

## Burnt Steak with Baked Potatoes, with a side of...Tropical Bird?

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# Burnt Steak with Baked Potatoes, with a side of...Tropical Bird?

by [tor1](#)

## Summary

Branzy and Clown just came back from a mining trip and is making dinner. During that, a specific bird knocks on their door and delivers some news, which ends in bloodshed and partly inedible dinner.

## Notes

i thought of this during my shower. showers thoughts woooo

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

- Inspired by [Sweet Berry Pie](#) by [beaningeneral denial](#)

“I still can’t believe that happened! How dare they!” Branzy whined as he opened the door, he starts to take off his armor as Clown wipes his scythe with a conveniently placed towel.

In midst of Branzy taking off his armor, he starts speaking in a slightly muffled voice, “How did they even know where we were at? And how rude of them to ambush us all of the sudden!”.

Clown hums in agreement and Branzy drags his feet to the kitchen, where Clown was.

“We’re making steak for dinner right?”

“...yeah, can you light the furnace?”

Branzy started to open cabinets to find where they put the coal last night as Clown starts to pat the steak dry with paper towels. They would look like a domestic couple if you didn’t look too closely at the blood stains on the armor that Clown has yet to take off and the gunpowder dusted on Branzy’s purple vest.

“The steak still needs to absorb the seasoning for an hour,” Clown took a glance at the clock nailed on the wall, “Want to start a game of Monopoly™?”

Silence hung in the air for a few seconds before Branzy replied, “Don’t get mad at me when you go bankrupt!”

“Let’s not get too cocky now, dear.”

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“Ooo, and THE ClownPierce lands on my Boardwalk with a hotel...” a mischievous grin lands itself on Branzy’s face, purple eyes shine with amusement.

Clown grumbles for a moment, “I should check on the steak-”.

“HEY! You aren’t getting out of this! You owe me 2000 now!” Branzy quickly trailed after Clown to the kitchen, “Cloooown, you can’t just leave the game because you’re a sore loser!”.

“I do, in fact, need to cook the steak right about now.”

Several hurried knocks came from the door of the base.

“...Did we invite anyone? And forgot?” Branzy nervously looks at Clown who was equipping his scythe and Piercer.

“No.” Then Clown flung the door open to be greeted by Parrot.

There was no movement between Clown and Parrot for a solid minute before Clown started to get impatient, “What are you doing here?”, his glare hardens.

“I believe that I have Branzy trapped. I’m here to make a deal.” replied Parrot.

Clown only spared them an incredulous look before Branzy’s head poked out of the kitchen, “I heard my name?”.

“Pray tell, where exactly did you trap Branzy?” Clown took a dangerous step towards Parrot, scythe now appearing in his hands.

“Fuck.”

Parrot unconsciously took a step back, muttering complaints about the people that Clown had already killed earlier for trying to ambush Branzy, not thinking he wasn’t present.

As the bird began to flee, Clown quickly gave chase, but firstly telling Branzy to put the steak in the furnace with the potatoes.

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It’s been 15 minutes since Clown left with murderous intent. It’s also been 15 minutes since Branzy was left alone in the kitchen wondering how exactly he should put the steak in the furnace. And right at around the 20 minute mark of Clown leaving, Branzy decided to put the steak in the furnace with the potatoes and hope for the best.

The last time he had cooked a steak, it came out fully burnt, near ashes. Clown would probably be starving when he comes back, Branzy thought absently, and he would like to be a good boyfriend and provide edible food for him. Sadly for him, he only remembered that the potatoes needed to be cooked for around an hour; and potatoes were quite time consuming, so maybe he should just cook the steak for 30 minutes.

With that, Branzy sat determinedly in front of the furnace, waiting for his boyfriend’s return.

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*[ParrotX2 was slain by ClownPierce]*

It took 7 more minutes after the death message before Clown was back at base.

There was bird blood and vibrant feathers all over his armor and weapons, Clown thought about how he’d have to clean them again before Branzy complained about the stench of blood.

By the time he walked in, the yet to be determined edible dinner was already on the table.

“Clown, please take off your armor and unequip your weapons before you sit down.”

Clown begrudgingly wiped his weapons again that day and put his armor back onto the armor stand before he wrapped his arms around Branzy’s waist, his head leaning into the crook of Branzy’s neck.

“Let’s go eat? I didn’t know how long to cook the steak because you kinda left to hunt down Parrot. I think the potatoes are probably fine?”

They sat down together, playing footsies under the table absently as Clown cut his charred steak to reveal a light gray interior. He looked at it, and proceeded to eat it. Branzy had made it, so Clown would eat it. Even if it was extremely dry, tough and chewy, Clown swallowed it down.

“Is it good? Edible?” Branzy questioned.

“Yeah”

Branzy’s eyes seemed to shine at that approval and reached for his own steak to try as Clown continued to try eating the steak on his plate.

The moment Branzy put the piece of steak into his mouth, his face contorted to every emotion except the pleasant ones and glared at Clown with disbelief, then spat it out.

“How are you even swallowing that?!”

Then Clown looked at Branzy like he was the one who was crazy, “You made it. Of course I’ll eat it?”

Branzy’s mouth hung open in surprise, “Really? Clown I didn’t know you were such a sweetheart...”

“The baked potatoes are good,” Clown’s head nodded, “You did well.”

Branzy looked suspiciously at Clown, “For real this time?”

“Yeah”

He continues to stare at Clown skeptically as he takes a bite of his baked potato.

“Oh it is good!”

“Did you not trust me Branzy?” If the low tone made Branzy’s spine shiver, nobody mentioned it.

“Of course I do- just- the steak-” Branzy took an exaggerated gulp, “WHY ARE YOU STILL EATING THE STEAK??”

Clown only gave Branzy a blank look before eating another piece of steak, Branzy’s mouth left gaping.

“No. You’re not eating that-” Branzy made a swipe to grab the plate from Clown, “We’re going vegan tonight.”

Clown lifted an eyebrow, “I have bird meat”

“Chicken?”

“No.”

A few seconds pause, “Why do you have bird meat?”

“Tropical bird meat.”

It may have taken Branzzy a solid minute before he connected the dots, “I would rather be vegan.”

## End Notes

please leave a kudos/comments! they really do motivate me :) thank you for reading i hope you enjoyed :D

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