

Sweet Berry Pie

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Sweet Berry Pie

by [beaningeneral denial](#)

Summary

Clown is a busy assassin with too much experience on him to not attract a lot of potential clients and employers. One contract has him going away on the week of his and Branzy's 2nd anniversary, which Branzy doesn't appreciate much. He knows, however, how to make their anniversary celebration good!

He makes a pie... he only adds a bit of gunpowder in it.

or: Clown should've left a post-it note on the fridge saying "Do NOT touch, Branzy!" before he left for the week. He regrets it only a little.

Notes

Look, I saw this one show that had this scenario in it and then I remembered this SBI fic where Wilbur ate blueberry pie simply because Tommy made it for him, so now this exists. I- I also might've slipped into my romance writing once at the end somewhere but it's a small part.

There is only one section that could make people squimish. Branzy practices some stitches on a chicken carcass, though it's not at all graphic, simply briefly mentioned.

Enjoy, peeps :)

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

Clown is a very busy man. Well, as busy as being a mercenary for hire can make a man. It's not unusual for him to go missing for a week, only to turn up after a week or two -in extreme cases, maybe a month or so.

That time frame that Clown is gone, Branzy spends being bored. He isn't worried about his boyfriend; he is incredibly skilled at what he does and he has sharpened his sixth sense to detect people through frickin' *walls!* Yeah, I know, that's so crazy but, hey, it's true! Branzy has witnessed it first hand!

However, that isn't the point. The point is that their second year anniversary is coming up for both their relationship and for living in their little apartment together! And Clown has been booked for a job on the day. It's sad, really, because Branzy had been daydreaming of all the fun activities they could do together, like going to the amusement park or to the cinema and watching *It*, simply due to the fact that his boyfriend likes scary clowns to a worrying degree and he wanted to please him by watching the remake.

But Clown has work and now Branzy is bored. Clown has already packed his things: a big duffel bag with about a ton of ammunition, a scythe that collectors would pay *billions* for and a gun. A *big* gun -Branzy forgets what it's called but it's good for long and short distance *pew pew* from what he's been told.

Currently, Clown is putting the last of his things in a backpack (clothes and the like) and his keys are lying on top of Branzy's in the crystal ashtray on the counter (neither of them smoke, surprisingly; it's for their friends who come over once in a while). Branzy is simply leaning on the couch, one elbow propped on the back of it and his head resting on his palm. He is tracking his boyfriend's movements with the most irritated of eyes, silently wishing death on Clown's new temporary employer.

"What's with that face?", Clown asks when he finally notices the death glare Branzy is giving him.

"How long will you be gone?", he asks without missing a beat, blowing a stray white hair out of his eyes. Clown sighs.

"Branzy, I've already told you that I'll be gone a week at *most*"

It doesn't change Branzy's mood; it only urges him to pick up the speed with which he is thinking of death traps for the guy who phoned Clown and booked him on their anniversary *week*. For the *entire* week! Though Clown is making it sound like he will take less time but there are always hiccups in such short notice hiring.

Clown adjusts his signature mask on his face (for whatever reason, the man rarely takes it off, with the most common times being around Branzy. Branzy still wonders how Clown goes about unnoticed) and sighs again. He leaves the backpack in order to approach Branzy.

Branzy in turn stands up straight, still with a pout on his face. He can't help but continue glaring, even though Clown had explained to him that he-

"Branzy, you know I can't *not* do this job", Clown says, putting his black-gloved hands on Branzy's shoulders and looking him eye-to-eye (more like, eye-to *-mask*), "The guy has got shit on me".

That, however, does not change the fact that-

"You could just kill him, Clown", he knows Clown could do that. His man is plenty capable of taking down one measly man quietly and with little struggle. Branzy would know, having been the victim of Clown's 'surprise attacks' when he returns home.

(Usually, Branzy is busy doing chores or working on blueprints in his study and doesn't notice the time. Clown always calls him when he's on his way home but as fate has it, Branzy's brain is too full of Math and engineering to remember. That is when he falls victim to Clown, sneaking up on him without making a single sound and putting him in a chokehold from behind.

"This is why we need an alarm system!", Branzy always yells at him afterwards but Clown only laughs before shutting him up with a kiss. Every time.

They still haven't had an alarm system installed. And, yes, there is a key under the 'Welcome Home!' mat)

"I didn't know of this guy's existence up till last Saturday", Clown protests and Branzy just huffs and looks to the side. "Branzyyy", he whines for a second before pulling him in for a hug. Begrudgingly - *note that word* -, Branzy obliges him and hugs him back. "I'll kill him afterwards, now come on, stop pouting"

"No"

The hands over his back snake their way up to his cheeks as Clown pulls slightly away -just enough to look at him properly- and gently holds his head in his covered palms. Begrudgingly - *note that word again* -, Branzy leans back so he can look up at Clown, grabbing the other's forearms loosely. The amethyst gem of the ring on his index finger glimmers in the white light of the living room.

"You'll give me bad luck", Clown teases with a lilt in his voice and the idea that he could jinx his boyfriend is the *only* reason that Branzy cracks.

"Fine", he relents, letting his eyes soften, promising only a minute's worth of brain silence for the traps. Clown bumps his head with his in a mock-kiss on the forehead. The dull ache and the cold porcelain is comfortingly familiar. "I'll miss you"

"I'll miss you too", Clown chuckles, finally pulling completely away and grabbing his ready backpack. "I'll be back before you know it, don't do anything *too* stupid while I'm gone"

Branzy simply smiles and bids him goodbye as he leaves.

He will totally not do anything *too* stupid until Clown returns.

—

Turns out that this is going to be the most boring week of Branzy's life.

No amusement park, no thrilling rides, no nightmares involving a cannibalistic clown. Nothing. It's just him and his projects day in and day out. Just lil old him and the basic outlines of new traps.

He's been trying to muster inspiration for about a day and a half now, following the exact same steps of his 'Inspiration DIY' as he's done every time inventor's block hits and Branzy feels bummed. It hasn't worked yet and so he doesn't know what to do!

He opens the door to the study, sees the half-finished blueprints and hundreds of post-it notes and backs the *frick* away from there. It's just... too much work -that's his excuse anyway. He knows it's an excuse and he dislikes it but there's nothing to do about it.

On the third day, while he's lazying on the couch with one leg over the back of it, he receives a text from Clown. Of course, it's from a burner phone (Clown has a bag full of those in their storage closet). He knows it's him simply because of the agreed-upon emoji line, and the picture that is attached to the message.

It's Clown who covers about a third of the image; cross-eyes, cartoony grin, neck ruffle and bells in plain sight, and in the background is a man lying lifeless on the ground. Clown is holding a peace sign over the fresh corpse of his target, not a smear of blood on him as far as Branzy can make out in the black of his work costume (it's really hard to get blood stains out of that stupid costume. Branzy has picked fights with blood stains many times over a tub of lemon-water). He doesn't text back; chances are that Clown has already disposed of the phone. It's for the better.

With newfound giddiness, he grins so wide that his cheeks hurt.

"Clown is coming home!", he can't help but sing the words and skip around the living room for a solid minute. Maybe, just *maybe*, Clown will make it back before their anniversary, so he can rest and then they can go celebrate!

Branzy is so happy that he sits at his study and works with his pens and papers for *hours*. It takes him all night to finish his sketching-spree, ending up with a well-thought-out trap for that employer of Clown's. It's a masterpiece, trully, and Branzy croons as he gazes over the tiniest of details and thinks things over in his head until he gets a migraine.

It's nothing too fancy; just an elaborate, showy explosion trap that will blow the guy's house sky-high! He'll set the plan in motion after Clown collects his reward, obviously (only because there will be no house left once Branzy is done with it).

Turns out that Clown does not arrive on the day before their anniversary. Branzy hopes that Clown is okay and that he hasn't been stabbed in the back (literally) and that he is doing this on purpose. He doesn't want to sew another bullet hole closed -especially on such a special day, which he wants to be *perfect* for his boyfriend- but maybe he should get the chicken carcasses out of the fridge and make sure his medic skills haven't become rusty over the one month that Clown has abstained from physical contact with contraband.

He doesn't feel like working after the evening passes. Better get that chicken, then.

—

Half-way through sewing the chicken he has just cut open closed, there comes a vibration from his phone. At first, he thinks that it's just some random notification about the weather or the news, so he pays it no mind.

He gets rid of the salmonella-infected gloves in the trash bin, he packs the carcass in a disposable bag and dumps that into the bin too. Then, he washes his hands -twice, just to make sure that he won't get sick- and he checks what his phone piped up about.

It's an SMS from Clown. His eyes widen- *he says he is in town!*

That means that he should be back by morning! There is still time to do something -Branzy hopes so at least. Something that doesn't involve scary clowns or thrilling rides but something that won't require Clown to exert himself. These trips are already tiring, Branzy should do something that will relax them both.

He hums to himself, cruises through social media for five minutes until he comes by a post about Valentine's. It's incredibly out of place alongside the Halloween-inspired posts that spring up during this time of year but he guesses that his moping all these days was overheard by the internet.

Oh! He thinks once he sees the things on the post with the tagline: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach!"

—

That is how Branzly ended up at the grocer's about half an hour later, picking up a bunch of sweet berries for a pie that he will make out of love and flowers and feelings! It's the most romantic thing ever, bless the internet. Clown normally discourages him from baking, seeing as he has made some questionable, monstrous blobs of flour and yeast in his past attempts.

Well, there is no Clown to deter him this time!

So, when he returns home with the groceries, an extra bag of flour and a new round pan, he gets to work. There is an easy enough recipe he's found from an old cooking show that sounds like it will make a decent dessert, if only there weren't that many adverts on the TV.

It's certainly hard work and it takes a couple hours for him to make the sweet berries into a jam and make the dough for the pie and he makes sure to put his everything into it. It has to be perfect, after all. He gives props to all the bakers in the world whilst he pokes holes with utmost precision into the to-be crust and carefully pinches the edges.

The oven is preheated and he shoves the pie in.

"Now...", he sighs, taking off the purple apron he's wearing to bake, "Time for the candles! Oh! And the flowers!"

—

Clown arrives to a completely pitch-black apartment, tired and ready to go to bed even if it is around 9AM, about the time normal people go to work. Then again, he isn't a normal person. He looks away from the keyhole, picks up the key under the mat and opens the door.

The heat and smell of scented candles hits him square on the nose.

There are about a hundred of them set about the apartment. From the entrance, he can see about a quarter of them, and something a bit dark on the floor; for a moment, his blood goes cold. A rose petal trail. He is so touched that he freezes once he realizes that it's just flowers on the floor and not bloodstains.

Awww, that's so sweet, he coos inwardly (he also smiles wide but the mask covers it) as he follows it through the living room. He is so distracted by emotions that he doesn't notice the door closing

behind him, nor a wild Branzy sneaking up on him.

That is until Branzy decides to be bold and hug him from behind. If Clown wasn't as exhausted as he was, he'd have probably elbowed him in the head out of instinct (not that anyone has ever managed to get that close to him a lot but it happens from time to time and Clown makes sure his opponents *always* regret it).

“Welcome home”, Branzy muses, voice muffled as he presses his head into Clown's back.

“This is quite the welcome”, he jokes, although it is pretty true. Their first year anniversary, it was him who had done all of the work, only because Branzy thought that Clown had forgotten about it until Clown pulled a rose out of nowhere.

Then, Branzy releases him and nudges him along the red trail, grabbing his hand and guiding him around the burning candles. Clown is thankful for that because he can't see many details behind the black mesh of the mask's eye holes -and Branzy knows that.

“Come on, come on!”, his boyfriend urges as he drags him over to one of the chairs around the dining table. On it he can see a few candles -evident by the flickering light- and a vase with a lot of roses -evident by the red ontop of the dark green. He makes out a pristine, white plate in front of him.

“A romantic dinner?”, he teases, “Someone is cliché”

“Cliché?”, Branzy gasps, feigning offense and Clown holds back a chuckle. “Then maybe I should throw out the pie I baked for you”

—

Branzy thinks that the frightened look Clown gives him is only his imagination. It has to be because he is still wearing a mask and his expression is safely hidden away from him and the rest of the world.

He shrugs it off and pulls the pie out of the turned off oven. The crust is brown and crisp as it should be, the holes he'd poked in making a nice circle pattern, the sweet smell of the berries flowing in the air and it makes his mouth water as it fills the kitchen. He hasn't had a taste but it

should be good to eat!

Clown leans back in his chair as Branzly cuts and serves him a piece. He kisses the side of his mask with a huge smile on his face (Clown stares hauntingly at the piece of pie before him).

“Happy second anniversary, Clown”, he says and turns away so Clown can have his privacy. He busies himself with cutting himself a piece as he hears the distinct *click* of the mask being unclipped and the soft sound as it makes contact with the surface of the dining table.

There is the iron sound of cutlery hitting the plate and he waits for a few nerve-wracking moments for Clown’s reaction. A choked sound is all that he hears and immediately, he worries. He doesn’t fully react, knowing that Clown would not appreciate him looking directly at his face unless he was *really* choking.

“Clown?”, he calls awkwardly as he looks at the tiles of the floor. Idly, he notes that there is a drag mark on one.

“I’m fine”, Clown says, although a voice crack betrays his words. “This pie is... really good!”

Branzy blinks. Once he registers the words, he smiles. Yes! He’s done it! He’s made the pie good; Clown likes it! Happily, he picks up his own plate and carefully makes his way to the other end of the table. He feels Clown’s eyes on him for a few seconds but Branzly only eyes their plates and inwardly sings at the fact that the man is chewing another fork-full with a smile on his face (it’s what he can see out of his peripheral vision).

Then, he has a bite himself... and he spits it out right as the crust hits his tongue.

“Blegh!”, he sputters, looking at the piece of pie in front of him like it’s ratioed him on Twitter. Clown huffs a laugh and Branzly looks at him incredulously. “How-”

Clown proceeds to eat another piece, all while keeping eye contact and a smile that has Branzly going warm in the face.

“How what?”, the man asks after he swallows. He swallowed it- what?!

“How are you eating that, it tastes like a bomb!”

Wait .

“It does, doesn’t it?”

He put some gunpowder in the pie but it was only supposed to give it some extra spice!

Evidently, it did more than add some spice, which has Branzzy devastated. Clown is still eating, however, erasing any and all suspicion that he wanted Branzzy to suffer at the taste of his own creation. It perplexes Branzzy; this is perhaps the most insane thing he has witnessed his boyfriend do.

“But you made it”, the words hold a confession in them. *You made it with love* , Clown wants to say, *love that is all for me* -and he wants to honor that love, even if he has to eat gunpowder-spiced sweet berry pie to do so. It’s the stupidest way to prove one’s love, Branzzy thinks, but it affects him anyway.

He feels the tears pricking at his eyes; happy tears that he wipes away with a stupid smile and shy blush. He huffs a laugh as he does and then proceeds to stand up with his heart fluttering in his chest.

Before Clown can make himself swallow another bite of that horrific thing, Branzzy grabs his wrist and brings the fork down.

“I get that my baking is *amazing* but I think we should order”, he chuckles, leans down and steals a quick kiss from Clown- who looks only slightly confused.

“But-”

“No buts! You’re a tired man, I am not making you eat this!”, he protests with only the best of intentions in mind. Clown looks relieved to a degree and he chuckles.

“Alright” -he stands up and takes Branzzy in his arms, mask forgotten on the table- “Happy second

anniversary, Branzzy”

The pie remains forgotten on the counter.

End Notes

Lmao, Clown got back, thinking he'd get hugs and kisses and instead got pie. Gunpowder pie, lol. I also can't get Iskall's pronunciation of 'pie' out of my head- look, it's such a fun way to say the word, I like it!

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