

bona fortuna

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43702188) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43702188>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationship:	Branzy/ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF) , Branzy (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	god!clownpierce , Casinos , Gambling , Alternate Universe - Gods & Goddesses
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-19 Words: 1,067 Chapters: 1/1

bona fortuna

by [sinoptics](#)

Summary

The god of chance enjoys a visit to the human realm.

The god of chance likes to visit the human realm.

He likes to wander the places where risks are taken. He likes to see people win. He likes to see people *lose*.

Tonight, Clownpierce finds himself in a casino. There's nothing particularly special about it, but it's glitzy and glamorous and the patrons are high enough on alcohol and their winnings and whatever else may be boosting their mood that no one gives a second glance to his unusual appearance.

He moves like liquid through the room, past the tables, occasionally pausing to watch the various games. He watches someone win on red, on a roulette table. He gazes on as someone tries to bluff their way through a bad hand in poker. He watches someone bust in blackjack and lose almost all the chips they had.

Eventually, he finds his way to a craps table. There's an empty space, so he slides himself in, next to a handsome man with stark grey hair, wearing a purple shirt and pinstripe waistcoat. The man has a fair few chips on the pass line, but he doesn't seem to be betting high. For good reason too, it seems, as he tosses the dice across the table and they come up snake eyes. He sighs, good-naturedly, and pushes the chips towards the dealer.

He turns towards Clownpierce then, and looks him up and down appraisingly.

“Nice fit.” He says appreciatively. “You joining the next round?”

“Why not?” Clownpierce shrugs.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Branzy, by the way.”

Clownpierce doesn’t respond, just hums.

“You wanna play coy? Alright, keep your secrets, Arlecchino.” Clownpierce smiles, underneath the mask. This one’s cleverer than he looks.

The round starts, with the person across from Clownpierce shooting first. He puts some chips on the pass line. They’re *his* chips, he doesn’t have any interest in human money, so he just – *shifts* his own chips to match the house’s. He doesn’t bet dangerously, for now, he’s more interested in what Branzy’s doing.

As soon as the round starts, the other man gives it his serious attention. He doesn’t take big risks, he laughs with the other players, he doesn’t seem particularly bothered, win or lose. Clownpierce has never seen a lone gambler so nonchalant. Then, he watches as Branzy easily flirts with another patron, an onlooker to the game, and deftly lifts the expensive-looking watch off their wrist. They move on, to observe another game, and the watch is tucked into a pocket as the game continues.

Then, it’s Branzy’s turn.

“I want to make a fire bet.” Clownpierce says, just before Branzy is about to throw the dice. The boxman nods his approval, and Clown tosses down a red chip, a \$5 bet. “Care to join me?” He turns to address Branzy, who’s staring at him with wide eyes.

“You’re crazy, man.” His voice sounds almost admiring.

“Your loss.” Clownpierce shrugs, and gestures for Branzy to roll.

The first two rolls are a four. The next two are fives. Branzy looks at Clownpierce in confusion, after this, but Clownpierce says nothing. Branzy rolls two sixes after that. The stickman gives him two new dice, then, just to be safe, even though all his rolls were above board. Branzy throws, and it’s two eights in a row.

“What the fuck?” Branzy whispers under his breath.

Clownpierce leans in closer. “Told you you should have taken that bet.”

“You don’t say.” Branzy huffs a laugh, and throws two nines.

Clownpierce idly moves a chip between his fingers as he watches. There’s a very sizable crowd around the table, now. More attention than he usually likes to bring to himself, but it can be fun, on occasion.

“Two tens before a seven, and you’re about to get the biggest win of your life.” Branzy says, taking the dice into his hand.

“I’ve always been pretty lucky.” Clownpierce responds, as the pair of dice settle to show two fives.

“Fucking hell.” Branzy murmurs. “How are you *doing* this?”

“You’re the one shooting, not me. Go on, get me that win.” Branzy gives him another appraising look; this time less flirtatious and more assessing.

“Alright, then. I will.” He says, and throws the dice across the table, staring Clownpierce dead in

the eyes the whole time. Neither needs to look at the table to know the results. Even if the way the surroundings erupt with yells wasn't tell enough, they both know.

The boxman gives Clownpierce his winnings – a single flag chip.

“You're a good one to keep around in a place like this.” Branzy says, as they both step away from the table. “Wanna give me any more hints? Promise I'll listen this time.” He steps closer, fiddles with a button on the front of Clownpierce's outfit.

“You really want to spend more time with me? I'm afraid I don't have much of value for you to steal.” Clownpierce responds, voice lilting.

Branzy's eyes widen slightly, then he smiles sheepishly. “You noticed?”

“Most people who gamble alone aren't so happy to lose.”

“Maybe I'm a trust fund baby.”

“But you're not.”

“No. I'm not. And you *do* have something worth stealing.” Branzy smiles slyly, and holds the flag up between two fingers.

Clownpierce takes the chip gingerly from Branzy's hand and slowly slides it into the front pocket of Branzy's waistcoat.

“It's not stealing if it's a gift.” He murmurs. He pats the pocket twice.

Branzy swallows audibly.

“That's uh. That's a lot of money.”

“I have no need for money.” Clownpierce smiles, even though Branzy can't see. It's fun to see his charming façade crack.

“Oh, and I'm the trust fund baby?”

“Not quite.” Clownpierce hums.

“You never did tell me your name. Am I supposed to call you handsome stranger forever?”

“You don't know what I look like.”

“I'd like to.” Branzy slowly reaches a hand up to the mask, but Clownpierce wraps a hand around his wrist before he can. He can feel the human's pulse beneath his fingertips.

“Not yet.” He says, letting Branzy's hand go but not before letting the ghost of a touch linger on his inner wrist. He watches Branzy shiver.

“But sometime?”

“I'll see you again, Branzy Craft.” Clownpierce says, and moves away, into the crowd.

“Wait – but I didn't tell – how did you –“ He hears Branzy call out after him, and then there's nothing.

An interesting little human, indeed.

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