

## you hold me in your arms and i want to go home

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## you hold me in your arms and i want to go home

by [garlic\\_sauc3](#)

### Summary

The sky was barely lighting up when Clown awoke. The light was dully streaming through the windows, the way that he always wakes up to. Early in the morning, before anybody else was up.

He gained a habit of waking up in the early hours – usually around 5 to 6 – so that nobody could catch him off guard when he was still getting ready for the day. It's not like that would ever really happen, what with everybody waking up themselves, but he didn't want any chance of it. Besides, he'd always been more of a morning person anyway.

...

just some early morning fluff

### Notes

I'm back on my bullshit writing some cozy fluff because what else will i fucking do ig. I just need them to be soft ok.

this is not rpf this is about the characters

enjoy!

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

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This time, though, was different. This time he wasn't alone. This time he woke up with someone else in the bed with their arms wrapped around him like he was a teddy bear. Not that he minded it, really. When he looked down to see who it was – more of to confirm his suspicions – he was not shocked to find Branzzy there. Only a few seconds later did he realize how bad that could possibly be. Thank god for waking up early.

Not only does Branzzy know where he sleeps and therefore respawns, but if anybody were to see them they would've been toast, still would be, really. He can hardly even remember the night before, a quick hand on his face told him that he was still wearing his mask. That won't be fun to wear for the rest of the day, he would take it off before but he does have stuff to do and he can't exactly hide away when someone now knows exactly where he sleeps. He's suddenly regretting everything and –

“Clown?”

His thoughts came to a screeching halt at Branzzy's voice. “I didn't think you were gonna be awake this early.”

Branzzy yawned and shifted his position a bit, “I wasn't, but you were moving around and it woke me up.”

He didn't think he was moving that much, was he?

“Oh, sorry.”

“It's whatever, it's not like I needed those last two hours of REM sleep anyway.” Branzzy's voice was still thick with sleep, Clown had the decency to be a little bit guilty about it.

He laughed despite that, “You can continue to sleep, I'm gonna get out of bed though.”

The arms wrapped around him tightened and Branzzy shoved his face into his side, “Or you can stay here.”

He sighed, “It's time for me to get ready.”

“Nobody's awake anyways, why would you need to get up?”

“Exactly why I get up this early, nobody should know where I have to sleep, and nobody can catch me off guard.”

“My god, you never loosen up do you?” Branzzy nudged him with his shoulder, despite the awkward position he was in.

“That's what gets you killed, and I'm not exactly into that.” Despite what he was saying, Clown found himself relaxing a bit, even if he wasn't tired.

“I say that's a risk worth taking,” he yawned loudly and probably greatly exaggerated, “Now stay and let me sleep I'm tired.”

He rolled his eyes but ended up turning to face Branzzy, almost considering taking off his mask,

before deciding that was silly and just letting himself relax. Maybe it was stupid. Maybe it was worth it.

## End Notes

kudos and comments are appreciated they keep me fueled and distracted from my back pain(no pressure im still gonna write them no one can fucking stop me if they tried)

title is from riches & wonder by the mountain goats

have a nice day and may your drink be the right temperature!

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