

Follow Him Always

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/49099276) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/49099276>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP , Kaboodle SMP
Relationship:	Branzy/ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , Branzy (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Blood and Injury , Surgery Mention , amputation mention , blood mention , Not Beta Read , clown cares in a quiet kind of way , death mention
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Lifesteal SMP Works
Stats:	Published: 2023-08-04 Words: 1,046 Chapters: 1/1

Follow Him Always

by [MaNicWriting](#)

Summary

The people Branzy sees when it's time to make a move always ask the same questions when faced with him, and the end.

Notes

Based on the recent official Kaboodle SMP stream!!!

Clownzy Canon pog!!! Their characters were fun to watch, and I want the gays to win this story < / 3

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

The burning village before him would be nothing soon, Branzy could tell. It was routine. Clown would infiltrate, usurp, overtake a place. Sometimes the people would fight back. Branzy liked to be there to watch them try and fight a losing battle.

Which, of course, would leave him there in the middle of the rising plume of ash and smoke, looking down at a dying person. Their eyes would be full of anger, betrayal when he'd step next to Clown instead when they begged for help.

And like clockwork, they'd ask the same things.

"Why?"

"What makes you think you're so special?"

"What makes you think that monster could ever care about you?"

How did Branzy know Clown cared?

His answer was his left side. How he stared down at his mechanical hand. The one he lost so long ago. The metal fingers that tapped in perfect sync.

Branzy didn't remember that day too well. Something went wrong. Something burst. Something came through a portal. Then the--pain. He remembered pain. Trying to find his balance on the floor, only for the raw, exposed nerve endings to explode with pain when he toppled. It might have been glass or fire, chemicals or just the cold floor. But it hurt. It ripped a scream from his lungs.

Branzy knew he blacked out afterwards. He woke up in a bed--Clown's. Clown's bed, with Clown asleep at the side, holding his remaining hand. He didn't know what to think then, blood loss leaving him in a partial delirium. He tried to reach over with his other hand, at first thinking he just broke his arm.

Branzy remembered looking at the bandaged stump of his shoulder. His brain blacked out some of it, but he knew he screamed and sobbed and denied it. Grabbing Clown's shirt somewhere in his madness, begging to wake up. Because it had to be a bad dream, a nightmare, a delusion. He'd inhaled too many fumes, he was just hallucinating, and Clown was going to ground him in reality until his body processed everything.

Somewhere in his subconscious, a part of himself had thought it was all over. How could he help Clown? What good would he be? Why would Clown ever keep him now?

But Clown just stayed still as Branzy yelled, and begged, and screamed, until he was lightheaded, falling against Clown. The sobs racking his body. But Clown just held him. Let him burn himself out until his body was heavy with fatigue, Clown guiding him back to the pillows to rest. Clown's face never changed in expression, much like his mask. It was just Clown.

Just Clown who was gentle with his bandages when they had to be changed. Just Clown who took care of the wound, adding medicine to it to help it heal cleanly. Just Clown who helped him eat when his remaining hand got too shaky. Just Clown. He was always there. He was there when Branzy woke up, helped him get dressed. He gave Branzy the easier tasks in their home.

Branzy remembered the forehead kisses Clown gave when he thought the white haired man was asleep. But Branzy wouldn't let on that he knew. He liked when Clown kissed him, and didn't want it to stop.

When Branzy could sufficiently keep himself from burning the place down, Clown left for a day. He came back in the morning, waking Branzy impossibly gently. "I pulled a few strings and cashed a favor. Do you want to try a mechanical arm?" He wanted to kiss Clown so badly. Instead he nodded, trying not to cry as Clown showed off the schematics and details. Branzy understood what he was looking at--he was better with machines than chemicals at his core, at the time. With Clown's help, putting all the pieces together, getting the new socket fitted for his body.

Clown managed the surgery. Clown was smart, he could always figure something out. He learned so quickly.

The prosthetic was heavy at first. Metal was heavier than flesh, after all. But the anchor in his torso didn't tear at his skin, or hurt as the arm clicked into place. He remembered the awe as the fingers

moved. All but his pinky moved perfectly, the metal digit having a little delay. That could easily be worked on. But otherwise it was perfect.

Then the adjustment period. The first glass he tried to grasp breaking when he shoved it off, the lack of feeling, of touch throwing him off when he didn't reflexively wrap his fingers around it. It made delicate work a little harder. But Clown, his loving Clown, he never said a bad thing when he had to help clean up a mess. His patience was immeasurable, and Branzy appreciated that so much. And when he got things right, Clown gave him this nod, and this slight smile of approval. Improving, making mistakes, but moving forward daily.

The lab was pristine when Branzy finally got up the confidence to step inside again. Every raw material and case back in place, everything wiped clean. A large piece of paper was now pinned up on the wall even, with a list of mixes to not try again. The mix from that day was the only one so far, and Branzy hoped it'd stay alone up there. But now there was a series of safety features. Trapdoors, glass and metal shutters that would drop down, activated from a panel nearby. It admittedly took him a day to rewire everything correctly, but it was the thought and effort that counted.

Clown may not have shown much emotion, but he showed his care through actions. The way he still snuck into Branzy's room to kiss him on the head. Standing hip to hip with Branzy in the kitchen the days before he'd run to do errands. And Branzy was fine with it. Because it was Clown. Clown who picked him up and put him back together.

So staring down at the last person before him, he didn't feel the need to bother with an answer as the life faded from their eyes. Because they could never understand what he had, what was between him and Clown.

And that was just fine by him.

End Notes

Hope we get to see these two again one day!!!

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