

let's ditch the dance floor

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let's ditch the dance floor

by [whatcaniwriteinthis](#)

Summary

it starts with a Grian Party and cowboy hat (yeehaw)

Notes

cw for alcohol consumption. no one is underage and neither tango nor jimmy get fully drunk

title is from two of many by the happy fits

anyway, enjoy, lemme know what you thought, follow me on [tumblr](#)

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

Like far too much in Jimmy's life, it starts with a Grian Party. Jimmy doesn't want to go when he first hears whispers of another legendary party at Grian's place. Grian loves a theme and it's almost time for a third murder mystery party. Jimmy isn't interested in being the victim for the *third* time. Grian *swears* the roles were randomly assigned, but he looked *way* too pleased when Jimmy announced, "I'm dead. Again."

Grian's formal invitation comes as Jimmy is slowly puzzling through this week's reading for a philosophy class. He'd love to just skim through and call it a day, but this professor is a little too fond of asking detailed questions to anyone she thinks isn't paying attention for Jimmy's comfort. Not that Jimmy doesn't pay attention! But sometimes he's still stuck on the last thing she said and then he loses track of the lecture and she asks him a question and he's barely processed it before she's mad at him and moving on.

Jimmy's phone buzzes and he swipes open the text notification, smiling at the contact photo he'd set for Grian: a grainy picture of a younger Grian with a slightly unhinged smile and the reflection of fireworks in his eyes.

Grian: hi tim party at mine this saturday don't worry you're not fake dying this time it's a costume party

Grian: im' randomly assigning everyone a letter come dressed as something starting with that letter and it better be good or i'm not letting you in

Jimmy snorts and taps the link Grian included. It opens a wheel picker website, titled "good costumes or DEATH". There's only one option: C.

Jimmy: grian there's only one option

Grian: don't be difficult tim just spin the wheel

Jimmy: THERE'S ONLY ONE OPTION

Grian: SPIN THE DAMN WHEEL TIM

Grian: and send me a screenshot when you do im making a spreadsheet

Jimmy sighs, a little amused despite himself. Of course Grian is making a spreadsheet. He'll probably be checking everyone's costumes at the door and rating them for quality and adherence to theme. He taps the button that says "spin" and watches the digital wheel spin pointlessly. "C!" the website announces happily and Jimmy sends a screenshot to Grian.

Jimmy: [image]

Grian: thank you god was that so hard

Jimmy: i hate you

Grian: strong words

Grian: if you show up as a fish again im kicking you out.

At this Jimmy groans out loud and winces when the person at the table next to him sends him a glare. It's early in the semester, but it's never too early for the upper floors of the ESU library to be full of anxious try-hards. Grian, as usual, is purposefully making his life difficult. He *knows* that Jimmy barely has anything for a costume. He's shown up to at least three different parties in the codfish mask he originally made for the D&D campaign fWhip ran last year.

Jimmy: why did you give me C just to tell me not to show up as the codfather

Grian: i don't know what you're talking about

Grian: if you show up in your LARP costume im stealing your shitty face

Jimmy: IT'S NOT LARP

Jimmy: OH MY GOD HOW MANY TIMES

Grian: oh my cod*

Despite himself, Jimmy laughs. The person nearby coughs pointedly and Jimmy takes the hint. He starts to pack up his things, thinking about costumes that start with the letter C that he can throw together before the weekend. Grian loves to make his life difficult: telling him on Wednesday about a party on Saturday, not letting him wear his usual costume, making him laugh and have to leave the library. He's probably going to try to introduce people to Jimmy. Grian loves an inter-school party and he loves to throw Jimmy to the wolves. The wolves in this case being HCU students that only know him as Grian's pseudo-younger-brother that died at both murder mystery parties

Jimmy's still going to the party, of course, and he has just the costume in mind.

Grian doesn't answer the door when Jimmy arrives on Saturday, which is a little disappointing, but Gem does, which more than makes up for it. "Hi Jimmy!" she exclaims. She's dressed up as a butterfly, in a black dress with wings that look like a monarch butterfly and pompom antennae on a headband.

"Howdy ma'am." Jimmy grins and touches the brim of his hat. He's speaking with his best southern American accent. It isn't very good. "I must say, you make a mighty fine butterfly."

"You're a *cowboy*!" Gem claps her hands together in delight. "Oh my gosh, that's so great!" She moves aside to let him in and Jimmy follows.

Jimmy is indeed a cowboy, wearing mostly pieces that he got as props to help get in character for Pixil's new campaign. His character is a sheriff, but without the badge he's like any other cowboy. He's got a cowboy hat that's almost comically large on his head and a genuine-leather fringe vest that was the luckiest thrift-find of his life. He's wearing jeans, a light blue button-down that

probably won't survive the night unstained, and a bandana around his neck. He's also wearing a beat-up, ancient pair of Docs, which are the closest shoes he has to cowboy boots. He wears the vest and hat to D&D games because it's fun to get into character, *not* because they're LARP-ing, *Grian*.

"Thanks! It's most of the Sheriff." he confesses and Gem laughs.

"I guessed." She hops and smacks the brim of his hat so it falls over his eyes.

"Gem!" Jimmy shrieks and Gem just laughs. By the time he fixes his hat, she's gone and Grian's standing in front of him, very close, and inspecting his costume. "Hey Grian." Jimmy says and absolutely doesn't jump. He lets Grian scrutinize him—parties are always more fun when Grian feels in charge.

"Hi Tim." Grian replies. He's inspecting Jimmy's vest, right where the Sheriff's badge usually sits. He sniffs and steps back. "Acceptable." he announces—high praise for him to give Jimmy. "Not on my level of course." He spreads his arms to let Jimmy take in his full costume, revealing red and blue wings attached to his wrists. He's stuck fake feathers to his cheeks and his eyeshadow is green and yellow and *dramatic*.

"You look so cool!" Jimmy enthuses and Grian preens under the praise, lifting his chin and looking every inch the proud, pesky parrot he's trying to be. "Who did your makeup, Scar?"

"Fuck you!" Grian squawks, insulted, and Jimmy knows that's a yes. He starts laughing and Grian smacks the brim of his hat over his eyes, again. Jimmy sighs. He pulls his hat back up and Grian dances away. He's barely been here five minutes and that's happened twice already. It's shaping up to be the running gag for the night. He decides to find a drink.

Scott is in the kitchen, in an icy blue dress, mixing drinks in a giant glass dispenser. Mumbo's there too, looking a little terrified as Scott casually pours an entire bottle of pineapple-flavored rum into the dispenser. He's dressed fairly normally, in jeans and a turtleneck, but he's got fake blood smeared around his mouth. For a moment, Jimmy considers a graceful retreat—not that he's avoiding Scott, that would be silly, it's been almost 7 months since they broke up!—but before he can decide, Mumbo sees him and says, "Hi Tim." Scott glances up and smiles a little at the awkward way Jimmy's standing in the doorway and stammering out a reply.

"Hey Mumbo." Jimmy manages. "Nice blood." He pauses and then mentally kicks himself for it. "Hey Scott."

"Hey Jimmy." Scott replies, effortlessly casual, as always. He cracks open a bottle of Sprite and starts pouring. "Or should I say: Howdy Sheriff." Clearly, he recognizes the props from D&D nights and, unlike Gem, he doesn't mind putting Jimmy on the spot for it.

"I'm a *cowboy*." Jimmy sniffs. "No badge, see." He taps his chest before grabbing a cup from the top of the upside-down stack. "Could I get a drink Elsa?" he asks, holding the cup out to Scott.

"I'm an *ice queen*." Scott insists. He grabs his own cup and another bottle of rum. "Don't let Grian hear you say that." He turns to Mumbo. "C'mon, do a shot with us."

"I dunno, Grian told me to take it easy." Mumbo replies, hesitant, but still holds his own cup out.

Scott rolls his eyes and pours them each a healthy shot. “We *all* know Grian only said that because he and Scar are planning on getting shitfaced and need a babysitter. Cheers.” They knock their cups together and down their shots. Jimmy coughs, immediately, and the other two laugh.

“I’m gonna go find Grian.” Mumbo says and, as he passes Jimmy, taps the brim of his hat down and over his eyes. Scott bursts into laughter.

“*Mumbo*,” Jimmy complains. This really is going to be the party’s running gag if even *Mumbo* is joining in.

“Sorry mate.” Mumbo laughs as he leaves, not sounding very apologetic. “Couldn’t resist.” Jimmy just sighs and fixes his hat. When he gets it on properly again, Scott’s taken his cup again and is pouring him another shot.

“Are you trying to get me to fall asleep in the middle of a party again?” Jimmy asks, complaining again, but he downs the shot. He’s not about to let the risk of yet again waking up with a stack of solo cups balanced on his head stop him from having a good time. Scott laughs and the warm feeling in Jimmy’s empty stomach is just the alcohol burning pleasantly on its way down. Nothing else.

He needs to find an out before he spends yet another night pathetically shadowing his ex, hanging off the way his mouth forms Jimmy’s name, the familiar way Jimmy’s chest twists when he joins the others in their ribbing.

“Hand me a ladle?” Scott asks and Jimmy finds one in Grian’s perpetually malfunctioning dishwasher.

The worst part is that, as he hands Scott the ladle, he can see the same question in his mind across Scott’s face: are we doing this again tonight?

Scott, clearly annoyed at having a moment of understanding with his ex, uses the wrong end of the ladle to smack the brim of Jimmy’s hat down. “*Scott*,” Jimmy exclaims, but is immediately cut off.

Cleo bursts into the kitchen, wearing a lion onesie Jimmy knows is Scott’s, her hair teased into a bright orange mane, and yelling at Scott to “hurry up with the drinks before Grian has a conniption or I break his legs because honestly these are both very likely outcomes.” She stalks across the room, pours herself a shot and downs it before looking over at Jimmy.

Jimmy lifts a hand to say hello but Cleo interrupts him again, pointing at him with her empty cup and laughing, “Oh, this is *too* good.”

“*What?*” Jimmy wines. He just got here! He’s barely started drinking, what is possibly so funny?

“Have you seen Tango yet?” Cleo turns to Scott, ignoring Jimmy completely.

“Yeah,” Scott laughs, clearly in the know. “I was gonna let him find out on his own.”

“Find what out?” Jimmy tries to physically insert himself between Cleo and Scott only for Cleo to have a hand out and hit his hat over his eyes, without even looking.

“Sorry!” Cleo calls, laughing, not very sorry. She turns back to Scott and says, “I can’t wait that long. I *have* to see his reaction.” That’s all the warning Jimmy gets before Cleo’s grabbed his hand and drags him out the kitchen, into the living room and the party. Jimmy stumbles past Grian, who’s definitely close to having a conniption, and Scar—in a *Mike Wazowski onesie*?—right outside the kitchen and through the people casually dancing in the living room. As far as Grian

Parties go, it's remarkably laidback, though Jimmy knows that as soon as Scott's punch makes its way out, that will change.

Cleo stops by the TV, where a couple of guys are huddled around the mess of cables, arguing about something. She pushes Jimmy in front of her, like an offering to the tech nerds, and calls out, "Tango!" One of the tech nerds glances up and Jimmy feels the air leave his lungs.

Jimmy's met Tango before, in passing as one of Grian's many HCU friends that Jimmy can barely keep straight. He'd been at Grian's murder mystery parties, though they'd barely interacted, and probably at some of Scott's *much* larger parties. But for all the times Jimmy's met Tango before, he somehow isn't prepared for Tango right now, hands full of wires, in a red button-down that's open at the top, throat covered by a bandana, blond hair swept back by a wiry headband.

"Well, one of us has to change." Tango says, grinning.

"Huh?" Jimmy replies, intelligently, and then spots Tango's *very* cool pair of cowboy boots. "No!" he cries, gesturing dramatically. Tango frowns down at his own shoes and the group around them laughs. "Your boots are so much cooler than mine!" Thankfully, Tango laughs too.

"Well, that's all I wanted." Cleo announces cheerfully, clapping Jimmy on the back a bit too hard. "See you later boys!" She heads back to the kitchen, leaving Jimmy who's only a *little* devastated by the situation, Tango, and Tango's friends who all look very amused.

"I thought we all got different letters." Jimmy frowns. He hopes he isn't pushing the topic, like he does all too often.

"Yeah, I got 'R'." Tango explains as he goes back to the mess of wires behind the TV. "I'm a rancher." He doesn't seem annoyed at Jimmy yet, which is always a plus.

"Oh." Jimmy feels a bit ridiculous just standing there as Tango and his friends work on Grian's TV, but he was actually a little upset to see someone wearing a similar but cooler costume, especially because it seemed like something Grian would orchestrate to mess with him. "I'm a cowboy." He adds, probably a little too late.

"Yeah?" Tango turns back to him, hands now empty. "Your hat looks so cool dude." He reaches out and nudges the brim up into the right spot, while maintaining eye contact. Jimmy feels his face burn.

"I like your boots." He blurts and Tango's smile softens.

"You guys got this?" he asks his friends over his shoulder, not breaking eye contact.

"Yeah, go have fun." One replies without looking. Jimmy recognizes Impulse, one of Grian's old roommates, in a long, fake beard. He pushes Tango out of the way and Tango goes easily, laughing.

"You wanna get a drink?" he asks, gesturing back to the kitchen.

"Sure." Jimmy squeaks.

The worst part about Scott's punch is that, even knowing exactly how much alcohol is in it, Jimmy can still drink it like it's juice. Tango pours both a cup and they find an unoccupied section of wall to stand against. Jimmy feels so nervous and awkward, he drains half the cup before the burn in his chest and stomach registers and he slows down.

"Fuck," he groans. "Scott knows how to mix a drink."

Tango laughs. "Yeah, that first murder mystery party threw, I got pretty sloshed on accident."

"Ugh, don't talk to me about the murder mystery parties." Jimmy throws his head back dramatically and the wall nearly knocks his hat off.

"Oh yeah," Tango reaches behind his head and fixes Jimmy's hat for him. "You were the victim, right?"

Jimmy tries to ignore the warmth of Tango's hand lingering on the back of his neck. "Yeah, even though the roles were "completely random". Can't wait for Grian's next murder mystery party so I can spend half the night playing a corpse and talking to no one!" he exclaims sarcastically. He doesn't *actually* think Grian rigged the roles but, knowing his luck, it'll definitely happen again. Tango frowns, looking like he wants to ask a question, but before he can, Scott slides out of the crowd to stand in front of Jimmy.

"There's food that I know you need to eat, lightweight." he tells Jimmy teasingly, jerking his head towards the table of snacks Jimmy missed earlier. Jimmy groans, though he knows Scott is right. He didn't get a chance to eat before coming over and, if he doesn't want to pass out at Grian's *again*, he needs to get food in his stomach.

Scott glances over at Tango and raises an eyebrow, as if seeing him for the first time. "Oh, this is *cute*." He gestures between the two of them. "Put together you both have the full outfit."

"Hey, leave my rancher partner alone." Jimmy throws his arm around Tango's shoulder and puffs out his chest.

"Yeah, leave my cowboy friend alone!" Tango mimics him, though their height difference means he's on his tiptoes which kind of undermines the point they're making.

Scott presses his lips the way he does when he really wants to laugh, which Jimmy counts as a win. "This is all very... homoerotic, but I'm leaving now." He says and slides back into the crowd, calling out for Cleo as he goes.

Tango immediately dissolves into giggles, leaning on Jimmy for support. His hand slips off Jimmy's shoulder to rest on Jimmy's hips and Jimmy flushes even as he laughs along.

"We've gotta stick together now," Tango says after he calms down a bit. "Pretend like this was on purpose."

"Of course this was on purpose." Jimmy gasps in mock insult and Tango starts giggling again. Jimmy, pleased, decides to try the southern accent again. "Let's go round up some food, partner."

"That was *awful*." Tango cries, delighted, and pulls Jimmy by the waist towards the food.

It's quickly clear that in the time Jimmy and Tango had been talking, the food had been thoroughly picked over. There're still some things left, like cupcakes Jimmy recognizes as Lizzie's and mozzarella sticks that he grabs a handful of.

"Gross Tim," Grian's voice calls from behind Jimmy. "Have some *class*." He appears suddenly by Jimmy's elbow and Jimmy jumps.

"Hey Grian." Tango waves from where he's refilling their cups with the last of the punch.

"Hey Tango," Grian says absently, more focused on stacking empty dishes, then double-takes as he processes their costumes. "Aww, that's so cute, you're matching with Timmy. I'm so sorry." He nudges Jimmy away from the table. "Make room for the grown-ups Tim. We're gonna start playing beer pong here." Jimmy groans and grabs another handful of mozzarella sticks. Beer pong is an awful, horrible game and he doesn't understand why Grian likes it so much. Jimmy doesn't have the coordination or the taste for beer to have *any* fun.

"Maybe we can team up?" Tango suggests, which is really very sweet of him.

"*No*." Jimmy and Grian insist in unison. No boy is cute enough to play beer pong for and no matter how sweet Tango is right now, Jimmy doubts he actually has the patience for Jimmy's utter lack of coordination especially when it'll be made worse by him already being pleasantly tipsy.

Grian, who looks like he passed tipsy a while ago, shakes his head and shoos them away. "Go be gay on the balcony or something, Timmy is *not* playing beer pong." Tango frowns but follows Jimmy as he heads for the balcony door, laughing.

"Okay, we're leaving, you control freak." Jimmy calls at Grian teasingly.

"Fuck you!" Grian yells and smacks Jimmy's hat down over his eyes again. Jimmy just laughs and stumbles along, his hands too full to fix his hat, until he feels Tango gently grab his wrist and lead him out. The cool night air washes over him and he breaths a sigh of relief, thankful to be away from the heat and noise of the crowded living room. Annoyingly, Grian was write to send him towards the balcony. He needed to step out for a minute.

He finally gets his hat to sit right and glances over at Tango, who's looking at him with a serious, unreadable expression. Jimmy doesn't try to understand, just offers up one of his hands.

"Mozzarella stick?"

"Sure," Tango says softly and takes one.

Calling Grain's balcony, a balcony is generous. He has a ground floor apartment and the bushes in front were cut down before he even moved in, so it's really a tiny patio with warm Christmas lights up year-round and a single camping chair.

Tango gets the lights on and they eat the mozzarella sticks and talk, the music and noise from the party distant. Tango's a senior in electrical engineering at HCU and he tells Jimmy about meeting Grian in an entry—level physics lab and the horrible circuits Grian tried to turn in. Jimmy tells him about the ridiculous pranks Grian roped him into when they were in high school and the D&D game his costume is really for. He's embarrassed and apologetic when he realizes he accidentally talked about his ridiculous paladin *Dungeons and Dragons* character for nearly five minutes straight, but Tango waves him off and tells him about the boardgame he's spent the last five months developing for his friends.

Jimmy finds himself hanging on to Tango's every word as he talks about game balance and

designing items and building circuitry to make the game flashier for no reason other than that it would be cool. Jimmy agrees: it is very cool. He barely understands any of the math the balancing took but Tango clearly does and he's so *passionate* and *smart* and *cute* Jimmy is going to scream if he doesn't do anything about it before the end of the night. And he keeps acting like he *isn't*, waving off the work he's done for this game as if it's normal.

Jimmy is on the right side of tipsy, warm and confident and happy, and emboldened enough to take one of Tango's hands in his own and interrupt his attempt to downplay his work. "This sounds so cool Tango. *You're* so cool." The earnestness of his own voice surprises him and, by the way Tango freezes and flushes, surprises Tango as well.

"Thank you." Tango says. "You're really cool too. I've really enjoyed talking to you tonight." All the bravado Jimmy had felt until then suddenly leaves him and now he's looking at the ground, ears and cheeks heating up.

"Hey," Tango says gently and he's got a finger under Jimmy's chin, lifting his face back up. They're going to kiss; Jimmy can feel it in his *bones*. They're going to kiss and Grian's going to take all the credit for it in his best man's speech.

The balcony door crashes open and Joel barges through, yelling Jimmy's name. Jimmy and Tango both jump and, judging by his self-satisfied smirk, that was Joel's plan exactly. "Jimmy!" he calls again, like they didn't see each other two days ago in their horrible economics class. He's wearing a t-shirt with a picture of another one of Grian's friends, Etho, printed on it. Before Jimmy can say anything, Joel turns to Tango and says, "Etho wanted to see you, by the way. Something about an H-T-M-I cord?"

"HDMI," Tango corrects flatly. He squeezes Jimmy's hand quickly. "I'll be right back," he says and slips back inside.

As soon as Tango leaves, Joel turns to Jimmy with a shit-eating grin. "Shut it." Jimmy groans and buries his face in his hands.

"I didn't say a thing." Joel says, laughing. "Gosh Jimmy, you're holding hands already? You *dog*—" Jimmy shoves Joel, trying not to laugh. "Rude!" Joel exclaims and shoves Jimmy back. "I'm here to compliment you on a job well done and this is how you treat me?"

"You interrupted us!" Jimmy complains

"Etho needed help." Joel insists and shoves Jimmy again, for good measure.

"Oh, and you do everything Etho tells you to?"

"Duh," Joel rolls his eyes and spins to show off the back of his shirt. "I'm his biggest fan."

The back of his shirt says, in writing Joel clearly did in a hurry with a marker: *#1 ETHO FAN*. Jimmy has to laugh.

"I can't believe Grian let you get away with "Etho stan" as a costume." Jimmy says, though he actually isn't surprised. Grian probably thought it was funny, and that was enough.

"At least it's not a *D&D* cosplay." Joel pokes Jimmy in the chest where his sheriff's badge usually is. "Nerd."

"You play too!" Jimmy retorts and has to dodge out of the way when Joel tries to grab his hat. They scuffle for a minute. Jimmy's taller but Joel's faster and in the end Jimmy's so out of breath

he's laughing without making noise. Of course, that's when Tango returns and watches with an eyebrow raised. Joel takes advantage of Jimmy's distraction to snatch his hat.

"Joel," Jimmy whines. Joel just laughs and dances out of Jimmy's reach.

"Catch!" Joel calls and throws Jimmy's hat like a frisbee, over his head and off the balcony. Jimmy groans as it flies over his head and he misses it completely. Joel *knows* he has no hand-eye coordination—he's hit Jimmy in the face enough times in the past. At least his hat doesn't land in the mud. He turns back to Joel, his best kicked-dog expression already on.

"Don't be a dick, Joel." Tango snaps and he looks genuinely annoyed. Before Joel can defend himself, Tango has hopped the railing and is walking over to Jimmy's hat. Jimmy just blinks stupidly at where Tango just was.

"Whatever," Joel scoffs and opens the door to head back inside. As he leaves, he makes eye contact with Jimmy and mouths "hot". Jimmy flushes and pushes him back inside. The door closes on the noise of the party and Joel's laughter, once again leaving them in the cool night air.

Jimmy turns back around to Tango, who's still on the other side of the railing, frowning down at Jimmy's hat. "Sorry about him." Jimmy says, gesturing back inside. Tango blinks, like Jimmy interrupted his train of thought. Jimmy powers on. "He's a little obnoxious." He laughs a little and shoves his hands in his pockets, not sure what to do.

Tango shakes his head. "You don't have to apologize for him." He pauses and then says, carefully, "You don't have to apologize for someone who was mean to *you*."

"Huh?" Jimmy says, completely lost. Yeah, throwing his hat was a bit much but it wasn't really out of character for Joel.

Tango spins his hat in his hands and continues, "I mean him and Scott earlier, a little, and Grian—and I know Grian, he can be a bit of a dick, but he's never *really* mean—and you've been *so* sweet all night and funny and—"

Jimmy is so completely lost he has to cut Tango off. "Tango, *what?* That's just Grian—that's just how they *all* are." Tango looks genuinely distraught hearing this.

"But normally—Grian isn't like this in class or—" Tango stumbles over his words, clearly trying to get *something* across. "I don't get why they're suddenly such dicks and only to you! You're nice!"

Jimmy finally gets it and he's so enamored with this man he might scream. For a moment, all he can do is laugh a little helplessly, which only confuses Tango more. Eventually he chokes out, "If Grian or Joel were ever *polite* to me, I'd think they were possessed." Tango just gapes at him. He looks so pretty in the warm light of Grian's apartment, the anger on Jimmy's behalf keeping his back straight and shoulders firm. Jimmy can't keep thinking about how pretty Tango is or he'll never finish explaining. "I've known them both forever. I don't mind them making fun of me—I've told them what's okay to joke about."

Understanding blooms across Tango's face, followed quickly by embarrassment. He shoves Jimmy's hat back on his head and buries his face in his hands. "I'm going to go now." he says into his hands. "This is so embarrassing—I'm *so* sorry."

Jimmy is too used to embarrassing to let this ruin his night. He leans over the railing and pushes one of Tango's hands away from his face. "No, it's okay," he insists. Joel—who clearly understood this all way before Jimmy did—was right. This was kind of hot.

“It’s really not, I got all macho and butted into your friendships because I think you’re cute and wanted to tell you that all night—”

“Tango,” Jimmy reaches to tug Tango in by the shoulder, but ends up grabbing his bandana instead. He tugs and Tango comes easily, falling quiet. “Can I kiss you?” he asks, voice dropping unintentionally. Tango nods. He closes the distance and finally—*finally*—kisses Jimmy. His lips are soft and one of his hands reaches up to carefully hold the side of Jimmy’s face.

They kiss for a long moment. Jimmy’s head is buzzing—from the alcohol and the giddiness and the press of the railing into his stomach causing him to lose his breath. Eventually, they break apart and Jimmy whines a little and clings to Tango. Tango smiles up at him, eyes scanning across Jimmy’s face, drinking him in. He pushes the brim of Jimmy’s hat up and his smile sharpens as Jimmy flushes.

“Grian’s about to be so smug.” Jimmy says when he feels a little less floaty. He is and it’s going to be awful and deserved. Tango laughs.

“It’s worth it if I get to kiss your cute face.” he says and Jimmy whines and kisses him to shut him up. Tango laughs into the kiss. The cool night air brushes across Jimmy, the lights are warm on his closed eyelids, and, faintly, he can hear Joel and Grian cheer.

End Notes

if youd like: [extras](#)

i spent too long thinkng about costumes for everyone to not include a list at the end even if most of these people weren't even mentioned

- jimmy = cowboy
- tango = rancher
- grian = parrot
- gem = butterfly
- scar = mike wazowski, as suggested by alyssa ([quaranmine](#))
- mumbo = vampire
- scott = ice queen (elsa really)
- cleo = lion
- impulse = dwarf (like from lord of the rings)
- joel = etho stan (bdubs is very mad about this)
- etho = naruto
- lizzie = axolotl
- bdubs = oscar the grouch
- pearl = soup can
- big b = werewolf
- ren = king
- martyn = zombie

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