

A lipstick stain, a missing vest, and I swear I fell in a pool.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41538579) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41538579>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Branzy/Clownpierce
Character:	Branzy (Video Blogging RPF) , ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF) , Rekrap2 (Video Blogging RPF) , Spepticle (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Kisses , Drunken Kissing , oneshot i think
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Thrills LifeSteal Fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-06 Words: 3,287 Chapters: 1/1

A lipstick stain, a missing vest, and I swear I fell in a pool.

by [Thrills \(IWantToRemainASecret\)](#)

Summary

Branzy woke up with a missing vest, wrinkled clothes that smelt of chlorine, the knowledge he fought with his friend over something stupid, and oh, about a million kiss marks dotting over his face. Who does he know that wears lipstick?

Notes

Hey y'all! I've been experimenting with one-shots to just take a break and not burn out from the long-form stories I got going on. So here is one I made today whilst in class. Yell at me for neglecting uni work all you want but we all know this is a preferred outcome lol.

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

Eyes opened blearily, the surrounding room coming into focus slow. Branzy winced at the light, shutting his eyes again with a groan and dragging a hand over his face. He heard a repeating groan across from him and reopened his eyes, squinting at the blurry figure.

“Bamzy?” Rek slurred, on a couch across from him, jacket missing, and blankets thrown over him haphazardly. He looked like he was slowly sliding off the couch.

“Rek?” Branzy asked, flinching as he felt a headache thump against his skull. “Wha happen?” He asked, pressing his palms against the side of his head.

“If I had to take a guess,” Rek grunted, pushing himself to sit up and hissing at the motion, “we got drunk.”

“Noooo, why would we do that?” Branzy whined, struggling to pull himself off of the lumpy couch he had apparently decided to fall asleep on.

“I have no idea, this almost always ends poorly for us-“ Rek scrubs at his eyes before pausing, slowly lowering his fist and staring wide-eyed at Branzy. “Oh wow, okay, so it clearly didn’t end *that* bad for you.”

“What?” Branzy asked, scrubbing at his own eye before pulling it off his face and staring at the red stain on his hand, “Huh? Am I bleeding?”

Rek snorted, still staring openly, he covers his mouth as he holds back laughter. “Oh boy, you definitely need a mirror, that is, oh my god.” He stifles more laughter before breaking into pleased giggles.

Branzy tilts his head in query and Rek laughs more. “Every time you move, I see more!”

“What?!” Branzy whines, “What is on my face?”

Rek’s eyes dart down to his collar, and he grins, “Check your collar.”

Branzy squinted at him in confusion before tilting his head and pulling at his collar so he could see it. He paused and balked.

A bright red lipstick stain was pressed firmly against the edge of his collar, and Branzy realised with newfound embarrassment that just under his collar was a couple more. He slapped a hand against it with a squeak.

Rek laughed, “That won’t help, it’s all over your face.”

“What the heck, what happened to me last night?! Who even WEARS lipstick on the server?! And-“ He tugged at his shirt and glared at it, “*WHERE* is my vest?” He also noticed his entire outfit was wrinkled terribly; Rek’s outfit was in a similar state. “Why are our clothes so creased?”

Rek lifted up his shirt and sniffed it, he grimaced at the smell, “Chlorine, I think we took a swim.”

“Swimming while drunk?!” Branzy scoffed, “I’m surprised I didn’t drown.”

Rek rubbed his head and got up, stumbling toward the kitchen of the house they were in, “Water?”

“Please.” Branzy begged, and Rek poured them both a glass. They sat on the couch together slowly sipping, downing some medicine, and sighing as they waited for the headache to seize. “You remember anything? I’m a blackout drunk, so I got nothing.”

“I remember water, now that I think about it, and... I think we were arguing?” Rek said, eyes looking up as he thought.

“What?! Why would we argue?”

“We were drunk Branzy, I’m not going to hold it against drunk us.”

“I’m sorry anyway.” Branzy pouted, and Rek laughed.

“I’m sorry too.” Rek chuckled, staring into his now empty glass, “Well, where do we go from

here?”

“I want to know what happened, and I want to find my vest.”

Rek rose a brow, “You may want to wash your face first.”

Branzy muttered a curse and scrubbed at his face, “Lipstick doesn’t wash off with water, I don’t think.”

“So you’re going to go out like *that*?” Rek laughed, “Seriously? Do you have no shame?”

“Hey, maybe someone will tell me who did it!” He grumbled, “Be a bit weird to go, ‘hey do you know who kissed me?’ without having evidence.”

“Branzy, I think in any situation asking someone ‘hey do you know who kissed me’ is weird.”

Branzy shoved him lightly and sat up, stretching whilst cracking his bones. “Whatever, whoever is the one who did this is the one who should be embarrassed.”

“We should probably find out where the party was, I mean, I’m going to assume it was a party, I don’t have a pool, nor do I drink without a good reason.”

“Hm, you know, I think I know someone with a pool...”

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“BAHAHAHHAHAHA-“

“Zam please-“

“HAHAHAHHA”

“Zam we just wanted to-“

“AHAHAHAH-“

“ZAM!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, just, oh my god that is so funny. Who, hehe, who the hell did that?”

“That’s what I came here to ask you!” Branzy near shouted but kept his voice a tad quieter out of courtesy. Zam was wearing a large yellow bathrobe and some matching yellow boxers and had what was likely coffee in his hand. He looked exhausted, but at least now he was amused.

“Did you hold a party last night? We both got drunk and don’t remember anything.”

Zam stared at them in shock, “You don’t even remember arriving at my party?”

“So it WAS yours!” Branzy cheered.

“Yeah! And you guys broke into a fight during it then left, you must have gotten those kisses afterward Branzy.” Zam snorted.

“What were we fighting about?” Rek asked with concern.

Zam shrugged, scratching his stubble with a free hand, “I don’t know, I just remember turning my head to the sounds of shouting, then Branzy had you by the shoulders and you were both plummeting into the pool.”

“I pushed you?” Branzy asked Rek, appalled by his drunk actions.

“I forgive you Branzy,” Rek said, putting a hand on his shoulder and mockingly going somber before giggling. “It’s fine.”

“I just wanna know what we could have possibly fought about?!” Branzy muttered in confusion.

“You were drunk, it could have been about anything.” Zam shrugged, “But, Spepticle was right next to you two, you could ask him.”

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“OHHHH MY GOSH HHHH.” Spepticle cried in surprise as Branzy and Rek jogged up to him. “I can’t, oh my, you- Oh wow.” He said, covering his face as he grinned.

“Yeah, yeah, any clue who did this, and where is my vest?” Branzy waved him off, Spepticle continued to giggle.

“Oh, you used your vest as a betting item.”

“What?”

“Last night, you were arguing with Rek, and you bet him your vest that...” He giggled more, “Rek won, clearly, so I don’t know where your vest went.”

“What?! What was the bet?” Branzy asked with frustration, Rek nodded in agreement to the question.

“You bet,” Spepticle broke his speech with another giggle, “You bet Rek your vest, that Clown was not into you in the slightest.”

Branzy went pale, “I did what?”

“Yeah, so Rek should have it.”

“What?! Why? He isn’t!”

“Oh,” Rek smiled slowly, “Oh Branzy, you moron.”

“What?!” Branzy said, whirling on Rek with frustration. “So what, you claimed that what, Clown likes me or whatever, and I, rightfully so, threw us in the pool.”

“Yeah.” Spepticle grinned, “You got so mad you pushed him in, and he pulled you in by your vest.”

“Haha, deserved.” Rek beamed, “I take back my forgiveness, that’s hilarious.”

“Well this doesn’t explain where my vest is!” Branzy whined.

“You may want to ask Clown.” Spepticle smirked.

“What? So it’s back at the circus?” Branzy pouted, “Did I go home before Rek and I ended up passed out?”

“I’d say so.” Spepticle continued, waving his hand and bidding them farewell.

Rek smiled at Branzy, “You should go home, to the circus, I’m gonna go rest up.” He walked backwards with a teasing grin, “Good luck!”

“Whatever you’re thinking I heavily disagree with it!” Branzy shouted in retaliation to his retreating form, Rek laughed distantly and Branzy grumbled under his breath as he stomped to the circus.

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Branzy slammed open the wooden door to the casino lounge, the main hangout space the circus offered. Clown sat on one of the couches, flipping through a book calmly.

“Welcome back.” He greeted calmly, “Have a fun night?”

“APPARENTLY!” Branzy yelled in frustration, gesturing to his appearance, Clown looked up from his book, mask obscuring his expression. He snorted.

“I see.”

“Who even wears lipstick?! Maybe Mid? No, I’ve never seen her with lipstick...” Branzy pondered aloud, pacing in the room. He grumbled to himself as he threw open the nearby chest and looked for a change of clothes, or anything that could clean his face. “I have nothing to wash this off either, maybe if I scrub hard enough in the shower it’ll go away...”

“Do you not remember the party then?”

“No!” Branzy huffed, “Rek and I have been wandering around for half the day trying to piece it together, all I know is we argued over...” He bit his lip, “Something dumb, and then I pushed him in the pool, and my vest went missing somewhere along the way. And I have no clue when this was added to the equation!”

“Hmm, I see.” Clown said, he lifted his book more up over his face, giggling beneath it. “Blackout drunk, are you?”

“Yes, and I hate it.” Branzy hissed.

“Hm, so you don’t remember the bet?” Clown asked, Branzy turned his back on him completely as he focused on searching the chests.

He flushed, “Uh, well, I was informed... Why? Did you know about it? Were you at the party?”

“Mhm, near the end I stopped by.” Clown said from behind him, “Are you looking for your vest?”

“Yeah...” Branzy muttered.

“It’s in my room.” He said, and Branzy whirled on him in shock.

“*Why* is it there-“ He froze, voice catching in his throat, he scrambled backward, falling onto the chest.

Clown smirked at him, resting his chin on the back of his hand, mask gone, book bookmarked and carefully by his side.

His lips a glorious artificial red, and scattered across his own face, faded lipstick stains.

Branzy flushed redder than the lipstick, stuttering out half sentences. “What- Did we? I, uh.” He gulped. “W-Why is it also on your face?”

Clown pulled lipstick from his pocket, as well as a pocket mirror, he applied it with ease, popping his lips when he was done. “You said you wanted some too, sad that you couldn’t see it on me.” He explained with a shrug.

“I- We didn’t *do* anything, did we?”

“You were drunk Branzy, of course not. We just kissed.” Clown said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Branzy covered his face and whined. “We kissed??? And I don’t even get to remember it?!”

“Oh good, so your feelings weren’t just a drunk phase?” Clown grinned brightly.

“Well, I, uh, wait so why was my vest here?!”

Clown leaned back, humming to himself, and tapping his lips, “I offered to take you home since you were clearly drunk. At some point, we stopped kissing because you remembered you owed Rek your vest, so you left to give it to him, without realising you weren’t even holding it.”

Branzy cursed at himself, stumbling backward against the wall when Clown got up and approached.

“Do you want to remember?”

“Uh,” Branzy smiled at him crookedly, “What?”

Clown leaned over him, hands on either side of the chest he sat on, “Do you want me to kiss you? Since you forgot?”

Branzy’s eyes darted to the bright red lips, his own parting as he gazed at them. “Uh, yeah, that, that sounds nice.”

Clown chuckled, cupping Branzy’s jaw, “Man, you sure are more confident when drunk.” He pushed in slowly, kissing him gently in a way that made Branzy’s eyes flutter shut. He leaned up, moving his hands around Clown’s back and pulling him closer.

They broke apart, and Clown smiled.

“How was that?”

Branzy’s eyes sparkled, “Hmm, well, if we really think about it, I’m forgetting a lot more.”

“Oh?” Clown asked with mirth.

“Yeah, uh, I think I remember there being a mark here... and here...” Branzzy pointed to the kiss marks across his cheeks, then trailed his hands up Clown's face, pointing to the few on his cheek. “And looks like I need to put a couple here and there...”

Clown chuckled lightly, “Looks like we got our work cut out for us.”

Branzy grinned brightly, “Pucker up butter cup.” He said as he leaned in.

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“You’re so stupid!” Branzzy slurred, standing by the illuminated pool with Rek, Spepticle stared between the two shouting friends with concern, trying to calm them.

“You’re the stupid one!” Rek said back, equally as drunk, “You don’t-“ He hiccuped, “You don’t even see what’s right there! Clown likes you and you too much of a coward to make a move!”

“Mm not a coward!” Branzzy retorted, swaying on his feet, the music at the party had long since turned to beats and vocals he barely recognised, mixing together into a cacophony of noise.

“You totallyyyy are!” Rek said, lightly pushing him, “Clown likes you, you, you- dumbo.”

“I-I’ll make you eat those words!” Branzzy shouted, Spepticle steadied his body as he swayed dangerously close to the pool's water.

“Guys, careful-“

“Hey are they alright over there?” A voice called, Branzzy ignored it.

“They’re really out of it!” Spepticle responded with worry, “Did someone spike the punch?!”

“Yeah obviously.”

“Branzy how much have you had?” Spepticle asked, but Branzzy shoved his support of himself, stumbling toward Rek with a pointed finger that definitely was not actually pointing at Rek, likely just above his shoulder.

“I bet my vest that Clown doesn’t like me in the least, and, and you gotta give me your jacket if I win.”

“Okay, how we prove it though?” Rek asked pleasantly, smiling like the argument had ended.

“I’ll just call him over, duh.” Branzzy fumbled with his communicator opening it up and typing a message.

BranzyCraft: Hy clwonf comne to zams supef cool party I need to fina bet

He put his communicator away, “He comin”

“Liar he didn’t even responddd.” Rek slurred grabbing a glass off the table next to them Spepticle rushed to take it from his hands, Rek whined.

“He’s coming trustttt.” Branzy lightly shoved him and Rek glared.

“You’re an idiot.” Rek hissed, “He like you.”

“Nuh uh.”

“Yuh uh.”

“Guys can we just, oh thank god, I see Clown.” Spepticle said, and the two turned to see the man walking through the backyard doors, scanning the crowd before spotting Branzy, he waved.

“See?! He came just for you, loves you.”

Branzy glared at Rek, “Just shut up!” He hissed, “Doesn’t love me! Buibness partners!”

“He lovesss~ You~”

Branzy shoved Rek into the pool, eyes angry and movements sluggish, it didn’t matter though, Rek was just as out of it, clutching the nearest thing, being Branzy, and pulling them both in.

Branzy opened his eyes, seeing his friend flail under the water with him, eyes unfocused, body moving but not in the right direction. Branzy let himself float, barely reacting when a hand reached in and pulled him out.

He gasped in breath he didn’t realise he was losing, staring to the side, and seeing Clown holding him by his vest, dangling him as he pulled him from the water. Spepticle was dragging Rek to the side by grabbing his arms, pulling him over with concern.

“Branzy, are you okay?” Clown asked, voice gentle, Branzy stared at him in confusion.

“Hey, hey Clown.” Branzy said, pawing at the air and hoping his hand would land on Clown, it didn’t, he kept missing. Clown gave in and guided his hand to his shoulder, Branzy gripped him tightly. The moonlight illuminated Clown’s mask and Branzy gasped at the sight of it. “You’re so beautiful in this light, oh wow.”

Clown stared at him, then glanced up to Spepticle who was still struggling to make Rek sit up, “He’s drunk.” He explained simply, and Clown nodded.

“Ah, that explains a lot.”

“Hey, hey, so, Rek’s really stupid.” Branzy explained, Clown pulled him to stand, Branzy shook, water dripping off himself, he barely felt the cold.

“You’re so mean!” Rek whined, lying across Spepticle who panted with exhaustion.

“Rek I’m taking you home.” Spepticle sighed, grabbing his friend and putting Rek’s arm over his shoulder to walk him out, “Clown, have you got Branzy?”

“Yeah, I got it.” Clown responded, gaze firmly locked on Branzy, “What was this ‘fina bet’ Branzy messaged me?”

“Oh, Branzy bet Rek his vest that you didn’t like him at all, romantically.” Spepticle explained as he continued his trek with the Rek.

“He said you like me, like, you know, *like* like.” Branzy whispered conspiratorially.

“I see...” Clown said, nodding in understanding. “And what do you think about that?”

“Obviously he’s stupid!” Branzy huffed, “You’re too pretty for me, so like, I bet him my vest you didn’t, and I’m gonna get his jacket.”

“Hmm, no, you aren’t, sorry.”

“Wha?” Branzy said, squinting in confusion.

“You’re going to have to give up your vest,” Clown said, guiding him out of the party, “I *like* you.”

Branzy gasped, “No way!”

“Mhm, yep.”

“Wow, this is awesome!” Branzy grinned, “Oh, but I like my vest.” He pouted.

“I’m sure.” Clown said.

“But, but you are so much better than a vest Clown.” Branzy said quickly, stroking the cheek of Clown’s mask, Clown shook with laughter.

“Yeah? That’s great Branzy.”

“You’re so pretty Clownnnn, I bet, I bet you have to wear a mask because you like, stun people to death with your pretty face.”

“Branzy, you’ve seen my face, you know that isn’t true.”

“Nah nah, cause like, I totally lost a heart to you.” Branzy winked, poorly, and it definitely took Clown a second to figure out that was his intention.

“You’re very pretty too Branzy.” Clown complimented, trying to keep Branzy walking at a steady pace.

“I love you so much ClownPierce!” Branzy cheered, and Clown stumbled.

“O-Oh?”

“Yeah! Like, I would, I would betray everyone I love if it meant I, I could always be with you.”

“Aww, that’s so sweet Branzy!” Clown cooed, he pulled him closer to his side, ignoring the wet clothes.

“Mhm! I’d do anything for you!” Branzy nodded, “I wanna, wanna kiss ya.”

“Oh?”

“Smooch.” Branzy poked at his own cheek, “Please, here please.”

“You, you want me to kiss you?”

He kept tapping at his cheek, “Here please.”

Clown stared, glancing around them to ensure they were alone, he pushed up his mask, delighting

in how Branzy stared in awe and love as Clown's face was revealed. He leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss to his cheek.

"Ohmygosh." Branzy said in hushed wonder.

"Yep, just for you Branzy." Clown giggled.

"Red lips, pretty red lips, pretty, pretty!" Branzy repeated, grinning, "I want, is, you leave mark?"

Clown stared at the solid kiss mark on his cheek and grinned, "Yep, mark."

Branzy grinned, tapping at it with joy. "Can I have lipstick for mark?"

"I don't know if I have lipstick on me Branzy--"

Lips met Clown's and he muffled his words at the softness and eagerness of their touch, Clown melted, barely supporting Branzy as he kissed back. Branzy pulled back and just as quickly planted a kiss on Clown's cheek.

"There! Mark!"

Clown blinked rapidly, noticing how Branzy's lips were also red now. "Oh, *oh*, very clever Branzy."

"I'm the cleverest." Branzy grinned, "Can we kiss more? I like it!"

"Hmm, depends, would sober Branzy be okay with kisses?"

"Absolutely! I won't regret a thing!" He affirmed.

Clown rolled his eyes, "Hmm, we'll see."

Branzy shut his eyes firmly as he kissed Clown solidly and truly, knowing that certainly, he could never forget something so wonderful.

End Notes

Shout out to us for being a greek chorus knowing exactly where this story is going and just waiting for it to click.

Hope you like it! Pacing is always troublesome to me with one-shots, hence why I always go for longer stories. I am so behind in uni work lol, of course during my final year I realise I actually prefer writing and feel better at it than art. Oh well, fuel my addiction to writing my pigeons!

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