

The immortal and his assassin

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The immortal and his assassin

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

Summary

He opened the door without any theatrics, no slow creak open or dramatic swing wide, he simply opened it like he was an old friend visiting a familiar face.

And- Hold up, that *is* a familiar face.

The soon-to-be-dead man was sitting on the edge of his bed, eyes shut as he slowly sipped at his cup of tea. He opened his eyes lazily, half-lidded gaze settling on Clown's face in a way that made him feel as if he had been drenched in freezing cold water.

Because he had killed his man before.

Notes

You actually have no idea how much fun this was to write.

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

ClownPierce was both exceptionally excited, and exceptionally nervous. His first BIG job, no more small fries on the street, no, a *real* nobleman in a big fancy manor. A rich man! Finally, a job that could bring him some notoriety.

He studied the target with all the intensity of a student cramming an hour before an exam, he had to memorise every detail of this mark, he couldn't afford to be sloppy. He made notes about the

layout, imagining every possible weakness in the floorplan, every possible crack he could sneak through.

Sure, he could disguise as a guard and then kill him with ease, it seemed none of his guards were well acquainted with each other. All he would need was the uniform and he was golden. But that would mean he couldn't wear his awesome clown outfit with matching mask and horns. It made him look terrifying, a horrific final image for his hit.

Yes, he would be an assassin that was burned into the minds of his victims and any poor fool who may witness his art.

He rolled the floorplan up, grabbed his trusty dagger (he wanted a larger weapon, but something easy to carry was more logical) and headed to the manor.

It was a large mansion of a house, blue terracotta roof, creamy spackled walls with ivy creeping up it playfully and a perfectly large and open window that led into what Clown knew was the laundry.

Clown smirked, digging his toes into the wall and gripping the ivy as he scaled up, using his dagger as a way to heave himself upwards, this made his entrance remarkably easy. He rolled into the laundry, looking around cautiously, but no servant was in sight.

This was... suspiciously easy.

He shook the thought off, knowing that if this was a trap, he could outwit the trapper with ease. He took off out the door, sharply turning the corner, dagger in his hand twirling around as he ran. He ran, kicking off walls to gain extra speed, charging towards the nobleman's bedroom.

He saw the doorway at the end of the hall, the door was open, but Clown could make out a beautiful painting on it of purple vines and white flowers, very extra. Clown continued to run, knowing his fast and surprising entrance would throw his victim off enough to startle and disarm him if he had any weapon available.

He slowly began to raise his arm as he spotted his target lethargically walking around the room, perfectly in his sight. He readied himself to throw the dagger the second he entered the room.

His sprinting was halted as his horns caught on the doorframe, pulling him back and giving him such a shock he yelped and fell backwards hard on his back. The air was knocked out of his lungs with an awful wheezing sound. He groaned to himself, pulling up his free hand to rub at his head, eyes shutting briefly as the pain resonated with himself.

Opening his eyes as he heard soft footsteps approaching, he froze in horror as his target leaned over him, hands resting on his bent knees and a barely concealed amused smile on his face.

"Are... Are you okay?" He asked, one of his hands came up to stifle a laugh at Clown's humiliating position.

Clown paled, shame dripping in his stomach like slop, "Oh my god." He muttered, thoroughly embarrassed by his stupid fall.

His target, with sparkling purple eyes and soft white hair that seemed to sway in a non-existent breeze, laughed loudly.

Branzy, the nobleman, and his target, was laughing at *him*.

An assassin hired to kill him.

This day could not get any more humiliating.

Clown sucked in a sharp breath, grip on his dagger tightening.

“I am so, *so* glad, you won’t live to tell anyone about this.”

Clown’s dagger met Branzzy’s chest with no fanfare, he stumbled backward, staring at the wound with astonishment, before his lip quirked upward and he continued to laugh.

Clown got up, knowing that his target would bleed out. Branzzy fell against a wall harshly and slid to the floor, dissolving into giggles.

“May the lord above judge you fairly.” Clown spoke, trying to regain any ounce of coolness he may have left.

His victim grinned at him, coughing up a bit of blood, “He may judge me harshly, but I sure as hell am judging you harsher.” He laughed again, before the light in his eyes faded, and he slumped against the wall, breath dissipating.

Clown left out the window, glad to have not gotten *too* much blood on himself, he felt incredibly embarrassed, but at least the one man who saw his humiliation was dead.

-

Clown was getting better, and more well-known.

It was almost hilarious how the death of the nobleman helped him grow in popularity, well, not good popularity, but any press is good press when it came to running an assassination business.

He was cleaner in his kills now, and he had lessened the size of his horns, much to his own dismay but he didn’t want a repeat of his first big kill.

Yes, finally, he was getting a good income and a good amount of people fearing him.

It was a day like any other when he received a new target, with an envelope stacked with cash. He rose a brow curiously; who pays first?

It was a hefty sum, but as he read the attached letter his surprise turned to astonishment.

Half up front, half after. It read, and he knew he had to take this hit.

The target didn’t appear to have done anything remarkable to earn this hit, no where did he find any information about him doing anything dishonest. He was simply a man who lived next to a lively bar, working as a bartender in said bar during weekdays. He was well-liked by the patrons as well as regulars of the area, as he was often seen tending to the park across the road during the weekend.

Nowhere did he detect a reason for this hit, but he wasn’t paid to care, he was paid to kill, without mercy.

Though it was unusual he wasn’t given a name, just a description, address, and his occupation.

Enough to get the person right, but unusual to not provide the name. Perhaps the person wanting the hit didn't know his name, only what he did.

As he made his way to the lively town of upperclassmen, strolling through the streets in some fitting day clothes, he pondered if perhaps this target had wanted him dead because he was a bartender who overheard some ghastly secret. Bars are a good place to spill the soul unwillingly under the influence of alcohol, so it wouldn't be unusual if this bartender happened to overhear something he shouldn't of.

He nodded to himself, yes, that made the most sense. Clearly, his target had overheard a deadly secret, and his client didn't know his name but did know his appearance and job as a bartender.

He came into the rowdy bar, taking note of the already drunk occupants before swiftly heading up into the above hotel. He found a bathroom, changed into his assassin clothing, and headed straight to an empty room that he already knew had a window facing the neighbouring building.

He leapt from the window to the building, gripping the sandstone walls and climbing upward, once again with the use of his dagger, until he hit a window. He unlatched it with his blade and rolled in, quiet and calm.

He couldn't afford to make any noise, not when there were so many people so close by.

The home was a modest one, not many furnishing that showed personality, but a few quirks that made it appear more like a home than a simple house. A few forget-me-nots were in a vase in the hallway, the water was clean and clear within its glass container, either newly changed or newly displayed.

Clown smiled, that meant his victim was indeed home, and there was no need to wait for his arrival.

He crept down the hall, stepping over lumps in the long rug running down it. He eventually reached the bedroom; he pressed his ear against it and listened for breathing.

There was breathing, and a slight clink of ceramics. It would be easier if he were simply asleep, but maybe it was more polite to allow his victim the chance to see his killer's face before dying.

He held his dagger firmly, knowing that if his target did scream, he would have to silence him quickly.

He opened the door without any theatrics, no slow creak open or dramatic swing wide, he simply opened it like he was an old friend visiting a familiar face.

And- Hold up, that *is* a familiar face.

The soon-to-be-dead man was sitting on the edge of his bed, eyes shut as he slowly sipped at his cup of tea. He opened his eyes lazily, half-lidded gaze settling on Clown's face in a way that made him feel as if he had been drenched in freezing cold water.

Because he had killed his man before.

Branzy, the nobleman, *Branzy*, his first ever big target was sitting across from him, currently delicately placing his teacup on its plate with all the calmness of someone who wasn't facing a deadly assassin before him.

His hair was the same beautiful white, with hints of grey, unusual for someone clearly young of

age. It waved in that same odd quality despite there being no real breeze in the room, the windows were shut, and curtains drawn. His eyes glimmered that dazzling purple.

His target placed his hands in his lap and smiled at Clown toothily.

Maybe he was a brother? A twin? Maybe he had called Clown in order to exact revenge-

“Hello, again.”

All doubts of this not being the same man were dashed from Clown’s mind at those words.

Clown rose his pointer finger, jutting it at the man with a tilt of his head. “I killed you.”

Branzy laughed, “Yeah, yeah you did.” He stood up and strode over to Clown, he delicately grabbed his hand, the one holding the dagger.

Clown tightened his grip, refusing to release his weapon- But he wasn’t taking it, no, he was guiding the hand, till the tip of the blade was resting against his chest, just over his heart.

“And you’re going to do it again.” He grinned excitedly.

Clown stumbled back, “I- What?”

“I hired you to kill me, the moneys in that safe over there.” He nodded his head towards his vanity, a small lock box with a key beside it on the desk.

“Y-You hired me to kill you?”

“Yes.” His target confirmed, “And if you don’t do it now, I’ll tell everyone how you fell onto your ass when you killed me the first time.”

That made Clown bristle, “I- You fucking- You were meant to stay dead! How are you alive? I watched you bleed out!”

“Did you shorten your horns?” Branzy snorted, looking up at the accessories, “Wow, good to see you fix your flaws.”

“Answer the question.” Clown hissed, pressing the blade further into the man.

Branzy stared at him with a smug grin, “Oh no, what are you going to do? Kill me? The thing I want you to do?”

Clown didn’t really know how to answer that, he just sighed and pulled the blade back. “If you don’t answer me, then I won’t kill you.”

Branzy scoffed, “And be known as the assassin who failed on his job? Unlikely, I know you care for your pride, I’ve been keeping up with your image. Besides, I already paid you, I doubt you’d not finish a paid job.”

Clown shuffled on his feet, knowing he was right. “Just- Did I fail to kill you the first time?”

“Oh no, you did great!” His victim rushed to say, “Fantastic job, really, you hit the perfect spot where I would die very quickly. It was a wonderful kill!”

“So how are you back?” Clown frowned.

“I got better.” Branzly shrugged, and Clown’s glare beneath the mask must have done the job because he reluctantly explained, “Fine, I uh, I’m sort of cursed not to die. I tried killing myself, but nope, didn’t work, thought if you killed me then it would work, but nope. Here I am again. And after this kill, I’ll be back again, in like maybe a week or a month, waking up on a street in clothes that aren’t mine in a new place.”

“So... Magic?” Clown said with a sigh, he rubbed at his mask with a groan, “Seriously?”

“ClownPierce,” He scoffed, “I have purple fucking eyes.”

“Fair point.” Clown shrugged, “So why die if you’re only going to come back?”

Branzly shrugged, “The nothingness I get for a bit is nice, and maybe this time I’ll stay dead.”

Clown rose a brow, “Can I expect another hit requested if you don’t?”

“You betcha.”

Clown rolled his shoulders, “Alright, bet.”

He sliced across Branzly’s neck, who fell and flopped backwards onto his bed, steadily staining the covers red.

“Stay dead.” He demanded with a furious jut at the dead body, which continued to do nothing but start the process of decomposition.

-

He did not, in fact, stay dead.

He came back a few months later, which was longer than Clown had expected to be honest.

He was given a letter full of money again, with his target’s description, Clown grumbled and whispered a curse as he noted the same features he had grown familiar with. Purple eyes, white hair.

He came to the house and knocked on the front door.

Branzly opened it with a wide grin, he was dressed very fancy, with a vest and long coat with a tail.

“Clown!” He greeted, waving delightfully, “Your welcomed to take whatever you want from this house when I’m dead.”

“Noted.” Clown said, stabbing him in the forehead, pushing him to the side, and strolling in.

-

A fortnight later Clown was given a lovely letter with purple vines and white flowers, a familiar

pattern that made Clown instantly know who it had to be.

He tore it open and was glad to know Branzly had actually signed it this time, but he had requested something new and specific.

Dear ClownPierce, esteemed assassin, who definitely has never done something silly,

He snorted and rolled his eyes at the unnecessary dig.

Currently, I am in a position of power I do not want. This coming Thursday, I am a guest to a very wealthy mans party. I am to make a speech before an audience, of people who I do not look highly upon, as they prey on others downfall. I understand you yourself are someone with little morals, but at least you're up front about it.

These rich people are loan sharks, taking advantage of the already unfortunate and leaving them in a worse position. Real rude if you ask me. I unfortunately, this time round, woke up outside of a manor whose occupants took pity on me and made me apart of their awful family business.

So, it is with utter delight I ask you to kill me when I am giving a speech to these awful people. I can't wait to make them fear death in a way I never could. Do it how you see fit, throw me off a balcony, stab me dramatically, shoot me, I don't care. Just make it messy, if you can.

Don't worry about the pain, I know you try to kill me quickly, but I sort of have grown numb to the pains that come with death, so you can have as much fun as you like!

With love, your frequent target,

Branzy

He tucked the letter into his shirt pocket with a soft grin on his face, he wasted no time and started researching this 'wealthy man' who would be hosting the party.

It wasn't often he got *fun* hits. Really it was quite thoughtful of his soon-to-be victim. (Again)

-

The party was tame, for Clowns standards, all boring rich people sipping at bubbling glasses with fake laughs and tight smiles.

Clown himself was dressed as fancy as he could, finding that the security of his place was abysmal, all he did was walk in dressed in his black and red three-piece suit. He had a small mask on his face, and within his coats his real mask was held, as well as his favourite dagger and newly acquired gun.

He sipped at his drink, rolling his eyes as another awfully snooty laugh filled his ears. He eyed the chandeliers above himself and all around the room. Really, there were way too many of them.

His head turned sharply as he heard the sound of a fork hitting a glass, a grin wormed its way onto his face as Branzly perched on the stage with the party's band just behind him.

A glass and fork were held in Branzly's hands, and on his face a tentative smile, his discomfort obvious to the eagle-eyed. If you weren't looking for his disgust, you'd only see a pleasant young man with an eager smile and excited demeanour.

Well, he wasn't faking his excitement, at least.

“Thank you all for coming!” Branzy called, rousing a cheer from the crowd, he waved them off, effectively silencing them, “I know this year has been very profitable for us all, and that is something to be thankful for. But first and foremost I want to thank the outstanding family that took me in, my amnesia has been a pain in my side all my life, I assume, I can’t remember.”

A few chuckles came from the crowd, Clown covered his grinning mouth, and made his way towards the stage, tugging his mask out from his coat.

“But this kind hearted family took me and taught me how to function in this cruel world, truly, where would I be without them? *Who* would I be without them?” He started to raise his glass, his eyes glanced to Clown, who smirked at him as he slowly pulled his proper mask over his face. “I think we have a lot to be thankful for this year, and I want to give us all this opportunity to raise a glass to the luck we have been given. And to the new year!”

The crowd rose their glasses as Clown rose his gun.

“Cheers!” Branzy called, and Clown shot at the rope suspending the above chandelier.

The crowd erupted into screams as the chandelier came crashing down, the band running from the falling obstacle. Branzy just stared upward with a grin, before frowning.

It crashed to the floor, landing directly where the band had been standing.

He whipped his head to Clown with a glare.

“You missed.” He huffed.

Clown laughed, and now with the crowd’s gaze firmly locked on the chandelier, pulled a dagger, which he threw expertly, landing directly in Branzy’s neck. He choked and stumbled backwards, toppling onto the shattered glass of the chandelier.

“Oh-“ Branzy managed through strangled speech, blood gargling in his mouth. “Never mind.” He muttered.

Clown, just for fun, (and not at all to end his life faster) shot him in the heart, then the head. He then turned to the crowd, who has scattered and ran, faces aghast with horror, and sweat beading on their foreheads with fear.

He never said I couldn’t have some more fun with it.

Clown tightened his mask, and leap towards anyone within his range, gun in hand and grin on mask blinding.

The following days, the murder party was all anyone could talk about.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

I’m stuck on an island with terrible company, this would be ample opportunity to drown me.

Your favourite victim,

Branzy

The lakes water was stained an awful red the following days, with no body found to bury.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

I can't pay you with money this time, but I did buy this awesome dagger you'd just love. It has a gold hilt with a ruby in it, and it looks all twisty too! It would be a quick and possibly painful way to die with this. Care to test it out on a willing target?

Your beloved dart board,

Branzy

PS: I made cookies, let's eat them together first.

Clown dipped his cookie into his tea, nibbling at the ends with delight, it was just as good as when he ate them with company.

“Want another?” He asked Branzy’s corpse, beautiful dagger resting in his chest, he threw a cookie at his face.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

I got invited to go camping in this haunted forest, none of my current friends think the haunting is real, would be really funny if I died and was hung from a tree somewhere in those woods, don't you think?

Your favourite corpse,

Branzy

Clown cackled louder than he ever had as he watched the campers scream and scamper away, he threw a hand to his forehead as his head fell backwards, laughing even louder with no plans to stifle it. Branzy dangled from a branch above, body bloody.

“Yeah, this was so worth it.” Branzy giggled, blood still dripping as he bled out.

“Stop it, you’re supposed to be dead.” Clown snapped, scolding failing as he said it through a chuckle.

“I’m getting there, I’m getting there.” Branzy huffed, breath finally escaping him.

-

Dear Mr Pierce,

We have kidnapped Branzy, he stated you as his closest friend and said you would pay for his release. We have attached a discreet location to meet, Branzy will be unharmed upon arrival if you come alone.

Branzy was laughing hysterically as his captors screamed and slammed the door behind themselves, the raging Clown on the other end, bloodied fists pounding against it.

“What the fuck?! This guy knows THE ClownPierce?!” One of the kidnappers shrieked with fear.

Branzy kept on laughing, even as the door crashed down, crushing the man beneath it. Clown swung a large scythe, effectively cutting the other man in two with a shattered scream coming out of him as he met his demise.

Branzy gasped, “You’ve never killed me with a scythe!” He pouted, tied up but still somehow having control of the situation.

One kidnapper remained, dashing through the door supposedly to see what had happened to his friends, with a horrified look on his face. He stood shell shocked at the scene before him.

“I mean...” Clown shrugged, twirling the weapon, “I can? If you want?”

Branzy grinned, nodding fervently, “Yes! Yes please! That’d be sick.”

Clown glanced at the guy behind him, “Before or after I kill him?”

“Oh before, it’d be so fucking confusing to see my supposed rescuer killing me.”

Clown chuckled, “You’re so right, okay, on the count of three I’ll kill you.”

“Okay, one-“

His head sailed off across the room and into the wall. “Sike, get got.” Clown laughed to himself, before turning to face the remaining man. “So,” He twirled his scythe, “You gonna run and make this fun or..?”

He sprinted out of the room, Clown grinning to himself as he chased after him.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

DO NOT KILL ME THIS YEAR!

I know, I know, big deal, right? But listen- I got this puppy, and it's soooo cute, I cannot abandon it! I have to take care of this dog for as long as I can before I get killed. Oh yeah, by the way, if you don't kill me, I just die from something else if I'm alive for too long. So I'm gonna wait till then!

This curse is a real weird one huh? I never did tell you how I got it, and the answer to that mystery is... I don't know! I died and suddenly I'm waking up with purple eyes instead of hazel and hair white instead of brown and I'm stuck in some random town.

I have no idea how to break it, but since you've come into my life/death I'm having a lot more fun with it!

You're welcomed to visit me and see this puppy, it's really cute! I know you can find where I live anyway.

Your living (shocking) target,

Branzy

The puppy was, undeniably, really cute, and definitely worth living for. Clown made a point to visit fortnightly to see it, and Branzy made it a point to move frequently just so that Clown would have to work to find him.

Branzy died not at the end of the year, but six months into it, seemed the curse was getting impatient.

Clown entered an empty home to a whining dog, lifting him into his arms and leaving without so much as a eulogy to the body that lay in the kitchen, for once a pained expression on his face. A heart attack, it seemed. Far more boring than murder.

Clown took good care of the dog.

-

Clown furrowed his brows, the letter in his hands both familiar and unfamiliar. It didn't have the purple vines and white flowers, no loving greeting or funny sign off, just a plain piece of paper with a description of a man he knew well.

White hair, purple eyes, and an attached address.

It couldn't have been from his Branzy, there was no flare, and it was only a week after his last death. His new dog pawed at his leg curiously, eyes pleading, Clown gave her a treat and pet her head as he puzzled over the letter.

Did someone else want Branzy dead? Who could possibly want that?

Nonetheless, he rose, and left towards the address.

-

He knocked on the door, knowing that if he was Branzy he wouldn't care if an assassin was at his door.

It was opened with some delay, Clown heard shuffling inside and quick footsteps. He was not expected, a second red flag to this already bizarre hit. When it was opened, Branzy furrowed his brows.

“Clown!” He greeted with a confused smile, “Not that I don't enjoy our talks, but why are you here? I haven't called on you yet, I don't have enough money to pay you right now.”

That made Clown pause, “Hold up, is the only reason you take so long to hire me because you're saving up money?”

Branzy nodded, still confused, “Of course, I usually come back only within like, a week, then I work on getting myself settled and getting income so I can pay you.”

Clown stared at him in bafflement, “The moment you come back to life you're planning to die?”

“The sooner I get the money, the sooner I get to see my friend!” He cheers, and tugs Clown in, “Come in, come in! How's Esa?”

“Still a bad name for a dog, and she's doing good, I think she prefers staying in one place.” Clown snorted.

Branzy stuck out his tongue as he led him into the house, “It was just so funny seeing you rock up all angry at my door.”

“Almost angry enough to kill you.”

“Well you can do that now! I guess... Though I'm not really prepared for it, I can't pay you.” He frowned.

“See that's the thing, someone else ordered a hit on you.”

Branzy did a double take, staring at Clown with bafflement, “Me? But how?! I-I that's ridiculous! I haven't even talked to many people yet. No one really knows me.”

“I don't know...” Clown mumbled, pulling out the letter and passing it to Branzy.

Branzy studied it, eyebrows lifting, “Oh, I recognise this handwriting. But that doesn't make any sense, this is someone from my past life.” He handed it back, rubbing his jaw curiously.

“Really? So someone knows you come back?”

“Hopefully not, I've never gone to same town twice, no one has ever noticed my continued existence. Besides you, of course.”

“Of course.” Clown agreed, he sat down on Branzy's couch, Branzy sat beside him.

“If you kill me... You're confirming to them that I am alive. But if you don't, then what? You confirm I'm still dead? Why would they know my address if they didn't know I'm still alive...”

“Who is this person who still knows you're alive? Perhaps I can just simply kill them.”

Branzy looked at him with shining eyes, a soft expression on his face, “You'd kill for me?”

“B-Branzy, you idiot, I’ve been killing for you like, your whole life... Repeated life.”

“Yeah, but killing me for me is different, you’d kill someone else for me? When I could just die and restart my life elsewhere?”

Clown nodded firmly, “Of course. And... Branzy you don’t have to pay me.” He rubbed at his neck, “I get enough income from this gig as is, I don’t mind helping a friend out, even if that means killing you.”

Branzy smiled, “Aw, you’re so sweet Clown!” He leapt forward and hugged his assassin tightly, “I would like this guy taken care of, if you don’t mind.”

Clown pulled Branzy’s hand to his lips, tilting his mask up and pressing a soft kiss to it, “It would be my pleasure.”

Branzy flushed, then grinned. “Aw Clown,” Branzy held his own face and giggled, “Even without spilling my blood, you still know how to turn me red.”

The person who ordered the hit wasn’t hard to find, some rich man who was certain Branzy faked his own death in order to sneak away and reveal his secrets elsewhere. Clown cleared up the confusion with a swift knife to his gut, leaving the man to splutter and wheeze his way to death.

No need for a quick death for someone who wouldn’t come back.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

I have attached a pill in this envelope, you must subtly kill me with it tonight. Be it slipping into my drink or something else. I have a stifling dinner party to attend with another group of horrible people. (Tell me, my friend, do I attract the unpleasant? And if so, how is it I’ve lucked out with you?)

I have you invited as a guest; you may wear a small mask but no costume I’m afraid. They will search you for weapons, which is why I have given you the pill. I hope whenever I die it comes as a surprise to me!

See you there, my guest.

From the fool who has only one good friend,

Branzy

It was, indeed, stifling, Clown thought. He pulled at his collar with a grunt, the air inside the large ballroom was humid and disgusting. He had no doubt the other guests of the party were sweating and complaining in secret, this seemed like the type of crowd to gossip about the host and the

quality of their parties.

Clown assumed Branzy expected him to kill during the dinner section of the ordeal, with a slip of a pill in his food or drink. He did not like being predictable though, he liked to make an effort to surprise Branzy.

His suit was the same as the last party he crashed, small mask the same too, which made it not all surprising when Branzy broke from his current dance partner and made a beeline to him, his eyes shining with recognition.

“Clown!” He whispered giddily, “Come dance with me!”

“It’s Sir Pearce of fuckin’ Wales or something.” Clown corrected with a snort, accepting Branzy’s hand, allowing himself to be pulled to the dance floor.

“You’re not even from Wales!” Branzy laughed, “I remember you told me once, Netherlands, right?”

“I’m not giving my fake persona a real detail about myself.” Clown chuckled, pulling Branzy a bit closer as they danced, “So, how did you acquire these friends?”

Branzy scowled, “Simple, I got kidnapped by them-“

“Again?”

“Yeah, yeah, I basically sweet talked my way out and now I’m like, a spy for them.” He leaned in a bit closer and whispered into his ear, “Apparently, being super chill with being murdered and pain is unnerving enough to change some people’s minds about murder.”

“Shocker.” Clown rolled his eyes, and dipped Branzy, he laughed at the action.

“You’re a great dancer!” He complimented, smiling at him with a wistful look in his eye.

“Thanks, I try and look the part of any incognito mission.”

“You do look very handsome, I’m impressed.” Branzy grinned, “So, how are you going to kill me?”

“That’s a secret.” Clown said, smiling behind a single finger pulled to his lips. “You don’t want to spoil the surprise, do you?”

Branzy pouted, “Well, yeah, I like surprises, but I’m already impatient and it’s not even dinner yet.”

“Who said I was killing you at dinner?”

Branzy frowned, “Aren’t you? I can’t think of any other way to get me to drink poison.”

“You don’t need to drink it, just swallow.” Clown shrugged; he dragged his tongue over his teeth, checking. “Now, do you care about your reputation here?”

“Nah, not really.” Branzy shrugged, instantly looking disinterested, “Why?”

“We’re going to spook the whole lot of them.” Clown said, leaning forward with eyes glancing towards Branzy’s lips.

Branzy's eyes widened, before he turned smug, "Oh, hell yes."

"Pucker up buttercup." Clown whispered, darting forward and connecting their lips, Branzy squeaked against him but melted, Clown dragged his hand from Branzy's waist to the small of his back, pulling him closer. Branzy wrapped his hands around Clown's neck.

Clown kissed him a little deeper, nipping Branzy's lip then slipping his tongue into his mouth before swiftly pulling back. He released Branzy from his grasp with a twinkle in his eye.

"Guess what?"

Branzy, still in a dreamy state of mind, hummed pleasantly, "What?"

"You just swallowed poison." Clown whispered deviously.

Branzy's eyes widened, "Oh you-" He coughed, suddenly aware of the effects, "Oh that's-" He coughed louder, drawing the attention that was already on the pair to just himself, "That's so clever-" He wheezed, struggling to breathe, "Nice- Work-" He gasped, before collapsing onto the floor.

Clown stared at him, whilst others screamed, "Oh no, he died of the gay." Clown said with a stony voice, "I must go now." He swiftly walked out, everyone's attention on the dead man on the floor.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

Come to the cliff on the east shore, the one with the rocks at the bottom.

I require a push.

Your repeat customer,

Branzy

-

Clown came without a dagger, knowing the fall would do the job nicely. Branzy stood at the cliffs edge, the setting sun making his white hair glow a soft orange and pink.

He turned and glanced at Clown over his shoulder, beckoning him closer with a smile.

"No witnesses this time?" Clown asked as he neared, Branzy shook his head, shuddering a breath.

"I... I have something important to say. But I know if I ruin this then I have an available out, right here." He nodded to the drop.

Clown hummed and gestured for him to talk.

Branzy inhaled and exhaled, slow. He looked, for once in his life, nervous. Never nervous when facing death, nor Clown, but no, here he stood; Nervous.

“Clown I...” He bit his lip and glanced to the drop below. He looked like he was going to jump.

“Don’t jump, you requested a push.” Clown instructed, and Branzy stepped back ever so slightly.

“Right yes well...” He dusted his shirt, despite it being pristine. “I...” He gritted his teeth, “Clown you’re the only person who knows me, through every life, well, nearly all, you have been there for me. To comfort, to converse, to kill.”

“I don’t recall comforting you.” Clown muttered.

“Your presence alone is a comfort to me.” Branzy explained, “I... I believe, despite the unlikely circumstance, and the less than normal friendship we have, that I have fallen for you.”

Clown felt his heart freeze in his chest, “Y-You what?”

“I’m in love with you. Each moment before death, getting to see you... It makes me happy, happier than I have ever been when living.”

“I see.” Clown said, feeling his heartrate speed up.

“So, I thought, well, confessing you have fallen for someone is one thing, but wouldn’t it be funny if I fell literally after as well?” Branzy said, a nervous grin on his face, “Be it rejection or acceptance, I will fall regardless.” He held his arms out and stepped backwards, rock crumbling slightly beneath him.

He yelped as his balance faltered, Clown shot forward, grabbing his shirt as he dangled over the edge, eyes wide as he stared at him.

Clown searched his expression, those glimmering eyes as captivating as always. His hair for once was waving wildly in real breeze, the wind of the seaside whipping both of their faces.

Clown pulled his mask off, throwing it behind him.

Branzy stared at his face, pale cheeks steadily turning red in the face of his beauty.

“I fell for you too.” Clown confessed, leaning forward and kissing him softly. Branzy shut his eyes and kissed back, Clown pulled away, as Branzy was unable to. “Just not literally. See you next time!” Clown smirked and dropped his beloved.

“WH-“ Branzy yelped, flailing as he fell towards the ragged rocks below, “Rude!” He yelled, just before he was impaled by the sharp rocks below.

Clown nodded to himself, turning away from the cliffs edge and waltzing back to his home.

Maybe, next time he killed Branzy, he would bring him flowers.

-

Dear ClownPierce,

I am terrified of dying. Help. You're to blame. I figured out the curse, at long last.

Your scared, alive,

Branzy

Clown came to Branzy's new home, surprised to see it was the manor he had first killed him in, the ivy had nearly swallowed the house whole. His bedroom door was still painted with purple vines and white flowers, though it was worn and faded. A man paced within the room, unmistakably Branzy. He walked through the halls curiously, it was devoid of guards or servants, it had been many years after all, it must have been renovated and modernised since then.

He pulled off his mask, seeing no point of having it on if he was only seeing Branzy. He kept the horns though, ducking through the doorway to enter the bedroom.

"I didn't know you could wake up in the same place twice-" Clown begun as he entered the room, Branzy grabbed at his shirt and dragged him to eye level with a panicked look.

"Clown, Clown, I felt pain, proper pain, the pain I am meant to feel usually. The curse is broken, my eyes Clown, they're hazel."

Clown stared with shock, as indeed, Branzy's purple eyes were a gorgeous hazel, swirling browns and greens with flecks of gold. In certain light, they appeared a bit purple, but it was definitely not the same obvious purple as before. Even his hair had changed, at his scalp grew roots of soft brown amongst the white.

"You-What? How could this happen?" Clown said with shock, dragging his hand up and playing with Branzy's hair as he intently stared at him.

"It's awful Clown, truly awful, you're totally to blame too!" He seethed, panic in his hazel eyes, "I-I finally worked it out though, I... Clown, Clown the curse was broken because I had something to live for."

Clown stared, "What about our dog? Surely that was something to live for?"

He shook his head, "I knew you'd care for Esa if I died. And I did, the curse got to me. Now though..." He blushed, "I found something to live for, and now I can die. I know I can, and that's terrifying Clown." He pulled at his hair, forcing Clown to stop playing with it.

"I was the only one killing you, love, now I just won't."

Branzy stared at him with grief, "But that's what you loved right? The practice? The murder? The fun is sapped from our relationship now."

Clown laughed, quickly covering his mouth, "Sorry, not laughing at you, just at that. You think I only love you because I can kill you? Branzy, if that were the case, I would never have humoured your elaborate plans, I would have killed you swiftly to get you out my hair." He pulled Branzy's hands from his hair, holding them to his heart. "I love you, because of everything you are, not everything you become when you die."

Branzy teared up, "That's so sweet." He sniffled, "I'm still scared though, what if someone else wants me dead? What if I get into trouble and get murdered, it's happened before-"

Clown wrapped his arms around Branzy and tucked the eventual brunettes head under his chin, “You have the worlds deadliest assassin to protect you, my beloved Branzy.”

He pulled back, pressing a kiss to his forehead. “Now come on, do you wanna live with me? Or... I could move here if you want, you can finally see Esa all the time-“ He started walking out towards the hallway, but was stopped, by his horns hitting the sides despite being shorter. He stumbled back at the impact, falling onto his butt.

Branzy snorted, covering his mouth as Clown snapped his head to him, levelling him with an evil glare.

“Say a word and I’ll kill you.”

Branzy grinned, eyes creased with mirth as he laughed loudly, he leaned over and kissed Clown’s nose as he sat pathetically on the ground. “Of course you will, you’re so good at it, after all.”

Clown groaned, and mimicked stabbing Branzy, who laughed and sat beside him on the floor.

“Oh no, I’m dead, what a travesty.”

“Stay dead.” Clown demanded, pulling Branzy into his lap with a grunt, hiding his blushing face in his frequent victim’s neck.

“Mm, no,” Branzy hummed, pressing a kiss to his hair, “I think I’ll stay alive.” He let himself go lax in the arms of his beloved, much like a corpse, “I have someone I’d like to live for.”

End Notes

I had so many ideas of more letters Branzy sent but didn't want to oversaturate it, this was so fun. Other fics are going to be updated btw, my personal life has been busy (hence the lack of uploads) holiday season is pretty tight for me and my fam and I are moving house (yippee) so yeah. Lots of stuff. Hard to focus on writing when the mind is busy. **ALSO BLAME THE LIFESTEAL BRAINROT DISC COS THEY MADE AN SMP AND THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN DOING IN MY FREETIME.**

Anywaaaay, hope you liked it! I had a lot of fun writing it! As in... I wrote it this morning and it's almost 3am as I am uploading it. I couldn't put it down.

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