Sundance Kid

by Starseed (TangoDown1800)

Summary

You joked about McCree behind his back all in good fun but one day you let a name slip in front of him and thought you messed up for good.

Notes

This was posted on my tumblr some time ago and I'm just getting the nerve to post it here. I hope you all like it!

See the end of the work for more notes.
“Hey! Here’s the list,” Mei shoves a paper in your face as soon as you walk through the door.

“The list? What list?” you ask, completely ignoring the paper and walking around her to get to the nearest chair. You trained yourself pretty hard this morning and nearly pushed yourself past your limit. All you cared about was going back to bed as soon as possible.

Mei makes a face at you as you sit down with a groan. “The list of movies we have to choose from for movie night, remember?” She shoves the paper in your face again and you finally take it, your eyes scanning it quickly. “Movie night!”

“Oh,” you say nonchalantly. You had forgotten that every other Friday you all had a movie night to unwind and just enjoy each other’s company.

“You’re the only one who didn’t submit a movie to vote for. Party pooper,” she teases and you roll your eyes. “You should vote for my movie.”

You look a little closer at the list and try to figure out which one she submitted. “Kill Bill?” She looked shocked that you had figured out so easily. “I know you all too well, Mei.” You scan the list again and snicker, shaking your head.

“What?” she kneels next to the chair you’re sitting in and leans in to look at the list.

“Tombstone? Does McCree ever pick anything that isn’t a Western?”

“Of course he does…” You can see her hesitate before you continue.

“The last time it was 3:10 to Yuma…”

“But…”

“And the time before that it was, get this, High Noon.” You chuckle and lean back in the chair, closing your eyes.

“He’s just a little…nostalgic.” You open your eyes to stare down at your roommate and she shrugs.

“Nostalgic? The man looks like he just walked off the set of The Good, the Bad and the Ugly and time travelled here.”

“Oh, just vote for a movie so we’ll have something to watch tomorrow.” Mei finally stands and walks to the door, “I know you like him more than you let on. You better stop teasing him before he overhears you one day.”

You scoff as she giggles and leaves the room. Like him? Please. You tolerated him at best and he made you feel like you were in a bad Twilight Zone episode whenever you were around him too long.

But…

There was something…charming about the way he embraced the Western way of life. And you sort of liked when he called you darlin’. Tombstone is a damn good movie. You shake your head and stand, making your way to your bed. But before you do, you write down the movie you want to vote for on a piece of paper and leave it on the table.
The next day at breakfast, Jesse is the first to greet you as you make your way to sit next to Mei. “Mornin’,” he says, going to tip his hat until he realizes it wasn’t on his head but next to his tray on the table.

“Hey Jesse.” You couldn’t help but to admire how the cowboy looked without his hat covering his face. You felt his eyes on you as you began to eat and looked for any reason to distract yourself. “So, when do we vote for what movie we want?” Patting your pocket, you make the mistake of looking up at Jesse, “I, uh, have my vote right here.”

“Well, since you mentioned it…” he slides his hat to the middle of the table, “Everyone throw your votes in!” He says it loud enough for the entire table to hear and you quickly toss yours in, not looking him in the eye.

“What did you vote for?” Mei whispers to you as Jesse begins the count. You only shrug your shoulders and shush her.

“Well, would ya look at that?” he says happily, slapping his leg, “Looks like we’re watchin’ Tombstone tonight!” Some people audibly groan while others smile and nudge each other. You tried to look as indifferent as possible. “You comin’ this time?” he asks you pointedly.

“Yes McCree…I’ll be there.”

He flashes you a wide smile and places his hat back on his head. “Good. It’s a damn great movie.”

“I know. You’re not the only one who watches Westerns, Sundance Kid.” It slipped out before you could stop yourself. You only called him that when you were talking about him with someone else. Mei sputters into her cup next to you and he narrows his eyes. “S-sorry.”

A grunt was his only response as he stood and walked away from the table. Your roommate slaps your arm and you hold your hands out as if to say, ‘I didn’t mean to’. You couldn’t possibly go to movie night now…everything was already awkward enough.

Mei begged and pleaded with you to go, but you had told her there was no way.

“But you told Jesse you’d be there! I’m sure he’d be disappointed if you didn’t show up…” She tugs on your sleeve but you yank it away.

“I made fun of him… to his face. I’m sure he won’t even notice that I’m not there now.”

She gives you one more pleading look before sighing and sagging her shoulders. “What movie did you vote for anyway?”

“Tombstone,” you say quietly before sitting down on your bed heavily.

You tried sleeping, you tried writing, you tried everything, but nothing could take your mind off this morning and how it must have made Jesse feel. You had to apologize. It was the only way you would be able to sleep tonight.

The darkened lounge was illuminated only by the flat screen TV on the wall. The movie was on one of your favorite parts and you almost forget why you were there in the first place.

“I was wonderin’ when you were gonna show up,” the familiar voice says from your right side.
There he was, leaning against the wall, foot up. He was a walking cliché, but charming.

“I just…well, I wanted to apologize for earlier…”

“For what?” He was teasing now. He just wanted to hear you say it.

“Jesse…you know what for.” You couldn’t bring yourself to say it again.

“Oh, right, for callin’ me Sundance Kid.” He pushes off the wall and stands next to you, facing the TV. “Damn good movie, ain’t it?”

You nod and look over at him, “I really am sorry, McCree.”

“You really think I’m upset about that?” He chuckles quietly and leans in close to you, “I actually kinda liked it,” he admits. “Though I’d rather be The Man with No Name.”

You giggle until someone shushes you and Jesse leads you out into the hall.

“I reckon you like me,” he says and you stammer.

“Ah, you reckon?”

“I do, yes,” he says, flashing you that smile again. “It only makes sense, you know. If I’m the Sundance Kid then you gotta be my Etta Place.”

If you remember correctly, Etta was Sundance’s lover. You look at him, feigning disgust, “Soon you’ll be asking me to run off to Bolivia with you.” McCree laughs. It wasn’t a sound you heard often so you savored it.

“We don’t gotta run off nowhere,” he walks closer to you and takes off his hat, “Though the whole lover part is a requirement.” You look at him, scandalized and he chuckles some more. “I’m kiddin’. I just wanna spend time with you, if you’ll have me.”

“McCree, I…”

“You ain’t gotta…”

“I reckon I’d like that,” you say, taking him by surprise. He was fiddling with the rim of his hat and rocking back and forth sheepishly. “Is Jesse McCree speechless? Well, I just can’t believe it.”

“You sure do like to tease, don’t ya?” he asks, rubbing the back of his neck. “There’s only one thing though…”

“What’s that?”

“I always win when it comes to that game… darlin’.” It was almost as if he knew you liked when he called you that. If he didn’t, well, now he did because you could feel the heat rising to your cheeks. He looks down at you and tsks, “We gotta work on that poker face…” He puts his hat back on and walks back into the lounge, leaving you with your own thoughts and the sound of his spurs.
Chapter Summary

Time to work on that poker face...

When McCree mentioned working on your poker face, you were sure he was joking, but here he was standing in your doorway with his hat in his hands.

“McCree? What are you doing here?” You found yourself smoothing down your hair and clothes. You had been relaxing in sweats and a t-shirt, reading a book.

“To work on that,” he points to your face, “Remember?”

“What’s wrong with my face?” you ask, offended.

“I ain’t mean it like that,” he starts.

“Oh.”

“’Cause you sure as hell ain’t ugly…” You blush and look away, “…but we gotta work on that poker face.” He walks into your room without being invited and you gasp, but you don’t stop him. You rush past him and start tidying up a little.

“I’m sorry for the mess. I wasn’t expecting company.”

“Mess? This is the cleanest room I ever been in.” He looks around then spots the *Once Upon a Time in the West* poster on your wall. “Well, I’ll be…someone after my own heart.” He puts his hand on his chest and looks at you. You both look at each other for a moment then McCree clears his throat and points to the table.

“Take a seat, darlin’.” He pulls out a deck of cards seemingly out of nowhere and sits across from you.

“You just…carry a deck of cards on you?” you ask teasingly.

“Yes, ma’am. Never know when I’ll be in the mood to *play*…”

Your eyes widen slightly.

“…Poker, of course,” he finishes.

“Right,” you say quietly.

“Now, that is exactly why we need to work on it,” he says pointing at you.

“What now?”

“Your face just gave everything away. Once I said a few words to you, you turned as red as a barn and your eyes nearly popped out your head.”
“That’s only because you said something…,” you lower your voice and lean in, “…suggestive.”

McCree leans in as well, his shaggy hair falling into his eyes, “Who said it was suggestive, sweet pea?” He looks at you, one eyebrow quirked.

“I…you…never mind. Let’s just get to it.”

“Have you ever played poker?” You nod. “Texas Hold ‘Em?”

“Yes sir.”

“Not well, I expect,” he blurts out while dealing the cards.

“Hey! I’ll have you know that I have won plenty of games.”

“Fine, but before we start, I have one rule.”

“And that is?”

“You’re gonna have to start callin’ me Jesse.”

“Okay, I can do that, Jesse.” You smile at him and it looks almost as if he blushes.

“Oh, that’s like music to my ears, darlin’.” He holds your gaze, but it gets too intense for you and you look away. Jesse sucks his teeth and shakes his head, “I got my work cut out for me. Good thing I like a challenge.” He winks at you and your face doesn’t reveal a thing.

“We’re off to a good start,” he admits, “But we still got a lot of work to do.”

Your smile drops away and you pick up your cards angrily.

Jesse won the first few hands and was now sitting back in his chair, smoking a cigar, and grinning. “You ain’t gonna beat me.”

“Hm” is your only response to him as he lays his cards on the table revealing a full house. Your shoulders sag and you pout.

“It’s alright, honey. It ain’t like we bet on anything.”

You nod, “Yeah, good thing we didn’t because you would have lost everything.”

“I woulda what now?” Jesse asks, sitting up straighter.

“I said you would have lost everything!” You slam your cards on the table showing your straight flush. “Take that, Jesse McCree!” You stand up and jump around.

“Alright, alright. Calm your lil self down.”

That was the only time you won that day, but it felt good.

“We should do this again sometime,” Jesse says as you walk him to the door.

“How long do you think it will take for me to get my poker face right?”

He shrugs, “I guess that depends on how competent of a teacher I am, don’t it?” You nod and he
steps out into the hall and tips his hat. “I’ll be seein’ you soon.”

“Soon,” you repeat, lifting your hand. You stare down the hall after him and even after he’s turned the corner.

“What are you doing?” Mei asks, taking you by surprise.

“Oh, I was just…” There was no use in lying to her, “…saying goodbye to McCree.

“McCree was here?!”

You roll your eyes and walk back into the room, realizing what was coming. “Yes, he was here.”

“And?” Mei stares at you, wide-eyed and excited.

“We played Poker.”

“Oh. That’s it?” She sounded disappointed.

“Yeah, he says I need to work on my poker face.”

“Sounds like an excuse to me. I think he just wants to spend time with you.” She giggles happily and clasps her hands together. “When are you two meeting again?”

“I’m not sure. He only said soon.”

“He likes you,” she whispers happily with a big smile.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Mei.”

“I’m not. I’m being realistic. McCree obviously likes you.” You only shook your head at her. She was wrong. She had to be.

The next few times you meet with Jesse, it was awkward to say the least. “Something on your mind, sweet pea?” he asks you suddenly.

You look at him over your cards and shrug, “Nothing important.” You pretend to be studying your cards to avoid his gaze.

“It’s important to me or else I wouldn’t be askin’.” He stares at you long enough to make it so you have to meet his eye.

“Fine. Do you have any…ulterior motives for giving me these lessons?” You immediately regret asking when you see the look on his face.

“I hope that ain’t what you think of me.”

You had to fix this. “I only meant that maybe you just like spending time with me?” You blush furiously but maintain eye contact.

“Well, I’d be a damn fool if I said I didn’t, but that’s all I want from you. I’d never ask you for anything other than a little bit of your time, sweet pea.” It was his turn to get flustered. You smirked as he rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly.

“That’s really sweet of you, Jesse.”
“Any time.”

You played for a few more hours, then Mei came into the room and you realized just how late it was.

“Wanna call it a night?” Jesse asks.

“We should. I didn’t know it was so late.” You walk him to the door and open it. He steps out and turns to you, looking as though he’s hesitating to say something.

Suddenly, he leans in close, so close you can smell leather and cigar smoke. You lean in and close your eyes, expecting a kiss, but he only hugs you awkwardly. “Oh,” you chuckle as you pat his back stiffly. When he pulls away, he keeps his arms wrapped around you a little longer then clears his throat and backs away.

“Guess I’ll see you in the mornin’?”

“Yes, of course.” You smile brightly, “Goodnight Jesse.”

“Yeap…goodnight.” He tips his hat and walks down the hall a little faster than necessary, his spurs clinking loudly.

What was that about? You think to yourself. You only shrug and walk back into the room only to be met with Mei staring up at you. “What?”

“He wanted to kiss you!”

“Well, he didn’t and that’s the end of it.” You walk to your bed and lay down.

“Maybe you should make the first move.” You shoot her an annoyed glance. “Don’t look at me like that. You want it just as much as he does.”

“Even if, and that’s a big if, I do…how would I go about it? I can’t just walk up to him and kiss him.”

“I’m sure you’ll think of something.”

You lay in bed for a while and the perfect idea comes to you. Only time would tell if it was going to work, but you were going to try it. It was time to put all that poker face practice to use.

The next morning at breakfast, you spot Jesse and purposely avoid him. You could feel his eyes on your back as you ate and no sooner than you had sat down, the clink of his spurs got closer. He sat across from you and flashed you that lovely smile of his.

“Mornin’, sweet pea. Why you sittin’ all alone?” He waits for an answer that never comes. “You all right?” You only look at him for a moment then down at your food, eating as if you didn’t hear a word he said. Before he can speak again, you stand and walk away, leaving him confused – just the way you wanted him.

You walk back to your room and wait for the inevitable. Ten minutes or so pass then there’s a knock on the door. You smile cheekily to yourself but quickly wipe it away as you open the door.

“Yes?” This is the only time you’ve seen Jesse look so lost. You felt a little bad, but you’d make up for it in time.
“You gonna let me come in?”

You sigh loudly and step aside so he can walk in. “Well?”

“Okay, listen. I dunno if this has something to do with the poker games we been playin’ or if I did or said somethin’ wrong. If you’re mad at me about somethin’ then I’m sorry and it won’t happen again.”

You only blink at him before he continues. “Did I do something wrong? You got me apologizin’ and I don’t even know what’s goin’ on. You gotta tell me somethin’. I’m good at a lot of things, honey, but mind readin’ ain’t one of ’em.”

You scoff and shake your head, walking over to him so that you’re almost toe-to-toe, “Jesse McCree…”

“Yes, ma’am?” He swallows heavily and you can’t believe you’ve got him so nervous. You can tell he’s trying to study your face and figure out what’s wrong, but it’s not working.

“Why haven’t you kissed me yet?”

“Wha-” Before he can finish, you stand on your tiptoes and kiss him, holding on to his shirt so you can reach his mouth a little better. When you pull away, he stumbles a little and his face is flushed. “Boy howwwdy,” he says dreamily.

Suddenly, all your confidence is gone as you stand there realizing what you’ve just done. “I’m sorry. Was…was that okay?”

“Okay? Sweet pea…that was perfect.” He says, the dreamy look still on his face. “Really?”

“You bet your ass.” He paces a little then turns to you, “You had me so worried, darlin’. You got me good. I think my lessons paid off. That poker face of yours works wonders.”

Your heart drops a little when he says that, “So does that mean you won’t be giving me lessons anymore?”

“You kiddin’? Ain’t nothin’ gonna keep me away now…though I may have to start askin’ for payment now.” He walks over to you and places his hat on your head.

“Payment?”

“Yeah, I’m thinkin’ a few of those kisses should do just fine.” He chuckles and pulls you closer to him. “How does that sound?”

“Sounds mighty fine to me, Sundance Kid.”

He laughs again and presses his forehead to yours, knocking the hat onto the floor, “Mighty fine indeed, Etta.” He initiates the kiss this time and when he pulls away there was only one thing you could say:

“Boy howwwwwdy.”
I'm brykortreat on tumblr if anyone would like to find me!

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