Steam Heart

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Summary

After sneaking onto an airship full of pirates, Branzy tries to find a way to escape.

Notes

Written for codesandstuff for the MCYTblr holiday exchange, they req'd a steampunk au, I hope you like it ^_^

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

Look— he didn't *mean* to stowaway on the airship.

Honest to void! All Branzy had wanted was to check out the wiring in the hull. It just looked so *fascinating,* even from his perch on the dock below. He had never seen a ship with redstone wiring before. Copper wiring? Sure, but never *redstone.* How could a man pass that up!

And it really wasn't his fault the ship was unguarded. They had left their little rope ladder swinging out in the open. Really— it was like the crew *wanted* stowaways. It was, frankly, ridiculous.

So that was how Branzy found himself crammed into the lower engine rooms, face red and sweaty from the screaming steam pipes, hands clutching a wrench in self defense. His eyes darted around the small rooms and hallways that made up his surroundings, sure that he had heard something fall to the ground.

It had been a *horrible* idea to sneak onto the ship, as he found out. Despite the lack of anybody *on* deck, below deck was an entirely different story.

As it turns out, people didn't enjoy their dinners interrupted by strange men falling into the brig. And wouldn't you know it, Branzy didn't enjoy facing down a hoard of sword-wielding maniacs. He had been chased by a freakin' *murder clown!*

Lucky for him, most of his pursuers were lost in their chase. Unfortunately, that meant *he* was lost, too.

He had long abandoned his little tool belt in maybe the upper engine deck— the clanking of bolts and washers in the pockets made it hard to sneak. All he had left was his deadly wrench, a couple stale gummy bears, and an overlaying sense of dread.

His breath shook like the leaves on a tree, hanging in the air with a quiet vibrato. One of Branzy's boots toed at the steel grate behind him, hoping to discreetly slide it away from the

vent opening.

It let out a long screeching noise that made his fluffy goat ears flatten against his skull, his face contorting in pain at the harsh sound. Despite the brief… shock to his ears, he still picked up the soft patter of footsteps. Muted and slow, calculated footsteps.

Deliberate.

His hands tightened its grip as he sucked in a deep breath. His mind raced with the possibilities— an engineer checking out a loose pipe, a burly air pirate with a wicked sword, dock police on their way to escort him—

He had no time to think as he caught a glimpse of a purple sheen out of the corner of his eye. Undeniably enchanted netherite.

Branzy didn't dare to linger.

Instead, he dropped the wrench and dove into the vent, boots kicking and arms scrambling for purchase. His hand caught on something smooth and cool and he started to pull himself forward.

He didn't get very far before a gloved hand caught his ankle in an iron-clad grip. Branzy balked as he was unceremoniously yanked out of his hiding spot.

The hand loosened *just* enough so he scrambled up onto his feet, only to be met with a sharp sword at his throat. He looked down the shining blade into the eyes— or rather, *eye—* of his assailant.

A single purple eye, not unsimilar to his own, glared at him and narrowed in suspicion. The man wore a strange variety of clothing— ranging from an arm guard made of cogs, to a pair of big winter boots, to a purple face mask, and of course, an eyepatch covering his other eye.

Branzy unconsciously swallowed against the sword, bringing shiny beads of crimson blood to the surface of his pale neck. It stung, reminding him of just how… sharp netherite tended to be. It made him falter.

He *never* intended to be on either side of a netherite weapon.

Holding his hands up in surrender, his eyes made a worried glance towards the blade and flicked back up to meet the— pirate? He didn't want to assume, but the man *definitely* looked like a pirate. Branzy hoped the pirate understood what he was trying to convey.

Oh god, he snuck onto a *pirate ship.*

He swallowed that down.

After a moment's hesitation, the man brought the blade back a few inches to let him speak. But he stayed silent, his eyes still poised in that dangerous lilt, like a viper ready to bite.

Now free to talk, Branzy's words found themselves caught in a coughing fit. His lungs gasped for air as they hacked away.

The man started to give him an even… stranger look as his coughing subsided, tilting his head one way as if examining a particularly interesting bug.

And now Branzy had to come up with something to save his hind quarters.

"I— We can talk about this! C' *maaaaahn,* I'm just a little guy! I'm a little guy, you can't hurt me!"

He winced as his voice screeched a little at the end, like a prepubescent teenager. God, he hated his teenage days.

And despite his desperate, sort of embarrassing, pleading, the man behind the sword did not seem to return the sentiment. Well, besides the barely audible snicker. Instead, he made a jerky nod towards a previously-unseen door and forced Branzy onto his feet.

Stumbling through whatever halls and doorways the pirate deemed fit, Branzy was at least relieved to find the sword wasn't *directly* pointed straight at his neck. Instead, the man had sheathed the blade and pulled out an intimidating pistol, poking him in the back any time he slowed down.

After rounding a corner, the man finally spoke up, annoyed, "Oh my god, can you not speed up, dude? This is taking *forever."*

" I can't help it if I got old man bones!" He jumped out of his skin when the man physically *pushed* him, "Oh, come on!"

"Hey, it's not *my* fault if *you* chose to come aboard *our* ship." The pirate, rightly, claimed. Then he pushed Branzy again.

Okay, Branzy could take a hint.

The man led him out onto the deck, cluttered with more netherite-wielding pirates. And it was *just* his luck, he recognized the leader.

"Branzy!" Parrot's grin was infectious, "Finally ready to give up a heart?"

End Notes

happy holidayssss

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