

## Dive Into You

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## Dive Into You

by [raetae](#)

### Summary

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He wore nothing more than a purple hoodie and a pair of ripped jeans paired with a set of matching converse, but yet seemed to pull it off in a way that made him look cute yet handsome at the same time, another reason for Clown's instant captivation.

or

Clown falls in love at first sight

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Title from the song 'Dive Into You' by NCT Dream

### Notes

I'm back, enjoy! This was a little bit random, but basically it's a rewrite of an old AU I

wrote back in early 2020. Also it's not beta read (I'll probably do that later)

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

One moonless night, a small group of dancers were gathered in a single practice room, each and every one of them rendering barely awake and only driven to stay from sheer determination. The boys had drilled on for hours on end without much rest inbetween, constantly stopping and reworking out the knots in their positions every time someone made even the slightest misstep or error. There was no room for error at this hour when the official video shooting was only a daunting 48 hours away, and even if it meant only getting a couple hours of sleep the following night, the group persisted.

Clown hunched over his legs, propping his hands up on his knees in exhaustion after what felt like the thousandth run through, fatigued body simply too tired to keep going without a rest. All the boys were either sprawled across the floor like starfish or limply leaning their upper bodies against a wall, cheeks flushed bright pink and pools of sweat soaking into their shirts. The only sound in the room for a few minutes was the heavy panting of their bodies trying to catch up with the intense workouts they had been given.

Beside him, another boy by the name of Leowook did the same, letting out a series of strained wheezes as he struggled to regain control of his breathing tempo.

“Ok, a few minutes rest and then we’ll keep going! The sooner we work out the kinks, the sooner we can all sleep!” Parrot called across the studio, receiving a chorus of groans and quiet mumbles in return. The boy’s tall figure dragged himself across the floor and towards the computer, clicking the replay button on the video and pausing it.

Leowook shook out the hair from under his hat and threw it across the room, perfectly landing it smack on top of his bag. He cheered, throwing his arms up and falling on his back in celebration, messy white hair splaying out around his face.

“Nice aim,” Clown mumbled. The other boy just looked at him and grinned.

About three minutes later, Parrot finally decided that they had somehow gotten enough rest and tapped the play button again, turning up the volume a couple notches as one of his many antics to regenerate some sort of stamina into his exhausted friends.

Clown’s body immediately reacted to the familiar tune, limbs not quite working in sync with his

mind as muscle memory took over and he hauled himself off the snaplock floor. The other boys soon began to pick themselves up and began running through the steps for the umpteenth time that hour, eyes trained on themselves in the mirror with precise accuracy.

The choreography wasn't extremely hard, well, nothing was considered too difficult to ClownPierce, but it did require a certain amount of mental focus to nail down the sharp moves and quick formation changes.

To no one's surprise, the supposedly sharp dance didn't look very sharp as seven zombie-looking boys tiredly stumbled through the steps, much to Parrot's disappointment but still a very much expected reaction. Clown's eyes flipped back and forth between his reflection and the image of his teammates in the mirror, feeling a small sense of relief seeing that no one was seemingly on the verge of falling asleep, which was probably all anyone cared about by this time.

One the last note had subsided, the black-haired boy let out a long exhale before mustering up the last of his remaining energy to stumble over to his duffle bag laying by the doorway. Throwing his head back, he let his eyelids close as he uncapped his water bottle and took a long dose, muscles slightly relaxing as the cool liquid slid down his throat.

"I'm exhausted. Can we please go back to the dorms and sleep now? I seriously doubt we'll get anywhere when most of us are already half-asleep or about ready to pass out" a shorter boy named Cube spoke up from his position slumped against the far wall, wiping the sweat off his face with a dry towel. There wasn't a single dry shirt in the room, as the AC had been shut off for the night a couple hours prior due to night shifts, forcing them to make way by opening windows and propping open the metal door with a brick.

Apart from the occasional gust of wind sweeping in through a bare window frame or a cool breeze making its way into the studio, the only thing keeping the seven of them sane was a small fan at the front of the room, notched up to max.

In other words, it was *hot*.

As far as his ambition for dance went, Clown wanted to be nowhere else at this moment than curled up in his beloved bed, soothing out all the aches in his muscles that the day had brought. Oh, how he wished that he could just drift off into the world of his dreamland, where he could nap on fluffy pink clouds and run through lollipop fields to his heart's desire, instead of pinching himself to prevent a blackout in a humid practice room.

Someone's piercing voice snapped him out of his thoughts, jolting him off the floor.

“Alright then, one last time! One last run and we can all go home. Put all your passion and charisma into this one!” Parrot announced to the room, not even looking too enthusiastic over the words tumbling out of his own lips. Even in his slightly delirious state, Clown couldn’t blame Parrot for pushing them so far. As the assigned captain of the specific assignment, the younger boy had not only been pushing himself past his limits physically but also mentally to make sure everything was running smoothly and effortlessly. More or less, everyone knew that Parrot meant no harm in anything that he had done for everyone over the past two weeks, something that greatly eased Clown through the strenuous early hours of the morning.

He stood up for what was hopefully the last time that day and got into position behind Spoke, ready to pour whatever remaining stamina and energy he had left in his system into the last take.

His eyes flickered as the opening notes trilled through the speakers, voided eyes staring into his reflection in the mirror with determination.

Flawless moves followed flawless moves as Clown put all his emphasis into every turn, every move, every roll, and into just about anything that would make a good dancer talented.

Halfway through the song, he started to find himself getting immersed into the music, ever-so-serious brown eyes never straying from the mirror. His moves felt melodic yet powerful as he continued to lift himself off the ground in a series of spins keeping the rhythmic pace with the beat, the corners of his mouth tugging up into the tiniest ghost of a smile when the song of 7 pairs of feet hitting the ground in sync rang in his ears. Clown was more than happy to know that his friends were all propelled by sheer determination to push through these last few minutes.

The ache in his shoulders and ankles returned when the dance break rolled around and he took his position in the middle of the formation, leading the rest of the 6 boys from the middle of the triangle. Being the center of a dance break wasn’t unusual for him, but a siren went off in his head when his deluded brain stepped slightly out of line, and tried to hide his wince when he twisted a painful muscle in his left foot to pull off a particularly hard fan kick.

Tomorrow, he decided, he would take the day off and soak in a cold back to treat his severely overworked body. Maybe he would pay a trip to the sauna to use the heat to soothe his ligaments, and perhaps ask Roshambo to borrow his massage gun.

When the final note rang out and disappeared, Clown's chest was sporadically rising up and down at a furious tempo, the usual ache and painful breathing sensation of a workout starting all over again. His heart pounded against his ribcage as sweat, from pain and exhaustion, rolled down every inch of his skin and forced him to double over and steady himself on his knees.

Flipping his hair up to look at the ceiling, he ran a hand through his damp hair, eyes gleaming with a sort of satisfactory twinkle. He felt accomplished, maybe even proud of himself and his teammates, as he was pretty sure everyone would consider this a successfully overboard practice session.

The silence was broken by the sound of someone from the back of the studio clapping.

Turning around in surprise, Clown's eyes fell upon the prettiest boy he had ever seen leaning against the open doorway.

The boy's snow-white hair was the same shade as Leowook's, and was pulled back by a lavender colored headband, falling into a messy yet sexy part around his face. There was no way this boy could be more than a few years older than himself, Clown thought, based off of the elegant sharp cut off his pale jawline but softer-looking eyes.

He wore nothing more than a purple hoodie and a pair of ripped jeans paired with a set of matching converse, but yet seemed to pull it off in a way that made him look cute yet handsome at the same time, another reason for Clown's instant captivation.

His impossibly clear eyes were full of nothing but pure sunshine, gazing around the room in an effortlessly simple manner. Why Clown liked them so much, he didn't even know either, but it was immensely enthralling. He wasn't surprised with the fact that he found himself gawking over a man, he'd been out for a while, but love at first sight was something he hadn't ever believed in beforehand. He'd read all sorts of romance books and novels with the cliché trope, where the two protagonists locked eyes and developed a crush in a matter of a few seconds or something along those lines, he couldn't remember specifically, but had always scoffed and closed the tab without too much thought.

How could someone immediately become infatuated with another at first glance? Clown never understood how that could be psychologically possible, never understood until this moment in time, where he laid eyes upon his definition of an angel. Hell, he probably wouldn't even be surprised if a halo formed over the boy's head anytime soon.

Clown didn't even realize that he was staring until a pair of eyes met his, making the black-haired boy blink in surprise and tilt his head, a nervous heartbeat suddenly becoming apparent in his ears.

"You guys looked great!" the mysterious boy cheered in a surprisingly high-pitched voice while

bouncing on his toes, hands tucked into his hoodie pockets. Clown wondered how in the world someone could still have so much energy at such an hour into the AMs, and the only conclusion he could find was that this boy was either really good at hiding exhaustion or actually an angel.

Probably the latter.

He also found it strangely attractive.

Vitalasy was the first to react. “Branzy!” he yelled, quickly pushing himself off the wall trotting over to his friend.

*Oh. His name must be Branzy*

“What are you doing here?” Vitalasy asked once he reached his friend, wrapping an arm around Branzy’s neck and squeezing. The white-haired boy laughed and gently punched his friend in the stomach in retaliation.

Branzy’s laugh rang in Clown’s ears, and as cliché as it might’ve sounded, he could have sworn that his heart stopped beating for a fraction of a moment at the sound.

“I was sent to lock up. Didn’t expect anyone to still be here at this hour, but I guess I was wrong” he replied.

Vitalasy nodded. “We just...finished up here...?” he looked back at Parrot for confirmation, which he received, “and we’ll be out soon.”

Branzy nodded, not taking his eyes off the beautiful ravenette halfway across the room. The rest of the boys had now long been overtaken with exhaustion, and had sprawled their aching bodies all across the slightly cooler floor. Clown didn’t blame them, but only remained on his feet as for his seemingly inability to tear his eyes away from Branzy.

His friend followed his eyes and snickered when he saw what, or who, Branzy was looking at. Leaning down a bit, since he was just slightly taller than Branzy himself, Vitalasy gestured for the white-haired boy to come closer. Branzy complied.

“His name is Clown, just turned 16, he’s an international dancer but understands an impressive amount of English, and probably the most talented dancer on the team,” he whispered, smirking before leaving a dazed Branzzy standing in the doorway to pack his stuff up.

Clown watched Branzzy’s face turn into a playful scowl, and wondered what Vitalasy had said to him for him to look this way.

“Alright, nice work today, everyone! Take tomorrow off, and we’ll start recording on Thursday, yeah?” Parrot announced, eliciting happy claps and shouts from his teammates. This was music to Clown’s ears, that now he had the perfect opportunity to dance his heart out alone in one of the smaller studios. There was one choreography in particular that he had been itching to learn, and a few hours alone would be more than enough time to learn it and film a cover. Maybe he would even invite Leowook to join.

Clown stayed back to wipe down the mirror as his friends filed out, bidding them happy goodbyes and tired hugs as they headed out the door. It wasn’t an uncommon occurrence for him to stay back, as he opted to let Parrot head out and make sure the room was in order before leaving. Plus, the mirror had also fogged up a significant amount and needed some serious cleaning if they wanted to use it again in the near future.

A few minutes later, when Roshambo had finally dragged himself to his feet and stumbled out of the door, only Parrot, Branzzy and Clown were left in the room, with Parrot typing away at the computer, eyes flashing back and forth between the screen and his phone. Clown assumed that the boy was probably adding some new songs to the computer playlist, most likely for some warmup and stretching music for the following days.

His head swung back as Branzzy stepped down some loose tape on the floor while swinging a ring of keys around a finger, and quickly made a bolt for the set of black drawers behind the computer to pull out a packet of paper towels.

The brown-haired boy finally finished up a couple minutes later when Clown had gotten halfway across the mirror, stretching and popping out his limbs as he yawned and shut off the monitor, making his way across the room to pick up his bag and head out.

Before he got to the door, Parrot turned back around to look at Clown. “Hey, nice work today Clown. I don’t think I’ve told you this, but really, you stand out a lot. Goodnight guys, and thanks for dropping by, Branzzy!”

Clown offered him a small smile, a simple but knowing sign of affection that made him swell with

pride. Ever since a very young age, he had been doted on and complimented on a million times for his dancing skills, but it was these types of compliments that he took the most to heart, the type that was given out of pure friendship, the type that was given after a long day of practice to make him fall asleep with ease.

Parrot had been at the company long before Clown had first arrived, but had never seemed to put his seniority over their friendship, and Clown had found a small source of assurance in the slightly younger boy that had been training for a long time with him. Even if he had never said it directly out loud, he greatly appreciated Parrot and for everything he did to pull the team together and keep them in high spirits.

“Thanks man. Thank you for keeping us going today, and for keeping your mood high even when the rest of us were already drained. You deserve a nice rest” he offered back, even surprised at himself for speaking those words.

Parrot’s face lit up in surprise. Clown tended to be a very non-emotional person when he could, not exactly known for his eagerness to express his inner thoughts, so it really meant a lot to Parrot to hear those words come out of Clown’s mouth. As cheesy as it sounded, it meant a lot all the same.

“You’re welcome, Clown. Are you sure you can lock up and stuff?”

The ravenette nodded, eyes flitted back to the other boy in the room, who was now rolling up some dry towels with a smile playing on his lips, having picked up small fractions of their conversation while trying to stay nonchalant.

“Yeah, I’m sure, I’ll just finish tidying up a bit and turn the lights off,” he assured Parrot while giving him a playful push, wordlessly telling him to go home and rest.

“Alright, text me if you need anything,” Parrot called as his head disappeared around the doorway, the sound of his footsteps fading away into the distance.

“That was cute,” Branzzy commented, drawing Clown’s attention back into the room.

“Huh? You heard-I mean, uh, I guess” he stuttered, internally cursing at himself for his poor choice of wording. It wasn’t entirely his fault, though, as he didn’t have many chances in the past to talk to pretty boys like this one, but there was just an aura that Branzzy seemed to possess that made Clown both comfortable and nervous at the same time.



Branzy looked up from stacking the last towel and stared at Clown, a hint of fondness flinting in his wide eyes.

“Forgive me, I haven’t introduced myself yet. I’m Branzy, 17.”

Clown nodded. “ClownPierce, 16.”

“Oh, you’re younger than me. Jeez, you’re so tall!” Branzy joked, even though they barely had a two-inch difference in height.

Clown let out a small huff, slightly craning his neck down to match the other’s height.

“No, what do you mean?”

Branzy smirked, eyes crinkling at the edges. “No, of course, what did I even mean?”

Clown’s eyes trailed down to Branzy’s lips still curved up into a smirk, and for the slightest fleeting thought, could only think about them. How it would feel to take them in his, to bite and pull at them until they were puffy and how they would feel on his-

He immediately slapped his palms over his cheeks, trying to either hide his blush or cool it down, which only filled Branzy’s amusement. He didn’t know what it was that made him think that way about someone he had just met, or if it was the sleep deprivation or the monkeys banging cymbals crashing around in his delirious head.

Whatever it was, Clown decided that he was too weak of a state of mind to be in this situation, running on purely adrenaline and water.

“As much as I’d like to stay here with you, I’ve really got to sleep. I’m about a few minutes away from passing out right now,” he apologetically told the other boy, turning his head to hide his yawn, almost unhinging his jaw in the process.

Branzy nodded. “How rude of me, you must be really tired. Here, let’s go, I have the keys,” he said, holding up the ring of keys to Clown’s face and playfully jingling them. Clown mustered up a small smile in return.

The pair made their way to the door and flipped off the latches, and Clown's shoulders visibly relaxed when he stepped out into the cool night air. He tilted his head upwards to trace his eyes over the twinkling stars above, painting and dotting the black blanket of night above like little gems.

A cool breeze tickled the sides of his face as he heard the jingling of copper clashing together as Branzy twisted the key in the lock and pulled it out, momentarily making him forget about his sweat-soaked shirt and nearly soaking wet hair.

Clown looked down when Branzy's figure appeared at his side. The other boy's features looked even more angelic under the dim lighting over the moon and streetlights, yellow lights and shadows falling across the expanse of his jawline and perfectly straight nose as if it was manipulated.

He wondered what he had done right in his past life to come across someone like this.

"My car's over there" Clown said, pointing to the far left edge of the parking lot. Branzy nodded and looked at him with an indistinguishable look on his face and started walking in the direction of Clown's arm.

He stopped a couple feet away when he realized that the younger boy hadn't moved.

"Come on, I'll walk you to your car."

Clown had never been so grateful for the lack of lighting when a flush bloomed up the length of his neck at the words. Then another thought struck him.

Was Branzy into him too?

He didn't want to count on the possibility that he was wrong, but based off of the mysterious glint in those glossy eyes and the lovely pull of those rosy lips, he might not have been too far off.

"Yeah, sure, I'm coming."

He caught up to the white-haired boy in a few long strides and they settled into a slow pace, their arms brushing together every once in a while as they walked towards his car. Neither of them made an effort to do anything about it, something that only fueled the small fire burning in the pit of Clown's stomach.

The only sound echoing through the empty parking lot was the soft thumping of their shoes on the asphalt below for a few seconds, before a question popped into Clown's mind.

"Do you work at the company?"

Branzy looked at him, surprised.

"I do, I'm a clothing designer. How'd you know?"

Clown shrugged. "Dunno, I haven't seen you around the practice rooms so I assumed you weren't a dancer or a trainee, so I just assumed you worked somewhere else within the company."

"Mhm, I really can't dance to save my life. I'm the one that picks out all of your outfits for group videos, though."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, fun, right? I get to sit around and play with fabric all day," Branzy joked as he kicked a rock off the ground and into the long grass in front of the sidewalk, hands moving and motioning out in front of him as he happily explained some things Clown closely listened to. Happiness flooded his veins as he watched Branzy excitedly ramble on about some of the details of his job, pupils tracing over the happy curl of his eyes and small edges of pearly white teeth peeking out from under his lips when he smiled.

Branzy halted outside the driver's door when they reached the car, stepping slightly to the side to let the door open. Clown looked at him in confusion before a gentle hand landed on his arm and slowly spun him around, and he found himself face-to-face with Branzy again, this time only a few inches apart.

"Goodnight, Clown," Branzy's voice had dropped to a whisper.

Goosebumps ran up his arms at the sudden change in the other's demeanor, but he also couldn't say it wasn't welcomed, either.

"Goodnight to you too, Branzy," he replied, and was about to open his door and step into the car when he felt a pair of lips on his.

Branzy's lips were softer than Clown had imagined, and his breath hitched in his throat for a few seconds before his brain caught up with reality and he kissed back with equal enthusiasm, sliding a hand into the other boy's hair.

The rough skin of his hands desperately curled into the silky white locks as Clown tilted his head to gain more access to the other's mouth, being overwhelmed with the need to be *closer, closer, oh so much closer*.

Branzy pulled away a few seconds later to regain his breath, looking at Clown with such an adoring look as if he could just combust on the spot. The younger's brain short-circuited on the spot as the other pulled away and smiled, not bothering to fix the hair that had been messed up from Clown's hands in the process. His lips were pink and puffy from the pulling of the ravenette's teeth, and the sight alone was almost enough to send Clown into another rose-tinted spiral.

"Drive safely, Clown!"

And with that, he waved goodbye and turned on his heel to walk away, his retreating figure slowly fading into the night.

Long after Branzy had left, Clown still stood motionless outside his car, the wheels in the brain spinning to catch up with all the whiplash he had just gone through.

When it all settled to him, he brought a shaking hand up to his lips and smiled.

End Notes

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