

## Bloody Addictive

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## Bloody Addictive

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

### Summary

Branzy hasn't drunk any blood in a good while, oh hey, free bleeding corpse right there!

### Notes

Hey

I think vampires can be pretty goofy when you think about it

Oh wow, my shortest work yet!

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

Branzy was what most would call a fledgling vampire. He'd only been a vampire for around ten years, not even half of his life span. He didn't have the scent of a vampire, nor the completion, since he was not a born vampire but rather a made. His teeth, while sharp and pointed, could be easily confused for just rather sharp canines. His eyes had a faint purple shine, but that wasn't totally weird, eye contacts were normal, and it could only really be noticed in a certain light.

His hair was a wispy white, a stark contrast to his originally brown hair, but he was told it suited him and while white hair is definitely a plausible vampiric trait it wasn't *just* a vampire thing.

Branzy easily passed as simply a fashionable human, he had half leaned into the vampire aesthetic, always liking vests and fancier clothing, but what's to say he wasn't just a rather dapper dressing fella?

Besides, when compared to Clown, a known vampire on the server, Branzy looked normal.

So Branzy was a fledgling vampire, so what? It basically just made him a slightly more protein-loving human.

The problem was, no one really knew that he was a vampire. He was such a young one that no other vampire could even sense him. He made no move to correct anyone's assumptions, it didn't make a difference to who he was as a person.

So he didn't say anything.

It all came to a head at the funhouse, Clown and Vitalasy were fighting in a nearby cave, and that left Branzy to finish off Spepticle. He was not a good fighter, but the fall damage took out majority of his friend's (likely soon to be former friend) health. He let the weight of the sword carry his momentum and was eager to report his win to Clown, who praised him for his efforts.

Then he smelt it.

He glanced away from his communicator to the body on the floor, still warm.... still bleeding.

Branzy licked his lips and felt his teeth prod against his lower lip as they extended.

Welll... surely it'd be a waste? Wouldn't it? There's a perfectly good body right there, dead, soon to respawn, with fresh warm blood positively gushing out.

He took a deep breath, revelling in the scent of the blood. He pulled his communicator to his ear and heard Clown still fighting on the other line. One sip wouldn't hurt, just a lick.

He found himself dropping to his knees as he breathed in the scent, laying his mouth near the wound just at the shoulder. Oh he couldn't have planned a better spot to strike if he tried! He cupped the wound and bit in, drinking the blood and finally realising just how long he had been without it. Like the first sip of water after days in a desert.

That's the thing about not being good at fighting, it made you a rather lousy vampire. Either he befriended people who were open to be donors, (ew) or went down the route of seducing others to giving him blood (double ew). Either way he'd be relying on people, and possibly people he cares about, which is even *worse*.

It's much nobler to feast on a fallen adversary, in Branzy's opinion.

"Branzy!" Branzy heard Clown call, nearly missing his shout over his indulgence. His eyes snapped open, he willed himself to leave his meal, pulling away from the body with a grimace.

He quickly got up, noticing the bloodied puddle had soaked into his pants, leaving very obvious red stains on his knees where he had knelt. His chest was slightly covered too, and his mouth...

Branzy wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and licked his lips, trying to get any blood out from in between his teeth. He shrugged, good enough.

It was likely Clown would judge him as weak if he found out he was a vampire. A young, inexperienced, vampire. So he had tried to keep it on the down low, not that it was difficult, since he passed as a human anyway.

But this... this could compromise that mission.

"Finally got him!" Clown said, mining through the wall, he had his mask off, face slick with sweat from a tense battle.

"Well done, Clown!" Branzy cheered for him, clapping his definitely blood-stained hands.

"Yeah, and well done taking out Spepticle. I didn't realise Vitalasy would find a way out, though the walls definitely gave him difficulty, stalled him for-" He paused, brows furrowed. "He hasn't... despawned yet?"

"Hmm, nope!" Branzy commented, staring at the body, he felt hungry. You know when you focus really hard on something for hours and then have a singular chip, only then realise how starving you are? It felt like that.

"Odd." Clown said, walking forward, his armour clunking. He stood just at Spepticles feet, staring at them, before looking at Branzy and surveying his appearance.

"You've got... an awful lot of blood on you." He observed.

"Yeah, I didn't really aim the best so a lot of splatter." Branzy shrugged.

Clown looked back down at the body, "Branzy... Spepticle seems to be missing a lot of blood."

Branzy felt his eye twitch. Ah right, old vampire, smart. "That does tend to happen when you bleed out."

"Usually it clots a bit, but this... he's... Branzy he's been sucked dry." Clown cringes.

Branzy hummed, letting his top lips subtly cover his protruding teeth. "Weird."

Clown snorts, "Weird?" He mocks, "Branzy, there is a lot of blood on you, and a lot of blood missing from this guy. Tell me, have you been forgetting to tell me something?"

Branzy rocked on his heels, continuing to hum, "Nope! Nothing I can think of!"

Clown stepped over the body and marched up to Branzy, grabbing his jaw and squishing his cheeks. Pushing them together in an attempt to make his mouth open.

Branzy blinked at him lazily, wondering how long he could keep this going. It was starting to amuse him.

"There's blood in your mouth, Branzzy." Clown commented idly, faux casualness in his tone.

Branzy watched his mouth as he talked, noticing the larger, narrower teeth, he tried not to compare himself.

"Wonder how that got there." Branzzy mumbled as his lips continued pouting like a fish.

"Branzy," A finger poked his canine tooth, "Are you, SURE, you aren't forgetting to tell me something?" Clown teased with a smug smile.

Branzy grinned toothily, bloodied mouth on display, "Oh, Clown, I'm certain!" He lied joyfully.

Clown laughed, releasing his hold on Branzzy's face,

"Since when were you a vampire? Man, you're a sloppy drinker."

"Ohhhh, that thing!" Branzzy drawled, "Yeah! Oh man, nearly forgot about that factoid, uh, about ten years?"

Clown's eyes were wide, "Since before the server? And you never told me? Branzzy, you're a little baby vampire, I could have helped you out, especially since you can't do PVP."

Branzy waved away his concerns, "I don't need your pity, I do fine."

"It's not pity, it's concern. Your teeth are still incredibly pronounced, and you just drank an entire person, that means you're still hungry. Jesus Branzzy, how often do you drink?" Clown said with shocked worry.

Branzy shifted on his feet, uncomfortable, "Often enough." He fibbed.

"Tell you what, next guy I kill down here, and the guy after that, all yours, okay?" Clown offered, and Branzzy felt himself salivate at the thought.

"Really? Won't... won't you get hungry? You're born vampire, you need this stuff, I can survive off food-"

"Survive maybe but not live, so long as you're working with me, you're gonna eat like a king. I get plenty to eat from my fights, you can't handle that-"

"Hey-"

"- don't object it's a fact you can't handle it, so I'll handle it for you."

Branzy pouted, "This feels like a charity."

"Fine, I'll make the choice easier on you, you accept my offer, or I tell everyone."

"You wouldn't." Branzzy gasped, even though this 'secret' was more of a game of 'how many hints can I drop until someone clocks it' so far vampire puns were having no effect. Fangstastic.

"I would, unless; you accept my offer." He held out his hand and Branzzy sighed with dramatised reluctance.

"Fffffine." They shook on it, and Branzzy found himself giddy.

"So, first feed off someone you killed, how did it feel?"

Branzy stared at the finally despawning corpse, remembering the sensation of gorging himself on blood he had lacked for so long. He stared at Clown, his eyes flickering purple under the dim lighting, "Bloody addictive."

## End Notes

Fangs for reading!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

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