Summary

Nick Carraway realizes, upon examination of his feelings, that he is undoubtedly in love with Jay Gatsby. He now has to face these feelings, alongside the unknowable future.

Notes

I... got really into this ok

See the end of the work for more notes

Nick watched from afar as Gatsby floated through the party, greeting various guests with brief and impersonal hello’s. The man intrigued Nick because, though he always held such elaborate parties, he never seemed to care much for the attendees. He would often watch from a distance or flit nonchalantly from one group of people to another, never finding himself too deep in a conversation.

Except with Nick. For a reason that Nick could not understand, the man had seemed to latch onto him. They came from (what Nick assumed to be) wildly different backgrounds, and though they were neighbors, Gatsby was much, much richer than Nick. There was no reason for Gatsby to even notice Nick, the man who lived next door. And yet, he had gone out of his way to get to know him.

Nick didn’t mind, however. Gatsby was always very kind to him, and treated him with respect
despite their vastly different social castes. But he never liked it when Gatsby bought him lunch or paid for things, simply because he felt that the man was only doing it because he pitied him. Nonetheless, they became solid friends. But they became friends for one reason.

Because Gatsby was in love with Nick’s cousin, Daisy. Originally, this fact didn’t bother him. But as time went on, Nick found himself bothered more and more by the idea of Gatsby and his cousin. Firstly, it didn’t make sense that the man could be so in love with a woman he hadn’t spoken to in years. Secondly, he knew that Gatsby was setting himself up for heartbreak. Daisy, though deep down she was probably kind, was also selfish. She would undoubtedly run off, leaving Gatsby crushed and alone. And that was what bothered Nick.

And so, he found himself gazing at the man for the umpteenth time, pondering exactly what made him tick. He barely noticed when Jordan sat down beside him.

“You look happy.” Jordan said, smirking.

Nick hadn’t even realized that he was frowning intensely. He quickly righted his expression. “Sorry, I’m just distracted.”

“I’d say so. What’s on your mind?”

“I don’t know. Just something about the thought of Daisy and Gatsby together bothers me.”

“Gatsby’s naïve. Then again, So is Daisy.”

Nick found himself frowning again. “How do you mean?”

“Gatsby doesn’t see that Daisy doesn’t care about him. He also doesn’t realize that this isn’t love. It’s just an infatuation, nothing permanent.” She sighed. “And Daisy thinks she can keep using him as her little boy toy. She doesn’t care that he’s rich now, or that he’s much better looking than her current husband. She’s got a kid now. Eventually, she’s going to drop Gatsby like a sack of potatoes, and won’t think anything of it.”

Nick found that he had balled up his fists. “Why would she do that?”

“She’s selfish, Nick. Anyone who’s detached from the situation can see that.”

“Does that mean I’m attached to the situation?”

“You’re the bridge, Nick. I may have helped in the beginning, but you’re the one who really brought them together.” She leaned over, her voice quieting. “If you wanted to, you could probably tear them apart.”

“Why would I want to do that?”

Jordan raised an eyebrow. “Seriously? You really don’t know?”

“Don’t know what?”

“Nick, you’ve been staring at him all night. You’re smitten with him.”

Nick sat back abruptly. “Smitten? Jordan, I’m not in love with him. Yes, he’s probably my best friend, and I would give him the world, but I’m not…” He paused, thinking on it more. What did he feel towards Gatsby? It definitely was more than what he felt towards Jordan, or Daisy, or anyone. Could it have been love?
Jordan smirked. “Am I right, or am I right?”

“How could you tell? I didn’t even know.”

“I’m incredibly perceptive.”

“But why would you tell me this? You know he doesn’t like me back. I’m going to be miserable.”

“First of all, you would be more miserable if you continued denying your feelings. Second of all, you don’t know he doesn’t like you back.”

“He’s having an affair with my cousin. I would say he doesn’t like me back.”

“He constantly buys you things and takes you out for lunch. You’re pretty much already on the fifth date.”

Nick felt a twinge inside of him. Was it hope? “So what do you think I should do?”

“I wouldn’t know. I’ve never dated a guy before.”

“Then how do you know so much about what guys are thinking?”

“I know a lot of them, and most of them are pretty easy to read.”

He was about to protest, but decided against it. “Alright, I’ll give you that one.” He paused. “Do I just tell him? How does one confess that they’re hopelessly in love with their best friend?”

“I have no idea. Just do what your gut tells you is right.” She stood up, brushing the wrinkles out of her dress. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, there’s some alcohol that needs my attention.”

Jordan walked off, leaving Nick to fester in his newly defined feelings. He put his head in his hand, sighing. This is not how he expected the night to go. He was undoubtedly in love with Gatsby, and had no idea how to deal with it.

As Nick continued to ponder different options for the future, none other than Gatsby himself appeared in front of him.

“Are you feeling alright, old sport?” Gatsby said, pulling out a chair. “You look glum.”

“It’s… nothing to worry you with, my friend. It probably wouldn’t interest you, anyway.”

“I assure you, your worries are more interesting than half of the stories I’ve heard tonight.”

He considered telling Gatsby everything, but decided against it. He still needed time to mull over his feelings, and think about what it all meant for his relationship with Gatsby. “If it’s all the same to you, I’d rather not talk about it.”

Gatsby looked slightly taken aback by Nick’s response. “Alright. But if it’s something you need help with, I’d be glad to help you out.”

“Thank you, Gatsby. But I think I’ll be able to handle it on my own.”

He was not able to handle it on his own. As time went on, he only felt more in love with Gatsby, while Gatsby seemed to be growing further and further away from him. He soon realized that he would have to tell Gatsby how he felt, else he would be torn apart.
He realized that the perfect time would be the next time he and Gatsby were out at lunch. Of course, he planned it all out, coming up with a whole elaborate scenario in his head. Often times, these scenarios culminated in him and Gatsby passionately kissing for a good ten minutes.

When the lunch rolled around, he began to doubt how this would all work. Mainly because they weren’t having lunch alone. Meyer Wolfsheim would be having lunch with them, shattering every single scenario he had planned for. Nick didn’t trust Wolfsheim in the least, and would absolutely not want to confess his deepest feelings towards Gatsby with Wolfsheim in the room. He had had lunches with Wolfsheim before, and hadn’t exactly come to enjoy them.

And so, Nick found himself seated across a too-small table from Meyer Wolfsheim, with Gatsby on his left. He was painfully aware of the fact that Gatsby’s knee occasionally rubbed against his, each time sending sparks throughout him. It quickly became unbearable.

He stood up. “I’ve gotta go get some air.”

Before he could move, Gatsby stopped him with a hand to his wrist. Because that didn’t turn him on even more. “No, do stay, old sport. We still have yet to order.”

“You know what, this kind of looks like it’s going to be a business meeting, so I should probably just go.”

“Please, stay.”

Nick was startled by how Gatsby’s voice sounded almost like he was pleading. He glanced at Wolfsheim, who looked increasingly confused at the situation. “I assure you, it’s no big deal. We can have lunch at another time.”

Wolfsheim coughed. “You know, you two seem to have something to talk about. I’ll just go. Gatsby, we can have this meeting later.”

Gatsby could see that this was all falling apart quickly. “Right, Meyer, we can talk later about the business in Chicago.”

Wolfsheim left, and Nick sat back down. He hadn’t even realized that he was anxiously tapping the table until he was well into doing it.

Nick cleared his throat. “Gatsby, uh, there was something I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Do tell.”

He took a deep breath, attempting to steady his heart rate. “Well, Gatsby, I…”

Before he could get a full sentence out, a waiter had appeared, informing Gatsby that there was a phone call for him. After the call, Gatsby came back to the table but didn’t sit down.

“I’m sorry, old sport, but I have to go. Business emergency.”

Nick tried to cover up the fact that he felt like someone had stabbed him in the chest. “That’s alright. We’ll talk later, I suppose.”

“We will. Don’t worry.”

They did talk, but it wasn’t for a while. Gatsby was consumed with his work, and so Nick didn’t even see him until the next time he held a party. Once again, Nick found himself alone at a table, eyes coursing through the crowd, desperate to find the man who made his heart race.
The night turned on, but Nick had not yet seen Gatsby. He decided to try to search for him elsewhere, and inquired with one of the servants where he might be. He thus found himself in Gatsby’s study, which seemed to be almost silent as opposed to the party.

“Gatsby? Are you in here?” Nick said as he perused the room.

A moment passed. Then, a voice from up the small spiral staircase. “I’m up here, old sport.”

Nick climbed the stairs, and noticed Gatsby staring dramatically out the window with a forlorn expression on his face. “You know, Gatsby, you’re a hard man to find.”

“I apologize if it seems like I’ve been neglecting you the past few weeks.” Gatsby said, as he turned to face Nick. “It’s just, I’ve been rather busy with my business and all.”

“I understand. Do you have a moment to talk?”

Gatsby nodded. “I have all the time in the world.”

Nick bit his lip. Was this finally happening? “Gatsby, there’s been something I’ve been meaning to talk to you about for a while, that I haven’t been able to muster up the courage to say. Now, if you want to hate me afterwards, I will respect that. But it’s something I have to get off my chest.”

Gatsby paled. Nick had never seen such an expression in his face, which had always been so stoic. “It’s not something bad, I hope?”

“No. Well, I guess that depends.” He took a deep breath, and briefly contemplated running off and never coming back. But he knew that wasn’t the right thing to do. “I’m in love with you. And… and I know you have a thing with Daisy, so you probably don’t…”

“Nick.” Gatsby cut him off. “Is that truly how you feel towards me?”

Nick put a hand to his forehead and turned away, attempting to cover how much he was now blushing. “Yes. That is how I feel.”

Gatsby put a hand on Nick’s shoulder and gently turned him back so that they were once again facing each other. Nick felt his stomach do cartwheels at the sight of the other man’s gaze. “Nick…”

Nick took a step forward, gripping Gatsby’s lapel. After a brief moment’s hesitation, he brought his lips to Gatsby’s in a chaste kiss clearly yearning for something more.

Gatsby solved that problem by kissing Nick back, passionately, intimately. Nick felt himself melting into the other man, and a slight moan escaped as Gatsby kissed him ever harder.

Eventually, they pulled apart for air, and Nick was left breathless. He rested his forehead against Gatsby’s, still in awe of what had just happened.

“I… I thought you and Daisy were…” He muttered, still unable to form a coherent thought.

“No, old sport. It… fell apart, once I realized she wasn’t the true object of my affections. I could never tell if you felt the same.”

Gatsby began to kiss all along Nick’s face, down his neck, evicting a surprised yet not unhappy noise when he bit down on the smooth skin. “God, Gatsby.”

Gatsby paused. “Is it wrong?”
“No, no, on the contrary.” He tried to steady his breathing in order to avoid letting in on the fact that he was wildly turned on. “Keep going.”

At Nick’s prompting, Gatsby bit down on his neck, this time leaving a hickey. Gatsby’s fingers, swift and nimble, began to undo the buttons on Nick’s shirt, exposing more skin. He ran a hand across Nick’s chest and rubbed a thumb across his nipple, causing Nick to shiver.

“Oh, Jay…” He moaned, as Gatsby continued to leave hickeys across his body. Suddenly, Gatsby paused, leaving Nick yearning. “Jay, is everything alright?”

“You’ve never called me by my first name before.” Gatsby mused, his eyes on Nick’s lips. “I… rather like the sound of it coming from your lips.”

Nick smiled as mischievously as he could. “Figured if something is happening between us, I might as well use your name.”


“Fine.” Nick replied, receiving another kiss. “But only if you call me by my actual name.”

Gatsby looked hurt. “I thought you liked being called ‘old sport.’”

“I do. But it turns me on too much when you say it.”

“Really, old sport?”

Nick smiled. “Yes. Now please, for the love of god, keep kissing me.”

End Notes

Haven’t read the book in a while but honestly this is barely paying attention to the canon so

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