out," Karl's shoulders sagged and he seemed genuinely guilty. "I'm sorry, Quackity, but we can't risk you warning them."

"Hijo de puta," Quackity sneered at Karl.

Karl squeezed his eyes shut, ducking his head, "no familiar should be put in a cage. I knew the second I saw Tommy, I'd have to pick between you and the right thing to do." He looked up at Quackity, "this isn't easy but I'm putting my foot down."

"Putting your foot down?" Quackity glared now at the witchling.

Karl turned to the group, "I can watch Quackity while you do what you need to do."

Quackity slammed a fist on the table, "esto es una mierda!" He snarled, standing up from his chair though Techno was quick to catch his shoulder. Tommy let out another peep, sinking further under Phil's wing. Quackity regretted raising his voice but he still glared at Karl. "You're really doing this to me? Your fiance?!"

"Yes." Karl looked at him, placing a gentle hand on his cheek, "I love you, Quackity, but I can't let you go back to him. Not now." His thumb ran over the healing scar on Quackity's face.

Techno had healed it after Karl had begged and now it was nothing more than a raised ridge running up from his lip to his eyebrow. His eye was now a milky white and he was missing a tooth.

“If you don’t want to listen to me, then look,” Karl gestured to the group, his eyes glowing again as his magic made the bonds of fate visible for each witch and familiar pair.

Each bond was different.

George had two green strings tied with bows around both wrists, they led to XD’s chest with loops of slack and though it wasn’t restricting, they glowed as XD meowed to George. George scratched under the cat’s chin and they purred.

Techno’s red string also emanated from his chest. It was slightly thicker but it connected to Phil’s heart, a symbol of a hardcore heart hovering just inches from the crow’s chest.

When Tommy poked his head out to look at the room around him, his eyes widened as he saw his string connecting to Wilbur. It was gold and came out of his forehead, heading to Wilbur’s forehead. Tommy twittered and the bond glowed, a couple gold music notes circled the string. Wilbur smiled and reached up to run a finger over Tommy’s head and crest in the way that usually makes the familiar purr-trill.

Each bond did not hold its pair tightly, the strings were small and usually had plenty of slack, signifying each member’s freedom within their own close bonds.

In contrast, Quackity’s was rather concerning to look at. Despite it being loosened thanks to Karl, it was still a rather thick rope.

“It’s a noose,” Karl helpfully pointed out. “Your bond with him isn’t healthy.”

“And what would *you* know?” Quackity snarled.

“I know,” Karl dropped his hand, his eyes going back to blue and the strings of fate disappearing as well. “I see it all and I wish, I wish so much that I can change what happens but I can’t. All I can do is play my part and right now? My part is keeping you from running to Schlatt.” Karl took Quackity’s arms, leading him away from the group and to another room.

That was cool, why does our bond look like that? Tommy asked, coming out from under Phil’s wing now that Quackity was gone.

“I don’t know. Maybe we’ll ask Karl after all this is over.” Wilbur replied.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Dream gets questioned by Schlatt while Tommy meets the Badlands coven.

Chapter Notes

Tw: injuries and referenced past abuse

Dream was dragged through the halls backwards, a mage holding each arm as they walked past multiple fluorescent lights that made his eyes sting. His head was still filled with cotton and he barely had the mind to struggle. He only lightly objected to being moved while he felt blood treacle down the side of his face.

Finally, he was taken into a room and dropped. He nearly sat up when Schlatt's face came in to his limited vision. The witch crouched down in front of him.

"Hello, Dream," his voice was smooth and entered Dream's head like honey. Dream just blinked, trying to bring back his presence of mind. "I'd apologise for the roughing up but I imagine you'll put up more of a fight while you're here. No point apologising for something we'll be doing again later."

"Schlatt?" Dream sat up.

"That's my name," Schlatt smirked, "you aware of everything yet? I got some questions for you."

Dream wiped some blood from his eye, blinking back more vision. "Where am I?"

"Hey," Schlatt swiped at Dream's head, sending a slight shock of dizziness when he hit him, "I ask the questions here, you remember Tommy? Huh?" Dream blinked more, suddenly aware again as his adrenaline did away with the last of his haze. "There he is. Now, what did you do with Tommy? Where did you put him?"

"I'm not telling you anything." Dream crawled back a little.

"You say that now," Schlatt shrugged dismissively, standing up and heading over to a chair.

There was a figure there, dirty and beaten. She didn't move, her puffy hair falling over her face as her head hung down. Schlatt walked behind the chair, taking her chin and forcing her

head up to show the familiar.

Dream stood up quickly, “Puffy!”

Puffy’s eyes were red and teary but she smiled weakly at him, “hey, duckling.” Her voice wobbled. Her eyes flickered closed and she was exhausted. Schlatt dropped her head and she had no strength to keep it up.

Schlatt put both hands on her shoulders now, leaning over her. “So, Dream. Who’s more important to you? Your own witch and partner? Or that little so-and-so you picked up on your last trip?” Schlatt waved dismissively over the last option. Dream growled lowly. “Oh, be careful now,” Schlatt smirked, his eyes glowing with his magic, “don’t wanna hurt Puffy any more, do you?” Dream quietened. “Good boy.”

Dream looked over his options. He can’t betray Tommy after all the trust he’d managed to build up but he also couldn’t let Puffy get hurt more. His only other option was to fight and escape with Puffy, no matter how weak she is.

He carefully pooled his magic around him, trying to avoid Schlatt noticing as he weaved his way into the man’s head. Once in there, Dream was really spoilt for choice on what he could do to the witch. His bond with Quackity had weakened since he’d last been in Schlatt’s head and it left the witch vulnerable to his attack.

Schlatt swayed on his feet, his vision blacking out and his balance shifting dramatically. His vision swirled, making everything more difficult to see. Regardless, he put his hands up as he saw a white shape rushing at him, yelling as teeth sunk into his arm.

He immediately reached for his own magic, deafening the wolf with thunder while his body was shot up with electricity though not as strong as lightning while the pair were inside. Dream whimpered and fell to the floor, white fur gone black with burns in the form of Schlatt’s handprints and legs shaking when he tried to stand.

“Fuck! Now I’ve gotta go see a healer.” Dream snarled more, barely moving to avoid another whimper. “If you’re gonna act like a dog, I’ll treat you like one. Chain him up!” He pointed to Dream, “and muzzle him while you’re at it.”

More witches came from the door, putting a muzzle over Dream’s snout and sticking a choke chain around his neck. Dream snapped and thrashed but he couldn’t move much without pain. His front paws were also chained for if he tried to shift back.

Schlatt tugged harshly on the choke chain when Dream growled again, letting out a yap, “that’ll teach you.” Schlatt smirked before leaving the room.

Dream laid down, his burns were rather severe and his legs buckled under him. He let out a couple more whimpers, looking at his witch who still barely had the strength to look at him. She still sent sadness and concern through their bond, however weak it had become in the month they’ve spent apart.

Dream? Are you ok? Without the effort of moving her body, Puffy's voice had all the concern and energy as she normally sounded and Dream would have cried if he was human right then.

I'm fine, Puffy. What about you?

Nevermind me, he's been at it for weeks. He's given up with me. What about Tommy?

Safe. He's bonded with... Dream paused, looking around for any eavesdropping wards. ... *another witch. He was becoming part of their coven when I last saw him.*

That's good. They can protect him now and Schlatt won't have such a claim on him. Rest now, duckling. You're gonna need it here.

Dream looked up and saw a single tear slip down her broken face.

Tommy wouldn't say he has social anxiety, no. He's a delight with large groups of people. They come and see how big of a man he is and are just in awe. He tells the best stories, the best jokes and navigates conversations like a social butterfly- chameleon- however that saying goes.

He's just also gone through a lot of trauma that means that he's... uncomfortable with certain denominations. He was fine when the demons arrived, just slightly cautious and you always should be with strangers. By the time the other witches and familiars arrived though, stranger danger was a rather big thing in his brain.

He stayed away mostly, allowing Phil, Techno and Wilbur to tell his story. Somehow though, sitting outside of the room on your own didn't translate all that well for some people.

Sapnap sat on the sofa beside Tommy. "So, you're the phoenix everyone's so interested in."

"And you're the one who helped kidnap Dream."

Sapnap held his hands up in surrender, "George has already shouted at me about it. I was misinformed about the whole situation. I thought he had something really dangerous and Quackity seemed rather desperate to get it back. I just wanted to help out."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it." Tommy said, pulling his knees into his chest.

"Quackity was just looking out for people. You know that, right?" Tommy's jaw clenched as Sapnap continued, "I mean, he wasn't all that informed either. Both of us thought that-"

"I know what you thought," Tommy interrupted, tone pointed. "I said, I get it. It's fine."

"Alright." Sapnap nodded. They both fell into silence. "I'm sorry."

Tommy perked up, eyebrows furrowed in confusion, "for what?"

"For... my part in this."

“Then say sorry to Dream. Why are you directing it at me, big man?”

“Well- uh- good question but like, this is all happening because Schlatt wants you back and you’ve been through a lot and-”

“Oh, don’t pity me.” Tommy shook his head, “seriously, I don’t need pity. I need a fucking break not pity.”

Sapnap chuckled, “yeah, sounds like it. So you’ve bonded with Wilbur.”

“That’s what I need a break from,” Tommy rolled his eyes, “clingy bitch.” Sapnap laughed louder.

I can hear you.

No you can’t!

You call me a clingy bitch again and I’ll come out there.

“Hold on, my witch is threatening me.” Tommy said while Sapnap laughed more. Tommy turned to the door, “do it then, you pussy!” He yelled loudly. There was a second of silence before the door opened and Tommy yelped, “no! I was joking! I was joking!”

“Come here, fireball!” Wilbur called after him, gathering the boy rather easily in his arms.

Tommy shifted into a bird and flew into the room, landing on Phil’s shoulder and twittering innocently. Phil laughed at the pair and Wilbur came back to the room, shooting daggers at the little phoenix. Tommy shot them right back.

“Stop sucking up to dad,” Wilbur accused.

I’m not sucking up, you’re just a bitch!

Techno smiled now, looking at Phil. Phil was laughing more as were a few other guests. Tommy finally seemed to notice the room and took stock of who was there.

The coven leader was a demon called Badboyhalo. He had a pair of horns sticking out from under his hood and a black and white chequered scarf around his neck. Unlike Sapnap, who was a hybrid, Bad’s entire skin was black and he had a long thin tail with a pair of bat wings. He was also a familiar to Skeppy.

Skeppy had a similar magic to XD and Dream, mind magic swirling chaotically in his chest. XD’s was slightly more composed and Dream’s was a calm sea however Skeppy let his do its own thing while he smiled, smirking at the unpaired cat familiar in their coven as his ears flickered and eyes rolled. Skeppy laughed as the cat finally fell.

“Skeppy, be nice to Ant.”

“But he’s the only one I can do it to, everyone else’s mind is protected by their bonds.” Skeppy whined.

Ant stood again, shaking his fur out with a meow. He turned human again so he could grab the table to stay standing. “Abuse of power! Bad! Abuse of power on a coven member!”

“It would hurt if it was abuse, it’s just a little teasing.” Skeppy rolled his eyes.

Tommy looked between the group, finding another witch with a dog familiar sitting at the table across from George. The pair were in quiet conversation. Finally Tommy looked at his own witch, noticing Wilbur had dropped their usual banter a lot sooner than he usually did.

Wilbur had frozen up, watching Skeppy and Ant complain about each other. It took Tommy some time to recognise what was going on with his witch. Bad joined in on the banter, smiling and shaking his head at the claims of coven abuse like it was the silliest thing in the world.

Oh.

Tommy flew back to Wilbur, landing in his hair and preening a little. He let out a chirp.
Wilbur, I hate to tell you this but...

Don’t say it. Wilbur tore his eyes away from the group to look up at where he could feel Tommy.

I’m afraid you’re going... bald. Tommy twittered sadly.

Noooo. Wilbur chuckled as Tommy continued to chirp sorrowfully, waving his wings around.

Techno, come mourn Wilbur’s hair loss with me.

“Alright, feather brain,” Wilbur reached up, barely missing as Tommy hopped down to his shoulder.

Missed me, baldy.

“Don’t think I won’t use my trump card.” Wilbur smirked dangerously.

Do your worst, bitch. Tommy challenged, already spreading his wings ready to fly off if he needed to.

“Phiiiiiiii,” Wilbur called, “Tommy is bullying me.”

He called me a feather brain! Tommy called.

“He called me bald.”

I didn’t say you were bald. I said you were going bald.

“Boys, be nice to each other.” Phil shook his head fondly.

Any chance he heard my side of the argument?

“I heard you, Tommy, and yes, Wilbur shouldn’t have called you names but you were doing the same.” Tommy puffed his feathers up and he let out a squeak in indignation. Wilbur chuckled and Tommy felt a smug sense of pride on making his witch laugh again.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Some dirty crime bois comfort and dad Schlatt.

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentions of past abuse and injuries

Tommy stood beside Wilbur now, they both had their eyes on the building that hid in the small valley. Trees surrounded it from all sides and they were well hidden from the guards patrolling the outside. His wings curled tightly into his back and he shrunk a little.

“Tommy?” Wilbur placed a hand on his shoulder, “you ok?”

“I- yeah.”

“You don’t have to join. I can stay back with you to keep you safe.”

“No,” Tommy shook his head, “I can help. I *want* to help.” His wings curled tighter and he hugged around his body. “I’m the reason they’re stuck in this mess anyway.”

“Tommy, this is not your fault.”

“They saved me. Schlatt went after them because of me.”

“Schlatt went after them because of his greed.” Wilbur spoke firmly. “Think about it this way, who kidnapped them?”

“Schlatt.”

“Exactly. Don’t take credit for the kidnapper.”

“But *I’m* the reason.”

Wilbur sighed and sat down, holding his arm out to let Tommy sit down next to him and curl into his side. “Tommy, you can’t blame yourself for everything.”

“I can’t help it,” Tommy leaned his head on Wilbur’s shoulder, “it *has* to be my fault. Bad things keep happening around me, if I’m not to blame for them then...”

“Then you’d have to accept that it was out of your hands to begin with,” Wilbur finished. Tommy didn’t answer, telling the witch that he’d hit the nail square on the head. Wilbur wrapped his arm around Tommy. “Tommy... *I’m* the reason my last coven abused me.”

“What?” Tommy lifted his head a little, looking up at Wilbur now.

Wilbur nodded, “my magic was one of the strongest in the coven. My uncle didn’t like that I was more powerful than him. So he stopped me from bonding with any familiar, locked me up and bound my magic.” Tommy furrowed his eyebrows, staring up at Wilbur rather sadly. Wilbur’s voice was quiet as he spoke but he didn’t trail off. “Despite this, I was still expected to maintain their lands and when I couldn’t... they’d hurt me.”

Tommy leaned closer into Wilbur, squishing his face into Wilbur’s shoulder. “They sound like real wrong’uns.”

Wilbur chuckled at that, “yeah. But do you see how having a reason doesn’t excuse what they did?” Tommy nodded. “Sometimes, we just have bad luck. That doesn’t mean we should blame ourselves for it. Puffy and Dream certainly won’t be blaming you. Neither will Tubbo.” Tommy tensed at the mention of Tubbo and his head turned to the building again. “You think he’ll be there?”

“If Schlatt’s there, probably. He’s Schlatt’s son, he goes where his dad does.”

Wilbur nodded, “whatever happens, I’ll be right by your side. Ok?”

“Thank you, Wil.” Tommy said.

“For what?”

“I uh, I’ve never really had a family before you, Phil and Techno. Just some blurry memories of a nest. Thanks for... being there.”

“Of course, Toms.” Wilbur hugged a little tighter, “we’ll always be there.” Tommy closed his eyes, burying his face deeper into Wilbur’s shoulder.

Wilbur started humming, running a hand through Tommy’s hair. Tommy twittered along with his humming, their voices mingling with the wind in a beautiful chime. Wilbur’s magic unintentionally laced the air with a calm that was only meant for his familiar.

Instead, everyone felt it, even those in the building who had no idea they were about to be attacked. The guards grew lax and patrolled lazily, smiling at the crow they passed rather than be suspicious of it.

Phil recognised Wilbur’s magic with a hint of Tommy’s. He could taste it on the wind. He would smile if he wasn’t trying to do recon... and- you know- a bird. He flew back to the group of three covens, spotting Wilbur and Tommy singing under a tree.

Nice work with the patrols, you two. They’re completely off guard.

“What?” Wilbur asked. Tommy took his face out of Wilbur’s shoulder and looked at the crow too.

“Wait, did we do something?” He looked up at Wilbur now.

I see. Well, your singing seems to have quite the effect on the guards. They’ve gone all calm and cheery.

“Oh,” Wilbur ducked his head, “guess that was just a happy accident.”

“Are we in trouble?” Tommy ducked his head too. Phil flew and landed on Tommy’s shoulder, preening some of his blond hair.

No. You’re not in trouble. This works well in our favour. They’re not expecting an attack right now and they’ve gotten sloppy. Let’s go back to the others.

Phil flew off, leading the way with Wilbur and Tommy following behind him.

Dream barely moved. Any movement shot pain through his whole body. He opened his eyes to soft pattering footsteps. It wasn’t Schlatt’s heavy boots, it wasn’t even shoes. In front of him was a black and white cat with one green eye, one red.

Dream lifted his head then winced, whimpering again. The cat meowed and looked up at his witch. The witch sat cross legged on the ground and Dream growled lowly at the sight.

“Dream?” Dream’s ear perked up as he recognised the voice. “Can you hear me?”

He’s still rather out of it. The cat familiar said. He’s gravely injured.

“Do we still have some of Tommy’s feathers?” Tubbo asked, “he left a box of them buried under the bench.”

Can we even risk healing him? Ranboo asked. *What if your dad finds out you have them?*

“I’ll say I only had the one. Please, Ranboo.” Tubbo looked down at his familiar.

Fine. Ranboo disappeared in a puff of purple smoke. While he was gone, Tubbo got up to check on Puffy too, giving her some water.

“Thank you, Tubbo.” She mumbled.

“Just hang in there, Ranboo and I have been looking into the wards. We’ve got a plan but you both need to rest up.”

Ranboo came back with a red feather in his mouth. *How do we use it?*

“Not sure. Tommy usually just puts it on the injury.” Tubbo said. Ranboo placed the feather on Dream’s darkened fur. It glowed and caught fire with a blue flame. The feather disappeared as it was burnt up.

The black marks on Dream's fur didn't disappear but the wolf's breaths grew stronger and his eyes were less clouded with pain and instincts. Now he could move without much pain, Tommy's magic having been amplified by Wilbur that one feather took away most of his pain.

He shifted human now, looking up through the muzzle at the teen. "Tubbo? What are you doing here?"

"Taking care of you two," Tubbo said. "You're family. Just hang on. Me and Ranboo will get you out of here."

"I think not." Tubbo flinched and turned to see Schlatt in the doorway. Tubbo scrambled to his feet immediately, Ranboo ducking behind the boy. "Toby? What are you doing here?"

"What? I'm not allowed to see my aunt now?" Tubbo crossed his arms, pretending to be mad despite the fear of being caught making his chest hurt.

Schlatt just sighed, "Tubs, I'm trying to get information alright. Once I get it, they're free to go." Tubbo moved a little to stand more in his father's way, in between him and Puffy and Dream. "I'm not asking them to hand Tommy over, I'm just asking where he is."

Tubbo didn't move and he just glared, "why can't you just leave Tommy alone?"

"Leave him-" Schlatt nearly choked, "Tubbo, do you have any idea how dangerous he is? What if another witchling tried to bond with him?"

"It was an accident! He didn't know that would happen! He wouldn't let it happen again!"

"You can't know that." Schlatt took Tubbo's shoulders, "Tubbo, I'm trying to keep you safe. I'm trying to keep everyone safe." He cupped Tubbo's cheek. "Tommy will look for another witch, he can't help that. He's a familiar, it's in their nature to find a witch to serve. That's why we need to keep him away from people."

"You liar! Familiars are their own people!"

"They're not people, Tubbo. They're animals. Just look at Ranboo, a cat." Schlatt gestured to the cat behind him. Ranboo ducked further behind Tubbo, not wanting to be in a spotlight.

"You're wrong." Tubbo grumbled. He'd had this fight with his dad so often but that was just a fact of life now. Tubbo saw familiars as people, Schlatt saw them as animals. He couldn't change his father's mind and he knew it.

"Tubbo," Schlatt chuckled, holding up his bandaged arm, "I just got bit by Dream, do you think a person would do that?"

"I would!" Tubbo threatened.

Schlatt smiled warmly at that, ruffling his hair. "Oh Tubbo, you're such a spitfire and I love it. Go on now, out of here." He kissed the top of Tubbo's head. "Take Ranboo with you." There was genuine fondness in his father's eyes.

That was another thing Tubbo hated about his dad. His dad genuinely loved him. He reacted so strongly against Tommy because he worried for Tubbo. He did his best for Tubbo and never dreamed of hurting him like he'd hurt Tommy or Dream or any familiar.

Tubbo hated it so much because he loved him back. He shouldn't, his dad is a monster to others but not to him. Never to him. He's even nice to Ranboo because of him. He just needed a way to change his mind, make him see what familiars really are.

Tubbo couldn't fight with his dad now, not with Schlatt looking at him like he's something precious. He couldn't get angry enough at that so he just stormed off. Ranboo scurried out after him.

Puffy chuckled lightly, "you big softy," she murmured.

"What? I'm not allowed to have a soft spot for my own offspring?" Schlatt asked, "Tubbo will understand eventually."

"Maybe it's you who will finally understand," she lifted her head slightly, her eyes slightly sharper than they were before.

"Just because your opinion is unpopular doesn't mean it's not true, look at Darwin." Schlatt said.

"His theory wasn't completely unfounded." Puffy pulled her head up with great effort, leaning back against the chair, her neck cracking multiple times as she did so. "Your theory only accounts for humans and animals."

"Your point?"

"Witches aren't humans," Puffy smirked, "so why would familiars be animals?"

Schlatt scoffed before he heard a loud bang. It didn't initially worry him, he had an arsonist for a son and Tubbo was definitely annoyed at him right now. He poked his head out of the door though and saw people running down the hall towards the bang.

"Tubbo?" Schlatt called out. No response. "Tubbo, you better answer me. Was that you?"

No. Tubbo's response had the slightest hint of fear and it spurred the man out into the hallways to find out the cause.

They were under attack.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The fight begins. Tommy meets Tubbo for the first time in years

Chapter Notes

Tw: fighting and injuries

Tommy stayed in his phoenix form, able to weave through the crowds easily and keep an eye on everyone. He never stayed too far away from his witch though and the air was choked with magic from both sides.

Wilbur was nervous around so much magic and Tommy wanted him away from the danger but taking him away meant not being able to help Puffy or Dream.

“ *Sleep.* ” Wilbur’s voice ordered a few witches and they obeyed, dropping like bricks.

Another witch appeared behind Wilbur, shooting a fireball straight at his back. Tommy flew in between them, taking the hit instead. The force threw him back a little but the fire hardly hurt him as it coated his feathers. When he tried to throw it back though, something drenched him, dousing his fire. He looked up and a sea witch had just thrown water at him. He landed on Wilbur’s shoulder.

This bitch.

Wilbur chuckled at Tommy’s reaction to the soaking. It did him no harm but it meant he couldn’t catch fire. He shook his wings of water. “You keep an eye out for fire, I’ll keep an eye out for water. Deal?”

Deal. Tommy flew up again but kept Wilbur in his sights at all time and he was never too far away to help his witch should more magic be thrown his way.

Anyone have eyes on Phil? Techno’s voice was panicked and Tommy flinched as he heard it through the newly forming coven bond.

By now, Phil could understand him in any form he takes and Tommy the same but it was a new development that he can hear Techno from a distance even if that distance isn’t very big. He can see Techno but he was up in the air and logically shouldn’t hear him at this range.

I'm ok. Phil responded but there was a hint of pain in his voice.

Where are you? I'll come to you. Techno was a wolf now, pouncing on a witch in his way.

Uh, can't describe it right now, I'm in one of the rooms. Phil's pain was becoming more evident and Tommy landed on Wilbur's shoulder to see his concern too.

Are you hurt? Tommy found himself asking.

I'm ok, just- Phil was cut off for a second and Wilbur's shoulders jumped to his ears. He was too distracted, trying to fight and also listen for his dad. One witch got the jump on him, shooting shards of ice into his stomach.

Wilbur! Tommy chirped in distress and Wilbur yelped in pain. Tommy launched himself at the ice witch, scratching her with his talons. She took off not long after.

Techno, go find Wilbur. I'm ok. Phill chimed in again.

You're not, I can feel your pain. Techno said. Tommy turned human and took Wilbur's arm, leading him out of the hallways and into a room that he could better defend the witch in.

Check the ceiling tiles for boxes. Tommy said, *I hid a lot of feathers up there. I've got Wilbur.* While he left Phil to check his end, Tommy reached into the ceiling tiles of his own room, pulling out a box and rifling through the feathers, looking for the ones in best condition.

"Tommy?" Tommy looked up, seeing Wilbur furrow his eyebrows. His hands were holding his stomach where blood was leaking out. "Where did those feathers come from?"

"Preening, big man. Even broken feathers can be useful even if they don't look pretty enough to be sold." He rushed back to Wilbur's side. He could see the icicle that had stabbed him and he thought about how he was going to do this. Should he pull it out? Pulling could cause more damage. Melt it?

The door opened and Tommy shot to his feet, shoulders squared ready to fight. The witch in front of him just stared. Tommy stared back, the pair of them frozen, both shot back in time.

"Tommy?" Tubbo's voice broke through the silence.

"Tubbo?" Tommy said back.

"Y-you're here. Why- what are you doing here?" Tubbo didn't normally stutter over his words so much but he was so in shock at seeing the phoenix.

"Schlatt took Puffy and Dream. I had to help them. They helped me."

Tubbo nodded, shrinking a little in the doorway, "I know where they are. I can take you to them."

Tommy looked back at Wilbur, "I need to heal him first."

“Don’t worry about me,” Wilbur said.

“You have an icicle sticking out of your stomach, Wil. I’m not fucking leaving you.”

Tubbo came over and Tommy couldn’t help the slight tense at someone outside of his coven getting so close to his witch while he was injured. “What do you need?” He asked immediately, carefully pulling the clothes back from the blood that’s soaking into them.

“I need to get this out.”

“Well it’s ice, can’t we melt it?” Tubbo already pulled out a lighter. As soon as he lit it though, Wilbur squirmed uncomfortably and Tommy reacted. He grabbed the flame, covering it with his hand though it didn’t burn him.

“He’s a nature witch, no fire.”

Wilbur relaxed again and sighed, “it’s fine, Toms. I can deal with fire as long as it’s not burning my plants.”

“Or you,” Tommy muttered. He handed the feather to Tubbo, “I’ll melt the ice, you stick this into the wound.”

“Wait, in?” Tubbo perked up, accepting the feather.

“The ice did internal damage, the feather needs to be inside the wound or it won’t reach.” Tommy said.

Wilbur groaned, “this is gonna suck.” Tommy took his hand, Tommy’s other hand touching the ice. Steam rose up as Tommy’s touch melted the ice, water dripping into Wilbur’s clothes and some of it evaporating immediately.

Once it was gone, Tommy pulled his hand away, Tubbo grimacing before forcing the feather in. Wilbur yelped and squeezed Tommy’s hand, a hiss slipping through gritted teeth. “Fuck.”

“Sorry.” Tubbo muttered. A couple blue flames filled the entry wound before it completely closed up.

Wilbur shivered and sat up, “why is that cold?”

“It’s because it was ice, big man.” Tommy said.

“But your feathers literally go on fire?” Wilbur said before swaying a little.

“Easy, they don’t heal everything and you’ve lost blood.” Tommy took his shoulder to steady him. They were all still on the ground.

“Now what? He can’t go back to fighting and Puffy and Dream will need help getting out, they’re injured too.” Tubbo said. Tommy paused and looked at Wilbur. He wanted to help Puffy and Dream but under no circumstances did he want to leave Wilbur.

“Techno? Are you with Phil?” Wilbur asked.

Yeah, I’m with him. He’s healed himself with Tommy’s feathers before I got to him.

I’m ok. Phil added, Wilbur? What about you and Tommy?

“Wilbur got hurt. I healed him but he’s lost some blood. He can’t go back to fighting.” Tommy answered.

“Did you-” Tubbo muttered more to himself.

Get him out of here. We’ll keep searching for Dream and Puffy.

Tommy wasn’t keen but he couldn’t deny that they wouldn’t stop searching until they found the pair. He wanted to do more, he felt like he wasn’t doing enough but it wasn’t just about him. He realised this as soon as he saw Wilbur.

“If you need any more help, check the ceiling tiles. There’s boxes of feathers in almost every room.”

“Wait, really?” Tubbo asked.

“Yeah, almost like I figured I’d need them.” Tommy smirked before he took Wilbur’s arm, pulling the weakened witch to his feet and supporting most of his weight.

“So... you were talking to someone else. Do you have a witch?” Tubbo asked.

Tommy looked up at Wilbur then back at Tubbo, “yeah, this is Wilbur.”

“Wilbur and you’re in a coven too?”

“I guess.” Tommy shrugged, unable to stop some guilt resurfacing now.

“That’s incredible,” Tubbo’s eyes widened, “dad told me you couldn’t bond, that you were too powerful for *any* witch. He can’t use that excuse now, he’s got no claim to you!” Tubbo seemed rather excited as the door to the room opened again and a teen even taller than Wilbur stepped in. “Ranboo! This is Tommy! And this is his witch, Wilbur! Tommy’s got a witch, Ranboo!” Tubbo hopped around like an excitable kid.

Ranboo smiled warmly at Tubbo’s excitement, turning his mismatched eyes to Tommy, “hi, Tommy. I’m Ranboo,” he held his hand out, “I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“All good things, I hope.” Tommy smiled, “sorry, my hands are full.” He shrugged his shoulders to shift Wilbur a little as he started to pass out.

“Oh, sorry.” Ranboo brought his hand back, holding his arm instead as anxiety flickered in his form.

“Ranboo? Can you help Tommy get Wilbur somewhere safe? He’s kinda out of it,” Tubbo said.

“Oh, sure.” Ranboo stepped forward, taking Wilbur’s shoulder.

“H-hey, big man. What are you doing?” Tommy asked rather cautiously. Ranboo seemed nice and Tubbo clearly trusted him but that didn’t mean Tommy wanted him anywhere near his injured witch. Protectiveness swirled up his throat, making him want to trill a warning at the unknown man.

“Oh, sorry. I’m Tubbo’s familiar. I can teleport, that’s how I was planning on getting you out.”

“You can teleport?” Tommy tilted his head, not having heard of that type of magic before.

“Yeah, it’s my specialty. I can’t really do much else though. I’m not very powerful. Anyway, hang on.” Ranboo put a hand on Wilbur and Tommy’s shoulders, teleporting them out of the building and up on a ridge away from the conflict. There was still some fighting outside but by now, most of it had moved into the halls where shouting and crashes were still heard.

“That’s so cool,” Tommy’s eyes lit up after having adjusted to the new light. “Hang on, our camp is around here somewhere. Don’t fall asleep on me, Wil.” Tommy shifted Wilbur’s weight again and Ranboo took Wilbur’s other shoulder, helping take some weight off Tommy and partly carrying Wilbur over to a tree by a few supplies they’d left.

Tommy set Wilbur down, riffling through some things before finding some water. When he looked back though, Wilbur was pitching over, about to fall and barely supporting himself. Tommy smacked him hard enough that Wilbur’s eyes blew wide.

“Oww!! What was that for?!”

“Drink.” Tommy put the water in Wilbur’s hands. Wilbur drank up. “Typical, this is the climax to my trauma story and I’m out here playing nurse.” He nudged Wilbur but there was no heat to his words.

“Your trauma story?”

“Yeah, I’m the protagonist. I have this whole traumatic past that I’m supposed to overcome in one awesome final battle where I beat all the bad guys and shit and get the women.”

“Hmm,” Wilbur pretends to ponder, “I’d say you’re more...”

“Chaotic side character?” Ranboo supplied. Wilbur chuckled while Tommy sent Ranboo a look.

“Listen, boob boy, I’m the biggest man. I have all the characteristics of a protagonist,” he counted on his fingers, “no parents, tragic backstory, amazing good looks.”

“I have memory problems and don’t remember my past.” Ranboo said, somewhat chipper.

Tommy and Wilbur shared a look with each other in silence. “You’ve got to give him that one, Toms. He’s kinda got you beat.” Wilbur shrugged. Ranboo laughed at that.

“Uggghhh,” Tommy leaned his back against Wilbur’s side, staring out at the building.
“How’s Tubbo?”

“Oh, he’s fine. He’s found your other coven members and are leading them to Puffy and Dream,” Ranboo said, “he wants me to stay and make sure you’re ok.”

“Is he worried for me?” Tommy smirked.

“In his words, ‘don’t leave him unsupervised for long periods of time and don’t feed him after midnight’.”

“Ha!” Wilbur burst out laughing.

“I’m not a fucking gremlin!” Tommy was affronted.

“You are!” Wilbur elbowed him.

“I’m not!”

“You so are!”

“I’m not, you’re just a stupid bitch. *I* am a fucking genius!”

“Sure, Toms.” Wilbur ruffled his hair and Tommy grumbled.

Ranboo smiled warmly, “you two seem very close.”

“It’s because he’s very clingy,” Tommy elbowed Wilbur.

“Says the one who likes to curl into the side of my neck.”

Tommy turned swiftly at that and Wilbur caught his wrists before he could retaliate. Tommy struggled and the pair both fell on the ground, flailing and rolling over each other, both trying to pin each other.

“Get off me, you fuck!” Tommy cried before he managed to get on top of Wilbur, half shifting so his wings add weight that helped keep Wilbur down.

Wilbur tired quite quickly and finally he gave up with a sigh, “you win, fireball.”

Tommy smirked and sat up proudly, not getting off Wilbur yet. Wilbur then jutted his hand under Tommy’s armpit, tickling him and making the familiar shriek. Wilbur chuckled and sat up now, dodging as Tommy swiped at him with his wing.

Twigs cracked around them and Tommy’s smile dulled. Wilbur looked up, sending his magic into the ground to investigate. His smile disappeared completely and he stood up.

“Tommy, get behind me,” he said. Tommy ducked behind Wilbur, Ranboo doing the same.

“Well, well,” Schlatt smirked, “you’re the last person I’d expect to find here, Tommy. Gosh, it wasn’t two and a half months ago that you’d escaped me and already you’re crawling

back.”

“We came to get Puffy and Dream back,” Tommy glared, his voice significantly quieter than it normally was.

“So you weren’t the least bit *home sick*?” Schlatt purred.

“That is not my home!” Tommy stepped forward, Wilbur putting his arm out to stop the familiar from stepping any closer. “You used me!”

“Come on, it’s not like I *forced* you to hand over those feathers. *You* came to *me*, remember?”

“You used me and Tubbo’s friendship against me!” Tommy snarled, “I had no more free will than a fucking bird in a cage.”

“Interesting choice of words,” Schlatt showed off his teeth as he smirked. He turned to Ranboo now. “Ranboo, you traitor. I’ve been nothing but patient with you and this is how you repay me?” Ranboo shrunk down.

“Don’t talk to him like that. He’s here because Tubbo wanted him to.” Tommy shot back.

“Uh, m-maybe I should...” Ranboo stuttered.

“Go.” Tommy said lowly, aware of the fight that’ll happen.

“Yeah, go on, Ranboo. Run away, you coward.” Schlatt snarled.

“That’s enough,” Wilbur stepped forward now. Ranboo sent Tommy a sorry look before teleporting away. Wilbur’s withering glare remained fixed on Schlatt. “Tommy is my familiar, he’s part of my coven and you won’t harm a single hair on his head.”

“It’s not the hair I’m after anyways,” Schlatt chuckled, stepping forward, “but *your* familiar? Really? You realise what this kid’s done to the last witch that got close to him, right?”

“I’m aware of what happened,” Wilbur’s voice was short and his accent just seemed to get a little stronger as his tone grew cold. “I mean this, *stay away from Tommy*. ”

The witch blinked and though he wasn’t aware of the order just given, he also didn’t look at or address Tommy again. “You think you can protect him? You think you can beat me, kid?”

“Personally, I was hoping for a bit of common decency when someone tells you to back off but if we’re going to fight over this, I’ll have to inform you that my coven includes the Angel of Death and the Blood Wolf.”

“You think that scares me, boy?!” Schlatt took a step closer.

“It should.” Wilbur straightened, not taking any steps back but also not advancing. He wasn’t aware of the type of magic Schlatt uses but it was painfully familiar as it choked the air

around them. Wilbur kept his magic in the ground, knowing that was his best way to fight back.

It was the first flash of lightning in the distance that alerted Wilbur to the approaching storm. He sucked in breath, painfully reminded of his uncle as he stood before another power hungry storm witch.

He turned his attention back to Schlatt before an alarmed chirp caught his attention. He whipped his head around and Tommy was being held against a tree by Quackity. The older familiar's feathers puffed out and ruffled and he was pinning Tommy's wrists to his chest with both hands.

"Sorry," Quackity was whispering but Tommy didn't hear him as he fought.

"Get off me, you bastard!"

"Your move, kid." Schlatt's smile grew wider, dark gaze focused on Wilbur.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The real big fight starts.

Chapter Notes

Tw: violence, injuries and major character death

The ground beneath their feet tremoured and roots shot up, one wrapping around Schlatt's wrists and pulling him to the ground, another wrapping around Quackity and pulling him away from Tommy.

Tommy hopped away from the tree, taking out the knife he'd been given to fight with as his wings lit up with flames. The storm was over them now and it started to rain, dousing Tommy's flames easily.

Wilbur turned back to Schlatt, the witch having cut through the roots to free his hands. Schlatt sent the wind at Wilbur, the trees buckled under the force of it but it never threw Wilbur back and since Tommy was bonded to him, it didn't harm the familiar either. It threw Quackity back into a tree, knocking him out briefly.

"What the fuck?" Schlatt's eyes widened in confusion.

Wilbur's smile turned almost sickly as the wind circled him and Tommy, harmlessly ruffling their hair. His smile was more genuine at Tommy's wonder at the rather sightly currents of magic in the wind that danced around them.

"*Drop the storm.*" Wilbur's voice was almost visual as it floated on the breeze and Schlatt's face relaxed. His eyes glazed as his magic faded and the clouds parted to clear skies.

Tommy spread his wings out again, shaking the water off them. "Ugh, I hate the rain." He groaned.

Wilbur chuckled, "yeah, sorry. In my defence, I thought he'd ignored my last order so I wasn't really expecting it to work."

Schlatt blinked again and came back to his senses, "what the hell? What happened?! What did you do?!"

“Magic?” Wilbur tilted his head.

“You son of a-” Schlatt advanced but Tommy stood between the pair of them. Schlatt backed off and averted his eyes. “Fuck! What the hell?!”

Tommy smiled, “looks like your first order did work, Wil.”

“Dammit, Quackity! Get up off your ass and help me!” Schlatt yelled to his familiar picking himself up from where Schlatt had thrown him.

“Wait, how can your magic hurt him?” Tommy looked at Quackity who was still trying to regain his footing. A little blood ran down from his hairline.

Wilbur looked at Quackity too, eyebrows furrowing. He took a step towards Quackity and the familiar tensed, squaring his shoulders. “When were you last with your witch?” He asked.

Quackity looked at Schlatt before answering, “three weeks ago.”

Wilbur looked at Tommy with raised eyebrows and before he saw the movement, Quackity had lunged at Tommy, pulling him out of Schlatt’s way. Wilbur opened his mouth to stop the familiar when an arm wrapped around his throat, silencing him.

“I don’t think so, kid.” Schlatt muttered, pulling Wilbur’s back into his chest and choking him. Wilbur threw his elbow back, trying to get Schlatt in the ribs.

The pair fell to the ground but Schlatt had a tough grip and Wilbur was losing air quickly. He put a palm on the ground and Schlatt grabbed it with his other hand, pinning it to Wilbur’s chest while he wrapped one leg around to pin the other hand to Wilbur’s side.

Wilbur choked, fighting and struggling and quickly losing the battle of strength. He may have been tall but when it came to brawns, Schlatt was the winner on that front.

Wilbur flexed the fingers of the hand that was trapped to his chest. Schlatt was keeping it there with his own hand, his own *exposed* hand. Wilbur’s fingers stretched until they felt skin. They didn’t need to do anything more than touch as Wilbur shot his magic through Schlatt as quickly as he could.

He couldn’t wait for a slow poison effect. He needed something instant so he shot out small hairs with a painful sting into Schlatt’s skin. Schlatt yelled out in pain and to his credit, he tried to keep ahold of Wilbur but the sting from the Gympie Gympie was known to be the most painful plant in the world.

He threw Wilbur away, holding his hand as he yelled again. Quackity looked back to see Schlatt on the ground holding his hand while Wilbur was doubled over coughing and gasping for air.

Tommy saw Wilbur and started rushing towards him. Schlatt shot up from his pained position and shot a sudden pulse of lightning at the boy.

Wilbur recognised the signs as Schlatt summoned the lightning, having an uncle as a storm witch himself, and his eyes widened. “Tommy!” He shot up, pushing Tommy out of the way as he was hit. The lightning threw him back into a tree and he crumpled to the ground with a thud.

He didn’t make a sound.

Tommy screamed, rushing to his witch’s side and shaking his shoulders. “Wilbur? Wil!” No response. “Wilbur! You idiot, please don’t be dead!” Tommy placed his ear to Wilbur’s chest, listening. He... he didn’t hear anything. “No, no, no, no. Wilbur, wake up. Please. Don’t actually-” he choked. His wings lit up with blue flames, “I can fix this, I can heal you just please... please wake up.” His breaths stuttered and his wings wrapped around the burns.

While Tommy panicked, witches were coming back to the camp. Phil carried Puffy while Techno had Dream in his teeth, dragging him by the scruff. They both froze as Tommy scrambled around Wilbur.

“Wilbur, no don’t-” Tommy placed his ear back on Wilbur’s chest like the answer would change if he listened again. Maybe he’d missed it before. His head was quiet without Wilbur’s presence, familiar bond silenced.

Phil sat Puffy by a tree, cautiously approaching Tommy as the teen’s magic started thickening the air around them in desperation. Tommy’s hands started glowing with his flames now too and he tried again to heal the burns but it wasn’t working.

“No!” Tommy cried, “no, I just found you! I can’t lose you now!”

He squeezed his eyes closed, placing his hands on Wilbur’s chest and curling his wings around the witch. His face screwed up in concentration and he tried forcing his magic to work. Nothing. The flames died out despite Tommy’s attempts.

“No, I can still fix this! I can-” he stared down at his wings like they’d betrayed him.

“See what you’ve done now?” Schlatt stood up over Tommy. Tommy buried his face in Wilbur’s chest, breaking down into sobs.

“I’m sorry,” he cried, “I’m sorry, Wil, please don’t be dead.”

“You son of a bitch,” Phil pulled his sword on Schlatt, holding it to his neck. “Get away from my sons.” His gaze was dark and had Tommy been concerned for his own safety in that moment, he might have been scared. The gaze was never directed at him though. Phil knew who was to blame and his hate was completely directed at Schlatt.

“You gonna call that thing a son?” Schlatt smirked, blade to his throat, “adorable.”

Phil grabbed Schlatt’s throat, throwing him back into the tree. “I’d be very careful with what you say to me right now,” Phil spoke lowly so only Schlatt could hear, “before, I might have mercy but if my son is really lying dead in front of me, you will not get a quick death. I’ll

make sure of that.” He stabbed his sword into Schlatt’s shoulder, right through to the tree, trapping him there.

Schlatt yelled in pain then looked at Quackity who was staring at Tommy. His shoulders sagged and as Tommy sobbed more, he closed his eyes, turning his head away. “Quackity, help me.” Schlatt’s call went unanswered. Quackity didn’t move, didn’t even look at him. He ignored his own witch and slid to the floor, back against a tree.

“This is what you wished you could change, Karl.” He mumbled, “this is what you led us to, led *me* to.”

Techno placed Dream down next to Puffy. He didn’t bother with Schlatt, confident that Phil would deal with it. He sat beside Tommy and Wilbur, nudging Wilbur’s limp body with his nose. Tommy looked at him with more pain than the older familiar had ever seen on anyone. He knew before Tommy told him.

“I’m sorry. I can’t- I tried- I-”

Techno interrupted by licking Tommy’s tearstained cheek. *I know, runt.*

Tommy buried his face back into Wilbur’s chest and cried more. Techno lifted his head to the sky and howled. This wasn’t like his usual territorial howls. This one was softer, sorrowful. It was a little higher in pitch than usual and as he breathed another breath to howl again, Dream joined in, still on the ground where he was too injured to stand.

Phil turned back at Techno’s howl, his worst fears all but confirmed by that one sound. He looked at the two familiars sitting over his son. Tommy was in the worst condition, rooted by his pain and crying rivers into Wilbur’s clothes. He took steps towards them, being mindful that Schlatt was still trying to pull his sword out of his shoulder.

Techno’s howl called the final member of their pack to the scene. Kristin appeared in smoke, standing on the hill beside them in her veil. She stood quietly, looking over the scene.

Quackity was on the ground again, head spinning from his latest concussion. Phil had Schlatt pinned to a tree with his sword, his magic lacing the sword with a weakness so he couldn’t escape and Wilbur was...

The goddess stepped forward, placing her fingers on his pulse. No pulse. No heart beat. She sighed, looking at Techno and shaking her head. The Blood Wolf let out a soft whine and placed his head on Wilbur. Kristin was kneeled beside him too and Phil just stood behind the familiars, silent tears falling down his face.

Tommy finally looked up again, seeing Kristin for the first time. He may have only just met her but she already looked like a mourner. He knew this was the Lady Death. She didn’t look hopeful for the outcome, holding Wilbur’s hand in hers and softly running fingers over the cooling skin of his knuckles.

“Why?” He asked. His voice was hoarse from crying and screaming and it seemed so quiet now. So unlike Tommy.

Kristin looked up at him, “why what?” She asked.

“Why can I bring myself back every time he wants ash,” he fixed a look on Schlatt, “but I can’t...” Tommy’s lip wobbled and fresh tears fell down his cheeks.

Kristin took his face in her hands, turning his head back to her. “You want to save him?”

“He’s my witch. We’re supposed to be able to help each other, why can’t I bring him back?” Tommy sobbed.

Kristin wiped some of his tears with her thumbs. She pressed her forehead with his, closing her eyes. “It’ll take everything from you.” She murmured softly.

“I don’t care.” Tommy closed his eyes too, leaning into her touch and the soft comfort it offered.

Kristin kissed his forehead. “Then don’t. Hold. Back.”

Tommy’s eyes shot open, “what?” He asked with a little more volume.

“It will take every ounce of magic you have. Use it all and don’t hold back.” Kristin released his face.

Tommy sat up, looking around him. Aside from Schlatt and Quackity, he was surrounded by people he really didn’t want harmed and his anxiety threw him back to the last time he’d pooled that much magic around him at once.

“Don’t worry about them,” she said, “focus.”

Tommy looked down at Wilbur and turned into a phoenix, crawling up onto Wilbur’s chest. He looked at Wilbur’s slack face one more time before tucking his head under the witch’s chin. His body lit up in blue flames.

He focused on his magic, pooling it around him. More and more, the air choked with it until it was so saturated no one else could possibly access their own magic.

Tommy’s blue flames started engulfing Wilbur’s body, eating up his whole skin. The concentration of magic nearly made Phil nauseous but since Tommy was from his coven, it never harmed him.

Schlatt buried his head in his hands, trying to slid down to the ground before being reminded of the blade in his shoulder as the headache started to form. His world shook as if he was drunk and he could feel nothing but a numb pressure on the surface of his skin along with the pain from Wilbur’s sting and Phil’s sword. Quackity had now passed out, Puffy and Dream soon following.

Phil stood beside his familiar now as the flames grew in brightness. A burst of magic released at once, nearly blinding them and Phil had to shield his eyes from the growing flames. The flames finally died down and revealed Wilbur’s body, unscathed with a white streak in his hair.

Wilbur groaned and Phil let out a breath, a smile spreading on his face. He was alive! Wilbur dragged his eyes open like it was the hardest thing in the world and who could blame him? He'd literally been dead a couple seconds ago.

"Tommy?" Wilbur's voice was hoarse like he'd just woken from a long nap.

He shifted to sit up a little and winced. He looked around him now, furrowing his eyebrows as he saw all of them there. He saw Kristin sitting beside him, Techno and Phil. All of them were teary eyed. But there was someone missing.

"Where's Tommy?" Wilbur looked around, finding a pile of ash on his chest where Tommy had curled up. There was no other sign of the phoenix anywhere. "Tommy?" Wilbur's voice raised in panic. He stared at the ash for a few seconds, reality sinking in.

Had he...?

Five more minutes. Tommy's voice grumbled in his head, voice laden with sleep.

Wilbur let out a huge relieved sigh and he slumped back against the tree. "Get out here, fireball."

The ash parted and Tommy crawled out of the pile, shaking the ash out of his feathers and stretching his wings out. He gave a yawn and Wilbur looked him over carefully for any injuries.

The phoenix looked like he always had, aside from one silver feather in his crest. While Wilbur was looking at Tommy, Tommy was clearly looking at Wilbur too, the same thoughts to make sure Wilbur was alive.

Tommy blinked, seemingly realising now that he'd just brought someone back from the dead. He let out an alarmed chirp and spread out his wings, his sleepy mind finally catching up.

"Wilbur!" He shifted into human so he could hug his witch.

Wilbur chuckled and hugged him back, "hey, Toms."

"Don't ever do that again!" Tommy buried his head into Wilbur's shirt again and Wilbur felt a large wet patch from Tommy's earlier sobbing and how more tears were sinking in. "I can come back, *you* can't."

Wilbur paused at that. "Tommy, I'm always going to protect you. Just because you can come back, doesn't mean I'll let you get hurt." He ran a hand through the teen's hair.

"You *died*, Wilbur!!" Tommy let out a sob with that. Wilbur froze and looked between his coven. All of them were equally close to crying again.

"That wasn't a dream," he murmured lowly, clearly just to himself. He looked down at Tommy again. "You brought me back." Tommy nodded, still crying. Wilbur wiped some tears away, "you never cease to amaze me, fireball." His smile grew a little wider, pulling down a white streak in Tommy's hair, "and look."

Tommy saw it and chuckled, pulling Wilbur's down to show him, "you too."

Wilbur chuckled, "look out, Techno. Looks like me and Tommy are the twins now." He looked at the wolf.

How are we twins, Wilbur? We look nothing alike. Techno huffed but walked over all the same to put a paw on Wilbur's shoulder. *I agree with Tommy though. Don't do that again.*

"I'm not planning on it," Wilbur chuckled. He looked at Kristin, "getting struck by lightning sucks."

"Yes, it does." She smiled and kissed his forehead.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The coven is back home now, Wilbur trying to deal with his death. They learn a little more about what phoenixes can do

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentions of past abuse

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

Tommy searched the trees for his witch, hyper aware of the large distance between the two. His wings were still a little weak from his recent death and the revival of Wilbur but he forced them on, nearly falling out of the sky when he saw a familiar head of brown curls at the cliff's edge. He was sat under his mother's tree again.

Tommy slowed his speed before landing in the tree as quietly as he could. It was late at night and Tommy wasn't sure if Wilbur was asleep there or not.

No. Wilbur was awake. He sat in silence, staring out at the space directly in front of him, drying tears on his cheeks. The tree seemed to be leaned differently and one branch was lower than it usually was, the end of it reaching into his hair like long fingers.

Tommy let out a sorrowful twitter and Wilbur blinked, sniffing as he wiped his cheeks and looked up, "hey, Tommy. I didn't realise it was so late." His voice was a little nasally as he tried to sniff his airways clear.

Tommy hopped down from the branch onto Wilbur's shoulder. *Are you ok?* Tommy asked. He still hadn't seen Wilbur cry much. This was probably the second time he'd ever seen him.

"I- I'm fine, I-" Wind rustled the leaves of the tree and the branches swayed, hanging a little lower and raking over his hair. Wilbur sighed and lowered his head. "No. I'm not."

Tommy sat down beside him, half shifting so he had arms *and* wings to wrap around his witch. It was cold out and he could feel his witch trembling.

"How- uh- how often did Schlatt uh, d-do that- to you." Wilbur also never stuttered over his sentences like that. He was always so sure spoken. Tommy knew he didn't want the real answer.

“He mostly just took feathers. He only took ash when I didn’t have feathers to give or as a special request from a client.” The answer, though vague, still made Wilbur huddle deeper into Tommy’s hug.

“What do you see when you...?” He didn’t need to finish the question. Tommy knew.

“Void.” He replied, “it’s all dark, noises are muted. I don’t feel all there.”

“I guess everyone has their own personal limbos.” Wilbur mumbled. Tommy didn’t ask him about his. He figured he’d tell him when he wanted to. Tommy raised his body temperature slightly as he felt Wilbur trembling again. The witch sunk deeper into Tommy’s arms with a sigh. “I saw a train platform.” He finally said.

“What?” Tommy furrowed his eyebrows, confused.

“It was a train platform. No matter where I looked, no matter where I went. Just concrete walls all around and a tube with a track running straight along.” Wilbur’s tears started running fresh and he choked down a sob before it fully left his chest. “It didn’t matter what I did, Tommy. I could claw at the walls, I could scream for help. I screamed until my voice was hoarse. I-” He actually did sob now. Tommy twittered softly in his ear. “I was cut off from everything, from my magic, from *you*. ” Tommy perked up at that. “I was so scared. I couldn’t feel you anymore.”

Tommy buried his face into Wilbur’s shoulder now too, biting back his own fear. “I couldn’t feel you either. It was the longest minutes of my life.”

“Minutes? It was hours.” Wilbur pulled back a little, looking Tommy in the face.

Tommy dropped his head to hopefully try and hide his tears. “Time works differently there. I once tried to stay there to escape Schlatt.” He kept his wings around Wilbur but he hugged his arms as he thought back to his desperate escape attempt. “I thought he’d move on if he thought I wouldn’t come back then I could sneak away. I stayed there for three months.”

“Tommy...” Wilbur’s voice wobbled.

“It ended up being only two days for them.”

“You wanted to stay in there instead of with Schlatt.”

“I mean, I didn’t want to *stay* in there. It was just so I could trick him into thinking I died for real.” Tommy looked up at Wilbur again, “I didn’t realise I could revive you until Kristin told me, I would have done it sooner.”

Wilbur smiled genuinely, pulling Tommy into another hug. “I know. I was never happier to see you on that train.” Tommy’s arms squeezed him a little tighter. “You saved me, fireball.”

“I knew I’d never hear the end of it if I didn’t. You’d come back as a ghost and haunt me, you clingy bitch.”

“*I’m* the clingy one? You literally brought me back from the dead, you’re so clingy.”

“You took a bolt of lightning for me!” Tommy shook Wilbur by the shoulders.

Wilbur opened his mouth then closed it again. “Touché.” He said. Tommy smiled. A breeze ruffled their hair and Wilbur smiled. “Let’s go. It’s cold out.”

“Cold? Ha, I feel no cold.” Tommy puffed his chest out, wings spreading proudly.

Wilbur smirked, “well it’s also past your bedtime, child.”

“I’M NOT A CHILD!!!!”

“Says here that phoenixes are masterful shapeshifters,” Wilbur pointed down at the words on the page.

I mean... I do have three forms. Tommy shrugged as best as he could with wings. He was settled on the desk with Wilbur, looking through another book that was more of a general ‘fantasy creature guide’ book.

“But it says here that they can manipulate their shape and colouring, appearing as a regular bird or making themselves look like younger humans to avoid suspicion.” Wilbur’s eyes lit up in excitement, “it must be some kind of defence mechanism to avoid being discovered as a phoenix.”

Because we both know what the world does to phoenixes that are discovered. Tommy shifted now to look at the book Wilbur was looking at.

“Yeah,” Wilbur nodded sadly, “do you not remember *anything* from when you were younger?”

Tommy placed his head down on Wilbur’s hand, trilling breathily like a sigh. *It’s all pretty foggy... I remember I had siblings but I’m sure they were captured same time I was.*

“What were they like?” Wilbur offered softly.

Tommy hadn’t thought so closely about them but being asked about them now prompted Tommy to reach into his memories for any idea on what they were like.

They had to have had their feathers when they were taken. They couldn’t have been identified as phoenix chicks if they were just pink jelly beans. If they had their feathers, it means they had their eyes open and that meant they had to have seen each other before.

Tommy blinked. *I had a sister.* He said finally. He remembered being squashed down further into the nest by her. He’d let out a tiny shriek that he knew would annoy her and then she’d push him down. *Clementine hated when I was loud so I did it on purpose.* Tommy lifted his head to his witch.

Wilbur smiled softly at that, running a finger over his crest where the silver feather sat.

“Figures you’d be the troublemaker.”

Excuse me, that was Shroud! He was the one that kept climbing around, nearly falling out of the nest!

Wilbur chuckled, “how many of you were there?”

Four. My other brother, Henry, was the smallest. He was pretty shy but he was the first one that got his flames. Tommy preened under Wilbur’s soft touch but he lowered his head again. I wonder what happened to all of them. And our parents. I wonder if they found any or if they abandoned the nest site.

“I’m sorry, fireball.”

What are you sorry for, bitch? You weren’t the one that raided my nest. Humans did.

“I know, but- ouch,” Wilbur pulled his hand away when Tommy bit it.

No buts. Tommy chirped. Now continue telling me how amazing I am. Tommy swiped Wilbur’s hand with his wing.

Wilbur chuckled, “well if you’re so amazing, how about we try to see how you disguise yourself.”

Listen, I didn’t even have my fire when I was taken. I was not taught about shapeshifting. If we’re gonna do this, we need to talk to another shapeshifter.

Wilbur and Tommy both looked at each other for a second. *Phiiiiiiilllll*. They both called.

Phil appeared in the doorway and smiled at the two of them sitting at Wilbur’s desk surrounded by stacks of books. “You find something?”

I’m an amazing shapeshifter but I don’t know how!!

“They can make their human forms appear younger or older and they can change their size and colouring as a phoenix.” Wilbur explained, “but Tommy never learned how. Since most familiars don’t have a learning curve when it comes to shifting between their human and familiar forms, we thought it best to ask *you* .”

You’re a shapeshifter, how did you learn? Tommy asked.

“I shift with a spell, mate. I’ve just gotten so used to it over the years that it’s less of an incantation and more of a thought.” Phil pulled his sleeve up to reveal a small crow tattoo on his wrist.

Tommy had been with his coven for nearly a couple months now and never before had he ever seen this tattoo. It wasn’t detailed, simply a black shape that resembled the bird. The tattoo glowed black as Phil shifted into a crow.

The tattoo is a focus point. I imagine you’ll need something similar. An idea of what your body will look like before you shift. Phil flew and landed next to Tommy now. *When I first*

used this spell, I had to use a photo of myself to shift back but now I know I can let go of the spell and my body will naturally revert back.

So I need to see what I'm turning into before I do it? Tommy tilted his head. The crow nodded at him. Tommy twittered thoughtfully.

His eyes looked over Phil and before he realised it, his feathers were turning black. The black started from his head and spread over his feathers like someone had spilt ink on the bird. His crest feathers flattened to the back of his head when he changed colour and his tail feathers shortened into a more wedge shaped design. His hooked beak also changed shape into a crow's as did his talons.

"Wow, Phil, he got you pretty good. He looks just like you."

That's right, now which one is the REAL Philza? Tommy twittered.

Phil chirruped a laugh before Techno came into the room. "What's with all the chirping?" He asked.

"Techno," Wilbur smiled, "guess what we just found out?"

"That Tommy has a mute button?" Techno raised an eyebrow.

Hey! Tommy chirped.

"Hmm, shame." Techno paused as he got to the desk, seeing two crows. "Where is he anyway?"

"Right here," Wilbur gestured to the crows.

"Wilbur, that's Phil and another crow."

One of the crow's black pigment slipped off as quickly as water over its wings and its overall shape expanded like it had been sucking in its gut, feathers puffing up into the usual phoenix's crest and long flowing tail feathers.

Techno huffed, "impressive."

I know right? Tommy flew up and landed in Techno's hair. *This is going to be so handy if we're out in public.*

"Tommy, you're in the same coven as the Angel of Death, Blood Wolf and the Siren. You're not gonna need to hide anymore."

It's just in case. There might be more hunters. Tommy sunk a little in Techno's hair.

"If so, I'll just tell them to fuck off." Wilbur smiled softly, "you'll only really need it if we're purposefully being stealthy or something. Even then, you can just hide in my coat again."

No more running? Tommy sounded so unsure and a small peep left him as his nerves got the better of him.

Phil reacted to the peep, flying up and landing in Techno's hair beside Tommy and curling a wing around him. *No more running.* He confirmed.

Chapter End Notes

Another story finished. I think this will be it for the stories of the series but let me know if there's any part of this world you'd like to see and I'll maybe do some oneshots. I like writing about this, I just don't have another full story to write about.

Also thank you everyone that comments and leaves kudos, I love seeing them and really appreciate everyone who reads these stories.

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