

## In Moments Alone (In His Office, With Pillows And Tissues)

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## In Moments Alone (In His Office, With Pillows And Tissues)

by [Clownsplin](#)

### Summary

Although his outward appearances suggest otherwise, Clownpierce's moments alone are filled with stiff joints, aching muscles, and tear-stained cheeks. He gets small moments throughout the day when his pain lessens, even if by an infinitely small amount.

### Notes

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

It always fucking hurt. 5 AM was when it all started. 5 AM was the time every nerve in his body was seemingly lit on fire and it jolted him awake each time. No matter how he tried, he couldn't prevent the early morning onslaught. In the extremely early hours of the night (2 a.m., a time so detested by the jester), when the pain is the dullest, he lies down, forming a blanket mold of his body to hold himself in the least painful position. Nothing ever helped enough to make him comfortable. He lives with the dull anxiety of the chance of finding a new way in which to hurt. The only thing keeping him from breaking down every day from the sheer agony of his pitiful frame was the appearance he needed to maintain.

During the day, he didn't have the luxury of the bed that helped to make his ripped-apart body less excruciating. Instead, during his rare moments of downtime, he limped his way through his casino into the office he built specifically for this issue. Carefully bending over to grab a few pillows from an out-of-the-way cabinet (he really should reorganize), he throws it distastefully on the floor. He hated his ritual, he hated how his joints felt like they were bone on bone and how his muscles and skin screamed with thousands of voices every time he extended any of his limbs.

Glancing upward to briefly check the security camera feed on the TV he had in the corner, Clown slowly lowered himself to the floor. If anyone found him like this, he would be the laughingstock of every friend and foe he'd ever had. The thought sprinted circles around his mind as he carefully reached around to his back to the claps under his vest. In his constant drive to appear inhuman, he'd

picked up a corset to give him a horrifyingly gaunt appearance. He has had only vile curses for the corset since the day he first donned it. His gloved fingers struggled to find the clasps initially, but once he found them he easily popped them out of their brackets and gulped down a heavy lungful of air.

Finally able to breathe and move to the full ability of his limited mobility, he stretches his lanky self down onto the pillows. Clown nearly sobs in relief as his scars released their death grips on him. He nearly cried over the ruined joints and torn organs settling for even a millisecond. He finally felt tears truly prick his eyes when his cobbled-together skeleton was cradled by the floor and pillows beneath him.

If Clown had one wish, it wouldn't be to be immortal. It wouldn't be to be the best warrior his server had ever known. It wouldn't be to finally be the chaos puppeteer or the whirlwind tearing down the walls of fortresses. His wish would be for his soul to stop aching. For his hips to let him run and for his neck to turn without the feeling of a blade being pushed between his vertebrae. He wanted to sleep one full night, just once, without waking up to tear stains on his pillows.

## End Notes

bucket finally bullied me into posting this. ty.  
here, enjoy Another chronic pain clown fic. smile.

Majorly inspired by my own back pain and "hand me your hand, let me look in your eyes as my last chance to feel human begins to vaporize" by garlic\_sauc3!!!!

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