

Pindrop Loud

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/45633013) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/45633013>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Branzy & ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , Clownzy if you squint - Relationship
Character:	Branzy (Video Blogging RPF) , ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD , Hurt No Comfort , No Dialogue , unedited , No beta we die like Branzy keeps doing I don't even know
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Random Clownzy things that may or may not be vaguely and slightly related
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2023-03-10 Words: 775 Chapters: 1/1

Pindrop Loud

by Anonymous

Summary

Branzy is very bored. Staying utterly quiet isn't his strong suit. His strong suit is talking. And laughing. And not not dying. Silence is upsetting.

Clown wants him to be quiet, so that's what he'll do. No matter what.

Branzy tosses a stone up into the air. Boring day in many ways. Clown told Branzy to be quiet and stay out, and when the most dangerous assassin in the world tells you something, you listen.

Branzy still isn't sure how he's Clown's partner. Or why. There are so many better redstoners than him. A lot easier to work with too. And most aren't known for being a traitor. And yet, somehow, Branzy is here, and they are not.

He finds it funny. Some people would kill to have this position, and others would kill not to. Both the protection and danger comes from one man. Probably. Nobody actually knows if he's a man. Might not be human.

Up, down, up, down, throwing a stone is so dumb, what is a better thing to do?

Branzy pushes himself up and scans the room. Brewing stand? After the potion incident, Clown would kill him. Mine? No use. There are already diamonds and iron in a dozen different saferooms around the casino, probably more. There's nothing to do.

Branzy contemplates leaving to go annoy Rekrap, but Clown's specific words were, "*I'm going to*

be busy for a few hours, and I need you to be here. Just be quiet.”

Leaving isn't the best idea.

So, all there is to do, it throw the rock.

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What if he gets two rocks?

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Branzy isn't sure how he ended up juggling seven rocks above his bed, but he's not complaining. He almost lasted two seconds with all seven. This is his circus act. Juggling rocks. Branzy's special superpower. He will be the best rock juggler that the world has ever seen.

An interesting fact about Branzy is that he was dropped on the head as a baby. Maybe. Rek told him so. It doesn't come as a surprise that a rock fell of the bed to anyone but Branzy.

A startled gasp comes out of his throat, and Branzy is on his feet within seconds. A sword is already drawn. He looks down at the stone that scared the ever living daylights out of him with absolute embarrassment. What if Clown saw that? Scared of almost his own shadow. He'd regret- Clown. Clown told him to be quiet, and Branzy just made a loud noise.

Branzy abandons his sword on his bed in favor of scrambling under a small redstone contraption that was sitting near the wall. Branzy disobeyed Clown. He might be mad. What if Clown changes his mind? What if he kills him? Clown kills people who don't do what he says. Branzy witnessed this.

Branzy sucks in a shaky breath, before peeking out of his cramped corner to focus on the door. It didn't move. Branzy doesn't dare move. Clown could be waiting until Branzy thinks it's safe. That's an evil thing to do. He is pure evil.

Branzy doesn't move an inch for what feels like an eternity. The quiet ticking of a clock is drowned out by a heartbeat. Branzy still doesn't move. He learned this lesson the hard way.

Clown doesn't come out. Branzy leaves his hiding spot, creeping forwards until he's standing right in front of the door. Nothing.

He lays back down on the floor. Instead of tossing rocks, Branzy will content himself on the fact Clown probably didn't hear it, and not move until Clown comes out. Nope. He has taken on a new form, only known as Floorzy. Floorzy is one with the floor.

...

This will be a while.

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Clown watches with slight concern from the camera's as Branzy lays perfectly still. Branzy is a toddler who broke into the sugar jar, not this. He says to himself that he doesn't know why Branzy would react that way, he doesn't know what he's afraid of, but he does.

He's afraid of Clown.

And Clown gets it. He doesn't have the reputation he does by being a kitty cat. Almost everyone is scared of Clown, and those who aren't, don't know who he is.

But that wasn't normal fear.

All Clown wanted to do was see how long it would take until Branzy cracks. He does what Clown tells him. No matter what. All the time. He's used to people being fairly... cooperative, but not to Branzy's extent. It came as a surprise when Branzy bolted behind his redstone, away from where Clown is watching.

Why is he so scared? Clown couldn't ever hear it fall. He would never have known if he wasn't watching.

The more he watches Branzy lay still, the more questions lose their answers. Answers that Clown is dead set on finding.

Why is Branzy so scared?

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