

Author's Note: Originally written after my daughter had Old Town Road on continuous replay in the house. The scene fell into my head, and I decided to play with it to break up the tension of writing the basement scene in Enforcer's Revenge. I always knew Wyatt could dance, otherwise he wouldn't have been quite so confident and excited to go out dancing the night Chuito won his title belt, and I always knew Chuito was surprised to discover that fact, but I never had a place to put that information 😊

Once I started working on it, by surprise, within a few hours, Joana started posting videos to the main Kele Moon FB group of cops and cowboys dancing to. . . Wait for it. . . Old Town Road.

I figured the universe was telling me to finish it. . . So I did. This is cute, and fun, and a little cheesy. It'll likely never go anywhere but this site, but I am still so very glad it exists in the world! Thanks, Joana, for unknowingly making it happen.

Line Dancing

A Chuito/Tino Bromance Outtake

Garnet, Kentucky

June 13<sup>th</sup>, 2012

“I have a personal problem I need to talk with someone about,” Chuito confessed as he spotted Tino on one of the weight benches in the back corner of the Cellar. Since this was Tino and his attention tended to drift, Chuito clarified, “That someone is you, *Cabrón*.”

“I hear you.” Tino put the barbell back. He stayed sprawled out on the bench and laced his hands behind his head casually. “Hit me, brother.”

Chuito sat down on the other bench. He rested his hands on his knees and looked at Tino steadily. “I’ve been considering talking to you about this for a while, it’s just hard to admit out loud.”

Tino sat up and turned to face Chuito. “I’m actually great at this, you know? People love telling me their secrets. When I was a

teenager, man, every girl I knew, and half the guys in my crew came to me with their telenovela drama.”

Chuito quirked a skeptical eyebrow.

“It’s true.” Tino didn’t blink when he said it. “I fix shit, motherfucker.”

Chuito rubbed at the back of his neck and finally confessed, “It started when I won my first title belt. We were in Vegas and Wyatt wanted to go out--”

Chuito stopped talking when Tino leaned in closer.

“Please let this be good,” Tino prayed in response.

Chuito scooted back, since Tino was still in his personal space, but started talking again, “He wanted to go to some redneck place for line dancing, but I said, ‘Nah, I need to represent.’ A Latin club was the only option if I was going out. I couldn’t show up at some hoedown, barn shaped club off the strip on the same night I won my title belt.”

“Absolutely, I’ll never argue with you about that. You made the right decision,” Tino agreed like he meant it. “You had to do it. Wyatt had to go to that club, even if you were forced to witness something truly traumatizing. How fucking wrecked was it? Do you need tips on how to forget shit, ‘cause that’s one of my specialties?”

“That’s just it.” Chuito gave Tino another long look. “It wasn’t that wrecked.”

Tino was quiet for a long moment. “What?”

Chuito confessed one of his darkest secrets to the only man in Garnet who could understand. “I think Wyatt can dance, like I have to actually acknowledge it as a thing.”

Tino tilted his head, a smile of disbelief tugging at his lips. “Chu--”

“I’m not lying.” Chuito fought to hide his own smile. “That motherfucker can dance. He goes line dancing every Tuesday over at Topsy Boots in Mercy.”

Tino looked over to the cage on the other side of the Cellar where Clay and Wyatt were not-so-playfully fighting. Then he turned back to Chuito and said, “Today’s Tuesday.”

“That’s right, motherfucker, it sure is.”

“You’re doing this to me?” Tino whispered in awe. “I won’t ever be able to unsee it, you know that? You are literally going to force me to drown with you after I see this shit.”

Chuito smiled. “I can live with that.”

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Chuito didn't make it over to Tippy Boots that often, but it was a popular hangout as far as backwoods Kentucky went. Sometimes, Alaine would meet up there with old high school friends, and Chuito would use the excuse of being her designated driver to be there in case some drunk, redneck motherfucker decided to get handsy.

Overall, though, it wasn't his place.

The whole room was cowboy hats, boots and women in cut off jean shorts. Smoke hung heavy in the air, because unlike Garnet, which passed a no-smoking ordinance (Jules probably had something to do with it), Mercy still let its citizens smoke just about anywhere, which never stopped being weird to Chuito.

Worse, the smell of tobacco and sawdust kind of reminded him of hanging in warehouses back in Miami, which was its own special kind of problem. The scent hit him right in the face when they walked in, making him both nervous and nostalgic for a life he shouldn't miss as much as he did.

"You're driving home," Chuito decided as they started making their way towards a table by the dance floor. Usually, he was stuck drinking water in the corner of the bar waiting for Alaine to finish with her friends, but not tonight. "I'm getting drunk."

Tino stopped walking when a guy next to him spit chewing tobacco into a cup. Rather than keep moving, Tino stared down at

the twenty-something guy holding the red spit cup in one hand and a beer in the other.

“Did you hear me?” Chuito asked Tino, because seriously, he got distracted easily.

“What, yeah?” Tino assured him, still staring at the guy like he expected an apology. When he didn’t get one, Tino kept walking, but started complaining loud enough for the man to hear. “It’s like spitting in my fucking face when they do that. I can hear it. We all hear it.”

Chuito sighed as he followed behind Tino. “You sound like my mother bitching about it all the time.”

“Because it’s disgusting.” Tino was still speaking extra loud over the music, likely hoping the guy could hear him. “Single worst thing about living here...motherfucking chew.”

“I’m getting drunk tonight,” Chuito repeated for a second time. “You’re driving home, Cabrón.”

Tino had stopped walking again, this time looking towards the dance floor. A giant smile spread across his face. “Oh, cazzo, look at this.”

Chuito followed his line of sight, seeing Wyatt, cowboy hat and all, front and center line dancing. Wyatt didn’t even seem to mind the smoke, just smiling and dancing between two women

easily twice his age, pretty typical of Wyatt, everybody's hometown hero.

Tino stood there on the edge of the dance floor, arms folded, watching like he had the right to be both Wyatt's judge and jury on dancing. Chuito wasn't as interested, he had seen Wyatt's dancing one too many times already. He spotted Clay sitting at the table on the other side of the room and didn't look back to see if Tino was following.

"Hey, buddy, what are you doing out here?" Clay asked in surprise when Chuito fell down in the chair next to him.

"Tino didn't know about line dancing Tuesdays." Chuito raised his hand to get the waitress's attention. "I'm surprised to see you here too. I thought you hated this place."

"Jules's being laid up with Romeo means I'm his designated driver," Clay sighed and took a long drink of his water. He shook his head. "Now with her being pregnant and married--"

"This could be your full-time gig," Chuito filled in for him, and when the waitress showed up with a big smile on her face, he ordered, "Please tell me you got your liquor license. I need a shot of Patrón and a bottle of water, in that order."

"It's still beer and wine only," she said with a wince. "Sorry."

Chuito sighed in frustration. "Just give me a Corona."

“You got it.” She winked at Chuito and turned to Clay.  
“Another water, Powerhouse?”

Clay shrugged. “Sure, why not?”

Tino was still smiling as he found their table and sat next to Chuito. “I’m very sad Rome’s still lying in bed recovering and binge-watching Netflix with Jules right now. He needs to see this.”

“Well, Wyatt’s been doing it every Tuesday for the past five years. He’ll have the chance to see it once he’s feeling better.” Clay took a long drink out of his water bottle. “Wyatt’s a creature of habit.”

“Someone needs to film this immediately,” Tino decided for them. “We’re going to put it all over social media. This is something that needs to be shared with friends and family.”

“That’s the worse fucking thing you could do. It’ll just go viral, and he’ll be even more cocky and annoying than he already is.” Chuito winced even as he said it. “Watch Hot Cop do the Honky Tonk, or some mierda. It’d be fucking awful, I promise you.”

“That would be awful,” Tino agreed, wincing with him, and then looked for the waitress. “Hey, what’s to drink? I need a Jack and Coke to start this party.”

Chuito gave him a hard look of disbelief. “Motherfucker, you’re driving!”



“Fuck off,” Tino snorted, like the idea was ridiculous. “We’re in your car, asshole.”

“We already discussed it—twice,” Chuito assured him with confidence because it was mostly true. “I’m drinking, you’re driving. Besides, there’s no Jack and Coke out here, only beer and wine.”

“And water,” Clay added helpfully.

“Might as well be,” Tino grumbled, appearing annoyed for about ten seconds as he looked out to the dance floor, watching Wyatt dance with the two older women. His leg started bouncing to the music, like sitting on the sidelines went against his core DNA, even without the Jack and Coke. After a few more minutes, he whispered with conviction, “I could do that, you know?”

Chuito just stared at him. “Why would you want to?”

“Yeah.” Tino decided just as the song switched, and Wyatt spotted them. “We’re doing this.”

Chuito looked to Clay pointedly. “We?”

“Oh, he’s not talking about me,” Clay assured him. “I don’t dance. No one wants to see that.”

The waitress dropped off their drinks just as Wyatt came up to their table, flushed and sweaty. He took off his hat, and wiped at his glistening forehead, grinning. “This is a surprise. What are y’all

doing out here? Tino, I don't think I've ever seen you at Topsy's before."

"Yeah, I didn't know this was going down." Tino gave him a wide, amused smile and forced a slice of lime into Chuito's bottle of Corona. He took a long drink of the beer and said, "Chuito wanted to try line dancing, and I thought, 'Why the fuck not?' Nothing else to do, right?"

"Well, okay then." Wyatt reached over and hit Chuito's shoulder, looking truly pleased. "You should've told me you wanted to learn. I would've taught you a long time ago."

Chuito couldn't believe it, and Wyatt looked so happy about it, he couldn't argue. They were just supposed to show up, have a few beers, laugh their asses off and go home. Now Tino sat there drinking his beer, acting for all the world like this was exactly how it should go down.

In the end, Chuito had to worry about assholes *posting videos of him* on social media. He woke up nights, covered in sweat, stressed about it. He just knew, out there somewhere, were videos of him learning motherfucking line dancing from Wyatt "The Deputy" Conner.

Chuito's karma, as usual, was in full throttle.

