

Of course we're partners. Business partners.

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

Summary

Branzy follows in all his dances, but he cannot for the life of him follow what they're talking about.

Clown and Branzy hold a ball to try and get the server to trust them again.

Notes

Hey, trying to get better at one-shots, here was a goofy exercise I tried. Nothing special I'm afraid. The longfics will be updated soon, working on a big chap rn so needed a break.

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

Branzy stepped back from where he had hung a large banner, eyeing it and tilting his head as he tried to figure out if it was even. *Nope, definitely not, that side is drooping.* He grumbled and got back up on the ladder, hanging the left side a little bit higher so it matched.

“Looking good, Branzy!” Clown called, Branzy looked over his shoulder and threw him a smile.

“Thanks!” He replied, sliding down the ladder expertly just to show off; His efforts went rewarded as Clown whistled cleanly in appreciation. “How goes preparation?”

Clown held up a notebook, flipping the page and ticking something off. “All clear here, got the music, the food and drink, banners up now so... I think we’re all clear.” He nodded with affirmation.

“Good, and... You did double check for any active explosives?” Branzy asked with a wince.

Clown rolled his eyes fondly, barely visible behind his mask, but Branzy could tell from how he tilted his head. “Yes, I did, we’re in the clear. If Rek decides to go digging, he won’t find any reason not to trust us.” He waved for Branzy to follow, “Now come on, we want to be dressed and ready to greet our guests.”

Branzy nodded, jogging after him with excitement. “It’s been so long since we’ve had an honest-to-God party! I can’t remember the last one that wasn’t rigged! Or had a bunch of wolves show up!”

“Yeah, hopefully the no-pet-policy nips that in the bud.” Clown scoffed.

“I’m so excited! I’ve been practicing my dancing.” Branzy explained, mimicking some dancing, much to Clown’s amusement.

“Lovely, looking good. As long as we both look as genuine as we can be, then there will be no reason for people to distrust us anymore.”

That was the whole point of the ball, which Clown had very tactfully named... “Clown’s Ball(s).”

(It was originally called ‘Clown and Branzy’s ball(s)’ but Branzy very politely asked to not be included in the title.)

A way to convince the members of the server to not only trust them, but also to maybe see them as honest enough to have another go at their casino. Besides, parties were practically apart of the whole casino aesthetic. They had plenty of room to add a dance floor, now lovingly decorated. *SO* lovingly decorated that surely, *surely*, they wouldn’t put in all that effort to make it look nice if they were just going to blow it up?

Flawed logic coming from the team that blew up Branzy’s castle.

The pair parted ways to change; Branzy stumbling out of his room just in time for the first few guests to arrive. He greeted them with a smile and a firm handshake, Clown stared at them, offering a small bow as he led them in.

“Branzy,” Clown said calmly and with affection, he was guiding PrinceZam into the main area, “Could you be a dear and get our guest something to drink?”

Branzy beamed, “On it, Clown!” He said happily, skipping off toward the bar, missing the curious glance Zam cast his way as he left.

He returned with the drink promptly, having gathered a few glasses for Clown and himself as well. There were more guests, all chatting with false pleasantries that can only be bred from trust issues.

Rek, among the guests, who was standing on the only solid block in their area, (the rest of the floor was carpeted) waved at him eagerly.

“Branzy!” He greeted, and Branzy waved back, careful not to spill the drinks.

“Hey Rek! Here you go Zam,” Branzy passed the glass to Zam, who eyed it suspiciously, “Here Rek have one!” He gave the glass intended for himself to Rek who, like Zam, stared at it.

“Guys?” Branzy prompted, Rek shot his head up.

“How do I know this isn’t poisoned?”

Branzy shrugged, “Well, if it helps, that was intended for me.”

Zam’s eyes widened, “So is mine poisoned?!”

“What? No! What are you-“

Clown reached over and grabbed the glass Branzy still had, handing it to Rek and taking his drink, then giving Rek’s drink to Zam’s. “There. No poison.” He diffused with ease.

“You’re so smart, Peircy!” Branzy praised. Clown nodded jerkily.

“Well, I have to go greet the other guests.” Clown spun around and went to one of the other gathering groups, arms spread wide with dramatic flair as he approached.

Branzy watched him go before turning his attention to Rek and Zam, Rek was taking a tentative sip from his glass, deeming it safe and continuing to drink like normal.

“Geez Rek, would it kill you to relax a little? I’m not going to kill you; you haven’t crossed me or Clown.” Branzy laughed.

Rek rolled his eyes, “It pays to be paranoid in a place like this Branzy.”

“You and Clown seem pretty... *relaxed* around each other.” Zam commented dryly raising a brow, “I’d think someone indebted to that man would be jumping at every opportunity to get away.”

“You’d think wrong.” Branzy huffed, “Clowns really loyal, he watches out for me, and I watch out for him.”

The three jolted as a sound of shock was heard in the other group. Turning, they saw Clown leaving calmly, the members of the group looking pretty shocked and uncomfortable. It was Vitalasy, Subz, and Spepticle, and odd mix of people.

Vitalasy caught Branzy’s eye and dashed over, gripping his sleeve with concern.

“Branzy, Branzy, please tell me it isn’t true.”

“What?” Branzy said nervously, eyes darting toward Clown, worried he had let some plan slip.

“You and Clown are partners?!” Vitalasy hissed with wide eyes.

Branzy tilted his head in confusion, “Uh, yeah?” He responded.

Vitalasy let him go and stepped back in shock.

“What?” Branzy asked, “We’ve been together for so long how could you have not known? We literally opened a casino together?”

We started our partnership as business partners specifically for the funhouse, surely it was common knowledge.

“I can’t believe this.” Vitalasy said as he gripped his head through his hood, Subz walked up beside him.

“It’s true?”

“It is. Oh my god. There’s no saving him now.” He whined loudly, sliding onto the floor.

Branzy rolled his eyes, “Dramatic much?” He turned to Rek and Zam, “What’s with them?”

Zam shrugged, “I mean, I thought it was pretty obvious, you seemed so happy to do what he wanted.

“I had suspicions from how close you guys were, but It’s a little surprising honestly... Then again, maybe Clown wants your help with Redstone out of it. I hope you’re not being used.”

“Huh?” Branzy queried. “I mean, we’re both getting something out of it, obviously. I’m not being held hostage.”

“Are you sure?!” Vitalasy cried, springing up from the ground, “We can save you!”

Branzy laughed, “Chill, I’m fine.” He stepped back, wracking his head for what could have caused this reaction, “I really don’t get what the big deal is.”

“You!” Vitalasy said, aggressively pointing at him, “Him!” He pointed at Clown across the dancefloor with even more aggression. “Partners?! What do you see in him?”

Branzy rose a brow, “He’s the deadliest player in lifesteal, what *don’t* I see in him?”

It was highly beneficial for us to stick together, I had the brains for his elaborate traps and Clown had the means to protect me since I’m the weakest player.

“Oh, he likes power.” Zam nodded softly.

Branzy was even more confused now, “Don’t... Don’t we all?”

Rek snorted and shook his head, “Oh my god, Branzy.”

“What?! I feel like I’m missing something here.”

“Gotta say,” Rek begun, “I honestly feel a lot safer attending this party after hearing this news, I bet this was just Branzy’s elaborate plan to dance with Clown.” Rek smirked, “Right?”

Branzy flushed, stumbling over his words, “Wh-What?! No! Why, why would you even think-“

“Holy shit, it totally is!” Zam laughed. “Man, we don’t need to be worried in the slightest.”

Branzy schooled his expression, he had no idea where this assumption came from, but he could certainly use it to his advantage to stop having everyone so suspicious of them. “I mean, yeah, there’s no trap or anything, just food and drink and... dancing.”

Vitalasy rose a brow at him, “I can’t believe you can put up with that murderer.”

“We’re all murderers, Vitalasy.”

Branzy's confusion grew the moment the music began, and everyone stepped onto the dance floor. The mood was positive. In fact, it seemed everyone had relaxed and were enjoying their selves thoroughly. Which was great! But... Weird. It seemed the rumour that Branzy concocted the idea of a party just to get to Clown to dance with him had spread, and it... eased everyone?

Branzy shook his head to clear his thoughts. He joined everyone on the dance floor, noticing Mid without a partner, he bowed to her and offered his hand. "M'lady." He joked.

"Oh," He smiled, "Thanks Branzy." She grabbed his hand and placed it on her shoulder, putting her hand on Branzy's back and beginning to guide them onto the floor with their remaining hands joined.

"Wha- Why are you leading?!" Branzy spluttered as she led them through the dance expertly.

"Because I can. So, you and Clown huh?" She smiled brightly.

"Why is everyone talking about that today?" Branzy frowned.

"Clown said you guys are partners." She explained with a shrug, spinning Branzy and dipping him, "It stirred up quite a lot of chatter."

"Why? I thought everyone knew we were partners?" Branzy frowned.

"We had suspicions, but no one really wanted to ask Clown, worried about getting murdered and all. Vitalasy thought he'd ask tonight since if he killed him then no one would stay for his party."

"Why would he kill anyone for asking that?" Branzy said, puzzled beyond belief.

"I don't know, it's hard to know what he's defensive about. How long have you guys been together anyway?" She asked.

"Oh uh," Branzy thought back, "I think it was... Yeah, back when he approached me with the idea of a funhouse. So before it opened."

She whistled, "Wow, pretty long time, that's impressive. And to think so many thought it was a new development."

"Why would they think that?" Branzy grumbled quietly, they slowed their dancing.

She bowed as the song drifted to an end, picking up a new beat. Branzy blinked stupidly as she parted and grabbed a new partner.

He was tapped on the shoulder and smiled when he was it was Spepticle who was waiting, bowing politely, "May I have this dance?"

"Of course." Branzy said, jokingly doing a curtsy, Spepticle assumed the position of the lead and Branzy hid his frustration with a huff.

"It's really nice of you guys to make this party, I wasn't sure that it was going to be safe, after you killed me and all."

"Eh, that's all in the past." Branzy said with a shrug, nervously smiling in what he hoped was a comforting gesture.

"Nice! Glad to know," Spepticle dipped him, nearly toppling with Branzy's weight, Branzy laughed and pulled himself back up, "So! Who asked who?"

Branzy straighten, “Huh? Who?”

“Yeah! Was it you or Clown?”

Branzy thought back to when Clown first approached him with a business opportunity, “Hm, Clown, I guess.”

“I knew it!” He released his hold to fist pump the air, “Oh, partner switch! Bye Branzy!”

“Bye?” He said hesitantly, twirling and falling into his next dance partner, Ashswag.

“Hey Ash!” He greeted, reaching out to guide him in the dance, Ash grabbed his hand and started to lead instead. Branzy fumed quietly.

“Hey Branzy, nice work scoring that manic man, never thought the crazy ones were your type.” Ash laughed, nodding in the direction of Clown.

“Type?” Branzy said.

“Yeah, I mean, what do you even like about him?”

“Oh,” He thought, letting Ash guide him as he did, “He’s really strong, and pretty protective which is nice, plus his ideas are so creative that they let me have fun designing them. Plus he never leaves me to build stuff on my own, always helping out on the builds.”

“Aww.” Ash cooed, “I can’t believe I scared you as Herobrine but you somehow can find Clown THAT endearing. He’s practically his own demon.”

“Oh shut up, anyone would scream when being chased by someone flying, you glitch.” He joked; Ash laughed.

“And anyone would scream if Clown chased them! How do you live with that level of stress just over your shoulder?!”

“He’s pretty funny, usually just scares me as a joke.” Branzy snorted.

Ash sighed, “Whatever makes you happy I guess.”

Branzy frowned again, he definitely wasn’t understanding something in these conversations, did he miss out on a major event or something?

“Switch!” Ash declared, dipping him then shoving him toward Rek, who steadied him.

“Woah, hey there Branzy. You’re the talk of this whole dance.”

“It seems to be that way,” He groaned, realising he was once again following, “Rek, why is everyone talking about me and Clown like it’s new news?”

Rek accidentally stepped on Branzy’s foot, Branzy hissed as they fixed their dance, “Sorry, and uh, because it is? I would have thought you’d be screaming to the world that you guys are dating but I guess you just assumed we all would have figured it out.”

Branzy froze, Rek bumped into him, urging him to keep dancing. “Dat...ing?”

“Yeah, with you and Clown being partners everyone is a little bit alarmed that the power couple of the server is two dorks, one with a god complex and the other a scaredy-cat.”

“Clown does NOT have a god complex he- Wait, wait, partners, we’re partners, right?” He processed.

“Yeah? That’s what he’s been saying all night, and you’ve been agreeing to it.”

“I...” He flushed red, eyes darting all over the dance floor, everyone was dancing and chatting happily, everyone was happy for once and *calm*. For once, no one was on edge, and that was because... Everyone thought Branzzy and Clown were *dating*?

Should he tell them otherwise? Oh god, what was Clown going to think?! He’d been spreading a rumour of them being *b-boyfriends* without his consent!

“Uh, Um, I...” He noticed a few people already switching dance partners, “Look, I think, I think this is being blown out of proportions.”

Rek laughed sweetly, “Dude, your fault for not telling anyone earlier! If you didn’t want it to be hot gossip, shouldn’t have confirmed it here!”

Branzy felt himself thrown away from his current dance partner, stumbling backwards before landing in the arms of his next. His mind scrambled for some semblance of a way to tell Clown what he had accidently done but came up blank. He had no easy way of explaining away what everyone was assuming.

“Branzy.”

Branzy blinked rapidly back into the present moment, staring up at Clown as they waltzed together, laughter and chatter from the rest of the lifesteal members surrounding them as people united with their beginning dance partners. The song was more slow, good for a longer conversation, and for a confession.

“Clown.” Branzzy said, before gulping, “I have made a mistake, several in fact.” He admitted.

“Oh.” Clown dipped Branzzy, who grunted in frustration.

“Why am I always the one following?”

“Ah, you can have a go.” Clown said, shifting himself so that Branzzy was now leading, “And about the mistakes, that’s, fine, actually. Because I also made a mistake.”

“Oh?”

“Yes... Several.”

“So we have both made several mistakes.”

“That seems to be the truth...”

The two looked nervously at each other. “Uh, okay, so, who’s saying their mistake first?”

Clown sucked in a breath and squeezed his eyes shut. “I may have, continuously, called you my partner, as in business partner, but I kept omitting the business portion so... Many have... assumed.”

“Oh.” Branzzy said, a small giggle forming in his throat, he cracked a smile, “Clown, I may have, also, mistakenly, been agreeing to the assumption that we are partners, not realising they did not mean it in the business sense.”

Clown slumped, and Branzy dipped him so low his hair touched the floor, “Great, so everyone at our ball thinks we’re dating.”

“Yep.” Branzy said, popping the ‘p’ and pulling Clown back upright. “What do we do now? It’s gonna be really awkward to tell me that it’s not true.”

“Agreed, that is way too much of a hassle to explain.” Clown grunted, and Branzy pulled him closer by the waist.

They danced in silence for a bit, mulling over the situation, ignoring the glances and smirks the other partygoers threw their way. Branzy knew his cheeks were red, and from how stiff Clown had gone, he was likely in a similar state of mind; hyper-aware of the attention they had garnered.

The rest of the server members at the party let them stay dancing together, even when it was time to switch partners. The state of calm and fun was so rare that everyone revelled in the chance to kick back and enjoy themselves.

If love could bloom in a place as death-ridden and distrusting as Lifesteal, maybe things were going to be alright.

“Let’s just...” Branzy bit his lip, pulling Clown close enough that he wouldn’t need to see his expression, “Let’s not correct them.”

Clown hummed, a quiet thing, but one laced in so much mirth that Branzy found himself comprehending it. Clown dug his head into Branzy’s shoulder. “Okay.”

Branzy laughed at the reaction and continued to lead the dance, glad to finally have the chance to not follow.

And if Clown stayed tucked away into Branzy’s shoulder grinning to himself for the rest of the night? Well, no one batted an eye, that’s just what partners do.

End Notes

Clown omitted 'business' on purpose.

Hope this helps!

:thumbs_up:

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