

why don't you do right?

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why don't you do right?

by [ImJustPassingThrough](#)

Summary

"This is the point where I let you go, tell you good-bye." Shrugged Oswald, "but... even I'm not that cruel."

Ed frowned, (was he even Ed?) "what?"

"Stay. And, by staying, it means you become my lounge singer." Smirked Oswald.

Go out and be at a total loss, weak and at an all time low? Or, stay here, figure out he is, and be a lounge singer for Oswald? He takes it all back, that was the worst punishment that could have been bestowed upon him.

Or;

Edward is given an option, and he takes the smarter one. Being a lounge singer for The Iceberg Lounge.

Notes

So, the main focus IS Ed/Oswald, but why not throw the other two in too, huh? Sure, no relationship is confirmed really, but hope you enjoy, because I was re-watching 'Who Framed Roger Rabbit?'.

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

"I've changed my mind." Oswald said, stopping Victor Fries from freezing Ed again, despite Ed being very willing to freeze. "I'm not gonna freeze you. I would only be freezing Ed Nygma. Who cares about that?" Laughed Oswald, "no. A better revenge is having you live, knowing that you are not him, and you never will be again."

And that was the worst punishment that could have been bestowed upon him. He has identity issues anyway, and now this? "Who am I?" He whispered helplessly, eyes confused, and lips pulled down at a loss.

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Quiet chattering, and cool air surrounded The Iceberg Lounge, the tones a cool blue, and an alcohol bar. There was a stage with blue lights, and a blue curtain drawn back, as a pianist played some classical music.

Oswald sat in a booth, secluded, yet could still see the stage, Victor Zsasz was to the side, guarding, Jim and Harvey sat opposite of him, questioning him. They were asking about Edward Nygma, where he was, and what he was going to do.

Swirling the champagne, Oswald shrugged, "I'm sorry detectives, I can't *really* help you."

"You have to know something, Penguin," Jim demanded.

Oswald stared, eyebrow raised as he looked at Harvey. Sure, him and Jim he understands, the two have a weak friendship, but he and Harvey have nothing, "you must be truly desperate to come to me."

Harvey scoffed, tipping down the whiskey, "wasn't my idea." He was dragged here by Jim.

Jim scowled, "you know something."

"Of course I do, but well. Would you believe me if I said he works for me?" Oswald asked, a smile on his face.

"No." Jim's answer was honest, and blunt, straight to the point.

The two sets of curtains on the stage closed.

Oswald smirked, "well he does. He's a lounge singer now. Sings all this sexual songs," he gripped the neck of the glass, "*flirting* with guests." He smiled, "he's on next, and I can't help but wonder what he'll sing."

"Why not give him up?" Jim asked, annoyed, "he tried to kill you, three times was it? Four? And you froze him. And now, you offering him your asylum?"

"Sounds about right, yes." Agreed Oswald, nodding with a smile.

Jim scowled, "forgive me if I don't believe you."

"You're forgiven." Smiled Oswald.

The lights went dim, and the first set of curtains were pulled back, and everyone clapped and whistled, howling like dogs. Oswald grinned, and Jim frowned. Harvey was the one who asked, "what's up with everyone?"

"Nobody missed when Ed performs." Shrugged Oswald, "he dresses up in a black suit, sings some song such as *You Don't Own Me*, and struts about the stage, flirting, like I said."

"Well, this'll be fun." Harvey said, rolling his eyes, not being able to imagine Ed in such a way. Jim hummed in agreement.

A single spot light was pointed at the curtains, and Jim sighed, getting ready to see whatever Ed had in store. It seemed Oswald was the same, as if Ed never told him the songs he sang, and it was true. All the songs Ed picked were picked to rile Oswald up, and nine times out of ten, it worked.

"*You had plenty money, 1922...*" Came a deep, sexual voice, and from behind the curtains came a well toned leg, wrapped in skintight green, and black shoes which somehow slimmed the mans foot, and a chest appeared at the top, well toned pecks peering through the curtains.

Oswald and Jim looked shocked, and Oswald swallowed. Harvey blinked, suddenly finding himself questioning his sexuality.

The curtains pulled open, as the man walked through, and there stood Ed, with well toned legs, wrapped in skintight green, and black shoes which somehow slimmed the mans feet. He wore a green, sparkly blazer, open and a white undershirt also opened, showing off his small, yet very visible abs, and he wore purple, leather gloves. His dark hair was styled, curled in such a way, it covered one eye, and wore mascara, a light pale peach lipstick to give that gloss affect. The musicians kept playing, despite men and women groaning in pleasure.

"*You let all the women make a fool of you,*" Ed sang, hands on his well toned hips. He walked to to one side of the stage, "*why don't you do right?*" He leaned his back on the wall, and slowly slid down it, so he was doing a variation of a squat, looking out at the sea of people with narrowed, sexualised eyes, "*like some other men do.*"

Harvey and Jim slowly looked to Oswald in shock, looking like they were both going through some serious consideration of their sexual preferences. Oswald looked just as shocked,

usually, Ed just strutted and sang in a modest black suit, this was... this was new.

Ed strutted to the other side of the stage, hands on hips still, looking down to the people. A man leaned forward on the stage, practically drooling, and Ed scowled, *"get outta here."* He sang, and kicked the man back in his seat, *"get me some money too."*

Harvey looked over to Oswald, his mouth open in shock, "that's Edward Nygma?"

"Miss Kringle's and Isabella's boyfriend... the one who had that weird number one fan, Myrtle Jenkins?" Jim added, as if to make sure that it is *the* Edward Nygma.

"Yeah," sighed Oswald, "what lucky girls." He dreamily reached over, pushing Harvey's chin up, snapping his mouth closed.

"You're sittin' down and wonderin' what it's all about," Ed sang, pushing up on the wall, standing. *"If you ain't got no money, they will put you out."* He moved to the middle of the stage, with swaying hips, *"why don't you do right? Like some other men do."* He looked around the room, a dark seductive look in his eyes, and looked to Oswald's table, *"get outta here, get me some money too."*

Harvey's breathing hitched, and Jim tensed, while Oswald threw back his drink, all three hot and bothered.

Ed smirked, and moved down the runway, hips swaying, and looked down at all the patrons of the lounge. *"Now if you had prepared twenty years ago,"* he sang, dragging his feet up the back his leg, showing off the slender muscle. *"You wouldn't be a-wanderin' now from door to door,"* people looked up to him amazed. He turned to see a woman standing up to get closer to him, and Ed, without a second thought, put his gloved hand on her forehead, *"why don't you do right?"* He sang, pushing the woman back in her seat, *"like some other girls do."* He changed the lyrics to match what was happening.

Ed suddenly was in front of Oswald's table, but had to climb up three steps. Zsasz, his usual pale face flushed a pink dust, immediately took Ed's expectant hand, helping him up the steps. *"Get outta here,"* he sang, now at Jim's side, and painfully, sexually, yet still condescendingly pulled at his hair, and Jim gasped. *"Get me some money too."*

Ed moved over to Harvey, hand on his hip, giving a flirtatious look to Oswald, who looked annoyed and angry, shuffling to hide the obvious tent in his pants. He sat in Harvey's pants, ignoring the tent in the detectives pants, and ran a hand under the man's jacket, *"get outta here."* He sang, pulling Harvey's hat off and went in as if to kiss him, *"get me some money too."* He shoved the mans hat in his face, and moved over to Oswald last. Harvey pulled the hat from his face, putting it on his head.

Ed sat on the table, kicking up a long leg, and in full view of everyone, *"why don't you do right?!"* He sang, coming to the climax of the song. He rolled on his hips so he was facing Oswald, *"like some other men."* He leaned forward, and gripped Oswald's tie, pulling the man up. Ed's peach painted lips so close to Oswald's cold lips, so close, so close to a kiss, and people groaned and moaned at the sight, and Jim and Harvey looked like they just creamed their pants. Oswald stared eyes wide in shock, and a dark blush on his cheeks. Ed paused, and

sang, "*do...*" He pulled back, the tie slipping between his fingers, as he walked past a hot and bothered Zsasz, up to the catwalk and back to the main stage, all while swaying his hips, hands on said hips, and still singing the final note, the song coming to an end.

The curtains closed.

Everyone cheered, and clapped, whistling and howling like dogs.

Oswald sat there, shell shocked. Harvey was no better. And neither was Jim... or even Zsasz!

"Welp!" Harvey let out, "I can see the attraction!"

Jim huffed a laugh, "yeah!"

Oswald stared, amazed, and swallowed, staring at the people who were cheering and howling, staring at the curtain the hid Ed, realising he had competition. Oh dear...

End Notes

Song: Why Don't You do Right? - Amy Irving, Charles Fleischer
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B8xp-qfP1B0>

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