

Make Me Human

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40183905) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40183905>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP , lifesteal
Relationship:	Branzy/ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Branzy (Video Blogging RPF) , ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , Rekrap2 (Video Blogging RPF) , (Not a main focus though)
Additional Tags:	I always gotta include my mans rek at least a lil , I love that goober , Demon AU , demon!ClownPierce , some fun demon lore from me , A lil taste of this concept , once again making this title at the last moment lol , SLIGHT body horror but not really , just a description of an ugly demon dude
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Thrills LifeSteal Fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-09 Words: 2,418 Chapters: 1/1

Make Me Human

by [Thrills \(IWantToRemainASecret\)](#)

Summary

ClownPierce, a previously well-known demon, has finally been summoned after centuries of nothingness in the underworld. Now all he needs to do is make a deal with his new summoner to ensure he stays on Earth, and can finally return to a humanoid form.

It's too bad his new summoner doesn't believe he is real.

(Basically, a demon au, but with a bit of my own flare, because as I have said: we gotta get these trope fics made lads.)

Notes

IT'S ME THRILLS BETCHA THOUGHT I'D LEAVE AFTER WILL U PARRY ME DIDNT CHA? CANT GET RID OF ME THAT EASY-

Have a taste of an idea! I'll be posting a few fics like this, just little first chapter teasers to test the waters and see which I am most comfortable committing more time to. So, this may or may not be continuing... Hope you enjoy it regardless!

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

Clown hadn't been summoned in years. He was unsure how long exactly, but he knew it was a damn long time.

The longer he spent in hell the longer his body distorted, jaw extending lower with each breath of blazing hot air, back arching more and more till it was sharp in angles then curved, tail flicking beneath his dog-like hind legs, and his claws glistening in the blistering heat of nearby magma.

He knew what he looked like, with horns so twisted and sharp they could impale someone, eyes dark and sunken with hues of red that swirled like the souls of the damned; He looked like a low-level demon.

He wasn't always so malformed, the best demons were summoned more often, and the longer on Earth the more human one looked, seeing a humanoid person walk among the damned and the demonic was like seeing royalty. The knowledge that someone up there was consistently requiring their services, so frequently it meant they could near blend in... It was proof of their skill, seeing such a humanoid horror.

Some demons escaped, breaking free of salt circles and roaming the Earth, but if you avoid humans, you will never look like one, you need a reference to start the change. That's where the classics such as Mothman and Goatman failed, too long in the woods avoiding humans in hopes of freedom, too long exposed to creatures that they could not better blend with.

Clown once was a respected demon, summoned back in the medieval era, a knight with demonic powers others sought, his runic summoning symbols second nature to those who fought in the wars and battles of that time. He resembled a twisted jester, the fools he was most exposed to influencing his appearance, earning his name he chose, ClownPierce.

And now... Well...

Clown's claws gripped at his twisted horns, once holding similarities to that iconic jester's hat, now not a smidge of resemblance remained.

He mourned for his past life on Earth, and prayed to behave when he returned, prayed to never go against his summoner, once word got out that he double-crossed, no one summoned him again.

And it seemed now demons were not common knowledge on Earth, barely anyone was summoned.

He sat amongst the weak and grieving and grieved along with them.

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Clown wouldn't be able to tell you the day, or the time, or anything about the moment he was summoned again, how could he when there was nothing to gauge time on? All he knew was one moment he was sitting, lost in his own mind, and the next he felt it. The tug on his very soul.

It started small, a scribble of a tug, and Clown sat upright in shock, looking to his chest and gripping at the black fur that resided there. Someone was drawing his symbols.

It tugged harder, and Clown felt himself move up in a small jerk, he sucked in a breath, trying not to get too hopeful.

Then it *pulled*.

He rose through the ground, body dissipating into the air before being reformed.

“Finally.” He whispered, and he opened his eyes, now on Earth.

Clown didn't recognise a damn thing, there was no open field of blooded swords, no stone walled castle, no thatched rooved room, no. He looked around the room he was in, he was standing on a table, that he knew.

He allowed the bond now formed between himself and his summoner to connect fully, and begun the process of absorbing his summoners knowledge, the room, as if putting in glasses, came into focus within his mind.

He was standing on a coffee table, between two plush seats- couches, couches; he corrected internally. There were painting on the walls, no, framed photographs, taken on advanced technology called phones, incredible. There was a box in the corner, thin and rectangular, perched on another table. It played rapid images of events, *a TV*, his mind informed him, *it's a cooking show, Branzy is not invested in it.*

Branzy? Who's that? He looked down and stared at his summoner.

Branzy, he realised, had drawn his symbol on a napkin as he mindlessly watched the cooking show, eyes barely focused on the television. He had dyed white hair, a purple cotton shirt, and some navy pyjama pants on. He was not built like a warrior, though he had some muscle, he did not fight, did Clown need to fight? Why had he been summoned?

He stared at the napkin again and watched as Branzy continued to scribble on it.

Ah. He'd been summoned by mistake.

And Clown found himself grinning manically.

This is... This is perfect! If he was summoned by mistake, then all he had to do is get a small task by his summoner and ask to be released to Earth in return! He could live up in the good world! Perhaps there wasn't as much a need for warriors and knights as there was in the past, but he could still find a life here.

He crouched low, fitting his large form on the table, and stared as Branzy ignored him.

Branzy lifted a can off a coaster on the table, sipping slowly.

Alcohol, and not in a tankard, amazing.

“Branzy.” He said, voice hoarse from how the heat of the underworld had destroyed it, and from its lack of use.

Branzy startled slightly before he looked, staring up at Clown with a wide-eyed expression.

Expected, most humans do not believe in demons now, I have been told.

Then Branzy narrowed his eyes at him, and squinted at his drink, muttering under his breath.

“Branzy, greetings, I am a demon you have summoned by scrawling my symbol.” Clown explained, trying to appear nonthreatening, though it was hard with how very *wrong* his form looked.

“God dangit.” Branzy muttered, glaring at the drink with a scowl, “The doc never said that alcohol negates the effects!” He huffed, rising up in frustration, “I do not want to deal with this today!” He threw his hands up before storming to the kitchen and dumping the rest of the drink down the sink drain.

“Uh.” Clown said eloquently, trying to use their connection to figure out why Branzy was not reacting to him. “I apologise for my abrupt appearance, Sir Branzy, but I require a task and deal in order to satisfy the requirements of the summoning.”

“Blah blah blah!” Branzy spat, glaring at Clown, he rolled his eyes, “Argh, always demons, my brain is the least creative thing ever I swear.” He ran a hand down his face, sighing, “I haven’t had audio hallucinations either since forever. Jesus.”

Clown paused, recognition crossing his swirling eyes. “Oh, you believe me to be a hallucination?”

Branzy paced in the kitchen, “I’ll have to call him up tomorrow to ask about this, I’ve been fine for months, have I drunk before this? Surely I have... He never mentioned that I couldn’t. Maybe I need a higher dose.”

“I am real, Sir Branzy!” Clown said, a bit louder, trying to reach him over his ramblings.

“Sure you are big guy, sure.” Branzy laughed, “Alright, bedtime for Branzy.” He shut off the kitchen light and went to the bathroom, Clown followed slowly, hulking form struggling to fit in doorways.

“I’m real! You summoned me by scrawling my runic symbols, you can get of me by making a deal with me!”

Branzy started brushing his teeth and rolled his eyes, “Mhm, sure, God, I hope you don’t talk all night, I need sleep.”

“You can feel me, doesn’t that prove I am real?”

“I can’t feel you. I don’t have tactile hallucinations.” Branzy scoffed, and unknowingly setting a requirement in their deal.

Clown watched with sadness as his clawed hand went through Branzy.

“Well, you can’t feel me now, you just set a standard in our deal.”

“Excuses, excuses.” Branzy said around his toothbrush, spitting in the sink and washing out his mouth. “I’m going to bed, goodnight demon.” Branzy sighed, walking toward his bedroom.

Clown followed, verging on desperate, “Please, I wish to explore Earth, give me task so we may make a deal that sets me free?”

“Don’t watch me sleep.” Branzy said, and Clown froze in the doorway, sighing.

“I shall wait for you in your living room.”

The door shut and Clown stared at it as a feeling of hopelessness filled his chest.

Of course, of course his chance at being on Earth came with the cost of his summoner not even believing him to be real. He slumped against the door.

“Goodnight, sir.” He mumbled, and he heard snoring inside.

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Branzy woke up after a refreshing sleep, having gone to bed earlier than usual in hopes of getting rid of his hallucination. *Oh yeah*, he thought, stretching in bed and getting up, *he'd have to ask his doctor about this, see what could be done*. Well, maybe it was a one-time thing, and the demon he saw is gone now.

He opened the door and audibly groaned, as the grotesque demon was sitting on his couch, reading a book.

The hallucination demon perked up and looked at him, gaping malformed jaw not phasing Branzy in the slightest, having suffered with schizophrenia for a lot of his life, he was used to unsavoury imagery.

“Good morning Branzy, I have been learning through your knowledge and your books about the world today, it's far different than it was when I first was summoned.” The demon said.

Branzy moved past him to the kitchen, opening his cereal cabinet and grabbing the box, as well as his pill bottle. (He found it easier to remember to take them when he tied it to a pre-existing routine, like getting breakfast.)

“What are those?”

“They're my meds, antipsychotics, makes you things go away, or at least makes it manageable.” He took one and drank some water as he made his cereal. “Was working just fine before you popped up.” He huffed, running a hand through his hair before he sat down on his other couch.

“I'm sorry to make you think your treatment isn't working, it is, I am an outlier because I am real.”

Branzy turned on the TV, eating his cereal calmly.

“Look, I'm holding a book, your book, doesn't that prove anything?”

Branzy glanced at the demon, and swiped a hand through it, it went straight through. Odd, usually his mind made them react. “I've had hallucinations interact with what I thought were real objects.”

The demon slumped; its spine was so angular it looked like a triangle.

Branzy checked the time on the TV and winced, Rek would be visiting in half an hour to pick him up before they went to the city. He really didn't want this demon to still be around when he arrived.

“Be quiet while I call up my doc, alright demon? I don't have a therapy appointment till next week and I do not want you to still be there by then.” He whipped out his phone and rang.

The demon nodded, and politely went to watching the TV.

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“So, just an episode or something? I can't think of anything I did differently.” Branzy sighed, rubbing his nose, and Clown watched sadly as he tried to find an answer to the wrong problem. “Yeah, I'll keep taking them, no, no, it isn't harmful or anything, it just acts like a weird, I don't

know, old timey fancy talking demon thing. Looks ugly but nothing I haven't seen before."

Clown was appalled by that thought, what type of creatures plagued his summoner?

"Got it, yeah, I'll ask her if it's still around by then. Thanks, haha! Well now that you've said that I'm gonna go to every bar in existence... Kidding, kidding, alright, thanks doc, bye." He hung up and slid back in his seat.

"Great, so I threw out a perfectly good beer for nothing."

"I told you that I'm not a hallucination." Clown reiterated, unsure how he could prove it to him.

"Alright, demon, what are you then?"

"A demon. You summoned me, and now in order to release me we need to make a deal."

"Look, I have a friend arriving soon, so can you just, not talk to me while he is here or something?"

"If that's what you want. I must follow your every order, unless you request something too large to do for free." Clown explained, desperate for comradery, "I am skilled in combat and murder, I can kill anyone you want me to, I will do anything you wish if you ask it, Sir Branzzy."

"Whatever, just don't talk so I can actually hang out with him in peace." Branzzy said, going into his room and changing, "And if you can, don't follow me out!"

"I think if I left your residence- Apartment, then many humans on the street would be alarmed."

Branzy snorted, "Sure they would." He exited, now in a vest, jeans, sneakers and a purple dress shirt. "Fit check?"

Clown relied on his connection to decipher that, ah, outfit review, "You look very put together, I like the vest."

"Thank you! And people called me extra... Wait you're in my brain I'm just complimenting myself." He winced, "Yikes."

"Once again, not in your head." Clown sighed.

A knock sounded from the door and Clown perked up, silencing himself as per their agreement.

Branzy opened it with a grin. "Rek! Hey!"

"Branzy! So good to see you-" The person, Rek, stepped inside and instantly locked eyes with Clown, "W-Wha." He stammered, stumbling back, "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT BRANZY?!"

"What?" Branzzy said, eyebrows creased in confusion, he glanced to Clown. "What? The hallucination? Did I knock over a table or something when interacting with it?"

Rek stared at Branzzy with wide eyes and dragged him by his shoulders and tried to force him behind himself, he stared up at Clown. "Branzy." He said, gripping his friend tightly, "Branzy that's not a hallucination."

Clown watched as his summoners face rapidly pale, turning to him in horror and dread. "W-What- You mean, THAT'S FUCKING REAL?!" He screamed, and the two scrambled out of the apartment, cowering in the face on the, very real, very deadly, very dangerous, demon ClownPierce.

Clown smelt the fear rolling off their forms, breathing it in and standing to his full height. *Finally.*

Clown wished he hadn't accepted to stay silent, because he really, really, wanted to say:

I told you so.

End Notes

Here is a rundown on what would happen if i keep writing this:

Branzy now entering [fear mode] is more in character with what we know of him. Clown slowly progresses to be more casual and become the ClownPierce we know and love.

Clown slowly becomes more humanoid the longer he is on Earth, yay! The two make a deal that equally benefits them, (what that is I have yet to figure out).

(And mayyyybeeee clown gets sent back accidentally and branzy has to panic and figure out his runic symbols and go on a historical hunt to a medieval history location and then learns how much of a powerful figure he- AH! I'm spoiling myself and I haven't even written it yet!)

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