

Rollercoaster

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Character:	ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , Branzy , Rekrp
Additional Tags:	Characters not real people , Love , do evil clowns dream of evil branzy , that last tag has nothing to do with it btw im just in a silly goofy mood , i didnt see any fanfics about these lads so i decided to make one , please lifesteal fandom , i know ur out there , CREATE I WISH TO CONSUME , rekrp is there for a moment , clowns mask is a mask and not his actual face , Kissing , THERE IS KISSING IN THIS FANFIC , be warned!!! , kissing!!!
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Rollercoaster

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

Summary

Branzy compares Clownpierce to a rollercoaster and other shenanigans.

Notes

Hope Branzy never sees this because lord knows he has searched for it.

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

"Is fear just love in disguise?"

Branzy remembered years ago, when he was planning his first-ever date, googling the best things to do and to go to. He remembered the article vividly, it stated that taking your date on things that induce *fear* are perfect first date starters, because no one wants a boring first date that inflicts no emotion.

If you go to the movies or out to a café, sure, it's nice, maybe even fun, but exciting? Not so much. But rollercoasters, haunted houses, paragliding, the high emotion they experience will then be associated with *you*.

They will see *you* as exciting, and know that if they hang out with *you*, they will feel that same pleasant feeling of high emotions.

The article also mentioned that... fear is very close to arousal. And you want your date to be aroused, don't you?

Branzy thought it was stupid when he read it, he took his date to a movie, played it safe, and it was a nice if short-lived relationship.

But standing beside the servers most feared player, the most deadly, dangerous, and terrifying person, Branzy now realises how accurate the article actually was.

Clownpierce was, in a metaphorical sense, the rollercoaster. He was a thrill to be around as an ally, sending Branzy to new heights yet dropping him to lows at random, playing with him like a cat plays with food.

One second, they are flirting in a cave, casual and cute jabs at one another, (even a kiss on the cheek!), and Branzy feels that giddy feeling in his gut. Then the next Clown will go "Last one back loses a heart!" Cheerfully, and his heart drops into the pit of his stomach as he runs for his life, literally.

It's a thrill, and Branzy loves it more than he'd like to admit. Having the Clown on his side at first was a tactical advantage, who would mess with Branzy if he had the famous ClownPierce at his beck and call? But it quickly became clear that he was the one wrapped around Clown's finger, calling his name sweetly and Branzy arriving seconds after it's uttered, eager for the killer's attention. He was hooked on him, hooked on the lows and the highs, if he ever tried to get too close Clown would threaten with a smile, and Branzy would shudder, but laugh it off, and keep following.

Terrifying.

Exciting.

He wondered, after their funhouse adventure, if Clown saw him as an ally, if he would avoid killing him for his help.

He wondered if close saw him the same way, not threatening, but at the very least exciting.

He wondered, mostly, about Clown.

Rek was the first to point it out, commenting on how absent-minded he was.

“Branzy are you okay? You’re not planning something are you? You’ve been awfully quiet.”

Branzy looked over the plains to the circus, tilting his head to get a peek inside, “Do you think Clown likes rollercoasters?”

Rek rose a brow, but didn’t comment on the shift in topic, “I mean, probably, he’s a clown with a circus so he likely enjoys those, fun rides, type of things. Why? You want to make one?”

Branzy snapped out of his gaze, “Uh no, no, I think I’m good. Just… have been wondering lately, if I’m uh, on his good side.”

Rek nodded, looking at the circus now as well, “It’s worth worrying about, he’s a huge threat. You helped him with his funhouse though, right?” Branzy nodded, “Then I wouldn’t worry, he doesn’t attack people that don’t make issues with him, since you’ve only helped him, you’re probably the closest to being in his good graces as you can get.” He chuckled, patting his friend on the back.

Branzy sighed but nodded. “I hope so.” He squinted as he noticed someone leaving the circle before vanishing, must be too far to make out, “He’s terrifying.” Branzy muttered under his breath.

Rek unsheathed his sword and turned around, stepping in front of Branzy protectively, it took a couple seconds for Branzy to realise why until he registered the tell-tale sound of an enderpearl. He turned sharply and stepped behind Rek, before pausing.

Speak of the devil and the devil will speak.

“Hello Branzy, Rek.” The killer clown spoke, his masks sharp grin contrasting with his cool tone of indifference. But there was a hint of something else, intrigue, interest.

“Hey Clown! Wha- lovely, lovely day out, isn’t it?” Branzy waved from behind his friend, smiling brightly, despite his eyes clearly showing his fear, or what looked like fear to outsiders.

Rek slumped his shoulders, knowing he hadn’t ticked off the clown, he sheathed his weapon, but kept a hand on the handle. “Hey ClownPierce, what’s up?”

“I just wanted to see what you two were doing, staring at my circus.” Clowns head turned to look at Branzy, rather than Rek.

Branzy gulped and prayed it wasn’t audible, “Oh well, you know, I was just looking in the general direction, wasn’t JUST looking at your circus!” He stepped back slightly, “W-Why, is it a crime to look at your circus?”

Clown hummed, “No, not really, just curious that you would spend such a long time observing it, together, almost like you’re, plotting something.” Clown stepped forward in every break of his sentence, Branzy stepped back.

“Oh, actually Branzy was just asking me if I think you like rollercoasters.” Rek smiled, tone completely open and honest, so much so Clown briefly froze, and Branzy jolted.

“Rek!” He hissed through clenched teeth, heat rising to his cheeks in embarrassment. Rek looked over his shoulder at him, confused, “What?” He asked.

“...Well, what was your answer Rek, do you think I like rollercoasters?” Clown asked calmly, his gaze never leaving Branzy.

“Yeah, I mean, I thought you might, you like circus stuff and theme parks are similar, so rollercoasters are probably in your ballpark.” Rek shrugged.

He nodded. “I do like them. Why did you want to know Branzy, why didn’t you just ask me?” he walked in long strides, walking past Rek quickly to stand closer to Branzy.

Branzy’s eyes snapped to every spot that wasn’t the killer clown’s face. “Uh, well, I just, I was curious!”

Clown tilted his head sharply, “Why?”

“Because I... value your interests?” He winced, even though it was true, it sounded so obviously like a lie, goddammit, he was gonna die.

Clown blinked, slow, near mechanical, Branzy had no idea if it was the mask or real eyes.

“I value your interests too.”

Branzy paused, a test, this must be some kind of test, play it safe, “Oh, thank you!” End the conversation, compliment, and send him away, anything, gotta play it safe, “You’re one of them!” What the fuck.

Branzy paled, his hand quickly went to his pockets, searching for an enderpearl to chuck his stupid body away with, he didn’t expect the clown’s eyes to crinkle in delight.

“Aww!” Clown cooed, his hands shot out from their sides, gripping his arms, ruining his chance at escape, “You’re so cute~ Such a charmer!”

Branzy blushed, he hoped Rek, a witness to this awful exchange, would think it was in embarrassment.

Clown suddenly tugged his arms forward and Branzy stumbled, nose to nose with the clown.

“If you want to see me, you just need to stop by Branzy~” He whispered, saying his name with a musical tone.

Branzy felt his brain blue screen, “I, uh, um- “

The grip on his arms tightened. “Stop by.” An order.

“Yes sir.” Branzy managed, his arms released and the clown stepping back cheerily.

“Well, have fun looking over the land you two!” He said calmly, waving a goodbye before throwing a pearl, walking leisurely away before he got teleported.

Branzy lowered himself to the ground as he felt his knees give out.

Rek, silent until now, stared at Branzy in disbelief. “Oh my god.” He said, before he stifled a chuckle, covering his mouth, “You totally have a crush on him. Oh my god. *Branzy*.” His name is uttered with disbelief and amusement.

Branzy glared at him with a pout, “Shut up.” He grumbled, Rek full-on laughed at his expense, giggling with delight.

“I can’t believe this, you’re insane, you know that? Why the hell would you- I mean you’re terrified! So why?!”

Did you know that fear and arousal are very similar? Branzy’s brain supplied. “I uh, I like power.” He half-lied.

Rek rolled his eyes and sat beside him, giggling to himself. “Good luck Branzy.”

He’ll need it.

"Can evil clowns fall in love?"

Chapter Summary

Boys trip! Going to the NETHER WOO-

Chapter Notes

Yes, the title of each chapter is based on that one gag in Branzly's video.

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

The issue with the statement "Stop by" is it doesn't have an exact timeframe, when? The next day? No, then he'd be seen as desperate, or have a death wish. Within the week? A month? A year? Never?

Branzy had no idea, but he knew if he didn't 'Stop by' he could be killed. He never knew if Clown was serious, would he even notice if Branzly didn't take him up on his offer? Or would he hunt him down for avoiding him? It was probably safer to rip the band-aid off and face him.

Reluctantly. He was still very afraid of him after all.

Branzy waited till he heard news of Clown being out elsewhere, if he stopped by when he wasn't at home, then he technically did it didn't he? Can't be a liar if it's true!

He approached the large circus cautiously, glancing around for signs of others before standing in the entrance and looking in. The funhouse they made was still there, and the darkness surrounding it loomed ominously, he stepped further into the shadows.

"...Hello?" He whispered, making his voice as quiet as he could. He looked around sharply, waiting a moment before grinning. "Welp! Looks like no one's home! Can't say I didn't try-"
"Branzy said with a flourish, turning around and promptly falling flat on his ass after walking directly into something.

He grunted and rubbed his forehead before looking up and freezing.

Clown stared down at him, covered in blood, an axe being held over his shoulder. "Hello Branzly!" He said cheerfully, "I was starting to think you'd never visit! So glad I finished my business earlier than expected." He offered a hand to Branzly, blood dripped off his fingertips, Branzly took it out of politeness and was hoisted to his feet.

"Ah yeah, haha, what luck! Boy, am I glad." He laughed nervously, rubbing his neck, and wiping his bloodied hand on his jeans, "What, what business were you doing?"

"The usual." Clown walked past him toward his chests, throwing away some materials in his chest before sitting on it as he faced the other man. "So! How are you Branzly?"

"Good! Yep, really good, how... how are you?"

“Better.” He did not elaborate.

Welp. He did it. He stopped by. Quota filled, though even though his legs were itching to run from the obvious threat, he found himself stepping closer.

“I need to get some materials, care to join me?” Clown asked, standing up suddenly, grabbing Branzy’s wrist and guiding him out of the circus.

“Sure! What materials?”

“Ancient debris.”

“Wow, fantastic, the nether, us, together, haha, so cool.” Branzy stumbled over words, worry filling his mind as he pictured the countless ways the clown could murder him in the nether.

“Don’t worry, I wouldn’t get your heart if I killed you through lava.” Clown said, a breathy laugh escaping him. “You have a pick?”

“Y-Yeah I got one.” Branzy summoned it to his hand, clutching it tighter than necessary.

“Perfect, let’s go!” He was dragged into the portal, yet as Clown directed them to his strip-mining location, he forced Branzy to the front.

“Not that I don’t trust... your judgement ClownPierce, but wouldn’t it make more sense if you lead me to this area?” Branzy asked as he glanced over his shoulder at the man, his posture was practiced perfection.

“Maybe, but I can’t have you getting lost in the nether once you’re out of my sight, can I?” He explained, though Branzy could read between the lines fairly easily.

“N-Now Clown why would I ever run away from you! I want to help you as much as- “

“Mmm, good.” Clown hummed, ruffling Branzy’s hair as he moved to walk beside him.

-

The nether was hot, obscenely so, it was hell, and Branzy knew this, but it didn’t change the fact that it was horrendously uncomfortable to work there. He mined straight ahead whilst Clown poked holes into the walls periodically, a slow system to getting ancient debris, but a functional one.

Branzy wiped the sweat from his brow, tugging at his jacket with a sigh, “How are you not overheating in your outfit?” He grunted, Clown shrugged, humming as a response.

Branzy put down a chest in the wall to empty some of his netherrack before noticing some TNT he had spare, he grinned.

“Hey Clown!” He called, he turned to Branzy expectantly, “This should make this go faster!” He smirked, tossing some of the TNT to the killer who caught it with ease.

“It certainly will, let’s mine out some more then fill the tunnel.” He instructed, and Branzy obeyed with ease, mining a long strip further in before evenly spacing the TNT so that it would be most efficient.

As Branzy placed the last couple TNT’s, he placed some clumped together to use them up, before he stepped back, “Alright, now what’s the method? Block in front then- “ Clown backed up before jolting forward as he noticed a TNT placed in the wall next to Branzy.

“Branzy wait- “He gasped, reaching for him a second too late as Branzy lit the TNT in front of him before noticing the explosion to his left.

“Oh no.”

It hit fast and hard, knocking the wind out of him as he was launched away from the block, Clown rushing to grip his body and block the blow, Branzy’s ears rung from the blast, hearing deafened explosions continue down their strip-mine as he caught his breath.

He didn’t realise he had clenched his eyes shut in anticipation until he opened them, wincing as he felt a wave of heat hit his cheek, some lava leaking from the newly exposed walls near him. He sucked in the hot air, burning his throat slightly, he then noticed the sound of someone else’s pants.

Clown was in front of him, arms next to Branzy’s head, shielding him from the blast and caging him in. He was panting roughly, part of his outfit torn from the explosion, his chest rising and falling slowly with each heaving breath. He looked the most dishevelled Branzy had seen him, but it didn’t take away from his intimidation factor as his head slowly rose to lock eyes with Branzy, black eyes on his mask unblinking.

Branzy knew he looked likely even worse, hair wildly misshapen from the blast, sticking to his sweaty forehead, jacket singed and torn, t-shirt see-through from his sweat, he looked pathetic. He gulped.

“Thank you Clown, wow that was dumb on me haha, thanks, are you okay?” He asked, testing a smile on his face, it was weak.

He knew logically why Clown would bother saving him, if he died from a blast he wouldn’t get his heart, Clown had nearly triple his hearts, he could survive the blast easily, Branzy had some ancient debris on him and if he died to an explosion, he’d lose it. Yet Clowns demeanour didn’t make sense, had it really taken that much out of him?

“Branzy.” He said, voice hoarse.

“Yeah?”

“Are you alright?”

“Yeah, yeah I’m fine.”

“You owe me.” He growls out, and Branzy sees the fists beside his head tensing. Oh shit. Okay yep, he pissed him off.

Branzy grinned tensely, “Of course.”

“You owe me a kiss.”

Branzy felt like he just had whiplash, “Uh, what?”

“You owe me a kiss.” Clown moved forward, the mechanical eyes narrowing.

Branzy blinked but nodded, “Right, okay. Sure.”

“Good.” And the clown roughly grabbed his mask and moved it to the side, pale skin with an angered face beneath it, eyes with a hint of red in them that flickered under the light of the nearby lava. His lips were pulled into a frown, sharp teeth barely revealed.

“Oh my god.” Branzy whispered as the red shade in his cheeks from the heat get even redder.

ClownPierce rolled his attractive eyes before surging forward, glaring at Branzy as he connected their lips, daring him to comment, not that he could WITH HIS LIPS BEING COVERED-

Branzy swallowed an embarrassing whimper and slumped against the wall that dug into his back uncomfortably, bringing a hand up to touch the other man’s chest as he leaned into the kiss. His eyes shut as he sighed into it pleasantly. It was softer than he expected- Oh god never mind he just bit his lip-

Branzy yelped but didn’t make it far into the sound before the kiss was deepened, an arm wrapping around his waist to keep him stable. This was heaven in hell. What was happening, why on earth would anyone cover such a face and lips-

Clown pulled away and Branzy had to stop himself from chasing him, watching as he slipped his mask back on and nodded.

“Good job. Let’s check if we exposed any ancient debris and head back.” Branzy slid down the wall, not getting far before Clown pulled him to his side and kept him from falling.

“What?” He wheezed, staring at him dreamily.

Clown chuckled, sounding heavily amused. “Let’s go.” He reiterated.

“Right, right, sure, yeah...” He followed in a haze, he could barely recall what Clown said on their journey back, he had just nodded and smiled at him dopily, he didn’t seem to mind though.

He almost seemed to find Branzy amusing.

Chapter End Notes

Spoiler: When Clown made Branzy go first it was cos he was looking at his ass.
Hope this helps :thumbs_up:

"Does clownpierce love branzy"

Chapter Summary

They both think the same thing is gonna happen, but the motives for it are farrrr different.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the comments guys, tbh I didn't think anyone would read this so it was very scary to be jumpscared by a lot of encouragement.

First off: Thank you :)

Second off: All your ideas are bangers, but I gotta admit... I do not feel like I know the rest of the LifeStealSMP cast to write their dialogue and characters, I usually just watched Rek, Branzy, Clown, Reddoons and sometimes Parrot so I don't actually know all the dynamics and relationships of everyone just yet. So sorry to say I'll probably be straying away from other people in the server right now until I've managed to binge everything and anything about lifesteal. I mean, pretty sure even my clown and branzy are ooc so yikes.

(Some of yall in these comments should seriously write these fic ideas tho cos hot damn I wanna read em)

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

Branzy stepped back from his current build, rubbing his chin and tilting his head as he surveyed his work. Hmm, maybe an upside-down stair under the balcony... Yes, that'll add support and depth.

Nodding to himself, he placed down some scaffolding and clambered his way under his rather tall balcony layout, sticking out his tongue as he began placing some stone brick stairs.

"Hey Branzy!" Rek called from below, Branzy jostled on his footing, grabbing the scaffolding to right himself in time.

"Hey Rek! Scared me for a moment there!" He chuckled lightly, starting the climb down to greet his friend.

"Sorry about that! Just wanted to say hi and see how things are going." Rek explained, Branzy leaned back on his scaffolding to check on his work once more, just for a moment.

Rek rocked on the heels of his feet. "Soooo, you and Clown huh? No clue how you managed that."

Branzy fell off the scaffolding. He landed face-first ungracefully on the dirt below, shooting up only a second later, "What?! What are you talking about?"

"You and Clown, everyone saw you leaving the nether together, he had his arm around your waist? You were holding hands at one point?" Rek chuckled, "Did you seriously not know everyone knew?"

Branzy gripped at his hair, tugging it lightly. Shit. No. He'd ruined Clown's rep, if people saw him with Branzy, they'd think he was weak, soft, emotional! "Knew what?! There isn't anything to be knew!"

Rek rose an eyebrow, "Uh, that you're like, together or something? Chief is gonna be real mad by the way, last time you cheated on him he was not happy."

"Oh, he's only joking," Branzy laughed, waving a hand, "it's just a bit we're fine."

"And you and Clown?" Rek smirked, stepping forward, "Is THAT just a bit?"

Branzy blushed and coughed into his hand, stepping back to gain some distance from the accusation. "I don't know what you are referring to, but we are strictly business partners, to my knowledge."

"Branzy. What happened in the nether?" Rek asked point-blank, no room to dodge.

Branzy covered his face with his hands, "I don't know! It's a huge blur! It's always a blur when this happens, one second, we're kissing about coal, next I'm running for my life! One second, I'm being blown to bits, next I'm being kissed out of my life!" Branzy's voice died in his throat, and he winced. "Please do not tell anyone I said that."

"YOU KISSED?!" Rek gasped, before grinning triumphantly. "Branzyyyy, I knew you liked the guy, but you made moves fast! It was only a few days ago you admitted you had a crush!"

"I never said that! YOU DID IT!"

"You flirted with him right in front of me you didn't need to say it- "

"Besides! I didn't even make any moves! He just demanded it and I was like 'oh yeah fair enough you did just save my life' so I- "

"Wait you consented right?"

"Of course! He's not a monster! He's just a killer clown!" Branzy froze and sunk to his knees, "Oh my god, he's a killer clown, I've ruined his reputation, how will people see him as a threat if they saw me with him?!"

"Did you forget he was holding your waist? That he kissed you? Pretty sure he made that choice Branzy." Rek crouched next to him and pat his back.

"He probably didn't realise we were being watched. Oh god. There is only one thing he can do so that people don't think he's gone soft."

"What?"

Branzy gulped, ran to his chest, and grabbed his gear before facing Rek, "Kill me."

-

ClownPierce stared at his communicator in horror, gripping it tightly till it near cracked.

ParrotX2: So we all saw Branzy and ClownPierce like... holding each other??? Right??? Or are we just gonna ignore it

PrinceZam: oh I thought I was hallucinating

ashswagg: yeah they came from the nether hub

Specticle: WHY WAS BRANZY SINGED

He clenched his teeth and threw it across the room, grunting as he fell into his chair.

“Shit.”

He had no idea he was being watched, if he was honest, he was too amused by Branzy’s dopey grin and lovestruck eyes to even consider looking elsewhere.

If people knew he liked Branzy no doubt they’d use him against him, kidnapping him, holding him hostage, threatening him, even killing him, all to get to Clown.

That’d be awful for Branzy, he couldn’t put him through that. Not when he was so damn cute, and so easily flustered, and so easy to scare...

He smiled under his mask, he was too cute to lose, really.

Sitting up he gathered his thoughts, reflectively grabbing his scythe and running his fingers along it as he thought through a plan.

“I could just murder everyone to show they shouldn’t cross me or him...” He mumbled, tilting his head upward and rubbing his chin, “But that may make them see Branzy as a challenge to steal.”

He leaned forward, swinging his scythe back and forth like a metronome. “And if they want to get to me, now they can use Branzy as bait, so I need a way to completely cut all connection with him without actually doing it. He still needs to build my casino...” He imagined the swirling walls and floor and giggled. “That’s gonna be so cool.”

He watched his own reflection twirl around as the scythe swung, the sound of shifting wind accompanying it, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth...

Branzy was reliable in his unusuality, he often did whatever Clown said, he had practically sworn complete loyalty to him. Even though he clearly feared him dearly. Likely he was going to go along with whatever Clown plans but staging an argument or something like that wouldn’t be enough to make people leave him alone, and he couldn’t count on Branzy’s acting being believable if he was in on it.

Besides he can’t stage a breakup when they aren’t even together.

“That kiss was kinda nice though, we should do more of that.” Clown mused, ending his scythes metronome with a quick spin, he sat up and stretched. He leaned over his table as a thought bubbled to his mind. “I could go after one of his friends, no one would think I’m with him if I’m willing to hurt someone he cares about.”

Ah but that risked hurting his feelings, and he couldn’t have that.

“Or...” He mumbled, thoughts of adrenaline pumping and shrill shrieks filling his mind.

A devious smile grew on his face, similar to what his mask displayed.

“I’ve got an idea.” He whispered to the weapon. “I wonder how fast Branzzy can run?”

Well, people were definitely going to kill Branzzy to get to him.

So, what if he killed Branzzy first?

Chapter End Notes

RUN BRANZY RUN

Coming up next: Minecraft manhunt but oh god oh fuck that's a clown oh fuck oh god-

"Is clown pierce nice?"

Chapter Summary

Lots of running and clearing up misconceptions.

Chapter Notes

So this went in a different direction than I had planned, kinda just let my fingers dance and ended up somewhere different. No beta we die like- ah, wait, spoiler.

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

Clown dragged his scythe across the ground, it sparked and grinded against the cobble path he walked along, he hummed an inconsistent tune as his eyes roamed over the server's terrain, looking for a purple eyed player.

"Oh Branz~ Come out, come out, wherever you are!" He called loudly, seeing a few players turn heads to look at him curiously, whispering to each other as he continued his search. "I just wanna talk! Promise~" He crossed his fingers and continued his stroll, spotting Rekrup up a hill, looking off into a nearby forest.

He pearlyed up, startling the escape artist as he appeared right beside him. "Hey Rek! Any clue where our dear friend Branz has run off to? I can't seem to find him."

Rek stared at him incredulously, eyes darting to the forest for a split second before returning to Clown. "Why do you want to know?"

The killer clown dragged a gloved finger over the blade of his scythe, "Oh, no reason, you do know then?"

Rek narrowed his eyes, "Branzy said you were going to kill him, that wouldn't be true, would it?"

Clown's eyes rose behind his mask, head tilting outwardly, Branz already caught on to his murder plans? That's impressive, but why would he run if he knows this is the best way to keep him safe?

"Maybe, is he hiding?"

Rek shuffled on his feet, before pointing toward the east, the setting sun framing the forest behind him, "He went that way, I don't know if killing him is the best move though Clown, he's super loyal to you."

"I know," Clown smiled dreamily, "Too bad I have a lot of enemies." He waved goodbye to Rek and started heading west into the forest with a cackle, "Thanks for the directions, Rekrup!"

Rek paled behind him, hastily grabbing his communicator.

Rekrap2: I'm sorry I doubted you, you were right, he's after your blood. Heading into the forest now, I tried to deter him, but I think he caught me looking before he appeared.

Branzy swore under his breath, ducking behind a tree, glancing behind him, wondering how close Clown would be now, he typed back a message quickly.

Branzy: Told you so. Thanks for the warning, say a nice speech at my funeral.

Rekrap2: Do you need backup???

Branzy briefly considered the offer, but he didn't want to drag any of his friends into whatever the hell this business with Clown is, he shook his head with a sigh. "What have I gotten myself into?"

Branzy: Nah, dw!

The best course of action would be to hide, he could keep running forever, but he'd eventually run out of food and be found. If he hid, maybe Clown would run past him and keep heading west.

Branzy took out his shovel and dug a dirt block, before pausing as he heard whistling not far off, he winced. Dirt blocks made a lot of noise, if Clown was really close enough for Branzy to hear him, then he was close enough to hear Branzy.

He left the dirt block floating and ran behind another tree, chugging an invisibility potion with vigour and crouching down. He covered his mouth with his hands and tried to breathe as shallowly as possible.

His mind wandered as he listened for the nearing threat, mind counting the eight minutes of invisibility he had, wishing he had made more potions prior. He drifted to the nether kiss, wondering if Clown actually liked him back, he seemed to, in that moment, but was his rep worth more than Branzy's life? It felt cruel, and he should have expected this after getting involved with Clown, but it still slightly hurt.

God, from the ups of kisses and hand-holding to the lows of being hunted like foxes were hunted for sport.

Clown really was a rollercoaster. Branzy snorted slightly before muffling it as he heard Clown pick something up.

"Were you going to dig down Branzy?" Clown asked, voice carrying through the forest, "Why don't you come out? I know you're here. Don't worry! I'll make your death so quick you won't even feel it!"

Branzy's heartbeat faster with every step that drew Clown closer to him, adrenaline coursing through his body with no way of release. He stopped breathing as Clown stood right in front of him, looking out toward a distant shore, maybe Branzy should have kept running, with a boat he'd be long gone.

God, Clown looked pretty from this angle, the setting sun painting him in warm oranges and pinks, only making his red and black outfit stand out more against the cool greens of the forest, the shine of his scythe reflecting brightly, casting light onto- Oh, oh god.

Clown was looking at him now, the mask's grin looking down on him in mockery, the scythe was casting light onto Branzy, and Branzy's shadow was becoming more obvious. Invisibility may make one invisible, but it doesn't remove matter, just cloak it, and now the light was shining onto a Branzy, giving his shape form.

Clown pushed his mask up, a smirk beneath it, eyes crinkled in unrestrained joy, yeah, he was definitely some form of insane. Then again... Branzy noted he was smiling underneath his hands, the adrenaline of being hunted sending strange feelings up his spine.

Branzy shuffled slightly, maybe if he was quick enough, he could run out of sight with Clown still thinking he was at the tree-

The scythe quickly swung and would have cut Branzy's head clean off if it didn't collide with the tree's trunk behind him. He eyed the blade centimeters from his face with horror, a shaky breath escaping his lips.

"Oh noooo~" Clown drawled, grin enlarging on his face, "I missed! How sad, tell ya what, I'll give you a head start, alright? One, two, three- "

"Wha! You haven't even told me how long I get- "Branzy startled, scrambling away, his invisibility flickered slightly as he came visible.

"FOUR, FIVE, SIX- "Clown yelled over him, unlodging his scythe, lowering his mask, and walking toward Branzy slowly, twirling it around expertly.

"OKAY I'M RUNNING!" Branzy yelped, feeling his fingertips drag against grass blades as he propelled himself forward and onto his two feet, heart pumping and legs burning with satisfaction as he ripped forward, weaving between trees. The slight smile on his face broke into a grin, sure, he was running for his life, but it was, in a twisted way, kinda fun, wasn't it?

He ran even when he heard Clown's voice fade out, ran even when he hadn't heard Clown in a long time, he'd run until he stopped feeling those eyes on his back.

Hm, now, if Clown was killing him to regain his rep as a terrifying maniac, then the least Branzy could do as he avoided his death, was do it in a populated area, right?

Might as well go out with an audience.

Branzy veered into the inhabited area of the server, spotting Spepticle first, he was happily skipping down the path near his lab where he 'cloned' Rek.

"Woah!" Spepticle called as Branzy sped past him. "What's wrong Branzy?! Is herobrine after you again?"

"Worse!" Branzy shouted back, and cringing as he heard some pretty familiar laughter, he looked over his shoulder and watched as Clown rounded around the building, shoving past Spepticle and charging forward, pulling a pearl out.

"Oh no." Branzy muttered, digging into his pockets for a pearl of his own and launching it forward, watching as Clown's pearl appeared directly in front of him, and soon Clown.

Branzy sucked in a breath and kept running, "Please work!" He called as he almost reached Clown, blipping ahead through his pearl a second before he would have hit him, he fist-bumped the air and let out a nervous laugh in victory.

It was short-lived though, the skillful pvp-er just launched another pearl and kept running.

"Okay, that's enough now Branzy! Stay still and die!" He called as he rapidly gained distance.

"No thanks!" Branzy shouted back, he winced at the thought of losing a heart, what was he on,

five? He wouldn't be able to survive with less, surely.

"I'll be quick!"

"Still no!"

"Pretty please?" Clown said with a pout, pearling within the grasp of Branzy, kicking off a wall to give himself a boost as Branzy turned as fast as he could to avoid a grab.

Branzy flushed at the tone, almost considering it, "Tempting, but no!"

He ran off the path and away from a few buildings, heading towards a dip in the terrain, a few people were gathering around the top, looking down at Branzy as he stumbled down the hill into the more open space at the bottom.

His leg ached from overexertion, his breath raggedly as he managed to make it to the centre of the grassy space, turning toward Clown, who sensing his exhaustion, had slowed his chase to a leisurely walk.

"How are you not tired?" Branzy gasped out.

"My desires keep me motivated." The clown shrugged, "Now let's get this over with, okay? It'll be quick as long as you don't move, though that chase was the most fun I've had in a while."

Branzy smiled crookedly, stepping back slightly as he approached, "Me too." He admitted.

Clown laughed from behind his mask. He swung his scythe and Branzy yelped and tried to dodge, instead, it lodged in his back, pulling him toward the clown slightly.

He gasped and choked as he felt the blood sluggishly leaving his body, he curled his hands around his stomach, despite being hit from the back.

"I told you not to move!"

"Sorry, I don't really want to lose a heart."

Clown paused for a moment before making a strange noise in his throat, "Wha, you won't? I'm giving it back?" He let out a breathy laugh in confusion, "Why would I want your heart?"

"Wha? I? Then why are you killing me?" Branzy gasped out.

"I thought you already knew since Rek said you said you knew I was gonna kill you?"

"I thought you were killing me so your reputation wouldn't be damaged after the whole nether thing?"

"What?! Why would I care about my reputation? I don't care what people think!"

"Then why are you killing me?!" Branzy shouted against the pain, glaring at the clown for the first time.

"Because if I kill you, then no one will think I'm sweet on you, and then you won't be targeted. If people knew I liked you, then they'd use you to get to me." Clown explained.

"How did you think I'd work any of that out Clown???" Branzy hissed before pausing, "Wait, you like me?"

“No shit? Did me kissing you in the nether not clue you in on that?”

Branzy wheezed, pain rippling through him, but also a bit of joy at the fact that Clown liked him too, he was on two hearts now, slowly puttering down.

“I don’t think you know how incredibly hard you are to read Clownpierce.” Branzy mumbled, eyes drooping and feeling sluggish.

Branzy gasped as the scythe dug further into his back, propelling him forward into Clown’s awaiting arm, holding him in place, the other doing the same with the scythe. Half a heart.

“Then let me make myself clear, this is a declaration of love, I’d like to date you, in secret, do you accept?”

“I’m going to die either way.” Branzy croaked, “But yes, that’d be uh, I’d really um, I-I’d like that a lot. I love you.”

“We’re very lucky no one can hear us from down here, and that no one is standing at an angle to see what I’m about to do.”

“Wha?”

The scythe pulled him forward one last time, and Clown pushed up his mask and kissed him solidly as he had one last moment of consciousness.

Then he dropped dead on the floor, before slowly deteriorating away.

Clown pulled up his mask and turned to their audience.

“Who’s next?” He asked, and they promptly scattered.

-

Branzy woke up with a gasp, fingers finding their way to his back, running along the new scar there.

Certainly the most interesting way he had been confessed to, he had to say.

He blushed as he recalled the events, the thrill, the rush...

Terrifying.

Exciting.

He pulled his hands to his blushing cheeks, grinning despite the circumstances, he was one heart lower, but he’d be getting it back soon. He got out of his bed, stretching and getting used to be alive again, phantom lips still pressing against his own, he shuffled on his feet giddily. He was so cool, what a way to go! Death by kiss! And scythe but death by kiss sounded way cooler. He stepped out of his house, glancing around, and waving excitedly as he spotted Clownpierce already meandering his way across the terrain toward him.

A secret relationship huh? He could do that! He kept secrets soooo good! He wouldn’t be confessing his love to Clownpierce in public, that would be dumb!

Clown pearly to him, apparently to eager to continue the walk, he approached and lifted his mask, kissing his cheek and holding his hand, Branzy felt the whirl of magic in his gut as his heart was transferred back.

“There you go Branzy, heart returned.” Branzy felt a few more whirls and looked at him in confusion, “And a couple extra for the road.”

Branzy chuckled, “Thanks Clown, though you still have my heart.”

Clown rose a brow in confusion, Branzy beamed.

“You took it a longggg time ago~” Branzy drawled, leaning up toward his face. Clown furrowed his brows before his eyes lit up in understanding.

“Oh! Metaphorically, that’s cute.” He smiled, coiling his hands around Branzy’s waist, and pulling him into an embrace. “Guess you took mine too, that’s fine though, you can keep it.” He whispered.

Branzy shuddered in his arms, “Not gonna kill me for it?” He joked.

“Not yet.”

“My god, you really know how to put me on an emotional rollercoaster, don’t you?”

“You love it.” Clown teased with a grin, nuzzling against his nose.

Branzy sighed in defeat, falling against his chest. “I do, I really do.”

Chapter End Notes

NO BETA WE DIE LIKE BRANZY

Yay the boys are together! :D

Sorry if this has been a bit disappointing, I know the style may have shifted since I wrote the first two chaps, I’m used to posting a whole fic in bulk so this is a little bit whack. Will be taking a lil break from this fic for a bit because I got distracted and started writing a highschool au, but here are my plans for later chaps (if i do end up doing that, this kinda felt like a finale chap which is weird since it is so much shorter than what i normally write lol):

boys get caught smooching

branzzy hurt, clown enter feral mode lol

¬_(‘▽)’_/_

thanks to those two lads that keep just chatting in the comments it's so funny

End Notes

Don't judge me for writing it when you just read it.

Thanks for reading <3

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