

Brown Eyes

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Brown Eyes

by [PacificSeaOtter](#)

Summary

Nobody knows what color Clownpierce's eyes are- not until Vitalasy, Subz, and Rek start a bet trying to figure it out.

Thus ensues the saga of failed, but hilarious attempts to get Clown's mask off.

Notes

hi yeah you might have seen this on tumblr but i'm posting it here as well. inspired by an ask on [lifesteal-headcanons](#).

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

"Brown."

Vitalasy turns, tail swishing against his leg, to see Subz staring him down, a confident expression painted across his face. "What?"

"Brown. That's Clown's eye color." Subz repeats, not a hint of doubt in his face. So confident, for a

guy who is so wrong.

Rek scoffs, making a dismissive *pssh* sound. "Dude, no way. They've gotta be like, pure red. He's a *demon*, have you *seen* him-"

"Nah, pure black," Vitalasy pitches in. The color of shadows, oooh scary! Clown would love that though. They probably weren't, actually, or Clown would just be all weird about it.

"Wrong, wrong, wrong," Subz says, sing-song, rolling his eyes. Vitalasy doesn't believe him for a second. "*Brown*."

"Grey. Maybe grey," Rek concedes, still dismissing Subz's claim. Vitalasy has to agree. "No way he's got a natural eye color."

"Grey's a natural eye color," Vitalasy points out.

Rek sighs. "Yeah, but- it's rare! It's a weird color!"

Subz suddenly strides up to Rek and pulls a stack of shiny blue gems from his pocket. "Ten diamonds they're brown."

Rek holds out his hand, and Subz takes it. They seal the deal with a simple handshake. "You're on."

And so the game begins.

It's Vitalasy, actually, who makes the first move. Funny, since he's the only one of the three that has no actual stake in the game; he hasn't bet anything on it. But he's playing anyway. Anything to prove Subz wrong.

He doesn't go out of his way to look for Clown, but he can't pass up the opportunity when Clown comes looking for him. Wanting hearts or something. Vitalasy's got other concerns.

"Vitalasy," Clown greets him, in that ominous tone.

Vitalasy can't say it doesn't scare him, but he can put on a good act. "Hello, Clownpierce. What are you doing here?"

"We both know what I'm doing, Vitalasy," Clown's fingers tap-tap-tap on the hilt of his scythe. Vitalasy knows he can unsheathe the weapon in seconds.

He doesn't have a reply, so he strikes. Fast, with his fox agility, dashing right up to Clown until their bodies nearly touch (he decidedly doesn't think about how close they are. Clown's taken anyways. Even if he is undeniably quite a handsome man).

Vitalasy grabs the bottom of Clown's mask and yanks. But he's not quick enough to get the mask off before Clown's pushing him roughly away.

At that point, he simply runs. The best he can hope for now is to escape with all his lives.

Clown, surprisingly, doesn't chase after him. Must be too shocked at what Vitalasy had tried to do. Ah, well. What matters is that he's escaped.

Subz is the next to try. But he doesn't wait for Clown to come to him. He goes to Clown himself, unlike *someone* (cough cough VITALASY).

He sets traps for Clown at the casino- tripwires are shockingly easy to set up. Really, it's a wonder there are so *few* traps on the server.

It's just a shame Clown is so paranoid (Subz does not stop to consider that perhaps there's a reason nobody bothers with simple traps).

Incredibly rude of him, to not fall for Subz's tricks, if he does say so himself. How hard is it to walk right into a tripwire? Subz doesn't want to lose his diamonds. He is going to win this bet.

To absolutely nobody's surprise, Clown notices the tripwire instantly. Subz manages to escape alive. Barely.

Also to no one's surprise, Rek eventually tries to get Clown's mask off too. He comes arguably closest, although he still doesn't quite manage.

Getting Branzy to help is probably the smartest thing any of the trio have done yet, though.

"So, heard you wanted assistance?" Branzy greets, eyebrow raised interestedly. Never let it be said that Branzy doesn't like a bit of fun.

"I did, yeah," Rek agrees. "Would you be able to help me with a little favor?"

"Of course, anything for my closest friend!" Branzy pats Rek on the back, a little overenthusiastic, but Rek doesn't complain. It's all for the diamonds.

"I need you to get Clown to take his mask off."

Branzy's eyes widen. "Whoa there, that's quite the request."

That is notably not a no. Rek nods, and doesn't let himself get discouraged. It's still not too late. "You can totally pull it off though."

"Well, of course I can!" Branzy scoffs indignantly. "Just watch."

Perfect. Just what Rek needs. Best way to get Branzy to do something? Make it a challenge. Hold your compliments, please, Rek knows he's a genius.

Rek trails quietly after Branzy as the violet-eyed man strides confidently down the road to the casino. He is dangerously out in the open, but then he doesn't need to worry too much when he's got the deadliest assassin on Lifesteal on his team.

"Oh, Clown!" Branzy trills, unashamed. "Rosethorn!"

Pet names. Rek lets out an obligatory groan under his breath at the sweetness (they're cute together, though, and he's glad to see his friends happy. So he's really not that annoyed. But it's the principle).

"Yes, violet?" Clown struts out from... somewhere, Rek doesn't actually catch where, and stops in front of Branzy. "What do you need?"

"A kiss, please?" Branzy begs, giving his best puppy eyes. Branzy may not be able to swing a sword to save his life, but damn can he act.

Clown's not falling for it, though. "Not in public, Branzy-"

And Rek has to be imagining it, but Clown sounds almost flustered. That's definitely impossible;

Clown doesn't get *flustered*.

"Please?" Branzly whines, and Clown sighs defeatedly. He reaches to pull his mask up, and Rek tenses, preparing for the moment when he sees Clown's eyes, when-

"Wait," Clown presses a hand to Branzly's face, and Branzly splutters indignantly. "There's someone here."

"Yeah, silly, I am-"

"No, not you," Clown's hand swings onto his scythe, fingers wrapping around it with a tap-tap-tap. "Someone else- THERE!"

Clown dashes straight for Rek's hiding place, and Rek *runs*. He doesn't look back to see Clown stop and watch him go.

"...So, we all failed, then?"

Rek jumps, barely managing to muffle a shriek at Subz's sudden presence in front of him. He can't make loud noises or Clown will catch him.

"Yep. Nice try, though, Rek, getting Branzly to help," Vitalasy comments. Rek nods and murmurs a quiet thanks.

"Okay, you can come out of there now," Clown growls from above them. The three pause and make identical slow head-turns to where the jester mask is leering over them.

"What are you doing, anyways?" Branzly giggles, incredibly amused by it all, as usual. Stupid Branzly and his stupid boyfriend.

"Trying to figure out what color Clown's eyes are," Subz admits, crossing his arms defeatedly.

"Oh, they're-"

"The red of your blood when I kill you," Clown shakes his scythe menacingly and Subz rolls his eyes.

Dramatic-ass bitch.

"Clown, you silly man. They're brown," Branzly says, and Subz stares at him for a moment, before starting to cheer.

Rek begrudgingly hands him ten diamonds and dashes away to spend the next week recovering.

End Notes

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