

# hand me your hand, let me look in your eyes as my last chance to feel human begins to vaporize

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40597836) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40597836>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Lifesteal SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Branzy/ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Branzy (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">ClownPierce (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Chronic Pain</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Drabble</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-27 Words: 791 Chapters: 1/1

## hand me your hand, let me look in your eyes as my last chance to feel human begins to vaporize

by [garlic\\_sauc3](#)

### Summary

It started off as a little ache; it was dull, persistent, but manageable. Somehow, though, it turned into something worse, it should be expected at this point, honestly. Everything ached and burned, no position being able to stop any of them.

So there Clownpierce was, the supposed deadliest assassin of all of Lifesteal, laying on the floor, unable to move, in so much pain. He would've been so vulnerable if anybody found him like this. Not only would he have a disadvantage from laying down, but also the time it would take to grab anything would end up with him stuck in cobwebs being poisoned. He was so much of a sitting duck that he might as well already be dead.

...

Clown has chronic pain. That's it. That's the fic.

### Notes

This is mostly based on my own experience with chronic pain which I started getting like a week or so ago so who knows if this is completely accurate but god is my back in pain. I also wrote this in like a day because I've been thinking since I started watching lifesteal.

This is about the characters not the CCs.

Anyway, proceed with the fic.

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

It started off as a little ache; it was dull, persistent, but manageable. Somehow, though, it turned into something worse, it should be expected at this point, honestly. Everything ached and burned, no position being able to stop any of them.

So there Clownpierce was, the supposed deadliest assassin of all of Lifesteal, laying on the floor, unable to move, in so much pain. He would've been so vulnerable if anybody found him like this. Not only would he have a disadvantage from laying down, but also the time it would take to grab anything would end up with him stuck in cobwebs being poisoned. He was so much of a sitting duck that he might as well already be dead.

And, of course, speak of the devil and he will come. He could hear footsteps approaching him, for fuck's sake. He might as well raise a white flag now and get out of it before he loses hearts. And to think he even had a chance of having a normal day of planning the funhouse.

“Hey, Clown, so I was thinking about what we could do in the funhouse, and I had a brilliant idea come to me where we could have one of those mazes out mirrors y’know? Because then it would be hard to get out of and— oh! Maybe, you can stand somewhere or something because then they’ll think you’re near them or something and totally freak out.” Branzy, Clown realized, was steadily getting closer to him when he walked. That wasn’t good.

Don’t get him wrong, he trusted Branzy, more than anyone else, really. But he couldn’t let *anyone* know about this. If Branzy were to betray him or to tell anyone else it would paint a target right on his back, quite literally. Meaning, he had to get up and act like nothing’s happened and he wasn’t in pain. Fuck.

“Or— or not of course, obviously you’ll want to be down in the pit for when they fall down and stuff. We could just do other stuff instead, it probably would be hard to get all the materials, anyways.” Branzy continued on, his nervous rambling reminding Clown that he still hadn’t said anything.

He slowly eased himself up, letting out a hiss of pain when his back disagreed with him. All he could do was stumble up and try not to let it show too much.

“Clown?” It was at that point that he realized that he was being watched. Branzy was standing right in front of him, head tilted with a concerned look in his eyes.

“Yes, Branzy?”

“Are you alright?”

Shit. “I am, are you?”

“Hey, you’re the one who was in pain, not me. I don’t know why you’re asking me that.”

“Look, it’s just a bit of back pain, nothing serious.” Clown continued to brush it off, hoping the topic will be changed soon.

Branzy grabbed his hand and he tensed, before relaxing a bit, “Is this back pain a regular thing?”

He looked down, despite the mask that concealed his expressions, and the fact that it made his neck ache more than it should. He didn’t respond to the question, though.

“Clown, why didn’t you tell me?” Branzy squeezed his hand, almost like a reassurance that he was there and safe to be with.

“I didn’t want anyone to know.” He leaned over and rested his head on Branzy’s chest, the little bells on his hat jingling from the motion.

“I guess that makes sense. Do you need help making it less bad?”

“Anything that can help I can’t do here, and lying on my back will only make me vulnerable if anyone were to come here, so it’s not like I can do much.”

Branzy punched him in the arm, “You’re always so worried about being vulnerable, loosen up a bit. I can sit with you if you need me too.”

Clown was about to snap back about him not being able to hold his own in a fight, but decided against it. It was Branzy, after all. “Yeah, that would be nice.”

Clown stepped back slightly from him before sitting down, Branzy sitting next to him. He felt safe with Branzy, like maybe he could finally let his guard down. Even as he laid down and made himself so easy to kill, he knew that he wouldn’t be. Even as Branzy laid down next to him, both of them relaxed and allowing themselves to be careless. Even as he leaned closer to Branzy and showed affection, something that could get them both in a sticky situation if anybody were to find them there. He felt safe. He felt comfortable.

“So what were you saying about the mirror maze?”

## End Notes

Kudos and comments are appreciated.

God, I don't know how romance works but also Clown isn't used to letting his guard down so him trusting someone enough to be vulnerable in any way is a big thing for him.

title is from autoclave by the mountain goats

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