

Case #091413 - Always Bet On Red

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Case #091413 - Always Bet On Red

by [HoneyBearWrite](#)

Summary

Case #091413

Statement of... Branzy? No last name given apparently, about a relationship of unclear nature with someone only known as "Clown". Dated September 13th 2014, recorded by Zachery Prince at the Institute Cordum.

Notes

Huhu,
the first actual statement for this, how exciting!
The html code problem of havign to scroll over slightly to the right still exists sadly (when I manage to fix it I will delete this)

- Bear

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







Warning
Altered Mental States, Drug Use, Implied Blood, Implied Murder, Mentions of Jailtime

[CLICK]

Archivist

Statement of... Branzzy? No last name given apparently, about a relationship of unclear nature with someone only known as "Clown". Dated September 13th 2014, recorded by Zachery Prince at the Institute Cordum.

Statement begins.

Archivist (Statement)

I used to be a good person, you know? At some point in my life I had morals and ethics and everything that we use to tell if someone is a good person or not. My life may have been unimportant in the grand scheme of things, nothing I could do would be of importance to the world, nothing I could do would ever lead to me being talked about, something I had been hungering after since I can remember. But I was good.

After high school I was battling with addiction, eventually falling into debt and eventually found myself involved with organised crime. It wasn't anything big, the most I could offer was some shabby hacking skills I had picked up sometime around junior year of high school. By no means it was anything groundbreaking but the people I started to associate myself with had no prior members or experience and so I used that to pull my weight.

The entire time I was walking on the edge of giving into a fear that slowly ate me, packing up everything, changing my name and starting a new life somewhere they wouldn't be able to find me. Many sleepless nights went by walking in the shabby flat I rented, paranoid about the crime, the police, and my life. I had multiple sites bookmarked about how to disappear completely, without leaving a trace. Each day I grew more nervous and afraid, I didn't speak with anyone, the drugs I took became more, how often I took them but also their dosage. At the time I had a job at a diner that I lost about two weeks or so into that state. Honestly, pinning anything concrete from that time on was impossible for me.

Eventually, one night my flat was raided by the police. My neighbours had called them on, after during a high I had repeatedly banged at their door, threatened them and must have scared them.

I was taken into questioning, still high. They charged me with disturbance of peace and drug possession, since thankfully nothing more could be traced back to me. I got sentenced to 3 months of jail, additional 3 months of community service and a fine of \$2500.

All of that isn't really of importance though. The reason I am writing this statement started around a month into my community service. I was approached by one of the people attending a community event, because they wanted to talk with me about somewhere and I should have been more careful, because the moment I wasn't in earshot of the rest of the attendees, the masked person pulled a knife on me. They held to my throat, I remember feeling so very afraid to die.

At that moment I was afraid to even breathe, and they leaned deep into my personal space, asking me to meet them at a specific address the next day at noon. Then they handed me a slip of paper.

I looked into the mask of a killer I recognized and when I opened my eyes again and only a hand they... Clown had slapped across my mouth stopped my scream from being heard. After that I asked to be excused from the rest of the event, telling them I must have caught a stomach bug and I think the way I was shaking from fear and my probably very pale face convinced them to let me go earlier and even sent one of the volunteers with me, to make sure I wouldn't collapse on my way home.

I went back and forth about actually going to meet who I know as Clown upwards of hundreds of times in my head. But in the end I walked all the way across town to the address he had given me,

a more industrial part of it, the specific address he gave me leading to a casino called “Clown’s Casino of Hearts”.

At the time I was there it was before opening hours, so everything was dark as I peered into the dark inside, seeing slot machines mostly if I remember right and I nearly jumped when I saw Clown was standing in the middle of the dark room, looking at the door. Looking at me.

I couldn’t tell you exactly what we talked about, partially because I don’t remember it well, and partially because I don’t want to get into more trouble with the law. Like I said I have already been jailed before, and I don’t want to repeat it, if I can. I know what I did and I know that I should be behind bars, but don’t I deserve to be a little bit selfish? Don’t you think?

Regardless of the word-for-word conversation, all that you need to know is that Clown had found out both about my addiction and my time in jail. What he promised me was a way to live the highs of the time before again, without having to worry about anything. He told me that all I needed to do for him was keep an eye on the more inner workings of the machines, work as a bartender, the odd jobs that a casino would bring. And in return he wouldn’t kill me and I would gain his... protection.

He never outright actually said that he would protect me, but with every fight I would encounter either at the bar or the machines, Clown would be there at my side, a presence that caused shivers to roll down my back. And I would be a liar to tell you it was only out of fear.

The Casino was shady, I know that from the beginning. After all it was being run by a murderer, Clown had a reputation, and it wasn’t one of saving kittens from trees. But I was enticed by him. Behind the ruffles and carefully constructed costume, was someone I thought I knew. He became a friend, a companion and I even moved to keep closer to him. I liquefied my savings to pour my heart into everything Clown had to offer. The Casino became my life.

I remember dancing with him, the sound of old music coming from places that had no speakers. Never in my life had I taken a dance class, but in the dark casino Clown and I performed a Waltz for an unseeing audience. Perhaps I did love him.

Time was a blur, my community service must have ended while I was working with Clown, but I can barely recall the day. Everything narrowed down to the sounds of slot machines, circus music; the smell of blood and alcohol, the feeling of lace and silk under my hands when Clown held me close. Nothing was more important to me than keeping that feeling, keeping the feeling of a constant high, something I never achieved before. Constantly feeling like I was on top of the world, like nothing could come for me, nothing would come for me, because I had Clown by my side.

I returned home one day, the smell of blood that I grew to associate with love, almost burning in my nose. It was so overpowering, so sickening that I threw up onto the floor. Something had gone horribly wrong and my mind was screaming for me to get out of there as fast as possible. But I could see Clown, my partner, the one who would protect me and I ignored it.

The closer I got the more rancid the smell became, but I ignored everything that told me to run, because I knew Clown. I loved Clown and that was more important than anything else at that moment. He pulled me in an embrace, covering up my ears, holding me so close and tight that the world narrowed down to only that.

I could hear the distant sound of circus music with my cover ears, and as I closed my eyes and felt being swayed to the rhythm of it, it grew louder and louder. It overpowered my sense. Everything except the blood that clouded my mind. Pressed against the intricate lace of the outfit Clown was wearing, hours must have passed. My world was just the feeling of lace against my face, the sound

of circus music hammering my head, the rancid of blood that robbed me breath. And I remember laughing.

And I remember hearing Clown laugh with me. The dance that he started getting more forceful, the rhythm picking up speed, but he never lifted his hands from my ears, never let go of me. And I kept my eyes closed, as only the dance was important.

I had never felt as free as I did at that moment. All the precious highs I had felt, with the drugs, with Clown, nothing could have compared. I was floating free, dancing among the blood soaked stars of the slaughter, and I tasted freedom.

But everything came crashing down.

I felt Clown being pulled away from me, the sound of the circus fading with him. That smell once again made me sick, instead of tasting like victory. I opened my eyes, the bright light of a flashlight blinding me. A rage overtook me, I swung a punch that connected with something human, but I felt so drained, that I fell on the floor the next second.

All emotions at once came crashing down, I sobbed from the loss of no longer feeling Clown close to me, I shook with fear as I subconsciously knew that something unspeakable had just happened and I had been part of it. Tears clouded my vision, and I hugged myself on the floor, rocking back and forth to calm myself.

Someone must have called an ambulance, because I remember the bright lights, the sounds of medical personnel close to me, someone checking my pulse, shining more lights into my eyes, the muttering of people who sounded concerned ringing in my ears.

They had me restrained on my way to the hospital, someone close to me as I cried out for Clown to come back. And he never did. I went to search for him as soon as I was allowed to leave that forsaken hospital. They had kept me for malnutrition, dehydration and I was supposed to return for a psychology evaluation, but I never did.

For 5 days Clown and I had danced for our new world and the morning of the sixth we were stopped. I will find who did it, I will find them.

I will find them. I will find them. I will find them. I will find them. I will find them. I will find them. I will find them. I will find them. I will find them.

And I will make sure to take from them just as they did from me.

Archivist
Statement ends.

Oh wow, this one is... I don't know what to say. Whoever Branzy really was is- Well let's just say I hope I don't encounter them any time soon or ever preferably actually. They say love and obsession are a tightrope and it's pretty clear and which side Branzy fell.

[CLEARS THROAT]

Archivist
Given that we don't have a name to go off of, research has proven itself difficult. The only real lead was the name the casino Branzy mentioned, which did actually exist according to what Pangi found. It was in use from 2011 to 2013 and was shut down after what an article called "suspicious activity" and given what this statement mentions I don't doubt that it went beyond that.

The casino was also listed to be run by Noah de Jong, which frustratingly was another covername, that led nowhere, as the supposed Mr. de Jong has no records beyond the purchase of the casino building. Whoever this person is, seems to have something connecting them to the Netherlands, or at least he is trying to put one down, as Pangi told me that those are the most common Dutch names.

Delilah and Subz both tried to link something that could tell us more about Branzy, but even checking the records for the area of the casino yielded nothing. Perhaps their plan to disappear worked given what they talked about in the earlier parts of the statement.

For now this is all we have managed to find, perhaps in the future more can be added.

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

Archivist

Yeah, come in, I am just wrapping the recording up.

[SOUNDS OF A CREAKY DOOR BEING OPENED, FOOTSTEPS ENTERING THE ROOM]

Subz

Delilah found something, that is probably the one behind Branzy. Here it is, just add his name to the tape, so we can reference it later.

Archivist

Thanks, I'll do it right now.

[DOOR CLOSES AGAIN]

Archivist

God, someone needs to oil that thing... Well, immediate addition: We found that Branzy's legal name is-

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

Archivist

... works again? Oh yeah, I see the little light. So again, legal name for the one known as Branzy is-

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

[SOUNDS OF SCREWS BEING TURNED BACK IN]

Archivist

I swear if it stops again, I will... Oh! The light is back! Third time's the charm, The name is-

[CLICK]

[CLICK]

Archivist

There should be a sticky note attached to this, when it's listened to, that name on there is Branzys, because for whatever reason the tape recorder keeps cutting off. Okay, that's it.

End Notes

This is the second version of this statement and fun fact the first version was the first ever lifesteal fic I worked on all the way back in September, which is how long this AU has existed :0

If you enjoyed it (or even if you didn't) let me with a comment! Or if you find mistakes, google doc is only so good at catching them

- Bear

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