

Pulling Pigtails

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Pulling Pigtails

by [theyareprisons](#)

Summary

fWhip must be sick - very, very sick - because there is absolutely no other reason why he would be attracted to Jimmy of all people.

Plus, there's a million practical reasons why fWhip shouldn't be attracted to him, including (but not limited to) the fact that Jimmy is a freaking fish and Scott would definitely murder fWhip if he knew about fWhip's stupid, little crush.

So, yeah. fWhip really needs to get over these dumb feelings he has for Jimmy.

It turns out to be way harder than he thinks.

Notes

Shipping their YouTube personas and not the real people

Idk why fWhip/Jimmy entered my brain, but it's there and it's not leaving anytime soon so I decided to write about it

I'm not great at keeping them in character, so hopefully it's not too OOC

There's Plenty of Fish in the Sea (a Con)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The first time fWhip considers it, he nearly decides to talk to a doctor because there is absolutely no sane reason he'd ever have such a horrible thought.

The second time fWhip considers it, he comes quite close to throwing himself off a cliff (unlimited respawn is on, he'd be *fine*).

The third time, fWhip almost - *almost* - tells Gem. He chickens out at the last minute and instead convinces her to kill Sausage with him.

But the fourth time, fWhip admits defeat.

He's at a meeting and he should be listening to whatever boring news Shubble is reporting but instead he's trying very hard not to look over at Jimmy and it's incredibly difficult because Jimmy is occupying his every single thought.

fWhip's disgusted by his own mind. He has no idea why he's so suddenly interested in Jimmy and whether or not Jimmy would be interested in becoming allies or if Jimmy thinks fWhip is good looking, but he does know that it's absolutely ridiculous.

He is *not* attracted to the newly-demoted Codboy.

He's not.

Okay, maybe he's a little attracted to Jimmy, but there is no way it's normal. fWhip decides he must be sick - very, *very* sick - to even humor the idea of what'd it be like to date Jimmy.

(fWhip imagines it'd be very nice.)

And of course there's a million practical reasons why fWhip should *not* be attracted to Jimmy. First and foremost, he's a fish! And, sure, maybe he doesn't look exactly like a fish - more of a mermaid, really - but it doesn't change the fact that he's almost always soaked in gross swamp water or caked in gross swamp mud or covered in gross swamp slime, or all three. Plus, his stupid codhead is not attractive in the least, it's very off putting.

fWhip *had* caught glimpses of Jimmy's uncovered face before the whole Codboy debacle and he was admittedly adorable, but that was neither here nor there.

Jimmy's physical appearance is just the tip of the iceberg, too. fWhip can't not think about all the bad blood between them. fWhip started a whole war by killing Jimmy and stealing his codhead. In hindsight, maybe it wasn't the nicest thing to do, but it was always fun to rile Jimmy up. Not to mention the whole Sausage-Jimmy animosity, even if they are technically allied now.

Actually, the more that fWhip thinks about it the more that he realizes that Sausage and Jimmy's new friendship is all the more reason to ignore his developing feelings towards Jimmy. Sausage may not have told fWhip directly, but fWhip knows he and Jimmy kissed. fWhip has no idea if Sausage is actually interested in Jimmy or if it was some sort of platonic thing, but it still deters him. He definitely does not want to get in between his brother and Jimmy if their relationship develops into something more, even if, frankly, fWhip doesn't expect anything to really happen

because Sausage is definitely afraid of Scott.

Which leads to yet another reason why fWhip should just back off. One Mr. Scott Smajor is definitely head-over-heels for Jimmy. He hasn't publicly admitted it yet, but fWhip's not an idiot. He knows all about the date that Scott had planned when he asked Jimmy to form an alliance with him. He notices how Scott always comes to Jimmy's aid whenever someone's teasing the cod or pushing him around (which means that Scott has defended Jimmy from fWhip on more than one occasion).

He also knows that Jimmy is either very oblivious or deliberately ignoring Scott's advances.

Probably the former, though fWhip secretly hopes it's the latter.

fWhip almost wishes he could talk to Jimmy, ask him what he thought about Scott or if he knew what Scott was doing. He doesn't, though, because - and this might be the biggest reason that having feelings for Jimmy is ridiculous - they are *not* friends. fWhip knows they're not really enemies anymore, but they've seemed to have settled in this odd sort of middle ground between enemy and acquaintance. They're continuing to toe the line between playful mischiefs and deliberate attacks, too. Nowadays it's more towards pranks and less towards battle and war, but one can never be too sure. fWhip doesn't want to be super into Jimmy the next time a fight breaks out.

He also doesn't want a fight to break out, at least not between him and Jimmy the way that it was before.

fWhip doesn't think that their relationship will ever get as bad as it was before Xornoth's victory in the End. fWhip couldn't explain the all-encompassing urge to make fun of Jimmy and pick on him, but he'd been happy to act on it, and he doesn't think Jimmy will ever forgive him for stealing the Codfather head and hiding it in the End.

They're definitely on better terms now. fWhip has visited a few times. Jimmy had hired him to build some flags for the Swamp Empire because, let's be real, fWhip is a much better builder than Jimmy (not that Jimmy's not getting better).

There are just too many variables influencing their lives, so fWhip should back off and try to focus on something else. He needs to get over this stupid, unrealistic crush on Jimmy. It will be easy.

* * * * *

Getting over Jimmy is the opposite of easy. fWhip tries, he really does. He summons every obnoxious and frustrating memory of Jimmy that he can, but it is no use. As much as an annoying idiot Jimmy tends to be, fWhip has trouble actually being upset with him.

Jimmy is just too damn sweet and genuine and happy,

Maybe that was the reason that fWhip finds himself loitering at the edges of the Swamp Empire.

He's not hoping to run into Jimmy, *he's not*. He just wants to make sure that everything's going smoothly. Xornoth might be gone, but strange things are still happening. Scott, and fWhip scowls at the thought, is being a dick.

So yeah, fWhip's just being a good neighbor and checking that everything's going alright.

He doesn't actually intend to meet Jimmy, maybe just spot him from afar.

Fate has other plans.

Jimmy somehow managed to spot fWhip before fWhip sees him.

“fWhip?”

fWhip winces, grimacing to himself, and slowly turns on his heels.

“Hey, Jimmy! How ya doin’, buddy?”

Jimmy eyes him, head tilting. “I’m fine. What’re you doing here?”

“Oh, you know.” fWhip waves a hand and tries not to let his voice raise an octave. “Just checking that everything’s alright.”

“Why wouldn’t everything be alright?”

“There’s been some crazy things going on lately.” fWhip replies.

“Like what?”

“Oh, I dunno. Scott and his freaky ice powers and how he froze Gem. You know he froze Sausage’s docks, too?”

Not to mention, fWhip’s railroad.

Jimmy blinks, looking taken aback. “I - No, I didn’t know that.”

“Yep,” fWhip says, nodding. “He’s been a real jerk lately.”

“I don’t think Scott means to be a jerk. I think he’s just upset.”

Jimmy’s response frustrates fWhip for multiple reasons. He huffs and glances away.

“I don’t know, he seems pretty jerky to me. Didn’t he kill you for the crown?”

fWhip feels a little vindicated when Jimmy winces and looks down at his feet.

“Yeah,” He answers, nodding, “But you were going to do the same.”

“Well, we aren’t allies.” fWhip responds. He regrets it immediately, because Jimmy’s expression (visible with the Codboy hat) hardens.

“No, we’re not.” He agrees. “So why are you here?”

fWhip thinks quickly and stammers out a reply. “Well, I thought that maybe - because it’s been some time since the whole dragon thing - you’d want to consider forming an allyship with the Grimlands?”

Jimmy blinks, his eyes widening. Honestly, fWhip’s surprised them both. He wants an allyship with Jimmy, of course, but he had no plan of asking for one so soon and while their relationship is still rocky.

fWhip braces himself for the worst.

“Uh, I mean, I suppose? Sure! That would be lovely, I think.”

fWhip inhales quickly. “Yeah? You’re up for it?”

“Yeah, why not?” Jimmy shrugs, a small smile crossing his lips. “Can’t say I expected this, but I’ll take it gladly.”

fWhip definitely does not beam in response.

“Great.” He says. “When do you want to make it official?”

“Uh, how about right now? I’m not really doing anything. Unless, are you busy?”

fWhip shakes his head, giddiness starting to rise in his chest. “Not at all.”

“Great!” Jimmy says. “We can go to my meeting room, if you’d like.”

“Yeah, sure. I don’t have any of the paperwork ready, though.”

This gives Jimmy pause.

“Oh.” He says, scratching his head. “I guess that’s a problem. Would you like to go get the paperwork and meet back here?”

“Sure.” fWhip agrees.

“Cool, then I’ll catch you in a bit!” Jimmy takes off, not waiting for fWhip’s response.

fWhip stays still for a moment before lighting a rocket and flying off towards his empire.

He can’t believe this is happening. He’s going to have so much explaining to do to his Council and to the Wither Rose Alliance. Honestly, the Council is probably going to be way angrier than Gem or Sausage or Pearl, but fWhip is way more worried about telling them. There’s no way he’s going to get out of this without looking super suspicious.

fWhip flies to the Council Building. He manages to slip in without anyone seeing him and he grabs the required paperwork for an allyship. He thinks he may be spotted as he flies away, but he’s out of hearing distance too quickly for him to know for sure.

fWhip doesn’t know exactly where Jimmy wants to meet. He first lands where they were speaking only a few minutes earlier, but Jimmy’s not there. With no other idea, he starts walking towards Jimmy’s throne room. The building isn’t the greatest looking, but it’s impressive by Jimmy’s standards. He’s sort of starting to get the hang of building.

Jimmy isn’t on his throne when fWhip enters, and he’s just about to leave when he hears Jimmy’s voice coming from a side room. fWhip follows it, curious, and finds Jimmy digging through chests and mumbling to himself.

“Jimmy?”

Jimmy jumps and hits his head against the lid of his chest. He lets out a small cry and grabs the back of his head.

“Sorry!” fWhip rushes over to Jimmy. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m fine.” Jimmy answers, rubbing his head.

“I didn’t mean to scare you.”

Jimmy looks up at him. “No worries, I startle easily.”

That’s true, fWhip is very aware of how easy it is to scare Jimmy and get a big reaction out of him.

“What’re doing?” fWhip asks, craning his head to see into the chest. Unsurprisingly, it’s a mess of things.

“Looking for my paperwork.” Jimmy answers with a sigh.

“You don’t organize?”

“Nope.”

fWhip, builder and sane person that he is, nearly has an aneurysm right then and there.

“How do you find anything?”

Jimmy shrugs. “I dunno. I just look for it and I find it, or I remember where I put it.”

fWhip lets out a breath, pained.

Of all the people to get a crush on, why did fWhip’s stupid heart have to choose insane, idiotic Jimmy?

“Since you’re here, would you like to try some cake I’ve made? Lizzie’s cake rule got me into baking. Don’t tell her that, though, she’ll be absolutely insufferable.”

Oh, right. That’s why fWhip likes Jimmy.

He’s so freaking cute.

“Yeah, sure.” fWhip says. “What flavor is it?”

“Fish!”

fWhip almost gives himself a concussion with how hard he slaps his palm against his forehead.

“I might have to pass.” He says through gritted teeth.

Jimmy pauses in his search and half-turns towards fWhip, a frown on his lips. “Really?”

Damn his puppy eyes.

“*Stay strong.*” fWhip tells himself.

“Maybe I’ll have a bite.” He concedes.

Damnit.

Jimmy grins brightly. “Cool! Here, I’ve found the papers.”

He pulls out a stack of crumpled paper and shoves it into fWhip’s arms. fWhip fumbles for the papers and shuffles over his own to Jimmy. Jimmy takes fWhip’s papers and puts a quill in fWhip’s hand.

“This is exciting!” Jimmy says.

He lays out the Grimland alliance papers on the ground and starts signing. fWhip stares at him for a moment, baffled.

“You’re not going to have your Council look over it? Or at least find a table?”

Jimmy purses his lips as he continues to write on the paperwork. “Nah, I’m skimming through it.”

“And the table?” fWhip asks, helpless.

Jimmy only shrugs.

“I’m fine right here.” He says. Then he looks up at fWhip. “Did you want to get a table?”

fWhip’s immediate instinct is to reply, “Yes!” Instead, he sits down next to Jimmy with crossed legs and lays the papers out in front of him.

“No.” He says, and Jimmy goes back to signing.

fWhip doesn’t spend much time reading through the Swamp Empire’s alliance papers, but it’s certainly longer than the time Jimmy spent. The terms are as expected: provide aid to the Swamp Empire, do not engage in any type of battle against the Swamp Empire, etc. fWhip’s papers have similar terms.

When they’re done, about half an hour later (and about five hours earlier than most final alliance agreement meetings), they exchange copies of the paperwork. fWhip carefully puts both copies of the Grimland and Swamp Empire treaties into his Enderchest. He watches, distressed, as Jimmy throws his copies into a seemingly random chest.

fWhip’s legs and back ache from sitting on the ground for so long and he stretches.

“I’m glad we’ve got that sorted out!” Jimmy says cheerfully. “Do you want the cake now to celebrate?”

“Sure.” fWhip agrees, defeated.

He follows Jimmy out of the Throne Room to Jimmy’s home. Jimmy leads him to the kitchen, which thankfully has a table. fWhip flops down in a chair and watches Jimmy take a cake out of a chest. Jimmy carefully slices two pieces and then brings them over to the table. He puts one slice in front of fWhip as he sits down.

“Let me know your honest opinion.” He requests.

“Sure.” fWhip replies. He’s lying, though. If he hates it, he’s not going to tell Jimmy that.

It’s with great reluctance that fWhip cuts himself a piece and takes a bite. He’s all too aware of Jimmy’s expectant gaze.

fWhip closes his eyes as he tastes the cake.

It’s... good?

fWhip takes another bite, and then another.

“This has fish in it?” He asks, aghast.

“Yup!” Jimmy replies. “Salmon!”

Though it pains fWhip to be eating salmon, he has to admit that the cake is actually really good. He has no idea how Jimmy managed it.

“It’s good.” fWhip tells Jimmy. “Like, really.”

Jimmy offers him a wide smile. “Great! I like it, too. Scott hates it.”

Just for that, fWhip makes a big deal of taking big bites.

“Scott’s an idiot.” He says. “This is great.”

“I’ll tell him you said that.” Jimmy laughs.

fWhip hasn’t made Jimmy laugh very often, but he loves the sound. It makes his heart beat painfully and his face feel hot and he gets so absolutely upset with himself over how ridiculous he’s acting.

“Speaking of,” he says, “How are your friends going to feel about you forming an alliance with me?”

Jimmy pauses mid-bite and sets his fork down. He takes a moment to reply.

“I don’t know.” He admits, not meeting fWhip’s eyes. “I don’t think Pixl will mind. You two are friends now, right?”

fWhip nods and Jimmy continues.

“I don’t think that Lizzie and Joel will be too pleased.”

fWhip hums. “Yeah, probably not. Except you and Joel did do that diss track that was ‘a request for peace.’”

“Oh, yeah!”

“So, just Lizzie, then.” fWhip says.

Jimmy looks away. “Lizzie and, uh, Scott.”

Oh. Right.

“Oh, yeah.”

They’re quiet for a moment.

“Well, maybe you two can make up?”

fWhip scoffs. “Doubtful. He hurt Gem.”

“That was an accident.” Jimmy protests.

fWhip knows this. He doesn’t care.

“I don’t care. He hurt Gem, and Gem’s my sister. How would you feel if Scott hurt Lizzie?”

“I—” Jimmy breaks off and ducks his head. “I’d be upset, but not upset enough to put loads of TNT in my embassy.”

fWhip flushes.

“He needs to learn not to mess with us.” He says.

Jimmy sighs. “Scott pretty much hates you and Sausage.”

“Aren’t you allies with Sausage too, though?” fWhip asks, feeling frustrated.

“Yeah.” Jimmy answers.

“So why does it matter if you’re allies with me too?”

Jimmy blinks. “I guess it doesn’t.”

fWhip grins, feeling smug, and Jimmy rolls his eyes.

“I guess all we need to worry about is Lizzie.”

fWhip loses his confidence very quickly at that. Scott is one complication, but the Ocean Queen is an entirely different complication altogether. She’s always been protective of Jimmy, but since it was revealed that they are actually siblings it’s like she can hardly bear to be away from him.

In all fairness, if Gem or Sausage disappeared for an extended period of time, fWhip would also probably be really clingy when they returned.

“When are you going to tell her?”

“I guess at the next Empires meeting when I tell everyone else.” Jimmy shrugs.

“I don’t think she’ll like that.” fWhip replies, wrinkling his nose.

“Lizzie’s not the boss of me, as much as she pretends to be.” Jimmy says. “I can tell her when I tell everyone else.”

fWhip can’t tell if Jimmy is stupid or brave for deciding not to tell his sister (who is quite possibly the most unhinged of all the Empire rulers).

“Well, I wish you good luck. Glad to see you’re doing alright, buddy.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Jimmy nods. “Thanks for checking in, man. It’s good to see you and form an alliance.”

“Yeah, yep, mhm.” fWhip agrees. “I’ll see you later.”

He hesitates and then offers a wave before lighting a rocket and taking off back in the direction of the Grimlands. He changes his mind as he approaches his empire and continues flying towards the Crystal Cliffs.

fWhip pulls out his communicator as he flies and sends a private message to Gem.

> *To GeminiTay*: you home?

> *From GeminiTay*: Yeah, what’s up?

> *To GeminiTay*: I’m coming over

fWhip tucks his comm away and ignores the responding buzz. He'll be seeing Gem soon anyways.

The Crystal Cliffs come into view and, as always, fWhip is impressed by his sister's empire. It's truly breathtaking, especially with the massive dragons and her new wizarding school.

fWhip's lucky he doesn't have to search far for Gem, she's already on the steps leading to her home. Her hands are on her hips, a sign she's in no mood for his usual games.

"fWhip." She greets as he lands in front of her, her tone serious. "What's up?"

fWhip brushes off imaginary dust and looks away from her and out across her empire.

"Looking good!" He compliments.

"fWhip." Gem warns.

"What?"

"What'd you come over for? Is everything alright?"

"Everything's great!" fWhip replies.

Gem hums.

fWhip can't keep up his charade for long. He turns to Gem and rubs at the back of his neck.

"Something happened with Jimmy."

Gem lets out a groan and drops her head into her hands. "Really, fWhip? *Really?* Have you started another war?"

"Gem, I would never." fWhip says, holding a hand over his heart. "Sausage and I are good boys."

Gem rubs her eyes and shakes her head.

"What did you do?" She asks wearily.

"I formed an alliance with him."

"fWhip, I'm really not in the mood for this--"

"I'm serious," fWhip interrupts, "I formed an alliance with him."

Gem blinks, her mouth parting. "You what?"

fWhip shrugs. "We're not enemies anymore."

"Who are you and what have you done with my brother?!"

"I told you, I'm a good boy." fWhip says.

Gem shakes her head and points an accusing finger at him.

"Why did you do this? What are you trying to get?" She demands.

"I'm not trying to get anything!" fWhip replies, verging on defensive. "I'm not enemies with Jimmy anymore, I thought it would be cool if we could be allies."

“And Jimmy agreed?”

fWhip nods. “Yeah, he was into it.”

“Huh.” Gem crosses her arms and shifts her weight back on her heels. She’s staring at him in a way that makes fWhip feel like he’s being interrogated (which, he pretty much is). “I thought you hated Jimmy.”

“I don’t hate Jimmy!”

“You used to.”

“No, I didn’t!” fWhip protests.

Gem looks unamused. “Really? You didn’t?”

fWhip does not care for her skeptical tone.

“Sure, we had our differences, but I didn’t hate him. I’m not a monster, Gem.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Yeah, so maybe I picked on him a little, but I never hated him.”

“Could have fooled me.” Gem says.

fWhip’s starting to feel a little twitchy. “Look, it’s not that I don’t like Jimmy, it’s just that he’s so fun to tease! You’ve seen it before, Gem, and you’re a reasonable person. It’s fun to rile Jimmy up, he gets all flustered and it’s cu-”

fWhip cuts himself off with a cough and says. “It’s *hilarious*, Gem. Hilarious.”

He was definitely about to say that it’s cute. He thinks he saved himself, though.

Gem eyes him and fWhip feels his heart rate increase.

“You’re acting weird.”

“What?” fWhip asks, laughing. “I’m not acting weird, you’re acting weird. You got a brain under that big hat of yours?”

Gem’s eyes narrow, and fWhip knows he’s in trouble.

“You’re deflecting.” She observes. “Why? What’s up with Jimmy?”

“Nothing’s up with Jimmy.”

“No, something is definitely going on. Why’d you come over to tell me that you formed an alliance with him?”

“Because you’re my sister and you deserve to know.”

“And Sausage is our brother.”

fWhip splutters. “Well, he’s doing his own thing. How do you know I’m not going to go tell him right after this?”

“Hm.” Gem rubs a hand against her chin. “Why don’t we message him, then? Tell him right now?”

“No!” fWhip says before he can stop himself.

Gem’s eyes light up like she’s won.

“What’s wrong with telling Sausage?”

fWhip feels his cheeks growing hot. “*Nothing*, I just don’t want to tell him.”

“Keeping secrets, fWhip?”

fWhip considers himself a pretty good liar, maybe even a great one, but never has he been able to lie to Gem.

Big sisters are the worst.

“Never, Gem, you know me.”

“You’re so flustered.” Gem observes. Then, to fWhip’s dismay, her eyes widen. “fWhip, do you like him?”

“Well, obviously. I’m friends with everyone.”

“You know that’s not what I meant. Do you *like* like him?”

“What are we, five?” fWhip scoffs.

“Oh my gosh.” Gem breathes, aghast. “You do! You totally have a crush on Jimmy!”

“I do not!” He replies, his face already reddening. “That would be stupid. He’s a fish, for one.”

“You like him!” Gem exclaims as she points at him.

“Gem, you’re being ridiculous.”

“I’m not! Oh my *gosh*, fWhip.”

“Alright, fine!” fWhip throws up his hands and turns away. “You got me, okay? I have stupid crush on that stupid fish.”

fWhip isn’t sure what he expects, but it’s definitely not for Gem to burst out in a fit of giggles.

“I can’t believe this has happened!” She laughs. “Of all the people to steal my brother’s heart!”

“He didn’t steal my heart.” fWhip says sullenly.

“I can’t believe you like Jimmy.”

“I know!” fWhip says, groaning. “He’s so... *Jimmy!* Gem, what am I supposed to do?”

“Hmm. I mean, I guess we could ask Lizzie about the Swamp Empire’s courting rituals-”

“No.” fWhip interrupts. “That’s a definite no. That’s the opposite of what I should be doing.”

“Well, I doubt Jimmy knows the Grimlands’ courting rituals.”

“Nobody is courting anyone.” fWhip says.

Gem frowns at him. “Why not?”

“Because Scott would kill me! So would Lizzie and Joel and Pixl *and* Sausage.”

“Why would Sausage kill you?”

“He and Jimmy have a thing. A really weird thing.” fWhip answers.

“Do you mean their kiss? That was just platonic.” Gem says. “You know how Sausage is, and Jimmy likes all kinds of affection.”

“Fine.” fWhip concedes. “Pixl.”

“Aren’t you guys gunpowder bros or something?”

fWhip feels his defense wavering. “Lizzie and Joel?”

“They’re quite reasonable as you get to know them.”

Doubtful, but fWhip will let it slide.

“Okay,” He says. “And what about Scott?”

Gem hesitates, which fWhip takes as both a victory and a defeat. Even Gem knows that it’s doomed when it comes to Scott.

“He’s got his ice powers under control.” She offers.

“And he used it to mess up my railroad.” fWhip replies.

“You *did* put a bunch of TNT in your embassy.”

“He froze you!”

“On accident.”

“Gem, no.” fWhip says. “This isn’t going to change my mind. Scott is going to murder me if he finds out how I feel about Jimmy.”

“That shouldn’t stop you!”

“Really?” fWhip asks dryly.

“Don’t let Scott get in the way of your love, fWhip.”

“I’d hardly call it love.”

“Listen,” Gem says firmly. “You like Jimmy. You shouldn’t let your feelings be influenced by someone else’s opinion on you, okay?”

fWhip stares at his feet. He hates it when Gem gets all ‘big-sistery’ on him. It’s embarrassing.

“And remember that Sausage and I are always there for you. Pearl, too.”

“Yeah, I get it.” fWhip says. He clears his throat. “Thanks.”

Gem smiles at him, her expression soft and annoyingly fond. She acts like she's his mom sometimes.

"I'm going to leave now." fWhip says. "Thanks for the talk, it was great. See ya' later."

He turns and launches himself up into the air before Gem can really reply, but he still hears her faint, "Goodbye!"

fWhip decides he needs to get some building done. He's feeling far too vulnerable from his conversation with Gem and he really needs to get his mind on something else.

Besides, there's no point in thinking about Jimmy. Even if fWhip went for it, there's no way Jimmy likes him back.

Right?

Chapter End Notes

So... yeah! first fic in this fandom

I can't promise that the updates will come quickly, but I expect one or two more chapters after this one

fWhip's Brain is for Building, not Thinking

Chapter Notes

story is about the characters, not RPF

descriptions of minor injuries in this chapter (smashed / broken fingers)

swearing

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

fWhip has never been so stressed in his life.

Seriously. Even compared to when Sausage was literally possessed by a demon, fWhip has never felt this nervous.

He meets Gem's cool gaze across the table. She offers him a comforting smile that does nothing to help calm him down. Sausage, seated on his right, keeps flashing him confused glances.

Jimmy enters the room and fWhip just about has a stroke.

Jimmy's with Lizzie and Joel. Pixl stands up to greet the three of them, and, out of the corner of fWhip's eye, Scott perks up.

"Welcome!" Katherine greets, smiling. "We can all get started!"

If fWhip thought he was nervous before, he was incredibly incorrect. He thinks he might throw up when Jimmy takes a seat next to him.

"Hey, buddy." fWhip says quietly.

His heart skips a beat at the truly radiant smile Jimmy returns.

"fWhip!" He says cheerfully. "How've you been?"

"Can't complain." fWhip replies. "You?"

"I've been great!"

"Mh-hmm!" Katherine clears her throat pointedly.

fWhip winces and tries not to blush.

"Sorry!" Jimmy apologizes, looking sheepish.

"Thank you." Katherine says. "Now, I'd like to thank all of you for joining us today in our monthly Empires' Meeting of Peace! I'll start off today's meeting. The Overgrown has been doing well! We had to restock after Joel came by, but we've got plenty of dye again. There's been no sign of corruption, but it has been a little bit colder than normal. Luckily, the plants haven't been affected."

She sits down and, as customary, everyone politely claps. The presentation moves onto Katherine's

right side, meaning Shubble is the next the present. It continues on to Joey, Pixl, Pearl, and Gem. Then the presentations move onto the left side, starting with Scott. Lizzie follows, then Joel, Sausage, and finally fWhip.

He clears his throat as he stands and subtly wipes his palms on his pants.

“The Grimlands are doing well!” He announces. “We’ve got plenty of deepslate redstone. Three new buildings have gone up in the past month. The gunpowder farm is producing plenty for the TNT. We’ve had a little *trouble* with the railroads recently, but that should be fixed up soon.”

fWhip shoots Scott and barely concealed glare, to which the elf coolly returns it. fWhip hesitates before sitting back down and casts Jimmy an uncertain glance, wondering if he should mention his new alliance with the Swamp Empire. Jimmy smiles at him and tilts his head. It’s like he knows what fWhip is thinking.

fWhip sits down. He watches Jimmy’s expression, hoping that the cod won’t take it the wrong way. It’s not that fWhip isn’t happy about their alliance, but he feels like it’s something that Jimmy should announce to the group. Jimmy’s smile only widens, though, which releases some of the tension in fWhip’s chest.

fWhip is a coward.

Jimmy is the last to present. He waits for everyone to stop clapping, and then he stands.

“Hello!” He says cheerfully. “The Swamp Empire is doing great! There’s plenty of cod in the water and plenty of slime in the farms. It’s been a bit chilly out, but all the plants and cod are fine!”

Jimmy pauses and looks down at fWhip. Heart jumping, fWhip nods.

“The Swamp Empire is happy to announce our new alliance with the Grimlands!”

There are several seconds of dead silence.

And then-

“What?” Scott hisses, his wings flaring.

“What?” Lizzie echoes. She’s glaring at fWhip and fWhip feels faint.

“This is... unexpected.” Katherine says slowly. “Congratulations.”

“Jimmy!” Lizzie says, her voice raised. “Why didn’t you mention this earlier?!”

“It just happened a few days ago.” Jimmy shrugs.

Lizzie does not look happy. “That is no excuse!”

“Okay, maybe this is something the two of you should be discussing privately.” Katherine interrupts.

“Yes, you are absolutely right.” Lizzie says.

fWhip gulps.

Katherine looks nervous as she smiles. “Well, thank you all for joining today! I hope to see all of

you next month. Remember, you can always call on the Overgrown for assistance.”

fWhip murmurs a thanks along with everyone else. The group begins to stand. Most of the empire rulers take their time, no doubt they’re hoping to watch the drama about to unfold.

“Jimmy!” Lizzie says as she stomps over to her brother. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I knew I’d be seeing you here today.” Jimmy answers. Lizzie does not look satisfied with that answer at all.

“fWhip, ay?” Joel asks.

Jimmy nods. “Yeah, he wanted to form an alliance.”

“*He* did?” Scott questions, squinting at fWhip. “Not you?”

“Nope. I’m glad he did, though.” Jimmy answers.

“Everyone is making up! I’m so happy!” Sausage exclaims. “We’re all friends!”

“Hm.” Scott murmurs.

“But he stole your Codfather head!” Lizzie says as she gestures wildly at fWhip.

“That was ages ago.” Jimmy replies. “He gave it back.”

“Lizzie,” Joel says carefully, “fWhip isn’t as much of an ass as he used to be.”

Rude.

fWhip frowns, offended.

“He’s not.” Pixl agrees, nodding. He’s staring at fWhip with a sort of intrigued look in his eyes that fWhip does not like one bit.

Lizzie splutters for a moment and then looks at fWhip. He does not shudder beneath her icy glare, but it’s a near thing.

“Do *not* hurt him!” She hisses, jabbing a finger against fWhip’s chest. “I will end you.”

fWhip swallows. “I won’t. The Grimlands honor their alliances.”

Scott scoffs, but fWhip ignores him. As far as fWhip is concerned, Scott started it.

Lizzie nods. “Good. Ocean’s blessings.”

Paired with the sharp grin she sends him and the dangerous cut in her tone, her words are more of a threat than anything.

The air seems unnaturally still, the other emperors seem to recognize that this situation could have gotten *unpleasant* should Lizzie have decided that her brother needed protecting.

As it is, fWhip feels like a weight was lifted off his shoulder. Lizzie terrifies him.

Peal, amazingly brave and collected woman that she is, is the first to break the silence.

“Jimmy, would you consider forming an alliance with me as well?” She asks.

Jimmy grins. “Of course!”

“I suppose we ought to make our alliance official.” Joel says to fWhip.

“Ours as well.” Pixl adds.

fWhip’s starting to feel a little overwhelmed by how quickly everything has flipped. He manages a smile.

“That’d be awesome.”

Even though the meeting has ended, most of the emperors stick around for another couple of hours as they chat casually or discuss new alliances. Joey and Scott are among the first to leave, Scott quietly slipping away and Joey announcing his departure with flair.

Pearl, Pixl, and Shelbie stick around for another twenty minutes or so before they leave, too. fWhip doesn’t normally like staying around so long, he prefers to have his meetings planned out. Today is the exception, it seems.

“I’m so happy we’re all friends now!” Sausage says. “We should hold our own feast!”

“That would be great!” Jimmy agrees, smiling.

“Yeah, that could be fun.” fWhip says. “A feast for everyone, or just alliances?”

“Who isn’t in an alliance by this point?” Jimmy replies, shrugging.

fWhip does not mention Scott, despite how he wants to, but luckily Gem seems to notice.

“Maybe a feast with just this group would be okay to start with. The last time we had an Empire-wide feast it ended with bloodshed.” Gem says.

fWhip would send her a grateful look, but his pride denies it.

“That’s a good point.” Lizzie replied.

“We haven’t really had events in Mezalia.” Joel muses. “I’ve finally got the Matral Palace finished, I could host.”

“Ooh, that would be so nice! I haven’t been to Mezalia a lot.” Katherine says.

The rest of the group agrees, so Joel says he’ll plan everything out and send out invitations. Lizzie promises to remind Joel to do all of that (and fWhip suspects Joel was so eager to offer his empire because he knows Lizzie’s going to end up doing the work for him).

fWhip leaves the meeting feeling much better than he expected. He really thought he’d die at least two times.

His good mood vanishes, though, when he gets back to the Grimlands and catches sight of his frozen railroad.

fWhip sighs. He needs to fix that.

* * * * *

It takes fWhip the remainder of the day to get rid of all the ice and to fix up his railroad. He’s

lucky he didn't lose too much material when Scott decided to go crazy. His decision to blow up the ice using TNT and then fix the railroad was the correct one (it was very entertaining to blow up Scott's stupid ice... he hopes the elf spent a lot of time on it).

fWhip receives an invitation to a feast at Mezalea only a few days after the meeting at Katherine's. The feast is planned for in a week, and fWhip is actually looking forward to it. Usually he finds big social events with the other emperors to be a hassle at best, but this time it might be nice to meet up with his friends.

And Jimmy.

fWhip does *not* blush at the thought. Jimmy is going to be at the feast, but this does not impact fWhip in any way, no sir.

fWhip fumbles as he places a deepslate block, distracted, and smashes his fingers.

fWhip hisses and yanks his hand up to his chest. He cradles his injured fingers with his freehand as he breathes in and out through gritted teeth.

"Fuck." He swears, glaring angrily at the block.

When he builds up the courage to look at his hand, he finds that two fingernails are already turning purple and one finger is bent in a way that it *definitely* should not be.

fWhip quickly looks away and takes a deep breath. He tries to settle the queasiness in his stomach.

"Ouch." He breathes. "Ouchies, ouch."

He holds his hand up to his chest and uses the other to fumble for the misplaced deepslate block. Just as he's grabbing it, a rocket bangs and startles him. He drops the deepslate block again and barely manages to jump back before it smashes on his foot.

fWhip looks around, ready to tell off whoever was flying so close to him, and finds a familiar hybrid approaching him.

"Hey, fWhip!" Jimmy greets. He comes to a clumsy landing in front of fWhip.

"Jimmy!" fWhip stammers as he forces himself to smile. "What are you doing here?"

"Just poppin' in for a visit, I bring gifts!"

fWhip raises an eyebrow. "Do you always give out gifts for no reason?"

"Yes, but today it's because my Council thought it would be a good idea to thank you for our quick alliance."

Ah. Yeah, that would make sense. fWhip has an idea that his Council and Jimmy's Council are very different. While Jimmy's Council celebrated their - admittedly - spontaneous alliance, fWhip's Council nearly killed him.

"Oh, thanks. I don't have anything for you-"

"What happened to your hand?" Jimmy interrupts.

fWhip blinks and stupidly looks down at his hand. "Uh."

Jimmy takes fWhip's hand and gently moves it from fWhip's chest so he can inspect it. fWhip does his best not to let his brain combust.

"What happened?" Jimmy repeats.

"Dropped a deepslate block." fWhip replies. His mind is still turning slowly, overwhelmed by Jimmy's proximity and the physical touch on fWhip's hand.

"I've got a potion of healing." Jimmy says as he drew a bottle from his inventory. "Here."

fWhip takes a second to process what Jimmy said before he gingerly takes the bottle in his uninjured hand. Jimmy uncorks it for him, and fWhip takes a sip. Healing potions are some of the only potions to actually taste good, so fWhip finds himself downing the whole bottle.

His fingers twinge a little as they fix themselves. fWhip watches Jimmy watch fWhip's hand. It is all very weird and confusing and fWhip's poor brain feels like it is melting.

"Good! All better." Jimmy looks up at fWhip with a radiant smile that has fWhip swallowing.

"Yeah, er, thanks. Why'd you have a healing potion on you and not in your enderchest?"

Jimmy shrugs and waves a hand. "I'm always accidentally hurting myself so I keep them on me."

"I guess you *are* pretty clumsy."

"I'm not that clumsy!" Jimmy immediately protests. "I'm - uh - a normal amount of clumsy."

"Not true."

"No, it is! It is true." Jimmy insists.

fWhip rolls his eyes. "Jimmy, no one else has healing potions on hand and not in their enderchest, unless they're doing something dangerous that they know could hurt them."

"Oh." Jimmy says.

Both are quiet for a few moments, which is all the time fWhip needs to realize that Jimmy is still holding his hand. Quickly, fWhip pulls his hand from Jimmy's grasp. He pretends to inspect his it. He knows his hand will be perfectly fine, healing potions are pretty powerful, but he wants to distract Jimmy away from how flustered he is.

"All good?" Jimmy asks, head tilting like a damn puppy.

"Yup." fWhip's voice cracks. He silently swears at himself.

"Well, now do you want my gifts?"

"Oh, sure." fWhip says. "What'd you bring me?"

"Lots of slime." Jimmy answers.

The Codboy puts down a green shulker box and then looks to fWhip expectantly. To be frank, fWhip doesn't have a need for so much slime, but he still tries his best to look enthusiastic.

True to Jimmy's word, the shulker box is filled to the brim with slime balls. It is an impressive gift, even if it's not something fWhip personally cares about very much.

“Thanks, man.” He says, offering Jimmy a smile.

There are creases along Jimmy’s forehead that disappear as he smiles. He’s relieved, fWhip notices. Did Jimmy actually think that fWhip would - what - reject his gift?

“You’ll have to give me some time to give you a gift.” fWhip says. He doesn’t know what Jimmy could want. Usually he gives out gunpowder to his alliances. The Swamp Empire doesn’t often use TNT, but maybe Jimmy needs more rockets?

“You don’t have to give anything back.” Jimmy says. “It’s a gift, fWhip. The whole point is that you don’t have to repay me.”

“Well, maybe I want to give you a gift.” fWhip says.

To his surprise, Jimmy reddens at that.

“Well, I suppose, uh,” the cod stammers, “I mean, I do like gifts.”

Interesting.

“I’ll get you a gift soon.” fWhip promises.

Jimmy nods so vehemently that fWhip is a little concerned he’s going to give himself whiplash.

“Was nice seeing you, but I ought to get going.” Jimmy says.

“Okay. I’ll see you at Joel’s feast.”

“Mhm.” Jimmy hums, nodding. “Sea ya’ later!”

fWhip watches him ignite a rocket and fly off, and fWhip winces at the sound. Usually it’s polite to move back a bit before lighting rockets because they’re so loud, but either Jimmy forgot about that or he doesn’t care. fWhip would bet a lot of deepslate redstone blocks that Jimmy has just forgotten.

fWhip glances down at his healed hand. If he thinks about it, he can still feel the warmth where Jimmy was holding it.

fWhip starts to feel like he’s being creepy. He shakes his head and busies himself with building.

* * * * *

It takes fWhip about an hour to get ready for a feast. He’s frustrated with himself because it should have only taken fifteen minutes, at most, but for some reason he cannot find a scarf that looks good enough with his outfit.

fWhip lets out an angry sigh as he throws another scarf down on the bed. He paces in his room, quietly fuming. He pauses when he hears a knock at his door.

“fWhip?” Gem calls. “I wanted to know if you wanted to travel to the feast together?”

“Uh.” fWhip looks around his mess of a room. It looks like a scarf tornado ran through it.

“fWhip?”

“I’m not ready.” fWhip replies.

“What?” Gem asks, her voice muffled. “I’m coming in!”

“Wait-”

Gem opens his door (fWhip *knows* he locked it, so he’s going to have a chat with her about invasion of privacy later).

“Uhh.” fWhip says, turning to look at his sister. “Hey.”

“What happened in here?”

“I’m trying to pick out a scarf.”

“What do you mean? They’re all red.”

“They’re different shades, Gem.” fWhip huffs. “I can’t decide which one I like more.”

Gem’s face scrunches as she looks down at the mess of scarves. “They all look the same, fWhip.”

“Well, they’re not.”

“Does it even matter?” Gem asks. She sounds tired, which fWhip finds a little offensive.

“Yes, it matters a lot, okay?” fWhip replies.

“Since when do you care so much about how you look?” Gem questions, squinting at him.

“What’s up with you?”

“Nothing, I just want to make sure my scarf looks nice.”

Gem’s too damn perceptive for her own good. “This is for Jimmy, isn’t it?”

“No!” fWhip says.

Gem’s eyes somehow become even squintier.

“Fine.” fWhip relents, throwing up his hands. “I wanna look nice.”

“Aw!” Gem grins at him. “That is so sweet.”

“Shut up.” fWhip points a finger at her. “No more words from you.”

“My little brother has a crush!”

“You don’t do this when Sausage has a crush!”

Gem rolls her eyes. “When has Sausage ever had a crush?”

“When he-” fWhip breaks off, mouth opening and closing.

Gem’s smile grows smug.

fWhip crosses his arms and turns away. “Whatever. You wouldn’t treat him like this.”

“I definitely, definitely would.” Gem replies.

“Just help me pick out a damn scarf already.”

“What?” Gem sounds taken aback. “You want my help?”

“Yes.” fWhip grounds out. “Please.”

Gem is quiet for an uncomfortably long time, but fWhip doesn't dare turn around to see her expression. He jumps when he feels her hand land on his shoulder.

“Here.” Gem says quietly. She holds up one of his scarves. “This one looks nice.”

fWhip swallows. His ears are burning.

“Thanks.” He says. He wraps his scarf around his neck and looks at himself in the mirror.

“Looking good!” Gem compliments.

Before fWhip can stop her, she leans over, on her toes, and kisses his cheek.

“Gem!” fWhip protests as he pulls away. He wipes his cheek and glares at her as she laughs.

“Get your butt ready, we're going to be late.” Gem says, rolling her eyes. She turns away and marches out the door. fWhip waits a minute before following her.

Together, fWhip and Gem fly to Mezalea. Joel's empire takes his breath away. It's truly magnificent with its magnitude and its structure. It's nothing short of incredible and every builder bone of fWhip's body wants to inspect and awe over every detail. Unfortunately, they're incredibly close to being late and so there's no time to indulge.

fWhip's definitely going to be sticking around after the feast, perhaps without Joel's knowledge, but that's neither here nor there.

He has a feast to attend.

Chapter End Notes

Little bit of a shorter chapter, but I decided I wanted to break it up into two and so there's going to be a third one

this chapter was probably ooc but I really like having fWhip all flustered and I love writing a sibling dynamic between him and Gem and also it's my fic and I do what I want

Hope you enjoyed :D

Cod are Incredibly Stupid

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Mezalian Empire is beautiful, but the interior of the Matral Palace (decorated for the feast) is absolutely *stunning*.

fWhip has to physically keep himself from gaping as they enter the colorful, towering domes. He cranes his neck to see up to the top of the build.

“fWhip.” Gem hisses, nudging his arm. “You look dumb.”

fWhip blinks and lowers his head. He and Gem are the last to arrive, everyone is gathered around the tables.

The actual dining area is decorated nicely too and the table is covered in food. It seems that Joel had tried to involve a little bit of everyone’s cuisine into the feast, because fWhip catches sight of bottles marked as “Wither-Rose Tea” and dishes labeled “Fish Pie (Salmon).”

“Hey, guys.” Joel greets, waving.

“Hello, sorry we’re late.” Gem says. “fWhip took forever getting ready.”

“I did not.” fWhip protests, his cheeks heating.

Jimmy grins. “I’m sure he’s not worse than Joel.”

“Hey!”

“No one’s worse than Joel.” Lizzie says with a roll of her eyes.

Joel turns to his wife, jaw slack.

“Shut your mouth before you catch flies.” Lizzie says.

“My own wife.”

“They’ll argue all night if we let them.” Jimmy says. “Can we eat yet?”

“Sure, now that everyone’s here.” Joel replies, nodding. “There’s no place settings, eat where you’d like.”

fWhip waits back a bit as the others start finding spots to sit around the table. Lizzie and Joel sit next to one another, of course, with Joel at the head of the table and Katherine next to Lizzie. Gem sits next to Katherine. Jimmy sits on Joel’s other side, across from Lizzie, and Sausage sits across from Gem. This leaves one spot left between Sausage and Jimmy.

fWhip has no idea how Gem could have planned the seating, but he still suspects she influenced it.

“Come sit!” Jimmy calls.

fWhip walks to the table and sits down. He ignores Gem’s pointed grin and instead turns to Sausage.

“How’s Mythland doing?”

“Very good!” Sausage replies. “Bubbles did an excellent job while I was in the Spirit Realm!”

fWhip tries to cover his wince by smiling. “That’s great, buddy.”

This time when fWhip catches Gem’s gaze, he sees pain that’s probably reflected in his own expression.

After Gem had killed Sausage with the Staff, he hadn’t respawned right away. There had never been an incident before when someone hadn’t respawned right away, so fWhip and Gem had thought Sausage was dead, permanently.

It hadn’t been a happy time.

“How’s your hand?” Jimmy asks, distracting fWhip.

“It’s fine.” He answers. He holds out his hand and flexes his fingers. “Good as new.”

“What happened to your hand?” Gem asks.

“He smashed it with a deepslate block.” Jimmy answers.

Gem grimaces. “Yikes. Sounds painful. You should be more careful.”

fWhip rolls his eyes. “I’m always careful, Gem.”

“Well clearly you’re not.”

“It wasn’t even my fault.” fWhip protests. “Jimmy’s the one that snuck up on me with a rocket.”

“You did?” Gem asks at the same time Jimmy says, “What?”

Oops. fWhip hadn’t meant to say anything. He turns to Jimmy and shrugs.

“Your rocket scared me.” fWhip explains. “You were, like, six blocks away from me when it went off.”

“Oh.” Jimmy looks like he’s been struck. The cod frowns down at his plate and fWhip curses at himself.

“It’s not a big deal.” He assures Jimmy. “I’ve smashed my fingers plenty of times. Plus, you had that healing potion.”

“I didn’t mean to scare you.” Jimmy says morosely. “Sorry, fWhip.”

“Dude, it’s okay.” fWhip says.

“fWhip tunes out everything when he builds.” Gem says. “Trust me, Jimmy, he puts himself into these messes.”

“I do not.” fWhip argues.

Half the time Gem’s on his side and the other half she’s against him, it’s so annoying.

“Yes, you do. Jimmy, thanks for taking care of my idiot-brother.” Gem says.

“You know, I think you and I would bond rather well over having stupid little brothers.” Lizzie says.

Joel and Sausage laugh while Jimmy shoots Lizzie a betrayed look. fWhip glares at Sausage.

“Why are you laughing? You’re a stupid little brother, too.”

“I know!” Sausage cheerfully replies.

“Sausage has already accepted it, fWhip.” Gem says.

“You guys all suck.” Joel says. “Team Only Childs!”

Gem glances at Joel, her expression clearing. “You’re an only child! That explains so much.”

“If you mean that you understand why I’m so fabulous and handsome and great, then yeah it’s because I’m an only child.”

“I’m an only child, too.” Katherine says. “Joel and I are very different.”

“I used to be an only child.” Sausage says. “Does that count?”

“No, it was only for six years, Sausage.” fWhip interjects.

“Yeah, it doesn’t count. Otherwise, by that logic, Lizzie and I would count because we were only children until fWhip and Jimmy were born.” Gem agrees. “I think you have to be an only child until you’re at least an adult for it to count.”

“You know,” Lizzie says thoughtfully, “I also raised Jimmy. Does that make me a parent?”

“I mean, technically no.” Katherine says. “But I think that you’re an honorary parent!”

“Hear that, Jimmy? You need to start giving me gifts for Mothers’ Day.”

fWhip glances at Jimmy and smiles at the incredulous look on the Codboy’s face.

“That is *not* happening!” He says. “You’re my seabling, not my mother.”

“That’s no tone to take with me.” Lizzie replies, frowning.

“You should ground him.” Joel says through a mouthful of food (oh, yeah... this *is* a feast).

“Excellent idea, husband.” Lizzie kisses his cheek and then looks at Jimmy. “You’re grounded for a week.”

Jimmy splutters. “No, I’m not! I’m not!”

“Keep it up and you’ll be grounded for a month.” Lizzie warns.

“But-”

“Two months.”

Jimmy’s mouth snaps shut. He wrinkles his nose and then ducks his head.

“Okay.” He says sullenly.

His response sends the rest of them into another fit of laughter. fWhip isn't sure how seriously Jimmy's taking Lizzie's punishment, but he figures that Jimmy's not totally joking.

The rest of the feast goes well. The food is absolutely delicious, and the Grimland's cuisine is the best in fWhip's humble opinion. This group is fun and surprisingly easy to be around. fWhip - admittedly - has very little patience for people in general, but he finds that he enjoys the company during the feast.

It's bittersweet when the meal comes to an end and everyone starts to head back to their home empires. fWhip lingers a little to compliment Joel on his builds and to quietly awe at them. Eventually, it's just him, Jimmy, and Lizzie left.

While Joel and Jimmy clean up and fWhip's distracted by the absolutely genius ingenuity of the Matral palace, Lizzie comes up to him.

"fWhip." She greets.

fWhip goes still. He looks at her, heart beating quickly. "Hey, Lizzie."

"You and Jimmy seem rather close."

fWhip swallows. "Yeah, yeah. We're friends now."

"That's good." Lizzie says. "You and I never really had a proper chat after you and Jimmy announced your alliance."

Oh, no.

fWhip's fWhip-senses are tingling - he's in trouble.

"What do you mean?" He asks, deciding to play dumb. "It's just an alliance."

"I've got a feeling it's not." Lizzie replies, an edge in her tone.

fWhip decides his best option is to stay quiet. He doesn't think there's a right answer.

"I've told you before not to hurt him, but I'm telling you again." Lizzie says. "Consider it a warning on behalf of Joel, as well."

"Look, I know that Jimmy and I have been on rocky terms in the past, but we're buddies now." fWhip says. "We have an agreement, he doesn't kill salmon and I don't kill cod."

"I know you want to court him." Lizzie says bluntly, taking fWhip aback.

"I - uh-" He stammers. "Did Gem-"

"Gem didn't say a word, I figured it out by myself. It's not exactly hard to tell." Lizzie tells him, "And I'm not telling you that you can't court Jimmy. As much as I care for Jimmy, I'm not going to control his life like that. Personally, I don't think anyone would ever be worthy of courting him, but really it's up to Jimmy who he'd like to be with. I just want you to know that if you mess with him or hurt him, I will not forgive you. Joel won't, either. As much as we tease Jimmy, we care about him a lot, you understand."

"I do." fWhip says. He does understand. Jimmy is Lizzie's brother. fWhip almost started a war with Scott over him injuring Gem, he can understand being protective over a sibling.

Lizzie nods. “Good.”

“I don’t-” fWhip stops, pauses, and starts again (he needs to word this correctly), “I’m not planning on courting him. There’s a whole lot of drama and complications and I really don’t want to put that sort of pressure on Jimmy.”

“I see.” Lizzie says. Her eyes are narrowed. “Well, I respect your reasons, but I still think you ought to know that if you *did* choose to court Jimmy, I’m sure he’d be absolutely ecstatic over it.”

“Oh.” fWhip’s mind goes blank.

“Mhm.” Lizzie hums. “It was good seeing you again. You make a far better ally than you do an enemy, I hope we’ll have more occasions such as this in the future.”

Lizzie turns to leave and fWhip panickedly blurts, “What about Scott?”

“Scott?” Lizzie asks, stopping. “What about him?”

“Isn’t he courting Jimmy? Or doesn’t he want to, or something?”

Lizzie huffs a laugh, her expression softening. “No, they’re just friends. They did have a sort of date-alliance thing a few months ago, but I don’t think Scott knows what he wants. If he did, I’m sure he would have made another move, or something. Besides, it doesn’t matter if Scott wants to court Jimmy if Jimmy wants to be courted by you.”

fWhip stares at her, mute.

“It really was good seeing you, fWhip.” Lizzie says again.

This time she turns to go and fWhip doesn’t stop her. He turns himself back towards the impressive walls of the palace and pretends to admire them.

His mind is running wild.

fWhip gathers himself and forces a smile on his face. He turns around to face the other three, who are gathered around the now-empty table and chatting quietly.

“Good seeing you guys.” He says. “Joel, thanks for the invite, it was fun.”

“Yeah, it was.” Joel says. “Thanks for coming, man.”

“It was good seeing you, fWhip.” Jimmy says, smiling.

fWhip’s heart jumps when he takes in Jimmy’s earnest expression and catches Lizzie’s knowing eye.

“You too.” He says. “See you guys later.”

A chorus of “Bye” follows fWhip out the room. He takes his time leaving the Mezalean Empire, still intent on studying the beautiful architecture.

When he does finally get back home, far later since the moon started to set, he’s too exhausted to think about his conversation with Lizzie.

In the morning, though, fWhip wakes up super, super confused on what he should do.

* * * * *

fWhip can only stay away from Jimmy for so long before he gets too fidgety. He has thought about his conversation with Lizzie everyday, analyzing everything and trying to decide on a course of action.

He really, really shouldn't court Jimmy. Scott already hates him, and it could mess things up between the two of them should their courting end badly or if Jimmy says no.

And fWhip is terrified that Jimmy will say no.

But he still really wants to go for it.

fWhip's parents used to scold him all the time for being impulsive and acting on his emotion. He's worked hard to stop himself from being like that, but he still makes the same mistake from time-to-time (creating the ravine between the Swamp Empire and Mythland, hiding Jimmy's head in the End, filling his embassy in Rivendell with TNT, to name a few).

fWhip really does not want to make this mistake with Jimmy. He *needs* to be smart and not run headlong into a relationship that he might not be ready for.

fWhip almost, *almost*, asks Gem for advice. He doesn't, though. He has an idea what she'll say, and he thinks that in the end he's the one that needs to make a decision, not Gem.

fWhip tells himself that seeing Jimmy will complicate his thoughts because apparently fWhip's incapable of being rational when he's around the stupid cod.

Despite all of fWhip's logic and self-moderation, he still decides that it is absolutely imperative that he gets more slime. He needs it for sticky pistons (fWhip has more than enough from Jimmy's gift to make the sticky pistons, but it never hurts to have extra). It's also a great reason for fWhip to give Jimmy a gift.

There isn't much that fWhip has that would interest Jimmy, except for rockets. fWhip collects a whole shulker of rockets. Some of them are for flying, some are more decorative - he figures Jimmy could use them for a celebration, or something. At the very least, fWhip will be showing Jimmy that he's serious and sincere in their allyship.

fWhip's twitching with nerves when he starts flying to the Swamp Empire. He nearly crashes three times before he gets to Jimmy's base.

It's a little later in the afternoon, so there aren't many people around when fWhip lands. Some guards eye him as they pass by on their patrols, but no one tries to stop fWhip or speak with him as he makes his way up to Jimmy's base and knocks politely on the door.

"Just a second!" fWhip hears Jimmy call.

fWhip shuffles from foot to foot and plays with his scarf anxiously. He hopes his hair isn't a total wreck after the flight.

"Hello?" Jimmy asks, opening the door. His eyes widen. "fWhip?"

"Hey, Jimmy." fWhip says. His nerves have paused in their rapid firing now that he's caught sight of Jimmy, and instead of feeling nervous, fWhip is feeling concerned. Jimmy's looking a little worse for wear. He seems paler than normal and his skin looks like it's pulled tight over his frame. His hair is limp and a mess and just a little too greasy. Probably the most concerning is the deep,

purple bags under Jimmy's eyes.

“What are you doing here?”

“Needed some slime.” fWhip says slowly. “Also, I brought you a gift.”

Jimmy smiles, but it looks tired. “Aw! You didn't have to do that.”

“I don't mind.” fWhip shrugs. He hands the shulker to Jimmy.

“This is so sweet! Come in!” Jimmy gestures for fWhip to follow him.

They move into Jimmy's base. It's way smaller than fWhip's megabase, but it's actually pretty cozy. Jimmy leads them to a couch that's seated in front of a fireplace and practically drops into it. He takes the shulker box and places it in front of him. fWhip watches Jimmy carefully as the Codboy opens the shulker.

“Rockets! Thank you very much! I go through these so quickly.”

“I know.” fWhip says. “I gave you some fun fireworks, too.”

Jimmy sends him a quick grin and goes back to inspecting the gift.

fWhip stays silent for only a few ticks before he speaks up. “So, how have you been?”

“Uhh.” Jimmy doesn't look up from the shulker. “I've been quite good. How're you?”

“Good, good, can't complain.” fWhip replies. “You sure you're doing alright, buddy? You seem kind of tired.”

Jimmy pauses.

“I haven't been sleeping well.” He admits quietly. He still hasn't looked up from the shulker box and fWhip's starting to get worried.

“No? Why not?”

Jimmy sighs. He closes the shulker box slowly and slumps back into the couch. He raises his hands to his face to rub at his eyes.

“I get bad dreams, mostly about Xornoth.”

“Oh.”

fWhip really doesn't know what to say. He's never been good at the whole 'comforting people' thing. He's more used to making people upset than to helping them feel better.

“What, uh, what about him?”

Jimmy shrugs. “Dreams that he comes back. I'm worried that if he did, I wouldn't be able to stop him from hurting my people.”

“Well, he is definitely not coming back.” fWhip says, without an ounce of doubt. “And you can protect your people, Jimmy, you're not helpless.”

Jimmy lets out a laugh that sounds far more bitter than fWhip is used to.

“I don’t know.” He says. “I couldn’t protect them when Sausage was protected, and without my Codhead-”

He breaks himself off with a shake of his head.

“Without your Codhead, what?”

Jimmy meets fWhip’s eyes and fWhip is stunned by how un-Jimmy he looks. He squinting like he’s trying to hold back tears and his mouth is pulled in a tight line. There is no trace of his unburdened joy and sincerity.

“The Cod Council took my Codhead away because I wasn’t worthy of it anymore.” Jimmy says. “So that means that you- that everyone who said I was a weak emperor was right. I’m not worthy of being the emperor and wearing the Codhead, so how can I ask my people to trust me to take care of them? How can I trust myself?”

fWhip’s gut twists uncomfortably with guilt, but the feeling is overwhelmed by the crushing sadness he feels. He’s not used to seeing Jimmy like this, despondent and upset and hurt, and he doesn’t know how to help him.

There’s not much for fWhip to do but sit down next to Jimmy and be honest.

“I don’t know.” He admits. He continues before Jimmy can break down. “I don’t always trust myself, either. I can be irrational and I have a temper. I’ve put my people in needless danger before, so I understand feeling doubt.

“But, Jimmy, did the Cod Council elect you as the emperor or did your people?”

“My people.” Jimmy answers.

“That Codhead doesn’t make you worthy of being emperor, Jimmy, *you* make you worthy of being emperor. Your people could see that, otherwise they wouldn’t have chosen you to be your leader. You don’t need some stupid Cod Council to tell you whether or not you deserve to be the emperor.

And you’re not weak. You’re probably one of the most stubborn people I have ever met and it’s *annoying*. I used to think you were weak because you’re nice and you fall for my pranks and you’re easy to rile up, but you never backed down when I was picking on you. That’s not something a weak person would do, Jimmy. Hell, you went into the End for your Codhead. Maybe you’re not the best at PVP, but in the end what really matters is who you are as a person.”

Jimmy’s staring at fWhip in a way that makes him blush and avert his gaze. He clears his throat.

“Anyways,” he says, “you’re a good fish, for a cod.”

“You- you can’t possibly mean that.”

fWhip can’t help but roll his eyes. “Do I seem like the type of guy to lie to you to make you feel better?”

“Uh... No, I suppose not.”

“Well, there you go.” fWhip says.

Jimmy blinks. “So you mean that?”

fWhip doesn’t like being ooey-goey, and what he said to Jimmy is definitely bordering on that,

but he meant it and he's not going to chicken out now.

“Course I do.” He says.

“Oh.” Jimmy parts his lips. “I- that is, I think, the sweetest thing I've ever heard in my life.”

fWhip lets out an awkward and choked laugh. “No way.”

“No, it is!” Jimmy insists, shifting forward. He grabs fWhip's arm. “fWhip, that is the kindest thing I've ever heard.”

“Don't tell Gem or Sausage I can be this nice, they'll never let it down.” fWhip weakly jokes.

“It's a new side of you.” Jimmy agrees. “I really do appreciate it.”

Well, at least fWhip can do something right.

“Don't get used to it.” He says, moving to stand.

“Are you going?” Jimmy asks, his eyes wide.

fWhip pauses. He was planning on going, he's feeling kind of vulnerable and he's itching to ignore his complicated feelings by working on some builds.

“Do you not want me to?”

“You could stay a bit longer. I was just about to eat dinner.” Jimmy says.

“More fish pie?”

“Yep!”

fWhip can't help but smile. “How could I say no?”

Jimmy jumps up from the couch and starts for the kitchen. He seems to have regained his usual energy and perkiness, which relieves fWhip more than he expects.

They sit at the small kitchen table to eat. Jimmy's pie is just as good as it was last time.

“I know it's silly to be upset about my Codhead,” Jimmy says, “But I feel like it's part of who I am.”

“It gives you your title, but that's it.” fWhip replies. “You're still you without it, trust me. That head is useless.”

Jimmy interjects with a snort. “It helps me to breathe, it can't be that useless.”

fWhip startles.

“It helps you what?”

“Breathe.” Jimmy says easily. He takes a bite of his food and munches away.

fWhip feels a migraine starting to form.

“Your Codhead helps you *breathe*?” He thinks he's close to a mental breakdown by this point. “Since when?”

“My whole life.” Jimmy answers. “I’m a cod-hybrid, we’re not great at breathing out of water. The Codhead is necessary for long amounts of time.”

“So when I stole it from you, you couldn’t breathe? What about now, how are you breathing now?”

“My original Codhead has great enchantments from the Cod Council. I had to enchant a new head after you stole my original one, so I could still breathe but not as well. The Codboy head has the enchantments from the Cod Council.”

“I-” fWhip breaks off, distressed. “I didn’t know that.”

Jimmy shrugs. “I haven’t really told anyone. Lizzie and Joel and Pix know, I had to let them know why I wasn’t breathing well.”

“Why didn’t you tell me, back when I stole it?”

“Because we were enemies. I didn’t want you to have that advantage.”

“Did you think I wouldn’t give it back to you?” fWhip asks, hurt. “Dude, if I knew you needed it to breathe I would’ve given it back.”

Jimmy’s mouth twists. “I didn’t know that. I thought you would burn it, or something.”

fWhip leans back in his chair. He feels *horrible*. He can’t say that it’s the worst he’s felt, but it’s definitely in the top five.

“I’m sorry I made you think that.” He decides to say.

“It was a while ago.” Jimmy says. He pushes food around his plate with his fork.

It seems they’ve both lost their appetites.

fWhip quietly helps Jimmy clean up. He hovers in the kitchen as Jimmy washes dishes, wondering if he should go or not.

He’s feeling sick because of what Jimmy said, but he doesn’t want to leave yet. He wants to say something to make up for the past, to remind Jimmy why they’re friends now, but he has no idea what.

“Thanks for stopping by.” Jimmy says. “I really like my rockets.”

“That’s good.” fWhip says.

He starts walking to the front door and Jimmy follows. This is the best chance that fWhip’s going to get, he needs to say something.

“I’m glad we’re buds now.” He says, turning to catch Jimmy’s gaze. “I’m sorry we were enemies for a while there.”

“Me too.” Jimmy agrees. “You’re way more fun as a friend.”

fWhip smiles. “Yeah, you too.”

Jimmy opens the door for him and fWhip steps outside.

“Thank you for coming by. It was good to hang out.”

“Yeah, we should do that more often.” fWhip says.

He lingers a second longer because Jimmy, despite how obviously sleep-deprived he is, looks pretty gorgeous in the twilight and fWhip’s stomach is doing that funny fluttering thing and his throat is swelling and-

Well, as said before, fWhip’s never been great at impulse control.

“Do you want to go on a date?”

Both he and Jimmy blink at the question.

“With, uh, with me.” fWhip clarifies, a flush climbing up his neck. “Do you want to go on a date with me?”

“Yeah!” Jimmy says loudly. “Yes, I would!”

fWhip sucks in a breath. “Oh. Good.”

“Yeah,” Jimmy flashes him a wide, toothy smile that makes fWhip feel a little weak.

“Okay, I’ll plan it out.” fWhip says.

They stare at one another and it’s very awkward but also very exciting.

“I’ll see you later.” fWhip says. He takes his rockets out.

“Wait-” Jimmy grabs his arm and pulls him forward and kisses his cheek.

Jimmy turns around and returns to his base with a quick, “Catch ya’ later!” over his shoulder before fWhip can even begin to process what has just happened.

fWhip stands on Jimmy’s porch, hand on his cheek and a dopey smile on his face.

“Huh.” He says intelligently.

He fumbles to get his rockets out and misfires twice before he manages to take off.

fWhip soars towards the Grimlands, giddiness swelling in his chest.

If crash lands on top of his base because he’s so distracted, well, there’s no reason to care.

fWhip’s got a date with Jimmy to plan.

Chapter End Notes

well that's it ... i may add one-shots after because i very much liked this ship but who sees

i had to add some hurt/comfort in there because i'm weak for it lol

it's probably very ooc but uhhh i do what i want lol

as of now i've only seen Lizzie's finale and it was wonderfully devastating - i'm about to watch the others' so pray for me lol ("it's over, isn't it?" from Steven Universe starts playing)

hope you enjoyed :)

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