

#PurpleEyedGuy

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#PurpleEyedGuy

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

Summary

@bloodnguts

Uh hey, did anyone else just see the Clownpierce randomly start chasing a fan with his scythe?

- @lotusbread

Saw it too! That poor guy wtf! Run purple eyed guy run!

- @ClownPierce

HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DONE.

Notes

I learnt work skins to make the Twitter stuff appear for this. I am learning. My power grows with each word I throw into the wind like scattered seeds to the hungry birds, whom are you, my dear readers, my beloved pigeons <3.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Ahem, hey this is future Thrills dropping in to say; if you look at this and go "hold up, the tweets look different then I remember" THAT'S COS THEY DOOOOO, I have updated the formatting to a more current workskin so it looks all pretty now! I haven't changed anything else, only updated the tweets and made some of the likes bigger cos my sister said it wasn't accurate. OK BYE, I'LL LET U KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN NEXT I UPDATE LATER NERDS!!!

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

It had happened five times, but honestly, it could have been more just out of his vision. Five times has he seen the same fan, purple eyes, white hair, line up in his signing queue, before chickening out and running away.

Credit where it's due, he was getting closer each time.

He had actually wanted to meet the fan too, he had been supporting Clown since the start of his duelling career, coming to his fights back when he was barely known. Clown had first spotted him in the audience of his tenth match, eyes sparkling with excitement and lips parted in awe. Clown had decided he quite liked that expression and wanted to be as dazzling as he could as he fought, the most entertaining duellist ever. He'd logged the man away in his memory as he noted him coming consistently to his matches again and again, even when he got good enough to need tickets to see him, he always paid, and he always showed. Clown subconsciously called him purple eyed guy.

He saw him as his biggest fan, even though he didn't scream as loud as the rest of the crowd or write 'ClownPierce' across his chest like some, or even wave some flags, he still cheered, still grinned, and always watched.

ClownPierce got big fast, gaining traction after a particularly entertaining duel where he versed multiple people and won, he got himself a publicity agent, and was told in order to promote his 'brand' he needed to meet fans. He was told he'd need a gimmick, (check, clown theme) merch, (he started selling a couple t-shirts, he didn't wanna sell out), and he'd need to interact with his fanbase.

His agent was pleasantly surprised on how compliant he was to the idea of fan meet ups and autographs, he paled slightly when Clown suggested he could sign people's weapons. (Clown convinced them and they reluctantly agreed.)

He secretly hoped the purple eyed guy would join the meetup, he wanted to thank him for his support.

And he did!

Temporarily.

The first time he saw him he was near the end of the line, he was glancing everywhere but ahead,

looking more nervous than any of the other fans, even some around him in line appeared to be calming him down. But then Clown watched in shock as he chuckled and waved someone off, stepping out of the line and gesturing for them to move up, they did, albeit slowly and in surprise. The purple eyed guy then turned away, and speed walked away.

ClownPierce was quickly distracted by another fan, but the thought of his number one fan not wanting to meet him gnawed away at his brain.

-

The second time he was in the middle, moving up further then last time at least, he looked nervous just like last time, glancing around, and Clown was losing hope. He was confused though, it cost money to meet him, so why was this guy paying so much just to throw it away?

The man's eyes slowly met his, and stared, shimmering under the afternoons sun, his expression was unreadable to Clown, maybe from how far he was from the booth or maybe from the pure neutrality of it. He kept his eyes locked onto Clown, stepping out of line, before sprinting away.

Maybe Clown's mask was scaring him.

-

Clown's mask he wore to all matches to intimidate others, it wasn't a big deal, just a part of his character, it was creepy and fun! Though it was a mask, and masks can come off, he'd had a few matches where his mask had been accidentally knocked off his head, forcing him to stumble back. Usually though, his opponent would scramble to cover him up from the audience's view.

One time he saw the purple eyed guy in the audience just after his mask had been knocked off, he knew his face would once again be all over the internet, countless photos of him glaring had been caught prior times. But the fact that the purple eyed guy had seen it made him still his rush for putting it back on, maybe if he saw that he was just a regular guy, he wouldn't be as scared of him?

He wiped his cut lip as he glared down his enemy, who was grabbing the mask off the ground and chucking it to Clown, Clown caught it with one hand, turning to look at his fan, eyes narrowed as he stared him down.

See? I'm normal. He thought, as he continued to lock eyes with him, before slipping his mask on and stabbing his opponent.

Apparently, that didn't help enough, but it must have done something, because the next fan meet-up he was in the line again! Hurray, third times the charm, right?

Wrong.

The third time, the third time was a bit special, he was close enough for Clown to speak and be heard by him. He tried to appear extra friendly to the fans before him, just to try and convince him he wasn't a threat.

The fucker dipped when he was five people away from meeting him. Clown crushed his pen in his fist in frustration and had to grab a new one.

-

The fourth time ClownPierce had asked security guards to prevent anyone from leaving the line.

It was a bit extra, sure, but at this point he was concerned for the man's wallet, if he kept spending money on him then not getting what he bought, he was basically wasting it. How he afforded to come to all his shows currently he didn't know!

But his biggest fan appeared to be a bit of a trickster, as he was stepping out of line, the security guards came to tell him to go in. The easiest option would be to say you need to go to the bathroom, but the guards wouldn't allow that.

Clown couldn't hear the conversation from his distance, as he watched the man happily talk with the guard, gesturing out of the area toward the car park. He later learned he told the guard he had left the item he wanted signed in his car, and just wanted to grab it, or else it was a useless meeting.

IT'S ALWAYS USELESS BECAUSE YOU MISS THE SIGNING! Clown wanted to yell when the guards informed him of that.

Of course, he left and didn't come back, leaving a guard who had kindly held his place, confused upon reaching ClownPierce.

Clown had growled as he saw him run away again, the fan he was currently meeting startling.

-

The fifth time Clown had chased him.

It was a warm day, enough to make duelling work up more sweat than usual. It was a terrific duel, one of Clowns best he believed, his opponent was near matching in his skill level which made his plays more interesting to watch and far more entertaining when he won. He was incredibly pleased, turning to the crowd watching and shouting in victory, he paused when he saw amongst the excitable crowd was the purple eyed guy, who was cheering just as loud. He extended his scythe out, pointing it at him, he glared beneath his mask.

"Don't. Run." He muttered.

The guy looked nervous under his gaze, despite it being unreadable beneath Clown's mask.

He was hoping the day would continue to be pretty great, as he saw the purple eyed guy a bit more composed, moving up the line steadily, not back-tracking just yet.

Clown spoke to the fan in front of him, exchanging pleasantries and signing his sword. He paused though, tilting his neck as he saw the guy was now third in line. Closer than he had ever been! He internally cheered, until he saw him start shuffling his feet, and glancing backward toward the exit.

Oh no you don't. Clown thought, then he saw him move his feet and Clown shot out of his chair, grabbing his scythe and leaping over the table.

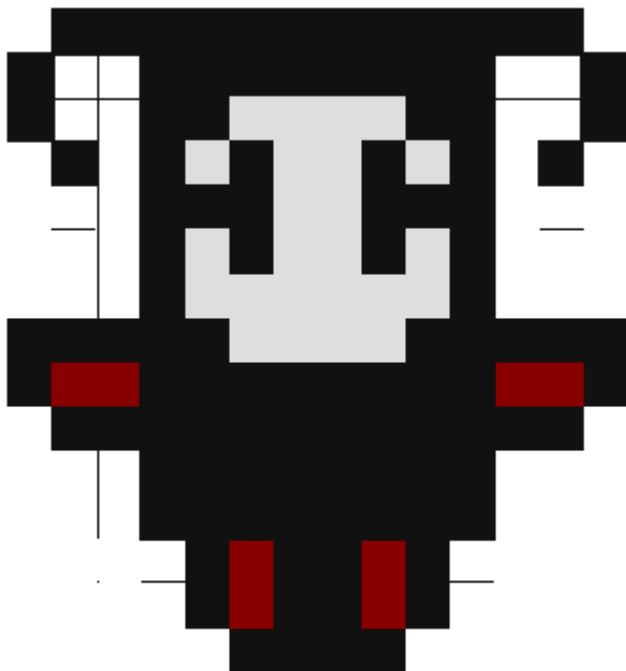
"OH NO YOU DON'T!" He shouted, barrelling toward the now running guy, who looked over his shoulder and screamed before going into a full-on sprint. "STOP LEAVING!" Clown shouted with fury, two security guards running up and stopping him from chasing him. The guy scrambled backward, hitting a car, purple, figures, before shakily putting in his keys and getting him.

He smiled, slightly, and Clown roared.

He sped off probably above the speed limit.

Clown returned to the signing table, voice easing into one of calm and cool composure. "Sorry about that, what's your name?"

-



HonkHonk
@clownfan

Clown legit just ran at a fan and chased him till he left in his car. What the fuck.

10:30 AM · 3 May, 2022

45 Retweets 30 Quote Tweets 3k Likes



DuelsNews
@DuelestNewest

ClownPierce chasing and threatening fan viewed by multiple witnesses at LifeSteal Colosseum during fan signing event, he was allegedly held back by security.

10:45 AM · May 3, 2022

23.3K Retweets **5k** Quote Tweets **10K** Likes

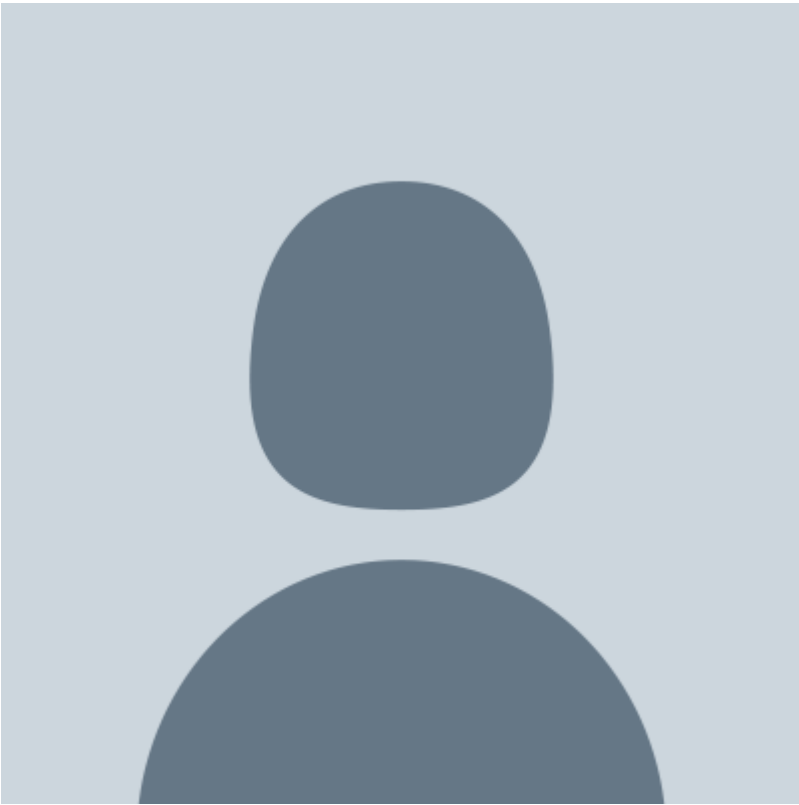




JanglyBoy @jester097 · May 3
Replying to @DuelestNewest

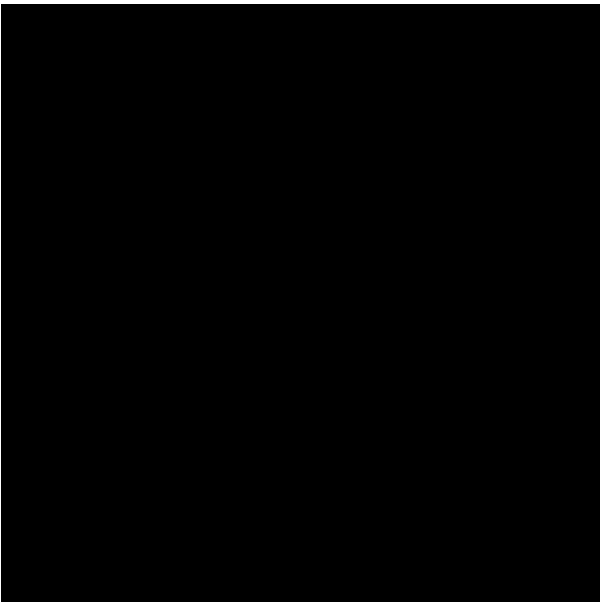
Not alleged! Proven! All of us there saw it! Mans went fucking feral!





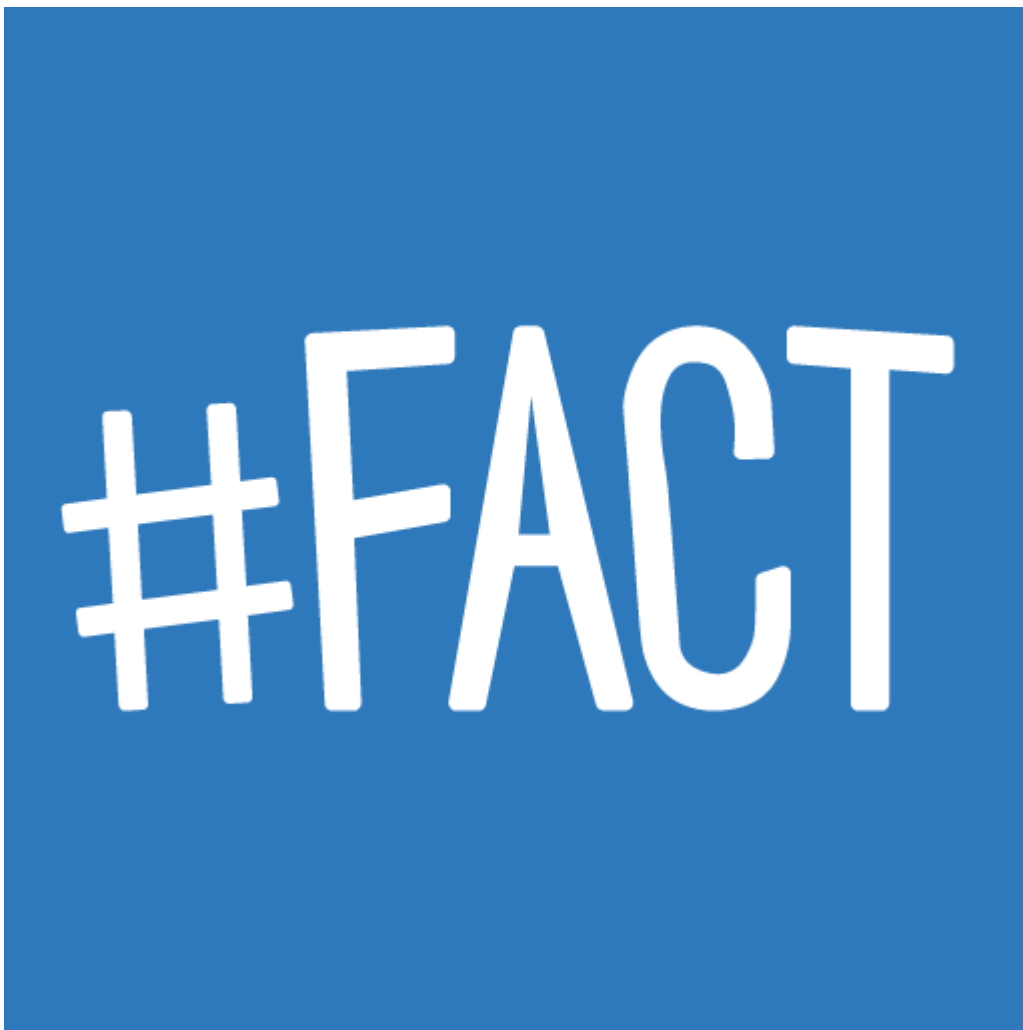
Vibing @boush· May 3
Replying to @DuelestNewest

Can't believe clown would threaten a fan? No wonder he ran!



Cawabunga @legendary143 · May 3
Replying to @boush

He wouldn't have done it for no reason.



ISpeakTheTruth @factsandlogic · May 3
Replying to @legendary143

Even so, should never threaten or chase out of the battlefield.





Duncan @warnerd · May 3
Replying to @factsandlogic

sun tzu lol





ClownPierce
@clown_pierce

I've been told by my publicity agents that I need to address my recent... event. First off, I'm not sorry. Second off, you purple eyed bitch if you keep showing up to my signings, paying for them, then LEAVING BEFORE YOU SEE ME, I'm going to find you, fight you, and sign my name on your body with your own blood. WHERE ARE YOU?! #purpleeyedguy

11:00 AM · May 3, 2022

10k Retweets **103** Quote Tweets **50K** Likes

Branzy stared at the tweet with a mix of horror and excitement. He'd been noticed by clown pierce! Oh god he'd been noticed by Clownpierce.

He put his phone down and stared mindlessly at his crummy apartment wall. He had dreamed of meeting ClownPierce, being noticed by him, but his nerves always overcame him, each signing he would psych himself up, say this was the day he met his celebrity crush and said hi. Said that he was so thankful for his craft, that he was a marvel to watch, a beauty to behold, the greatest duellist ever.

But each time he chickened out, each fan ahead of him seeming so excited to the point it overrides the nervousness, but never for Branzy. Every time he saw ClownPierce at the signing booth, scythe by his side, mask on, he felt like he was being watched, like Clown was planning a murder just for him. He didn't want to embarrass himself, but he knew it was likely.

Branzy didn't duel, he didn't know anything about PvP, he loved watching Clown because though he could not perform the art of fighting himself, he could tell the effort Clown put in. And since spotting ages ago when he was starting out, seeing how much effort he put into each duel, he couldn't help but become mesmerised.

He became a huge fan, even having a stan twitter account. When ClownPierces mask fell, he stared at the leaked pictures of him, eyes sharp, pupils larger under the shade of the colosseum, hair tussled and falling angelically across his face. He was gorgeous. He felt bad for seeing something he knew Clown wanted to keep hidden from his audience, but he was so beautiful.

Images of him were retweeted frequently off his account, multiple tweets dedicated to defending and preaching his prowess. He was a simp.

And he had been under the impression that Clown did not know who he was, nor would recognise him.

When his mask fell one time and he death glared him, Branzy worried he had somehow pissed him off, I mean how else do you explain that reaction?

And now Branzy was realising with dawning horror that he had *pissed* him off, by not going through with the signings. You know, the fact security guards were preventing him from leaving the line should really have clued him in...

He covered his flushed face, on one hand, his idol had recognised him, remembered him, and wanted to see him. On the other hand, his idol wanted to kill him. He chuckled humourlessly into his hands; his life was a continued tragic comedy.

He then realised as he listened back to reality, that his phone was blowing up, and that he had shared his face with his followers, and his followers knew he had purple eyes and oh NO-

He snatched the phone off his bed and scrolled through the tweet, he had a text from a few of his friends, and people were replying to the tweet in rapid-fire.

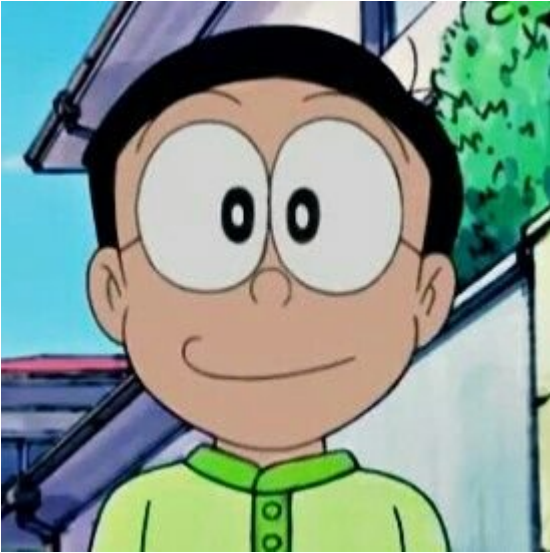


ClownPierce
@clown_pierce

I've been told by my publicity agents that I need to address my recent... event. First off, I'm not sorry. Second off, you purple eyed bitch if you keep showing up to my signings, paying for them, then LEAVING BEFORE YOU SEE ME, I'm going to find you, fight you, and sign my name on your body with your own blood. WHERE ARE YOU?! #purpleeyedguy

11:00 AM · May 3, 2022

10K Retweets **103** Quote Tweets **50K** Likes



LmaoButFR @confuzzled · May 3
Replying to @clown_pierce

@BranzyTweets OH MY GOD BRANZY?!?!





SwordOfCool @icanswingmysword · May 3
Replying to @clown_pierce

@BranzyTweets BRANZY IS THIS YOU???





ILackIssac @issacwitherfield · May 3
Replying to @clown_pierce

@BranzyTweets SO THIS IS WHY YOU ALWAYS SAY 'going to the signing this time!' YOU NEVER DO





Thrills @burntbeans · May 3
Replying to @clown_pierce

@BranzyTweets the only purple eyed guy I know #purpleeyedguy



Oh no the hashtag was trending.

Then the worst of the worst happened.



parkerbackwards
@RekRap

@BranzyTweets What the heck branzy you promised not to chicken out this time!



ClownPierce  @clown_pierce · May 3

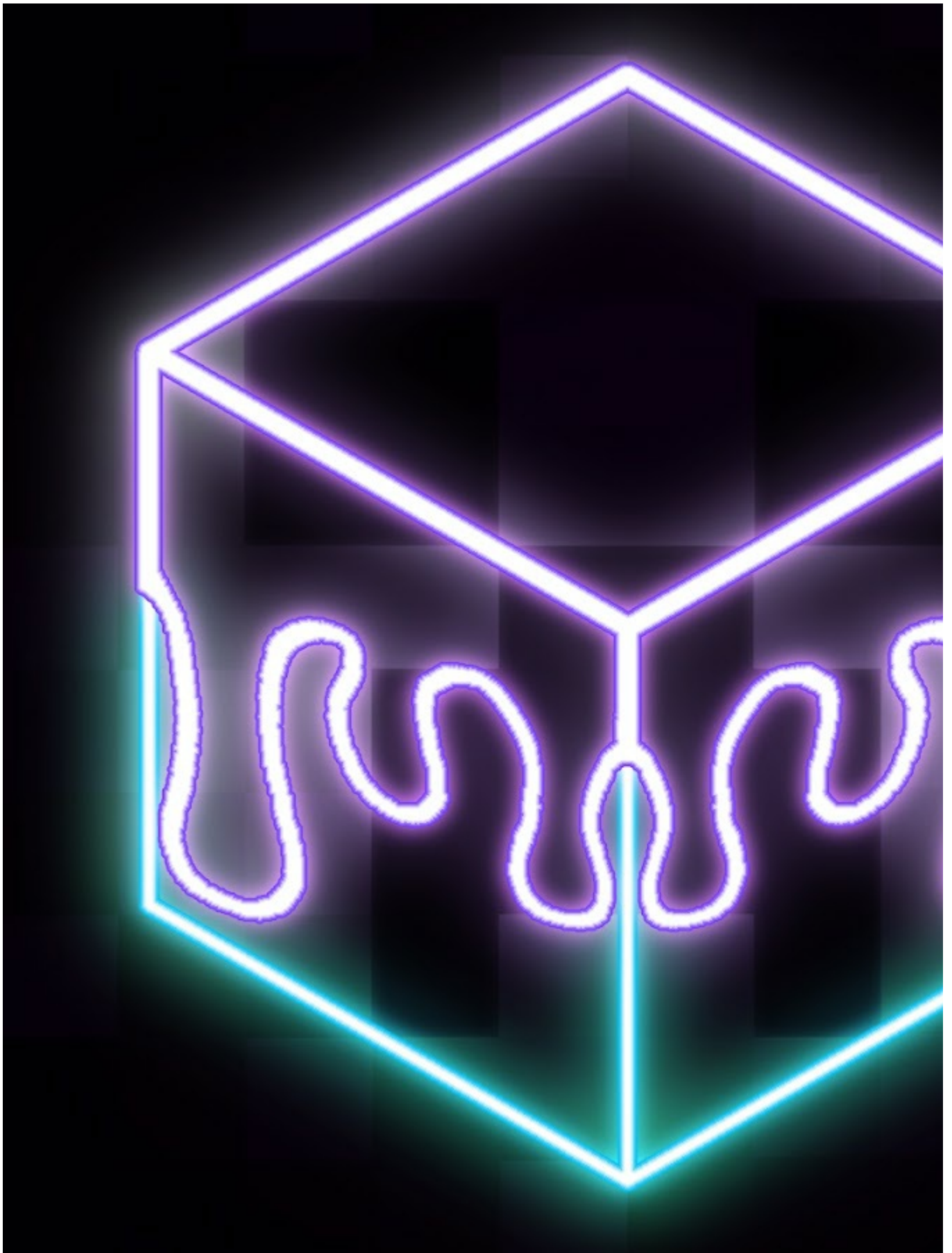
I've been told by my publicity agents that I need to address my recent... event. First off, I'm not sorry. Second off, you purple eyed bitch if you keep showing up to my signings, paying for them, then LEAVING BEFORE YOU SEE ME, I'm going to find you, fight you, and sign my name on your body with your own blood. WHERE ARE YOU?! #purpleeyedguy

11:26 AM · May 3, 2022

5K Retweets **100** Quote Tweets **20k** Likes

His friend had seen it. Meaning ALL his friends would see it.

He rapidly set his account to private, taking in deep breaths and sending a tweet to his followers.



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Snitches

11:35 AM · May 3, 2022

10k Retweets 5k Quote Tweets 30K Likes

His phone pinged and he shakily checked the original tweet from ClownPierce.



ClownPierce
@clown_pierce

@BranzyTweets Found you.

11:35 AM · May 3, 2022

13k Retweets 25k Quote Tweets 51k Likes

Chapter End Notes

If you see the similarities no you don't you are blind- Jk, THIS was actually the premise that made me consider the high school au. So fun stuff.

Oh also I want y'all to know that clown's tweet absolutely went over the character limit, I put it in my own Twitter to check and just winced, tried to cut it down but then it lacked *the flare* so let's just pretend in this universe tweets are uh... exactly 348 characters long :)

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

@bloodnguts

Odds on Branzzy still going to the next duel despite Clown's murderous intent against him?

-@lotusbread

Knowing him? 50/50

Chapter Notes

LISTEN I'LL GET ON THE NEXT AU IN A SEC I JUST HAD A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION FOR THIS ONE

Thanks for all the support recently guys <3

Edit Update: Hey folks! I have updated the formatting for the tweets to a more modern workskin, it took a bit, but should make things easier for future me... ALSO IT ALLOWS IMAGES SO SAY HELLO TO THE TERRIFIC [FANART](#) ADDED TO THIS CHAP MADE BY @FLapp0!!! PLEASE go drop them a like and follow, it's literally exactly was I envisioned like HOT DAMN!!!

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

“Branzy, just, come, ON!” Rek shouted, tugging at his friend, and trying to pull the purple eyed guy through the doorway as he gripped the edges in resistance.

“No! You can’t make me!” Branzzy shouted, feeling his nails dig into the peeling paint on the wood.

“You already bought tickets to this duel! It’d be a waste to not go!” Rek reasoned, his legs against the wall and pulling harder.

“As if I’ve had a problem with wasting my money before!” Branzzy cackled, eyes widening as his grip gave way and the two piled onto the floor together with a shared groan of pain.

“Come on Branzzy, isn’t this a good thing? You love ClownPierce! Getting recognised by him is a fans dream, isn’t it?” Rek mumbled from beneath his friend, rubbing the back of his head with a grunt.

“I mean, yeah, it’s cool, I guess... But it’s terrifying.” Branzzy admitted, getting off Rek and curling into a ball. “I liked just watching from the shadows, it’s embarrassing enough that he found me before I switched my account to private, but what if he saw all those retweets I posted about how pretty he is?!” Branzzy mumbled into his arms.

Rek patted his back, “There, there, I’m sure he’d be flattered.”

Branzy glared up at him through his hair, “He said he’d sign my body with my blood.”

“That’s probably his way of saying he appreciate your continued support?” Rek tried; brows creased as he attempted a reassuring smile. At Branzy’s scoff he sighed, “Look, you already bought a ticket to this duel, not his signing though, right?”

“Yeah, I was ready to give up on going to the signings after the last failed attempt.”

“Then you probably won’t meet him!”

“Are you kidding me Rek? He chased me down into my car, I don’t think he’s going to let this go!”

Rek shrugged, standing up and stretching his back, bones popping. “You’re gonna have to go to his shows eventually, I doubt this will make you stop simping for the guy.”

Branzy blushed and pouted, “You can’t deny he’s cool.”

“So go to his show! Have a good time, watch his duel, cheer him on, just like always!”

“Fine.” Branzy groaned, “But you’re driving me there.” He crossed his hands as he stood up.

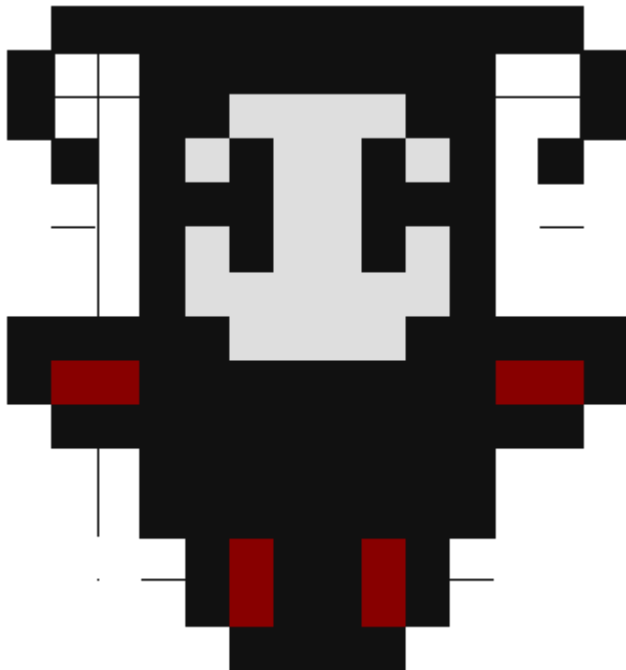
“What? Why? You have a car!”

“A car he chased me to! If anyone sees my bright purple car, I’m screwed.”

Rek chuckled lightly, pulling out his keys and twirling them around, “Alright, I give. Let’s get going then, time to see your future boyfriend.” He stuck a tongue out as he started toward the elevators down.

“Wha- Hey!” Branzy spluttered, chasing him with a laugh.

-



Do you guys think Branzzy is gonna show to Clown's duel today?

12:43 PM · 6 May, 2022

2k Retweets **5k** Quote Tweets **10K** Likes





JanglyBoy @jester097 · May 6
Replying to @ClownFan

No shot. Clown threatened him, even a devoted fan knows when to step back.



SwordOfCool @icanswingmysword · May 6
Replying to @ClownFan

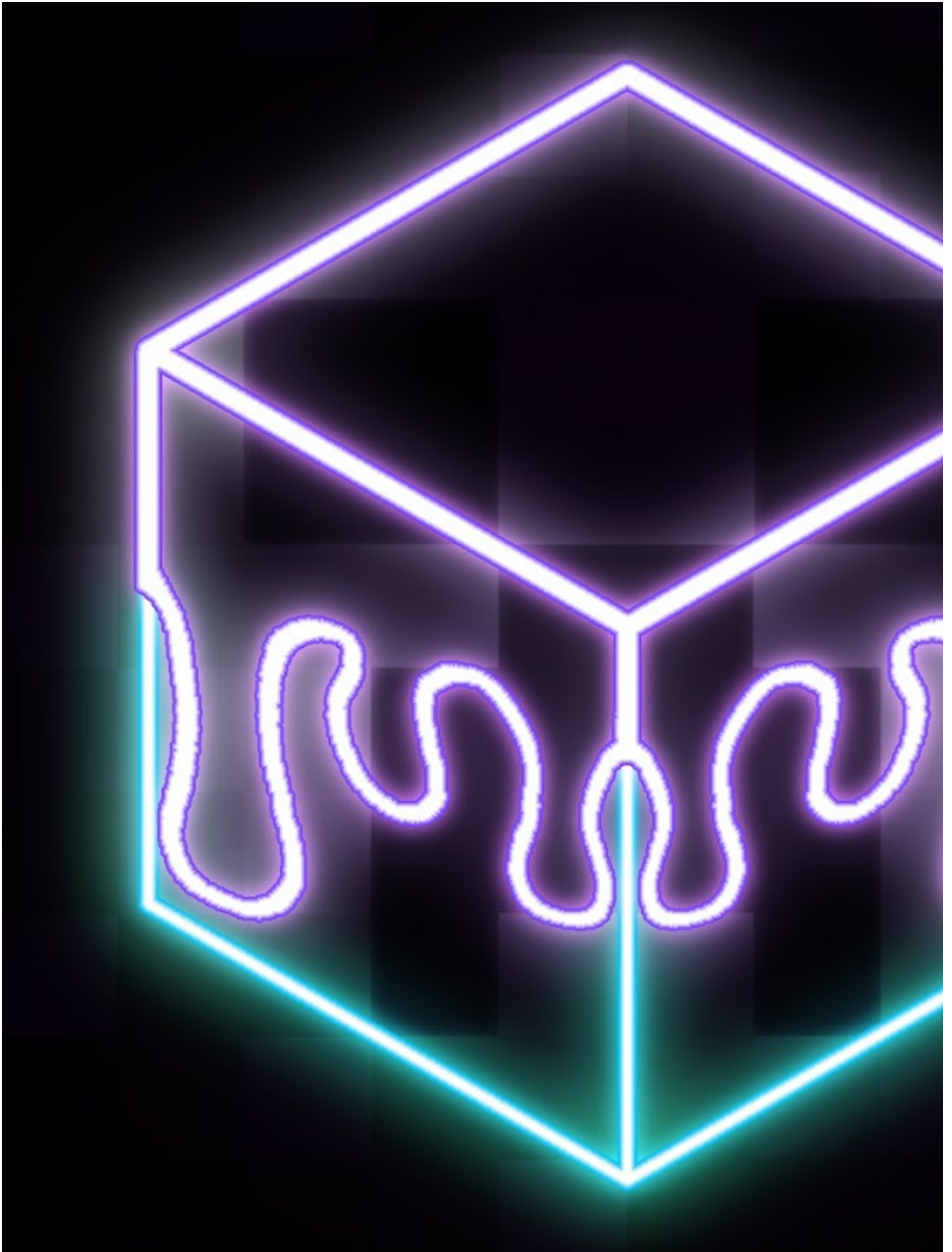
As someone who has followed the guy for ages, he is the biggest simp and stan out there for him. I don't think this will stop him, even if it means he's gonna be terrified of being murdered the whole time lol



ILackIssac @issacwitherfield · May 6
Replying to @icanswingmysword

Yeah Branzly is cracked. This can't stop him.





BranzyTheClownSimp @BranzyTweets · May 6
Replying to @issacwitherfield

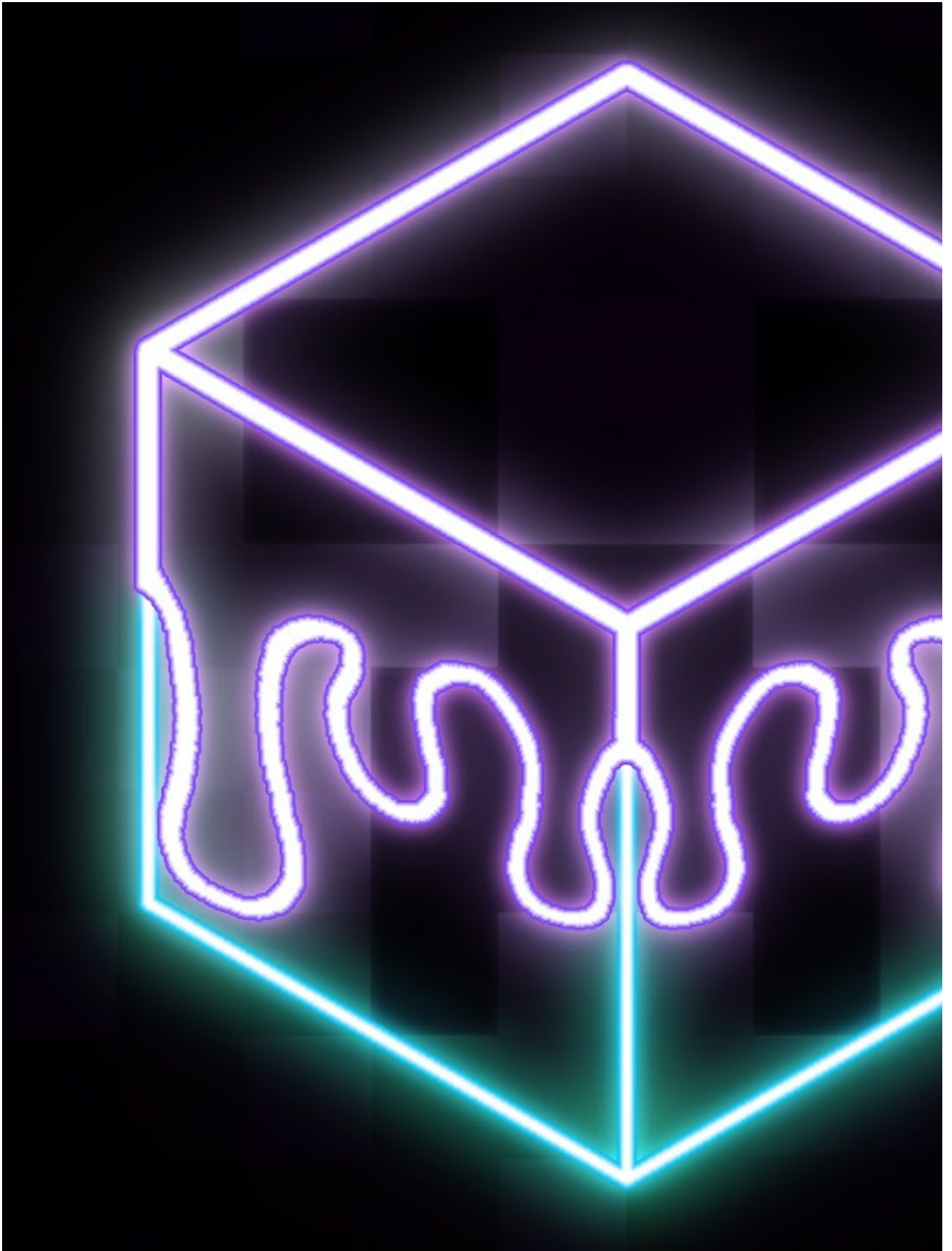
Thank you for thinking I'm braver than I am.



parkerbackwards @RekRap · May 6
Replying to @icanswingmysword

I had to drag him through the door LMAO





BranzyTheClownSimp @BranzyTweets · May 6
Replying to @RekRap

SHUSH.

 124

 6k

 10k

-

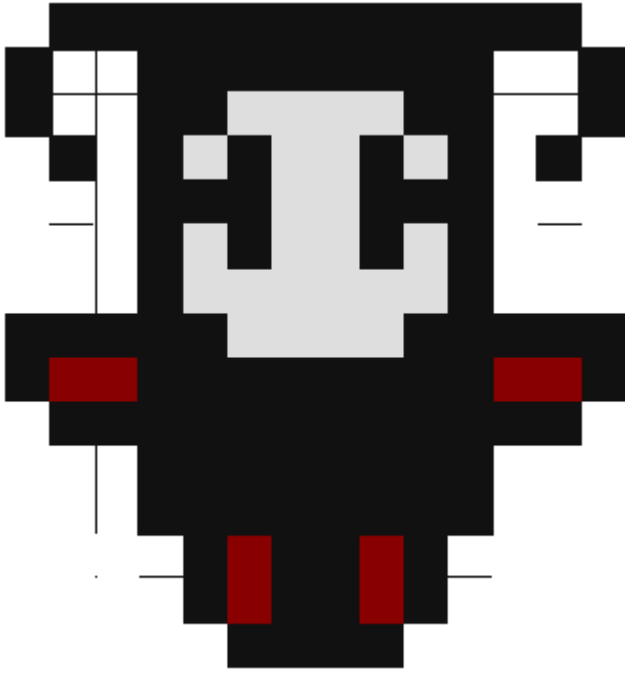


ClownPierce
@clown_peirce

I am excited to see all of you at my duel today! :D It will be a fun one for sure, make sure to cheer me on ;P Sorry for the mishap last time! That will not be happening again. :)

1:00 PM · May 6, 2022

23.3K Retweets **10k** Quote Tweets **45K** Likes



HonkHonk @ClownFan · May 6
Replying to @clown_pierce

Oh fuck Clown's publicist took his account lmao





ClownPierce @clown_pierce · May 6
Replying to @ClownFan

This is not true! I have simplyjnpauhjasf SEE YOU GUYS AT MY SHOW TODAY WE GONNA KICK ASS



65



10k



32k





@steak

JanglyBoy @jester097 · May 6
Replying to @clown_pierce

Hahaha there he is



12



550



1k

Branzy had never felt more nervous stepping out of a car than he did at that moment arriving at the dullest LifeSteal Colosseum, he felt his fingers pinching each other as he glanced at the building, once a memory of the greatest moments of his life, now feeling like a looming presence foreboding death.

He glanced back at Rek, who gave him a thumbs up, leaning over to shut his door and speeding off, not giving him even a chance to rethink his choice.

He looked back and sucked in a breath, approaching at a pace he hoped was normal. But the instant he stepped through to get his ticket scanned, he could feel eyes staring at him. He hunched his shoulders and shielded his eyes as if from the sun, but instead, it was just from the stares of curious fans.

“Oh.” The ticket reader said, and Branzy glanced up to meet her eyes.

She smirked, “Enjoy the duel, mister.” She said, a knowing glint in her eyes that Branzy shuddered under.

“Haha thanks you too- I mean, argh.” Branzy responded, hastily grabbing the ticket and scampering off and away, through the doors to find his seat, but then he paused, stepping back for a moment as he spotted a gift shop, his eyes lit up as he smirked, dropping his hand that shielded his eyes.

Hm... That's an idea.

-

“Sir.” A security guard said, approaching Clown as he stretched out his arms, he glanced over to him to show he was listening.

“His tickets been scanned.”

Clown grinned manically, “Nice.” He said, “I was worried he’d chicken out.”

“You should be able to spot him in the third upper level, number 26.” He held out the map of the Colosseum seating arrangement, pointing to the spot.

Clown nodded, dropping into a split as he stretched more, “Got it. I should be able to spot him, he’s pretty recognisable.”

“Yeah, he was trying to hide his face as he entered said the ticket girl.” His guard snorted in amusement.

Clown laughed boisterously, “Ah, of course he was.”

The two looked up as the announcer stated how long till the duel started. “Welp, best get ready, gotta make a good impression for my number one fan.” Clown chuckled, slipping on his mask, and heading to the gates, ready for his grand entrance.

“Break a leg, sir!” His guard called as he left the area.

“That’s the plan!” He cackled in response.

-

Clown’s duel was going pretty well, his opponent was using the terrain provided in the dueling arena to his advantage, and Clown respected that, rounding a large pillar-like obstacle, and catching him off guard. His sword swung harshly against his opponent, hitting their chest plate with a large clank that made them stumble backwards and trip.

He fell and fell hard to the floor, and Clown grinned, stepping a foot on his chest to keep him down, waiting to see if he tapped out.

His opponent instead grabbed his ankle and pulled, sending him to the ground alongside him.

“You’ve got more stamina than I thought,” Clown complimented, recovering faster as he got back to his feet and swung again, knocking him down, “still not even though.”

He coughed, trying to get back up and falling back down again, legs cramping from the overexertion. He sighed, “I give.” He conceded, bowing his head, Clown offered him a hand and hoisted him up, guiding him to lean against the pillar to catch his breath.

“Good game.” Clown said with a grin, walking to the centre of the arena and holding his sword high in the air.

The crowd roared, and Clown breathed it in like oxygen.

Now... He thought, eyes scanning the crowd in the general area that the purple eyed guy, or should he say Branzy, should be. *Where are you Branzy?*

He started to frown beneath his mask as he noted he couldn't see him; *did he leave midway? Surely not. He always stayed till the end! He only leaves when I leave the arena.*

His search stopped though as he spotted white hair first, and his eyes locked on. He was wearing a large hoodie, a ClownPierce hoodie, and... and he was wearing.

ClownPierce burst into laughter, kneeling over, and resting his hands on his knees as he laughed, the crowd softened their cheers, settling into confused noises.

He pointed his sword at Branzy, and his stupidly large sunglasses he was wearing, a giftshop item that was as cheap as they looked. "I see you; you bitch!" He shouted at him, continuing to laugh loudly at his attempt to conceal himself.

Branzy, who if he wasn't certain was him before, he was certain was him now by the reaction, sunk in his chair, shoulders hunching high and body sliding down the chair. A few gasps of surprise and laughter sounded through the audience, many people knowing of the events of the last duel and Branzy's involvement.

"Take them off!" He heard someone shout, shaking Branzy's shoulders, those surrounding him started to chant the command, "Take them off! Take them off!"

He shakily lifted a hand and slid the sunglasses down to his nose with a small smile.

And oh, oh that was a cute smile.

Clown beamed, spreading his arms out wide, "Purple eyed guy!" He cheered, and he ran over to that side of the colosseum, staring up at him. Clown waved brightly, he watched Branzy, his eyes gazing into his mask, giving him his undivided attention despite the people jostling him with excitement. He waved back, sheepishly, and slowly, and Clown swore that he couldn't see anyone in the moment but the fan staring down at him.

"Guards." Clown said, clicking his fingers and walking away toward the exit, he looked over his shoulder, smirking even though no one could see it, he was sure his smug voice would be clear though. Security guards rushed over, ushering people out of their seats now that the duel was done, but they kept their gaze firmly on Branzy.

"Make sure he doesn't leave, will you? I owe him some signings." Clown cackled evilly, and Branzy's eyes widened as he looked around for an escape.

"W-Wait, hey!" Branzy said nervously, and Clown logged the sound of his voice in his brain, "T-This is a bit much isn't it?" He heard him reason with the guards.

Clown smiled to himself as he approached the exit to the arena, heading for the stairs. "See you soon, Branzy!" He called loudly.

He distantly heard a whine, and he giggled to himself.

Branzy was panicking, he could feel his palms getting sweaty, feel his pulse picking up, he looked around, searching for any excuse in his mind and any physical escape in his surroundings.

“Listen guys, I think this is a bit much, and I sort of have uh, lunch plans, scheduled with my... sister, who is having a baby! And I’ve never met her baby! You wouldn’t want to deprive a poor uh, uncle from meeting his first nephew, would you?” He lied, horrendously.

The guards rose a single brow, which was more effort than Branzy put into his lie to be fair.

“Okay so maybe I’m not an uncle, but I do have plans!”

“I’m sure your friend will understand why you will be late.” One of the guards huffed.

“They won’t! They’re in town for uh, limited time! And leaving town in like, an hour!”

“Why didn’t you invite them with you?”

Branzy paled, “Uh. Because. They’re afraid of blood?”

The other guard, the less stoic one, snorted in amusement, “Dude, no offense, but if you’re a fan of Clown you should really be excited, he won’t kill you, probably.”

“Probably?!” Branzy sputtered.

“He could probably hire a really good lawyer and get away with murder honestly.” The guard shrugged, grinning mischievously.

“You are not helping.” Branzy hissed, crossing his arms in frustration. “Please let me go home, this is probably somehow illegal.”

“You paid for a signing; you’re getting one.”

“I didn’t pay for one this time! I learnt my lesson!” Branzy countered. “Besides, I didn’t even bring anything to sign!”

“Then he’ll sign the hoodie.”

Branzy blankly stared at his hoodie, which had not kept him hidden like he had intended, “Oh. Yeah.”

The stoic guard paused and pulled up his walkie-talkie, he listened to it and nodded. “Copy.” He turned to Branzy and nodded his head, “Alright, everyone’s cleared out, Clown’s ready to see you now.”

Branzy stammered as the pair hooked him under his arms and started walking toward the exit, where signings and meet and greets were held.

“Ah, well, hey now I actually think I need to go to the bathroom first so- “

“Nope.”

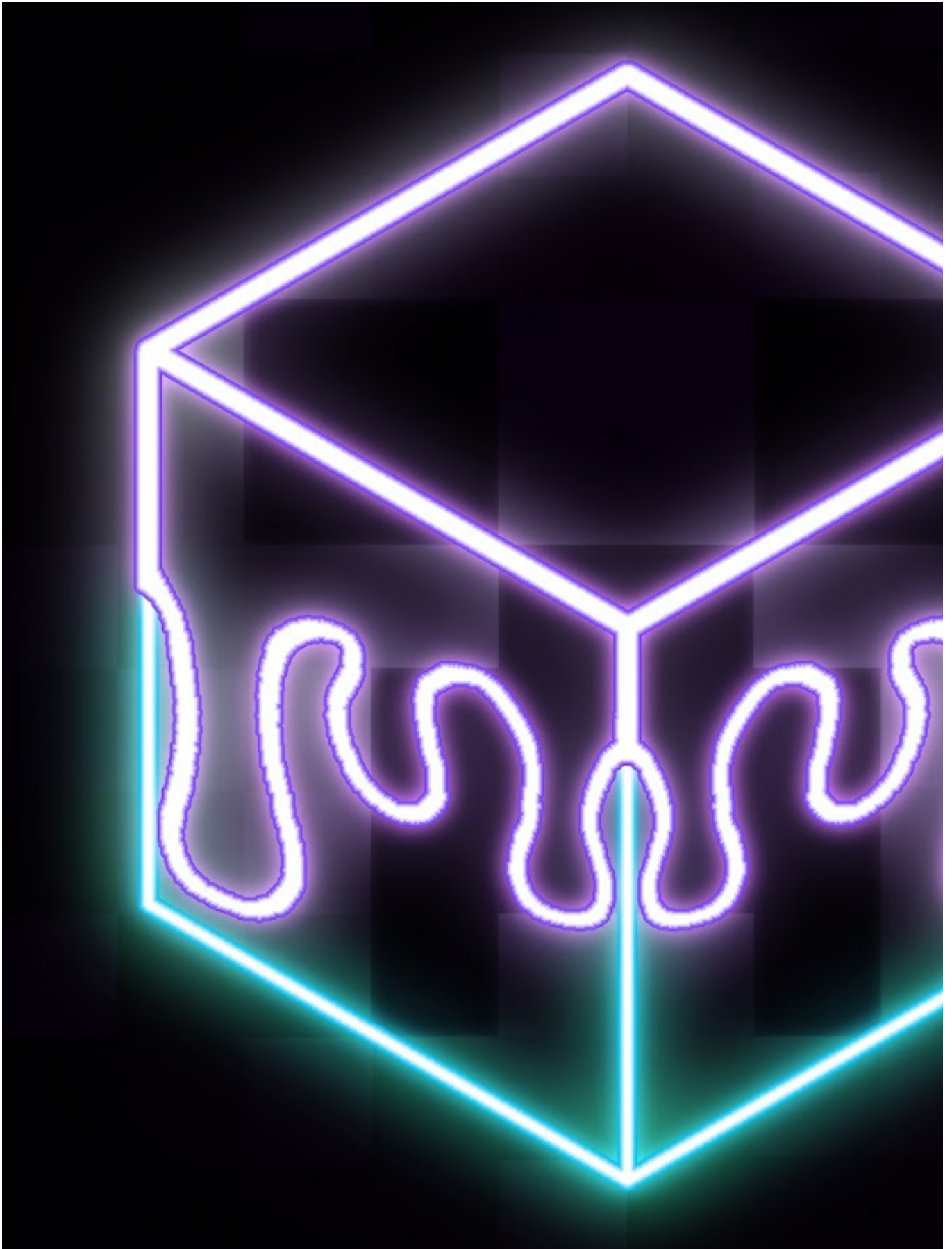
“Can I at least send a tweet or something?”

That made them pause. “Why?”

“So I can have one last message before I die.” Branzy explained.

The guards locked eyes in confusion, before shrugging. “Alright.”

Branzy hastily took out his phone, and typed as slowly as he could, before being encouraged to pick up the pace.



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

HELP IM BEING ESCORTED TO CLOWN PLEASE HELP SOMEONE GET MY FRIEND
REK TO SAVE ME RQ PLEASE PLEASE HELP I AM GONNA DIE.

2:38 PM · May 6, 2022

6k Retweets **924** Quote Tweets **20k** Likes

The second he saw the tweet, he realised that Clown had tweeted something just before.



ClownPierce
@clown_pierce

@Branzy see you soon! >:)

2:30 PM · May 6, 2022

982 Retweets **6k** Quote Tweets **42K** Likes

“Oh I am so dead.” Branzy groaned, being practically dragged across the floor by the guards.

“The quicker you get there the quicker it’s over.”

“The quicker I’m dead.” He drawled, his head sunk lower, staring at his feet rather than his surroundings, until he started to hear chatter, he looked up and saw the long line to the meet and greet, he winced.

They cut through the line and started walking up alongside it, his eyes widened as he saw Clown calmly signing someone’s axe, his head perked up as he spotted him.

Shit. Shit. Okay, think fast Branzy, how do you get out of this? His eyes shot around the area; he

spotted a few people staring at him with recognition. He nodded his head toward one of the guards, the stoic one, mouthing 'help me'.

One of the girls in the line watching subtly nodded, and stepped closer, tapping the guard's shoulder.

"Um, excuse me? Do you work here?"

The guard froze up and looked at the girl, "Yes, sorry, I am preoccupied."

"This won't take a moment I swear, sorry!" The girl said, glancing at Branzy, "I was just wondering if you'd be willing to check my seat, I think I left my phone- "

Branzy felt his grip on Branzy weaken slightly, and he took his chance.

He yanked his arm out of the man's grip and kicked the other guard's ankle weakly, breaking free and sprinting away with a yell of, "SORRY!"

"Hey-" The guards' voice faded as he ran out of the exit door, doors swinging behind him.

"This was so dumb, so, SO, dumb!" Branzy wheezed as he continued running, "Why am I like this arghhh-" He groaned, he paused his running to catch his breath for a moment, and heard rapid footsteps behind him.

He turned around to face the threat and balked, stumbling backwards with a yelp as ClownPierce sprinted toward him at full force.

"Wait, wait!" Branzy stammered, trying to stall for just a moment longer as he scrambled backward, a nervous laugh making it's way up his throat, "We can talk about thi-"

Branzy was knocked to the ground as Clown jumped on him, thighs around his waist forcing him to fall onto the floor, Branzy screamed as he fell and wheezed loudly as he landed, air leaving his lungs. His sunglasses clattered to the ground nearby, leaving his eyes completely exposed, as if that even mattered anymore.

Clown didn't even give him a second to catch his breath as he was doing just fine himself, he gripped his cheek harshly and tilted his head.

"God, you are such a little bastard." He huffed, using his free hand to push his mask over his head, Branzy's eyes widened in shock at the sight, tussled hair and harsh eyes, Clown grabbed a sharpie from his pocket and pulled the cap off with his teeth, leaning over Branzy and holding his face still.

"What are you- "

"Shut up and stay still."

Branzy held his breath as he felt the texture of a marker move across his cheek in swirling movements. Clown leaned back and surveyed his work, nodding to himself.

"There we go," He grumbled as he discarded the sharpie, pulling out his phone, taking a stunned picture of Branzy then grinning to himself smugly, "That wasn't so hard now, was it?" He teased.

"W-What?" Branzy stuttered, staring up at Clown as the sun framed his face.

He just smirked, and Branzy's heart did somersaults.

“Then again...” He mumbled, using Branzy’s chest as a way to prop up his elbow as he leaned on his fist, “You did pay for, hm, at least five signings, and this only counts toward one.” He tutted to himself, “Guess I still owe you four more.”

“I am so confused.” Branzy admitted.

Clown laughed, “Oh right, you can’t see it.” He got off Branzy and held his hand to him, Branzy stared at it in shock. “Jeez, how hard did I knock you down?”

“I’m fine!” Branzy blurted, taking the offered hand, and allowing himself to be pulled to his feet.

“Did you ever pay for a picture?” Clown asked, and Branzy nodded sheepishly. “Great! Give me your phone.” He held out his hand, and Branzy quickly searched his pockets with frantic energy.

“What the heck is going on...” He muttered to himself repeatedly, handing his phone to the duellist who opened the camera app with a flourish.

“Okay, say cheese Branzy!” He chuckled, pulling the stunned man to his side and holding the phone high, he smiled brightly into it, an air of villainy and vicious victorious satisfaction in his expression. Branzy managed a terrified smile, doing a peace sign, struggling to keep his gaze on the camera and not on the man beside him.

Clown pulled the camera down and assessed the picture, he nodded and tossed the phone to Branzy, who fumbled to catch it.

Branzy stared at the picture in awe, he had a pic with ClownPierce, THE ClownPierce! With... with his mask off too!!! And... He squinted at his cheek and flushed red, it was Clown’s signature, on his cheek, he had signed... himself. Well, better than being signed in his own blood!

“Wow, I, thank you!” Branzy choked out in awe.

“No problem, anything for my number one fan.” Clown smirked, he eyed the phone and Branzy, “You can post that to your twitter, on one condition.”

Branzy stared into his eyes at full attention, “What is it?”

Clown’s smirk got wider if that was even possible, “Unprivate your twitter, or accept my follow request so I can see your old tweets.”

Branzy felt the colour that had been steadily rising to his cheeks disappear in an instant. “Hah!” He laughed, “No, uh, no thanks! Nope! I’ll just... Keep it to myself.”

Clown frowned, “Oh come on, what’s so bad that I can’t see your account? I already know you’re a fan that doesn’t bother me.”

Branzy thought to the countless fancams he had retweeted as well as the pictures of him unmasked looking hauntedly into the camera. He thought of the countless old tweets he had made gushing about how hot he was and how he wasn’t going out unless he was killed by him.

He gulped. “Yeahhh, uh, still a no.”

Clown narrowed his eyes but submitted with a shrug, “Fine, have it your way, I’ll find a way in eventually.” Branzy sighed with relief, “Alright, you can post that picture to your account. But I want to post this picture to mine.” He waved his phone at Branzy, his grin returning in full force.

Branzy stared at the picture and squawked, “No!” He yelled, hand going up to try and grab the phone, Clown held it higher.

It was a picture of him lying on the floor, staring up at Clown in shock, pupils blown wide and cheek slightly red with imprints of Clown’s grip, lips just slightly parted with the signature in clear view... What’s worse is you can tell by the knees just slightly visible that Clown was on top of him holding him down.

“What?” Clown laughed, “I need to prove to my fans that I kept my word and we sorted it out! If you keep your account private no one will know!”

“We- We didn’t even sort it out! You tackled me!” Branzy said, laughing throughout his sentence as he struggled to keep up with the bizarreness of the situation.

“If you’re gonna keep running I have to take measures to stop you!” He retorted, shoving his phone into his pocket with a grin as Branzy failed to grab it in time.

Branzy pouted, “I didn’t mean to run! Well, I mean I did, but it’s just instinct!”

Clown rolled his eyes, “Sure, alright, can I post it or not?”

Branzy weighed up the options, I mean, his friends that followed him and his mutuals would probably love to see he finally met the man, and it was a very cute picture... And kind of funny.

He groaned, “Fine.”

Clown beamed, bringing out his phone.

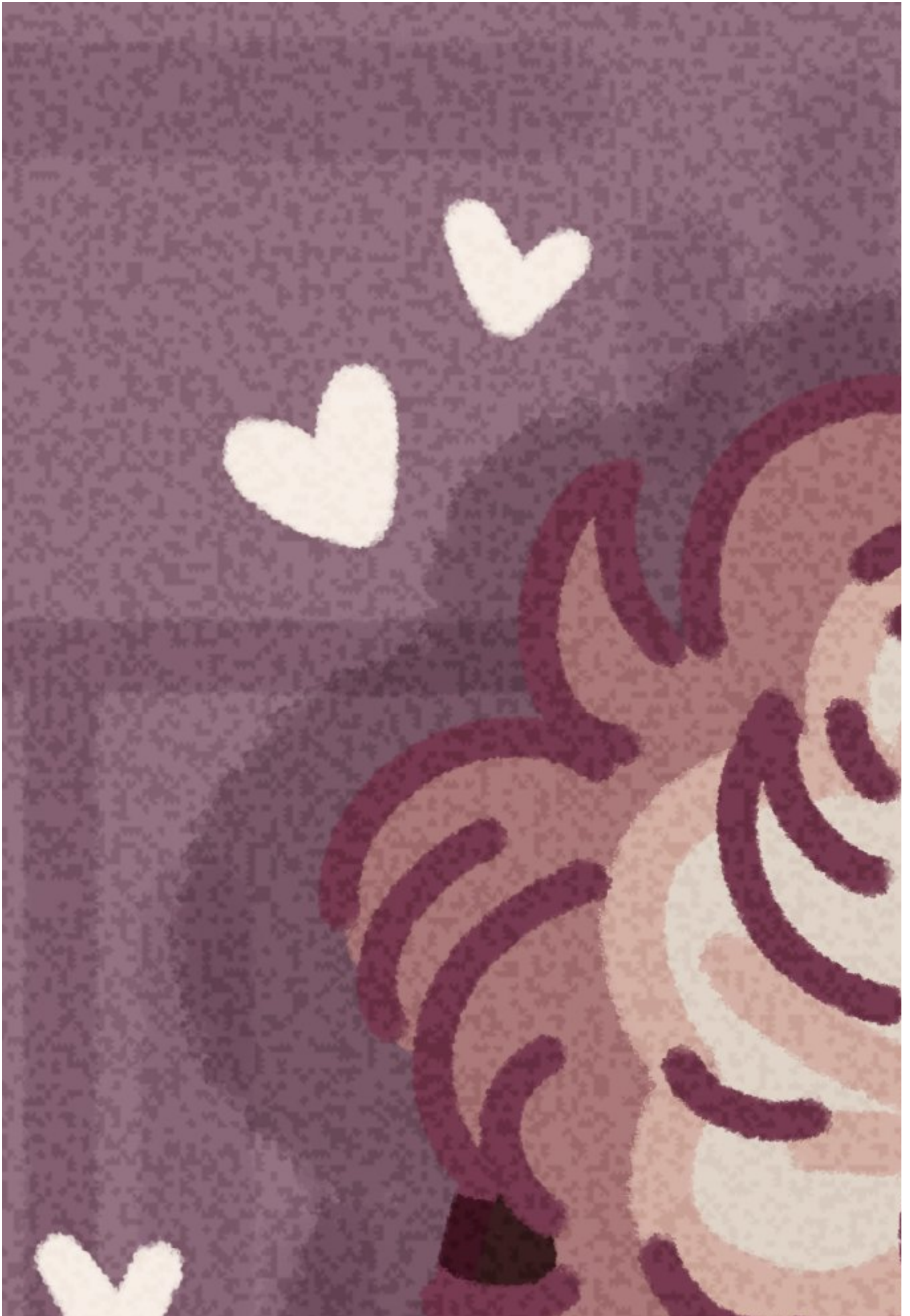
“Wait you’re posting it right now?!” Branzy asked in shock.

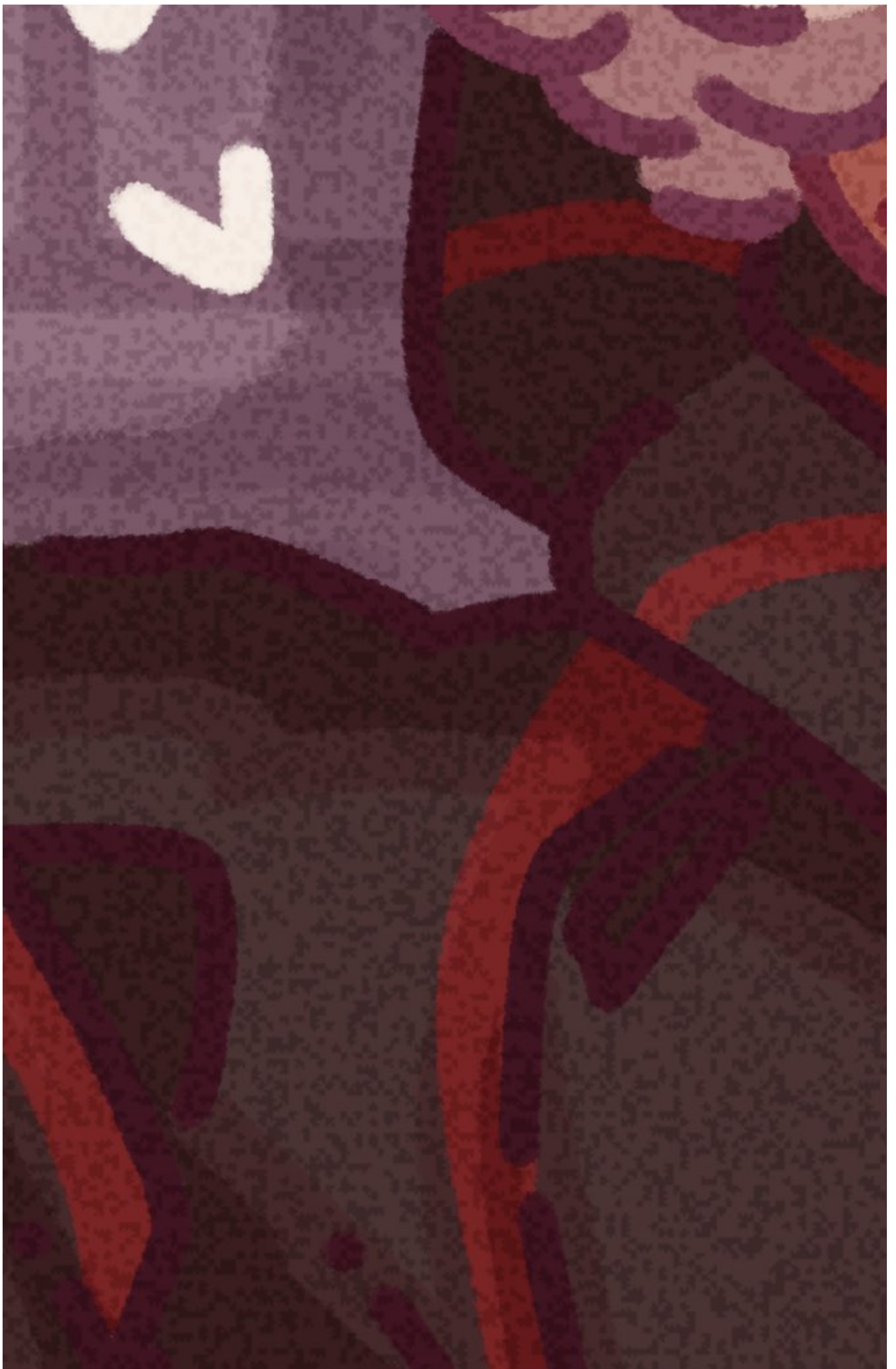
“Of course! That way you can’t go back on your word.” He typed quickly and hit tweet, smiling to himself when he heard Branzy’s phone notifications go off. Branzy pulled out his phone to check the tweet and bit back a smile.



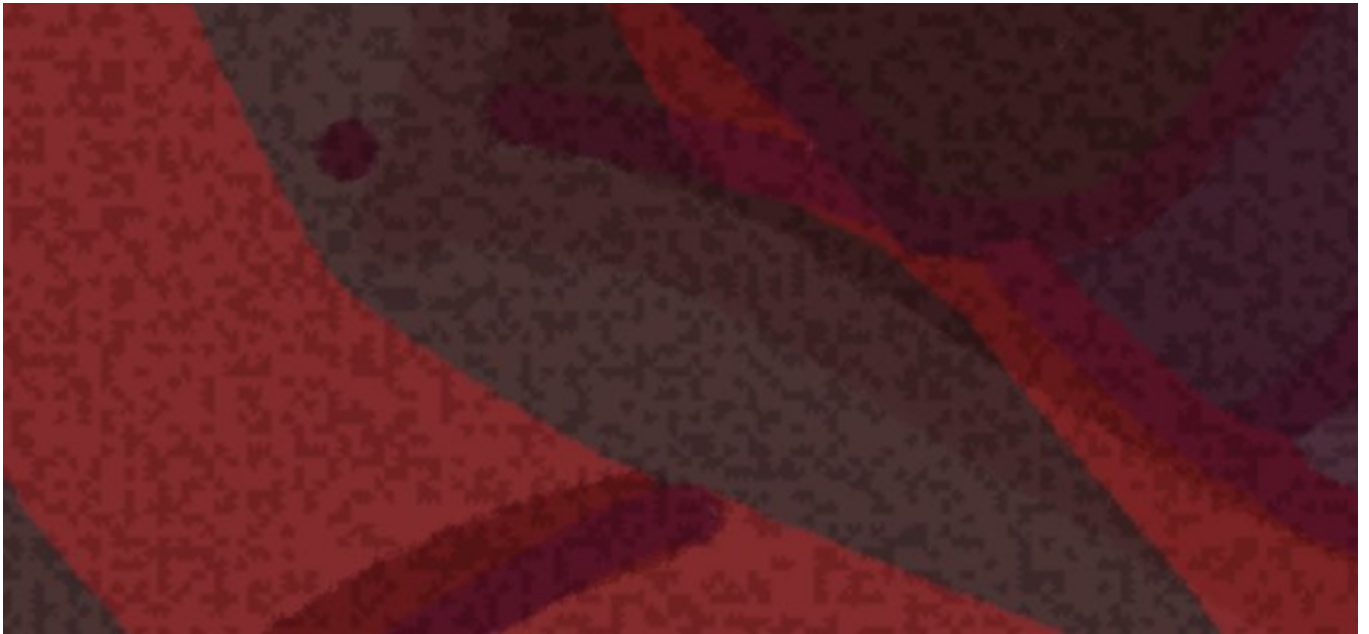
ClownPierce
@clown_pierce

@Branzy Found #purpleeyedguy ~ I did not actually kill him like many thought I would! But I did sign his body as promised, just not with blood. See? Proof.



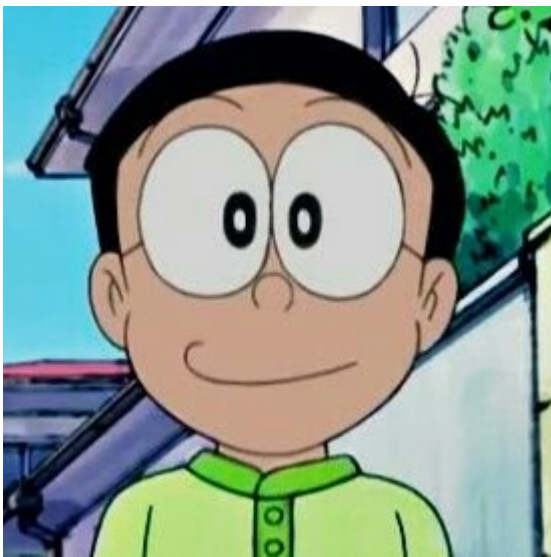






3:13 PM · May 6, 2022

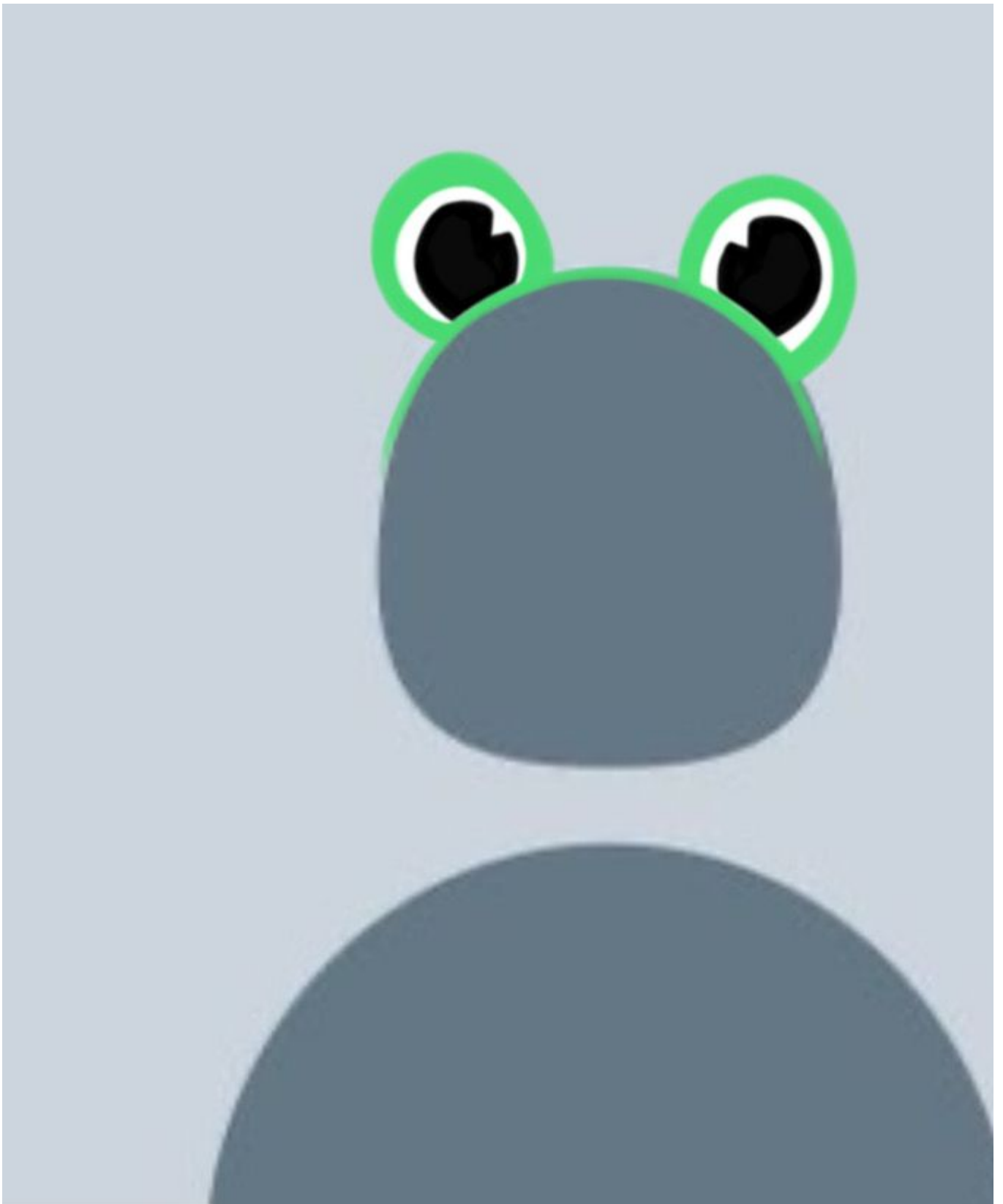
24.3K Retweets **22k** Quote Tweets **72.1K** Likes



LmaoButFR @confuzzled · May 6
Replying to @clown_pierce

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO HIM?!

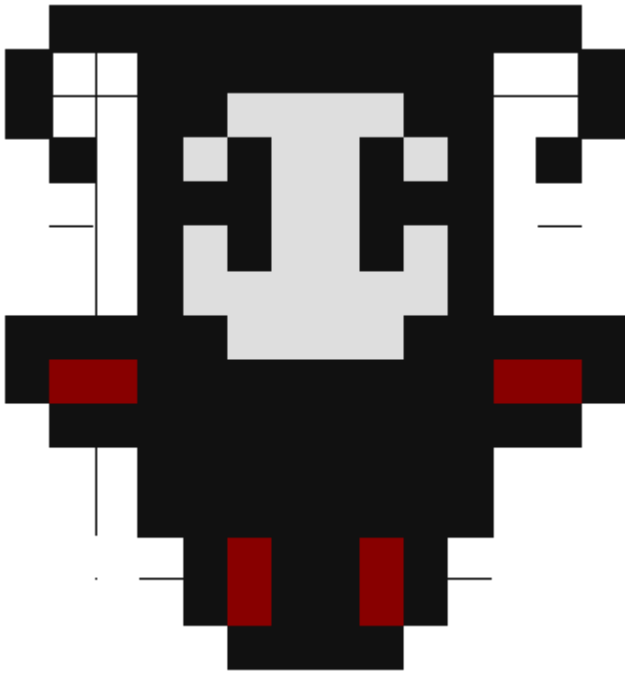




Vibing @boush · May 6
Replying to @clown_pierce

WHY ARE THERE FINGER MARKS ON HIM???





HonkHonk @clownfan · May 6

Replying to @clown_pierce

IS HE ON TOP OF HIM?!?! BRANZY ARE YOU OKAY???





DuelsNews
@DuelestNewest

Purple eyed guy, now confirmed as user Branzzy, met up and received a signature from the duellist ClownPierce on his cheek.

3:16 PM · May 6, 2022

1K Retweets **945** Quote Tweets **20K** Likes

“Haha.” Clown chuckled, “Look at them all freak out.”

The two turned as footsteps were heard, and a few security guards came their way. “Wow, they took their sweet time.” Clown scoffed, “I guess I have to get back to the signing.” A frown flickered over his lips as he pulled down his mask again.

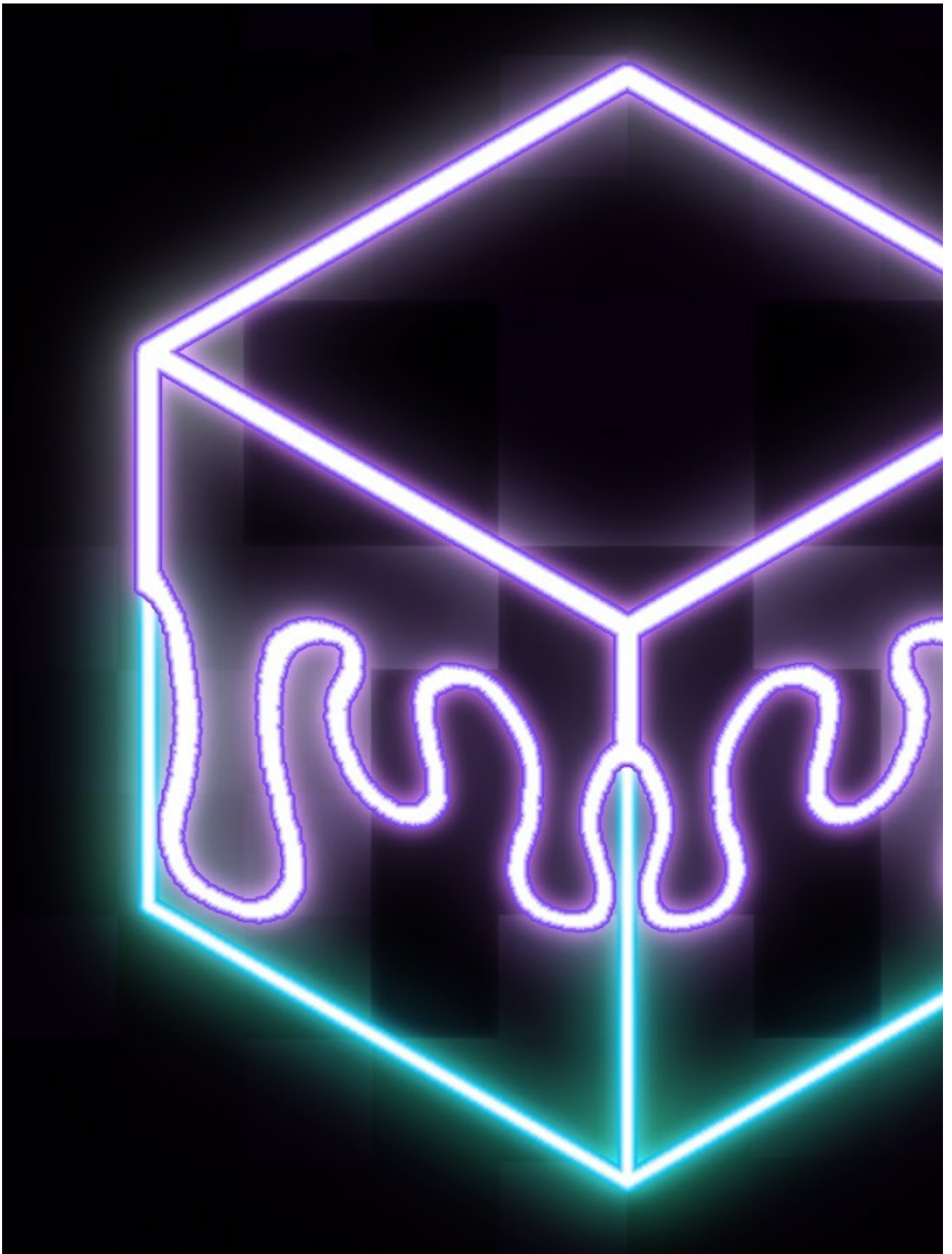
“Um, thank you, for the signature and the photo, ClownPierce.” Branzzy said shakily, the intimidation factor of the man increasing tenfold with the mask.

“Just fulfilling what I owe you, Branzzy.” He said, and Branzzy tried not to let how hearing his name said in his voice made him feel. “Alright.” He clapped his hands together, heading toward the security guards, “See you next time Branzzy, one down, four more to go!”

Branzzy waved slowly after him, before pausing and jolting into action, “Wait, wait what do you

mean four more?!?!” He shouted, and Clown cackled evilly in response, leaving Branzzy on the sidewalk to find his way back home.

-



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Thanks to that one person at the signing who tried to save me, your effort was appreciated, alas, I was caught. Harshly. He TACKLED ME?!?! HE JUST SLAM DUNKED ME DOWN ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!? Look how cute we look though uwu never washing my cheek

3K Retweets **15K** Quote Tweets **24K** Likes



parkerbackwards @RekRap · May 6
Replying to @BranzyTweets

Yay! Proud of you buddy, please wash.





ILackIssac @issacwitherfield · May 6

Replying to @BranzyTweets

can't tell if you're the luckiest person ever or the unluckiest.





SwordOfCool @icanswingmysword · May 6
Replying to @BranzyTweets

Ok just lovingly gaze at the guy who tackled you to the floor I see how it is, forever a simp



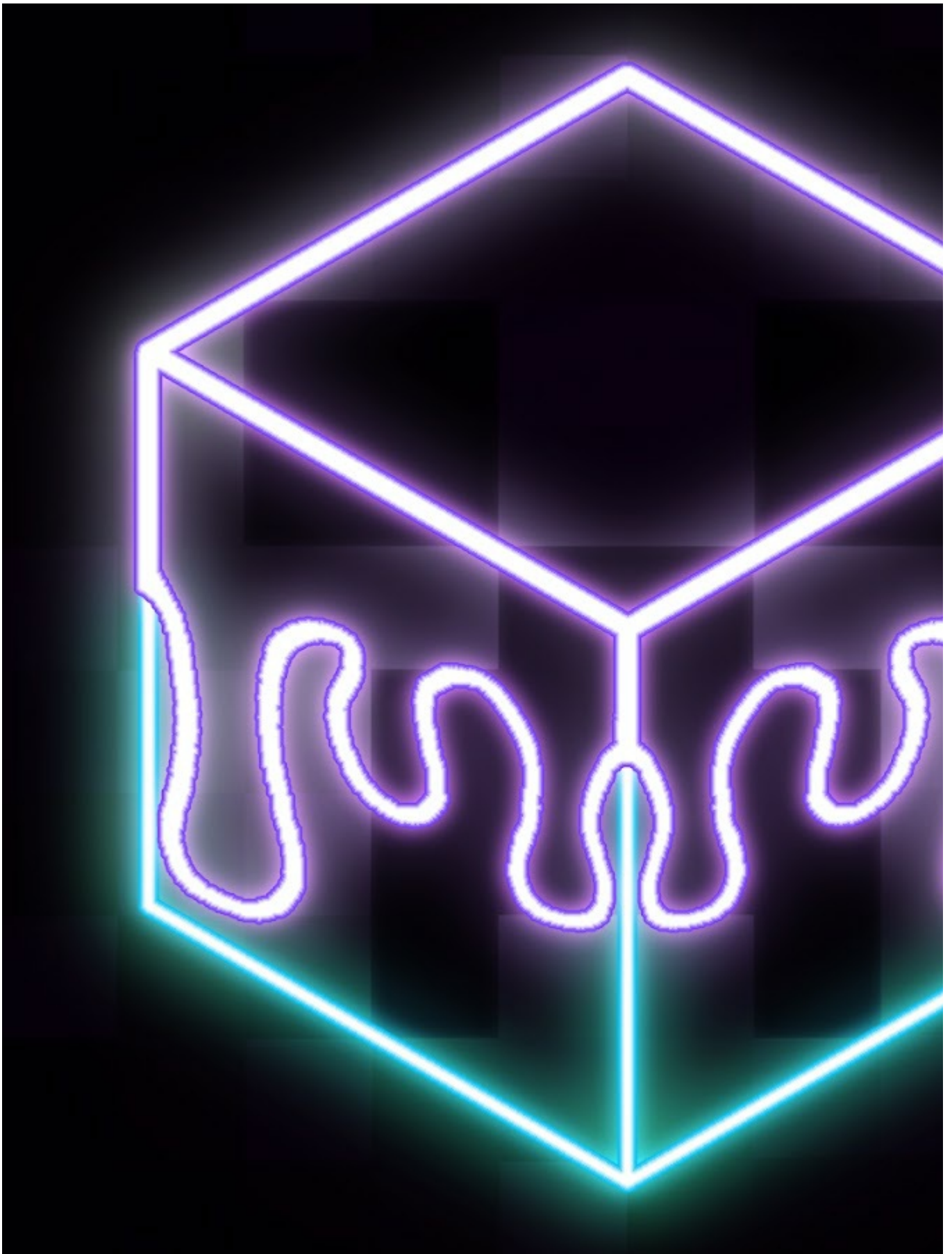
13



288



1k



BranzyTheClownSimp @BranzyTweets · May 6
Replying to @icanswingmysword

You know it!



Chapter End Notes

Me: Okay I finished writing and it's only 10! :D Great I can write my apartment au now-

Spends an hour formatting the tweets

I am in pain.

This absolutely was not read over.

Update Update: LMAO ONLY AN HOUR PAST ME??? CHUMP HOURS.

Also feel free to suggest like tweet @'s lol I just reused the old ones cos my brain is melted

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

i dont know what's good anymore but i cant keep holding my words hostage from you all

Oh also, the twitter skin I use has been changed, now we get to see MEMES

This may suck! Sorry! :D

HEY YALL WE GOT SOME AWESOME [FANART](#) FOR THIS CHAP MADE BY PANCAKEOFSIN ON TUMBLR! IT'S AMAZING, DROP IT A LIKE, he's so cute and scruffy and adorable I am DYING.

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

Clown lay on his bed, hair elegantly fanning out around him in a way that he knew would drive his publicity agent crazy with demands for him to fight maskless. He appreciated the backhanded compliment, but his hair would get way too in the way when fighting and his mask kept at least a shred of anonymity to his name. Even if his face was online, it wasn't the first image on google, and that kept him happy.

What was not keeping him happy was the private account of his biggest fan, Branzzy, the purple eyed guy.

He scowled at the continued privated state of the account, he scoffed and rolled onto his side.

“Come on...” He mumbled, hitting refresh and groaning as it remained the same. He didn't know what he expected, but he really wished the man would just unprivate already, he was getting impatient.

The more he thought about the purple eyed guy the more infatuated with him he became, he was so loyal to him, so dedicated to attending all his shows, even when he had publicly threatened him. He still admired him enough to be flustered when he tackled him, less afraid and more enamoured.

He was frankly absurd, but he liked that in a man.

What he didn't like was secrets, but he wasn't a boomer, he knew how to get into a privated account.

Clown sat upright on his bed, propping up pillows behind him so he could sit comfortably. He cracked his knuckles and signed out of his twitter account.

“Pretty sure my publicity agent said that fans like alt accounts anyway...” He muttered, smirking to himself as he started the process of making a new account. “No wait.” He frowned, “He likely won't accept an account so new, that's suspicious.”

He furrowed his brows and checked his previous twitter accounts, for one suitable enough for this incognito task.

@CircusFreak

Oh this one was *perfect*.

He had made it just before he started his career, barely posting anything except pictures of swords and the interior of stadiums, he had never even mentioned he was a duellist.

He grinned, and eagerly signed in, changing the stale old picture of his first sword to something more befitting of a fan of himself.

He scrolled through other stans of his, gathering info before he found a frequent profile picture amongst his fans, a blurry picture of him glaring down the camera lens with a snarl. He didn't exactly see how the unflattering photo was popular, perhaps it was how his hair flowed all around him after his mask had been knocked off? He could not tell.

He decided against it, for his own comfort, settling with him with his mask on.

He changed the profile picture, and the bio, starting with:

Fan of duellists, wanting to engage with the community.

He narrowed his eyes, frowning. That didn't look very authentic.

He checked other fan accounts again, staring with bafflement at how flowery most were, with funky fonts and emojis. He shrugged, if it got him into the private account, who cares.

♣️#1 Duellist fan ♠️ | 🗡️ClownPierce Supremacy | Lurker looking for friends

He covered his mouth as he laughed loudly, oh it was *perfect*.

He found himself giddy as he added the finishing touches, adding the pronouns, making the location anywhere that wasn't *here* and finally preparing to post the first tweet he had tweeted on this account in months.

The last one was:



CircusFreak
@CircusFreak

The duellist community is unironically one of the sweetest, most supportive, and wholesome communities I've ever seen. Everyone just motivates each other to do better and improve, it's so awesome and such a stark contrast to the murderous attitude on the field.

8:14 AM · Oct 2, 2012

0 Retweets 0 Quote Tweets 3 Likes

Already great! And could be interpreted as an outsider's view, not an insider.

Now for a new one...

He pressed his fingertips together with concentration etched into his face as he considered how he should go about this. Just something brief and believable, it didn't matter if anyone else doubted him, the only opinion that mattered was Branzzy's.

He smirked boldly, knowing exactly what Branzzy liked, *him*.



CircusFreak
@CircusFreak

I've been inactive from the duellist community for a few years but is clown still hot I need to know is he still hot please tell me he's still hot please-

10:45 AM · May 9, 2022

3 Retweets **5** Quote Tweets **103** Likes

He felt both ashamed and also proud of his tweet, because surely, surely this would get Branzzy's attention, surely, he wouldn't think he'd say such a thing about himself.

He posted the tweet, waited a few minutes, then started following any other stans he could find, including Branzzy.

-

Branzy was getting way too many followers these days.

He lay face down on his bed, groaning as loud as he could, much to the frustration of his friend Rek, who had decided to visit in hopes of a quieter study space since his neighbour's house was being renovated and the construction noises had been driving him insane. He felt his eye twitch as Branzzy whined when another 'ping!' came from his phone.

"You can turn it to silent, you know." He sighed, scribbling out another failed equation.

"How will I know when it's over if I can't hear it end?" Branzzy reasoned with flawed logic.

Rek rolled his eyes, "Just accept the follows or make it so they can't request to follow or something."

Branzy sighed and rolled over with the phone, mindlessly accepting any followers that had an older account and a good profile picture, not accepting anyone only interested in Branzzy to get in touch

with Clown. He liked the fans, he too was a fan, but if he could barely talk to Clown, how did they expect him to wingman them into a conversation with him?

“There.” Branzy sighed, another ‘ping!’ sounded out and he groaned again. “Whatever, I’m just gonna go on a walk, enjoy the peace and quiet.” Branzy said, tossing his phone and walking out.

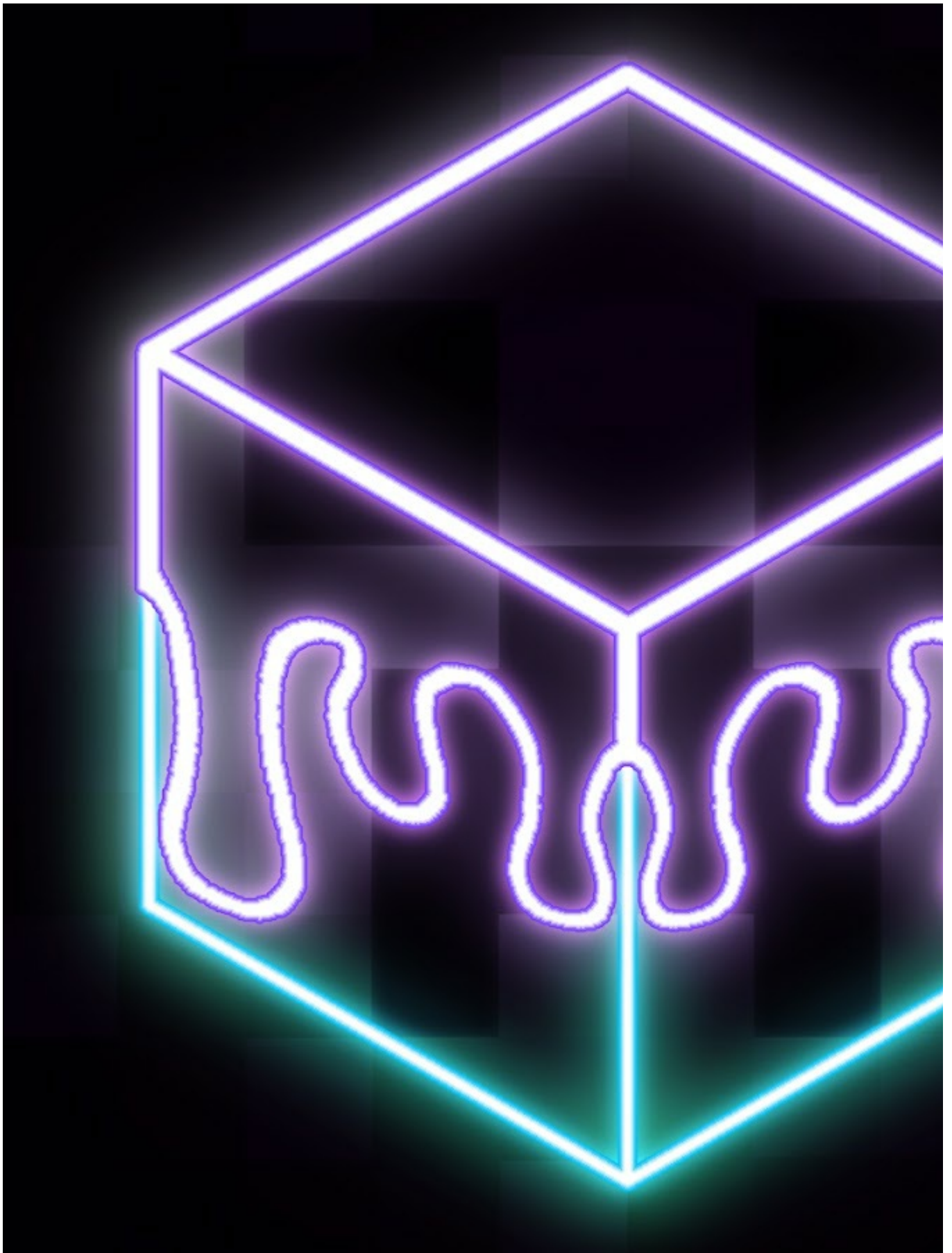
“Wait Branzy- Branzy you didn’t mute it-“ Rek started, watching the door swing shut behind his friend, he slumped in his seat, listening to the continued ‘ping!’ and wondering why he even bothered.

“Okay then.” He sighed, grabbing earphones, and readying to blast music.

-

Clown was making himself dinner when his phone pinged, causing him to leap away from his stove and dive to his benchtop. He gripped the phone with a manic grin, smile only widening when he saw his follow request was accepted.

“Oh, you poor, sweet, fool.” He muttered with a smirk, immediately opening Branzy’s account and scrolling down.



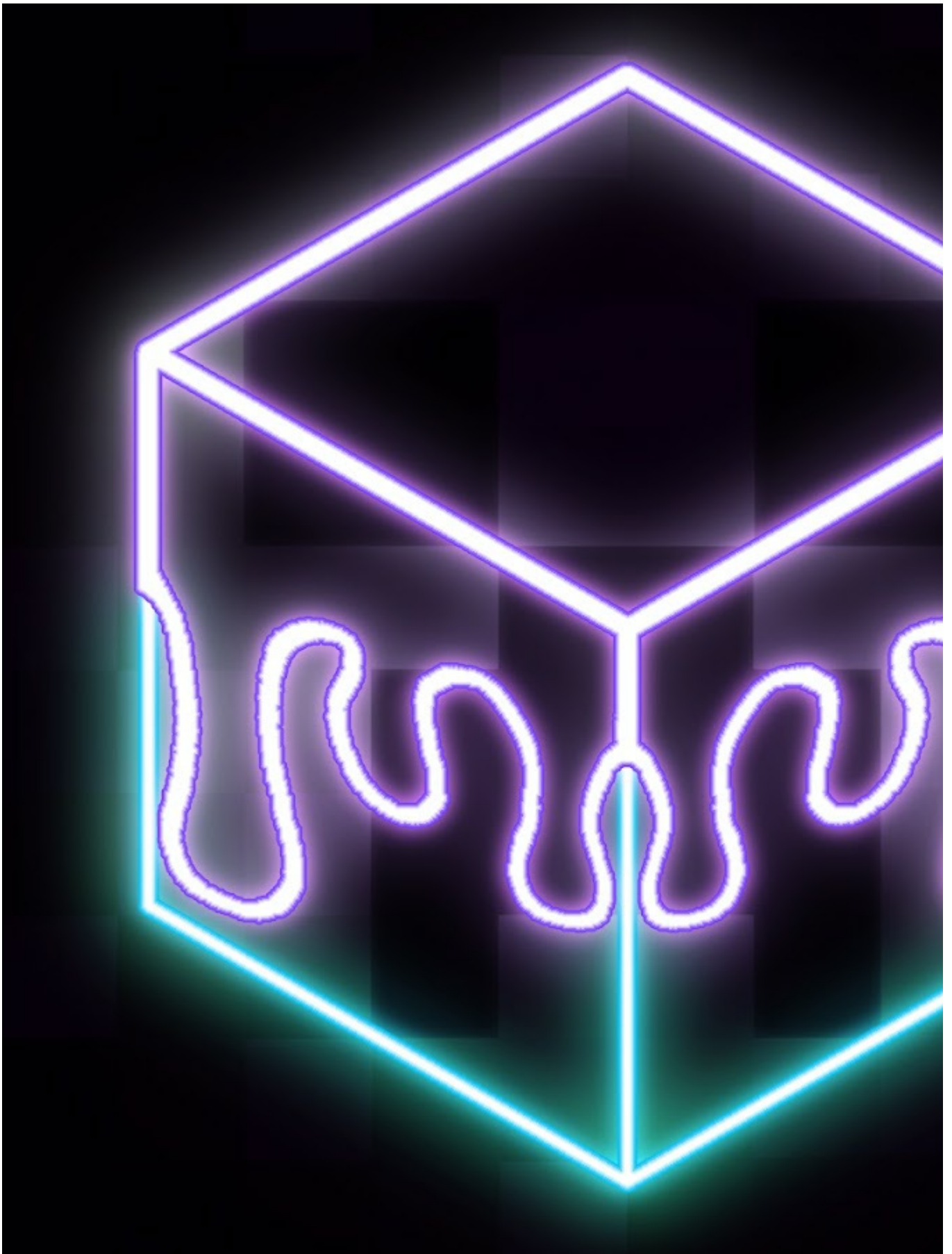
BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

STOP FOLLOWING ME FOR CLOWN I'M NOT GONNA WINGMAN FOR YOU, I DON'T
EVEN TALK TO HIM!!!

9:55 AM · May 8, 2022

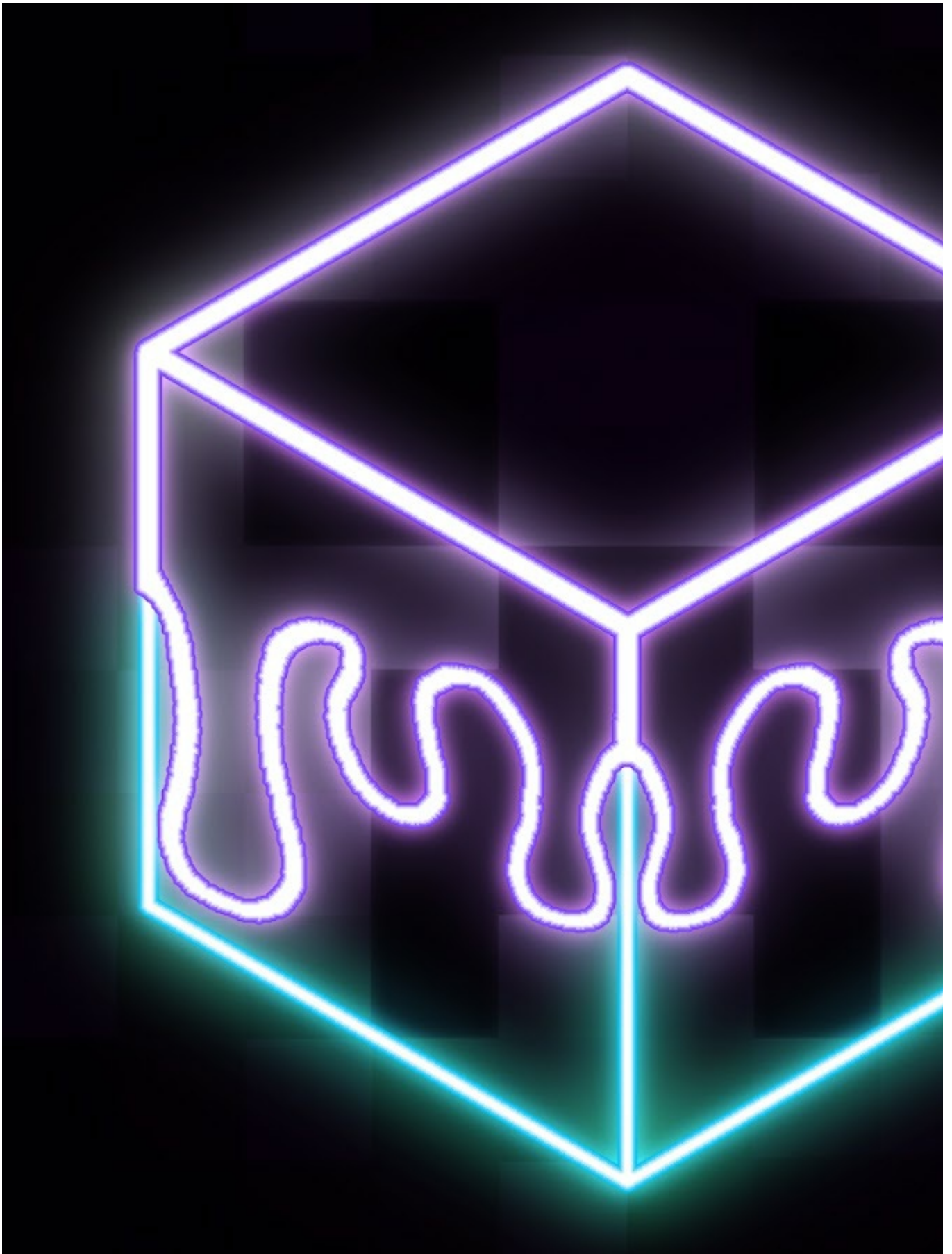
12K Retweets **100** Quote Tweets **55.6K** Likes

He chuckled to himself, “It’d be easier to talk to me if you just let me follow you...” He scrolled a little further, “What could you possibly not want me to see-“



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Besides why would I wingman for any of you when clearly I want him just as bad >:/

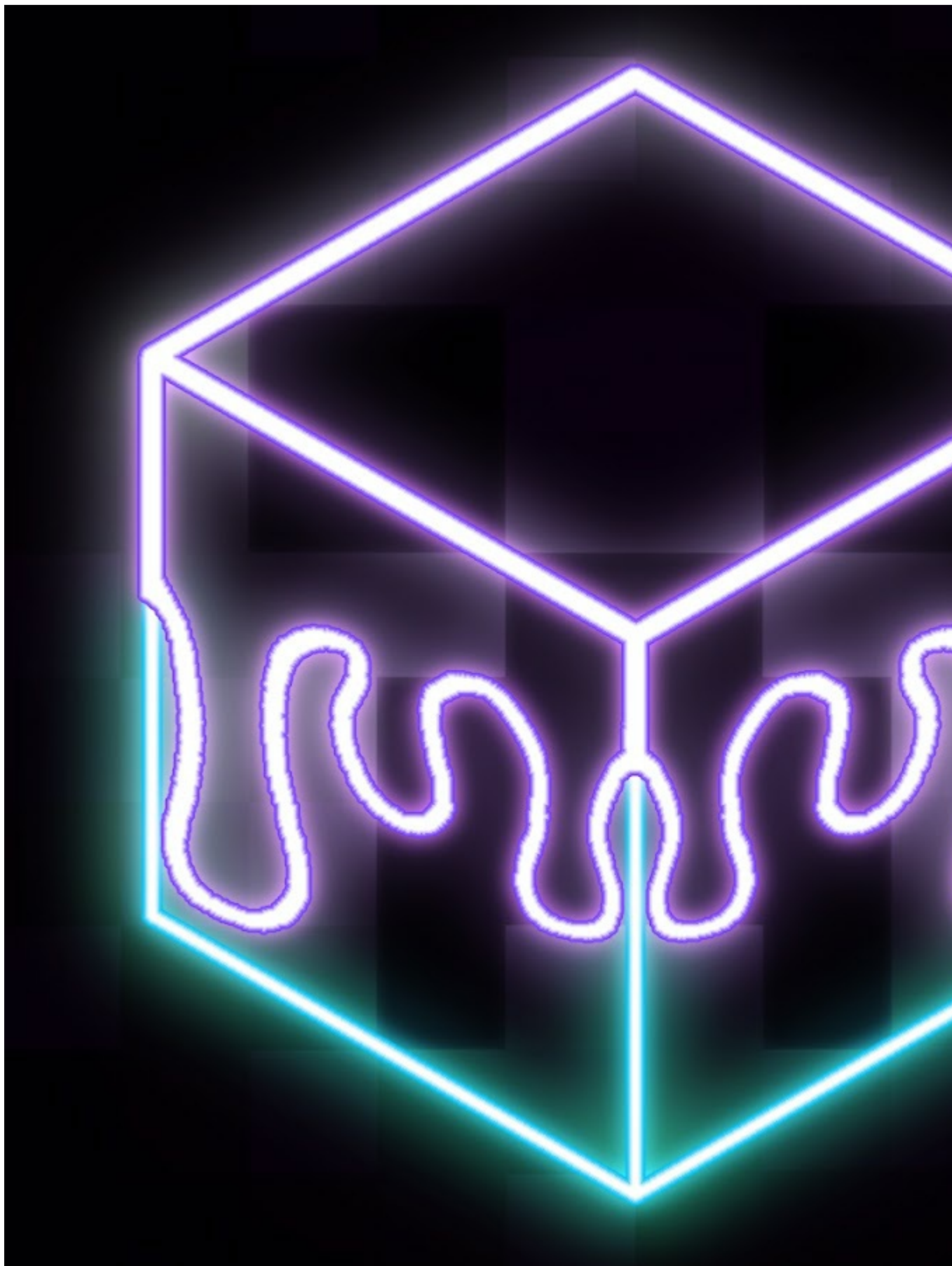


BranzyTheClownSimp @BranzyTweets · May 9

STOP FOLLOWING ME FOR CLOWN I'M NOT GONNA WINGMAN FOR YOU, I DON'T EVEN TALK TO HIM!!!

10:23 AM · May 9, 2022

23.3K Retweets 924 Quote Tweets 50.1K Likes



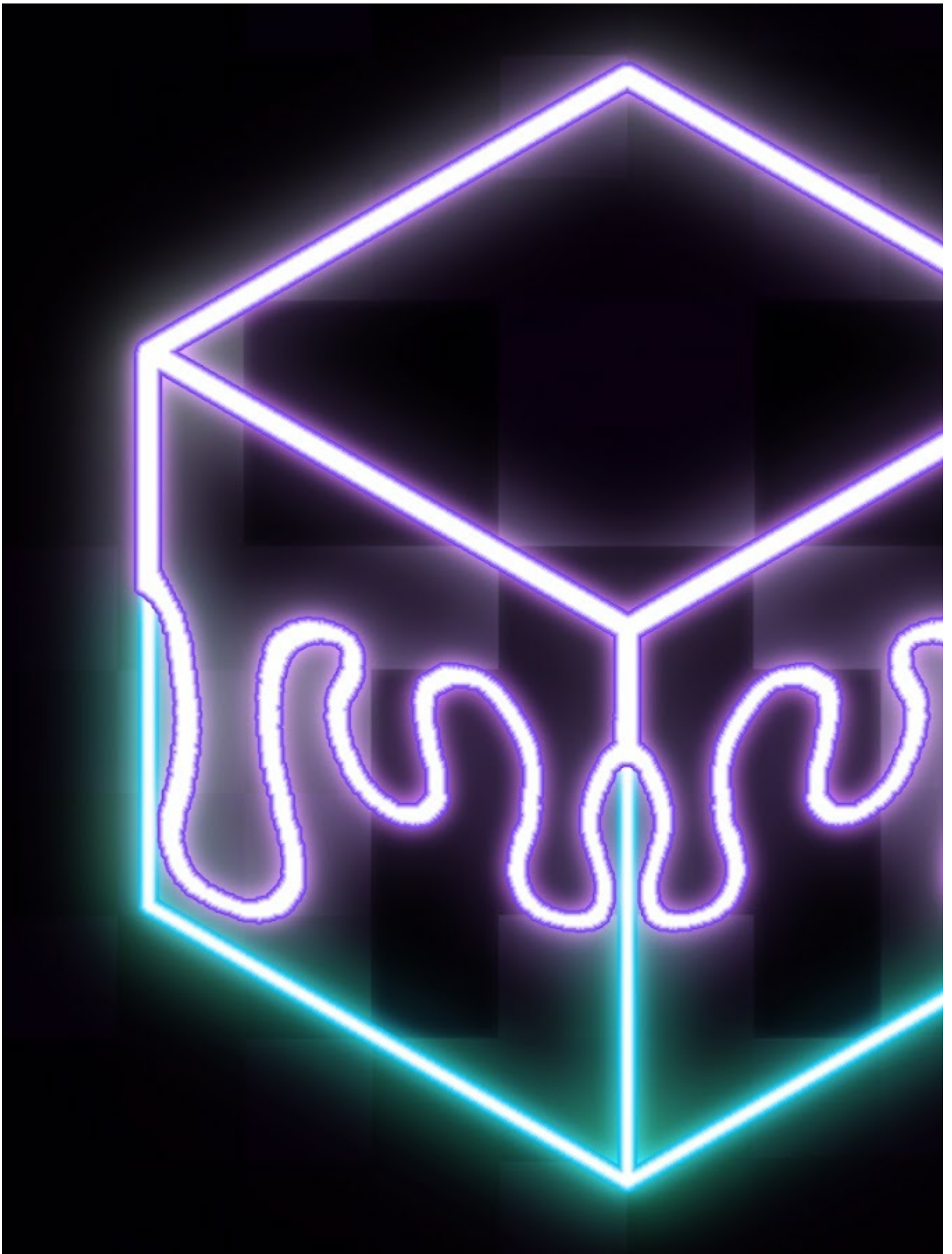
BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

He's even more attractive in person

11:58 PM · May 7, 2022

10K Retweets **943** Quote Tweets **30K** Likes

Oh, well, that wasn't a surprise. He doubted he thought that was all it took to scare him off-



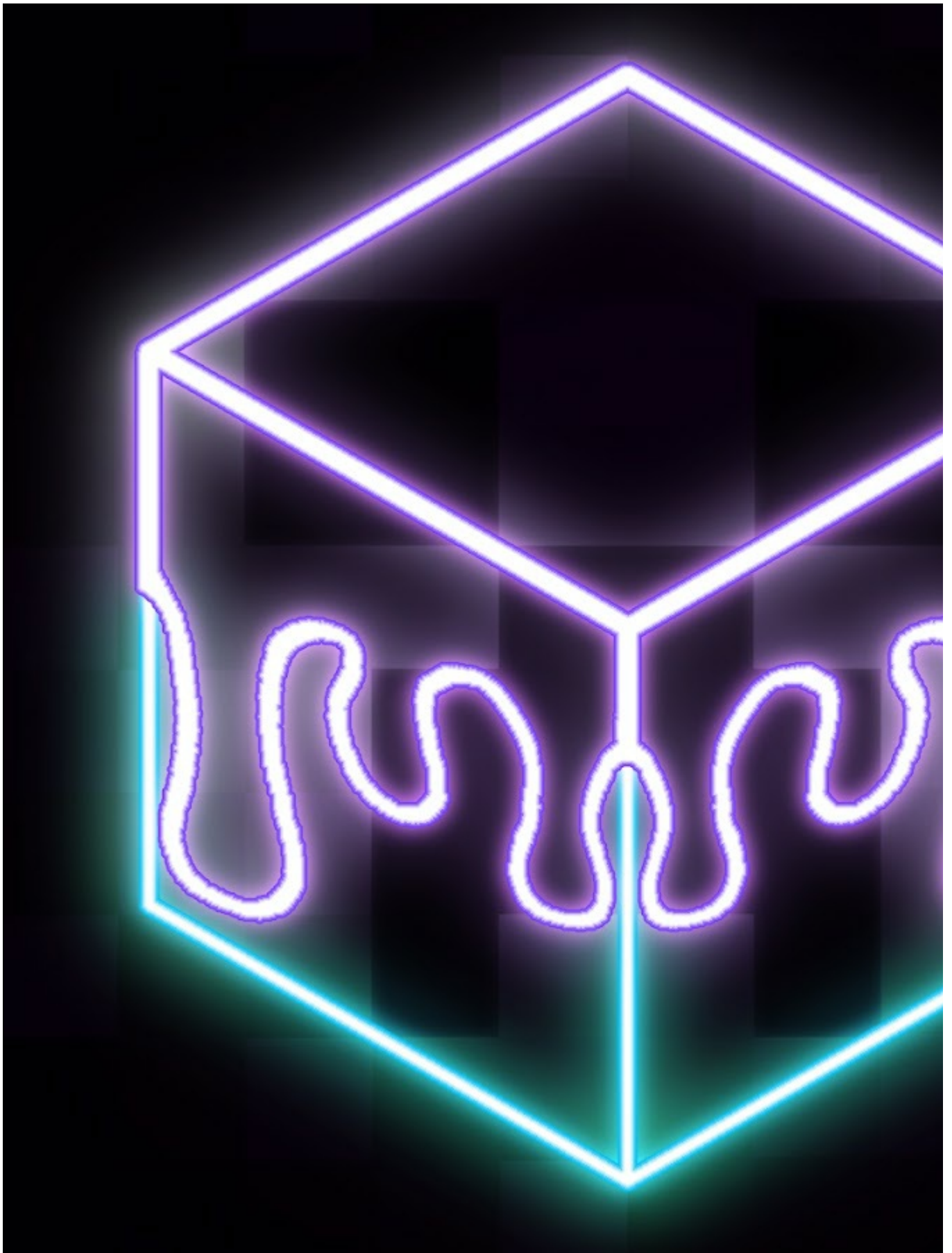
BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

I think he's an angel fallen down to heaven never have I witnessed someone so murderous but angelic

10K Retweets **1.2K** Quote Tweets **30K** Likes

Wow, okay. He really was a big simp. He hid his grin beneath his palm, weirdly, whilst he didn't really like people judging him based on his appearance rather than his skill, he didn't mind when it came to Branzzy.

He scrolled just a bit further, seeing multiple tweets expressing Branzzy's admiration for him, heart emojis plentiful.



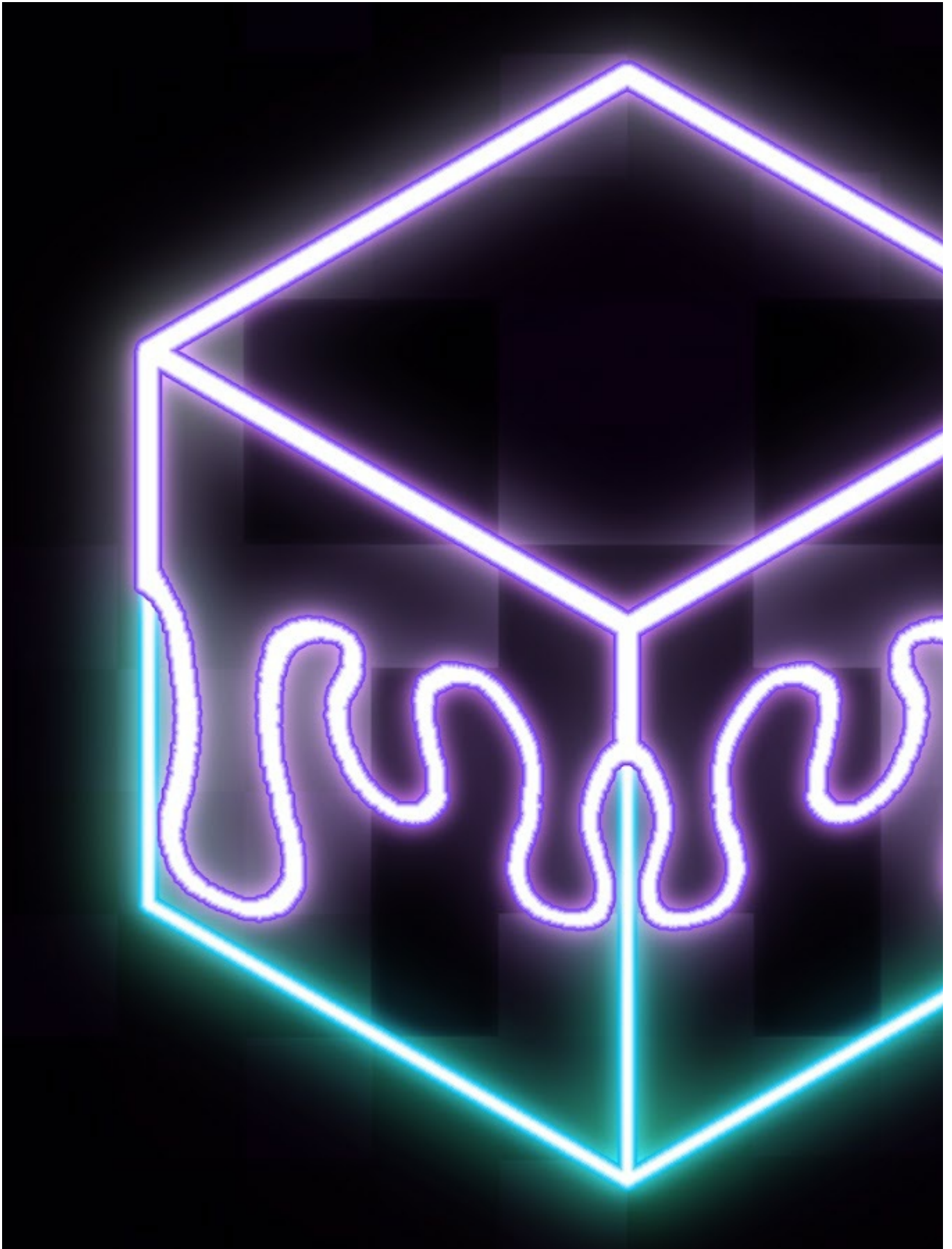
BranzyTheClownTweet
@BranzyTweets

Clown looked so awesome in todays duel and I SWEAR he looked at me!!! ME!!! I mean it's hard to tell with a mask on but STILL! He glanced my way!

8:14 AM · April 22, 2022

13K Retweets **1K** Quote Tweets **15K** Likes

This poor idiot.

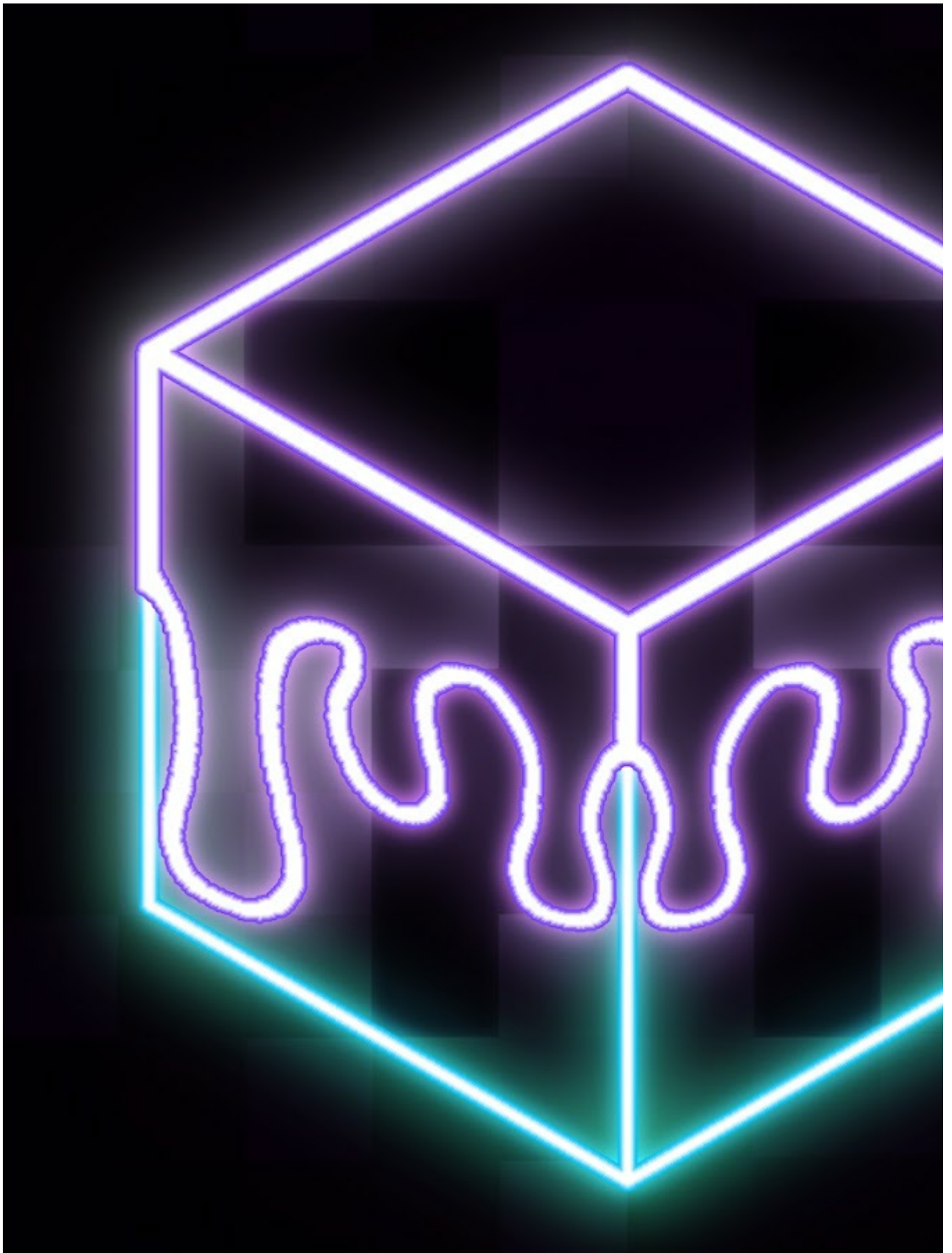


BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Clown knocked down his opponent and laughed that breathy evil laugh of his and oh my god I think me and all the people around me died.

12:14 PM · April 12, 2022

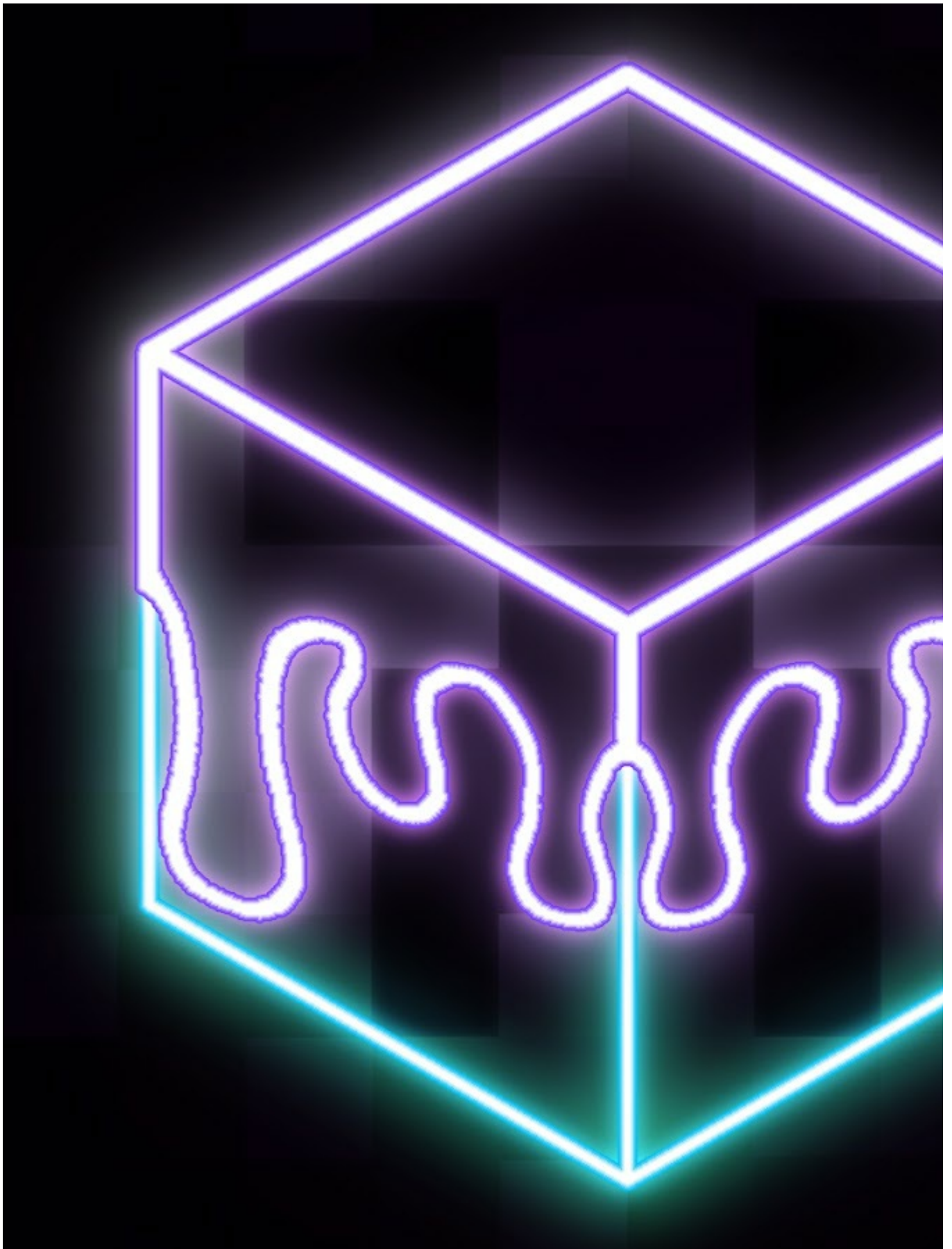
8K Retweets **936** Quote Tweets **13K** Likes



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Did Clown really say 'hoochi mama' in that interview?! What, is he from a fucking 90's cartoon??? WHO SAYS HOOCHI MAMA AND WHY DO I STILL LOVE HIM???

15K Retweets 103 Quote Tweets 32.2K Likes



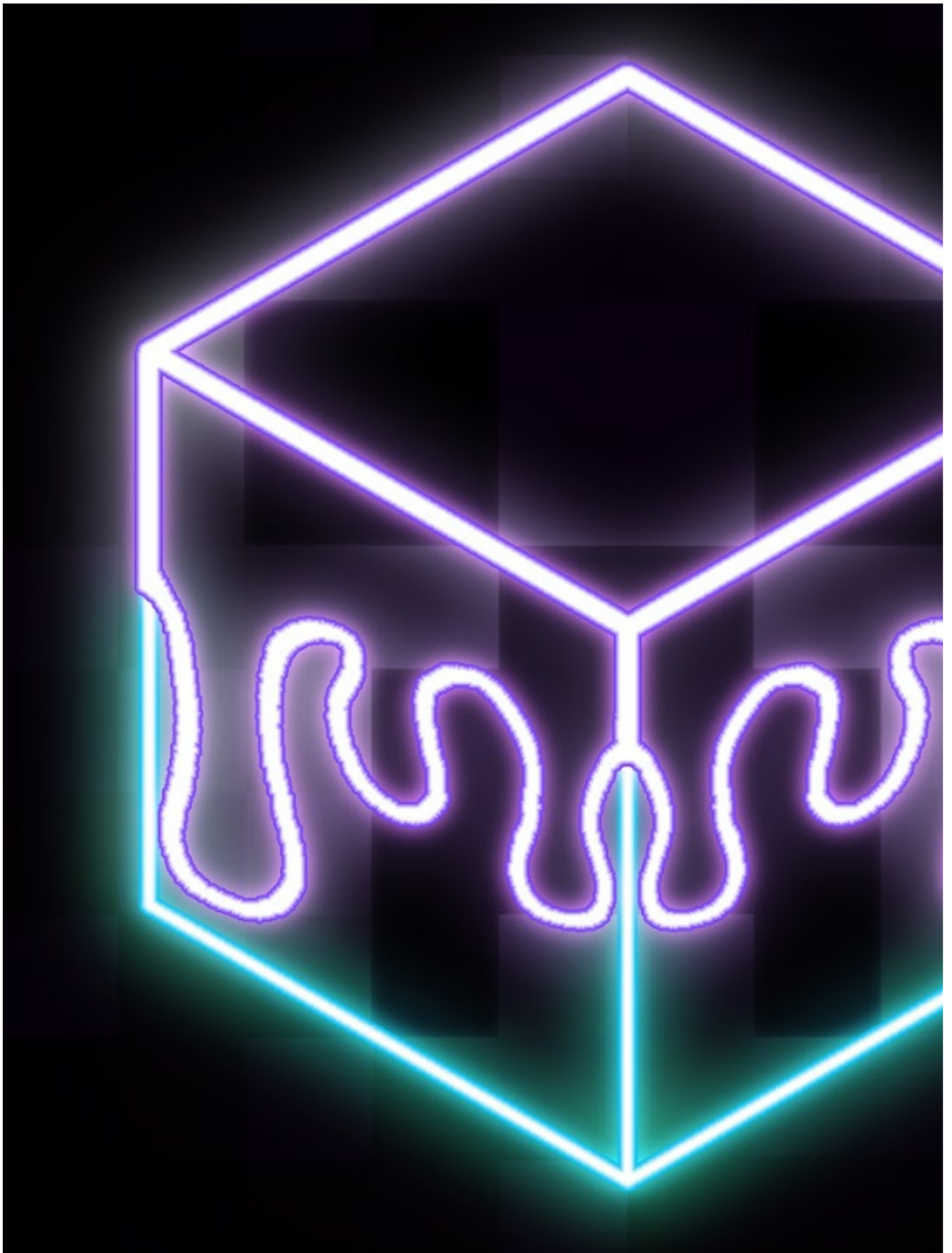
@BranzyTweets

I feel like Clown could literally do nothing but whisper moist on repeat and I'd still be in love with his voice

4:18 PM · March 17, 2022

11K Retweets **1K** Quote Tweets **15K** Likes

Clown chuckled, scrolling just a bit further through more tweets of admiration and many, *many*, fancam retweets. He grew a bit curious about if he always acted this way, so he searched up his user and went back a couple years, to when Clown was just starting his career.



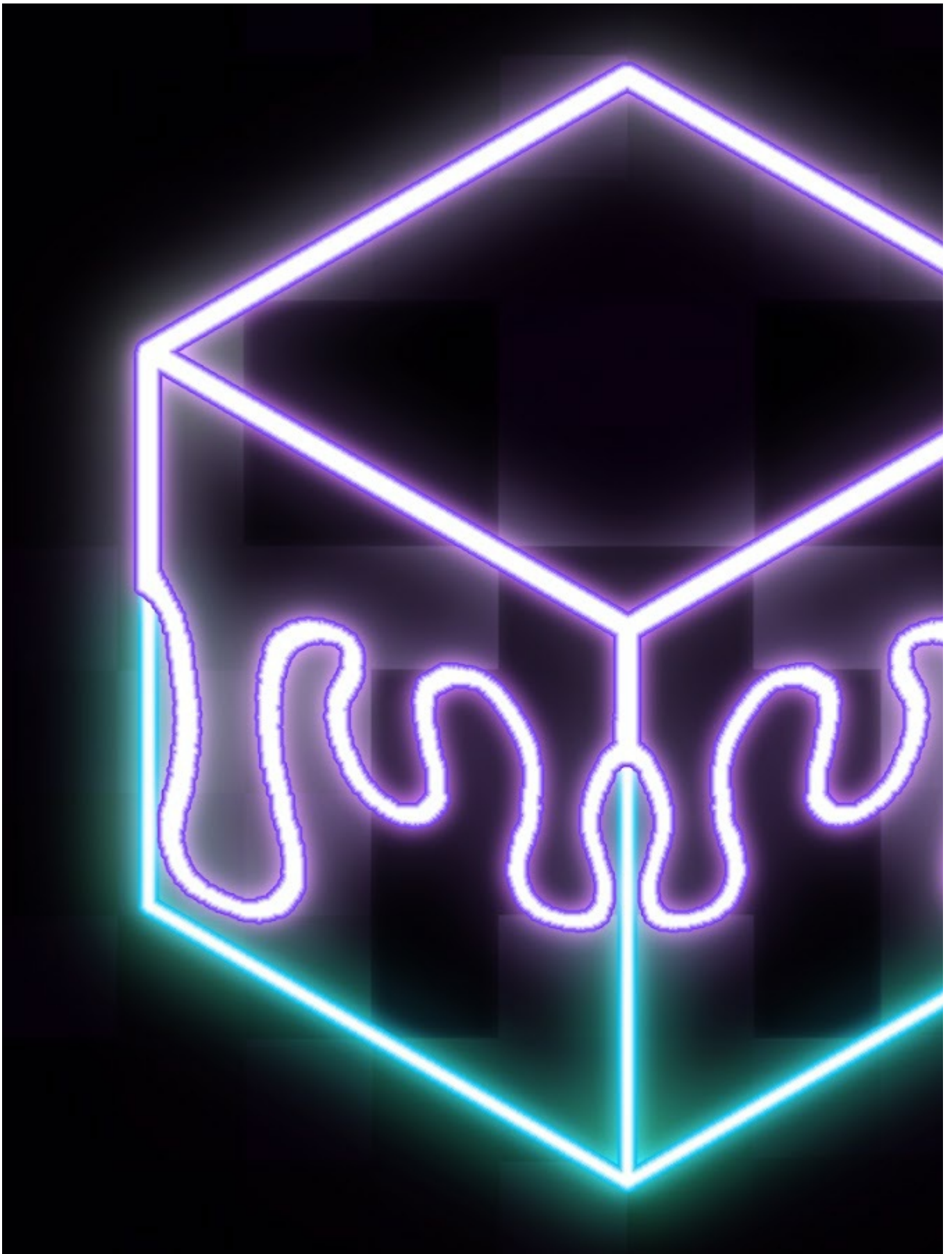
BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

I saw Clown again today! I'm honestly so proud of him for needing paid admission now, it shows he's made it!!! Took em long enough I say!

3:13 AM · Oct 5, 2018

1K Retweets **23** Quote Tweets **12** Likes

He flushed, biting his lip and glancing away from his screen for a moment. He really had been there from the start, hadn't he?

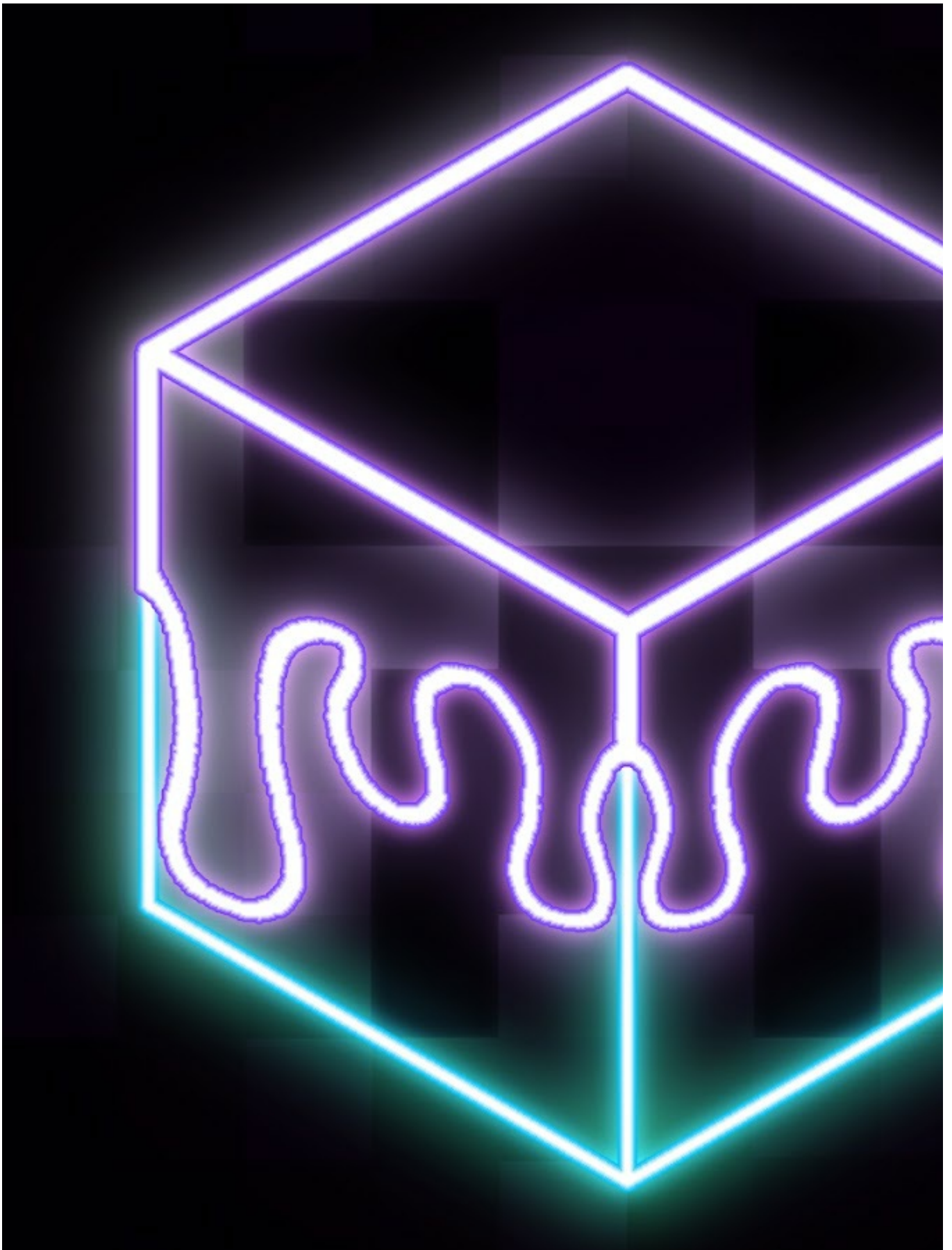


BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

He's such a good duellist, like I don't know jack about fighting but the way he fights is so fluid and beautiful it looks like choreography rather than a battle. He's amazing. I've never seen someone as entertaining as he.

8:14 AM · Oct 3, 2018

92 Retweets 68 Quote Tweets 1.2K Likes



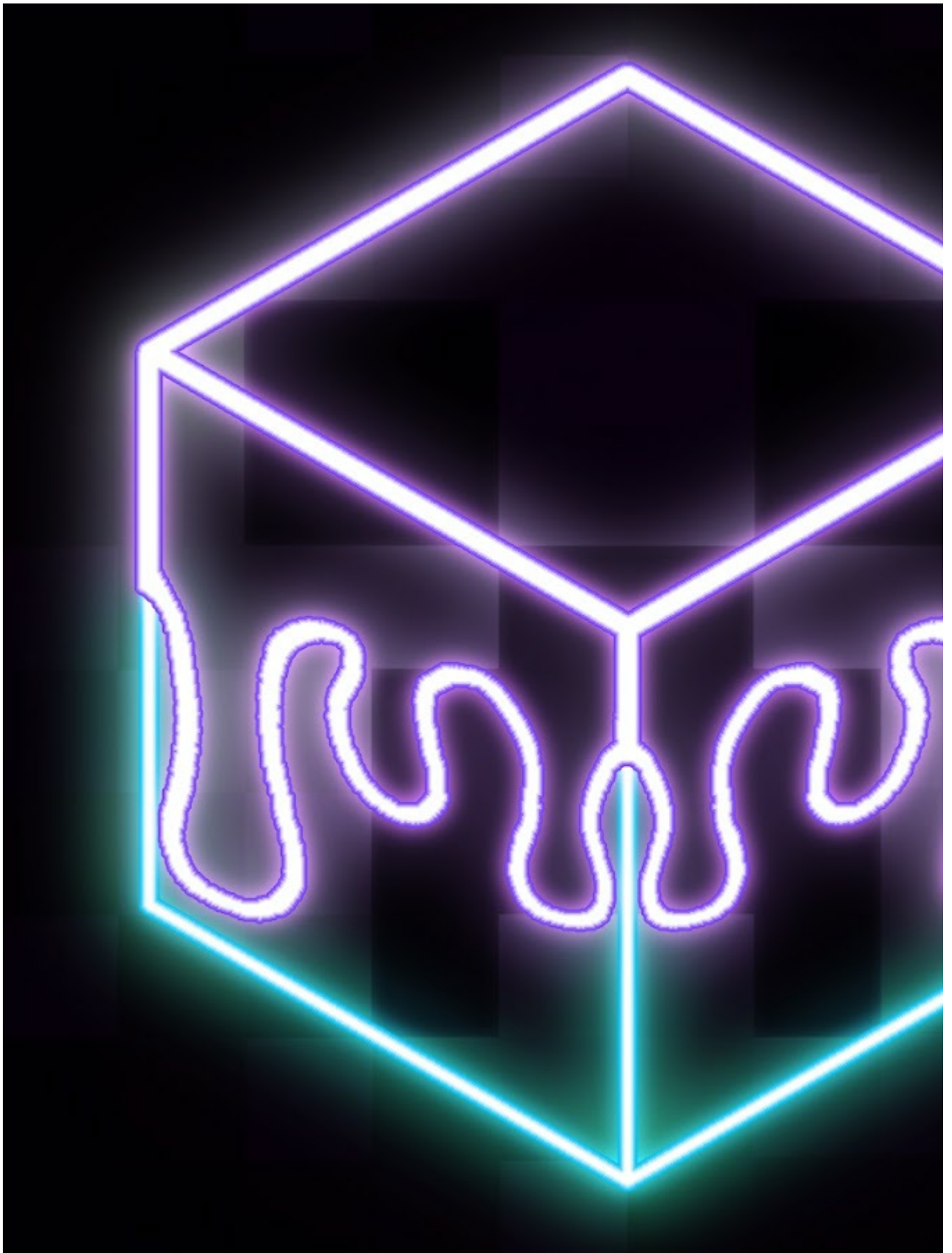
BranzyTheClownSimp

@BranzyTweets

I've never thrown popcorn at anyone before today, but they were booing Clown!!! Like, actual, mean-spirited, not even just for the match, booing!!! They deserved it.

8:14 AM · Decemeber 13, 2018

46 Retweets **13** Quote Tweets **763** Likes



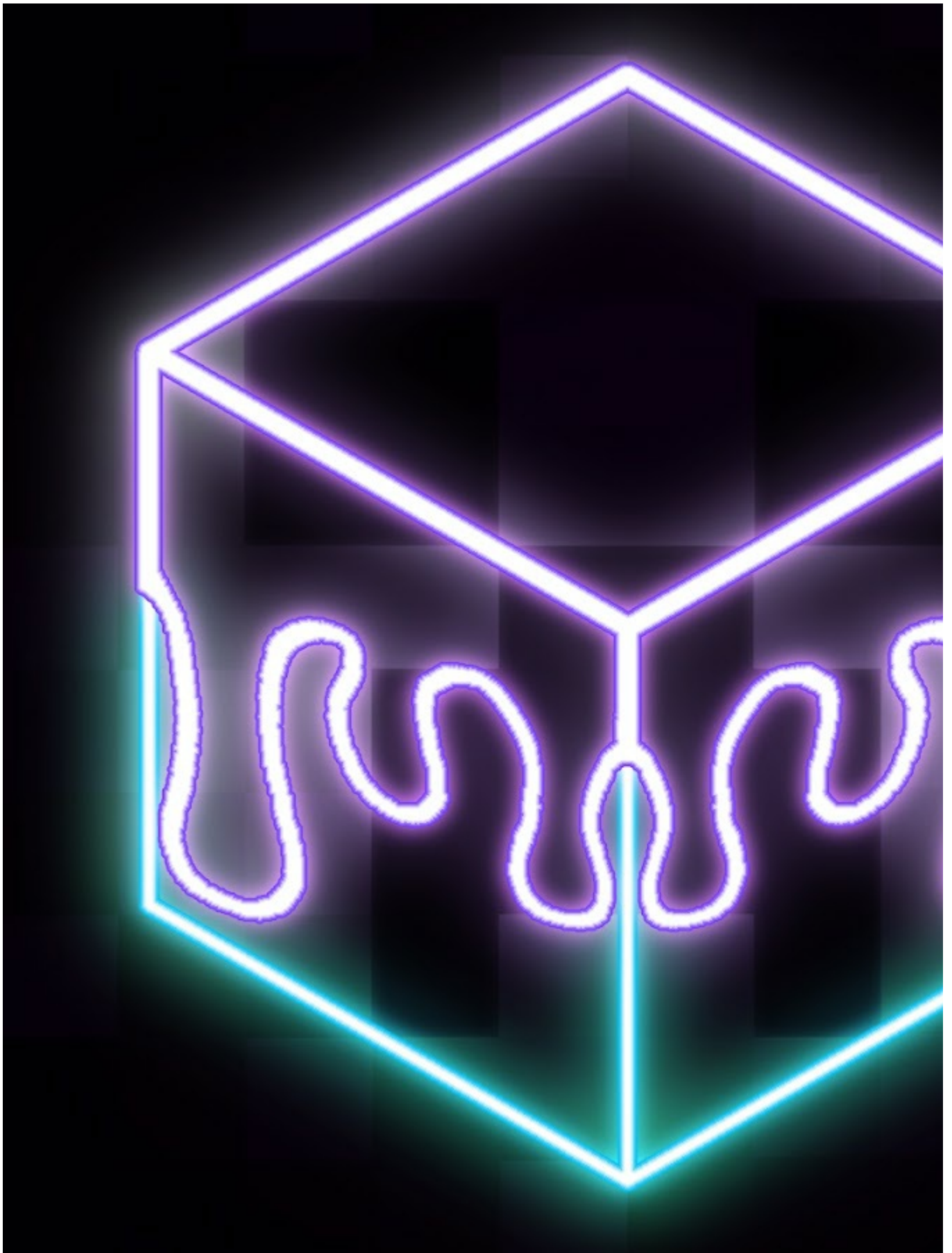
BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Holy shit, Clown's mask fell off today. I won't share any details for the sake of his privacy, but oh my god, he looks as good as his duelling, let's just say that.

1K Retweets **103** Quote Tweets **20K** Likes

Clown felt his gaze soften, old Branzzy was far more... Contained? Respectful? No, he wouldn't call Branzzy's behaviour today disrespectful, it honestly showed Clown that he was just more comfortable admitting his attraction. But he was so, polite, here. So kind, so appreciative.

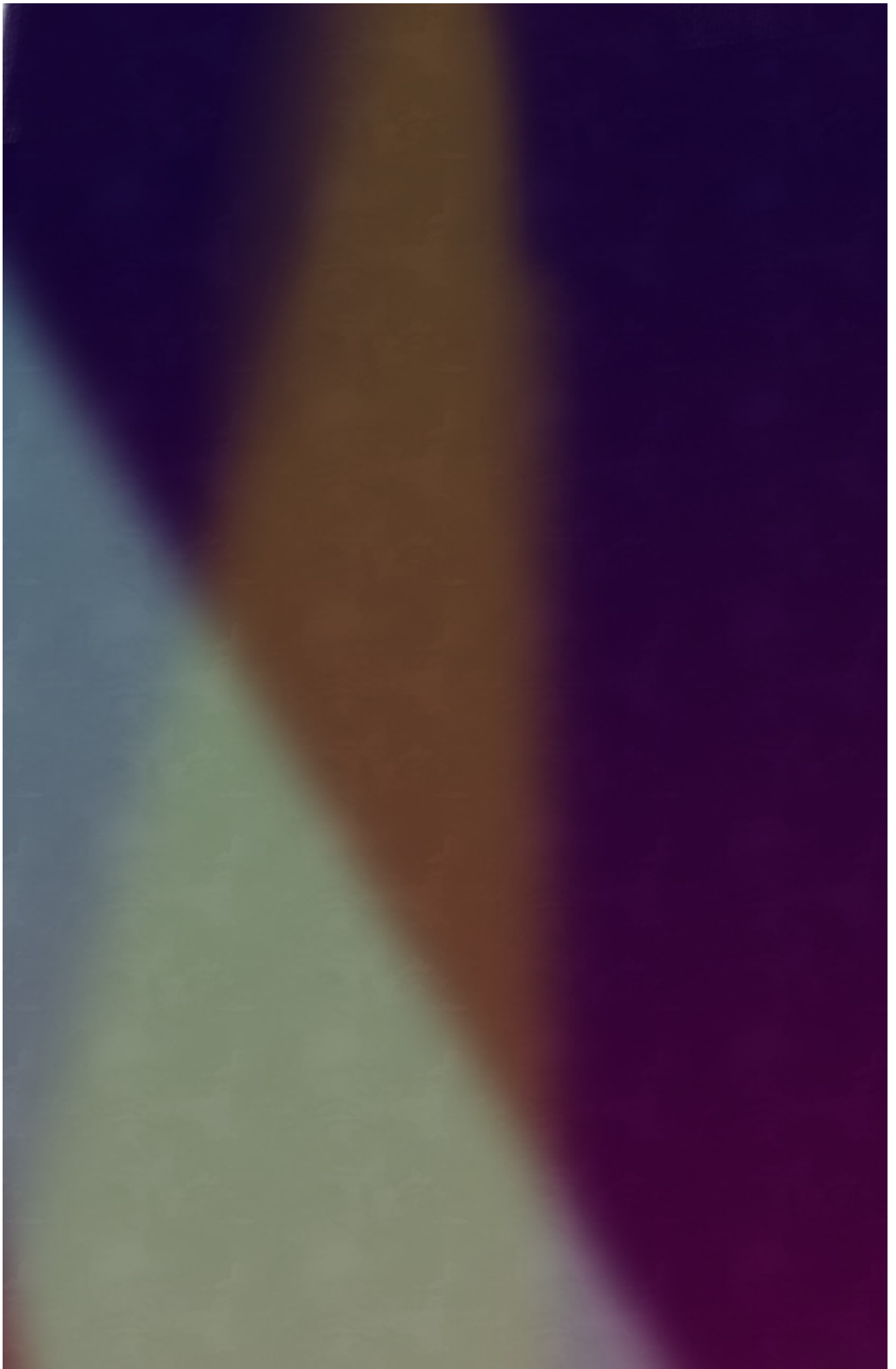
Many of the following tweets were much of the same, but what truly made Clown's finger freeze was an image.



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

Clown has no official merch yet, so I made my own!











10:34 AM · January 4, 2019

103 Retweets 1K Quote Tweets 13K Likes

The image attached was Branzy at one of Clown's duels before it had begun, there wasn't much of a crowd, there never was when Clown first started out but still Branzy was there- Hair slightly out of place, blown messily about from the wind, his cheeks were ever so slightly red. There, and holding sheepishly in one of his hands, a replica of Clown's mask.

He was smiling, half his face hidden behind the mask as he showed it off.

It had no straps to hold it on, meaning Branzy had to manually hold it up to even use the dang thing. It was clearly drawn on in sharpie, looked to be made of painted Styrofoam that had the eye sockets slightly carved out to add depth. It was pretty cheaply made, paint strokes all over the place, the black sharpie didn't stay in the lines of the eyes and one of the mouths lines to represent teeth was crooked.

Clown had to have it. Or see it, or something, that mask was likely the first ever piece of fanart in any way created for him and of *course* it was made by his beloved number one fan *Branzy*.

He marvelled at its beauty, imperfections and all.

He had to have it.

He admired Branzy's smiling face.

He had to have it.

-

A few days later and Clown was subjected to the horrors that were involved when being in the public eye, and that was public appearances. In this case, an interview, on a late-night show.

Interviews were not something Clown enjoyed too much; he didn't have the most charismatic personality. In fact he tried to keep speaking publicly to a minimum, only really interacting through his twitter. He knew interviewers often tried to ring out what they thought audiences wanted, and not really focus on asking questions that Clown hadn't heard before.

But there was one interview show he didn't mind, they left him room to dodge a question he didn't like and were explicit on the topics they wanted to cover during the interview.

So when he got a request for an interview in his inbox from this show, he accepted, especially when they said they wanted to ask him about the purple eyed guy.

Any chance to talk about Branzy with him able to hear him was a chance he'd take.

He was seated across from the desk where the host sat, a jazz band referred to as 'the funny boys' already practicing their playing for when live music would be required.

"Hey again, Clown." The interviewer greeted as the crew around them started mic'ing them up. She smiled pleasantly, her blue attire matching her hair and making her bright eyes stand out. She wore bunny ears, the most iconic part of her outfit and a staple of the show. "We're gonna be projecting a lot of stuff on that board today," She nodded to the projector board, which currently

had the shows logo.

“No worries.” Clown said with a nod, watching with hidden delight as the audio crew struggled to mic him in a way that didn’t involve moving his mask. He took the mic from their hands and attached it to his collar with a chuckle. “Been a while Kaboodle, you still losing every game you challenge your guests to?”

Kab scoffed and dramatically gasped, “No! I’ve won... Some!”

Clown stared her down till she broke with a sheepish, “Like, one...”

At the very least, her show made her guests feel like winners, even if their challenger was never much of a challenge.

“We’re going live in 30!” The director called. Both he and the interviewers posture straightened at the call.

“Show time.” She mumbled with a smile; Clown nodded to show he had heard her. “You’re lucky this is just an interview Clown, I would have totally destroyed you.”

Clown laughed loudly, quietly stifling it before the director could tell him off.

“Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Five, Four, Three-“ The voice grew quieter, until the words were just mouthed, a final point towards them originally the camera having gone live.

“Hello everyone and welcome to A heart to heart! I’m your host, Kaboodle, and today we are having a heart to heart with our very special guest, someone whom we have had the... *pleasure* to have on our show before, the one and only... ClownPierce!”

The audience cheered, Clown leaned back in his chair, trying to give the impressive of cool confidence.

"Now Clownpierce, you're a famous duellist whose duels have been a spectacle to behold, especially these past few years as your skills have increased and duels grow more and more entertaining." The interviewer began.

Clown let out a pleasant laugh, "You flatter me! Thank you, though I'm really not all that impressive." He shrugged.

Kaboodle rolled her eyes playfully, "I, and many others, would disagree but I think we can agree that as of late a new development in your life has grown to be quite the spectacle," She turned to the board, which started projecting tweets and news articles relating to Clowns attack on the fan, "Recently, a fan of yours has gained quite a following due to your aggressive stance towards them. Now, I don't think this was done from malice, and would love to clear up that misconception, is there anything you can tell us about this fan and your relationship with them?"

Clown crossed his leg over the other with a hum, "Ah yes, him." He muttered, "The fan goes by Branzzy. He's actually been a fan of mine since the very beginning."

The interviewers’ eyes lit up, "Oh? Is he a friend?"

Clown shook his head with a laugh, "No, not quite. See, I used to see him watch me duel frequently, less so when the crowds grew far greater than I anticipated. I was excited to see him at a meet and greet, but despite lining up and paying for them multiple times, he never made it to me. He always left before I got the chance to talk with him, which is why I acted that way. I was just so

frustrated that I couldn't even meet my number one fan." He sighed.

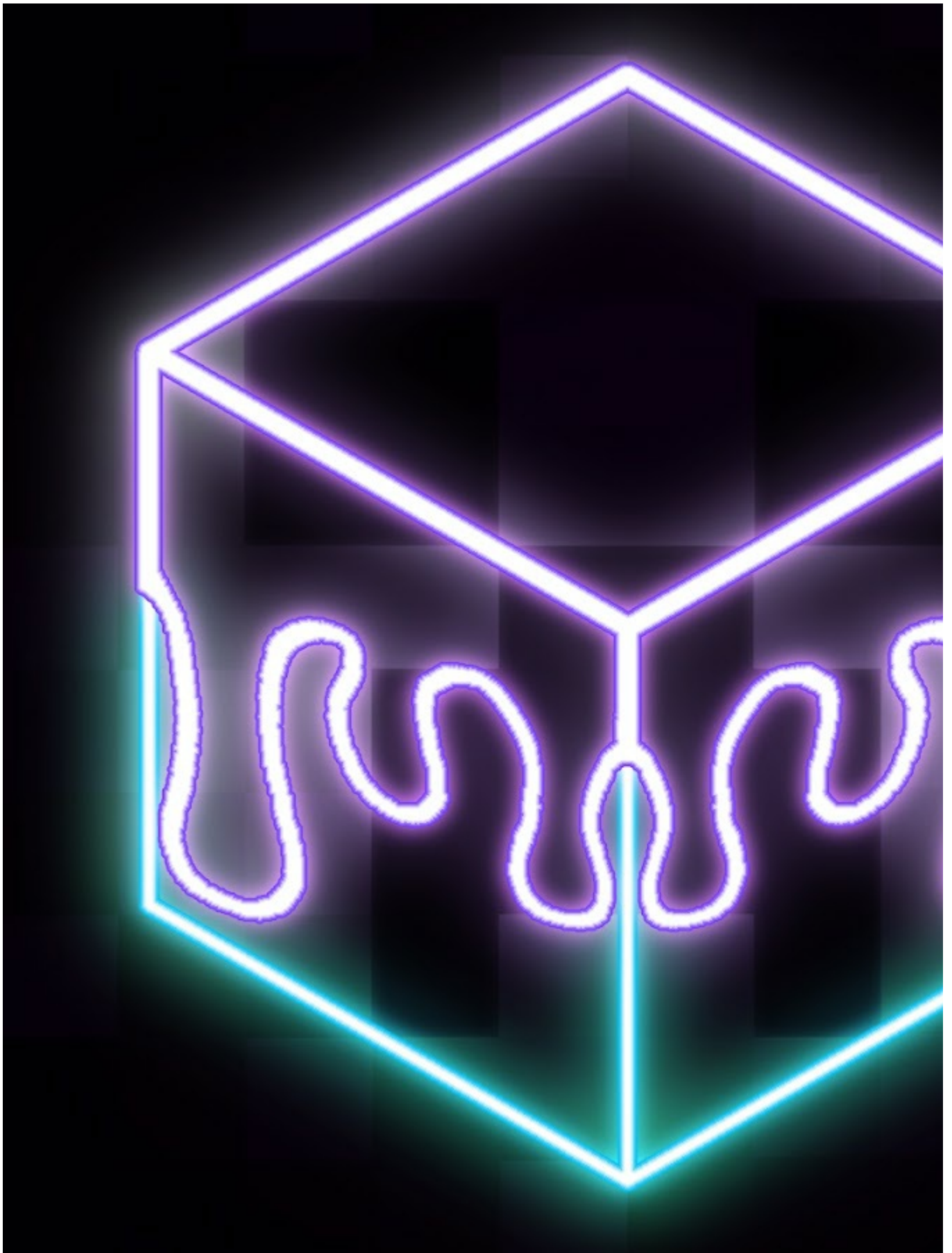
The interviewer nodded her head, "Understandable, though I hope you don't assume he hates you, my research team has revealed quite the opposite." She smirked evilly.

Clown thought to the multiple thirst cam retweets and nodded slowly, "Mmm, yeah, he doesn't hate me."

"Would you be interested in seeing some of his locked tweets? We understand he private so you wouldn't be able to find him."

Clown giggled, "I'm sure this segment would have been very fun, but I'm afraid my reactions will not be genuine." He leant back in the chair, "I got into his account with a secret alt as soon as I could."

The interviewers jaw dropped, "S-So you've seen this?" Clown turned to look at the screen, then did a double take.



BranzyTheClownSimp
@BranzyTweets

I'd let Clown murder me happily, grind your heel into my head baby that's the only way I wanna go

3:14 AM · March 6, 2019

23.3K Retweets 924 Quote Tweets 50K Likes

Clown broke into laughter so abrupt he had to cover his mouth (or really his mask) to stifle it, "What?! No! I've seen the fan cams and constant mention of finding me hot but not this one!" He giggled, "Oh that's hilarious, as if I'd kill with a heel and not a sword."

"Oh, fan cams like this?" She chuckled, and the screen played a video of clown duelling set to upbeat music, the audio slowing as Clowns mask was knocked off, his gaze levelling the camera with a dark stare and a twisted curl to his lips.

The caption was: If looks could kill (and they do)

Clown grinned brightly, "Did he make that himself? That one's real good!"

The interviewer laughed, "He did indeed, though I've heard you don't really like fans sharing pictures of your face?"

Clown waved away her worries, "Oh, I don't mind if it's him." He clenched his jaw hard; glad no one could see his instant regret.

"Is that so? Would you like to perhaps address Branzly personally, maskless, to our cameras?" She quickly gave him an out, "Oh, but no need I suppose, we don't know if he'll watch this." Her gaze was understanding, but he took it as a challenge.

"Oh, he'll definitely watch this." Clown smirked, he pulled the mask off with ease, flipping his hair as it settled against his shoulders. "Which camera?" He asked, she pointed to one with shock, not expecting him to actually have done it.

"Hmm," Clown tapped his lip as he thought, "What to say to him, what to say, lord knows this clip will become a fan cam regardless of what I do..." He snorted.

He could already see people using that as the intro audio before an edit transitioned to clips.

"Ah, this is something he needs to hear." He nods to himself and faces the camera dead in, "Hey Branzly," he purrs, the audience is all giggles and grins from his tone alone, "Do me a favour and stop running, alright?" He slipped his mask back on, "The end result the same either way." He shrugged.

The interviewer clapped with a laugh, "Oh man, you sure know how to kill a fan."

"Not my fault he's a fan of a literal killer."

"Clown, you don't kill your opponents."

"But I do win!" He grinned, she chuckled.

"That you do."

-

Branzly choked on his drink as he watched the livestream from his phone, quickly glancing around to check if anyone saw his moment of embarrassment before quickly leaving the small cafe he had stepped into.

He stared at his phone gripped tightly in his hand as Clown spoke through it, laughing along with the host as if he hadn't just made Branzzy have several heart attacks.

He sat in a random bench at a bus stop, huddled to his side glaring at the screen as passerbys levelled him with curious and concerned stares as they made their way past.

"Do you have any way of contacting Branzzy?" The host, Kab, was asking, Branzzy grit his teeth.

"No, and if he hadn't made an alt it woulda stayed that way." Branzzy muttered spitefully.

"Hmm, not really, unless I message him using my alt. But I think it's a bit funnier if he is stressing over which account is me." Clown chuckled.

Branzzy scowled, "Oh you're so evil."

"Well, would you like to message him on our account?"

"Oh but if he doesn't reply that'd be so sad." Clown said with an exaggerated whine, Branzzy could picture him pouting. Dammit, he'd look cute pouting.

Branzzy's jolted as his phone buzzed, a Twitter dm appearing at the top of the screen from the 'Heart to Heart' company twitter.

"You watching me?"

Branzzy gritted his teeth, flustered and embarrassed and a little bit mad about it.

He smirked to himself, leaving him on read.

The stream finally caught up, showing Clown sending the message, Branzzy watched as his posture grew a bit more tense. If he didn't know any better, he'd say he looked... mad?

"He's leaving me on read." Clown spoke coldly, "He literally wants me to grind him to dust under my heel and he's leaving me on read."

Branzzy shot into the twitter app again, opening the DM to hastily to defend himself.

"I was exaggerating!" He responded quickly.

Clown's laugh came after his reply shot through.

"So you are watching? This is why you're my number one. <3"

Branzzy clamped his hand over his mouth to stifle the giddy noises that response brought out.

-

Clown laughed at the response, and the production team pulled up the phones screen so everyone could see their conversation.

"So he is watching!" Kab chuckled, "Well, that's a pleasant surprise, is Branzzy a fan of our show?" She beamed, the audience cheered with encouragement and Clown scoffed, waving a hand at them dismissively.

"Branzzy's a fan of me so I'm half convinced he's only here for me." He bragged, allowing his cockier persona to take centre stage.

He was swiftly humiliated as the big screen showed Branzzy had sent another DM to the company's Twitter.

"I'm a big fan of heart to heart! It has way more down to earth interviews than most :) Not just here for Clown lmao"

The audience laughed as Clown shrunk in on himself, Kab cackled and smacked her desk with delight.

"Shot down!" She jeered.

Clown crossed his arms, "He's still a bigger fan of me, right Branzzy? Right?" He stared at the screen, waiting with bated breath as the dots showing he was typing appeared.

"Hm.... Idk... Kaboodle issss pretty cool >:)"

Clown was briefly distracted by the realisation that Branzzy used cute emoticons that he didn't even realise what he was implying.

"Ooooh! Looks like I may be stealing your biggest fan, Clown!" She laughed, "Hmm, I won't show pictures for privacy reasons, but Branzzy is kinda cute... I don't mind having him as my number one-"

"Don't you dare!" Clown laughed, voice coated in dramatised anger, "Branzy, take that statement back if you know what's good for you!" He threatened with a pointed finger towards the screen.

Branzy's response came in *quick*.

"Yes mr Clownpierce sir I'm your biggest fan and no one else's! Lol."

"I don't like what that lol Implies..." Clown mumbled.

"My oh my Clown, I didn't take you as a jealous type," The host snarked, before turning to the audience with a raised brow, "Oh what am I saying, yes I did."

"Oh Kab I'm not jealous of you! Branzzy can like whoever he likes...."

Kaboodle levelled him with a disbelieving stare.

"Just so long as he likes me the most." Clown finished with a hidden smirk.

-



skyler
@thegoofiestgoober

DID I ACTUALLY SEE THAT HAPPEN OR WAS IT A GROUP HALLUCINATION?

10:12 PM · May 18, 2022

3K Retweets **300** Quote Tweets **10K** Likes

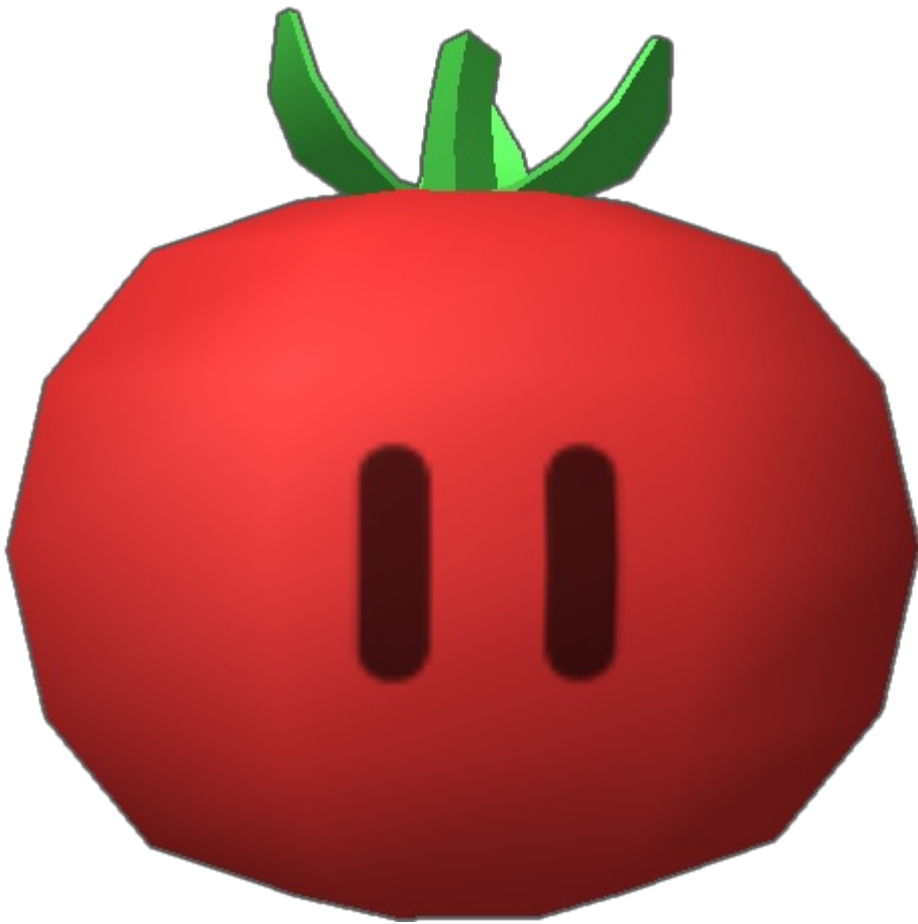


Tyr
@Styrigian

Dude did I witness a role reversal why is clown a fan of branzy what HAPPENED?

8:14 AM · May 18, 2022

12K Retweets **243** Quote Tweets **20K** Likes



Violet!
@violetjk

'I DON'T MIND IF IT'S HIM'???? HELLO??? WHAT IS THIS SIMPAGE I AM
WITNESSING?



10:14 PM · May 18, 2022

1K Retweets 924 Quote Tweets 20K Likes



RipandTear
@ripandtear

Holyshit branzy is living the y/n life and I am all here for it

8:14 AM · Oct 2, 2020

1K Retweets 203 Quote Tweets 10K Likes



Ace
@QueenOfAces

“Just so long as he likes me the most.” ...



10:23 PM · May 18, 2022

5.6K Retweets **5K** Quote Tweets **10K** Likes



ApolloMyBeloved
@AbulaApollo

IF BRANZY CAN GET CLOWNS ATTENTION BY BEING A STAN SO CAN I!!! CLOWN!!!
LOOK AT ME!!!

10:38 AM · May 18, 2022

201 Retweets **2** Quote Tweets **1K** Likes

□

Poppy
@bestplantinventor

His laugh is so cute I am DYINGGGG

10:42 PM · May 18, 2022

46 Retweets **23** Quote Tweets **2K** Likes



Nic
@ALunaNic

WE NEED A PURPLEEYEDGUY INTERVIEW FOLLOW UP I NEED ANSWERS



10:55 PM · May 18, 2022

1K Retweets **924** Quote Tweets **13K** Likes



Blue
@Blue_goons

I thought it was absurd when clown chased down a fan but now he's like, internet stalking him, mans is obsessed what is this

11:14 PM · May 18, 2022

3K Retweets **261** Quote Tweets **12K** Likes



SwordOfCool
@icanswingmysword

Ya know what?



11:12 PM · May 18, 2022

20.3K Retweets **11.5K** Quote Tweets **1K** Likes

Branzy had been having a fairly busy week, his twitter had been exploding from the publicity Clown had unintentionally bestowed upon him, and he had been busy with his work to top it off. It had been fairly stressful to be sure.

Which was why he was so relieved to finally get the chance to hang out and have fun with Rek. The two had decided to meet up at a milkshake bar they frequented, only issue was it was pretty far out, and Branzy did not want to pay for petrol.

So, crowded onto a tram he stood, being bumped from side to side by whoever was unlucky enough to be next to him. He groaned as the train announcer called out that there had been a blockage further down the tracks, meaning Branzy would have to get off earlier.

So he stumbled out, squeezing past bodies that were too hot and weirdly sweaty, tripping over his own feet before he landed on the platform closest to where he needed to be.

Which just so happened to be near the colosseum that Clown frequently fought at.

Branzy felt weirdly nervous as he walked on the opposite side of the road from the stadium, glancing across the street at it as if it would explode or something. It held new memories now and made him wonder if each time he visited to watch Clown would be any different now that he seemed to have it out for him.

He froze his walk as he noticed a weapons shop before him, it made sense, people would finish watching a duel and maybe want to pick it up. They'd come running to the shop and buy some dumb sword then drop it after a week of realising it took skill.

Still...

Branzy bit his lip and realised he never had a nice weapon for Clown to sign, and really, it'd be kinda cool to have an axe or sword up on his wall with the man's signature.

He checked his phone for the time, he still had a around forty minutes before he needed to meet Rek, and it'd only take twenty to walk to the café. He glanced at the shop one more time.

"Okay but it WOULD be kind of cool..." He mumbled as he opened the door and stepped inside the store.

The walls were lined with swords and axes and all kinds of weapons Branzy had no way of identifying himself. He looked around with a muted gasp slipping past his lips, neck craned upwards as he marvelled at the sheer number of weapons.

"Hello, anything you want in particular or browsing?" The man at the counter asked, Branzy jolted at his presence. "I also do custom weapons."

Branzy stared at the incredibly chiselled man, who was wearing a maid dress.

"Oh! Um, no thanks, I'm just gonna have a look." Branzy admitted, the man gestured to the store with a confident grin.

"By all means! Let me know if anything catches your eye."

Branzy nodded, turning to survey the walls, when something caught his eye.

Amongst the many, MANY weapons, was a framed photo of the man at the counter posing with ClownPierce, who was holding up his scythe happily.

"You made ClownPierce's scythe?!" Branzy gasped, turning to the man with elation.

He crossed his arms and puffed out his chest, "Indeed I did, he was a very happy customer."

"That's amazing!" Branzy complimented, "It's so iconic to him now! Wow, that's awesome."

"Why thank you, a big fan are you?"

Branzy nodded, "You could say so, was it a really hard thing to make?"

The man nodded slightly, looking contemplative. "It was a challenge in some ways, it's shape is a bit unusual, and scythes though often depicted as the grim reapers weapon they aren't really usually used as a weapon, so I had to make a lot of adjustments to make it functional and visually appealing."

Branzy hung onto every word, approaching the counter and leaning against it as the man talked, he glanced to his nametag, and rose a brow, "That's incredibly impressive, and sorry to interrupt, but

is your name Rat?"

"It's a long story, but yes." He chuckled, "Anyway, are you interested in duelling because of Clown?"

"Oh sort of, I've been following him as a fan since he began, but I don't practice the sport myself." Branzy explained, "To be honest, I was going to see if there was a weapon here I could get Clown to sign..."

He laughed, "Don't worry, you're not the first person to just want a decorative weapon! Though, unfortunately I'm a bit low on them right now. I'm getting new materials in a few days so if you check back maybe next week I'll have more on offer?"

"Yeah, that's fine! Actually... If you take custom requests, could I ask if there are any purple weapons? It's sort of my favourite colour."

The weaponsmith nodded and the pair hashed out the details, leaving Branzy exceptionally excited to come back and purchase an awesome semi-custom made weapon. He checked his watch and yelped, "I've got to go! I'm meant to be meeting a friend, lovely talking with you, I'll be back!"

"I look forward to it!" Rat called back.

The purple eyed guy waved to him as he opened the door to leave, sighing as he exited and taking a confident step forward as the door swung shut behind him.

Branzy was abruptly blinded, he squinted through the blaring lights that greeted him as he left the store and scrambled against the door with a yelp.

He was swarmed by people with cameras and phones and recorders shoved into his face, everywhere he looked was another person brandishing their device like a weapon.

"Branzy! Branzy! How did it feel to be face to face with the killer clown?"

"Branzy! What's your comment on the ethics of the actions taken by clown in his attempt to contact you?"

"Branzy! What were your feelings when you were harshly and violently tackled by the duellist clown?"

Branzy stammered and held his arms up in hopes of getting the people to back off, "I- What? Violently? Harshly?"

"His actions were malicious and aggressive, did the assault cause you any physical harm?"

"What?! No he didn't hurt me when he tackled me! I liked it!" Branzy defended, mind reeling from all the stimulation.

The reporters abruptly went quiet, before swiftly writing in their notebooks or phones.

Branzy quickly paled and backtracked, "No! Wait! Not like that! I-I mean I didn't mind! It barely hurt, I mean, he winded me but I recovered and got a photo and signature out of it! I love clown and have been a fan for years he'd never do anything to seriously hurt a fan!"

"Has your contact with clown been frequent since your first meeting?" Someone chimed.

"Uh, no I-"

"Would you consider yourself infatuated with the man?"

Branzy flushed, "Um."

"Is the rumour true that you kissed-"

"Are you going to join the duelling career alongside your boyfriend-"

"Have you known clown prior to the public display, and if so, was it a simple lovers quarrel?"

"Branzy! Over here, what's your opinion on other duellist or do you only have eyes for clown?"

"Has your recent rise in fame impacted your mental health, Branzy?"

"Is Clown as harsh and cruel in battle as he is with his partners, Branzy?"

"Branzy! Is it true-"

"Branzy would you agree that-"

"Over here Branzy!"

Branzy clamped his hands over his ears and squeezed his eyes shut, "Would you all-" He muttered through gritted teeth, barely being heard over their constant questions and nagging, "SHUT UP!" He yelled, arms going stiffly against his sides, "No comment! No comment! Leave me alone!" He shouted, glaring at the reporters, "I don't know anything! I don't talk to him! I don't involve myself in his life! I'm a FAN, that's it! Not a wingman, not a pending lawsuit, not a gossip article and not his boyfriend!"

He tried to steady his breathing, listening to the silence, before horror settled in his stomach as they wrote notes and began their questions again.

"So you have considered legal action after his harassment-"

"So he ghosted you after expressing interest-"

"Branzy if I could have a moment of your time-"

Branzy's eyes flickered over the faces with increasing panic, he felt trapped, and the way they slowly got closer and kept shoving things in his face didn't help.

He looked across the road to the stadium, registering some security guards talking to each other as they watched Branzy's predicament.

He waved his arms, hoping to get their attention, hoping they could maybe help him out. Sure he wasn't on the arenas property, but they were probably solid dudes who would help someone in need, right?

Branzy deflated as one turned and walked inside the colosseum.

"Just- Go away! Leave me alone! I have nothing to say to you people." Branzy tried, earning more statements that twisted his words.

"You refuse to speak to fans and others of your social standing now you have an in with a rich man?"

"Branzy, do you refuse to come clean about your relation to clown due to being blackmailed?"

"How much did you pay for clown to shout you out-"

Branzy felt his breathing go shallow, "Please- I can't handle this, I didn't say any of that, none of that is true-"

"Branzy if you could-"

As abruptly as they arrived the crowd of people split in half, and Branzy paled as he saw a furious ClownPierce storming his way. He was in his workout clothes, tank top and black leggings, hair up in a messy bun and mask only half on, revealing a portion of his scowl and one furious eye.

"Clown..." Branzy mumbled, hands held close to his chest as he watched Clown storm ever closer. Branzy tilted his head in confusion as he saw the security guards from earlier shadowing Clown, as well as a well-dressed woman in a suit.

Clown stood in front of Branzy and snarled at the press, "Everything about my association with Branzy was discussed in length during my public interview. There is no new information you can garner from harassing this poor man!" He barked, the reporters flinched, "You all know I take no shit when it comes to you stupid paparazzi and reporters, I'll sue every one of you for even thinking about putting stress on him!" He moved to stand by Branzy and gently placed a hand on his back and arm, guiding him out of the crowd.

The reporters quickly jumped back into action, only to be blocked by the security and the woman.

"ClownPierce and Branzy have no comments to give you." She said firmly as they yelled and failed to get past. "As his manager, I can attempt to answer your questions, but have the right to refuse."

"Miss! Are those two dating-"

"Ma'am are you using Branzy as a publicity stunt-"

"No and no. Next."

Branzy listened to the crowd of noise fade out as Clown guided him safely to the stadium, walking him through the employees only door into a large gym. He sat Branzy down on a bench and looked him over with worry.

"Are you with me, Branzy? You okay?"

Branzy nodded shakily, "Uh yeah, yeah, sorry you came to get me." Clown looked pretty as always, and Branzy struggled to understand why exactly and how exactly he had come to find him. He would have asked, but he was a bit preoccupied with being starstruck.

"You're sorry? I'm the one who's sorry! I should have known those vultures would come for you, I should have protected you." He seethed.

"That's not your responsibility!" Branzy rebutted.

"I involved you in my life and in my publicity, so it is."

Branzy frowned, "I involved myself in your life by being a fan--"

"I should have reached out privately." Clown grumbled, glaring at the floor. And Branzy balked at

the very suggestion.

Reached out privately? How? How would he have found him? Would he actually have gone to extreme lengths to deliver the meetups Branzly skimmed out on?

He found himself staring at Clown like he was a puzzle to solve, just what was deal here? What did he get out of this?

Branzy played with his fingers before giggling a bit, "It was funny, though." He admitted with a crooked smile, hoping to cheer up the celebrity.

Clown stared at him, single exposed eye blinking slowly before he smiled softly, "Why on earth are you comforting me? I'm meant to be comforting you." He chuckled, standing up and stretching. "Well, the positive of this experience is you didn't run from me this time!"

Branzy chuckled and crossed his arms, "I didn't exactly have somewhere to run."

"Would you have if you did?" Clown grinned, leaning down to be at eyelevel.

Branzy looked away and cleared his throat, "Maybe."

"Good thing I can run faster than the paparazzi." Clown spoke with a threatening edge to his words that turned Branzly pink.

"Anyway," Clown shrugged, "Do you uh, have somewhere to be?"

Branzy shot to his feet with a gasp, "Rek! I was meant to meet up with my friend Rek! Oh goodness, he's probably worried sick--"

"Hey don't worry, I can drive you wherever you're meeting him, I don't feel safe releasing you to the potential wolves outside."

"Oh no, no!" Branzly chuckled, waving his hands in refusal, "P-Please don't go out of your way! I mean you already practically saved me, there's no need to--"

"Think of it as one of the many meetups I owe you, we can count this impromptu meeting." Clown grinned, looking smug.

Branzy frowned, knowing he had lost this conversation, "I...Okay, okay, so long as I'm not inconveniencing you." Branzly scrambled to pull out his phone, checking where he was meant to be meeting Rek. "I'm meant to go here..." He mumbled, sheepishly passing the phone to Clown.

Clown took it and sent Branzly a look as he noticed the phone case with his logo on it, "Is this a fan made one?"

Branzy coughed and looked away, "No comment."

Clown shook his head, "Tssk, tssk, looks like I'll need to make more merch or else my fans will just do it all for me." He joked, turning away from Branzly as he looked at the phone's screen.

"Thanks for... saving me." Branzly mumbled, and stepping a bit closer to the man. He noticed how his shoulders tensed for a moment, Branzly frowned.

"It's no trouble, my guards noticed you and got pretty freaked, rightfully so." Clown explained, handing the phone back with a smug smile. He turned to face him fully, "I can drop you there, no stress."

“Are you being serious because this is a lot of effort to go to just for a fan-“

“My number *one* fan.” Clown corrected, he walked over to a bench and threw on a grey workout hoodie, before grabbing his sword and sheathing it, slipping it onto a strap that went over his shoulder.

“Wow, is that your sword?” Branzy asked with awe, “Not even a training one?”

Clown rose a brow, slipping off his mask and tying up his hair before putting on a cap, “Yep, here, want to hold it?” He unsheathed it with rapid speed, jutting it out towards Branzy who squeaked and stumbled backwards.

“No thanks!”

Clown laughed, gently tossing the sword before catching it so the hilt faced Branzy, “It’s pretty dull, don’t worry, it’s my first ever sword, so I only use it for training since it’s so worn down. Mostly keep it around for the memories.”

Branzy was openly staring at Clown’s exposed face, watching how his expressions shifted subtly to show his kind and open smile. Clown noticed Branzy’s gaze and smirked, he leaned down to him with a grin, “Oh come ON Branzy, you’ve seen it before.”

“I-I’ve never seen this sword up close!” Branzy retorted.

“That is not what I’m talking about, and you know it.” Clown snickered, he pulled the sword back with a sigh, sheathing it, “One day I’ll get you to hold a sword.”

“You say that like we’ll meet again.” Branzy chuckled, but instantly felt his nerves grow as Clown’s smile grew devious and he hid his cunning eyes behind sunglasses. “Clown- Clown why are you making that face-“

“I’m just saying, I still owe you at least 3 meet and greet sessions.” He hummed, he waltzed past Branzy, tapping his shoulder lightly as he passed, “Now come on, I’m all hidden from the world, let’s get you out of here.”

“Wait- THAT’S how you hide from the public?!” Branzy said as he rushed to catch up with him, “T-That’s nothing! That’s just, you just- you look like a soccer mum!”

Clown cackled loudly, and wrapped an arm around Branzy as they left the stadium.

-

Rek tapped the table impatiently, eyes on his phone whilst occasionally glancing up in hopes that he’d see his friend come through the door. He chewed the inside of his cheek, watching his phone blow up with tabloids and articles about Branzy, images of him being bombarded by paparazzi making him more worried.

“God,” He tugged at his sleeves, “Where is he?”

The door chimed as it opened, and Rek whipped his head over his booth seat to check for Branzy.

Instead he saw the person that had his friend both excited and terrified in a given moment, ClownPierce.

He was dressed fairly casually, he wore a tank top with a comfortable looking grey hoodie over the

top, it hung lowly over his leggings, falling slightly over the shoulder to reveal the tank tops strap. He had no mask; his hair was tied back into a ponytail and stuck out the back of a cap that shielded his face. He also had a strap across his chest, holding what Rek assumed was a sheathed sword.

But Rek recognised that signature red hair anywhere, thank goodness no one else seemed to.

Clown looked around the café, eyes covered by sunglasses, until he stepped forward and gestured for someone to come in.

Rek felt himself grin as he spotted his dear friend Branzy coming through, nodding his thanks to Clown before he spotted him and waved excitedly.

“Rek!” He greeted, dashing over with Clown following slowly behind him, “You have no idea what a day I’ve had.” He heaved; exhaustion present on his face.

“I mean, I can guess!” Rek said, gesturing to Clown, the man waved.

“Hi,” He smiled, “Rek, right?”

“Yep! Did you save my boy Branzy here?”

“Did what I could.” Clown shrugged; he stood as Branzy slid into the opposite booth seat. “I’ll leave you to your hang out.”

“O-Okay! Thank you so much Clown!” Branzy beamed, “You’re welcomed to stay if you need, I’m sure Rek wouldn’t mind.”

“Not at all, I’d like to see who has Branzy so flustered all the time.” He teased, Branzy swatted at him with a look of betrayal.

“No can do I’m afraid, lots of training to do, people to kill.” Clown shrugged, chuckling at the friends’ antics. “I’m sure I’ll see you again, well, I’ll see Branzy at a show, that I know.”

Branzy ducked his head as he grinned, “You bet.”

Clown leant down to tie his shoelace, before getting up and waving the pair goodbye, “Stay safe! Feel free to at me on twitter if you need rescuing! Also accept my follow request Branzy.”

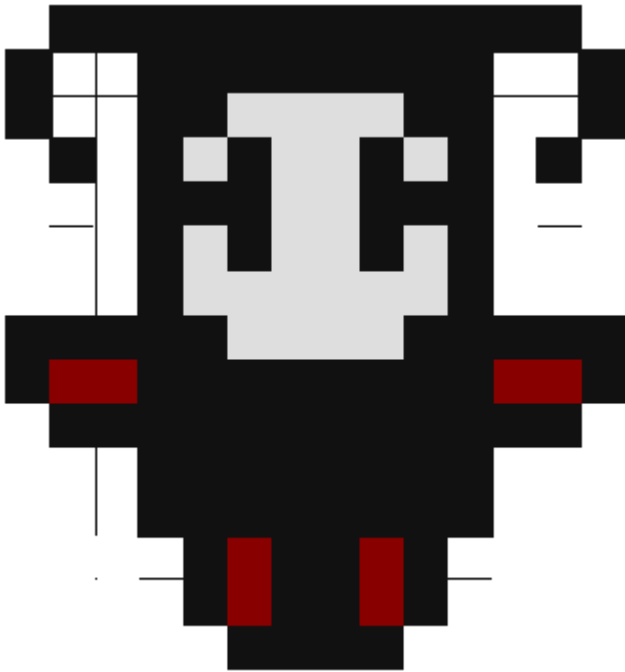
“I won’t!” Branzy smirked, Clown poked his tongue out at him as he left.

Rek watched his friends’ nerves vanish as he deflated into a slumped mess.

“It was crazy Rek...” Branzy sighed, sipping at his milkshake with more force than necessary.

“I know Branzy, I was so worried about you, you should of seen twitter.” Rek said, holding his phone out to show a video of Branzy being bombarded. “Thankfully, most people came to your defense.”

“That may just be because you tune your twitter to get rid of the bad.” Branzy scoffed with an eyeroll, pulling out his own phone to check twitter.



HonkHonk
@ClownFan

SOMEONE SAVE BRANZY

3:14 PM · May 22, 2022

1K Retweets 1K Quote Tweets 10K Likes



Judas
@biblemytibble

DUDE ARE THEY SERIOUSLY SURROUNDING BRANZY WHEN HE LITERALLY IS JUST LIVING HIS LIFE???

3:22 PM · May 22, 2022

103 Retweets 342 Quote Tweets 1K Likes



HellOnEarth
@quincey

I was so worried this would happen poor purple eye guy :(

3:28 PM · May 22, 2022

13 Retweets 63 Quote Tweets 405 Likes



Sulking
@Sullivaner

THIS IS WHY WE PRIVATE OUR TWEETS AND NEVER LET PEOPLE FIND THEM

3:30 PM · May 22, 2022

1K Retweets **2K** Quote Tweets **5.2K** Likes



Nyan
@Nyanmn

Imagine posting a fancam of someone then you get fucking surrounded by reporters LMAO what is this timeline

3:34 AM · May 22, 2022

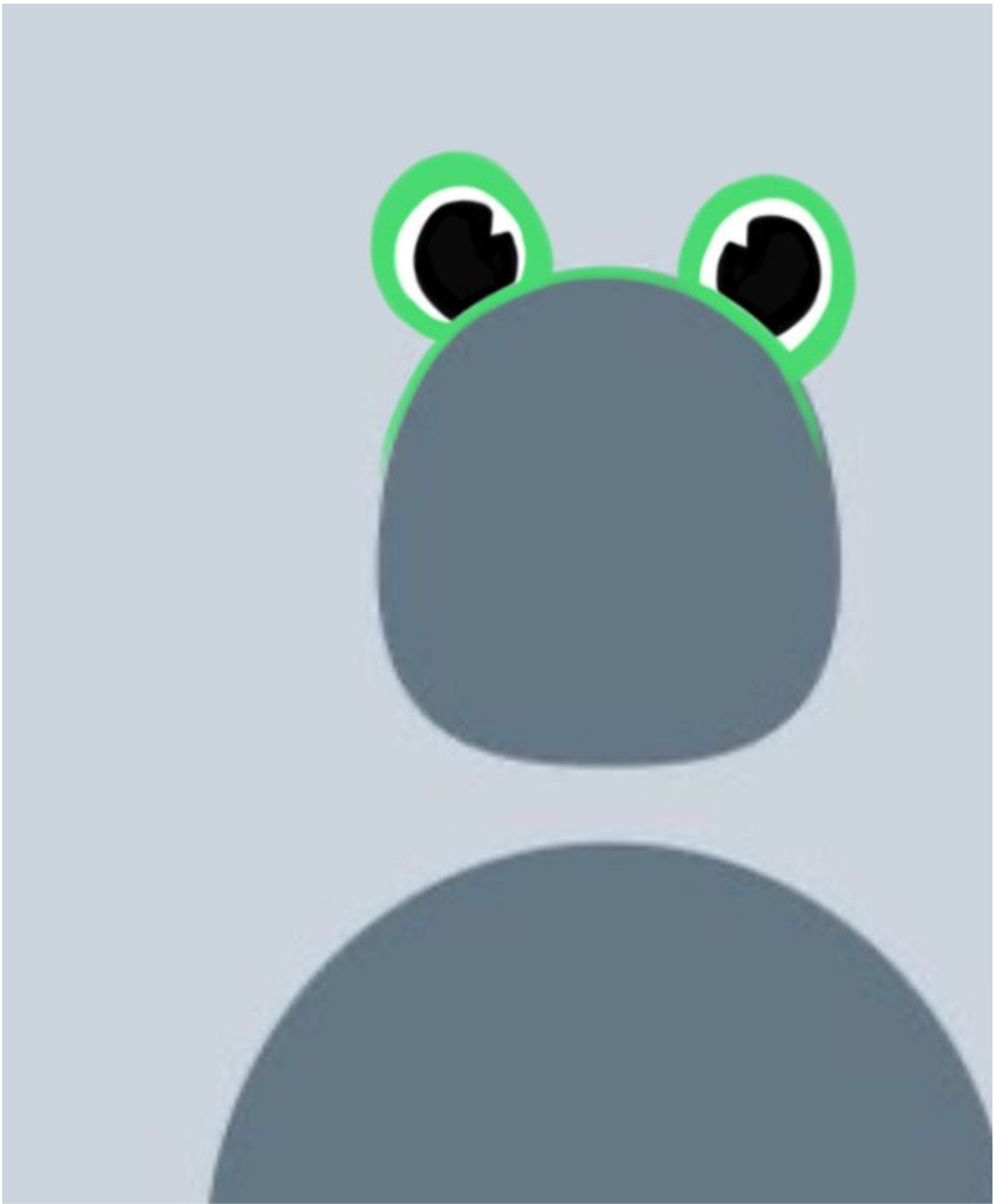
10K Retweets **10.4K** Quote Tweets **32K** Likes



AssBat @clowny · May 22
Replying to @Nyanmn

He deserves it for getting in with clown





Vibing
@boush

Did clown SERIOUSLY swoop in to save him? I cant, there is love in this world and it is contained without two gay boys

3:36 PM · May 22, 2022

403 Retweets **1K** Quote Tweets **20.7K** Likes



Number0ClownFan @Baka341 · May 22
Replying to @boush

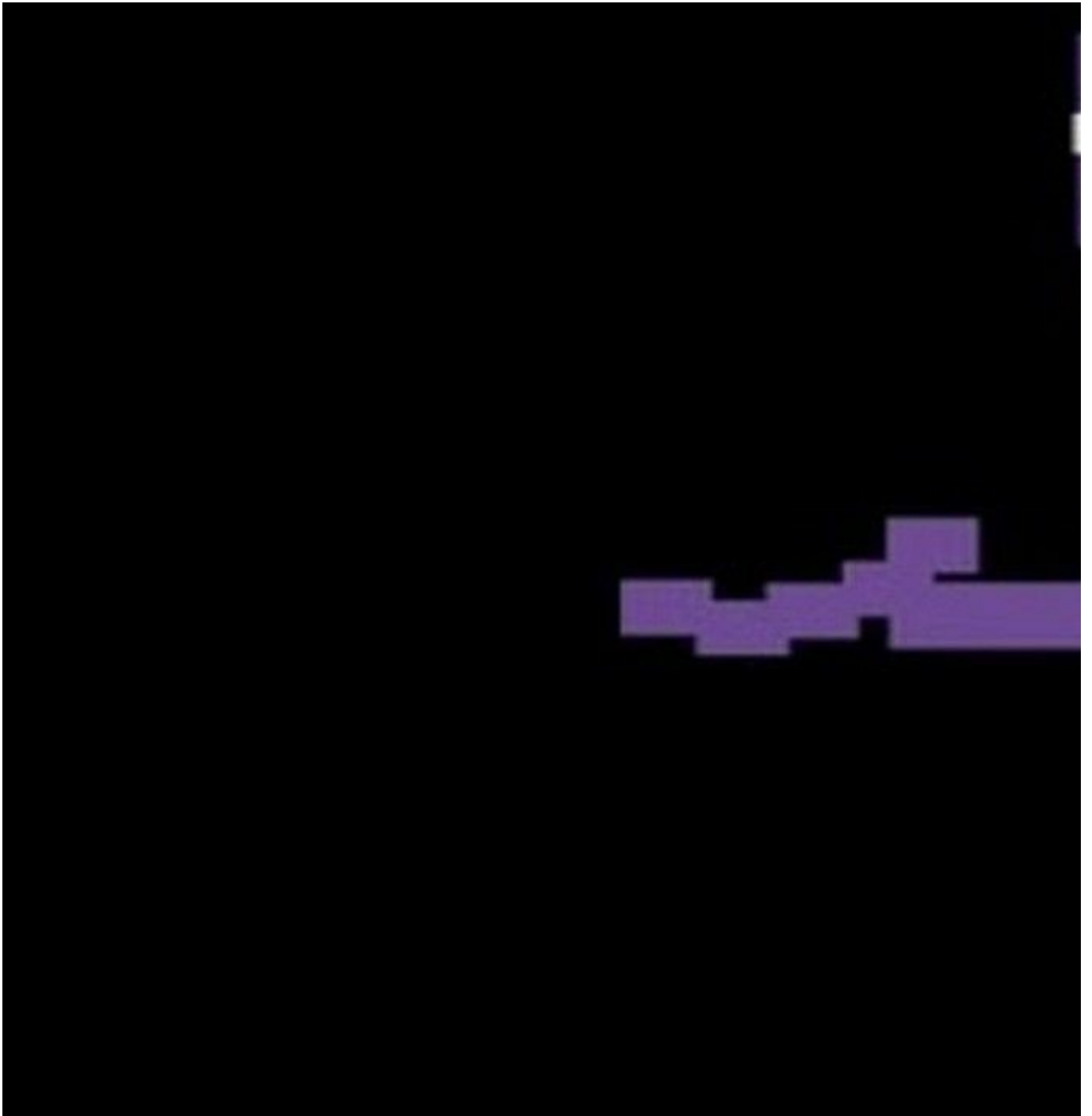
Clown did this to the purple guy tbh, he shouldn't have ran at him like that or talked about him now he just ruined his life





FnafFan @fnanf · Sept 5
Replying to @Baka341

lmao purple guy



 13

 1K

 2K



HonkHonk @clownfan · May 22
Replying to @Baka341

Dude clown didn't MEAN to involve him

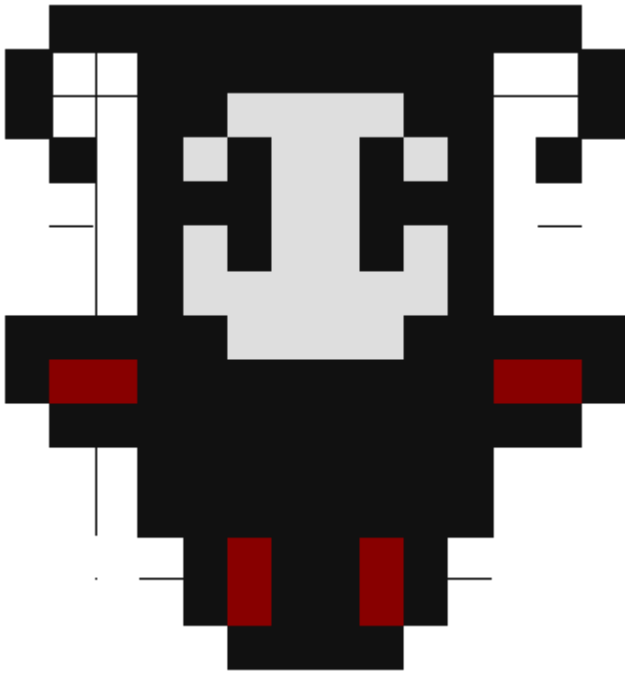




Number0ClownFan @Baka341 · May 22
Replying to @clownfan

Then he shouldn't have taken a fucking interview about him??? He didn't even ask if the guy was ok with it





HonkHonk @clownfan · May 22
Replying to @Baka341

We don't know that





peikko @humunclous · May 22
Replying to @clownfan

I bet clown does this with all his fans, gets them in the spotlight then gets the reporters called on them so he can swoop in and save them, he's using his power over the dude to get with him



-

Branzy glared at the screen, “Clown is NOT like that, he was super chivalrous and dropped me here! ‘Using’ me, pah!” Branzy said with dramatic flair, “I understand people accusing me, but Clown? Ridiculous.”

Rek’s eyes didn’t focus on branzy’s face, instead staring at his phone with confusion, “Did you get a new phone case?” He asked.

Branzy frowned and flipped over his phone, “No, same as it always- Oh my goodness.”

Clown had signed his phone case, what’s more, he had left a fucking message that Branzy had completely missed.

'Call me! ♡ ClownPierce'

Branzy blushed and ducked his head, "That's so cheesy..." He giggled into the palm of his hand.

Rek tilted his head to read it properly, then grinned, "Wow, I mean, I don't know about you Branzy, but I'm starting to believe the rumours too."

"Shut up!" Branzy laughed, swatting at Rek playfully again, "Would you mind if we hangout at mine or your place? I've had enough of outside for today."

"Agreed!" Rek grinned, slipping out of his booth seat with ease, Branzy followed suit, before his foot caught something and he tripped with a yelp. "Woah!" Rek reached out and hoisted him up, "You good?" He chuckled.

"Yeah I'm fine," Branzy winced, "The hell did I trip on though-" The two turned and instantaneously froze, Branzy's blood ran cold.

On the floor, just in front of Branzy's seat, was Clown's sword.

Chapter End Notes

hiiiiii, sooooo, been a bit huh? sorry for going out to get milk. so basically, uni ending + moving house + insane burnout and writers block + getting a job + mental health going NYOOOMBOOM! + losing interest in ls + sudden hatred for my own writing = Lack of updates

I really am sorry, I can't promise this won't happen again because tbh Idk. But I do promise that I will finish my fanfics, even if I have to claw my way over thorns and brambles before I hit a single letter on my keyboard, I will finish these. One day

ANYWAY- Kab in the fic cos aussie pride and i wanted a female interview host cos the late night show stuff is dominated by men and i was like 'fuck it female!!!' then looked at my options and saw 3 fucking women available. And Ivory would DEFINITELY be a duelist in this au.

Anyway I know Kab is more hip with the kids so I hope to god she doesn't read this, but thankfully I am hidden from the cc's eyes! mwahaha

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