

## crushes and confessions

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## crushes and confessions

by [scribblingdragon](#)

### Summary

“Nothing’s wrong.” He repeats.

“Sure,” Scott nods his head, sarcasm dripping from his voice as he looks at Jimmy with wide eyes, “Nothing’s wrong and that’s why you’re blushing so hard- oh my god.” He stills, coming to a complete standstill in his monologue. He turns to face Jimmy. “You have a crush.”

“No I don’t!” He denies, even as his voice squeaks in the way both of them know means he’s lying.

### Notes

this was done for a prompt on my [tumblr!](#)

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

He knocks on the door in front of him, listening to it echoing. He waits, as footsteps approach and the sound of something unlocking reaches his ears. He tries not to feel too awkward when the door eventually swings open and he comes face to face with Scott.

“Hey.” He manages.

“Hey?” Scott replies, “Did you need something?”

“Uh,” he stops and thinks about what he was going to say, “You know what, actually, I don't need anything, it was dumb. I'm just gonna go now.” He takes a step back, off of Scott's porch.

“Jimmy.” He freezes in his tracks, turning back to face Scott. “Get inside or I'm dragging you in myself.”

“Really, it's nothing.” He assures, “I just need to get going.” He feels a hand grab his collar, before he's being pulled over the threshold of Scott's house and into the living room. He definitely does not squeak, and if Scott tells you otherwise, Scott is a liar.

“It's not nothing if it's got you blushing on my porch like you're about to confess your love for me again.” He pauses, “Wait. You're not about to do that again, because we tried all that and it really didn't work out-”

“I'm not about to confess my love for you.”

“Oh,” Scott sighs, “Good. That's good.”

“I see how it is.” He crosses his arms, puffing his wings up even as Scott's words of it just making him look like an oversized chicken flash to the forefront of his mind. “I'm just not good enough for you.”

“You're not.” Scott agrees, “Now stop deflecting and tell me what's wrong.”

“Nothing's wrong.” He repeats.

“Sure,” Scott nods his head, sarcasm dripping from his voice as he looks at Jimmy with wide eyes, “Nothing's wrong and that's why you're blushing so hard- oh my god.” He stills, coming to a complete standstill in his monologue. He turns to face Jimmy. “You have a crush.”

“No I don't!” He denies, even as his voice squeaks in the way both of them know means he's lying.

“Oh my god you do,” Scott's eyes are positively shining. “Come on, you've gotta tell me about it.” He grabs his hand, dragging him from the living room and into the adjacent room. Which he quickly learns is Scott's bedroom.

Scott takes a desk chair, leaving Jimmy to sit on the edge of the bed. He can't help but feel awkward as Scott grins at him, eyes still shining in that odd way. “You're not jealous?” He asks.

“Do you really think so little of me?” Scott frowns, “I've moved on to other men, Jimmy, I'm glad you could too.”

“You don't know it's a man.”

“But it is. You wouldn't come to me if it wasn't.” Scott points at him, a self-satisfied smile on his face. He's right, he's *always* right.

“I'm leaving.” He stands to do just that, but Scott just shoves him back down with his foot, desk chair spinning slightly from the force. He stops the spinning, turning back to face Jimmy.

“Tell me. Please.” He tacks the please on the end like an afterthought, which it definitely is.

“It’s Tango.” He groans, burying his face in his hands, “Just, everything about him.” He breathes in slowly, trying to cool his face down, at least a little. “He’s just so *nice* , all the time? But that’s not his only personality trait and it doesn't even feel forced. He doesn't care that he’s stuck with me.”

“As he shouldn't.” Scott interjects. “You're a great person to be soulbound to.”

“Thanks.” He raises his face from his hands to smile at Scott, “But just, I don't understand him!” He flings his hands out, before collapsing back onto the bed, staring up at the ceiling. He feels like an overdramatic teenager. “He’s nice, but he’s not always nice to others, he’s just nice to *me* .”

“Have you considered he likes you too?”

“What?” He scoffs, “Tango likes the harbinger of death that’s always on the death server we regularly play on?”

“You're not a harbinger of death, you're just unlucky.”

“Same thing.”

Scott sighs, and drops the argument they've had several times before, leaving it before it can spiral into something else. “Tango can very easily like you back, you're a likeable person, Jimmy.”

“Whatever you say.” He feels the bed dip beside him as Scott sits down, a shock of blue hair entering his field of vision a second later. He’s grinning down at him in a way that might have sparked butterflies if this was a year ago. Now it only makes him appreciate Scott, as a *friend* , more.

“Tell me about him,” Scott prods, “Come *on* , nothing interesting’s happened yet on this server. I need *something* .”

“You're bored.”

“And interested. Tell me.”

“He’s just, I don't know, he’s got a nice smile. Which is probably a weird thing because people normally describe people with sharp teeth as scary. But he’s not! Even when I can see all the really sharp teeth because he’s smiling or whatever.”

“Bet those teeth are good for other things.”

“ *Scott* .” He sits up so quickly that they bump their heads together, both of them recoling with a hiss, clutching their foreheads.

“Sorry, sorry.” Scott apologises, but his laugh ruins the apology slightly. “Go on.”

“I don't know what you want me to say!” He cries.

“Just what you like about him, anything about him you know. The more I know about him the better I can help you flirt with him.”

“Oh.” He stares at the ceiling again, “Well, he’s a very tactile person. We only have one bed at the Ranch, meaning we’re cuddling most nights.”

“Only one bed.” Scott whispers, looking amazed.

“Yeah, one bed. We don't really have the resources for any more. And he just- clings? I don't know how to describe it, he just wraps himself around me completely. Which is actually quite impressive because he's shorter than me.” Scott snorts. “I don't even want to know what you're thinking.” He declares, pointing in Scott's general direction.

“I wasn't going to say anything.”

He sits up slightly to give Scott a doubtful look, before flopping back down on his bed. “He wraps his tail around my wrist sometimes, too. When we're doing stuff near each other. I don't think he knows he's doing it.”

“I think he likes you.” Scott says.

“I'm not asking you to think.”

“I'm just saying!”

“And I don't care!” He throws his hands up into the air, before allowing them to fall back onto his face, groaning. “I'm hopeless Scott.”

“I think it's cute.”

“Do you think it'll be cute if I die of a heart attack next time he starts *purring* in his sleep?”

“He *purrs* ?” Scott sounds positively delighted, and he has a feeling he shouldn't have said that particular detail to him.

“That's not the important part.” He waves him off. “I might actually die next time he does something cute.”

“Then tell him.” Scott stares at him. “Bet you won't. Pussy.”

“Don't.”

“Pussy.” Scott repeats. “You're a pussy, Jimmy.”

“I am not.”

“Uh,” Scott laughs, “Yeah you are. You can't even tell Tango you like him. Pussy.”

“You know what.” He sits up, “I'm gonna go tell him right now.”

“If you're not back here tomorrow to tell me how it goes I'm telling the whole server you're a pussy.” Scott calls after him, sounding far too gleeful to the threat to actually have any credibility.

He only realises , halfway across the ravine and halfway back to Tango, that this was probably Scott's plan the whole time.

Goddamnit.

End Notes

comments are appreciated! tell me what you thought :]

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