

## Out of all people

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# Out of all people

by [bdwaytveito](#)

## Summary

If there's one person I can't stand it is Aaron Tveit. Working with him is a literal nightmare and I don't understand what I've ever done to him. What I furthermore don't understand is why I am his date for the Tony Awards. How did that happen? Maybe I cannot not stand him, maybe I just can't resist him.

## Notes

This whole story is inspired by a prompt by Katherine Steele: "aaron tveit being the only nominee for best leading actor in a musical sounds like the beginning of a fan fic. Like whats gonna happen next ? Your date for the dance cancels & his date for the tonys cancel, so you \*have\* to go together even though you can't stand each other ???"

Yes, Katherine this is exactly what is going to happen. And yes, this story is cringy and meets every cliché of a fan fiction but that's exactly what was suppose to happen.

Also I want to apologise at every single Jeremy Jordan fan and at Jeremy Jordan himself for making him the main villain of the story, I love him dearly, I promise <3

Disclaimer: English isn't my first language, so I'm sorry for the mistakes

We've literally just started dating but it already feels right. His arm around my waist, his hand in my hand, his lips on my neck. I don't know how I got this lucky. Jeremy is the perfect boyfriend: He's smart, charismatic, polite, reeeeeeally handsome and a pure gentleman... did I mention already how handsome he is? And do you know what the best part about him is? He's working in the same industry as I do. We met when I was an understudy at Waitress on Broadway and he played Dr. Pomatter, god I fell in love with his boyish charm and beaming smile right away. So compared to my ex-boyfriend he's really chilled when it comes to working on the weekend and being absolutely exhausted once I come home from work. I'm an understudy and dancer on Moulin Rouge the Musical at the moment and throwing all my energy into my work, so I have to admit that our time for two got cut short quite a lot... but then the pandemic happened. I haven't been on a stage in over 7 months now and I feel like I'm going crazy. Jeremy is literally the only positive thing that happened to me in 2020. We got closer since we both don't have a job at the moment and officially started dating in summer. It was magical and really took my mind of the whole not-owning-money-thing that dangles above me like a sword of Damocles.

Today is one of the first days since March that I and everyone who loves Broadway can look forward to: today the Tony nominees will finally be announced. Due to the pandemic Moulin Rouge is one of only four musicals that can be nominated and so the chances of some of my best friends being Tony nominees within the next few hours is MASSIVE. Jeremy and I have snuggled up on our sofa, blankets around us and a cup of steaming hot tea in our hands. "Oh my god, I am SO excited, can you imagine Robyn or Danny receiving a Tony?!", I ask Jeremy, almost spilling my tea all over him. "I actually can and you better calm down a notch, young lady, I don't wanna get burned." I give him an apologising kiss and return my attention back to the TV as the livestream begins.

Moulin Rouge is absolutely slaying it! It received a stunning total of 9 Tony nominations before the ceremony even hit the performer's category. Me and Jeremy are celebrating like crazy until James Monroe Iglehart announces the Tony for best performance by an actress in a leading role in a musical. My heart stops for a second until Karen Olivo's name appears on screen.

"OH MY GOD YES!", I exclaim and throw my arms around Jeremy. I am so over-excited for Karen that I literally feel a tear streaming down my cheek. I keep on gibbering about Karen being a Tony award nominee that I almost missed James Monroe Iglehart saying the words "Aaron" and "Tveit". I stop right in motion and my whole body freezes.

"Could you rewind that part, please?", I ask Jeremy coldly.

"Yeah, sure." And there it is: Nominated for best performance by an actor in a leading role in a musical... Aaron Tveit... AND NOBODY ELSE!

"WHAT THE FUCK!", I scream and push my cup of tea over, right into Jeremy's lap.

“Fuck y/n, that tea’s hot!!!” I feel so sorry for Jeremy but my mind is absolutely elsewhere... Out of all people Aaron fucking Tveit became an exclusive Tony nominee, this can’t be fair. Don’t get me wrong here, sure, he’s talented, got an amazing voice and what not BUT he is SO annoying. I really can’t stand him, every time I meet him backstage he is so weird. He acts all flirty with literally everyone and is all charming but for some reason with me he’s either completely ignoring me or acting really bitchy. Shit like “try not to fall over during Backstage Romance” or “move over, you’re in my light” is what I have to deal with on a daily and I don’t know why he is like that. Karen actually thinks it because he likes me but, c’mon, he’s not 14, he is a fucking grownup, he wouldn’t be acting like that if he liked me, that’s bullshit.

For the following weeks I can’t stop thinking about the Tony Awards and the unfairness that is Aaron being the only nominee in his category. Like what the absolute fuck is the universe doing at the moment? I keep on complaining about it to literally anybody with ears and mostly to Jeremy, he lives with me, he has no choice but to listen. Today Jeremy and I are invited to a private dance party of one of our former cast mates at Waitress. For the first time in months I can actually look forward to a real event that isn’t online and all I can think about is Aaron’s stupid grin when he will (most likely) win his Tony award.

“I can’t believe how cruel it is that Aaron is the only one nominated while people like Chris McCarrell got completely ignored!”, I complain aloud while putting on my earrings.

“You know what?”, Jeremy suddenly says out loud, “If you’re that obsessed with Aaron Tveit why don’t you go out with him instead?”

“Maybe because I CAN’T STAND HIM?”

“Is that so? Cause he is literally the only thing you’ve been talking about for the last couple of days, I can’t hear it anymore!”, Jeremy starts yelling. I’m kinda shocked how crazy he starts getting. “You know what? I don’t want you to come to the party with me anymore, I need some space of you and your obsession.”

“What do you mean, Jeremy?? They’re my friends, too, I am invited to the party as well you can’t just uninvite me!”

“I sure can!”

“And why is that?”

“Because they’re my friends and you were just an understudy!”, Jeremy screams right at my face.

I feel the tears start swelling in my eyes. I can’t believe he just said that. “... get out.”

“Oh my god, baby, I am so, so sorry, I didn’t mean-“

“GET THE FUCK OUT!”, I yell at Jeremy, tears running down my face. I shove him out of the bedroom and slam the door behind me. “Fuck off and don’t come back!” I scream after

him while sliding down to the floor. I can't believe he actually said that. I thought he loved me and didn't just see me as an understudy...

Right in that moment my phone rings. "Hello?" I answer with a sniffing nose.

"Y/n? Hey, it's David from Moulin Rouge's public relations-department. Are you okay?" Well, I'm not but I literally have no strength to talk about this right now.

"Yeah, I'm fine, all good. What's up?"

"Well, I guess you already saw that we got some Tony nominations. Aaron is obviously also nominated and that's why I wanted to talk to you. He needs like a "date" for the night of the Tonys, we don't want him to sit alone in his room and we'd really love if you could sit beside him. Are you in?"

Please don't ask me what was going on in my head at that exact moment but for some bizarre reason I found myself saying yes.

What on earth was I thinking? Why did I agree to play the date for one of the worst people I've ever met? Have I lost my mind? Well apparently. I'm on a plane to Vancouver right now because Aaron is shooting a TV-show over there and he had the nerve to demand that I have to fly to him. What makes things even worse is that I haven't really been talking to Jeremy ever since our fight but lets be honest, I also didn't want to. He actually went to the party by himself and got completely wasted. He tried talking to me the same night but I just told him to go to hell.

I arrive in Vancouver the morning of the award show which means I actually have to spend the entire day with Aaron... at least I got an amazing dress for free. When I arrive at the hotel I am on the verge of turning around, getting back on the plane and flying back to New York but somehow my feet drag me into the lobby.

"Hi, which room is Aaron Tveit in? He... he's expecting me." I tell the lady at the reception.

"Room 609, do you need your own key?"

"Oh hell no!" I respond and make my way to the elevators. When I arrive in the sixth floor and stand in front of room number 9 I am once again reconsidering my entire life to be honest. "I can't just keep staring at the door, just fucking knock and get over it." So I do. I knock on the door and get greeted by Aaron's stupid grin seconds later.

"Welcome in, y/n."

"Drop the niceties, Tveit." I roll my eyes and push past him.

"Wow, it's nice to see you, too", he spats sarcastically.

“Listen, I don’t want to be here just as much as you don’t want me to be here, so please just leave me alone for the next hours and I promise you I’ll smile into the cameras all the time tonight but for now please, please, let me be.” I turn around heading for the bathroom and leaving a stunned Aaron behind me. That’s going to be an interesting next 7 hours.

I try killing time as much as possible while ignoring Aaron as much as possible but he seems to be everywhere. The room has one double bed and lacks any other furniture except for a closet and a TV. When I come out of the bathroom Aaron is laying on the bed watching a baseball game so I just sit down on the floor with my laptop next to the window.

“The bed is big enough, you don’t have to sit on the floor, you do know that, right?“, Aaron asks me, his eyes still glued to the TV.

“Don’t conceive any ideas!“, I warn him without giving him any more attention.

“Are you fucking kidding me?“, Aaron suddenly bursts out. “Seriously, what have I ever done to you?“

“What you’ve done to me? Are you joking? Aaron, you have been acting like an absolute dick around me ever since I started working on Moulin Rouge! You’ve either been ignoring me completely or you’ve been throwing shit at me all the time so don’t pretend like you don’t know. You’ve done all of this on purpose. I’m not sure what i’ve ever done to you or why you hate me but I’ve accepted it so please just stop making this even more awkward than it already is, okay?“

During my monologue Aaron switched off the TV and turned his attention and body completely towards me.

“You really think I hate you?“ He actually looks hurt. “Do you actually think that you would be right here, right now if I hated you?“ His voice kinda breaks at the last sentence.

“I am here because the public relations-department asked me to“, I defend myself.

“And who do you think asked David to call you and ask you to come to Vancouver?“ I am completely stunned. Why on earth would Aaron want me, out of all people, to be his date for the Tony Awards? This doesn’t make sense.

“Is this some sort of prank you’re playing on me? Because it is so not funny, Aaron. I should have never come here, you can accept your award by yourself, honestly it shouldn’t be that hard since you’re the only one nominated! You don’t even deserve it!“ I spit at him and return back into the bathroom just to get away from him. This stupid idiot, why does he always have to make me feel like such a loser? Apparently men just never grow up...

About 47 minutes into my self-pity-party inside of the hotel bathroom I start feeling shitty. I recalled my conversation with Aaron over and over again and I’m at the point where I want

to punch myself for the last sentence I said to him... of course he deserves the Tony Award, he probably deserves it more than anybody else, just because I was bitter as hell doesn't mean that I should be allowed to throw something like that at Aaron. I need to apologise.

I slowly open the bathroom door and peer into the hotel room. The room is completely silent and since the sun went down the only source of light are the skyscrapers outside. For a second I think I am alone until I spot Aaron sitting on the side of the bed. When he notices me he turns his head towards my direction and his face gets illuminated by the bathroom-lights. His cheeks are wet and his eyes look glassy, oh god what have I done?

"You were right..." His voice breaks. "You were right about everything."

"Aaron..." I walk over and sit down next to him. I hesitate at first but then put my hand on his shoulder. "I wasn't right, I was stupid and angry but not at you... not entirely at least." The truth is I was also still angry at Jeremy and Aaron was the only one there to bear the brunt.

"You have all the right to be mad at me, honestly. It's true, I did act like an absolute dickhead around you but when I'm telling you that I wanted you to be here, you have to believe me. I never hated you..." He looks up and his blue eyes meet my y/e/c ones. "Plus, I really don't deserve this Tony, right?"

"Aaron, no..."

"Yes, it's like winning a race with nobody starting, it's bullshit."

"AARON STOP!" I grab him by his shoulders and make him look right at me. "You deserve this Tony more than anybody in this world. You deserved this Tony ever since you played Gabe on Next To Normal! You are an amazing actor and an even better singer so don't you dare thinking that you don't deserve this award because you absolutely do!" He tries looking away but I grab his face and make him look into my eyes again. "You will win this Tony tonight not because you are the only one nominated but because you deserve it and I will remind you of that for the rest of the evening." I genuinely smile at him. Though he still look absolutely devastated a small smirk forms on his lips.

"After all I've done to you, you really believe in me?", he asks me.

"It seems so", I start laughing and finally Aaron is giving me one of his famous beaming grins.

"Thank you, it really means the world to me." He grabs my hand and I let him. "Since we're already at believing each other could you please also believe when I say that I've never hated you? It's actually pretty much the opposite-", suddenly Aaron's phone is ringing.

"Hello?... Oh, hi David... Yes, she's here... We're about to... okay, yeah sure... Thank you, see you later." Aaron ends the call and looks over to me. His left hand is still attached to mine.

“That was David, the show starts in an hour, we should get ready... You can have the bathroom, I’ll just need to change.”

“Cool, thank you.” We let go of each other’s hand and start moving. I’m getting my dress and make-up bag and make my way into the bathroom. I look into the mirror. My cheeks are red as fuck, I blushed like crazy and my hands are shaking a little bit ever since they lost their contact with Aaron. What the hell is wrong with me? Why does he make me feel that way? Is he showing... I can’t believe I’m saying that... human feelings? I feel a slight panic attack rising up. Get a grip, y/n! Think of all the times he’s been acting childish around you... but I can’t stop thinking about what he had said before David called. He never hated me, his feelings were the opposite... Does that mean that he LIKES me? Does that mean that Karen was right after all and he was just angering me because he secretly liked me? Oh Jesus Christ how am I supposed to keep a straight face sitting next to Aaron during the Tonys?

Despite my steadily rising heartbeat and shaking fingers I succeeded in looking more or less presentable. My dark blue dress is hugging my hips tightly and my make-up and jewellery match the silvery highlights of my dress. After taking a final deep breathe I open the door and step back into the hotel room. Aaron is wearing a dark blue tuxedo and brown dress shoes. His hair is gelled up and he’s finally back to wearing a huge smile on his face. Holy fuck, he looks gorgeous.

“You look... absolutely stunning!” His eyes wander up and down my body. “I knew the dress would suit you perfectly.”

“You knew which dress I’d be wearing?”, I ask him. I feel my cheeks getting hotter the more he eyes me but thank god the massive layers of make up are destroying the evidences of me blushing because Aaron Tveit complimented me.

“Uhm... yeah...”, He looks down at his feet. “I sort of picked it.”

“You picked out my dress?”

“Yeah. I figured we’d both look good in dark blue but if you don’t like it I am really sorry, I guess we still have time -“, he starts gibbering nervously.

“No! It’s perfect! I love it! Thank you“, I smile at him and he offers me one of his adorable smirks.

“I ordered some champagne, I guess the show might be quite boring since there aren’t any real performances and everyone is just chilling at home, so I figured we can at least have some fun.”

I take the bootle from his hand and pop the cork. “Let’s go then!”

One hour and four glasses of champagne into the show Aaron and I are quite a bit tipsy. The show is, as expected, not the most exciting show of all time, there’s mainly speeches about



the history of the Tonys and of the ongoing pandemic, which honestly I can't listen to anymore. "Aaron, you gotta stop drinking, you have to hold a speech in an hour."

"I MIGHT have to hold a speech and as you said it's in an hour, I have more than enough time to sober up until then." He winks at me and pours himself his fifth glass. We're not really paying attention to the show, we're only watching when an award is actually presented and as expected Moulin Rouge is winning one category after another. Aaron and I are mostly talking and laughing and being silly. The more alcohol gets poured into our systems the less space is between us. At some point my entire body is gravitating towards his touch and I can sense that he's also searching for excuses to seek body contact. A pat on the shoulder here, a hand on my knee there. But it's never enough, my brain is going into a complete meltdown and I'm sure it's not due to the alcohol (at least not entirely). I was wrong. Like really wrong. My opinion of Aaron has completely changed in the past hours and I actually like him... like I really like him... fuck, I might actually like him a lot. My mind is racing around him entirely and holy shit, he is so close, every second his face gets nearer to mine. I can smell the alcohol on his breath, my eyes are fixed on his lips.

"Aaron?"

"Yes, y/n?", he asks without withdrawing at all.

"Before David called earlier..." I'm gonna do it. I will finally ask him the question that has been burning the back of my head for the past 2 hours. "... what did you want to tell me?"

"Before David called?" His eyes flicker. "I wanted to tell you how I don't hate you. Really."

"Anything else, maybe?", I ask tenderly.

"Well... I guess I also wanted to tell you..."

**"And the nominee for best performance by an actor in a leading role in a musical: Aaron Tveit!"** I hear Neil Patrick Harris say. Both Aaron and I turn our heads abruptly towards the laptop and see ourselves on the screen. Sitting next to each other. Way too close. And way too obvious to the world. Aaron, as the fucking professional that he is, is turning towards the laptop camera, smiles and waves towards the "audience".

"Aaron, how are you doing?", Neil asks over the laptop.

"I'm really good, it's such an honour to be nominated for a Tony Award especially in such wild times, I consider myself really lucky." Suddenly Aaron's hand found mine once again. He squeezes it and his thumb brushes over my knuckles. If I didn't already look like a mess thanks to the champagne and Aaron's general body heat I'm pretty sure I do now. All the blood in my body is rushing into my cheeks at once and I feel like the heater just got turned up to hell-level-temperature.

"And I see your co-star y/n joined you for this special night. Tell us, y/n, why did you accompany Aaron on this special evening?", Neil asks me with a wink. Since my brain had disconnected from my body today my answer is exactly as embarrassing as you'd think.

“Huh, well, I’m just here to support him I guess?” I internally cringe at myself but thank god Aaron squeezes my hand even tighter. “He obviously deserves this award so much and I want to celebrate his nomination with him.” Boom! Brain reconnected.

Neil continues the show and explains why Aaron is the only nominee in his category while our microphone is off once again.

“Before David called...” Aaron turns towards me once again despite the camera still capturing us. “I wanted to tell you how much I like you. Always have and always will. God, no woman has ever made me so nervous around them so I guess that’s why I acted so strangely. I didn’t really know how to deal with it or how to show you but the truth is: I never liked someone as much as I like you.”

I am completely speechless. Like not a single word forms in my head and all I can do is stare at Aaron. Aaron, who just laid out his feelings for me while our faces are getting broadcasted literally all over the world. The man I’ve been spending every single thought on in the past few days, the man who made my cardiovascular system fail the entire day, the man I want to kiss like I never wanted to kiss somebody in my life.

**“And the Tony award goes to...”**

“I like you, too“, I whisper underneath my breath.

**“Aaron Tveit!”** And just like that the lips of a freshly announced Tony Award winner are pressed against mine.

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