

Days In Our Lives

by [titheniel](#) and [splashpink](#) (at [directors_seat](#))



manip by the awesomely talented [vamptastica](#), header by [titheniel](#)

The EPIC LOVE of Jared and Jensen.

Jaded, anti-social Jensen has a list of hit porn movies as long as his arm. Hiding in his work from the tormented past he left behind, Jensen can't help but get caught in a vicious circle that keeps him a prisoner of his own stubbornness.

Jared entered the world of porn with one goal in mind; he wanted to make enough money to see him through college. When faced with Jensen, a long term crush of his, Jared falls desperately in love, and pitches headfirst into the dark and complicated world Jensen inhabits. Caught between his desire to break Jensen free from his former life, and the desire to protect him from an ever increasing number of potential villains, Jared is forced to walk an ever thinning line. With the help and love of their friends, Jared and Jensen slowly begin to build something bright and true. Something theirs.

2 AZ1 | Very, very NC-17

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Awesome banner by [titheniel](#).

Prelude (or Act 0): ***In the beginning***

Rating: R

Summary: Jensen was on the streets for two weeks before he met Simon.

Notes: One year ago today, [titheniel](#) and I posted the very first episode of Days. What started off as a fun way of writing naughty things grew and grew until we ended up with the epic we have today. Thank you so, so much for sticking with us, for all your support, encouragement and threats! We hope you enjoy this little pre-verse snippet, and continue to stick around for more.

Jensen slurped at the shake eagerly, the fingers of his right hand pulled close to his chest.

The diner was small, and one Jensen passed every day as he walked between the warehouse and The Boulevard. Mark, the owner, had chased him away once when he'd tried sleeping in the doorway after hours, but his wife sometimes snuck him a grilled cheese sandwich through the back door. Jensen liked her, she was sweet, and treated him the way he was used to being treated.

People looked down on you one they knew you lived in the street. Jensen had never noticed that before, never even given it much thought.

"Would you like another?"

Jensen set the empty glass down after the straw failed to produce more shake, no matter how hard he sucked on it. The man, Simon, had been nicer than anyone else had been to him since he'd arrived in LA, but Jensen didn't want to push his luck. He wasn't completely naive. One shake could be passed off as a gift, two, and Jensen might be expected to pay for it.

He'd seen how people paid for things out here.

Alex, the biggest and the meanest of the kids who lived in the warehouse Jensen was dossing in had made it clear that if Jensen couldn't start bringing in some of his own income, he'd be expected to pay the same way.

Just thinking about it made him feel sick.

That was what got him here in the first place.

He wasn't too bad at picking pockets. He was too noticeable to run the bigger scams the boys pulled off, but he had a fast hand, and faster legs if called for. He could sometimes bring in as much as sixty bucks a day- enough to cover his board at the wear-house. Alex usually gave him a dollar or two to eat.

It wasn't nearly enough. Jensen was young, he was still growing, and his belly constantly ached with the hunger.

He'd seen the man, seen Simon, and seen a paycheck.

He'd already made enough to not look suspicious. If he'd have made it out of there with Simon's wallet, Jensen could have kept the money himself and had a decent meal.

He'd not, and he was fairly certain Simon had broken a few of his fingers.

Still, Simon smiled gently and gestured for another milkshake. "And a bowl of soup, please." He smiled. He had a nice smile, Jensen noticed, a clean smile, like a tv salesman. It was the type of smile you could

trust.

"I don't want it." Jensen said stubbornly.

Simon just continued to smile. "When was the last time you ate?"

Jensen's treacherous stomach rebelled, growling loudly as a bowl of soup was placed in front of him.

He held out long enough for the shake to arrive, staring at the steam rising from the bowl. It was mushroom, thick and creamy, and his mouth watered with every inhalation of the rich smell.

"It'll go cold." Simon said kindly, pushing a spoon across the table.

Jensen couldn't resist any longer. Simon all but glowed with satisfaction as Jensen guzzled the soup down, spoonful after spoonful, finishing it off with the milkshake.

"Are you going to tell me your name?" Simon asked. He'd nursed a single coffee as Jensen ate, taking it with sugar and cream. Mark, the owner, had glowered when Simon had ordered it, staring at Jensen as if to say 'how dare you bring a trick in here, whore'. Jensen had glared right back, silent as Simon ordered for them.

Jensen swallowed the last of the shake and thought about it. Simon already knew where Jensen worked, where he hung out. If he was some crazy psycho axe murderer, he'd have hacked Jensen to little pieces already. "It's Jensen."

Simon quirked his head to one side. "You're not from around here, are you Jensen?"

Just the sound of his name on another person's lips was enough to warm Jensen more than the soup had. Most of the time he went by kid, boy or bitch, depending on who was talking to him.

He shook his head. "No, sir, I'm from Texas."

Simon's smile grew. "Dallas?" Jensen nodded and Simon looked pleased with himself. "I've always been good with accents. So what brings you to sunny Los Angeles, Jensen?"

Jensen shrugged. "Seemed like a good idea."

"You came here to pick pockets? Badly." There was amusement in Simon's eyes that made Jensen flush.

"No."

"You came to model?"

Jensen's flush deepened, and he didn't answer. Stupid fucking him. Bright move there, Jensen.

"I take it you don't have a portfolio." Simon continued. "No company in town will touch you if you haven't already got a file put together." He held up his hands, "I know, it's stupid."

Jensen had figured that out already. Every agency he had been to had given him one answer 'Come back when you have experience'.

"You're in photography?" Jensen asked curiously. People always said it's not what you know, but who. Maybe he was supposed to meet Simon. Maybe someone was finally looking out for him. He deserved a little luck, didn't he?

"Movies." Simon shook his head. "Not quite as glamorous, I am afraid."

Jensen squirmed. Movies paid good, didn't they? Real good. "I don't know." He said coyly, looking up through the lashes people had always said were pretty.

Simon smiled at him. "You ever thought about acting?"

Jensen shrugged. "I did some stuff in school."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty one."

Simon raised an eyebrow and Jensen shuffled in his seat. "Nineteen?" He tried. Simon continued to stare at him until Jensen deflated all together. "I turned seventeen last week."

"Well thank goodness for that." Simon laughed. "We have a minimum age requirement at the company I own. No one under the age of sixteen. We like to keep some standards in our work."

Excitement was beginning to build in Jensen's belly, taking the ache away from his hunger. The soup had only served to remind him of how little he'd eaten in the past two weeks.

"I'll make a deal with you, Jensen." Simon offered, taking a sip from his coffee. "I won't say anything about our little incident earlier," he indicated Jensen's fingers, "and I'll even sponsor you for a test shoot to open your portfolio, in return, I'll make an agent's cut of whatever you happen to make on your first gig."

Jensen stared, not daring to hope. "Why would you do that?"

Simon sat back and appraised him. "I'm a business man, Jensen. It makes far more sense to put you to paid employment in a respectable field than to see you shipped off to juvie. You are attractive enough to make a moderate income in film, and I don't see why either of us should waste the opportunity. I'm not being generous." He laughed, eyeing Jensen's distrusting face. "It's a fair deal. As your agent I would make twenty-five percent of whatever it is that you earned. I'd offer the same deal to anyone else."

Jensen bit his lip and looked up hopefully. "What do I gotta do?"

Simon smiled. He reached out and squeezed Jensen's uninjured hand. "Nothing special." He said, reassuring with his every gesture. "You might even enjoy it."

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Act 1: Tainted Love

Rating: ...I KNOW I am not old enough to read this.

Warnings: Porn aside, there is a heavy D/s element to this shoot, with just about every kink going thrown in for good measure.

Notes: Just a reminder...the boys are porn stars. They are acting. Everything here is 100% consensual.

Summary: A trip down memory lane: Jensen's new co-star will be the death of him, he's sure of it. If *he* doesn't kill *him* first!

Scene One

I: How did you two meet?

JP: Ohh well, that's interesting because -

JA: Oh god, here we go.

JP: (elbows) Well, you can tell it if you think you can do it better.

JA: God forbid!

JP: I hear sarcasm?

JA: Just - get on with it, Jay.

JP: (blows kisses) That's the first thing you ever said to me.

JA: (blushes)

"You comfy? Still feel all your fingers?" Jared ducked low, his knees popping as he leaned in and whispered the question in Jensen's ear, away from the crew buzzing around them. Paul the rigger had just finished up, and they were all set to start the shoot.

Jensen grunted and rolled his eyes.

"Are you sure? Cos, you know, we can get you in a different position or something." He cocked his head to one side, still a little amazed that Jensen hadn't lost all feeling in his arms. Paul had been pretty enthusiastic with the rope, and it coiled around Jensen's wrists up to his elbows in what had to be a pretty damn painful tie.

Jensen grunted again, wobbling a little on his tiptoes as he rubbed his cheek against his shoulder, trying to dislodge the gag.

Since they hadn't started yet, Jared hastily worked it down until it looped Jensen's neck. "Too tight?"

"Will you fucking well get on with it already?" Jensen grouched, eyes narrowed. "Do you see me using my signal?" They had agreed before set up what Jensen would do if he wanted to call time on the scene.

Jared frowned a little. "Well, no."

"Then I am fine. Fuck me already."

At that, Jared grinned. "I never screw a girl on the first date." He said cheekily, pushing the gag back between Jensen's lips before he could splutter any profanity strewn insults his way.

"Roll camera... action!"

~ * & * ~

Jared's shoulders squared and he walked back into the ring of lights with a paddle in his hands and a low, dangerous smile on his lips. He shook his hair back off his forehead, stopping a foot short of the figure dangling from the metal bar in the middle of the dungeon. "Someone has been a naughty, naughty slut," He whispered, letting the paddle slide up Jensen's naked thigh and back again around his ass. "And naughty sluts need to be put in their place."

Jensen shivered and threw his head back, staring at the curved ceiling and the small, grated window on the right, where rays of light struggled to pool through. Jared's hand coiled around the collar on his neck, his long finger hooking right in the D ring and pulling. "Do you understand what your place is now?"

Jensen whimpered, and the paddle fell hard on his ass, making him bounce a couple of inches forward. His toes were barely scraping the ground, his arms stinging from being drawn above his head for too long. "No talking now," Jared's breath ghosted over his ear and Jensen stilled, afraid that the minimal move could have him use the paddle again. "You understand?"

Jensen hesitated. Was he supposed to answer? He nodded rapidly, and Jared smirked, stroking the black collar again, fingertips sliding between leather and skin, pressing on Jensen's pulse point. "Better."

He could feel the way Jensen's throat moved when he swallowed nervously and smiled. "Do you know what you have done wrong?" He asked quietly, the paddle ghosting over the curve of Jensen's ass. Jensen nodded his head obediently, big eyes wide and pleading. Jared stroked his hand across Jensen's cheek, waited until he leaned into the touch, and brought the paddle down hard.

Jensen yelped into the gag and Jared couldn't help but lean around and lick across his helpless lips. "And do you agree you deserve to be punished?" Jensen nodded again, more hesitantly this time, as if he knew what Jared wanted to hear, but was afraid of what it meant for him.

"You are here to please me. Have you done that today? Have you pleased me?" The paddle fell hard and Jensen shook his head with a desperate sob. "Why not?" Three rapid blows lifted him off his toes, his weight jerking painfully on the unforgiving bonds. "Is it because you are a slut? A worthless, useless little slut?" Jared asked quietly, leaning in until his breath was warm on Jensen's cheek. Jensen nodded slowly, whimpering behind the gag.

"Say it." Jared ordered, pulling the gag out from between Jensen's lips. When Jensen paused to flex his sore jaw, the paddle caught him across his thigh. Jensen moaned, his cock bobbing against his stomach, hard and flushed. Jared smirked and dragged the paddle slowly over Jensen's dick, making him quiver.

"I'm a slut," Jensen whispered, cheeks reddening furiously under Jared's molten stare. He whimpered pitifully as the paddle fell hard across his other thigh.

"Say it right," Jared murmured, leaning closer, the tip of his nose barely brushing Jensen's cheek.

"I'm - a worthless, useless slut."

"Exactly," Jared dragged out the word with a lazy smile on his face. He flicked his tongue out, tracing the line of Jensen's jaw, making Jensen shudder. "Then why should I bother to keep you at all?" Another painful hit on his ass, and Jensen sobbed as his body was launched another couple of inches forward. "Mmmh? What could you possibly do to make it worth my while?"

Jensen didn't dare say anything, his thighs and ass on fire by the continuous assault of the paddle. Jared's face loomed in front of his, a small, evil smirk on his lips. "Starting to learn discipline, are we?" He said softly, sliding a fingertip across Jensen's abused lips.

Jensen's parted his mouth, but Jared's fingers didn't slip inside as he thought they would. They travelled

lower, teasing the skin around his collar and skimming over his nipples, starting to inch south towards his cock. Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head and he moaned quietly, trying to lift his hips a little into the teasing brush of skin.

Jared chuckled and patted him lightly on the belly. "Nuh uh. Naughty sluts gotta earn that privilege back." He said calmly, ignoring Jensen's whine of distress and heading over to the far side of the room. He had stepped into the darkness, and though Jensen strained to see him, he couldn't make out a thing outside his small sphere of light. There was silence, until suddenly he heard Jared winding the winch to which he was bound.

"Fuck!" He gasped as he was slowly raised, his toes leaving the ground and his whole weight hanging painfully from his arms. The way he had been tied made it almost impossible to raise himself up and take the strain off his shoulders and his feet kicked out wildly in search of something to balance against.

Jared was chuckling as he came back. A large tray in his hands that was covered in a long black cloth. It looked heavy, and the firm muscles of Jared's arms strained against his tightly fitted top. He knelt and slid the tray under Jensen's feet. Jensen's toes touched the black cloth. It was cool, but just the right height to balance on, and his shoulders sagged gratefully as he was able to alleviate the pressure against them.

"Better?" Jared asked quietly.

Jensen nodded. "Yes, sir." He said meekly. "Thank you, sir."

He shivered when Jared wrapped a hand around his bare calves and gently lifted each foot to press a teasing kiss to the ball of each foot. Then, without warning, he tugged off the black cloth and Jensen hissed in distress.

The block of ice was cold, it triggered from the soles of Jensen's feet up to his calves and thighs, making him shake and shiver as he tried to lift himself up, desperately wanting to avoid contact. His shoulders protested at the strain, and he groaned, muscles taut and trembling, shifting restlessly under his sweaty skin.

Jared chuckled nastily and let his hands run up over Jensen's legs before stepping back to admire his handiwork. Jensen whimpered desperately, then put his feet back on the ice, gasping at the contact, his shoulders stinging against the effort.

"You know you deserve this," Jared murmured, framing Jensen's face with one hand and tilting his head backwards. Jensen whimpered and nodded, cold sweat breaking over his forehead as he trembled violently, his arms throbbing as the rope cut into tender flesh. "And it's just the beginning. If I'm going to keep you, I have to make sure you won't ever forget your place again."

"No, sir," Jensen whimpered, the close proximity of Jared's warm body in contrast to the cold seeping through his skin making his head spin.

Jared smirked, tugging a little on his collar again, Jensen's body following the lead as he gasped and slipped on the ice block. "I think there's something missing here," he murmured, his breath damp and hot over Jensen's lips. "Let's put this back on shall we?" Jensen whimpered as his jaw was pressed open and the gag pushed back in place. "Better." He stepped away, taking the heat Jensen craved with him.

His skin burned against the ice and his shoulders strained with each attempt to avoid it. He tried standing on one foot, and then the other, but after only moments the throbbing cold had shot up to his thighs and his legs trembled weakly.

Something scrapped against the floor and his head shot up. Jared had pulled a chair across and set it right in front of Jensen's position. With his long legs, Jared could reach out and nudge Jensen with his feet, but Jensen had no hope of reaching himself. Sobbing miserably, the pain in his legs made him pull up on his arms. If he hadn't been bound, he could have held the position longer, but the ropes binding his forearms together made it impossible to find the right angle.

"Not having much fun, are you?" Jared observed, one leg crossed over the other as he sat back and

watched Jensen struggle. Jensen nodded his head, not sure how to answer, and Jared laughed darkly. "Don't lie, pet. You're not having any fun because I don't want you to. You're mine, remember? And if I want to make you suffer, I will. After all, you do it so beautifully." He reached out with his leg and pushed Jensen off the block of ice, chuckling when he struggled to balance again. "Do you know what I am going to do with you when we're done here?" He asked.

Jensen couldn't think, didn't dare think. The sudden burst of fire across his shoulders made him crave the ice cold beneath him, each sensation so painfully different he didn't know which way was up, or which torture was sweeter.

"I'm gonna lock you right here," Jared said, his hands resting above his thighs, "Spread you open as wide as you can be, locked to a bar as I stuff your ass full to my liking. I'm going to get you so hard you'll be begging me to let you come way before I decide you can."

Jensen whimpered again, his voice creaking as he tugged helplessly against his bonds, his legs numbing as he shuffled his toes over the burning ice. Jared smirked at his futile efforts, and leaned forward to trace the inside of his leg with his foot. "Only good little whores get to be lubed up, though," he whispered softly, and Jensen's eyes shot open in terror, "Naughty impudent sluts like you have to make do dry."

Jensen moaned through the gag, tears coming to sting his eyes as he struggled like a butterfly caught in a spider's web. Jared smirked and stroked his own cock absent-mindedly, enjoying the little sounds spilling from Jensen's lips. "Then I'll feed my cock to your pretty mouth," he went on in a low whisper, "Fuck your mouth nice and hard just as I've done your tight little ass, but I won't come down your throat." Jared stood, standing just a few inches away from Jensen's shaking form, "You know why?" he murmured, tugging on the collar on Jensen's neck and making his head snap up to meet his eyes.

Jensen whimpered and shook his head, blinking rapidly through the tears and the sweat that had pooled down from his hairline.

"Because I'll pull that fake dick out of your ass and fuck you hard until you remember whom you belong to."

Jensen closed his eyes and sobbed as the ice below him melted slowly, making it harder and harder to take the strain off his shoulders. He looked up desperately but saw nothing but smug amusement in Jared's eyes.

~ * & * ~

"And CUT!"

It normally took Jensen some time to switch between a role and his own comfort zone. The crew had been working with him for years. They knew enough to let him be. Jared though, Jared barked across the room, and before Jensen knew it, he was being wrapped up in a thick blanket and fucking lifted like a goddamn girl. The rigger came over and carefully unfastened his wrists, taking the gag with him, and Jared was picking him up again. "Dude, what the fuck are you doing?" Jensen snapped hoarsely.

"Saving your sorry ass from hypothermia." Jared grinned. "You can thank me when you don't get frostbite on your dick."

"I can walk, thank you." Jensen said, feeling both childish and utterly embarrassed.

"Oh, quit your moaning, princess." Jared scolded, blinking through Jensen's attempts to wriggle free as if he were being pestered by a small and annoying fly. His strong arms held Jensen tight, wrapped up in the blanket like a toddler after a nap. Jensen snarled and tried to kick his way free.

"Just because you play my Dom doesn't give you the right to fucking manhandle me!" He hissed.

Jared giggled, right - the ruthless BDSM master full on *giggled*, and kicked one door open, a pleasant, clean scented warmth welcoming them inside. "You're cute."

Jensen spluttered indignantly, still twisting helplessly in Jared's arms until Jared laid him down on a fluffy bed with cream colored, squishy pillows. Jensen scowled at him and tucked the blanket tighter around his shoulders. Jared grinned, as if he was mildly amused by Jensen's attitude. He scowled some more and shifted awkwardly backwards, a small sigh escaping his lips against his will as he sunk back into the pillows.

"You're welcome," Jared chuckled, putting on a long, peach tinted robe. "Are you always this pissy?"

Jensen clenched his jaw, looking away. "I like to be left alone after a scene," he said, not looking at him. "Not everyone wants to be smothered away without warning."

"Okay, how's this for a warning?" Jared turned to grin at him. It was unsettling. Those dimples carved deep in his young, eager face, hazel eyes sparkling. If Jensen hadn't seen him acting, he'd have thought no one in their right mind would buy a puppy like that in a Dom's role. "We're acting together, and as far as I'm concerned, I am the one that's gotta take care of you. So yes, it means making sure you don't freeze to death and your dick doesn't fall off," he winked at him, "Wouldn't be good for business."

"You ain't even fucked me yet, Prince Charming." Jensen said dryly, not meeting Jared's eyes, something close to a blush staining his cheeks.

Jared shrugged. "Look, I might not be an old hat or whatever," he said with a tilt of his head in Jensen's direction, "but I know how tough a scene like that can be, sex or no sex."

Jensen frowned at him but said nothing. Jared winked, threw him a bottle of PowerAde and bounced out of the trailer like a puppy on a sugar high. Jesus. Next time he was vetting his co-stars more thoroughly.

The leather buckle slipped into place and Jensen resisted the urge to squirm and test the strength of his bonds. His ankles were bare, his legs twitching at the feather light brush of Jared's fingers from his foot to his knee. "Damnit asshole!" He grumbled, trying to jerk his legs out of Jared's reach. The bar fastened to the inside of his thighs kept him helpless and spread open so wide his legs burned. There was another notch on the bar, another inch hanging over him should Jared feel particularly cruel, and Jensen was a little afraid he would push it.

"You ticklish, Jen?" Jared asked, grinning gleefully as his fingers accidentally brushed over the exposed part of his knee. "Is this bothering you?"

"Yes." Jensen snapped. "You're an asshole." He tugged on his wrists, but they were fastened firmly behind his back with the same style leather straps that were wrapped around each leg.

"You comfortable enough?" Jared asked with a little more seriousness to his voice. Jensen wanted to smack him.

"Dude, it's not my first movie, alright? Will you get on with it already?"

Jared petted his cheek lightly and pressed a teasing kiss to his nape. "My, my. Impatient much?"

Jensen took a deep breath, reminding himself that he could veto out any co-stars for his following shoots - his new manager would totally see into that. The thought was enough to have him relax a little - that until he felt two fingers pressing against his hole. "THE FUCK?" he squealed, checking if they were already rolling and he was so lost in trying not to chew Jared's head off that he hadn't heard the call.

"Do you really think I'm gonna fuck you dry?" Jared asked from behind him, voice mildly surprised. The cool drip of lube made goosebumps grace all over Jensen's skin, and he tried to shuffle on his knees a little, away from the tantalizing touch.

"Then why the fuck did you say it?" he grouched, and he was *not* feeling relieved, not at all.

Jared snorted and laughed, shaking his head, "Take your complaints to the writer. All this bad porn dialogue is getting to me. For the record, I'd never say something on the lines of 'come on baby, suck my fat cock'. Ew." he scrunched up his nose, and just when Jensen had privately declared him totally insane, one slick digit found its way inside his spread opening and he groaned, once, biting into his lower lip to keep the second one at bay.

"That's awesome." Jensen snapped, trying not to think of what pick up lines Jared might be prone to using. "Now get your goddamn fingers out my goddamn ass."

"Worried you'll enjoy it, sweetheart?" Jared teased, more than a touch of his dominant side echoing in his voice.

Jensen squirmed. There was nothing seductive at all about the way Jared was pressing his fingers in and out of Jensen's ass. He didn't aim for the prostate, and he didn't try and stroke him. The movements were perfectly professional, and they didn't put Jensen to ease at all.

"It's already done." He grumbled, which was the perfect truth. He might have supposed to get fucked dry on screen, but Jensen wasn't that much of a masochist, and he'd seen the size of Jared's dick, let alone some of the toys they had in the props department.

"Well, consider it me being polite, since I am about to fuck your poor ass senseless." Jared qualified, his fingers leaving only to return with more lube.

"You can try." Jensen snorted. He'd heard that before. "But I mean it. Get your hands off me. Now."

Perhaps there was something in his voice, but he was surprised when Jared did as he was asked.

"Makes me wonder," Jared said quietly, walking off. Jensen didn't have a chance to ask what the fuck he was wondering about. His stomach clenched weirdly, as if a sentence was left hanging in mid-air. He'd never admit to himself that he gave a rat's ass about whatever the fuck newcomer Padalecki was thinking about, so he bowed his head, waiting patiently for the rolling camera. There at least he knew he had some control.

"Roll camera... action!"

~ * & * ~

There was utter silence in the dungeon. Jensen shivered, testing his bonds as quietly and inconspicuously as he could.

"You can squirm all you like, sweetheart," Jared's honeyed voice resounded from the depths of the dark. Jensen swallowed, hard, and instantly stilled. Steps resounded on the damp floor, and Jared's smirking face loomed into the light. He had his hands behind his back, black leather top open to reveal neat, ridged muscles. His cock was hard and perfectly curved upwards, and Jensen couldn't help his staring.

A dark chuckle echoed around the room, and Jensen ducked his head again, a soft blush suffusing his cheeks. "Like what you see, don't you?" Jared's strong legs circled around him, and Jensen felt him stopping right between his spread and bound thighs. He heard a whistling in the air and then yelped, the flogger whip falling hard across his ass and making his cock swell between his legs. "Look at that bruised ass. Such a pretty ass on such a worthless little slut. Still," Jared knelt besides Jensen's head, his fingers drifting across the back of the leather collar, "you did well earlier, you suffered so prettily for me."

He brushed the handle of the whip across Jensen's mouth, sliding it past his parted lips. Jensen moaned around the thick leather, eyelashes fluttering as it was drawn slowly from his lips with a wet pop.

"You remember what I said I was going to do to you?"

Jensen whimpered, his cheek pressed against the cold stone floor.

"I am going to fill your ass so full you won't be able to take anymore." He whispered, dragging the tail of the whip down the curve of Jensen's back and across his bound wrists. The leather tickled, and he squirmed, unable to even roll away with his thighs spread so wide by the bar between them. "You're going to beg me to stop, but I'm not going to. You know why?"

When Jensen didn't answer, Jared flicked the whip across his buttocks. The blow brought a whimper and a sobbed reply. "Because I'm a worthless slut."

"And?"

There were tears in Jensen's eyes when he answered. "Because it pleases you to punish me. Because I deserve it."

Jared leaned down low again, his lips close to Jensen's ear. "You do, pet. You really do."

Jensen whimpered at the closeness, Jared's breath hot against his neck. It didn't last but a second, Jared moving back between Jensen's spread legs, the whip tracing teasing patterns over Jensen's sweat-slick body. He let the tail of the whip trail down between Jensen's spread ass cheeks, grinning to himself when Jensen shuddered and bit back a moan.

He didn't have to move far to retrieve his arsenal. He pulled the bag that he'd sat on the chair down on the ground next to him, taking out a black, unyielding dildo and eyeing it appraisingly before dipping the whip down lower, teasing Jensen's tight sac. Jensen's breath hitched and Jared chuckled, smacking the inside of his thigh hard. "Don't want to hear any noises coming from you," Jared whispered, bringing the whip hard down on Jensen's other thigh. "It's high time you learned some discipline."

Jensen swallowed back his pained moan, tears cluttering his eyelashes as he clenched his fingers rhythmically, breath coming harsh through his nose. Jared shuffled closer, the heat coming from his body making all the thin hair on Jensen's legs stand up to attention.

He placed a thick black dildo close to Jensen's face, right in his line of vision, and watched the trembling kick up a notch. "You like the look of that, pet?" Jensen kept control, but barely. His whole body shook and his lips were pressed together in a tight line. The dildo was huge. Twice as large as a well endowed cock, and the length of a grown man's arm. Jared had never used it before, and didn't intend to today, but the terror in Jensen's eyes was enough to satisfy him. He left it there long enough for Jensen to get a good look at the thing, then removed it from his line of sight and placed it silently back into his bag. The toy he exchanged it for was less than half the size, not even a third, and he knew Jensen could easily take more, but as he pressed it against Jensen's trembling hole and pushed it steadily in without even considering lube, Jensen sobbed violently.

"Look at your hungry little hole eating it up." Jared held the dildo with one hand and smacked Jensen's ass with the other. "God, you crave cock, don't you slut? That's all you think about."

Jensen could barely keep from wailing his discomfort to the world as the fake dick pressed into his dry ass, all of Jared's strength behind the slow, brutal thrust. It burned and stretched relentlessly, and as Jared's hand fell down hard on his ass again, he buried his face down lower against the floor and tried to stifle a cry. Jared chuckled again, and one hand went to fist his hair, smothering him down as the dildo was pulled out wholly before being driven in again. Jensen bit in his lip hard enough to draw blood, the plastic scraping against his channel and hitting deep, but never deep enough.

"You've not earned that, pet," Jared whispered cruelly, working the dildo ruthlessly in and out of Jensen's stretched opening, mindful of never hitting his prostrate. "You only get off when I say so. And now I say you need to suffer for me," he bit down on Jensen's shoulder blade, yanking his head up, Jensen's back arching gracefully backwards as Jared twisted the dildo one inch deeper.

Jensen's body shook, his muscles straining, his hair coming loose in Jared's tight fist. There were tiny droplets of blood coming from his lower lip where his teeth had cut through trying not to wail, tears tracing down past his closed eyelids and mingling with the sweat.

"You know," Jared said mildly, working the dildo in and out with ruthless efficiency. "That's the biggest

dildo I have, and it doesn't seem even close to enough for a cock hungry slut like you." Jared continued to hold him arched, his hand moving down to grasp at the back of Jensen's collar. The sudden pressure against his throat made Jensen gag and struggle harder to arch his own spine against the way Jared held him.

"What am I gonna do with you, pet? We have to satisfy that hungry little hole of yours somehow. You want that right? You want your ass filled as full as it can be?"

Jensen choked and struggled to answer. "Yes-s, sir," he gasped.

"And why do you want it?" Jared asked, releasing his hold on Jensen's collar and thrusting the dildo in as deep as it would go. Jensen wailed as he fell against the cold stone, his legs thrashing against their bonds. "Answer." Jared demanded, pulling the dildo all the way out before slamming it back home.

"Because it pleases you." Jensen sobbed.

"It does." Jared nodded, satisfied with the answer. "So what are we going to do with you, since this *obviously isn't enough?*" Each word was punctuated by a short, sharp thrust of the dildo.

Jensen moaned and thrashed as much as the bonds would allow him, too far gone to care about what punishment his squirming could bring: His hole was red and swollen, stretched around the thick girth of the fake cock. "W-what-whatever pleases you, sir," Jensen cried out, the head of the dildo finding his prostrate and screwing on it purposefully.

Jared smirked and pulled back, sliding the dildo out of Jensen's ass and bringing the whip down on his red cheeks, hard enough to make Jensen buckle. "Another good answer," Jared crooned, running his hands up Jensen's throbbing ass.

He stepped back, rummaging through his bag and picking one toy out with a satisfied evil smile on his lips. "I know something that might come in useful after all," Jared whispered, weighing it in his hands. Jensen's body trembled, but he didn't dare crane his neck back to get a look at what exactly it was. His ass throbbed painfully both from the whipping and from Jared's merciless fucking, and the mere idea of more had his hole clench reflexively.

"Maybe being stuffed full isn't quite enough," Jared whispered, dragging something cool and bumpy down Jensen's crack. "Mh? We could try that though.. I could try putting my whole hand up there... after all, god knows what else has been up there before..." Jensen moaned and shuddered, sweat pooling between his shoulder blades and sliding down his back. Jared's hand slid around his throat, stroking the collar almost sweetly, "Isn't it right, sweetheart?" he cooed, breath hot and damp over Jensen's ear, "Isn't that what you are meant to do? Take it up your cockhungry little ass, as much as you can, as often as you can, as hard as you can?"

Jensen sobbed and nodded, trying to keep breathing through the slight pressure Jared was putting on his neck. "Y-yes, sir," he moaned, throwing his head back a little, muscles in his throat stretched taut and pale, in stark contrast with the black leather.

Jared smiled, pulling back again. Jensen waited, his back tense as a bowstring -

"So fucking wanton and open," Jared murmured, working the head of the anal beads past the fluttering ring of muscle. The way Jensen had been bound meant that Jared didn't even have to spread Jensen's ass with his hands, his thighs spread so wide the small globes of muscle parted of their own accord. "I bet I could get both my fists in there, don't you?" Jensen whined as the first bead pushed smoothly into his ass, disappearing behind the swollen hole with a lewd pop. They weren't large beads, barely the size of a small bird's egg, but there were more than a dozen on the string.

"You're gonna keep count for me now pet." Jared instructed, his palm landing on Jensen's thigh. "If you make a mistake then I'll stuff you full and leave you here all night, bind that pretty cock of yours up tight and gag you so you can't move, can't come, all thrust up like the worthless whore you are." He pressed another bead into Jensen's ass. "Do you want that?"

"No, sir," Jensen sobbed, squirming wildly at the very thought.

"Then how many?" Jared demanded, smacking Jensen's ass hard.

"Two, sir," Jensen stuttered.

Jared pressed in another. "Ask me for more."

"Three, sir. Please give me more, sir."

Jared smirked to himself and wound the string around his fingers, pulling two of the beads out of Jensen's ass before pushing four in, one after the other. Jensen sobbed, his thighs numb with the strain of being held so wide open, his ass burning as it was slowly yet continuously filled with the beads. "What about now?" Jared asked unconcernedly, blunt fingernails scraping over the tender skin between Jensen's cheeks.

"F-four, sir," Jensen choked, then gasped as another one was pushed in just as he was talking, "Five- god, five."

"Are you sure?" Jared asked calmly, and Jensen shivered. Was he? He was pretty sure but then again why would Jared ask? What if he'd made a mistake? Would it mean Jared would go through with his plan, make him spend the night bound and spread open without any sort of reprieve?

Jared's large hand fell hard across his ass, shifting the beads deeper inside and Jensen wailed. "Answer me, whore."

"Yes, sir," Jensen moaned, his mouth dry and scraped. "Five, sir."

Jared smirked, "Does that feel good, pet? Mmmh? Is it enough for you?"

Jensen paled further, his whole body shaking with renewed tremors. What was he supposed to answer this time? What did Jared want to hear? If he said no, then what would Jared come up with? But what if he said yes, and it was the wrong answer?

He settled for the safest answer. "If it pleases you, sir."

Jared chuckled at the cowardly response. "I tell you what, pet. Let's do a count, shall we? If you are right, and there are five beads filling your hungry little hole, I'll fuck you hard and let you come. Would you like that?"

Jensen swallowed. "Yes, sir. Please." Jared didn't need to tell him again what he would face if he were wrong.

Once again, Jared wound the cord around his fingers. "Let's see then. Count for me, slut."

The first bead popped from Jensen's ass, and he shuddered. "One, sir."

Jared wiggled the second one teasingly, pulling it almost free before pushing it back in over and over until Jensen was sobbing in frustration. "Two, sir."

"So far so good. Maybe you'll get to come tonight after all." Jared mused, tugging the third bead out.

"Three, sir." Jensen panted, his forehead resting against the cold stone as his heart hammered in his chest. He still felt so full, and there were only supposed to be two beads left. One more popped out. "F-four, sir."

"Crunch time." Jared said darkly. "Let's see if you get to spend the night warm in a bed." He tugged the fifth bead free, and Jensen froze. There was still something inside him.

"Oops." Jared smacked his ass so hard it made Jensen bounce against the floor. "Someone obviously can't count." He pulled the last, sixth bead free, before pushing it back in.

Jensen cried out and buckled. The second bead following the first, and then a third, and a fourth, his chest heaving as Jared pushed one bead after another inside his ass. His hole stretched and burnt as it swallowed the beads, Jared not pausing for a second, not giving him time to catch his breath between the continuous moans that were flowing from his lips. It wasn't until the base of the string was pressed snug inside Jensen's hole, keeping all the beads there, that Jared stepped back, running his hands down Jensen's shaking legs with a dark smile gracing his lips.

"If you could see the sight you make," Jared whispered, fingers brushing teasingly across Jensen's sac. Jensen whimpered, tears sliding down his cheeks as he forced himself to relax - a task that was proving to be impossible. He was so lost into it that he barely registered Jared stepping back and walking off, yelping in pained surprise when a cockring was fixed to the base of his aching dick.

He thrashed, trying helplessly to dislodge either of the torture devices sending spikes of pain and anguished pleasure all over his body, but he quickly realized the more he struggled, the more he shifted the beads inside his ass to graze his prostate, and the more his cock swelled with no chance of release. He sobbed silently. His ankles and wrists hurt, and he was past feeling pain in his legs. He'd tried to be good, he'd tried so hard.

"Poor pet." Jared chuckled, not an ounce of sympathy in his voice. "So utterly worthless." He tugged Jensen's head up by his hair and pressed the solid rubber ball of a gag into his mouth. "Get it behind your teeth." He instructed, pushing hard on the rubber until it settled into place and Jensen's mouth felt as stuffed full as his ass. The buckles fastened behind his skull, and Jared placed his cheek back on the ground so gently Jensen only sobbed at the conflicting sensations.

Jared patted his ass and stood. "You sleep tight now pet. I'll be back in the morning." As he left, he extinguished the dim light in the dungeon, leaving Jensen bound, helpless and sobbing in the dark.

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"*CUT!* That's it, that's in the movie."

"Man, I'm a dickhead." Jared mused rather disgustedly as he helped the rigger free Jensen from the spiders web of bindings that kept him helpless. "Sorry, dude." He patted Jensen apologetically on the back as he unfastened the cuffs that kept his thighs spread so wide. Jensen's face tightened in pain as the sudden rush of blood and freedom undoubtedly made his whole body hurt like fuck.

"S'a good scene." Jensen protested weakly as his wrists were freed. Jared shrugged, but couldn't help feel a little guilty as he looked at Jensen's ass. The skin that wasn't bruised was red and welted, and his hole still clenched around the beads filling him up.

"Bet you're glad we can cut, though, right?" Jared teased, trying to keep the conversation light as Jensen struggled to work his unresponsive fingers. He scowled when Jared swatted his hands away and snapped the ring off his dick for him. Then, applying the band aid rule, he tugged the beads free with a sharp snap of his wrists, dragging them one by one out of Jensen's ass all in the space of a few seconds. Jensen clamped his teeth together and bit back a howl as the combined stimulation pushed him over the edge and he came shaking in Jared's arms.

Jared didn't say a thing, merely wrapped one arm around Jensen's stomach and ran his fingers up and down his strained muscles slowly, his other hand squeezing the last of Jensen's orgasm out of him. He knew it could happen, hell, he'd have been surprised if Jensen didn't come the second he pulled the ring off his dick, but it felt weird, oddly comforting, to be able to hold Jensen like that.

Jensen shivered and trembled, his arms feeling like lead, heavy as if he was struggling to find his way through water and mud. He thought about Jared's large hand wrapped around his dick, how he swore to himself that if the camera's weren't rolling no one would get to touch him. Still, there was one such thing as being too damn fucked out to protest, and that was right the case.

Jared didn't wait for Jensen to regain his bearings to bitch the hell out of him. He wrapped him up against his chest, standing up and walking quickly off set and towards his own trailer. He didn't ask Jensen if he

was okay, because it was pretty obvious he was still struggling to come out of the mindset, but he didn't let him go when he started to wriggle, either.

"Don't even think about it, dude. I put you down and you'll have to crawl back to your trailer. Or can you honestly tell me your legs aren't like jello?" He kept Jensen held tightly to his chest, finding the sleepy, petulant scowl on his face to be rather adorable.

"I'm fine." Jensen hissed, his voice breaking. Once they were safely inside the trailer, he struggled so hard Jared set him down with a sigh. As soon as he was left to stand unaided his legs gave way. He tried to compensate, falling sideways onto the bed and paling in pain as his bruised ass came into contact with the soft bedding.

Jared caught him quickly and helped him roll over onto his belly. "It's like talking to a brick wall." He grumbled. "Hold still, I'll go get you some aloe vera."

"I'm fine." Jensen grouched, sinking blissfully into the soft pillows.

"Right. Which is why your ass looks like something Monet painted after he got cataracts." Jared poked him in the ass and Jensen hissed.

"You know Monet?" He asked, shooting what he knew was a rather disbelieving stare over his shoulder. Jared grinned.

"And I can count past ten. You impressed?"

"No."

"Bitch."

"Jerk."

Jared blew a kiss at him, opening a cupboard and picking up a bottle of clear lotion. "Here we go," Jared sat on the edge of the bed and uncapped the bottle, pouring a generous amount of the cooling, pearly substance on his hands, starting to rub it in over the bruises and welts over his ass. Jensen hissed low in his throat, clutching feebly at the sheets as more shivers ran over his backside.

It was hard to have Jared's hands smoothing away the pain and the discomfort, his shoulders tensing a little. He usually never even wanted to see his co-star after the wrap up. He'd trudge back to his solitary trailer and take care of bruising, pain, marks, all on his own. He didn't want to let anyone in close enough to let him see past the calm, cool exterior of the professional.

"You want to grab a coffee before heading back?" Jared asked quietly after a few minutes in which Jensen had been so absorbed in the soothing massage he had almost forgotten he was not supposed to lay there and liquefy under Jared's hands.

"No," Jensen said, voice rough as he tried to inch away from him.

"Then at least let me drive you home. You're not safe to be set loose on the public right now." Jared teased quietly. He slowly rubbed the cooling gel over each of the welts he had brought out on Jensen's skin.

Jensen raised his head from the cushions and glared. "I'm not telling you where I live." He laughed, amazed Jared would have the nerve to even ask him.

"What?" Jared laughed. "You never have people over after work?"

"Nope."

"Not even-"

"Not. Even." Jensen snapped, rolling away from Jared's touch, utterly shy for some stupid reason.

"You're a real bundle of sunshine, ain't you?"

"You're being paid to fuck me, not pretend to be my shrink." Jensen snatched his terrycloth robe and jammed his arms into the sleeves angrily.

"Yeah, about that." Jared scratched the back of his head and looked shy, almost like a puppy. Fucking kids, Jensen thought nastily. "I really think you should let me buy you dinner."

"Dinner." Jensen deadpanned. "Are you out of your mind? I don't *date* my co-stars."

"It's not a date!" Jared protested, his arms waving madly. "It's good manners!"

"Manners?" Maybe Jensen had fallen in some sort of parallel universe. "What manners?"

"I told you, I don't screw a girl on the first date."

Jensen spluttered, "You didn't just call me a girl!" *Again*, his mind added. What the hell was he thinking? "Are you doing drugs?" He asked then with a raised eyebrow, suddenly trying to call to mind the medical report his agent had gotten him immediately before he signed for the shoot with Jared. He was sure the kid was clean, or he'd never have gone with it...

Jared snorted, wiping his hands on a towel, "Are you always this awesomepie with people that want to be nice to you?"

"It's none of your damn business," Jensen snapped, trying to stand steady on his legs. He didn't manage, wobbling a little and sagging right back down on the bed with a frustrated sigh.

Jared grinned at him, "You won't be able to drive now," he said, nodding pointedly at Jensen's half-slumped frame. "C'mon. Don't be such an uptight brat. Let me drive you home."

"No. Way." Jensen gritted out. "I'll call a fuckin' cab."

"Oh, that's reasonable. Not giving your address to me but some unknown stranger takin' round a yellow tincan. Seriously, have you ever seen Collateral?"

Jensen blinked and shook his head. "You're actually insane."

"Come on princess! I'll buy you a Happy Meal at the drive thru." Jared bounded around the bed and without warning tossed Jensen over his shoulder.

"Goddamnit I have legs you brainless yeti! Put me the fuck down." There wasn't much room for Jensen to thrash, especially not when Jared's hand was so very close to his sore ass and thighs.

"I'm sorry, are you talking?" Jared asked sweetly, throwing the door open and stepping out onto the first step. "Kill the light would you? Save the planet."

"I'll kill *you*, asshole." Jensen threatened, though he snapped the light switch off as they passed.

He tried to ignore the stunned stares that met him from the crew, his eyes cast down and his cheeks burning. It was strange, but he was impossibly grateful when Jared opened the back door of his jeep and helped Jensen slide across it.

"Lay on your front." He advised. "I'll go slow."

Jensen said nothing, but settled down against the cool leather, curled up in his warm robe.

"Where am I taking you?"

Jensen rattled off an address, breaking a hundred of his rules in the process, and settled down with an exhausted sigh. Now he just had to wait for the prank calls and the people banging on his door all night.

Jared was a good driver, even through the ever-present traffic jam that cluttered La's streets. They did stop at a drive thru, Jared buying a Happy Meal just as he'd said he would, Jensen burrowing as deep as he could in the backseat in a vain attempt not to be seen by the grinning waitress. Jared stole half his fries, and Jensen had a hard time battling his hands off the ketchup's bowl.

After two cheeseburgers and a pepsi, Jensen was almost dozing off - well not really. He was asleep by the time Jared's fingers danced across his cheeks, gently bringing him 'round. "We're here," He said with a small, gentle smile.

Jensen blinked a few times, the endless green of his eyes shining even through the dim light of the inside of Jared's jeep. Jared's heart skipped a beat, no matter how cheesy and corny and clichè it sounded. It really skipped a beat, and he let his fingers linger a little on Jensen's smudge of freckles before pulling back.

"Rise and shine, sleeping beauty." He smiled warmly, shaking his head at the stupid ideas running through his overactive imagination. Jensen yawned and snuffled, his eyes scrunching adorably. Half asleep and soft, Jensen didn't look capable of the ball breaking tirades and bitterly sarcastic mouth. Then he rolled over onto his back and bit his lip to keep from moaning.

"He's a bad Dom, you know." Jared said, giving Jensen time to regain his equilibrium. "My character I mean," He clarified. "Always setting his sub up to fail. Kinda defeats the point of everything."

"What are you on about now?" Jensen sighed, desperate to crawl into his bed and sleep.

"Being someone's Dom isn't just an excuse to smack your sub around." Jared said seriously, reminding Jensen far too much of the way he had been when he had insisted on lubing him before the shoot.

"It can be for some people." Jensen argued.

Jared snorted. "Well, not for me. Punishment is supposed to have a purpose beyond blatant sadism."

"Have you missed the part where we are in the sadism industry?"

"I know," Jared said in a level voice, "But it doesn't hold true for everyone, that's all I'm saying."

Jensen pushed himself up with one arm, biting his lip again when he found out sitting was not going to be an option anytime soon. "What's your point?" He asked, trying to get back some sort of steadiness in his tone, "People are still going to buy the movie and jack off. It sells, that's all that matters."

Jared cocked his head to the side. "My *point* is that I'm professional enough to care about what it is that they ask me to do to someone else," he said simply. "And I might be a kinky fucker, but I'm not a sadist."

Jensen shrugged. "Whatever you say," he muttered, fumbling with the door handle. He didn't know what Jared was trying to tell him, and most importantly, he really did not care.

Jared picked up the Happy Meal bag and dangled it in front of Jensen's eyes. "Take it," he said, smiling a little, "It counts as dinner, yeah?"

Jensen blinked and stared. "You're kidding me."

"Double cheeseburger, pepsi, fries, ketchup. What more do you need?"

Jensen *wasn't* going to laugh, he wasn't. And if he was smiling, it was just out of hysterical frustration. "You hit your head on something sharp when you were little?"

Jared huffed, "You should really come up with some more inventive material." He thrust the bag inside his hand and walked out of the car to open the door for him.

He didn't walk Jensen to the door of his building, something for which Jensen was almost embarrassingly grateful for, but he didn't drive off until Jensen had closed the door behind him. Apparently chivalry wasn't completely dead in California.

Jensen took the elevator to his floor, unable to face the stairs, and punched his pin number in at his door. Keys weren't something he trusted, and though the security system had cost him the royalties from three DVDs, in his mind it was worth it. There were no locks that could be picked, just a pin number that changed daily and a half dozen bolts on the back of the door.

As soon as he was inside, he switched on all the lights. There was a message on his machine from his agent, colorful Italian curses thrown in with the usual daily update on where he was in the grand scheme of the porn universe.

He set the crumpled bag Jared had given him on the counter and poured a glass full of water from the dispenser on the freezer. Inside the horribly bright and cheerfully decorated bag was a little plastic carrier and some lurid pink item sealed inside. He cut the top with a pair of scissors and let it drop onto the table.

A pony. A pink, grinning pony. God, the exact thing nightmares were made of. A My Little Fucking Pony!

Jared had bought him a girl's Happy Meal.

Son of a bitch!

Jared was already in wardrobe when Jensen walked in next morning. He didn't look at him, he was still majorly pissed about the My goddamn little pony trick and grumbled when Jared waved cheekily at him.

"Morning, Jen." He yawned hugely and stretched his arms above his head. He had the same black torn top he had the previous day, and the wardrobe girl was fluttering her eyelashes and giggling at him as she sprayed him with the glowing sparkly oil they used to have their skin glisten under the camera. Jensen scowled and leaned against the counter - sitting wasn't really an option yet - sipping from a takeaway cup of coffee.

"Did you like my gift?"

Smug bastard. Play it cool. "What gift?" He said in a mildly bored voice, still looking anywhere but at Jared's muscles glistening and rippling under the neon light.

"Sparkly Tie, Jen!" Apparently, Jared knew the names of My Little fucking Ponies by heart. Jensen shuddered. "She was very excited to meet you."

Jensen pinched the bridge of his nose. Then caught sight of a pack of rainbow candy on the counter. "You got sugar." he said slowly, as if tasting the horror of those words on his tongue. Jared grinned and nodded. "Who gave you sugar?"

"You're free to take some," Jared went on as if Jensen hadn't even said a word, "You're gonna need your energy."

"Worried you won't be able to get it up?" Jensen shot back blithely, stripping quickly and reminding himself that there was nothing he had to be ashamed of. Jared stopped talking, jaw dropping just a little before he quickly recovered and reached for another Jelly Baby. Jensen smirked to himself and dropped down in one of the makeup chairs, grateful for the cushion. He was supposed to look like he had been tortured all night, so he popped out his contacts and stayed still whilst the girls began to work their magic.

"Not at all." Jared shrugged, beheading the unfortunate candy before downing the rest. "But I read the script. Looks like we're in for a fun morning. You sure your ass is ready for it?"

"I'm sorry, how long have you been in the business?" Jensen asked rudely.

Jared grinned. "Just for that I'm gonna throw in an extra spank."

"Bite me." Jensen said, his voice muffled as he pressed his lips together and let one of the girls smear Vaseline across his mouth.

"If you insist."

Jensen closed his eyes and let the fine mist drift over him as several hours of sweat and tears were carefully crafted upon his body. He welcomed the silence. None of the actors he'd ever worked with were that goddamn talkative first thing in the morning. He tried to relax, to adjust back into the mindset required for the shooting.

"Me or the rigger?"

Jensen cracked one eye open. "What?"

"To prepare you," Jared said seriously, the black eyeliner he had on bringing out the dark blue of his eyes. "We have to get back to where we wrapped up, remember?"

Jensen quirked one eyebrow. "I do know, thank you."

"Then who's your pick, me or the rigger?" Jared asked brightly. Jensen closed his eyes, praying for a patience he knew he didn't possess.

"Myself. I can do these things myself - been doing them for the past five years."

"Five years?" Jared blinked, "How old are you?"

"Older than you." Jensen said flatly. "Now shut up and let me wake the fuck up."

Jared frowned and ducked to let one of the girls run gel covered fingers through his hair. "You really gonna do it yourself? What about the cuffs?"

"Paul can do that." Jensen stomped down on the guilt that rose when Jared recoiled a little. Paul he trusted. Paul was part of the scene, part of the *job*. Fucking Jared and his big damn hands and puppy dog eyes were not *part of the job*.

"I'll see you on set then." Jared said quietly, leaving Jensen with peace, quiet, and reproachful looks from the girls.

The last bead popped into place painfully. There was a lesson in masochism that didn't escape Jensen. It was one thing to be helpless and fucked to hell, it was another to do it himself. Jared's dark eyes watched him from across the room as he chatted with the director. Paul the rigger spoke quietly in Jensen's ear, going over the safety aspects of each scene they would be filming. Jensen nodded, well versed in just about everything they were planning to do. There wasn't a position he hadn't been fucked in, so nothing was new. He fastened the ring around his cock, hissing and sharing a joke with Paul that wasn't even funny, but that made the rigger chuckle.

"You ready?"

"Hmm." Jensen nodded, rolling on to his belly. Unlike some riggers, Paul was painfully professional, and even when his fingers brushed places that were utterly private, there was never anything inappropriate in his touch.

Once he was fastened and spread in the same position he'd been the night before, Paul worked the gag swiftly between his lips and asked for the all clear. Jensen gave a short nod and bowed his head, trying to recuperate the feeling of fear and desperation in his character. He heard the usual rolling camera yell,

then everything went back to silent.

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He waited. And waited. It was unsettling, a chill spreading down his spine and to every pore of his body as he strained to catch any noise from his surroundings. His back hurt, his legs and arms numb with strain. It was morning, but no sign of Jared, and Jensen moaned around a stifled sob, knowing that no one would hear him, his face wet with sweat and tears. He had tried to get some sort of release during his sleepless night, but he quickly found out that the only way to have the ache settle down to a dull but continuous throbbing was to try and stay completely still. Any struggling, despite being utterly pointless, did nothing but add pressure on his already abused wrists and ankles, the beads shifting inside his ass and zinging against his prostrate, his cock swelling and going right past this side of painful. He could barely breath through his mouth, the rubber dry from long term use and keeping any noise that he could've made lowered to a mere whine.

"Slept well, pet?"

Jensen shivered. He didn't raise his head from the ground, cheek pressed sticky against the cold floor. Jensen barely had the energy to sob, flinching at the unexpected brush of fingers across his bruised ass. "Have you learned your lesson now? Are you going to be better?" Nodding hurt, his jaw so sore from hours in the gag that fresh tears leaked lazily from his eyes when he tried.

There was a loud snap, and the bolt fastening the bar between his legs snapped open. Jared removed it, but left the cuffs around Jensen's thighs, a threat of more punishment if Jensen didn't please him.

"Do you want to come pet?" Jared asked quietly. "Would you like that?" As much as it hurt, Jensen nodded again, pleading desperately for release after so long on the edge. The ring around his cock snapped open, and Jensen didn't need more than the lightest touch to go off like a rocket, wailing thinly behind the gag, his legs so numb he couldn't move them even though they were no longer bound. Jared tipped him up and draped him over his knee as Jensen blacked out from the force of the orgasm ripped from him, pearly white strings of come staining Jared's pants as he shook violently.

"There now, that's better isn't it?" Jared cooed, sounding so gentle and kind that Jensen had to fight the urge to curl up in his arms. Jared stroked Jensen's face, fingers ghosting over the straps of the gag, toying with the buckles if he was deciding whether or not to unleash it and take it out.

"Would you like for me to give you something else to suck on?" Jared murmured, hooking one finger behind the straps and pulling a little. Jensen moaned and choked on his spit as the rubber ball was tugged sideways. "Or maybe you like to stay like this... both your little holes filled to the brim..."

Jensen whimpered raggedly and blinked up in Jared's face, his cock slowly filling up again as every movement of Jared's knees shifted the beads inside his ass. Jared smiled, tugging at the gag again. "See, there's a good little whore," Jared murmured, sliding his hand through the mess of come on Jensen's belly and soaking his fingers in it. He unclasped the gag from behind Jensen's skull and pried it out of his mouth, a split second before his come-covered fingers were forced past red, abused lips.

Jensen moaned and almost sobbed again, his jaw muscles sore and tight as he tried to work his tongue around Jared's fingers, licking up his own come as Jared thrust them in and out of his mouth with quick, unrelenting strokes.

Jared continued the process until he had cleaned the come off Jensen's stomach and Jensen had regained some feeling in his jaw.

"Do you want me to take the beads out pet?"

Jensen's voice was thin and raspy, his eyes fluttering exhaustedly as Jared continued to pet his bruised ass. "If it pleases you." He choked.

"Good boy. See, you *can* be taught. You don't want me to do this again, do you?" Jensen shook his head

wearily. "So you are going to be a better slut?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because it pleases you." Jensen whispered, leaning into the petting touch to his cheek.

"And?" Jared asked, moving his hand back to fondle the sore red hole between Jensen's ass cheeks.

Jensen sobbed as the first bead was dislodged. "Because-"

"Because what?" Jared prompted, pushing the bead back in when Jensen stammered and hesitated.

"Because I don't want to be punished again, sir." Jensen sobbed, more tears gliding down his cheeks.

Jared curled the cord around his fingers and slowly started to work the beads out of him, teasing each one of them out for long seconds, Jensen wailing each time one of them was pushed right back in with an amused smile. "Maybe you'll learn to count now, won't you?" He whispered nastily in his ear, pulling on the string again, each tug having Jensen's cock fill with yet more blood, curling slowly upwards to his stomach. "How many now?"

"I- uh -" Jensen was so lost in the overwhelming assault of sensation he stuttered again, and Jared pushed the beads right back in, grinning wickedly when Jensen writhed in his grasp.

"Don't make me think back on your reprieve, now," Jared scolded, voice honey-thick. Jensen gasped and nodded, eyes overly bright. "How many?"

"I - don't know, sir," Jensen whispered, fear coming to crawl all over his skin. Jared tzked and Jensen shook violently. "Please - sir -"

"Still a worthless slut." Jared whispered, jerking the beads out one after another and dropping them down in front of Jensen's face. He pushed a dry finger into the swollen hole and probed lightly at the sensitive walls as Jensen sobbed and squirmed. "Still so desperate to be fucked, aren't you pet? I bet your ass feels all empty and neglected now." Jensen nodded and yelped as Jared's finger pressed ruthlessly against his prostate.

"You want me to fuck you?" Jared asked, fucking Jensen with his long finger. "Want me to stretch your ass around my thick cock?"

"Please-sir!"

"Hmm," Jared pulled his finger out with a pop and smacked Jensen hard on the ass. "As if I'd want to. Look at you, all covered in filth."

Jensen could only whimper and squirm as he was tossed over Jared's shoulder like a sack of potatoes, but he still tried to apologise, still tried to be good. "I'm sorry, sir-I can be better."

Jared slapped him hard on his ass and Jensen cried out, bucking a little off balance. "Obviously you can't, or you would've tried harder." Jensen whimpered, his wrists still bound helplessly behind his back. "Maybe you haven't learned your lesson after all."

"No, sir, please, sir," Jensen begged, his body shaking with tremors as Jared walked further away from the dungeon room. "I'll be good, I promise, I promise, anything -"

Jared tossed him down on a thin mattress, snatching at Jensen's cuffs and bringing his arms above his head, fastening the chain to the middle of the iron wrought bar above the bed. He then grabbed each of Jensen's legs and tied both his ankles to each bedpost, stepping back to admire his handiwork, Jensen's body slick with perspiration and his clenching hole exposed as wide as it had been, red and swollen and fucked out.

"Anything, huh?" Jared whispered, letting his fingers tickle teasingly the inside of Jensen's thighs. Jensen sobbed again and nodded, pressing his head in the mattress.

The bed dripped as Jared swung his legs up, settling to kneel between Jensen's spread thighs. "Hot or cold pet?"

"What?" Jensen stammered, flinching as Jared's broad hands settled on his back, strong fingers gently kneading knotted muscle.

"Hot or cold? Simple question."

Jensen shuddered, knowing whichever he picked, he would be left wishing he had chosen the other.

"I- hot." He whispered. He was numb to the bone and craving Jared's heat. Maybe hot would help?

"Alright pet, remember that you asked for it." Jared chuckled darkly, and the dread raced down Jensen's spine.

~ * & * ~

"CUT!"

Scene Two

"You really do need a shower." Jared wrinkled his nose as he unfastened the cuffs pinning Jensen's wrists to the bed. They had half an hour to kill whilst the shot was set up, and Jared kicked back against the headboard.

"You don't smell like roses either," Jensen muttered, groaning when he tried to move his arms. Fuck, it hurt. He looked up where Jared was sitting, back to the headboard and pants stained with his come, and felt suddenly very self conscious. He tried to look around to see if Paul was anywhere in sight, but he was currently occupied setting up the other lights as the DP instructed. He gingerly shifted his legs, groaning when his cock brushed against the mattress.

Jared crossed his arms over his chest and looked at him with a small frown. He took in Jensen's fidgeting for about a minute before sighing and throwing his hands up. "Are you really that much of a stubborn ass?"

Jensen eyed him dirtily, "What is that supposed to mean?"

Jared huffed, stretched on the mattress with his belly and easily unclasped the cuffs that kept Jensen's ankles locked to the bedposts. "Would it have killed you to ask?"

"You?" Jensen clarified. Jared nodded and rolled back on to his side. "Yes."

"Jesus, you're something else." Jared shook his head, amazement and just a touch of hurt in his dark eyes. "You make everything so damn difficult."

"You're honestly trying to tell me *I'm* making things difficult for *you*?" Jensen scoffed, his bruised wrists throbbing as he held them to his chest.

"And yourself." Jared nodded. "Jesus, They told me working with you would be a challenge but I never figured you for being such a damn masochist."

Jensen glared and tried to curl his knees in on himself, wincing as abused muscles protested.

"And what the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

Jared sighed and shook his head, "Masochist. I'm sure you can look it up on Wiki." His eyes got on a different light, almost soft, one look that made Jensen feel the urge to inch away. "I am not about to take advantage of your role, alright? I told you, I'm not liking this role much myself. And you won't owe me anything if you ask me to untie your legs. I won't make you beg for it off screen."

Jensen blushed, the tips of his ears turning bright red as he looked firmly in a spot near the third camera assistant's head. "Then why did you take it? If you hate it this much," his voice was too cutting, he knew it, and dripped sarcasm. It was supposed to hurt, and he was able to pull it out only because he wasn't looking straight at Jared.

Jared didn't answer straight away, but shuffled on the bed a little, Jensen felt the mattress tremble and suddenly felt an unusual spark of guilt in his stomach. He hesitated, then craned his neck slightly to get a look at Jared in his peripheral vision. The kid wasn't saying anything, one knee pulled up to his chest and his entwined hands above it. Jensen cursed himself and turned fully towards him. He frowned. Jared's cheek had taken up a faint pink tint that he was sure hadn't been there before.

"Um," Jared shrugged, rubbing the back of his neck, "Well, figured."

Jensen's frown deepened. What the fuck was this about then? Why did he have to look so much like an eager pup? "Figured what?"

"I... I- um, kinda - wanted to do a film with you."

Jensen blinked and his heart sank. He'd heard that one before, so many times he'd lost count, faces and names blurring into a long line of assholes who had been allowed to fuck him. For one stupid, *stupid* moment, he'd figured puppy eyed Jared was too young, too sweet and too fucking dopey to have been just another cock.

"I see." He said coldly. "Well is my ass living up to expectations?"

"What?" Jared looked up, confused. "No, that's not what I-"

"It's what you wanted, isn't it? Jensen Ackles and his cock sucking lips. Looks great on film and feels even better. Well you know what? Fuck you. You gonna get what you wanted so do your goddamn job and quit pretending you give a fuck about me." Jensen flopped back over onto his belly and shouted out for Paul to refasten the restraints. If he was bound he could lose himself in the mindset and pretend that truth wasn't a bigger bitch than his mother.

Jared gaped a little, his mouth opening and closing a couple of times before the color rose in his cheeks, not out of embarrassment but out of righteous indignation. He stood from the bed without looking at Jensen, and circled round it, past Paul, to kneel down on eye level with him. Jensen stared defiantly back, a straight line going between his eyebrows as he refused to be intimidated or in any way affected by the way Jared's eyes were shimmering with barely suppressed emotion.

"For the record," Jared hissed. "One, I always do my goddamn job, and I do it good. Two, I never pretended."

He stood up abruptly and literally stomped off, his back rigid as if *Jensen* had been the one insulting *him*. Which was so utterly ridiculous Jensen would have laughed, if he felt like it. The slow curling up of his stomach merely meant he was getting into character and it had nothing, nothing to do with the emptiness he kept securely locked inside.

"Everything okay?" Paul asked, voice calm and professional, but with an underlying note of concern. Jensen didn't meet his eyes.

"Everything's fine." He lied and wondered morbidly if pissing Jared off was going to come and bite him in the ass once the camera started. Past experience taught him that it would. He closed his eyes and waited, far more afraid in the few minutes before camera rolled than he had been all shoot.

"And, action!"

~ * & * ~

The sudden, searing splash of heat on his ass made Jensen jump in his bonds, yelping helplessly into the thin mattress. It was followed by a second, then a third.

"Do you remember when I made you mine, pet?" Jared whispered, splash, splash, and Jensen cried out at the near continuous beat of stinging heat against his skin.

"Yes, sir," Jensen stammered, shrieking as the heat splashed unexpectedly against his neck.

"What did I tell you?" Jared asked, continuing his maddening torture with the same calm, low voice Jensen could lose himself in.

Jensen whimpered, the hot wax cooling on his ass and pulling at his bruised skin. "That you'd mark me," Jensen moaned, another splash of head curling above his spine.

"That's right," Jared spoke with a soft, dangerous voice as his fingers smeared the wax over his skin. "You know why I did that?" Jared's fingertips dug hard in sore, knotted muscle, and Jensen sobbed, sweat breaking all over his skin as his body was whacked with tremors. Jared let the wax trail down on the crack of Jensen's ass, a few drops dripping into his hole. Jensen wailed, his ankles straining into their bonds as he tried to wriggle free. "Answer, pet," Jared crooned, using his fingers to drive the molten wax from Jensen's ass right into his quivering opening.

"Because I was meant to serve you, sir," Jensen sobbed, burying his face in the mattress under him.

"Wrong answer," Jared's long finger probed the walls of Jensen's channel, smearing the now cooling wax as much as he could. He bowed his head to lap at the reddening skin between Jensen's shoulder blades. One more splash on the back of each thigh, and Jensen thrashed wildly. Jared smirked, trailing his tongue lower down his spine, collecting the wax as he went along. "Because," he breathed, his face right against Jensen's opening, "It marked you as mine, and no one else would get to have you."

Jared's tongue darted out to lap at the swollen hole as Jensen froze in his bonds. "This ass is mine. Mine to fuck, mine to punish," his hands tightened on Jensen's abused cheeks, squeezing them tightly until Jensen sobbed beneath him. "Mine to reward. And you've been good, haven't you pet? You tried so very hard to please me." Jensen shook in his bonds, tears soaking into the fabric he rested on as Jared continued his slow, torturous assault on the sensitive skin of Jensen's ass. "And you've suffered so beautifully for me."

"S-sir?" Jensen stammered, thrown completely out of synch by the soothing words and soft, dangerous pleasure.

"Don't make me gag you again, pet." Jared said, soft but stern.

Jensen's jaw snapped closed.

"I thought about you all last night." Jared admitted, sliding one spit slick finger into Jensen's ass and slowly pressing against his prostate. "How you'd feel around my cock, how you looked, so helpless, so fucking beautiful, all stuffed full and scared. You know how hard it was not to drag you up to my bedroom and fuck you all night long?"

"I-god, please, sir." Jensen tried to thrust his hips back against the probing finger, desperate as the soft, kind words made him harder than he'd been in years.

"You had to be punished though. Had to be perfect for me."

Jensen moaned, his cock throbbing, and he barely resisted the urge to hump the mattress to get some sort of relief. His head was spinning, too fast, body too full of stimulation to keep breathing normally, his chest heaving as the highest, thinnest moans spilled forth from his lips at the wholly foreign experience.

Perspiration made his skin glow as he buckled back against Jared's face, sounds he didn't know he could make falling from his abused lips. *This* was what it felt like, oh my fucking god and could Jared use his tongue. It slicked up the outer ring, dragging the wax down over it and pushing it inside, where his flat tongue smeared across the walls of his channel before dragging it out again, twisting and probing without giving Jensen space for either thought or breath.

"S-sir," he gasped, his voice creaking as Jared's tongue soothed the welts on his asscheeks. Oh fuck, fuck, *fuck* Jensen's cock decided it really felt fucking nice, and swelled again, leaking sticky between his stomach and the bed, but he didn't dare thrust his hips to get some friction - there was no knowing what punishment Jared had in store if he didn't like that.

"So fucking hot. That's right, squirm for me pet. I can do whatever I want to you, all mine for the taking." Unexpectedly his body draped across Jensen's back, stealing his breath as he was forced down into the mattress, Jared's brawny forearms braced alongside Jensen's head. His cock brushed back and forth across Jensen's saliva slick hole, teasing with each pass. "How did I mark you, pet?"

Jensen shivered, utterly torn between the desire to press back against the heavy weight on his back or to sink further into the mattress. "You bit me," He whispered, "right on my throat, where everyone could see it. He flushed, remembering the looks he had suffered in the street. It hadn't been a hickey, the kind he might have gotten with an overenthusiastic girlfriend, but a deep, bruised, bleeding bite that had hurt for weeks after. The collar around his throat suddenly loosened, and Jared's teeth sunk down into the tender skin, just as his cock pressed unrelentingly against his hole, filling him up, pinning him at both ends.

Jensen screamed, unable to take the dual attack as Jared's cock slowly filled him, dragging against sensitive skin and pressing ruthlessly against his prostate.

"So fucking tight, pet," Jared whispered, licking at his throat, soothing the bruising sting of his bite as he sunk all the way into Jensen's clenching opening. "Is this what you wanted, this is why you were such a naughty slut?" Jared breathed over heated flesh, pulling back out until only the bulbous head was snuggled between Jensen's cheeks, "You wanted me to claim you as mine again?"

Jensen wailed, Jared's hips rolling smoothly, burying that thick, hard dick balls-deep into his ass, the moves slow, torturous, designed to press against Jensen's prostrate with every single push and pushing him right on the edge and off it.

"Yes, sir, oh god, oh, oh -" Jensen moaned thinly, struggling to hold on, stall his orgasm off and wait for permission, groans and guttural cries echoing in the dungeon. Jared's hands flitted across his forearms and down on his sides, drawing Jensen's ass back in each thrust with the little liberty of movement the cuffs around Jensen's legs allowed.

"Feels so good," Jared gritted out, his hips picking up pace, fingers bruising tight on Jensen's hips. "I could do this forever." His hips snapped forward, burying himself deep inside Jensen's ass. "Just fuck your tight little ass all day long and see which one of us gives in first." Jared drew himself out completely and reached down to unclip one of Jensen's thighs, raising it up and twisting Jensen onto his side, knee nestled in the crook of his arm. A stinging slap to the ass, and Jared slammed back in again, going deeper than ever before, jerking on Jensen's thigh and pulling him back on each thrust.

"Oh god." Jensen choked, his body spread even wider by Jared's arms, filled so full of cock he could barely see straight. Each slow thrust went deeper than the last as Jared renewed his claim on every inch of him. "Please, please." He begged. He couldn't wait, he needed to come so bad it hurt.

"Not yet pet. You know the rules." Jared grinned, squeezing Jensen's dick in warning as he moaned. "No sluts allowed to come when their master's cock is inside of them. And since you're my slut," he smacked Jensen's ass hard, "And I'm your Master," again, "You're not allowed to come. Not yet."

Jensen moaned, his vision blurring at the edges. Everywhere Jared's hand fell stung and burned, thinning the line between pleasure and pain so quickly and suddenly he choked on his own spit. It was too much, and with his hands bound over his head there was no way he was going to be able to last, "Please," he whimpered, his cock bobbing with each hard, unforgiving thrust, head swirling in an haze of exquisitely painful pleasure. Each time Jared draw him back on his cock he impaled him fully, reaching deeper than

he'd thought possible, hotter and harder than any toy he had indulged with. "S-sir, please-"

Jared pulled out completely, unclasping Jensen's other leg and pushing him up on his knees, spreading his legs apart with his own thighs as he pulled him up and drove right back in to the hilt, the headboard slamming loudly against the wall, Jensen's body lurching forward with the force of the pounding. Jensen yelled and came, his whole world whitening out as his body was wracked with the intensity of a freight train.

Jared's thrust slowed down to a shallow rhythm as he pushed Jensen's orgasm right out of him, his body sticky with sweat, the top and pants around his legs sliding and clinging to hot skin. He didn't relent, his hips rolling slowly but just as purposefully, Jensen's voice creaking and fading away in low whimpers as his ass was pounded restlessly.

He waited for the punishment that was sure to follow, tense and brittle as glass as Jared continued to fuck him, his hands as hard on Jensen's skin as the cock inside of him. Maybe he was too far gone to stop and punish Jensen then? Maybe he'd get his money's worth and then make Jensen pay? Scenarios played on loop through his mind, each one more morbid than the last. God, he was so tired, so sore... he couldn't face another punishment like the last.

Then to his surprise, Jared started to laugh, his smooth thrusts faltering before he pulled abruptly out of Jensen's ass and painted his bruised skin with strings of pearly come. His whole weight fell down on Jensen's back again, pressing him down onto the mattress, smothering him, cocooning him, warm arms so snug around Jensen's body that he could almost pretend it was a loving embrace. His wrists were unbound from the headboard and Jared chuckled darkly in his ear.

"Oh, pet, and you were doing so very well until then." Jensen's blood ran cold. Jared's arm slid around his throat, and he choked as he was pulled from the bed, heels digging into the floor as he was dragged from the room by the brutal hold. He couldn't scream, couldn't breathe, and tumbled back into the darkness as his Master dragged him down to the dungeon once more.

~ * & * ~

"*CUT!*"

Jared stopped in his tracks and knelt on the floor to adjust Jensen in his arms a little better, stroking his shoulder faintly as he moved off set. "Jared -" the director stammered, looking a bit at loss. Jared gave him his best shit-eating grin and waved from his armful of Jensen.

"Later, Joe," he chipped, zig-zagging carefully to his trailer, Jensen shivering body curled up in his arms. His fucking *sore* arms because dude, he had just come harder than he'd had since he fuckin' started in the industry - or started fucking in the industry, whichever, and it wasn't an easy task to navigate a totally limp Jensen between the mess of cameras and wires.

He pushed the door of his trailer open and kicked it close behind them. He needed a shower, dammit.. maybe a bath. A long, nice, relaxing bath. Now, if Jensen would cooperate.

He was still a little pissed at him, and yet he'd taken that freakin' huge risk on camera - for the good of the shoot, because if he had to hit Jensen anymore they were way, way out of what he called reasonable BDSM. It didn't mean what Jensen had told him hadn't stung, because honestly, who the hell did he think he was, talking back to him like that? And Jared was just maybe admitting that he could almost like him, and he had to go and ruin everything. He pouted, but a small moan coming from the form on his bed put his own childish drama aside and he picked up wet, warm towel.

Jared sighed and started cleaning Jensen up tenderly, quietly as he imagined he could have, maybe, if Jensen just granted himself that.

"You okay?" He asked quietly, his annoyance softening a little in the face of Jensen's vulnerability. How the hell the stubborn bastard managed to take care of himself after every shoot if this is how he ended up, Jared would never know.

He wasn't even sure if his co-star was fully conscious. There had been no snappy insults or profanity strewn complaints fired his way, his face, his unquestionably beautiful face, still and lax as his eyelashes fluttered against high cheekbones. There was arguing about it, Jensen was the most attractive man he had ever filmed with, and yes, fine, Jared had a not so insubstantial crush on him, but he had expected... more? Less? He wasn't sure.

Everyone he had spoken to had sung praises of Jensen's professionalism, but there had been few comments on his personal behaviour between shoots. Jared had taken it to mean Jensen was a bit of a diva - it wasn't rare for someone in as many hits as Jensen had been in to form a shiny little bubble world of MEMEME.

It had been worse.

He brushed his knuckles across Jensen's freckled cheeks and smiled gently as he stirred, sleepy, disorientated and just a tiny bit afraid.

"You okay?" He asked again, voice soft and kind, as if he was talking to a scared kitten. "It's over, you know. We're done. You were really, really amazing," he said honestly, and he didn't mean the sex part of it. Although yes, that had been pretty fantastic too.

Jensen stirred and moaned as every muscle in his body throbbed. "Shhh," Jared soothed, picking up another towel and wondering if he'd have enough to clean him and clean himself afterwards. Not that he couldn't ask for more to be brought in. "It's okay," he rubbed the warm cloth, peeling away the residual wax from Jensen's skin, grimacing as it showed red and angry from under the crust. "You're going to need a liniment for this," he murmured, keeping on his soft touches. Jensen didn't speak. Something told Jared it wasn't such a good sign, but he wouldn't push.

He threw the used towels in a corner and picked up a new bottle of chamomile lotion, sitting on the edge of the bed next to him. He showed the bottle under his nose, one of his hands stroking Jensen's shoulder just to keep some form of contact. "Okay?" he asked, the bottle dancing a little in his hand.

Jensen shifted with pained difficulty, looking up at him through slightly dulled eyes. "Why?"

"Why what? Jared asked, letting the cool liquid warm up in his hand before he applied it to Jensen's feverish skin. "I know you'd rather do this yourself, but I don't think you can reach your own back. Even you don't bend that well." He tried cracking a joke, but Jensen didn't smile. Come to think of it, the closest Jared had gotten from him was that tiny little twitch of amusement last night in the car.

"You were supposed to stick to the script." He whispered, looking lost, "Why didn't you stick to the script?"

"We are allowed to improvise." Jared hedged, his hands sliding around the bruises on Jensen's thighs. He'd struggled hard against the bar, and the marks ran deep. As he continued his hands mapped across older bruises, faded marks covered up by make-up that had run with his sweat. His thighs, his knees, his ankles, those which weren't painted over hidden by cuffs or rope.

"No one ever improvises." Jensen protested weakly, meek under Jared's hands the way his alter-ego had been during the scene.

"Yes, well," Jared looked away. "Like I said, I don't get my rocks off by being a sadist. You know what the script had me do to you, right?"

Jensen's gaze grew distant, his body trembling lightly as if he half expected Jared to act out the parts he had skipped. "You were supposed to fuck my mouth." He said quietly, bottom lip trembling. "Make me choke down your come and-"

"And slap you when you didn't swallow it all." Jared finished, unable to imagine himself striking Jensen's pale, still so horribly young face whilst he choked on a mouthful of come. "I don't hit people. And I sure as hell have never hit anyone I've topped. You might be hot stuff, but I'd not break that rule even for you." He teased, brushing his fingers so lightly across Jensen's cheek.

Jensen shuddered and recoiled, his solid grasp on reality swirling away from him like pale smoke. He couldn't stay there. He had to go, miles away from Jared's fucked up version of acting and his high morale horse. He tried to pull from inside of him a snarky comment, an insult to throw at him, make him go the fuck away and stop screwing with his head, but he found himself at loss, his hands shaking as he struggled to push himself up.

He heard Jared sigh, one of his arms wrapping around his chest and helping him up in a sitting position. Jensen bit his lip and looked away, still weakly trying to get out of Jared's gentle hold. No one backed out from a blowjob, that much he knew, and no one really gave a flying fuck about how many times he was hit. He knew it, he had been able to come to terms with it. Why now, why Jared?

"Gotta go," Jensen whispered, trying not to whimper as the sheets dragged across his sore ass muscles. Now, if he went now he might be able to chalk it up to a weird twist and leave it be.

"You can't even stand straight," Jared said quietly. "And you're covered from head to toe in marks. You need to get a once over before you can walk off."

"I'm fine." He stammered, unable to meet Jared's eyes when he was so unforgivably off guard.

Jared shook his head. "Why do you keep telling yourself that? It's not a crime to not be okay once in a while. I told you, whilst we are in this shoot it is my job to take care of you. Would it be such a terrible thing to let me?"

"You don't know what you're asking me." Jensen shook his head, clinging to the sheet like a lifeline.

With a gentle smile and even gentler hands, Jared sat close to him on the bed, wrapping an arm lightly around Jensen's shoulders.

"What I am asking is for you to let me clean you up. Let me take you home and order pizza, since you need to eat, I can't cook, and I don't think either one of us is fit for facing the public right now."

"I can cook." Jensen said absently, more a statement of fact than an offer to feed them.

Jared grinned. "Well thank god for that." The bite he had made on Jensen's throat was deeper than he had intended. He'd broken the skin, scratched the surface until tiny specks of blood had welled, and Jared's gut clenched with shame. He'd not meant to get so carried away, not when he had been trying to prove to Jensen that he wouldn't take advantage.

He doubted Jensen had even noticed. A bruise that had already stopped bleeding before it had really begun didn't seem high on his list of concerns.

Just another reason why Jared knew he wasn't okay.

"No," Jensen whispered, swallowing thickly and trying to move again, only to find out his balance wasn't exactly to top levels. "I can't," there was something in his voice that sounded more pleadingly than Jared had ever heard of him during the shoot, and perhaps it was the sheer desperation of it that made him pull away and allow Jensen to struggle upright. He was still naked, still painted in a rainbow of reds, yellows, purple and brown from his shoulders down, and it made Jared feel like shit. He stood up, too, picking up his own, larger robe and draping it across his shoulders.

"Let me drive you home, at least?" God knew Jensen wouldn't have been able to drive -or sit, for that matter- for days, and Jared was loathe to think of him, alone and shaking in some crazyhat's tincan. "I proved myself sane, didn't I?"

"My Little Pony," Jensen mumbled, still trembling on his feet and saying the three words as if it was a testament to Jared's insanity.

Jared grinned a little and fastened the robe around his waist. "You love Sparkly Tie."

"Yeah," Jensen muttered, not paying much attention.

Jared blanked the director as they made their way slowly out of the building, bidding various people goodnight. He got one or two dangerous looks from members of the crew, Paul included, as he guided Jensen out, a hand on his back to keep him from stumbling. He wondered if Jensen knew how fiercely protective the crew were of him, and figured that he really didn't have a clue.

The trip back took longer this time, Jared's eyes darting between the road and the rear-view mirror. Jensen was once again curled up in the back, sound asleep under a blanket Jared had fished out from under the picnic basket in the trunk. He was still out of it when Jared pulled into the lot, and instead of trying to wake him and go through the lengthy and pointless arguments of whether or not Jared would let him crawl to the door, he carefully hoisted him up and held him close.

He used the service buzzer to get access to the building, then checked the mail slots for the number of Jensen's apartment.

He half expected Jensen to wake up and chew him out, only thinking of keys once they stepped out of the elevator. He stopped in front of Jensen's door and froze. Who the fuck used a pin number to get into their home?

Sighing, he resigned to the inevitable - he would have to wake Jensen up. And then have him chew a new one for daring to walk up to his place.

"Jen?" He whispered in his ear, nudging his forehead a little. "Jen, we're in front of your door."

Jensen moaned but didn't wake up immediately, one of his hands curling like a child's over Jared's jacket and, for a terrifying moment, Jared felt almost like a rapist. No good telling his mind Jensen had never signalled, that he'd been careful, and that Jensen was a seasoned professional and he had read the script and agreed to the scene beforehand. He still felt utterly disgusted with himself for having etched new marks in his jaded body.

"Jensen?" Jared tried again, his arms stinging a little under the dead weight. "We're home, Jen."

"ome...?" Jensen blinked slowly, long, feminine eyelashes fluttering open, a sea of green extending endlessly in front of Jared's eyes. He tried to smile as if his heart wasn't being crushed by the worn out sound of Jensen's voice.

"Yeah, home. Your home."

Jensen shivered, looking over his shoulder at his own door and suddenly trying to kick out to be let down on his feet. Jared did, though not so quickly and stupidly as to let Jensen wander off by himself and fall straight down on his face. "It's fine," he soothed, supporting him as he grabbed the door handle, checking everything was in place.

"Why are you here? You can't be here!" He looked close to panic, shrinking back from Jared as if he were the big bad wolf. Jared didn't know what to do. He wanted to stay close and keep Jensen on his feet, but the longer he held Jensen, the closer he was, the deeper the panic grew. In the end he could only step back, hands in the air as Jensen sagged against the door.

"I didn't mean to scare you." He whispered, his heart heavy. He knew better than to try and push someone past their comfort zone when they were clearly having problems emerging from subspace. He knew that, but he'd done so anyway. Stupid. So damn stupid. Jensen's big green eyes swam with tears and Jared took another step back. "I'm sorry. I really am."

He took another step back, but it wasn't until he was actually standing in the open elevator that Jensen dared punch the pin into his door.

Even from where he stood, Jared heard the snap of bolt locks slamming into place as Jensen barricaded himself inside. He stayed there in the elevator for a few more instants, a heavy cloud of guilt and sadness gripping his chest as he stared at the blinking red light of Jensen's coded door. He pressed the lobby

button, exiting the building and Jensen's life.

Inside, Jensen slid down to the floor, his back pressed against the wall furthest from the door as his shoulders shook with silent, raspy sobs, hands clutching at his own chest as if he could try and shield himself from the dark fear that had twisted up his gut. No one was supposed to know, no one was supposed to see *him*, not like that, never. He sniffled, curling in the foetal position on the floor, eyes fixed firmly towards the locked door, his frayed nerves on edge as he waited for the pounding to start, for someone to crack the code and sneak in, for the phone to ring with silent breathing at the other end.

He couldn't move because everywhere hurt, and he didn't dare to call up his agent - even if he knew her and she would've come even in the middle of the night if she thought he needed something. And Jared, Jared of everyone, walking up to his door with that damn grin of his, crawling right under his layers and anchoring himself there, Jared with his stupid chivalry and starry eyes and fuckin' *standards* and rules. "Damn you," Jensen yelled in the utter silence of his house, tears dying on his lips as he shook with renewed sobs. "Damn you to hell."

He wasn't sure how long he stayed there, curled in the corner just waiting for his world to tumble down around him, but the darkness slowly filtered away long before he could summon the energy to move. His knees were too unsteady to support him - making it to the bedroom was out of the question, but the couch was close, and he wasn't above crawling there.

He snatched the thick blanket Jared had wrapped him up in from where it lay abandoned on the floor and dragged it with him.

His back screamed at him as he climbed up onto the couch, every joint protesting at the movement as he settled down into the soft cushions, the blanket that smelled like Jared's aftershave settling like a warm embrace around his shoulders.

The goddamn My Little Pony smiled at him from the coffee table. Jensen snatched at it, ready to scream and throw the stupid thing at the wall. Somehow it ended up on the couch next to him, buried under the blanket, the only thing bright and shiny that he owned.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 2: An unexpected turnout

Rating: NC-17

Warnings: Schmoop. Please heed this seriously. We are not responsible for any cavities you might get from reading.

Notes: Takes place shortly after [Tainted Love](#).

Summary: For the record, Jensen doesn't date his co-stars. Ever. Not even the cute ones.

Scene One

I: How did you two start dating after such a rocky meeting?

JP: Perseverance, determination, and a lot of lube.

JA: (blushes and elbows)

JP: What did I say now!?

JA: (sighs)

JP: He just couldn't admit he missed me...

JA: He was stalking me. Quite creepy really.

JP: I just happened to be a last minute casting -

JA: Dude, you bribed James Lafferty with a cruise in the Pacific!

JP: He just happened to need a vacation and I offered one. Simple as that.

"Recasting?" Jensen frowned, reading the script as his agent talked in his ear through the Bluetooth headphone.

"Si, caro, James has taken an unexpected vacation. Don't worry, I checked, it's all regular, he's been shooting since March last year, poor boy needs some quality time with his boyfriend."

Jensen sighed. Boyfriend. Alright, whatever, "Who's the new guy, then?"

"I believe you know him," She giggled, "Merda! Gotta go now doll. You behave and if someone is nasty, you call me and I'll cut their dicks off, alright?"

"Va bene." Jensen sighed, flipping the script closed.

"That's my boy! Go knock 'em dead." Jensen hung up and sat back in his chair, looking up into the eyes of his newest co-star as he appeared on set.

He was obviously hallucinating.

Jared bounded over, long legs wrapped in denim, and Jensen wondered absently how long he would get if he beat his co-star to death with a dildo.

"Morning sunshine." Jared bounced on his toes, already high on God alone knew what, a huge tub of brightly colored jelly worms tucked under his arm. "Looks like we get to work together again." He grinned enthusiastically. "Pretty awesome, no?"

Jensen didn't get the chance to reply, his jaw still hanging down by his knees when Jared spun on the spot and jogged over to *his* trailer, ignoring the steps altogether and jumping right through the door.

Joe shuffled over, hands in his pockets and an unusually contrite expression on his face. "You okay there, kid?"

"I-" Jensen stammered, fingers trembling a little. "Need a drink."

"Coffee?" Joe asked, waving over a PA.

"Whiskey." Jensen corrected.

Joe sighed, "Look, I don't know what went down last time you and him worked together... If he hurt you, if he did anything that you didn't -"

"No," Jensen said quickly. Whatever issues he's had with Jared hadn't been on camera. And it was not fair of him to say otherwise - especially because Jared had done anything but hurt him while they were rolling. And, surprisingly enough, that particular DVD had been top hit on sales since it was released and it didn't look like it'd come down anytime soon. "No, he's - he's a good actor. I mean it."

Joe eyed him suspiciously. "Then why is that you look like you saw a ghost?"

Jensen tried to bring back to his face the patented Ackles smile, "I'm thinking how best dislodge him from my trailer."

Joe still looked unconvinced, but there was no way in Hell Jensen would tell him the real reason why seeing Jared freaked him out so much - not to mention acting again with him... What if Jared wanted revenge? What if he spilled the beans on him, told everyone just how much of a freak Jensen was?

Fuck, why wasn't there some kind of self help book for this? There was one for everything else. Joe shook his head and wandered over to speak to the sound techs, and Jensen waited until Jared had exited his trailer in a whirlwind of arms and legs before deciding it was safe to go hide away until he had to hit make up.

Inside Jared had used gummy worms to write a message on the vanity.

LET ME TAKE U 2 DIN'R

Jensen swept them into the trash and flopped down on his bed, head buried under the pillows until his assistant knocked lightly on the door.

Christ, he'd never survive this shoot. Not with Jared. Not when he knew what it was like to be wrapped up in those stupidly strong gorilla arms.

He'd go mad.

"Mister Ackles?" His assistant was the only one on set who ever called him that, no matter how many times Jensen had insisted she call him something else. Jensen, Jen, Kid, Doll, Whore, he answered to all of them, but Mr. Ackles was his father. "You're wanted in make-up."

"I'm coming, Alona." He yelled, voice muffled by the pillows.

No, he was never going to survive this.

When Jensen walked into makeup, Jared was nowhere to be seen, and he sighed in relief. There was something to be said for small miracles. He sat down, only to find a red, heart-shaped box sitting between the foundation creams and the different brushes. Jensen looked back at Millicent and raised his eyebrows enquiringly.

"Oh, they're for you," She giggled, the tips of her ears turning bright pink. Jensen's heartbeat accelerated and he opened the small box. Inside, he found a series of rich, dark round balls of chocolates, each wrapped in its own sparkly silver paper. On the top of the tin box, someone had written **DINR???** with a white eyeliner.

Jensen wanted to throw the chocolates away, but was afraid to do so with the makeup girl thinking they were cuter than fluffy newborn kittens, so he settled the chocolates down on the counter and waited patiently for her to finish her magic. He knew he looked younger than his years, and they all seemed to want him to appear younger still. Maybe it had something to do with the whole thrill of young studs that looked like built men with huge cocks, Jensen didn't know *or* care.

Christ, and why *this script*? Why the first time he thought it was something he could escape with little emotional damage, he was presented with the person that was *most likely* to cause it? Jensen gave an inward groan as he walked on set and saw Jared in the gym's trousers and hoodie, sweaty hair pushed back and zipper slightly lowered to show his glistening chest.

"You look like someone killed Santa." Jared frowned as Jensen made his way on set like a man facing the gallows.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you asshole?" Jensen snapped.

"Aw, don't be like that, sugar." He grinned, stuffing huge hands into the pockets of his shorts.

Jensen's eyes narrowed. "Don't call me sugar." He said coldly, at a loss as to why Jared simply threw his head back and laughed.

"Haven't you read the script? I get to call you all sorts, Pumpkin."

Jensen twitched and snorted.

"Ha!" Jared yelled, lighting up like a room full of Christmas trees. "I saw that! That was a smile! You laughed!" Then before Jensen could think of a suitably cutting insult, Jared was bouncing across the set, cackling like a deranged Bond Villain, victory arms stretched wide. The crew ignored him entirely, as if there wasn't a six foot one billion madman dancing between the cables.

Maybe Jensen was dead, and this was Hell? He considered calling his agent and asking her if he had been in any life ending accidents recently.

He reached for his phone too late. Joe called everyone to set, and before he knew what was happening, the cue was called.

"AND ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen pushed the gym's door open, looking eagerly around between the bar and the reception area. He knew Jared was still on duty, but he had gotten bored sitting at the shop by himself, and he'd decided to call it an early day and surprise his boyfriend. They could maybe grab a bite at the gym's bar before going home... a nice evening. Quiet, for once.

He read the board, looking for Jared's schedule, and he found he just finished a Spinning lesson. He grinned to himself and jogged to the men's locker room. It was already empty, the guys having already cleared out. His grin brightened and he peered through the doorstalls, where the water was running.

His mouth watered, eyes widening as he took sight of the way the water traced over Jared's massive shoulders, down to a trimmed waist and perfectly shaped ass, tracing tantalizing lines to his mile long legs.

He moaned softly as Jared's hands ran across his body, trails of soapy suds mapping out firm lines of solid muscle. Jared tipped his head at the sound, a brilliant grin reaching his face as the water flattened his hair to his neck.

"Hey, you." He grinned. "What's with the peep show?"

Jensen flushed, his eyes drawn to Jared's huge, beautiful cock hanging between those wide, powerful thighs. "Work was dead." He shrugged, the toes of his sneakers growing damp from the fine mist of the shower. Jared tipped his head and smiled.

"Get in here. I missed you."

Jensen smiled, blushing as he always did under the weight of Jared's heated gaze. His jacket hit the bench, his sneakers kicked off without unfastening the laces, and he stepped under the spray with his socks still on, ignoring Jared's look of amusement and saying, "Do you have any idea what kind of germs there are in places like this?" His nose wrinkled and he slipped a little on the slick floor, tumbling forward into Jared's strong arms.

"Hey." Jared said again, pulling Jensen close, their bodies fitting perfectly together.

"Hey." Jensen whispered back, his breath catching in his throat as Jared's thumb brushed across his cheek before cupping his jaw.

"God, baby, feels like forever." Jared sighed, cradling Jensen's face gently in his palm.

Jensen's brow wrinkled. "Six hours, Jay."

Jared smiled and pressed his lips to the thin line frowning Jensen's brow, droplets of water clumping his eyelashes as he kissed down the bridge of his nose, thumbs stroking his cheekbones. "You should sneak away more often," Jared grinned, lips meeting lips as his fingers started to pull at Jensen's t-shirt, bunching it in his hands as he tried to tug it over his head. Jensen smiled, raising his arms and breaking the kiss long enough to have him take it off, Jared's hands immediately going to skim over Jensen's torso, brushing past his nipples and around his hips, fingers framing his waist and teasing the curve of his tailbone.

"You're beautiful," Jared whispered, hands sliding over heated skin, breath mingling with breath as he hovered in front of Jensen's mouth, locking eyes with him. He waited one split second before letting his lips cover Jensen's, a chaste, closed mouthed kiss, droplets of water running down his forehead and falling gently on Jensen's freckled cheeks.

Jensen whimpered, his mouth parting slowly, the tip of Jared's tongue slipping past willing lips and sliding across roof and teeth, bodies pressed so closely together that Jensen knew Jared could feel his heart thumping right out of his chest.

Jensen's knees sagged as Jared carefully mapped out every inch of his mouth, soft, wet lips pressed against his, fingers fluttering against his cheek as if he were as delicate as a butterfly. He moaned into the kiss, his own arms winding around Jared's neck without any conscious thought as he trembled and sagged under the onslaught.

Jared's big hands wrapped around Jensen's hips, and with a fluid roll of muscle, he was being hoisted off the ground and up into the secure circle of Jared's arms. Jensen's legs curled around slim hips, sock covered ankles crossing behind Jared's back. "So beautiful," Jared whispered again. "My beautiful Jensen." This time Jensen wasted no time allowing Jared's tongue past his lips, his head tilting to allow a deeper kiss.

"Jay." He breathed, eyes closed as the water cascaded from above, his fingers curled tight over hard mounds of muscle. He was still taken by surprise when Jared demonstrated the endless strength he kept coiled inside his perfect body, overwhelmed by the way his boyfriend could manhandle him and be so impossibly gentle whilst he did so. Jensen had never felt so helpless, or so cherished as he did when he was in those arms.

Jared guided him gently against the wall, the cool tiles making Jensen gasp and arch in Jared's hold. He didn't put him down, not yet, his cock grinding against Jensen's wet, heavy pants, the friction eliciting moans from the both of them, moans that were lost in heat and water and from mouth to mouth. Jensen briefly wondered why Jared didn't put him down, his mouth aching exquisitely as he kept on kissing him as thoroughly and methodically as if he'd never done it before. A thrill raked Jensen's spine, and he tightened his legs around his waist, hips rolling and rutting against Jared's, breath getting broken by soft whimpers as he felt his cock pushing and pulsing in its denim cage.

"Missed this," Jared murmured, mouthing down his neck and sucking gently at the hollow of his throat. He pressed a trail of kisses all around Jensen's neck and collarbone, hoisting him up a little higher so he could suck one of the hardening, brown nubs through his lips.

Jensen whimpered, his hands fisting in Jared's wet hair and buckling up against his mouth. His back was rubbing against the tiles and scraping the skin a little, but it was more arousing than painful. Jared's teeth grazed his nipple and he moaned, head thrown back and bumping against the wall.

Jared chuckled, looking up at him with eyes blown wide by lust. "Careful, love. There's no fun to be had if you give yourself a concussion."

"Hmm." Jensen moaned, shivering a little at the term of endearment. "And what did you have in mind?"

The tips of Jared's fingers brushed the back of Jensen's pants. "It's naughty." He grinned devilishly. "Certainly not something a nice boy like yourself should get caught doing in a public place."

Jensen hissed, fingers tight in Jared's hair, his head pressed back against the tiles. "If anyone catches us I can just say you corrupted me." He teased. "Tell me more."

Jared licked Jensen's throat and purred against the skin. "Well, I'd undress you of course, bare every inch of your beautiful skin for me to touch. Except the socks," He chuckled, "'cause that's kinda hot."

"Pervert." Jensen laughed, grinning himself.

"You got me, baby," Jared winked.

"Then what?"

"Then," Jared murmured, lips hovering over Jensen's rapidly beating heart, "then I'd spread you out and lick you open, make you gasp and moan for me. God, the sounds you make, Jen. So goddamn hot."

Jensen whimpered, his eyes rolling in the back of his head as he struggled to hold on to Jared's hair, his other hand grappling for purchase at one broad shoulder. "Please," he moaned, rutting his hips up again and struggling to move his legs higher on Jared's chest, so that he could feel his thick, hard cock press against his clothed ass.

Jared smiled and brushed his lips over the underside of Jensen's chin. "Then I'd lay you over one of the abs benches... legs spread wide for me as I'll finally bury all of my thick cock inside of you... you love it when I take you like that, don't you baby?" Jared bit lightly at Jensen's collarbone, his hands taking a firm hold of his buttocks and squeezing.

Jensen moaned and shook, fingers slipping through water-soaked hair. "Yes," he whimpered, clutching desperately at his strong body. "God, Jay, yes -"

Jared pushed his hips up further, as though determined to fuck Jensen through the layer of clothing. Jensen groaned and fought to spread his legs a little and hold onto him at the same time, even if he knew, deep down, that Jared wouldn't let him fall.

He moaned a little as strong arms tightened slight, hugging him close, and then he was set down on the slippery tiles, Jared's hands on his hips until he had found a steady purchase against the wall.

Jared kissed his belly and the lines of his hips, each soft touch an act of adoration that stole Jensen's breath away. Small, delicate kisses turned to feather light whispers of Jared's eyelashes against his skin as buttons popped on his jeans and Jared helped him keep his balance long enough to step out of them.

"Jay." Jensen's voice was thinner than he meant it to be, stunned and somewhat awed by each reverent kiss pressed into his skin before Jared dropped down from a crouch onto his knees and flashed a brilliant grin up from behind soaking bangs of dark hair.

"Turn around for me, baby." He kissed Jensen's hips once more, his cheek brushing across the head of Jensen's cock as he kept Jensen steady and helped him turn around to lean against the wall.

Jensen did, crossing his arms over the tiles and burrowing his head in it, shivers raking from his soaked socks up to his legs and back, a thrill of anticipation coursing through his body. Jared spread his cheeks almost tenderly, big thumbs stroking the inner skin as he leans in to nuzzle at it with his nose. Jensen squirmed and let out a breath of laughter, one that Jared echoed before pressing a quick kiss to each cheek.

The first brush of tongue over his pink opening had him moan out loud, hands scraping the flat surface of the wall to try and keep himself grounded. It didn't work. Jared circled the outer ring of muscle with the tip, feathery light brushes that slicked it up with saliva before he wriggled inside Jensen's tight hole, tongue lax and pliant as he went in, flat as a stab and as rigid as he could make it as he draw it out. Jensen wouldn't have been able to control his moaning and whimpering even if he tried, and admittedly, he wasn't trying that hard. His cock was hard and weeping precome, and it brushed against the cool wall with every push of Jared's tongue inside of him. The combination of it with hot water and the wicked things Jared was doing to his ass turned him to a blubbing, shivering mess of pleas and choked whimpered words, "Jay" and "More" and "Again, again, again," barely distinguishable through the flow of water.

Jared's tongue pulled out and began to trace down the length of Jensen's crack, teasing his tight balls before moving back up and twisting inside again. Jensen mewled and slammed his palms against the tiles, his hips rolling back of Jared's face shamelessly as he begged for more.

Jared's soft chuckle was warm against Jensen's skin, his big hands braced over the curve of Jensen's ass as he pressed him gently to the wall. His tongue knew each place to explore, and how exactly to make Jensen sob and beg from the pleasure of each teasing swipe.

He slid his hand from one side of Jensen's hip, sliding it around the smooth skin of his thigh before brushing the tips of his fingers along the underside of Jensen's cock.

The dual attack sent waves of pleasure shuddering through Jensen's system. He struggled to keep control as Jared's tongue probed gently at his ass, and his fingers teased the sensitive skin of his cock.

"God, Jay, Jay, please."

"Come on baby." Jared pulled back enough to be heard over the sound of the shower, his hand rhythmically stroking, his thumb teasing the weeping slit of Jensen's cock.

Jensen bit his lip and whimpered, an high pitched noise coming from somewhere down his throat as he rolled his hips up, breath breaking. Jared's hand was wonderfully hot and tight around his cock, and his ass still pulsed and clenched from where Jared had tongue-fucked him. He moaned again, his mouth opening in an obscene 'O' as he threw his head back and pumped his cock through the slick, welcoming channel of Jared's hand.

"Beautiful," Jared murmured, standing up and taking Jensen's weight against his chest as he kept stroking him. "You look so perfect, baby," He pressed his lips over Jensen's cheek, then shifted down to his neck. He let the arm he had around Jensen's chest slid lower, his warm hand caressing his ass teasingly before slipping a finger inside Jensen's entrance, feeding him just the tip before pulling it back out to run in circles around his quivering hole.

Jensen wailed, more precome slicking up Jared's hand and getting washed away by the shower spray. Heat

coiled tight in his belly as he didn't know which way he should go, if he should snap forward or thrust back against Jared's hand, moans becoming higher and more disconnected as a wave of pleasure shook him from within.

"Come on, Jen." Jared encouraged, his arms coiled around Jensen's slim hips as he continued his delicious torment, the pad of his finger playing teasingly with the slick hole beneath it. His lips pressed warm over Jensen's spine, and his arms tightened as his slick fist drew a choked wail from Jensen's lips and come splashed across the tiles, only to be washed away in the fall of warm, steamy water.

He caught Jensen as he fell, easing him down onto the floor, snug in his arms, and tipped Jensen's shaking chin up to steal a kiss.

~ * & * ~

"CUT!"

Jensen was still clutching Jared tightly when the call was made, half of him still a little lost by his freedom to walk off set without having to wait for Paul to come and set him loose. Jared's lips hovered so close above his, bruised and red from their kisses.

Jensen couldn't actually remember the last time he had kissed someone, scene or not.

"You alright?" Jared's eyes were warm and concerned, but his smile was kind, his body sheltering Jensen from the eyes of the crew as they moved about to reset the equipment. "Saves us some time on the clean up, no?" He teased, the shower turning off at the mains.

Jensen blinked, droplets of warm water still clinging to his eyelashes, some more falling from Jared's bangs over his face. He knew he'd be able to walk on his own, and he knew he should roll out of Jared's arms. They were acting. It wasn't real, they weren't together and Jared's lips were just ... just there, and felt so damn nice. He blushed furiously, the thought unprofessional enough to shake him out of his reverie, gut clenching at how emptying it felt to be inching out of Jared's arms.

"I guess," he said, hoping he could chalk up the shakiness of his voice to the monumental orgasm he'd just had, and not to the tiny voice inside his head that told him he really just wanted to pretend it was real, just for this once.

A warm, dry robe was draped over his back, Jared's hands gentle as they had been during the shoot. Jensen turned a little - surely a thank you was allowed in the grand scheme of the Ackles Rules to Survival? "Thank you," he murmured, fastening it on.

Jared grinned and waved his hand as to say it was nothing, his own robe half-way on, his cock still as hard and huge as it had felt rubbing against his ass. Jensen's blush spiked up alarmingly when he realized he was staring. "Guess it sucks for you, huh?" He said quietly, unable to meet Jared's eye.

A soft laugh, a shrug, and Jared shook his head. "Nah. All balances out in the grand scheme of things. You sure you're okay?" There was nothing in his voice to indicate it, but Jensen knew Jared was thinking about the last time they shot together and the horribly unprofessional way Jensen had behaved.

He mustered a smile and nodded, hands thrust into his pockets as he made his way back to his trailer, leaving Jared alone on set.

This time there was no candy, just a giant teddy bear - a Jared sized teddy bear- all fuzzy and cute, a card attached to the ribbon around its neck that read,

**I AM SIR HUGSALOT, FRIEND OF SPARKLY TIE
PLEASE FEED ME GREEN GUMMIES**

Jensen threw back his head and laughed, grateful for once that he was all alone.

God, he was working with a lunatic. He flipped over the card.

DINNER?

Jensen's stomach clenched quickly and unmercifully, and he sagged down on his couch, the tag still held tight in his hand. It shouldn't feel like this. He had made a promise to himself, and he'd already been breaking so many of his rules where Jared was concerned he didn't know if he would ever be able to put them back in place.

God, he had allowed himself to run away with Jared's twisted improvising thing, hell, he'd encouraged it, he'd *felt* it, clutched at him and let himself be kissed and *rimmed* - he still had to process that one, his mind reeling. It - it was too much. He shouldn't have allowed him to run along with it, he should've put his foot down and fucking *blown* him as the script suggested, not the other way around, with Jared's tongue depriving him of any rational thought. Christ, he'd been in the porn industry longer than he cared to remember and he was being played around by a newcomer.

He didn't realize his fist was clenching the tag tightly enough to rip it until his nails scraped the soft skin of his palm. He swallowed, the cramped, untidy scrawl and the underlined DINNER looking mockingly at him. He couldn't, he knew he couldn't. It scared the hell out of him and Jensen was never afraid anymore - he didn't like being afraid.

So no. Jared would just have to content himself with an attempt at professionalism, and Jensen would suck him off so good Jared would be happy with that and leave him the hell alone. In theory.

The teddy seemed to pout mournfully at him from the dresser, big fluffy hands open wide in an invitation of unconditional snuggles. Just like Jared.

Jensen jumped to his feet and threw the note in the bin. He stuffed the teddy under the throw on his bed and refused to look at it again.

A knock at the door and he ran his fingers through his hair, checking in the mirror before he left. The person who looked back at him was so young, Jensen thought he was looking through some kind of time warp, back to another place, another set, another script. His jaw clenched. He wasn't that person anymore. He wasn't that weak, fragile little kid. He was older, wiser, stronger. He was a hundred times better than what they had made him.

Another knock.

"Yeah, I'm coming." He shouted back, sparing his freckled face a final glance in the distorted mirror. He was better. He was stronger. And it was high time everyone knew it.

Starting with Jared Padalecki.

He opened the door, and the sole reason of all his troubles grinned at him from the other side. He showed him a bag of green gummies, and Jensen didn't know if he should get mad or simply slam the door in his face. "Knowing you, Sir Hugsalot would've starved to death."

"What the -" Jensen sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "What are you trying to do?"

"Besides getting you to crack a smile?"

Jensen looked up at him, Jared's dimples carved deep in his face and hazel eyes shining. He felt insane anger swell up inside of him, floor slipping from under his feet as he decided he hated everything about Jared fucking Padalecki, from his goddamn smile to his hands to his fucking lips, "What's in for you?" He snarled, pressing both hands across Jared's chest and pushing him back, "What's your goddamn goal?"

Jared didn't even stumble, just took a step back and raised his hands and the bag of green gummies in the air. "I don't *want* anything." Jared said quietly, putting the bag on the floor beside Jensen's door. "We're ready to roll."

Jensen stared so long at the bag that he nearly missed his cue.

"ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen mewled softly as Jared nuzzled the tender skin at his throat, strong arms curled around his waist as the water tumbled over them. "You taste so good baby." He purred in Jensen's ear. "And all mine."

"Yours." Jensen breathed in agreement, head thrown back as he bared his throat in supplication. "Only ever been yours."

Jared growled, a tiny noise of possession that made Jensen's heart pound, as he scrapped his teeth lightly along Jensen's collarbone. "Mine." He repeated. "You know I see the way people look at you, baby. They all think you are beautiful, so damn pretty it hurts, and I'm proud when I can tell them that you are mine."

Jensen gasped and clutched at Jared's hair, his knees weak as a warm mouth and the soft words it whispered attacked every tender part of him with loving dedication to a cause.

He struggled to hold onto him, fingers slipping over firm muscle as Jared carried him out of the shower stalls and into the locker room, skin heated and shivering when the cool air whipped over his body. Jared held him tighter, small little nibbles scratching Jensen's neck, lips soothing the tiny marks and suckling as though he wanted to eat him up.

"They can't have you," Jared whispered as he settled Jensen down over one private weight-lifting benches the staff used. Jensen shivered violently again, and Jared picked up a towel to dry him with long, leisurely strokes. Jensen whimpered, his cock filling up again as Jared gently and carefully towelled his groin. "I made you mine," He settled down on the end of the bench, hoisting Jensen's legs up as he brushed the damp towel down the creak of his ass, a lazy grin on his lips as he pressed a kiss in the inside of his knee. Jensen mewled, arms falling down each side of the bench to grasp at its legs, skin tightening all over as a new wave of heat curled up in his belly.

"So beautiful, God baby, you look so damn hot and you don't even know it," Jared whispered, pushing his legs further up and hooking them under and over the weight bar, sneaking between his spread legs to rub their cocks lazily together.

"Only for you." Jensen swore. "Only because of you." The balls of Jensen's knuckles turned white as he grasped the solid legs of the bench, his knees curled over the cool metal bar. Whoever had used it last hadn't removed the weights, and Jensen couldn't have dislodged it even if he had tried. The implied lack of control made him blush hotly, ears burning as Jared's hard cock ran up and down the cleft of Jensen's ass. "Jared-"

"Hush love, it's alright." Jared promised, pressing a finger into the smooth, saliva slick hole. "See?" He said when Jensen keened with pleasure. "That's right, make those pretty noises for me baby." Jensen could deny Jared as much as Jared could deny him, which was to say very little at all. He whimpered softly, bottom lip caught between his teeth as he looked at Jared pleadingly.

"I - please, Jay, please." he begged.

Jared pressed a second finger up to the tight ring of muscle and paused. "More?"

"More." Jensen pleaded, lifting his hips as much as he could under the bar in the hope that Jared's thick fingers would slide deeper into his ass.

"Naughty, naughty boy," Jared chuckled lowly, scissoring his fingers a little and stroking teasingly over his prostrate. Jensen whimpered and rutted his hips up again. "Who would know the things those lips say, hu?" He licked the corner of Jensen's mouth, his chest pressed against Jensen's, nipples rubbing together as Jared's cock bobbed above Jensen, not even touching it. "Who would know what you ask me to do when no one's watching?"

Jensen whimpered and moaned, buckling up again and gasping as his dick stroked Jared's hot, leaking shaft. "Jay - ngh -"

"Talk to me baby," Jared whispered as he kissed him again, lazy licks of tongue above pink, swollen lips. "Tell me what you want - just like the first time-"

Jensen whimpered and thrust back over Jared's fingers, trying as best as he could to fuck himself on Jared's hand, his neck and cheeks reddening as his breath got more and more erratic. Jared was the one that talked, Jensen usually whimpered and let him do his thing - and God, why mention that first time again? His cock swelled and leaked, blood sprinting south with every rocking motion of Jared's body above him, hips pressing together as he added another finger, stretching him further.

"Don't go shy on me now, beautiful," he chuckled, licking a swathe down the hollow of Jensen's throat, taking one nipple between his lips and wrenching a wail from Jensen's lips. "That's it, let me hear you." He murmured, sucking lightly on the sensitive skin, occasionally dragging his teeth over the tight mound of flesh.

"Please!" Jensen sobbed, hips jerking wildly as he fought for more depth, more speed, more Jared.

Jared withdrew his fingers, pulling a disappointed whimper from Jensen's throat. "Alright, baby, easy."

The first press of his cock against Jensen's hole made Jensen jerk and gasp below him, eyes sparkling in the bright overhead light as he tried and failed to push back against the big dick. Jared was too heavy above him, and Jensen too vulnerable with his legs held wide by the weights. He tried again, whimpering when Jared leant back, one big hand spread wide across his belly as the other lined their bodies up perfectly.

The stretch was exquisite. Slow, torturous and deliberate, filling Jensen inch by inch, only sinking deep enough to stretch him around the thick girth - never enough to be all that he was desperate for. "Oh god - Jay!"

"So tight. Jesus! Still so tight." Jared panted, his palm heavy on Jensen's chest. "My blushing virgin," Jared's hand came up to frame Jensen's face, lips searing hot above his, his thick cock spreading him impossibly wide around the head before Jared pushed in again, teasing thrusts that were too shallow and short to give Jensen any sort of real relief. He moaned and gasped, the vibrations travelling above his tongue and around Jared's as he licked his way inside.

"You're everyone's wet dream, baby," Jared mumbled as he pulled Jensen's balls tight against his body, his eyes drawn to where Jensen's ass was sucking in his cock. "Do you know it?" He whispered, voice thick with arousal as he pulled completely out, Jensen whining in frustration. He rubbed the tip of his cock tantalizing over Jared's slick crack, the length pushing his asscheeks apart and sending shivers up Jensen's spine.

"Jare-" Jensen begged, trying to thrust back against him, his hole flexing, craving Jared's stiff dick inside.

"Such a dirty mouth on a model student like yourself," Jared murmured, biting his lip gently before leaning to the side to lick at the curve of his ear. "Yes, Mr. Padalecki, please, please, sir, fuck me, sir, I want it -" Jensen blushed crimson and moaned, his arms shooting up to wrap around Jensen's broad back. "Your voice, baby, I still jerk off thinking about your voice, begging me so prettily."

Jensen whimpered, trying to spread his legs wider, deep red flush suffusing his chest and up to the tip of his ears. Jared's tongue danced around the fleshy part, teeth digging slightly before mapping out the freckled column of his neck, "C'mon baby, tell me you still want it."

"Jared - oh god," Jensen clutched at his back, biting hard into his lower lip.

"C'mon baby," Jared cooed, the tip of his dick pushing teasingly over Jensen's quivering opening.

"I want it, please, oh god, I want it. Jay-" Jared didn't make him beg anymore. He snapped his hips

forward, filling Jensen to the brim with one smooth thrust.

"Jesus," Jared gasped, hissing a little as Jensen's blunt nails raised shallow scrapes across his shoulders as he clung tightly and mewled in his ear. "So good, so goddamn perfect."

Jensen groaned wordlessly, his thighs trembling and his fingers tightening with every slow, delicious slide of Jared's cock, his face pressed into Jared's palm as it fluttered delicately across his cheek. "Jay, Jared." Each time he gathered enough breath to speak, Jared slammed into him, from slow and gentle to a forceful application of all his strength, leaving Jensen boneless and shaking beneath him, mouth open wide as he tried to suck in a lungful of air.

"Yo! Jared, you in here bro?"

Jared's head cocked up in surprise at the unexpected intrusion, then he grinned down wickedly at Jensen, ignoring his sudden look of panic and rolling his hips, his cock brushing right over the place that made Jensen moan deliriously.

The sound was sharp, loud in the heavy silence around them, and Jensen clamped his jaw shut, eyes wide with panic. Jared continued to grin, and repeated the process, picking up momentum as the footsteps behind the wall of lockers grew closer, and Jensen's desperately muffled moans grew louder. One deep, solid thrust, and his fingers left their tight grip on Jared's shoulders, one fist pressing into his mouth as he tried to bite back each blissful sound.

Jared smirked, bowing his head to lick at Jensen's knuckles stuffing his mouth, his hips rolling again and slamming his cock on Jensen's prostrate, his ass clenching hot and tight around the hard shaft. Jensen whimpered thinly, tossing his head from one side to the other, doors creaking as whomever was looking for Jared moved about the locker room.

"They're gonna see you," Jared murmured against his skin, "Spread open and wanton for me, your legs wide and up, my cock filling you inch. By. Inch." he punctuated the words with three quick, deep thrusts, Jensen's whimpers getting higher as he fought desperately to be silent, his cock hardening and spurting more precome with each word falling from Jared's mouth, "And you'd love that, wouldn't you? Cos I know I would. Let them watch, let them see that I am the one who's got you, that I'm the one who popped your little cherry as you begged me for more on your hands and knees." He drew all the way out and then pushed right back in, the pace quickening just as Jensen's moans grew in pitch.

"Jared?"

Jared grinned, his breath leaving him in a gasp as Jensen's muscles clenched down hard on him again, legs twitching desperately over the weight bar. "Do you want more baby? Mmmh?" Jared slowed down to a lazy, almost relaxed pace, while Jensen's eyes darted wildly around the room. His skin was hot and flushed, and he whimpered faintly, his hips rutting up as he craved to get to release before someone could walk in.

"C'mon," Jared whispered, tugging at one nipple with his teeth, "You feel so damn good baby, so tight, so fuckin' beautiful," Jared's mouth moved upwards again, tongue mapping out patterns on freckled skin before prying Jensen's hand out of his mouth and claiming it for his own all over again.

Jensen's soft sounds of pleasure were lost in Jared's mouth, his bitten knuckles wrapped up tightly in warm, gentle fingers. The footsteps were so close now that Jensen imagined he could feel the vibrations running through the floor, but Jared showed no sign of slowing down. Quite the opposite. The snap of his hips became more frantic, each thrust dragging against Jensen's prostate as he attempted to drive them both to an early grave.

"Dude! man, I know you're in here!" Jensen saw Jared roll his eyes in amusement before he pulled back, hips still rolling, and placed his hand gently over Jensen's mouth. Jensen immediately licked his palm, his soft whimpers lost against Jared's warm skin.

"Man, what do you *want*?" Jared yelled back, his other hand anchored on Jensen's hip.

The footsteps faltered. "You okay Jay, you sound kinda, and why the fuck didn't you answer me?"

Jared grunted, his cock slamming deep, making Jensen arch beneath him and come, sticky splashes of his release spilling between their bodies. "Do I," he broke off, the spasms of Jensen's ass clenching tight around his cock, "have to spell it out for you jackass?"

There was a long pause, and Jared moved the hand over Jensen's mouth to tenderly cup his cheek.

"Pervert." Jared's friend laughed fondly. "Fine then, you beat off and I'll do your job for you."

"Sounds awesome," Jared whispered breathlessly, his hand leaving Jensen's hip to sneak behind, between back and bench, pulling Jensen up as he snapped his hips once, twice, and pulled out just as he was coming, covering Jensen's ass and thighs with pearly stripes. Jensen couldn't help but whimper, biting his lip as the warm stickiness coated his flexing hole. Jared smiled at him, pulling him in for another breath-stealing kiss, his cock riding the crease of Jensen's ass as he shook with orgasm.

Jensen moaned into his mouth, grasping at Jared's strong biceps for support, his legs shaking above the cool metal bar as the friction over his ass made spikes of want run up his spine.

Jared grinned at him, lowering him back on the bench as his hand went to fist Jensen's oversensitive cock. Jensen moaned and whined, snapping his hips up as Jared shuffled back to sit at the end edge of the bench, his spare hand trailing teasingly down Jensen's side. "Someone has a voyeur kink," Jared sing-songed, dipping his head to lick at the come on Jensen's thighs.

Jensen moaned, voice high-pitched as he pushed back against Jared's wet tongue, cheeks reddening again as his breath left him in a rush.

"You're the one who- god- who gave me a hand job in the back pew of the church." Jensen panted, his eyes damp and shiny and his lips red and swollen like bruised strawberries.

Jared shrugged, a finger dancing up and down the come covered crack of Jensen's ass. "I just figured God would want a front row seat for watching the most beautiful thing he ever created gasp and moan and shudder in my arms."

Jensen tried to laugh, but he was too boneless, too sated to muster up more than a smile. "Flatterer." He sighed, reaching up to touch Jared's cheek.

His fingers were caught in Jared's own, butterfly kisses pressed to the soft tips. "One day you are going to realise just how beautiful you really are. And I am not going to stop telling you until you do." He promised, and Jensen smiled. He believed him.

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"CUT! Jesus Christ guys-"

Jared didn't wait a second longer, he gently helped Jensen ease his knees over the bar, and with a flex of his arms, hoisted the heavy weight free from the rests long enough for Jensen to slide off the bench.

"That," he panted, "was all kinds of wow." His eyes lit up a little, sparkling in the bright set lights as he reached down and helped Jensen to his feet, a strong arm keeping him steady.

"Hmm," Jensen nodded, leaning into Jared's touch for just a fraction of a second before he pushed away and stepped into the robe held out for him by one of the Pas. Curled up in the thick towel, still flushed with the after effects of what he grudgingly admitted was a pretty damn spectacular orgasm, Jensen couldn't bring himself to say anything else. With nearly a four hour break between shoots, he stumbled back to his trailer, killing the lights and crawling straight under the covers, shower be damned. He could still feel Jared on him, in him, still smell him, and he wasn't quite ready to lose that yet. Telling himself he was just tired, he curled up tight under the sheets, his fingers finding the stupid damn teddy he had tossed aside before the shoot.

He didn't push it away.

Jensen didn't realize he'd fallen asleep until a gentle knock roused him from his deep slumber. He opened his eyes a crack, frowning as he was met with cute doe brown eyes and a sewn-on, wide fluffy smile. He blinked, trying to get back some consciousness as the teddy grinned innocently up at him from under the sheets. The clock on the counter signalled 3 pm.

Fuck.

With a groan, Jensen rolled out of bed, wincing when he realized he had dried come on his thighs and the back of his ass. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Another gentle knock. Jensen tightened the robe around him and inched the door open, feeling a curious mix of dread and relief when Jared smiled at him from the other side. "Hey."

"Hey," Jensen didn't open the door further. He didn't want to let Jared in, he couldn't, not when he had the goddamn teddy bear still in his bed.

"I think that we're about to roll," He said, his hair wet and hanging loosely in bangs over his eyes. Jensen shivered, clutching the robe a little over his chest.

"Already?"

Jared looked behind his shoulder with a frown, "Twenty minutes, or so I was told."

Fuck. The shower. He blushed, a wave of heat making way from his chest up to his neck and the tip of his ears. Jared quirked his head curiously. "You okay?"

Jensen jerked and looked up, turning even brighter under the weight of Jared's gaze. "Fine." He squeaked.

Jared shrugged and grinned. "So, dinner?"

The door slammed in his face, and Jared's amused laughter drifted away across the set.

"Fuck." Jensen breathed, and dived for the shower, scrubbing Jared's come from his skin until his ass and thighs were red.

Scene Two

"ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jared ran the tips of his fingers across Jensen's belly, and he purred contently, head pillowed on his arms as the steam billowed around them. Another perk of Jared's job -access to all the facilities out of hours.

Jared had stretched out across the shelf above Jensen, laid on his stomach with his arm draped over the side to tease Jensen's chest with light touches. The towel around Jensen's waist was damp, steam clouding around them, a telltale tent rising between his legs as Jared's hand spanned the whole of his abs, fingers digging gently before running up to tease his nipples. "You enjoyin' yourself?" Jared whispered, grinning like a lazy cat as he shifted a little to be able to gain more access to the span of Jensen's chest.

Jensen hummed his assent and arched a little in the soft touch, eyes half mast, a hint of pink tongue between his teeth. "Yeah," he drawled, hitching his knees up a little, sweat dripping from his forehead and on the back of his thighs. Jared smiled at him, smooth, golden skin glistening in the low light cast around the steam room. His hand shifted from his chest down to his lap, fondling Jensen growing erection through

the cotton of the towel. "Feels like you are," Jared murmured, licking his lips as he cupped him with his big hand. "You know, we're quite alone now... beside the other instructors..." Jensen's breath itched in his throat and he reflexively pushed his hips up to get more contact with Jared's warm palm.

"What do you -" Jensen moaned, catching his lip between his teeth as he spread his legs a little more. "- have in mind?"

"Well," Jared mused, his big hand gently working Jensen to hardness, "That I'd make you come all over my hand."

Jensen groaned, his eyes fluttering shut, but Jared wasn't done.

"Then you can climb on my lap, spread your legs nice and wide for me, and ride my dick. You like the sound of that? You like the idea of me using your come to slide into your pretty ass? God, you'll be so tight, baby. So tight, and so hot I'll just burn right up inside of you."

"Please," Jensen panted, arching his hips as Jared slid his hand under the damp towel, fingers meeting skin.

"God, you're so sensitive, so easy to tame to my touch. No one would ever know how you tremble and writhe beneath me - or how beautiful you are when you do."

"You like it that way." Jensen said coyly, one leg dropping over the side of the ledge, spreading himself even wider for Jared to touch.

"I do." Jared agreed. "I love it. I love that I am the only one who knows how you look when you come, and how your eyes widen when I first slide into you. You almost can't take me, can you baby? Your tight hole is almost too small for me. I love that too. I love how I can pick you up and fuck you on my dick, I love how I can hold you down and make you beg."

Jensen moaned and pulled one of his knees against his chest, his cock swelling further in Jared's loose fist. "Jay-" he whimpered, closing his eyes as Jared's dirty mouth whispered close to his face.

"You feel so damn tight I almost lose it before it starts. I love the way you clench and whimper when I draw it out, keep you on the edge for hours. Your voice," Jared inched lower, his other hand going to trace at Jensen spit-slick lips, "Your perfect plump mouth opening for me, begging me to move, harder, faster." He caressed his cheek, tugging him up slightly so that he could hover above his face, lips almost meeting. He squeezed him a little rougher, and Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head, his elbows propping him up as he snapped his hips in Jared's tight fist. "Tell me what you like baby, c'mon."

Jensen moaned and squeezed his eyes shut, chewing on his lower lip as heat seared through his skin, the steam dampening his hair and rolling down his body in liquid sweat.

"Your hands," he stuttered, "God, Jay, I love your hands. So big, so strong -" He broke off into a moan as those hands closed tighter around him, a hot tunnel for his hard cock to slide through.

"What do you want them to do, baby?" Jared encouraged. "Tell me what to do to you baby, tell me how to make you squirm."

The smooth skin of Jensen's neck stretched tight as he arched his head back into the shelf, his body curved into a graceful arch as he thrust his hips into Jared's hand. "Please make me come. Please. Please make me come."

Jared's eyes darkened, narrowing to thin slits as a slow, wicked smile spread out across his lips. His thumb brushed the small slit on Jensen's cock before sliding down the length of it and pressing lightly behind his balls. "Come on then baby. Come for me."

Jensen moaned loudly and arched up, his back tensing as he shuddered violently, orgasm rippling through him as Jared squeezed him rhythmically. "So beautiful when you come," Jared whispered, coating his hand in the wet, white stickiness and going to fondle Jensen's hole. "God, you look like fuckin' sin personified,

all spread out and wanton for me. Do you want more baby?" Jared rolled off his bench and knelt between Jensen's spread thighs.

Jensen gasped and writhed, lifting his hips trying to follow the movements of Jared's teasing fingers. "Yes-god, yes-" he bit his lip, head thrown back as Jared's slippery digit slowly worked inside the tight entrance to his body.

Jared smiled and pressed a hot, open-mouthed kiss to the side of Jensen's thigh. "Of course you do," Jared murmured, his middle finger breaching past the outer ring and getting in knuckle deep, a long, high-pitched moan reverberating in the cosy closeness of the steam room. "You always want what I can give you baby, don't you? My fingers, my tongue," he changed one finger for two, using the dribbles of Jensen's come as lube to ease his passage. "My cock. You like my cock, baby? Mmh?"

"God, yes." Jensen moaned, pressing himself back against Jared's fingers, legs trembling lightly as his chest heaved against the heavy air.

"Come here, baby." Jared whispered, swinging around until his legs dangled over the edge of the shelf and his back rested against the hot wall. Unsteadily, Jensen pushed himself upright and crawled to Jared's side, his own come trickling from his ass as he moved. "That's right, come on, baby. Come get what you want."

"Jay." Jensen intoned softly, his palm curving over the powerful muscle as he climbed shakily to his knees and swung a leg over Jared's lap.

Instantly Jared's hands were there to hold him, keeping him steady as he settled, their cocks sliding against each other, Jared's huge and hard, Jensen's slowly filling with blood. He gasped as a finger was once more pushing into his hole, stretching him open and filling him up.

This time it was Jensen who initiated the kiss, reaching for Jared and pressing their lips together, desperate for the contact and the slow slide of their tongues. He was addicted to the taste of Jared. His skin, his lips, his cock. He let Jared guide him, lifting him up until he felt the press of hot flesh against the slick ring of his ass.

Jared pushed his hips up a little, the tip stretching his hole for a brief instant before he lowered down again, repeating the teasing motion until Jensen was sobbing with need, his hands tight in Jared's damp hair. "Jay- Jay please, oh god please, please, I need it - Jared, Jared -"

"I'll give it to you," Jared promised, biting his lower lip before taking a firm hold on Jensen's ass, spreading his cheek as wide as he could and slowly bringing him down on his dick. Jensen's eyes widened and his moan broke mid-way, breath leaving him in a rush as was steadily stretched and filled to the point of no return. He tightened his hands, hair sliding between his fingers as he fought for purchase, Jared's balls resting snug against his ass, his hard shaft buried deep inside of him.

Jared's lips traced his throat, tongue lapping at salty sweat, his fingers sliding reassuringly up and down his spine. "Feel good, baby?"

"So good," Jensen moaned thinly, eyes rolling in the back of his head as Jared's hands gripped at his ass again and he guided him up before snapping his hips forward. Jensen yelped, fingers digging in smooth, tense muscle as Jared found his prostate and dragged across it with every purposeful thrust. "More -" he panted, breath getting lost in the cloud of steam surrounding them, "More, more, Jared -"

"Yeah, baby, c'mon," Jared's rhythm slowed down before picking up again, "Ride me, let me know how good you feel."

Jensen mewled and threw his head back, setting his knees even further apart as he slowly lifted himself and pushed back against Jared's dick, a guttural sound coming from deep in his chest as the new angle had Jared reach even deeper, every nerve on raw ending.

"God!" Jensen gasped, his chest tight and his throat squeezed in the heavy air. He clutched at Jared, sweat making his fingers slip and slide across smooth skin. Jared's hands were tight on his ass, squeezing and

pulling him down into each thrust, his nostrils flared and his eyes bottomless pits of darkness and lust in the dim light. "I can't breathe." He gasped, sucking in thick, cloying air as he rolled his hips, bouncing up and down on Jared's cock.

"I know, baby." Jared muttered, his nose rubbing lightly across Jensen's throat, lips and tongue brushing his skin. Jensen let his hand close around his cock, forming a tight tunnel as each desperate thrust dragged Jared's cock over his prostate. Again and again, until the world spun before his eyes.

"Jared." He clung to Jared's shoulders for stability, skin blistering hot against his. The cock in his ass stretched him perfectly, filling him so full he could barely think straight. Jared held him high, weight resting more on his hands than Jensen's knees, then with a grunt, jerked him down hard. He screamed, forehead falling to hit Jared's shoulder as he came again, come wet and sticky between them, and oddly cool against their flushed skin.

Jensen didn't feel his body anymore. He was falling limply against hot, flushed skin, pleasure spreading to every pore as he moaned, kitten-low, eyes fluttering shut against a rapid heartbeat. He was pretty sure he had something to say, but his vision had begun to blur at the edges, and the last thing he saw were Jared's lips moving soundlessly before his eyes. Then everything turned black.

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"Jensen!" Jared cried, and stopped, biting his lip as he called all his iron-clad willpower to pull out of Jensen, turning his limp body over his lap. "CUT, guys -" he was at loss for what to say or do. Nothing of the sort had ever happened to him. He stood gingerly, thanking the PA that hurriedly walked forward with robes and towels, and wrapped Jensen up in the largest, fluffiest one he had been given, cradling him against his chest as he walked carefully off the set.

He set Jensen down on his bed, pulling the cool sheets over him as the doctor who oversaw each shoot gave him a quick once over. Jared's heart was hammering in his chest as he ran through all the security measures they had taken, wondering if maybe they had overlooked something, his mind playing worse and worse scenarios on a loop until the doctor smiled kindly at him and told him Jensen had simply passed out.

"Low blood pressure, two quick orgasms and all that heat, it can happen," he said with a smile. He gave him a bottle of PowerAde and a stack of candy bars, "It's no go for today. Let him rest and have him eat plenty. You shouldn't worry."

Jared nodded, smiling tensely as he walked the doctor out and sat back on the edge of the bed, lip pulled between his teeth as he watched Jensen's flushed face resting peacefully over his pillow.

Jensen's face was almost feverishly hot to touch. Maybe shooting in a steam room wasn't such a great idea after all. For all that Jensen had been given the all clear, Jared couldn't help but worry. Jensen was a healthy young man, though Jared figured he could afford to eat more every now and then, and healthy, fit young men did not just pass out for no good reason. Jensen didn't even stir when Jared brushed his cheek with his fingertips, remembering all too well the last time he had watched Jensen sleep. If nothing else, the shock and the worry had taken care of his hard-on.

"You're going to kill me one of these days." Jared informed his unconscious co-star, and it was then that he saw the teddy. It had bounced off the bed in all the excitement. "I knew it." He couldn't help but grin. "I knew under that thick layer of uber-bitchiness, there was a soft and squishy center." He felt a little bad taking advantage of Jensen's condition to tease him, but he had almost started to give up hope of ever getting past that thick skull.

He lay down on the sheets, smelling of sex and sweat, and closed his eyes just for a minute, his hand resting over Jensen's heart, just to be safe, and was asleep before he could worry any more.

It wasn't much later that Jensen's eyes fluttered open, confusion settling deep in his chest as he blinked the ceiling into focus, little stars dancing in front of his eyes as he realized something warm and heavy was settled above his chest. He looked down, a bemused look turning into one of utter horror as he saw Jared's head pillowed against his chest, his hair fanning above his forehead as he snored lightly, long legs

cramped in the foetal position as to not knock against Jensen's on the bed.

He whimpered, closing his eyes as a rush of memories made through his fuzzy brain. The steam, the hotness, Jared's honeyed voice murmuring in his ear, the kiss - the kiss *he* had initiated, clinging to Jared's neck like it really meant something. Oh god he was screwed. He had let himself be lulled in that dangerous zone where his character seeped through his skin, taking more to the heart than it was necessary.

He chanced another look at Jared's sleeping face. The last thing he remembered was feeling so damn good his world had whitened out, orgasm rippling through him like ribbons of color as he clutched onto Jared for dear life. Had they managed to finish the shoot? Was it a wrap? What time it was? How long had he been sleeping?

Jared stirred, long limbs cramping, and it was hard to see which of them looked more freaked out. With a blink, Jared was out of it, sleep a long forgotten thing of the past, his big hand cupping Jensen's cheek. "Oh god, are you okay? Jensen? Talk to me!"

Ass, Jensen tried to say, but the words lodged in his throat. Jared stopped touching him long enough to snatch up bottles of juice and packs of candy. Jensen opened his mouth to try again and nearly gagged when Jared pressed the sports bottle to his lips.

"Drink it." Jared growled, obviously not in the mood to be messed with.

Jensen obeyed, unable to work his limbs well enough to resist. Once the juice was gone, Jared practically force fed him a year's worth of candy, poking Jensen in the ribs when he tried to glare and bat him away.

"You passed out. Right in the middle of the scene. You gave me a heart attack! I am too young for a heart attack!" He added, a little shrill, looking worried out of his mind. "Why didn't you tell me something was wrong?" The demand was made with narrowed eyes and Jensen pushed him away with a snarl.

"*I can't breathe*. Did I have to get a dude with prompt cards to stand next to me?"

"What was your safe word?" Jared snapped, "Was it *I can't breathe*? No, it's fucking *Dallas*, we cleared it right before the set, or did you forget?" Jared was a curious mix between snarling pup and growling mama bear. "You fuckin' call it off if you feel sick, we can cut, and get back to how we were after you've taken a break!" Jensen looked away, mortification burning fierce in his chest.

He'd forgot. He'd forgot he had a safe word and he'd forgot Jared was acting. He forgot he wasn't adored, cherished, loved. He was safe - well, yes, studio guaranteed it - but he wasn't - Jared wasn't - and he had let himself open up to that longing, let its flames lick him up. His face flushed with shame and he bit hard at the inside of his mouth. He had behaved like a fucking beginner, like a fool. A weak fool. Jared had all the rights to be pissed at him.

"Sorry." He murmured, fixing a blank spot on the wall. The air felt stuffy. He needed to take a breath, he needed to step back and build up all his walls again before Jared fucking Padalecki tumbled them down with one gentle snap of fingers.

The fight and the anger seeped from Jared like a balloon. "I thought I'd hurt you." He whispered, looking for all the world like the kid Jensen sometimes saw him as. "I thought it was like the last time." There was a note of anguish there that went straight to Jensen's heart.

"You've never hurt me." He muttered, not looking in his direction.

"Not even-"

Jensen didn't need Jared to finish the sentence to know what he was talking about. The last time Jensen had run from him, crawled away like a terrified animal. He shook his head. "That wasn't you." He whispered. "I'm sorry you saw that." He still couldn't look directly into Jared's eyes, afraid of what he might see there. Jared had never hurt him. Not once. Not even when he had been supposed to. He had broken the rules. He had taken care of Jensen. "Jared?"

"Yeah?" Jared looked as if he wanted to touch Jensen, but thought better of it.

"About dinner-"

"Look, I'm not going to stop asking-"

"No," Jensen shuffled and picked at the sheets. "Tonight, okay? Nine o'clock. You know where I live."

Jared blinked as though he didn't really understand. "Tonight?" He sounded a little shocked and a little hopeful, afraid he might have had misheard. "Like, tonight?"

Jensen might have rolled his eyes at him, but he couldn't find it in himself to be exasperated at his eagerness. "Yeah."

Jared grinned, scratching the back of his neck, "Okay." He looked at him, the grin softening to a warm smile. "Thank you." Jensen frowned, but he couldn't say anything because Jared went on, "I mean - yeah. I'd been hoping you'd give in a few treats from now. I have lots of aces up my sleeve, see," he added, showing Jensen a bright flash of teeth.

Jensen smiled a bit, looking down at his hands in his lap. "I bet."

"Are you sure you're up to it? I mean, that you - are feeling well and everything?"

Jensen cocked one eyebrow at him, "I thought you wanted to go to dinner?"

"I do," Jared said immediately, "But you gotta enjoy it, I have to know you're okay."

"I'm okay." Jensen said, voice getting a little quieter. He could do it.

Jared beamed at him and stood awkwardly from his bed. "I'll come pick you up then, alright? Nine o'clock?"

Jensen forced himself to look up and smile back at him, "Alright."

It was five after nine. Jared was late, and Jensen was about ready to climb the walls. He'd come home to a pile of mail. Dumped the lot, then changed the sheets on his bed three times, not sure if he would want to keep them once they were done. A shower that had lasted forty minutes followed a shot of cold vodka, and since he was all out of lube, he fucked himself open with his fingers and half jar of Vaseline, not sure if Jared would be so worried now they were off set.

Sparkly Tie was hidden safely in his wardrobe, behind the shirt he had had worn to the AMAs the year before. If Jared asked, she was in a landfill by now.

The dizziness had not really left since he had woken up, not even a glass full of OJ and a box of Animal Crackers had changed that, and he checked the kitchen once more to be sure there were no crumbs left on the counter.

The clock hit ten after, and Jensen tightened the belt of his silk robe. It was black. He'd lost count of the number of times people had told him how hot he looked in black.

The buzzer rang, and his stomach twisted. He could do it. Then maybe things would be back to normal. Or maybe Jared would stay until morning. He didn't know, he wouldn't let himself go there.

He let him through, shivering when he thought of all the possible security measures he had in place and how, if someone walked through the door, he was screwed. He just prayed for the hundredth times that Jared would not turn that mean.

He turned the handle, his heart jumping up in his throat as he heard the elevator ding open on his floor.

Okay. He could do it. He could.

Jared's smile was bright enough to lit the whole floor as he stepped through the elevator's doors, a smile that morphed so quickly in a 'oh shit!' expression Jensen frowned. He hadn't let anything embarrassing out in full view, had he?

"Crap - am I early? I thought I was late - traffic was hell and..." He grinned, scratching his head as he bounced a little on the balls of his feet, "I kinda freaked on what to wear."

Jared was wearing a simple black shirt and black jacket, top button left open to reveal a hint of tanned skin. He had a pair of classy jeans, tight around mile long legs, a few artfully placed rips over the knee and lower leg, and black stringed shoes.

Jensen stood stock still, a little stunned. Then his brain cells re-gathered and he frowned. "Late?"

"Dinner, remember?" Jared spoke as if Jensen was a child, or suffering from the after-effects of unconsciousness. "I thought you said nine."

"I did." Jensen frowned.

Jared smiled bright again and stuffed his hands back into his pockets. "Okay, well, cool. Get a move on then. As attractive as you look in that get up, I really ain't in the mood to be beating people off you with sticks all night." The dimples flashed and Jensen's knees locked in resistance.

Jensen's brain, however, was not so skilled at defence against those mile long legs and brilliant, beautiful smile. "Huh?"

He expected some jibe, and hopefully an explanation, but instead Jared frowned, crossing the threshold and taking Jensen into his arms. "You okay, Jen? You're as white as a sheet. Look, maybe this is a bad idea. You had a rough day, and maybe we should just put this off 'till later? The Bowling Alley will still be standing when you can."

"Bowling?" Jensen asked in a small voice.

Jared brought one of his hands up to feel his temperature, a soft frown creasing his brow as he brushed his hair back off his forehead. "You feel all clammy. Are you sure you don't have a temperature?"

Jensen looked up at him like he was lost in a world of shapes and colors he didn't really understand. Jared's frown smoothed away in a smile and he kissed the top of his head softly. "I won't get offended. You should feel rested when I'll kick your ass at bowling."

Jensen's throat clogged up so suddenly he felt like an idiot. He shook his head, dislodging Jared's hand as he did so, "No - I'll - I'll get dressed. Sorry. Just - five minutes."

Jared eyed him for a long minute before smiling and stepping back. "Alright."

Jensen looked helplessly around the house. He had nothing in his fridge that hadn't already gone three weeks past decaying, and nothing for him to offer to drink but water. Fuck. He fidgeted a moment before dashing back in his bedroom, wiping at his eyes as he snatched out jeans and shirts from his closet, throwing them on the bed as they had done him a personal wrong. They landed on his sheets - his third selection, and his heavy breathing hit a level of panic Jensen had not felt since the last time Jared had been so close to his net of safety. This was stupid! Jared didn't want to fuck him. That was what he wanted, right?

Fuck. Fuck. He took a long breath and breathed out though his nose, just like his agent had taught him, and repeated until his hands stopped trembling. Right. Okay. Good.

Fuck, *bowling*?

Jensen threw on his clothes, spending less time picking what to wear out of the house than he had in

choosing what to wear when Jared fucked him. A quick hand through his hair and he shoved his feet into the first pair of boots he could reach.

Jared was flipping through his DVD collection when he came out, and flashed him a wide smile as he held up 'Breakfast at Tiffany's'. "What, no 'Deep Throat'?"

"Blow me." Jensen said, grasping on to his control, desperate for some stability in the face of Jared's casual concern.

"Not now! I plan on mopping the floor with you before the night is through." Jared grinned, bouncing towards the door before stopping and frowning. "Oh, yeah, hang on. I got you something. Wait, where the hell did I put it?" He fished around in his pocket before making a pleased sound and producing a brightly colored tangle of string. "It's a wish bracelet, see? This old lady who lives below me makes and sells them. You put them on and make a wish, then when they fall off, your wish comes true. Pretty neat, huh?"

Jensen opened and closed his mouth twice. He was still reeling from the green and black bracelet that had been dangling in front of his eyes when Jared twisted it around his left wrist. He smiled at him. "Make a wish," he said, tying the ends together.

Jensen's breath hitched. He didn't say a thing, just watched Jared tie the bracelet around his wrist as one firm thought lodged in his mind. *Let this be real.*

"Perfect," Jared said with a bright smile, stroking Jensen's wrist where the green was shining in the neon's light. "Color of your eyes." Jensen paled, opening his mouth to say something but closing it with a snap a mere moment later. Jared smiled. Again. Did he *always* smile? "You ready?"

No. No, Jensen would never ever be ready to face a night out with Jared Padalecki, of this he was sure. It still didn't explain why he coded the door closed and walked with him to the elevator.

"I was thinking we could grab a bite at the Alley," Jared said as he walked towards his jeep, looking over his shoulder to make sure Jensen was still there. "They have wonderful Mexican food. Tapas, and tortillas, and BBQ sauce."

Jensen's stomach clenched at the mere mention of food. He didn't know if his tension levels would have allowed him to swallow just one bite, "I'm not hungry," he said, stopping in his tracks when Jared fucking *opened the car door* for him.

"Tough shit." Jared grinned, waiting until Jensen had buckled the seatbelt. "I'm starving, so you will have to eat with me, or watch whilst I stuff my mouth." Jensen had been in porn too long, because that visual right there? Made him twitch in his seat. He ignored Jared's curious glance when he climbed into the driver's seat, then nearly choked on his tongue when the car buzzed to life and Vivaldi poured out of the speakers.

"Not a damn word." Jared said, firmly. "It helps me think."

Jensen clamped his lips shut and vowed to speak to the sound guys on set tomorrow.

Jared hastily cleared his throat. "So, yeah, bowling. You like it, right? Cos we could go somewhere else. Not for the food, the food is awesome, but I mean we don't have to-"

"You're babbling." Jensen pointed out, though for the life of him he couldn't understand why.

The Jared blushed and knocked five years off his life. "Sorry," he said with a rueful smile. "I'm kinda nervous. So yeah, bowling?"

Nervous? Jared was nervous? Did he had any idea how many butterflies were living in Jensen's stomach? He cleared his throat. "It's cool. I mean, I've never been there so -"

Jared stopped at a traffic light and turned in his seat to stare at him. "What do you mean, never?"

It was Jensen's turn to blush. He looked down at the tip of his boots. "Um. Well, I don't go out much."

Jared almost missed the green, and was prompted into action by the honking of a horn right behind him. He snapped his mouth shut and drove on, "It's okay, I can teach you. It's awesome and fun, and deals with balls and pins." He winked at Jensen, taking a turn towards West Hollywood and stopping outside a bright, loud, live re-enactment of Happy Day's bowling alley. Jensen looked at the twinkling American stars and stripes above the sign to the entrance, wondering if everything that Jared liked had to be sparkly and shiny and colorful, and how the hell did he fit into that picture.

He had little time to indulge in that line of thought, because Jared was climbing out of the car, and *opening the goddamn door* for Jensen. Again. "Dude, I'm not a chick," He said, a tiny, veiled annoyance in his voice that would hopefully cover the loud rumbling in his stomach as the butterflies took off wildly.

Jared looked at him as if he were nuts. "I know you aren't. Why would I go on to a date with a chick?" Jensen's eyebrows rose at the warped logic. He tried to stammer something about not being the point, but Jared went on, "You might have missed it the first time around, but I'm gay. Gay as the rainbow and all that." He grinned, locking the car and taking his hand. "So, chicken wings?"

Really, when faced with the kind of logic Jared followed, what else could Jensen do but nod and agree.

"Yeah, I guess."

"I'll even front for the extra large soda bottle with twirly straws." Jared teased, ambling through the parking lot as if he hadn't a care in the world. He stepped up to the side walk, and Jared stopped so suddenly Jensen walked right into him, colliding with solid muscle and fresh cotton. Jared didn't even budge, instead reaching for his back pocket. Then Jensen saw who he was looking at, and went red.

"Don't you *dare!*" He hissed, surrounded by mothers and fathers and happy screaming children up way past their bedtime. They'd see, and then they would know. They couldn't know, god, how would Jensen be able to walk with his head in the air.

Jared ignored him and thrust a yellow rose under Jensen's nose. "I know you ain't a girl. See, no pink." His smile was a million miles wide, and behind him the young woman with her arms full of flowers smiled sweetly at him, as if they shared a secret.

Jensen went past red, turning maroon. He stuttered something unintelligible even to himself, and Jared took his spare hand to tug him along as they walked into the entrance. Jensen had probably never felt that exposed or that embarrassed in a few good years, especially out in a family place like that. It looked like Jared didn't give a flying fuck though, because he held Jensen's hand and guided him to the restaurant with his million watt smile firmly in place, looking at the rose Jensen was holding awkwardly in his hand like it was the coolest thing since sliced bread.

"What do you want to eat?" Jared asked once they were seated, Mexican horns and flags and cows decorating the walls around them. Jensen's stomach churned again, and it took him a minute to realize he really was hungry.

"Uh... it's... it's okay... What are you having?" He asked, flipping through the menu and trying to remember the last time he hadn't eaten something out of a frozen box.

"Their pork chops and chicken wings are awesome. And roasted potatoes with BBQ sauce." Jared smiled, closing the menu and drumming his hand on the table, as if he was keeping from reaching for Jensen's, only a few inches away. Jensen smiled, a little nervously, and closed the menu as well.

"I'll go with that."

Jared gave their orders, and sure enough, five minutes later their waitress returned with the most bizarre looking cup Jensen had ever seen. It was more like a bucket, bright red and yellow, with a dozen curly straws sticking out of it. Jared threw his head back and cackled, promising to tip the waitress extra if she would let them take it home with them. Jensen blushed when she flashed a wink in his direction, then sputtered when she complimented Jared on his excellent taste in dates.

Jared smirked teasingly. Apparently they were friends, and Jensen flushed bright red just thinking about Jared talking about him with anyone else. God, what were they supposed to say if anyone asked how they met? *He chained me up and fucked me till I screamed, and we both got paid to do it?*

"Bring many people here?" Jensen asked quietly, searching for something that would solidify his shaky walls.

Jared shrugged, leaning back as several plates and bowls were set between them, mounds of piping hot food in each. "Me and some of my buddies come and play a round or two when we have the time."

Was that what Jensen was then? A buddy? Should he be disappointed?

Jared continued, holding out a potato wedge smothered in thick BBQ sauce, "You'd be my first date in this fine establishment." Jensen turned bright pink, but he let Jared press the food between his lips, tasting Texas and home in the familiar tastes. Jared grinned at him, finally winning the battle with himself and reaching out to caress his cheek, his thumb catching a trail of hot sauce over his lip. "I'm glad you said yes," he murmured, his smile softer than Jensen remembered seeing it before, and he felt himself blushing hotter.

Jared picked up another potato and waited for him to open his lips again, which Jensen did almost without thinking. An odd thrill went down his spine, just as Jared started digging in the food himself, letting Jensen taste a little bit of everything, from the hot fries to the delicious, slightly burnt pork chops, fingers getting smeared in sauce as he tried to force-feed him a whole chicken wing.

"Dude-" Jensen spluttered and chuckled, swatting his hand away and getting more barbeque stickiness over his fingers. "I'm stuffed-"

"You barely ate. More." Jared called commandingly, pressing the fried wing between his lips. Jensen coughed but snapped a bite, glaring mockingly at him when Jared giggled.

"Should it freak me out that you approach food the same way you approach sex?"

Jared's eyes bugged out for a moment, and Jensen feared he had one chicken bone stuck down his throat. Then he realized what he had said and blushed fully again.

"You made a joke!" Jared whispered, eyes wide. "You - *I fuckin' knew it!*" he yelled triumphantly, causing a few people at a nearby table to look around in alarm. "You can joke! You can! I knew it!"

"Oh God." Jensen muttered, utterly mortified by Jared's explosion and the looks they were drawing. He looked around at the staring diners. "He'll be taking his medication again soon, I promise."

Jared's giggles turned to full on cackles, and a giddy, gleeful grin that made Jensen want to hide under the table. He couldn't, so he munched on mushrooms covered in breadcrumbs so he wouldn't have to look up and see the disgust in their eyes. Jared continued to laugh, all but patting himself on the back. "What?" he laughed, "I just like that there are different layers of you to uncover. It makes things more interesting."

"I don't think it is possible for me to be any more uncovered than you have already seen me," Jensen pointed out, finding the checked plastic table cloths utterly enchanting.

Jared shrugged, "Yeah, but that ain't really you, is it? No more than that asshole I played was me."

Jensen dared to look up at him in slight wonder. He tried to make sense of what he had said in his head. Jared had that soft, half-smile on, the one Jensen can't quite place, and he was looking at him. Looking like, *looking*, not hungrily, like he was eyeing a raw piece of meat, or money, or sex. Open, expecting, undemanding. He shivered a little and picked up another pork chop to have something to do with his hands.

"There's not much to know beside that," he said in a quiet tone.

"Bullshit," Jared said easily, reaching for his soda. "But okay," his eyes twinkled, "I'd be embarrassed too if I owned a copy of Breakfast at Tiffany's..."

"Hey," Jensen said indignantly, "The Breakfast is a classic. A mile stone in cinematography." he aimed a kick under the table at him, "At least I don't have Vivaldi in my car."

Jared laughed, shaking his head. "Vivaldi is a classic too." He smiled at him, a flash of tongue appearing tantalizing between sauce-red lips. "See, I like classic music, you like classic movies. It's a good match." Jensen blinked at the newest example of Jared's warped logic. "What else do you like?"

I am a porn star, and you are too. Jensen thought, the words sounding almost crazy and out of context with Jared's crisp shirt and jacket, and a yellow rose with it's pretty red bow sitting next to his own plate. "Rock music," Jensen said with a small smile. "Country."

"Country? Sweet! Some friends of mine have a band. We should go and see them sometimes if, you know, if you wanted to, um. Yeah." Jared grinned and scratched the back of his head again.

Jensen gathered his courage. He knew he had to find his balls and act like an adult, not some blushing virgin on his first date. "I'd like that." The words were simple, but the sudden look of excitement on Jared's face made them seem so much more of an achievement.

"Awesome." Jared grinned, and stole a BBQ rib from Jensen's plate.

Jensen winced as his ball bounced out of the lane and into the gutter, rolling right past the pins, which stood proud, mocking him with their neat regimentation.

Jared tipped his head, bowling ball looking like a soft ball in his hand. "You know, you kinda suck at this."

Jensen scowled and snatched up another ball as his score flashed 0 on screen. "I told you," he snapped. "I've never done this before."

"I didn't think you meant *never* ever!" Jared protested, holding his hands (and the ball) up in a show of peace. "I thought you meant never *here!*"

"Never means never!" Jensen glared, spinning on his feet and throwing the ball so violently it bounced into the empty alley besides him. As soon as he had released the ball, he felt the shame rise up inside of him. It wasn't fair of him to be angry at Jared. Bitter tears burned the back of his eyes. He reached up to brush them away, and jumped when Jared's arms curled around his waist.

"It's all in the stance." Jensen shivered at the closeness, Jared's voice a low whisper in his ear. Jared's chest was warm and solid against his back, his left arm steady around his waist, his right one following the curve of Jensen's own and adjusting his grip on the ball. "It's easy, see? One knee in front, the other slightly back. Bow onwards." He stroked his side reassuringly when he felt him shiver again, heat seeping through the layers of clothing, the soothing tone of Jared's voice enough to have Jensen follow his instructions without questioning.

"Okay," He almost squeaked, Jared's legs right behind his own. Jared grinned, he could feel him smiling right next to his head.

"When you're ready, you draw your arm back just a little, like this -" he moved his arm backwards, gentle, long fingers guiding his wrist, "- and then you take one step," he pushed his other leg on gently, Jensen almost skidding down on the parquet, "- and just push it off your hands with a flick."

The ball rolled off Jensen's hand, a smooth rumble over the polished wood, and knocked the pins right over, only one of them left struggling to maintain his upright position while the others rolled in the gutter.

"Wow," Jensen said, a small, incredulous smile making way on his face.

"See?" Jared beamed at him, straightening them up again and relenting his hold a bit, though his hand didn't leave Jensen's side. "You just need a little practice." Somehow Jensen figured Jared was talking about more than just bowling. The whole dating thing needed more practice.

"You'll teach me, though, right?" Jensen asked coyly, amazed at his sudden boost of confidence. Being with Jared was a double edged sword - he stripped every defence Jensen had, but the brief moments he spent in Jared's arms made him feel stronger, more protected than he had ever felt before.

Jared's smile faded away to something gentle and sweet. "I'll be right there every step of the way."

Jensen was convinced he was living in a storybook. Jared bought him a second rose when they left the Alley, his fingers warm around Jensen's. He had even walked the short distance from the car to his door wrapped up in Jared's jacket, clutching it to him tightly as if he could pull Jared closer.

"This is you." Jared whispered, his hand hovering against Jensen's back. Jensen's hands tightened over the rim of the jacket and he turned to look up in Jared's eyes, hazel shining under wind-blown bangs. What was it that Jared was saying? They were at his door, sure, but somehow, he didn't think Jared would pick any word casually. He could flap his trap about pretty much any given thing, but when he was looking at him, touching him, somehow worming himself into Jensen's personal space, every word was weighed and cautious, as if Jared was trying to wrap them around him.

"Thank you," Jensen whispered, smiling more naturally than he had had in years. "I had a good time."

Jared's billion watt smile was probably enough to light up the whole of Vegas, Jensen decided. Seriously, who needed electricity? "I'm glad you did," Jared said, voice warm and honest. Jensen looked down at the tips of his boots before making to shrug off Jared's jacket from his shoulders, but one big hand stopped him, "You can keep it, I'm just going back in the car." Jensen didn't point out that he was walking upstairs to his place, so he wouldn't have even needed it.

He nodded and smiled again. "Okay. Thanks."

"I'll call my friends, ask them when they are next in town." Jared said, his smile morphing into the same soft, gentle expression Jensen had seen on him at the restaurant and the bowling place. "If you still want to go."

"I'd really like to." Jensen blushed, smiling shyly at the idea of Jared wanting to introduce him to his friends. He sighed, sinking into the warm fabric of the jacket as Jared reached up to cup his cheek.

"I'll see you tomorrow, okay?" He whispered, stroking Jensen's cheek with such tiny movements Jared wasn't certain or not if he was imagining it. "Sleep well." Jensen froze, eyes widening when Jared leaned in closer, his nose brushing Jensen's before he laid the lightest of kisses on the apple of Jensen's cheek.

He was grinning as he stepped back, hands thrust into his pockets as he walked backward away from Jensen. "Say goodnight to Sparkly Tie for me," he laughed. Jensen opened his mouth to answer, but Jared was already gone, the lingering touch of his kiss warm on his skin.

"Goodnight." He whispered, reaching behind him for the door. He waited until Jared drove off, before drifting to his apartment as if he were on a cloud.

When he got inside there were seven messages from his agent, each one more and more concerned. He should've told her he was going out. Fuck. One year and half living like a hermit and suddenly he feels sick in the middle of a shoot, and isn't found home afterwards? She was going to chew him *two* new ones. Oh well. Good for business, Jensen thought, smiling bitterly at his stupid joke.

He didn't really want to share Jared though. Not just yet. He thought that maybe if he spoke out loud, Jared would disappear, like dreams do, vanishing in clouds of wispy smoke that no one could trap bare handed. Like wishes that came true only if kept well hidden inside someone's heart.

Jensen's eyes were drawn to the green wish bracelet, and he swallowed against the sudden lump in his throat. He quickly called Francesca to let her know that everything's okay and he went to eat a bite, not listening to but half of the tirade of Italian curses she was throwing at him, letting his mind wander and play on loop bits and pieces from his night.

When he hung up on her, mid-curses, a thought stuck him with the clarity of a bolt of lightning. He had had a date. His first date. And he got flowers. And a kiss on the cheek. It shouldn't have brought tears to his eyes, and it was stupid the way his vision swum before his eyes as he fumbled with the roses to put them in a glass with some water.

He put them onto his chest of drawers, and rummaged in his closet until he could dig out Sparkly Tie and put her right next to the glass. Exhaustion crept over him as he kicked off his shoes and crawled under the sheets (the third selection), Jared's jacket tucked safely around his shoulders like a loving embrace and a little, happy smile painted on his lips.

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Act 3: Moving On

Rating: NC-17

Warnings: Porn, porn and more porn. And Kane.

Summary: Where Jensen learns that sometimes you just have to let go of the past.

Notes: Damn Long.

Scene One

I: Interesting choice for a first date.

JA: (snorts) Tell me about it.

JP: You loved it.

I: Well I seem to recall that DVD doing extremely well in sales. A bit of a break from the norm with you, Jensen.

JP: He was awesome, no?

JA: (Blushes and elbows) It was nice to try something different.

I: Then how did you end up working on a third project together? Re-cast again?

JP: (grins)

JA: (blushes) Actually I asked to work with him again.

JP: And then lied about it when I asked him.

JA: I didn't lie!

JP: You told me your agent was demanding it.

JA: She was!

"Ti piace, eh?" Francesca giggled and Jensen barely stifled a groan.

"No, I don't. Just - he's a good actor, and the sales were sky high-"

"And you like him!" His agent barely stifled a fit of giggles, and Jensen wondered again just how old she was. She surely couldn't be over thirty. Not the way she acted around him. And Jared. Come to think of it, the topic of him and Jared made her mental age regress to that of a ten-year-old. "Just admit it. *E' carino...*"

Jensen blushed and sighed, "So, um. Is it doable?"

"Of course *gioia*. Let me call his agent up, alright?"

Jensen nodded and hung up. He walked in his room and looked at the now dry roses hanging near his mirror, and at the teddy resting peacefully between his pillows on his bed. The prospect of working with someone else now didn't look as appealing as it did when all he wanted to do was forget that Jared Padalecki had ever walked this Earth. It made his heart accelerate now that he knew he could be working with Jared again in barely two day's time.

He was acting like some love sick thirteen year old with his first crush. It wouldn't be so bad, but he'd bought three of the DVDs Jared had been in and spent a whole night watching them on them curled up on his couch. It was pathetic, and just a little obsessive. They had finished the shoot, filming pickups and re-shooting the steam-room scene. Jensen had found more candy waiting for him in his trailer, and on the very last morning, there had been a potted plant sitting on his top step.

The phone rang once and he snatched it up before it could a second time. Francesca giggled gleefully down the line. "So, I am wonderful and you owe me dinner." She said with a girlish laugh. "*Il tuo bel figliolo* shoots with you on Friday. Now go read that script I faxed you, and this time try stick to it, *sì*?"

"Grazie, Francy."

"You're just lucky you're so cute." She hung up on a laugh, and Jensen threw himself down on the bed, grinning wider than he had in days.

He needed a plan.

"Your agent, huh?" Jared asked, heavy sunglasses hiding his eyes when he met Jensen outside the studio door.

Jensen blushed. "She knows what she wants."

"Right," the voice was amused, even if there was no telling, the way Jared's eyes were shielded by the glasses. "Well, my pleasure then. I'm glad she appreciated all our hard efforts to deliver a quality product."

He grinned, "Hard efforts, hu?"

"Hard indeed," Jensen couldn't help the small grin that stretched his lips, his breath itching in his throat when Jared pushed his sunglasses up in his hair, hazel eyes shining with a sort of suffused glee Jensen couldn't really place. Next thing he knew, Jared was leaning in to brush his cheek with his lips, his voice a soft whisper in his ear, "I'm glad you called." And then he was off, leaving Jensen to stare at the space he'd vacated, heart hammering wildly in his chest.

Once he got into his trailer, he found a long, white rose sitting on the vanity, a red bow tied on it stem. Jensen's heart skipped several beats and he flopped down on the bed, taking the rose with him to smell its scent. It was delicate, fresh, untouched. It looked like everything he wasn't, yet Jared had left his wordless message right there for him to see.

"Okay, Ackles." He whispered to himself. "Time to grow a pair." Just being close to Jared again, the anticipation of it, was making his skin tingle and his belly tight. He couldn't remember ever having felt this way before for anyone. The rose was so soft, so fragile in his hands, and it settled against his lips like a whisper. Jensen grinned to himself, a small, secret smile, and launched up off the bed. He had no vase to use, so he snatched a glass from under the sink and filled it with water and lemonade, just like him momma had done when Jensen had brought her fresh daisies.

Time for him to let Jared know he was interested - more than interested. His heart beat wildly in his chest. It was up to him to make the move, Jared had made that perfectly clear on their - he grinned- date together. He hadn't even kissed Jensen properly, not like Jensen wanted him to, acting like a proper gentleman all evening, albeit a gentleman with a potty mouth and a bottomless pit for a stomach.

He took one last look at the rose and smiled, turning out the light before locking the door behind him.

"Those," Jared frowned, "really don't look comfortable."

Jensen was inclined to agree with him, holding up the soft, velveteen leggings as if they might suddenly stretch to fit him. "Why don't you just paint them on me?" Jensen asked the wardrobe mistress dryly. She chuckled and Jared bounced on his toes.

"Oh, I vote for that." He said enthusiastically.

Resigning himself to having his balls squashed against his legs, Jensen stepped into the costume, flashing Jared a mock glare as he pranced about in his decidedly more masculine attire. "You're a pervert."

"I am." Jared nodded happily. "And you, are going to give me a heart failure." It was Jared's turn to cast a mournful look at their dresser. "Can't you put him in a burlap sack or something? You make him any more gorgeous than he already is and I'm not gonna last the scene."

Jensen blushed to the roots of his hair and stuttered unintelligibly as the woman laughed. "Rules are rules, Jay." She shuffled Jensen into a pair of high-heeled, black leather boots, and he had to throw his arms out to balance himself. He marvelled at the feeling of precarious equilibrium they gave him, and how even with three inches heels he had to look *up* to meet Jared's black-rimmed eyes.

"Honestly?" Jared said, voice dropping a notch, "It's best that I wait for you out on set."

Jensen glowed with the praise, and battled his eyelashes at him with a sudden surge of coyness, "Really? Where has all your stamina gone, Mr. Alpha Male?"

Jared laughed, his eyes growing hued as he stepped slowly back from Jensen, "They all say you've got only to wait until you find your match," He blew him a kiss and disappeared in a flurry of leather. The teasing banter was playful, but Jensen couldn't help but feel the glow inside of him grow when Jared made the implication that there was something more between them than sexual chemistry.

"Oh, sugar, you got it bad." Jensen couldn't even glare at the giggling wardrobe mistress, his slightly sappy expression only fading at the torture device she held up in her hands.

"Why did I think this was a good idea?" He moaned, not getting an answer beyond a smothered chuckle and the promise not to break any of his ribs.

~ * & * ~

The doorbell rung before Jensen could remove his finger, swinging open to reveal a wide, sprawling entrance swimming with extravagantly dressed dancers and two towering doormen. He shivered a little when he felt their eyes wandering lazily down his body, and he cursed his friends for making him think that this was a good idea. The shoes threw him off balance, forcing his steps to be carefully measured, and his hips to sway almost obscenely. The leggings he wore could possibly considered a form of public indecency and the corset he had been squeezed into nipped his waist in tight and made anything more than shallow breathing an art form.

"Invitation?" One of the doormen, dressed as grey marbled statues from antiquity, held out his hand, and Jensen was glad his own mask made identification amongst these people almost impossible. The giant man scanned it over, then nodded. "Master James is expecting you. He is in the library."

Jensen swallowed, gifting them with a smile as he strutted onwards. He adjusted his butterfly-shaped mask, the feathers blowing gently with the cool breeze that swept the open hall as he made his slow progress to the dancing hall beyond. He groaned inwardly as he saw the stairs leading down to it, more steps than he could ever walk with the damn heels, and looked worriedly at the crowd of masked people. Library. James was in the library, if he only knew where the library was in the '700-styled palace. Maybe the guys were there as well? He swallowed again, his chest squeezed tight enough to make the move tasking, and he began to slowly inch his way down the staircase.

A cat and a fox passed him, hand in hand and tongues enthusiastically licking at exposed skin. He flushed

under his mask and cursed the leggings that were squeezing his balls tight against his body. It didn't look much like a party, but more like some sort of ongoing orgy, people all over each other as the music thumped loud above them in huge black speakers. Sweat started to break over Jensen's skin as he finally reached the last step, his hands damp and trembling against the railing as he took in the scene before him. Fuck. Why didn't James warn him? And why had he been invited? His legs shook as he tried to edge away from the crowd, following the artfully decorated wall as he tried to find an escape route to the library.

Christ, he should've known better than to tell him about his virginity. Stupid, it was so incredibly stupid. Jensen knew his friend meant well but somehow inviting him to an open sexual party didn't seem like the best idea.

Cursing, he grasped at the handle of the first side door he found and pushed it open, finding himself in yet another hall. Maybe the library was down there. He was going to kill James for this.

"Are you lost, little butterfly?" Jensen spun around, wobbled on his heels, and pitched forward into the strong arms of a tall, masked man. He blushed and spluttered.

"Oh god, I am so sorry! I think I might end up killing myself in these things." He stammered. He smiled gratefully as he was set back on his feet, the stranger's hands warm on his bare elbows.

"Well we wouldn't want that now, would we?" Jensen had to look up to meet the dark eyes that shone from behind the mask. They had been lined with kohl, dark pits of shimmering color in amongst a face of coiled leather braids. A scorpion, Jensen realised, the motif curling down the man's bare arms in inked tattoos, his belted leather vest emphasising wide shoulders and arms like tree trunks. Full lips under the mask had curved into a coy smile and Jensen felt himself blushing under it.

"I'm looking for the library." He said, "This place is like a maze."

The stranger laughed. "That it is. Allow me to escort you then, little butterfly, for it is not safe for such a delicate creature as yourself to be wandering unguarded amongst so many predators."

Jensen shivered under the man's molten glaze, and he pulled at the strings of his corset, trying to release a little the crushing pressure on his waist. "T-thank you," he stuttered. The stranger took his elbow and gently started to walk him along, his touch hot and burning over Jensen's flushed skin. Jensen's eyes were drawn to the way the vest hugged the man's narrow hips and down to his groin, the bulge between his legs twitching with each step. His face went up in flames as soon as he realized he was staring, and he fumbled a little on his steps, heels catching in the plush carpeting.

The man chuckled and pushed another door open, letting Jensen walk through first. Jensen took a few shaky steps, his ass dancing as he swayed his hips, and his breath caught in his chest as he heard a soft hiss from behind him, and the door snap closed. Petrified, he attempted to keep on walking, legs shaking slightly, but he didn't make much headway. A tattooed arm wrapped around his waist from behind and he was pulled back against a strong body. He cried out softly, throwing his arms out for balance as he tried to wriggle out of the strong hold.

"Or maybe you're not as fragile as you look, are you, butterfly?" The man whispered right behind his ear, his spare hand travelling over the side of Jensen's corseted chest.

"What are you doing?" Jensen gasped, shuddering lightly in the tight embrace. "This isn't the library."

The man chuckled. "No, it isn't. But I would have thought it were obvious what it is that I am doing. I told you, little butterfly, places like this are not safe for you." Warm lips skated across Jensen's neck and he squirmed. "Too many predators like myself wandering around looking for prey."

He tugged lightly on the ties of Jensen's corset, chuckling when it drew a tight gasp. "Look at you, how could you not know what you would do to us, getting all dressed up like this?" His hand dipped lower, skimming the lower edge of the corset before sliding across the soft fabric of Jensen's leggings. "Such pretty little prey is just asking to be gobbled up."

Jensen grunted in alarm as the stranger lightly kicked the inside of his leg, knocking him off his feet and into those solid arms. They bore him up, carrying him forward until he was pressed against the cool marble of the pillars that decorated the house. Lips ran across his shoulder blades, nipping lightly at his skin whilst he was held fast in the circle made by the man's powerful arms and the pillar he was pressed against.

Jensen moaned, twisting helplessly in the solid grip as he tried to work himself free. "No-" he gasped, goosebumps trickling all over his body as sharp teeth nibbled at the juncture of his neck and shoulder, leaving shivers in their wake. "No, please -" his voice broke on a whimper when he felt the hardening ridge of the man's dick rub against the silk covering his ass. He shuddered, mouth opening on a small 'o' of surprise, cheeks hot and flushed under his mask as the stranger repeated the motion, tongue and teeth licking and nibbling over the line of his shoulder.

"So easy," The masked man chuckled, using one leg to spread Jensen's thighs further apart and press him against the cool marble of the pillar. "Aren't you, little butterfly? Does this turn you on? Are you getting all hot and wet inside those silky leggings of yours?" Jensen blushed hotly and bit his lower lip, renewing his weak attempt at a struggle. The man chuckled and started to rub his leather-clad erection right against the crease of his ass.

"No," Jensen moaned thinly. His heels scraped the ground as he fought for purchase, but every movement did nothing but press him further against the hard dick rocking against him, the friction foreign, and dangerous, and incredibly hot.

"No?" The man mused, sliding one arm above his shoulder, his hand trailing down the corset and between Jensen's legs to fondle his cock, feeling it hard and pulsing underneath the silk fabric of his leggings. "See, this doesn't feel like no to me." He whispered, voice dark with sinful promises. "This feels like you are enjoying yourself, but don't know how to let go. Could it be that my pretty little butterfly is a virgin?" Jensen flushed a brilliant red, and the stranger chuckled. "My my, this is going to be a treat."

"What are you going to do?" Jensen gasped, sinking unintentionally into the warm embrace, pushing against the hand the cupped his dick.

The masked man chuckled. "Oh we don't have time for me to tell you all I am going to do to you, so let's just move on to the main event, shall we?" He nipped Jensen's ear and nuzzled his neck. "Last chance to call this off, pretty thing. Once we start I am not going to stop."

The words were warm and seductive, coiling in Jensen's belly like hot coals. He was totally surrounded by sensation, struggling to find the surface under each wave of pleasure that rolled through him. The stranger knew what he was doing, every touch intended to weaken Jensen's resistance to him. He took a breath, thin and shallow in his restricted lungs, but nodded. "Tell me." He ordered.

Chuckling, the stranger kissed the side of his throat. "Well I think we shall just go with the flow, shall we?"

It was a risk, Jensen knew, but one he was unable to back away from. He nodded again. "Alright."

The man smirked, and pulled him back and away from the pillar, making him bend over in the fluffy carpet. Jensen shuddered bodily as those strong, inked arms wrapped around his torso, hands running up Jensen's wrists and forearms as he guided his arms behind his back. "I want you to hold very still for me now, little butterfly," the man crooned in his ear. Jensen nodded shakily and tried to comply - it wasn't easy though. His legs were shaking, and his chest was heaving in his restraints, but the man's mouth was hot and damp over his skin, and he moaned softly, head dipping low as he gave in to sensation.

A quiet chuckle, then one large hand pinned his wrists together as he tied them down with the lace strings of the corset. Jensen cried out as his eyes snapped open. He twisted against his bounds only to have his breath cut short as he tightened the corset around his chest. "I told you to hold still," the man whispered across his skin, a hint of amused laughter in his voice. Jensen moaned and gasped, relaxing his arms a little in the hope that they would take the pressure away from his chest.

Hands ran down his back and over his bound wrists, the man's lips following their path and licking over the laces that kept him tied in with his own corset. He writhed as the stranger's tongue lapped at his leggings-

covered ass, a loud moan falling from his lips as those hands spread his legs further apart on the carpeting, caressing his inner thighs and reaching up to palm and stroke his bulging cock.

"Is this how you imagined it?" The stranger asked, his hands sliding under the band of Jensen's leggings, his palms flat as they skimmed against skin, gently pushing the fabric to Jensen's knees. "When you thought about how you'd get your cherry popped, is this how you saw it? On your tiptoes with your hands tied, ass on show to a man you've never met before?" His hand settled on Jensen's hip, fingers skating over smooth skin before circling around to spread small asscheeks apart. Jensen gasped and sobbed, whimpering at the effort it took to stay so very still as he wobbled on the tips of his toes.

Whilst one hand holding him open, the other pressed against Jensen's lips, sliding into his mouth. They tasted salty and a little like ink, and Jensen sagged as they stroked across his tongue before leaving trails of saliva smeared across his lips. "You know, only whores do this, let a stranger fuck them without even knowing a name - and a virgin too. God, you must be so desperate for it." Jensen froze as a wet finger pressed against the tight ring of his ass and without warning slid right up to the knuckle.

"Dallas." He stammered.

Immediately, that single finger withdrew from him and his wrists were released in one quick, expert move, even before the lights turned back on and the director called the cut. He brought his hands up to his chest and shivered. The next thing he knew he was huddled in a protective shelter, a towel wrapped around his waist as he was carried off set.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," Jared muttered under his breath, the mask thrown off, and his worried face looming into Jensen's view. "Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

It took Jensen a moment to realize what it was that Jared was saying, and when he did, he felt like crawling away to his trailer and never have to come out again. Jesus Christ, what was happening to him? Why was it that anything that involved Jared turned to more than just a stupid scene? He was supposed to be better now, he had sworn he would forget. It was just bad porn dialogue as he was well used to. It wasn't supposed to reach that deep. *He* shouldn't let it reach that deep.

"Jensen," Jared called, voice tense. "Talk to me. What went wrong?"

Jensen shook his head and swallowed rapidly. Jared had begun to unfasten the tiny hooks on the front of the corset, and Jensen could suddenly breathe again. "It's fine. God, I'm sorry." Jared growled at the apology, but Jensen shook him off. "It was stupid, okay? I'm fine, really."

"You're trembling." Jared said quietly, drawing Jensen's attention to the fine tremors that shook his body. Jensen frowned, at a loss to explain why he had reacted so badly to a scene that paled in comparison to his other work. "Look, I am not as stupid as I look, Jen." Jared said quietly. "I get that there are things that you are dealing with, things you don't want to talk about, I won't push you. And god knows I am not questioning your ability to do your job, you're the best there is in the industry, why else do you think I wanted to work with you? But...if shooting affects you like this, maybe you should think of taking a break, because at the moment you are caught in a vicious circle."

Jared's gentle words seeped into Jensen's skin, and he laughed almost hysterically. "I'm not! That's just it!" He looked up into Jared's worried eyes. "It's you. Don't you *get* it yet? You're breaking me apart, and - a part of me wants you to."

Jared looked as though he had been slapped, and Jensen turned his face away, guilt churning his gut. Truth was, it wasn't even Jared's fault, and he knew it. It was *his* fault for allowing Jared to anchor himself under his skin, and he hated himself for how much he'd come to need that. "Let me go," he whispered, trying to push himself out of Jared's arms.

Jared did, helping him to his feet and onto the precarious heels. "I'm sorry," he whispered, tightening the towel around him and knotting it before stepping back. Jensen looked up at him, eyes shimmering with emotions. "I never wanted to upset you, you know?" Jared went on, chewing on his lower lip. Jensen closed his eyes and turned away, an heavy weight settling on his stomach. "But I can't tell you I'm sorry for getting to see a bit of you. Even if - even if it's all I'm getting."

Jensen's head snapped up and he found himself looking straight back in open, hazel pools, his heart hammering wildly. Jared was looking back at him like he was the only person in the room, like he hadn't just blamed him for his fuck ups, like he wasn't backing away in the slightest.

"You keep on pushing." Jensen whispered a little desperately.

Jared took a step forward. "I don't mean to push."

Jensen nodded. "I know that." he would have continued, perhaps said something he would have regretted- even more than he already had- but Joe jogged over, doctor behind him, and bombarded Jensen with enough questions to make his head spin. It had been months, years even, since Jensen had called a scene completely. He'd had occasion to step things down sometimes, the play getting too intense even for him, but calling it off...over something so trivial...no wonder Joe looked close to a heart attack. Jared reluctantly gave them some privacy, flipping his cell phone and wandering off towards his own trailer.

"I'm fine, really." Jensen protested, waving off Joe's overenthusiastic concern. "We can carry on with the shoot, it was nothing. I just got a little dizzy, that's all."

Joe frowned. "Are you eating right? I can't have you passing out on set, kid. You're worth too damn much to the studio to see you risk your health."

"You're all heart, Joe." Jensen said dryly, appreciating the man's ability to break the tension in the room with one blithe comment.

"Yeah, well, that's what they pay me for." Joe shrugged. "You've got an hour to get your shit together, okay?" The words were harsh, but Jensen saw them for what they were.

"Sure thing, boss." Jensen winked, his heart still pounding in his chest. Sometimes he scared himself with how good he was at this.

Joe shook him off and wandered back on to set, barking out orders left and right. Jensen, free from Jared's protective gaze, retreated back to his trailer and picked up his phone, putting in a call to Francesca and praying she wasn't on a lunch date.

"*Ciao, gioia mia*," his agent greeted him warmly. "All good?"

"I can't do this," Jensen blurted out, feeling his self-control slipping away from him in waves, "I can't. I thought I could. I can't."

"Alright there wait. Wait a sec. Hold it, rewind," he could tell by the tone of her voice and the confusion in the background that she was moving somewhere more private. "*Gioia*, talk to me. What happened? What's going on?"

"I-" Jensen's breath caught in his throat and he damn near whimpered. "I had to call it off."

"*Cazzo!* That's it, I'm coming there and I'm cutting his dick off myself."

"It's not him, Francy, it's me," Jensen choked in the phone line. "I can't - Jesus - he just acted out the dialogue and - you know the script right?"

"*Sì*, of course I do."

"I can't-" Jensen stuffed his knuckles into his mouth, trying to breathe in deeply through his nose and calm. The. Fuck. Down. "I keep thinking..." his voice broke and faded as he thought back on how his first time *really* had been. He couldn't dump a weight like that on someone he had barely met, and it wasn't right of him to expect Jared to just accept everything without questioning.

"Jensen..." He could almost see her weigh up her words and pinch the bridge of her nose.

"It's stupid, I mean it was years ago, but, god, I wanted it-"

"And that is natural. *Tesoro*, you can't just expect things like that to go poof and vanish into thin air!"

Jensen curled up on the bed, clutching his knees to his chest. That rose... this scene... he was as far from a virgin as was possible, and had been for years. He shouldn't want to be that way for Jared, he shouldn't want that of himself for anyone. But those words, whispered in his ear had flooded his veins like a poison. They had been so very similar to the real thing that for a minute, lost in a world where he really had been untouched, he'd been unable to see anything but the mask, and the face he had feared that had hidden beneath it. "Why not?" he knew he sounded petulant, but he couldn't find the energy to care. "How much longer am I going to have to live like this? I...he makes me want to breathe again, Francy, and it hurts."

"Then let him," She soothed warmly through the line. "Take a breather, *gioia*, god knows you need it. I can call this off if you're sure you can't do it, you know. There'd be some fines to pay but nothing we can't handle. But I'm thinking that you've postponed your life for long enough."

Jensen rocked himself a little, something he did when distress rose high and he had to feel somehow cared for, knowing no arms but his own were ever going to hold him like that. "I'm scared," he murmured, voice thin. "I am so out of control like this, Francy. I don't want to - I *need* control." He needed to know no one would put him in that terrified kid's place ever, ever again.

"*Tesoro*, he's already given you control. This - this whatever it is, it's on your terms. Don't be scared of living it, alright? Pain, hurt, that's kinda part of the package when feelings are concerned."

Jensen didn't answer. Jared who stepped back, who kissed him on his cheek, who walked him home and let him borrow his jacket. Who was a little unconventional but had never - not once - taken advantage of his role. "I can't quit the shoot," Jensen said feebly. Of that he was sure. He owed Jared that much, after scaring him again and again and making him feel like he was to blame.

"*Fanculo* the shoot," Francesca said bracingly. "Don't quit him."

"*Grazie*, Francy. *Scusami*-"

"No, we don't use that word, remember?" She scolded. He could almost see her shake a perfectly manicured finger at him. "Now you go put a smile on your face, *gioia*, and one you are done with this we shall see about you taking a vacation, no?"

"Yeah." He sighed. "Yeah, okay."

"I can take you to see Michelangelo's David, we can look at someone almost as pretty as-"

"Francy!" He yelped, already relaxing a little just from having spoken to someone who could understand him.

"Si?"

"You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

She laughed. "Of course! We can't have you moping all day! Now go! Dazzle them with all that talent of yours and let The Tall One take care of you."

Jensen wrinkled his nose at the description of Jared, still a little miffed that three inch heels still had him standing shorter. "He's not *that* tall."

"He makes you look like one of the Seven Dwarves, I'm sorry *gioia*, but you have to face facts."

Jensen sighed and pouted, "Not fair. I'm not short."

"Sure you aren't," she chuckled, and Jensen could tell she was shaking her head. "I gotta go now, *Tesoro*. You good?"

"Yeah," Jensen said in a whisper, "Yeah. *Grazie*."

He put down the phone and took off the killing boots, stretching himself on the bed for an instant before rolling into the warm throw and burying his face into the pillow. He knew Francesca was right, but somehow, knowing it didn't make it easier. And god, he should apologize to Jared. He was too out of it to keep his big mouth shut, and now god only knew what Jared must think of him.

He let himself hover in drowsiness for a few more moments, trying to recuperate the mental and physical energy he needed to go out there again and face the crew - even if the crew was the furthest thought from his mind when he stopped by wardrobe to have his costume re-applied. Once he was out, Joe came to him with a smile and the news that he was needed for the close ups in the dance room. No Jared. Jensen's stomach dropped a little. Following the director back onto set, Jensen looked around hopefully, but there was no sight of the man who stood head and shoulders above everyone else.

"Okay," Joe clapped his hands together, nodding Jensen over to the long chaise that was positioned under the lights, deep red fabric shimmering like blood. "So you've just been fucked senseless by a masked stranger and left here for anyone to see. We're gonna get a few hundred stills and push them for publicity shots, so Jen, you just stay still and look gorgeous, okay?" Jensen nodded at his director, knowing that Joe had moved the schedule around a bit to give him an easier slide back into things. He'd never worked with a crew who were so considerate before had had joined Eros Studios, and knew that Joe was the exception, not the norm. After pushing his leggings to his knees, he let Paul tie his wrists to the back of the corset and settle down face first on the chaise. Millicent quickly sprayed his ass with a shimmering oil and left a trail of water based lube streaked across his skin.

Stills were something Jensen enjoyed, responding to the camera as well as he did during a scene. He turned a bambi eyed gaze towards the flashing cue, knowing the look called for a rumpled, deflowered virgin and not the seductive smile of a different character. Joe continued to call directions out from behind the line, honest praises amongst the 'little to the left, that's it, bite your lip'.

Jensen let his eyes shimmer with exhausted tears, his fingers curling uselessly against their bonds when a figure walked up to stand between Joe and the camera-man, long, artfully curled hair cascading over wide, tattooed shoulders. He couldn't hold back the soft gasp and the snort that followed when Jared's red-plumped lips smirked at him from behind the camera.

"What?" Joe asked bemusedly, frowning as Jensen tried to stifle another snort. He turned and groaned as he saw Jared stand behind them with a long, blonde wig and excessive red lipstick. "Oh, god..."

Jared winked and blew him a kiss, waving a little as Jensen, who was still looking incredulously at him and working very hard to not keep his giggles. "You're insane." he said in wonder, trying to feel bad about disrupting the shoot and recompose his face for the camera as Jared and his wig were pushed away by an annoyed Joe. The shooter went off in the relative silence for about five minutes before he caught sight of a pair of pointed, Batman ears poking out from above everyone's else heads, Jared's chest rippling through the tiny black top with the bat splashed on the middle.

He snorted and choked on his laugh as the shutter went off, and bit his lip as Joe groaned in frustration and bodily pushed Jared and his batman costume out of the range of sight.

"Kids," the director muttered, and Jensen hastily schooled his happy, goofy grin in a more suitable expression for the cameras.

The third costume was Wonder Woman and the photographer himself bent over with laughter, along with half of the crew and Jensen himself, who had to be removed from the corset or risk choking himself.

"Oh for the love of- OUT!" Joe advanced on Jared, brandishing a script like it was a weapon of old. There had to be nearly a foot between them, but Jared, his fake tits hanging out of the bodice, scrambled back with a wide-eyed expression of alarm that had Jensen fall off the chaise and into Paul, who was trying to save him from a broken rib. "That's it." Joe lamented, "I'm only ever working with lesbians after this."

"Aw, but you love us!" Jared said brightly, recovering from his alarm and gathering the stout director up into his arms like a teddy bear. Joe went red, then purple, and Jensen almost cried at the sight of it. The photographer was sure to get as many shots as he could, knowing they would never again see Joe being manhandled by a six foot four Wonder Woman.

Joe managed to free himself, chasing Jared off the set for real, curses turning the air blue around them. Jared darted off towards the wardrobe trailer, but not before flashing Jensen a playful wink.

"Say the word and I can have him killed." Paul said seriously, not a hint of emotion on his serious face. Jensen frowned, then laughed, and didn't stop until Joe returned and threatened to gag him.

After half a hour or more of stills, they were given a fifteen minutes break for makeup re-applying and to set back to where they had cut previously. Jensen was feeling nervous, but it was a different kind of anxiety to the one he'd been experiencing up until then. He had never laughed so hard in his life as when Jared had scooped up Joe and forced his Wonder Woman wig on him, and it was surprising how good it had felt. He let Millicent help him out with the butterfly mask and the rest of the makeup, and was almost relaxing when Jared walked back on set, mask-free, his arms painted with tribal art and twisted scorpions, the leather vest painted to perfection on his body. He licked his lips involuntarily, and Millicent scowled at him, scolding him for ruining his lipstick.

When she was done, Jared was bouncing on the balls of his feet in front of him, a happy grin on his face. "You do laugh," He said, a distinct note of pride in his voice. Jensen knew he was priding himself in being the one to make him laugh, and instead of feeling offended by it, he felt stupidly choked up that Jared would find it something to be so damn smug about.

"I nearly suffocated," Jensen pouted for an instant before smiling at him. "Thanks."

Jared shrugged a little self-consciously, and smiled back. "I succeeded then."

Jensen nodded and bit his lips, cursing his heels that made his fidgeting all the more noticeable. "I'm sorry, seriously," he said at long last.

Jared nodded, just as serious. "Yeah, I know. And don't I am above using it to guilt you into a second date." He flashed Jensen a playful wink. "But I have a serious question for you." Jensen frowned, afraid where Jared would go with the topic. He almost tripped over his heels when Jared spun around, thrust his ass into Jensen's face and said, "be honest with me, these pants make my butt look huge, don't they?"

Millicent giggled and Jensen shook his head in amazement. "You're a first class moron."

"I aim to excel at everything I do." Jared nodded, straightening and holding Jensen steady as his corset was tightened for the start of shooting. Then, in exactly the same tone of voice, Jared asked, "You want me to change the dialogue?"

Every part of Jensen that prided himself on being a professional said no, he could handle it, but Francesca's voice echoed in his head, her suggestion that letting Jared take care of him might not be so bad ringing true. He nodded. "Please?"

Jared smiled, and kissed his forehead, light and warm as he had been after their date. "Sure," he murmured, stepping back and smiling at him like the sun was coming up. "Are we ready then?"

Jensen nodded and they resumed their position on the set. Joe threw Jared a dirty look, to which Jared only waved and blew him a kiss. It was hard for Jensen to remember he was tied to a corset and not to laugh out loud as he would choke faster than light. It was a weird, liberating feeling to be able to laugh on set. He smiled as Jared winked at him and gently guided his face down on the carpet.

"And, ACTION!"

Scene Two

Jensen shivered as his leggings pushed down past his thighs. "So tell me," the masked man murmured, strong hands barely brushing his naked ass, "Why did you come here tonight?"

Jensen's breath broke on a moan as those strong hands placed on his ass cheeks, kneading the muscle as the tips of his thumbs spread him wide. His blush deepened as he imagined the stranger looking directly at his quivering hole, the muscles clenching in anticipation, his cock curling hard and throbbing between his legs.

"There was a party -" Jensen moaned, just as one hand left his ass to trail between his shoulder blades, fingers grasping his face and pulling him backwards a little. A thumb ran across his lower lip, dragging off the makeup before pressing inside, the rough skin over his tongue tasting salty and foreign. He shuddered and closed his pink lips around the digit, eyes fluttering shut behind the mask.

"You wouldn't happen to be one of James' friends now would you?" The stranger whispered in his ear, finger brushing slowly across his tongue. Jensen moaned around the finger in his mouth, eyelashes lifting, but his vision still widely obscured by the tip of the mask. He nodded as well as he could and the man chuckled in his ear. "Well little brother always did have good taste in those he surrounded himself with."

Jensen froze...brother...James' brother. The finger in his mouth pulled free with a pop and he licked his lips unconsciously. "You're Jared. You're James' brother."

Jared chuckled again. "Smart little butterfly aren't you?" He teased, his finger, slick with saliva, trailed across naked skin until it pressed lightly on the small ring of Jensen's ass. "Guess it's a good job I've got a willing prey, huh?"

The first push of Jared's finger into his ass made Jensen squirm and wriggle, wrists accidentally tugging on the laces of the corset and stealing his breath away. "Easy," Jared soothed, stroking his ass softly as he worked his large thumb inside of him. Jensen whimpered, mouth open in an 'o' as his eyes veiled with wonder. "Nothing's ever been up there, has it, pretty thing?" Jared murmured, lapping tantalizingly at the dimples above Jensen's ass.

"Nhg.." He squirmed again, gasping and panting erratically when the move constricted his chest further. He moaned and twisted his face in the carpeting, his tiptoes wobbling a little as he tried to keep his equilibrium. Jared nibbled at the tender skin above his ass, working his thumb in further, until his long fingers were able to cup his balls at the same time, Jensen's whimpers getting higher and higher at every soft, arousing touch.

"Answer me, little butterfly," Jared whispered, working his finger out and back in again, Jensen writhing and gasping, his cock starting to leak heavily against his corset.

"Fingers," Jensen moaned, his mask askew as he buried his face in the fluff carpeting. "Mine... a- a brush handle-"

Jared chuckled and pulled his thumb out, both hands grasping his ass and spreading him wide. He blew right over his crack, the cool air making Jensen tremble and moan in anticipation.

The first swipe of Jared's tongue against his ass made Jensen gasp and squirm. "What are you doing?" He yelped, trying to look over his shoulder without restricting his breathing too much. Jared didn't answer, but circled his tongue lightly around the clenching muscle. "Oh god, what-" He squirmed, trying to wriggle in Jared's hands, not sure if he should pull away or press back against the gently probing tongue.

"Nice, isn't it?" Jared murmured, his tongue dipping lightly into Jensen's hole. "Bet you never knew you could lick a guy the way you do a girl."

"I'm not-" Jensen squirmed, gasping as Jared's tongue dipped deep, "a girl!"

"No? But you're acting like one." Jared teased, wriggling his tongue a little until Jensen's bones liquefied

and he struggled to buck back. "See? Just like a girl. But this? This is nothing like a girl." He slid a finger into the slick channel and aimed for Jensen's prostate.

"Fuck!" Jensen gasped, his breath coming in shorter pants as he writhed beneath Jared, his ass clenching around the finger that repeatedly stroked over his prostate. He whined and bit in his lower lip as he pushed his ass back against Jared's hand and his skilled tongue. "More," he begged breathlessly, his chest constricted by the silk and lace of his corset. Jared's laugh travelled all the way inside him and he moaned loudly, his legs shaking with the effort to hold himself up.

"Once you get a taste, you can never have enough," Jared whispered, still working his finger slowly in Jensen's small, virgin hole, his other hand skimming over his back to grasp at his nape, pulling his face backwards and thrusting his tongue between his swollen lips. Jensen scrunched up his nose, but the taste of sex on Jared's tongue had *nothing* of the nasty place it had been - it was raw and intense, and he moaned into his mouth as he fought against his bonds to allow Jared more access.

Jared caressed the side of his face with his thumb, his tongue trailing over his cheek and down to his neck until he could suck a bruise at the juncture between neck and collarbone. "You never reached that deep, did you?" Jared murmured, hitting his prostrate restlessly, making him trash and squirm in his hold, his breath getting heavier and heavier. "Never thought it was more than a fantasy. Bet you come only thinking about a stiff dick filling you up, not knowing what kind of pleasure the real thing could be." He pushed Jensen's face back against the carpeting, spreading his legs wider still and slipping another finger into his quivering hole. "Fuck, so fucking tight -" Jared groaned, keeping him down with a hand over his nape as he worked his digits inside of him, "You have no idea. No idea how good I can make you feel, have you little butterfly?"

Jensen stuttered and shook his head, drowning under the waves of pleasure. God, he'd never know he could feel like this.

The stretch of two fingers burned a little, but the pleasure outweighed the discomfort tenfold. He even whimpered when they were removed, desperate for the stimulation. Jared's hands settled on his waist and he pulled Jensen up on to his knees before shuffling him back over his own broad thighs. Jensen squirmed, caught in the trap of Jared's arms. There was a wrinkle of foil, and then Jensen jumped, staring in surprise at the condom Jared held up in front of his face.

"Since it's your first time, we'll use this to make things nice and smooth, okay?" Jared's teeth grazed his ear, nipping lightly at the soft flesh. Jensen could only nod mutely, his chest tight with more than just the compression of the corset as Jared moulded him into shape, hands moving quickly to tear wrappers. He floated in his own little world until he felt something hot and huge press against his ass.

"No!" He wailed, and Jared stilled, hands wrapped around Jensen's cock.

"Butterfly getting nervous?" He teased.

"You won't fit." Jensen protested.

Jared chuckled softly, "It's gonna burn a little at first," He murmured in his ear. He rubbed the tip over Jensen's crack, smearing lube over the clenching hole. "I'll make you feel good, though. So good you'll think you're gonna die of it," He started jacking Jensen's cock in slow, tight motions, Jensen whimpering and rocking up a little in the strokes, breath getting quicker and quicker. He had just started to relax again when Jared's thick head pressed against his hole, and he clenched every muscle in anxiety.

"Relax," Jared soothed, gripping his cock a little tighter, making Jensen moan and squirm, "I'll take good care of you."

"Jared," Jensen moaned, voice thin and ragged, torn between wanting to pull away from the insistent press of his cock over his entrance and rock his hips up in Jared's tight, slick fist.

"Just let go," Jared murmured, pressing his mouth at the back of his head, and with one smooth push, the head had breached through. Jensen yelped and wailed, his erection wilting in Jared's hand, tears crumpling up his eyelashes.

"Hurts-" Jensen moaned, biting his lip. God, he couldn't do it. It was too big, it would rip him apart. Jared's hand kept stroking his cock purposefully, giving him time as he stilled completely behind him.

"Shhh," he murmured again, kissing his back softly, his other hand running in circles across his belly. "Relax. Just relax. It'll feel good. Just trust me."

"I can't!" Jensen sobbed, his ass clenching tight around Jared's hard cock. He couldn't move, couldn't think, every inch of him connected to the place where Jared spread him wide open.

Soft kisses peppered his throat. "Yes you can." Jared promised. "Take a deep breath, and left go for me."

The big hand that covered his cock continued to stroke him, pleasure slowly taking the edge off the pain. When he had finally lost his exhausted battle to stay on edge, Jared ever so gently rolled his hips, his cock dragging against the place that had Jensen seeing stars, and the balance shifted. "Oh god!"

Jared chuckled, his hand petting gently as he continued to work Jensen past the barrier and over into pleasure. "There we are, see, that's better." He encouraged, muscles rolling in his thighs as he continued to thrust delicately into Jensen's ass. The first few catches of the corset popped open, and Jared dragged a hand up to play with Jensen's nipples, nails catching lightly against the sensitive nubs.

"Fuck! Oh god, please." Jensen wailed.

"Oh god, what?" Jared drew his torture out, gentle strokes and tiny thrusts all designed to make Jensen beg for his pleasure.

Jensen whimpered and buckled wildly, Jared's fingers finding one brown nub and rubbing into it time and time again, sending his senses in overdrive. He never pushed all the way in, never pulled all the way out, the motion continuous and teasing. "Please," Jensen moaned, rutting his hips back, the heels of his shoes catching Jared's leg, "Please, god please - please -"

Jared grinned wickedly and stilled. "Please what, butterfly?" He whispered, biting gently down on his neck as he twisted his nipple between thumb and forefinger. Jensen sobbed, mouth open and pliant as he tried to work his ass back on Jared's dick.

"God - do - something- please, please..."

Jared's hand shifted down lower, grasping one hip and stroking his cock almost lazily as he guided him down inch by slow inch, until his dick was almost halfway in, "You want more of it, little butterfly?" Jared whispered dirtily in his ear, "You want to know how it feels like to be so full of cock you can't even think straight?"

Jensen moaned and spread his legs wider over Jared's lap, an open invitation to take the plunge.

Jared needed no further encouragement. He wrapped his hands around Jensen's hips and slowly pulled him down, filling him up until Jared's balls rested against his ass. "God, so fucking tight. So tight, so pretty. Such a good butterfly." Jared whispered an endless stream of sweet and filthy words into Jensen's ear as he shivered and mewled, so full he couldn't move.

"I-I... *please*." He begged, wrists tugging so hard at the bonds of the corset that he swooned a little in Jared's arms. It wasn't until they both fell still that he was released, Jared's strong forearm draping down across his shoulder like a seatbelt, working to lift Jensen up then slam him back down again on Jared's hard cock. "Oh fuck, fuck, god, please, fuck."

Jared panted heavily in his ear, quite whispers of praise trailing off to grunts of pleasure and the rasp of heavy breathing.

"Perfect." He whispered. "So perfect. So fucking good."

Jensen moaned and gasped, the stretch almost too wide, too hot, hurting too good for him to do anything

but whimper and beg. "More, god, Jared, please - oh, oh-"

Jared grunted and pulled out all the way before slamming back in, making Jensen yelp and thrash in his arms, his breath short and erratic as he twisted against the straps that tied him in with his corset. Jensen's sweat rolled down in rivulets over his back, dampening the lace and silk, making his skin glow beautifully in the low light of the room. He threw his head back and gasped as Jared used his knees to spread him wider as he was rocked back down, voice tearing out of his throat as his chest shook with emotion.

Jared was huge, bigger than his fingers, bigger even than the brush handle he'd dared to try and fit in his hole that one time. It filled him up more than he'd thought possible, stretching him obscenely wide and brushing against places that shoot spikes of pleasures down his spine.

Then Jared pushed up with his knees as he yanked him back down and he cried out, stars going off behind his closed eyelids. "Again-" he begged, biting his lip. "Jared, please -"

"Do you like that, huh? Pretty little butterfly caught in a trap." Jared curled a hand around Jensen's cock, stroking him in time with the deep thrusts. Jensen twisted and moaned, caught tight in the hold of Jared's arms, every jarring thrust into him dragging across his prostate. Jared filled him up and stretched him wider than he had ever thought possible, long limbs engulfing him in a helpless haze of uncontrollable pleasure.

"Please, please." Jensen begged trying to get into a position where he could control some of the action. The heels he wore made it almost impossible, but the more he struggled, the deeper Jared thrust into him. The hand around his cock jerked him off with rough strokes as Jared licked the skin behind his ear.

"Come on then." Jared encouraged, pulling Jensen down with a strong arm and a snap of his hips.

Slumping boundlessly into Jared's arms, Jensen came with muted gasp, come spilling across Jared's tattoo covered hands as the last of his climax was milked from him with gentle strokes. He shuddered and whimpered when with a flex of muscle, Jared hoisted him up off his cock and carried him over to the nearby chaise.

"So pretty." Jared praised, setting Jensen down onto his belly, leggings tugged down to his ass, hands bound helplessly behind him. Jensen wriggled as much as he could, turning his head to look up at Jared. The black mask was turned down, impossibly dark eyes shining behind the leather.

Jensen moaned and licked his lips, Jared smirking at him as he fisted his cock lazily, the rubber sliding through the tight channel of his hand. "It misses you already," Jared crooned, jerking off against Jensen's abused hole. "Your tight little hole, snug around it, clenching down so hard I thought I'd break... you know how good you feel, little butterfly?" Jared draped his chest across Jensen's back, rocking his hips against Jensen's bound hands, letting him feel the hot hardness pressing over his bonds. "So helpless, so fucking' beautiful."

Jensen whimpered, hot trails of pleasure shooting down his back and tried to grasp at Jared's hot dick, his hole clenching rhythmically as it craved to be filled again. He moaned, biting his lip hard as he tried to keep his moans in, rutting his hips back against Jared's legs.

"Someone wants more," Jared whispered, shifting low, the tip of his cock rubbing right behind Jensen's balls. "What can we do about it?"

"Let me taste you?" Jensen pleaded, licking his lips at the thought. Jared froze behind him, a low groan sending shivers down Jensen's spine.

"God...you don't know what you do to me." He whispered hoarsely. "Is that what you want, little butterfly? You want to wrap those beautiful lips around my dick?"

"Please!" Jensen squirmed in anticipation as Jared rolled off from on top of him, his hands lifting Jensen and moulding him in to a more comfortable position. Jared tossed the condom across the room, and Jensen spared a brief moment to be mortified at the thought of someone finding it and just *knowing*. He

settled back against the plush upholstery, Jared standing tall between his knees, his huge cock hovering inches in front of Jensen's lips.

"Open up for me, sweetheart." Jared said softly, his fingers gently brushing Jensen's jaw.

Leaning in eagerly, Jensen let his lips brush over the warm flesh. A weird, strangely bitter taste exploded across his taste buds and he moaned, shuddering bodily as he tried to open his mouth as wide as he could, working his tongue in earnest to lap up at the leaking fluid. Jared moaned and stroked his cheek, palms pressed gently to each side of his face. "That's it, sweetheart," he crooned, "That's it, take some more. Good boy."

Jensen flushed under the soft, petting touch, praise making his skin tingle as he obediently tried to inch forward, his jaw already aching as he strained to cover his teeth and to swallow around the huge girth. The thought of that hard, thick cock being the first to fuck his ass open made his head spin, blood rushing downwards as he grew steadily harder, his cock curling upwards between his legs.

"Fuck, so good," Jared moaned, his hips trembling with the effort to stay still and let Jensen take him in with his own pace. He flexed his fingers rhythmically against his skull, the feathers of Jensen's mask getting caught between his knuckles. His thumb stroked Jensen's cheek, feeling the shape of his cock as it stretched his mouth wide. "You don't even know how you make me feel," Jared groaned, his steel control slipping as he thrust a inch more into that warm, wet heat.

Jensen's eyes widened behind his mask as he struggled to take what he was given. Jared's gentle touch turned apologetic and the words he whispered were soft and loving...the words he had always dreamed of hearing when he finally lost what he had been so reluctant to give away. The fact that it was Jared, a virtual stranger who gave him what he craved was not lost on him in the slightest, and he doubled his efforts.

"So good, so beautiful." Jared chanted softly. His thumbs dipped down to stroke across the corners of Jensen's lips, smoothing over the stretched skin as his cock slid slowly in and out. Jensen moaned around the flesh in his mouth, and Jared suddenly jerked himself free, thick ropes of come splashing across his mouth and mask as Jared panted harshly, seemingly surprised by his own orgasm.

Jensen licked the come from his lips, and Jared snapped. His fingers curled around Jensen's mask, tugging it over head as he dived down and sealed their lips together.

Jensen moaned in surprise, Jared's tongue probing around his mouth, chasing the taste of himself into Jensen's mouth as with his other hand he unclasped Jensen's corset, palm running over smooth skin, tweaking his nipples, then going lower to grasp at Jensen's hard cock, fondling his balls before closing around the shaft as he stroked it roughly.

Jensen's head was caught in a whirlwind of sensation as he struggled to kiss Jared back with the same intensity, his jaw going slack against the onslaught, lips bruised and swollen as they were licked and nipped, his nipples throbbing as they skidded against Jared's leather-covered chest. He tugged his bound hands again, gasping in the kiss when it tightened the few clasps left hooked, his legs shaking as he fought to keep his balance on his precarious boots.

"C'mon," Jared urged, breath hot and damp against Jensen's mouth, "Let me hear you, butterfly."

Jensen whined and snapped his hips forward, Jared's hand hot and slick around his dick, his tongue curling around his own inside his mouth. He gasped, nudging at Jared's cheek with his forehead before grasping at his lip with his teeth. Jared's hand left his neck to push the mask back off his face, liquid hazel scorching hot as it stared into Jensen's eyes.

"Oh fuck." Jensen gasped, stunned senseless at everything he saw in Jared's brilliant eyes. He came louder than before, giving Jared what he asked for and sobbing exhaustedly as the hand on his cock worked him right to the point where there was nothing left of him to spare. Jared raised his fingers to his lips and tasted Jensen's come, a dark, knowing smile stretched across his lips.

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"And CUT! Fuck, someone fetch me a smoke." Joe shook his head. Jensen curled forwards into Jared's arms and the bindings around his wrists were loosened.

"That was fucking awesome!" Jared whispered, his voice rougher than Jensen had ever heard it. "Christ, I'm shaking." He laughed as if it was the funniest thing he had ever heard, but still scooped Jensen up and carried him off set. "Can't have you walking in those shoes. You'd break an ankle and it would be lawyers around the block for a month."

Jensen snorted. "You just like showing off." He scoffed. "Admit it."

"Maybe I like how you feel in my arms." Jared countered, and chuckled when Jensen turned pink and looked away. "You know I don't know if I have said this before, but you really are amazing. There ain't many people who would be so awesome after what happened his morning."

Jensen thought that there weren't many people who would put on a wig just to make him laugh, but didn't say anything.

Jared opened the door to his trailer, laying Jensen down on the warm throw and sitting down on the edge of the mattress to take off his boots and the leggings all the way. Jensen blushed scarlet at being undressed off screen, and tucked his legs across his body. Jared didn't even glance at him, put picked up a towel and draped it across his waist with a smile. Jensen looked down, where the corset had dug red marks across his chest. "You want some aloe vera?" Jared asked in a soft voice, his hand close enough to Jensen's foot he could almost feel the warmth seeping through the skin.

Jensen hesitated, looked up at him, then shook his head. "I can manage," he said quietly, then smiled. "But thanks."

Jared nodded and stood up, grimacing as the leather pulled across his sticky chest. "I need a shower," He then looked at Jensen with a bright grin, "So, can I guilt you into another date?"

Jensen blinked, then remembered. "Oh." he fiddled with his towel, the tips of his ears reddening. "I think so," he said then, looking at him through lowered eyelashes. "If you still want to."

Jared looked at him with a quirked eyebrow. "Because I went to all the trouble of trying to woo you only to give up as soon as you said yes..."

Jensen blushed, remembering all of Jared's rather creative techniques. "Bowling?"

"Nope!" Jared beamed, standing completely naked without a care in the world. "You know those guys I told you about? The ones with the band?"

Jensen nodded, every word of every conversation that they had that night imprinted on his brain.

"Well they are in town! First gig of the season tonight!"

"Wait... you want me to meet your friends?" Jensen stuttered, already panicking at the sheer prospect. Jared leaned forward and wrapped a hand around Jensen's neck, warm and comforting.

"Only if you want to." He whispered. "But they really are great guys. They won't judge. Chris might hit on you..." Jared broke off, frowning the brightening just as fast. "But don't worry. I have pictures of him making out with the chick from Smallville, so it's all good."

Jensen didn't know whether he should laugh or work himself into a panic attack. "Are you -" he cleared his throat, looking a bit unsure. "I mean, I'd - like to but... they're your friends..."

Jared's dimples went even deeper with his grin, "And they'd be thrilled to finally meet you."

Finally? Jensen's mind went reeling. Did Jared actually talked about him to his friends? When? How? And in

which terms? "They would?"

"Yup," Jared smiled and actually bounced on the bed when he stood up. "I can come pick you up at nine? Get some food before we head out? I promise I'll keep Chris off you."

Jensen hesitated for a moment before giving him a nod and a small smile. "Sure, sounds good."

"Awesome!" Jared beamed. Then, before Jensen knew what was happening, he was leaning in to brush his lips softly across his cheekbone. "See you later," he smiled, caressing his neck before bouncing out of the trailer in his birthday suit, the top of the leather vest abandoned on Jensen's bedspread.

The last concert Jensen had attended had been Michael Jackson's Thriller. He'd been barely old enough to reach his mom's shoulder, and she had picked what he had worn.

Now...now he found himself a drift in the vast sea of designer slacks and featureless shirts. He had a wardrobe people would kill for, but he'd be damned if he could think of a single thing to wear to a laid back gig with Jared's friends. The sheets had items piled up high, white shirts, black ones, ones with stripes. His hair was damp from the shower and his skin still bore the sting off too much aftershave. Jeans? Cords? Slacks? Toga?

His phone beeped and he flicked it open without even looking at the message sender, expecting it to be Francesca.

You like Italian?

He blinked. What the--? Then he saw Jared's name above the text and texted back.

Si. Lo adoro.

A minute later, Jared replied.

Dude! Hidden talents! That's kinda sexy ya know.

Jensen grinned and texted back, ***Ed è solo l'inizio***, before throwing the phone on the nightstand and flinging himself down on the bed, trying not to giggle out loud. His phone beeped again and he snatched it up, a wide grin on his face.

I'm counting on it.

Jensen closed his phone and lay it across his chest, kicking off a pair of jeans as he did so.

Was it really? Only the beginning? His heart thundered wildly in his ribcage as he thought about all the possibilities it implied. Was there really something there? Something that was beginning? It scared the hell out of him, and at the same time it made his head spin wildly. It was his second date, and it was terrifying to feel that young again. There were times Francy scolded him because he had turned into a social pariah, living the retired life of someone much older than he was, but he couldn't help himself.

With Jared, the thought of going out every odd night didn't bother him in the slightest.

Jeans and a shirt, white and pink, quite and understated, but cool, casual. Perfect.

He changed jeans three times, then spent twenty minutes pondering over shoes or boots, and fell off the end of the bed when his buzzer rang. "Crap." He swore, lacing up his boots, fingers tangling in the knots.

He pressed the buzzer to let Jared in and hopped from foot to foot as he waited for the elevator to hit his floor.

What was he supposed to do? Should they hug? Kiss? They hadn't kissed yet, not *really*, but he knew what

Jared's lips felt like, and a part of him really, really wanted Jared to kiss him.

The second he heard footsteps outside his door he snapped off the latch and swung it open. Jared stood, huge, yet unquestionably boyish, his floppy hair hanging over his eyes and his hands shoved into the pockets of his jeans. He greeted Jensen with such a huge, brilliant smile that Jensen felt his knees tremble a little. It was stupid how much Jared effected him.

"Italian, huh?" Jared drawled, the Texas in his voice thick enough to stand a spoon in.

"My agent is Italian," Jensen smiled, closing the door behind him. The code buzzed back in place, locks clinging as they snapped closed. "I've picked it up."

Jared grinned and took his hand, walking towards the elevators. "Can you say something in Italian for me?"

Jensen blinked at him. "Are you serious?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Jared grinned, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

Jensen was a little at loss. He shrugged, a little self-conscious now that he was asked to speak in Francesca's language. "I don't know what to say."

"What's Italian for *I'm awesome and hot*?" Jared grinned, tightening his hand over Jensen's a little.

Jensen answered without thinking, "*Sono fantastico e figo*," then blushed scarlet as Jared nodded enthusiastically, "That you are."

They hit the lobby, Jared waving cheerily at the doorman who let them out in the car park. "Here we go," He opened his car, letting Jensen in before climbing it to the driver's side and speeding off, Bizet a quiet *allegro* in the background. They took the first turn on to the highway and Jensen relaxed into the soft leather seats of Jared's huge jeep.

"You've gone quiet again." Jared brought him out of his internal bubble with a gentle touch to his knee. "What's going on in your head?"

Jensen tried to smile and shake the question off. "It's nothing." He promised.

"Nuh uh." Jared denied him the chance with a firm nudge. "None of that. Come on."

Jensen sighed. "I... what do your friends know about me?"

Jared shrugged. "I just told them you were a friend from work." He said, then frowned when Jensen tensed. "And no, they don't know I am in porn. Or at least I haven't told them. Hell, for all I know they might have the DVDs, but it's never come up."

"What do they think you do?"

Again, Jared shrugged. "Well I modelled when I was in college, so I guess they think I still do that." Jensen nodded, running his sweaty palms down the legs of his jeans. Jared frowned lightly at him. "Hey. Is this going to be a problem?"

"No," Jensen said honestly, turning to give him a small smile. "Guess I'm - I don't know. I'm just - I don't go out much," he repeated the same sentence he had used last time.

Jared grinned at him, "Well, we must rectify that."

Jensen said nothing. On one hand, he was glad no one knew what they did, on the other, he didn't think he was ready to deal with other people. People that don't know. Not knowing led to awkward questions and prolonged silences. Jensen had always been more comfortable around people that were into what he did and knew everything there was to know already. He wondered how much not telling his friends what he did affected Jared, if he had ever hoped for something different. He suddenly felt a craving to know

more, to learn about Jared's past, about what he did for college, what he liked to eat beside candy and ridiculous amounts of fries.

They pulled over in front of Luciano's Ristorante, and Jensen smiled at the colorful tablecloths and bright smiles and thick accents of the waiters that bowed them in. "For two, Padalecki," Jared said with a grin, and they were shown their private booth, the dark-haired waiter bowing a few more times after Jared tipped him.

"So then my cultured friend, what do you recommend?" He asked, wiggling his eyebrows over the top of the menu.

Jensen snorted. He had never even been outside the US. Hardly cultured. "Tortelli is good." He advised. Francy could cook up a storm. He was convinced she was to blame for the three pounds he had put on over Christmas. "And the duck."

"Duck it is." Jared exclaimed, folding his menu without a second thought. "I never knew your agent was Italian. That's pretty awesome. Chris and I went to Mexico once, tried to learn Spanish. To this day all I can say is 'two bears please' and 'the donkey ate my hat'." Jensen snorted and blushed with embarrassment, but it seemed Jared didn't mind in the slightest. "God, I love making you laugh." Jensen turned even more pink, looking away until Jared caught his hand. "Am I making you uncomfortable? I can get pretty carried away, so just, I don't know, kick me in the balls or something if I get too much for you."

Jensen gathered his courage and met his eyes. "Joe would kill me."

Jared giggled and waggled his eyebrows at him. "He would. So you can't harm me."

"Or not in the jewels," Jensen retorted, grinning when Jared's eyes widened. He cleared his throat, rubbing in the back of his neck but didn't pull away from Jared's hand. Jared grinned and bumped his knee lightly against his own under the table.

"It'd be cool to see Italy though," He said, stroking the back of his hand. "I've never been in Europe."

Jensen snorted, "Me neither. But Francy keeps telling me we should take a vacation," he lifted his eyes, the question falling from his lips without him noticing. "Would you like to?"

Jared blinked at him, "Take a vacation? With you?"

Stupid Jensen. Stupid, stupid stupid stupid. "Uhhh - no, uh - I meant - just, you know, just saying - generally -"

"I'd love to," Jared cut through the blabber with a small smile. Jensen shut up, his gaze locked in Jared's warm eyes as the waiter approached to take their orders.

Jared sat back and let Jensen order for them, his eyes twinkling as the two engaged in a limited conversation and Jensen was praised for his grasp on the language. He turned red, and as soon as they were alone again, Jared squeezed his fingers. "You don't take compliments very well, do you?" He said softly.

Jensen sighed but had the good grace to nod his head in agreement. "Not so well, no."

Jared squeezed his fingers again. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Do you want to?" Jensen asked, not wanting to answer either way. Jared shook his head. "Then don't." Jensen whispered.

The grin on Jared's face was blinding, and they both moved to quickly change the subject. "You ever think of going back to Texas?" Jared queried, sitting back and patting his belly in glee when the first dish arrived

Jensen choked on a mouthful of water. "Not thought about it." He gasped, rasping as Jared pounded him on the back. Of course it was a lie. He thought of Texas every damn day.

"We should totally go!" Jared grinned. "My momma would freak out if I brought you home with me."

"Freak as in?" Jensen worried and picked absently at his food.

Jared paused, fork hovering between the plate and his mouth. "Well, my kid sister would probably want to marry you, my momma would make it her personal mission to feed you until your stomach popped, Josh would try and tell you all the goofy things I did as a kid and my Pop wouldn't stop bugging you until you admitted San Antone rocked Dallas out of the water."

Jensen's stomach clenched suddenly and he had to put down his cutlery, downing another glass of water as if it were whiskey. "You get along with your folks?" he asked then, hoping the longing in his voice didn't sound as thick as it did in his ears.

"Course," Jared beamed, "They're a bit - too much, though. Especially upon first meeting them. But they'd love you, I just can tell," his eyes were all alight and warm with excitement, and Jensen's head felt caught in a whirlwind. He was suddenly afraid that with Jared, he'd never be able to pull the brake. And he hated it that a small, unbiased part of himself whispered in his ear that he really didn't want to.

He tried to grasp at his witty sarcasm, build back up some sort of defence he could shield himself with, but he's not sure he managed - Jared's smile when he asked if it wasn't a little soon for the meet my folks bit told him he hadn't.

"I'll wait until the third date then," Jared picked up a fat, juicy tortello and let it hover in front of Jensen's lips with a grin. "Now eat. They are to die for."

Third date... did Jared hold the third date rule? Was Jensen bothered if he did? The food went down with barely any consideration, almost tasteless, though he had loved Italian food from the very first bite Francy had forced down his throat. He heard himself keep up with Jared's small talk, not really coming back to reality until something Jared said reared up and kicked him in the teeth.

"I'm sorry?" He asked, not really sure if he had heard him right.

Jared, with a mouthful of mushrooms, said, "So how'd you end up, ya know..." he twirled his fork in the air as if the invisible trails left behind were some ancient symbol for 'porn'.

His mouth opened, but no real words came out. That was so not a conversation he wanted to be having with Jared ever, let alone in a public place. Instead he shrugged, trying to look nonchalant as he replied. "I guess it just happened." As if he had chosen it himself, as if he'd always wanted to spend his life on his knees with a cock down his throat. "Pay's good." He shrugged again. And it was, now at least. Francy got a fifth of everything he made... more than most agents could demand. Jensen had once seen barely a fraction of that, and he'd been working twice as many shoots.

If Jared found his explanation lacking, he didn't mention it. Either he bought it, or he decided not to press the matter. Jensen didn't know what to think, but he suddenly wished he could crawl back home and disappear under the comforter. He barely noticed when Jared swiped his card for the dinner and gently pulled his chair back for him, taking his hand even though Jensen wouldn't look at him in the eye when they made their way out of the restaurant and into the car.

"Are you feeling okay? Was it the wine?" Jared's voice jarred him out of his nebulous thoughts, the car's engine a low rumble in the background. He shook his head, as if he was trying to rid it of water.

"I'm good," he lied, trying to pull out a smile for him.

Jared nodded, starting to drive off, lower lip pulled between his teeth. "Look, I told you -" he started at the first traffic light, "I get pretty carried away, so - if there's - something that I said, or did -" Jared's fingers drummed nervously on the steering wheel and he threw half a glance in Jensen's direction, "Just tell me, okay?"

Jensen hesitated, wondering if he had always been so fucking easy to read - Francesca had assured him

no, he hadn't, and given all she'd done to get him to go to her side, he had believed her. But then again if that was true why was it that Jared was able to cut to the chase without even having to think about it? "Alright," he said at last, not knowing what else he could say.

Jared nodded, pulling the car over in the parking lot of a crazy looking club somewhere down West Hollywood. "Here we are," he said, smiling at him.

Jensen took a deep and steadying breath before letting Jared pull him from the safety of the jeep.

When Jared had said his friends were a little on the crazy side of sane, he hadn't been joking. Christian might have had the sexiest voice on the planet -and yes, Jensen would admit that- but he was also a tad scary. He took one look at Jensen, and with a smoky drawl congratulated Jared on his improved taste in dates. Jensen had instantly started to think about the other people Jared had been involved with, and things had progressed from there.

Still, he found an common friend in Steve, who was able to weather Christian's pre-show high with an enviable grace, and once the twenty questions were artfully negotiated by Jared, Jensen found himself looking down into a glass of swirling amber liquid, safe within the curve of Jared's arms as KANE hit the stage and cranked the atmosphere through the roof.

They were good. Better than good, and even though Jensen knew none of the words, he found himself nodding along in time to the beat.

"Are you having fun?" Jared whispered in his ear during a break between the sets. Jensen smiled, whiskey making him softer around the edges, the electric atmosphere around them foreign and mesmerizing. He nodded, actually leaning in a little in Jared's embrace, his eyes bright as he watched Steve adjust his guitar on stage.

"They're great," He said, taking another sip of his glass. Jared beamed at him and Jensen's stomach fluttered in a buzz of weird heat.

After the second set was done, Jared navigated them both towards the back to congratulate the guys, Christian's eyes twinkling as he shook Jensen's hand, informing Jared he'd better keep a close watch on him, or he might just steal. Jared had laughed and patted his friend on the back, but the hand over Jensen's shoulder had tightened briefly, adding more fuel to the strange rumbling of Jensen's gut.

Steve smiled as if he knew a secret they had all missed, and dragged Christian towards the bar. It wasn't until they had all crowded into one of the booths around the edges of the club, and Jared had recruited Christian to help him with the next round that Jensen realised he had been left completely alone with Steve. He tried to summon up the energy to care, or at least be concerned, but the whiskey buzz was only growing stronger, and he slumped in a boneless sprawl of lazy smiles. "He's still got his eye on you." Steve promised him, his eyes sparkling as he nodded his head in Jared's direction. Jensen hoisted himself up in the booth in time to see Jared cast a quick glance towards them, keeping an eye on things from afar.

He blushed, caught out, and slumped back down in time with Steve's laughter.

"Never seen him this besotted before. It's actually kinda cute."

If possible, Jensen turned redder.

"Stop annoying my date Carlson." Jared grunted, sliding down into the booth with bottles trapped in his hands. As soon as they were safely down on the table, his arm was back around Jensen's shoulders.

"I'm not annoying him," Steve said smoothly, winking at Jensen as he took a sip of his beer. Jared eyed him suspiciously and stroked Jensen's arm.

"Was he annoying you? I don't trust them, you know."

Jensen's blush couldn't have got any redder, but he turned his face a fraction to give him a smile, and he totally did not lean against him as he answered, "Nah. It's cool."

"You've got to stop worrying, Jarehead," Christian grinned, crossing his ankles above the table and giving Jared a pointed look. "We never ate anyone yet."

Jared rolled his eyes at him, "Nope, but you did manage to send Chad running scared."

"Dude, again? It was *two years ago*. You were still a baby and he wasn't a good guy," Chris rolled his eyes and smirked at him. "Don't blame us for your utter lack in the sentimental department."

"He's never brought anyone after that, come to think of it," Steve added, but he was looking knowingly at Jensen, a smile on his lips. "You're a first, man."

Jensen's heart jumped up and started beating wildly in his throat as Jared huffed and kicked Chris' feet off the table, his cheeks a little pink. "Dude, don't you ever know when to shut the fuck up?"

First date? In two years? Jared? Tall, annoying, hot as burning - *it was totally the tequila talking, totally* - sweet Jared?

Steve shrugged innocently and Christian launched into a wildly enthusiastic retelling of every reason why Chad was a bad, bad influence. He took great delight in reminding Jared of his rather geeky status as a teen, and Jensen found himself wondering if perhaps his date had some kind of split personality. Jared was cool, confident and sexy, everything Jensen himself wasn't. He should have been raking in the dates; the type of guy Jensen had always secretly envied during High School.

"He's lying." Jared protested, glaring at Christian. "Really." He promised, squeezing Jensen's shoulder before holding a bottle up in mock-threat. "I was never a science geek!"

"He was." Both Christian and Steve smirked.

Jensen got an image in his head of Jared in a lab coat and goggles and nearly choked on his beer.

"Well thank you." Jared pouted, pounding Jensen on the back. "You killed my date. Proud?"

Christian nodded and Steve reached over to give Jensen a friendly nudge in the shoulder. "I'll show you pictures from Prom Night when he passes out later."

"Will the both of you just shut the hell up?" Jared sighed, glaring at them as he instinctively held Jensen a little closer, his hand rubbing on his back to soothe the coughing fit.

"You're a sap, and you love it." Steve chuckled. "Good things boys usually love it too." Jensen blushed. Every time Steve said something, it felt like he was speaking right into his ear, even if most of the time he wasn't even looking at him. He chugged another gulp of beer, and tried not to feel overwhelmed as Chris and Jared bickered like a couple of annoying siblings. Jared's hand never left Jensen's bicep as he kept him across his side, and it was weird how that touch didn't feel remotely possessive, just careful, gentle. *There.*

" - and then you passed out. We wanted to leave you in the tub because we thought you'd choke on your own puke -"

"CHRISTIAN!"

"Best prom night ever -"

"Do I have to break out those pictures with you and wassherface?"

Jensen snorted, turning his face to whisper in Jared's ear. "We could totally work in a lab scene in the next shoot," he murmured, his voice husky. A thrill went down his spine, surprised at his own daring. It was most surely the alcohol. And the aftershave. Jared smelled really, really good. A bit of beer and a bit of buttered popcorns, and a whole lot like himself.

Jared twitched, stiffened, and then went the most spectacular shade of purple Jensen had ever seen. It wasn't until he was jostled slightly and Jared crossed his legs that he realised he'd been more than just a little successful with his tease. Steve tipped his head curiously, both he and Chris having missed Jensen's whispered words. A part of him wondered if the warm, gentle circle Jared held him in would shift to something more provocative. He waited for the hand on his thigh or the thumb stroking across his skin, and was amazed when Jared, though obviously aroused, continued on as if nothing had been said.

There was no whispered enticements or hastily made excuses to drag Jensen off to the bathroom, and Jensen couldn't help the contented smile that spread across his lips as Jared turned the table and started pointing out all the times he had caught Chris and Steve in compromising positions together.

"Wait, you guys are-?" Jensen was stunned. He hadn't noticed a thing between them. Chris leered and Steve rolled his eyes.

"They fuck like bunnies." Jared explained. "Very loudly, and at all hours of the night."

"Fuck off." Chris said good naturedly.

"How long?" Jensen interrupted.

The two shared a glance. Christian shrugged a shoulder and said, "Dunno, maybe five years or so?"

"Five years..." Jensen said, almost in wonder. Five years was a long time. He didn't even want to go back thinking five years before, it wasn't the right moment, the right place, it was everything that did not belong there, with Jared and his friends. But he couldn't help the longing that colored his voice, the naive, stupidly naive dream of a long term relationship resurfacing unbidden from one of the dark drawers of his mind.

"Try hanging out with them after they've had a few - not those," he added, nodding at the bottles, "That's nothing for them, they can out-drink everyone. But never, ever go on vacation together unless we get separate rooms. On separate floors."

We? Jensen's head was spinning. Was Jared looking that far ahead already? "Why, I never heard you complaining before," Christian said lazily, his arm curling around Steve's neck as he tugged him closer, possibly without thought.

"You never heard me because Steve was screaming himself hoarse."

"I think that's enough sharing-caring for one night," Steve said, aiming an half-hearted kick at Jared's leg. Jensen tried not to think of Steve and Chris doing anything together. He was drunk but not yet drunk enough for the imagery that line of thought provoked. Especially if it involved Jared listening, in any form. "Maybe we should call it a night, huh?"

Jensen stared slack-jawed at the two musicians until Jared chuckled and pulled him closer. "I'm teasing you, Jen. They are the very model of respectable behaviour, promise."

"Bite your tongue, boy." Chris drawled, draining the last of his beer and winking at Jensen. "I ain't never been respectable and I don't plan on starting now."

"It was great to finally meet you." Steve cut across Chris' light-hearted grumbles and pulled Jensen into a loose, one armed hug. He leaned in close and whispered in Jensen's ear. "Let him in. Those broad shoulders can hold all up all kinds of things."

Jensen spluttered but nodded, his eyes stinging as he realised he might not have been as good at the whole acting thing as he figured he was.

Christian wasn't so subtle. One they slid out of the booth he caught Jensen in a bone crushing hug and pounded him on the back, his eyes sparkling. Jensen stepped back and let Jared have his goodbyes, and Christian pretended to brush a tear from his eye. "My little boy all grown up and going on dates with hotties."

"I'm gonna kill you." Jared promised, hugging him tight. "And bury your body in the desert."

Jensen blushed all over again, but since Jared had took his hand and was tugging him away, he figured he should really not complain. Jared waved at Christian and Steve until they climbed up in Christian's rusty old truck, and Jared grinned. "He likes looking all tough shit, but he's head over heels for Steve. Has been since forever."

Jensen watches them rev up the trunk and leave, his heart swelling with something indescribable, half contentment, half incredible sadness. "Yeah?" he asks, hoping his voice sounded stronger than he thought.

"Yeah," Jared smiled, tightening his hand a moment around his before he opened the car door for him - again - and walked to the other side of the car to get in behind the wheel. "Oh wait, I got you something!" Jared exclaimed, turning on the seat to rummage behind him. Jensen blinked, his head spinning wildly. He grabbed the edge of the seat to try and steady himself somehow - surely he wasn't such a lightweight when it came to tequila, but it was better to blame his light-headedness on it than on something else.

"Here," Jared thrust him a pack of DVDs with a red bow on top, LA BOHEME written in curly would-be-handwriting on the side cover.

Jensen let his fingers lightly trace the swirls of the words, his throat so tight he could barely breathe. "I..." He swallowed, and it burned, his knuckles white against the red ribbon. "Thanks." Jared shot him a little half smile, and it wasn't until the car revved to life that he realised he had spent the whole night getting steadily more tipsy whilst Jared had nursed the same bottle all night. "Trying to get me drunk?" He teased, calling on every ounce of acting talent he possessed to keep a straight, serious face.

Jared started to splutter, his eyes wide and worried. "No! No no no! I, that wasn't, I didn't-" Jensen broke into giggles and Jared pouted. "That was mean."

"No, that was payback." Jensen smiled. He held tighter to the DVDs, pressing them to his heart. "Thank you, for these...for everything really. I had a great time." He blushed a little under the heat of Jared's gaze.

His hand was engulfed in Jared's, skin warm against skin, and this time he was the first to make the gentle squeeze.

"I'm glad." Jared whispered.

"You ever seen these?" He asked, holding up the DVDs. Jared shook his head. "Then you'll have to come over sometime. I can expand your horizons."

Jared grinned. "I'd like that." He tugged Jensen's hand up to his lips and placed a gentle kiss to his knuckles. "But not tonight."

Jensen nodded. Jared really wouldn't take advantage of the alcohol in his system. "Not tonight." He agreed.

He pulled over in front of Jensen's building, and this time he didn't feel so apprehensive about Jared walking him to the door. He clutched the DVDs tightly in his hand, the other one tucked safely inside Jared's bigger one, thumb brushing across the back of it like it was the most natural thing in the world. It was so damn strange, all of it. Jared was nothing like anyone he'd ever met before, and neither were his friends. For one evening, he had felt right. Like the job he did didn't establish what or who he was. Like he could belong somewhere, like any other normal person. It was nice, it was pretty much incredible, and it didn't escape him that it was Jared's solid body tucked in right next to his that made him feel like that.

"I'm sorry if the guys were a little over the line," Jared then said with a smile. "They were just excited to meet you."

"Why you haven't been talking about me that much, have you?" Jensen teased, and he wondered when he'd last been that bold and not for screen purposes.

Jared grinned and put his other hand on top of Jensen's, as well. "Maybe," he conceded, a twinkle in his eye.

"I got something to say," Jensen said softly, looking up in Jared's bright hazels and biting in his lower lip. He thought back about what Steve had said, and took a deep breath. "I talked 'bout you too. Only, you know, to Francy cos - " he didn't finish the sentence. *I don't have any other friends* sounded too pathetic, even to his own ears.

Jared couldn't have looked more pleased if he tried. "You have?" He asked, his voice barely a whisper. Jensen nodded, his eyes closing as Jared's hand moved up to cup his cheek. "I really want to kiss you." He whispered, his face so close to Jensen's that he could feel the warmth of his breath against his skin. Right then, Jensen had the chance to pull back, hide behind his walls and the tight security of his home for the rest of his life. No one would ever hurt him, no one would ever betray him. Instead he stepped closer, tipping his head enough to very tentatively brush his lips across Jared's.

The feather light touch was all it took for Jared to move. His arm wrapped around Jensen's back, pulling him closer and transforming an innocent touch into something so much more. The first move made, Jensen let himself be guided, Jared's arms around him, against his skin, so warm and perfect he never wanted to leave. It was perfect. Gentle and tender in the way Jensen felt all first kisses should be. He parted his lips, let Jared slowly deepen the touch. His fingers clutched the DVDs tight, his other hand sneaking up to cling to Jared's neck.

Almost as soon as it had begun, Jared was stepping back, his cheeks flushed and his eyes glowing. He touched his lips, almost as if he was afraid he had imagined everything, and smiled brilliantly at Jensen when he felt the warmth of their touch lingering against his skin. "I could do that all over again." He admitted.

Jensen's heart got stuck somewhere up his throat, and he mimicked Jared's move, brushing his own lips as he blushed to the very tips of his ears. He couldn't believe he'd get so worked up for a kiss, a simple kiss, after everything he'd done. It was exhilarating, almost if he didn't belong in his own skin anymore.

"Goodnight," Jared whispered, his fingers leaving his lips to brush over Jensen's, stroking the light stubble on his chin before hopping back.

"You -" Jensen cleared his throat, making a vague gesture towards the door. Jared had already said he didn't want to come up, but Jensen was maybe a little too drunk, and now that he knew how Jared's kisses tasted like, how they *really* tasted like, he kinda wished he would decide otherwise.

"No," Jared said with a chuckle, rubbing at the back of his head. His eyes shone with something that sent thrills down Jensen's spine, something his brain was too fuzzy to catch on completely. "Not tonight."

He nodded, swallowing against his very dry throat, as the beginning of uncertainty started making way through his alcohol-filled system. Jared leaned back in to press a tender, closed-mouthed kiss over his lips, his fingers lingering on Jensen's cheek to let him know it wasn't rejection.

"I'll call you." he murmured as he stepped back, putting his hands in his pockets as he walked backwards a few steps. Jensen nodded, and fumbled with his keys for a moment before stepping inside the door and smiling, his hand raised in a half-wave as he walked inside.

The trip to his door was one made on autopilot, the DVDs clutched in his hands as he punched the pin number into his door and bolted it firmly behind him. He set the boxes on the coffee table but carried the bow into the bedroom where he tied it neatly around one of Sir Hugalot's paws. He'd met Jared's friends, and they had liked him.

He'd *kissed* Jared. Suddenly the urge to dance around the room like a thirteen year old girl had never been so strong. Giggling, still high on the effects of the alcohol and Jared's kiss, he tore into the sitting room and rooted through his CD collection until he found Holtz and sunk into the emotive suites, every light in the apartment on bright.

His clothes smelled of alcohol and smoke, but as he tugged them off, he didn't throw them in the hamper. The flighty melody of Mercury filtered through to the soothing sounds of Venus, and Jensen stepped into the shower, the heated cascade of steamy water falling over him on waves.

There was a very pleasant buzz filling his system as he worked up a lather with the ocean scented bubble bath, his hands running down his body, feeling the tingles awake as he washed himself. He smiled contentedly, tipping his head back and letting the water splay his hair off his forehead. Steam filled up the shower stall and he let his hands shift lower, one palm splayed on his chest, his fingers brushing lightly against his nipple, the other resting over his thigh.

He didn't look down, just closed his eyes and let himself feel the heat pool in his belly. He tried to think of the last time he had wanted to touch himself. God, it must be years, back when he'd be young enough to think the action innocent, back when he had been *allowed*. The water was warm, perfect, and his mind drifted back to the scene he had shot with Jared in the gym. He'd been beautiful under the fall of water. Hell, who was Jensen kidding? Jared was pretty much the hottest guy he had ever met. So tall, so powerful, the perfect blend of intimidating strength and boyish sweetness. He thought about Jared's obsession with carrying him from a scene, not letting him go until he was safely back in his own space. Jared was a good Dom, the perfect Dom. The kind he would have wanted if he had ever thought about it before he'd been forced to see his own place.

His fingers slid across his thigh and brushed the base of his cock. He was aroused, and so surprised by the fact that he slipped a little against the showerbasin, catching himself against the wall, and remembering Jared hands on his waist as he'd been held steady. Fingers trembled as they curled nervously around his dick and lightly squeezed the way Jared did. He imagined lips on his throat, his face, and remembered the way Jared had tasted in his mouth.

He moaned softly, biting his lower lip and spreading his legs a little, the water hitting his face and arm as he thumbed the slit a little, breath coming quicker as he licked his lips, the feel of Jared's kiss still there as if branded. It was the same on set, and yet different. Jensen had tried to tell himself Jared was only acting - the only way to keep his sanity - but when he'd kissed him, it still made his insides twist and his chest burn with suppressed emotion. Still he wouldn't have traded all the scenes in the world for that one goodnight kiss. He licked at his lips again and whimpered, a surprised gasp leaving him in a rush as he felt his cock throb and leak in his hand, pleasure growing steadily and pulsing through his veins.

"Jare," he murmured, voice thin, and it's stupid because there's no one there, but the sound of Jared's name falling from his lips made him shiver. He imagined Jared's strong hands curled around his waist, fingers digging in the dimples above his ass as he held him still, mouth covering his, lips nibbling and biting. He leaned back against the showerstall, steam thick and warm around him as a blanket, and sped up his wrist a little, feet planted firmly apart on the showerbasin, moaning quietly under his breath as he caught white droplets of precome with his fingers.

He wondered how Jared would fuck him... if... would he press Jensen down, use all that strength to hold him still as he spread him open with that huge cock?

Or maybe pull Jensen over his lap again, let their chests slide against each other as they moved. It would be sweet, he guessed, gentle, Jared wouldn't want to hurt him. He'd forget Jensen had been fucked a thousand times before.

And he wanted it.

He wanted it so badly it hurt.

They'd make love, not just fuck, and Jensen would finally know what it was like to surrender to someone of his choosing. Someone who wasn't being paid to make him come.

"Jared, God." His wrist moved faster and he fell back against the tiled wall, feet braced wide for support. It would be perfect.

God, he wanted it to be perfect. He wanted something beautiful and honest to hold close to his heart, had wanted it for so long. That wasn't too much to ask, was it?

He bit his lip and choked on Jared's name as he came, picturing Jared's blissed out smile when he'd hit that strike at the bowling alley, and the soft, secluded one he'd wore after they'd kissed before his door. He could catalogue most of Jared's smiles, but he had an inkling there were more, and he wanted to find out. All of them. All for him, he thought dazedly, his body shaking with the aftershocks. His. He could be Jared's. He could live with that.

"Jared," he murmured quietly, his voice sounding strangely wiped out in the shower cabin. He'd come quicker than he'd thought, and it threw him off balance a little. He quickly rinsed out off the shower and walked out, picking up his robe and flopping back on the bed, curled up in a ball against his night's clothes. If he closed his eyes and buried his face in his shirt, he could imagine he could smell Jared's soft aftershave.

So apparently dreams did too exist, and their face was the one of a Jared Padalecki.

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Act 4: **Getting Down and Dirty**

Rating: NC-17

Summary: As their relationship progresses the boys get dirty on set.

Notes: Really Damn long

Scene One

Jensen drained the last of his smootie breakfast and dropped the cup in the trash as he jogged across the studio lot, his heart beating a mile a minute. He'd not seen Jared since their second date, but in the ten days that had passed they had spent hours on the phone. Francy had excelled herself and secured a seven shot feature. A porn anthology, as she liked to call it, and Jared was signed up as his sole co-star. A shoot like that would take weeks, and Jensen was almost giddy with the idea of seeing Jared every day.

They'd been out...dated twice, and each time Jared had made it perfectly clear that he had more in mind than friendly intentions. He'd also been the perfect gentleman, leaving each step in their progressive relationship to Jensen.

Well now he was ready for more, and if nothing else, this proved it.

Their branch of porn was a restricted one, with roles and pairings being rehashed dozens of times in short concession, but this... Jensen was about to embark on seven of ten shoots with Jared, all in succession. He'd never done that before, and the fact that he could fool himself into believing that it would almost be the same as remaining faithful to Jared was almost ridiculous.

"Morning," Joe waved at him with a grin, and Jensen grinned sheepishly back. He didn't need to add anything, he just shuffled towards the trailers, Jared already waiting for him there.

"Hey," he smiled, his sunglasses perched on the bridge of his nose. Jensen tried to ignore the butterflies in his stomach swinging madly.

"Hey," he smiled back, and Jared leaned in to kiss his cheek. Jensen's insides melted.

"Four weeks then," Jared nodded as they build up the set. "You think you can stand me?"

Jensen blushed a little, but decided to play along. "I dunno, can you?"

Jared's eyes went dark and hued, and he gifted him with a lazy smile. "I think I won't hate it, nope." He was going to add something else, but Elle called for Jared's ass in wardrobe, and he pouted a little, glancing back at her and at Jensen again. "I gotta go."

Jensen got another kiss for his safekeeping and Jared jogged off towards the wardrobe trailer, leaving Jensen to go over his limited lines for the day. The shoot was pretty simple. Hapless city boy breaks down in the middle of Assfuck USA, and the local mechanic likes to be paid in trade. It was nothing all that challenging, Jensen would simply be washing oil off for the rest of the week.

His own clothing had been laid out on his bed for him. Expensive slacks and soft, silky button-down. He snatched a pair of his own shades and headed over to wardrobe where Millicent worked her magic and transformed him from coffee deprived porn-star to spoilt daddy's boy. His hair was artfully styled, his freckles blended into the natural shade of his skin, and his lips softened with half a jar of balm. The scene called for Jared to lube him up, so Jensen hadn't bothered.

"It'll be nice to keep some familiar faces." Millicent smiled, applying a coat of clear mascara to Jensen's lashes. Jensen smiled at her in the mirror and closed his eyes as she moved on to his hands, smoothing the edges of his nails until he had the hands of a millionaire's son. "He's cute, isn't he?"

Jensen's heart was beating rather fast as he got up from his chair, glancing briefly at the mirror before smiling at her. "Yeah."

Millicent winked and shooed him off, and Jensen couldn't resist - he hopped off to wardrobe to check on how Jared was doing.

What he saw replaced everything that resembled coherency from his brain until a low thrumming of *want* was the only thing he could hear. Jared's white wife beater was stretched wide across his muscular torso, smudges of black oil on his biceps and forearms, even on his neck and high cheekbones. Black work pants and black gloves, and goggles around his neck, sweat and moisture dripping from damp hair to the line of his brow.

FUCK. Jensen had never felt anything remotely close to attraction for any of his co-stars, but he supposed that there was a first time for everything. Plus, when Jared turned and beamed at him, boyish smile making those dimples appear as he puckered his lips and blew him a kiss, the new warmth that had taken hold of his chest stirred and filled him up as if he'd drunk a glass of smooth Tequila in one go.

"Wow." He grinned, eyes raking over Jared's strong frame, following every curve and dip of muscle.

"Back at ya!" Jared smirked, taking in Jensen's polished picture. "Aren't you an invitation to sin? Clean and shiny, you're just asking me to maul you."

Jensen snorted. "You wish."

"I know so." Jared shot back, smirking, and making Jensen wonder if they had even read the same script. Jared winked, and Ella shooed him out of the trailer.

He wandered over towards the set, smiling a little when he saw Joe's baby, his jade green Mustang parked under the lights. He had a feeling he was going to enjoy this one.

"How are you feeling?" Paul the rigger jogged up to fall into stride besides him. They'd had the same conversation a thousand times. Since Paul was in charge of setting up any of the more complex shoots, Jensen and he had a solid foundation of trust that neither was willing to break out of stupidity and risk an injury.

Jensen felt fine, and said so. In truth he was probably healthier than he had ever been in his life. The studio had him in and out of physical therapy and doctor's clinics every week, checking for STIs and ensuring that his body was supple and strong enough to handle whatever they threw at him.

"You know," Paul said with a small smile. "I don't remember seeing you ever happier."

Jensen smiled bashfully and lowered his gaze. "I'm not - I mean, not... you know. It's just -"

Paul chuckled and patted him on the back. "It's alright, you know. It's a good thing." he nodded towards the mechanic's pickup Jared was enthusiastically climbing into. "He's something else," he added with a chuckle.

Jensen swallowed, throat dry. "He is," he agreed with a thin voice, a small smile spreading on his lips. Jared waved cheekily at him, grinning.

"AND ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen cursed a blue streak as soon as the mustang started to splutter and cough before finally coming to

a halt in the middle of Assfuck, Nowhere. Just was awesome. He groaned, pulling at his tie and untying the knot. He was sweating already at it wasn't even mid-morning.

He fished his cell phone out of his pocket. No signal. Nothing, nada, zip. "Fucking piece of shit." Jensen snarled, throwing the cell down onto the seat beside him. There was nothing for miles in all directions, just the blazing sun overhead. In a couple of hours it would be unbearable, and there wasn't a shady spot in sight. He was about to get out and just hike it back to the town he had passed half an hour ago when he saw clouds of dust billowing on the road up ahead. He got out, the thought of having to bum a ride with the yokels almost as painful as the prospects of a day's hike back into town.

Eventually a truck pulled up, braking in a cloud of filthy earth and sending billows of dust across Jensen's thousand dollar slacks. His jaw locked, and the door swung open.

"Howdy, y'all okay there?" Jensen flinched at the thick accent. God, he hated the south. The question was repeated, and Jensen scowled.

"I'm just standing here for the good of my own health." He snipped, shielding his eyes in an attempt to see into the cabin of the truck.

"You break down or som'thin?"

"Or something." Jensen said with a bright, painted smile.

"Looks like it's your lucky day, boy." The man in the truck swung a long leg down and climbed from the cabin. Jensen blinked. He was huge, and, he noticed, a mechanic by the looks of his filthy attire.

Jensen licked his lips, sweat making his fine shirt stick to his back and over his biceps already. The mechanic flashed him a grin, pushing the goggles he had around his neck to the back of his head and getting closer to his car. "Sweet ride," he drawled, running one hand across the trunk, and Jensen had to restrain a flinch. No one touched his baby, and the close proximity of a filthy, small-southern-town mechanic to the pale green paint made his heart accelerate.

"Ya need to get this picked up an' to the garage," the man mused, making the gum in his mouth pop annoyingly. Jensen took off his jacket, grimacing inwardly as he felt his damp shirt stick to his back. His eyes fixed in on the mechanic's mouth, and the way his pink tongue darted out to lick at the sweat pooling above his upper lip. His body temperature increased, and he shifted uncomfortably.

"How much would it be to get it to town?" there he might find a working telephone, if technology stretched that far, and have his father call the Mustang's mechanical help. He started rummaging in his pocket, picking at his strings of credit cards.

"Those over 'ere won' getcha nowhere, boy," the man grinned, popping his gum again.

Jensen scowled. "What is this, the Dark Ages?"

The mechanic shook his head. "No, it's White Cross."

"And you have no bank." Jensen said flatly. God, this was some kind of nightmare.

"We got us a Post Office." Gum snapped and Jensen snarled.

"Then how am I supposed to get my car back to town?"

The mechanic tipped his head, looking him up and down. "Well," he drawled, "if ya were ta ask nicely, I'm sure we could think a som'thin."

Jensen's eye twitched. The mechanic leant back against his truck and scratched his belly, thick, muscular arms flexing with the movement.

"Do you have a phone?" Jensen tried again, hoping for an affirmative answer. The man shook his head with

a shit-eating grin, and it took all of Jensen's willpower not to growl at him.

"Then what did you have in mind?" He asked through gritted teeth, praying that his voice didn't sound as annoyed as he felt. No good making an enemy out of the only talking being in a range of miles.

The mechanic spit his gum to the side of the road, smacking his lips and running one hand through sweat-dampening bangs. "What's your name, sugar?" He asked, eyes glinting as he moved one step forward.

"Jensen," he answered, backing slowly away from him until his back hit the side of his mustang.

"Jensen," the man repeated, his name sounding thick and hot like sweetie as it rolled off his tongue. "Purdy name ya got, havencha?"

Jensen glared at him, but apparently conceptions such as personal space weren't the rule in White Cross. The mechanic crowded right in between Jensen's legs, his breath hot and damp just as the stuffy air around them as he whispered next to his ear. "You have two options." he purred, and dammit if the sound of his thick accent didn't make shivers jolt down Jensen's spine.

"Yeah?" Jensen snarled, "And what might they be?"

The mechanic's hands caught the rim of the window frame either side of Jensen, hedging him in. "I can give your purdy self a lift back to town, take your sweet ride as payment."

"What?!" Jensen exploded, pushing out of the arms that pinned him in, only to be spun around and pressed against the car once again, the mechanic's hard body draped across his back.

"Or ya can pay in services rendered." Jensen could smell the oil on the mechanic's skin, his body ablaze where they were pressed together, his designer wardrobe ruining under the man's filthy touch. "Purdy thing like you gotta know all kindsa neat tricks."

Jensen brought his elbow up into the man's sternum and used the chance to scramble out of his grasp. "How about you fuck off back to Hicksville and I say thanks, but no thanks?"

"Then ya'll have to stay here on ya'r own," the man answered smoothly, running one hand down his oily tank top. "If ya'r lucky, maybe you'll get some other redneck to pick you up. And I can tell you now sweetie, they won't be no gentlemen. 'specially to a rich papa's boy like yourself, ridin' on his own with a sweet baby like this."

Jensen swallowed, his throat closing in on him. Fuck. There was some truth in what the man was saying, no good denying it. He looked at him through lowered lashes, teeth chewing on his lower lip as he tried to read the man's stance. He didn't look like he'd just suggested Jensen to be his bitch, no, he was just staying here with those bulging biceps standing out, arms crossed across his greased top.

"Mind takin' a choice b'fore noon, boy? I got work to do as well."

Jensen's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed, nervous tension crawling over him. "I ain't giving you my car." he said, voice quiet in the still, humid air.

A huge grin broke over the man's lips, and he uncoiled his arms as he moved back off his truck again, one finger trailing down Jensen's chest. "Just the answer I was hoping for."

Jensen shivered and tried to summon up a scowl when in reality he was more than a little afraid of what would be demanded of him. "You got a name? Or should I just call you Asshole?"

"Call me whate'er you want purdy thing. Folks round here know me as Jared."

Jared. There couldn't be all that many giant mechanics named Jared in these parts, and Jensen fully intended on sending a fleet of his father's lawyers to invade the town once he was back home.

"Right."

Jared smirked. "Now ya mind droppin' those 'spensive pants o yours?"

Jensen choked. "Here?" He squeaked.

Jared shrugged. "Ain't like there's any folk around ta see ya." He pointed out. "'Sides, I'd like to see if I'mma get my money's worth, understand?"

Scowling, Jensen made no move to follow instructions. Jared shrugged again and made to climb back into his truck. Cursing, Jensen lurched forward, his trembling fingers tugging at the fastenings to his slacks. He tried to ignore the satisfied smirk his actions provoked.

"See now, ain't so bad." Jared smiled as Jensen's slacks fell down to his knees. "Panties too." He smirked. Jensen scowled and tugged his silk boxers down as well. "Well you is just purdy all over ain't ya? Turn around now darlin', let's see your ass."

Jensen gritted his teeth and did as he was told, trying to ignore the fierce humiliation burning in his chest. A stinging slap fell across his ass and he lurched forward, grasping at the window frame for support as his knees buckled slightly. "Nice," Jared drawled, his hand stroking the place it had just hit, rough skin smoothing down the curve of his ass. "Might be 'nough to get you back ta town."

Jensen bit his lower lip and said nothing, his knuckles whitening as he clung to the windowframe, back tense as a bowstring. "No need to be nervous, you know," Jared murmured, his hard, muscled chest pressing hotly across Jensen's sweaty shirt. "Who knows, ya might even 'nd up likin' it, huh?"

Jensen snorted. "Doubt that."

An amused chuckle resounded in his ear, and next thing he knew he was dragged back from the doorframe and pushed over across the back of the car, his knees spread as wide as the slacks around his ankles would allow, Jared's strong hand keeping him from jutting his dick against the burning hot metal. A sharp slap landed on his ass again, and he couldn't hold back a moan.

He heard Jared spit, and before he could tense, one long, thick finger pressed up against his ass. "Wait!" He yelled, but Jared gave no pause. The hand around Jensen's dick held him tight, and the long finger pressed smoothly past the ring of muscle. Jensen hissed and squirmed, falling still only when the hand around his dick squeezed in warning. The moving digit inside of him was alien, solid and teasing as it stroked him from the inside.

"Hmm, nice an' tight." Jared sounded pleased, and Jensen could only whimper as a place inside of him was ruthlessly probed, and he hardened in Jared's hand. "Betcha I could make ya come like this." The mechanic laughed, still only using one finger to drive Jensen mad. "Betcha I could."

Jensen was pretty sure he was right. Mortified, his cock was throbbing in Jared's hands, his knees shaking with every torturous stroke of Jared's finger. "Fuck." He moaned, trying to thrust his dick into Jared's hand and fuck himself on the invading digit at the same time.

"Told ya you'd like it." Jared said smugly. He worked Jensen right up to the edge, until he could feel the waves of pleasure building inside of him, then pulled his finger out of Jensen's ass. "I guess you'll pay off good." The mechanic grinned, pulling Jensen away from the car and letting him slip from his arms down to the dusty floor, his cock hard and throbbing between his thighs.

Jensen's cheeks burned with the blazing sun overhead and sheer shame, his knees hitting rough, dry grass as Jared's hand slapped on his ass again. He stifled another whimper as one more blow fell, and he was about to call Jared on hitting him - so not part of the deal, like, at all, - when both of Jared's rough palms flitted across the oversensitive skin, spreading his cheeks apart as they soothed over the places they had just hit.

"That's gonna be a sweet ride for sure," Jared drawled again, voice all candy sweet and thick. He spit again, Jensen could hear the wet sound his lips made and before he knew that finger had breached through again, aiming to hit that bundle deep inside of him that made his knees buckle and his face fall

forward on his arms, breathing in stuffy, clotted dry air, the smell of grass strong in his nostrils.

Jared chuckled, cool as you please, and hit his ass with his other hand, the movement making his finger slip out from Jensen's body. "Stop that," Jensen moaned, his ass throbbing with the continuous blows.

Jared's amused laugh resounded above him. He changed one finger for two, and the stretch and burn made him whimper. "An' why should I, huh?" SMACK! Jensen mewled and spread his legs further apart. "Look atcha, papa's boy, panties down your legs, pretty red ass on show wiv' your hole all tight 'round ma fingers." He drove his fingers forward, and Jensen bit into his knuckles to keep a guttural groan from escaping his lips. "Playin' hard ta get when you're 'bout to spurt all your spunk with a lil' spanking." His fingers pressed down hard on the bundle of nerves inside Jensen's ass, and he came with a choked cry, come splashing across dry brown grass. The fingers inside of him withdrew, and Jared's wide palms smacked one after the other over red skin. Jensen shuddered as he came, boneless under the heavy blows to his ass.

"God." He choked, struggling to pull away until Jared finally stopped.

"Git dressed." He ordered, his voice husky and low. Jensen struggled to obey, climbing to his feet and almost choking when Jared's fingers curled around his tie and pulled him closer. "Take it off." He demanded, wide smirk splitting his oil stained face. He was handsome, Jensen saw, though the stains did nothing to stir Jensen's desires. He liked his partners clean. Preferably with a good knowledge of proper English. He tugged off his tie, the silk probably worth more than the Redneck's truck.

Jared winked, and wrapped it around Jensen's wrists. "Just bein' careful s'all." he said conversationally, holding Jensen firm even as he tried to struggle free. "Don't wantcha gettin' no bright ideas on the way into town." He left the long length of the tie free and tugged Jensen by his wrists up to the cabin of the truck. "Don't you fret, purdy thing. I ain't gonna hurt ya unless ya ask me too."

~ * & * ~

"CUT!"

Jared's laugh was off camera, but Jensen glared (albeit weakly) all the same. "You think it's funny?"

Jared snorted. "Very." He poked his tongue at him, all boyish cuteness, and wiped his face with a clean towel before untying the tie around Jensen's wrist. "C'mon," He said softly, putting one arm around his shoulders and getting him out of the truck. "I need a stiff drink."

Jensen raised one eyebrow at him, his legs still a little Jell-O after his orgasm, "A drink at barely noon?"

Jared made a non committal sound in the back of his throat, but guided Jensen in the cool shade of his own trailer, his arm never leaving his back as he pushed the door open and let him flop down on the cool, mercifully clean sheets. Jensen closed his eyes, sighing in utter bliss as he buried his face in the cotton.

"You want some water?" Jared asked softly, his fingertips brushing at the back of Jensen's nape, thumb running smoothly over the curve of his neck. Jensen turned his head a fraction, and smiled.

"Please?"

Jared nodded, smiling back at him as he leaned in to press a kiss to his sweaty temple.

He came back with a bottle of chilled water and pulled Jensen up into a half seated position to let him drink. When they had both eased their parched throats, Jared smiled mysteriously. "So... you think my co-star would be okay with me kissing my boyfriend between shoots?"

There were too many alerts in the sentence for Jensen to compute. "B-boyfriend?" He stammered.

Jared turned pink and cursed, looking away. "I..." He said, "have a big mouth. Sorry."

Boyfriend. He was someone's boyfriend. He was *Jared's* boyfriend. With a huge grin, he caught Jared's cheek in his palm and kissed the worried expression off his face. "I don't know, your co-star the understanding sort?"

The tension eased out of Jared's shoulders and he chuckled. "Hmm, he's a difficult one."

"I am not!" Jensen protested before he remembered they were playing.

"Are too." Jared teased. "But you're awesome enough to make up for it."

Jensen huffed and looked away. Jared's fingers curled around his wrist and pulled him gently towards him to press their mouths together again. It was faint, and sweet, and stupidly romantic in the way Jared's fingers curled around Jensen's, his huge hand wrapping his own completely as he leaned in, tipping Jensen's head back with his other hand as he deepened the kiss just enough. Jensen's brain short-circuited and he moaned softly against Jared's mouth, a jolt of electricity going down his spine. Jared pulled back, slightly breathless, and leaned his forehead across Jensen's.

"You really are going to kill me one of these days," Jared whispered. Jensen smiled, his chest bursting.

"I promise I'll bring you very beautiful flowers."

"You better," Jared said, kissing the corner of his mouth tenderly. He then sighed, shifting a little on the bed and crossing his legs. Jensen quirked one eyebrow at him and Jared gave a half-embarrassed laugh. "Don't look down."

Of course Jensen did, the bulge in Jared's overalls as clear as day. He blushed. He knew he aroused men. It was his job to. But there was a part of him that couldn't help but wonder if it was what was being done to him that was such a turn on, and nothing about him personally. He could image Jared, his huge, hard cock. He knew what it felt like, and he bit his lip before very cautiously pressing the heel of his palm against the prominent bulge.

Jared moved faster than a man his size should be able to. His hand snapped down and caught Jensen's wrist so fast that Jensen flinched back in shock, mortification setting in faster than Jared's reaction.

"Sorry! Shit, I didn't..." Which was a lie. He did. He really did.

"No, no!" Jared looked just as embarrassed. His hands cupped Jensen's fingers as if they were the most fragile thing on the planet, and soft, tiny kisses were pressed at the tip of each digit. "I didn't mean it like that. I just..." his smile grew rueful. "I don't think either of us want to explain to have to explain to Joe why I can't get it up on time."

Jensen snorted, his face still burning. "I thought you were a professional." He scoffed.

Jared kissed his hand again. "Not right now, I am not." He whispered.

Jensen choked on his breath, his hand shaking in Jared's gentle grip. Jared was his *boyfriend*. He had a boyfriend. It still rang like a fairy-tale to his own ears. He tentatively leaned forward to brush his lips over Jared's jaw, just a tiny touch, and Jared's other arm sneaked around his waist to hold him as if he were made of glass, cradling him over his strong chest. Jared let his lips whisper quiet nonsense across the skin of his jaw and neck, brief touches that never lingered for more than a few instants. Jensen closed his eyes, a pleasant wave of heat dancing across his skin.

"You should take a shower," Jared murmured, nuzzling his face for an instant before moving back. His hand stroked Jensen's side tenderly, fingers keeping themselves in check and way above Jensen's waist.

"Do I stink?" Jensen teased, heart hammering wildly. Jared grinned at him, nudging his forehead.

"A bit, yeah."

Jensen mock-glared. "You're so getting the couch tonight," he said, his eyes widening as soon as the words

left his mouth, an irrational fear that he might've pushed too hard taking firm hold of his gut.

Jared simply beamed. "Aw baby, don't be like that." He teased, fluttering his eyelashes playfully. "I'll buy you something shiny."

Jensen shook his head. "I ain't that easy, Padalecki." He said sternly, smacking Jared's hands away. "Now get." He said, letting some of his own accent show. Jared's eyes darkened instantly and his fingers curled into fists at his side.

"I should leave you to your shower." He nodded, looking a little worried. "Because I think I might just pounce on you and again with the whole Joe thing." He tugged Jensen forward and stole a final kiss. "Come find me when you are clean. I demand snuggling of some kind."

Jensen shook his head in disbelief. "You are so gay." He said, shoving Jared off the bed and pretending to himself that the idea of spending the next few hours in Jared's trailer, wrapped in his arms didn't sound like the best idea in the history of forever.

"You good?" Jared asked for the hundredth time in a row, adjusting the tie around Jensen's wrist. Jensen rolled his eyes at him and cocked his head to the side.

"I'm always good. Now will you get on with it already?"

"Pushy bottom," Jared huffed, grinning at him and quickly stealing a teasing kiss before heading off to have more oil stains applied. Paul looked at the scene from afar this time, and even if Jensen wanted to care about what all the crew must be thinking, he found in himself that he didn't really give a damn. After the shower he'd taken the bull by the horns and went knocking to Jared's trailer - something that he'd never have dreamed he would do, ever, with anyone. Jared was already changed and a great deal calmer than the last time he'd seen him, and they curled up on Jared's bed, Jared's arms wound around his body as he cuddled him like he was Sir Hugsalot. He had tried to roll his eyes and shove him and tease, but he'd never felt something even remotely close to the happy bubble that had enveloped his chest from the first soft kiss dropped above his eyelids.

Jared winked and kissed him on the corner of the lips. "You ready for this?"

"Are you?" Jensen shot back, ducking a little for Millicent to re-apply a coat of gloss to his lips.

"Sure am, purdy thing."

"Moron."

"Children!" Joe barked. Jensen and Jared both shot him beaming smiles and the short director sighed. "Someone bring me a coffee." He demanded. "Now get with the fucking."

"He's such a gentleman." Jared giggled.

"AND FUCKING ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen couldn't stop twitching. There was some sort of old country rock blaring from the speakers of the battered radio, and when Jared kicked in the engine, he turned up the volume as well, effectively covering any call for help Jensen might have shouted. He hadn't really thought about that. Not really, not after the mind-numbing orgasm he'd just had, which shamed him more than he cared to admit.

"What're ya doin' 'round 'ere?" Jared all but yelled above the loud volume of the music and the roaring of the tires on the dusty road. Jensen blinked his disbelief at him. He wasn't really expecting him to make small talk after what had happened.

"None of your business," he snapped, looking out of the window.

"C'mon, sweetheart, work wiv' me 'ere, just trying to get to know ya a lil' bit."

Jensen spluttered, and he turned to stare at the stupidly grinning mechanic, his face red with barely suppressed rage. "You're twisted, you know that?"

Jared cackled madly, slapping his thigh like only a true redneck could, and it made Jensen's skin prickle uncomfortably. Then, without warning, one of those hands hand sneaked off from the wheel and had cupped him through his ruined slacks. "I ain' the one who's gonna spurt in his pants."

Jensen's bound hands fell quickly down over the filthy fingers fondling him through the thin fabric of his pants. "Don't."

Jared shook his head. "Boy, you keep sayin' that, But I ain't seein' no sign of you tryin ta run."

"I'm in a moving vehicle." Jensen pointed out slowly, as if the man he spoke to was as stupid as he looked. "And since you've decided to tie me up like a prize I'm not in much a position to be running anywhere." His fingers tightened over Jared's hand, as hard as he could grasp. Jared only grinned as if he could feel no pain at all.

The mechanic laughed at Jensen as if he has said something utterly hysterical. "You uncomf'table like that darlin? Ya think that's wha' it's like ta *really* be tied up?" He kept his eyes on the road and wiggled his fingers through the open fly of Jensen's slacks.

Jensen's eyes went round as quarters, trying to process in his head what was it that Jared meant with "really tied up", and to keep his hips from pushing up against the slick heat of Jared's sweaty hand. His dick was already hardening against Jared's cradling palm, the fucking traitor, and he didn't need to give Jared any reasons to be any more smug. Not that he *could* get any more smug without his ego bursting the small truck cabin.

"Stop it," he gritted again, trying to push Jared's hand off him. For all it did, he could have blown on Jared's hand. The mechanic worked his fingers around Jensen's shaft, still trapped into his briefs, and Jensen closed his eyes with a whimper as he fought with all his might not to rub up against the touch.

"Breakin' a sweat 'lready, boy, would be so much more fun if ya just let yourself go," Jared crooned, finding the leaking head and rubbing his thumb over the damp cotton. Jensen's breathing grew heavier and he squirmed in the rough leather seat, his sore ass throbbing. They hit a pothole in the road and Jared's hand squeezed him tight. "Yeah, yeah, come on darlin, s'all right, that's it, come on." There were tears in his eyes as they drove. Jared knew exactly what he was doing, and by the time the town appeared in their sights, Jensen was shuddering and sobbing, his hips rutting of their own accord into the tight tunnel of Jared's hand.

"Please." He begged, not knowing if he craved a reprise or completion. Jared gave him the later, and Jensen came with a muffled sob into his slacks, just as Jared had promised he would.

The town was busy, mid-day rush in full flow, and Jensen was terrified they would pull up to a stop and someone would see. Jared slowed for a red light. "If ya wanna try runnin' for it, now's a good a place as any." He said calmly, both hands on the wheel now. Jensen cracked open tear clumped eyes and tried to sink further into the upholstery. The mechanic shook his head. "Ya city boys is all the same." He sighed. "Purdy as hell, but damn fragile."

"I'm not fragile," Jensen hissed weakly, prompting Jared into another round of chuckles.

"We'll test that theory soon 'nuff." He took a turn to the left and parked his truck right in the spacious backyard of the garage. Jensen tugged weakly at his tie, but the knot didn't give way. Jared walked round the truck and sighed again, wrenching Jensen's door open and undoing the knot himself. "In you get," he said with a grin, tugging him along to the sad, creaked door with the OFFICE sign hanging loosely on the broken panels of glass. It was like walking underground, everything smelled of cool dust and oil, the floor

indiscernible under the layers of filth accumulated in years. He tried not to blush and not to think as Jared tugs him along like he's on a leash, and he winced when he was dropped unceremoniously on the only chair in the room.

Jared laughed under his breath and went to check a small, battered blackboard, his eyebrows knitting in the middle. "Looks like old Joe is go'n 'round, pickin' up old wrecks," he said good naturally. "I'll get him to get your ride." He let the silence stretch on for minutes until Jensen realised he was expecting a response.

"Thank you." He said, not meeting Jared's gaze, unable to bring himself to look at the man who had shamed him so thoroughly.

Jared simply nodded and Jensen waited to see what faced him. "Look, I told ya. I ain't gonna hurt ya. You play nice an' you'll be kickin' back in Sally's Guest House before sundown, good as ma word."

"I'm supposed to believe you?" Jensen scowled, shuffling in the creaky old chair.

"I ain't lied to ya yet." Jared pointed out. "No need to be bitter cos you can't control your dick." He stripped off his overshirt and Jensen got the full effect of the neat, bulging muscles straining against the filthy wife beater. Jared flashed him a smile that could almost have been charming, "Like what you see, purdy?"

Jensen opened his mouth to reply but no sound came out. Truth was, he hadn't been thinking about sex... well.. let's say he hadn't been *having* sex that involved any other counterpart but his right hand in a very long time. And - well... Jared's chest looked really fucking nice. Felt pretty nice up close against his back, as well. He blushes and ducks his head, hating that a complete stranger can get to see him so vulnerable.

"I think you do," Jared said, stalking closer. "I think ya really do, but ya're afraid to let go."

Jensen swallowed against his dry throat. The air was heavy with suppressed electricity, and Jared circled the desk to sit upon it, legs sprawled and his dirty work boots resting on each armrest of Jensen's chair. Jensen's eyes zeroed in on the tenting bulge in his slacks and swallowed again, his pupils widening as he did a quick proportion of what else Jared might have hidden under his work suit.

"Yes," Jared crooned, a playful smirk dancing on his lips. He flexed his arms as he put them on the back of Jensen's chair, his forearms brushing his neck as he tugged the chair closer. "I'm proportioned everywhere."

Jensen had to force himself to look away, almost transfixed by the implication of what lay under the thick fabric. His fingers trembled and he looked around in panic. Jared wasn't right at all. He didn't want this, he didn't...

Large hands settled on his face and forced him to look up into Jared's eyes. "Deep breath, darlin." The mechanic instructed, keeping a hold of Jensen until the stirring pangs of panic filtered away. "Better?" Jensen nodded reluctantly, flushing to the tips of his ears.

Jared nodded. "Good boy, purdy thing." He petted Jensen like he was a favored dog. "Now up ya get, and outta those 'spensive clothes."

His feet dropped to the floor and he slid back to let Jensen stand. Jensen bit his lip, then held out his bond hands as if he was asking for permission. Jared smiled, and quickly undid the knot that kept his wrists together. He must have known that Jensen wasn't planning on going anywhere, and even if he wanted to go, Jared still held his car hostage. Which was more intimidating than letting the mechanic get - whatever the hell it was that he wanted to get, because on the last count, he had come twice, and Jared was still high and dry.

"Let's not wait for the grass ta grow, sweetie," Jared chuckled, waving his ruined tie in front of him. Jensen's cheeks reddened again and he started to fumble out of his slacks and let them pool around his ankles. His ass was still red and throbbing from the spanking, and as the cool hair hit his oversensitive cock, a jolt of electricity shot down his spine. Jared's eyes were dark and narrowed, and he brushed his sweaty hair back off his forehead with a quirk of lips. "Shirt too."

Jensen started to unhook the buttons of his dress shirt, ripping a couple as his hands shook under Jared's molten glaze. Once he was standing there, naked as the day he was born, Jared stepped down the desk and grasped at his hips, pushing him back across the desk, papers and pens flying everywhere. "Nice," he purred in his ear, sliding his hands down Jensen's sides. "I should've known you'd be hidin' something sweet 'nder all that attitude."

Jensen shuddered, goose bumps standing out on his skin, not from the cold, but from the teasing touches of Jared's fingers. He grunted when a heavy hand pressed firmly against his back, folding him over the desk and forcing him on his tiptoes. Jared shifted him again, and his feet left the ground, dangling uselessly mid air.

"Really purdy ass." Jared mused, fondling the warm skin with his palm. "Nice an' soft. Purdy smooth skin." Jensen bit his lip when a thumb brushed over the entrance to his ass, the skin still sore from Jared's none to gentle fondling. "Bit pale, though, dontcha think?" Before Jensen could answer, his palm fell down hard, harder than it had been outside on the road.

"Jesus!" He shouted, trying to squirm away. Jared grabbed him by his hip and pulled him back again.

"Keep still now." He ordered. "And keep quiet. These walls ain't so thick, and I got folks living upstairs."

Jensen's eyes widened. People. People listening in, knowing. He whimpered and bit down on his knuckles just as another smack fell hard across his ass. His cock started to swell, and he couldn't even reach the desk to release some pressure. Oh god. *Smack!* He moaned through the skin of his hand as another blow hit the back of his thigh.

"Nice," Jared murmured again, his body a solid presence behind Jensen's, heat seeping through the thin layer of his wife beater and onto Jensen's skin. Four quick blows in succession had Jensen writhe and gasp over the squeaking desk, his cock heavy and throbbing neglected between his legs.

Jared's hand smoothed down the abused skin of his ass, fingers dipping in his crack and going to circle Jensen's red hole. "Looks like someone has some hidden kinks, huh." he murmured, pressing his chest across Jensen's back, letting him feel the hot hardness of his erection against the back of his thighs. He shifted his fingers so that he could slip one tip inside, making an appreciative noise as the wet heat sucked him in greedily. "You 'njoyin yourself, sweetie?" he murmured, his tongue dipping hotly in Jared's ear.

Jensen squirmed as the dry finger threatened to press against the throbbing ring of his ass. "No." He lied, his body trying to press back against the warm hands that tried to drive him mad.

"Hmm, sure feels that way." Jared cooed. he stepped back and looked at his watch. "S'much as I'd like to get a feel for your ass, darlin, I got's customers a callin'." Jensen looked up and tried to see over his shoulder. "You hold still now." he smacked Jensen's ass again and wandered across the office to a small stack of lockers. Perched on the desk as he was, Jensen couldn't see well enough to get a good view of the items Jared was retrieving. "How's you with numbers?" Jared called back over his shoulder.

"Wh-what?" Jensen stammered, his cock rock hard against the desk.

"Numbers. See, I got people due over any minute, and I don't think ya want em to know why you're really here, do ya?"

Jensen shook his head rapidly.

"Let's see how good a liar you are then darlin."

Jensen jumped as Jared laid a hand on his back, long fingers needing the muscle under his clammy skin. "Let's just say I'm training ya, a'right?" He whispered in his ear, dirty fingers sliding lower, caressing his tight balls and squeezing the base of his cock. Jensen whimpered and pushed his hips up in Jared's loose fist, earning himself another quick slap on his ass and a small chuckle from the mechanic.

"There," He thrust a pair of overalls to Jensen, moving away from the desk. "Ya get 'em on, sit right there

and tell anyone that asks ya're bein' trained." he chuckled, "They don't need no knowing how."

Jensen slid down the desk, gritting his teeth. Self-centered asshole. "I'm not putting these on, they haven't been washed since the start of the century."

Jared cocked his head to the side. "Then ya're welcome ta stay like that and explain that yer ass is at my beck'n call for the day," a wide grin split his face, "Got nothin' 'gainst that."

Jensen scowled and snatched the overalls from Jared's hands. He began to push back when Jared pressed him over the desk again. "Wait a sec, darlin. Got one more thing for ya." Jensen tried to look back over his shoulder, but froze when he felt something slick and hard press against his ass. Jared was still fully clothed, standing firm behind him.

"What the fuck?" He tried to squirm out from under the strong hand on his back, but Jared held him firm, giggling a little as he played with his new toy. "Don't."

"Relax," Jared brushed aside the plea with a careless sigh. "S'no bigger than what you've already had up there." In truth it was smaller, just wide enough to house the battery that powered the wicked little vibrations that small plug was capable of. Not that Jensen needed to know that. When it was settled snugly against Jensen's hole, Jared stepped back and slapped his ass once more. "Perfect." He grinned, and backed away enough for Jensen to climb shakily into the filthy overalls. They were an old pair of Jared's, and hung loose on a body that had been sculpted by hours in the gym, and not hard graft. "Well dontcha just look good enough to eat." He grinned.

Outside the office, someone called his name, and Jensen spun around, a look of utter panic frozen on his pretty face.

Jared chuckled, completely unperturbed, and slid under the desk, pushing Jensen down on the squeaking chair, his frame folded and nested between smooth panels of wood. Jensen shot him a terrified look just as the door creaked open, a middle aged man walking through the office.

"Boy, where's Jay-red?" the man drawled, frowning in confusion. "And who's you?"

Jensen swallowed. "I'm - new," he said lamely. "Training."

The man cocked his head to a side, but decided not to enquire further. "Where's ya boss?"

Trying not to fume visibly at someone addressing Jared as *his* boss, and the small chuckle coming from under the desk, he steadied his palms across the piles of paper before him, carefully avoiding the man's eye. "He's out. Picking up some car that broke down."

The man started to curse in his heavy accent, but Jensen didn't register a word cos in that same moment, the plug in his ass started to vibrate, the jolts low and continuously hitting his prostrate. He bit back a moan, crossing his legs and tightening his hands over the desk.

The choked off moan drew a strange look from the newcomer. "You sick, boy."

Jensen latched on to the excuse gratefully. "Stomach bug." He grunted, his body clenching as the vibrations kicked up a notch and Jared reached up from under the table to rub the fabric over his dick.

The man frowned again. "You ain't from these parts."

Jensen panicked, squirming desperately in his seat as Jared continued his dual assault. "Just moved here."

"Nobody moves here, boy."

"Well I did!" Jensen snapped, all but jumping out of his seat when a particularly powerful vibration took him by surprise. He could almost see Jared's shit eating grin under the desk. When the vibrations showed no sign of stopping, he kicked out, meeting flesh and drawing a grunt of pain from Jared. His victory was short lived, and if he had thought the vibrations had been intense so far, they were nothing against the

wave of pleasure that crashed into him without warning. Tears burned his eyes, and the stranger leaned in close.

"You didn't eat at Old Moe's didya? Cos that place's full o'the shite."

"Yes," Jensen gasped, grasping readily at the excuse, almost bent double over the desk, his dick leaking copiously inside the overalls. The man clucked disapprovingly.

"You should never go 'round there. Jeffrey boy nearly choked up his spleen. Nasty place."

Jensen panted, his knuckles turning white on the edge of the desk, Jared's hand pushing his legs apart on the chair and sneaking in between to fondle his balls through the clothing. The man went on chatting about just how much Old Moe's sucked, and right then, daft fingers unhooked the two buttons above Jensen's waist, and took out his rock hard cock, squeezing hard at the base to stall his impending orgasm.

Bastard, Jensen thought savagely, his orgasm so close he could taste it at the back of his throat.

He growled, and the man frowned. "Where'dya say Padalecki was?"

"Making a pick up." Jensen said through gritted teeth, ready to beg when warm wetness wrapped around the tip of his cock and he jumped in the seat.

"Boy should be back here takin' care o'his employees." The man frowned. Jensen shook. Oh, Jared was taking care of him alright. God. He whimpered and closed his eyes as his cock slid over Jared's tongue. "You gonna call him and tell him to get his ass back?"

"What?" Jensen stammered. Call? But Jared had said he hadn't a phone... "Oh fuck." He groaned, falling against the desk, sweating and panting. Jared had obviously come to the same conclusion Jensen had and was attempting to distract him from the fact that he'd been lied to. The man reached out a hand to touch Jensen's shoulder and he recoiled back as if stung

Jared's hands held firm on his hips, his mouth hot and tight around Jensen's cock as the plug in his ass buzzed violently. He couldn't stop it. The pleasure crashed over him in waves and he sobbed desperately, his knuckles white on the desk.

"Do I need to call some help?" The man said in alarm.

Jensen shook his head, biting hard on his lip as his hip stuttered forward, and he came hard down Jared's throat. "Stomach- ache-.." he moaned, his vision blurring at the edges. Jared swallowed like a pro, the flitting of his throat muscles around his dick and the continuous stimulation over his prostrate reducing him to a shuddering mess, his fingers slipping with sweat as he tried to hold onto *something*.

"You should go home, boy. Tell Padalecki not to overwork ya, and show ya better grubs than old Moe's."

Jensen whimpered, his spent dick slipping out the wet heat that was Jared's mouth, sweat stinging his eyes. He nodded, waving a little as the man stepped back and out of the office, and was ready to start on telling Jared exactly what he thought of him when his chair was pushed roughly backwards. He barely had time to blink before Jared was unfolding from the uncomfortable position he'd crouched himself into, his mouth crashing down on Jensen's, letting him taste the sweet and sour mix of himself and the cherry flavored chewing gum he'd been popping.

Jensen couldn't work up the energy to do more than cling to Jared as his mouth was thoroughly ravished. He'd come more in one morning than he had in the last three months and his bones felt like lead. When Jared finally baked away, his hands warm on Jensen's face, he was panting so hard he thought he might pass out.

"Give tha' boy an Oscar." Jared praised, gently tugging Jensen out of the chair and folding him limply over the desk. "Think I can make you come again, darlin'?" He tugged the overalls down, struggling to pull Jensen's limp arms through the sleeves, his hands settling on the red skin of his ass.

"Please no." Jensen sobbed, the idea of even trying to get hard enough to make him cry. He whimpered as the plug buzzed inside of him, too fucked out to press back against Jared, whose own cock pressed hot and hard against Jensen's thigh. The vibrations stopped, and the plug slid out. Jared set it down on the desk beside Jensen's face, and he was amazed to see that such a small thing could have caused so much pleasure.

"Mh... I don't trust your 'no's, boy," Jared whispered, running his hands down his legs and spreading his ass wide with his thumbs. "Ya always say no an' yer always wanting it."

Jensen shuddered, his lips swollen and red, bruised with Jared's kisses. Jensen saw something black flashing before his eyes, and his hands were tied again with his tie. "I'm thinking you could come again, but ya don't know how." Jensen moaned, too far gone to try and make sense of what Jared was saying. Strong arms shifted around his body, and he was picked up like a sack of potatoes. Jared kicked the door that led to the inside of the garage open with his boot, letting it fall shut behind them.

~ * & * ~

"CUT! Fuck, that was good."

Scene Two

Jared stopped and let Jensen down for a moment, just the time necessary to shift his arms around his chest and pick him up again, bride-style. "You were really good," Jared whispered in his ear as he started to walk back, grasping a towel from Paul as they moved out of the set and back towards the trailers.

"I don't want to move again for the next decade." Jensen informed him sleepily as they both settled down on the sheets of his bed. "Sleep nice."

Jared chuckled softly and moved around the bed to reach for the soft cotton cloths that had been set on the dresser. They were warm, and damp, and Jensen moaned happily as Jared carefully removed all the traces of their scene.

"Well, sleep then." He encouraged. "It's going to be a rough few days."

Jensen hummed and smiled thinly, his eyes opening in narrow slits to watch Jared as he walked around the trailer, still painfully, and obviously hard. "Come here." Jensen beckoned, his hand held out for Jared to take.

Curious, Jared did as instructed, sitting on the edge of the bed, turned sideways to face Jensen. He sat back in silence when Jensen carefully unbuttoned the clasps of his overalls and reached inside to wrapped around his dick, but then shook his head. "No, Jen. You don't have to do that." He said gently, pulling on Jensen's wrist until he could lay it down over his chest.

Jensen frowned. "Maybe I want to." He protested softly.

Jared leaned down and pressed kisses over his eyelids. "That's not what this is."

Jensen caught his bottom lip between his teeth. "But.." He was good with offering sex, it was the only thing he knew he was good at. If Jared didn't want that.. then what would he do?

Jared smiled at him, brought his hand up to his lips and kissed the knuckles. "Don't get me wrong. I'll probably end up doing it myself, shoot be damned," he chuckled softly, putting Jensen's hand right over his chest. "And - it's not you. Quite the contrary."

Jensen didn't understand. His confusion must have shown because Jared bowed his head and pressed a tender kiss to the corner of his lips. "You're amazing, you know. You really are. But you're my boyfriend." A thrill went down Jensen's spine at that, and he clutched tightly at Jared's hand holding his own. "And... you and me. It's not about this."

Jensen blinked, the honesty of Jared's words setting around him like a thick, warm blanket. He didn't dare ask what it was about. His heart beat rather fast in his ribcage, and he looked up at Jared with unsure doe eyes. Jared smiled at him, soft and sweet, and stroked Jensen's cheek with the tips of his fingers. "You don't even realize how beautiful you are, do you?"

Beautiful. It had never sounded like that from anyone's lips. Normally the word ended up being perverted, a justification for the things people wanted to do to him. Jared said it with the innocence of a man who had never seen just how very perverse the world could be. For all that Jared had taken the active role of protector in their relationship -without asking Jensen first- there were some things Jensen knew well enough about, some truths he had faced that Jared had never had, and the urge to wrap his own invisible arms around his *boyfriend* were strong and surprising.

"You can use my shower." He offered, unwilling to let Jared out of earshot just yet.

"Thanks." Jared smiled, kissing Jensen on the lips again.

He hit the shower, taking one of Jensen's towels with him. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Jared was curled up beside him on the bed, hair damp and unruly, one of his long arms thrown over Jensen's hip. It wasn't until Jared made a sweet little snuffling noise that Jensen, much to his mortification, realised there was nothing but a thin sheet and a fluffy towel robe between them.

He tried to adjust himself so that nothing was poking in inappropriate places, and looked down at Jared's sleeping face. He was probably just as tired as he felt, if the circles under his eyes had anything to say about it, but he still smiled and joked and was generally his happy, bubbly self. Jensen stared at every mole, every curve, from Jared's lips to his perfect arms, draped around him not in possessiveness, but in quiet, reassuring promise of being *there*. A shield, somewhere safe Jensen could lock himself into.

He didn't have words to describe Jared. Not yet. All the words that sprang to his mind were tainted and ruined with the images he associated them with. He needed to make up new words, to hold close and safe to his own heart, to keep Jared safe with, so that he would never change.

Maybe he could do that, he thought, raising one hand to stroke Jared's hair softly. It smelled of apple shampoo and felt like silk through his fingers. Jared cracked one eye open at the touch and smiled, a happy, radiant smile that made Jensen's breath hitch. He wondered if it would always feel like this, Jared waking up next to him.

"Hey," Jared whispered, hoisting himself up to kiss his cheek. "You sleep okay? Man, you were out like a light." He only then seemed to realise that had formed a human blanket, and he spluttered a little, blushing. "Sorry..." he pouted. "You looked cold."

"Cold?" Jensen questioned with a quirk of his eyebrow.

Jared sighed. "Fine. I have a snuggling problem. I'm on pills for it."

"Flush 'em." Jensen sighed, curling up into the warm circle of Jared's arms.

"That an order?" Jared asked, hoisting himself further up the bed in order to better wrap his arms around Jensen.

Jensen nodded and yawned. "My first boyfriendly demand." He agreed, rubbing his cheek against Jared's.

The romantic atmosphere might have deepened further, but Jared's stomach, always a monster, chose that moment to growl loudly.

"Better feed the beast." Jensen wailed dramatically and Jared giggled like a child.

For all that they were both hungry though, neither seemed to want to make the first move. Jared tugged Jensen's hands to his mouth, placing warm, gentle kisses to each wrist. Neither were bruised, or bore the marks of the bonds Jensen had worn during the shoot, and for that Jared was grateful. He had been a top

since he started in the industry, but he'd never been so attached to a sub's well being before. He had cared for everyone he had been entrusted with, but with Jensen it was different.

He didn't yet want to say why exactly it was different. He didn't think Jensen would react that well to pressure, so he kept his half-formed thoughts inside, for a better moment, a different time. Jensen made a soft, almost needy noise when Jared's lips traced the inside of his palm, and Jared smiled, cradling them across his chest and kissing down the side of his arm, making him giggle softly when Jared found a ticklish spot.

It was Jared's stomach that broke the moment, and Jensen snorted when Jared looked down at his belly as if he could force it to shut up. In the end he swung his legs down the bed, tightening the robe around his stomach. "What do you want to eat?" he asked with a smile, looking around for a pair of flip-flops.

Jensen shrugged. He mostly survived of frozen lunches and chips. Francy fed him like a turkey every time she had the chance - it was something of the Italians, Jensen was sure of it - but he wasn't really picky about food. "I dunno, whatever you're having."

Jared beamed like he had been offered a blank check, something that, in retrospect, should've worried Jensen more than it did at the moment. He dozed off again, and in less than twenty minutes Jared had got back with a tray wide enough to poke from both sides of the vanity, food piled on food piled on more food.

"What?" Jensen asked feebly, his eyes widening.

"Brunch!" Jared said cheerfully, adjusting the tray and sitting down on Jensen's bed.

"And dinner. And breakfast. For six." Jensen pointed out, eyeing the mound of food as if it might fly across the room and attack him.

"All those orgasms take their toll." Jared said, sounding like a perverted documentary host. "You need your energy."

"You know a single Mars Bar has enough energy in it to get you up a mountain." Jensen pointed out, fingering the boxes in the hope of spotting a salad of some kind. "There's enough here to feed an army for a year."

"Waste not, want not." Jared countered with a mouthful of fries.

"It's my waist I am worried about." Jensen scoffed, but he obediently began to munch on the cold pasta salad Jared thrust at him. "Besides, if anyone is going to need their energy, it's you. I just get to lay back and relax."

Jared frowned, fries held up to his mouth. "How many times do you have to come in the next scene?"

Jensen tried to remember the limited script. "Just the once."

"Well for that comment, I think we can up the ante, don't you?" He teased and rummaged through the craft boxes until he found the burgers.

Wide-eyed, Jensen accepted the double cheeseburger, not even knowing the catering services *did* burgers, and took a bite before flipping a finger in Jared's direction. "If you want to work with a eunuch, by all means try it. And don't get crumbs on the bed."

"No, mom." Jared said, spilling ketchup on the sheets instead.

Jensen rolled his eyes at him. "You're impossible."

Jared stuck his tongue out and took a bite. With much prodding and poking, Jensen tried a cheeseburger, as well, and was horrified to realize he quite liked it. What was brunch gradually turned in food fight, with Jared's sticky fingers poking at Jensen's ribs and Jensen showing spoonfuls of mashed potatoes down

Jared's throat. They kissed at the stray trails, Jared's arms vibrating and tender around him, and it's stupid how much it affected Jensen, and just how wonderful it felt to be held like that.

Jared licks at a trail of cheese dripping down Jensen's chin and giggles, picking up a grape and holding it between his teeth for Jensen to take. Jensen leans in, eyes half mast, and bites down on it, juice melting between their lips as Jared joined their mouths together again. "You've ruined me," Jared said seriously once they broke apart, breath heavy.

Jensen blinked at him, an unwanted shiver raking his body. "I - I did?" he asked, and he didn't know why he was suddenly feeling like the bottom of his stomach had dropped out.

"Yeah," Jared murmured, his lips splitting in that beautiful, adorable smile Jensen had been gifted with when he'd woken up. "I will never be able to eat any other way."

Jensen snorted and shoved Jared back onto the rumpled pillows, his heart beating wildly in his chest. "Moron." He smiled, full of affection of the bright, beautiful man that Jared Padalecki was.

"Alright, and ACTION."

~ * & * ~

Jensen was too exhausted to squirm as he was carried into the garage to dropped to curl in a heap by the side of a rather sorry looking convertible. His orgasms had left him feeling fuzzy, like he was drugged and didn't have any control over his trembling limbs. Jared busied himself out of Jensen's line of sight, long minutes passing without either of them speaking until he was finally hauled up to his feet once more.

"Remember when I told ya this wasn't nothing?" Jared asked, his strong arms holding Jensen upright as he tugged on the tie.

Jensen whimpered, his knees wobbling as he tried to take some of his own weight.

His stomach rolled violently as Jared hoisted him up into the air again, this time from behind, so for a brief, terrifying moment, Jensen was looking down at the ground below. The mechanic grunted, and hauled Jensen over the side of the convertible and lowered him onto the horizontally positioned driver's seat. The tie was tugged forward, pulling Jensen's arms from underneath him, and wrapped around the steering wheel. Flat out on his belly, Jensen could only try and squirm away, his efforts half-hearted as his wrists were tightly attached to the wheel.

His heart was pounding violently in his chest as the vulnerability of his position rapidly made itself known, and Jared spread his thighs across the seat. The leather was hot and sticky, strange against Jensen's skin, and he mewled as one knee was pushed up to his side, a rope slipped under it, and fastened to the wheel besides his tie. He tried to tug his leg down, and the ingenuity of Jared's plan made itself known. The more he tried to pull his leg down and reduce some of the vulnerability of his position, the more his wrists twisted in their bonds.

Jared petted him gently on the ass and chuckled. "I told ya so."

Jensen whimpered miserably. He was too raw, too fucked out to take more. His body was still thrumming with the aftershocks of his last orgasm, his legs Jell-O. "Please," he begged, voice wrung out, "I can't..."

"Anything's possible, sweetheart, just have to apply the right amount of... pressure," Jared chuckled, moving out of the tiny cabin and walking away. Jensen struggled to pull his legs down, the tie tightening around his wrists and making him moan in combined pain and frustration. He couldn't come yet *again*, after three mind-blowing orgasms and more stimulation that he'd ever experienced in his adult life, but dammit if the struggling against his bonds wasn't awakening an interest in his dick.

The car squeaked, seats dipping a little under Jared's weight as he settled back behind Jensen's spread legs. "Missed me?" he purred, licking a swathe around Jensen's bicep. Jensen whined and threw his head back, mouth open around his panting breath. "I'll take that as a yes," Jared mused, kneeling down on the

backseat and pushing Jensen's unbound leg to the side and over his hip. "I couldn't help but notice how yer lil' red ass was sucking in my lil' toy," He breathed, and Jensen heard a faint buzzing being turned on. "So I figured..." the vibrator slid across his crack, then down against his balls and up his dick, "Maybe you're ready for something more, huh?"

The vibrations were so unexpected they were almost painful. "Stop playing with me!" Jensen pleaded, trembling under Jared's hands.

"Dontcha be like that, purdy thing. Where's that fire, huh?" Something liquid and warm splashed on Jensen's back, trailing down between his asscheeks to pool on the leather between his thighs. Jared slipped the vibrator between Jensen's legs, the base pressed along the underside of his cock, and slipped a finger in to Jensen's ass. "Where's that city boy spunk? That 'dontcha know who my daddy is' bull?"

"You want me to struggle?" Jensen demanded, trying to move away from the finger in his ass without losing the feeling in his hands, or pressing too hard against the vibrator.

"That I do, darlin." Jared affirmed, a second finger sliding alongside the first, slowly stretching the tight muscle open to accommodate something much larger.

"What's the point?" Jensen snapped, his whole body tensing as the fingers inside of him brushed across the bundle of nerves that had been his undoing twice already. "You've made it quite clear I'm not going anywhere." He tried to raise his bound hands to prove his point, but flopped back in frustration.

A third thick finger pressed against his ass, and Jensen froze. He was fuller than he had ever been before, and the threat of more was enough to make sweat break out all along his spine. Jared chuckled behind him and whispered low. "That right there? That excuse o'yours? Tha's what tells me you want this, darlin."

Jensen gasped and squirmed, his ass stretched so wide he thought he was gonna split in two. Jared's fingers were long enough to probe on his sweet spot with a simple crooking of digits, the passage slick and warm with something sticky Jensen didn't want to think about. His voice broke around a moan and he instinctively tugged at his bond hands, pulling his leg up higher and spreading himself further for Jared's assault.

"Y'ever been on the bottom of the doggy pile, sweetie?" Jared whispered, stroking the walls of his channel restlessly, twisting his fingers knuckle-deep and scissoring them to get Jensen's body to open for him. "Because you lil' tight hole tells me it hasn't."

Jensen's cheeks burned and he hang his face low on between his shoulder blades, the vibrations alongside his cock and the continuous prodding of his prostrate leaving him like putty under Jared's hands. "Just look atcha," Jared murmured, his breath ghosting across Jensen's crack. "Acting all tough shit, maybe giving it to a few, hu? Betcha never had the balls to downright ask for what ya wanted so desperately."

Before Jensen could think of a suitable denial Jared slid his fingers out and replaced them with a smooth plastic plug. It was smaller than the stretch of Jared's fingers, and Jensen almost relaxed into the upholstery when, without Jared's hands being anywhere near it, the plug shifted and swelled inside of him.

The mechanic cackled merrily. "S'amazing what ya can find on the internet, ain't it?" He squeezed the bulb attached to the plug again, and it expanded further, opening Jensen from the inside as he mewled and thrashed against the sensation.

"Oh god." Jensen groaned, helpless against the steady swell of the plug inside of him.

Jared continued to squeeze the bulb. "Wonder how big it is now." He mused. "How big da ya think, darlin? Bigger'n my cock? Smaller?" He smacked Jensen's ass hard. "You better keep it inside now, you ain't gonna like what 'ill do if ya don't."

Tears stung Jensen's eyes as the steady vibrations against his cock only fuelled the waves of pleasure the expanding plug was producing every time it shifted against his prostate.

"Now I got some buddies comin' over." Jared continued. "You is gonna wanna be real quiet now darlin, or they is gonna wanna play with you as well."

Jensen shuddered and tried to sink further down on the seat, cold sweat drenching his back and forehead. "No," he whimpered, biting his lower lip. It was bad enough that he was being used like a plaything by Jared, who apparently took more pleasure in driving him to the edge than coming himself. The prospect of being at the mercy of anyone else shook him with fear.

"You understand that, pet?" Jared continued, engorging the plug in his ass, spreading Jensen from the inside as he ran the vibrator up higher on his chest, the tip of it teasing his nipples. Jensen moaned, his breath choked as he tried to keep quiet. "Good boy. Because see," his fingers slid down Jensen's spine, up the curve of his bent leg and down to fondle the clenching hole, his fingers hooking around the base of the plug. "I don' really wanna share ya," he whispered low in Jensen's ear, his tongue tracing the shell and delving inside before lapping at the sweat pooling at the juncture of his shoulder. He smacked Jensen's ass, hard, and Jensen moaned low against the cushions.

His cock was sliding across the upholstery, hard again and leaking as if he was desperate for it. He tried to tell himself that it was just a natural reaction to the multiple assaults on his dick and inside of his ass, but the truth was that the thick, heavy accented words that dripped from Jared's mouth like juice from a prohibited fruit did nothing but fuel his arousal.

"Jay-red?" Jensen froze, wide-eyed and gasping at the unexpected intrusion. He recognised the voice as belonging to the man he had spoken to earlier. Jared winked at him then climbed out of the car.

"Howdy Jack." Jared drawled, "sorry I gone and missed you earlier." Resting his arms behind him on the edge of the convertible's frame, Jensen watched, enchanted, as his fingers tapped out a senseless tune.

"Aw, ain't no worries. You boy alright? He looked mighty sick." Jack's voice grew closer, and Jensen bit his lip hard.

"Kid gone and got himself a nasty case food poisonin'." Jared explained. "Sent him back to the ranch to sleep it off."

"Hmm. Ain't he kinda...I dunno, delicate for this kinda work?"

Jensen's growl was covered by Jared's chuckle. "He's tougher'n he looks. 'Sides, his mamma bein and old friend of my pop's, ain't much I can do about it."

Jack snorted and began talking about his car, some beat up rust bucket that Jensen thought he should have been rid of in the 60s. He went on and on, every time he looked close to stopping, Jared pushed him in a whole new direction. Jensen wasn't sure how long he lay there, lashed up to the wheel, his ass full and his cock pressed against the vibrator. Time began to lose all meaning, and he drifted in and out of reality, catching words and phrases, but for the most floating in a haze of white noise. His head was loopy as if he'd smoked too much pot, and he drifted so far from his body that the sudden press of Jared's hands to his back almost passed unnoticed.

"Here we go, sweetheart," Jared crooned, starting licking down his back in wet, hot swathes. Jensen shivered and moaned, his mind floating. Jared's hand were roughened by hours of work in the garage and skimmed hot and powerful over his trembling muscles. He spread Jensen's cheeks further apart and he started to deflate the plug, his tongue rolling around the outer ring, dipping in alongside the plug as he used the vibrator to tease Jensen's nipples.

"Jared-" Jensen called thinly, blinking back tears of exhaustion, "Please..."

"Please what, sweetie? Ya want ta come, huh? Need to spurt so bad your tight little balls hurt?"

Jensen whimpered and nodded, and downright yelped when Jared's hand cupped his balls, his thumb stroking the sensitive skin beneath them. His skilled tongue was edging into his ass, and the plug was pulled out none too gently, stretching Jensen's hole almost obscenely wide. "Yes," Jensen mewled, pushing back against Jared's tongue as he moaned continually.

"Yes, yes, please -"

"Are you ready for the real thin', sweetheart?"

"Please. Please, god, please." It was then that Jensen realised Jared had gotten what he had wanted. He had wanted Jensen to beg for it. He wanted Jensen to take the responsibility for it, and surprisingly, it didn't hurt half as much as he had expected it to.

"All right then sugar." Jared cooed, surprisingly gentle, holding himself over Jensen as if he planned on doing a push up. His lips were warm on Jensen's neck, and he took his weight on one hand in order to line himself up. Sore, stretched muscles opened around the head of Jared's cock as smoothly as if that had been their sole purpose for existence. The tug against swollen skin hurt like hell, but the stretch, Jensen was surprised to know, wasn't the brutal intrusion he had feared.

He felt full- smothered by Jared's sweat damp body pressed so heavy against his back- and so damn desperate to come he thought he'd never get hard again, but there was a care in Jared's actions that surprised him.

"Good boy, purdy boy. Jaysus so fuckin' tight." Jared panted, rolling his hips slowly as he drove into Jensen's ass. "Ain't so bad, is it now darlin'?"

Jensen could only whimper and sob, willing to do or say anything if Jared would only let him come. It didn't feel like anything he'd ever thought possible, bigger than the inflating plug but pulsing with Jared's controlled strength and *want*, throbbing inside of him, shifting and stretching and bringing him a sort of pleasure he had never dreamt he could have. He groaned and tried to push back, the tie tightening across his wrists and making his breath itch. He was surrendering to Jared's touch, to his dick pushing restlessly against his prostrate, to Jared' hot, filthy mouth leaving trails of whispered praise above his sweaty back.

"Jared," he moaned sweat stinging his eyes and mixing with pained tears. "Oh god - oh, oh -" Jared's hand pushed his other leg up against the dashboard, bent at the knee, his hole stretching obscenely open around the thick girth of Jared's dick as he drew into him in slow, controlled thrusts. The change in angle had Jared slid in balls deep, the smack of skin on skin adding to their panting breaths and to the creaking of the old car.

"Fuh- fuck," Jensen whimpered, his toes curling against the upholstery. "God- ah - right -there-"

"Tell me watcha wanna, purdy thin'," Jared drawled, voice low and hot and dripping with lust. "You wanna come after all?"

"Please!"

"Hmm, maybe I changed mah mind?" Jared teased, rolling his hips slowly until only the thick head of his cock remained inside of Jensen. "Maybe I wanna keep you like this? Nobody knows you is here, do they sugar? Maybe I'll take you home with me, keep your cock hard an' you ass stuffed full and never let you come."

Jensen wasn't sure if Jared was making an honest threat, or merely trying to provoke a reaction, but the threat of being some redneck's blow-up doll for the rest of his life was enough to kick the fight back into Jensen's system. He snarled and struggled, his wrists going numb as he bucked himself back on Jared's cock. "Sonovabitch, you fuck me and you do it *now*!"

Jared's chuckle was a low rumble in his ear, but for the first time he obeyed without further comment, snapping his hips and slamming Jensen back down into the leather seat. He kept up a pace that made Jensen dizzy and breathless, his ass stretched wide and fucked deep. The heavy weight of Jared's body was too much to counter. It pressed him down and smothered him against the upholstery until panic replaced the pleasure, and he struggled even harder to free himself and just *breathe*.

Strong hands picked him up and pushed him almost sitting on Jared's cock, knees digging hard against the dashboard and pressing against his own chest as Jared slammed into him over and over and over. Jensen struggled to suck in a lungful of air, his head spinning wildly as all the feelings in his body reduced to hot,

huge, *perfect* , and he came with a cry all over the steering wheel, his body writhing and trashing over Jared's lap.

"Fuck, like that, baby, c'mon," Jared gritted out, his hips snapping to a staccato rhythm inside of him, Jensen's head swimming as he came, hard, fast, messy, his ass clenching down like a vice on Jared's cock. He whimpered and cried out, his voice breaking as his ass was pounded restlessly, legs and arms numb after being forced in the same position for what felt like hours.

"Jared," Jensen begged, throwing his head back. He didn't know what he was begging for, but as he let his tongue dart out to lick his lips, Jared's mouth came crashing down against his, taking what little breath he had left, and he let himself be ravished until he could feel Jared's hand tense against coming, hot and sticky inside of him. Jared's growl when he came sounded like thunder in his ears, and with a snap that sounded like gunfire, they both slumped against the dashboard.

~ * & * ~

"CUT! Jesus Christ on the cross, you two are going to kill someone at this rate."

Jensen smiled tiredly over at Joe and stayed slumped in Jared's arms as Paul jogged over to release him from his bonds. Jared was panting harshly in his ear, his strong, solid arms trembling a little as the bundled Jensen closer.

"Jay?" Jensen whispered, his voice fucked out and gruff. Jared's cock was still inside of him, no longer hard, but held snugly in his ass. "Jay?"

Jared panted and nodded against his neck. When Jensen was unbound, Jared gently lifted him from his cock, the effort taking more out of him than it usually did. One of the PAs ran over to wrap them both in warm towel robes and Jensen buried his head in Jared's chest as his legs gave a painful spasm.

"You okay?" Jared asked softly, his fingers carefully stroking up and down Jensen's arms.

Jensen shivered but nodded, letting his head rest above Jared's loud thumping heart. Jared said nothing else, still cradling Jensen inside the tiny convertible they just shoot in, his own legs shaking. He wasn't fit to walk, not yet, but he would be. In a few minutes.

He finally shifted and managed to push himself up straight, hoisting Jensen up in his arms as if he was a ragdoll. Jensen moaned and turned his head deeper in Jared's chest. "You hurt?" Jared asked worriedly, caressing the back of Jensen's neck with his thumb. Jensen blinked and looked up to him through slit-lidded eyes. "No," he mumbled, wincing a little. "Sore." he added with a whine, but Jared smiled and kissed the top of his head, holding him tighter and marching off towards the trailers.

He debated whether it was worth to go all the way to Jensen's trailer and then drag himself down to his own, or just say the hell with it all and bring Jensen with him. He decided for the latter, if only because of the much larger bed (being six foot four totally had his plus), and laying Jensen down on the warm throw. He turned him over, Jensen's limbs pliant like marshmallow, and he searched for marks over his knees or wrists, and frowned at the reddened skin. He jogged to his cabinet and picked up his supply of aloe vera liniment.

He sat down on the bed and brushed Jensen's hair off his forehead, smiling at his sleepy, fucked out features.

"You failed." Jensen yawned, long eyelashes fanned out across his cheeks.

"Huh?" Jared took one of Jensen's wrists into his hands. The shin was red, but unbroken, and would show vivid bruises in a few hours. Carefully he wrapped each one in aloe soaked bandages, knowing he couldn't do any more than try and ease the sting for when they picked up the shoot tomorrow.

"Only made me come once." Jensen grinned tiredly. "I so totally win."

"You so totally cheated." Jared amended, turning his attention to Jensen's knee.

Battling the sleep, Jensen raised a bemused eyebrow. "How the hell could I cheat when you had me tied up like that?"

"Turns out I can't deny you anything." Jared smiled, kissing Jensen's knee once it was wrapped and letting his fingers trail down the smooth skin to his ankle. "I totally had plans for that vibrator."

"Pervert." Clean, Jensen tugged Jared to him like a teddy, a look of childish possessiveness on his serene face. Grabbing the edges of the sheets, Jared was more than happy enough to wrap his arms around Jensen and hold him whilst he recovered from the shoot. He had fully intended to stay awake, but the soft, lulling rise and fall of Jensen's chest drew him down into the warmth of slumber, his boyfriend snuggle safely in his arms, right where Jared wanted him.

They woke up much later, Jensen's head tucked under Jared's chin, his fingers curling into fist and resting over Jared's broad chest. Jensen looked so peaceful, so untarnished and rested. Jared vowed it would stay that way. He didn't yet know how, but there was a fragility hidden behind all that bitchiness, sharp tongue and sarcastic words that Jared wanted to build together, piece by piece, kiss after kiss. He wouldn't let Jensen go, that was for sure. Come hell or high water, Jensen was stuck with him now. The thought made him smile somehow, it sounded like one of those cheesy lines of those movies Jensen apparently was so fond of. But it had never rang truer.

Jared pressed a kiss over Jensen's head, and caressed his forearm with the tips of his fingers. The light touch was enough of a movement to make Jensen frown adorably and bury further in the warmth of Jared's body. Jared beamed, a stupid, goofy smile spreading on his face as he held Jensen tighter, pulling the comforter a bit higher over his shoulders.

Jensen blinked, beautiful green eyes opening up for him, and Jared had to restrain a body shudder. "Hey," he whispered, caressing his wrist.

"Hmm, hi." Jensen smiled, looking away with a shy blush. "Time is it?"

Jared squeezed him tight and pressed a kiss to his cheek. "Time we were heading out."

Jensen groaned and burrowed under the covers. "Dunwanna."

"More Italian?" Jared teased, slipping out of the bed and padding across to the dresser.

Jensen called him a word that would have made Joe blush like a schoolgirl, and snuggled further into the pillows.

"Come on." Jared tugged at the edges of the sheets, threatening to remove them entirely. "You can sleep at home." He fastened his watch and pulled out a pair of odd socks. "You want a lift." he asked, just as Jensen opened his own mouth.

"You want to come over for dinner?"

Jared grinned. "Dinner?"

Jensen sighed and rolled his eyes. "I'll boil some pasta."

"Hmm, adventurous."

"Do you want feeding or not?"

Bouncing onto the end of the bed, his energy suddenly renewed, Jared beamed. "Have I ever said no to food?"

Jensen faked a long suffering sigh and tried to push himself up, only to have his arms slipping underneath him and fall in a heap across Jared's chest again. Jared laughed and oomphed, and hugged him on instinct.

"Alright," he said sweetly, kissing Jensen's forehead. "Dinner it is."

The drive back was relatively silent, if it wasn't for Chopin playing softly in the background. Jared had thrown on a pair of jeans and a simple black t-shirt, and Jensen found himself staring at him a little too often. But then again he was his boyfriend, and he had all the rights to ogle him, from the soft stubble shadowing his chin, the strong line of his jaw and nose, and the beautiful curve of his arms stretched above the steering wheel.

He tried to remember if he had picked up enough groceries to make him some traditional Italian spaghetti, then decided he would subtly text Francy for help in case he hadn't. He didn't think about the possibility of Jared crossing the hall and seeing Sir Hugsalot and the dried roses on his chest of drawers, but of course Jared asked for the bathroom and the door to his bedroom was right in front of it.

He cringed, mentally preparing himself to a whole night of teasing, but the only comment he got when Jared stopped to take in the newly added decoration to the room was a proud smile and a soft kiss to his cheek.

"What do you want me to do?" Jared asked, leaning against the counter as if he belonged there. Jensen tipped his head towards the block of knives and told him there were enough bits and bobs to make a salad in his fridge.

"You can chop."

"Hmm, sharp objects." Jared said, walking like a zombie towards the large refrigerator. Jensen rolled his eyes and dragged a chopping board out from the top shelf.

Soon the kitchen was filled with a warm, spicy aroma of Italian food, and Jared was practically drooling over Jensen's shoulder, a dozen unsuccessful missions not deterring him from attempts to sneak early spoonfuls.

"Do I have to cuff you to the chair? Because I will." Jensen threatened, waving a wooden spoon in Jared's direction. "Sit."

"He's kinky in the real world too." Jared snorted, obediently sitting at the kitchen table, his wrists held out teasingly. Jensen smacked him with a spoon.

"Am not." He huffed, turning his back on Jared in order to stir their dinner.

"Really?" Jared asked, and Jensen shook his head, suddenly worried that Jared would be disappointed.

Instead it was quite the opposite. "Oh thank god for that! I don't think I have the stamina to go at it on two different fronts." Then, realising what he said, he turned a color that matched the pasta sauce.

Jensen's heart soared. But of course he couldn't let Jared know just how relieved he felt - because surely if Jared wasn't after that, then it meant - he didn't dare voice what it meant, not even to himself. He cocked one eyebrow and gave him a playful little smirk, serving them both huge plates of pasta. "Aw, and here I was, already picturing wild night rehearsals..."

"Shut up," Jared said, but he was grinning through his blush. He dug into his plate with his fork, going on talking through his mouthful. "You just said you weren't kinky."

Jensen pretended to ponder about it for a second before grinning back at him, "Nope."

"Wow and you *can* cook!" Jared said once he'd swallowed, looking at the pasta like it had suddenly turned gold. "Brownie points."

Jensen tried to hide his proud little smile as he dug into his own plate, both of them eating in relative silence (Jared scooping up the sauce with a loaf of bread as well). He even insisted on doing the dishes, and Jensen passed him glasses and cutlery, the soft clinking of pots and plates in the sink feeling both relaxing and comforting. They talked about the shoot, they joked about having a character named after

their director, and Jared confessed to him that his agent was pressing to have him join Eros Studio.

"For real?" Jensen's hand slipped on the glass, but it thankfully fell back into the water without damage. Jared nodded, giving him a somewhat shy smile.

"Yeah. I mean - yeah. I liked- I mean, I l like working with you guys." He rinsed the sauce pan, shifting his eyes back on Jensen. "And - well, it would not feel right shooting with someone else but you."

Jensen blushed and looked away, down at his hands where they sat in his lap.

"I've done it again, haven't I?" Jared said softly, his puppy-dog eyes in full, devastating force.

"No. No, it's not that. I-kinda have a shoot lined up for when we're done." Jensen admitted, feeling oddly ashamed in the face of Jared's quite confession.

Jared simply smiled gently. "That's because you are awesome and in demand. I'll have to restrain myself from castrating your co-star."

"I don't even know who he is yet." Jensen snorted, rising to tentatively wrap his arms around Jared's waist, his face nestled against those broad, cotton covered shoulders. "You don't have to protect my virtue, you know." He whispered. "It's not like I have any."

The frying pan slipped back into the soapy waters and Jared turned around in the circle of Jensen's arms. "One day," he swore, "I am going to find whoever made you think that way, and I'm going to make them wish they had never been born."

Jensen's breath caught in his throat and he trembled, Jared's arms a solid circle around his back. "Jay - " he chewed on the corner of his lip. What could he say to that? Nothing. There was nothing worth saying, nothing that Jared would ever known anyway.

Jared didn't say anything else, just caught his cheek with one of those huge, slightly soapy hands and tilted him up for a soft kiss, merely a brush of lips, his other hand stroking gently down on the curve of Jensen's side. When he pulled back, Jensen struggled to remember what he was supposed to be saying to push Jared a little further away from him and the heart that had suddenly started beating hard and fast from under layers and layers of blackened soot.

"I don't have this big sob story, alright?" he said, even though his voice didn't sound biting, merely toneless. "I just - it's my job. Our job."

Jared shrugged as if they were both bartenders at an Irish pub, "It's just a job. And I'm allowed to be jealous."

Jensen smiled and let his head rest against Jared's solid chest. "I can live with that."

"Good. Now can you live with me taking a rain check on these dishes?" Before Jensen could answer, Jared was hoisting him up into the air like a fairy-tale princess. "Turns out Italian food induces a desire for smooches."

"Who'd have thought?" Jensen said wryly. "One of these days you are going to strain something." Jared scoffed and set him down on the couch.

"Movie?" He asked, looking hopeful.

"Yeah." The prospect of watching a film curled up with Jared was too good to turn down. He nodded, and Jared began to fish through his movie collections.

"Please tell me you have something with explosions." He begged.

"Try Kelly's Heroes." Jensen suggested, tossing cushions across onto the floor to make space for Jared's long body.

Jared put the DVD in the player and picked up a blanket - his blanket, the one he'd left Jensen with that first night he had dared walk him to the door. Jensen looked at it with a mixture of anxiety and shame but Jared didn't say a thing, merely took his place next to Jensen on the floor, tossing the blanket around them both and tucking Jensen's legs across his lap, Jensen's head resting on his shoulder.

They made it maybe through the initial credits in religious attention. Then Jared's lips pressed against Jensen's temple, his fingers gently caressing his arm under the blanket as he peppered the side of his face with light, soft kisses. "The movie," Jensen tried to point out, but next thing he knew he had one arm hooked around Jared's neck and was slowly trailing his lips across the shadow of stubble on his chin.

Jared pushed back after a good few minutes, nuzzling his cheek and nudging at him gently, turning their eyes back to the screen, his arms firm around Jensen's shoulders without drifting any lower than it was appropriate. Jensen's head was spinning and he could do little but curl his fingers around Jared's bicep and bundle up across him, totally lost in the feeling of being held and cherished.

They might have progressed further, but by the time the conversation in the film shifted to gold, Jared was out like a light, his head resting atop Jensen's, his arms curled around both Jensen and the blanket as if he was hugging close a favorite teddy. He woke up twenty minutes later, blushing and yawning hugely before kissing Jensen breathless by way of apology. "Sorry baby." He mumbled, his body warm between Jensen and the couch cushions, his eyes at half mast.

Jensen hit the mute button on the remote, and rolled over on the couch until their chests were pressed against each other. Jared absently stroked his hair, his breath warm against Jensen's forehead. "I'm awake." He promised, but the warmth and the comfort lulled him back under as quickly as he had woken.

Jensen refused to let himself sleep. He was hot, too hot really, and he couldn't feel his legs or his arm, but laying there was too perfect for him to sleep and miss a moment. Jared snored softly and mumbled to himself, his brow creased until Jensen kissed his throat and soothed him with quite words.

He could live with this alright. He could live with it as long as Jared wanted him. Which he hoped would be for a very, very long time. He usually didn't do hope, something Francy always chastised him for, but right then, wrapped up with his Jared - his *boyfriend* - and the mute movie faintly casting an ethereal sort of white light across their features, everything felt beautiful and right.

Somewhere around the second half though he must have dozed off, because when he opened his eyes again, the final credits were rolling and Jared had shifted a little, their mouths so close together he could feel his breath, soft and damp and smelling like basil, caressing his own lips like a promise. He swallowed, the close proximity sending thrills down his spine, and he caressed his neck lightly, leaning in to steal one quiet kiss from Jared.

A beautiful hazel eye cracked open then, crinkled with sleep and bits of dreams, and a full on smile broke across those lips, still pressed lightly above his own. "I totally am the worst company ever," Jared said, voice a little hoarse from sleep as he raised one automatic hand to thread through Jensen's short hair.

"But you make a good blanket." Jensen countered softly, unwilling to break the tranquillity with anything heavier than a whisper.

Jared kissed him again. "I should better be going."

For all that he said that, his arms showed no sign of wanting to let Jensen go, and with a pounding heart, Jensen looked up through his lashes. "You could stay." He offered hesitantly.

"I shouldn't." Jared replied, though he looked for all the world as if he wanted to take Jensen up on his offer.

Jensen sighed. "I'm not drunk, drugged, fucked out or emotional. You wouldn't be taking advantage of me. We'd just be two adults sharing a bed, and possibly making out in the morning."

"Making out sounds good." Jared grinned, shifting on the couch enough to sit them both up. "I could go for

a little of that right now actually."

"I thought you were sleepy?" Jensen pointed out, gasping the words between messy kisses.

"You're an excellent substitute for coffee." Jared shrugged, and for the first time since they started whatever it was that they had, his hand slipped under Jensen's sweater and pressed against warm, soft skin. Jensen felt tingles spread from where Jared was caressing his back to every corner of his body, and he made a soft, happy sound as he kissed Jared back, tongue slipping between his lips and raking across his teeth.

Jared opened his mouth and let his other hand travel up his body to tilt his head up, deepening the kiss for a moment before pulling back, peppering his throat with soft smooches. He was whispering over his skin, and for the longest time Jensen couldn't make out what he was saying. Words like beautiful, amazing, gorgeous, trailed over his skin and branded him along with Jared's soft, praising lips.

He opened his eyes, looking straight up at Jared, trying to stare his fill, from his cat-slanted hazel eyes to his shiny lips and the line of his jaw. Everything about Jared was perfect, too perfect. Like God had hand-delivered him to Jensen, with his huge hands and bottomless stomach and unhealthy obsession with candy. He brought one hand up to frame his face, then it skidded lower, resting on his neck, and he dived in again to chase the taste of basil off Jared's tongue to replace it with his own.

Jared made a soft, pleased noise and shuffled them around until Jensen sat across his lap, one leg either side of his waist.

Clutching at Jared's shoulders, Jensen ran his fingers across the smooth skin at the nape of his neck. "Hmm," He muttered, breaking kisses with quiet words. "If you're going to stay, you need to lose the shirt."

"I do huh?" Jared grinned, pulling out of Jensen's arms long enough to pull his t-shirt overhead.

Jensen nodded and sighed, his fingers settling on the hard muscles laid out before him. "One t-shirt for one night's room and board."

"Bargain." Jared wound his arms around Jensen's waist, hooking his hands on the curve of his hips, and made his way towards the bedroom, Jensen wrapped around him like a koala.

As soon as they were settled on the bed, Jensen grabbed Sir Hugsalot and placed him out of sight at the bottom of the bed. At Jared's raised eyebrows he said, "I am not making out in front of a teddy bear."

"Prude." Jared snorted, pulling Jensen down on top of him.

"I won't be held responsible for the traumatizing of an innocent teddy," Jensen said in indignation, which made Jared chuckle. They fell in a heap on the bed amidst the giggles, Jared's lips warm and soft and everywhere, and when Jensen yawned right in Jared's face and flushed a beet red, Jared merely giggled again and tucked him in right next to his side.

"You should sleep." He said softly, kissing the soft spot behind Jensen's ear, and Jensen melted. "We have a rough day ahead tomorrow."

"You mean, I have a rough day ahead," Jensen said with an adorable little scowl. Jared huffed and tickled his side, laughing out loud when Jensen kicked at him in retaliation.

"You think that coming over and over is hard?" Jared retorted. "Good to know, I'll make sure you won't come till I do then."

"Empty threat," Jensen grinned smugly up at him. "You know you can't resist me."

Jared pretended to think about it for long moments, then sighed and shook his head. "You're right. I really can't."

Jensen's felt the timid, hopeful bubble swell until it engulfed the both of them, warmer and thicker than

the comforter Jared threw across their shoulders. A few kisses were dropped across his hair, Jared's hand running smooth and lulling above his forearm. He kissed the hollow of Jared's throat and let his eyes fall closed, chest so tight he was sure he'd burst. "Sleep well." Jared whispered, his lips warm against Jensen's skin.

And he did.

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Act 5: Three's a crowd

Rating: NC-17 (please read notes)

Summary: Jared is jealous, Jensen has a secret. When Jeff is thrown in the mix, angst must ensue.

Warnings: Bondage, threesomes, h/c, dub-con, violence.

Notes: Despite being lower on the kink-o-meter than some of the previous parts, this part is very much darker and decidedly more intense than any other installment. Hey, you folks asked for more plot. Next time remember who it is you are asking. As [titheniel](#) said, we are not harlequin material!

Extra warning: (Spoilers! Zoom in several times to read.) Jeff is NOT a nice guy in this. Sorry, sweetie, but we needed a bad guy! *snuggles him*

I: Okay, so you both cover a wide range of kinks, but do you ever work with other people?

JP: Like do Jensen and I work apart?

JA: (snorts) Like caveman here would be up for that.

I: I mean do you ever do bring in someone else to add a little spice?

JA: He means threesomes.

JP: Yes, thank you, I got that.

JA: We tend to avoid them.

I: So you have never?

JA: (hesitates) well- actually, um - we... once..

JP: Never again. Ever.

"You could at least try and pretend that you are a professional, Jay. It is just another scene. It won't kill you." Jensen was skirting the edge of exasperation as he tugged on the jeans he would be wearing during filming, a large tub of lube resting on the side of the counter. It wasn't that he didn't trust Jared to show an edge of care when fucking him, but sometimes, hell, most times, shooting called for him to be fucked senseless. There was rarely room for manners, let alone prep.

Jared glared as he pulled a thin black sweater on over his head. "I'm just saying, I don't like him that is all."

"Jeff has a great reputation and a huge fanbase." Jensen pointed out, trying to remain the voice of reason whilst Jared pouted and spat feathers. "He'll do wonders for sales. Besides, you *know* the fans have been calling for a threesome for months now."

"I know." Jared frowned, trying not to sound too petulant and failing. "But why *this* scene?"

Jensen pinched the bridge of his nose. Mental age, six. Or six and half, at the absolute most. "Because," he said, his voice shaking with barely suppressed frustration, "You know how hot bondage looks on camera. And as I recall, *you* like it too - don't you try denying that."

Jared pulled a belt through the loops and fastened it almost brutally. "Because I know what *you* like as

well." he hissed through gritted teeth "This guy knows *nothing* and - I don't like the way he's playing the field like we're newbies or something."

"Jared." Jensen groaned and stood up. "Can we drop this already?"

"So you're telling me the idea of being fucked by someone else is totally cool with you?"

Jensen turned away before grabbed the car keys. "Absolutely."

Jared said nothing. If he was stung by Jensen's shrug off, he didn't let it on. "Let's get rolling then."

~ * & * ~

There was snow on Jensen's jacket as he stumbled across the threshold of the cabin, his arms wrapped around Jeff's shoulders as he was kissed breathless. Warm, rough hands slid under his shirt, mapping the smooth planes of his skin as he gasped and clutched at Jeff's broad shoulders. "Hmm," He grinned in a daze, "This was a good idea. You, me and the mountain. Nobody for miles."

Jeff's voice was a rough growl in Jensen's ear, and hands work Jensen out of his damp jacket before settling on his hips. "Got sick and tired of you having to run out all the time." He whispered, backing Jensen up against the wall. "Not now, baby, you ain't going anywhere."

Jensen's shirt hit the wall as he tugged it overhead, fingers winding in Jeff's short hair as he dragged him back for another searing kiss. "This is nice. Thank you."

"Don't thank me yet, baby." Jeff ran his stubbly chin across the smooth curve of Jensen's throat, grinning as the prickling sensation drove Jensen wild.

Jensen groaned and thrust his hips up against him. "You booked a cabin, we've got the weekend off and we're on our own... of course I should thank you."

Jeff bit into Jensen's neck, teeth playing with the skin lightly. "Not exactly on our own."

Confused, Jensen pulled back, head cocked to one side. "What do you mean?"

Jeff smirked at him, letting his fingers trail down Jensen's naked torso, stopping over his belt buckle. "I invited over a friend," He smirked, cupping the back of Jensen's head and drawing him in for a kiss. "You don't mind, do you?" he groaned, licking his way into Jensen's mouth.

Jensen tried to push back a little to glare at him. Seriously, what the fuck? "I thought it was supposed to be a getaway," he muttered, but Jeff's hands were hot over his skin as he kept him flushed tight over his chest.

"Oh, I'm sure you won't mind once you've seen him."

Jensen twitched in his arms, pouting a little. Jeff grinned, taking his chin with his fingers and guiding his mouth up again to be ravished by his tongue, his daft fingers making short work of his button fly and pushing his jeans down his thighs.

"Mh," Jensen moaned, fisting his hands in Jeff's shirt and rubbing up against him. "You're a naughty boy, Jeff," he purred in his ear.

"But he has very good taste." Jensen tensed as a body loomed out from the shadows. "You're right. This one is prettier than the last."

"Be nice, Jared." Jeff growled, his body pressing Jensen up against the wooden wall, solid and tense as Jensen tried to wriggle free.

"Jeff?"

"Skittish little rabbit, isn't he?" Jared was taller than Jensen, taller than Jeff even, and his looming body blocked out the thin light from the fire. He reached over Jeff's shoulder and ran his thumb over Jensen's lip, chuckling when Jensen snapped his teeth and growled.

"Easy baby." Jeff soothed, small, delicate kisses pressed against Jensen's face and throat. "That's it, easy now." Jeff didn't stop stroking him, warm hands smoothing over Jensen's arms and chest as if he were the scared animal Jared accused him of being. "Just relax, okay?"

"Yeah baby, relax," Jared purred, sneaking closer and running his fingers through Jensen's hair. Jensen glared at him and jerked his head backwards. "Or you won't have any fun."

Jeff smirked at him, then caught Jensen's lower lip between his teeth, suckling lightly. Jensen's pants fell to the floor in a puddle around his ankles, and he shivered as the sudden cool air hit his skin. Jeff tized and grasped his still half-hard cock, stroking it with quick, rough jerks. "I'm sure you want this," he whispered dirtily in his ear, as Jared stepped in and slid between Jensen's now naked body and the wall, his hands running up his sides. "See, there you go," he grinned smugly, Jensen's cock swelling slowly in his hand as Jared mouthed down his neck and the juncture of his shoulder.

Jensen's back was taut as a bowstring, his arms rigid along his sides. Jared slid his hands over his wrists and pulled his arms backwards around his neck, running his fingers down his forearms and making him jerk when his hands brushed over his ticklish side. "Someone told me," Jared whispered in his ear, "That you're a size whore..."

Jensen jerked again and pushed his hips up in the tight, dry fist around his dick. Jared's clothes brushed on his back and legs and the friction made him feel even more vulnerable than he really was. "Is it true? You like getting fucked by big men with big cocks?"

Jeff chuckled at the stricken look on Jensen's face. "Aw, don't look at me like that baby. Me and Jared don't have no secrets between us." He tugged on Jensen's cock and watched him squirm in Jared's grasp. "Besides, you know it's true. There ain't nothing you like more than my big cock stretching that tight little hole of yours. Well now baby, you got two big cocks here and a whole weekend for them to fuck you."

"I-Jeff, wait-" Jensen gasped, snapping his hips forward into Jeff's fist. Jared bit down lightly on the sensitive skin of his throat, and Jensen came with a moan over Jeff's hand. The low rumble of Jeff's laughter was dark against Jensen's skin, and Jared's fingers continued to send shivers running down his spine.

"He's not very disciplined, is he?" Jared purred dangerously in Jensen's ear, taking more of his weight as he knees sagged. "Coming without permission, naughty little slut."

Jensen tensed and glared. "Who the fuck do you think you are?" He snapped, tugging his wrists from Jared's grasp and rounding on him with a growl.

"Feisty, huh?" Jared grinned, totally unfazed by Jensen's sharp outburst. He gripped his hands and held them up high above their heads. "I like feisty," he whispered, tightening his hands over his fingers. Jensen growled, but Jeff held him back against his own chest, fingertips going to play with his nipples and making Jensen falter in his grip, a soft mewl tearing free from his lips.

"Play nice with our guest, Jen," Jeff whispered huskily in his ear, one leg going between Jensen's and knocking them apart, his balance growing more precarious. Jensen struggled to remain upright, fingers twitching in Jared's grip, and the man smiled wickedly, walking in his personal space, his denim-covered crotch rubbing roughly over Jensen's oversensitive dick.

"You heard what your sugar daddy said," Jared crooned, his eyes slanted and dangerous. "Play nice."

Jensen glared at him through heavy-lidded eyes. Who the fuck did he think he was, really? He fought against the urge to close his eyes, the hard denim scraping against his balls and dick, which was filling up rapidly with every quick roll of Jared's hips. Jeff stepped in closer then, his own erection pressing between the cheeks of his ass, the metal of the zipper marking into his tender skin, making him moan and

press back.

Jeff's arms slid up, hooking beneath Jensen's elbows and jerking his arms down to his side as Jared stepped back and admired the view. "That's better," Jeff crooned in Jensen's ear, his arms trapped uselessly at his sides, ass pressed up against the hard ridge of Jeff's dick. The soft whisper of breath sent shivers down Jensen's spine, Jared's fingers warm and rough as the brushed over his cheek.

"I think it's time I got a little taste, don't you?" Jared stepped in close, crowding Jensen's space until he was pinned between two hard bodies, a butterfly mounted on a collector's board. Hot, soft lips sealed over his, Jared's tongue demanding entrance to his mouth and sliding against Jensen's own until the world started to blur at the edges and Jensen was whimpering against the demanding embrace.

"Tastes good, don't he?" Jeff purred wickedly, stubbly chin scrapping Jensen's throat.

"Just like honey, all sweet and smooth." Jared replied, stroking his thumb over Jensen's lips and leaning in closer. "But you're not sweet, are you baby?" he whispered darkly. "You're a naughty little slut with only one purpose in life."

Jensen's eyes narrowed angrily, his head jerking back from Jared's touch. He felt like he was on a damned Merry-go-round. One minute he was being kissed as if he was the most precious thing on earth, the next he was being called a whore. It made his head spin.

Jared smiled, a smile that was more predatory than anything else, and reached down to grasp at Jensen's cock, his fist tightening immediately around the base, a wicked twist of his wrist that made Jensen moan almost on reflex. Jeff chuckled, his hands sliding down against Jensen's thighs to pull them back over his legs, spreading them inch by inch, his jeans-clad erection pressing deeper between Jensen's tender ass cheeks.

Jeff grinned, the corners of his mouth pulling up against the skin on Jensen's neck. "And he's really good at it, too," He whispered, making Jared snort with laughter.

"Mouth like this, it's the least I can expect," Jared murmured, smirking as Jensen squirmed between their holds, trying to pull back. "Still have to test his ass..."

Jensen flushed and glared at him, trying to wriggle his arms out of Jeff grasp to punch that asshole squarely on his nose. "I'm not a pet lab," he snarled, his thighs burning as they were forced unnaturally apart above Jeff's legs, his toes barely brushing the ground.

"Course you aren't baby!" Jared grinned, gripping Jensen's thighs with his huge hands and hoisting him clean off the ground. "You don't think I'd wanna do this with you if you were, do you?"

Jeff's arms tightened, taking more of Jensen's weight as they held him between them, his squirming nothing more than an annoyance. "Goddamnit, put me down!" Jensen yelled, his kicking legs trapped either side of Jared's muscular torso.

"You're not exactly making this easy, darlin'." Jared grinned, his palm creeping along Jensen's thigh until it brushed teasingly against his ass.

"Oh gee, I'm so fucking sorry."

"You know," Jeff murmured, the muscles of his arms flexing around Jensen's chest, solid, unrelenting strength holding him firm. "Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit."

"Fitting," Jared mused, "given that he's on the bottom of this little dog pile."

"Fuck you," Jensen spat, wriggling some more. Jared laughed and took his ankles in his hands, pulling them up and hoisting his legs above his shoulder with an ease that shouldn't have made Jensen's cock twitch in earnest as it did.

"You wish," Jared murmured, his jeans-clad dick rubbing up against Jensen's sac, the rough material

sending spikes of pain and pleasure down his spine. Jeff moved back until he was laying back on the rug in front of the fireplace, Jensen's back pressed against his chest, Jared kneeling between his legs and with Jensen's legs hooked above his shoulders. "You're more flexible than I thought," he whispered with a twisted little smile, forcing Jensen's legs down across his chest.

Jensen growled and tried to struggle out of Jeff's arms with little to no avail. "Why, playing hard to get?" He whispered in his ear, trailing one hand up to rub his palm over his chest, catching his nipple between thumb and forefinger. "You don't want to end up punished, do you?"

Jensen scoffed, his eyes narrowing as he continued to struggle against Jared's weight. "What, you'll spank me?" he mocked.

Jared cocked his head, clearly weighting up the possibility, before grinning wolfishly. "I was thinking more along the lines of hauling your pretty ass out into the snow when we fuck you. Think how hot you'd be around my dick when you're shivering against the ice. Of course, only good pups get to sleep in front of the fire. Naughty little sluts like you have to make do with the porch."

The thought of being kicked out, ass naked into the snow was almost as worrying as whatever plans his boyfriend's friend had brewing behind his dark, cat like eyes. "Damnit Jeff." He fell back against Jeff's chest, panting, and no closer to being free. "Where did you find this fucker?"

Jeff's rough stubble scrapped gently across Jensen's cheek. "Easy, baby. Jared specialises in things like this?"

"Things like what?!"

"Like putting mouthy little subs like you in their place." Jared smirked.

Jensen mirrored the look on his own face. "And I'm the whore?"

Jared's eye narrowed and he twisted his hands against Jensen's ankles, spreading them further apart and letting them fall to the ground. He pinned them over the rug, one to each side of Jeff's knees. "Given how readily you jumped to the chance of fuckin' someone else but your boyfriend," Jared hissed in his ear, a hint of venom underlying his voice, "I'd say yes, darling. You are the whore."

Jensen flinched as if he'd been slapped. He craned his neck to try and catch Jared's eyes, but he'd already stepped back in front of him, a dark, dangerous look on his face. "Good boy," Jeff crooned from the other side of his head, and Jensen shuddered, twisting his arms roughly in an attempt to get free and force Jared to look at him. "Now stay put, don't make me break out the toys."

Jared's fingers rubbed against the balls of Jensen's feet, smirking at him. "Maybe we should."

"Maybe you should." Jensen agreed waspishly. "That'll obviously make you feel better about yourself."

Jensen winced as Jeff's teeth scraped across his throat, and Jared's hands gripped his ankle hard enough to bruise.

"Fine." Jared snarled, leaning in low to bite down on Jensen's lip. Looking to Jeff, he smirked. "I know you said he was a stubborn little thing, but really, I think this is gonna take some work."

"Fine by me." Jeff kissed Jensen's jaw gently. "You want to please me, don't you baby?"

Jensen shivered, cornered by Jeff's whispered words and the blazing heat of Jared's eyes on him.

"Here's your chance, darling." Jared drawled, dragging out the loving nickname until nothing was left but mockery and that dangerous smirk. "Prove you can be good. Prove you love your boyfriend more than anything. Prove you're his." He jerked his head to the spot on the rug besides them. "Get down on your knees, hands behind your back."

Jensen's heart thundered in his chest, shivers running down his spine as he tried to remember how he was

supposed to breathe. Jared wasn't even looking at him, his jeans open just enough so that his cock was peeping above the waistband, sitting down on the low armchair with his legs spread open, an undecipherable smirk playing on his lips.

Jensen didn't even notice when Jeff released his arms. He swallowed, testing his limbs gingerly before crawling on all fours where Jared was waiting. "That's better," Jeff's voice sounded amused and praising both behind him. Jensen felt his neck and face heat up as he tentatively put his hands behind his back, looking up at Jared through lowered eyelashes. Look at me, he thought silently. Please.

"Take it out," Jared whispered, head set against the back of the armchair.

Jensen began to reach up, jumping in surprise when Jeff's warm hands closed around his wrists, keeping them fastened behind his back. "Improvise, baby. Put that pretty mouth of yours to good use."

Jensen closed his eyes and took a slow, steadying breath. Jared smirked at Jeff over his shoulder, still not sparing Jensen more than a cursory glance. He shuffled forwards on his knees, the hardwood floor rough against his skin. No carpet burns in his future, but he might be picking splinters out of his ass for the next week. Jared continued to sprawl across the chair, not even so much as twitching when Jensen slid into place between his knees, wrists still caught in Jeff's hands, and awkwardly attempted to unfasten the rest of Jared's jeans. The top button was popped, but instead of wearing a zipper like a sane human being, Jared's jeans were fastened with three further silver studs.

"There's a good boy." Jeff encouraged, his smile heavy in his words as he watched his boyfriend put his face in another man's lap.

Jensen was barely struggling with the second button, the denim around his mouth damp with aborted attempts to follow instructions, when Jared tightened his hand in the back of his hair. "Tie his wrists." He instructed, speaking to Jeff.

Jensen struggled to swallow down the apprehension that grew whilst Jeff shuffle across the room. This wasn't going the way he had intended it. He tried to look up at Jared, desperate for some contact, but the hand in his hair held him still almost cruelly. His breath grew ragged as Jeff walked back, the dull clinking of metal ringing loudly in his ears. He tried not to twist away as Jeff fastened the handcuffs around his wrists, trying not to let his fear show.

"Go on," Jeff murmured in his ear, running his hands up his bound arms and down against his chest, tweaking the soft brown nubs. Jensen swallowed, opening his mouth to work on the buttons again, Jared's cock hot and hard behind the denim, his hand unforgiving against his head. He closed his eyes. Going through the motions. He could do that.

Jensen used his teeth and tongue, panting hard as he worked the studs out of their loops one by one, Jared's fingers flexing rhythmically against his skull. When he was done, he was rewarded with a brush of fingers over his lips, and he lifted his eyes fearfully to try and catch Jared's. "Good boy," Jared whispered, his eyes dark and hued. Jensen's cheeks flushed with the unexpected praise, and he licked his lips, waiting obediently for orders. "I guess there is hope for you yet."

Jensen said nothing, his cheek resting against the warm denim of Jared's thigh. The cuffs hung around his wrists, cold against his skin as if they had been left outside for hours. He shivered, the cold going right to the bone, and was taken by surprise when Jared's hand firmly grasped his jaw, forcing his head back at an angle. "Open wide." Jared ordered, nodding his head to Jeff. He expected to have his mouth stretched by Jared's thick cock, and jerked violently when Jeff slipped a large metal ring behind his teeth. Jared chuckled darkly, his fingers tight against Jensen's jaw as Jeff fastened the leather straps behind his skull.

"Mmph!" The stretch pulled Jensen's jaw tight, the leather wrapped metal solid and unyielding in his mouth. He whimpered and thrashed as Jared leaned in and nipped his bottom lip, completely helpless now between two solid bodies.

"Take away that pretty mouth of yours and there's nothing left but a couple of holes to fuck." Jared smiled mockingly, his thumb gently stroking Jensen's cheek.

"We'll certainly get more peace." Jeff pointed out, pressing a kiss to Jensen's forehead.

"Hmm." Jared nodded settling back into the chair. "Go on then. Show me how you take him." Jeff chuckled and pulled Jensen around, taking him away from Jared's lap.

Jensen whimpered, the sound strangled and thin above the cackling of the fire. "You heard Jared, honey," Jeff whispered, pinching Jensen's nipples and pushing him down on the carpet as he did so. Jensen shuddered, the nickname cutting through all his layers with a surgeon's precision and shaking him out of his skin. "Show him how good you are. Don't make me look bad."

Jensen wanted to say something, anything. He wanted to stop, he wanted to ask for a break or simply be able to crawl back over Jared's lap and never get off. He was shaking and he knew that in instants they'll be noticing he wasn't even hard anymore. It wasn't how it was supposed to work. Jeff's hand closed around his chin, the other one stroking his cock lazily as he presented it in Jensen's face. "You look almost submissive like this," he whispered, stroking the strap that cut through Jensen's cheek. "Maybe you have some use after all."

Jensen shuddered, blinking rapidly through hateful tears as Jeff cock worked past the gag in his mouth and slid down his throat. He squeezed his eyes shut. There wasn't much he could do beside lay there and take it, his mouth stretched wide and his wrists bound helplessly behind his back.

He startled and moaned in surprise when he felt something warm and hot trail over his hip and down to his cock. He didn't need to look to know it was Jared's mouth, Jared's tongue tracing over his shaft, his lips closing around the tip, a new wave of heat pooling down in his belly.

The soft, gentle touch to his thigh was out of place amongst the harsh grips and near brutal thrusts into his mouth. Knuckles clenched tight, he tried to focus on the soft, almost apologetic brush of Jared's mouth over his dick. Jared's hand began to inch down towards his ass, and Jeff thrust into his mouth so hard that he choked.

All he could see was the expanse of Jeff's chest, his mouth held wide, stuffed full and impotent. He gagged, tears coming to sting his eyes as he reeled his head backwards, memories flooding as hands tightened in his hair. *Be over soon. Be over soon.* He wanted to concentrate on Jared's mouth, hot and wet around the tip of his cock, his hands caressing gently and unhurried over the curve of his ass, but it only added to the confusion in his mind. He whimpered, and Jeff groaned above him, his cock dragging against the sore muscles of his throat without pause.

"Good, feels so good honey. Take every inch, that's a good slut."

Jensen whimpered again, twisting helplessly under the assault. *Soon*, he thought dazedly. *Be over soon.*

The dazed blur of disjointed thoughts and memories swirling through Jensen's mind crashed against the overwhelming urge to breathe. He couldn't focus, couldn't think straight. All that mattered was trying to stay afloat amongst the vast ocean of panic he found himself in. Every self imposed restriction, every strict rule he put in place for his own safety fell away from his grasp like leaves in the wind as Jeff's cock continued to pound ruthlessly into his mouth. He tried to remember the last time he had felt so out of control, and the process just pushed him further into the void.

The world narrowed down to Jared, the feel of him warm against him and the hand creeping slowly across his ass, and to Jeff, who fucked him hard, hands in his hair dragging him deeper into each violent thrust.

He felt the brush of fingers against his palm, the touch so unexpected amidst the white haze in his mind that for the longest time he couldn't associate it with either the dick in his mouth or Jared's body against his.

Jeff thrust in hard and the world whitened before his eyes.

Then as quickly as it fell away, everything snapped back into bright, painful clarity. He gagged and choked as the dick in his mouth made a none too gentle withdrawal.

"You sonovabitch-"

"What the -"

WHAM!

"CUT!"

"You fuckin' bastard, don' you ever think past your dick?" Jared was screeching like a harpy, terrifying the PAs in their spot outside the circle, his hand fisted in the collar of Jeff's shirt as he hit him again, squarely on his jaw.

"Are you fuckin' *high*?" Jeff spluttered, trying to hold his balance as Jared dragged him bodily off and slammed him against the opposite armchair.

Dazed, Jensen blinked upwards, the wood of the ceiling coming into sharper focus, as did the lights of the set around him. His throat burned, his eyes burned, his wrists, his jaw. Suddenly there were cautious, tender fingers cradling his head, a blurred shape obscuring the lights as the straps were loosened, and the metal gag was pried out of his mouth. The cuffs went next, his arms guided back over his torso, bundled up with care. He coughed and spluttered, his mouth tasting rancid with bile and spit. "I gotcha," Jared's voice whispered in his ear, strong arms pulling him up against a solid chest. "I gotcha baby. Shhh. It's alright. Don't cry. I gotcha."

Gentle, hesitant hands wiped his cheeks and Jensen blinked owlishly up in Jared's worried face, his fingers massaging circulation back in his jaw. There was no hatred in his eyes, and the anger there he knew instinctively as not aimed at him. The promise of warmth and safety lay in Jared's arms, and Jensen didn't have the strength to resist. He turned his head and buried it against Jared's chest, not whispering a word even when Jared's fingers trembled worriedly against his waist and he begged Jensen for a response.

"Jen? Jensen?!" The words were loud in his ear as bodies swarmed around them both, worried hands descending from all sides. Jensen whimpered and clutched tighter at Jared's arm until their director barked orders into the buzzing air and Jared swept him up into the air.

He could smell blood in the air, but it wasn't until Jared set him down on his bed in the trailer and brushed his cheek worriedly that Jensen noticed his split and bruised knuckles.

"You're bleeding." He whispered, reaching up for the injured hand and bringing it closer for a better look.

Jared gently pulled his hand from Jensen's grasp. "Baby? What happened out there?"

Jensen tried to sit up and look around, more of the world making sense now he was safe within Jared's arms. "Where's Jeff?"

There was no mistaking the growl in Jared's voice when he replied, "Probably nursing a broken jaw."

The bruised knuckles made sense, but Jensen failed to make sense of the logic. "You hit him? Why?" Obviously he was missing something crucial.

"Isn't it obvious? Baby, he hurt you. God, I am so fucking sorry. This is all my fault." Jared buried his face in Jensen's hair and rocked him slightly in his arms. Jensen felt like asking who had died.

"Jay... what...?"

"I trusted you to him," Jared whispered in a venomous hiss. Jensen frowned. He felt still a little dizzy, as if he'd been underwater too long. Jared cradled him up higher against his chest and nuzzled his cheek.

"Why didn't you call it off?" He murmured in his ear. "You could've signalled me. I'd have got it. You know I would have."

"I -" Jensen hesitated, his heart constricting slightly. Why was Jared so mad? Why signalled? Why did it

hurt? His chest ached. He closed his eyes and let Jared's big, warm body engulf him. He didn't really understand what was going on, which unsettled him almost as much as the notion that Jared had actually punched somebody. His big teddy bear alpha male had broken another man's jaw. And somehow thought Jensen was hurt. Which he wasn't. Nothing was bleeding.

"My fault," Jared muttered, voice quiet.

"Jay..." Jensen tried again, and he moaned quietly, his jaw protesting against the move.

Jared pressed a finger to his bruised lips. "Shush. Don't talk yet. Let me get you something to drink." He made a move to slide out from Jensen's grasp, stilling when Jensen couldn't stifle a sob and clutched him tighter. Jensen wasn't ready to lose that warmth. Not just yet. He heard Jared's anguished moan and shook his head mutely. "Baby, what happened?" The question, though repeated, made no more sense than it had the first time around.

"I- you hit him?" That bit couldn't have been real.

"I should have fucking killed him." Jared growled. "Sonovabitch, I knew this was a bad idea."

Jensen couldn't help it. He recoiled at the harsh bark in Jared's voice, unable to differentiate anger from pain. "Aw no, baby." Jared's hands began to pet lightly at his skin, soothing him as one might have done a skittish colt. "I'm not angry with you. Though we are gonna have to sit down and talk about this. I just-" he broke off with a pained sigh.

Jensen still didn't understand. He shivered under Jared's soft caresses, and the next instant a thick woollen blanket was draped across his body. "I'm sorry - for how I behaved," Jared murmured, trying to catch Jensen's eyes and hold them. "I shouldn't've put the whole weight of this on you.. It was childish and - I think I was only jealous."

Jealous? Jensen blinked. Why couldn't he put the pieces together? Then something came floating up, as a debris brought up by high tide. Jared had asked him if he was okay with fucking someone else and - and he'd said yes. Jared was mad. "Don't be mad," Jensen pleaded, clutching feebly at Jared's chest. If Jared got mad then maybe he'd understand Jensen wasn't really worth all that trouble and then he would go, he would leave, he would leave him and Jensen couldn't have that - "Don't be mad, please -"

"I'm not mad, baby-" Jared's voice was thin and filled with pain. He was hurting him. He didn't mean to. "You didn't do anything. I'm not mad at you." He pressed his lips softly over Jensen's cheek, and for a moment Jensen allowed himself to sink into that sense of safety that Jared's lips always brought to him.

There was a loud knock on the door, and Jensen jumped right out of his skin, clinging on Jared's neck for dear life. "We're not in," Jared shouted, voice edgy. Christ, the crew should know better than to bother them after something like that.

The door opened and Jeff walked in, an icepack on his jaw and a very dark look on his face. "No shit." Jensen didn't get the chance to try and piece together the pictures that filtered through his mind before Jared was swiftly but gently pressing him down into the bedding and rising to his feet. He stood between Jensen and Jeff, six foot four inches of sheer, pissed to Hell muscle. Jensen's very own faithful bodyguard.

"Get the fuck out." Jared growled, causing Jensen to stare at him in wonder. He had never heard Jared be anything less than the perfect gentleman with cast and crew alike.

Jeff didn't appear the slightest bit intimidated by Jared's fierce stance, though Jensen couldn't for the life of him think why. Jared was strong. "Not until I get an explanation for this!" Jeff pointed at his bruised face with trembling fingers, his eyes promising a whole world of hurt to anyone who stood against him. "Real professional behaviour there junior. No wonder you are only working with whores."

Jeff hit the ground too fast for Jensen to follow the arch of Jared's fist. "You don't ever get to call him that." He spat, glaring down at Jeff as he rolled on the floor, clutching his face. "And don't you fucking call me on professionalism. You were too busy getting your rocks off to do your goddamn job right! Or did you think he was actually enjoying that?"

"It was just a goddamn gag," Jeff growled, pushing himself up again and slamming his palms against Jared's chest. Jensen made a sudden motion as if he wanted to stand, but Jared planted one foot back a few inches and stood his ground, his eyes on fire.

"You stay there baby," He called softly over his shoulder.

Jensen blinked and did as he was told, sinking back in his cushions. Jeff sneered, "How romantic."

Jared growled and grabbed hold of him again, actually lifting him off the ground and slamming his back into the door. "You think it's a fuckin' joke?" he yelled, spit flying out of his mouth, "He was so out of it he couldn't even signal. It's your fuckin' job to make sure your sub is actually *into* what you're doing. So let me break this shocking news to you, pal," Jared shook him roughly again, teeth bared. "You fail. And you can rest assured *everyone* in the business is gonna know that."

Jeff had in himself to laugh derisively at him, "Like anyone's gonna care after they know what kind of whore I was working with -"

He didn't finish the sentence this time either. Jared hit him again, preventing him from hitting the ground by the hold he had on his shirt. "You want to walk out of here on your own legs? I suggest you change register." Jared hissed, every muscle in his body tense. "He's an actor, and a damn good one too, given the fact that he could pretend to be aroused by your presence. Whereas you take this job as a nice way to beat your meat off - I daresay in this equation, *you* are the whore."

"Jay?" Jensen couldn't sit there any longer and listen to Jared make his well meaning but utterly pointless defence of Jensen's nonexistent virtue.

Jeff sneered. "That's it, sweetheart, you hide behind your guard dog."

"Do you *have* a death wish?" Jared snarled, slamming Jeff back up against the wall.

"I'm just not walking around with fucking rose tinted glasses. You think your precious, *talented* Jensen ended up where he is now because he can fake an interest in dick? There isn't a person in the whole fucking industry that hasn't had their cock in some part of him." Jared might have done real damage, his fist drawn back with enough coiled force to plant Jeff's head firmly on the other side of the building. He would have, but he stopped short, jerking in surprise as Jensen wrapped a trembling hand around his wrist, eyes cast down towards his toes.

"Don't."

Jared's hand twitched. He wanted to wipe that fuckin' sneer of that bastard's face, but he wasn't going to upset Jensen further. He shoved Jeff again, hard against the wall, his fire ablaze. "And he's still a better person and a better actor than you'll ever dream to be," he whispered cruelly, letting him slide on the floor. "And I'm gonna make sure not you, or any other of your kind of dickheads who think everything's owed to them will *ever* touch him again." He spat on the floor, putting his arm around Jensen's shoulders and guiding him gently backwards. "Now get out before I call security on your ass."

Jeff struggled up and glared for one instant, but maybe he'd had enough of what Jared could dish out. He wiped his split lip and sneered at Jensen, shaking his head. "Good job. Scoring the last of the idiots-"

Jensen flinched and Jared had just about enough. He wrenched the door open and bodily pushed him out, barely restraining to aim a kick at the small of his back. "If anyone else gets in I swear to god I'll be making you sorry." He slammed the door shut and sighed, his temples throbbing. He needed a fuckin' Advil. A ton of them.

Jensen was still standing in the middle of the room, looking utterly small with his eyes downcast and the quilt wrapped around his lean frame. Jared felt his heart break a little, and walked up to him, lifting his face up with two fingers. "Why won't you look at me now?"

Jensen shuddered and averted his eyes. "He's right."

"He's not," Jared insisted quietly. "Jen. Jen look at me. C'mon."

"I'm fine." Jensen insisted quietly, sagging a little against Jared's chest.

Jared shook his head, the violence in his eyes cooling to something Jensen couldn't recognise. "Don't lie to me." He admonished, careful to keep his voice even.

"I'm n-" Jensen started to defend himself, breaking off when he thought better of it. "It's nothing." He let Jared steer him back over to the bed and settled down into the warm sheets.

"You want to talk about it?" Jared left the offer open, but didn't push. He didn't demand to know an answer, and Jensen loved him all the more for it. When Jensen shook his head, Jared simply sighed. "Alright baby." Jensen's eyes fluttered closed at the press of soft lips against his. "You stay here and try relax for me, okay? I'm gonna go smooth things over with the crew, then we can go home. I'll take care of you, okay?"

As much as Jensen wanted to let Jared do all he whispered, Jeff's cruel words came back to him. He flushed with shame, god, what must everyone think of him?

"I should go apologise." He tried to rise but Jared pushed him back down.

"Don't you even think it." He scolded. "You have done nothing wrong, okay? The crew love you Jen. They might be worried and they might want to help me tear Jeff into small pieces, but they would never ever be angry at you for this, or think it was your fault. Understand me?"

Jensen shook his head, trying to put his feet on the ground, the blanket sliding off his shoulders and pooling around his waist. The skin of his wrists was torn and he looked bemusedly at it, wondering just how tight the cuffs were set, and if he'd tried to pull away - why couldn't he remember, dammit? He clenched his jaw, his head feeling like it was swarming underwater.

"Jensen," Jared murmured quietly, picking up the blanket again and pulling it protectively around his body. "Please. Just stay here, I'll be back in five minutes and I'll take you home. We'll stay in the tub all night, how does that sound?"

"I can't -" Jensen murmured, looking down. "I fucked up -"

Jared sighed and sat next to him, lifting him up as if he weighed nothing and settling him across his lap, legs over one side and his head resting in the crook of Jared's neck and shoulder. Jensen opened and closed his mouth a few times, remembering that yes, Jared *was* able to manhandle pretty much anyone or anything. He just had a fierce control over his own strength. "I want you to listen to me very carefully now, okay?" Jared said quietly. He didn't go on, waited until Jensen nodded shakily before smiling and kissing his forehead. "Good."

Jensen swallowed and barely resisted the urge to beg Jared to stay. He wasn't above begging, god knew he begged for far less crucial things and if Jared wanted to leave -

"Jeff is an asshole," Jared began, taking Jensen's hands in his and kissing the scratches. "He hurt you. Confused you so bad you're still out of it now that it's over. And I *will* have his hide for this, I promise," he added, his voice dropping a notch even if he was struggling to control it, "Nothing of this is your fault, okay? It has never happened before and I'll be making sure it won't ever happen again. As for what he said -" Jensen blanched, a tremor whacking his body. Jared's hands flitted immediately over his back as if he were quieting a nervous pup, "It doesn't matter to me. We'll talk when you're ready, okay? I promise I won't push."

Jensen had grown up with fairy tales of knights and princess and found it pretty ironic that he'd come across nothing but villains in the real world, but in porn he had found his very own fucking Lancelot. Jared kissed him again, his thumb brushing tears from Jensen's cheeks that he hadn't even known were there. He was gently placed back down on the bed, the heavy throw warm and comforting around him. "I'll be back in a minute, okay?" Jensen nodded, exhausted for reasons beyond his comprehension, and

drifted away into a fitful slumber.

Jared waited until his breathing had evened out before leaving the trailer. Half the crew wouldn't meet his eye, most likely still a little stunned by his sudden outburst. The other half frowned. Jared hadn't been lying to Jensen when he said the crew loved him. Everyone did, though Jared figured Jensen had barely noticed. Even the producers, though in their case love was more likely ascribed to the amount of cash Jensen generated for them.

He jogged up to Carl, one of the studio execs, and tapped his foot until the man had stopped yammering in to his cell phone.

Carl hung up, snapped it closed and rounded on Jared until he remembered there was more than seven inches between them in height. "What the hell was that, Padalecki?"

"I should be asking you that," Jared said in a voice of dead calm. "What the hell was that? Whose bright idea was to bring in a third party like Jeffrey Dean Morgan?"

Carl glared at him, "This is not any concern of yours - "

"See, I disagree," Jared interrupted him with the same cold tone. "Since my partner is shaking in our trailer, with torn skin on his wrists, I daresay it *is* my concern. And before you say anything, it'd be my concern even if it wasn't Jensen, if it was any other actor in the sub role." Carl squirmed uncomfortably, and Jared pressed ruthlessly on, "We take risks out there, and you know it. It requires a great deal of trust and professionalism to play up the scenes that you guys sell. Jensen gave his trust and he was betrayed. *I* trusted that bastard, and he hurt my partner, my *boyfriend*."

It still made his blood boil. He couldn't believe anyone would be so inconsiderate, but yet again, he knew what kinds of asshole roamed around the industry. "He didn't care," he spat, eyes narrowed, "He didn't check, he didn't even bother to clear a safe signal with Jensen beforehand."

Carl frowned. "This is kinda serious. Are you sure you know what you're saying?"

"If I didn't pull him off Jensen he would've choked him," Jared said through gritted teeth. "I had his dick in my mouth, in case you had forgotten, and he wasn't even hard. And let me assure you, that's a first. I won't tolerate something like that again, and the studio'd better know it. No one's gonna put him in that state *ever* again, you understand what I'm saying?"

For a minute Carl said nothing, and the look on his face was greatly disturbed. Then he shook his head. "Morgan was a last minute casting. Eric and I were trying to get Milo on the books for weeks but he pulled out for a shoot in fucking Hawaii." Another shake of the head. "Anyway, Simon called earlier in the week, said he could get us Jeff Morgan, and that Jensen's always wanted to do a shoot with him. I figured it was a good deal."

Simon...The name rang a bell in the back of Jared's mind. "Rosenberg?" Jensen's agent? Former agent. His current agent was a cute Italian woman who pinched his cheeks a lot and called him doll.

"Hmm." Carl nodded, his hands held up in an attempt to calm Jared's rapidly rekindling anger. "I'll look into it, okay?"

Jared grunted, but beyond that there was nothing more he could do. For all his threats to Jeff earlier in the trailer, the most damage he could really do to the man was break every bone in his worthless body. He had not been in the job long enough to have built up the rapport with the right people. That wasn't to say that Jensen couldn't have thrown a hissy fit. There wasn't a person in the industry Jensen didn't know by name or association.

Somehow though he didn't see his boyfriend making a stand like that any time soon.

With a sigh and a troubled heart, Jared walked back to their trailer and inched the door open, moving as quietly as he could as to not disturb Jensen's fragile sleep. He sat down by the bed next to him, watching his brows crease in the middle in his fitful doze, pupils darting behind closed eyelids. Jared brought one

hand down to caress his cheek, whispering sweet nonsense in his ear as he knelt on the floor to wrap his tender wrists in one of his hands. They needed bandaging, probably, but it wasn't anything too serious. Still, his heart filled with anguish thinking of Jensen struggling with the cuffs, trying to wriggle free, his mind trapped in a haze of panic so huge he couldn't even squeeze Jared's fingers back and call the scene. God, what if he hadn't checked? Why had it taken him so long to do it?

He kissed the inside of Jensen's wrists, and the soft touch was enough to rouse him. Jared smiled as warmly as he could, leaning up to press his lips over the side of Jensen's face. "You should sleep some more," Jared murmured quietly. Jensen blinked a few times, as if still trying to wind through the reality there and what had been chasing around his head.

"Jay?" Jensen whispered softly, reaching up to touch him, as if he really didn't believe Jared was there. Jared nodded, his lips dropping a kiss to his palm.

"Right here."

"Home?" Jensen blinked owlishly.

Jared nodded. "Yeah. Let's get you some clothes." Most of their things were all in the one draw. Jensen would fold them neatly, Jared would mess them up looking for socks, and the process would repeat on loop. He found a pair of Jensen's sweatpants under three folded towels, and snatched his own hooded sweatshirt off the couch, plus a pair of socks.

Jensen scowled when Jared moved to dress him, his usual stubborn streak slowly bouncing back from under the thick fog of confusion that had descended on him. "I'm not five." He said around a yawn as Jared rolled a pair of enormous thick socks over his foot.

"Are we really gonna argue about this?" Jared asked mildly. "Because I'll win." He bundled Jensen up in the clothing until he was peering out from under the big hood, expression somewhere between surly porn star and wounded puppy. "Don't pout, baby." Jared weathered the look like a professional and knew he would be in for an evening with a very bad tempered boyfriend. Jensen thought he could hide behind his scowl and that biting tongue of his, but Jared saw clearly the urge he had to just burrow into Jared's arms and never come out again. "Let's get out of here now, okay?"

Jensen sulked but nodded, standing up and instantly finding out his legs weren't all that strong, and he almost wobbled backwards right against Jared's solid chest. He whined in frustration, hating the confusion, the inadequacy and shame that was eating him up like some ravenous lynx inside his chest.

Jared's arms went around his middle and he held him close, nuzzling the side of his face. "You want me to carry you?"

"I can walk," Jensen said, his voice paper-thin. Jared nodded and pressed a kiss to the top of his head. He hadn't been wrong.

The ride back took no time at all. Jensen was glad that they had a limo, because it meant that he'd get an excuse to bundle up in the backseat, safely nested against Jared's side. If Jared saw something weird in the haste Jensen had had to scurry in closer, he didn't mention it, and some of the weight that was pressing hard and heavy over Jensen's heart magically disappeared.

That wasn't to say Jared stepped back and let Jensen be stubborn once they pulled into the underground lot of the place Jared had been letting for close to a year now. Their driver was an old guy, but he was an enduring, teasing grandfather type figure who had caught them necking in the back more times than Jared could remember. Once the blackout partition was fully rolled down, he wished them both a good night, and gave Jared a look that made it clear he expected Jensen to be taken care of.

Jared slid from the backseat and bundled Jensen up into his arms. They took the elevator to the top floor and Jensen was, for all his grumbling, half asleep again by the time Jared was stubbing his toes trying to get them both through the door.

"Bath." He mumbled, his face twisting into a scowl. He could still feel Jeff on his skin. He wanted to scrub

his skin off.

"Alright." Jared carried him to the bathroom and set Jensen down on the white chaise. The tub was an antique and the taps groaned loudly when the pressure wasn't just right. Jensen called it a monstrosity, but Jared had caught him dozing off amidst the bubbles more than once. It had a high back and wide sides, big enough for the both of them, but that wasn't Jared's intent, not yet. He filled it full, switching bubbles for a chamomile based powder that would soothe Jensen's bruises. When the water was milky white and the perfect temperature, Jared killed the flow of water and wrenched his shirt over his head. He'd not changed from the shoot and the clothes felt dirty.

Jensen watched him warily, his eyes half mast as he tried to weigh Jared's actions. Usually Jared was forever talking after a shoot, and the silence unsettled Jensen more than he cared to admit. He shivered even through the thick layers of sweaters and pants and pulled his knees up to his chest, only his green eyes peeping out.

Jared caught him staring and his scowl immediately melted into a smile. "It's alright," he whispered, kneeling down on the floor to take Jensen's face between his hands. He pressed their lips together, holding Jensen's gaze. "Don't be scared. No one's gonna hurt you here."

Jensen nodded, finding himself looking into Jared's beautiful hazel eyes, a sick feeling twisting his guts. What did he ever do to deserve him?

Jared proceeded to peel off his jeans and undressed Jensen like a child, nothing but soft caresses whispered over his skin, the touch not even remotely sensual. Once he was naked he carefully eased him down in the warm water, his hands caressing Jensen's damaged wrists tenderly. "We'll get some liniment for those later," he said in a quiet tone. Jensen swallowed and looked away, bits and flashes of the shoot running in circles around his mind.

Jared leaned over the back of the tub, his cheek resting momentarily against the top of Jensen's head before he rose to fetch a glass jug from the shelf. The water was cool enough to scoop up and pour over Jensen's head, Jared's hand forming a barrier at his hairline to keep the water from stinging his eyes.

"You want to go to the movies this weekend?" He asked, grasping at conversational threads in the wake of the bone crushing silence that had descended on them. Jensen opened his eyes and frowned. "They're showing *Singing in the Rain* at the Plaza." Jared clarified. Once he had finished with the jug he fetched Jensen's shampoo from the shower, something that claimed to smell of oceans and sunshine but was really nothing but an overpriced bottle full of the same stuff he could have bought at a Dollar Store.

He had learned pretty early on that Jensen loved old Hollywood even more than Jared loved candy. "I'll front for the popcorn."

"Yeah." Jensen said quietly, more, he thought, from a desire to keep Jared happy than anything else. "Okay."

"Awesome." He worked a handful of the shampoo suds into Jensen's wet hair, his fingers soothingly working the pressure points.

Jensen couldn't help the soft sigh that flew from his lips, his eyes fluttering shut as he allowed Jared to wash his hair, hoping that the soft massage could pry some of the chasing thoughts away. He tried to work his voice past the huge lump squeezing his throat, but found that words eluded him. He wanted to make Jared understand, wanted to explain how fuckin' unworthy he was feeling right then, how much of a selfish asshole he was for allowing himself to lay in the quiet haven Jared's arms offered without giving anything in return, and he wanted to tell him he was sorry, he was so very sorry.

Jared's lips pressed against Jensen's cheekbone, fingertips dragging gently over his temples. "Don't say sorry," he whispered, and Jensen knew he'd been mumbling the last bit out loud. "You have nothing to be sorry for."

Jensen bit his lip and craned his neck back to look into Jared's loving, honest eyes. Selfish maybe, but he didn't want to give him up, he couldn't. He lifted one arm until he could hook it behind Jared's neck and

pulled him down, mouth seeking mouth, lips meeting awkwardly upside down, tasting of warm water and stingy soap.

Jared let his hands travel low, disappearing under the surface of the water until they rested above Jensen's thumping heart, his bangs dampening with steam.

When they broke apart, Jared's eyes were soft and gentle, but the strength in his huge hands pressed steadily against Jensen's chest. He raised his head to kiss Jensen's temple. "You remember when we first started shooting? And I told you I'd take care of you?"

Jensen couldn't help the small smile that crossed his lips. "You were a freak." He said.

Jared chuckled and nodded his head. "Yeah, okay. But I meant what I said. I'm here until Brad Pitt dumps that skinny Angelina and comes to sweep you off your feet." He paused and frowned, "of course I might have to kill him..." Somewhere under his ramblings was a romantic declaration. "What I am saying is that until you decide otherwise, you're mine, baby, and I will always take care of you."

Jensen's chin wobbled a little, and he had to chew on his lower lip roughly to keep everything in. "I don't even like blondes anyway," Jensen whispered, voice thick and rough as he covered Jared's hands with his own under the water. Jared gave him a grin and a wink, kissing the corner of his mouth sloppily.

"Lucky me."

"No," Jensen shook his head, his fingers curling around Jared's above his heart. "Lucky me."

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Act 6: *A VERY Thorough Check-Up*

Rating: *coughs* 21 and over?

Warnings: Porn. Crack. Porn. More Porn. Jensen's mouth. Jared's hands. Porn. And every doctor cliché in the frickin library.

Further warnings: Porn. [titheniel](#) is a dorthy, dorthy girl.

Summary: Two porn stars on set. Need I say more?

I: So, you guys are partners outside of work. Do you find yourself falling into the same roles?

JP: Um, no. Jensen's a control freak.

JA: And Jared cries at Oprah.

I: How long have you been working together?

JA: What, about five years now?

JP: Six.

JA: Yeah, six years.

*JP: *glares**

JA: I'm not good with dates.

*I: *clears throat* Working together and living together after work, that must be hard.*

JP: Nah, not really. On screen and off screen we are totally different guys.

JA: I thought it might be an issue, but most of the time we are too exhausted after a shoot to do much more than stumble home, grab a bite to eat, and pass out on the sofa after watching the game.

I: So how do you work out what is going to be in a scene? Jensen, do you know roughly what is going to happen, or does Jared just surprise you?

JA: Well, that kinda depends. On the mood, mostly.

JP: Sometimes we talk about what we're going to do. We bounce ideas around and see what works. I like to have a pretty clear picture in my head about what is going to play out, but mostly we get a better shoot if Jensen's in the dark.

*JA: *shrugs* He's a sadist, what can you do?*

Jensen's breath was short and ragged, the plastic cushions of the examining table sticking to his sweaty chest.

"Spread your legs a little more," Jared's calm, professional voice sounded from somewhere above him. He obeyed, hitching his knees a little higher up, feeling his cheeks part further for Jared's inspection. His cool fingertips followed the crease of his ass, probing just hard enough to have all the blood rush from his head down to his cock, currently trapped between his stomach and the table, and feeling very neglected. He

moaned, his fists clenching against the sides of the cushions.

"How long since your last check-up?" The doctor asked, his fingers settling against the small of Jensen's back. The sudden touch startled a surprised jerk out of Jensen. He shuddered, waiting for those hands to move, but they remained perfectly still. When he didn't answer, Jared swatted him hard on the ass. "I asked you a question."

Jensen swallowed and screwed his eyes shut as his cock throbbed in response. "Six months."

The doctor tzk'ed in response, and smacked his other ass cheek, the sting sending a spark of pleasure to Jensen's cock. "That's too long."

Jensen bit into his lip to keep another moan from spilling forth. "I know, sir."

"You know staff in this hospital are supposed to be carefully monitored," the doctor went on with a perfectly cool voice. SMACK! His large palm slapped Jensen's ass again, "Nurses are no exception," SMACK! "Do I make myself clear?"

Jensen moaned aloud, his hips rutting shamelessly against the cushions with every blow to his backside.

"Yes," he breathed out, waiting on tenterhooks for Jared's next move.

"Well," Doctor Padalecki asked, the cool surface of his gloves drawing shivers as fingers traced across the rapidly reddening skin of his ass. "How do you intend to rectify your shortcomings?" Two more rapid swats to his ass left him whimpering and squirming under the doctor's hands, unable to process the question, let alone think of a suitable response.

"I should really write you up for this." The doctor pointed out. "A nurse who doesn't know his place is of no use to this hospital." His thumb brushed briefly over the entrance to Jensen's ass. Jensen gasped and Jared chuckled. "Do you really mean to tell me that there has been nothing up this ass for six months?"

"Y-yes," Jensen breathed out. Another painful swat, another moan. "Yes, sir," he corrected himself, sweat breaking down his brow. His ass felt like it was on fire, the doctor's thumb running in circles above his hole, making him squirm and rut his hips against the examination table again.

"Stay still," Doctor Padalecki hand took up the whole of his ass cheek, his fingers squeezing into the reddening flesh. "Am I supposed to believe it?"

"I swear, oh god, I swear." Jensen choked, his forehead pressed against the slick plastic surface of the cushions. "I've been good," he promised.

The doctor's hands reached between his legs to wrap around Jensen's cock. "If you had been good," Jared said calmly, the treat of his hand on Jensen's cock making the sudden smack to his ass twice as unexpected, "you'd have followed protocol and seen to it that your pretty red ass had its weekly inspection."

Jensen writhed and thrust forward in the loose fit around his leaking dick. The sudden move earned him another swat, and he let out a keening sound, digging his fingers hard against the plastic cushioning. "You're too insubordinate, Nurse Ackles. It's high time someone teaches you how to behave in this demanding environment."

"What did you have in mind, sir?" Jensen asked, not certain where his sudden streak of cheek originated from, but cringing as soon as the words left his mouth. Doctor Padalecki circled the exam table and his hand came down hard on the back of Jensen's head. The same strong fingers that had painted his ass red curled tightly in Jensen's hair and pressed his cheek down into the cushion.

When the doctor spoke, it was with the same calm and level tone that he used since Jensen had entered the exam room. "For a nurse you have an inappropriately smart mouth."

Jensen bit through his lip, eyes squeezed shut. "No one ever complained 'bout my mouth, sir," he panted,

letting out another whimper when the doctor's spare hand reached behind to smack him again.

"No?" Doctor Padalecki asked. "And why is that? Do you have an exceptionally talented mouth, Nurse Ackles?" The fingers in Jensen's hair tightened once more, jerking his head back painfully. The doctor traced his thumb around the line of Jensen's lips before slipping it inside. "It's certainly a very pretty mouth, but there are lots of pretty mouths here, and I'm not all that convinced yours is anything special."

Jensen's tongue flicked eagerly around the doctor's pad, looking up at him through long, long lashes. His pink lips closed around his thumb and he scraped his teeth along the underside, just lightly, sucking hard on the digit.

Looking down on him, the doctor's eyes were dark. Jensen doubled his efforts, moaning low in his throat, his lips spit-shiny and swollen by the time Jared pulled his thumb free. He braced his hands against the table to alleviate the pressure on his neck, and eagerly leaned forwards.

Doctor Padalecki chuckled darkly. "Go on then. Show me how good that pretty mouth of yours is. Don't think I am done with your ass, though." Jensen nodded, his lips parted wide as the doctor's cock slid along his tongue.

Jensen rested on his elbows, working as much as he could of the doctor's cock into his mouth, precome exploding over his taste buds. He wished he'd feel stable enough to use one of his hands for where his mouth couldn't reach, but decided against it. He compensated by redoubling his efforts, spit-slick lips dragging up over the thick shaft, circling the head, then down again, tongue pressing flat over the throbbing vein on the underside, making obscene slurping noises as he tried to take more and more with every down-stroke.

The doctor let him continue at his own pace for a minute longer, and then the fist in Jensen's hair pulled tight. "Show me how much you can take." He instructed, his eyes dark and narrowed. Obediently, Jensen tried to relax his throat and let Jared press his cock inch by inch through the circle of his lips. He no longer had control and could only look pleadingly up at the doctor through damp eyelashes. Jared held him still, and his eyes watered. "Hold it. Hold it." Doctor Padalecki encouraged when he tried to pull back against the hold on his hair. Jensen whimpered, his throat burning. Just as his eyes began to blur, Jared pulled back, his cock slipping from between Jensen's lips with an obscene pop. "Good. Very good."

Jensen flushed at the praise, and when the doctor came, he licked the come off his lips with a sigh. Jared's fingers cupped his jaw, and he smeared the trail of come dribbling down Jensen's chin over his lips.

"You've got a pretty mouth," the doctor repeated, and his voice sounded just a little out of breath, but cool and leveled as it had been since Jensen had walked in through the door. Jensen's tongue darted out to lap at Jared's fingers, looking coyly up at him. Jared thrust two fingers past his lips, and Jensen moaned, low and guttural.

Jared's caught Jensen's bottom lip in his fingers and ran his thumb across the plump curve. "Now you can't tell me that you've not done that in six months." He said dryly. His palm slid to cup Jensen's cheek, and he pulled it away as soon as Jensen tried to lean into the touch.

"On your back." He instructed, swatting Jensen's ass when he didn't move fast enough. Scrambling to settle into the ordered position, Jensen's skin dragged uncomfortably against the plastic beneath him. "Move your ass."

Jared's hands settled on Jensen's hips and dragged him down the table until his ass settled at the very edge and his thighs strained with the effort to keep his legs elevated. "Now you've shown me you can suck cock like a pro, can you stay still while I carry out your exam, or do I have to strap you down?"

"S-strap me down?" Jensen's voice shook. Jared's eyes glinted as he picked at the straps that dangled from the end of the exam table, his other hand rolling in a circle over Jensen's hip.

"Yes, Nurse Ackles. I'm sure you've seen the procedure applied a number of times before."

Jensen swallowed, his heart picking up pace as he watched Doctor Padalecki roll the leg holder closer to

the bed, his white coat hanging open over the taut muscles of his chest and abs, down to his huge cock, now fully hard again. His own dick gave a painful throb, more precome leaking down his shaft and pooling above his navel.

"I-" Jensen swallowed. If he stayed still of his own merit, it would prove that he could be good, but if he promised to be still and wasn't-

Was it better to try and fail or not to try at all?

Taking a steadying breath, Jensen tightened his jaw. "You don't have to tie me down," he whispered.

The doctor grunted a low noise of approval and without warning placed his hands under Jensen's knees and draped his legs across the crutches bolted to the edge of the table. "Very good then. No squirming. No struggling, and no," he ran a teasing finger across the ticklish underside of Jensen's foot, making him jerk and flush with failure, "no touching yourself."

Jensen nodded, biting hard into his lower lip and grabbing the edge of the examination table just to have something to hold on to. Jared chuckled and grasped one firm ass cheek with each hand, his thumbs spreading Jensen's puckered entrance apart and rubbing against the sensitive skin between them. Jensen sucked in a harsh breath, his chest heaving, chewing harder on the full curve of his bottom lip when the pad of Jared's glove-covered thumb slid over the outer ring of muscle.

Jensen squeezed his eyes shut. He heard Doctor Padalecki chuckle again, both of his thumbs prying him open, slowly, maddeningly slowly. Jensen stayed still, a sheet of sweat breaking out on his body as he fought with the overwhelming sensations assaulting him. Then a blow of cool air hit his hole, and Jensen yelped and slid an inch or so towards the source of the new stimulation.

"What did I tell you?" Jared's voice breathed the words right over his entrance. Jensen shivered, trying to keep still. "No. Squirming." Jared emphasized the command with a twist of tongue over the patch of skin hidden between Jensen's ass, and Jensen pushed back instinctively against his face.

Jared pulled back and smacked Jensen hard on each asscheek. "I gave you an order, Nurse Ackles. I expect you to obey." Without a word of warning, the doctor slid the tip of his thumb past the tight ring of Jensen's ass, stopping when his knuckle met skin. It took every inch of willpower Jensen had, but he was able not to lift his hips and fuck himself on the doctor's large thumb.

Jared said nothing, but when Jensen's ass escaped another spanking, he took the silence to be a good sign.

"Such a pretty ass." Doctor Padalecki mused, twisting his thumb slightly in the slick hole before carefully easing the opposite thumb alongside it. Jensen choked, his thighs trembling violently in the elevated rests. "And you expect me to believe that it's been left untouched for six months?" He twisted his thumbs and Jensen let out a loud wail, all his body on raw nerve endings.

"Yes," he moaned, his tongue darting out to lick at too dry lips, his dick so hard he was sure he'd come if Doctor Padalecki as much as breathed on it. "Oh, god, yes-" his words were cut off as the doctor's fingers started pulling back, stroking every sensitive spot inside of him, just the tips resting inside before he drew them back in again. Jensen let out a garbled moan, shuddering at the movement.

"You're tight enough for me to believe that," the doctor conceded, his hands squeezing Jensen's oversensitive ass again. Jensen only moaned, nodding shakily in confirmation. Doctor Padalecki pulled his thumbs out, Jensen choking out another plea as he was left feeling empty again. "Patience," Jared whispered, running his fingers over his inner thigh, thumb sweeping over the curve of Jensen's knee resting above the crutch.

The doctor vanished out of Jensen's line of sight, and he bit down on his tongue in an attempt to relax, already regretting his ambitious decision to remain unbound. His cock throbbed desperately. There was no way he would last much longer.

A loud snap made him flinch, and Jared's cool face loomed into view between his legs. "Now then," he began calmly, "since you have been so lax in your check-ups, I feel the only suitable solution is to give you

a thorough inspection." Jensen swallowed nervously, his knuckles turning white against the plastic padding. "Do you agree?"

Nodding, Jensen struggled to find his voice. "Yes, sir."

"Good." Jared's hand ran down the pulsing flesh of his ass, the coolness of the antiseptic gloves over the bruising skin making Jensen whimper in both pleasure and relief. Jared smirked, his face disappearing from sight once again. Jensen had little time to wonder what the doctor had in mind because suddenly there was hot, wet, warm *ohgodsogoodsogood*. Jensen yelped and moaned, his fingers carving half-moons in the plastic of the exam table as he tried with all his might to keep still. Jared's tongue stabbed mercilessly against every secret nerve inside of him, and it was too much, he had to *move* or he was going to implode.

The doctor wrapped his large hands around Jensen's ankles, pinning him still with his legs spread wide by the crutches. He sucked lightly on the swollen ring of flesh and Jensen sobbed, his fingers numbing as he fought from reaching down between his legs.

"You know," Doctor Padalecki mused, his breath ghosting across Jensen's ass. "If anything, your behavior today simply underlines the utter disrespect in which you hold your position. Can't stay still. Can't follow orders. Can't even follow basic protocol. You're lucky you have such a good fucking mouth, or I'd fail to see what use you have at all." Releasing Jensen's ankles, Jared gave the red skin of his ass a solid smack before circling the table and tugging Jensen's wrists to each corner. "You come so highly recommended, Nurse Ackles. I expected to be shown why."

Jensen swallowed against the lump in his throat. The doctor's criticism stung, but a large part of him was relieved to have the responsibility taken out of his hands.

"Okay now," Jared's voice rumbled from above him. "I've heard rumors, you know. About the wonders of you," Jared tightened the straps around his wrists and let his hand travel down from Jensen's face to his neck, resting above his heaving chest, thumb and forefinger playing with one nipple. Jensen moaned and buckled up at the stimulation. "I expect you to live up to those."

"I'll be good," Jensen whispered, tongue darting out to lick at Jared's wrist when his hand brushed over his flushed face again.

The doctor chuckled. "We'll see." He circled the table again, and twiddled with the bars that regulated the width and height of the knee-crutches, so that Jensen was as open and spread-out as he could physically be, his ass a couple of inches off the cushioning. He lazily fisted his cock, spreading the precome all over the thick shaft, Jensen's eyes looking like liquid sex, eating out every movement of Jared's hand as his own cock leaked copiously over his stomach.

Jared picked up a tube of Vaseline from the cabinet and popped it open. With a quick move that Jensen wasn't allowed to see, he coated two of his fingers and drove them sharply home inside Jensen's stretched out opening.

Jensen choked back a yelp of surprise, his ass clenching around Jared's invading fingers. His position left him utterly vulnerable to the doctor's whims, unable to even fuck himself on Jared's fingers. The doctor carefully avoided his prostate, working instead on loosening the clenching muscle until he could slide a third finger alongside the other two. A strong, steady hand wrapped around Jensen's thigh, close enough to his cock to tease. "Tell me how it feels." Jared instructed.

It took Jensen a minute to find his voice. "Good, sir. So good." He moaned deliriously. "So full. So good."

"And what if I was to add another finger?" The doctor asked, drawing out the three long digits that stretched Jensen wide and letting his pinkie press against his opening. "Such a nice, tight ass. I don't think you could handle that, could you nurse Ackles."

Jensen writhed and groaned, sweat making his back stick to the plastic beneath him, pulling on his bounds so hard he was sure there were gonna be bruises in the morning. He moistened his lips again with his tongue before digging his teeth hard in the bottom one, Jared's long digits finding their way inside him,

stroking into his channel with just enough pressure to drive him mad without granting him release. "I can," he moaned, almost sobbed, his head twisted to one side. "More, sir, please, more - I need more..."

Jared chuckled again, albeit a little breathlessly, and rubbed his thumb in the curve where Jensen's hip met his groin. Jensen's body shuddered, his cock bobbing above his stomach. "More," Jensen pleaded again, eyes blown wild, "More, doctor, please -"

"Please what?" Jared demanded, twisting his fingers ruthlessly until Jensen's back arched off the table and he damn near screamed in pained frustration. "Please stop? Please fuck you? Tell me what you want, nurse Ackles. Tell me what you want me to do to your ass. You want my fist?" Pressing his fingers together tightly, Jared eased them into Jensen's ass until his knuckles pressed against skin, the promise of so much more waiting on a knife's edge of tension. "You want my whole fucking hand up your ass?"

Jensen wailed and tugged desperately at the cuffs holding him down. His thighs burned from being spread so wide and it felt as if every muscle in his body was on edge. "I can take it," he promised, "fuck me. Fuck me!" The doctor's glove covered hand, slippery with saliva and lube, pressed past the ring of his ass in a slow, steady thrust, and Jensen's eyes rolled back in pleasure.

"Good boy." Jared said, his voice hoarse and quiet. His thumb traced a soothing pattern on Jensen's trembling thigh. "So good."

Jensen sucked in a lungful of air, his body so slick in sweat it was glistening under the neon light. God it had never felt like this, this stretched out, this goddamn *full* and it was so painful and so beautifully erotic it brought tears to his eyes. They slid down his cheeks from behind his closed eyelids, his chest heaving with each short, gasping breath he tried to take. Jared's knuckles were brushing against the walls of his channel and it was too much, too hot, like his mind wanted to crawl out of his skin.

There wasn't much room for movement but Jared managed to rap his knuckles in a rolling motion inside Jensen's loosened hole, the topmost of his finger pads hitting his prostrate. It was like pressing on a button; the stimulation over the small bundle inside of him had Jensen wail out until his voice broke, his whole body spasming as his orgasm hit with the vengeance of a freight train.

A featherlight brush of lips against his inner thigh barely penetrated the white haze that settled around Jensen's head. He heard the words the doctor whispered to him, but aside from the warm glow of pride they inspired, Jensen was at a loss to understand what was being said. He was fucked out and exhausted, his legs limp in their restraints and his fingers lacking the strength to tug against his bonds. The hand in his ass moved, and every nerve inside stood up in protest as Jared slowly removed his fist from Jensen's ass. The pull against the outer muscle forced a whimper from his throat as he struggled to regain in his equilibrium.

Whatever softness he might have imagined from the doctor was gone by the time Jensen could open his eyes again. He heard the snap of a fresh pair of gloves being pulled on over Jared's large hands. He circled back around the table and smoothed Jensen's hair before taking position once more between his elevated thighs. "There now." He said professionally. "Now we have loosened you up a little bit, let's proceed with the exam, shall we?"

Jensen moaned, his body limp and pliant, his stomach and chest painted white with come. He wanted to say something, anything, but he just had no strength left. His tongue licked at the corner of his mouth, and he was pretty sure that whatever doctor Padalecki wanted to do now, he'd fell asleep right through it. He'd never come so mind-numbingly hard in his life, and as soon as he got his voice back, he was going to tell Jared just so.

He had not much room to spare for further thinking though, because one of Jared's hands rolled his sac, pulling his balls tight up against his body, his other hand playing dangerously close to his inner cheeks, where his hole still pulsed and throbbed.

"Sir," Jensen moaned, tugging pityingly at his restraints, his legs aching. "Sir- please...."

"If you had done as you were supposed to and had regular checkups, then this wouldn't be so hard for you." Doctor Padalecki said mildly, rolling Jensen's balls in the palm of his hand. He squeezed them tightly until

Jensen whimpered before stepping back and surveying his patient. Jensen's legs jerked when Jared wrapped his hands under his knees and lifted them free of the crutches. The sudden shift in angle awoke numb muscles, the freedom of movement paid for with each painful clench of his thighs. It didn't last long. Before he had grown accustomed to the new position, Jared was moving him again, forcing his knees to his come covered chest, bending him double and pushing him further against the table.

The sudden, unexpected brush of the doctor's tongue across Jensen's swollen ass had him seeing stars. He whimpered, his breath cut shorter and shorter by every swipe of Jared's hot, wet tongue against the roughened flesh of his cheeks. "Oh, oh, oh-" Jensen's cock was slowly filling up with blood again, even though he'd deemed that impossible. He kept whimpering and moaning wordlessly, and when Jared's tongue dragged up against his hip, licking up his come, his whole body spasmed.

Jared grinned wordlessly and kept licking at his come-covered skin, and it took a moment for Jensen to get why Jared wasn't lapping it up, but dragging it down. He was - oh god, *oh god* -

Jensen cried and buckled, his toes curling. Jared's tongue swept the come down his crack and into his quivering opening, his tongue a flat slab, collecting the white substance and pushing it in. It was raw, it was dirty, it was ohmyfuckingsodhelpmeawesome and if the precome already leaking out from Jensen's cock was of any indication, he was full ready for round two. Jared hoisted Jensen's knees back over the crutches and bit him lightly on one thigh.

"Looks like you are enjoying yourself after all." Jared remarked, looking pointedly at Jensen cock, hard and flushed against his stomach. "Such a good little slut."

Jensen flushed red and squirmed under a wave of embarrassment. Jared had just tongue fucked come into Jensen's ass, and he still wanted more. Chuckling, the doctor pressed his forefingers into Jensen's ass and spread him open. Jensen's ass was still slick with lube, but the stretch of sensitive muscles made him whimper and beg. "Sir, please, please, sir-"

Jared smiled down at him and pressed the head of his cock against Jensen's spread opening. "But you're good at this, aren't you nurse Ackles? You *like* having your ass stuffed full. Maybe I should go into the lounge, get some of the other doctors in here and see how much you can take."

"Oh god," Jensen didn't even want to consider the prospect of being at the mercy of anyone but Jared, and his ass clenched in protest.

"You don't like the idea, mh?" Jared murmured, the head of his cock circling at Jensen's opening teasingly. Jensen whimpered and shook his head wildly from side to side. Jared put his hand over Jensen's sticky stomach, feeling the muscles clench and unclench under his palm. "Why is that?"

Jensen turned his head to the other side, a deeper flush spreading from his neck up to his cheeks and the top of his ears. Jared's fingers left his stomach to circle around the base of his cock, and Jensen garbled out a moan, pressing his face against his bicep, breath hot, damp and ragged on his flesh. "I thought I asked you a question, Nurse Ackles. No need to be shy now." His fingers twisted around the base of Jensen's dick, bringing forth another strangled sound from Jensen's throat.

"Just you," Jensen mumbled, his face flaming red with arousal and shame.

Jared chuckled. "Is that why you were such a naughty, naughty nurse? You were waiting for me to come in and claim your pretty red ass all for myself."

Jensen couldn't meet his eyes, even when Jared's hand squeezed his dick in warning. "Answer me."

"Yes." Another squeeze, harder this time. "Yes, sir." The doctor nodded, and anchoring himself with a hand on the back of Jensen's thigh, he slowly pushed his way past the slick, red ring of muscle.

"Good boy." Jared encouraged, his voice soothing over Jensen's loud groan. "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Oh, oh," Jensen's voice was thin and ragged, just as his puffy breaths. Jared drew back until only the tip

of his cock was inside of him, stretching him wide around the girth of him, then plunged back in with one smooth thrust, until his balls slapped against the back of Jensen's ass. Jensen moaned again, and in his current position he could do nothing but let Jared take whatever he wanted from him, splayed open for Jared's pleasure.

Jared's strong hand smoothed down the back of his thigh until he could grasp at his ass cheek, angling Jensen as he wanted, as he needed, pulling him back with every forceful thrust, driving in deeper. Jensen was reduced to mindless blabber, high-pitched moans and half-bitten cries of Jared's name mingling in a smooth string of sound, falling from those plush lips. Jared grabbed hold of his other hip, pushing him up and down again, his cock dragging restlessly against Jensen's prostrate as he bowed low and sucked one of Jensen's nipples in his mouth.

Jensen arched up into the touch, his ability to move restricted even further by Jared's weight pressing him down. A particularly forceful thrust had him seeing stars. He was close. So very close. "God, oh fuck. Fuck."

Jared smacked the back of Jensen's thighs with the palm of his hand. "Ask permission." He said, stern but slightly breathless.

"Please. Please, oh god, please. I need to come. Please let me come." Jensen panted, repeating the words over and over until Jared wrapped a hand around his dick, and with two sharp jerks of his wrist sent Jensen tumbling over the edge. He pulled his dick out of Jensen's ass even as Jensen was still crying out hoarsely. Circling the table, he stood besides Jensen's head. "Suck it." He ordered, smirking as Jensen wearily tried to turn his head far enough to take the tip of Jared's cock into his mouth.

Jensen pulled weakly at his restraints again, his mouth opening in an 'O' as his body was whacked by the aftershocks, trying to lap at Jared's dick, just an inch or so out of reach. "I can't," he whined, struggling again. His legs hurt, his ass pounded, his dick was trying to part ways with his body with the force of his orgasm and still his mouth watered for the doctor's huge cock down his throat.

Jared chuckled and took mercy on him. He climbed on the examining table, one knee to each side of Jensen's torso, and inched slowly forward until he was straddling Jensen's face. He took hold of Jensen's chin with one hand, thumb dragging over bitten and swollen lips, sweeping inside to wet his fingers before fisting his cock again and guiding it into the wet heat of Jensen's mouth.

The doctor groaned, as close to the edge as Jensen had seen him. Turned on by the unexpected power, Jensen sucked diligently on the cock in his mouth, letting Jared slide across his tongue and remembering how it had felt as it had fucked him wide open. Grunting, Jared fisted Jensen's hair and lifted his head an inch off the table, his dick sliding further into the warm, wet heat of Jensen's mouth.

He pulled out abruptly, thumb pressed into Jensen's jaw, holding his mouth wide as he came, painting Jensen's face with his come.

Jensen moaned, low and guttural, swallowing the come that hit the roof of his mouth and slid down his throat, his tongue running over his lips to catch all that he could, gagging a little against the force of Jared's fingers keeping his mouth open.

"Jared -" Jensen whimpered, panting hard. "Jare-"

"Good boy," Jared whispered, his hand relenting the steel-iron grip he had on Jensen's jaw to turn into a soothing caress. Jensen sighed and blinked his eyes open, Jared's fingers running into his hair, messing it up with his come.

I: So how do you guys usually wrap up a scene?

JP: Depends I guess.

I: On?

JA: Whether or not I can walk off set.

JP: Poor baby! (laughs)

JA: Oh, fuck off.

JP: (laughs)

"You alright?" Jared murmured softly in his ear, his fingers cleaning the mess of white come off his cheeks and forehead.

Jensen moaned tiredly and gifted him with a worn out smile. Jared bowed his head to kiss Jensen's slick, swollen lips. He loosened the straps around Jensen's wrists and kissed the reddened skin twice before pulling Jensen up off the table and collecting him in his arms. "Bath?"

Jensen nodded and bundled up his limp limbs in Jared's arms. Jared kissed his come-sticky hair and walked off the set into their private dressing room. The crew knew better than to disturb them after a scene and quietly began to take apart the set.

Jensen was out of it when Jared set him down on the couch by the tub and began to fiddle with the taps. He opened a bleary eye and nodded when Jared asked him if he wanted bubbles, then settled down in the fluffy towels laid out around them.

"You did real good." Jared encouraged quietly. He knew that following a scene it took Jensen some time to emerge from the sub mindset. Soft praise and sweet words were the best way to bring him around.

"Hmm." Jensen moaned. "And you're a kinky fucker."

Jared chuckled. Once the bath was full of water and lavender scented bubbles, Jared hoisted him back into his arms and climbed into the tub.

Jensen moaned at the first contact with the warm water. Jared soothed him with soft kisses all over his neck and cheek and slid in first, arranging Jensen so that he was laying between his legs, his head pillowed against his collarbone. He picked up a cloth and lathered it with bubble bath, starting to rub it against Jensen's worn out muscles.

"You feel good?" Jared asked tenderly, kissing his neck with tiny, light smooches.

Jensen sighed softly and nodded. "Yeah," He whispered, but his voice was still a little too thin for Jared's liking. He worked the tension out of Jensen's muscles, stopping every now and then to press a kiss over his lips.

"You were awesome, you know." Jared chuckled.

Jensen grinned tiredly, and the last of the emotional weariness melted away. "Damn right, I am."

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 7: Falling backwards

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jensen takes a shoot with actors from another studio and Jared gets another unpleasant glimpse of the reality behind the mask.

Notes: Really Damn Long.

Warnings: Violence, non-con, h/c, abuse of Italian curse words, up there with the darker chapters of the story.

Extra notes: The wonderful, sparkly, utterly fantastic (and downright cute) [nyaubaby](#) made us a shiny banner. Isn't it just lickable? Thank you so much honey! This one is for you. *hides behind Jensen's agent*



By the awesome [nyaubaby](#)!

Scene One

I: Classic movies, huh?

JA: Beats the crap he watches.

JP: It's not crap. It's...(pauses)

JA: Crap. Even I can act better than the morons you like to watch, and my dialogue consists of 'yeah baby, gimme your cock'.

JP: Dude, I don't watch it for the dialogue, I watch it for the exploding cars!

JA: And naked women. For a gay porn star, he has a weird obsession with Angelina Jolie's tits.

I: Must make it difficult to decide what to watch.

JA: Not really. You just gotta learn how to convince him.

JP: Don't ask how. There might be children reading.

"I hate you." Jensen hissed, holding his knee to his chest whilst Jared fastened the laces of his boot for him. "Fists that size are not designed to even think about going up someone's ass." He dropped his leg down and hissed as the shift in angle pulled on his sore ass.

Jared kissed the bottom lip of his pout. "Don't be mad, Jen. I stuck to the script just like you told me too. Besides, I think the dildo Paul suggested we use was actually bigger..."

"Paul's a sadistic fuck." Jensen huffed, trying and failing not to melt in Jared's arms. "And you owe me something shiny after all that."

"Magpie." Jared laughed fondly, slipping off the edge of the bed to pull on his own shoes. "How about I take you to a movie, huh? We can make out in the back row."

Jensen looked at him, eyes dark. "Not something with all that.. that noise you like to subject me to, alright?"

"Aw, c'mon," Jared giggled, stroking his leg and putting half Jensen's weight against his own chest. "There's 2 Fast and 2 Furious out -"

"No. Forget it." Jensen struggled weakly, but didn't really pull back. They had fallen into a comfortable routine, with Jared taking care of him after every wrap, more often than not falling asleep in each other's trailers as they were both too worn out and too snugly in each other's arms to move. Jensen felt like he was sailing through a pink tinted cloud, and was both living in fear of crashing down and with the exciting thrill of discovery. Jared had always been nothing but his sweet, bubbly self, and even if sometimes it annoyed the hell out of him, especially when he would flail all over like an overgrown, overprotective mama bear, he knew he didn't mean to smother him. He never crossed the line, and Jensen had no words to tell him just how much it meant to him.

"Actually..." Jared began. "I was wondering if you'd ever been to the Plaza?"

Jensen shook his head and struggled upright. His legs wobbled slightly, but he was able to stand unassisted. Jared had given him a thorough work over, but given the scenes they had shoot, Jensen was surprised he could still walk. "They're showing Cleopatra tonight."

Jensen arched an eyebrow. "And you know this because?"

"I looked it up in case you wanted to go." Jared admitted, not a trace of shyness in his bright eyes.

"Am I that predictable?"

Jared shook his head and said, "Yep! I'll buy popcorn. Oh! Then we can go to the Waterfront after for something to eat." Pleased, Jared threw on his shirt and fastened the buttons all wrong. Jensen smacked his hands away and began refastening them.

"You need to book a table at the Waterfront. They never cover chances." Jared blushed and looked away. "God, you should do this for a living or something. Professional date planning."

"I'm awesome." Jared nodded, kissing Jensen's hands after he had finished.

"And modest." Jensen added dryly. "And you can't dress yourself."

"Good thing I have you then, huh?" Jared smiled, standing up and pulling Jensen in for a hug and a kiss. Jensen tried to dislodge him, but the attempt was half-hearted at best, and Jared's hand fell over the small of his back as he navigated them through his house and out of the door.

Jared hadn't been kidding when he said they would make out in the back row. Jensen had already seen the movie a few times, but was a bit of a movie fanatic and was one of those people who always got annoyed if in theatres people spoke too loudly or commented the movie or generally paid little attention. Jared, obviously, had took him to the Plaza only thinking of Jensen, because he didn't follow one instant of the tragedy, intent on mapping out Jensen's features with his lips.

Cleopatra was overrated anyway.

He hadn't been wrong, though. It scared Jensen a little that Jared had managed to get to know him so well. The whole atmosphere of the Plaza was elegant and cosy, much like an old movie theatre in the fifties, and the popcorns were crispy and smelled of melted butter. Jensen had fell in love with the place on instant, and Jared had picked up the programme for the next weekend, pleased beyond belief when he saw there was going to be *Casablanca* on.

"I actually saw that one," He said proudly, swinging Jensen's hand. "I won't need to interrupt making out to try and follow the dialogue."

Jensen rolled his eyes and grinned.

The Waterfront was an aptly named establishment on the marina. It took twenty minutes to get there by car, and Jared insisted on driving instead of getting a cab.

Jared pulled Jensen's seat out for him, and Jensen asked their waiter if he could fetch a coloring book for the child he was eating with.

"Bitch." Jared pouted, swallowing a slice of bread whole.

"Brat." Jensen smiled back serenely.

"Can we get a Bin 24?" Jared asked the waiter, pointing to the *Chateau Neuf du pap*.

"I thought you weren't drinking." Jensen frowned, scanning the menu from the *Parfait* to the *gravadlax*. He wasn't all that hungry after the popcorn, so decided on the smoke salmon mousse with dill and coriander crackers and a portion of stir fried vegetables. Jared went with the steak, burnt to a cinder with a side of butter mash.

"You're getting something sweet after mains." Jared said firmly. "And I'm not. Wine is for you."

"Trying to get me drunk?"

"Trying to make sure one of us drives our asses home," Jared chuckled, closing the menu. He took Jensen's hand on the table and squeezed. "Chris and Steve are playing in town at the end of the week," he said, thumb tracing circles over his wrist. "You feel like going?"

Very vivid memories of their last Kane concert filled Jensen's mind, and he smiled. "If - if you want to, I'd really like that." Chris had been a little inscrutable, but he really wanted to let Steve know he had taken up on his advice. In part, at least. There was stuff Jensen was going to keep to himself. Jared's smile was too bright to get tainted with his own baggage. Plus, it was oddly refreshing to be able to get a clean slate, a real one.

"I want." Jared nodded, leaving the sentence open, his eyes crinkling at the edges. Their food arrived and a comfortable silence stretched between them, broken only when Jared tried to feed Jensen half of his own meal. When the menu was placed down for the second time, Jared ordered the *Crème Brulee* and poached pear to share. Jensen got a scoop of coffee flavored ice-cream in lieu of the real thing.

"Do you have plans for tomorrow?" Jensen asked. He had his own shoot to do, and it would be strange to think of Jared not being there with him.

"Not sure. Maybe catch a game?" Jared shrugged, spooning a mouth full of pear soaked in Earl Grey syrup. Which was a lie. He'd be spending the whole day chain smoking and reminding himself that he was a professional. "You know who you are shooting with?"

Jensen shrugged and smacked Jared's hand away from his ice cream. "Not sure. They are some of Henrietta's guys I think." At Jared's confused frown, Jensen explained, "Henrietta runs Adonis."

"Ah." Either through purposeful marketing or blatant abuse, Eros Studio's biggest rivals were The Adonis Group. "Well that's going to be interesting." Jared winced. "Good luck with that."

Jensen snorted. "It's not playground politics, Jay. We can all play nicely together."

"Yeah, sure," Jared said quickly. "I mean. Yes." he cleared his throat. "Um. Do you - I mean, I can - pick you up, if you want to. Once you're done."

Jensen raised one eyebrow at him. "You would?"

Jared shrugged. "I don't trust taxi drivers, that's all."

Jensen smiled and hid it behind one spoonful of ice cream. "I'll let you know how the shoot goes tomorrow."

"Did they give you the script yet? Is Joe shooting?"

Jensen sighed. "Jared. It's just - it's a normal shoot, okay? BDSM, nothing I haven't done countless time. Relax." his voice came out a little too harshly than he had intended, and he felt instantly guilty when Jared recoiled and started eating his pear in silence. Fuck. He pressed two fingers against his temple, irritated that he ended up snapping at Jared for completely the wrong reasons, and even more annoyed that he now had to go and feel guilty about it. Jared couldn't control his life, dammit. He couldn't dictate what he shoot or whom he worked with - he couldn't - Jensen was over that crap. He just let him know that he wouldn't tolerate it - snapping at the only person beside Francesca that ever gave enough of a damn to be asking him those kinds of questions.

"I should drive you home," Jared said, and Jensen realized he had spaced out, and that Jared had already covered dinner and tip for the over-enthusiastic waiter.

"Look," Jensen tried, reaching at to grasp Jared's arm. "I didn't mean to... you have to... you trust me, right?" He asked earnestly. "I mean, I know what we do..."

Ignoring the fact that they were in a busy public place, Jared circled the table and wrapped an arm around Jensen's back. "I do trust you, that's not what this is about. I worry, okay? I know how hard you have to fight to break out of that high, and I don't like the idea of you not being cared for."

"You worry too much." Jensen whispered, his cheek pressed against Jared's shoulder. "I survived before I met you." He didn't add that he wondered if he would survive losing him.

Their waiter passed, coughed, and Jared slipped him an extra twenty. "I know. Come on, I'll take you back."

He didn't take his arm from around Jensen until they were at the car, and as soon as they were both seated, their fingers curled over the gearstick.

This time Jared didn't come up, not even for coffee. He stroked Jensen's face and kissed him sweetly to convince him he wasn't hurt or mad. "Get some sleep." He advised, and then bashfully added, "Can I call you? Tomorrow? Between shoots?"

Calling wasn't interfering. Jensen nodded. "Yeah," He smiled, looking forward to it.

"Good night," Jared kissed him one last time before stepping back, waiting until Jensen had gotten inside and lightening the first cigarette of what was going to be his marathon until next day's shoot wrapped up.

Scene Two

So, Jared wasn't allowed inside. He knew as much. Especially since everyone and his bastard cousin knew he and Jensen were now JaredandJensen. Which kinda made him giggle and beam like a schoolgirl every time he thought about it. But hey, the coffee parlour in front of the studio served amazing muffins, and made a latte that could've put Starbucks out of business. Jensen had even told them they'd be over probably before the end of the night, so it made perfect sense for Jared to wait for him, right? He couldn't possibly be late, that wouldn't go down too well, and it was only natural that he ended up at four in the afternoon, reading Eliot and smoking like it was going out of fashion, occasionally shooting glances to his cell phone beside his fourth latte. So he was three hours early, but at the coffee parlor they did show the game and it was all a whole different thing seeing it from there rather than in his own, lonely room.

The phone rang and startled him out of his endless line of justifications, and he didn't even check the caller ID before going, "Hey there, pretty."

"Uhm. I am pretty sure you weren't expecting it to be me, then."

Jared frowned at the familiar voice. "Huh? Paul? Sorry - " he mentally face palmed himself. "I thought -" he sighed. There was no beating around the bush. "I thought it was Jensen."

"I should damn well hope so, answering like that." Paul scolded, then his tone switched to something more serious. "You close to set?"

Jared's heart picked up pace. "What happened?" He demanded, standing up so quickly he knocked over his drink. "Is he okay?"

Paul sighed and avoided the questions. "How soon can you get here?"

Jared was already jogging down the corridor. The set wasn't huge, and his stride ate up the distance in no time. "About sixty seconds." He grunted. "Now what the fuck happened?" Images of all the things that could go wrong in a shoot piled up one after another, each more sickening than the last. To hell with it. He'd risk being seen as a caveman asshole if it meant he could convince Jensen to actually vet his co-stars instead of just assuming everyone would play nicely with their toys.

"Things just got a little out of hand." Paul said quietly, hastily continuing when Jared growled into the handset. "He's fine. Just... shaken up a bit. We've all gotten used to you being there when we wrap. Joe's doing his nut."

"What. The. Fuck. Happened?" Jared enunciated, running to the first shooting unit and swiping his badge through. "Paul, for fuck's sake." He knew how things could get *out of hand*. It had never stopped making him feel sick and if something happened to Jensen, then there was some castration to be done.

"Just - come over really quickly. He's still - I mean, he's a little - just - "

"Paul, you're not helping out," Jared said through gritted teeth, pushing one door open and glowering at the timid PA that told him he couldn't cross the threshold, they were shooting.

"I see you." The phone conversation was cut short, and Paul suddenly materialized in front of him.

"Where is he?" Jared all but growled, and he didn't even acknowledge the small flinch that flitted across the rigger's features.

"Over - there," Paul pointed at the ring of lights, his hand a little shaky, and all coherent thought fled Jared's mind. He saw red. Literally red. On Jensen's skin.

Someone was going to die for this.

"I didn't want to touch him." Paul said quietly. "I figured it would be better if you-"

Jared didn't wait around to listen to the rigger's excuses. He tossed aside several hundred dollars worth of lighting equipment and marched onto the set. Jensen was still spread out wide, his wrists hanging limply from cuffs attached to two posts, his ankles bound likewise. Tear tracks stained his cheeks and his lips was bitten bloody, but it wasn't that crimson stain that made Jared's hands tremble.

Jensen was bleeding. They had broken the skin. Across his thighs and his belly a half dozen welts were raised thin and swollen, white at the edges and brilliant ruby where they smeared across his skin. Jared didn't dare look at his back.

At the first, gentle brush to his cheek, Jensen stirred, his eyes dull as though drugged, He opened his mouth, but no sound came out.

"Jen? Hey baby." Jared whispered, reaching around Jensen's waist and flinching when his hands touched skin and Jensen whimpered thinly. "Let's get you down, okay?" He waited for Jensen to acknowledge him, hating the fresh tears that welled in his eyes. "Shush, it's okay, it's okay."

He released the cuffs around Jensen's ankles first, holding him steady as he swayed, then carefully his wrists. Paul stood to one side, a thick terry robe in his hands, and Jared carefully wrapped Jensen in the warm fabric.

"I'm going to get you out of here now, okay? I'mma take care of you," Jared picked him up as if he weighed nothing, hating himself when Jensen whimpered again even with the careful move, his head lolling limply to one side. "It's fine baby. I'm right here."

Jensen didn't speak, didn't even acknowledge Jared's soft words as he fixed blank, glassy eyes onwards. Jared hoped his own anger wasn't as visible as he thought it was - he didn't mean to upset Jensen further, and he knew even raising his voice now would have been a crappy move. Instead, he hissed behind his shoulder for Paul to call Jensen's agent, and made way towards Jensen's trailer's door as quickly as he could, applying the band aid rule and matching every thin moan that drifted from the bundle in his arms to a mark he was going to etch into those bastards' genitals.

Was this how it was like then, before he had ever met Jensen, when he was merely a name on a DVD cover and he secretly harboured his little crush on him? Did they always leave him like that, barely able to move, lost into his head without anyone there to bring him back down? He tried to convince himself it wasn't like that, he kept repeating in his head that Joe would have never allowed it and that it was just one sporadic event that he was witnessing, but the sheer, undiluted rage that was roaring inside his chest as he lay Jensen down on the fluffy throw and started choosing liniments thrummed under his skin like poison.

He sat on the bed, his hands brushing softly across Jensen's cheeks to wipe away the tears, thumbs catching the new ones as they leaked out. "Baby, it's done," he murmured, kissing his forehead, his heart running wild as he realized just how strongly he felt for the man lying there beside him. "It's just me here, okay? It's fine."

Jensen made no move to respond, his big, tear stained eyes fixed unblinkingly on Jared's face. He leaned in close and took Jensen's hand in his. "Okay baby, I need you to listen real carefully, okay?" He waited, maintaining eye contact until Jensen slowly nodded. Jared kissed his knuckles in reward. "Good. Now I'm going to ask you some questions, okay?" Again, he waited until Jensen nodded. Again, Jared kissed him. "Do you need a doctor?" He asked, holding his breath and praying that there was no injury he had yet to discover. Jensen shivered, but eventually he shook his head. The jury was out on that one, but Jared didn't push it.

"Can you wiggle your fingers for me?" Jared asked him. "Toes?" He was relieved when Jensen was able to wiggle all his extremities, worried about trapped nerves and torn muscles. "Perfect." Jared praised. "You're doing great. Now I am gonna need you to talk for a bit, okay? How many fingers am I holding up?" He put his hand in the air, three fingers showing.

Jensen struggled for a moment, his throat too dry to form a complete sentence. "ree-" he coughed, his chest shaking a little and pulling at the scratches on his skin. It took all of Jared's willpower not to scream

right then and there. He took a deep breath and picked up the water jug, gently holding Jensen's head up a little as he helped him take small gulps of cool water. Most of it dribbled down his chin, but some of it managed to stay in. "Awesome, baby," Jared murmured, kissing his cheek. "Can we try it again?" he asked earnestly, letting Jensen's head down gently on the pillow and holding four fingers out.

Jensen blinked a few times, trying to get them into focus, but he whispered, "Four," and a soft sigh of relief escaped Jared's lips. He dropped a kiss over his other cheek, holding his face gently to have Jensen stare into his eyes and be able to realize the there and now that surrounded him. "Very good, baby. Very good. Now can you turn on your side for me?"

Jensen's eyes widened for the smallest of instants, and Jared cursed. Not the right thing to say. "Alright. Just stay here. I'm going to take care of these now, okay?" he held up the balms and liniments in his hands hoping that Jensen would get what he was talking about.

He kept up a steady whisper of words, promising Jensen that they would spend the weekend on the couch, watching his beloved movies. He cleaned each weeping wound, his heart aching when Jensen slipped back into the high as he struggled to deal with the pain.

The wounds were shallow, superficial but sore, and short of smothering them in thick cream, Jared could do nothing else for them. The bruises were deep, but the duffs had actually protected the delicate skin from breaking, and Jared was grateful for small mercies. "Baby, I need to you turn over for me." He tried again, his hands curling into fists as Jensen screwed up his eyes and choked back a sob.

He was going to see blood for this. Every bruise, every cut would be paid for tenfold.

Jared carefully stroked his hair. "Shush baby, its okay. It's over now, you're safe here."

He made to pull back, but Jensen snatched desperately at his hand and held on tight. "Please don't leave me." He begged. "I... please."

Jared's heart crumpled and he hoisted himself up higher until he could lie next to him on the bed, cradling him close to his chest. "I'm not going anywhere. I promise you." he knew it was true just as he said it. He was never going to leave him. Not now, nor never. He kissed the top of his head, minding the tender places he had just medicated and trying to lull him into sleep by whispering sweet nothings in his ears, guiding Jensen's head above his own heart so he could know he was right there with him.

Jensen sighed and closed his eyes, his hand curling over Jared's and resting there on his side, eyes still filled with pain. Jared's lips brushed his brow and the top of his hair, fingers caressing the side of his neck, where there was no visible damage.

Jared kept up his caresses unflinching, even when Jensen's lids had begun to droop and he dozed off. Jensen had said no to the doctor, but it was studio practice he'd get a once over when the shoot was done. Now there was the question if Jensen was fit to see anyone else, something that Jared highly doubted. He waited until he was sure exhaustion had taken over before shifting quietly from the bed and walking out of the trailer.

Now it was high time he got to see some blood as well.

Storming out onto the set, Jared headed straight for Joe, who was standing under a No Smoking Sign and sucking on a cigarette as if his life depended on it.

The burley director looked up when he saw Jared approach. "How is he?" Joe asked, stomping the cigarette under heel.

Jared stuffed his hands in his pockets and in a low, even voice said, "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't hold you responsible for the state he is in." The director sighed and shook his head.

"He need an ambulance?"

Jared growled. "What he needs is for people to do their fucking jobs right and take care of him!"

Joe bristled and puffed out his chest, still several inches shorter than Jared. "He never called time. You think I'd let things carry on if he used his safeword?"

Jared thought of Jensen and the way he took their first shoot together without so much as toning things down. "I think you're in it to get the best scene you can." He snapped, well aware that he was taking his anger out on the wrong target.

Joe scowled and poked Jared hard in the chest, not even close to being intimidated. "You are well outta line kid."

"Don't 'kid' me," Jared warned, his voice tense and controlled as a bowstring. "He was bleeding, and I trust you know what that means."

Joe glared at him. "Of course I know. But I am behind the camera, I'm not out there -"

"What if he was too out of it to signal, huh? Has anyone thought about that? About subspace and panic and not understanding shit of what's going on beside pain, pain, pain, pain?" He gritted his teeth, not wanting to think about Jensen's huge green eyes swimming with tears as he medicated him. He didn't wait for Joe to process what he'd said. "Who was he shooting with. Where are they."

Joe cocked his head to the side. "You know that theoretically you shouldn't even be here, right?"

"Don't push it, Joe." Jared said flatly, eyes burning. "Don't push *me*."

"Chi cazzo è il responsabile di questo schifo?"

Both Jared and Joe startled at the foreign screeching, and Jared distinctly saw Joe's eyes widen as the man recoiled of a few hasty steps in the face of the new arrival. "Just gimme a name," five foot five inches of livid fury marched upon the director. With a tailored suit and - Jared did a double take - biker boots, every line in her face spelled out quite clearly; *Do. Not. Fuck. With. Me.* "I'll get some balls on a plate for this, McCarty, you can bet your sorry ass I will."

Joe stammered, far more terrified of the irate woman than he was of Jared. "Miss Solari-"

"Don't you 'Miss Solari' me *irresponsabile pezzo di merda!*" She snarled, waving a perfectly manicured fingernail in Joe's face. "I told you how many goddamn times that if this sort of thing *ever* happened again I would see your testicles hanging from the ears of a catwalk model!"

Quailing under the furious glares of both actor and agent, Joe began to sweat. "Why the fuck are you blaming me for this? He *didn't signal!*"

"Of course he fucking signalled, *idiot!* You just didn't use your damn eyes. Now where is he? And who the fuck will I be suing?" She didn't wait for an answer, simply spun on her heels and stalked off towards Jensen's trailer. Jared ran after her, leaving a stunned Joe in their wake.

"Wait, you're Francy, right? Jen's agent?" He asked, keeping up with her shorter stride easily.

She nodded shortly, her dark eyes narrowed dangerously. "*Sì.* Francesca Solari. No need to ask who you are."

"I didn't do anything," Jared said stupidly, holding his hands up in the air.

She rolled her eyes at him. "I know, *scemo.* Where is he?"

"He's - in his trailer. He's asleep, now," Jared hastened to say. "But - if you -"

"Has he seen a doctor?" She cut across him, marching off towards the door, Jared trotting after her.

"I asked him but - he said he didn't want him so maybe - I thought that if he - I mean, after he woke up, I

could've called the doc, once he was - you know. Better."

Francesca fixed him with an inscrutable stare. "They called you, huh?"

"Yes," Jared said, meekly. "I was - supposed to pick him up and, um, well. I was her- I mean, I happened to be close by."

She huffed, shaking her head. "Yes I'm sure. By total chance." Her eyes softened a bit. "You care 'bout him, yeah?"

Jared nodded seriously. "I do."

Francesca hmm and pushed open the trailer door before pausing and looking over her shoulder. "Go speak to one of the one of the guys." She instructed. "Find out exactly what we are dealing with. If you happen to see Twiddle Dick and Twiddle Cock, you tell em I'll be seeing their sorry asses fired for this." Jared hesitated, looking beyond Francesca and into the trailer. "I won't ask again." Jensen's agent said flatly.

In the end, Jared nodded. He jogged over to the production crew and got a recap of everything that had happened. When they had finished, he felt sick to his stomach. He had hoped there had been a delay in shooting, but the camera had been rolling on and off for over four hours.

"He never signalled?" Jared asked again, a little desperate.

Matthew, the lead cameraman shook his head seriously. "No man. We look out for stuff like that. We're a safe set. This ain't a snuff shoot. We never want to go beyond the actor's limits. Hell, you know that."

Jared had to nod. On the whole, they *were* a safe set. Paul watched everything with the eyes of a hawk, and even Joe was careful to call the shots into manageable sections, checking his actors between each take. Which went no way in explaining why things had gone so very wrong.

"He fought back." Matthew broke Jared's silent train of thought. "Yeah, it was rougher than the stuff he has been doing with you, but it's not the first time he's done real hardcore stuff. We did a shoot a year or so ago with four other Doms. He's never had a problem before."

"He is covered in marks," Jared hissed. "How long did it take for you guys to see the blood on his skin? I *know* there are some safety measures in place that go beyond the actor's free will. "

Matthew shrugged. "That is true."

"So why did no one - god, " He took a deep, steadying breath. "Why *no one* thought there was something wrong?" God, it wasn't possible. He knew they did do some hardcore stuff, he had done some pretty awful scripts in a few occasion. This wasn't it. This was sick.

Paul looked away. "We do rely on the actors to look after each other," He said quietly. "Jensen never signalled-"

Jared growled, "If I hear this word one more time -"

"- it was up to Jona and Kevin to make sure he was okay." Paul finished.

Jared's insides twisted. He knew he had promised Francy he'd get back to her - but hadn't she said that he should inform those two sick fucks that she'd make sure they were fired? It wasn't him wanting to see their faces and get an opportune target for his fists. He would just be following orders.

He spotted the two actors loitering by the craft tent and scowled. The tall Mexican, Jona he presumed, was still dressed for the scene; black chaps and heavy leather boots. He looked at Jared through heavy lidded kohl rimmed eyes. "You must be the boyfriend." He drawled, his thick accent reminding Jared of nights spent south of the border with his brother.

"I want an explanation." Jared was actually proud of the level of restraint he showed. Instinct demanded

he level the asshole's head with his shoulders, but somehow common sense won through.

"Explanation for what?" The short blond Kevin had nothing that resembled intelligence in his eyes. He chewed gum loudly and frowned dumbly.

"The crew tell me he didn't use his signal. I beg to differ. So tell me which one of you I am going to kill first." Jared knew Jensen well enough to know he wasn't a blatant masochist. A little stubborn maybe, but he didn't get his rocks off by letting people make him bleed. He must have signalled. Jona and Kevin either missed it, or ignored it. Jared's level of retribution would differ accordingly.

"Oh wow," Jona said mockingly, "I'm shitting myself here."

"You should," Jared said in a level voice. "Because sure as hell you're not going to get away with it."

"Get away with what?" Kevin shrugged, popping his gum. "We were shooting, that's what happens. He's supposed to be a sub, is he not?"

"And you're supposed to look out for him," Jared growled, taking one step forward. Jona mimicked his stance and crossed his arms across his chest.

"I getcha," he said condescendingly, "You like playin' the knight - but for all he gives great head, he's not worth your time -"

Jared let out a sound that resembled something between a growl and a roar and pushed him hard on his chest, making him stumble backwards. "You shut your mouth or I swear to god I'll be making you sorry," he spat, his fist trembling with the effort of keeping back.

"Oh you will, huh? You willing to risk your career over some piece of ass? And it might be a nice one, but it ain't that good. Little too well fucked, if you get my meaning." Jona smirked, and Jared was only saved from a lawsuit by Joe's whip-snap voice.

"You're needed." The director said shortly, waving towards Jensen's trailer. He turned to the two actors who had by ignorance or carelessness been responsible for the mess they were all in. "You both got five minutes to fuck off before I call security."

The two men spluttered and Jona shook his head, scowling. "Christ, Simon was fucking right."

"Get!" Joe barked. Jared cracked his knuckles, then turned his back on them. Jensen needed him.

The trailer was bright, every light on full. Francy had curled herself on the side of the bed, her arms wrapped around Jensen's shoulders, his head on her lap.

When Jared entered he saw Jensen's back for the first time and deeply regretted not killing those fuckers where they stood. There were no open wounds, thank god, but dark bruises stretched across his shoulders, too thick to be made by anything but a dull object. His ass was purple, the skin white where fingernails had scrapped across it. Jensen didn't so much as spare him a glance, but Francy nodded to the thick cream sitting on the dresser. He got the idea pretty quick, and his heart sped up.

Snatching the cream as he passed, Jared knelt on the bottom of the bed, one of his hands curling over Jensen's ankle. He already had an idea from Jona of the depths to which the scene had progressed, but he needed Jensen to confirm it. "Jen? Baby?" He asked, his voice soothing. Francy kept her hand in Jensen's hair as she whispered to him in Italian. "You don't want to see the doctor, right?"

Jensen shook his head. Francy scowled and shook her own head in juxtaposition.

"Did you have sex with them?" Jared asked quietly. Jensen cringed and looked back with red eyes.

"Don't be mad." He begged.

"No! No, baby, I'm not mad." He kissed Jensen's ankle to prove it. "But they worked you over real good. Did

they...?" Jared couldn't put his concerns into words, so he hoped Jensen would understand what he was saying.

Jensen whimpered, turning his face away into Francesca's lap. Jared closed his eyes, swallowed, then picked up the lotion and put his ankles gently over his own lap, starting to warm up some cream between his palms and working up on the battered skin. He kept up a low string of whispered words as he took care of Jensen's legs, blood smearing thin down his thighs. Jared's hands shook and he shared a look with Francesca. "Baby?" he murmured, after the woman had nodded, his fingers stroking the small of his back gently. "What if I stay here with you and we have the doctor look over? Just a minute. I'll be right here with you. Nothing's gonna happen, I promise."

"No," Jensen shook his head, hair sweaty and clinging to his forehead, and Francesca sighed.

"Lo sai che ha ragione."

Jared frowned bemusedly, but apparently the Italian words were far more effective than his own, because Jensen hesitated but looked back at him.

"Stay?"

"Of course," Jared said readily, smothering his back with thick, warm cream. "I'm not going anywhere. I swear." He held on tight to Jensen's hand whilst Francesca slid from the bed and out of the trailer. "He's just going to check you over, okay baby? I won't let anything hurt you. You're safe now." Jensen nodded and clung back, his breathing shallow.

The doctor, a wiry man with a shock of white hair, made his check over quickly before drawing Jared aside. "He's not going to be up to any form of penetration for at least a week. I'd advise two. There is some surface damage, though it is minimal." Jared felt his nails dig in to his palm. "The bruising will fade in a few weeks, but again, the studio has really shot themselves in the foot by allowing this to progress so far. He'll be out of commission for some time. There is only so much make up can cover."

"He needs to go to the hospital?" Jared asked, chewing his bottom lip nervously.

The doctor shook his head. "No, keep him rested and well hydrated. He'll need to be on a liquid diet for the next 24 hours." The doctor looked back over to where Jensen lay on the bed. "I wouldn't advise you to leave him alone right now."

"Some chance of that." Jared snorted. They'd have to pry him off with a crow bar. "I'm taking him home."

The man nodded, shook Jared's hand and quickly made his exit. Francesca stood, stroking Jensen's hair for an instant before whispering something in Italian and following the doctor out of the room. Jared thought that she wanted to know exactly which was the most painful way to cut a man's dick off, and knowing someone like Francesca Solari was watching out for Jensen as well made the whole picture a little less grim. Just a little, though.

"Baby?" Jared murmured, kneeling down on the floor and nudging at his chin until Jensen turned to face him. "I'm taking you home now, would you like that?"

Jensen's bloodshot eyes fixed on him, huge and green and - Jared was almost thrown back at that - needy, pleading Jared to stay even if he wasn't saying a word. Even if his brain told him it would be a very stupid idea, his body wasn't listening and he dipped his head to drop a chaste, closed-mouthed kiss above Jensen's lips. "I'll take care of you. I swear, Jen. I'm right here with you."

Jensen shivered and nodded, but the movement made his head hurt, and he whimpered thinly. Jared squeezed his hand once to let him know he was not going anywhere and went to rummage in Jensen's drawers, looking for suitable clothes for the state he was in. He picked up the fluffiest pair of pyjama pants and socks he could find, rolling each of them carefully on Jensen's feet, cringing again when he brushed across the fresh bruises and Jensen's body shook. If Francesca didn't get their testicles on a plate, he would. Somehow. Screw the 'career'. Jared couldn't give a flying fuck about that, not when Jensen was looking at him with those huge, bambi eyes of his, shivering even through the many layers of thick cotton

wool Jared had wrapped him in. He pulled him on his lap, gently adjusting him so he could lay his head on his shoulder.

"Are you ready to go?" He asked quietly, fingertips stroking the side of Jensen's neck. Jensen curled up a little higher on his lap and screwed his eyes shut, but he nodded eventually, and Jared rewarded him with another soft kiss and stood up from the bed. "Okay then baby, I'll take you home." Jensen clung limply to Jared's neck as he was lifted, quiet and calm in Jared's arms.

"Jensen?" Paul was waiting at the foot of the steps, his normally emotionless face lined with concern. Jensen recoiled from the gentle touch to his shoulder, and Paul's eyes darkened with worry. Jared shook his head, the message clear. It would be a long time before Jensen trusted the rigger the way he once had. "For what it is worth, I would never have let this happen if I'd have known."

"You watched it happen." Jared said flatly. "You watched, and you did nothing."

He walked off with Jensen in his arms before the rigger could defend himself. As far as Jared was concerned, they had all let Jensen down today. They had betrayed him to look good in the eyes of their rivals.

Francesca caught up with them in the parking lot. Her dark eyes narrowed dangerously on Jared. "You are taking him home?" She asked sternly. Jared nodded. "I'll put him to bed and heat up some soup."

"I'll be 'round in the morning." She said, nodding thoughtfully. "I shall bring you some food. That boy lives of dust and air." Jensen opened his eyes enough to glare balefully at her and she chuckled fondly.

"I do not," he mumbled.

Francesca rolled her eyes at him and then levelled Jared with a stare that told him only too clearly that she expected him to toe the line and keep strict to it. He wouldn't have been surprised if she'd made a blitz during the night to check he was keeping his hands to himself. Bloody terrifying woman.

Jared helped Jensen carefully in the backseat, putting the extra pillows he had stolen from the trailer all around him to keep him as comfortable as he could. "I'll drive slowly," he promised, knowing Jensen wasn't really going to answer but needing to reassure him all the same. He slid in behind the wheel and started the slow way back. It took him more than twice the usual amount of time, but it also cost him every drop of willpower he had not to brake at every tiny whimper Jensen couldn't stifle when he got a pothole or had to take a turn. Sweaty, tense and generally wiped out, he parked in front of Jensen's apartment building and wrapped him up in his arms, carrying him all the way to the elevators and to his floor. Jensen didn't freak out this time, didn't shrink away from him, and barely whispered four numbers against Jared's chest, eyes still shut tight as he clung numbly to his neck.

Jensen swallowed, the trust Jensen had relied upon him enough to make him light-headed and insanely determined at the same time, and he punched the pin in Jensen's door, letting the both of them through.

The apartment was cold and dark, and Jensen curled closer to combat the chills. "You want a bath, baby?" Jared asked quietly, not wanting to push Jensen into something that he might find uncomfortable. He set Jensen down on the couch and tugged his own blanket up around shoulders that still trembled lightly under Jared's hands. Eventually Jensen nodded and Jared kissed his cheek lightly. "You stay here then, okay? I'll run you one."

It worried him that Jensen was so silent. Jensen wasn't the most vocal of people on the best of days, but the silence he had wrapped himself in was nothing short of terrifying.

Jared fiddled with the faucets and let the tub in Jensen's bathroom fill with warm water. He didn't add bubbles or salts for fear of making Jensen's injuries sting more.

Jensen was still exactly where Jared had left him. He was curled up on the couch, messy blond hair and bright green eyes peeking above the folds of the blanket. Wanting to help Jensen establish some control, Jared was there to balance him and help him struggle to his feet. Limbs shook like a shaky colt standing for the first time, and Jensen slumped against Jared's chest.

"Why are you here?" Jensen asked, his voice so quiet that Jared nearly missed it. "Why?"

Jared took his face in one large hand. "Why not?" He countered, not ready to use the word love, not when Jensen looked like a strong wind would knock him out for the count.

Jensen shivered, and Jared's thumb stroked his high cheekbone gently, finding the freckles under the livid purple of a bruise that stretched above his cheek. He kept the rage in check, letting his deep affection shine through as he held him as if he was the sole thing that mattered in the world. "I am a mess," Jensen choked out, tears leaking from his eyes. "You could do anything, be with anyone - why are you here? What is it in for you?" Jensen's lower lip wobbled like a child and Jared could hear his heart breaking and shattering into dust. "I can't even- this job, 's all I've got - s'all I am -"

"Don't say that," Jared shushed Jensen by putting one finger over his bruised lips, his palm wiping away the tear tracks over his cheek as he held him a little closer. "You're so much more than that and you don't even know it. You're smart, funny, intelligent, witty, stubborn, and stupidly obsessed with old Hollywood. And I am here, I am going to stay here if you want me to. As long as you want me to." He held his gaze steadily, hoping, wanting Jensen to read the honesty in his eyes. "You've asked me what's in for me. Knowing you is what's in for me. I'm not asking anything else."

Jensen laughed bitterly. "My knight in shining fucking armour." He shook his head and his eyes filled with tears. "You can't be that perfect! No one is that perfect. What do you want from me? Why don't you -" he choked, tears splashing down his cheek, "why don't you want what they want?" He turned away, trying to break free from Jared's arms. Every part of him demanded he hung on tightly, that letting Jensen out of his arms was akin to letting him leave his life. The more rational side of him remembered that the ground Jensen walked on was as fragile as eggshells. He needed to regain his equilibrium. Like it or not, he wasn't some damsel in distress Jared could sweep off her feet and wander off into the sunset. If he wanted Jensen to see all the good in himself that Jared saw, he needed his self confidence back, and he'd never get it with Jared cloistering him away where it was safe and warm.

"What do they want, Jensen?" Jared pushed gently. "What did they do?" He wasn't sure if he was talking about the two spunk-for-brains Francesca was planning on gelding or *before*. Jensen stubbornly pretended Jared was referring to neither.

"They didn't do anything." He said shyly, his knees buckling weakly.

Jared took a step forward and caught Jensen by the elbows. Jensen shuddered, slipping backwards and moaning when his back hit across Jared's solid torso a little too hard.

"Jensen," Jared said in a quiet voice, trying to steady him without touching any tender flesh. "Please." He didn't even know what he was pleading for. Maybe for Jensen to be honest with him, just for this once, to let him in, take that step that would have told Jared he wasn't fighting against windmills.

Jensen bit his lip, squeezing his eyes shut as he fought to find his ground. He couldn't. Jared was the only thing keeping him up and the words tumbled out of his mouth before he could try and push them away, lock them safely in the back of his mind with all the ugly stuff he didn't want Jared to see. "Nothing's for free," he blurted out, the sentence ringing awful and true, like an echo in his head.

Jared was at utter loss. He caressed Jensen's arm softly, trying to understand what did it mean. "Did they say that?" he ventured finally, thinking back at the sneer Jona had worn when he asked him if he was 'the boyfriend'. Jensen looked away but Jared caught him lightly. "Baby, did they say that?"

When Jensen finally looked at him, there was a weary kind of resolution in his eyes that scared Jared more than he wanted to admit. "They said that you were only fucking me for the publicity, for the sales. Then I told them we..." he blushed red, "that we hadn't. They laughed and said 'who would want to?' So what is it? Either fuck me and get out, or tell me what it is you want!" His voice grew more and more shrill with every word. Jared felt the floor wobble dangerously beneath his feet and knew that a wrong answer here could ruin everything. If he let his temper get the better of him there would be no fixing the damage it would cause.

Jared saw red and bit down on his tongue. "Damnit, Jensen, what do *you* want? I can't win here! I have sex

with you and that's all I'm in it for, I don't, and you think I don't want to! I'm here baby. I'm here with you all the way, but I'm not a mind reader. Help me out Jen, because you're making me fight this on my own."

Jensen's head shot around and he fixed startled eyes on Jared. "I... I..." He stammered, evidently lost for words.

Jared bit his lip, feeling like shit already for having raised his voice but knowing they had to talk it out or they would never go anywhere. "What is it that you do want from me?" he whispered. "Because I'm right here and willing. I can't force you to believe me." He reached out to caress Jensen's bruised cheek, his eyes flashing violently for a brief instant. "I know very few things. But I know that I'd never hurt you. Ever. And I know I want to hurt those that hurt you. That's all I got. I can stop filming with you if you think it's a problem."

"No," Jensen shook his head, even though the sharp move made his whole vision spin and his knees buckle. No, he didn't want to stop filming with Jared. His terror must have shown because Jared put his arms around Jensen's back, steadying him on his feet and holding him over his chest.

"Then what? Just tell me. Please."

Jensen shuddered and grit his teeth, burying his face in Jared's chest. He couldn't tell him. He knew he couldn't. He couldn't say that no one ever hugged him like a lover, kissed him just because he wanted to, not wanting - not demanding anything in return. He couldn't tell Jared that he had been the one to show him he could do his job without being treated as a whore. He couldn't tell him how much more it hurt now that he could see the difference, and how easier it would have been if Jared was only another asshole.

He couldn't tell him they'd whispered in his ear 'where's your boyfriend now' every time the whip hit his thighs. He couldn't tell Jared he wanted to scream his name. He couldn't - he wouldn't shove all of it on him.

"Don't back out of the shoot." He pleaded softly. "The studio would never pick you up if you did." And then he would be stuck filming with people who didn't care if he broke a little every time he submitted. The look in Jared's eyes was resolute and Jensen felt the despair grow inside of him. Was there nothing he could do to convince Jared to stay? The soft, heart wrenching plea echoed in Jensen's ears. *Just tell me.* Could he?

No.

He couldn't tell Jared why he did what he did, why he was the way he was. He'd sworn to himself that he'd do anything to preserve the bright spark of innocence left in Jared's soul. The truth would only destroy that forever.

Warm, calloused fingers brushed the bruise on his cheek. Jona had given him that, the back of an open palm colliding with the side of his face when he had defiantly spit a mouthful of come on the man's feet. They'd tried to make him regret it.

He didn't.

He couldn't blame Joe, or even Paul, though a part of him felt adrift, knowing that they had never suspected the truth behind the act.

"I won't back out," Jared said quietly, so quietly. He tilted Jensen's face, up, stroking his cheek with a gentleness that still felt undeserved. Jensen's heart start thundering in his throat like a wild horse, not knowing how Jared would end the sentence - terrified to hear what resolution he'd come to. *Don't go, please, don't go, don't leave me, don't go, please, please.*

"But you have to trust me a little. Not much. Just a little."

Jensen's eyes shot open and he blinked through tears that he didn't know had started to fall again. "Can you do that?" Jared asked, voice earnest, cupping his face with one of his huge hands, the palm feeling cool and soothing against the spreading bruise.

"I -" Jensen's voice broke and he raised one shaky arm to hook around Jared's neck. God, did he even know what he was asking of him? "Yes." Did he even realize what Jensen had just given up for him, to him?

Jared smiled and bowed his head, kissing Jensen's tears away before holding him just a notch tighter over his chest. "Okay then."

Jensen sobbed and clung to his neck like his life depended on it, his tired legs giving out on him as Jared swooped him up in his arms and guided him to the bathroom where the hot tub was waiting him.

Jared bathed him without a hint that their relationship was anything more than that of close friend. His hands were gentle as they washed away sweat and come, and he reapplied dressings to all the places that they had left Jensen bleeding from.

"I could kill them for this." He whispered, his large hands sweeping across Jensen's skin, soothing bruises and abraded flesh. Jensen said nothing, his eyes closed as the warm water lapped over his skin. "How could Joe let this happen?"

Jensen flinched a little and Jared smiled gently, kissing the circle of bruised skin on Jensen's wrist. The script had called for a shoot darker than the one he had done with Jared on their first job together. He wasn't supposed to be playing the perfect sub, and his body bore the marks that proved how far that role had been taken. He'd made them fight for every victory, and his head and his heart were exhausted from the effort. He let Jared take care of him, soothing his soul with gentle words and loving eyes...eyes he could not meet without seeing the spark of hope and expectation he had planted there.

"They didn't know." Jensen said quietly. "They didn't know." He felt a little like the boy who cried wolf. By the time he had been ready to call the scene he had already been fighting for hours, and his co-stars had ensured by that point the only avenues open to him were ones they could control. Jensen had, for the first time in a long while, shot a scene that was unsafe in every aspect, and to make matters worse he had gone in with his eyes wide open. He had gotten so used to the way Jared lead a scene that he'd foolishly expected the same professionalism from actors he had never shot with before.

Jared looked hesitant to ask his next question, but he did so nonetheless. "Did you call it?"

Jensen swallowed. His throat hurt. He met Jared's eyes, a shiver raking his spine. "When -" he rasped, the movement shallow. "-When I wanted to, I -" he bit his swollen lip, the words sounding stupid and foolish in his own head. "I couldn't."

It looked like Jared took an instant to process it, and Jensen's shivers increased. *He's gonna leave, just why should he not, why shouldn't he be disgusted, you're a freak, you're fucked up on every single aspect and you don't deserve this, you don't deserve him, his compassion - you should let him go, be free of you now that he still can -*

"They prevented you from calling the scene." Jared's voice sounded like a barely contained growl, and Jensen recoiled like a pup, eyes squeezed shut. Jared's hands flitted across his arms immediately, his lips tracing the throbbing side of his head. "Shh. I'm not mad at you. I'm not. Shh. It's all right now." Jensen barely heard the soft whispered words, his heart beating too hard and loud in his ears for him to make much sense of anything. "I'm not going anywhere Jen. I promise. It'll be okay. I'll look after you." He was slowly picked out of the water and wrapped in a warm towel, only his feet sticking out as Jared methodically dried him before wrapping him in another clean robe and laying him gently on his bed.

Jensen looked up at him, his vision fuzzy at the edges. Jared sat on the edge of the bed and ran his cream-coated fingers over Jensen's face, and Jensen realized he was tending to the bruise on his cheek. "I'm going to call your agent now, then I'll make you something, okay? I promise it'll be edible." he smiled, even if it was a tense smile, Jensen felt the tight knot in his stomach give way slightly.

"Not hungry," Jensen whispered, licking his lips.

"Just soup Jen," Jared promised, tucking him under the covers. "You've not eaten all day." Or longer, as the care may be. He'd been so nervous about shooting with someone new that the thought of food had made his stomach churn. He considered arguing, but didn't have the energy. Jared stroked his hair until the

fuzzy world darkened further, and when he next opened his eyes, the bedroom was dark, and he was alone.

Panic spiked in his blood. Every bruise and scrape throbbed violently. He hurt more than he could ever remember hurting, and it was almost as if the fingers that had drawn bruises as they had pinched and slapped, probed and pulled were still there, digging into his flesh. His legs burned, sore muscles protesting the brutal treatment they had been subject to. His head still felt fuzzy, as if he were drunk or stoned and he didn't want to think about the way his ass burned even when he lay perfectly still.

It wasn't as if he had never done a shoot as intense before, he had. Hell, when he had been younger, new to the job, he had been the star of some films that would make even Joe blush like a virgin schoolgirl. His body, though tired and hurting, was accustomed to feeling that way.

It wasn't that that scared him.

The apartment was utterly still.

Completely silent.

He started to hyperventilate, throwing back the covers and stumbling from the bed. Every muscle screamed in protest, telling him in rather no uncertain terms that moving was not what they had signed up for right then, and he gasped, knocking painfully against the doorframe, his heart rate going up to alarming numbers.

Alone.

His brain yelled at him just as his body did. Why shouldn't he be, why anyone would want to stay?

Freak.

He almost sobbed, his feet slipping on the marble floor and he grabbed onto the hallway's doorframe to try and keep his balance, the robe dangling open and off his shoulders, the belt tripping him every few feet. His legs hurt, his head hurt, he was alone and scared and he cried softly as he bit into his knuckles, pain adding to pain as he whimpered and sniffled, his limbs shaking with tremors.

"What- oh god-" he felt strong arms wrap around his torso and pull him up right as he fell forward, Jared's aftershave a soft hint in his nostrils. "Jensen, why did you- what -"

Jared was there. Jared was still *there*. Jensen sobbed, snot making way down his face as he sniffled and clung on desperately, his legs giving way under him. Jared slid down to the floor with him, careful hands adjusting the robe and tying it up again as he was cradled over a steady chest. "Jensen, baby, what is it?" Jared whispered, kissing his temple as he sat back down against the wall, holding him tenderly in his lap.

Jensen shook his head, but dared to open his eyes a fraction, squinting up at Jared. He had - greying hair. And eyebrows. And flour on the tip of his nose. He licked his lips uncomprehendingly, then raised one trembling hand to wipe the flour off his eyebrow. Jared chuckled lightly. "I was trying to make something edible as promised. Francy's a great telephonic support."

Cooking.... Jared was cooking....

"You're still here." Jensen said numbly.

Jared kissed his forehead. "Where else would I be?" He teased gently. He sounded so sure of himself and of Jensen that it was impossible not to believe he knew exactly what he was talking about. Still, Jensen remembers being tucked into bed once before, his body as bruised and battered as it was now, promises whispered in his ears as he fell asleep, and broken as easily as they had been made. He'd been left alone then, when he was scared... terrified of the world he found himself in.

All that had followed had been a nightmare. Jared's promises shouldn't change all that.

But somehow they did.

His hands soothed Jensen carefully, petting him as they would a shy kitten. He was cuddled and held close, warm arms around him so solid and strong they could hold up Jensen's entire world on the tip of one finger.

Let me in, please.

So Jensen did.

"Don't leave me alone." He whispered, red with shame. "I... I can't face that right now."

"I won't," Jared said, holding his gaze to let him know he wasn't saying it lightly. "I promise."

Jensen sniffled, bit his lower lip. Jared's fingers pried that lip out of his teeth and smoothed it gently as he caressed his face. "I won't back out, Jen." he whispered, and that, right there, was enough to wrench another tear from Jensen's weary soul. He didn't even try to force himself up, or scurry away, but allowed Jared to stand and carry him back to bed, turn on all the lights as he went back to the kitchen to re-heat the soup he'd been trying to cook. He brought it to bed and helped Jensen gulp it down little by little, and even if there was some spice or salt missing, Jensen had never tasted anything just as wonderful. He told him, even though the sound of his own voice made him cringe, but Jared smiled his megawatt smile and kept on feeding him spoon by spoon, and it was hard to feel scared right then.

"Good," Jared praised him once he was done with his dinner, running his fingers through his hair. He kissed the unbeaten side of his face, putting the tray down by the end of the bed. "I can sleep on the couch if you'd rather," Jared said quietly, kicking off his shoes. "Or I can stay here. You tell me."

"Here," Jensen whispered, not caring about the blush that colored his cheeks. "Here."

Jared undid his jeans and sweater and let it pile in a corner. "You tell Francesca you said it, alright? I'd rather keep all my extremities in contact with my body."

Surprised, Jensen felt the corners of his mouth curl up in a smile. "You scared of Francy?"

"I am sane, ain't I?" Jared retorted, getting into bed right next to him and pulling him closer, Jensen's head pillowed on his chest. "Jen?" he whispered after a few moments.

Jensen mumbled something and opened one eye. "Yeah?"

"I was thinking," he cleared his throat, still massaging his scalp gently with his fingers. "I could stay here. For a few days. Until you feel better. You know, just to - to make sure you don't starve yourself to death, or anything."

"You don't have things you need to be doing?" Jensen asked, forcing himself not to jump on the chance to have Jared with him for a few more days.

Jared yawned loudly. "I could reorganise my sock draw, but other than that..." He chuckled and drew Jensen closer. "I think I can fit you in to my schedule." He whispered. "If you want me."

If.... if Jensen wanted him...

In answer he curled his fingers around Jared's wrist and held on tight, drifting off to the steady throb of Jared's heartbeat under his ear.

It was early in the afternoon when Jensen woke up. Jared had propped himself up with a book and a soda, his ankles crossed and one arm curled protectively around Jensen's shoulders. He'd fallen asleep that way, and Jensen took advantage of the fact that his body had no desire to move in order to study the man laid out before him. Jared had stayed with him all night. He had set himself up as Jensen's guard, and offered

to stay for a few days...

Jensen had forgotten what it was like to have another presence living alongside him. He'd never known what it felt like to feel so safe with someone that he was no longer afraid the front door wouldn't hold, or that someone would breach his little sanctuary.

Now he almost felt like daring someone to try.

"Morning sleeping beauty," Jared murmured, putting the book face down on his knee and ruffling his hair. Jensen summoned up half a glare to throw at him, but it melted in the face of Jared's bright smile. "Francesca has called. Twice. I told her you were sleeping, she threatened to come over. I'm guessing you should be expecting her anytime now."

Jensen groaned and nodded, curling himself up tighter against Jared's side. "She worries."

"Damn right she does," Jared said in an even voice, as if it was insane to think she wouldn't.

Jensen cracked one eye open again and smiled when he found Jared staring at him. "What?" he whispered sleepily.

"Nothing," Jared scooted down lower and pressed his lips tenderly to his forehead. "Nothing."

Jensen sighed and closed his eyes again against the flutter of Jared's lips, and he was even daring enough to make a grab for his hand and press his own mouth over his fingers. Jared smiled over his skin, he felt his lips pulling up before he draw back and settled more comfortably on the bed.

"She said she's bringing food, too. A good thing because I don't think you're up to pizza or takeaway, and I exhausted myself last night..." He trailed off with a wince. Jensen sorted and was surprised how good it felt to laugh.

"I dunno, the flour was kinda sexy." Jensen grinned, his face still buried against Jared's side. He laughed at the look of utter bemusement on Jared's face.

"You are a strange, strange person Jensen Ackles."

"And yet you are still here." Just saying those words made something burn bright and warm inside of him, the world suddenly a lot less scary in the light of day.

Jared laid a kiss on Jensen's temple. "Well I have thought long and hard on the subject, and have decided that today is the day I take the plunge."

Jensen blinked. "Excuse me?"

"I am going to expand my horizons through the medium of film." He nodded to himself. "I promise to watch whatever you demand and not complain at the lack of exploding objects."

"We could compromise." Jensen ventured, the idea of spending the day on the couch with Jared a decadent bliss. "The Great Escape followed by the Bridge over the River Kwai. There are plenty of things to keep you happy in both."

Jared began to hum the tune from The Great Escape and grinned. "Sounds perfect." The buzzer rang. "That will be my executioner now." He said dryly.

Jensen snorted. "Francy's harmless."

"That's what they said about Attila the Hun!"

Jensen sniggered, burrowing deeper in the covers as Jared stood up to let Francesca in. He wasn't joking. What little he had seen of Francesca had been enough to have him somehow sure that those two sonsofbitches that had abused Jensen would take what they deserved.

"Ciao," Francesca squared him up and down, taking off huge Vogue vintage sunglasses and fixing him with a piercing stare. Jared shifted his weight uncomfortably but tried to smile as naturally as he could.

"Good afternoon."

She narrowed her steel-colored eyes. "You kept to yourself?"

Jared gulped. "Yes ma'am."

"Stop trying to scare him away," Jensen's voice sounded, half-sleepy and half-amused from the hallway. Francesca's features softened immediately.

"Stupido, cosa ti metti in piedi a fare?"

Jensen snorted. "It's not polite to speak in a language no one else knows."

"You know it," Francesca said pointedly. Jared looked back and forth between them as if following a tennis match.

"But he doesn't."

"You'll find that is half the point." She said dryly. "Though I think you'll find he'd be on my side."

Jared blinked, utterly lost. "I would?"

"No." Said Jensen.

"Yes." Francesca nodded. "Now sit down before you fall down."

Jared got the message and jumped over to Jensen's side, wrapping him up and guiding him over to the couch. Jensen shot a baleful glare over at his agent. She ignored it and marched into the kitchen, carrying several bulging bags. Jensen considered telling her that they weren't feeding the five thousand when he remembered the size of Jared's stomach.

"Can I help?" Jared asked timidly.

"No you can't." Jensen shook his head. "You have to stay here where I can protect you from the nasty lady." He teased, lazily reclined amongst the cushions. Jared pouted.

"I'll go make drinks or something then." He hedged, kissing Jensen on the cheek before following Francesca into the kitchen. As soon as they were out of earshot he turned to her and demanded to know what had been done about the previous day's events.

Her smile turned suddenly much more sinister, which reminded Jared never, ever to even say half a word out of line with her around. Though he felt a satisfying thrill of pleasure to know that her vindictiveness was directed towards the bastards that had put Jensen in that state.

"I spoke to Henrietta. That bitch, I never liked her, I should never have agreed for Jensen to go with it," She said, her voice curt and biting. Jared understood that she, too, was feeling partially guilty for how bad things had turned out. "Let's just say that they won't be in any condition to do a shoot anytime soon. Not with the evidence that we've collected and Jensen's statement."

"Good," Jared said savagely, thinking it was small pleasure after all the pain and hurt and tears. But it didn't mean he couldn't fantasize about their bloody corpses left on the sidewalk.

"With the contents of their fine I could sponsor one year of time off for Jen."

Jared smiled a little. "Some time off would do him good."

"He would," she agreed, then looked back up in Jared's eyes as she was undoing the Tupperware containers

of chicken noodle and mashed potatoes. "You were applying to work with the Eros' studios, weren't you?"

Jared shuffled on his feet. "Well yes."

"Do it," She said simply, starting the microwave to re-heat the soup. "I'll sponsor you." She offered, "On one condition."

Jared picked his jaw up off the floor long enough to ask her what it was.

"When Jensen comes back, he shoots exclusively with you." There was a dangerous gleam in her eyes that had Jared's spine tingling. "Yesterday was a long time in the making. With the way he has been acting it was only a matter of time before he got hurt."

Jared lost his fear of the woman long enough to snarl. "None of that was his fault!" he hissed, keeping his voice low.

Her gun metal eyes narrowed in anger and she slammed the plastic box on the counter. "I am not blaming him." She shot back angrily. "And don't you dare accuse me of doing so!"

Taking an unconscious step back, Jared was reminded of why he was intimidated by Francesca in the first place. "I..." some of his anger deflated inside of him. "I just want to be what he needs." He admitted softly.

"Then be strong." Francesca said, her voice just as gentle. "He doesn't need a knight in shining armor. He needs someone who depends on him as much as depends on them. Don't build a relationship based on him meekly following your lead."

"I never - that's not what I meant." Jared whispered, lowering his eyes.

"Good," Francesca said, patting his arm. "He's not a child. He doesn't need you mothering him." The microwave ding'ed, and she picked the boiling soup with careful, gloved hands. "Beside, that's half what I'm here for."

Jared smiled, some of his tension ebbing away. "I don't want to mother him. But-" he looked back over his shoulder to the kitchen door, behind which he knew lay the sitting room and the couch where Jensen lay. "But I was really scared for him."

"Well, I understand." She shot him a glance and thrust the mashed potatoes in his hand. "He likes to act all tough," she mused, her mouth curved in a smile. "But you're a real first for him."

Something in Jared's chest glowed and expanded, so fast that it took his breath away. "Well," Jared scraped some invisible dirt off his fluffy-socked tiptoes over the back of his leg. "He's -he's somewhat a first for me, as well."

She cocked her head to one side, but didn't say anything else as they marched back inside the sitting room, each of them with a large plastic food container in their hands.

"Okay, now out with it," Jensen said, looking from one to the other. "You've been plotting for about fifteen minutes already."

Jared stuttered over his words but Francesca brushed them off with a scolding frown, thrusting a bowl full of soup into Jensen's lap. "Just giving Wonderboy tips on how to not burn down your kitchen." She said with a smirk shot in Jared's direction.

Jensen shook his head and took his soup, a shy smile flashing across his lips. Jared echoed it.

They could do this.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 8:

Since the day I saw you

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared has just been waiting for him, all this time.

Notes: Really Damn long

Warnings: Schmoop, fluffy, cuddles and rouge laundry.

Extra notes: For [x darkshines x](#) who is ten kinds of awesome and all around sparkly! *snuggles*

Scene One

A balled up pair of socks hit Jared in the side of the face. "Hey!" He protested. "Since when did laundry include projectile woollens?"

Jensen grinned, his cheeks fuller and brighter with color than Jared had ever seen them before. He lobbed a second pair of socks at Jared's head and fell about giggling when they bounced off his chin. He threw a third pair, and Jared was forced to retaliate. He pounced, catching Jensen around the waist and throwing them both down onto the pile of towels that had built up in the laundry room.

"Sock Nazi!" Jared bellowed, ticking Jensen under the arms and ribs. He used his knees to pin Jensen down, one on either side of his lean hips.

"Pussy!" Jensen giggled, catching Jared across the face with a balled up sweater.

"Cheater." Jared pouted, resisting the urge to lean down and kiss Jensen's flushed, happy face.

"Tramp."

Jared spat out a mouthful of wool. He may have had the advantage of being on top, but Jensen had more than enough projectiles on hand to keep him at bay. "You're really growing mouthy," Jared grinned, starting to drum his fingers on Jensen's sides in that way he knew was more ticklish than hell, and Jensen began to squirm and yelp and kick out at him to get away from the sensation.

"Ss-s-s-top it," Jensen giggled, swatting at him with another sweater. Jared coughed and spluttered as the woollen fluff got stuck on his tongue, but kept on tickling him mercilessly, his lips finding Jensen's neck to blow raspberries against the healed skin.

"CHE-HE-HEAT!" Jensen yelled, curling up in a ball as he tried to get away. Towels, sheets and flannel PJs rolled in a messy pile underneath the two of them, tangled up in the tickling game.

"Now who's the pussy, huh?" Jared giggled; blowing a raspberry over Jensen's ear and making him shriek and elbow him in the tender flesh of his stomach in retaliation. "OUCH!"

"T-t-take that," Jensen stuttered, still trying to contain the giggles as he ended up sprawled on top of Jared. Jared pouted at him, and Jensen lowered down to kiss that pout away. Jared's heart soared, and he wrapped his arms around Jensen's back to pull him languidly closer. They had grown so accustomed to have each other around, Jared dreaded the day Jensen would be fit enough to be on his own and would demand his privacy back. He didn't miss his lonely apartment and his lonely TV. There, he had no pillow fights or black and white movies or an armful of warm, snugly boyfriend to entertain himself with. The notion that he and Jensen could have done it, that they now were *boyfriends* and felt comfortable enough sleeping together and kissing and ending up dozing on the couch and screwing up Jared's back each time, it made his head spin and his bones go all mellow on him.

Jensen's smile curled up even more and he started shifting a little on Jared's body, but thankfully this time he laid right across him without doing anything more than cuddle. Jared had been in a damn sticky spot already after the first three or four days when Jensen had felt obliged to try and wake him with a blowjob. He had almost hit the roof as soon as he had realized what was going on, then spent the full day trying to convince Jensen that he did not have to do anything sexual at all in order to keep him around, quite the contrary.

That wasn't to say Jared was averse to the idea of sex with Jensen. He wasn't. Not even a little bit.

Okay, maybe a little bit.

He had a damn sexy boyfriend. Jensen looked hot even when he wasn't trying, and when he was, or he did something innocently sexual, it was really fucking difficult keeping his hands to himself. Despite the temptation of living with a beautiful, willing man, Jared was... scared to take things further. Somewhere along the line Jensen had convinced himself that his worth as a human being lay in his sexuality. He expected Jared to want to fuck him, and it had taken weeks of effort to convince him that it wasn't sex that kept him around, something not helped, Jared felt, by the fact that within hours of meeting, he had fucked Jensen senseless on set.

Jensen had a problem separating fact from fiction. It had taken Jared a long time to figure that out. Jensen had gotten so used to being forced into submission on set that he'd been unable to see that in the real world he didn't have to take the same role.

Jared was half afraid that when they did take the next step, Jensen would expect to be hurt. Or worse, that he'd be upset if he wasn't.

"Do you want to go out tonight?" Jared offered, kissing his neck softly. The bruises had faded. It had taken over two weeks, but they had. The scratches though, it would take a few more days, and there was a faint hint of scarring on his thighs that the doctor had promised would fade away with time. Still Jared couldn't help but think back on the very first night together, when Jensen had stumbled out, terrified of the shadows, of the loneliness, terrified of being left on his own. He knew the two bastards that had hurt him were out of business for good, but still it didn't quell the anger he still felt when he caught glimpses of Jensen's marked body.

Jared vowed he would replace every single mark with a kiss, a whisper, a promise he wouldn't break. His heart beat went up fast again and he smiled as Jensen kissed him back "Cinema?"

"I was thinking more like dinner and drinks," Jared smiled, entwining their fingers together. "But we can go to the plaza beforehand."

Jensen's eyes lit up. "Really?"

Jared laughed at Jensen's eagerness. They hadn't do much in terms of social life, only went out to see Chris and Steve play after ten days of Jensen trying to recover both strength and feeling in all his limbs. "Really."

"Awesome." Jensen proved once and for all that he was recovered, grabbing hold of Jared's shirt and tugging him forward for a deep, enthusiastic kiss. Jared moaned against his lips, his hands sliding against the warm skin of Jensen's back. He kissed across Jensen's strong jaw and down along his throat.

"Are you wearing my sweater?" He broke the kisses long enough to ask. Jensen blushed.

"Want me to take it off?" He asked, winking coyly.

Off... would mean a half naked Jensen pressed against him, warm and soft and..."Are you kidding? I'm having a caveman moment here." He grinned, enjoying the sight of Jensen's creamy skin hidden behind the folds of thick black wool. It was huge on him and kicked Jared's possessive streak straight into overkill. He rolled Jensen over, catching each of his wrists and tugging the sleeves down until he could see each of Jensen's hands and lace their fingers together. "So beautiful." He whispered. "So very beautiful."

Jensen sighed beneath him, parting his thighs enough for Jared to settle comfortably between them.

Jared swooped down on him and started to kiss alongside his throat, pushing the lush wool aside to get to the hollow of his throat and then up again to nibble on his earlobe. Jensen moaned softly, head thrown slightly back, and hooked one leg around Jared's strong thigh. "Mh," Jared whispered, licking inside his ear and kissing right down to Jensen's lips, taking the lower one between his lips to nibble and twirl.

"Tease," Jensen accused him, chest heaving softly with every small nibble.

Tease. God, Jensen had no clue what *he* did to *Jared* every single day. He smiled though, kissing him softly again before slipping his tongue between his lips, laundry long forgotten. "You really should know better," Jared whispered, kissing him again and stroking the inside of his wrists softly, tenderly. Jensen groaned and twisted a little, licking his lips as he opened his eyes to look at him.

God. Jared really *did need* to step back.

He bent down, kissed him again, soft and unhurried before rolling down on his side and bringing Jensen on top of him. "There is some place I want to take you tonight," he whispered, reaching up to brush his fingers across Jensen's cheek.

"It's not another burger joint is it?" Jensen asked suspiciously. "I swear that last place gave me food poisoning."

Jared snorted. Jensen no longer trusted his idea of a good take out place. Jared couldn't for the life of him understand why.

"Actually it's a place I went to a lot in college."

Jensen froze, surprise and hurt flashing in his eyes before vanishing behind his patented sly smirk. "You gonna tell me about that someday?"

"About frat parties and playing pranks on the Dean?"

"Ass."

Jared kissed the pout from Jensen's lips. "Play your cards right, I might tell you tonight."

Jensen smiled, letting his head fall on top of his chest. "Being all mysterious like, huh?"

"Thought you liked a little thrill in your life."

Jensen snorted and pinched him. "Jackass."

"You always call me names," Jared pouted. "Not fair."

Jensen giggled and kissed him again. "So, what is this place?"

"Surprise," Jared said, his eyes going all hued and dancing for some reason. "You'll see once we get there."

Jensen raised a suspicious eyebrow. Of course there were things of Jared he didn't know. Like it or not, they got to know each other little over two months earlier, and he only really allowed Jared in - a tiny bit at least - a couple of weeks ago. It wasn't fair of him to feel uneasy about Jared supposedly having more and more things that he never told Jensen. He wanted to know everything. From the toys Jared had played with as a kid to all the things he had dreamed of being when he grew up. He wanted to know Jared's favorite color, and what kind of cookies his momma had baked for him as a boy. He just didn't dare ask, half scared that the answers would not be what he expected.

"Do I have to dress up?" he asked, trying to sneak a few clues. Jared shook his head, mischief sparkling in his bright eyes. "Dress down?" Again, a shake of the head. "Do I have to bother with clothes at all?"

Jared sniggered. "Well that might cause a stir." He leered a little and brushed his hand ever so lightly across Jensen's ass. For the most part hands were kept strictly above waist level. A challenge given the fact that Jensen possessed the type of ass that would have led a saint to sin. Jensen stiffened, and Jared cringed. He made to pull his hand back, but Jensen countered the move and held him down, his own hand resting against Jared's thigh.

"Jeans and a shirt, then?" Jensen asked, pretending that Jared's hand wasn't in a more compromising place than it had ever been before.

Jared relaxed a little and kissed his nose. "Perfect."

Jensen smiled at him and kissed his lips briefly. "All right." he said in a whisper.

Jared cheered on the inside, stroking his back with his other hand and keeping Jensen close to his chest, just snuggling him into his body among the laundry. When Jared opened his eyes, Jensen was still looking at him, eyes slightly wide and lips parted, almost transfixed, and Jared smiled, nudging his forehead. "What?"

"Nothing," Jensen said quickly, covering his moment with a grin. "Just looking at you."

"I'm irresistible like that," Jared nodded with all seriousness, and Jensen sniggered.

"Finish up the laundry, smartass," Jensen said, smacking him playfully on his belly. "I have to make myself pretty for my date."

Jared laughed and stole another kiss before letting him wriggle out of his arms. He watched him walk and bit the inside of his cheek when a familiar flush of heat spread from his belly to every other part of his body. Damn. It was getting to be harder and harder with each passing day. No fuckin' pun intended.

There had to be someone up there laughing at him. There was some seriously ironic vibes in the air that saw him in a happy, stable relationship and getting less sex than he did when he was single.

Twenty minutes later and he caught a glimpse of Jensen as he stepped out of the shower, his body slick and smooth, just begging Jared to run his hands over it. God, he thought he had fucked enough in his young life to keep him happily sexed until he was seventy. Obviously he was a little off in his estimations. He crept up behind Jensen's back and let his fingers settle on the warm skin above the line of his towel. Jensen smelled like warm skin and coconut shampoo, a heady mixture that drove Jared wild. He smiled a little when Jensen settled back into his arms, no longer jumping out of his skin as he had the first week.

Those first few days had been a nightmare. Jensen had been afraid of shadows, jumping at every sound and flinching from even the slightest movement. He'd clung to Jared, afraid to be alone. Fingerprints had been left in Jared's wrists after Joe had come to see them. Jared wasn't really angry with Joe anymore - well, maybe just a little - but from the way the director had meekly presented his apologies, he'd figured Francesca had done her job well and he'd been punished enough. Still, it was Jared who had held Jensen through the night, whispering soothing nonsense in his ear, trying to wade off his demons and vowing to himself that he would. Somehow. He was Jensen's boyfriend. He had to.

Jared pressed his nose behind Jensen's ear and dropped a kiss to the soft skin of his neck. "Hey," he murmured, fingers drumming over his side. Jensen's hand covered his own and he laced their fingers together, Jensen's thumb stroking the back of his hand.

"Hey," he murmured back, his lips curling into a smile. Jared smiled at him and kissed his cheek again.

They swayed silently for a few more seconds, Jensen's body wetting Jared's shirt and passing searing heat through the thin layer of cotton. Eventually, Jared stepped back and dropped another kiss on Jensen's nape. "I'll be ready in a sec," he said, starting to undo his jeans. He raised his head when his pronouncement was met with silence, grinning slightly when he caught Jensen staring at his hands. Jensen flushed and stuttered, backing out of the bathroom so quickly he almost tripped on his feet.

Jared laughed with giddiness, feeling somewhat relieved that Jensen was probably thinking about things

just as much as he was. At least he knew he wasn't alone in this.

Scene Two

"Wow," Jensen said, eyes huge once they stepped out on the pebbled pavement in front of the Safari night club. He'd heard of it, surely, but he hadn't even walked in. It was known to be extremely fancy and - well, naughty would be a pretty mild way to put it. He looked enquiringly at Jared, a smile tipping up the corner of his lips when he saw his boyfriend (his *boyfriend*, Jensen would probably never stop giggling about it) fidget for a moment, apparently at loss for words.

"It's nice inside," he offered at length, grinning sheepishly.

Jensen chuckled, "I'm sure of that." Jared took his hand and squeezed, walking them through the revolving glass door. "Jared?" he asked after they were bowed in by the respectful bouncer.

"Hmmm?"

"Why here?"

Jared cleared his throat loudly. "I... um... see-"

"Jared?" Both Jared and Jensen looked up. A tall, imposing man with skin the color of dark chocolate made his way through the ornate double doors, the folds of his black coat hanging in perfectly pressed lines. Jared beamed.

"Charlie!" He yelled, stepping forward to engulf the man in a long armed hug. Both men were strong, and for a minute it looked to Jensen as if they were trying to squeeze the life out of each other. Then Jared remembered himself. With a blush he stepped back and wrapped an arm around Jensen's shoulders. "Charlie, this is Jensen, my boyfriend. " Jensen went an instant shade of red. "Jen, this is Charles Montgomery the Third."

Charlie growled. "Little moron." He said, the heavy tone of his voice offset by the twinkle in his eyes. He turned to Jensen and took his hand. "A pleasure to meet you. Jared's taste has certainly improved."

Jared steamrolled over Charlie's comment before Jensen had the chance to ask what it meant. "Charlie here is head of security at The Safari. He gets to throw his weight around and scowl a lot. It goes to his head."

Charlie put on a face of mock severity, winking at Jensen as he did. "Well someone has to protect the virtue of our dancers. Though I seem to remember you never had much of a problem doing that yourself."

Jensen choked on air.

Jared winced.

"You danced here?" Jensen asked incredulously.

"This went so much smoother in my head." Jared sighed, glaring at Charlie, who looked slightly mortified.

Jensen's mind was reeling. He looked from Jared to Charlie and back again. He found himself at loss for words, and he really didn't know how he should feel about this new titbit of information.

"I'll have a private parlour ready," Charlie said, quickly backing away.

Jared looked about to say something to him, but in the end he shook his head and looked back at Jensen, even though he wasn't quite meeting his eyes. "You -" he cleared his throat, shifting his weight a little. "You want to, um. Sit down?"

"I - yeah. I guess." He didn't even know why he was feeling betrayed. It wasn't like Jared had kept a secret from him. And apparently, *he had* decided to tell Jensen, if the way he'd planned the evening was to be taken in consideration. Still, Jensen felt a hollow in the pit of his stomach that he couldn't quite justify to himself.

Charlie bowed them in and muttered an apology in Jared's ear that Jensen couldn't catch, and they sat down on the plush red cushions, Jared trying very hard to ignore the table with a long pole planted right in the middle of it. It was like dancing around an elephant.

"So," Jared cleared his throat, drumming his fingers on his knee nervously. "Well. Um. I originally - let's just say that I wished I could've told you myself."

"So tell me." Jensen was trying so hard not to stare at the pole that Jared was really the only thing he could look at.

Jared looked small and young as he shook his head. "I don't really know where to start." He admitted. "In my head I just told you and that was that. Stupid, huh?" Perhaps a little, but Jensen actually understood that much at least.

"Try the beginning." He prompted, reaching out to anchor them, fingers locked together.

Jared nodded and looked as if he was about to face a firing squad. "So you know Chris told you I was a science geek, right?"

Jensen nodded, still a little in love with the idea.

"Well I had all these grand ideas of studying Forensic Science, right? I won a couple of scholarships for tuition but my folks couldn't afford to support my living costs. I worked the usual scenes but I just never had the time to get as many hours as I needed to pay the rent. I met Charlie a couple of blocks from here. I had less than a day to pay up or be evicted and he told me about this place." He settled more comfortably into the story, relaxing a little more with each word. Jensen however was anything but relaxed. He felt the color leave his face, growing colder with each passing word. "Anyway, I came and took a look, Jessica, that's the owner, gave me a trial period and I brought in enough to pay my rent in the first half hour. The people here are awesome, and I never had any problems with customers, so I just carried on doing it."

Jensen snorted. "I bet they were all sweethearts," he muttered under his breath.

Jared's eyes widened for an instant, but he gripped Jensen's hand tighter and actually pulled on it, having Jensen slide on the couch until their knees were bumping. "It was all right," Jared insisted. "Security is very tight here. There have been a couple of people who took too much liberty, but it was a sporadic case, and they were never seen again. You have to believe me." He shifted on the couch, putting his other hand on top of their joined ones.

Jared's voice had lowered, and it sounded a bit like a plea. "I never - you know. For money. Just - I mean, now, but it's different, and back then, I didn't - not like that. I just - danced. I swear, Jen."

Jensen looked into his eyes, suddenly feeling like the worse failure of human being alive. "I-" he swallowed, his voice breaking. "I didn't - think- mean -" he sighed in frustration and he squeezed Jared's hand tight. "I just want to know if - not that I thought you were - but if they - took advantage of you."

If they had, if someone had dared - well, Jensen could get angry as well. He never did before, not for anyone, but he had the crystal-clear knowledge that if someone had tried to hurt Jared, his Jared, he would make them pay. It was almost scary. He'd gone from hurt to betrayed to angry in the blink of an eye, the rush of over protectiveness making his skin tingle.

"No one took advantage of me," Jared said in a quiet tone. "I would tell you if it was the case. I promise." And Jensen trusted him. Jared was open like that. It made him feel even worse, like the lowest bit of scum for keeping his ugliness to himself. Even if it was to protect Jared. Jared smiled a little and sunshine broke out from behind the clouds. "But that wasn't what we are here for."

"It isn't?" Jensen frowned. Jared pressed a light kiss to his cheek then sat back, grinning nervously.

"Nope. You, Jensen Ackles, are going to be the first and only witness to the Jared Padalecki out of retirement Strip Spectacular." He flashed Jensen a wink then bounded off the couch. There was a gentle knock on the door, and a moment later a tiny girl with bubblegum pink hair poked her head around the door. "Sandy!" Jared grinned, twirling her in his arms before she could open her mouth. "Love the hair!" Sandy giggled as she was set down, curling a thick strand of hair around her finger.

"Well, he's cuter than the last one." She smiled at Jensen. "Can I get you a drink, doll?"

"Sandy is headline dancer here." Jared explained, towering over the scantily clad woman.

Jensen summoned a charming smile. He took Sandy's hand and kissed her knuckles lightly. "Pleasure to meet you."

She giggled. "Oh baby, the pleasure is all mine." She turned to Jared and fluttered her lashes. "Any time you want to share..."

Jared glared down at her, hands on his hips. "Sandy..." She giggled again and looked back to Jensen.

"Tequila alright for you, sugar?"

"The strongest you've got," Jensen said, a little dumbfounded by everything. She giggled again and nodded, slapping Jared's ass as she walked out. Jensen raised one eyebrow at him, to which Jared presented his open palms in defence.

"She's like that with everyone."

"Right," Jensen snorted, crossing his legs and scooting back on the couch, looking at Jared, torn between anticipation, nerves and arousal. From the moment he heard the word strip, there was one single mental image his brain presented him, and it was the one of Jared washing his hair in the shower, water gliding down his sculpted body and enlightening every ripple of skin and muscle. Jensen had jacked off to that image more times than he could count.

Jensen licked his lips, suddenly very aware of his body, the loud thumping of his heart, the tight stretch of his jeans over his legs. Jared was obviously still waiting for something, and only when Sandy had got back with the drinks and he had downed a shot of green something (Jensen so didn't want to know what it was) he stepped up on the table, leaning against the pole

"Are you ready?"

"I was born ready," Jensen shot back, because it was easier to tease and joke around than to admit to the tightness of his throat, the slight sweat that had started to break over his skin at the sight of Jared's mile long body draped across the pole.

"Sexy back" started to thump out of the carefully placed speakers, and Jared rolled his eyes. "That's original," he said, his voice a little louder, as if he was speaking to someone outside the parlour.

Jensen's heart pounded as loudly as the music from the speakers. Jared flashed him a cheeky wink, crouching low on the table and beckoning Jensen forward with a wiggle of a crooked finger. "House rules," he whispered over the music. "You can't touch." He took each of Jensen's hands and set them flat over his knees. "Anything else is fair game." He shuffled back, ass against the pole, his legs spread obscenely wide. His shirt, already loose at the throat, slowly unfastened under teasing fingers until it hung in a teasing V, baring hard golden muscles to the world.

Jensen's throat was dry, his fingers digging into his knees painfully.

"You want me to lose it?" Jared asked, rolling his hips, strong muscles coiling as he rose from the stage. "Hope you brought lots of cash baby, I ain't cheap."

For some reason the words stuck Jensen was being absurd. He blinked, then laughed, caught in Jared's beaming grin. "You take AmEx?"

Jared winked, tugging the hem of his shirt out from under his belt. "I take car keys." He countered.

Jensen's eyebrow rose playfully. "You think you're worth my car?"

"I'm worth ten cars." Jared shot back, hips rolling in time with the music, his shirt sliding down wide shoulders.

"How about you prove it?" Jensen challenged, spreading his legs in an attempt to release the pressure on his growing erection.

Jared licked his lips before taking the bottom one between his teeth. He grinned, curled one knee around the pole and threw himself backwards, nipples brown and erect, standing in stark contrast against his tanned skin and the black of his open shirt. "You asked for it," he whispered, bangs thrown backwards, eyes a pool of dark hazel that stared upside down at Jensen for an instant before Jared threw himself up again. He undid the last button of the shirt and let it slide down his body until it curled over his wrists, then ripped it off, throwing it at Jensen.

Jensen caught it with his right hand, mesmerized by Jared's hips grinding against the pole, his chest swaying in time with the music as he danced. Jared looked at him as he lowered himself on his knees, the pole caught right against his bulging crotch. His eyes bore into Jensen's as he gripped the pole with both hands, stroking it as he would a huge cock while he dragged himself up again, his groin pressing hotly against the gleaming silver.

"Fuck," Jensen muttered, throat too dry for proper speech.

Jared's large hand skimmed across his torso, stopping an instant to tease his nipple before undoing the buckle of his belt. "Still debating?" Jared mouthed at him, sliding his belt out of the loops with one quick move and using it to anchor himself to the pole as he did a full turn of the stage.

Jensen tossed his car keys up on stage and Jared grinned. "Throw in the AmEx and I'll lose the pants." The plastic hit the stage a second later, and Jared threw a coy smirk over his shoulder.

The first catch on his pants popped open, and he spun around, thigh wrapped around the pole as he moved. The fabric dipped just a touch, low enough for Jensen to see a hint of the shadowy crease of his ass. Then, still wrapped around the bar, Jared leant back, bending almost double until he could place his hands on the stage beneath him. His fingers brushed the stage, then holding himself with his knees, he reached up and slipped a hand into his pants.

"No fair." Jensen said, his voice as dry as California in July.

"I never said I couldn't touch me." Jared pointed out. "Besides, it's more fun this way. A little imagination goes a long, long way." He arched back and gracefully righted himself, laid out across the stage, his hand returning to his pants. "I can pretend it's your hand. That you're touching me." he lifted his hips and kicked the fabric down to his thighs, his hard cock springing free.

Jensen groaned and bit his lip.

"Tell me what you want." Jared encouraged.

Jensen reached blindly for his tequila and downed it one go. It burned his throat as it went down, and he had to blink against the moisture that clouded his eyes. Fuck, it was strong. He spread his legs wider, looking transfixed as Jared lightly stroked himself. He unconsciously reached for his own dick, pressing the heel of his palm down against it, barely stifling a moan.

"C'mon baby," Jared cooed, slightly breathless. "Tell me whatcha want."

Jensen arched up against his own touch, alcohol running through his veins and making him feel bolder. "Turn around," Jensen whispered. "I want to see your ass."

Jared complied, swaying in sync to the music and spreading his legs as far as his pants would allow, the crease of his ass riding the pole as he slid up and down against it.

Jensen groaned and he dug his fingers hard into his thigh, his other hand quickly unzipping his pants and finding his cock. "Off," he managed, his voice sounding too rough even to his own ears. "Pants."

Jared put both hands over his legs and pushed the rest of his jeans down, kicking them off along with his boots and returning to rut against the pole, head thrown back as he spun once across the stage, then went down on his knees right on the edge of it, inches away from Jensen.

"No one gets full service," Jared whispered, running his hands from his knees up to his chest, one of them going up higher to grasp at the pole as he jutted his hips out, the other one slowly going down again and stopping right over his belly. "This is just for you."

Jensen glowed inside. "These rules," he said quietly, "they say anything about you touching *me*?"

Jared grinned, crawling over on his hands and knees. "Nope."

"Alright then." Jensen stood, tugging his sweater over his head as he went. "Take off my belt."

Jared went one step further. He wrapped his arms around Jensen's hips and used his teeth to tug on the leather. Jensen had to rest his hands behind his neck in order to stick to the rules and keep his hands to himself. The leather slid through the first clasp, then the buckle. Jared didn't stop until it was tugged off completely, hitting the floor with a clatter before he sat back on his hunches, waiting for further instructions.

"Now the jeans." Jensen said, his voice husky and low, his heart lodged somewhere in his throat. It was if he could see the future mapped out tin front of him. This was it. Not quite what he imagined, but then when was life ever predictable?

Jared used his hands this time. The denim slid down Jensen's thighs, the brush of fabric followed by the feather light tickle of Jared's cheek against his skin.

Jensen's thighs quivered, and he dug his fingernails in his nape as to prevent himself to just shove his fingers through Jared's long locks. Fuck. His cock was hard and leaking inside his boxer briefs, the plum-shaped head poking from the waistband. Jensen's breath was ridiculously quick and shallow, and god, didn't his hips just jerk into thin air of their own instinct. Jensen couldn't believe Jared had got him so worked up, but just looking at his naked boyfriend kneeling in front of him made Jensen's salivation go zero and his head spin.

"What now?" Jared breathed, the soft whisper dancing over Jensen's hip.

Jensen shuddered and swallowed, his dick twitching in his cotton restrain. "Off," he breathed, locking eyes with Jared. Jared licked his lips, slowly and deliberately, and Jensen honest to god whimpered, biting down on his lip hard to try and restrain himself or any more embarrassing noises.

Jared's fingers hooked into the waistband of his briefs and he started to tease it down, slowly, then bringing the elastic back up again, the string rubbing over coarse hair and Jensen's stiff shaft. Jensen moaned, his hips jerking again, searching for more contact. Jared smiled at him, battling his eyelashes coyly before yanking Jensen's briefs down mid-thigh. His mouth was *right there*, right above the leaking head of Jensen's dick, and he could feel the warmth of his breath tickling above it. Jensen whined and tore his eyes away from the sight before him, heat pooling in his belly with a loud rush.

Jared had barely time to press his lips to Jensen's cock that he was shuddering, a choked off cry the only warning Jared got before he came, hot, fast, messy, all over Jared's lips and cheeks.

It was impossible to know which of them was more surprised, but it was Jensen who found his voice first.

"Oh god, I'm... fuck! Sorry!"

Jared blinked, come dripping over his lips, but he shook his head, a sly grin replacing the nonplussed frown. "I take it as the highest compliment." He chuckled.

Mortified, Jensen cringed back from his touch, dropping into the booth and madly struggling to climb back into his jeans. "I am so sorry!" He stuttered, unable to meet Jared in the eye as he tried to put his jeans on backwards.

Jared ducked down to crouch at the edge of the couch. "Don't worry about it, baby!" He soothed, resting a hand on Jensen's knee. "It's fine! Seriously."

"It's not fine!" Jensen scowled, bright red with shame.

There were drops of come splashed on Jared's face. He brushed them aside, contemplating licking his fingers but thinking better of it when Jensen didn't lose his red face.

"Jensen," Jared tried, putting his hand over his shoulder and squeezing. "Honestly. Look at me. Please? Just for a moment?"

Jensen ducked his head, and Jared put his hand over his cheek, cupping the side of his face and tilting it upwards to meet his eyes. He smiled, thumb running over Jensen's jaw. "I said it's fine," he repeated. "I am kinda flattered to tell you the truth."

"Don't say that," Jensen stuttered, still as brightly red as one of the neon lights and more embarrassed than Jared had ever seen him. "Don't - just - God," he scrubbed at his face, muttering 'I'm sorry' all over again.

"Jen, baby, really," Jared took his face with both hands and placed a quick kiss on the top of his nose. "It's alright. Trust me, okay? I don't mind. It was - well, to me it was kinda hot. Scorching hot," he smiled, trying not to chuckle because he didn't know how Jensen would take a laugh right then. Jared kissed his cheek and caressed his cheeks once before resting his hands over his neck. "It's the whole point, okay? I just want you to feel good."

Jensen scowled, more angry at himself than Jared expected. He climbed into his jacket and looked towards the door. "Can we go?"

Jared nodded quickly. "Sure. Whatever you want." He quickly tugged his jeans back on, lacing his boots up wrong in an attempt to speed up the process. "We can grab something on the way home if you want."

Jensen shook his head silently. He was ready to go and hide his head under the sand. Jared laid his hand on Jensen's back and guided him through the club. Across the main floor, Sandy paused on her way to the bar, a curious tilt to her head. Jared sighed and cut off her approach with a small hand gesture. She raised her hand to her cheek. 'I'll call you.'

Outside, Charlie mistook Jensen's red face for anger and placed a hand on Jared's arm as he passed. "Okay?" He whispered. Jared nodded and promised to talk to him later, jogging to catch up with Jensen who had charged across the parking lot without even looking back, his shoulders tense.

"Baby?" Jared hesitated. Jensen climbed into the driver's seat, leaving Jared stuck with shotgun. "Jensen?"

Jensen gritted his teeth and placed his hands on the wheel, clutching hard. He'd never drove Jared's jeep before but he just needed to do something - get away - even if he knew it was impossible.

He wanted to tell Jared that he was sorry again, but he didn't think Jared actually understood how mortified Jensen was. Okay, he'd been worked up since before they left the apartment, but it didn't mean he had to behave like a teenager on prom night, or something equally stupid.

"Jen?" Jared called again, and it wasn't until he turned to look into Jared's eyes that he saw the worry, and the sadness clouding Jared's eyes. Like he thought he had done something wrong, like he was the one to

blame if Jensen couldn't even last one minute during a freakin' blow job.

"I'm sorry," he stuttered again, gripping the steering wheel hard enough to have his knuckles whiten.

"Baby I told you already - it's fine," Jared's hand covered Jensen's on the wheel and he pried it off to kiss his knuckles. "Just listen to me, alright?"

Jensen looked down at his lap, cheeks burning.

"Jen," Jared tugged at his hand, making him lean out towards Jared's seat. "Please. You got nothing to be sorry for, okay? Nothing."

Jared didn't understand. "I'm a porn star goddamnit!" Jensen hissed, unable to tug his hand from Jared's grip. "I'm supposed to last more than thirty seconds!"

"This wasn't porn!" Jared protested, his big, sad eyes earnest and wide. "It was us, real us, it's okay."

"That's not the point!" Jensen growled.

"It is totally the point!"

"Is not!"

They turned onto the freeway, Jensen's hands at ten and two, the jeep moving exactly at the speed limit. Jared's mouth twitched into a small smile. Jensen saw it and his scowl grew deeper. "I ruined your night."

"Our night." Jared corrected him. "And you didn't." Things hadn't gone quite the way they were supposed to, but the night was still salvageable. "Why won't you listen to me?"

"Because you are brushing it off like it is no big deal."

"It isn't a big deal!" Jared said, flailing his arms a little as they overtook a blue convertible crawling along the curb. "You think you are the only one who came from a dance?" He regretted saying the words as soon as they were out. Jensen's face darkened and his fingers tightened on the wheel. Bad choice of moment and words. "Jen. Please. Why don't you trust me on this?"

"It's not about trust," Jensen gritted out, voice a little muffled.

"Then tell me what is it about, because I don't know anymore," Jared said desperately. He fidgeted a little on his seat but didn't let go of Jensen's hand. "I wanted to make you feel good. Doesn't matter how or why or whatever. It's - " he struggled to find the right words, then sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable," he murmured at last. "It - I never meant it."

Jensen did a double take and almost swayed off the track. "It - it's not - you - it's - it's not that - " he blushed harder and bit his lip, taking the turn that would take them to Jensen's place. "It's - " he didn't want to say it's about me. Even to his ears it sounded a tad bit too melodramatic. He shook his head helplessly and drove on, an uneasy silence settling between them.

As soon as he parked in his private spot under the building, Jared yanked his other hand and brought the both of them up to his mouth to kiss. "Whatever it is," Jared said, looking straight at his eyes. "We can move past it and make it better, okay?"

"Okay." Jensen said meekly. He didn't know how to begin to explain himself to Jared. Every excuse he could think of was either too insane or too depressing, and there was no room for either in their already insane lives. Jared smiled at him and began to climb from the jeep. Jensen reached out and caught his arm. "For the record, I do trust you." *I just don't trust me*, he added silently.

There was a message from Francy waiting on the machine when they got in, and one from Chris. Francy wanted Jared to fill out some paperwork to forward on to his agent, and Chris wanted to know what he should get Steve for his birthday. Jensen played both messages before snatching up both his and Jared's

jackets and carrying them to the hallway closet. Jared followed him like a silent puppy, waiting for the moment when Jensen would calm down enough for Jared to wrap him up in a hug. Knowing Jensen trusted him - or at least thought he did- made Jared glow inside, but he wasn't stupid enough to get touchy feely when Jensen was in such a volatile mood.

"Stop following me." Jensen said, no heat in his voice as he moved to the kitchen and began to tidy the non-existent mess.

"Not following." Jared smiled, ducking behind Jensen as he attempted to move to the cupboard and begin to rearrange the contents. "I just happen to like the kitchen."

Jensen snorted. "No kidding."

"I'm a growing boy." Jared nodded, taking each item from Jensen's hand as he tried to order them. "And didn't you do this last week?"

Jensen didn't dignify the comment with an answer. He kept moving things around, arranging the teas in alphabetical order and putting the pots and pans in size order. It wasn't until he decided to pull out the table's drawer to arrange the tablecloths that Jared actually stopped him and pulled him tight to his chest, burying his face in his hair and holding him close even though Jensen fidgeted and squirmed at first.

"Calm down," Jared murmured in his ear, his big hands smoothing invisible creases off Jensen's shirt on his back. He pressed a tiny kiss at the side of Jensen's cheek and tugged him deeper inside his arms, the tips of his fingers brushing Jensen's hair.

"I am perfectly calm." Jensen protested, even though after a short while he shifted his arms so he could cling back to Jared just as strongly.

Jared smiled but didn't call him on his obvious lie. "Why don't we pick one of your DVDs, and just lay there and watch the movie? Then we can go to bed, and we can brainstorm on what Chris should buy for that poor soul that bears with him day by day."

The corners of Jensen's mouth pulled up at that. The fact that Jared wanted his opinion on whatever he should advise his friend for had his shame abating slightly. "That could work," he murmured, nesting his head under Jared's chin.

Relieved, Jared let his hand caress Jensen's nape for a few more instants before kissing the tip of his nose and leading him to the couch. "Any ideas?"

Jensen shrugged, not all that concerned with what they watched. "You pick."

There were dozens of choices. In the end Jared picked out *Vacanze Romane*, one of Jensen's favorites. He hoped it might calm down the shame Jensen refused to admit to feeling.

The couch wasn't really built for two, but they managed. Jared laid out, his legs dangling over the low arm. Jensen curled up beside him, saved only from a potentially painful fall by Jared's arm wrapped over his waist.

"I'm sorry I ruined your night." Jensen said again, his chin tucked up tight against Jared's chest.

"Would you shut up about that already?" Jared sighed, pressing light kisses against Jensen's hairline. His fingers had found their way under Jensen's shirt, stroking over warm skin soothingly. "It's okay."

"You had everything planned out," Jensen mumbled, arching his neck a tiny bit so Jared could keep on kissing the side of his face. "I screwed it..."

Jared sighed again, and shook his head. "It is *fine*," he murmured back, caressing his side as he kept peppering Jensen's face with soft, butterfly-light kisses. "I am kind of flattered, and you should really stop putting yourself down."

Jensen said nothing, just made a low noise and wrung his arm around Jared's back as well, pressing himself closer to his warmth. Jared took it as a truce sign, so he settled as comfortably as he could against the cushions (and yes, the couch might be fancy and white-leathered and cost a fortune, but it wasn't the most comfortable one Jared had ever crashed on) and let his hand slip a little higher, teasing Jensen's ticklish side for an instant before sliding back down.

"Mh," Jensen mumbled, kissing Jared's neck as he tilted his head up. He swallowed, his Adam apple bobbing with the movement, eyes locking with Jared's soft, hued ones. He shifted around until he could actually reach Jared's lips and press his own against his, his fingers curling around a fistful of Jared's shirt.

Crisis averted, Jared thought, parting his lips and deepening the kiss. Jensen sighed, slowly relaxing against Jared's side. His skin was warm and soft under Jared's hands, familiar enough for him to want more, but still forbidden.

"Movie." Jared reminded him, pulling back for a second before kissing along the curve of Jensen's upper lip.

"Fuck it." Jensen said flatly. He clung on tight to Jared's shirt, fingers pressed against his chest. "I hate this couch."

"At least you fit." Jared snorted, his hand sliding lower to grab at Jensen's thigh and pull him closer.

"I hate you too." Jensen said flatly.

"No, you don't."

Jared kissed the side of his throat, working along the neckline of his shirt.

"Hmm, do too." Jensen nodded a little, then tipped his head back to give Jared better access.

Jared wasn't about to be told twice. He held Jensen with the hand he had sneaked around his thigh, pulling it around his waist, and kept on pressing kiss after wet kiss over Jensen's smooth neck and collarbone. Jensen's mouth opened silently, lower lip pulled in by his teeth as he tried to keep quiet. Jared's other hand moved around until he could press it at the small of Jensen's back, drawing him in.

Jensen let out a soft moan at that, pressing himself from head to toe over Jared's hot, hard body, his hands starting to pull and yank at Jared's shirt until buttons started to pop off.

Jared chuckled, albeit breathlessly, and pulled back long enough for Jensen to tug and push it over his shoulders. "Easy," he whispered again, not knowing exactly where they were standing and not wanting to push Jensen. "Easy." He captured his mouth again, his tongue chasing Jensen's as he swirled it around his own, gliding and sliding. Jensen moaned thinly again, jaw going slack with just a kiss, His hands frenetically running up and down Jared's torso.

"Stop," Jared whispered, pulling back long enough to catch his breath. "Jen -"

Jensen opened his eyes to look at him.. They were glassy and green, and his lips swollen and bruised with kisses. It made Jared's head spin. "I don't want to."

Jared blinked up at him, trying to weight the truth of the words. There was no lie in Jensen's eyes. He wanted it as much as Jared did. Maybe more. "Okay," he whispered, "okay."

Jensen seemed to deflate a little once Jared stepped down, a small, happy smile replacing the simple look of want. Jared kissed him again, slow and gentle, trying to put everything he felt into one kiss. His arms curled around Jensen's chest, holding him close, his legs still on either side of Jared's hips. "Not here." Jared protested. "Bed."

Jensen nodded and tugged of his shirt. The bruises had long since faded, leaving only smooth, kissable skin behind. Jared knew how every inch of him felt beneath his hands, but longed to see how Jensen looked

beneath him when the camera was not rolling. He wanted to know what was real and what was his character.

"Bed." Jensen nodded in agreement.

Jared pulled him close again and swung his legs around on the couch. Jensen clutched at his shoulders. "Don't you dare." He threatened, a hint of a smile in his eyes.

Jared kissed him on the cheek. "And break tradition? Hell no."

Before Jensen could scold him further, Jared heaved himself to his feet, Jensen held firmly in his arms. "Is there any point me even having legs?"

Jared kissed him instead of answering. Jensen didn't remember what he had actually asked until Jared stood up, holding Jensen close, and walking out of the living room and down the hall towards the bedroom. Jensen held on as tight as he dared, head buried into the side of his neck but not wanting to do anything at all in case it distracted Jared and he'd let him fall.

Even if Jensen was sure Jared would die before doing something like that.

Jared lowered him down on the beddings, pushing cushions around so he could climb in onto the relative space of the bed, one knee to each side of Jensen's hips as he started kissing him again. Deft fingers undid the buttons of Jensen's shirt, warm, soft lips mapping out every inch of skin they found.

Jensen swallowed and dug his fingertips in Jared's back as he arched off the mattress, his mouth hanging slightly open when Jared's tongue found his left nipple and started licking around it.

"God," Jensen moaned, buckling up. "Jared-"

"Right here," Jared murmured before tugging on his nipple an instant with his teeth and moved on to the other one.

Jensen broke away, panting slightly. "Hang on," he said, leaning over Jared and pushing Sir Hugsalot over onto the bedside table, his back to the action.

Jared chuckled. "Freak."

"Shut up."

"It's cute." Jared promised him, pulling Jensen back against his chest, his lips searching along Jensen's throat for the small place that made him shiver and moan.

"S'not cute." Jensen protested half-heartedly. Jared said nothing, just continued to kiss along Jensen's neck. He only paused when he felt fingers settle at the buttons of his jeans.

"Jen?" He asked, hesitant and still.

Jensen looked up, his eyes dark and blown wide in the dim light. There was no fear there, and nothing of the false smiles he wore when he had been pressing for all the wrong reasons.

"Please," Jensen whispered, his fingers curling over the leather of Jared's belt. "Don't ask me to stop."

The world shifted around them as Jared rolled them down to rest on their sides, Jensen's leg swung over his hip. "Wouldn't dream of it." He promised him.

Jensen smiled, ducking his head bashfully as he set back to work on Jared's belt. Jensen licked around the hollow of Jared's throat, tiny little laps and licks that drove Jared insane with want. Jared's hands, which had stilled on Jensen's waist, started to skid along his sides and under his shirt, pushing it to the side, seeking skin, fingers counting each small bump on Jensen's spine.

Jensen whimpered and pulled the belt free, splaying his palm over Jared's flat stomach as he tilted his head to the side, moving his lips up to suck at Jared's earlobe. His heart was drumming wildly in his ribcage as he felt the heat radiating from Jared's skin, the insistent bulge of his jeans telling him Jared wanted him, wanted all of him, the notion going straight up to his head and down to his cock, making him feel dizzy. He slid his hand into the open V of Jared's jeans, sort of tentative at first, growing bolder with each soft moan that he was able to pull from Jared's lips.

Jared's hands slipped inside the waistband of Jensen's jeans, palms finding the firm globes of Jensen's ass as he stroked them lightly, squeezing for an instant before pulling out again and starting to pull at Jensen's zipper.

"Naked," he murmured brokenly as he managed to catch Jensen's bottom lip with his teeth and suck it into his mouth. "Now."

Jensen whimpered and nodded, his fingers trembling slightly as he tried to work Jared's pants off his hips. No luck there. The sinfully tight jeans clung to Jared's sweaty legs, making it exceedingly difficult for Jensen to rip them out of the way.

"I hate clothes." He panted, encouraging Jared to lift his hips and help him tug on the denim. Jared grinned, wiggling out of his clothes with a playful smirk that made it clear he knew exactly what each move would do to Jensen.

"And yet they love you so much." He pointed out, looking at the way Jensen's shapeless jeans only made what lay hidden beneath them even more enticing.

"One day I will make them illegal." Jensen swore, his lips opening in a small 'o' shape as Jared finally freed himself of the last of his clothing, boxers hitting the floor alongside his jeans. He lay alongside Jensen, naked skin glowing in the soft light. It was worse than at the club. Here Jensen could touch, kiss and lick every inch of him, and he had no idea where to start. At least when things were scripted he didn't have to worry about the logistics. Start at point A, move to point B, drop trou and get with the fucking. Here he had a free run, and was a little lost with where he wanted to start.

Jared lay still, patient for all that he was clearly hard and holding onto his control with every inch of his formidable strength.

In the end Jensen thrusted out of the window, his lips settling wherever they could reach. Throat, collar, nipples, stomach, moving smoothly across Jared's skin until they were both panting and desperate.

"Gorgeous," Jared whispered, his fingers digging in the bare skin of Jensen's back as he rolled him on top of Jared, kissing his jaw and throat as he rubbed at the denim covering Jensen's legs. "My gorgeous baby," he pulled at Jensen's shirt until he could tug it totally off his arms and back, throwing it on the floor to add to the messy pile of his own clothes. His eyes swept over Jensen's naked torso, blown so wide only a small silver of blue circled the dark pupils. Jensen felt himself blush under the intensity of Jared's gaze and ducked his head again, biting gently at Jared's neck to try and break him out of his stare.

"You don't even know how beautiful you are," Jared murmured, tugging lightly at the waistband of Jensen's jeans as he lifted his legs a little, knees bending and tightening around Jensen's hips. "You have no idea. So fuckin' beautiful it hurts to stare."

Jensen blushed hotly and buried his face against his neck, feeling more bare than he'd thought possible as Jared's hands worked him out of his jeans and briefs. His hands curled around Jared's waist as he squirmed slightly, trying to kick his jeans the rest of the way down, eyes shut.

"Open your eyes, baby," Jared encouraged, his hands running up Jensen's sides until he could tilt his head up to meet his eyes. Jensen swallowed, a slight sheen of sweat breaking all over his body as he felt his own erection slide across Jared's stomach, hard and weeping at the slit, jolts of electricity running down his spine.

"So fuckin' beautiful. Your eyes," Jared murmured, framing his face and running his thumb along Jensen's cheekbone. "I could look in your eyes forever."

"You don't have to say these things." Jensen whispered shyly, trembling a little now there was nothing but air between them.

Jared kissed him gently, his fingers stroking across Jensen's jaw. "I know I don't. I want to." He kissed Jensen again before encouraging him to roll down onto his stomach. "I want to kiss every inch of you. I want to taste you." He whispered, kissing his way across Jensen's shoulders, slowing down as he passed the nape of his neck to nuzzle at the damp skin.

Jensen curled his arms around one of the many pillows, his cheek buried in the soft cotton as Jared continued to explore every inch of his back.

"You know how long I have wanted this?" He asked, pausing to stroke his fingers up and down Jensen's sides, grinning a little when the soft touch made Jensen squirm and curse.

"No."

Jared continued, working lower, this time following the path of Jensen's spine, so many kisses passing that Jensen thought Jared had forgotten what it was he was saying. Then just as Jared reached the very small of his back, he pulled away and tugged at Jensen's arm.

"Three years." Jared admitted, blushing red enough for it to be clearly visible, even in the darkness.

Jensen blinked. "Huh?" They hadn't known each other for even half that time.

Jared cleared his throat loudly, whispering as if admitting a huge secret. "I saw one of your movies, the sailor one-" Jensen threw his head back and laughed until Jared elbowed him lightly. "I don't think I ever got so hard before in my life. I fucking hated Milo whateverthefuck his name was."

Jensen was grinning so wide it hurt. "Jealous?" He teased.

"Very." Jared nodded. "Does that freak you out?"

"It was porn, Jay. Wanting to fuck me is kinda the point of it." The words were blunt but softened by the smile Jensen gave him.

Jared blushed again. "That's just it. I didn't want to fuck you-" He grinned at the bemused look that crossed Jensen's face, "Okay, so I did, but I wanted to kiss you. You have the most beautiful fucking lips I have ever seen."

"Well, that does freak me out, yes." Jensen nodded sternly.

Jared looked mortified, and the act only lasted a second before Jensen was grinning again and wrapping his arms around Jared's waist. "You are such a freak."

Jared chuckled, holding Jensen close before pressing a soft kiss over the tip of his nose. "But I'm your freak."

Jensen's breath caught in his throat and he swallowed, Adam apple bobbing as the words hit him hard. Jared was his. He was Jared's. The thought was enough to make a bubble of happy laughter swell into his chest, and he covered Jared's mouth with his own, his smile too big and wide for proper kissing, but he was sure Jared wouldn't mind.

Jared was grinning himself, threading his fingers through Jensen's hair as he stroked down his neck and up again, slightly messy kisses bestowed over Jensen's mouth and cheeks and neck as he swung one leg around and jostled Jensen on his lap. They both moaned, their cocks sliding over one another, hard and pulsing.

"Jensen," Jared murmured, and it didn't sound either like a plea or a request. It was softer, just like a prayer, Jared's mouth slightly open as he threw his head back and dug his fingers in the small of Jensen's

back, urging him forward over his lap. Jensen let his eyes flutter closed, trying to find balance with his knees as he wrapped his arms around Jared's broad back, his face hidden against Jared's chest.

"Jared," he murmured, wonder coloring his voice as he felt a rush of heat coil in his belly, Jared's hands shifting to the front and splaying over his abs. "Jared..."

"Right here," Jared answered, kissing his neck and stroking Jensen's stomach with his hand for a moment before he moved lower, fingers closing around the base of Jensen's hard dick. "So hot, baby, so hot." Jared mumbled, breath hot and damp over Jensen's lips. "You don't know what you do to me."

"Jared," Jensen bit his lip, hips buckling up as he tried to get Jared to go faster.

"You got-?" Jared let the question hang in the air, not wanting to put it in words and risk breaking the spell that had been cast.

Jensen shook his head. "No." He didn't have condoms or lube. He'd never had a reason for them. He'd never even wanted them in his home.

Jared swore. "Okay, hang on." He said, his hands curling around Jensen's hips and swiftly rolling him down onto the bed.

"We don't-" Jensen started. They didn't need a condom, that was true. They were tested before every shoot. Lube however was a different matter. He'd had sex before without it, and for Jared, he was willing to forgo it if they had to.

Jared shook his head. "Just hang on." He repeated, jumping from the bed and wandering to the bathroom. Propping himself up on his elbow, Jensen watched him leave, his eyes fixed on the swell of Jared's ass and his mile and a half long legs. A few moments later, Jared emerged with a bright grin and a bottle of the gel they used to ease aches and pains after a shoot. Aloe, it seemed, had more than one use.

Jensen grinned softly, wondering how he'd ever managed to be so lucky. "Boy scout," he teased, hoping his slight blush would go amiss in the semi-darkness.

Jared nodded solemnly and climbed back onto the bed. He put the gel next to Jensen's hips, where he was sure he'd find it when it was needed, and cupped the back of his head to draw him in for another kiss. Jensen moaned softly, Jared's other hand going back to his task of teasing the life out of him, fingers too loose to create much friction on Jensen's aching cock, too slow to push him to the edge and over it.

Jensen whined, too gone for proper words, and spread his legs wider, heels digging into the mattress as he thrust his hips up in Jared's fist. Jared licked his upper lip and nibbled at his lower one, then his chin and neck, grinning when Jensen's muffled curses turned into drawn-out moans.

Jared let Jensen's cock go, causing another frustrated whine and Jensen's hips to rut up into nothingness. "Patience," Jared murmured, placing a loving kiss over his cheek. He picked the aloe gel and uncapped it, covering his fingers with liberal amounts of the cool substance before hoisting Jensen a little higher in his lap. Jensen jutted his ass out, burying his face into Jared's neck and licking his lips, the tip of his tongue catching the salty sweat on Jared's skin.

"Fuck patience." Jensen growled. "And fuck me."

Jared grinned and chuckled. "Pushy pushy." He teased. "Like I can say no to you." He admitted. Jensen shot him a shaky smirk but fell back against the bedding and groaned when one of Jared's fingers slowly began to circle the tiny opening to his body.

"Fuck," Jensen hissed shakily.

"Easy, baby," Jared soothed, the tip of his finger just dipping enough to make Jensen shiver. "Nice and slow now." He promised.

Nodding, Jensen clung to the sheets, his knuckles white. Slow. This was their first time, after all.

And his... almost.

Small kisses were peppered across his neck as Jared slowly began to work a single finger inside of him, stretching him open. Jensen moaned and pushed backwards, biting his lip as he tried to spread himself a little more for Jared's probing digit. "Easy," Jared whispered again, kissing his nape. "Easy, okay? I'll take care of you." he started kissing down Jensen's spine again, using one of his hands to spread him a little wider, looking almost enchanted as he watched his finger being engulfed by Jensen's tight heat. Jared bit into his lip to keep from groaning out loud.

Jensen was shivering on the beddings, his body covered in sweat as he tried to rut his hips back against Jared's hand and forward onto the sheets. Jared's index finger withdrew and Jensen moaned, thumping the mattress in frustration. His cock twitched and leaked copious amounts of precome, further dampening the sheet under his body.

"Jared, please," Jensen moaned, bringing his own fingers up to his mouth to bite and lick at the knuckles. "Please."

Jared covered his body with his own, kissing all along his shoulder blade and down his spine - only he didn't stop there. Jensen yelped out and buckled wildly, his whole body shaking as Jared's tongue eased between his asscheeks along two of his long fingers. "You like this," Jared muttered quietly, his hands spread wide across Jensen's ass. He lapped his tongue gently against the smooth skin, dipping between his fingers. He loved rimming Jensen. The reactions he got were so pure, so surprised, that every time he did it on screen he had done so against the script, just because he could. White knuckles stood out against the dark sheets. "You're trembling, baby." Jared whispered in wonder. "Jensen?"

"Hmm." Jensen murmured brokenly. "Please."

Jared took pity on him. This wasn't a scene he was leading. He wasn't supposed to be putting a sub into place or treading the line of consent in a role-play. This was something they were in together, and if Jensen wanted something, Jared would make damn sure he got it.

"Okay, baby." He withdrew his fingers and added more lube. They weren't filming. If they wanted to use the whole tube, messing up the sheets and covering themselves with the shiny substance then they would. The slick muscle stretched smoothly around Jared's fingers, one, two, and then three, until Jensen was panting harshly beneath him, his skin damp with sweat. Jared wiggled them, the tips brushing across Jensen's prostate before he withdrew them for a final time.

"Please, please," Jensen begged with a thin voice, rolling on his side and pulling one of his legs higher up, spreading himself wantonly for Jared.

Jared had to grip the base of his cock hard to keep himself from coming just looking at Jensen. He had to keep control, keep himself in check. He wanted to make it last, draw it out, make it unforgettable for the both of them. He added yet more lube to his hard shaft, stroking himself quickly and lightly before he gripped Jensen's hips gently, turning him around until he was on his back.

"I want to look at you," Jared whispered at Jensen's puzzled expression. "I want to brand it in my mind forever."

Jensen blushed and raised one shaky hand to tug at Jared's nape. "Sap," he whispered, even though his eyes were shining.

Jared chuckled and kissed his lips softly before arranging Jensen's legs around his hips. "Damn right." He murmured, nibbling at Jensen's jaw before slowly, slowly breaching through.

Jensen moaned, head thrown back and eyes shut tight, thighs quivering around Jared's waist. Jared's hand went back to stroke at Jensen's erection, keeping it from wilting as he sucked and lapped at Jensen's lips, his iron-clad will stopping his hips from just pushing forward and burying himself balls deep into that tight, sinful heat. "God," Jensen gasped, clutching at Jared's shoulder to keep from breaking. The stretch burned enough to make his eyes water, so he screwed them shut, not wanting Jared to see. Instead, Jared kissed

his eyelids gently, stroking him as he pushed forward inch by inch.

"So good, baby. Perfect. Jensen. My Jensen."

A soft whimper broke through Jensen's lips. He felt so full. Jared overwhelmed him in every way, filling him and surrounding him. He'd never felt like this during sex before. Never. Sex with Jared had always been intense, but this... this was something he wanted. Something he wasn't being paid to do. There was no one shouting directions at them, no camera man hovering besides his head, and no reshoots. It was messy and perfect.

"Baby?" Jared panted, every limb forced still and held with steel control. Jensen opened his eyes. Jared was barely an inch away, his dark, feline eyes narrowed with worry and his lips a tight line of concentration.

Jensen nodded, and Jared relaxed. His hips rolled, and the last inch of him slid home.

Jensen moaned, breath catching in his throat as he dug his blunt nails hard into Jared's toned muscles. He felt more tears clump his eyelashes even if he squeezed his eyes shut, panting breaths passing between his lips and Jared's, so close to his face they were almost kissing. "God," Jared whispered, eyes so dark and wide he looked like he was on the verge of losing it already. "God, Jen - " he licked his lips, then bowed lower to close his mouth over Jensen's, his hips drawing back slowly, oh-so-slowly, stretching and stroking and driving Jensen insane.

"I want - " Jensen begged, his nape digging in the pillow as he arched into Jared's body. "Please, god, please, Jay - I want - I want-"

"Anything," Jared promised him, wrapping one arm around Jensen's shoulder and pulling him up a little, drawing back until he was almost all the way out before sliding in fully again.

Jensen cried out and shook, heels digging hard at the back of Jared's thighs as he clung to his neck with everything he was. His head was spinning wildly, cock throbbing as it bumped against Jared's stomach. "Jared," he pleaded again, the only coherent word amidst moans and gasps and the sound of skin on skin. "Perfect, baby, so good." Jared swore, holding Jensen tighter as he rolled his hips. For once he was grateful for the experience they had together. He knew exactly how to drive Jensen wild, and played every card he had. Sucking a bite into the curve of Jensen's collarbone, Jared thrust his hips shallowly, only changing the amount of sock that stretched Jensen wide by the smallest amounts.

"Don-don't tease me." Jensen gasped, trying to tug Jared deeper with his heels.

Jared kissed him on the lips. "Not teasing." He whispered into Jensen's mouth. "Who says we have to rush this?"

"My dick." Jensen pointed out, nodding down to his hard cock where it slid against Jared's hard stomach.

Jared chuckled and reached a hand down to wrap around it. "Such a pretty dick."

The pillow beneath Jensen's head was cool against his flushed neck. He threw back his head, ass pressed as close to Jared as possible, his cock sliding through the loose tunnel of Jared's fist.

Jared's other arm slid under Jensen's back, and with a grunt and a show of inhuman strength, he pulled Jensen up, settling back on his knees until they were face to face again, Jensen's legs wrapped around Jared's hips, and his own weight impaling him fully on the hard cock inside of him.

Jensen moaned, long and guttural, head thrown back as he tightened his legs around Jensen's waist, mouth open in a 'o' around his moans. "God, Jared, god -" Jensen felt Jared's hand cupping his face, thumb stroking over his cheeks, wiping away tears he hadn't known were there.

"Am I hurting you?" Jared whispered in his ear, holding him close to his chest. "Baby?"

"N-no," Jensen hiccupped, shaking his head and leaning his forehead against Jared's. "No." *You could never*

hurt me.

Jared kissed the wet trails away, holding him up with his arms as he rocked up into him, the change in angle making his cock drag across Jensen's prostrate with every careful roll of his hips. Jensen moaned again, and again, burying his face in Jared's neck as he settled into the rhythm, his lips marking Jared's collarbone and shoulder with his teeth and lips.

"Jen," Jared whispered, his voice low and drawn out. He tightened the hand on Jensen's cock and quickened the strokes, thumbing the slit and going to cup his balls with every down stroke.

Jensen struggled to take his own weight, forcing his legs to uncurl from behind Jared's back and settle on the bedding. Jared's hands stroked along his spine, his thumb brushing across every curve of his ribs. It almost tickled, but the throbbing cock inside of him made it impossible for Jensen to think of anything else but the desperate need for release. "Jared... please, fuck. I need-"

"I know." Jared was right there, holding him close, his fist gently working up and down Jensen's cock, his thumb circling the weeping slit. "It's okay." He bounced his knees and pulled Jensen down against a hard thrust, sealing their mouths together as Jensen came.

Warm come splashed against Jared's hand. Jensen's body trembled violently before slumping. He fell boneless against Jared's chest, his cheek resting on the curve of Jared's shoulder.

Jared lurched forwards, his control faltering for the first time as Jensen tightened around him, soft whimpers lost against skin as he came. The bedding broke their fall and Jensen clung on tight, his knees bending when Jared raised them to rest his ankles over his shoulder. Bent double by the smooth force of Jared's thrust, Jensen could only hold on tight as he was dragged away in a tide of sensation. Everything felt bright but blurry, almost as if he were high, and every touch felt more intense than the last.

"So beautiful, baby," Jared whispered, trying to hold on even if he lost his rhythm with every flutter of Jensen's muscles around his dick. "So beautiful." He kissed Jensen again, slow and unhurried, lips sliding softly over Jensen's, tongues tangling messily as Jared thrust into him again, and again, Jensen coming apart at the seams underneath him.

Jensen forced his eyes open, staring up in Jared's blissed out face, his mouth half open against Jensen's cheek, looking like nothing Jensen had ever seen. Like he was lost in heaven, and his heaven was right there. Like Jensen was his heaven. He whimpered, mouth hanging open and raking his fingers through Jared's sweaty hair, sweet words whispered in his ear as Jared stuttered his hips and finally came, hot and burning inside of him, marking him, making him his and his alone.

"Love," Jared whispered, mapping out Jensen's skin as he held him in the circle of his arms. "Love."

Jensen's heart stopped mid-beat for an instant before rushing back to beat at a breakneck speed. Love. Jared had said love. He hadn't said anything else, but still. Love.

Love.

Jensen curled in closer, his arms wrapped tight around Jared's broad back as the last of their orgasms shook through their systems. Jared was still inside of him, hot and still enough to make him ache. It was perfect, and Jensen wanted to stay that way forever.

"Will you stay with me?" He whispered, his eyes heavy with exhaustion.

Jared kissed each cheek, and then his lips. "Always." He swore. "Always."

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Act 9: Time for detention

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The boys head back to work.

Notes: Really Damn Long.

Warnings: Sap, Jared's puppy eyes, porn.

Extra notes: For our mascot, the lovely [augustfading](#)

Scene One

Jared woke up desperate for the bathroom. The morning sun was bright through the open blinds, shadows and bars of light leading like a pathway all the way towards the en-suite, his only obstacle being six feet of the long legged, lithe blond that lay pressed against his side. Jensen was dead to the world, happily sleeping in the safety of Jared's arms. It would have been worth anything in the world not to wake him, but Jared really had no choice in the matter.

He untangled them, then spent an extra minute he didn't have stroking Jensen's hair in the hopes that it would sooth any stirring consciousness back into slumber.

Then he ran for it.

Five minutes later he was far more comfortable and dressed in a pair of grey sweatpants. He planned on fixing breakfast. Pancakes or waffles or something else equally as easy.

The phone rang as he reached the kitchen, and Jared stubbed his toe on the counter in an attempt to answer it before it woke Jensen.

"Ciao."

Jared choked. The last person he wanted to speak to the morning after earth shattering first time sex was the one woman on earth who would happily have his dick on a platter for daring to play a part in said sex.

"M-m-morning." Jared stuttered, cringing at the guilty tone of his voice.

"Mhhh," Francesca hummed thoughtfully. "You sound cranky. Something going on?"

"Nothing," Jared squeaked, closing the door of the kitchen as to not disturb Jensen's sleep. "Nothing, everything's fine."

Francesca paused at the other end of the line. Jared began to sweat. She was going to kick him out of Jensen's place, of that he was positive. Then there was no telling what she'd do. "Miss Solari -"

"*Piantala, scemo.*" Francesca huffed, sounding fairly amused. "Is Jensen awake yet?"

"Um, no- not really. I was making breakfast -" Francesca's giggle interrupted him, and he stuttered into silence. *Why do I have to justify myself to this woman, dammit!* Jared thought, but bit his tongue.

"Well, it was you I wanted to talk to anyway. Your papers for the Eros studio are through."

Jared blinked several times before the world outside caught up with him. He'd been so lost in the happy bubble he and Jensen had been living that he pretty much forgot all about work. "Oh."

"Yeah, thank you to you too, and no you're welcome," he could *hear* the eye roll in Francesca's voice clear as day.

"No, I mean, yes, thank you, I mean, thank you for letting me know." he cringed, not wanting to sound ungrateful.

Francesca 'hmed' her approval. "Well I will be sending some scripts over in the next few days. Go over them with Jensen and pick something you are comfortable with doing. McCarthy will do as he is told and shoot what he is given."

Jared felt a pang of sympathy for their director, but for once her ire was not aimed at him, and so he took the moment with both hands.

"Sure, okay." He was actually glad of the chance to get a better look at the scripts they would be taking. He'd never had much say in the matter before, too new to the job to have much weight in what scripts were picked up. Jensen, he figured, had enough clout to pick and choose his own work, and Jared intended to see that power was used to the best advantage. No more brutal shoots that only stayed the right side of violent on his word alone. More scenes like the one they had filmed in the gym, or the garage. He didn't think he would ever be able to do another shoot like their first without seeing Jensen broken and bleeding in his mind.

"Tell Jensen I expect him to make his appointment tomorrow or I will have his pretty head on a spike outside my office." Jared knew she was being overly dramatic. Jensen was the one person on earth Francesca didn't growl at. It was rather sweet, watching them together, not that Jared would ever dare say so. The Italian woman was like a mother hen around Jensen, constantly feeding him and glaring at Jared as if daring him to do anything naughty.

Like have sex with Jensen.

He winced, then realised he hadn't answered her. "Yes ma'am."

"You sure there's nothing at all you've got to tell me?"

Jared paled, but before he could answer, the phone was pried out of his hands, Jensen's chin resting on his shoulder. "It was awesome and no, I'm not giving you details. Stop trying to send him on his way, ma'."

Jared's stomach lurched, but Jensen's face was soft with sleep, tousled hair standing in all directions as he draped himself over Jared's back, one hand splaying over his belly as he listened to whatever sentence Francesca was rattling off at the other end of the phone. Maybe she wouldn't kill him if Jensen said that he wanted to keep him around. Maybe that would be enough to keep him safe?

"Bitch," Jensen laughed into the phone. "See you later." He closed it and put it down on the counter before turning Jared around and pressing their lips together. "Mornin'," he slurred, arms wrapping around his neck.

Jared melted on the spot. He held him tighter, ruffling his hair just because he could and kissing him back, morning breath be damned. Jensen tasted like sex and them, and Jared could never get enough of that taste.

"Morning baby," He murmured, caressing his back. He then realized Jensen was still naked, and his head did a wild spin. Oh fuck. "You feelin' okay?"

"Better than," Jensen murmured, nibbling at Jared's stubble.

"So is Francy coming to kill me?"

"Depends." Jensen muttered, his eyes slowly losing the sheen of sleep.

Jared's stomach tightened. "On?" He asked, scared to know the answer.

Jensen smiled. "On whether or not you take a shower with me."

Shower... shower was good. He thought of the scene they had done in the shower, with Jensen's smooth skin under a cascade of water... shower was very good. "Wait, what answer can I give that won't get me castrated?"

The answer only made Jensen laugh and hug him tight, protecting him from the nasty lady that stood a whole foot shorter than Jared did. "Say yes and I will protect you no matter what she decides."

Jared didn't need any further excuse. He ducked low and pulled Jensen over his shoulder, his hand far more daring and resting on the warm skin of Jensen's ass.

Apparently sex was good for Jensen's mood, because he didn't complain in the slightest.

I: So how do you go about picking a script?

JP: I choose.

*JA: *rolls eyes**

JP: He is not to be trusted. He picks the most hideous things.

JA: I do not.

JP: Oh, because it was a smart move to pick up something that apparently took place for a good 80% underwater.

JA: We didn't go through with that one!!

JP: Still. I pick them.

JA: But I can veto.

Jared sat on the floor amongst a pile of crumpled up papers. Their fax (and it was theirs now, or at least, Jared thought of it like that. He wasn't about to tell Jensen that, but still) was constantly spluttering out copies and copies of script after script (he thought Francy was getting a kick out of it) that Jared read through, crumpled, then tossed away before picking another one and repeating the process on loop.

Jensen had bitched at him until Jared had allowed him to go get groceries himself, and so far Jared had refrained to call him and check if everything was good. The scripts were enough to keep him occupied. By the time Jensen came back a few hours later, Jared was sitting amongst a small range of paper mountains, three empty soda cans cast aside on the coffee table.

"Should I even ask?" Jensen shook his head, smiling wryly. Jared started to rise and help with the bags, but Jensen waved him off. "What the hell are you doing?"

"Hmm?" Jared frowned, then looked around himself and realised what a scene he must have made. "Oh, yeah. Francy sent over some scripts."

"Some?" Jensen frowned, throwing Jared a Snickers from the brown grocery bag.

Jared grinned and tore into the candy. "Lots." He amended, his mouth full of chocolate. He swallowed then shrugged. "They suck."

Vanishing into the kitchen to put away the fresh goods, Jensen raised his voice to be heard. "All of them?"

Jared thought of the scenes he had cast aside. They were all either too intense, or scenarios that Jared had no intention of asking Jensen to put himself in.

"All of them." There were four more that he hadn't looked at yet, but if the rainforest of ones he had cast

aside were anything to go by, Francesca was going to find yet another reason to kill him.

"Let me see."

Jared mock-glared at him. "You don't trust my judgment?"

"I do, I do," Jensen said with a smile, sitting next to him. "I just want in on the fun."

Jared put his arm around his shoulder and tugged until Jensen was laying with his head comfortably nested in Jared's lap, Jared's fingers running through his hair. "Everything good?" he asked softly, knowing that he shouldn't smother him, but at the same time wanting to make sure of him.

"Yeah," Jared murmured, closing his eyes against the soft petting. "Yeah, fine."

"You picked something fresh for a change?" Jensen's habit of surviving on frozen food was one of the main things Jared had promised himself he would eradicate. Frozen food was bad. And tasteless. And it was nothing on burgers and apple pie and hot soup. Jared had made it his personal mission that Jensen would start feeding himself properly, and so far he'd been surprised at how little arguments they had had. It was more about poking and getting a laugh out of each other than arguing about stuff, and the easy, comfortable routine was better than any drug any man could've ever dreamt of. Jared was happily addicted.

"Veggies," Jensen said, smoothing out a sheet of paper. "Cheese, honey, milk, chocolate, potatoes..." he trailed off, his brow furrowing. "That wasn't so bad."

Jared glanced over, ripped the sheet out of Jensen's hand and threw it away. It involved handcuffs and hot wax, and Jared had threw it out after reading the first paragraph. "It sucks." Jared protested.

Jensen shook his head but didn't push the matter. "Fine." he picked a second script and flipped through the pages. "Okay, what's wrong with this one?"

Good question. Jared took it from Jensen's hands and refreshed his memory. A page in and he remembered why. No more scenes that had him hold Jensen down and make his character like it. The script landed with all the others. "Nope."

"Why?" Jensen frowned. Jared stopped stroking his hair long enough to sooth the little furrow with his fingers.

Again, Jared avoided the question. Jensen chose yet another script and read it before exasperatedly using it to swat Jared around the head. "There is nothing wrong with these you dork." Jared looked at the script turned weapon and paled a little. He didn't even want to think about holding Jensen's head underwater whilst they had sex.

"I'm scared of the water." He lied badly.

Bones popped when Jensen sat up and turned around to face him. "Bullshit. You were in a triathlon last year, Chris told me."

"Fine." Jared hedged. "I'm scared of pools."

"Jared..." Jensen growled.

Jared sighed and turned Jensen around until they could stare at each other's eyes. "Because I don't want to hold you down. And act like I like it. I can't." He stoked Jensen's cheek. "I just want to find something - " he wanted to say 'normal', but then again what was considered normal? "Sweet," he blurted out, blushing a bit and ducking his head.

Jensen opened his mouth, then closed it again and sighed. He pulled Jared to him, stroking his hair as he put his arms around his shoulders.

"They are just scripts," Jensen said quietly. "It's not you. It's not us."

"I know," Jared countered back, nudging at Jensen's face and kissing his cheek. "It's not about that."

"Then what is it about?"

Jared shifted a bit until he could sit with his back propped up against the couch, Jensen legs thrown over his lap and his head nested against Jared's collarbone. "Because I am not going to hurt you. Not on screen or off screen. I won't do it. And even if we *can* change scripts around a little, I just want to be on the safe side. Just for a while. Okay?" He asked softly, caressing his cheek.

Jensen sighed and pressed closer, his voice quiet against Jared's neck. "I get what you are saying, Jay, and okay, for now we'll play it safe. It can't always be that way though, you know that, right? Sometimes we have to shoot what is in demand, and like it or not, heavier scenes are in demand." His words were level and calm, making it perfectly clear which of them had the experience when it came down to the logistics. "I trust you. I trust you to know what is enough and what is too much." He leaned back, a twinkle in his eye that had only really been there in the last few days. "Besides," he said coyly, "maybe I *like* you holding me down."

Jared bit his tongue in surprise, warmth at the declaration of trust quickly replaced by surprise. "But I thought you weren't."

"A raging leather queen?" Jensen supplied helpfully. "I'm not. I do however have a heartbeat, and a dick, and there is nothing on Earth hotter than you are when you get a little possessive."

Jared's ego took a bow that made him blush a little before playing along. "You don't mind me manhandling you a little then?" He grinned. Jensen wasn't exactly a paper doll. He was a tall, fit, healthy guy with the kind of body men would kill for. Jared knew that his ability to carry Jensen around so easily was something that caused him a little surprise. Jared loved it just a little. He loved that Jensen felt solid beneath him, yet still fit so perfectly in his hands. He loved that he could wrap his fingers around Jensen's thighs and hold him, still feeling the pull of strong muscle play against his own. Jensen was strong enough to make things more interesting, though Jared knew he would probably always be stronger. It was nice. In the past he had shot with guys who felt like matchsticks, or who were too built for him to take full advantage of the extra height and weight he had.

Jensen was, in his mind, utterly perfect.

"Depends if I am allowed to manhandle you." Jensen pressed the palm of his hand over the crotch of Jared's jeans.

Jared shivered and gave Jensen a predatory smile before leaning closer to mouth at his earlobe. "Baby, you're allowed to do anything you please." He knew which buttons to push to drive Jensen wild. His ears, the hollow of his throat, the dimples over his ass. His fingers. Jensen could come apart at the seams just by Jared mouthing his fingers. It was thrilling, exciting, to learn what was Jensen and what had been only for show. Jared was pretty sure he'd never feel tired of learning.

Jensen's hands trembled and he had to steady them over Jared's hips. Fingertips dug into soft cotton and pulled it out of Jared's jeans to find smooth, warm skin. Jared smiled and kissed his mouth again, slow and easy. They would spend hours just kissing. It wasn't that they didn't want to go all the way, but it was nice to have something that was just theirs. Kissing was good.

Jensen sighed in the kiss, eyes fluttering shut, eyelashes fanning his cheekbones as he unzipped Jared's jeans, trying to get more contact, more skin. Jared sucked his bottom lip until it turned red and swollen, branded. Jared's body covered Jensen as they rolled on the carpet among the crumpled up scripts, and things were just to beginning to get interesting when the fax started to beep and spurt yet more paper, letting it fall on top of Jared's head.

He jumped up, snatching the paper and waving it around. "See! Proof that she is in league with demonic forces! How does she *do* that?"

"You give off guilty sex vibes." Jensen teased, propping himself up on one elbow. "That one pass inspection?" Jared read the script in his hands, a slow, naughty smile sneaking across his face. Jensen quirked an eyebrow in question. "Well?"

"It might." Jared hedged the question.

"Jerk," Jensen laughed, nudging Jared's shin with his toe. "Gimme."

"That's Mr Jerk to you, baby." Jared grinned, placing one foot on either side of Jensen's hips before dropping to his knees and pinning him down to the script covered floor.

"Oh it is huh? They make a porn flick about Knighthood?"

"High School actually," Jared nodded, knowing exactly what kind of reaction that would get from Jensen. The eye roll was nothing new. Jensen had done schoolboy shoots before. Several actually. He usually ended up getting fucked over bleachers by the gym couch, or fucked with a test-tube shaped dildo by a wild-haired lab teacher. "What's the set up? Naughty pupil fucks his teacher against his own blackboard?"

Jared smirked. He caught Jensen's wrists and pressed them lightly down on either side of his head. "Not quite." He grinned, sucking lightly on Jensen's throat. "Naughty schoolboy flirts with fire and gets fucked over his teacher's desk."

Jensen froze and Jared sat back, kissing his frown. "Wait, huh? I'm not a top."

"Who said you were?" Jared said, enjoying the game too much to stop. "You'd make a fucking hot schoolboy."

"Wait, *what*?" Jensen sat back on his haunches, bewildered. "I am *older* than you."

"Just on ID - and exactly, *how* much older?" Jared teased, tickling his sides until Jensen snorted and swatted him over the head.

"Four years," Jensen said without thinking, a brief moment of panic making him wonder if he'd let slip something else in some other time - by Jared's reaction, he hadn't. Jared just rolled his eyes and tickled him again, blowing a raspberry over his neck. "I'm taller."

"Fuck you," Jensen tried to push him away, but Jared giggled and kept peppering his neck and torso with loud blowing raspberries until Jensen called truce.

"So, schoolboy porn," Jared said, laying next to him on the scripts with his hands halfway up Jensen's shirt. "Should be fun." Jensen grumbled something else about age and Jared grinned, leaning over to bite at his earlobe, "I'll get myself some stubble, what do you say?"

Jensen shivered and rolled over, hooking one leg around Jared's knee. "I might just live with that." Jared rubbed his chin across Jensen's belly and the thought of how it would feel with a face full of stubble made Jensen whimper. "You'll call Francy?" He asked. Jared pulled back and pouted, big, sweet eyes round and adorable. Jensen sighed. "I'll call Francy."

Jared cheered. "Awesome."

Being back on set was almost like being in a strange dream. Everyone from the cameramen to the woman who served the lunches made time to bang on his trailer door, and there was enough welcome back candy to put even Jared in a diabetic coma. Jared was already ensconced, chewing thoughtfully on a Twinkie as his hair was smoothed with gel and his stubbly chin was darkened for the camera.

He looked edible.

Whereas Jensen... looked like a dork.

"Stupid script." He mumbled, tugging at his short tie and collar. His hair was lighter than usual, a blond rinse giving him the all American look. The grey slacks and rumpled shirt could have worked if they weren't paired with a yellow and red striped tie, and a red pullover.

The hour of makeup he had sat through had done what only Botox could have and stripped a half dozen years from him in sixty minutes. He looked fresh faced and innocent.

"You look hot enough to eat," Jared told him when Jensen walked into his makeup trailer. Jensen looked down at the tips of his feet, a bashful little blush coloring his cheeks at Jared's praise.

"Back at you," Jensen said, trying to ignore the makeup girl's giggles. Jared's eyes swept across Jensen's body, taking in his outfit and the boyish look painted to perfection on his face. It made Jared a bit self conscious, or it would have if it wasn't for the hungry look in Jared's eyes, even if he did try to hide it with a smile.

"I'll... go, and - wait for you," Jensen said, taking half a step back. Jared motioned for him to come closer, since he couldn't really move without making Hailey give him a moustache by accident. Jensen did, his hand resting boldly on Jared's shoulder, thumb running over his neck. Jared leaned back as far as he could and reached behind to rub the back of his neck, pulling him a little towards his face and kissed his lips, clumsily and a little upside down, and off-center, but it was a kiss nonetheless. A public kiss. Off camera, public kiss.

Jensen smiled and stepped back, floating on cloud nine as he reached his desk in the empty classroom set. It was pointless hiring a group of extras to fill the spaces, and the script worked around that, cutting the budget almost in half.

"Jensen?"

Jensen was about to swing up and loll on Jared's desk when Paul stepped onto the set. The crew all knew better than to blatantly listen in, and quickly returned to their work.

"Hi," Jensen said, a little shy now he was face to face with his rigger. He wasn't sure if Paul would make a huge scene, or try and defend what happened... he was lost.

Paul didn't bother trying to explain. "That won't ever happen again, you have my word." With anyone else, except perhaps Jared, Jensen would have told him what his word was worth. Paul though was the type of man that didn't generally exist anymore. His word was his bond. The rigger had a fall on his sword type mentality. "If you do not feel comfortable working with me anymore, you need only say."

Jensen didn't know what to say, so he did something he had never done before. He reached out and squeezed the older man's shoulder and smiled.

Paul nodded, then as if nothing had happened between them, began to go over all the safety aspects of the shoot. Jensen settled back into the familiar routine, adding his own input as they went. There would be a final check with Jared once he was out of makeup, and they would be ready to roll.

Smoothing things over with Joe was just as easy, if a little different. The stout director beckoned him over with a jerk of his head, looked him up and down, and then said, "You're fit to shoot?"

"Yeah." Jensen nodded, meeting Joe's firm gaze with one of his own.

"There going to be any problems?"

Jensen was tempted to bristle, but knew better. "No."

"It's good to have you back, kid. You've still got the title."

Jensen rolled his eyes and grinned. "Of course I have. No one else wants to shoot for you."

"Brat." Joe said, a touch of affection flicking across his face. "For the record, we scrapped the movie."

That was enough of an apology for Jensen. They had enough to make a short flick... something that would have paid for the cost of shooting in the first place.

He nodded his thanks and Joe scowled. "Don't go soft on me, for fuck's sake. Now get that ass on set and look like jailbait."

Jensen nodded and undid his tie a little before going to sit at the very last desk, picking at some pencils and trying to look bored and plotting. The cameras weren't yet rolling when Jared walked out of the makeup trailer, soft stubble on his cheeks and around his lips, dark long hair messed up around his face, broad shoulders and muscular legs hugged to the point of indecency by his classy black suit. Jensen licked his lips and had to re-adjust his sitting position so that it wouldn't be obvious that he was already hard.

Jared winked and walked over to him, murmuring something in his ear that could've been some more safe measures or anything at all, Jensen didn't listen to one single word, too mesmerized by the soft scent of Jared's aftershave and the heat radiating from Jared's chest. It was a good thing that Jared's pants were close fitting enough to show that he was anticipating the shoot as much as he did, which was a strange feeling to say the least. Jensen had barely spared a glance to his co-stars before shooting with Jared. Work was work, this was what he was paid to do. Now he felt his throat go dry on him just by looking at Jared's shirt buttons, pulling tightly across his chest.

"Okay?"

"Mhhh," Jensen nodded, blinking out of his reverie and smiling at Jared. "Yeah. Okay."

"You didn't hear a word."

"Did too."

"What did I say?"

"That you think I'm hot as hell," Jensen grinned cheekily, blowing him a kiss. Jared laughed and shook his head, catching his lips with his thumb before Joe barked some orders and Jared walked off set again.

"Keep the groping for the cameras!" The director shouted.

"Aye aye, captain." Jared shot back from behind a camera.

Several crew members grinned, glad to have the pair back on set and working together again. "Places!" Joe barked. "And if you touch my chair one more time Padalecki!"

Jensen chuckled and jogged up to the blackboard. One of the set dressers had already begun to write out line after line, and Jensen simply had to continue in the same fashion.

"ACTION!"

Scene Two

"ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Mr. Padalecki stepped into his classroom and eyed the young man from his senior Calculus class. The teen was diligently writing out his lines, but there was no question Ackles knew he was being watched. His slim hips moved enticingly and each movement was dragged out for maximum effect.

"Count?" Mr. Padalecki barked, his shoulders rolling in preparation for yet another showdown with the

seventeen year old temptation.

Ackles threw a sultry look over his shoulder. "Seventy six, sir." He drew out the title, his voice low and seductive.

"Carry on," Mr. Padalecki said briskly, sitting behind his desk and pulling a stack of papers towards himself. The slow creaking of the blackboard was distracting, but not distracting enough to make him forget of his student close proximity, the provocative set of his hips as he kept on writing his detention lines.

I will not flirt with my teacher.

"Sir?" Ackles called softly after half a hour.

"Yes?"

"Can I have a glass of water, sir? The chalk's clogging up my throat."

"Should've thought about it before you got yourself into detention, shouldn't you have?"

"But sir," Ackles stepped back from the blackboard, battling his incredibly long eyelashes at his teacher. "It's just that it's so hot in this room." He tucked his fingers into his tie and pulled a little, undoing the knot slightly "I don't know why..."

"Then take off your sweater." Mr. Padalecki said, in no mood to be pampering another spoiled brat, especially one like Jensen Ackles. The boy flirted with anything that moved and had humiliated him in front of the whole class.

The perfect picture of humble obedience, Ackles nodded. "Thank you, sir." He said, his lean body arching towards Mr. Padalecki as he tugged his sweater overhead. There were barely inches between teacher and student, and Ackles' shirt, already untucked, lifted high enough to bare a smooth strip of pale skin.

"Now carry on."

The teen nodded, picking up the chalk and rolling his fingers over the end.

The board went all the way to the floor. Instead of crouching low to make full use of the space like a sensible person, Ackles bent at the waist, his ass thrust out towards the desk as he continued to write.

Mr. Padalecki turned his face from the blatant invitation and palmed his cock under the desk. Since when were kids such cocksluts? No one in class when he was at school would have dared behave the way Ackles did.

Probably because they would have gotten the ruler for even thinking about it.

The rules were just too soft these days. Still, St. James was a private institution, and bodily punishment, while not encouraged, was not even frowned upon. Mr. Padalecki opened his desk drawer and pulled out his ruler, setting it over the desk with a snap in warning.

Apparently either Ackles didn't hear, or if he did, he didn't care. He wriggled his butt again, the chalk bristling and breaking in two as he made a period at the end of the sentence. He bowed almost in two, spreading his legs instead of bending his knees to retrieve the broken piece of chalk, and set back to work.

Mr. Padalecki glared at the teen, but there was little he could do about it. He drew his papers towards him and started marking them. He would've gotten a decent start, if Ackles hadn't decided to start panting slightly with every breath he took. Mr. Padalecki tried not to listen, but after half a minute he snapped and stood up, his chair scraping roughly against the pavement. "Something wrong, Mr. Ackles?"

"Nothing, sir," Ackles said, straightening up and undoing a few buttons of his shirt. "I'm just really, really thirsty... don't you feel hot?"

"Positively chilled." Mr. Padalecki said icily. "Fasten your tie and for the love of God, tuck in that shirt."

"But sir..." Ackles pouted, his full lips soft and tempting. Mr. Padalecki had heard all the girls croon over Ackles' lips, half of them jealous, the other half in love. If the teen put even a third of the effort he showed in his social life into an academic setting he would actually be a force to contend with. Instead he was riding on grades that his father had to pay to keep under wraps.

"No buts." Mr. Padalecki said sternly. "You know perfectly well that there is nothing wrong with the temperature. Now get on with it."

More pouting, but Ackles continued for a few more minutes before stopping again. "Sir, there is no more space. Would you like me to continue elsewhere?" He batted long, full lashes and smiled sweetly. Mr. Padalecki cringed. He wanted nothing more than for Ackles to finish and leave him in peace. The longer the boy was there, the tighter his pants seem to become. Still, rules were rules, and his were strict.

"Then start again." He said flatly, expecting to hear complaints from his student. Ackles simply smirked, licking his lips.

"Would you like me to write the same thing, sir, or something else?"

"Keep on writing your lines," Mr. Padalecki said gruffly, sitting down on the desk, arms crossed as if daring his student to try something else. Ackles smiled coyly at him and started to scrub the blackboard clean before settling to his task again. Every step he took was a rut of hips, a jutting of ass, and Mr. Padalecki felt his patience growing thinner. Brat. He needed something more than lines. He'd never learn otherwise, and Mr. Padalecki was a firm believer in learning from your mistakes.

"Come here," he snapped his fingers, and Jensen put down the chalk. The little fucker hadn't buttoned his shirt or redone his tie. It was time for some form of punishment that would leave a fairly impressive mark.

"Yes, sir?" Jensen asked, cocking his hips to the side. Mr. Padalecki gritted his teeth and picked up his ruler.

"Do you know why you're here, Mr. Ackles?"

"Yes, sir," The boy said, a soft grin curling his lips. Jared's fingers tightened on the ruler.

"Remind me why we're here, Mr. Ackles."

"Because you thought my behavior in your class to be unacceptable, sir."

Jared's eyes darkened. Coy little shit. "Well, apparently you haven't learned your lesson yet."

Jensen's eyebrows rose a fraction as Jared whipped his ruler through the air in front of them. "Perhaps not, sir." He smirked.

Mr. Padalecki's eyebrow twitched. The kid was actually *asking* for it. "You know the rules of the school." He continued, glaring at little in the hope of getting his point across. Ackles smiled a little then bit his lip.

"Which ones, sir?"

"The one that says you do what I tell you, when I tell you."

"Oh," Jensen said coyly, "That one. You want me to finish my lines, sir?"

Mr. Padalecki looked over at the board, and the lines of scribbled *I will not flirt with my teacher*. He shook his head. "Is it making the slightest bit of difference? Will you behave tomorrow in class?"

Ackles seemed to think about it, then smirked, "No, sir."

"Then come here." Mr. Padalecki patted his desk. Jensen smiled and walked over, his hips swaying. He put his hands on the wooden surface and prepared to jump up on it. Mr. Padalecki stopped him. "Bend over it."

Jensen turned a fraction to look at him. "Sir?" he asked, his voice velvety. Mr. Padalecki's eyes narrowed. He swung the ruler through thin air again, satisfied with the hiss that resounded in the locked room.

"I said. Bend. Over." He said menacingly, stepping in behind him. He placed himself right between Jensen's spread legs, urging him forward as the kid tried to adjust his chest across it. Jared smiled to himself when he felt the responding shiver course through his student's body as he forced him down. "Not so cocky anymore, are we?" he said, his voice low and even.

Jensen tilted his head backwards, trying to catch his teacher's eyes over his shoulder. "Not if it pleases you, sir," He said, lips forming a round pout as he jutted his ass backwards, the round globes brushing against the front of Mr. Padalecki's thighs.

Mr. Padalecki growled low in his throat and grabbed him by his nape, pushing him cheek-first across the smooth wood of his desk, half-marked papers tumbling down on the floor as he brought the ruler up and let it fall back down, hard, across Jensen's round little ass.

Jensen whimpered, his hands grasping frantically for purchase at the edge of the desk. It made Jared smirk, and he repeated his move, another sharp blow falling across the loose gray slacks that covered Ackles' taunting butt. "What pleases me," Jared gritted out, punctuating each word with yet another smack of his ruler across Jensen's asscheeks, "Is that you know your maths, and you ace your tests." Jensen moaned with every slap, his legs jerking as he tried both to edge away and rut up against the end of the desk. "So let's see how you are with the basics."

Ackles' looked over his shoulder, his bottom lip caught between white teeth. "Sir?"

Mr. Padalecki brought the ruler down hard. "We'll keep it simple. Your nine times tables. You may start." The look of utter confusion on Jensen's young, teasing face was enough to make the hours of extra work all worth it.

"Sir?" The teen wasn't half as coy now.

"I'm waiting." He brought the ruler down on Jensen's ass for every moment that he wasted. "One times nine is..."

"Nine." Ackles was a bright enough boy to catch the basic idea. Mr. Padalecki squeezed the sore asscheeks in reward.

"Two times nine is..."

The kid looked thoughtful, then smirked. "Twelve."

"Cute." Mr. Padalecki snarled, then brought the ruler down twelve times.

"Fuck!" Jensen cursed, squirming away under him.

"Don't curse in this classroom." Mr. Padalecki advised him, hitting his thighs one more time to underline his point. Ackles was panting hard and whimpering under him, and Jared tried not to think at the very evident bulge the teen was sporting in his slacks. So the little shit was enjoying it. That could prove interesting.

"You do," Ackles remarked surly, and Mr. Padalecki hit each cheek twice for the comeback.

"I am your teacher," Mr. Padalecki said sternly, his voice almost a growl. "And like it or not, you *will* learn how to keep yourself in place."

Jensen turned to look at him, eyelashes fanning his cheeks as he blinked him into focus, high roses of color in his cheeks, full bottom lip swollen with bites. "What is my place, sir?" Jensen asked, squirming back just enough to rub his ass against Jared's hard dick, hidden under the folds of his suit.

Jared snarled and twisted his head back down against the desk as he used his spare hand to rip down Jensen's slacks, baring his round, red ass to his sight. "Mouthy little shit," Jared muttered, the ruler hitting harder now that there was no barrier between it and the tender skin. Jensen's moans hitched up in volume, even as he tried to muffle them against his arm, a sheen of sweat making his skin shine in the neon lights of the classroom.

"Have you thought about two times nine?" Jared whispered in his ear, draping his body across Ackles' back.

The teen nodded silently, his thighs trembling. "Eighteen," he whispered, knuckles clenching against the desk. Mr. Padalecki smirked, running his ruler down Jensen's thigh before palming the sore cheek with one of his hands.

"Very good. You *are* smart," He said, stepping back and using both hands to spread Jensen's ass wide. "You need to apply yourself more."

"I'm sure you can teach me how, sir," Ackles panted, pushing back into his teacher's hands.

"Hmm," Mr. Padalecki agreed. He had never intended to go so far. The brat pushed and pushed like no one else ever had. Even with a bright red ass he still ploughed on like they were playing some crazy game only teenagers understood. Christ, he felt old. "And does that mean I can expect more attention in class?"

Jensen slumped down against the desk as a large fingers pressed against his asshole. "Maybe." He promised. "Depends on the lesson."

"And what would grab your attention then?" Mr. Padalecki asked, withdrawing his hands and stepping back from the sprawled teen. "Shall we see if math can be put to a more practical use? Is that your problem, Ackles? Too little application of your skills?" He wandered around his desk until he could look down on Ackles from the other end, from his smirking face along to the curve of his sore ass. The teen had his palms flat against the wooden desk, as if it wasn't the first, or the hundredth he had been bent over.

"Oh, I have lots of skills, sir," Ackles promised, licking his lips as he stared at the bulge in his teacher's suit pants. "I'm very good at oral presentation."

Jared's mouth curved upwards. He grabbed the back of Ackles' head, fingers curling in the short strands as he pulled him forwards. "Better start a demonstration then," He hissed, deftly pulling his zipper down enough to free his large cock. Ackles' eyes widened slightly, and Jared smirked. "You don't want me to fail you now, do you?" Mr. Padalecki said, stroking himself once as he brought Jensen's face closer to his dick, clear droplets of precome oozing from the slit.

"No, sir," Jensen said cheekily, battling his eyelashes at him. Jared smirked, guiding his cock against the teen's face, smearing precome over his cheeks and the glossy line of his lips. Jensen's eyes fluttered shut and he let out a little breathy moan, like he was starving for it, his hands scrambling against the desk to give himself more support. As Jensen heaved himself up just enough to release the pressure of Jared's hand on his neck, Jared caught sight of the teen's own hard dick, leaking against his stomach.

"Pretty," he murmured, eyes darkening as Jensen opened his mouth and closed his sinful red lips around the head. He gave him time to get adjusted to the girth, Jensen's tongue lapping at the plum-shaped head as he worked his way around Jared's thick shaft, tiny little sounds reverberating from Jensen's throat straight down his dick. He pushed his hips forward, the hand on Jensen's neck preventing him from drawing back as more of Jared's cock slipped past his lips.

Jensen whimpered, eyes watering as he fought to keep breathing with his nose and not to gag, his teacher's cock hard and heavy in his mouth and down his throat. He moaned and hollowed his cheeks, saliva slobbering down his chin as he fought to take as much as Jared gave him, but he'd never had anything quite as big down his throat before, and the mere feeling of it, combined with the look in his teacher's eyes and the knowledge that it was Mr. Padalecki fucking his mouth made his own dick leak and twitch, waves of heat curling in his belly.

Mr. Padalecki's hand was tight in his hair, holding him still as he thrust in and out of Jensen's mouth. "Is this

the type of lesson you consider worthwhile?"

Jensen moaned, his neck arching painfully as the thick cock stretched his mouth wide and brought tears to his eyes. His knuckles were white on the desk, unable to find a purchase on the smooth wood.

"You're very good at this." His teacher praised, bringing a flush to Jensen's cheeks. "Most can't take more than an inch or two, but you, I bet I could fuck myself balls deep in your mouth and you'd take it like a pro." Jensen tried to moan his enthusiasm, but the sounds he made were nothing more than muted garbles that could have meant anything. He tried instead to look pleadingly into Mr. Padalecki's eyes, but the teacher was looking down at him coolly. "I think we have found a far better use for that smart mouth of yours, haven't we? Perhaps we should try something like this in class? Do you think your fellow pupils will enjoy seeing you getting fucked like a bitch in heat?"

Mr. Padalecki withdrew long enough for the teen to take a harsh inhale of breath before plunging back in again, going deeper this time until he felt the spasm of Jensen's throat around his cock. He bruised, helpless look of the teen's lips around his dick was enough to make him harder than he'd been in a long time, and the sweet feel of Jensen's cocky mouth was better than he'd imagined. Tightening his hand in his student's hair, he came silently in the teen's mouth, not pulling back until he saw his own come leaking from the corners of Jensen's mouth.

He took a step back, surprised to see his hands shaking slightly, and looked down at the sprawled teen as he tried to swallow the come in his mouth, for the first time his youth showing plainly in the way he allowed come to smear across his chin. He looked like the most debauched porn star, and Mr. Padalecki wasn't ready to call an end to detention just yet.

Mr. Padalecki cupped Jensen's cheek, catching his own come and showing it back past the kid's lips, enjoying the needy, whimpering moans Jensen made as he fought to swallow it all. He was still half-hard, and the sounds Jensen made, only fuelled him on. "Maybe we should show this demonstration to my colleagues. I'm sure it'd help your grades greatly." Jensen whined and sucked at Jared's thumb, his legs trembling and cheeks painted red. "Or maybe not. Maybe I'll keep your tight little red ass all to myself. Give you a proper evaluation of your practical skills."

Jensen nodded, opening his mouth wider as Jensen exchanged his thumb for two fingers, thrusting in and out of his mouth for a few times before he pulled them out, going round the desk, settling in between Jensen's spread thighs. He pushed Jensen's pants the rest of the way down, until they pooled around his ankles. Mr. Padalecki thrust his wet fingers into Jensen's hole, grinning in satisfaction at the long moan he elicited forth.

Jensen squirmed and whimpered, forcing his legs as far apart as they would go as he struggle to accommodate his teacher long fingers. His thighs quivered and shook with the effort, blunt nails scraping along the desk.

"Nice and tight," Jared whispered, pinning Jensen down with one hand at the small of his back. "Makes me wonder what has ever got up there at all."

Jensen panted wordlessly, his cheek sweaty against the cool desk, come still streaked across his face. The two long fingers inside of him stroked and probed until he was writhing on the desk, sparks flickering inside of him with every stroke. Mr. Padalecki's other hand fastened in the back of Jensen's shirt, tugging him up by the neck and making him press his arms under him to keep from choking.

"Take it off." He ordered. "I want to see every inch of you tremble when I fuck you on my cock."

Jensen shivered in anticipation, the knowledge that he would be naked under his fully clothed teacher making his cock throb all the more hard. With trembling fingers he tugged his tie over his head then worked slowly at the buttons of his shirt, gasping when each delay was punished with a hard thrust of the fingers inside of him.

"It's funny you wanted this," Mr. Padalecki mused, adding a third finger and smirking when the stretch of muscle made Jensen whine and squirm even harder. "All great students were fucked by their teachers, they saw it as a rite of passage. Plato, Aristotle..."

"Speaking from personal memory, sir?" Jensen obviously hadn't had the cheek fucked out of him yet, his equilibrium returning as he grew closer and closer to the edge. Mr. Padalecki pulled his fingers free and opened a draw in his desk. After a little rummaging he found what he wanted, and reached between Jensen's legs to squeeze his balls.

"You really aren't all that bright, are you?" He sighed, enjoying the way the teen wailed and writhed at the grip. He waited until Jensen got the message and fell still again before tying a length of cord around the teen's dick. "I wasn't planning on doing that, but you can consider it a learning tool."

Jensen squirmed and gasped, trying to kick away, "What are you doing?" he whined, his cock throbbing hotly against Jared's palm as he tied the ends of the cord around the base of Jensen's dick.

Jared smirked in satisfaction. He tugged at the loose strands of the cord and Jensen wailed again, thrashing in Jared's grip. "A learning tool," Jared explained in a plain voice, as if he was discussing equations. "Means that you'll finally learn obedience. Or you won't come at all."

Jensen whimpered, his mouth parting with every tiny gasp that he let out, chest slick and flushed across the desk. Jared smirked and settled back behind him, using one hand to spread his cheeks, Jensen's hole on display for his taking. "So tell me," he mused, rubbing his thumb over the sensitive skin between Jensen's asscheeks. "How long have you been thinking about this?"

Jensen bit his lip, breath coming hard through his nose as his cock twitched against its bonds. "Since the first semester," he admitted, blush coloring his cheeks and chest. He waited for Mr. Padalecki to say something... anything. Instead a hand fell down on his back, pressing him firmly against the desk. No matter how hard Jensen squirmed, he couldn't push back. There was a strength hidden behind the neatly pressed shirts that took him completely by surprise. There was a tearing sound, and then out of nowhere something hard and hot pressed against his ass. Something far larger than the fingers that had fucked him open.

"Jesus." Jensen sobbed, his fingers scrambling against the wood as he pressed back against Mr. Padalecki's cock.

"Take a deep breath." Mr. Padalecki said, breaking the tension with a gruff word of advice. Jensen struggled to obey, sucking in air though his swollen lips.

"You're in the wrong line of work, sir." Jensen laughed hysterically, his voice breaking as he was slowly stretched open.

Mr. Padalecki said nothing. He pressed Jensen down, holding him still until he could drape his body over the teen's. He wrapped his hands over Jensen's, holding them down against the desk before making a slow, tentative withdrawal, drawing out every inch until Jensen was begging for more, his ass thrusting back against Jared's cock.

"Why do I get the feeling you've done this before?" Mr. Padalecki huffed, his iron control faltering slightly in the face of Jensen's tight ass.

Jensen squirmed and laughed. "I needed to pass Chemistry last semester."

The Chemistry teacher was a man Jared himself had fucked after more than one staff party, and he could just see him bending Ackles over one of the lab desks after class. "Did you get the grade?" He held Jensen down and dragged his cock over the teen's prostate.

"A+." Jensen's voice broke on his moan, body shuddering as Jared's cock found the soft bundle of nerves inside of him. Jared smirked, apparently satisfied with his answer. He twisted his fingers in Jensen's hair, bringing him up and forcing him back on each thrusts, the hot, slick channel sucking him in like a vice as he kept up a slow, purposefully hard rhythm. Jensen moaned like a whore, and Jared could tell that he wasn't faking, his skin hot and flushed, almost scorching to the touch, the kid's sweat dampening Jared's neatly pressed shirt.

"I'm going to ruin everyone else for you," Jared whispered in his ear, his other hand going up to play with Jensen's hard nipple. He pulled out completely before slamming himself back in as he dragged Jensen down on his lap, his balls slapping against the back of Jensen's ass.

Jensen wailed, breath ragged and short as he stood on tiptoes to compensate his teacher's advantage in height. He'd never felt so full, impaled on the unforgiving girth that stretched and pulsed, shooting waves of almost painful pleasure to his spine and down to his bound dick.

Mr. Padalecki's tongue twisted into his ear as he held him steady before pulling out and then back in, hitting his prostrate with every quickening push and pull. "I'm going to make sure you remember this. Every time you play with yourself, every time your tight little hole opens up for something other than me, you're going to feel me there."

Jensen sobbed and nodded, his cock leaking and pulsing angrily as he was fucked harder, his own body weight adding to the force of the thrusts and the continuous snap of Jared's hips.

Something whipped through the air, and Jensen jumped forward with a cry as the ruler hit one of his cheeks, leaving a brilliant white line for an instant among the red of his abused skin.

"Yes, sir," he swore, squirming on Jared's lap as his sore ass rubbed against the cotton of his slacks. "I'll remember."

Mr. Padalecki huffed, his breath coming in shorter gasps as Jensen squirmed and bounced on his lap. "See, why do I think you're lying to me? You forget your assignments, you forget your uniform, why is this different?" He wrapped his hands around Jensen's hips and lifted him up off his cock before slamming him back down. Jensen wailed, his hands desperately reaching around to grasp at Jared's hair.

"I swear. I swear." He promised, his cock throbbing with each time Mr. Padalecki's cock brushed across his prostate.

"You will." Mr. Padalecki agreed. Still holding on to the teen's hips, he lifted Jensen again, this time tossing him back onto the desk and rolling him smoothly onto his back.

Jensen gasped at the way the world spun before his eyes, and he could only reach up to grab at Mr. Padalecki's shoulders as his legs were pressed apart and Jared's hard cock slammed home again.

"Fuck." Jensen gasped. "Fuck me, please. I gotta-" He tried to reach down for his bound cock, only to have his hands batted away and caught in one of Jared's.

"Have you learned?" Mr. Padalecki asked, his words calm, and at odds with the heavy way he was breathing.

"Yes, god yes, I have." Jensen sobbed, his wrists pulling frantically against Jared's firm grip, the heels of his feet digging against Jared's back. "Please, sir, please - I need -"

"Lesson one," Jared said, hoisting Jensen's legs higher on his arms as he dragged him down across the desk. "You won't flirt with your teacher anymore."

Jensen gasped as the change in angle stuffed him more than he could've thought possible, his whole body on fire. "Lesson two," Jared went on, bowing low over Jensen's body, pressing his legs across the teen's sweaty chest, "You'll remember to wear proper uniform in class."

Jensen's breath caught in his throat, eyes rolling back as the pressure on his wrists, combined with the stiff dick slamming into him had him harder than he could ever remember being. "Yes, sir," Jensen moaned, rocking back as much as he could, his vision getting fuzzier as his overwhelming need of release took over.

"Lesson three," Jared whispered, their lips barely half an inch apart, "You get off only when I do."

Jensen whimpered and shut his eyes, toes curling as he sucked in lungfuls of air, Jared's merciless

pounding never faltering. "Sir," Jensen moaned pitifully, "Sir, please -*please*- "

"Will you apply yourself more from now on?" Jared's free hand caught Jensen's leg under the knee and he pushed it further up and to the side, opening him obscenely wide as he rocked into him, each powerful thrust accompanied by a loud moan coming from Jensen's pretty mouth.

"Yes," Jensen moaned deliriously, his tongue darting out to lick bitten, swollen lips. "Please, sir, please, let me come, I need to come so bad, please, sir, *please*..."

"You think you've earned that?" Jared asked mildly, his hot breath fanning over Jensen's mouth. "Did Mr. Welling let you come? Mh? Did he jerk you off as he spurted all over your ass?"

Jensen whimpered, too far gone to make proper sense of Jared's question.

Mr. Padalecki took pity on his student. He reached down and tugged at the knot holding Jensen's cock hostage before wrapping his fingers around the hard shaft.

Jensen wailed as he tried to compute the warm grip that worked his cock and the rapid pounding of his ass. "Please, sir!" he begged. "Please come."

As much as he might have wanted to draw out the game, Mr. Padalecki couldn't resist the desperate plea for release. He nodded, squeezing Jensen's dick, and sealed his lips over his student's.

Jensen's sob as he came was lost between them, his legs falling limply down onto Jared's shoulders as he trembled helplessly beneath him.

Jared kissed as hard as he fucked, his tongue mapping out every inch of Jensen's mouth as if he were trying to memorize everything from one single kiss. He slammed his hips forward a final time, and came in Jensen's ass the same way he had come in his mouth.

~ * & * ~

"CUT!" Joe bellowed.

Jensen shook in Jared's arms, but neither of them moved to break their kiss. The hard holds turned more gentle, and Jensen's fingers curled in Jared hair as he enthusiastically returned the kiss.

Joe cleared his throat. "I said cut!" Jensen lazily flipped him the finger. "Oh, for the love of... PADALECKII!"

Jared looked up guiltily. "Huh?" The director tapped his foot. "Oh." He said, looking around and realising that half the crew were staring wide eyed. "Hi."

Jensen snorted and rolled his eyes. "Freak," he whispered throatily, stroking Jared's neck. Jared winked at him and kissed the tip of his nose before holding him down gently and slipping out of him. He tucked himself in, then grabbed a robe from a nearby PA and wrapped Jensen in it, holding him protectively to his chest. "You good?" he murmured in his ear, kissing his temple.

"Hhmm." Jensen mumbled, eyelids falling shut already. "Good."

Jared smiled, a happy, warm smile that made his eyes shine and dance. He kissed Jensen's cheek again before walking with him off the set, oblivious to the sighs and awww's that came from the female part of the crew.

Once they were back in their trailer, Jared laid Jensen down on the fluffy bed (it had been his arrangement with Francesca. Fluffy, snuggle-sized king beds, and bathrooms with tubs for every shoot) and went to turn the taps of the tub, adjusting the temperature before kneeling on the mattress next to Jensen. Jared stroked his cheek, pulling his hair off his face before pressing his lips to the apple of his cheek. "Wake up, baby?"

"Dun wanna."

Jared chuckled. He wrapped tender arms around Jensen and pulled him back against his chest. "I've run you a bath," he murmured in his ear. "Wakey wakey."

"Hmm, gonna take it with me?" Jensen asked, opening a sleepy eye and smiling. Jared kissed his cheek.

"I think you've had enough excitement for one day." He said teasingly, kissing Jensen's pout and carrying him into the bathroom.

"Mean." Jensen grumbled. He hissed when his sore skin met the hot water, and Jared tried to distract him with little licks behind his ear. "I still think you should have been the schoolboy."

"Get over it, baby." Jared said mildly, ignoring Jensen's huff long enough to search for soap. "Besides, you have a smarter mouth."

"Do not." Jensen frowned, accepting the soap and scrubbing the come from his chest and belly whilst Jared worked on his back.

Jared said nothing but secretly smiled.

"You glad to be back?" Jensen asked once he was done, damp hair almost long enough to drip in his eyes.

Jared shrugged. He was glad to be back shooting with Jensen, and yes, work was always awesome, but he wasn't in something he wanted to do for the rest of his life. The rest of his life was Jensen. He didn't need work for that. Still, Jensen wasn't ready to hear it, so he nodded and grinned. "Poor Joe." He couldn't help but feel sorry for their director. The poor guy was going to go grey by the time they retired. "You?"

Jensen nodded without even thinking. "Yeah." He said quietly. Jared bent down and kissed the back of his neck, no trusting himself to say anything.

Instead he changed the subject. "Come on, let's take a look at your ass."

"Pervert." Jensen smirked, but he accepted Jared's hand and stood up in the tub on shaky legs.

Jared ran one light hand over the cheek of Jensen's ass, cringing when Jensen inhaled sharply. "Did I hurt you?" He asked fearfully, trying to estimate the damage he could've done with the ruler.

"It's okay," Jensen said, smiling over his shoulder at him. "It's just going to be a pain to sit on for the next few days."

Jared sighed and shook his head, bowing down low so he could kiss the reddened skin tenderly before picking up the soothing Aloe gel to work on Jensen's ass. "You could've stopped me." he knew Jensen was rolling his eyes at him even if he couldn't see his face. Still, Jared had the right to worry. What if Jensen didn't want to call the scene because he thought he would disappoint Jared, or something equally stupid?

"I'm fine. It was fine," Jensen tried to reassure him, turning just enough to catch Jared's eyes with his own. Jared locked his gaze with Jensen's, trying to weigh just how honest he was being, before letting a smile curl up his lips.

"Just fine?" He teased, spanning his asscheeks with both his hands, the cool gel soothing the bruises on Jensen's round globes. "I'd daresay something more than plain old fine...."

"Self-assured asshole," Jensen mumbled, bright splotches of red coloring his cheeks. Jared grinned, stretching up enough to kiss Jensen's neck.

"You know you wouldn't want me any other way." Jared batted his eyelashes playfully, grinning when Jensen smacked him on the arm.

"I suppose not." Jensen sighed reluctantly.

"Hey!"

Jensen giggled, and Jared realised with a pounding heart that he had never seen Jensen act that way at work. He got the occasional laugh, and more than a few eye rolls, but the light-hearted smiles and playful banter was something that had been resigned to the home.

Jensen squeaked in surprise as he was hauled into the air and spun around, Jared laughing and giggling without restraint. "Jesus, what the hell?"

"Shut up and laugh." Jared ordered, squishing him close.

"I'm laughing on the inside." Jensen said, though his lips twitched a little. "Now put me down."

"Nope." Jared cheered. "My Squishy."

"No more Disney for you." Jensen deadpanned. Jared really had the most childish taste in movies. The more colors and the more explosions, the happier he was. Put him in front of *Gone With The Wind* and he was depressed for hours.

Jared hoisted him higher and carried him back to the tub. "Take it back!" he threatened, holding Jensen over the water.

"You're not going to actually - JARED!" Jensen shrieked, kicking aimlessly in mid-air. Jared whooped with laughter and let him splash down (albeit gently) in the soapy, bubbly tub. Jensen spluttered and coughed, wet hair hanging in his eyes as he tried to regain his balance, a surly pout making way on his beautiful face. Jared's heart soared and he knelt down before the tub, not caring that his costume suit was getting soaked as he wrapped his arms around Jensen in the water, holding him tight.

Jensen struggled, probably still trying to be pissed about being dropped like a teabag again, but in the end he curled his arms around Jared's back and clung on tightly, his face buried against Jared's neck. Jared wound his fingers through Jensen's hair and ducked his head an inch or so, lips seeking and finding, closing over each other as they kissed, droplets of water and soapy suds sliding down their faces as the world around them stilled.

Jared broke the kiss, leaning his forehead against Jensen's and stroking his bicep. "God help me," he whispered softly, his eyes fixed in Jensen's stunningly green ones. He could see the question raising in Jensen's irises, but he knew that he couldn't give an answer yet. He smiled, kissing the corner of Jensen's mouth before stepping back and taking both of Jensen's hands to help him climb back out of the tub.

Jensen reached out, grabbing Jared's hands and holding still for a moment - before pulling, hard, and let the both of them tumble back underwater with an almighty splash.

Jared surfaced, spluttering like a fish out of water...or *in* water as the case was. "...you..." He had bubbles in his mouth, and on top of his head. Jensen doubled over with laughter and shoved him back against the edge of the tub. Thank God for Francy and her eye for a supersized everything. "Oh you are so dead." Jared swore, reaching for Jensen with deadly laughter in his eyes.

Jensen danced back. "You can't kill me, I'm cooking tonight." He said, playing the ace.

Jared paused and frowned. "I could get take-out."

"It's pasta." Jensen said smugly. Jared swore, and Jensen kissed him on the side of the lips. "But I might make it up to you tonight." He grinned, winking playfully.

Jared sat back in the tub and crossed his arms. "No. No nookie."

Jensen rolled his eyes. "I'm talking about ice cream, moron."

"Oh." Jared said, blushing hotly before deciding that ice cream was just as good. "I like ice cream."

"You like everything."

Jared nodded happily. "But I like you more than everything."

Jensen's heart skipped several beats, and he had to curl his fingers around Jared's bicep, his world tilting on its axis for a brief instant. It wasn't really a declaration of love, and truth be told, he didn't know how he'd react to that - still, Jared's carefree words had wrapped themselves around his slowly healing heart, keeping it warm and safe. Jensen swallowed and dug his fingers for a moment in Jared's arms before leaning in to kiss him on his lips. He should say something among the lines of - same here, or whatever, but he just couldn't find it in himself. He held onto Jared tight, though, legs and arms wrapped around him like an octopus, and he hoped Jared would understand.

Yeah, Jensen was saying, silently burying his face in Jared's neck as he held him just as tightly. *Yeah, me too.*

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Act 10: Feeling my faith erode

Rating: NC-17

Summary: They should've known it was too good to last.

Notes: Really Damn Long.

Warnings: Very dark. Mentions of past events such as implied abuse, nervous breakdown, much confrontation.

Extra notes: I'mma make an extra note here when [titheniel](#) isn't looking, because as far as I am concerned, this part might be up there with the darkest of the dark, but she totally gets the gold star for hand holding.

Scene One

I: How did it feel though to be sharing your lives in and out of work? Hasn't it inflicted on your relationship at all?

JA: What, his moving in with me without any previous consent?

JP: (elbows) You did consent to it. Francesca, too. Which you know, kinda counts more.

JA: Excuse me?

JP: She's scary. And has many lawyers.

I: (clears throat) I see. When did it become a conscious decision? Was it just gradual -?

JP: The opposite of gradual.

JA: Well, um. (blushes) We kind of.. um... decided... together.. that it was better if we found someplace for us. (blushes more)

JP: (blows kisses) You're adorable.

JA: (smacks).

"You are such a moron." Jensen laughed, balancing an armful of bags whilst Jared tried to walk with one on his head. "Don't you dare drop it."

"I'm a professional!" Jared exclaimed, grinning as he walked in a wobbly line, his arms outstretched in case the bag should fall.

Jensen shook his head. "The eggs had better not be in that one."

Jared stopped instantly and carefully pulled the bag into his arms, cringing at the idea of breaking all their eggs. He was looking forward to omelette far too much to risk it. Jensen smirked and let Jared take another of the bags, and they rode in the elevator up to their floor.

Working together had become so scarily easy that it stopped seeming like too different lives, and became more like one. They were lovers who lived together and did stupid, things in front of the camera for a dozen hours a day. Jensen was almost deliriously happy, and it showed in every smile.

Jared, ever the dork, blew him kisses over the paper grocery bag, fluttering his eyelashes until Jensen stuck his tongue out in retaliation. It had almost become a game between them, especially when they were filming. Jared held the record, but Jensen had become pretty good at making Jared laugh, something he was terribly proud of.

The elevator dinged, and all at once Jensen's world narrowed down to his front door.

"Don't go in," Jared said immediately, voice controlled but tight as he put his arm around Jensen's waist and tugged him back. The bag ended up on the floor, cautiously propped up against the wall as Jensen's legs started to shake. Jared's other arm joined his left one and he pulled Jensen against his chest. "We gotta call the cops," he said, his voice still a mask of calm as he tried to keep Jensen back from the cracked open front door.

The black box of their alarm system was smashed through, and from the sliver that Jared could make out of the living room, there was no knowing what they could find inside. The couch was turned upside down, and Jared immediately noticed the plasma screen missing. Burglars, then. What if they were still inside though? What if they were waiting for them to get back?

He tried to edge Jensen away as cautiously as possible, but Jensen wasn't budging. Round, scared eyes fixed on the broken door and what lie behind it as if he could mend it just with his staring. "Jensen, let's go," Jared urged, stroking him as if he would a scared kitten. "We can't go in. We have to call someone."

"My movies," Jensen said with a broken voice, even if his thoughts were fixed firmly on Sir Hugsalot and Sparkly Tie, sitting peacefully on the desk of drawers in their bedroom. And his dried roses. He couldn't find it in himself either to talk or move, so he reached up to squeeze Jared's arms, his eyes slowly filling with mist.

"I'll get you all the movies ever made before Technicolor." Jared promised him, kissing his temple. He picked up the phone and dialled 911.

Jensen fell against the wall and began to slid down before Jared pulled him back up and into his arms. "We have to go." He said, a little louder this time. They couldn't wait around, not here where it was so quiet. There was only one other apartment on Jensen's floor, and it was accessed through a different elevator. They needed to be around people. As soon as he had finished with the cops he called Francesca.

"Si?" From the snappy tone of her voice it was obvious that she was not having the best of days, and it was about to get worse.

"Someone broke in," He said flatly, guiding Jensen back to the elevator.

"Eh? What are you talking about?"

"The flat!" Jared hissed, thumbing the button for the lobby. "Someone broke in to Jensen's place."

Francesca went very quiet for a minute, then she said, "Put him on." Jared hesitated, looking at the way Jensen stared blankly at the slowly descending numbers on the screen in front of him. He looked as if he had just come out of an intense scene, and the glazed, half spaced look in his eyes was the same defence mechanism Jared had seen too many times. "Now!"

"Baby?" Jared nudged Jensen's shoulder with his. "Jen, it's Francy. She wants to talk to you." He physically had to press the cell into Jensen's hand, and held on tight whilst he talked.

"Francy?" Jensen sounded lost.

"*Che e' successo?*"

"*Sono entrati,*" Jensen whispered in the same thin, lost voice Jared had heard him use before. "*Sono entrati in casa.*"

"I know baby. *Dove siete adesso?*"

Jensen shook his head helplessly and looked up at Jared for instructions. Jared put his arm around his shoulders, giving him a small, encouraging smile. "It's fine. It's going to be fine."

"Jen!" Francesca called from the other end of the line, and Jensen forced himself back into the conversation.

"*Ho paura.*" Jensen murmured with difficulty, his throat clogging up on him.

"*Stai con Jared. Andate via da li' e prendete un taxi - vi aspetto da me.*" She paused. "It's going to be alright sweetie. Just trust me."

Jensen nodded and handed the phone back to Jared, burying his face in his chest as they hit the lobby. Francesca told Jared in English that they should grab the first taxi and get there, and forget about the cops, they could talk to them later. The important thing was getting them out of the building and to a safer environment. Jared couldn't say he faulted that line of thinking at all.

He called the incident number he had been given and passed on Francesca's address. Neither of them were up to driving. Jensen was too shaken, and Jared couldn't bear to let him out of his arms. Instead they hailed the first cab and Jared bundled Jensen up into the back seat, barking out their destination before closing the two-way speaker system and wrapping Jensen back in his arms. The fine tremors that passed through Jensen's body made Jared ache inside. He settled his chin on Jensen's head and stroked his hand up and down the length of his back. He was surprised. He'd expected Jensen to get angry, furious even, hell, he wanted to be, but this quiet retreat into himself had Jared worried and thanking God Jensen had not been in the house when it had happened. The thought alone was enough to make his heart race with terror.

"It's okay, baby." He soothed, holding Jensen close as tight as he dared. "It's okay. It's okay." He repeated the words like a mantra, only pausing when Jensen's shivering grew so bad he needed to pull back and wrap his own jacket around his shoulders.

He paid the cabbie a huge tip, and gently tugged Jensen out in front of Francesca's waterfront penthouse. She was waiting for them in the lobby, her dark hair pulled back in a tight ponytail, dressed in a pressed black skirt suit and the most dangerous looking heeled boots Jared had ever seen. The furious look on her face melted as soon as she saw Jensen, and she opened her arms to him.

Jared reluctantly allowed Jensen to slide from his arms to hers, wishing he could find the sight of his tall, wide shouldered lover wrapped around the short Italian woman funny. Instead it just made him want to cry.

Jensen was saying the same words over and over again as he shook. "*Sono entrati.*" Jared's Italian wasn't up to much, so he looked at Francesca, who dutifully translated.

"I know baby, I know they got in, but it's okay. It's okay." She stroked his hair and arms, soothing him the same way Jared had.

Jared simply leaned against the wall, his knees weak, as Jensen's unconscious jumble of words washed over him. *They* got in. Not *someone*, but *they*. *They* were the reason Jensen had a security system that made the team at Ft Knox look like amateurs. *They* were the ones Jared would kill when he found them.

He wished he could ask who, what, when. His hands were trembling horribly, so he stuffed them in his pockets. Francesca looked at him just as if she *knew* what Jared was thinking, her gun metal eyes telegraphing the message louder than words. Not right now. Anything he needed to know, *if* she deemed it appropriate, he would know later.

"Let's go upstairs. I've sent Elijah to your condo, he's talking to the cops right now." Francesca said, pressing the button for the elevator. Jared tried not to feel the stab of irrational jealousy that clawed up at him when Jensen didn't look back at him as they walked in through the open elevator doors.

They reached up the penthouse, and Jared felt a little intimidated by the huge glass doors and iron

wrought handles and frames. It was obvious that Francesca Solari had no idea what money problems were, at least as far as furniture and housing was concerned. There was a beautiful painting of Venice hanging up right in front of the hall, along with beautifully styled Murano lamps decorating the wide living room and - Jared did a double take - a full collection of muskets, shotguns, crowbars and swords resting on the opposite wall. There was no glass protecting the armory, and it all looked sparkly clean and fully working, and for an instant Jared had a frightening image of Francesca handling one huge 11th century crowbar to castrate the men that she didn't like near Jensen.

He instinctively took a step back.

"Come on," Francesca called at him as she guided Jensen down on the couch. Jared looked at the sight those two made, Francesca's arm slung around Jensen's back as she held him close to her side, and Jensen's continuous shivers transferred from his body to hers as he curled himself on her side. He gingerly went to sit on Jensen's other side, hesitating a moment before putting his hand on Jensen's thigh.

Jensen didn't so much uncurl himself from Francesca's arms, simply casting a wide eyed look in Jared's direction as if he were surprised to see him there. "Jay?"

"Hey baby." Jared soothed, squeezing Jensen's knee and avoiding Francesca's gaze. "You with us?"

Jensen nodded slowly, bemused eyes darting around the room until slowly his trembling stopped.

They stayed that way for longer than Jared could count, and eventually Francesca eased herself up and pressed Jensen into Jared's arms.

Jensen went, sleepily moving where he was positioned, and Jared gratefully gathered him up in his arms. He kissed Jensen's brow and held him close, breathing in the warm scent of his aftershave. Something calmed inside him. He needed Jensen close to know he was safe. Seeing wasn't enough. He thought of all the ways things could have been worse, and instead of feeling angry, he was overwhelmed by relief.

Francesca jabbered on her tiny cell, talking a mile a minute in Italian. He doubted he would have been able to understand her even if they were both speaking the same language. Everything had become somewhat surreal.

He nudged Jensen with his shoulder. "Baby?"

Jensen nodded in response. "Baby, who are *they*?"

Jensen's body shook with a shiver. He didn't answer, but his fingers curled on the hem of Jared's shirt and clung on tight. Francesca shoot him a warning glance, still talking to whomever it was on the other end of the phone. "Jensen?" Jared murmured again, stroking his bicep when Jensen started shivering violently again. "Baby, it's fine. I got ya. Nothin's gonna happen."

Jensen nodded and hid his face in Jared's chest. He wanted to bury himself in the protective circle of Jared's arms and never, ever have to come out of there. Jared enveloped him completely, shielding him from the whole ugly world out there, holding him together when all Jensen wanted to do was fall apart.

"The cops are there," Francesca said to Jared once she disconnected the call. Jensen gave no sign that he heard her at all. Jared nodded, still stroking Jensen's back softly. "You never really walked in, did you?"

"No ma'am," Jared answered, kissing the top of Jensen's hair. "We called emergency and went straight back down to the lobby." He thought about their groceries, about the cookie'n'cream ice cream Jensen had got him and the dozen eggs that would have made their omelette that night. He wondered if the milk would go waste if they left it outside the fridge, then remembered the thin voice in which Jensen had uttered 'movies', and vowed once more that he'd find every single black and white film worth seeing and buy a golden DVD set for him before he knew it.

She nodded and wandered over to her kitchen, returning a few minutes later with a steaming mug which she thrust into Jensen's hands. "Drink." She ordered, hovering until Jensen obeyed. Jared caught a strong whiff of whiskey and nodded to himself. A drunk Jensen would be easier to force into bed. He knew from

past experience that when Jensen finally dragged himself out of his own head he was the most difficult man on the planet to deal with. He was stubborn and petulant, worse than a child denied his daily nap and just as prone to tantrums. The best course of action was to ensure he went straight from subspace to sleep. Jensen drank the mixture without a word of argument, and Jared felt an irrational pang of jealousy. He had become so used to being the one who did the majority of the caretaking in the relationship that he had forgotten that before he was around Francesca was the only person Jensen could have turned to.

"You want to lay down sweetie?" Francesca asked, her voice soft as she ran her fingers through Jensen's hair. He shook his head and held on to the mug with trembling hands.

"They got in, Francy." He repeated again, still completely dazed. "You promised they'd never find me." He sounded a little like a child, and Jared felt a pang of sympathy when Francesca flinched at Jensen's carelessly spoken words.

She gripped his shoulder gently. "You should take some rest," she said in a quiet voice. "Elijah is still there, he'll let us know as soon as he does."

Jared reached out to stroke Jensen's thigh. "Baby?" he murmured, feeling oddly brave at daring to speak in Francesca's presence. Jensen turned dull, pale green eyes on him. Jared's stomach twisted. It was like Jensen barely knew where he was at all. "You can lay down. I'll stay with you."

"No," Jensen mumbled, pulling his knees up to his chest. "No."

Jared tried not to let his pain show and he settled his arm back around Jensen's shoulders. "Alright. We'll stay here then. Whatever you want." Jared knew Francesca was trying to make eye contact with him, but he purposefully kept his eyes fixed on Jensen's terrified face. It wasn't hard. He felt no willingness to meet the agent's glare, and he wished Jensen would turn to him like he usually did.

"Jared," Francesca said in the same quiet tone, but with a hint of her usual no-bullshit snap lurking beneath the surface. "You two left anything valuable inside the apartment?"

Jared shrugged. His iPod. A handful of books he wanted Jensen to read. Nothing that was irreplaceable. "Nothing much, no."

"Jensen?" she asked again when Jensen failed to answer.

"My stuff." Jensen said in a small voice. A new shiver raked through him, and Jared tightened his hold on him. "My..." he looked up at Jared and bit his lip before turning to look away. "They can't do this." He said softly. "It's... they can't."

Francesca shook her head. "There is no point dwelling on it. It's happened, now we fix it."

The phone rang, and Jensen flinched so hard he sloshed whiskey over the edge of his mug. Francesca excused herself to take the call, and Jared took Jensen's wet hand in his, rising it to his lips and kissing the amber liquid away as Jensen trembled besides him. In another time and place, the action could have been much more intimate. There it was merely the most tender thing Jared could think of doing. Jensen was obviously terrified of something, or someone, Jared had no frame of reference for. All he knew was that if he stopped to think about the reasons why his lover could be reduced to such levels of fear, he would happily kill whomever was responsible and sleep all the better for it.

He could feel the tension in his arms and tried desperately to relax. Jensen could feel it too, he had no doubt, but he showed no sign of getting any more, or less, worked up. He needed to feel protected, and Jared had no problem flexing his inner knight.

"Elijah is sending us the pictures of your place," Francesca said from the hall. Jared put his other arm around Jensen's chest and held him a little tighter, effectively closing a protective circle around him, his nose nuzzling at his temple as he kissed his cheek softly.

"We'll be okay," Jared said. He didn't know if Jensen was even listening, but he couldn't keep silent. They could move if Jensen didn't want to stay in that place anymore. They could go at his batty apartment for a

while, and maybe buy something together. Not another flat. A real house. Somewhere near the ocean. Jared had always loved the idea, but when he first moved to go to college money was too tight to even think about it, and afterwards things just got too frenetic for him to think about it.

The idea of buying a house with Jensen made his head spin, but not out of fear. He knew they'd just been dating for a few short months, yet he had never felt so sure about anything else in his life, like he'd found that tiny piece of puzzle that had been missing for so long.

He was just about to tell Jensen that, or maybe not, or maybe he just wanted Jensen to look back at him, when Francesca walks back into the sitting room with a very ugly look in her dark eyes. Jared's stomach twisted inside out and he instinctively held Jensen tighter, as to protect him from what the glossy prints she was holding up would show them.

"Tell me if you can spot something missing," she said in a dark tone.

Jared gulped and picked up the stack of papers. The first thing that jumped right out at him like a punch in the gut was the smashed photo frame that he'd forced Jensen to put up in the bedroom. It was a crappy quality picture, taken with his cell phone and printed in one of those one hour photo mall services, but it was of the two of them out at Chris' show, and Jensen's smile was bright enough to catch all the light from the tiny flash of the makeshift camera. The frame was broken in two, just like their picture hidden behind the shattered glass. He shuffled it away quickly, hoping Jensen's reflex had been too slow for him to catch onto that detail when his eyes rested on a mess of flurry cotton peeked from another print.

Jared's breath caught in his throat as he blinked the image into focus. Their bed was upturned, sheets and pillows ripped and tossed everywhere, but it wasn't what Jared was staring at. He was staring at Sir Hugsalot, face down on the broken nightstand, his filling cluttering amongst the splinters of broken wood.

Jensen's whimper made all the blood in Jared's body chill. It was just a teddy...just a stupid stuffed toy he'd picked up at a toy store when he had gone in to buy his niece a birthday gift. It had been a spur of the moment purchase, but one he had been pleased he had made. Jensen had loved the stupid thing, even going so far as pausing a perfectly good make out session to see that the teddy was not traumatised by their actions. He'd caught the soft look Jensen got in his eyes when he looked at the bear, and on the one night he'd fallen asleep on the couch whilst Jensen was in bed he had found his place besides him usurped by the fluffy bear.

They'd eviscerated Jensen's fucking teddy bear.

It went beyond blatant viciousness to pure sadistic *evil*. They hadn't ripped apart the bear because it was expensive, but because it had meant something to someone. It had meant something to Jensen, and that was something Jared couldn't replace with an Amazon.com shopping spree.

Jensen's fingers ran across the page, trembling as Jared continued to look at the pictures Francesca had brought them, feeling more sick with each one.

Jensen's home lay in ruins, everything he loved torn to shreds, everything they had shared together viciously targeted, from their bed, to their photographs. Their clothes lay in shreds and Jared's iPod sat smashed on the dresser, next to a lump of charred, melted plastic he knew in his heart to be Sparkly Tie, the glittery pink pony he had bought Jensen at McDonalds.

"Oh Jesus." He whispered. He couldn't face any more. Thrusting the photographs back at Francesca, Jared wrapped his arms around Jensen and held him close as if he could shelter him from all the evil that was pounding on their fractured front door. "Come on baby, you are coming back to my place. I'll get Mrs. Blackburn to make you some of her brownies."

Jensen said nothing and Francesca actually stomped her foot. "Out of the question. If they found Jensen then they most certainly know where you live." She said, again speaking of a *they* Jared knew nothing about. She flipped open her phone again, called Elijah and gave him Jared's address. "Have someone sent over." She said darkly.

"Wait, you think someone broke into my place too?" Jared frowned, stroking his hands up and down

Jensen's back.

She nodded curtly. "It's possible they expected you to go there, and not here."

Jared's blood ran cold at the unspoken implication. *Jesus Christ*. He held on tightly, afraid he might blink and Jensen would disappear. He tried to think again that they had been lucky, that it could've gone worse, but the idea of someone out there set upon hurting Jensen so badly made him feel sick to his stomach, and a wave of barely controlled fury crashed over him as Jensen fisted his shirt tight enough to rip the buttons. "It's alright baby," he soothed, running his hands up and down Jensen's spine. "We'll be okay."

He wanted to say *I'll get you another teddy* but he knew it wouldn't be the same. Still it didn't mean he wouldn't try. He would replace everything through time. They'd make other memories, good memories to replace all the bad ones.

"Your landlady sent two people on their way," Francesca said once she'd put down the phone. Her mouth was twitching and Jared had the fleeting impression that she was trying to keep back a smile. "She's quite the piece of work, if Elijah is to be trusted. He's nursing a black eye."

Jared gave her a wan grin. The old lady could be mistaken for frail, but you didn't want to be on the receiving end of one of her smacks. Not even the friendly, grandma-type ones. It didn't matter though. Jared hadn't gone back to his house in days but to pay the rent. Still, the knowledge that they'd been ready to go there didn't help his fraying nerves.

"Wait..." Jared said slowly, his mind catching up with him. "Mrs Blackburn saw them?"

"She's giving identification right now." Francesca confirmed.

At last Jared would know. Would know who *they* were, would know who to look for, and who to smash to tiny little pieces for hurting his boyfriend. He didn't question the fact that there was no one waiting for them at Francesca's. They'd have to be suicidal to go up against that armory.

Jensen tensed as he finally caught up with the conversation. He looked out from the crook of Jared's arm and fixed a narrow glare on Francesca. "They were at Jared's?" He asked, voice hoarse.

Francesca nodded hesitantly, her hands outstretched in supplication. "Jensen-"

Jared frowned as he realised Jensen was trembling again, but this time with utter fury.

"Hey," Jared said, moving quickly to stem the brutally changing emotions. "It's fine, okay. No harm done to Mrs Blackburn or my place. No one has been hurt, and we can start over, some place for us, where no one can touch us." He stroked his hand down Jensen's hair to cup his cheek. "I know it hurts baby, but they are just things, and things can be replaced." He kissed Jensen's forehead and held him tight. "No one has been hurt, and we're safe here in Francy's fully stocked fortress-" He hit gold and Jensen let out a little, snuffly chuckle, even as Francesca mouthed something about clowns at him. "They might have gotten through the door, Jen, but you can bet your ass they won't be able to get through me."

Francesca rolled her eyes and left them to it, once again on her phone and rattling out words Jared couldn't hope to understand.

"It's going to be fine," Jared whispered again. "I promise you baby." He squeezed him gently, tucking Jensen's head under his chin. He wished there was something else he could say. Something more. He wished he could show Jensen that he meant it, that he wasn't going to back out.

Jensen nodded and buried his face a little in Jared's chest. It was just a tiny movement, but Jared felt some of the tension ebb away. He kissed the top of his hair, pulling Jensen's legs across his lap as he held him close. "It'll be okay. I'm right here with you. I'm not going anywhere."

"Okay," Jensen mumbled, fingers tight in Jared's shirt. "Okay."

"You want to lay down for a while?" Jared tried again, caressing his side. He sighed when Jensen shook his

head. "I'll stay there. I'd watch over you. Please?" he added, kissing his forehead. He knew Jensen needed to sleep, and he had some questions for Francesca as well, questions that he knew Jensen wouldn't want to answer to.

Jensen looked up at him hesitantly. He seemed to struggle with what he wanted to say, his throat working as he swallowed a few times before he gave up, hiding his face against Jared's neck again.

"Bad dreams."

Jared didn't think he could get any angrier, but the two whispered words did the trick. He bit at the inside of his mouth, hard, knowing that Jensen didn't need to deal with his own emotions right then. "I'll wake you up, okay? I'll watch over you."

Slowly Jensen nodded, and Jared felt a little weight lift off his shoulders. "Come on then," he encouraged, "you'll have to lead the way, this place looks like a maze."

Jensen smiled a little, just a shadow of its usual brilliance, and tugged Jared after him, their fingers tightly entwined.

Francesca caught Jared's eye and nodded. She would follow them when she was done.

Jensen lead him through the wide corridors and open spaces almost on auto-pilot, stopping in front of double doors that swung outward. Inside was a huge double bed and couch, the decor soft and soothing, with splashes of color in the fine art hanging on the walls.

From there on, Jared took the lead. He guided Jensen to the bed and gently sat him down on the edge. He pressed a kiss to Jensen's knee and unfastened his shoes, tossing them aside before pulling back the covers and guiding Jensen to lay down. "I'm going to be right here, okay? Just like I always am. I won't let anything hurt you."

Jensen nodded slowly and visibly tried to calm himself down. Jared rolled over to lay on his side, between Jensen and the door, and ran his hands up and down Jensen's arms until his eyes fluttered shut and his breathing evened out. He thought of the night they had planned, cookies and cream ice cream on the couch, a movie, something warm and theirs. That was all gone now. It would be a long time before the easy laughs and secret smiles came back. Jensen had come so far, and Jared felt helpless as he watched all their hard work flutter away on the wind.

Jared's limbs felt like lead, but he'd be damned if he allowed himself to doze off. He kept stroking Jensen's back occasionally, blinking him into focus and staring hard at his brow, waiting for the flicker of a nightmare to cross his face, ready to try and chase away the demons that had managed to break free of their restraints and follow Jensen into his haven.

Scene Two

It happened a little while later. Francesca hadn't yet got back from her net of calls and faxes, and Jensen had whimpered in his sleep, tossing his head to the other side, eyes squeezed shut. Jared pulled him against his chest, kissing his forehead gently.

Jensen groaned as if in pain and bolted so fast he knocked Jared backwards against the headboard. He didn't have time to register the pain though, because Jensen was scurrying off on his hands and knees, blindly teetering on the edge of the bed, and that just wouldn't do. Jared made a wild grab, pulling him back just before Jensen could roll over and hit the floor face-first.

"Jensen," Jared blinked in astonishment at the trashing bundle in his arms. He redoubled the grip and held on tight. "Jensen, it's me."

Jensen's breath was quick and shallow, eyes glassy, unseeing. Jared was sure he was just relenting out of habit, going perfectly still in his arms like the good little sub he should be. "Jen, baby, please. It's me."

Look at me, okay?" He framed his face with both hands, holding him steady. "Look at me. It's just me. It's okay baby. I'm here with you."

Jensen didn't seem able to pull himself out of it. His teeth were chattering, body shaking as if he was sitting on a block of ice.

"There you go, easy now." Jared soothed, his hands gently working to ease the shivers wracking Jensen's body. He kissed the side of his cheek, every violent shudder a physical 'I told you so'. "Shush, it's okay. You're okay."

"Jay?" Jensen whispered, his voice muffled against Jared's chest.

"Hey." Jared soothed, whispering the word into Jensen's hair and tipping his chin up to smile reassuringly. "You with me?"

Jensen blinked and looked around the room, his eyes seeking all the dark places someone could hide. Eventually, satisfied with the safety around him, he nodded and slumped in Jared's arms. "Sorry."

Jared smiled again, and it almost hurt. "Hey, no need for that. I told you I'd be here." Jensen nodded and they both looked up when Francesca cleared her throat loudly. Jared jumped. He'd not heard her enter the room.

"Someone will be over to take your statement shortly." She said, speaking more to Jared than to Jensen.

"Yeah, okay." Jared nodded. He pulled back enough to get a good look at Jensen's face, relieved to see he was not as pale, nor as dazed as he had been earlier. "You want to wait here?"

"No, no I'm fine." Jensen shook his head, obviously lying through his teeth. Francesca narrowed her eyes suspiciously, but said nothing. Really, what could she say? Jared was at a loss, relieved Jensen was coherent enough to know what was happening but still worried out of his mind. A chime echoed quietly in the hallway outside and Francesca turned on her heels to answer it, her phone ringing at the same time.

Taking Jensen by the hand, his arm looped loosely around his waist in case he stumbled, Jared followed her back to the sitting room, preparing himself for the round of twenty questions that was sure to follow, as well as any set back Jensen might suffer if pushed too hard.

Instead of finding the room full of cops, there was only one man waiting there, and he was speaking with Francesca with a familiarity that spoke of years together. As soon as he caught site of Jared and Jensen, the man, who Jared felt he should know from somewhere, crossed the room and wrapped his arms around Jensen's shoulders.

Jared growled, ready to maim, but Jensen went easily into the man's arms. A muscle twitched in Jared's jaw, a bright, newfound urge to curl his hands around the man's neck and rip him off Jensen, *his* Jensen, thank you very much.

Francesca probably sensed the flame of jealousy licking Jared's insides, because she stepped between him and Jensen, still standing there, wrapped in *another man's arms* and did Jared need to underline how fucking wrong that was? "Milo, this is Jared Padalecki," she said, nodding towards him. Jared creaked his fists ominously, hiding a grin when Milo chanced a look at him and quickly stepped back.

"Nice to meet you," Milo said with a tense smile, "Thought I had hoped to do so under better circumstances."

"Same here," Jared lied through his teeth, but didn't offer his hand to shake.

Jensen looked at him briefly, then back at the so-called-Milo. "Why are you here?"

"Francy called me. I wanted to be here for you, man. "

Jared didn't really like this guy. At all. The way Jensen melted a little under Milo's kind eyes just

underlined the point. The fact that Francesca seemed to *like* Milo was only icing on the damn cake.

She cleared her throat and took Jensen by the arm. "Sweetie, will you come help me make some coffee?" Jensen nodded absently and followed her from the room like a lost sheep, leaving Jared and Milo standing face to face.

Milo cleared his throat. "Well this isn't how I pictured meeting you." He said, scratching the back of his neck and looking at the floor.

Jared jumped right to it, He knew where he had seen Milo before. The asshole was a porn star. He'd been in a few films with Jensen a year or two ago. His thoughts turned automatically to Jona and Kevin, the two fucks Jensen had last shot with, and his temper burned brighter. "Can't say I ever thought about meeting you." He ground out.

Milo chuckled ruefully and glanced up to meet Jared's eyes. "I guess he hasn't really mentioned me, huh?"

"Ever." Jared said, more than a little childish. "Which leads me to wonder why Francesca called you."

Some of the gentleness left Milo's eyes and he glared back stubbornly. "Believe it or not, you are not the only person on the planet who cares for Jensen."

It wasn't the right to say, even if it could be true. Not after seeing those pictures, not after holding Jensen in his arms after a nightmare, not after all that it took to be there. Jared's teeth grit together hard enough to hurt before he released his jaw and rolled his shoulders back. "Awesome. That makes me so relieved."

Milo raised one eyebrow. "Actually, it should."

Jared liked to think of himself as a pretty laid-back guy. Only Chris seemed to differ in thinking so, anyway. But this guy? This guy right there made him twitch, and his urge to snap something in two just increased tenfold. "I'm dying to know how."

"You just came into his life when? Few months ago?" Milo said, his voice smooth and even. "Haven't you ever thought about what might have happened before?"

It was just this side of too much. Jared took two steps forward, crowding Milo back against one of Francesca's finest XII century comò. "You don't know shit about me, or Jensen, or *me and Jensen*." Jared snarled, his eyes slitting. "So you better mind your fucking words."

Milo tipped his head. "I know you think you've come onto the scene like a knight in shining armor all set to save the princess." He said, his calm voice gaining just a hint of a mocking quality. "Jen was doing just fine before you came alone." He cocked his head to one side, "If anything I'd say he's worse now than he was back then."

Jared had his hands in Milo's collar before he'd realised he'd moved. "You call being a social recluse who hid behind locked doors fine? You think the way he handled himself at work was fine? He has *no* self esteem, there are no boundaries on what he'll let people do to him, and that's fine?"

"It's a damn sight better than the way things used to be." Milo choked out, his hands curling over Jared's wrists as he balanced awkwardly. "You have no idea what he was like when I first met him, and yes, he might not have been the life and soul of the party, or what you would consider 'normal' but yes, he was far more stable before he met you than he is now."

They were getting nowhere by butting heads, and for all Jared wanted to use Milo's head for a football, he recognised the chance he had in front of him, even if he resented the source. "Tell me about him."

Milo frowned. "Huh?"

"You want me to believe that I'm screwing up his life, then tell me how he was before."

"I never said you were-" Milo protested as Jared set him back down on his feet. He shook his head. "Look, I worry about him, okay. No offence or anything but when some new guy comes on the scene and makes himself the center of Jensen's world, I have every right to dislike him on principle."

Jared blinked, taken aback by the candid response. Still, he wouldn't let the matter drop. "I mean it. I want to know. I can't-" his voice broke, "I can't help him when I'm floundering around in the dark like this!"

"You can't do anything," Milo spat. "No one can."

And there Jared's hands went again, slamming Milo back against the wall. "Don't you fucking dare tell me that," Jared snarled, a spark of venom lacing his words. "You can't do anything maybe. Maybe you never tried that hard, hu? Ever thought about that?"

"Fucking - let - go" Milo gasped, wrestling Jared's hands off him, "I'm his *friend*."

"Right. I've noticed. I've seen you around a lot. Pretty great job you've done -"

"I'm the one that took him away from *there*," Milo growled, pushing Jared back. "I'm the one that got him to walk away and work with Francy. Don't *you* dare, Padalecki. You know nothing of Jensen -"

"I know what he wants me to know," Jared gritted out. He didn't know if it was the rush of adrenaline catching up with him after finding their house broken in and after seeing the pictures. He'd never felt so angry, frustrated, hurt and confused, all at the same time. "I know that he wants me to stay with him, that he's scared when I'm not there. I know he is terrified of someone but he won't tell me who. I know he's hiding everything from me he can."

Milo shook his head and glared. "What do you want me to say? That I'm sorry this is so very hard on you?"

"What I want to know who the fuck *they* are." Jared snarled, "And what you meant when you said you got him away from *there*. Away from where?"

Milo pushed him back a step. "That isn't my story to tell." He argued.

Ignoring the fact that he was using his height and his weight to intimidate someone who had done him no harm, Jared broke every personal rule he had, more than willing to use whatever means he needed to get the truth out of Milo. "I'm sorry, does it look like I give a fuck?"

"Well you should!" Milo hissed, his eyes darting for the first time towards the kitchen, and what lay beyond the door. Jared wasn't dumb. He knew Francesca had planned this.

"Tell me." He said flatly, then, in a show of sportsmanship, he stepped back and gave Milo some space.

Milo rubbed his eyes tiredly. "Christ, Francy was right, you're a fucking yeti." He grumbled, scowling up at Jared.

Only for Jensen. "I am," Jared said nonchalantly, going to sit over the armrest of one armchair. "So?"

Milo eyed him worriedly for an instant before taking the seat opposite him.

"I met Jensen when we had to do a sailor shoot, about two years ago now," He said quietly. "He.... well. You've seen how he is. He was worse back then. I thought he was high or something. Stoned. He had no reaction whatsoever to anything. His manager was surveying the shoot, and I know it annoyed Joe because he looked like he wanted to direct Jensen himself. I almost bailed there, I thought Jensen was sick and I would catch something -" he quickly raised his hands at Jared's growl, "I didn't. I knew he was clean, but he just... it was like dealing with a blow-up doll or something. I had never met anyone like him."

A blow up doll. Jared's anger reared so close to the surface that he could taste it in the back of his throat. "Go on." he said curtly, his mind envisioning the many ways it was possible to eviscerate a man. He didn't know who yet. He just knew he had to. He'd find whomever *they* were, and destroy them.

"I told Francy that I didn't feel comfortable, and asked if she'd come to the set and take a look. She did," Milo gave a small smile. "She can be scary at times, but she's great. She'd do anything to protect her actors. So she came up, and I think she saw what I saw. Jensen wasn't there in his head. He looked on autopilot. The script -- it wasn't really vanilla, but he didn't even ask me to check in a safe word. It scared me."

Jared growled low in his throat and Milo actually smiled a little.

"She knew his manager, Simon, so I called the shoot for the day and she arranged a 'dinner', which is Francy code for 'inquisition'." Jared choked back a laugh, well aware of Francesca's less than subtle techniques. "She and Simon headed out, and Simon arranged for Jen and I to hang out at his place, so we 'could get to know one another better'." His laugh was far more bitter this time, and Jared's stomach clenched. "I turned up, figured we'd watch movies or something, I dunno, order pizza. Simon has this huge place, practically had an army of guys working there, and one of them took me to Jensen." He looked up, and Jared wasn't sure which emotion was darkest on his face, the anger, or the sadness. "He was in one of the bedrooms, naked. When I walked in he just dropped to his knees as if we were still in front of the camera."

Jared was back on his feet in a heartbeat and Milo hastily held up his hands. "I didn't touch him!" He swore. "Which was half the problem."

"What?" Jared snapped, his fingers clenching into fists at his side. The image of Jensen wrapped up in a silky black robe swam into his mind and his knees suddenly weren't strong enough to hold him. He slumped back down and waved his hand for Milo to continue.

Milo began to pace, his hands in his pocket. "I figured he was messing around, but when I wouldn't fuck him he totally flipped out. Had a panic attack right there and then."

"Do you know why?" Jared said through gritted teeth.

Milo looked at him as if Jared was dumb. "Because that's how it worked!" he snapped. "Because that was what he was expecting me to do."

I don't date my costars. Ever.

Jensen flat out refusal made a hell of a lot more sense now. Jared thought he was going to be sick.

"So anyway," Milo went on. "I tried to talk him through it, and once he got back to bed, shaken out of his wist, I called Francesca and told her. Because that just *was not right*."

"No shit," Jared snorted, but his anger at Milo had sort of deflated. Milo went on as if Jared hadn't spoken.

"Turns out it was his agent's way of securing himself more deals. Have the actors try Jen out off camera, find out that he *really had no boundaries*," Milo spat, voice tight and colored red with barely controlled anger. Jared could totally relate. He was shaking, fists curled above his knees, ready to strike. "And it wasn't just actors. Directors, producers...anyone who could give the fucker a heads up was more than welcome."

"Sonuva-" Jared paused mid-curse, his eyes widening as he looked over Milo's shoulder and saw Jensen standing there, white faced and wide eyed. *Fuck*.

"Jen-"

Milo spun around and cursed a blue streak. He was closest, and Jensen's open handed slap sent him spinning. Jared's jaw dropped, not sure what surprised him more, that Jensen had obviously heard the whole story, or that he'd actually hit someone. Francesca stood in the doorway, her face grim and serious, as if she somehow blamed Jared and Milo for the whole fuck up in the first place.

"Jensen-" Milo held his cheek and looked at Jensen imploringly. "I'm sorry..."

"Get out." Jensen snarled, his voice so low Jared had to strain to hear it.

"Baby..." Jared held out his hands in an attempt to calm him down. Jensen ignored him, and when he addressed Milo again, he was screaming.

"GET OUT!"

"I'm sorry, Jensen," Milo whispered. "I'm fucking sorry."

"Just go -" Jensen turned abruptly and stomped off to yank the door open for him. His jaw was clenched, anger shimmering in his eyes. Jared didn't even dare move from his spot, but met Francesca's gaze defiantly. He needed to know. She wouldn't have let them alone if she didn't want *him* to know. She could be pissed all she wanted, Jared didn't really care.

The door slammed so hard it rattled, and next second Jensen was storming off towards the hall and slamming yet another door, the one of their room. Jared shook himself out of his reverie and made to go after him, but Francesca stopped him with an hand on his chest.

"Leave it. It's pointless now." She said, her voice accusatory. Jared couldn't think for the life of him what she was blaming him for.

"Is it Simon? The *they* that broke into our - Jensen's flat?" Jared asked through gritted teeth.

Francesca raised an eyebrow and answered him with all the vagueness of a true Sicilian. "They are multiple persons."

"Why no one thought about telling me before?" Jared's voice sounded muffled, his jaw was set so tightly.

"It was none of your business."

"Fuck you."

Francesca's eyes narrowed. "Excuse me?"

"Fuck you," Jared repeated evenly. "Fuck you and fuck that Milo and fuck everyone else. Stop treating me like I don't fucking matter, because, and I'm sorry if it displeases you, I am going to stay. With. Jensen." he said, his voice a staccato. "And you all better start accepting that. I'm not some lovesick fool kid, I'm an adult, and if someone out there is set upon hurting my boyfriend, then it fucking well *is* my business."

Francesca narrowed her eyes then broke out into a small, rueful smile. "So you do have a backbone." She mused to herself. "Well go on then, you can clean this up. I'll warn you now, he likes to throw things when he gets like this. I lost a beautiful Faberge Egg the last time." She shook the thought from her head, long tendrils of dark hair curling over her forehead. "Let him vent a little, don't take what he says personally, and for the love of God, don't ever stand between him and the only exit, he'll go for your throat."

Jared nodded and narrowed his eyes. "You want me to put on a suit of armor whilst I'm at it?" He asked sarcastically.

She shrugged a shoulder delicately. "It can't hurt." She mused, waving him off. Jared took a steadying breath, then stalked down the corridor until he stood outside of the room Jensen had slept in earlier. He tried it. It was locked.

"Let me in, Jen." He said, a small part of him wanting to encourage the anger Jensen was feeling. Anything was better than the broken doll syndrome he suffered when things got too much. A screaming, raging Jensen was better than a still, empty Jensen, no matter how much Jared might get hurt in the process.

Sure enough, Jensen didn't disappoint. "Fuck off." He snarled. "I don't want to talk to you."

Jared hardened his heart. No matter how much he wanted to take Jensen into his arms and hold him, safe from all the evil he had seen, it wouldn't help in the long run. "Tough shit." He said flatly. "Open up or

Francesca will have to replace this lovely door."

"I'd like to see you try."

"Jensen." Jared said, hands gripping the handle tightly. "Open the door."

No answer. Jared closed his eyes briefly. Well, he knew he'd got a little hurt out of it, better start now. "Stand back." he said evenly. "Don't wanna hurt you."

"What -?"

Jared's shoulder connected with the wood panel, making it rattle and causing a surprised yelp from the inside. Gritting his teeth, Jared hit it twice before the door collapsed under Jared's considerable weight.

"So," He said calmly, trying to ignore the way his shoulder was throbbing like a bitch. He'd barely time to say it when a potted plant hissed past his left ear. Jared ducked, raising his arms to protect his face as the splinters of china and earth scattered above the empty doorframe. "Jesus Christ, Jen -"

"I SAID GET OUT!" Jensen yelled, grabbing an alarm clock and swinging it across the room. "GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY FACE!"

"Tough," Jared grabbed a silver framing of a beautiful view of the Temples in Agrigento that had been aimed at his face, and used it as sort of shield as he moved towards Jensen.

"Don't touch me," Jensen snarled, recoiling back against the french doors. "Don't you fucking dare -"

"Or what?" Jared asked conversationally, casting aside the picture frame and grabbing Jensen by the elbows. "Come on, Jen, or wh-"

It was only Jensen's anger that saved Jared from a serious injury. He brought his knee up so hard and fast he actually missed his target, slamming into Jared's thigh and dropping him to his knees instead.

"I SAID DON'T TOUCH ME!" Jensen screamed, struggling in Jared's grasp. Jared, who had fallen on to one knee, had actually tightened his grip instinctively to keep himself from falling over, and the hold pulled Jensen down with him.

One of Jensen's fists caught Jared on the corner of the mouth. He tasted blood, and it actually brought him back to his senses. "Fucking hell!" He yelled, wondering exactly how getting Jensen to express his anger had translated to getting his ass kicked. He ducked under one of Jensen's flailing arms and wrapped his arm around his chest, pinning Jensen's arms to his side enough for Jared to struggle to his feet.

He'd hoped that would get the message across, but from the blank look of hatred in Jensen's eyes he got the feeling that it was no longer him Jensen was fighting against. There was no way this could have gone any worse, not even if he'd tried.

He used his hold on Jensen to haul him upward and on to the bed, knowing instinctively the damage he was doing, but seeing no way out. Letting them tumble down onto the mattress, he managed to pin Jensen's arms behind his back and roll them into a position that gave him some stability. Then it was just a matter of holding on and letting Jensen fight against him.

It was exhausting.

Jensen screamed and cursed, thrashing violently under Jared's weight, in no position to do either of them any further damage. Jared wasn't sure how long he held on, though he knew he had started crying long before Jensen did.

Jensen's half-sobbed, strangled yells hurt more than his kicks or his fists. Jared was impotent to do anything but try to hold him down, wishing he would feel secure enough in his balance to reach down and wipe Jensen's tears away, but scared he'd get an head butt and a black eye for his trouble. He tried to call his name once or twice, but stopped as soon as he realized that it made Jensen struggle harder. Only when

Jensen's voice was hoarse raw, hiccups the only sounds that left his mouth, Jared tentatively removed one of his hands to cup Jensen's face.

Jensen shuddered and recoiled, chest heaving desperately, face red and sweaty. "Let me go," he croaked, his voice throbbing with hatred and - desperation? "Let me go."

"No." Jared murmured, moving to caress his face and yelling out when Jensen bit his hand hard enough to bleed. "Fuckin' Christ -" Jared cursed, and for the first time he was tempted to just push himself off Jensen and leave.

He didn't. He sucked his wounded fingers and kept Jensen firm under his considerable body weight, until Jensen's snarls died away and the room went completely silent. He sniffled against his will, brushing his forearm across his face and feeling his chest hollow out as a tiny, inaudible whimper escaped Jensen's lips.

"Jen?" Jared whispered, struggling to keep his voice steady.

"Please... please..." Jensen whispered, his voice so rough it was barely audible. The words were no longer demanding but pleading, followed by a silent stream of words Jared couldn't make out. All the fight had seeped from Jensen's body and Jared's fingers ached as he loosened the grip he had on Jensen's arms, knowing the bruises he'd left behind would be darker and deeper than any he'd left on set.

Jensen continued to whisper to himself.

"Jen? Baby?" Jared bit his lip, then took the plunge, ducking his head down until he could rest his head against Jensen's and hear the whispered word more clearly.

Dallas.

Jensen was whispering his safe word over and over.

He stumbled back, falling off the bed and scooting backwards, sickness rolling in his stomach. "Jesus..."

"Dallas. Dallas. Dallas. Please. Stop. Please. Dallas. Please. God, please. Please. Dallas."

"Jensen," Jared's voice creaked, tears sliding down his cheeks as he knelt down at Jensen's side, his hands trembling as he raised them up Jensen's shoulders, daring to stroke the clammy skin of his naked arms. He didn't know what to say or do. He feared, for the first, real time, that he was facing something he wouldn't be able to fix. Ever. And he wondered if anyone had tried. And given up. Given up on Jensen, on his anguish, on his terror, on the huge, black hole of pain and hurt that was threatening to suffocate him.

"I'm not gonna give up," Jared whispered, without even knowing why. Jensen's hands were still behind his back, as if he hadn't realized he'd been released. Jared guided them in front of him, kissing the raw, fingers shaped bruises, feeling like the lowest scum on earth. "Do you hear me, baby?" He doubted Jensen would. "I'm not gonna give you up. I'm here. I'm gonna stay here. I'm here as long as you want me to."

Jensen sobbed, eyes closed, but Jared knew that even if he had them open he wouldn't be seeing. He sniffled and leaned his forehead against Jensen's, putting one hesitant arm around his shaking shoulders and trying to envelop him in his arms.

Jensen's chest was heaving, breath coming in wheezes as he whimpered thinly, hands twitching in Jared's gentle hold, teeth chattering together with the force of his shivers. Jared wished he'd have something to say, anything, anything that would make it less ugly, less sickening. "I won't give you up," Jared murmured in his ear. "We'll find a place together where no one can touch you. No one will touch *us*. And we'll have a garden and a swimming pool, and we can play ball in the backyard and I'll hold you in my arms above our roof to watch the sunrise. I'll keep you safe. I promise, baby. I'll do anything I can and even what I can't."

Jensen's eyes finally fluttered open, narrowing in on Jared's bleeding lip and black eye. He raised trembling fingers to brush across the bruised skin, and then fell back against the bed with tears running down his face. When Jared tried to pull him close again, this time he followed without protest, sinking into the arms that surrounded him. "You belong here." Jared whispered in his ear, his hold far more gentle

now Jensen was no longer fighting. "See how well we fit together? You fit in my arms like no one else could, you know what that means?"

Jensen shook his head numbly, and Jared sighed in relief. At least he was finally getting through to him.

"It means that you're stuck with me, till the end. It means that no one gets to hurt you again. It means I'll kill anyone who tries." The words were cliché and overly dramatic, but Jared had never meant anything more in his life. There was no turning back from this point. It was no longer something said in the heat of the moment, not just words said for the sake of it. If he ever got his hands on the people who had done this he would, without question or concern, kill them. "You still want me to let you go?" He asked. If Jensen said yes, this time he would step back, even if it would hurt more than anything Jensen had already thrown at him.

Jensen was still for almost a minute, then he latched on to Jared with a bruising strength, clinging to him as if Jared was all that was keeping him afloat.

It hurt, but hurt so good Jared didn't care if it jarred the sore muscles of his shoulder or if Jensen's nails ripped at his bare skin. "I -" Jared wished he could stop himself from saying it. He really wished he could. He knew it was a bad time, hell, there was no worse time in the world. He knew Jensen was broken, shattered, that laying that on top of him would just scatter the pieces even more, but at the same time he needed to say it. Needed to let him know. "I love you, Jen. I love you. I'm not going anywhere."

Jensen stiffened for a moment, raising dulled, broken eyes on Jared's face. It took everything in him to prevent himself from looking away, the pain and fear and utter exhaustion almost too much to bear. Still he didn't. He kept his gaze locked with Jensen's, hoping he'd see the honesty behind his words. "I love you," he murmured again, catching one fat tear that had trailed lonely down Jensen's pale skin with his thumb.

Jensen tried to speak, coughed, his throat too dry to be willing to cooperate. He tried again, more tears clouding the green of his eyes. "You love me."

"I do."

"No one ever - no one -" Jensen's voice broke and he cried out, a violent yell that died in a choking sob as he buried his face in Jared's neck, his hands scrapping wildly for purchase on Jared's back as he clung on tighter than he had before.

Jared swallowed his own tears and kissed Jensen's temple, raising on shaking legs and scooting over on the bed, Jensen wrapped around him like an octopus on a rope. "I do," he whispered, stroking Jensen's back in what he hoped was a soothing caress. "I do, baby. I do."

"I can't get it out." He sobbed against Jared's shoulder. "It's like tar- ruins everything. I want- I want." Whatever it was that Jensen wanted, Jared would never find out. He heard Francesca clear her throat pointedly from the broken doorway of the room.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but the boys in blue are here." She said, her turn of phrase out of place, but charming. "Despite my repeated requests that they fuck off and come back another day, they seem to think that legally they have the right to make assholes of themselves. I said you'd be through in a minute."

Jared looked down at Jensen, who was still trembling in his arms. No way could he face the type of questions that would be asked. Kissing Jensen's forehead, Jared began to untangle them, gently guiding Jensen to lay down on the sheets. "Stay right here baby, I'll be back in a few minutes, okay?"

Jensen looked like he wanted to protest, but eventually nodded, tears still staining his cheeks. Francesca took a seat at the end of the bed, her fingers resting lightly on Jensen's ankle. She caught Jared's arm before he left. "You might want to clean up first." She said pointedly.

Jensen looked away in shame, and Jared grinned, touching his broken lip. "You've got one hell of a right hook baby." He teased, hoping to ease some of the self disgust written on Jensen's face. "You ever considered wrestling?"

Francesca rolled her eyes and Jensen looked at him as if he'd lost his mind. Maybe he had.

He stopped by the bathroom to clean up as best he could, before braving the two uniformed officers who were pacing the sitting room, eying the weaponry with suspicious eyes.

"Sorry to keep you waiting." He said, going for the boyish smiles that made people less aware of his stature.

One of the officers pointed towards the armory. "You have a license for all these?"

He shrugged. "I have no idea, but I sure as hell am not about to ask."

The second officer eyed the antiques with a twitching eye. "Are the blades sharp?"

"If their owner's tongue is anything to go by, I daresay they are."

"Are you aware that collecting purpose forbid the sharpening?"

"Officer," Jared cut across him, losing another drop of his patience. "I am just a guest. You want to talk to Miss Solari about her collection, you can address her directly at another time."

The two looked extremely offended, but Jared couldn't give a rat's ass. He took his seat in front of them, crossing one leg over the other and drumming his fingers on his knee. He couldn't help but think of Jensen, and how wrong it was that he wasn't currently wrapped up around him to shield him from all of it. "Officers?" he said when the both of them had remained silent. "Can we get it over with, please? I had a very long day."

"What happened to your face?" One of the two asked. Jared frowned.

"Does it matter?"

"Given the state of Mr. Ackles apartment, I daresay it does."

"We had a brief discussion," Jared dismissed.

They both looked sceptical, but they started filing off the usual questions. Jared doubted that any of them had any idea of what they should look for.

" - do either of you have any enemies that you're aware of?"

They. The others. Jared thought, and it sounded so ridiculous he wanted to cry. "Not that I know of," he knew that if he mentioned Jensen's former agent without Jensen's consent or acknowledgment, at least, he'd be screwed. Plus, what fun was there to have if they locked him up? Jared wanted to find him and kill him himself.

"- any strange phone calls? - people following you? -have you had any unexpected callers in the last few months?"

"No, no, and no."

They noted down his responses. "Your relationship with Mr. Ackles?"

Jared raised an eyebrow. "Do I really need to spell it out for you?"

They coughed and looked away before returning to the questions. "Your occupation?"

"Not that it makes any difference," Jared said mildly, "but I'm a porn star."

They looked at him blankly and he fought the urge to giggle hysterically. They thought he was joking.

"I-" One said, his mouth opening and closing like a fish.

The other nodded and stood quickly. "That will be all for now, thank you. If we could speak to Mr. Ackles..."

Jared shook his head. "Out of the question."

The bristled. "Sir, we will either speak to him here, or at the station, whichever he prefers."

Jared stood himself, using every inch he had to get his point across. "It doesn't matter where you speak to him," he said, hating the idea of them taking Jensen into a cell, "but unless you can interpret snores, you'll not get much out of him."

"He's asleep?" One asked incredulously.

Jared nodded. "He took sedatives on the advice of his doctor. Given the situation, he was understandably distressed."

One of the two nodded. "Alright. You understand we have to talk to him at some point -"

"Not today. Or tomorrow. Miss Solari will let you know when the time is opportune."

They exchanged a look, and Jared wondered if he had to brace himself for the good-cop bad-cop scheme. "I was under the impression we decided when the time was opportune."

There you go. Jared stifled a groan, his face a mask of coolness. He was an actor. If he'd been able to hit Jensen on screen and look like he enjoyed it, he could certainly fake coolness in front of those two dickwads. "You were wrong. My partner's home was assaulted with no purpose but to destroy. We don't know who did it, and we want you to find them. It's pretty simple."

"Mr. Padalecki," the other one said, his tone much gentler. Jared detested him on principle. "We're aware of how traumatizing this might be -"

"No, you're not." Jared said bluntly. "Jensen's not in any state to be questioned right now." *Or ever.* "If you need a statement, he'll give it in the presence of our lawyers."

"We need Mr. Ackles statement for the practice." the other one interjected, all growly low tone. Jared thought he was a worse actor than that Coehen chick, the one whose moans needed to be dubbed because they sounded too fake even for a b-porn. "It's for your own good."

"He'll repeat what I've said," Jared said flatly.

"I'm sure he will-" one tried, giving up when his partner shook his head. "We'll be in touch."

Jared grunted. "See that you are."

They left quietly and only then did Francesca enter the room. Jared made a move for the bedroom, but she shook her head. "He actually is sleeping now." She promised. "Sit your ass down, I'll get you some ice." Ice sounded good. He slumped down onto the couch and rested his head in his hands until Francesca returned and sat down beside him. "Take off your shirt." She ordered. Jared was too tired to question her, and obeyed without a word.

His shoulder throbbed... the human body wasn't supposed to be used as a battering ram, and it sure as hell wasn't as easy as it looked in the movies.

Francesca placed one packet of ice against the swollen joint before wrapping the hand Jensen had bitten. "I told you he was a violent one." She said needlessly. "You're lucky. He broke three of Milo's ribs once... that was messy."

"Asshole." Jared muttered, thinking of Milo. Francesca actually smiled.

"He means well... Jensen would probably be dead by now if it wasn't for him."

The sickness returned as if it had never left. "You think he would have..." He couldn't even say it. Francesca merely shook her head.

"When I first offered him a job he got down on his knees and begged me not to tell Simon. He said he could be better... it was like talking to a beaten pup. I was terrified I'd lose him, either by pushing him too hard, or by saying the wrong thing. He's really come so far in the last few years. He'd spent so long dependent on Simon for everything... then you came along, and I could see the same thing happening again-" The horror must have shown on Jared's face, because she shook her head. "That's not what I mean. It took so much hard work for him to become independent that I was afraid he would lose all that and just let you take charge." Her lips pulled up into a smile. "Why else do you think I am so hard on you?"

"I-" Jared didn't know what to say, and her face settled once again into a hard frown.

"If you tell anyone we had this conversation I will have you killed."

"Yes, ma'am. I mean, no, ma'am."

"Good."

Francesca didn't say anything else, and once the ice had started to melt, Jared was allowed to tiptoe back to their room. He slid in through the empty doorframe, his heart crumbling again as he was faced with what was left of the mess they'd made as they fought across the room. He didn't know how long it'd take to put everything back together, but Jared vowed to himself he would.

He cautiously crawled on top of the mattress, pulling the comforter back to find Jensen huddled on his side, knees up and arms tucked around his chest, a tightly wound ball of fear and tension even as he slept - or better, passed out of exhaustion. Jared bowed his head until he could kiss Jensen's wet cheeks, then wriggled his arms around Jensen's waist and pulled him across his body until he was safely enveloping him, Jensen's face buried in the crook of Jared's neck.

"I'll do anything it takes baby. Anything. I'll make it better." He promised, lips moving soundlessly over Jensen's forehead. "I swear."

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Act 11: Puppies and Glitter

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared upgrades their security.

Notes: Do mine eyes deceive me? A part that is less than 10,000 words?? Eek!

Warnings: Schmoopy. Very. Seriously.

Extra notes: For the wonderful [eilan](#), who was promised porn on her birthday. Sorry it is a bit late! xx

Jensen was sat on Francesca's couch, nervously chewing his nails and watching the clock. Jared had gone out a few hours ago, and he'd heard nothing since. Which was normal. Only Jensen wasn't feeling all that normal right then. He felt anything but. Everything was raw and hurting, the worst of which came down to the fact that he hadn't just had a fight with Jared, he'd actually *fought* with Jared. He'd hit him, he'd kicked him... hell, he'd only stopped shy of taking out his eyes... no wonder Jared needed a bit of air.

Jensen might have been in more of a panic than he was if Jared soft voice didn't wash over him when he closed his eyes, the words *I love you* enough to calm the edges of his panic.

"Fissare l'orologio non lo fa andare più veloce." Francesca scolded, drifting into the room with a potted plant in her arms.

"It might." Jensen said petulantly. She rolled her eyes and left him to it, another hour passing before the door opened and Jared walked through, a huge box balances in his arms. He looked surprised to see Jensen sitting there, but a bright, beautiful smile broke out across his face and he carefully placed the box down on the floor at Jensen's feet.

"So I was thinking," he said, kissing the inside of Jensen's wrist. "We need a better alarm system."

Jensen frowned and nodded, not following until Jared indicated that he should open the box. He was about to when it snuffled and jumped on the floor.

"What the-?"

Jared grinned. "Go on." He said, sitting cross-legged opposite the couch.

Carefully, Jensen opened the lid of the box, and instantly two sets of bright eyes and a pair of wet noses jumped out at him.

He recoiled, gasping and literally lifting his feet off the floor with a small yelp. "Wha-?"

One of the two wet noses sniffled at Jensen's calf, a wet, raspy tongue licking it excitedly only an instant later. Jared gave him another of his dazzling smiles. "They're tiny now, but give them a month or two," He picked out one of the two, blowing a raspberry against the furry neck of the pup and giggling madly when he trashed in his arms and landed flat out on his belly on Jensen's lap. "They'll scare everyone off."

Jensen didn't know what to say. He couldn't talk, throat so tight breathing was becoming an issue. He felt tears prickle the corner of his eyes as the puppy wobbled on shaky legs and turned curious, button-brown eyes up at him, ears flat back and his enquiring nose sniffing at Jensen's arm. "You -" he murmured, not tearing his eyes away from the two pups practically bathing him in saliva. "You -" his voice failed him again and he clamped his mouth shut.

Jared understood. He picked up the other dog and put her in Jensen's lap, as well. "They're rescue dogs," He informed him. "They were abandoned soon after they were born, so they're still a bit shaky. But they'll be okay."

"They're so tiny." Jensen said in wonder, carefully petting the small puppy that got lost in the palm of his hand.

Jared shrugged. "Like I said, they will grow. Apparently they have huge appetites."

"Like you, then?" Jensen asked, shooting Jared a wry smile as the puppy tried to gnaw on his finger. "What are they called?"

"This little guy is Harley." Jared grinned, scooping up the tiny brown pup and helping him climb up Jensen's woollen jumper. "And the bitch-"

Jensen glared and Jared rolled his eyes.

"The girl is Sadie." Sadie continued to slobber all over Jensen's hand and he scratched the back of her ears before sitting her down next to Harley.

"I'm holding you responsible for all damage." Francesca said, appearing over Jensen's shoulder and eyeing the puppies the same way she did Jared. "They had better be housetrained."

"But Francy, look at them!" Jensen cooed, already in love. He held them up for her to see and the corners of her mouth twitched. "Aren't they just the most adorable things ever?"

"I thought Wonderboy was the most adorable thing ever." She teased, nodding to Jared and making Jensen blush.

"Am I?" Jared said, a bright smile shining on his face. Jensen ducked his head and blushed harder.

"Shutup," he muttered in Francesca's general direction.

Jared pressed a tiny kiss on his cheek. "I'm glad you like them." He said, caressing Jensen's wrist. Jensen looked up in his face, splotches of red coloring his cheeks. "I love 'em," he said in a soft voice.

Jared beamed and stroked Sadie's head. "We just need to find a place with a big garden, so they can grow as they please."

"A-- you mean a - like, a house?" Jensen stuttered, his blush deepening.

Jared nodded happily. "Yep. I've stopped at the real estate and picked out a few catalogues. We can go over them together later if you want."

Francesca made a tiny, almost disgusted noise and left the room. Jared chuckled internally. He knew Francy might approve of the two of them but she still thought they were too nauseatingly sweet when they were together.

Jensen tucked his head over Jared's shoulder, almost tentatively, as if he was afraid that Jared would recoil away from him. Instead, a warm, strong arm enclosed his shoulders and pulled him closer. "You'd like to live near the ocean?"

"The ocean?" Jensen said, his voice thin.

Jared nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah, ooh, and a huge deck for barbeques and long summer night parties-"

"Think we can convince Chris and Steve to play for us?" Jensen asked shyly, liking the idea of having the type of home, of stability that would bring parties with friends and relaxing evenings.

Jared's eyes lit up in thought, "We can throw a housewarming party. They will play if we promise free beer and food."

"You need to buy the damn place before you start planning parties!" Francesca called from the room next

door.

"Details." Jared shouted back.

Jensen interrupted their little debate by curling himself around in Jared's arms, mindful of the two pups who squirmed and wriggled sleepily between them. "You really want this?"

"I really do." Jared promised, dropping a kiss to Jensen's forehead. "I meant what I said."

Jensen shivered, fingers curling around Jared's t-shirt. "You -" he couldn't repeat it. He thought about it every odd second, and it sent warm tingles down his spine even if it terrified him that he couldn't say it back.

"I do," Jared murmured, kissing his temple as if he had read Jensen's struggle clear as day behind his green eyes. "And I promise, we'll be great."

"Yeah," Jensen whispered, swallowing thickly. "Yeah. Okay."

"Now, those houses," Jared said brightly, producing a thick binder out from behind his back with a flourish.

Jensen's throat clogged up as Jared started showing him the various locations, perimeters, pictures and prices - Jensen was still too raw, too sensitive, his feelings all over the place after the events of the past twenty-four hours that he began crying without even realizing it. It wasn't until he felt something wet and eager lap up at his cheeks that he realized he had tears on his face, and he blinked confusedly as Sadie raised on her rear paws and licked at his chin.

"I'm okay," Jensen whispered, voice tremulous as he patted the dog's head. "I'm fine."

Jared's hand squeezed his shoulder, tucking him in even closer against his side, and he kissed the other side of his face. "You're not," he whispered quietly. "But you'll be."

Jensen said nothing, simply content to relax in Jared's arms. "I guess I'll have to be if I want to make sure our new house is well decorated."

Jared narrowed his eyes. "None of that modern minimalist crap." He vowed. "Our house is going to have character and color and dust!"

"It's not crap, it's to date. I suppose you want marble busts of old dead men sitting on the shelves and a TV that needs to be wound up before you watch it."

"Hey!" The pups yelped happily as their new humans fell off the couch in a tangle of limbs. Sadie only waited a second before joining in the action, licking the faces of which ever body was closest. Harley was more shy. He buried himself under Jensen's sweater and sat shivering against his belly until Jensen carefully scooped him up and cuddled him close.

"Easy little guy." He soothed, petting Harley's furry neck. "He might be a giant yeti, but he's harmless." He said, smirking when Jared pouted. "You and I will look after the house and save it from the Martha Stewart of porn."

"You're very mean. Don't teach our kids that stuff."

Jensen's heart jumped up in his throat. *Our* kids. *Ours*. *Theirs*. He swallowed, cuddled Harley closer and lay his head on top of Jared's shoulder. "Okay," he murmured, hating that he felt new tears welling up in his eyes. He hated it. Hated not having control over the bundle of emotion that had flipped loose, and he wondered, not for the first time, when exactly he'd jumped backwards to an emotional thirteen year old girl. He sniffled, trying to keep quiet so Jared wouldn't hear, but Jared simply pulled him close and went back to his pursue of the houses papers.

"This is near the beach. Beautiful. Even has a dock, look. Do you like sailing? Chris has a boat. We could go sailing sometimes. And fishing. Ohh, grilled fish. Look at this. It's got a backyard, even, and the barbecue

's already set."

Jensen blinked the house into focus, looking at the price. "That's -"

"That's nothing," Jared said firmly. "Besides, it's the two of us, we can afford anything."

"Anything," Jensen said, almost in wonder. The only thing he really looked for when he'd got the flat was that it was a top floor, inaccessible, and with a security system that he'd always thought to be impenetrable.

"Can we get one with a porch?" He asked. His childhood home had been fitted with the most beautiful wraparound porch, full of potted plants and a swinging chair.

Jared beamed. "Sure, how about this one?" He flipped through the papers until he found a thick portfolio of pictures. "This one is up on the rocks, but it has access to its own private beach. I think George Clooney lives two doors down."

"Oh I'm sold." Jensen teased, making kissy faces at the name. Jared threw the file over his shoulder.

"I never liked that one."

Jensen took some of the files Jared had out on his lap and began to flick through them, holding them out for the puppies to help choose. Harley tried to chew on one until Sadie batted him away with her nose. "Wait, what about this one?" He asked, pushing the other papers away and pulling out the one that had caught his eye. It wasn't as grand as the others and needed a fair amount of renovation. It was the location that cost the most. It was actually built against the cliff face on one side, the sea to the back, with only one visible access point, and a huge iron veranda.

Jared looked over his shoulder. "That could be fun." He grinned. "Think of all the power tools I could buy!"

"Are you sure you are gay?"

"I'm a closeted lesbian."

Jensen snorted. "It'll take some time to put together, though..." he said, as if it was an afterthought. He looked up at Jared, chewing on his bottom lip. "You sure you want to give this a go?"

"Of course I want to," Jared said gently, stroking the glossy surface of the picture. "I'm already a little bit in love with it, and I just saw the exterior. Think how beautiful it's gonna be once I get to the inside."

Jensen's lip trembled. He wasn't sure Jared was talking just about the house. "Are- are you sure?" He asked again, voice tremulous.

Jared hadn't signed up for all of that. He shouldn't be dealing with his issues, with all his baggage. Wasn't dating a porn star supposed to be fun? He shouldn't have to deal with people breaking into his house and Jensen's fits. He shouldn't have to deal with his nightmares.

"Cause..." Jensen's hands shook as he smoothed the picture down. "I - I understand if you aren't."

"I'm sure, dead sure." Jared covered Jensen's hand and hold on him tight. He kissed Jensen's forehead, his other hand going to tickle at Sadie's belly.

"Okay," Jensen whispered, excitement building slow and bright in his belly. "So, when can we go take a look around?"

"I can call the office tomorrow." Jared said, sounding as excited as Jensen felt.

"Not until I've had Elijah look into the place." Francesca scolded, entering the room with a tray of warm bread and a huge jug of fresh juice. Jared's stomach rumbled loudly and he happily helped clear space for the small feast. "I know you, Padalecki. Odds are there have been three axe murders in that house, and an

underground comic book ring run from the basement."

"Doesn't that sort of thing add character?" Jensen grinned, helping himself to a soft bread roll.

Jared already had his mouthful and he scowled, his cheeks bulging. Jensen patted him fondly on the thighs and broke off a tiny lump of bread for the pups. Sadie fell over her own paws and Harley nearly took off Jensen's finger.

"Looks like they have stomachs to match their daddy's." Jensen cooed, purposely laying the schmoop on thick in order to watch Francesca turn a livid shade of green.

"I'll go call Elijah," She said in disgust, walking out and making Jared cackle.

"Sometimes she's just too easy," He murmured, kissing Jensen's cheek.

Jensen grinned at him. "You do it only to annoy her."

"Not only, no," Jared said, nudging Jensen's temple with his own and kissing Jensen's marmalade-sticky lips. "Never."

Jensen sighed and parted his lips almost shyly, raising the hand that wasn't being lapped up by Harley to Jared's cheek, feeling the stubble prickle at the back of his palm. Jared's kisses were soft, slow. Like he wanted to take time learning every whimper, every breath that he could steal with the gentle slip-slide of his lips over Jensen's.

Jared broke the kiss, laying soft, barely there touches over the side of Jensen's cheek. Jensen sighed, tightened his hand in Jared's hair and pressed his own mouth over Jared's jaw.

"Christ -" Jared hissed, and Jensen froze. "'s okay," Jared said, smiling apologetically at him. Jensen felt his stomach turn. There was an open graze above the side of Jared's face, still oozing tiny droplets of blood. "'s nothing, just a scratch."

"I did that," Jensen said with difficulty, chest heaving a little.

Jared sighed and took Jensen's hands in his, turning them over and showing Jensen his own wrists, and the black and blue fingermarks Jared had left behind. "And I did this," he said quietly. "You didn't mean to hurt me any more than I meant to hurt you."

"I threw a plant at you."

Jared grinned. "Amongst other things. Good job you've got such a lousy aim."

Jensen poked him in the ribs. "I do not."

"Do to." Jared countered, grinning and patting himself on the back. Mission accomplished. His random humor had saved the day again. Anything to bring that wry little smile to Jensen's face.

"I do not!"

"Does he have a lousy aim?" Jared asked Harley, who was looking at them both with adorably confused eyes. Sadie yipped in agreement. "See!"

"No fair!" Jensen protested, tickling Sadie's belly in revenge. "Stop ganging up on me!"

Jared smiled innocently and kissed his nose. "Would I do that?"

"Yes." Jensen said flatly.

"Nah," Jared said with a grin, "But you're adorable when you pout."

Jensen blushed. "I don't pout."

"And when you blush."

"I DON'T BLUSH!"

Sadie yelped and licked at Jensen's neck. Jared laughed. "I love you," he murmured, grinning at Jensen as his flush deepened. "I love everything about you." He took Jensen's hands and kissed both palms, bringing them up to his chest.

Jensen's breath itched, and he worked his throat uselessly to try and form the words, his hands scraping for purchase against Jared's chest. What if he was never going to say it back? What if he couldn't? Would Jared leave? He would. Maybe. Or not? But he had to. He knew he should, and he wanted, but - he couldn't, and his breath was already coming short, dizzy with the thick fear of losing Jared clouding in on him.

"It's fine," Jared murmured, squeezing his hands. "Jen?" Jensen lifted his eyes upon Jared's face. "It's fine," he repeated, holding him tight. "I promise. I understand. And it's okay. You don't have to do anything at all. I just want you to be happy with me, okay?"

Jensen nodded slowly, not trusting himself to say anything when his throat was already so tight. He wanted to tell Jared that he was; happier than he could remember being.

Sadie yipped, obviously feeling left out. "Sorry girl." Jared grinned, scooping her up before tugging on Jensen's hand. "Let's go mess up Francy's back yard."

"DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!" Francesca screeched, making Jared cringe and Jensen laugh.

"Better run before she fetches the crossbow." Jensen advised sagely.

Jared blanched and picked Harley up in his other hand. "She has a crossbow..." He broke off and looked around him, "Of course she does. Last one to the beach is a rotten egg!"

House hunting was up there with the top 5 most exhausting fully clothed activities under the sun. Jensen was picky, and the house he had fallen in love with was unable for viewing until later in the week. In order to console Jensen with some form of activity, Jared had dragged him around every other house on the market within a fifteen mile radius. They had blisters on their feet and still had not found a place that beat the one Jensen really wanted. Jared had arranged viewings of the property all day, just in case they decided to go for it there and then.

After two days of hunting and a traumatic afternoon spent with their lawyers, Jared had found a new appreciation for luxury bedding. Francesca didn't do things by half, and the bed Jensen and he had been given was a whole new level of decadent.

The sheets were warm but thin, and the bed itself was more than large enough to accommodate a man Jared's size, even if he had taken to curling his body around Jensen's like friendly python. Jensen's sleep was fragile and disturbed, but Jared had noticed that he had less nightmares when he could snuggle right up into him. It also enabled Jared to be alerted quicker if Jensen's breath shortened or if a weird flicker crossed his brow, and he was able to wake up and soothe him from one dream to the next.

Jensen had woken twice that night already. Which made for very uneasy rest, but Jared was confident Jensen's sleep was actually growing quieter and smoother with each soft kiss, with each whispered nonsense Jared murmured in his ear. Jensen's arms would tighten around Jared's waist, an unspoken plea of *don't leave me* burning through the layers of cotton that separated them. Jared's lips buried in Jensen's hair, fingers warm and comforting over his back and sides in an equally silent *not ever*.

It's morning when Jared next woke up, feeling pleasantly warm but slightly restless. He blinked Jensen into focus and smiled. After the second time he'd woken up, he'd slept like a baby for the whole night. The

pups were still sleeping in the huge, fluffy-stuffed basket they got them on their first day, curled into one another under a bright yellow blankie. They looked a tiny bit like them, Jared thought with a smile.

He tried to shift without waking Jensen, but an all-too-familiar buzz down his spine made him freeze in his tracks.

Fuck!

Now was NOT the time for morning wood. Natural human reaction or not. He was a porn star for the love of God! He was supposed to have more control than your average Joe!

Jensen shuffled against him, his warm body pressed tight against Jared's, lax and completely innocent. He was doing what Jared had wanted him to do for days; actually getting a good, peaceful spate of rest, and here was Jared with the worst timing since Nicopolis!

He had better control than this! He knew he did! He lived with Jensen. He had Jensen in his arms for a good proportion of the day, and he managed to contain himself.

Willing the problem away wasn't helping. If anything, the opposite was happening. The more he thought about all the reasons why it was a *bad fucking idea* to get a hard-on with Jensen in his arms, he was reminded that Jensen *was in his arms*, a living, breathing, utterly beautiful temptation.

Jared tried to shuffle back and ease himself out of the tangle of their limbs, but the first attempt at movement stirred Jensen from his slumber.

CRAP!

He tried to shift back inch by inch, trying his damndest to move back and not jar Jensen as he did so, but coordination had never been one of his strong points, and beautiful, green eyes blinked drowsily up at him a moment later.

Jensen smiled, warm and unknowing, blessedly unaware that Jared's dick was happily pervying away on its own accord. "Hey," he whispered, nuzzling the side of Jared's neck.

Jared wanted to cry. "Morning," he said, trying to keep his voice quiet and steady. "You slept?"

"A little bit," Jensen admitted, rubbing the tip of his cold nose in the hollow of Jared's throat. Jared had to bit back a moan. "You?"

"Peachy," Jared murmured, trying to picture Joe with a tutu or wearing that Wonderwoman wig. Anything that would take care of that fucking impertinent dick.

"You sound a little odd," Jensen was starting to really wake up now, his movements more coordinated. He stifled a yawn against Jared's chest, lips dragging over his collarbone, fingers flexing over Jared's shoulders. "You coming down with something?" Jensen's brow creased in concern and he lifted a hand to feel Jared's temperature. Jared caught it and kissed the tips of his fingers.

"I'm fine. Honest." In theory. Jensen didn't look like he believed him, but rolled over to look at the puppies, freezing when his hip brushed Jared's dick.

"Fuck." Jared swore softly.

"Ah." Jensen responded, stating the obvious. "Good morning, huh?"

Jared buried his head in his pillow and groaned miserably. "I didn't mean- shit."

Jensen rolled back over and nudged Jared until he stopped trying to smoothen himself with his bedding. As soon as he was able, he kissed Jared's jaw and grinned impishly. "You're so eloquent in the mornings." He teased, then broke off into a frown when his mind wandered down paths Jared had desperately wanted to avoid. Jensen looked away. "You think I'm that fragile?"

Jared blinked. "What?"

Jensen still wouldn't look at him. "You think I'm so..." he paused to think of a word, "*damaged* that I'd freak out on you because you got hard?"

"No!" Jared whispered, lying through his teeth.

Jensen didn't look at him. He stayed quiet for a moment before standing up and walking to the door. "I'm going to take a shower," he said distantly before closing the door behind his back. Jared swore, rolling on his stomach and burying his face in the pillow for a second time.

Fuck. He didn't think - well, that was obvious. But still. He just didn't want to make Jensen feel uncomfortable and he'd succeeded in the exact opposite. Double fuck.

He tossed the covers back and shuffled into a t-shirt (he didn't fancy meeting Francesca while he was wandering half naked down her hallway) before tearing after Jensen. He had to apologize, at least, and then.... well, he would think about then when confronted with it.

The shower was already running when he got to the bathroom. Jared took a deep breath and tried the knob. It wasn't locked, which he deemed to be a good sign. "Jen?" The last thing he wanted was to screw up -again- by sneaking up on Jensen when he wasn't expecting it. Jensen didn't answer.

Jared turned the knob and stepped into the large bathroom, wishing he'd grabbed some socks to save his feet from the chill of Francesca's expensive marble flooring. The steam from the shower was ever so slowly filling the room, but Jensen was still clearly visible behind the frosted glass of the shower door. Jared cleared his throat loudly but Jensen didn't turn, or even acknowledge him.

Not the best start to the day. Jared thought of how much better Jensen had been the night before and kicked himself. Sometimes he felt as if he was navigating his way through a minefield, drunk and blindfolded.

He carefully slid the shower door open, half expecting a loofah to the face. Jensen didn't look back, didn't even shiver when the markedly cooler air hit his back. Jared walked in, clothes quickly dampening with spray and steam, and raised one tentative hand to squeeze Jensen's shoulder.

"Baby?" he murmured quietly, not knowing what he could do to make it right again.

Jensen inched his head the other way, and Jared ducked under the spray to catch his eyes. When he did, he felt the floor sliding under his feet as his stomach pulled in like after a punch in the gut.

Jensen was crying.

"Baby?" He whispered again, his own voice wavering. "God, Jen, I'm sorry -"

Jensen sniffled, barely audible, and went on scrubbing his forearms with the sponge as if he was trying to take his skin off.

"Jensen, please, I'm sorry -" Jared ducked between Jensen and the tiles, his shirt and boxers sticking to his body as the hot water ran down on them. "I didn't - I didn't mean -" he didn't even know why he was sorry anymore.

"I'm a freak," Jensen whispered, eyes red and puffy as his tears got washed down by the cascade of water. Jared reached up and brushed them away anyway.

"Look at me." Jared said quietly, taking Jensen by the shoulders. "Jensen, look at me." He said, trying again when Jensen refused. He waited until bloodshot green eyes turned up to look at his chin. "You are not a freak. You are not damaged or fragile or fucked up. You are perfect, you are so strong, and you are mine. Do you have any idea how happy it makes me to be able to say that?"

Jensen shook his head, shuddering in Jared's arms.

With a gentle smile, Jared pulled him in closer, stepping under the spray and wrapping his arms around Jensen's back. "I'm sorry I freaked. I just wanted us to take things at your pace."

Jensen shook his head against Jared's shoulder. "I'm a porn star, Jay. If a hard-on freaked me out I'd have been out of a job years ago."

Jared beamed at the slip, the nickname unintentional but welcome. "Guess so." He smiled ruefully. He pressed a wet kiss over Jensen's forehead. "I'm sorry. For everything. I don't want to treat you like you could break, but - it's all new for me, too. This whole relationship thing..." He broke off, nudging at Jensen's forehead. "I've never been with someone like this," he said honestly, hoping Jensen would understand how important it was to him. "I never wanted to risk it and now I can't do without it. I can't do without you. And I'll make mistakes and fuck up again and again, but I'm just... blundering through it all, and I just... don't want to hurt you. Ever. Not even unintentionally."

"You won't," Jensen mumbled, fingertips digging a little in the cotton of Jared's shirt. "I just - I want to be... normal."

"You are normal. But then again you aren't," Jared said, holding him a little tighter. "Because you're so much more than that. You're special. To me. You're never going to be normal. You're the light of my fuckin' life and I'll try my damndest to keep you there."

Jensen shuddered and choked off an half-laugh, half-sob. "It sounds cheesier than a script," he muttered, but his palms pressed in deeper, closer on Jared's shoulders.

Jared smiled and kissed him lightly. "It's all about the delivery, baby."

"Guess I was wrong," Jensen whispered, letting his fingers trail up and tangle in Jared's wet locks. "You're definitely the freak."

"But the freak who loves you." Jared qualified.

Jensen's smile was so unguarded that Jared felt something loosen in his chest. "You remember the last time we were in a shower together?" He said, blushing a little.

Jared pulled a face. "I can't remember what I had to eat yesterday." He teased, grinning when Jensen pinched him in the arm. "Oh, *that* time. I remember." Every damn second.

"I think I...I mean, all I could think about was how much I wanted you to kiss me." Jensen changed tracks halfway through his sentence, but Jared didn't miss the near confession.

"I like kissing." Especially kissing Jensen. He remembered watching one of Jensen's movies in college. His roomie had practically given a speech on the merits of Jensen's lips, crudely wondering how they would look wrapped around his dick. Jared had been too busy fantasising about how they would feel under his own. He smiled, and dipped his head, raising Jensen's chin with his fingers and letting their lips brush lightly.

Jensen's soft, unrestrained moan sent a body-raking shiver down Jared's spine. He didn't add pressure, he just glided their mouths together, unhurried, letting their lips slide against one another, touches barely there. Jensen moaned again, clutching at Jared's nape, fighting to get purchase on the wet floor as he opened his mouth slightly, an invitation for Jared to deepen the kiss, the tip of his tongue tracing the outline of Jared's lips as he licked his own.

Jared mimicked his move, licking his own lips and moaning himself when Jensen trembled in his arms. Like putty, Jared thought dazedly, Jensen's body moulding on him, melting under the slightest loving touch. It made him wonder just how starved for love Jensen was, but he locked that thought away before its ugliness could rear up its head and tarnish that moment.

"Jay," Jensen whispered, voice strained as he closed their mouths together again. Jared let his tongue slip

through Jensen's parted lips, his thumb stroking Jensen's freckled cheekbone, palm of his hand cradling the back of his head to keep him close.

"Shush." Jared soothed, pressing tiny butterfly kisses to Jensen's closed eyes. "I'm right here." Jensen stepped back into his arms without any encouragement, warm and sweet in Jared's arms.

"Jay." Jensen whispered again, his fingers curled tight in Jared hair. He couldn't get close enough.

Jared kissed him again, harder this time, hoping he could convey all the heat he felt when he spared a moment to think of Jensen there in his arms. Their relationship had begun as a confused one, hard, impersonal sex proceeding all the usual social constructs. He wanted Jensen more than ever now, knowing what lay behind the mask Jensen wore on screen, but the ground beneath them was continually shifting. As soon as they got a firm footing, something shifted, and they were forced to try and find their balance again. He was afraid they were further back that they had been before the break in, but a part of him knew that these were necessary pains suffered during healing.

Jensen didn't hesitate before letting Jared back in, coiled around him with water pouring over them from above. Jared bent slightly, then with a shift of muscle, hoisted Jensen up into his arms, holding him steady as he had done that day in front of the camera. Jensen wrapped his legs around Jared's back as he scrambled for stability, only relaxing when the solid wall of the shower pressed up against his back.

"You are so beautiful." Jared whispered. "My Jensen."

Jensen's cheeks reddened, but he didn't look away. "Say it again?" he murmured, leaning in close to kiss Jared's jaw.

"My Jensen," Jared repeated softly, nuzzling his neck and kissing a wet line up Jensen's jaw and earlobe. "My Jensen."

Jensen sighed, eyes fluttering shut as he tightened his legs around Jared's waist, his mouth opening in a round O. Jared's lips chased the droplets of water running down Jensen's face, kissing them away before following the trails over Jensen's swollen lips.

He slid his tongue in again, shivering when Jensen's eagerly met him halfway, the kiss messy and sloppy, panting breaths. Jared shifted his weight as to hold Jensen more stable, grinning when Jensen gasped and clutched harder at him, Jensen's hard on sliding against Jared's thoroughly wet boxers. "Guess we better do something about that, huh?" Jared grinned, nuzzling the skin over Jensen's collarbone. Jensen flushed red and nodded.

"It is your boyfriendly duty, and all." He said shyly.

"Hmm. This is very true." Jared nodded, breaking off to kiss Jensen soundly. He let Jensen slide down the wall until his feet were firmly on the base of the shower. Kissing him again, Jared stroked his hand across the smooth expanse of Jensen's chest before letting him pull back, panting. "Turn around, baby." Jared encouraged, guiding Jensen towards the glass wall of the shower, the spray hitting his back, and not his face. Settling each of Jensen's hands against the hard glass, Jared stepped in close and wrapped his arms around his waist.

Jensen groaned at the first brush of fingers across his dick. Jared's strong body was sheltering him from the shower spray, his hard dick rubbing against Jensen's ass through the thin, wet fabric of his boxers.

"Fuck," Jensen muttered, a small gasp leaving his lips as Jared's fingertips teased the underside of his cock. "God - Jay -"

"Right here," Jared murmured, lips dragging over Jensen's neck over and over as he kept up light, teasing brushes over the rapidly hardening shaft.

Jensen whined, his fingers scrabbling for purchase over the wet glass panel as his breath got more and more worked up. He could feel the press of Jared's own turgid erection slide through the crease of his ass, the cotton of Jared's boxers doing nothing to mask the rigid, pulsing heat. He rocked back against him, his

stomach constricting as Jared's chest covered his back, Jared's fingers tightening around the head of his cock, thumb collecting the first droplets of precome and sliding down, hand wet and sticky.

"Jared, Jay," Jensen's moans got a little higher, as if he couldn't keep back anymore, hips snapping up in Jared's fist, thighs trembling as Jared kept up the slow, teasing slide of his cotton-covered dick right between Jensen's buttocks.

"So beautiful, so perfect," Jared murmured, tucking his chin over Jensen's shoulder and managing to snatch a messy, open-mouthed kiss.

Jensen moaned into Jared's mouth, trusting the arms around him enough to reach back and tangle his fingers in Jared's long hair.

"Jay... mmm, God." Jared smiled against Jensen's lips, his fist gently working the head of his cock.

"Right here, Jen. Tell me what you want."

Jensen shivered, the warmth of Jared's voice washing over him with the water. He wanted everything. He wanted to feel the way he had felt when they had made love. He'd been safer then than he'd ever felt before, proud of himself for having the courage to let Jared in. He wanted all that again... but the fear was back.

He was supposed to be untouchable when he was in Jared's arms.

He wasn't.

"I-"

Jared gently nipped the curve of his throat, laying a faint claim to the damp skin, his large hands both holding Jensen secure and working him slowly to the edge.

"I- want..." The trouble was he didn't know what he wanted anymore. He'd wanted Jared, and now he had him, seemingly despite all the odds, but taking the step from that first time to a level of intimacy that allowed sex whenever, wherever was something new.

"I -" Jensen couldn't believe he had to psyche himself up to ask his boyfriend for sex. "I want you-"

"You got me," Jared murmured, turning him around and catching Jensen's mouth for another proper kiss. He caressed the back of Jensen's head, the hand that was slowly working Jensen to the edge moving lower to cup his balls, pulling at the sack.

Jensen gasped in Jared's mouth, pistoning his hips forward, his fingernails leaving half-moon marks through the thin fabric of Jared's damp shirt. "I want - you - in-inside of me," Jensen stumbled, his voice creaking as he felt a shiver run down his spine.

He could do it. Hell, they'd done it countless of times on screen. It was Jared. *Jared*. Nothing was going to go wrong.

Jared nibbled gently at his lower lip, cupping his cheek as he slowed the pull-stroke-pull rhythm on Jensen's hard dick. Jensen gripped at his shoulders tighter, squeezing his eyes shut as he fought to hold on to the feeling of Jared's mouth, hands, the softly mumbled words that caressed his skin.

Jared said nothing. He wasn't the mouthy top Jensen had become used to seeing when they filmed. He was quieter, more intense, his whole mind focused on the task at hand, no moment to spare for pointless or crude whispers.

He gave Jensen's dick one last squeeze before trailing his hand up the center of Jensen's body, tracing the line of symmetry that made Jensen so beautiful. His fingers curled up under Jensen's chin before two of them slid gently between his lips.

Jensen moaned, opening up to let Jared's fingers slide across his tongue. He sucked on them gently, shuddering as Jared continued to nip at his throat, his hard cock ridding the crease of Jensen's ass.

"Jensen..." Jared moaned as Jensen sucked on his fingers. "The things you do to me."

Jensen hummed and concentrated on what was happening then, not what was to come.

Jared's fingers pulled free with a pop, and then there was a snap as Jared reached for the shower gel hanging behind him and doused his fingers in lavender scented gel.

Jensen shuddered. *Calm down, just calm down.* It was Jared. Everything was fine. Jared's mouth was back against Jensen's, unhurried, loving, taking his time to memorize every curve and indent. "Jay," he whispered when they broke the kiss, burying his face in Jared's neck. "Jay..."

Jared kissed Jensen's earlobe, sucking at it for a moment. Next thing Jensen's felt was the teasing press of Jared's middle fingers over his quivering hole. His mouth fell open in a O, eyelashes fluttering open, Jared's molten hazel eyes fixed into his. It felt almost more intimate than the gentle finger probing at his opening, like Jared was trying to get inside of him in a way that was just so much more than physical.

His breath hitched, cock swelling in Jared's hand as his thick digit breached through, stretching him just enough for the tip to make through, the passage slicked by ridiculous amount of shower gel. He shuddered, tingles running down his arms as he instinctively rolled back on Jared's hand. It was okay. It was good. He could do it.

Jared returned to kissing a line along Jensen's shoulders, gently mapping out patterns on the skin, his finger slowly pressing deeper until it brushed across Jensen's prostate.

"Fuck." Jensen gasped, pressing back against Jared's body, craving more. Jared's arm crept once more around Jensen's waist, holding him firm and wrapping around his dick.

The dual attack had Jensen's knees trembling violently. Jared was inside of him, just as he wanted, but the single digit moved with more accuracy and intimate knowledge than anyone else who had fucked him. Jared's hands knew him like no one did, and they moved in tandem with his lips to bring Jensen hurtling towards the edge.

Breathless, Jensen shuddered as Jared drew his finger back and added a second, the stretch enough to tip him over the edge as they pressed against their target and Jared's hand tightened around his dick.

He came with a soft, muffled cry, his come splattering against Jared's hand. The fingers in his ass vanished, and he was spun around, still shuddering from the aftershocks, and swept up in Jared's arms.

Jared's mouth caressed his face, tucking away every breath, every quiet moan, his legs tighhening around Jared's waist as Jensen did his best to sink his body right into Jared.

"I love you," Jared murmured, his arms holding him steady against his broad chest, water cascading down their bodies and washing away the last of Jensen's orgasm.

"I-" Jensen wanted to say it. He wanted to do it so bad. He felt his eyes prickle by a combination of lukewarm water and steam, and something else he didn't want to name. "I-"

"I know," Jared kissed him quietly, his arms unyielding around Jensen as he held on him tight. "I know."

Jensen trembled, a tiny sob wrenching free as he tucked his head under Jared's chin, wrapping himself as much as he could around his boyfriend. "What- what did I do to deserve you?" he choked quietly, voice breaking even as he willed it not too.

"Lucked out, I guess."

"Guess so." Jensen whispered. "You need-" He looked down, expecting to find Jared's hard cock pressed against his thigh. Instead Jared was soft, the front of boxers sticky with more than just Jensen's come.

"Mark of a true professional, huh?" Jensen teased, regaining a little momentum.

"Indeed." Jared grinned. "There's only one thing I want from you now."

"What's that?" Jensen frowned.

Jared's smile became a grimace. "Don't tell Francesca we had sex in her house. She'll kill me."

"She's not my mother!" Jensen grinned.

"She doesn't have to be!" Jared protested. "Dude, you like classic movies... she's like DeNiro with boobs!"

The image was enough to crack Jensen up, and he buried his face in his chest to smother his laughter. "You're priceless, that's what you are."

"That, too," Jared grinned proudly, scooping Jensen up as he weighed nothing and turning off the shower tap. "Let's get you dried off now," Jared said tenderly, nudging at Jensen's cheek.

"Mh," Jensen murmured, his eyelids drooping a little. "I sleepy."

Jared tightened his arms briefly and pressed a loving kiss over the side of Jensen's cheek. "I'll get you to bed now."

He settled Jensen down on the white rug that covered most of the marble expanse of Francesca's third guest bathroom and picked up the fluffiest towel he could find, starting to dry Jensen up with careful, light strokes before taking off his shirt and boxers and throwing them in the hamper. He wrapped a towel around his waist and picked Jensen up again, enveloping him with a clean robe. "Up we go."

Jensen had come to recognise the signs. He slept when he couldn't handle everything that was happening around him, hiding in dreams that often woken him. It was a vicious circle.

He tucked his head under Jared's chin, his eyelids heavy. It was still early. He could get a few more hours before they had to be up to view the house.

Jared helped him slide under the sheets before laying down behind him. "You don't have to stay." He whispered quietly, even though he wanted nothing but Jared's arms around him.

"I know I don't." Jared whispered in his ear. "You every thought that I might want to?"

Honestly, Jensen hadn't.

There was a yip. The pups were awake. Shuffling in Jared's arms, Jensen reached down and scooped Sadie, then Harley up, setting them down on the sheets between them.

"You be good now." Jared warned. "Quietly." Sadie looked up at them seriously, then nudged Harley with her nose. They settled down and curled around one another silently.

"I think I'm in love." Jensen whispered, scratching behind Harley's ears. Jared chuckled and missed Jensen's confession.

"Cuddle now that they're small," Jared told him, stroking the back of his head. "Once they're adjusted, there won't be space for the four of us in the bed."

"We'll buy a bigger bed," Jensen murmured, letting his eyes fall shut as he twisted his fingers in Jared's, their hands resting atop of Sadie's thick fur.

Jared kissed his forehead, sliding down a little on the bed and resting his cheek on top of Jensen's head. "Yeah. We can do that."

It was actually past noon when Francesca came banging at their door, telling them that it was high time they dragged their lazy asses out of bed and went to see their house. Jared grimaced as she threw him a pointed look before slamming the door shut again.

"I think she knows," he muttered, trying to distract himself from the sheets and a very snuggly Jensen. He wasn't trying that hard. "Either that, or she's pissed we got dog hair on her bed."

Jensen gave him a sleepy smile, eyes blessedly closed. "Maybe," he murmured, clinging to Jared's shoulders and refusing to let go. Sadie wailed and burrowed closer in the dent of Jensen's stomach. Wrapped up in his new family, Jensen let his eyes close and followed the road to sleep.

Jared resigned himself to spending the next few months up to his eyes in sawdust and paint. Jensen had been wearing an expression of utter enchantment since they had pulled down the drive, and Jared had begun calculating costs as soon as they had crossed the threshold.

"You like it, baby?" He asked, looping an arm around Jensen's hips as the realtor showed them around the huge kitchen.

Jensen nodded numbly, his fingers running across the pine surface longingly.

"We could get one of those big old stoves like Francy has." Jared mused, trying to imagine the way it might look after some TLC.

"Could we?" Jensen asked, voice sounding dreamy and distant. "Can we get a fireplace?"

"Of course we can," Jared smiled, pressing his lips at the back of Jensen's neck. The realtor smiled warmly at them.

"I can suggest you some agencies that will be more than glad to help you remodelling the property -"

"No, thank you. I'm an all-for-myself kind of man. I like to do my own thing," Jared grinned, lacing his hands over Jensen's stomach as he hugged him from behind.

Jensen was staring wide eyed at the high ceiling, and the large French windows that showed the back porch and the beach, lying gleaming in the afternoon light not a yard away. "What do you think, baby?" Jared murmured in his ear, squeezing him close.

Jensen's hands tightened over Jared's on his belly, looking like a kid in a huge candy shop. "Yeah."

"We'll have to build a house for the dogs," Jared mused, squinting at the back yard. "You think that we could fit a barbecue there?"

"A big one." Jensen mumbled, still too awed to process too many thoughts.

Jared grinned at the realtor. "We'll take it, then."

"I'm going to get the papers," the woman nodded and walked out, leaving them alone for a minute.

"So..." Jared prompted, "You think you could spend the next ten years here?"

"The next fifty." Jensen said firmly. "Harley's gonna love the floor." He mused aloud. The pup had fun skidding across Francesca's marble floor. He'd have just as much on the wooden floors once they had been sanded. "Are you?"

"Am I what?" Jared asked, stepping away to start measuring the room up with his eyes.

"Happy to live here?" he asked, still dreading the moment when Jared would pull back, change his mind

and everything would vanish.

Jared beamed. "You kidding? It's gonna be awesome. Think of all the decorating parties we can throw! Christian can earn his keep. The dude's pretty hot with a paintbrush."

Jensen couldn't help but echo his grin, the idea of having the kind of friends that would help them move in and decorate almost as appealing as the house itself.

"He'd do that?"

"Of course. Helped me move in when I got my flat. Steve got more paint on him than the wall, now that I think about it..."

Jensen stifled a a snort. "That sounds promising."

"I'll make sure they'll keep the indecent bits away from our kids," Jared said with a winning smile, turning to wrap his arms around Jensen and spinning him once around the room, Jensen's laughter filling up the empty kitchen.

"Down!" He gasped, clutching at Jared's neck.

Jared obeyed, kissing his lips tenderly. "Do you think I'd look hot in a worksuit?"

Jensen's mind blanched, the picture of Jared sweaty and greasy as he climbed upon a ladder flashing unbidden before his eyes. His mouth went dry. "Uhhh..."

"I'll take that as a yes," Jared teased, kissing the tip of his nose.

"You've been together long?"

Jared turned, surprised, to the woman that had got back with her binder, a knowing grin on her lips. "Eight months, three weeks and two days." he answered without missing a beat.

Jensen blinked. "Dude, that's kinda freaky. You know the hour count too?" he teased.

Jared wiggled his eyebrows. "Of course." he grinned, kissing Jensen's nose.

"This your first place together?" She asked, watching them interact with a small smile.

"How can you tell?" Jared asked, watching Jensen with fond eyes as he wandered around the kitchen.

"Most people don't get so excited about a walk in larder." She said with a wry grin.

"Jensen's special that way."

"Bite me." Jensen said absently. "You think we could get a wine cooler installed?"

Jared was just about ready to agree to anything Jensen wanted. If he wanted a wine cooler, Jared would get him one and brave Francesca's wrath to get a list of the best wine to stock it with. "Sure."

Jensen threw his arms around Jared's neck and kissed his lips soundly. "Awesome," he whispered, holding on tight.

Jared didn't know if he wanted to laugh, cry or lift Jensen in his arms and kiss the life out of him. The unusual display of affection that Jensen had initiated - in front of a virtual stranger - warmed him more than words could say.

They signed and sealed the deal relatively quickly, and when the saleswoman left, Jared took Jensen's hand and tugged him to their own stretch of private beach, sitting down on the cool damp sand and fitting Jensen in the open space between his legs, bare ankles entwined above one another. "I love it here," Jared

whispered. "It's so calm."

"It is," Jensen agreed, leaning his head on Jensen's shoulder. He wished he could say something more, do something more. He cleared his throat, fingers tightening over Jared's wrists. "I know I... I know it's not easy," Jensen mumbled, looking down at their feet. "And that I'm... not easy."

Jared nudged his head, "I wouldn't want you any other way."

"But you keep on giving," Jensen said, twisting around so he could look in Jared's eyes. "You keep giving, and all I can do is take."

Jared smiled. "You really don't get it, do you?"

"Get what?" Jensen shuffled in Jared's arms, reluctant to leave, but unable to stay.

Jared held him tighter. "It's not about giving and taking. I'm not keeping some tally chart behind the bed. I'm just giving you what you need. And since you are all I need, it's all balanced anyway."

Jensen nodded slowly, as if the words finally made sense to him... or something had been said that made him *believe*, and Jared felt something inside of him soar.

He wasn't sure where they came from, but tears stung the back of his eyes, and he buried his face in Jensen's neck to hide them. The truth was that he was exhausted. He loved Jensen, he'd never leave him, never begrudge a single moment of effort spent trying to make him happy... but the last few days had left him more exhausted than he had been in a long time. His own nerves were worn, made fragile by the break in and the emotional fall out that followed. Dealing with Jensen was sometimes like dealing with a junkie. His emotional balance was all over the place. It hurt Jared just to watch it. Picking up the pieces left him feeling jagged and raw.

"Hey..." Jensen nudged him with his shoulder when a tiny shudder ran unchecked across Jared's shoulders. Reluctantly he raised his head and met Jensen's gaze, ashamed to load another worry on Jensen's already overburdened shoulders. "Jay... what's wrong?" He asked, his voice a quiet breath against Jared's cheek. He brushed aside a tear and stared at it in shock.

"Dust." Jared said gruffly, squeezing Jensen tight before pulling away and hiding his face. "Place needs blitzing."

"Don't lie to me." Jensen said quietly. "Is this... is this not what you want?"

"No! No no! I mean, yeah, I want it. it's just dust!"

"Jay-" Jensen's voice was thin, and Jared took Jensen's hand to kiss his palm, leaning his forehead over Jensen's.

"I'm fine," he murmured. "I promise."

"You're not," Jensen whispered, chewing on his lower lip. "Jay? What - I mean - It's - I can -"

"I'm very grateful," Jared whispered, giving Jensen a watery smile.

Jensen's big green eyes looked warily at him, uncomprehending, as if waiting for the blow. Jared leaned in to kiss his lips. "I'm grateful that you'd want to be with me. Get our own house... we're about to start from scratch and... I'm kinda overwhelmed."

Jensen opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again. Jared stroked his cheek, holding him tight. "I am, too," Jensen mumbled after a beat, curling up in Jared's lap and pressing a tiny, hesitant kiss on his chest. Jared closed his eyes, squeezing the tears away as he collected Jensen in his arms.

"We're going to be great," Jared whispered, his own voice rough. "I promise."

With Jensen warm in his arms, he meant every word.

And he dared anyone to try and stop them.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 12: Rockin' On

Rating: ...I don't think I am old enough to read this...

Warnings: Porn. Lots and lots of porn. Also, roleplay, roughplay, pretended dub-con.

Notes: A birthday gift for the lovely [rose_janice](#)

Summary: "Jared likes to dress up. Jensen likes Jared. Sex ensues."

More notes: Really Bloody Long!

Scene One

I: Have you ever done a role-play that involved more than traditional costume?

JA: You mean other than naked?

JP: Costume, Jen. Meaning set-up before the naked part.

JA: Oh. Yes, well, loads of them.

I: Such as?

JP: We do a lot of role play.

JA: Jared's a big kid. He likes dressing up.

JP: Says the guy who wears eyeliner.

JA: Dude, you blow-dry your hair.

JP: I do, I really do.

The music pumped loud and unforgiving through the club. The rock set had just ended and Jensen was still high on adrenaline and UST. He'd been head banging in the first row for the whole of the set, staring hard at the singer while constantly adjusting his kilt. Damn, he was hard. Had been hard since the first song, since the singer had walked out on stage with those tight-assed leather pants painted over his tight, firm, rounded ass. And the eyeliner. God, that coupled with the ripped white tank top pulled halfway up his chest, showing off that muscular abs...

Yes. Jensen was in need of some private time right then.

Most of the crowd had headed towards the bar in desperate need of the cheap spirits that flowed through the club. Jensen bypassed them all, darting by two burly looking bouncers and ducking into the Men's room. Half his friends had headed towards the overflowing dance floor, the other half were hunting further levels of intoxication, and Jensen found the toilets occupied by only a redheaded twink who was reapplying his eyeliner in the dirty mirror. He slid into the first stall and pressed his back to the door in lieu of a working latch.

Jesus God. Leather pants should be illegal on someone with an ass that fine. Jensen's mind wandered to the singer's face, and said ass, his fingers skating across the waistband of his kilt, his knees braced wide.

Twinkboy let the bathroom door close with a loud thud and Jensen's head fell back against the thin door of the stall. There was enough alcohol in his system to convince him that jerking off in a public bathroom was a pretty awesome idea, and he had just wrapped his hand around his dick when a knock on the door behind his head had him stumbling forward in surprise.

He let his kilt fall back over his thighs, wrenching the door open with an annoyed frown and just about to tell whomever knocked that they could go fuck themselves somewhere else, when he was met with a hungry, molten stare, cat slanted eyes outlined by thick black eyeliner. He gulped, all blood rushing down to his cock in one spiraling vertigo, eyes trained on the hard lines of muscles showing out from the singer's ripped top, mouth suddenly dry.

A hand pressed on his chest and pushed him backwards, large shoulders and long legs following suit, the door falling shut behind the singer's back as he crowed into Jensen's personal space, an evil smirk on his face.

"Am I interrupting?"

"I-I-" Jensen stammered words elusive in the face of his latest fantasy. The singer took another step forward, crowding Jensen back until his knees hit battered porcelain.

A soft, dangerous smile, "Is that a yes?"

Jensen gathered enough wits to nod his head. It wasn't as if he could lie about it. He might not have been caught with his pants down, but there was no hiding the erection tenting his kilt.

"I saw you watching me." Jensen shuddered at the low, whiskey rough voice. "I guess there is no point asking if you enjoyed the show or not." The singer cast a glance down Jensen's body and licked his lips. "Hmm, but they do make the boys in this town purdy."

"Not pretty." Jensen's glare held none of its usual potency and the singer merely shrugged.

"Fine then. Manly. Handsome. Hot. Either way, you're gonna suck my dick."

Jensen couldn't hold back a moan. He licked his lips and looked up into the guy's face, pupils blown so wide they looked black, a slight sheen of sweat making his skin prickle, his cock starting to throb hotly between his legs. The singer smirked and let his hand twist into his Mohawk, tugging a little forward and having him fumble on his feet.

The singer chuckled and let his thumb rub against the piercing over Jensen's chin. "I didn't paint you for the shy guy." He whispered, tugging him closer. "Guess you're a lot bolder when you can sneak away with the crowd."

Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head, and his mouth opened in a soft gasp, a large thumb slipping past his lip. The skin tasted of salt and lime, and Jensen imagined his mouth would taste the same. He hollowed his cheeks and sucked on the digit the way he would the man's cock. A smirk and the thumb was jerked away, trailing saliva across Jensen's cheek. A hand tangled in his hair, messing up the Mohawk, and dragged him in for a bruising kiss that left the world spinning fuzzily before his eyes. Those burning dark eyes crinkled with amusement, and the hand in Jensen's hair tugged him down.

The floor was wet and cold, and the shockwave of impact traveled from Jensen's knees to his chest. The singer's hand was still tight in his hair, using the grip to tip Jensen's head back. "You look even better on your knees."

Jensen swallowed and reached up for the heavy silver buckle of the man's leather pants. The fasten was shaped like a guitar with a skull for a body. Jensen's fingers shook as he pushed metal and leather aside and peeled the tight pants down to rest mid-thigh. He sucked in a harsh breath, the singer's huge cock springing up to curl above his stomach, the skin sweaty and musky scented, and his own dick gave a valiant throb. The fingers in his hair tightened slightly, massaging his scalp, and he could tell the guy was smirking even if he couldn't make himself tear his eyes away from the beautiful sight of the hard, gorgeous cock that was barely inches from his mouth.

He licked his lips and parted them wide; inching forward, tongue sneaking out to lap at the leaking slit, sucking in the intoxicating taste of the singer's precome. Another hand fisted in his hair and tugged, forcing him to take more into his mouth, the thick shaft heavy and hot on his tongue. Jensen groaned, trying to breathe through his nose as he braced one of his hands across his abdomen to keep him from

pushing up and making him gag.

"Fuck, so good," the singer whispered, both his hands messing up Jensen's Mohawk and guiding him over his erection, the pressure not painful but rough enough to make thrills go down Jensen's spine and more blood fill up his cock. "Wanted to fuck your mouth from the moment I saw you." The singer panted harshly, his fingers tight as Jensen tried to take more down his throat. "Wanted to drag you up on stage and fuck your pretty face right in front of everyone." Jensen groaned at the images that assaulted him with each filthy word that spilled from the singer's full lips. The hands in his hair were hard and insistent, controlling the length and the depths of the thrusts in and out of Jensen's mouth. Jensen could only curl his fingers against a solid chest and lose himself to the thick cock stretching his mouth wide.

One of the singer's hands left Jensen's hair, a finger briefly tracing the line of his spit soaked lips before his head was jerked back and Jensen's mouth was left empty. "God. You've a mouth made for fucking." Jensen looked up through lowered lashes, his lips swollen and sore. His hair was a mess, the style ruined completely. There was no way he could walk out of there without everyone knowing what had gone on. The singer knew as much, his lips twisting that ever present smirk even deeper. He reached down and placed a hand under Jensen's t-shirt. "Orgasm Donor. I like that." He grinned. "Take it off."

Jensen conjured up a low, secluded smile, and did as he was told, pulling off the shirt and revealing a sharp, muscled torso, ending in a perfect V of edged hipbones. The eyeliner had smudged with sweat around his eyes, slanting towards his temples, and the singer's hands found Jensen's hair again, pulling him up with an abrupt jerk and sealing his mouth over his collarbone, his other hand sliding around to slip up under Jensen's kilt.

Jensen moaned and threw his head back, his hands gripping at wide, broad shoulders, fingertips finding the rips into the singer's shirt and sliding over heated skin. One of those large hands that had manhandled him earlier found its way over one of his asscheeks, kneading the muscle expertly. Jensen gave out another embarrassing loud moan, and he felt the guy chuckle low against his skin. "You're such a slut," he mumbled, tongue drawing patterns over Jensen's throat. "Do you always go commando under this thing? Ready for someone to bend you over and fuck you nice and hard?"

"Maybe I knew I'd meet a handsome stranger tonight." Jensen shot back with a smirk of his own.

"Psychic, huh?" The guy asked, his teeth dragging over the sensitive skin of Jensen's neck. "Can you tell me what I'm going to do to you next?" The gentle graze of teeth became hard, and Jensen yelped as he was marked deep.

"And spoil the surprise?" Jensen reached for the buckle of his kilt, only to have his fingers engulfed by the singer's large hand.

"Leave it." Was the gruff explanation. Jensen opened his mouth to question but decided against it.

"Whatever floats your boat, dude." He shrugged, reaching up to remove the singer from his own, ripped up, shirt. Again, his hands were captured, and again, he was fixed with that devilish grin.

"Nuh uh. Hands to yourself, sweetheart." Jensen whined and tried halfheartedly to tug free. The singer smirked and bowed his head to nibble at Jensen's full, swollen lips, and Jensen moaned, his wrists twitching inside the unwavering grip. He heard him chuckle, and his wrists went up, pulled high above his head. Jensen whined again, a low keen coming from the depths of his throat. "Okay, this ain't funny," he said, trying to sound annoyed even when his breath was coming out in raspy pants. He was met with a cocked eyebrow and a playful smirk, those cat-slanted eyes raking over him almost feral.

"Doesn't feel like it," the singer whispered, one of his leather-clad thighs sliding between Jensen's legs to rub against his very prominent erection. Jensen moaned and buckled his hips up shamelessly, the grip over his wrists tightening and sending a wave of pleasure down his body, his cock leaking and pulsing heavily between his legs. "In fact," the murmur danced above his flushed skin, and the next thing Jensen knew, the thick leather belt was dragging sensually above his wrists. "I'm thinking you're dying for this."

Jensen whimpered, spreading his legs wider and rutting up as best as he could in his current position, sweat-slick chest heaving with each ragged breath.

"Don't." He said quietly, the words more of a token protest than a real reluctance.

The singer smiled wide and nipped at his lips, dragging Jensen's wrists from above his head to pin them together at the small of his back with one large hand, the leather belt warm against his skin. "No? You don't want this?" He pressed his body into Jensen's, hard muscles flush against his chest, while his free hand circled around to pet Jensen's cheek. When Jensen offered no further protest, his smile grew dark. "Thought so."

Jensen shuddered, motionless as the singer's leather belt was wrapped around his wrists, his arms pushed together uncomfortably. When he was done binding Jensen's wrists, the guy pressed a teasing little kiss to his cheek. Jensen sighed in frustration and tugged against his bonds, his cock leaking some more under his kilt as they didn't give away.

"Want to know something?" The singer whispered in his ear, tongue tracing the outline of his shell teasingly. One of his hands started to rub over the hard ridged lines of Jensen's chest, thumb and forefinger catching his nipples and starting to rub them into hard nubs. "I was hard all through the set... thinking about you... wanting to fuck you, ride your face and then spread your ass and come all over it right then and there." He gave a sharp tug to the buckle of the leather belt keeping Jensen's wrists together and Jensen moaned, hips jerking up on instinct. "But now... "

Jensen gasped and dug the heels of his feet in the lurid wet floor, his thighs quivering with the strain of keeping them as wide as he could, the singer's leg still pressed tight between his legs, the hot, sticky material brushing maddeningly over the oversensitive skin of his balls. "I bet I could make you come just holding you like this," he tugged at the belt again, his mouth closing against Jensen's pulsing point and sucking hotly on the reddened skin.

"Fuck that." Jensen hissed, arching into the burning kiss in his neck. He was pretty sure he *could* just come from that. The leather pants rubbed against his cock with every slow, sensual roll of the singer's hips. The belt tugged again, sharper this time, yanking Jensen's back into an arch and pushing him off balance. The guy took a half step closer, his body pushing Jensen further onto his toes. His dick brushed against Jensen's through the heavy wool of the kilt.

Without warning, the hands holding Jensen still settled on his hips and spun them both around. The singer dropped to sit on the battered lid of the toilet, and pulled Jensen down onto his lap.

"Fuck!" Jensen yelled in surprise. His legs fell either side of the guy's knees, his ass resting against the hard ridge of unbuckled leather pants. Large hands reached under his kilt and squeezed his ass, and the singer grinned darkly in the dim light.

"Such a naughty little thing, aren't you? Sucking strangers off in dirty bathrooms." Jensen shuddered as white teeth dragged over his neck and bit at sore skin. "Letting them tie you up." He spread his knees wider beneath Jensen's thighs, forcing him off balance. "What's your name?"

Jensen gasped and almost fell over, forehead resting against the singer's collarbone, mouthing along the skin that he could find through the holes of the ripped tank top. "Jensen," He moaned over salty, sweaty skin. The singer tugged on his bonds, his other hand sneaking up over his back, pulling him closer and pushing up with his hips, his own hard cock sliding between Jensen's asscheeks, slick and hot with precome. "Fuck!"

"Kinda the point," the singer whispered huskily, raking his nails over his back and digging his fingers deep into the sharp dip of skin and bone of his shoulder blades. He thrust his hips up, the hand that was tugging at the buckle of the belt leaving Jensen's wrists to slide under his kilt and fondle his ass, his fingers spreading him even further apart above his cock. "God, you feel hot," He mumbled, kissing a swathe up to Jensen's mouth and licking his way inside.

"Not like you," Jensen moaned as he tried to push back against his cock. The singer smiled devilishly at him and framed his face with one hand, smearing his eyeliner backwards, searing his mouth over his. Jensen whimpered as his mouth was plundered, his fingers clenched tightly in their bonds.

"Bet you're even hotter inside." The singer murmured, pulling back to rest their foreheads together. "Look at you. You're a poster child for debauchery." His fingers smudged a black line of eye makeup down across Jensen's cheek, tracing the contours of his face before pressing between Jensen's swollen lips. "Get them nice and wet now, that's all you're getting."

Jensen whimpered as he sucked on the fingers in his mouth. They weren't gentle, and slid across his tongue with the same tightly reigned lust that the singer's cock had. "That's it. You get my fingers nice and wet so I can fuck you." The guy encouraged, pressing his thumb into Jensen's cheek. "If you're good, I'll take you home with me once we're done here. Tie you down to my bed and fuck you till you scream for me."

Jensen moaned and sucked the fingers probing his mouth even harder, winding his tongue through his digits, suckling and twisting, his ass sliding up and down upon the guy's dick, slick wetness of precome between his ass cheeks, the idea of that huge cock pushing dry inside of him enough to make him almost tumble off the edge. The singer's nails raked over the roof of his mouth and pulled them out, pushing Jensen's kilt up so he could grab a hold of his cock, pulling on it with two rough strokes, almost painfully before letting his fingers trail down and twist his fingers right into Jensen's hole.

Jensen yelped out, trying to part his legs further, but he didn't have the time to adjust. Those fingers thrust back out and then right back in again, quick motions that had him trash above the singer's lap, the feeling of strong, leather-clad thighs scratching his backside and large hand pulling on his cock too damn intense for him to hold back. "God, god, fuck-" Jensen wailed and would have fell over if it wasn't for the solid body under him holding him up.

"Jared," he whispered low in his ear, biting on the earlobe.

Fuck, awesome. "Jensen," he whispered, his cheeks reddening. "Name's Jensen."

"You told me," the singer whispered with a grin, "But," he screwed his fingers just right, pulling on Jensen's cock at the same time, and Jensen gasped. "I want to hear you scream my name when you come," he let go of his cock and trailed his hand up to grab a hold of his hair again. "Jared."

"Jared." Jensen repeated breathlessly, his toes barely brushing the ground as his legs were spread further over Jared's lap. "Oh god, fuck."

Jared used his hand to arch Jensen's neck, teeth dragging over the rapidly darkening bruise on his throat. "We're getting to that part." He promised, his fingers fucking slowly in and out of Jensen's ass. "Tight little thing, aren't ya?"

"I take it you skipped biology." Jensen grunted, gasping as Jared dragged his fingers over his prostate. He winced when they were removed with a none to gentle tug and pressed against his lips.

"You know, I like that mouth of yours better when it is full of dick." Jared said mildly, his hand leaving Jensen's hair to tug at the leather belt. Jensen looked up through lowered lashes, his lips wrapped around Jared's fingers. "You like this, don't you?" Jared murmured, fucking Jensen's mouth with his fingers with sure strokes. Jensen whimpered and nodded, the singer's - no, Jared's- Jared's thumb stroking his chin piercing, hot and dangerous, his cock riding the crease of his ass, leather and the wool of his kilt rasping against overheated skin and driving him out of his mind.

"Jared," Jensen moaned, "Jared, Jared..." he let his fingers slip out of his mouth and started lapping at his hand, getting the taste of sex and himself off Jared's hand.

"Yeah," Jared encouraged, tugging again on the belt and making Jensen gasp and arch his body up against him. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard this will be the only word you remember."

"Yes," Jared moaned, his cock bobbing against his stomach as he undulated over Jared's lap. "Yes, please, god please - fuck me - fuck me."

"It's Jared," he chuckled dangerously, twisting the belt just right and hoisting Jensen higher before slamming his dick all the way in.

Before Jensen could scream, or even gasp, Jared's mouth closed over his, stealing his voice, tongue fucking into his mouth as hard and ferociously as his cock was in Jensen's ass. His knees spread wider, and his cock sunk deeper. Jensen squirmed in Jared's arms, impaled completely on the singer's huge dick, unable to free himself or even place his toes on the ground. He was totally at Jared's mercy, and the singer knew it. He stilled, one hand falling to rest on Jensen's hip, the other petting his cheek. "Fuck yourself." He ordered, his knees shifting enough for Jensen to set his toes on the ground.

Jensen whimpered and writhed. His ass burned with the force of Jared's entry and tears smudged his eyeliner more. Jared kissed him lightly, then jostled his knees, shifting his dick inside Jensen's ass until it struck the point that made him yelp and squirm. "Come on. Fuck your ass on my dick, sweetheart. I've done all the work tonight. Time for you to play fair."

"Jared." Jensen moaned, his legs straining to take some of his weight.

"Jensen." Jared said with a mocking smile, tugging on the belt when Jensen didn't move.

"Fuck," Jensen whimpered and tried to do as Jared wanted, but his legs were numb, thighs trembling and tight over Jared's spread legs as he tried to lift his hips up and shove them down on the stiff cock that was stretching and burning him inside out. He let his head fall against Jared's shoulder, Jared's hands sweeping all over his sweaty body and twisting in his kilt as Jensen valiantly undulated himself on him, feeling the huge shaft shifting and throbbing inside of him, hitting his prostrate over and over.

"Jared," Jensen moaned, tongue darting out to lick at too dry lips. "Jared, Jared, Jared," he chanted, his breath hot and damp over Jared's wet shirt.

"So fuckin' good," Jared moaned, licking around Jensen's ear shell and biting into his neck. "Yeah, just like that. Move for me, sweetheart. So fuckin' tight."

Jensen moaned and pushed himself up and down again, squeezing his eyes shut, Jared's balls slapping against his ass, his cock hard, and red, and leaking all over his stomach and kilt and damn, if he didn't get to come sometime in the next five seconds he was sure he'd implode.

"That's good. You're real good at this, ain't you?" Jared grunted against his skin, taking pity on Jensen and wrapping a hand around his dick, the other resting on his hip. Jensen thrust his hips forward, desperately seeking stimulation for his oversensitive cock. The hand on his hip tightened, and out of nowhere, Jared suddenly pushed down with his knees, lifting up a little on the toilet seat and bouncing Jensen down onto his balls. Jensen wailed, and came in Jared's hand, come staining his kilt and Jared's ripped shirt in sticky, wet splashes.

"Oh god. Jared. Jared." Jensen trembled on Jared's lap, his body clenching around the hard dick in his ass. Jared shifted his legs wider again, pulling Jensen down on his lap. His cock rubbed over the sensitive nub inside that made Jensen whimper and shudder, his cock twitching between their stomachs.

"Fell good baby?" Jared whispered huskily, his hips taking on languid thrusts in the wake of Jensen's boneless sprawl.

Jensen nodded, whimpering. A deep, throbbing ache had settled in his arms, and with every upwards thrust into his ass, Jensen felt his balance grow more and more precarious.

"Thought you would," Jared went on, licking his neck. He took a hold of the belt buckle, using it to pull Jensen in a somewhat upright position as he kept pounding his ass, short, measured thrusts that never failed to hit Jensen's prostrate, extracting the filthiest sounds from those bruised, plump lips. Jared grinned, his other hand moving downwards to ran across Jensen's firm ass, his palm wide enough to spread along the whole of one cheek, squeezing roughly and urging Jensen to shift above his lap, Jensen falling limply forward, his cheek pressing against Jared's collarbone.

Jensen moaned, eyes rolling in the back of his head as Jared's dick dragged over every sensitive spot inside of him, his muscles clenching and fluttering against the burn-stretch-push, whimpering and mewling every time Jared's fingers squeezed his ass, pulling him back into his thrusts. "Jared," he moaned, voice

wrung out and spent.

"Don't tell me you can't get it up again," Jared murmured hotly inside his mouth. Jensen groaned and raised his head a little, an 'are you shitting me' look in his over bright eyes.

"Not," Jensen moaned, "For another week. At least." Jared laughed low in his ear, his hand clenching on Jensen's ass as his dick plowed forward with a particularly hard thrust.

"I might just have to take you home with me then." Jensen shuddered at the very idea. "Imagine all the fun I could have with you just trying." With a heave, he wrapped his hands around Jensen's hips and lifted him up off his dick, all but tossing him down onto the sticky floor. Jensen landed on his ass with an 'oomph', his brain stumbling over itself in an attempt to follow the sudden, unexpected, change in location.

Jared stood, looming over him with that dangerous smirk. He reached down, hauled Jensen up off the floor, and spun him around.

The chipped toilet seat was warm from Jared's body heat, but Jensen pressed his cheek against it none the less, his breath catching in his throat as Jared angled his ass up, and slammed back inside.

"Fuck!" Jensen yelled, his back arching at the angle and his knees banging against the hard porcelain. Jared settled his knees between Jensen's spread legs and pulled out completely before plundering right back in, balls deep and unyielding as Jensen thrashed over the seat, the skin of his wrists tearing against the leather that bound them together as Jared pulled on it again, Jensen's back bending in an arch as he pulled him back in every thrust.

Jared draped his chest over Jensen's back and reached around to fondle his balls, nibbling at the skin of Jensen's nape as he squeezed them in his hand. "Feel so good," Jared groaned, his hips slapping against Jensen's backside with each roll, "You like this, don't you baby? You like manly men that will manhandle you, push you on your knees and fuck you long and hard, your little skirt pushed up like a girl?"

Jensen moaned and panted Jared's fingers hot and secure against his sac, barely brushing the base of his rapidly blood-filling cock as he guided his dick deeper with each thrust. "But you're hotter than a girl, aren't you?" He mumbled as he dragged his teeth down Jensen's shoulder blade, the hand that was holding on the belt buckle leaving it to trail down between Jensen's ass cheeks. "Tighter, too," Jared licked up the sweat that had pooled down Jensen's nape. He let his dry fingers trail down where his cock was sliding in and out of Jensen's ass, fondling the used hole with his fingertips.

Jensen whimpered, his dick swelling as Jared curled the tip of his finger into Jensen's ass alongside his cock.

"Harder." Jensen choked, lost to the feel of Jared's balls slapping his ass and the stretch of the thick cock inside of him. Jared obliged. Each thrust forced him down against the toilet, each withdrawal leaving him empty and aching. Jared fucked him like on one else ever had. The heavy weight on his back vanished, and his wrists were jerked up by their bonds. Jared used Jensen's own body weight to fuck him harder.

Jared's fingers drew bruises deep on Jensen's hip and he came with a roar, pulling his cock out of Jensen's ass and painting his thighs with come. He slumped boneless onto Jensen's back, his lips pressing kisses to the damp nape of his neck.

Jensen groaned as the belt around his wrists slowly unwound. His shoulders burned as they slumped to his sides and his cock throbbed painfully between his legs.

A huge hand landed on his ass and Jensen jumped at the painful swat. "Thanks for that, sweetheart." The singer panted, climbing to his feet and tucking his spent cock into his pants.

"Wait, what about," Jensen twisted on the toilet seat and fell awkwardly to his knees. "What about me?" He demanded, pointing down to the hard cock between his thighs.

Jared shrugged one shoulder. "You came in here to jerk off. So jerk off."

Jensen opened and closed his mouth a couple of times as though he didn't believe what he was hearing. "What?"

Jared laughed, shaking his head in amusement, smeared eyeliner accentuating the bright color of his eyes, the smug twist of his lips. "See you around, sweetheart." He exited the bathroom stall, the door falling shut behind his back, Jensen's mouth agape after him.

"Son of a bitch," he hissed slamming both hands against the wall. He groaned, his arms reminding him the sore muscles weren't yet up to harsh moves.

God, he can't believe this. He looked mournfully at his hard dick and closed his eyes with a moan. That bastard's come was still trailing down his thighs, his ass pounding as if it was aching to be filled again, just as his cock was dying to get some sort of stimulation.

"Fucking asshole," Jensen muttered, though he felt more desperate than angry.

Gingerly he wrapped his hand around his dick. God, he was so fucking close. Would it have killed the bastard to show a little gratitude? His fingers were stiff and sore, but they closed around the hot, aching flesh and with only a few quick jerks, he was spilling come onto his hand.

Aching, spent, and majorly pissed, Jensen slumped against the side of the stall, his mind already wandering down the paths of revenge.

I: So do you ever have issues that spill over from your home life into a scene.

JP: I'd like to say we don't. It's not really very professional. But yes, it happens.

I: How about the other way around?

JA: You mean do I kick his ass if he's worked me over? You bet I do.

JP: It's actually kinda scary.

"You're a fucking asshole, Jared." Jensen grumbled as he used industrial strength makeup remover to rid himself of the panda eyes his eyeliner had left behind. Jared looked up pleadingly from between Jensen's knees. He pressed his cheek against Jensen's thigh, one hand curled around his calf.

"Don't be mad, Jen. It was for the good of the shoot! Be a man about it and take one for the team!"

"You are so full of shit," Jensen growled and made to slide out of Jared's grasp, but alas, Jared was *still* stronger than him. "Seriously, I can't believe you'd pull a stunt like that."

"Jen, c'mon," Jared kissed his thigh softly, his hand running up and down Jensen's other leg. "You know it was a wicked storyline. And I couldn't suddenly walk out of character like that."

Jensen crumpled up his tissues and threw them in the trashcan, glaring at him through now slightly reddened eyes. "You are a mean bastard, Padalecki."

Jared sighed and stood up, framing his face in his hands and kissing his lips softly. "Look, I'll make it up to you, okay?"

"After leaving me in that situation? Ha. Not likely."

"Jensen," Jared sighed and stroked his back, pulling him in his arms even if Jensen put up a bit of a

struggle. "You can't be possibly mad at me because I ended a shoot walking out on you." He pulled back, looking into his eyes. "Is that the problem? You'd think I could do it, or I'd *want* to do it?"

Jensen huffed and evaded Jared's gaze.

"Jensen-" Jared growled.

"No." Jensen admitted, relaxing a little in Jared's arms.

"Good." Jared kissed him lightly on the throat, soothing the bruise he had bitten into Jensen's skin. "Baby," Jared grinned, knowing it annoyed Jensen whenever Jared called him that, "I love you. You and only you. The things we do out there, that's not us. That's just a job." He stroked his thumb across Jensen's cheek before cupping his jaw and angling his head up for a kiss. "This is us."

"Sweet talker." Jensen sighed, his forehead resting against Jared's cheek. For a long time they stood together like that, wrapped up in each other's arms. Jared sighed. Crisis averted. Then Jensen looked up and grinned. "You're still sleeping on the couch tonight."

Scene Two

I: What happens if you fight? Can you still work together on your scenes?

JA: No.

JP: Yes.

*JA: *glares**

JP: What?

JA: You kidding me?

JP: We always get the best shots when he's being a pissy bitch.

JA: I am not a pissy bitch.

JP: Sure you aren't. (laughs)

Jensen looked impatiently at his watch. He'd been waiting for the damn client to come down and pick up his goddamn delivery since a week ago, for Christ's sake. He was tired, hungry, and had had a long day. He just wanted to go home.

He rung the bell again, sighing in frustration. Where the fuck has everyone disappeared to? At least they should have had the decency to cancel the order if they didn't want food anymore -

The door swung open and before Jensen could so much as open his mouth to introduce himself, a hand fastened in the front on his jacket and yanked him over the threshold.

Hard.

Momentarily stunned, he dropped the package he had been bouncing on his hip and yelped as the fist in his jacket pushed him back against the wall of the hallway.

He struggled momentarily, surprise giving way to alarm. Then the stranger spoke, and Jensen fell still in shock.

"We look who came a callin'." Jensen's jaw dropped. The singer, Jared, the *asshole* from the week before grinned at him in the bright sunshine streaming through the open door. The leather had given way to denim, still black, still hard and dangerous. There was no makeup on his face, but the smirk he wore more than made up for it. "Hello, sweetheart, you come for round two?"

Jensen didn't miss the way he drew out the word 'come', nor the mocking tilt of the bastard's head. He pushed back against the hand pinning him and rammed his knee up between Jared's legs.

"FUCK," Jared grunted, bending in two, both hands shooting downwards to cover up the target. "You really shouldn't have done that," Jared growled.

"Payback's a bitch man," Jensen spat with a nasty grin. "And it's *coming* your way."

He grabbed Jared's shoulders and pushed him backwards against the wall, but he didn't have the time to do anything else as Jared's hands grabbed his waist and wrestled him around, smashing him against the closed door, one leg between Jensen's thighs.

"We'll see *whose*, bitch," Jared leered in his ear, twisting Jensen's arms behind his back. "You know, I kinda miss that little skirt of yours. Made for easy access."

With his cheek smashed up against the hard wooden door, Jensen had to struggle just to curse. He'd forgotten how strong Jared was, how he would have been able to overpower Jensen even if he hadn't cheated and tied his wrists. "Fuck. You." Jensen snarled, struggling violently in Jared's hold until his shoulder threatened to twist in ways physiology had never intended.

"Nuh uh." Jared shook his head, raising his thigh higher until Jensen was forced onto his toes. "Fuck *you*, sweetheart. Just like I did before." He licked a path along Jensen's throat before nipping at his ear. "God, your ass was good. Tight and hot around my dick." He chuckled darkly. "Too tight for a cock hungry slut who lets men tie him up in public bathrooms."

He twisted Jensen's arm a little more, until the violent struggles stilled in the face of self preservation.

"You're a fucking self centered, egotistic, sadistic asshole." Jensen snarled. "And I swear to god, you had better let me go right now."

"Or what?" Jared sneered, "You're going to hit me again? But you wouldn't do that... they way you begged for me to fuck you hot little ass, you wouldn't want to damage the jewels now, would you?"

"Watch me," Jensen growled, trying to kick back against Jared's legs. It was no good, he knew he wasn't in any position to make threats, but he was so damn angry he didn't care.

Jared chuckled against his ear, rubbing his knee tantalizingly over Jensen's ass. "See, the way I see it, you like it this way," He bit into Jensen's neck, pressing him tighter into the wall. "You like to play it tough, getting it as rough as possible, but you're still a slut who would spread his legs anytime if it meant you'd get a hard dick up your ass." Jensen's cheeks flamed up with anger and shame, and he tried to slide out of Jared's grasp, even if he knew it was pointless to struggle.

Jared's hand circled around his middle to cup him through his cargo pants. "Feel there? Oh... who knew," he taunted, squeezing Jensen's bulge with his hand, "Hot and hard already. God, I knew you were easy... but didn't think this easy..."

"Fuck you," Jensen spat again, trying to squirm away.

"Why are you fighting me, baby?" Jared flicked the top button of Jensen's cargo pants open with his thumb and wormed his hand between the waist band of Jensen's boxers. "Such a hard, pretty cock." He cooed. "Such a waste, really." He mused, his hand closing around Jensen's dick and squeezing.

Jensen snapped. "Goddamnit, let me go!" He yelled, renewing his struggles until Jared had to release his wrist or risk breaking his arm.

"Fuck!" Jared hissed, then, in a move Jensen had seen on TV once, spun him around and kicked his feet out from under him.

Jensen hit the ground hard, stunned, as Jared followed him down and pinned him to the floor, his wrists

beside his head. "You wanna play this game, sweetheart? Fine. Now you can tell me to stop, or you can keep on wriggling."

Jensen looked long and hard into Jared's eyes, his wrists burning in the fierce grip. For a moment, nothing moved. There was only the sound of harsh breathing coming from the both of them, a slight sheen of sweat making his skin gleam the soft light. Then Jensen kicked out savagely, making Jared stumble on one knee.

"Alright," Jared growled. "If this is what gets you, then I'm all for it."

He stripped Jensen's cargo completely off him, leaving him in his clean boxer briefs, and picked him up easily, too damn easily for a man who was only four inches taller than him. He swung him over his shoulder, his wrist held tight in one arm, the other one above his back.

"Let me go, you fucker!" Jensen shrieked, trying to kick out at him again.

"In a minute, sweetheart," Jared growled, slapping his ass. "Don't poke me," he chuckled darkly.

"You sonovabitch," he yelled again, twisting as much as he could in Jared's grip. Jared kicked one door to the left side open and tossed Jensen on the mattress like a rag doll.

"Right." He said brightly, grinning down at Jensen, who lay sprawled, dazed and scowling on the bed. "Since I am pretty sure you don't have a spare pair of boxers on you, here is your chance to save 'em."

Jensen said nothing. Simply glared.

Jared sighed. "Let me put it like this. You can strip for me. Or I can come on over there and cut them off." He waited with crossed arms until Jensen finally backed down and tugged his boxers off angrily, until he was wearing nothing but a scowl and a hard on. "There's a good boy. See, it's so much better when you play nice-" He didn't get to finish his sentence before he was forced to duck under Jensen's arm.

"Fucking hell!" Jared yelled, dodging Jensen's punch and tackling him down to the bed. Jensen spat and thrashed like an enraged alley cat. Jared struggled to get a grip on his flailing arms, finally giving in and pressing his forearm against Jensen's throat. "You know," he panted. "You're lucky you're such a good fuck. I don't normally like to work this hard to get into someone's pants."

"Fuck you," Jensen was feeling like a broken record already, but he didn't care. "The only reason why is that is because you got a bunch of groupies who can't see past the fuckin' mike you play on stage." He knew he sounded childish and stupid, but stripped down naked with Jared above him, pressing his elbow against his throat and his knees against his thighs, he had nothing but a sharp tongue to shield him.

Jared stilled, his eyes widening slightly and for a second, and Jensen thought he'd gotten to him, in some crazy way. Then the look was gone, a nasty smile playing on his face as he twisted Jensen's arms up, working them through the loose loops of silk bindings attached to the top of the headrest. "Still I don't have to hide in a dirty bathroom to jerk off fantasizing about the singer - oh, wait.. That's you," He smacked Jensen hard on the back of his thigh, making him cry out and recoil slightly, his cock throbbing between his legs.

Jared's face was almost amused as he loomed before him, both hands resting on the back of Jensen's thighs. "Is that what turns you on? Being called a whore? Used like one?"

Jensen groaned and turned his face to the side, his cheeks aflame with shame, burying it into his arm. Jared's fingers curled around his painfully hard cock and began stroking surprisingly slowly. He was so shocked he actually turned his head a fraction, bottom lip caught between his teeth as he looked uncertainly at Jared.

Jared's gaze softened ever so slightly, but he didn't stop stroking Jensen's cock. "Good job you found me, sweetheart. Others might not be as nice to a pretty little whore like you."

Jensen tugged pointedly on his bonds and glared. "This is being nice?"

Jared brought his fist down so fast that Jensen flinched, but instead of the stinging blow he expected, Jared's fist hit the mattress besides his head. "Yeah, baby. This is me being nice."

Jensen screwed his eyes shut tight and settled back into the bedding. Jared's hand continued to stroke him slowly, at odds with the rapid pounding of his heart. He felt Jared's breath hot against his neck and whimpered, jerking his hips up oh-so-slightly. Jared's mouth closed over his throat, biting and licking at the long column of his neck, Jensen's cock leaking inside Jared's tight fist.

The only sound in the room was the steady fap-fap-fap of skin on skin, Jensen's torn breath and the wet, smacking sounds of Jared's mouth marking all over his neck and collarbone. It was more unsettling than the fight, the blows, the spiteful words, and Jensen's heart was stuck somewhere in his throat, his stomach pulling in with every downward stroke of Jared's hand over his cock.

"That's it," Jared mumbled, thumbing Jensen's slit and making him moan, suddenly loud, eyes snapping open. He was met with molten hazel, almost too intense to look at. "Feels good, doesn't it? Just let go," Jared twisted his other hand in Jensen's hair, guiding his mouth up to meet his in a burning kiss, tongue delving inside and leaving nothing in Jensen's control, jaw going slack with the force of the onslaught. Jared's teeth nibbled at his bottom lip and over the corner of his mouth, tongue sweeping across teeth and roof and getting so deep it felt like he wanted to eat Jensen up from the inside. He groaned and buckled up, Jared's fist picking up pace just as his tongue did in his mouth.

Jared's teeth bit down on Jensen's lower lip and he came with a muffled sigh into Jared's hand. The bed shifted as Jared settled more comfortably, drawing back and slowly licking Jensen's come from his fingers. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Jensen's chest shook with emotion, and he struggled to meet Jared's eyes. He tugged once more at his wrists, the effort halfhearted. Jared shook his head before grinning. He slid off the bed and stripped his sweater over his shoulders. Jensen was momentarily stunned by the display, neatly stacked rows of muscles not hidden by the ripped shirt he had worn at the concert. Chuckling, Jared smirked. "Like what you see?"

Jensen swallowed, and summoned up a weak glare, twitching in his bonds when Jared smacked him on the thigh as he passed the bed. "What are you doing?" He demanded, his struggles increasing as he tried to follow Jared's movements. The singer shot a dark smirk over his shoulder and left the room. Minutes passed in silence, only the heavy pounding of his own heart to accompany Jensen as he battled back the urge to try and gnaw his way out of the bindings. Finally Jared returned, a leather bag in hand which he dropped on the bed by Jensen's feet.

Jensen threw a suspicious look at the bag, raising his eyes to meet Jared's when he heard him chuckle. "Worried?" he asked, amusement thick in his voice.

Jensen scowled at him and pulled his knees up against his chest, trying to sit back against the headboard and groaning in frustration when he found out he couldn't. Jared chuckled again, and Jensen was seriously coming to hate that sound.

"Not so bold now, are we?" Jared slowly undid his belt, pulling it out of his loops and dangling it in front of him. "You recognize this, don't you?"

Jensen's cheeks reddened further and he turned his face to the other side. The bed dipped, and suddenly Jared's hand was gripping his chin and twisting him around, "Now, now," he whispered, his thumb running across Jensen's bitten lips. "No need to be shy. No one else knows, just me and you."

"You're a bastard," Jensen murmured, his jaw clenching. Jared's eyes flashed and he pressed his fingers a little harder against his jaw.

"For someone who just got off, you're remarkably cranky." He said mildly, grinning at him. "We'll rectify that."

Jensen gasped as Jared's fingers let go of his face to twist into his Mohawk again, his other hand moving up

Jensen's body between his legs. He shuffled a little so he could put one of Jensen's legs above his lap, spreading the other one to the other side of his torso. His mouth moved down from Jensen's neck to his chest, sucking lightly on one nipple.

Jensen whimpered as Jared rolled the little numb between his lips, his tongue bathing the sensitive flesh. When Jared's teeth pressed lightly against him, he squirmed and moaned, trying to pull away from the sensation.

Jared scrapped his blunt nails down the side of Jensen's ribs and grinned when the ticklish sensation wrenched a yelp from Jensen's throat. "It's obvious this gets you hot. You like a big strong man to put you in your place." Jensen hissed, his eyes widening when Jared reached into his leather bag and withdrew a small silver clip.

"What are you-aw, fuck!" Jared rolled Jensen's swollen nipple between his thumb and forefinger before slipping the small clip on and squeezing it tight. There were tears of surprised pain in Jensen's eyes when he threw his head back into the pillows and whimpered.

"Stings, doesn't it?" Jared smirked, repeating the process with the opposite nipple.

"Fuck you." Jensen snapped, his teeth gritted.

"You really need to come up with more original material." Jared sighed, tweaking the little clamps until Jensen's snarling broke off into soft moans. "That's better," he grinned, rolling the clamps around with his fingers.

Jensen's breath was breaking in short bursts around his moans, shivers raking his body every time Jared's fingers tweaked the clamps over his tender nubs. He wanted to swat those hands away, to pull back - anything that didn't involve laying there and taking whatever Jared's contorted mind came up with, but he couldn't. He tugged weakly at the silk binding his wrists together, groaning loudly when the pressure sent a spike of pleasure down his gut, his cock twitching between his thighs.

Jared's smirk was thick in his voice when he next spoke. "Just like I thought," he murmured, reaching up to stroke his wrists. Jensen moaned again, his nape digging into the mattress beneath him. "You want this as much as I do."

"No," Jensen groaned and tried to push him away with the heels of his feet. Jared laughed and took away the hand he had over Jensen's hands to pin his ankle to the bed.

"Then what is it that you want?" Jared murmured, rubbing his thumb into Jensen's foot. Jensen groaned and thrashed over the mattress. "An answer might be nice." He said, circling the ball of Jensen's foot with his thumb.

Jensen clenched his jaw and shook his head violently. Jared reached up and tightened the clip on his left nipple. "I asked you a question." Jared's voice was barely above a whisper, but Jensen still recoiled as if the words had been shouted in his ear.

"I can't." Jensen moaned.

"Yes, you can." Jared said evenly, squeezing the clip until Jensen sobbed. "I asked you a question. You will answer me."

"Or what?" Jensen spat, the words familiar and bitter.

Jared grinned and reached towards his bag. "Or I'll just have to keep asking." He said with a dangerous smirk. "Trust me, sweetheart. I'll get an answer from you one way or another."

Jensen squeezed his eyes shut and buckled up, his nipple on fire, tears sliding down his cheeks. "I -" he choked, twisting again under Jared's solid body. "I want -" he groaned and bit into his lip, sobbing as Jared twisted the clamps once more.

"There's no need to be shy, sweetheart," Jared murmured again. "Why, after all that fire I thought you wouldn't go shy on me again.... "

Jensen moaned and parted his lips, tongue darting out to lick at them, sweat stinging into his eyes and mingling with the tears. "I want you to fuck me," Jensen moaned, voice creaking. Jared chuckled darkly and let go of his nipples, pushing his tongue past Jensen's lips with an intensity that took his breath away.

"That's better," Jared said in a rough whisper. "Loads better."

Jensen sobbed again, Jared's chest pressing in on him, sliding against his nipple clamps and making sparks fly behind his closed eyelids.

The lips against Jensen's turned surprisingly gentle, lulling Jensen into an exhausted sprawl. Jared petted his cheek with one huge hand before closing it over Jensen's mouth. "No more talking now, sweetheart. You just take what I give you like a good little whore." He pressed mocking a kiss to the back of his hand before sliding off the bed and circling to the headboard. Jensen curled his bound wrists to his chest as soon as the silk cord was loosened from the horizontal bar. He didn't touch the clips on his chest, he didn't dare, but he curled up slightly and watched Jared with wary eyes, grateful for the freedom of movement almost as much as he was grateful from the reprieve Jared had given him from begging.

"You look like I just kicked your puppy." Jared smirked, returning to his bag and rummaging through it. Several things clanked together, and Jensen tensed as he imagined what might be inside.

He opened his mouth to reply, then remembered that Jared had told him not to talk. As was everything with Jared, the order was a double edged sword.

He closed his mouth with an audible snap and tried to ignore Jared's amused chuckle. His heart was thundering fast in his chest, and he didn't know if it was fear or humiliation or arousal. Even with his wrists somewhat loose, he had never felt more vulnerable. Jared smirked at him, stepped away from the bag and started to unbutton his jeans, his eyes feral and predatory, staring at Jensen's through the sexual haze.

Jensen's breath caught in his throat when Jared pushed his pants down, revealing he was going commando, his cock huge and beautiful and perfectly curved upward, angry red and leaking. Jared grinned at him as he kicked his pants away, walking back to the bed and stroking his cock lazily in front of him. Jensen unconsciously licked his lips, his cheeks burning up when Jared chuckled again.

"Missed this, huh?" He drawled, climbing up on the bed again. "'Cause it surely missed you..." Jensen moved back when Jared inched closer, earning himself a painful slap over his ass. "Do we have to go through this all again?" Jared asked, and Jensen shook his head quickly. "Good," Jared smiled, low and dangerous. "Told you it was much better if you played nice."

Jensen didn't move, merely watched, blood pumping in his cock and leaving his brain fuzzy and slightly sluggish, as if he was moving underwater. He watched Jared reach back in the bag and pick up a silver ring, twisting it around on his hand with a smile before fixing Jensen with a hungry gaze. "This time at least I'll be sure you won't come too soon," he whispered, looming above him for an instant before spreading his legs and fixing the cockring at the base of Jensen's throbbing dick.

Jensen wailed and thrashed beneath Jared's body, looking down at the ring around his red cock as if he could magic it away by sheer will. His nipples stung from the tightness of the clamps, and his cock throbbed angrily. Every part of him that was vulnerable to Jared's attention burned, and his ass clenched in anticipation. He jumped when something soft brushed his cheek, Jared's smirking face swimming into vision before something cool, soft, and impossibly silky wrapped around his eyes.

Jared lifted his head enough to wrap the ties behind Jensen's skull before fastening the ends in a bow between at the side of his head.

"Pretty as a picture." Jared whispered, pressing a lightning fast kiss to Jensen's lips. "But still missing something."

Jensen whimpered. He'd never been so hard in his life.

Nor so scared.

Blinded by the silk across his eyes, Jensen couldn't follow Jared's movement- any defense he had stripped away by each calculated step Jared took. The prospect of more made him shiver and flinch from every unexpected touch.

There was a gentle tug over the silk binding his wrists and Jensen felt himself being rolled over, his cock scratching against the mattress and making him whimper, hips rutting up almost desperately to gain some sort of friction. The slap and the chuckle came simultaneously and made him moan, burying his face into the cushions he felt underneath him. Jared's hand stroked his ass, palm cool and rough against the throbbing red skin, sliding over his trembling thighs and up again to knead the muscles of the firm globes.

"Such a pretty ass," Jared's voice whispered somewhere above him. "Tight and desperate to be filled." His fingers slid down the crease of his ass, fondling Jensen's clenching hole. Jensen moaned and shamelessly pushed his ass back against the questing fingers, making Jared chuckle again. "We'll see about that."

The weight disappeared from the bed, and Jensen thought Jared was going to walk away, leave him bound and helpless and aching hard all over again. He thanked the blindfold that would hide the painful tears that came springing to his eyes, not daring to bring his hands up to his face in fear that it would alert Jared.

The bed dipped again, and Jensen recoiled on instinct. Strong hands gripped his ankles and gently spread his legs apart, his whole body shivering violently when Jared's soft breath tickled his opening.

The sudden swipe of Jared's tongue against his asshole made Jensen twitch and jerk, canting his hips as he attempted to push back against Jared's face. He yelped when Jared bit his ass lightly in warning and struggled to remain still as his hole was licked open by Jared's wicked tongue.

The teasing licks sent waves of pleasure to his bound cock, even as the agonizing jolts to his swollen nipples made him whimper in pain.

"You like that?" Jared murmured quietly, spreading Jensen's asscheeks with his thumbs. Each huge hand could hold Jensen wide open, and with his legs spread either side of Jared's shoulders, Jensen could do nothing but lay still and take the teasing torture.

Jensen nodded weakly into the pillow, his world narrowed down to each sharp sound and the feel of Jared's skin against his.

"So easy to tame, aren't you, sweetheart? Just gotta know which buttons to press."

Jensen moaned incoherently, his body quivering with the effort of staying still, every sense intensified by the lack of sight. "Good boy," Jared whispered, licking up the crease of his ass. "So hot for me."

Jensen moaned and whimpered, his toes curling into the beddings. Jared smirked and drove his tongue in deeper into his hole. Jensen mewled into the pillows and pushed back with his hips. Jared immediately pulled away, smacking his thighs, and Jensen cried out in frustration, sliding onwards and catching one of the nipple clamps over the sheets. "You gotta stay still there, sweetheart. My game, my rules."

"Please," Jensen moaned, clenching his hands in his bounds. "Please, Jared, please-"

"Please what?" Jared's breath was hot and sudden against his ear, and Jensen whimpered.

"Please fuck me," he moaned, throwing his head back, his ass clenching reflexively. "Fuck me, please, god, please..."

"Not yet," Jared whispered wickedly, licking down his neck. "We've still got so much more to do. But since you asked so prettily, I'll tell you what I'll do." Jensen tensed as Jared drew back and began to loudly rummage around in his bag. Then silence fell in the room, Jensen's breathing the loudest sound. He

wriggled, squirming for attention and making use of the freedom to rut against the bedding.

SMACK. Jared's hand fell hard, harder than it ever had before, and Jensen shrieked into the pillows. "Just for that," Jared said darkly, "I think we'll use a bigger one."

"Wait! What?" Jensen tried to push up with his bound hands, his neck aching with the effort to see over his shoulder. Jared gave no mercy, his hand pressed down hard on the small of Jensen's back and something cold, hard and slick pushed at his entrance. "What the hell are you doing?!" Jensen wailed, his thighs burning as Jared kept him pinned, the smooth plastic sliding deep into Jensen's ass.

"I'm giving your hungry little ass what it wants. Don't you worry, sweetheart. It's just a little plug. It can't hurt you." Jared said mildly, twisting his hand and slowly pressing the plug deeper.

Jensen wailed and writhed, his cock so hard it felt like it wasn't a part of his body anymore, the torture device from hell squeezing the base and making him feel dizzier with each brush or touch. When the plug hit home inside of him, his whole body shuddered, a loud cry tearing from his lips as his nipples pulsed into the clamps just as his cock was squeezed between his stomach and the bed.

"Now this is what I call a good little slut," Jared whispered dirtily in his ear. His fingers pressed against the base of the plug and pushed it in even deeper, the head hitting over Jensen's prostrate and making him cry out again. His hands skimmed around his torso, leaving burning paths in their wake, brushing against Jensen's painfully hard nipples and making him groan with pain and pleasure both. He was a sweaty, shivering mess under Jared's hands, bound and spread out at his mercy.

"How much can you take up there, sweetheart?" Jared whispered, starting to ease the plug out until Jensen's ass was stretched wide around the larger part at the bottom. Jensen moaned and gasped, his thighs taut and trembling underneath Jared's body. The plug was pushed right back in again, hitting right over the soft bundle inside of him and Jensen outright sobbed at the stimulation. Jared chuckled and repeated the motion again and again, fucking Jensen's ass with the butt plug a few times before letting it sink all the way in and turning Jensen over like he weighed nothing.

"So beautiful," Slick fingers running over his lips, sliding between them to get into his mouth. "God, you should see yourself."

Jensen blinked through eyes that were blurred with tears and whimpered when Jared's fingers forced his mouth open wide. He was floating away on a wave of sensual helplessness, each whispered word of praise bringing a flush to his cheeks.

"You know," Jared mused, sliding a third finger into Jensen's mouth, "I wanted to do this to you since the moment I saw you." Jared's thumb pressed against the stud in his lip, rolling it gently as he fucked his fingers in and out of Jensen's mouth. "I wanted you spread out on my bed. I wanted you to beg me. I wanted to see what you hid beneath that slutty little kilt and all your make up. You really are so fucking beautiful like this." He pulled his fingers back and trailed saliva slick digits across Jensen's sore nipples.

Jensen panted, soft moans and whimpered sounds the only thing that came out of his mouth as Jared kept stroking his chest, the traces wet-hot and burning over the sweaty skin. His cock throbbed and ached, leaking painfully over his stomach and no close to getting any relief than it had been when Jared had slipped on the cockring. Every nerve felt raw and responsive, every place where Jared touched stinging and pulsing, sending bolts of electricity down his spine.

He would beg. God, yes, he would beg, he would cry, he would do pretty much anything if it meant that he could get Jared to claim him like that. Jared's fingers trailed down lower, pushing his pliant legs until he was bent in two over the bed. His fingertips slid over his tight balls and squeezed them, pulling them against his body as he worked the plug out of him again.

"You've gone so quiet..." Jared murmured, his tongue licking over the skin of his ass, making him buckle and wail. "There we go. A boy likes to know when he's doing something right."

Jensen moaned and pulled on his bound wrists, his knees brushing against the nipple clamps and winding between intense pain and undiluted pleasure. The plug was pushed roughly back in, and he cried out, his

cock throbbing and two degrees north of painfully hard.

There was a quiet chuckle, and Jared pulled away. He kept his palms over the back of Jensen's thighs, probably to keep him as exposed as he wanted, and he bowed his head to speak into his ear. "I want you to tell me what to do." He whispered in his ear, tickling the lobe with his tongue. "I want you to tell me what you need, and be the one that gives it to you."

Jensen jerked his head towards Jared's voice. "W-what?" He couldn't do that. He couldn't just ask. Jared was supposed to know. He was supposed to simply take.

"You heard me." Jared said, his voice a low whisper in the darkness. His hands held Jensen tight, pressed open and vulnerable for whatever dark desire he might have, and he wanted Jensen to tell him what to do. Jensen didn't even know how to give Jared what he wanted when he couldn't even understand his own desires.

"I can't." He sobbed, wringing his hands together in their bonds. Jared's thumb gently tickled the back of his knees, his legs twitched, and the plug shifted inside his ass.

Jared sighed. Jensen's legs fell limply down onto his broad shoulders and his wrists were carefully unbound. "I think you can." He said calmly, pressing Jensen's legs back to his chest and tugging at his unbound wrists until they clasped around the backs of his knees. "I bet you have all kinds of naughty things swimming around in that pretty head of yours. You just have to tell me what they are." He fastened Jensen's wrists with the cord once more, and by the time he was done, Jensen could only gasp and twitch, his body bent double and his nipples screaming from the constant pressure forced against them.

"So now," Jared ran his hands over the back of his thighs, down the curve of his ass to rotate the base of the plug so it screwed over his prostrate, Jensen's cry cut halfway by lack of breath. "Either you tell me what you want, or this is the state you're going to stay in."

Jensen groaned and tried to twist backwards, crying out again when the move shifted the plug inside of him and twisted the clamps on his nipples. "God - "

"It's Jared," he whispered wickedly in his ear, running his fingers over the crease of his ass again. Jensen groaned and pushed his head back against the mattress.

"Bastard."

Jared chuckled and the bed dipped again. "Was kinda missing that."

"Where are you going?" Jensen cried in a panic, head twisting helplessly from one side to the other, the abrupt move extracting another moan from his throat. "Jared!"

Jensen's heart was beating wildly in his throat, sweat slicking down his body, dampening the blindfold over his eyes, his hair sticking to the back of his neck. God, he couldn't have done it again. And this time around he was completely helpless, aching hard and as exposed as he could have been.

"Shush. Easy there, sweetheart." Jared purred, his voice faint from across the room. "Just enjoying the view." He heard the snap snap snap of a camera shutter closing and realized that Jared was taking his picture. He could just imagine what he looked like, bent double with his ass stuffed full and his dick flushed and hard against his thighs. The thought of Jared having pictures...of looking at them long after they were done here, sent a shiver of lust down his spine. "You like that? Hmm, you make a good little model, don't you?"

"Please." Jensen whimpered, struggling in his awkward position. The more he fought his bindings, the more his legs pushed down on his chest. It was easier just to lay back and wait. Jared wouldn't leave him, not this time, not when he'd gone to so much trouble to torture him.

"Please what?"

Asshole. He'd told him what he wanted. He'd begged already. What more did he want?

Out of nowhere, Jared's hand fell hard on his ass. "Please what?"

Jensen cried out and buckled, the plug in his ass shifting and rubbing restlessly over his prostrate. "Please..." he whimpered, his head tossing from side to side.

"I'll do anything you want me to do to you," Jared whispered in his ear, fingertips dancing over sweaty, heated skin. "But you have to ask for it."

Jensen's breath itched and he dug his head back into the cushions, throat dry. He was flushed all over, and needing so desperately to come he could practically taste it. "I..." he began, his voice a whisper. He'd already begged, hadn't he? He wasn't in any position to care about such things as shame. "I want... you - t- to fuck my mouth..." Jensen mumbled, licking his lips, cheeks and neck suffused with red.

"Do you," Jared murmured, his thumb dragging across Jensen's lip stud teasingly. Jensen groaned and darted his tongue out to lap at Jared's finger. "See, it wasn't so hard, was it?"

Jensen said nothing, merely whimpered as Jared pulled his fingers away from his lips and shuffled on the bed. He smelled the musky, intense sexual scent just as Jared guided the tip of his cock against his cheek. "So fucking beautiful," he whispered again, Jensen parting his lips around a moan, the warm, sticky wetness of precome like fire against his skin.

A strong hand gripped his hair, guiding his head up gently as the bulbous head slid in, hot and leaking on his tongue. Jensen groaned as if it was the best thing he's ever tasted, starting to suckle on the tip, tongue pressing flat on the underside. The hand on his head kept him still, Jared forcing another inch or two inside his mouth as he groaned softly above him. "Good, so good."

The shutter went off again and Jensen moaned around Jared's dick, the idea of Jared actually snapping pictures while fucking his mouth making his cock twitch and bob dangerously on his stomach.

"God, just look at you, sweetheart. Such a beautiful fucking slut." The thick cock in Jensen's mouth withdrew until only the large head pressed against his lips. Jensen arched his back, his neck aching from the position he was forced to hold himself in just to wrap his lips around Jared's dick. The hand holding his head moved enough to push the blindfold from Jensen's eyes, and he blinked under the sudden brightness of a camera flash.

When the stars in his eyes faded, he saw Jared crouched beside him, his dark, sinful eyes softened with pleasure as he thrust the head of his cock in and out of Jensen's mouth.

The camera made a clunk as it hit the pillow besides Jensen's head. Both of Jared's huge hands held his face, cheek to palm as he fed his cock to Jensen inch by inch. "That's it. Take me deep baby."

Jensen swallowed around the large dick in his mouth, his jaw aching almost as much as his cock. Jared thrust himself forward and the force made the plug in Jensen's ass shift against the small bundle of nerves inside him.

Jensen moaned deep in his throat, the vibrations travelling all over Jared's dick and making him groan in answer, his hips pushing deeper inside Jensen's mouth. Jared gasped, Jensen gagging a little against the girth but sucking on valiantly anyway, making little obscene slurping noises as he rolled his eyes back, his spine and neck arching with the strain. Jared started a rhythm, holding his head in place as he pulled almost all the way out before pushing in again, forcing Jensen to deep-throat him. Soft, mumbled praise falling from his lips as he fucked his mouth steadily, hips rolling with abandon, every thrust shifting Jensen's body and making him jerk and moan around the hot, hard flesh into his mouth.

Jared pulled back with a groan, letting his cock trail all over Jensen's lips and cheeks, smearing white pearly trails over the freckled skin. "What do you want me to do now, sweetheart?" he whispered, his thumbs stroking Jensen's cheekbones, Jensen's chest heaving under him.

"I-" Jensen rasped, his voice fucked out and raw. His tongue sneaked out to collect the precome over his lips, moaning pitifully as he tugged on his wrists, pushing his knees against his sore nipples and making his

whole body tremble. "Jared," he whined, his ass clenching restlessly against the plug.

"Yeah, yeah, okay." For the first time since they had started, Jared took pity on him. The plug slid from Jensen's ass with a pop, and before Jensen even had the chance to feel empty, Jared was thrusting forward, his cock driving deep into Jensen's ass, aiming for the place inside of him that would make him see stars.

Jensen wailed. Fuck, fuck *fuck*. He'd never felt the line between pain and pleasure thin so dangerously before. The plug had been small, and Jared was anything but. His cock throbbed in its metal cage, and each brutal thrust into his ass forced his thighs hard against his chest. He could barely breathe, barely think, as Jared held him down and fucked him hard. He felt a sharp tug at his wrists before the silk bindings fell free, and his legs fell down across Jared's arms.

All the filthy words Jared liked to spew had been compressed to short, violent grunts. He spread Jensen's legs wide, knees resting in the crook of his elbows, before lurching forward, damn near lifting Jensen off the bed and slamming balls deep into his ass.

Without the rope around his wrists to stop him, Jensen reached for his dick, whimpering when his hand closed lightly around the tip. "Please!" He begged. Oh god, he needed to come now.

Jared's hand joined his and forced his fingers closed over his cock, starting to pump it in quick, rough thrusts, guiding Jensen's hand up and down the leaking, angry red shaft. Jensen wailed, the overstimulation making his vision blur at the edges as he wailed and jerked up in his own fist, his legs spasming around Jared's biceps. "Let me come, god, please, let me come," Jensen sobbed, throwing his head back as Jared slowed his hand again.

Jared's mouth descended over his nipples and started licking at the sweaty, salty clamp. He grinned up at Jensen through heavy lidded eyes, and his other hand sneaked around his balls to undo the ring around his cock. Jensen's cry was loud enough to alert the whole State, rope after rope of come covering his belly and chest, Jared's hand and forearm, the sheer violence of it whitening out everything else that wasn't the raw force of his orgasm and Jared's constant pounding of his ass.

"Fuck," Jared grunted, rolling his eyes as he kept up his thrusts, Jensen's head lolling from side to side, hands clenching weakly against Jared's arms. Every bone in Jensen's body had liquefied, and he licked his chapped lips, soft, trembling moans tearing from his throat as he valiantly fluttered his muscles around Jared's huge cock.

One hand framed his face, Jared's thumb following the curve of his mouth. "So - goddamn - beautiful," Jared groaned, and with a final thrust, he came, too, smothering a growl against the abused skin of Jensen's neck.

Jensen swam in and out of reality, boneless in Jared's arms, unable to force so much as a whimper when Jared unclipped first one, then another of the painful silver clamps on his nipples. "God, you are amazing." Jared breathed before bathing the abused nubs with his tongue.

"Hafta-deliver-package." Jensen mumbled, his eyes growing heavier with each soothing caress of Jared's lips. "Signature."

"You're not going anywhere, sweetheart." Jared smile up from between Jensen's legs. "You're all mine now."

"Hmm." Jensen moaned, too exhausted to arch into Jared's touch the way he wanted to. Jared's. Yeah. Okay.

I: You think your relationship affects your decisions about what's allowed and what's not when you shoot?

JP: Definitely. I mean, I know we're not expected to let it influence our work, but

you have to know where to draw a line.

JA: He's a sap.

JP: And you love it.

JA: (blushes)

"C'mere, baby," Jared murmured in his ear, taking a plush towel and starting to rub it against the sweaty skin of Jensen's body, cleaning off the mess. "I'll take care of you now."

"Hmm?" Jensen mumbled dazedly, blinking up at him through very red eyes. Jared bit his tongue and kissed Jensen's face delicately. "...ay?"

"Yeah," Jared murmured, pulling him gently over his lap and tucking him against his chest. "You okay?"

"Uh-huh," Jensen let his eyes close again and rolled his head against Jared's collarbone. "We do good?" He murmured, eyelashes fluttering with every slow rise and fall of his chest.

"We did real good." Jared promised, gently stroking Jensen's damp hair. "I'm real proud of you."

"Didn't do nothin'." Jensen grinned sleepily, curling closer to Jared's warmth as his sweaty body chilled in the cool studio air. The crew moved quietly about the set, and the medic who oversaw every shoot gave Jensen as quick a run over as he felt he could justify. "Jay?"

Jared was too busy running his fingers through Jensen's short hair to pay much attention to their surroundings. "Hmm?"

"Remind me never to call you on being an asshole again."

Jared didn't reply. He waited until they were done on set then carefully eased Jensen up into his arms, frowning at the way his exhausted limbs still trembled.

"Baby?" Jared whispered, running his hands over his arms. "Baby, you hurt?"

"Hmm," Jensen whispered, turning his head against his chest.

Jared's heart accelerated. "Jen," he whispered, a little more urgently. He took a blanket and wrapped it around him before settling into the pillows of the couch, laying him across his body. "Talk to me."

"m- just-..."

Jared ran his fingers frantically over Jensen's face and buried his mouth in his hair. Fuck. Fuck. "Jensen, baby," Jared murmured, his stomach churning with salt and bile. "I hurt you?" if it was the case, he was never, *never* going to take another situation like that again.

"Hmm, I'm good." Jensen sighed against his chest, eyes only narrow slits where they looked up sleepily at Jared. "Just don ask me to move. Or think."

It was enough to take the sharp edge off the fear tightening in Jared's chest, but his hands shook nearly as bad as Jensen's and there were tears burning in his eyes. He knew that intense scenes could work them both over, emotionally, as well as physically, but he couldn't remember the last time he had seen Jensen so shaky once they called a wrap. "We're not doing this again." He said flatly, knowing it was unfair to throw that at Jensen when he could barely remember his own name. "We're not doing anything where you gotta fight me." He liked feeling Jensen writhe beneath him, and god knew the camera loved it, but scenes like this, even though clearly consensual, they freaked him out.

"Don be st'pid." Jensen said quietly, his voice a quiet hoarse whisper that Jared could barely make out.

"What if I miss something, huh? What if I don't read you right?" The thought alone made him sick. He knew Jensen better than he knew anyone else, and he was good at what he did, but the possibility terrified him. "We're not going through that again, forget it."

Jensen moaned and Jared felt sick with himself for bringing it up right then, but he was too scared to let it go. He ran his hands over Jensen's features quietly and whispered kisses all over his face. "I love you." Jared murmured in his ear, holding him close. "I'm never going to hurt you, I promise. Never."

"I know," Jensen whispered quietly.

Jared sighed and curled up deeper in the couch, hiding Jensen with his whole body as though shielding him. His hands hovered above the skin on Jensen's roughened wrists and he took both of them in his own, putting them over his heart and kissing his cheek again. He had given Jensen an out, but the man was too fucking anal, too much of a damn perfectionist not to go on with the job as planned. He had almost hoped he'd give up, deciding to play nice. After all, they merely had a few guidelines and the rest was up to them. If Jared had ended up hurting him - he shook his head. Not thinking bad thoughts now.

"I love you," he repeated, lips moving over Jensen's temple, tracing the words over his skin.

Jensen sighed, wincing as he shifted in Jared's lap and fixed him with a calm, serious stare. "I know." He repeated softly. "And I trust you."

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Act 13:

Another day in paradise

Rating: NC-17

Word Count: Over 30,000...

Summary: The boys mix work and pleasure.

Notes: Where to start? Hmm... well, there is bondage, hotwax, toys, pirates, dom/sub, naked men, sunscreen and the dangerous combination of Chris/Steve/Beer, tiny mentions of emo stuff, not so tiny displays of schmoop and enough snuggles to promote world peace. Dun Dun Duuuuun.

Scene One

"Dude.... I'm in the wrong line of work." Christian whistled as Jared led him and Steve across the threshold or their new home. Harley charged out, skidding across the floor and into Steve, who bent and scratched his ears as Sadie followed more sedately, eyeing her brother with amused scorn.

"You like?" Jared asked nervously, his hands stuffed in his pockets.

"I do." Christian nodded seriously. "Do you?"

Jared beamed. "I love."

"Where's your better half?" Steve asked, wincing as his knees locked.

"We need to congratulate him on making an honest man out of you." Christian smirked, looking around for Jensen.

"He's out." Jared explained. "He had a meeting with his agent and some producers from the studio." As soon as he said it, he bit his tongue and hoped they would miss the slip.

They didn't. "He branching out into acting?" Steve asked curiously. Jared mentally kicked himself.

Christian snorted and Steve shot him a stern glare.

Jared tried to take a deep breath. It didn't work. His stomach was starting to flutter "He-" He knew he was paling because his hands had started to sweat. He rubbed the palms on his thighs, trying to think about a suitable excuse.

"He's -thinking about it."

Chris chuckled, earning himself a slap on the back of his head for Steve. "Good." Steve said, ignoring his boyfriend. "So, what do you think this place needs?"

"Hours and hours of sweat and elbow grease," Jared lamented. Steve raised one eyebrow.

"I thought you liked it?"

"I do," Jared shrugged, a smile coming to tug at his lips. "Jensen's head over heels for it."

"Whipped."

Jared flipped him off, "Pot, kettle, pot dude." Chris didn't dignify him with an answer.

Steve rolled his eyes at their antics and threw his arms wide. "So, grand tour?"

"Great idea!" Jared enthused, glad to the distraction. He lead them around the house, the puppies following enthusiastically, scoring loving belly rubs from Steve, and the odd ear scratch from Christian, when he thought no one was looking.

"Defiantly in the wrong line of work." Christian marvelled as Jared lead them across an open plan landing and up into the third floor attic bedroom. "All you're missing is the white fucking fence."

"I'm gonna build one." Jared beamed. "And a house for the dogs." The pups yipped in excitement.

Christian made an exaggerated gagging face behind Jared's back, and Steve kicked him in the shin.

Jared lead them back down stairs and out onto the porch, snagging three beers as they went. They set up base camp on the deck, looking out to sea with a Bud in hand as they plotted the basic remodelling plans.

They were discussing plans to sand down the deck and restrain it when Sadie lifted her head from Jared's lap and Harley started to bark enthusiastically. The back door opened and Jensen strolled out, the puppies rushing forward to try and trip him up.

"Here he is," Jared beamed, standing up so quick he upturned Chris' beer bottle. He dusted his jeans off and basically jumped up to the front door.

"Jay?"

"Here," Jared walked in just as Jensen was closing the door behind his back. "Welcome home."

"We're going to Hawaii!" Jensen cried excitedly, throwing his arms around Jensen's neck. "Francy got us some sort of pirate shoot, I have no idea but it sounds awesome, and it's two week and she scraped three so we've got some time to ourselves!" He covered Jared's mouth with his own before he could get in a word. "Pirates!" he blabbed on excitedly, leaning his forehead against Jared's. "So I might start calling you sir straight away. That was pretty hot," he added with a whisper, kissing his jaw.

"Awesome," Jared said, a huge smile on his lips. Vacation sounded wonderful.

"Joe actually told me to forbid you to do stupid pirate tricks or Jack Sparrow imitations -"

Jared snorted, "Like that would stop me." He squeezed Jensen tight, pulling back when Jensen stiffened. "Jen?"

Jensen was white and looking over Jared's shoulder. "Hi." He said meekly, looking at Steve's knees.

Christian waved merrily, a huge grin painted on his face. "Good meeting?" he asked innocently.

Jensen nodded mutely.

"Jay, you never said you were considering acting as well." Christian continued, a sharp look in his bright eyes.

Jared opened and closed his mouth as he tried to think of what to say. Jensen looked between him and Christian in confusion.

"Stop playing with them," Steve scolded, glaring at Christian.

"Why?" Chris grinned. Steve rolled his eyes and went to whisper something in Christian's ear that got him to shut his mouth pretty quickly.

Jared closed his eyes and tightened his hold on Jensen for a moment.

Fuck.

"Guys," Steve said with a small smile. "It's fine."

Jared did a double take. "I beg your pardon?"

"It's fine," Steve repeated, winking at Jared. "Dude, you think we can live in each other pockets and not figure it out?"

Jensen opened his mouth to say something, then snapped it audibly close again.

"Like I said... we're in the wrong industry." Christian grinned.

Jensen blanched and refused to look at either of them.

Jared swallowed. "I... you know?"

Steve shrugged. "Blame Riley. He figured we'd appreciate an update in our porn collection."

"Total mood killer." Christian shuddered. "Like I wanna watch my best friend when I'm tryin to think dirty thoughts."

"You *are* a dirty thought." Steve cut in.

Christian paused then nodded in agreement. "True enough."

"Wait, wait." Jared babbled, not following the conversation beyond the *oh fuck* of the reality. "You *know*?" He demanded shrilly.

"Jared," Steve said patiently, "We're guys. We watch porn. And we're gay - it follows logically we'd look for the best in the market." He added with a small grin.

Jensen was too busy blushing to the roots of his hair and hiding his flaming face in Jared's shirt to partake in the conversation. He couldn't process anything but *fuck fuck fuck*. He couldn't even look at Jared in the eye.

"You - what - how long?"

"A few," Chris said with a shrug. "Figured you'd tell us when you were ready."

Jared looked from one to the other, his arms snuck tight around Jensen as if he was afraid Chris or Steve would say anything mean. Steve took a step forward and stroked Jared's back. "Man. Relax. We're your friends. We love you."

Neither Chris nor Steve missed the way Jared had moved himself to shield Jensen from their gazes.

Jared was firmly on the defensive, and Christian frowned in concern. "Maybe we shouldn't have said anything. We just didn't want you to think you needed to lie to us anymore."

Whilst Christian's attention was on Jared, Steve was watching Jensen. There was no mistaking the way he was coiled for an attack.

"Or you..." Steve said carefully, reaching out to put a hand on Jensen's arm but pulling back when Jensen flinched and Jared shifted unconsciously. "We don't want either of you to be uncomfortable with us."

Looking numb, Jared wandered over to the soft couch on the deck, pulling Jensen along with him. He dropped down, his head spinning. He'd never been ashamed of what he did for a living, never thought that he had anything he needed to justify to anyone. The reality of facing the truth in his best friends' eyes was far worse than he'd ever imagined it could be.

Steve and Chris exchanged a brief look before going to sit into the rickety chairs in front of the couch.

"Guys," Steve tried again. "Seriously. It's just us. We don't care. We don't judge -"

"Actually, if you weren't my best friend I'd say it was pretty hot," Chris nodded, and Steve swatted him upside the head.

"Will you shut up and let me do the talking?"

"Fine. *Fine*," Chris muttered, looking sulky.

Jensen swallowed, eyes darting around as if looking for the fastest escape route. He'd unconsciously drawn his legs up, tucked under Jared's arm, his face going from red to white and back again. Jared stroked his arm, fingers finding Jensen's over their lap and taking hold.

"Jensen?" Steve said gently, but Jensen flinched as if he'd yelled.

"Yeah," he whispered, voice rough.

"You know us a little, right?" Steve went on, leaning forward and putting his chin over his clasped hands. "We've been friends forever. It's not going to change anything. We just don't want you to lie to us about it, there's no need to."

"Yeah." Christian said enthusiastically. "Not like we give a fuck. Besides, isn't it every guy's dream to date a porn star?"

Jensen blanched and shuddered, huddled in Jared's arms. Jared shook his head and Steve nodded. "We'll swing 'round in the morning and get a start on the floor, okay?"

"We'll bring beer." Chris promised seriously.

Jensen nodded, still looking at the floor beneath his feet. "I'll make pasta."

"I'll..." Jared could think of nothing to add, so he fell silent. Sadie yipped and tried to nip at his fingers, soothing his confusion and turmoil in her own way.

Steve squeezed his shoulder tightly and ran his hand briefly across the back of Jared's neck. "Seriously man, we didn't want to upset you or anything."

Jared nodded. "Yeah."

"You enjoy your planning time, okay?" Steve added with a smile. "See you in the morning."

He knew he should get up and walk them to the door, but he was under the strong impression that his legs were shaking, and he didn't want to test that theory. He bid them goodbye in a slightly hoarse voice before lapsing into silence again once the door clicked shut.

Jensen let out a loud sigh that somehow broke in the middle, his face burrowed underneath Jared's arm.

Jared kissed his forehead, holding him tighter still. "That went reasonably well," he said quietly. Really, it had. Past the shock of having to tell them, going to the shock of them already knowing and just - being Chris and Steve about it. Jared didn't know if he wanted to laugh or cry.

Jensen gave him a shaky nod, his fingers twitching in Jared's grasp.

"Baby?" Jared whispered, nudging at his forehead. "They were sincere, you know. I'm sure of it."

Jensen twitched and sighed. "I know." He said quietly, not sounding very convincing. "I'm sorry."

"S'not your fault." Jared muttered, nudging Jensen with his shoulder. "I just wasn't... It's no big deal that they know, I'm not ashamed or anything... it's just, I dunno, weird."

Jensen said nothing, took a deep breath, then stood. Jared looked up at him and Jensen took his hand and kissed his fingers. "I'll put the dinner on." He said quietly, reaching out to cup Jared's cheek.

"Kay." Jared mumbled, clinging to Jensen's hand.

Jensen leaned down to kiss Jared lightly and Jared's chest hurt with the ache in his heart at the sweet gesture. "Are you sorry?" he blurted out tightening his hold on Jensen's hand, refraining him from pulling away.

"Of what?" Jensen tried, playing dumb. Jared cocked one eyebrow at him, and Jensen let out a huff of air. "Jared-"

"Are you sorry?" Jared repeated, his voice steady.

Jensen sat back down, tucking his head over his chest. "People out there," Jensen said quietly, "they're not kind."

"Chris and Steve aren't like that -"

"I know," Jensen whispered, raising his eyes, and Jared shuddered with the jaded, broken look he was met with. "But that's - that's a first. I'm - I don't know -" he sucked in a deep breath and lay his head back on Jared's shoulder. "I don't want to see you hurt." Jensen continued quietly. "And people... when they... they think that because you have sex for a living they can treat you as something... less."

Jared reached back to wrap his hand around the nape of Jensen's neck in a gesture of silent support.

"They would never..." Jared couldn't ever imagine either Steve or Christian ever taking advantage of their profession, or treating them as less because of it.

"I'm glad." Jensen said softly. "I'm glad you have such good friends." He laid a gentle kiss on the edge of Jared's jaw.

"They're your friends now too you know." Jared reminded him. "They'd never hurt you." Quite the opposite. Steve and Christian were almost as bad as he was when it came to protecting the people they cared about. Chivalry wasn't completely dead.

"I believe you." Jensen whispered. "I do." He gave Jared a tight squeeze before standing and heading to the kitchen. The puppies followed, as they always did when Jensen was home, leaving Jared alone on the deck, his head spinning.

After a whole minute of going back and forth with the chasing thoughts in his head, Jared stood up and followed Jensen's trail in the kitchen.

He found him washing tomatoes in the sink, his shoulders a little tense even if he made sweet cooing noises at the dogs who were currently playing around with the potatoes peelings at his feet. Jared's chest constricted and he took a few tentative steps, putting his arms around Jensen's waist from behind and squeezing.

"Who hurt you this bad?" Jared murmured in his ear, leaning his cheek against Jensen's. Jensen stiffened, but Jared simply doubled his hold and kissed his cheek. "Just say the word. I can hunt them down, wipe 'em off the face of the earth."

"Jare-"

"I can't stop saying sorry," Jared whispered. "And I know - that you don't want to talk about what happened. I won't push you."

"Okay." Jensen's voice was barely there.

Jared nudged at his chin until Jensen turned his head a fraction and he could meet his eyes. "I won't say I

was thrilled about telling them," he said quietly. "I just didn't want to, I keep thinking it's none's business. But I'm not ashamed of my job. I don't have to. And I'm not ashamed of what we do or how we met. And I never wanted you to think that. I just - never thought about the issue before. And I'm sorry if it brought back memories." He kissed the apple of Jensen's cheek, nuzzling his neck for a moment. "I love you, everything about you. That ain't gonna change."

Jensen reached down to squeeze Jared's hand. "You don't have anything to be sorry for." He said softly. "I won't lie... I promised you I wouldn't... I do remember things I wish I didn't... but I guess I'd rather be here with you and remember than be alone with nothing."

Jared dipped low to rest his forehead on Jensen's shoulder, his stomach tight at the admission...more than Jensen had ever confessed to before. He held on tight, aching from the desire to reach inside of Jensen and draw away all the pain and the darkness that lurked under his skin. He couldn't, no matter how much he wanted to. Instead all he could do was hold on tight and make sure nothing else would touch him.

"You have no idea how much I love you." Jared whispered quietly into the warm skin of Jensen's throat.

"I think I'm getting the idea."

Jared grinned and tilted his head up to kiss him. "Good. Cos I plan on keeping this up until you have absolutely no doubt about the idea."

Jensen chuckled and turned around, dropping the tomatoes in the sink and wrapping his arms around Jared's neck, kissing his lips fully. "It's a plan I can live with," he murmured, his fingers fondling the longer locks at the back of Jared's head.

Jensen knew that he was still hiding too much from Jared, and that he didn't deserve it. Still, he also knew that he didn't deserve the kind of crap Jensen would pile up on him if he talked, either. So he just closed his eyes, letting Jared wrap him up with his brave, pure love, soaking through like it were water, and he a man stranded in a desert. He pushed down the fear, the shame, the ugliness that had reared up close enough for Jared to glimpse - again - and locked it down. It had no place there. Not in their new house, with their puppies and their new beginning.

"Someday," Jensen promised him once they broke the kiss. Someday he'll say it back.

"Jen, you seen my sunglasses?" Jared threw a beach towel over his shoulder in the hunt for aforementioned accessories. Jensen leaned against the doorway with his arms crossed, a fond smile playing on his lips.

"Where you left them." Jensen said dryly. Jared spun around to look at him and caught sight of the sunglasses perched on Jensen's nose - Jared's own that he had placed there out by the pool in a moment of playfulness.

"Oh." Jared grinned sheepishly. He bounded over to where Jensen stood and wrapped an arm around his bare waist. He still dripped from the pool, the damp fabric of his shorts clinging to his hips in ways that made Jared almost embarrassingly relieved to know they would be spending the next few weeks naked. "You must be illegal," he said, kissing his jaw. "At least in twenty one states."

Jensen snorted, "That's just your excuse for poor behaviour," he teased, nibbling on his lower lip.

"No, you're just extraordinarily beautiful."

The open way in which the comment left Jared's lips made Jensen flush, a deep purple blush that spread from his chest to the tip of his ears, his freckles standing out even more on the reddened skin. Jared chuckled and kissed him again.

"Come take a swim," he murmured, stroking his nape. "Water's amazing. And we can tan."

"You just want me naked." Jensen sighed, sounding thoroughly put upon, though he was grinning as he spoke. Jared thought of the logistics... Jensen made his money by being naked for ninety percent of a shoot... if he tanned, he'd need to tan all over...

"Yes, yes and yes." Jared admitted enthusiastically, pulling Jensen closer again and nibbling at his throat.

"Thank god it's a private villa." Jensen mused, tugging Jared back outside.

Jared nodded in agreement. Indeed. Otherwise he would have had to go around gouging out eyes. No one got to oggle Jensen's naked ass but him. And anyone who bought their movies. But that was different.

"I'll make a deal with you." Jensen bargained, pushing Jared back teasingly as he reached for a kiss.

Jared whined. "What?"

"I'll lose the shorts if you ditch yours."

Jared nearly fell flat on his face wriggling out of his trunks. Jensen giggled and playfully skimmed down his own bathing suit before throwing it at him. Jared grabbed it and then stood still, licking his lips unconsciously as he took in the beautiful sight of Jensen's naked body.

"Wow," he murmured, because it was all he could say. He suppressed a shiver as he remembered checking for fading bruises and scarring cuts for days on end - that was long gone, and it had no place resurfacing there. He took a step forward and pressed his own body against Jensen, kissing his neck. "My baby," he murmured, tracing the curve of Jensen's back with his fingertips.

Jensen sighed and snuck his arms around Jared's shoulder, fingers moving up to tangle in his ear. "Mmh," he agreed, pressing his lips over Jared's.

"We've got the shoot tomorrow," Jared mumbled. "Can't -" but he was already licking Jensen's mouth open, eyes fluttering shut as he kissed Jensen with everything he had.

"Don't care," Jensen mumbled, stepping in even closer, feet slipping a bit on the wet pavement around the edge of the pool.

"We shouldn't." Jared muttered, grasping at Jensen's hips and holding him close, his tongue tracing the line of full lips as they stumbled gracelessly around the edge of the pool.

"Nuh uh." Jensen agreed. "Joe would kill us."

Jared pulled back and grinned. "Well when you put it like that..." He stole Jensen's breath with a kiss and with only a wink to warn him, caught Jensen once more around the hips and propelled them both in to the deep end of the pool.

They surfaced and Jensen spluttered, his hair sticking up in angles. Jared pulled him close again, his own feet barely touching the floor of the pool.

"Crazy son of a-"

Jared kissed him before he could finish the sentence, winding his arms around Jensen's back and holding their bodies flush.

"Fuck," Jensen muttered once they came up for air, feeling a bit dizzy. He blinked water out of his eyes, staring in the depths of Jared's hazels. "Fuck," he repeated, very eloquently.

Jared grinned. "You too," he whispered, leaning in to kiss the stingy droplets off his skin. They couldn't quite take Jensen's taste away, a mixture of tanning lotion and soft, clean sweat, and something sweet altogether that never quite left Jensen's skin. Jared skimmed the floor with his toes, moving them towards the staircase that was raised in one corner of the pool to get a bit steadier ground before sneaking his hands under Jensen's thighs, wrapping them around his waist as he hoisted him up higher to be able to kiss

and mouth his way down his chest.

"Fuck," Jensen keened again, twisting his fingers in Jared's hair, ankles locking above the swell of Jared's ass. "Oh -" Jared's lips grazed a nipple, and he shivered.

"Cold?" Jared murmured, lapping lazily at the soft bud until it pebbled at the attention.

Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head, another shiver shaking him as Jared's teeth tugged lightly on his nipple, "Ngh." he garbled, incoherent.

"God, you taste good." Jared groaned, walking Jensen backwards until he could fasten his hands on the side of the pool and pin him there.

Jensen groaned and pried his grip from Jared's hair. His eyes were twinkling, bright... the way they had been before the earth had moved beneath them.

Jared sucked lightly on the curve of Jensen's neck, careful not to leave a mark that would show up on the camera. Jensen threw his head back, baring his throat for Jared to taste.

Jared was set to take what was offered, his heart swelling at the implicit trust Jensen showed with the gesture, when a loud shout broke his concentration and had them both looking up guiltily.

"Save it for the camera!" Joe barked, baseball hat shoved low on his head, a crate of beer under one arm, a battered rucksack hanging from the crook of the opposite elbow.

Jared groaned and attempted to bang his head against the side of the pool. "Fuck you," he hollered, flipping him off. Jensen let out a breathy laugh and clung to Jared's shoulders, burying his face in his chest.

"Oh god," he muttered, his face heating up. It wasn't the fact that their director had caught them fucking around in the pool like horny teenagers... Joe told them how they should sit and look and strip for the camera to get the better angle, there was nothing new in them both being bare-assed. Jensen wasn't such a prude. But the fact that Joe had somehow walked in on their little moment made him feel a little more vulnerable than he felt comfortable with.

Jared must have sensed that something was amiss because he grabbed one of the plastic balls that were scattered in the water and aimed it at Joe's head. "Clear the fuck out. Now."

"Padalecki, you don't wanna be talking to your director like that," Joe laughed, putting the beers down.

"Put them in the kitchen, slave," Jared ordered in his best growly Dom voice, and a little thrill went down Jensen's spine. "You're not seeing my boyfriend's virtue."

Joe rolled his eyes and muttered something about "fucking kids" or "kids fucking" but Jensen couldn't quite make it out. Joe's steps faded away and Jared gave him a small, apologetic grin. "Sorry, baby."

"For what?" Jensen asked, pulling Jared back for a messy kiss.

"Hmm," Jared mumbled, pulling back a little and setting Jensen down on his feet. "Because he is right."

Jensen pouted. "That's what I said already!"

Jared felt a little guilty and he tried to kiss his way to an apology. "I'm sorry baby. I'll make up for it tomorrow."

Jensen continued to pout. "S'not the same." He protested.

"I know." Jared whispered, kissing the corners of Jensen's lips before biting lightly the full bottom pout. "And when we're done with the shoot... I'mma lay you down and kiss every inch of you."

"Promises promises." Jensen sighed.

"I'll keep each and every one of them," Jared vowed, kissing his neck. Jensen closed his eyes, trailing his fingers down his spine. He believed him.

Scene Two

I: If I remember correctly, the infamous pirate shoot was the one that got you to the AMAs.

JA: Yes, it was.

JP: That was ridiculously fun!

JA: Just because you're like a kid with a toy boat.

JP: I don't recall you complaining about the boat.

JA: (elbows)

JP: Nor the pool.

JA: Shut up.

"I thought you said you were scared of the water." Jensen reminded Jared, grinning at the wide-eyed enthusiasm.

"I lied." Jared said flatly, tugging at the many ties on his leather trousers. "I like the water... and I *like* that get up." He turned to flash Jensen a playful leer, eyeing the thin costume that hung from Jensen's frame.

"Look who's talking," Jensen drawled. Jared shifted in his costume a little self-consciously.

"I thought Joe said no Jack Sparrow impressions?" he said a little shyly.

"Obviously Elle pays as much attention to him as we do." Jensen grinned, using the thick laces at Jared's chest to tug him closer.

Jared chuckled and pressed a kiss to his neck. "I should probably keep my hands off you," he murmured. "Or we won't make it through the first cut."

Jensen battled his eyelashes at him, "Where's your stamina, captain?"

"Goes down the drain with you," Jared laughed, leaning his forehead against Jensen's. "I can't control myself."

Jensen's heart soared and he let out a small giggle, giving Jared a small kiss on his cheek. "Go now, before Joe kills us for real."

"Aye," Jared put on his cap and blew him a kiss before walking off the deck. Jensen had to work really hard for his face to lose the stupid grin that felt permanently etched in his features.

"ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Scrubbing decks just about sucked. Jensen was sure of it. His hands were sore from both the combination of bad soap and itchy wood and the blazing sun overhead.

He wondered what made him think that he could make a good sailor. He didn't like the crew, didn't like the job. He liked the sea, alright, and the travelling. He just wasn't big on the whole storm side thing.

A figure stomped out of the cabin and on the deck, and Jensen licked his lips. There were other things on the ship that he liked. A lot. But he knew better than say a word - he wasn't suicidal yet.

He went on all fours again and started scrubbing at the deck's pavement with vicious determination.

A shadow stepped across his path and Jensen looked up, the sun bright in his eyes - blocking out the face of the man who loomed above.

"You missed a bit." The rough, rum smooth and dangerous voice of his captain sent a shiver down his spine and Jensen blushed to the roots of his hair.

"Sorry, sir," Jensen muttered. He jumped in surprise when a finger curled under his chin, looking up to see the captain kneeling besides him.

"Where did we find you?" The captain's voice had dropped from the intimidating growl to a low whisper. "I can't imagine a flower like you growing in the shitholes we visit." Jensen's blush deepened and the captain chuckled. "Shy thing, aren't you?" He mused, letting his fingers trace the line of Jensen's lips.

Jensen didn't say anything, his breath getting worked up at the touch. The captain's eyes were slanted, lined with black kohl, the ever-changing gold and hazel looking like a stormy sea. "Tell me your name, kitten."

"Jen-sen," Jensen whispered, voice catching when the captain's long fingers brushed across the span of his throat.

"Beautiful name," the captain said, his voice getting lower as he used the almost insistent grip he had on Jensen's jaw to haul him from all fours to his knees. "It suits you," he adds, the weight of his gaze making Jensen flush and shuffle uncomfortably.

"Thank you, sir," Jensen murmured, a shiver going down his spine when the grip on his neck shifted, becoming a little more present, a little more possessive.

The fingers on Jensen's throat slid down to brush across his collarbone and slid the edge of his thin shirt further down his shoulder before dragging higher again. "Why are you here? Surely there are places more befitting a delicate gem like you."

The words brushed across a place in Jensen's chest that tightened indignantly. "I'm not delicate." He protested. "I won my place fair and square."

The captain chuckled again, his fingers fastening on the back of Jensen's throat. "That's not what I heard." He said, using his grip on Jensen's throat to pull him closer.

"What did you hear, sir?" Jensen asked, shivering as the captain's fingers gently stroked the nape of his neck.

The captain leaned in and pressed his face into the curve of Jensen's neck, breathing him in deep. Jensen felt himself go a little dizzy, too much blood rushing from his head to other parts of his body. "You do poker well, kitten?"

Jensen shivered bodily, his knees starting to strain after a few minutes of being locked in the same position. "Sir?" he whispered, not trusting himself to answer.

"I said, you do poker well, kitten?" Jared whispered, pulling back a little and letting one sweaty hand descend down Jensen's chest, resting on the cord that held up his slacks. Jensen's breath itched, the touch intimate and foreign, enough to make his body respond in ways Jensen couldn't control.

"Yes, sir," he murmured, his eyes half mast.

"I'm sure you can show me some tricks, just as you showed my mates here," the captain whispered, voice low and amused.

Jensen swallowed, caught out and nervous. He'd heard stories of what happened to those who got caught cheating a pirate...at the time he had been desperate enough to risk it, he'd never been caught before, but faced with the glittering look in his captain's eyes, he was beginning to wonder if he had bitten off more than he could chew. "Sir?"

"I really should make an example of you... we mustn't encourage cheating now, must we?" Jensen itched to shrink away, but he was held firm, transfixed by the captain's dark eyes. "But you are so lovely... you should be thankful you have such a beautiful face, darlin'. If old Joe had caught anyone one else cheatin' him he'd have cut them up something terrible. That would have been such a pity now..." The captain's fingers traced lines in the places Joe would have worked Jensen over, and he shivered, his eyes wide. "Far better to keep you. He's been after me to take some interest in the finer things in life for too long, the meddling bastard."

The subtle implication behind the captain's words made Jensen's lips open in a silent gasp. The fingers on his skin brushed over his lips, tasting of salt and ink, before they gripped his chin and tilted his head up.

"Sir?" Jensen murmured, eyes blown wide.

The captain chuckled. His fingers pried Jensen's mouth open without effort and slid inside, fondling the curve of Jensen's lips from the inside before letting them trail, saliva slick, down the smooth column of Jensen's neck. "Follow me," the captain said, voice suddenly much stronger. Jensen nodded shakily, making to stand, but the captain's hand fell heavy on his head, stopping him. "On your hands and knees."

Jensen's whole body trembled. He obediently put his hands forward, head bowed and ass in the air, his gut clenching as his cock swelled within his work slacks. The captain took a few steps, then stopped, smirking down at him. "Changed my mind," he whispered, and Jensen's blood chilled down to his bone. "In front of me. Move slowly. Up the stairs."

Jensen nodded meekly. "Yes, sir," he whispered, crawling on his hands and knees before the captain, taking the steps one at a time, struggling with the height of each step, his ass bouncing from one side to the other as he walked up to the upper dock.

Once he got to even landing, the captain's hands were back on his neck. "Good boy," he praised, voice low and sensual. The caress sent a jolt of electricity down Jensen's body. "Do you know where my cabin is?"

It was surely a trick question. Everyone knew. Jensen nodded, his eyes downcast. "Yes, sir."

The captain smiled to himself. "Go. Wait for me there." Jensen began to move, but he was stopped by a hand on the back of his slacks. "I want you naked, and I want you on your knees, hands behind your neck."

Jensen's cheeks burned with the intensity of his blush. "Yes, sir," he muttered again, crawling the distance to the cabin and feeling the heat of the captain's eyes on his back. No one entered the captain's cabin without permission...but the thought of someone barging in and seeing him there... waiting... made his heart race.

It seemed to take forever, but he was finally able to rise onto his knees to push open the cabin door. He'd never been inside, and the neat interior and the weird and wonderful trinkets enchanted him. There was not much space, so Jensen settled in the center of the room, quickly losing his clothes and folding them neatly by the door. He could hear the crew moving around below deck. In the heat of the midday sun, most took shelter below, but he knew the coxswain and look out would have seen him crawling like pup for their captain's pleasure.

The thought shouldn't have made his cock fill rapidly with even more blood. Jensen bit his lips, put his hands behind his head, and waited.

He didn't know how much time had passed when he heard footsteps on the other side of the door. He

bowed his head, cheeks burning as the door opened and the captain walked in, locking it behind his back with a loud clank.

"Beautiful," the captain whispered, voice rough like rum on gravel, and Jensen's blush reddened further. "Eyes up here," the captain commanded, and Jensen raised his eyes, looking at him through lowered eyelashes, his lips moist and swollen by his own worrying. The captain smiled, eyes raking up and down Jensen's body, lingering on his hard, full dick. "Good."

The captain covered the distance between them, taking Jensen's face with one of his large hands, the roughened skin not unpleasant over Jensen's own sunburn cheek. "Like a piece of art," the captain whispered, "Perfectly crafted all over."

The praise made him blush hotter, his dick twitching against the flat panes of his stomach.

Jared's fingers went to trace his lips, and Jensen let them part without question, which got him a raised eyebrow from the captain. "Eager?" he whispered, letting his thumb slip over Jensen's tongue.

Jensen nodded shyly, his tongue brushing the pads of the captain's fingers, his lips wrapped tight around them.

"You know there isn't a person on his ship who wouldn't kill to see you like this. They all want you... they undress you with their eyes, they imagine how perfect you would look opening up around them."

Jensen shuddered. He'd never noticed...never suspected. How could he return and face them knowing that they felt that way?

The captain grinned and pulled his fingers from Jensen's lips. "Oh, they won't touch you, they wouldn't dare. You were a gift, an acquisition by a loyal crew for their captain. That's why they let you on board, that's why they didn't skin you alive for trying to cheat them."

Jensen's breath caught in his throat, but the captain continued. "You have no idea how hard it has been waiting. Every night I've wanted you, every day I've watched you."

"But why..." Jensen had been aboard for weeks now and not once spoken to the captain nor really crossed his path.

"I had to be sure you'd be willing. I've no taste for a bedmate that'd rather be elsewhere."

Willing... Jensen had been jerking off for weeks imagining how the captain's hands would feel on his skin. Some of his fantasies came to the forefront of his mind and he blushed, lowering his gaze. The captain's fingers gripped a bit tighter at his jaw and tilted his head up again, dark, slanted eyes branding into Jensen's. "Would you rather be elsewhere?" he asked airily, moving a step forward, the hard line of the captain's cock not two inches from Jensen's face.

Jensen gulped, licked his lips. "No, sir," he whispered, freckles standing out bright on the red skin of his cheeks.

The captain smirked. "Good boy," he murmured, cupping his face and guiding it against the hot bulge in his leather slacks. "Get down to work now. Get it nice and wet."

Jensen opened his mouth and licked his lips, letting the head of Jared's cock brush against his cheek through the warm leather. He used his teeth to tug lightly on the ties, his cheek rubbing against Jared's thighs.

"Good boy." The captain encouraged, stroking Jensen's hair encouragingly. "Very good."

The praise brought color to Jensen's cheeks and he redoubled his efforts, tugging carefully at each cord until the tight leather separated and the captain's hard cock sprang free.

"Sir?" He whispered, looking up through lowered lashes, waiting for orders, not daring to trust what had

already been said.

"Come on." The captain encouraged.

Jensen took a breath and parted his lips, letting the large head of the captain's cock slid over his tongue.

The fingers in his hair guided him, gently encouraging him to take more, the soft press of hard flesh against his lips opening him up. Jensen tried to work against his gag reflex, relaxing his jaw and taking as much as the captain would give him, saliva slobbering down his jaw and making his red lips shine in the dim light.

The captain's spare hand flitted across Jensen's face, cupping his cheek to feel the shape of his own cock filling Jensen's mouth, then moved forward to trace the outline of his plump lips as his cock slid between them. "Such a sinful sight," he whispered. His palms placed over Jensen's cheeks and he guided him forward just as his hips snapped on, forcing almost the whole length of himself into Jensen's mouth.

Jensen gagged, eyes filling with tears as he struggled to suckle and breathe at the same time, arms quivering with the effort of keeping them behind his head. He moaned, precome filling his mouth and sliding down his chin as he hollowed his cheeks, sucking hard, lapping at the pulsing vein underneath with the flat of his tongue. He tried to pull back but the grip on his face wouldn't relent, the captain's cock filling his mouth up inch by inch, Jensen's eyes widening as he realized just how much there was of him, his own cock throbbing and leaking against his stomach at the new discovery.

He moaned, his throat flitting over the tip, and the captain grunted, starting to pull back until only the head remained in before plunging forward again. Jensen choked and tried to breathe, eyes burning with unshed tears as the captain's rhythm picked up and his mouth was fucked with rough, quick thrusts, the mess of spit and precome sliding over his mouth and down his chin and making him look utterly used.

The captain grunted again and pulled out with an obscene 'pop', a trail of saliva linking his cock and Jensen's lips together for an instant before the captain smacked his face with the hard shaft. Jensen's eyes rolled closed and he moaned, his own dick giving a jolt of interest. "Good boy." he repeated, smearing the sticky mess over Jensen's chin up to his cheeks and into his hair.

"I think it is fair to say you've earned your passage." The captain mused, rubbing his fingers over Jensen's swollen lips, smearing precome across his jaw. "This is how I want you. At sundown, every day, and before morning duties. On your knees for me in the very spot."

"Yes, sir," Jensen breathed, his eyes fluttering open to look up at the captain's darkly handsome face.

"Good boy." He used the grip on the back of Jensen's neck to guide him down until his cheek pressed against the brightly colored rugs, his ass in the air, his hands still curled behind his head. "Let's see what else you have to offer."

Jensen shuddered, the utter vulnerability of his position sending shivers down his spine. Warm hands settled on his back, holding him gently before soft lips brushed over his spine and the touch vanished. "Perfect." The captain whispered. "On your back for me, sweetheart."

Jensen moved quickly to obey, rolling over to lay as instructed, glad of the change in position, though it left his cock hard and throbbing between his legs. The captain knelt down beside him and tapped his hip. "Lift up." He ordered. Jensen pushed back on his shoulders and lifted his ass from the rug long enough for the captain to slide a push cushion beneath him.

The captain held his leg in his hands, pressing kisses along the side of his foot and rubbing his stubble covered chin over the sensitive skin. Jensen twitched as something soft and cool wrapped around his ankle. He looked up and watched nervously as green silk cords were wound around his akin, creating two neat diamonds before fastening neatly. His heart raced as the process was repeated on his other ankle, and the captain held the ends of the two silk cords on his hands, raising them teasingly.

Jensen's breath hitched and sped up, his cock leaking pearly white drops of precome over his stomach. The captain smirked at him and raised his hands above his head, pulling the silk with him until Jensen's ass

was barely touching the ground. Jensen looked up at the iron wrought artwork that sustained the shelves, his whole body shaking with the thrum of arousal as the captain fastened the ends around it, leaving him bare and exposed at his most vulnerable.

"Beautiful," the captain praised again before standing up. Jensen's legs shook slightly with nerves, but the position wasn't uncomfortable. The captain rummaged in a richly decorated cabinet for a few instants before pulling out a set of crafted candles, kanji and omens etched in the thick rigid sides.

"Have you even been to Singapore?"

Jensen shook his head meekly, not knowing if he was allowed to speak.

The captain just smiled his mysterious smile and lit up the candles. "I'll take you there someday." He set the candle down by Jensen's hip, pausing to brush across the smooth, unmarked skin. "They'd love you." He promised, reaching for the first of Jensen's wrists. "They are experts you know... they can take you to the high of exquisite pain, right to the edge where you feel so good you'd do anything for it never to stop, though you know you could take no more." He repeated the bindings, twisting diamonds over Jensen's wrist before tugging his arm out to fasten it down to a bolt on the wall.

Jensen squirmed as he was slowly spread open, the bindings soft, firm, but not painfully tight, his helplessness gently underlined by teasing brushes of fingers against his sides and thighs. The captain continued until both of Jensen's wrists were fastened down and he was left open to whatever desire might surface.

"Look at you... you'd find nothing more beautiful on either side of the ocean." The captain praised. He crouched down to stroke Jensen's cheek. "Are you afraid?"

Jensen's heart was beating wildly in his chest. He'd never been so vulnerable before in his life. But no... He was not afraid. If anything he felt safe... cherished. He couldn't understand it.

"No, sir," he whispered, biting on his lip.

"Good boy." The captain said, pleased. "You have my word that nothing here will harm you."

Jensen nodded. He believed him. If he wanted to harm him he wouldn't even need to raise a finger, the crew would've skinned him alive long ago. He swallows, his body open and waiting.

"Jensen," the captain whispered, his name falling like thick honey from his tongue, making Jensen shiver underneath him. His fingers trailed down over the curves of his sides and down to his hipbones, framing the pointed V that directed to his hard dick. Jensen shuddered when the base of his cock was fondled by the captain's fingertips, then something silky trailed over his balls, under them, winding up and around his cock and fixing it tight enough to keep all the blood inside.

Jensen whimpered, buckling helplessly in his bonds. The captain chuckled under his breath. "Patience is a virtue, Jensen," he whispered, lowering himself on his body, the strings of beads around his neck teasing Jensen's hard nipples.

"Yes, sir," Jensen moaned, trying to arch against the teasing touches. "Please-"

"Shush... I wouldn't rush this for the world." The captain sighed, stroking Jensen's cheek absently. "I've waited too long." He rose, the wooden floor creaking under his weight, the thick rugs warm under Jensen's back. "I plan on enjoying everything you have to offer... and I promise you you'll fly so high you'll think you were a god."

When the captain returned he held a small vial of clear liquid, the tiny vase fragile in his large hands. Jensen watched with wide eyes as he tipped it and several drops fell down to stain his lips.

Jensen's tongue darted out before he could stop it, lapping up the sweet tasting drops, his head swimming from the heady scent. "What-" He'd never tasted anything like it in his life and the sweet drug seeped through him until it felt like he was swimming in honey. His limbs were light, his eyes heavy, and the cool

silk against his skin was softer than the finest silks in the world.

"It's made from poppies," the captain told him with a sly smile. "The women on the sugar plantations swear it is a little bit of heaven on earth. Its cost would certainly reflect that."

Jensen groaned and let his head rest back against the floor. Even if his limbs were not bound wide, he didn't think he'd have the energy to move if his life depended on it. He waited, his heart a slow, heavy throb in his chest, and the first brush of fingers across his thigh made his head spin.

Jensen groaned, forcing his eyes open. The captain was removing his vest, muscles rippling with the move, glistening in the glimmer of the candles. Jensen licked his lips, arousal thrumming through his veins, making his head sway as if he was underwater.

Jensen's legs twitch in his bonds, the captain's chest sliding against Jensen's torso, the cold of the bangs and beads that he was wearing around his neck making Jensen shiver and tremble uncontrollably. "Sir..." he moaned, his cock throbbing in its silk cage.

"Shhh," the captain cooed, his tongue licking a swathe down the symmetry line of Jensen's body, stopping short of his leaking cock and twisting sideways towards his hips.

"Sir," Jensen groaned, buckling a little, sweat dripping in rivulets down his forehead and between his shoulder blades.

The captain grinned to himself, his tongue happily tracing patterns all the way along Jensen's trembling thigh and under the sensitive places on his knee. Jensen squirmed lethargically in his bonds, the long limbs he had unconsciously flaunted dangling from above and leaving him wide open to every wicked intention. He continued up until he reached the diamond shaped bonds and with a teasing smirk ran his fingers across the pale sole of Jensen's foot.

Jensen yelped and tried to jerk his foot back, his dilated eyes slowly growing wider as the seriousness of his situation began to set in. He was completely at his captain's mercy.

The captain ducked low and plucked the candle from the ground. He kissed Jensen's foot then dropped a tiny spatter of liquid wax on to the soft arch.

"Stings a little, I know." He soothed, smiling encouragingly at Jensen who choked on a startled sob. "It will fade, don't shut it out."

Jensen sobbed, his toes curling against the brilliant heat. More kisses were pressed to the sensitive skin, a burning splash of heat replacing the tender touch a second later.

Jensen's heart accelerated, his nerves jarring in response to the sweet torture. He was sweating, the pattern of wax that cooled on his foot and ankle crinkling against the captain's tongue. Another splash of heat trailed on his opposite leg, marking down the curve of his knee and inner thigh, and Jensen let out a strangled cry. His limbs felt heavy, sluggish, but he knew that even without the sweet drug fiddling with his coordination he couldn't pull free if the captain didn't allow him to.

The knowledge sent shivers down his spine and he pressed his head back into the rich rug, baring his throat for the captain's taking. The hot wax drew intoxicating patterns on his skin, the captain's tongue following the hot trails and soothing the burn. A hot drop splashed on his nipple and Jensen buckled wildly, his moan ending in a broken gasp. The captain's teeth pull on the hot, throbbing bud, the candle wax trailing down his opposite nipple, leaving Jensen sobbing with painful pleasure.

"So beautiful," the captain whispered, tipping the candle up again and moving to rub the cooling wax all over Jensen's chest.

He let two drops pool in the hollow of Jensen's throat before setting the candle down again.

Jensen's head was swimming. The cabin was suddenly too hot to think in and his limbs grew heavier by the second. His hard cock throbbed, out of place amongst the limp tiredness of the rest of his body. The

conflict was enough to send his confused mind into overdrive.

The captain stood once more, returning with three small bowls that he set down besides Jensen on the floor. He also carried two identical lengths of blood red silk. He lifted one and folded it neatly before reaching down and tying it across Jensen's eyes.

The loss of the one sense that kept him grounded sent Jensen tail spinning. His breathing grew heavier and his dull, sluggish hearing tried in vain to overcompensate. The warm breath on his cheek smelled sweet, and at the first brush of a finger against his lips, his tongue was darting out. The captain's fingers were smeared with something bittersweet and warm. It was thick like melted honey and almost as sweet, but carried a heavier taste.

Jensen moaned happily and lapped at the rough pads of the captain's fingers. Whatever it was that he was being fed, he liked it. "So eager," the captain whispered, letting the thick honey dribble over his lips, smearing it sticky and rich over his chin. Jensen mewled, twisting his tongue around the captain's fingers, tongue winding in between and going up his palm, and he whined when the fingers were pulled away.

"Patience," the captain soothed again. Jensen's mouth was open around his pants, and he jumped in surprise, twisting his head from side to side when the captain's sticky fingers curled around his cock. "Sweet 'nd sour," he whispered, voice just as thick and deep as the honey he fed him. Jensen moaned wordlessly, his hips pumping up in the captain's fist.

It lasted only an instant though. The hand that was stroking him disappeared, and Jensen let out a soft wail of frustration and need. He heard a soft chuckle before everything else was wiped from his mind, hot, wet and sticky fingers probing at his opening and sliding over and over the outer ring. He cried and twisted as much as his heavy limbs would allow, the sensation whacking him to the core.

"Hush now." The captain murmured, soothing Jensen's feeble struggles with knowing hands. Outside there was a bang as someone ran past, bumping along the walls. Jensen's drugged eyes filled with fear at the thought of being seen like this and he whimpered softly. The digit pressing teasingly against him slid forward until the edge of the captain's knuckle rested against the tight ring. Jensen groaned at the stretch and wiggles, not sure if he wanted to push back or pull away.

His cock throbbed violently as the finger inside of him gently probed, never pushing any deeper, just in and out, twisting slightly. "We need to open you up for me." The captain mused. "Such a little hole, but I'll fit, don't worry."

Jensen sobbed and squirmed. He doubted it. He'd seen the captain's cock, felt it stretch his mouth so wide it had hurt. He'd never fit, never in a hundred years.

"Oh god... no." Jensen moaned, thrashing his head as the captain rested a second finger at the edge of his ass, still not pressing any deeper than the first of his knuckles.

"Shush beautiful," the captain soothed, one of his large hands cupping Jensen's asscheeks and parting him wider still. Jensen moaned, twitching as he tried to pull back only to find out he couldn't. "It's not going to hurt," he murmured, the hand on his stomach moving to fist the base of Jensen's cock and starting to stroke. The double assault sent Jensen in overload. He didn't know what he wanted, if he wanted to push up in the captain's fist or roll back over the exploring fingers in his hole.

"Sir," he begged, sweat breaking all over his skin, "Sir, please, please -"

"I'm going to make you feel good," the captain promised, the slow, torturous slip slide of his hand on Jensen's cock never faltering, just as the two fingers kept shifting back and forth.

"Sir," Jensen moaned, licking his lips again, the sweet substance on his face clogging up his mouth and throat. He was too hot, his skin too tight for his body, and when the captain's fingers inched one more knuckle inside he let out a soft, broken cry. "Please -"

"Easy there." The captain whispered, his free hand tracing teasing lines on the inside of Jensen's thigh. "Gently now." He pressed a third finger in against the first three, pressing no deeper. The stretch was more

than Jensen had ever felt before... it burned. He whimpered and the fingers were withdrawn. "So tight." The captain bent double, kissing the side of Jensen's throat before rising to his feet. "Too tight maybe."

Jensen sobbed and squirmed, his hard cock throbbing to painfully his head spun. He was dizzy, breathless, and the darkness around him only made it worse. He couldn't see a thing, and the sudden press of something hard, slender and icy cold against his ass made him yelp and twitch in his bonds.

"I found this in Asia." The captain mused, sliding the slender dildo an inch into Jensen's ass. "It's cold now, but it will get warmer, I promise."

Jensen let out a soft, strangled cry. The stretch burnt, but the cold, unyielding length of the dildo was cold and foreign inside of him. He bit his lips, twisting around on the rug, fighting to pull back, but actually he only succeeded into pushing the dildo in deeper. His eyes flew open, his whole body trembling wildly with the nerves that were jarred inside of him, nerves that he didn't know he possessed and that made him moan and buckle.

"Feels good now, doesn't it?" The captain murmured, bowing low to trail hot burning kisses over Jensen's chest. "And it's not even the real thing."

Jensen's mouth was hanging in a wide O as he panted and gasped, heavy-lidded eyes struggling to look up in the captain's darkly beautiful face. "Sir," he moaned, throat parched and dry. He licked his lips, mewling as the dildo was pulled back gently before working its way back in deeper, filling and stretching him more than he thought he could without breaking.

Something cool and soothing fell on his lips and he gulped greedily, the rich juice tasting fresh and full as if it was mashed pulp, the captain's lips collecting the excess that slid out of Jensen's mouth, dragging it down with his tongue over Jensen's neck and chest.

"So beautiful. You'd make a gift to the finest courts in the world, but here you are, in my humble little cabin." Jensen lapped at the sweet juice on his lips as the captain gently pressed the dildo deeper, twisting it inside of him until half the length was slowly stretching Jensen open. "You like that?" He asked, plunging the whole thing home before quickly withdrawing until only the slender head remained inside. "Would you like something bigger?"

Jensen moaned deliriously. He didn't know what he wanted. Coherent thought was a distant memory. All he could think about was the pleasure sweeping through his body, his drugged mind knowing only that he never wanted it to end. "Anything..." he gasped, "Anything you want..."

The captain paused and chuckled. "Anything I want? What if I wanted to leave you here? What if I wanted to invite the crew to join us? Are you sure you want that?"

Jensen fought to get his eyes open, even if dark silk was anything he could see, tears prickling at his eyelids as he struggled in his bonds. "No," he whimpered, shaking his head thinly, "No..."

"You have to be careful what you wish for, beautiful," the captain whispered, slowly working the dildo back in until it hit something inside Jensen's body and he screamed as loud as his wrung out body would allow. "That's it, let me hear you," the captain went on, pulling the dildo out and then quickly back in again, the passage getting slicker with each thrust.

Jensen thrashed and whimpered, tiny breaths and gasps filling the cabin as he was rocked with wave after wave of pleasure, more than anything he thought he'd felt before, turning his bones to liquid and making his cock throb to the point of being painful. He needed to come, he needed to come so bad, his dick heavy and leaking against his stomach, bobbing with each measured push of the captain's wrist inside of him.

"Nice and tight," the captain grunted, "How does it feel, beautiful? Mhh? Does it feel good? Because it looks good. Your wet little hole all snug around it, sucking it in, clenching down so hard..." he pulled it out fully, the withdrawal leaving Jensen empty and aching before thrusting right back in against the bundle of nerves inside of him.

Jensen screamed and the captain unfastened the ties around his dick with a jerk of his wrist. "That's it,

come for me, beautiful." He encouraged, pulling Jensen's orgasm from him with swift jerks of his wrist and precise thrusts of the dildo. Jensen shuddered, clenching tight around the hard object inside of him, his eyes rolling behind the blindfold.

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"CUT!" Joe barked, killing Jared's concentration. He gently eased the dildo from Jensen's ass, but didn't release his dick until he had slumped, spent, in his bonds.

"Hey, baby," he whispered, reaching up to push aside the blindfold and peer into Jensen's eyes. "Having fun."

Jensen grinned shakily and twisted in his bindings. Jared absently began to massage the muscles in Jensen's thighs and calves as he waited for Joe and Paul to jog over.

The director patted Jensen fondly on the leg. "Great job, kid." He said gruffly, high praise from him. Jensen smiled weakly and slumped back as Paul did his job and began to check his circulation and sensitivity. "We're gonna get some shots of you for publicity, so Paul's gonna walk you through set up whilst I borrow your boyfriend." At Jensen's confused frown, Joe eased his nerves. "Last time I left him unsupervised whilst we took stills I ended up looking like Robert Redford in drag."

Jensen snorted in memory and nodded to Jared, who had been waiting for his agreement before leaving. He had no intention of letting Jensen out of eyesight, and he had a suspicion he knew what Joe wanted to talk about.

"Later," Jared murmured, bowing low so he could kiss Jensen's forehead.

Jensen smiled at him and nodded, too wrung out to say anything back.

Jared wrapped himself in a robe and walked out set and on the makeshift deck, giving Joe his best grin. "Yes?"

Joe scratched his head, looking mighty uncomfortable. "Um. I know that - I mean, I know that you guys are -exclusive now, and all that. But - let's try to stick to the script, yea?"

Jared arched an eyebrow. "Tell me one moment where we didn't. It was all set up."

"Jesus, you two looked like you wanted to jump each other from the moment you walked in."

"Which is most what of the shoot is about anyway," Jared rolled his eyes. "We wouldn't have been so desperate for it if you hadn't actually busted on us. And that, by the way, sucked. It made Jen uncomfortable and if you ever walk in without knocking again, I'm telling Francesca."

"Running to mom now, are you?" Joe chuckled, but Jared could tell the prospect of talking to Miss Solari was not one he found appealing.

"If I have to." Jared shrugged. "Seriously, what is the problem? I've not done a single thing that isn't in the script. I didn't see you busting my ass when I didn't smack him around like the script told me to."

Joe shuffled uncomfortably. "Yes, well, that was different. You think I like watching the kid get fucked up and fucked over every damn shoot? I've given you a fucking mile wide play with what's on paper, but you've always pulled it off."

"So you're saying you didn't like what we did?" Jared pushed, rather amused, though he hid it well.

Joe grew even more flustered with every passing second. "I'm saying that I've always been able to see a character in whatever it is you do. That right there isn't a script, it's *you*."

Jared chuckled, not even bothering to hide it. "So?"

"So..." Joe blustered, going red in the face, "So - it's - it's not *right*- it's - just.. ..Not.. acting!"

Jared grinned, shaking his head, "You think anyone would notice or care? Joe, I hate to break it to you, but those who buy these things? Don't come looking for plot.... *literally*."

Joe threw his hands up in the air, "It's still not right and -just no. It's - you have to do the movie here! Not woo him!"

"Look," Jared sat down on the deck, tightening the end of the belt around his robe. He hadn't gone soft yet and moving was rather a pain. "It's only visible to you. Because you know us a bit. No one will notice or care if they do. I'm not going out of character, and neither is Jensen."

"That's not the point!" Joe grunted. "Keep work and home separate. You want to get all snuggly, wait until the camera isn't rolling. You're supposed to be a big, scary pirate king and you're looking at the kid like he owns your fucking soul!"

Jared said nothing, simply raised an eyebrow and the director threw his hands in the air. "Get in there and fuck him silly already!"

"I was planning to before you cut!" Jared protested.

"Look... you're a pirate for fuck's sake, and you have a beautiful naked man tied up in your cabin for whatever fun and games you please. Enough with the tickling! Let's get to the main event, please."

Jared cocked his head and grinned. "Tickling... why didn't I think of that."

Joe broke his train of thoughts long enough to warn him, "Try it and he'll kill you as soon as you cut him loose."

"See this is where you're wrong," Jared said easily, standing up and winking at him. "He'd kill *you*. Me? He could never."

Joe seemed to think about it for a moment before cursing a blue streak and stomping off. Giggling and toeing the ground, Jared walked back into the cabin.

Jensen was still doing stills, so Jared stood a little to the side, watching him work. He didn't care a bit about Joe's reprimand. Jared knew that he could not look at Jensen without letting his love shine through. Now that he had confessed it to Jensen, it was like a weight had lifted from his shoulders and he wanted to shout it to the world. Jared smiled, a silly grin that stretched his tanned face as Jensen caught his eye out of the circle of lights and smiled at him.

Fuck the script. This was what was supposed to get people off. Passion and feelings. And sex. All together. There was an ache in his chest as he was forced to keep to the side for a few more minutes while they finished Jensen's solo shots before Elle walked up to Jared to reapply most of his makeup.

He watched as Paul unfastened each of Jensen's bonds, checking skin and joints for feeling before tying him back the way he had been left. They were pretty simple ties, and compared to some of the ways he had seen Jensen bound, they were pretty light. He might not have been one for playing around at home, but he couldn't deny he found the image of Jensen aroused and helpless just a little bit of a turn on. The soft, breathy moans were addictive and the tiny whimpers made him harder than anything else in the world. Jensen was a living, breathing embodiment of the word desirable.

Elle finished him off with a grin and Jared bounded back on set. He kissed Jensen deeply before Joe cleared his throat. "Everything okay?" Jensen asked, his head leaning in Jared's hand after they had kissed.

Jared soothed the worry from his brow with a smile. "Perfect." He promised. "You ready?"

Jensen nodded, and Jared fitted the blindfold again.

"ACTION!"

Scene Three

Jensen shuddered, his body pliant and mellow after the orgasm, tiny moans making their way through his parted lips as he tried to get back down on heart. He knew that the dildo was still inside him, but it didn't burn anymore. In fact, the knowledge that it was still spreading his hole for the captain's pleasure made his spent cock throb valiantly on his stomach. Jensen knew he was still mostly hard, the bonds around his cock too tight and for too long for him to go completely soft even after coming so hard he'd blacked out.

"Back with me?" the captain's voice was low and growly, the faintest trace of lips dancing over his ear before the captain's teeth sunk into the fleshy part, and Jensen groaned.

"Yes, sir," he mumbled, voice rough and blissed out.

"Good boy," the captain's fingers trailed down his stomach, making Jensen shiver with the unexpected coolness over his feverish skin. He felt the captain's hand smear his come down his belly, working it past his balls and resting his open palm over his entrance, still clenching down the dildo.

A thin whimper slipped past Jensen's lips. He tried to roll in his bonds, tugging up with his arms in an attempt to push down on the cool marble inside of him. "Sir-"

"Not yet, I'm not done with you yet." The captain soothed, his fingers sliding across Jensen's throat and gently stroking the thin skin above his pulse. "I want to see you come undone for me."

Jensen almost laughed at the idea, unable to imagine feeling anymore overwhelmed that he already was. His head still spun with the combined effects of the drug and his orgasm, and though the fingers stoking his skin were feather light, each soft touch sent shivers down his spine.

The captain gave the dildo a lazy half-turn, pulling it slowly out before pressing it back in, the push-pull a slow, torturous assault on his senses. No matter how much he squirmed he could get no more stimulation than what the captain allowed, and that elusive spot inside of him purposely avoided.

"Please," he begged, his cock slowly hardening completely.

"Please what?" the captain's words were tinged with amusement, and Jensen threw his head back in a frustrated moan. "Patience, beautiful. You can't rush pleasure. You have to taste it, want it. Feel it at the back of your throat. Be hungry, starving for it. If you don't crave pleasure, if you don't yearn it, then it's just cheap release."

Jensen's breath broke, the captain's sensuous words cloaking him and sending waves of heat curling up in his belly. He licked his lips, imagining he could still feel the captain's hard, throbbing dick fucking his mouth, sliding down his throat, filling his mouth with precome. His cock throbbed, the memory sharp and vivid behind his closed eyelids. "I want -" he murmured, his voice scratchy rough. "I want to taste it, sir." Roses of red blossomed in his cheeks as he added, "Again."

"You do, do you?" the warm presence of the captain's body vanished, and Jensen threw his head from one side to the other, trying desperately to make out where he'd gone. "Please, sir, please," he moaned, arching his back off the rugs as he licked his lips again.

Strong hands cupped his cheeks, and Jensen's mouth fell open in an O without needing any further instruction. The captain chuckled, the sound distant above Jensen, and the hot, leaking head of the captain's huge dick rubbed over Jensen's lips.

Jensen licked at it greedily, trying to wrap his lips around it, get used to the girth as the captain's cock slowly pushed deeper in his mouth. Jensen keened out, the sound muffled around the pulsing shaft, and nearly choked on his scream when hot, wet heat engulfed his own hard dick.

The captain held himself up with one hand, teasingly sucking on the tip of Jensen's hard dick as he played with the dildo. Jensen sobbed and moaned around the hard flesh in his mouth. The harder he tried to pleasure the captain, the deeper his cock was taken into the warm, wet mouth that was intent on driving him wild.

The dildo inside of him thrust in at the right angle and Jensen wailed around the captain's cock.

The captain chuckled around his hard dick before slowly pulling back, taking his time to pull Jensen towards the edge. "You taste as good as you look," he whispered, kissing the tip of Jensen's dick.

Jensen whimpered as the captain withdrew from his mouth, licking his lips and trying to rise his head to take the thick flesh back into his mouth. The captain chuckled and patted him on the thigh. "So eager," he said, his voice mocking but fond.

Jensen nodded and licked his lips again. "Please, sir, please. I want..."

"Hush, beautiful." The captain grinned, his dark eyes twinkling, kohl smeared over his tanned skin. He sat back, crouched by Jensen's head, between his bound hands. His fingers settled on the rope over one bound limb and he stroked the soft skin.

"Now I want you to do something for me," the captain whispered in his ear as he loosened the ties around his right wrist.

"Yes, sir," Jensen moaned deliriously, the rush of circulation making his fingers prickle as they were unbound.

"I want you to open yourself up for me." The captain whispered next to his ear, making Jensen groan with the proximity of his moist lips. One of his hands trailed down his chest, past his angry red dick and down to slide out the dildo from his ass. "While I watch." His long finger ran a circle around the outer ring before sliding in without resistance, his fingertip finding that spot inside of Jensen and making him wail. "I want your tight little hole to get all swollen and loose for my dick."

Jensen shuddered and buckled, his arm automatically flying back around the captain's shoulders as he fought to hold on, his hips rutting back against the captain's finger. "You miss it already, huh?" he crooned in Jensen's ear, pulling his finger out and laughing breathlessly when Jensen's hips rutted up in thin air. "Patience, beautiful," he murmured again, sliding from between Jensen's arms and walking off.

Jensen tightened his fingers in an effort not to reach down and touch himself whilst the captain busied himself with items in the armoire. He was half afraid of what his captain would produce. The air in the cabin was tight and heavy and his chest pounded. Sweat pooled in the hollow of his throat and his fingers tightened desperately.

"What do you think you can take? How much do you think you can handle?"

"Anything." Jensen whispered, his voice tight and his throat dry. "Anything you want, sir."

"I was hoping you would say that." The captain smiled, turning around, his hands behind his back. He knelt by Jensen's head and kissed him slowly.

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"CUT. Okay, that's a wrap for today."

Jared smiled over Jensen's lips and caressed his cheek, moving to untie his other wrist and pull the blindfold off his eyes. Jensen blinked up at him, eyes blown wild and skin suffused with perspiration. He clung to Jared's neck, breathing quick and erratic against his neck.

"Baby?" Jared murmured, holding him against his chest. "Baby, you alright?"

Jensen whimpered and nodded, trying to muster up a smile. "I'm f-fine," he stammered, wincing when Paul started to undo the ties around his ankles.

Jared frowned, pressed his lips to feel Jensen's temperature. "You're burning up," Jared whispered, caressing Jensen's cheek. Jensen groaned and squeezed his eyes shut.

"I'm fine."

Sceptical, Jared didn't argue, just picked up a clean robe and helped Jensen in it. That's when it occurred to him, and he would've liked to headband against the door for being such an idiot.

Jensen was still painfully hard. Just as Jared was, by the way, but Jared was prepared - it was part of his job, much more so than it was Jensen's. "Easy, baby," he whispered, his lips close to Jensen's ear. "I'll take care of you."

Jensen nodded, trusting him implicitly. He curled himself into the cradle of Jared's arms and let himself be held.

Paul finished unfastening the last of the cords holding Jensen open and gently eased his legs down until he sat curled in Jared's lap. The rigger nodded at Jared, his face serious but calm.

"Back on set for eleven tomorrow. Get some rest. Rest."

"Yes, oh great one." Jared intoned, smiling to himself when Jensen grinned tiredly.

Slowly and carefully Jared helped Jensen to his feet, holding him close as he stumbled awkwardly around the set, the feeling coming back to his weak legs. His limbs trembled faintly as he came back to himself, safe in Jared's protective embrace.

"You did really good," Jared praised him, kissing his temple as they walked off the set to the trailers set on the end of the private beach. "Really awesome."

"Mh," Jensen agreed, not really knowing what Jared was saying, just listening to the soothing rush of Jared's voice as they finally climbed in the blissful coolness of their trailer. Even the short walk had been exceedingly painful to manage with his dick throbbing so hard he thought he would come with the first gust of wind.

"Easy, okay?" Jared guides him down on the throw of the bed, and Jensen almost moans in relief. He blushes as he looks up at Jared, feeling a little bit - okay, a lot - selfish, since he'd come already once and Jared's been going on at it for the whole day without complain.

"Sorry," Jensen mumbled, trying to cross his legs over the bed.

Jared rolled his eyes at him and smiled, kissing his cheek. "Hush now," He murmured, nuzzling his neck. Jensen's eyes fluttered closed and he let out a soft sigh, Jared's hand stroking his face.

"Jay," Jensen whispered, pulling Jared closer. Jared followed, pressing Jensen down to the bed and moulding their bodies together. The feel of Jensen's hard cock pressed against his thigh was intoxicating. He'd not have thought that there would be anything more erotic in the world than seeing Jensen spread out and desperate for his touch, but the soft, needy look in his eyes and the feel of his lean body pressed up against Jared's was the strongest drug he had ever taken.

He knew better that to expect Jensen to take the lead, and began to gently kiss the smooth line of his jaw, tracing down his throat, his hands mapping across the trembling muscles of Jensen's stomach.

"You were amazing today," he praised, whispering the words into Jensen's skin.

Jensen shook his head, his fingers curled in Jared's hair. "I didn't do anything."

"You made me feel like the center of your world." Jared smiled, leaning back to trace the line of Jensen's lips with his own.

Jensen blushed but managed to maintain eye contact. "You kinda are."

Jared's heart stopped beating for a second before soaring up high on cloud nine. He kissed Jensen's red cheeks, his fingers finding the curve of Jensen's hip and following it down to his thigh, making Jensen shiver. "Joe told me off earlier," he chuckled, his nose finding the hollow of Jensen's throat, "Said I should stop looking at you like you own my soul."

Jensen's eyes widened, his fingers twitching in Jared's curls. "He- you - what?"

"Told him there was some chance of that," Jared murmured, looking straight into Jensen's eyes as he said it. Jensen licked his lips, his eyes fluttering back shut as he moved forward and started kissing a line down Jared's jaw, his hands shifting lower under Jared's robe. Jared stifled back a groan when Jensen's blunt fingernails scraped over the panels of his stomach before moving around, pressing in the small of his back and over Jared's ass.

Jared sucked Jensen's bottom lip in his mouth as he stroked his thigh rhythmically, his hand drifting up higher with each upstroke, making Jensen moan thinly with every gained inch. As soon as Jared's palm pressed over Jensen's cock he was digging hard in Jared's back, clutching at him as his orgasm ripped through him with the force of a speeding truck.

Jared held him tightly he shook, come splashing across his fingers as he gently worked the last of Jensen's orgasm from him. With a playful wiggle of his eyebrows and a naughty porn star leer, he raised his fingers to his lips and licked them clean. Jensen wasn't sure whether to laugh or try and kiss his own taste from Jared's mouth.

He rolled sideways to press himself tighter against Jared and felt the press of a hard cock against his belly. Biting his lip, an idea came to mind, and he watched shyly for any reaction as he gracefully slid down the bed and crawled to lay between Jared's legs. "Let me?" he asked sweetly, his palms curled across Jared's strong thighs.

Jared bit his lip, his dark eyes wide blown and serious before he finally nodded and flopped back against the bed with a groan.

Jensen couldn't help but grin. He licked his lips and opened them around the head of Jared's dick, sucking and licking lightly at the hard flesh.

Jared groaned and tightened his fists over his own thighs, trying to keep himself from thrusting up on instinct. God help him if he was going to last more than sixty seconds. "Jen," he moaned, finding Jensen's shoulder and petting him clumsily as he fought with his self-restraint.

Jensen smiled as best as he could, cheeks still adorably red as he swallowed Jared down with one slender move. Jared garbled out a warning, squeezing Jensen's shoulder as he came harder than he could remember ever coming after a shoot.

Jensen swallowed all he could, then pulled back and worked Jared through the aftershocks with his hand. As soon as Jared came down from his high, he cupped the back of Jensen's head and drew him in for a breathtaking kiss, pulling Jensen flush against his body, legs at awkward angles as they rolled on their sides, arms and hands everywhere on the other's body.

"Fuck," Jared muttered, his breath still quick and rough. "God, you're going to be the death of me."

Jensen gave him a sheepish smile, leaning in to kiss Jared's lips chastely again. "Sorry," he whispered playfully.

"I can't think of a better way to go." Jared grinned, tucking Jensen against his side and carefully stroking his back.

"Hmm, don't, I'll fall asleep," he protested, struggling to move out of Jared's arms.

"So?" Jared yawned, tugging Jensen closer again.

Jensen pinched him in the arm and squirmed free. "Gotta call Francy and make sure she is giving Harley his extra kibble." He worried, biting on his lip and reaching for the phone.

"Oh no." Jared shook his head. He grabbed Jensen around the hips and pulled him back into the center of the bed. "Stop fretting, mom," he teased. "They're fine."

"But-" Jensen protested, squirming.

"No buts," Jared smiled and kissed the back of his neck. "Now come back here."

Jensen mumbled something unintelligible under his breath but snuggled right back up against Jared's side. "What if they get tummy worms," he mumbled into Jared's neck.

"Francy can take perfectly good care of them. And Steve will swing by in the morning and take them to the beach."

Jensen opened one bleary eye and grinned at him. "Chris' still thinks we don't know he tags along?"

"Totally," Jared kissed his cheek and chuckled. "He likes to play all though, but whatever is that Steve asks, he gets it. Instantly. I never saw anyone so besotted before." He paused, then grinned widely and stole another kiss. "Beside me of course."

Jensen beamed at him, an unguarded moment that shone out from behind his eyes. It was the type of smile that could make a man fall in love with him, and Jared felt his heart thud heavily in his chest.

"I kinda miss them," Jensen admitted, blushing as he spoke.

"They miss you too, I'm sure of it." Jared smiled, stroking Jensen's neck in a way he knew would send him off to sleep. Jensen was already exhausted and tended to sleep for hours after a shoot. Jared whispered soft words in his ear and watched as his eyelashes fluttered closed and his breathing evened out.

When he was sure Jensen was out, he picked up the phone himself and dialled through to Steve.

It was Christian who picked up, greeting him with a line from one of his earlier movies.

"Evening to you too, asshole." Jared responded dryly, whispering loudly over Christian's cackle of laughter. "How's it going?"

"I've inhaled more dubious substances than Paris Hilton touches in a weekend on P Diddy's yacht." Christian snorted. "But the floors are all stripped and ready for staining."

"You're a fucking miracle worker."

"Just wait until I tell your husband you're running a sweatshop in his home."

"What part of 'surprise' don't you get."

Jared waited for an answer, bemused by the sudden chaos that sounded on the other end of the line until Steve's voice replaced Christian's. "How's paradise?"

"Tiring," Jared chuckled. "How are you both doing?"

"Good, the house is getting to be a gem, Jay. Jensen's gonna love it."

Jared beamed, kissing Jensen's sleepy head. "Thank you. I owe you one, really. How are the pups?"

"Eating and shittin'," Steve said easily, "Relax. Once you get home you won't know what hit you."

"I hope this is all figurative speech, right?" Jared asked, somehow anxiously. He wasn't looking forward to get hit by his own roof.

"Of course it is -" there was a bit of cackle in the background, and Chris' voice was back, "We christened the front yard, hope you don't mind -"

"CHRISTIAN!" Jared hissed.

"- He's joking," Steve assured him, having somehow got a hold of the phone. "You and Jen okay?"

"Yeah," Jared smiled unconsciously, stroking Jensen's arm. "Yeah, we're good."

"You sure?" Steve asked, the concern in his voice almost visible.

Jared stroked his thumb across Jensen's cheek. "Yeah." He whispered. "I'm sure."

"Are you going to behave yourself today?" Joe asked, bright green sunglasses perched low on his nose. Jared stayed still, crouched slightly as thick kohl was smeared around his eyes. Across the set, Jensen and Paul were engaged in a deep discussion that only the two of them seemed to understand, leaving Jared with an irate director.

"Don't I always?" He grinned, fluttering his eyelashes.

Joe huffed. "Yeah, right." he looked back at Jensen and then at Jared. "You got some - rest, last night?"

"Slept like a baby," Jared said, all dimpled innocence.

Joe eyed him suspiciously, but in the end stomped off to talk to the director of photography. Elle chuckled as she finished smearing the mascara down Jared's cheeks, slanting his eyes even more. "You're going to give the man an ulcer."

"He'd look very professional," Jared said, in all seriousness. They shared a laugh before Jared walked back on the set, chucking his robe as he went. They had to pick up the scene from the day before, and both he and Jensen had deemed appropriate to prepare each other in private, or risk losing it before starting the scene.

Now, as Jared walked in and saw Jensen spread out on the rugs with his legs bound and held wide, hard as if he'd been waiting Jared for hours, his head spun wildly and he had to grip himself to prevent any embarrassment.

He knelt down between Jensen's legs and gave him a secret kiss on the inside of his thigh. "You ready baby?" He asked, his pulse racing as he looked across the lines of Jensen's body, the wide 'V' of his legs framing his chest. Perspiration had already begun to pool in the hollow of his throat, giving his skin a glittering shine in the studio lights.

"Gimme your best shot." Jensen smirked, utterly at ease, despite his position.

Jared laughed. "A challenge?" He teased, nodding to Paul as he passed.

"You up to it?"

"Oh, I'm up already," Jared chuckled.

Jensen snorted and rolled his eyes. "You're a walking cliché."

"But you love it," Jared winked, just as Joe cleared his throat, loudly, and called their cue. Jared rolled his

eyes and picked up the blindfold, tying it behind Jensen's head and dropping a sneaky kiss at the back of his neck before stepping back.

"ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen twisted his head again, trying to find out where the captain had disappeared to, but the room was early still. He whimpered, biting his lip as the effort of not touching himself was making every fibre in his body tremble.

"Here," The captain's voice was smooth, and if Jensen hadn't had his hard dick in his mouth only moment previous, he would've doubted he even aroused the captain at all. A heavy object was pressed into his palm, and his fingers were guided to curl around it. It was thick, thicker by chance than any human finger but not as wide as the captain's cock. Or so was Jensen's feeling. It was cool and slicked with some sort of gel substance Jensen didn't know.

The blindfold was pulled from his eyes, and Jensen blinked against the sudden surge of light.

"I want you to work that in your tiny hole, let it spread you wide open. No touching yourself, just working it in and out. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," Jensen breathed, his cock leaking some more on his stomach.

"Go slow."

Jensen nodded, his voice dying in his throat as his wrist was guided around his thigh and then released.

He sobbed as the blunt end of the large dildo pressed against his hole. It was cold, unyielding as it touched the throbbing flesh the captain had worked over so well. It was big. Too big. He wanted to pull back and beg for release, but the dark, calming look in the captain's eyes pushed him past the fear. He twisted his wrist and the thick head pressed smoothly past the swollen muscle.

"Easy now," the captain soothed, stroking Jensen's trembling thigh as he whimpered, the burn of being stretched so wide enough to bring tears to his stoned eyes. "Slow. Careful."

Jensen trembled in his bonds, straining to control the smooth thrust of the large marble cock. The captain watched with hunger in his eyes, and it was enough to spur Jensen on. He'd never been so full, but he knew the captain, when he finally took what he wanted, would take him past the edge.

Both the captain's hands settled on his thighs, caressing them lightly as his eyes trained on the point where Jensen's body was swallowing down the dildo. Jensen could see the captain's large cock, hard and curved against his stomach, and the thought of that pushing inside of him instead of the fake marble made his head spin. He whimpered, starting to pull the dildo out as slow as he dared before experimentally pushing it back in.

"Deeper," the captain commanded, and Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head as he forced the dildo inside another inch, his thighs trembling violently at the change in depth. "Again," he whispered. Jensen's breath was ragged and laboured as he pulled the dildo out until only the head remained rested in his body, the stretch and burn at his outer ring of muscle almost too much to bear, and then worked it back in again.

"Get it in all the way now," the captain said, both his hands going to spread his cheeks further apart, rolling Jensen up slightly so that his face was hovering right in front of Jensen's ass.

Jensen squirmed and whimpered but managed to obey, rolling the dildo in deeper, pushing until his fingers brushed his ass, the back of his hand warm against the captain's.

The captain groaned as if he was in pain, wrapping his hand around Jensen's and guiding the thrusts, in

and out. He built up speed and depth until every thrust was pressing against his sweet spot, deeper and harder than the last. Jensen tried to control it, his fingers trapped uselessly between the false dick and the captain's guiding hand.

One hard, deep thrust had him seeing stars, the dildo pulled out of his hand and cast aside before the captain moved between his thighs, lined himself up, and pushed into Jensen with one smooth thrust.

Jensen wailed, his free arm going wildly up to grab at the captain's broad shoulders as he was filled more than he thought possible, but differently, the hard length inside of him hot and throbbing with the captain's want. He opened feverishly eyes to look up in the dark, slanted hazels that were staring down at him as if he was the most precious jewel in the treasure, the kohl smeared at the angles of his eyes and making him look almost otherworldly, like a king of old.

"Beautiful," the captain whispered, closing his mouth around Jensen's throat as he started to pull back, shallow, rough thrusts that kept hitting the bundle of nerves inside of him, making him choke as he struggled to breathe around his cries. Praises and unintelligible words were pressed into his sweaty skin, the residues of the honey and juice making it sugary sweet and sticky to the tongue.

Jensen shuddered, his fingers scraping bluntly at the broad back above him, his ass stinging as it brushed back and forth against the rug, wind roaring in his ears as he felt his orgasm rippling in his belly.

"Please, oh god, please," he whimpered, arching up against the captain's body. "Please -"

His voice was cut off as the captain's lips claimed his own, licking his way into his mouth in slow, slick rolls, opposed to the pounding rhythm of his cock inside of him.

"Come for me," he whispered above his lips, his breath mingling with Jensen's. "Let me see you."

"Jared," Jensen cried out, his vision whitening as his whole body shook with the force of his orgasm.

The captain curled his hand under Jensen's head, cradling his skull as he thrust forward, his hips snapping as he kept up a brutal pace, Jensen's whole body quaking around him.

He pulled a short blade from the leather straps curled around his ankle and watched Jensen's eyes widen before slicing through the expensive cords. Lacking the strength to hold his own legs wide, Jensen was no less helpless as his legs fell limply, still held open by the captain's body. He could only gasp and squirm as the captain shifted on to his knees and used all the strength in his arms to hoist Jensen's lower body into the air, his hips snapping forward as he changed the angle of his thrusts.

The rush of his orgasm left Jensen weak and trembling, simply hanging on for the ride as his body was spread out and arranged for the captain's liking, his limbs pliable and warm. A deep, jarring thrust tore a scream from his throat and his nails dug deep into the captain's back. He could barely stand the pleasure of it all. He was spread wider, filled deeper than ever before, his body overwhelmed as every thrust slammed unforgiving against his sweet spot and stars danced before his eyes.

Through it all, the captain showed no signs of coming closer to the edge, or even growing out of breath.

Jensen almost sobbed, his cock slowly hardening at the onslaught, and it was so sensitive it hurt every time it slid against the captain's hard stomach. He fought to raise his legs, but his muscles were too tired and drugged to be able to compute to the input. His head tossed backwards with every powerful push of the captain's dick against that spot that made his belly clench with raw pleasure. Jensen moaned and tried valiantly to work in rhythm with the captain's roll of hips, but he could barely shift underneath the solid, unyielding strength of the captain's body. Weirdly enough, it didn't make him feel threatened or overpowered. If anything, he felt wanted, needed.

He licked at too dry lips, tightening his hold on the captain's back for a moment, his cock now fully hard and heavy on his stomach. He whimpered, voice thin and ripped to shreds as the captain pulled him off his cock completely before bouncing him back on his lap, the change in angle pushing all the breath out of Jensen's lungs in a rush.

"Do you want to come?" The captain asked, holding Jensen firm as he rolled his hips.

Jensen sobbed and shook his head. He couldn't. Not again. It would kill him. Instead of mercy, the captain wrapped his hand around Jensen's dick and began to jerk him off with rough strokes that fell with every hard thrust of cock into Jensen's ass.

"Please, no... please." Jensen begged, tears streaked down his face.

"Shush." The captain soothed, kissing Jensen lightly on the throat. "That's not how this works, beautiful. I want to see you come again."

Jensen continued to sob as his senseless body was overwhelmed with sensation. He couldn't help it. The wave that washed over him would have floored a man with twice his strength. He clutched at the captain's shoulders as his senses were stripped away and he came again, his eyes rolling as his body shuddered.

He dimly felt a change in rhythm, the captain's hips stuttering inside of him for a few more thrusts before he was pulled off the captain's lap once again and held down on the rugs, warm streaks of come coating his ass and the back of his thighs as the captain came all over him, the head of his cock sliding against Jensen's spent balls and adding to the mess on his stomach.

~ * & * ~

"CUT! Jesus fucking CHRIST - "

Jared laughed, breathless and rough, and lay Jensen's legs down on the rug. He had almost no feeling left in his knees or his back, and his head felt strangely dizzy. He closed his eyes, laying on his side next to Jensen and caressing his face with his palm as the PAs rushed up to them. "Baby?" He murmured, tilting Jensen's head to the side so he could get a clear look at him.

Jensen's eyes were closed, but he opened them again when Jared's thumb brushed over his cheek. "Hey," Jared murmured, smiling shakily.

"You with me?" Jared asked, stroking his cheek and throat.

Jensen shook his head. "Can't feel my legs," he muttered dreamily. If Jared didn't know better, he'd have said Jensen was as drugged as his character. He took one of Jensen's ankles in hand and gently raised the limb to press a kiss to the inside of his knee.

Paul, who had been hovering nearby, crouched down besides Jensen's hip, ignoring both their naked forms and the copious amounts of come pooling on Jensen's body. He carefully ran his hands down Jensen's legs, and with no malice, jammed his thumb into the pressure point at the tender spot behind Jensen's knee.

Jensen shrieked and his leg shook. "You feel anything now?" Paul asked, his voice level and calm even as Jensen whimpered and Jared glared.

"You're off my Christmas card list." Jensen moaned, his leg shaking with the sudden rush of feeling.

"I'm heartbroken." Paul said serenely, applying the process to Jensen's other leg and having the grace to appear apologetic when the pain brought tears to Jensen's eyes.

It was a well documented side effect for actors who were tied in such extreme positions, but Jared hated to see Jensen in any pain. Still, he knew that Paul was doing his job, so he refrained from snarling. Much.

Once Paul had made sure every muscle in Jensen's body still responded, Jared wrapped Jensen up in one huge fluffy towel, throwing a robe on himself, and picked him up in his arms as if he was a rag doll. Whispering non-stop in his ear, Jared walked them both off set and back to their trailer, thanking the heavens that he was strong enough to be able to manhandle Jensen without breaking a sweat, or there was no way he would've been able to manage it after the monumental orgasm he had.

"Are you okay, baby?" He murmured again once they were inside, laying Jensen down on the bed and wiping the tear tracks off with his palm.

Jensen nodded. "Just sore," he murmured, a small pout making way on his face and making Jared's chest constrict.

"I'm sorry-"

Jensen shook his head, mustering up a smile and looking up at him through lowered eyelashes, "I was talkin' bout my legs."

"You want a soak in the bath?" Jared asked, petting Jensen's hair gently.

"You gonna join me?" Jensen asked, smiling in a way that he knew would leave Jared unable to say no.

Jared, perfectly aware that he was being played, rolled his eyes and hugged Jensen close. "Only if you promise not to take advantage of me."

"Would I?" Jensen fluttered his eyelashes coyly. Jared snorted, tearing himself away from Jensen's arms to run a bath. The sound of running water drowned out the knock on the door, and when he came back into the main room to collect Jensen he was surprised to see Joe sitting at the small table by the window. Jensen had wrapped himself up in his robe, settling into a professional role that existed beyond the camera.

Jared raised one eyebrow at Joe and sat down beside Jensen on the bed, covering himself up with a towel, as well. "Hello," he greeted, looking curiously at him. There had never been a written down rule (something Jared planned on changing asap) about not bothering the actor once the shoot was wrapped for the day, but it went generally without saying.

"Hey," Joe was slightly uncomfortable, and it reminded Jared uncannily of when their director had to confront him about the roles and stuff. He was as flustered as he'd been back then.

"What's up?" He added, when Joe failed to go on.

"Um - I needed to clarify a couple of things with Jensen- and well, you, now that we're at it."

"Such as?" Jared said, coiling for a fight without consciously recognising the fact.

Jensen squeezed his knee under his towel.

Joe tugged at his collar. "Well, for a start he's just cut our production rate in half."

Jared tensed but Jensen took the lead, meeting Joe's nervous gaze with a steady one of his own. "I'm not the only principle actor you shoot with," he pointed out. "Step up production with them."

"It's not just that..." He shot Jared a look that made it clear he'd have been far more comfortable raising the issue alone with Jensen. "It's just... well-"

"Well?" Jensen arched an eyebrow in confusion.

Joe's spine straightened. He found a grain of courage and met Jared's gaze squarely. "The fact that Jensen shoots exclusively with you has been drastic on the production rate."

Jared cocked his head to the side, regarding Joe with an almost pondering look. "I thought you'd been aware of it way before this. It's been two months and some."

"What, no hour count?" Jensen teased, but there was a tense look to his smile, and Jared put one arm around his waist.

Joe shifted on his seat, "Still, it has been a blow -"

"Do I need to remind you also what brought about the decision?" Jared said, easy as you please, his fingers stroking Jensen's side softly.

Joe looked like he'd been slapped. "That's not fair of you," he said, his voice accusing.

Jared shrugged, "It's true."

"You think I wanted that to happen?" Joe asked, white in the face. "You think... Christ, I'll never go through a shot again without second fucking guessing every action you're making!"

Jensen's eyes narrowed at the implication that Jared could ever treat him the way Jona and Kevin had. Jared however merely held him tighter, pleased to know that Joe was concerned enough with Jensen's safety to keep a closer eye on him, even if it did mean facing the insults.

"Then what's your problem?"

Joe threw his hands in the air and cursed. "You two are impossible." He looked at Jared again before turning to Jensen, an even more uncomfortable look on his face. "You know very well that hardcore is much more in demand -"

"I don't plan on changing my workload," Jensen interrupted him, his eyes sombre. He found Jared's hand on the cover and held onto his fingers for support. "I - I just need a bit of time," he confessed, not looking at Joe as he spoke. "And I trust Jared to handle the heavier shoots just as he's always done." He squeezed his hand and looked up to Jared, smiling faintly.

Jared squeezed his hand back and leaned his cheek against the top of his head for a moment before turning to Joe again. "You know we're professionals," he said then.

Joe let go of a long-suffering sigh, "Just as when he yelled your fucking name when he -- I mean, that?"

Jensen blushed and ducked his head. "Okay, I suck." He admitted. "That was a mistake. I'm sorry."

Joe waved it off with a shake of his head. "Look, it's fine. You know I've never had a problem with your work."

"Especially not since it makes you a fucking fortune," Jared put in dryly.

Joe glared and continued on as if he had not been interrupted. "Jensen, you've been doing this job for years now." He said, appealing to the more experienced of the two. "You know how these things work. You know we have to keep up with demand."

Jensen hesitated. He knew that. Still, a part of him wanted to just lay back on the bed with Jared and pretend that didn't exist. "I know," he said at long last.

"Let me get this clear though," Jared said, holding Jensen tighter unconsciously. "Did you have any problem with what you saw in camera today, or this came up now just because we've been doing a couple of lighter shoots since he was attacked?"

Jensen winced, "Jare-" he put his hand over Jared's thigh, trying to calm him. "'s alright. I mean it."

Jared looked defiantly at Joe, his eyes narrowed. If they'd been alone he could've fucking told him to suck it up and stop bitching about it. If he and Jensen decided to go freelance or change studio, people would've killed themselves to get an exclusive. Sales for the past four DVDs had been more than Jared's overall income in a year. He could've told him that Jensen had been forced into so many things already, and Jared wouldn't stand to the side and let him be pressured in something he wasn't yet ready for.

But Jensen was there, looking worriedly at him as if he feared Jared would punch their director, and Jared wasn't going to lay that on him.

"It's not alright." Jared whispered, stroking Jensen's side with his thumb. "It's not even close to alright. I'm not going to let anyone guilt you into doing anything."

Joe looked ill. "That's not what this is about!" he protested.

"Isn't it?" Jared shot back. "Now if you don't mind..." He let the words trail off, offering Joe the chance to leave without destroying their working relationship. Jared would make sure Jensen left Eros Studios before he was forced into shoots that left him bleeding and in shock.

Joe was smart enough to take the cue. "Okay, okay." He held up his hand. "I'll see you both on set tomorrow. Paul's been working on your concept sketches. It should be a good shoot."

Jared nodded, and both he and Jensen stood to see him leave the room. When the door closed behind his back, Jared tightened his arms around Jensen's waist, pulling him back gently against his chest. "Let's go get our bath now," he muttered, words smothered in the back of Jensen's neck.

Jensen nodded, leaning back against him. "That went well," he said in a thin voice.

"It did," Jared assured him, voice firm. He spun him around, framing his face with both hands and staring hard into his eyes. "Jen. Please, just be honest with me for an instant, okay?" He waited for Jensen to nod and pressed a swift kiss on the tip of his nose in reward. "Just think about our first shoot together, and tell me you're ready to walk into one of those as soon as we wrap this one up."

Jensen opened his mouth to say something, but a flicker of unease went off in his eyes and he flicked them downcast, shifting on his feet. "Jen?" Jared prompted, his thumbs caressing his cheekbones.

"Maybenotnow," Jensen mumbled to the floor.

That was all Jared needed to hear. He pressed his cheek against Jensen's and sighed. "Then Joe can go fuck himself." He swore. "We shot what we want to shoot, and if they don't like it, they can fire us."

Jensen's laugh was a little bit giddy, a little bit hysterical. "Yeah, okay, yeah."

Jared took his hand and lead him to the small bathroom. There were mountains of bubbles in the tub and Jensen chuckled at the sight of them. "You get a little excited?" he teased, slipping his robe down his shoulders.

Jared watched as the smooth planes of his skin were laid bare, as entranced as his character was with every inch of Jensen. He found his tongue and nodded. "Yep."

Casting his own towel aside, he climbed in, the few minutes they were talking with Joe enough to take the edge of the heat. He settled down and spread his legs before holding out a hand and helping Jensen settle between his thighs.

Jensen let out a soft, contented sigh, stretching his achy legs in the oversized tub and laying his head on Jared's chest. He purred a little as Jared scratched his belly playfully, kissing the side of his head. "So I was thinking," he murmured, picking up Jensen's ocean scented bubble bath and starting to work up lather on his hands.

"You were what?" Jensen teased, looking up at him. Jared huffed and blew a wet raspberry in Jensen's ear, making him squirm. "BAD JARE! DOWN!"

"Dude, I'm not Harley," Jared chuckled, nuzzling at his neck.

"Then don't - ah - tickle," Jensen squirmed again and poked him in the ribs. "Or you're getting the couch." Jared fell utterly still, and Jensen snorted, curling one arm around his neck and moaning in appreciation when Jared's fingers rubbed just the right way over the small of his back.

"I was thinking," Jared goes on as if he hadn't been interrupted, "That if we get the weekend off we could rent a boat, go off on one of the tiny islands around here for a day."

"You know how to sail?" Jensen asked, melting under Jared's knowledgeable hands.

"Hm," Jared hummed, sucking on the soft part of Jensen's ear. "I know how to look like I can." He grinned.

Jensen snorted and shivered, too exhausted to become physically aroused, despite Jared's merciless manipulation of all the places that made his knees turn to jelly. Each touch was pleasure for pleasure's sake, and Jensen loved that Jared wanted to give him that.

"So we're going to end up getting lost and turning up in Japan in two months time?" Jensen teased, lacing his fingers with Jared's where they lay over his belly.

"Something like that." Jared nodded, nuzzling Jensen's throat with his lips. "What do you think?"

"I think you could be asking me to get your name tattooed on my ass and I'd say yes right now."

Jared shook his head and continued to lay tiny kisses on the bubble covered skin of Jensen's shoulders. "Your ass is far too beautiful to tamper with."

Jensen snorted. "Sweet talker."

Jared grinned and picked up a sponge, adding yet more bubble bath and finished working the exhaustion from their muscles with slow, lulling strokes. By the time the water had turned lukewarm, their extremities had started to prune, which prompted Jensen a fit of giggles and made drying off an extremely difficult business.

"Stay put," Jared said sternly, but he was having trouble standing up himself. In the end they both put on worn out sweatpants and tank tops and hopped back in the rental jeep Jared had got for the vacation, driving back to the villa. Jensen curled up in the front seat, laying on one side with his head in Jared's lap, and Jared did his very best to drive one handed as he kept stroking Jensen's wet hair with his right hand.

"I can cook something," Jensen mumbled against his thigh as they reached their destination.

"We can have some soup," Jared recounted, parking in their driveway and rubbing a circle at the back of Jensen's neck. "You need your rest."

Jensen looked close to arguing, but by his jaw popping yawn did him out of a good excuse. "Hmm." He moaned, wincing as he uncurled himself and slid from the seat. Jared hurried around the hood of the jeep and wrapped his arm under Jensen's. "I'm good," Jensen protested, holding his own.

Jared wanted nothing more than to scoop him up and carry him to bed, but Jensen stubbornly pushed on, and Jared wouldn't take that effort from him.

Jensen made slow process to the bedroom of their villa, the large open windows letting in light from all sides. The bed itself was some strange four poster contraption with white netting to keep out the insects. Jared pulled them back and let Jensen crawl onto the soft sheets before gently stripping away his clothes.

He kissed the indent of Jensen's hip as he was removing his pants, and the hollow of his throat when Jensen helped him tug off his shirt.

"Sleep, baby. I'll wake you up in a few hours."

"You'll be here?" Jensen asked, his eyes unguarded. Jared nodded.

"I promise," he whispered.

As soon as Jensen was out, he stripped off his own shirt and climbed into bed, curving his body behind Jensen's and creating a physical barrier between him and the world beyond.

Scene Four

I: There's been a visible shift in the intensity of your shoots. Do you find it more comfortable doing shoots that are a little more mainstream?

*JP: *Laughs* I think it's safe to say that the last few shoots we have done have been a lot less stressful.*

JA: It's more role-playing. On the whole things are more light-hearted.

*I: *to Jensen* You made your stamp on the industry by starring in some pretty hardcore scenes. Do you miss them?*

JA: It's fun to be doing something different. Besides, he looks pretty hot in costume.

JP: Speak for yourself.

JA: He's a big kid.

JP: Am not.

*JA: *grins**

Jensen stirred blissfully in the huge king-sized bed, not even opening his eyes, just rolling on his other side and snuggling right against his human blankie. He wasn't tired, not really, and truth be told he had slept enough. He had been sleeping wonderfully since they landed in Hawaii, and after a weekend spent sunbathing on a boat and making love on a desert island's beach, Jensen was convinced he was living in some sort of fairytale, where no evil could ever taint them.

"Morning," a hoarse, low whisper and a kiss pressed on top of his head. Jensen sighed contentedly and opened his eyes to look up in Jared's heavy-lidded eyes, sleep still crumpling up the corners.

"You too," Jensen whispered, kissing the side of his chest.

"Time's it?" Jared enquired, stretching his mile long legs and kicking them out the end of the blankets.

"Early." Jensen sighed, rolling his shoulders and blinking the sleep out of his eyes. "You wanna go for a run before getting breakfast?"

"Hmm." Jared grinned, the edges of sleep slowly drifting away. "Only if I can run behind you." He teased, dragging Jensen close for the first kiss of the day.

"You're a pervert." Jensen chuckled, his palm flat on Jared's chest, the skin beneath his hand warm from the bed. "Aren't you going to be spending long enough staring at my ass today as it is?"

"No such thing." Jared snorted, throwing back the sheets and bounding from the bed, wide awake. Jensen groaned, a little reluctant to be dragged so unceremoniously from one level of activity to another, but followed Jared from the bedroom. "Last one to the deck has to make dinner." Jared crowed, one foot already out of the door. Jensen rolled his eyes and let Jared make a beeline for the deck. He'd lose this one for his own good.

Jared had already splashed into the water when Jensen sat down on the deck, legs dangling off the edge and smiling down at his boyfriend. "Dork," he said, voice thick with affection. Jared collected some water in his cupped hands and threw it over at Jensen's face, making him shriek and scoot backwards.

"C'mon, water's amazing," Jared cooed, grabbing one ankle and laying a line of kisses up the inside of Jensen's calf.

"It's cold," Jensen moaned, trying very half-heartedly to twist his leg away.

"I'll warm you up," Jared leered, snorting into Jensen's skin a second later as he blew a raspberry over the indent of his knee.

"Uh huh. You heard Joe. No nookie before a shoot." He pulled his leg from Jared's grasp and tried to ignore the boyish pout he got in return.

"Fine," Jared huffed. He used the strength in his arms to haul himself half out of the water and steal a kiss from Jensen's lips before splashing back down. "But you had better be up for a serious make out session when we are done."

"I don't know about *up*," Jensen grinned. "But if we are both still conscious by the time Joe is done with us I promise you can have all the kisses you want, you big girl."

"Woot!" Jared cheered, ducking under the water and starting the first of his laps. Jensen shook his head, watching the sharp lines of Jared's body cut through the water, admiring the way his muscles rolled smoothly with each movement.

His heart constricted as he realised how lucky he was to have Jared in his life, and he set back to watch, calm, at peace, and utterly content for the first time in his life.

After Jared got his swim, they ate a quick breakfast and boarded the jeep to go back on set. It was the second week of shooting - and last, and Jensen would be lying through his teeth if he said he wasn't looking forward to it a little.

Jared was singing (badly) along the drumming bass that filtered through the local radio station, some hip hop crap that Jensen had never heard before.

"No Bach this morning?" he teased once they got to the beach they used as location.

Jared blew him a playful kiss. "The car doesn't have a cd player."

They parted ways as they got to make up. Jared was floating on cloud nine, high on the exhilarating feeling of having Jensen smile so often and so open, waking up beside him after one long peaceful night's sleep, no nightmares to chase away. There was no better place to be, Jared was sure, and he'd do his damndest to keep it that way.

"Well someone is in a good mood." Elle laughed as she helped him climb into the complicated costume and keep all the many buckles and straps neat.

Jared nodded enthusiastically, snagging a handful of sour sugar balls from the counter and nearly swallowing them whole. "It's a beautiful day, what's not to be happy about?"

She rolled her eyes. "I don't suppose it would have anything to do with a certain green-eyed cutie whose getting oiled up as we speak?"

"I keep telling everyone." Jared sighed melodramatically. "Joe and I are just friends."

Elle pulled a face and stuck out her tongue. "Don't even joke about such things." She shuddered. "God, you'll give me nightmares."

Jared threw his head back and cackled.

"You're right, no joking," Jared said, his expression turning softer, "It's a good day."

"Um.. I've heard that Joe talked to you guys last Friday," she said while she carefully applied layers of kohl under Jared's eyes. Jared cracked one eye open and got a smack over the head for his trouble, "Keep still."

He sighed, closed his eyes again. "He did."

"And?"

"It's all good," Jared dismissed. He didn't really want to get into any details, not before he could talk to Francy about it all.

Elle didn't say anything else, finishing Jared's make up and sending him on his way with another supply of sugar balls. The heat was making everyone sweat, and Jared needed all the strength he could spare and more to be able to carry through the shoot.

Jensen was waiting for him on set, wearing a loose cotton robe that hung down to his knees. He and Paul were sat quietly whilst lighting was finalized. Jensen looked up and smiled, waving a little as Paul nodded in greeting.

"You all set?" Joe said, stepping up behind Jared and making him jump.

Jared spun around and met Joe's twitchy gaze. "Sure am, boss." He said lightly. For all that he might occasionally feel like strangling the man - and he would, if he tried to pressure Jensen into harder shoots- he was perfectly capable of being professional.

"Good," Joe said gruffly. He gave Jared an awkward look, then added, "Go with the flow." At Jared's raised eyebrow, the director huffed and looked somewhere above his shoulders. "The dailies looked great so just - go with the flow."

Jared tried to keep himself from smiling. "Alright." He walked on his mark and waited for the rolling cue, Jensen already vanished from his sight and probably ready for the cue inside the cabin.

The thought made his pulse accelerate, and he swallowed once before Joe yelled "ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen was waiting on his knees, naked, on the rug where the captain had left him early that morning, his cock hard and leaking, ready for the captain's moods at sundown. A thrill went down Jensen's spine as he shifted his weight, one of his hands going to play with his nipples a little to keep himself from fisting his cock. He couldn't come before the captain had his way with him, and he didn't want to displease him.

The door burst open and the captain stormed in. Jensen hastily curled his hands behind his neck and waited, his eyes down cast as a nervous shudder wracked his body. The captain had never been anything but tender with him. Forceful, but careful. He'd always used his strength to bring Jensen nothing but pleasure.

The wooden door banged back on its frame and Jensen forced himself to remain still as the captain thundered over the threshold and came to a sudden stop in front of him.

"My my, look at you," he drawled, his voice rough and low. Jensen shivered in the cool cabin air and kept his eyes downcast. A large hand settled in his hair, gently guiding his head up, and Jensen looked into the dark, stormy eyes of his captain. "Aren't you good?" he whispered, using his thumb to press lightly on the back of Jensen's neck.

Jensen didn't know if he was allowed to speak, so he merely nodded, braving his captain's heated glaze.

"You are," the captain cooed, his fingertips stroking the skin at the back of Jensen's head, "far better than those seascums that fester on my ship."

Jensen shivers, the captain's words and touch washing over him as he fought back his own tension. "You don't need to fear my wrath, Jensen," he whispered, and hearing his name roll off the captain's tongue made Jensen's cock twitch, a rush of heat tingling all over his skin. "You always pleased me, haven't you?"

Jensen opens his mouth to say something, but then closes it again, a flush spreading from his chest up to the tips of his ears. "I try, sir."

"Continue to do so and I swear to you I will never hurt you, nor suffer to see you so." He swore, stroking the sensitive skin on Jensen's nape with slow, hypnotic circles of his fingers. "I ask a lot from you, I know, but you can rest assured that your health, safety and happiness will never be jeopardised by an action of mine."

Jensen melted under the soothing wave of the captain's voice, and when the palm on his neck moved to cup his cheek, he dared to lean into the touch, seeking the affection being offered so freely.

"Up." The captain summoned, beckoning him forward with a gentle pull. "I'm tired. To the bed we go. I'll expect you to do most of the legwork today, sweetheart."

Jensen nodded obediently and crawled towards the captain's bed. It wasn't huge, barely wide enough for the captain's thick shoulders, so Jensen crouched awkwardly at the headrest until the captain was laid down. "Undress me."

Jensen swallowed and nodded, raising his hands to undo the many straps that kept the captain's vest and shirt together. It wasn't tricky, but it was long work. Jensen paused every time he could discover skin, his mouth and tongue laving the salty sweat off the captain's shoulders and back, knowing the captain liked it when Jensen took his time on his torso. He pushed back his own arousal, his need for release after being hard for almost over a hour, working to please his captain in the way he'd been taught.

Once the shirt and vest were cast off, he shuffled forward, head bowed and cheeks red as his fingers fumbled with the straps over the captain's leather pants. He could feel the hard, hot line of the captain's huge cock pulsing through the material, and it made his mouth water. The captain chuckled and Jensen realized he'd licked his lips as he stared at the bulge so close to his hands. The knowledge that the captain knew just how desperate Jensen was for his cock made him blush hotter, eyes darting away as he tried to comply to his task.

He peeled the captain's pants off his legs, then his boots, the only thing left on him the many bracelets and beads around his neck and arms. The captain's cock was stiff and curled up towards his stomach already, balls tight under it, and Jensen's throat went dry as he thought of all the things the captain might want to do next.

A dark eyebrow arched expectantly as the captain propped his head up on his crossed arms and watched Jensen with a lazy smirk. "Enjoying yourself?"

Jensen blushed pink and nodded his head, his hands fluttering like shy butterflies as he tried to figure where best to put them. In the end he settled for the captain's thighs. The strong, solid muscle beneath his fingers was warm to the touch. Jensen didn't know what to do, so he settled for something he knew would bring the captain pleasure.

He used his mouth.

Licking his lips, Jensen spread his weight evenly across the captain's thighs and licked tiny lines onto the hard flesh curled up from his captain's thighs. He lapped around the head, sucking gently as he exercised the most control he had ever been given and tried to use every trick he knew to bring the captain the most pleasure.

"Take it into your mouth," he was encouraged. "There's a good boy." Jensen obeyed, the captain's hands still behind his head in a parody of the position he always had Jensen adopt. "Let's see how deep you can take me."

The challenge was one Jensen was happy to step up to. Having that thick, hot dick in his mouth was at once the most rewarding and intimidating thing the captain could do to him.

He inched his mouth lower, struggling to breathe through his nose already, the weight of it on his tongue and down his throat making him tremble. He couldn't take a full breath, and the mere idea of the captain's whole length stuffing his mouth was enough to bring him to the edge painfully fast. The feel of it, pulsing and hard as he worked his spit-slick lips around it had his cock leak copiously and dribble down

the head onto the sheets. He moved his hands tentatively up towards the captain's hips as he hollowed his cheeks and suckled, the plum-shaped head hitting the back of his throat already. Jensen's moans reverberated over the captain's dick, and the captain grunted in response, his hips twitching under Jensen's skidding palms.

Feeling bolder, Jensen bobbed his head lower, fighting his gag reflex and relaxing his jaw until his nose was buried in the thick curls at the base of the captain's dick. He swallowed, the movement extracting another groan from the captain's lips, and the power he had in that moment made Jensen's head spin. He drew back, slicking his way with saliva and precome and stopping short of letting the head slip off his tongue. He looked into captain's half-lidded eyes, his lips wrapped tight around the crown of his dick, swollen and red as they suckled at the precome oozing copiously from the tip.

The captain's breath was slightly ragged, and Jensen moved back to take him deep into his throat, using his tongue flat on the underside before pulling back off completely and ducking lower to take the captain's balls in his mouth.

The captain moaned, a low growl in his throat as Jensen sucked and licked at the warm flesh.

"Enough." The word was brisk, rough, and it made Jensen jump back, startled. The captain fixed dark eyes on him, hungry and closer to the edge than Jensen had ever seen. "Now work that magic on your fingers. Two of them."

Jensen frowned, confused, but did as ordered, sucking on two fingers the way he had done the captain's cock. The strong body beneath his shifted and a hand landed on his thigh. "Turn around now." Still confused, Jensen shuffled around until he was straddling the captain's thighs with his back to him. "Open yourself up for me. Pretend you're using one of your favourite dildos. Fuck yourself on your fingers."

Jensen shivered as fingers trailed down his spine, reaching around to guide his hand towards his ass.

His breath itched, and he bowed his upper body forward, thrusting his ass out and spreading his legs a little more to gain more balance. He pressed his fingertips over his hole, rubbing them in a circle over the outer ring, his stomach clenching with arousal as he felt the weight of the captain's gaze on him. He pushed his middle finger inside first, mewling softly, his hole still tight even after being fucked for an hour the very morning. He exhaled shakily as he withdrew his finger and exchanged one for two, moving them in tandem and starting to rock back into his own thrusts.

"Don't play with your sweet spot," the captain warned him, his hands warm over Jensen's asscheeks. "And don't touch yourself." Jensen panted and nodded, his free hand grasping at the sheet for leverage as he scissored his own fingers at his opening, trying to get himself loose. The stretch still burned at first, melting away in dizzyingly torture when he wasn't allowed to find that bundle inside of him that would have made him see stars. Like this he was constantly on the edge, constantly wanting something more, his cheeks flushed and eyes blown wild as he denied himself the ultimate pleasure.

"What a sight you make," the captain breathed from behind him. "You should see yourself. See your little hole swallow your fingers. So greedy and hungered."

Jensen whimpered, desperate for more. He wriggled his fingers, knowing that if the captain planned on fucking him, he'd need to be as open and loose as possible.

Strong fingers curled around his wrist and pulled his fingers from his ass. "Very good," the captain praised. "Now I want you to fuck yourself on my cock. Can you do that?"

The captain's hands settled on his hips and drew him further towards him until his hard, hot cock pressed up against Jensen's back, reminding him just how big it was.

Jensen's fingers shook. He'd never been in a controlling position before, not when it came to taking something up his ass. He was held down or tied wide, the captain giving it to him hard and fast, or slow, drawn out and teasing, depending on his mood.

"Can you do that?" The captain repeated the question and Jensen kicked himself into action.

"Yes, sir." He bit his lip and used both his hands to spread his asscheeks as far apart as he could, arching his back until he could feel the blunt head of the captain's dick pushing at his hole. He shuddered in a breath as he lowered himself on it, groaning out loud as the head pushed through. Tears came unbidden in his eyes as he fought to lower himself down the hard shaft, straining to take more of it even though he hadn't prepared himself nowhere near enough for being fucked by the captain's dick. He groaned again, legs quivering, the captain's hands stroking his sides without giving him any directions beside those he had already given him.

It burned and it was too big to fit, the muscles in his ass and back straining after merely a few inches, and Jensen knew there was more to come. He choked out a sob as he pushed back some more, his cheeks red and his skin glistening with perspiration. Without knowing, he'd stopped, and he'd started to work himself on his knees to get it out of him. The captain's hand stroked his stomach, petting, reassuringly, and Jensen shuffled until only the head was still holding him open before leaning forward and pushing himself back on the captain's stiff cock with a long, drawn out moan.

"I can't," Jensen sobbed, hating that he wasn't able to do as he was asked.

The captain cursed quietly to himself before curling up to wrap both arms around Jensen's belly, his chest against Jensen's back. "Hush. Easy there. Yes you can. It's no bigger than it was this morning." He dropped a kiss to Jensen's shoulder. Jensen nodded hesitantly and tried again, his whole body shaking in the captain's arms. Tears stung his eyes and when the captain's hand brushed across his softening cock, another kiss was pressed to his shoulder. "Okay, okay, easy darlin'."

Strong hands wrapped themselves around Jensen's hips and carefully lifted him off the captain's cock before guiding him down to lay on the cool sheets. Jensen buried his head in the pillows, his shoulders shaking as he waited to face the captain's displeasure. He'd never not been able to follow an order before, and the failure made him tremble.

He felt the captain rise from the bed and wander around the cabin, but did not dare look up to see what was happening. When a hand settled on his back, gently petting, he tensed. Always please me, the captain said, and he'd never be hurt.

"What's running through that pretty head of yours?" The captain sighed, soothing the small knots of tension in Jensen's back with strong thumbs. Jensen said nothing and continued to tremble on the bed.

"Jensen?" the captain's voice was still warm and calm as it had been a moment ago. His fingers curled into Jensen's hair and he caressed the back of his skull, soft and tender. "Look at me."

Jensen hastened to obey, swallowing down the last of the tears of humiliation that had streaked down his face, eyes red and wide with fear as he faced his captain. "You're scared of me?" the captain said, his expression unreadable. Jensen didn't know how to answer to that. Truth was, he wasn't scared - not scared of the captain, for he'd never hurt him. He was scared of what the captain's reaction might be at Jensen's failure.

"I should've pleased you, sir," Jensen whispers, a small hiccup breaking his sentence.

"What makes you think I am displeased?" the captain asked quietly, brushing away Jensen's tears.

Jensen had to stop himself from arching into the touch. "I failed... I didn't.... I couldn't."

"You tried," the captain pointed out. "That pleases me."

"But I-"

The captain pressed his fingers over Jensen's lips, silencing the nervous excuses. Jensen's jaw snapped shut and he watched warily as the captain shuffled his long frame down the bed and guided him to lay on his belly once more.

Large hands settled on his thighs, spreading him open, and Jensen hastily tried to help, relaxing his legs

and sinking into the sheets. He jumped when the captain pressed a kiss to the swollen ring of his hole, bathing the sore flesh with his tongue.

Jensen moans, arching up into the touch like a kitten. Sweat broke all over his back, and he buckled helplessly, the captain's tongue licking all the way down to his asscrack and his balls before moving back up to lap at his hole.

The captain's hands moved up to his cheeks, parting them further and sweeping the flat of his tongue inside him, making Jensen wail and trash, fingers grasping at sheets as he fought to breathe through one moan and the next. "Sir," he gasped, his legs shaking as his cock rapidly filled with blood.

"Enjoyin' that?" the captain whispered, pressing a wet kiss over the inside of Jensen's cheek. "Hmm, that's better, isn't it. I guess we're gonna have to take the time to open up your tight little hole every time I want to fuck you."

Jensen hid his head in the pillows again as he flushed with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, sir..."

The captain's hands bracketed Jensen's hips, holding him down to the bed. "You say that like it is a bad thing," he mused, stabbing his tongue into the clenching hole. "I can think of nothing I'd enjoy more than this, watching you open up for me. I can take all the time in the world with you, kitten. If I want a quick release I can just fuck that pretty mouth of yours." Jensen unconsciously licked his lips at the thought.

"Mh, you like the thought of that?" he probed his tongue at Jensen's opening again, wriggling inside and keeping it a flat stab as he pulled out again. "We might have to come to that later," he whispered, biting lightly at Jensen's ass before letting his tongue slip back in and out, a few times in quick succession that made Jensen moan like a cat in heat, all thoughts about proper place and submissiveness forgotten as he whimpered and pushed back on the captain's tongue, pulling up his legs, wanting more, needing more.

"So fucking wet," the captain grunted against his ass, hoisting him up a bit higher so he could lap at the sensitive skin behind Jensen's balls, getting a right out shriek from Jensen's lips.

Whilst the captain lapped enthusiastically at Jensen's balls, his finger, slick and wet, slid knuckle deep into Jensen's ass. Jensen groaned, too caught up in the feel of the captain's mouth to pay much attention to the slick digit carefully stretching him open.

Jensen tried to thrust his ass higher in the air, but the captain's weight and the size of the bed made it impossible to do more than wiggle in the position he was held in.

The captain alternated between sucking Jensen's balls into his mouth and easing his finger in and out of the clenching hole. He'd slicked his fingers with a smooth clear sappy gel he'd bought from a plant merchant of the coast of Madagascar and used liberal amounts to ease the way.

Every needy moan and desperate whimper made him more determined to drive Jensen over the edge. He'd never been so caught up in another's pleasure before, never so invested in making his bedmate come apart at the seams. Joe had told him time and again that Jensen was a special one, and the captain was a firm believer.

"Sir," Jensen gasped, squirming and panting underneath his ministrations, "Sir, please, oh, god, please, please...."

The captain let his balls go with a slick, wet pop, tongue slipping up into Jensen's hole alongside his fingers. Jensen groaned, burying his face in his arms, his own tongue lapping up at his fingers as he whimpered and pushed back against the captain's face. "More," his voice dry and scraped rough, begging shamelessly for his release. "Sir, god, please, sir, more, sir, I want more, please, *please*..."

The captain exchanged one finger for two, and after a couple of quick thrusts, he licked at Jensen's quivering hole and used three to spread him wide, taking his balls into his mouth again.

Jensen wailed, the sensation overwhelming, his cock was so hard and swollen it hurt, so good, so fucking good, and even if Jensen wanted to reach down and touch himself, he didn't. He sucked at his fingers,

imagining it was the captain's thick cock filling his mouth, his moans muffled.

The captain looked up along the valley of Jensen's thighs and moaned as he watched those plump red lips wrapped around his own fingers. "Such a good boy," he muttered, thrusting his fingers in and out of the slick channel. When Jensen was relaxed and open enough to take the three fingers the captain drew them back and carefully added his smallest finger to the three.

Jensen mewled, the burn of the stretch combining with the waves of pleasure from his cock enough to make him dizzy. "Sir... please."

"Too much for you? Is your tight little hole so stuffed full you can't take any more." There was a sly grin on the captain's face, and Jensen got the feeling that whilst he might not have planned the way things had turned out, he was fully enjoying the change in direction. His captain simply wasn't a man who could sit back and let someone else do all the work. He needed to be at the very edge, controlling the action... driving Jensen wild.

"More, please," Jensen begged, twisting on the bed, the covers damp with sweat and precome. "God, sir, please, *please*..."

"Isn't it too much?" the captain murmured, licking a swathe down Jensen's crack, joining his fingers against Jensen's hole. He teasingly started to withdraw his fingers, and Jensen sobbed, shuffling backwards as he tried to get them back inside of him.

"No, no," Jensen moans, trying to pull his knees higher, spread his ass for the captain's taking. "No, please. More, more."

The captain pushed his fingers right back in and eased his pinkie alongside them, and Jensen twisted his face to the side, eyes blown wide, mouth hanging open from one breathy moan to the next.

"So tight still," the captain mused, sucking on the skin between Jensen's cheeks. "So tight and willing."

Jensen choked on his breath and gasped, his hole stretching as wide as it could, the captain's fingers slipping past through well-slicked muscles.

"Do you think you can take me now? Do you think you are open enough for my cock?" the captain asked, twisting his wrist and dragging his knuckles over Jensen's sweet spot.

Jensen nodded enthusiastically, his legs spread as wide as he could get them on the small bunk. All he could think about was the captain's cock, stretching him slowly open and filling him to the core. A hand fell lightly on his ass, and Jensen scrambled to climb back on to his knees. The captain seemed determined to have Jensen ride him.

"I want to see every inch of you," he explained hungrily. "I want to watch you open up and tremble on my cock."

A shudder ran down Jensen's spine. He braced his hand on the captain's strong chest and rose up on his knees, shuffling until he felt the head of the huge cock brush against his opening. He threw his head back, a long, drawn out moan slipping from his lips as he worked the head in, slipping without resistance into his worked up hole. The captain's lips fell against his neck and he sucked hard at his pulse point, teeth pulling and worrying, leaving a red, blossoming bruise over his flushed skin.

"So good for me, so hot." The captain bowed his head, suckled at his nipple until it hardened between his lips.

Jensen moaned, slowly impaling himself on the captain's dick, the heat pulsing and throbbing inside of him and the hunger in the captain's eyes making his head spin wildly. "Oh god," he spread his legs wider, knees to each side of the captain's hips as he seated himself fully on his lap, balls slapping against his ass.

The captain tugged at his nipple and let it go, blowing cool air against it, watching Jensen shivering and tremble onto his cock.

The captain's eyes were narrow slits of lust as he watched Jensen sink down. "That's it," he encouraged, petting carefully as Jensen struggled to accommodate the captain's cock. "Fuck yourself for me."

Jensen struggled to get his feet under him, but using the captain's chest for balance, he was able to twist his legs under him and struggle onto the balls of his feet.

A slow, pleased smirk spread across the captain's lips as Jensen carefully eased himself up, the muscles in his thighs and calves straining as he drew back until only the large head of the cock inside him remained.

"Stop," the captain ordered. "Hold it."

Jensen whimpered, his body trembling with the effort to stay crouched, his ass clenching hungrily on the head of the captain's cock. "Sir... please," he begged, sweat pouring down his brow. His hands shook and clutched at the captain's chest, but he got no permission to move, and so he tried taking a deep breath to still the tremors.

"Here we go," the captain purred, his hands petting Jensen's thighs lovingly. "Keep still." He bit his lower lip, utterly lost in the sensation of Jensen's hole keeping the head of his cock into that tight, wet heat. "Fuck, so good kitten. So good for me."

Jensen was close to tears, his muscles quivering under the strain. "Please, sir-" he whimpered.

"Slow, now. Easy." The captain ran his hands up his sides and over his shoulders, and Jensen was allowed to sink down the wide shaft stretching him open. It was hot, and beautiful, and perfect, and when the captain's mouth fell open in a blessed out moan, a shudder went through Jensen, a power that he'd never felt not even when he was sucking him off.

Jensen seized it, rolling his hips and grinding himself down. The captain's hands clutched his thighs, holding tight enough to leave bruises. He groaned with each shift of Jensen's body, panting and breathless beneath him.

"So good," he encouraged, thrusting his hips delicately, the head of his cock brushing over Jensen's sweet spot. "So beautiful..."

Jensen gasped, his legs trembling with the effort needed to push himself up and control the speed he impaled himself on the captain's cock.

His courage was bolstered by the way the captain trembled and his fingers slid across his sweat slicked chest. "Does this please you, sir?"

The captain moaned, eyes rolling in the back of his head as he dragged his fingers up to Jensen's neck, then into his hair. "Yes," he breathed, thrusting his hips up to meet Jensen's movements "Yes."

Jensen groaned and let his head fall forward, both hands braced over the captain's wide shoulders as he pushed himself up and then down again, undulating himself on the captain's lap, his blood racing in his veins and making him feel almost as high as the drugs. It felt incredible, more intense than anything else, the captain's body hot and perfectly shaped, his pleasure in Jensen's grasp, his to dose, his to give, his to receive. He slowed down, his heart thundering loudly in his chest, off sync against the captain's, one moan after another mingling together in a rush of shared breath.

"Jensen," the captain moaned, his lips hot, scorching over Jensen's neck, over his face and mouth. "You're perfect.... so good."

Jensen shuddered, the praise bringing color to his cheeks. He kept his movements slow, taking advantage of the power he had to drive the captain wild. Turn around was fair play. He threw his head back and groaned. The captain's hand crept up his chest, brushing across his throat, pulses flickering beneath thin skin. "Sir.... so good."

The captain laughed breathlessly, shuddering as Jensen dropped low, his ass pressed against the captain's

balls. His fingers fluttered over Jensen's collarbone, brushing smooth skin. His chest rose and fell sharply with each harsh breath.

"Just like that," the captain whispered, his mouth sucking a bruise into Jensen's chest, right above his nipple. "Fuck, like heaven."

Jensen whimpered and shook, his legs cramped but still determined to bring the captain to the point of no return. He never felt so much in control and his own cock was throbbing and leaking, sliding between his stomach and the captain's, muscles rippling and clenching. "Sir," he murmured, his forehead falling against the captain's shoulder, breath hot and ragged. "Sir..."

"Jared," the captain whispered in his ear, biting at his earlobe, tongue following the shell and collecting the sweat at the juncture of his neck. "Call me Jared. I wanna hear you call my name, beg for me."

"Jared..." Jensen's heart swelled with emotion and he bit his lip to hold back a whimper. He took everything harder, faster, his legs burning as he thrust himself up and down on Jared's cock. His fingers clawed at Jared's chest and his captain shuddered, coming inside of Jensen with a harsh growl.

Jensen opened his mouth but could only gasp as Jared grabbed his hips and lifted him off his cock, flipping him over smoothly and shuffling down to wrap his lips around Jensen's throbbing cock.

"Jared!" Jensen wailed, his fingers curling in the captain's long, tangled hair. He clung on tightly as his cock slid across Jared's tongue, and he shuddered when two long fingers thrust into his hole.

He shrieked, arching almost completely off the bed, his body so overwhelmed with stimulation he didn't know what side was up anymore. He moaned and thrashed, his hips pumping gracelessly up into the wet heat engulfing him, the fingers in his ass stroking his prostrate and having stars dancing in front of his eyes.

"Jared," he yelled, his voice breaking as he fought to breath. "Jared, Jared-" and with that he was gone, coming deep down his throat, his whole body shaking.

Jared pulled off him, licking his lips and lapping up at every last drop Jensen had to offer, some catching on his chin, some on his cheekbones. "So good," he murmured, licking at the V of Jensen's spread legs, up his hips and then down again to Jensen's balls. "So good for me."

Jensen mewled, his throat too raw and dry to form proper words. He hesitantly reached to grasp at Jared's hair, feeling it sweaty damp and soft in his fingers, his whole chest filling with warmth.

"Please.... oh god, please, I can't...." Jensen moaned, his head spinning.

Jared wrapped his hand around Jensen's cock and bit lightly on his thigh. "Come for me... come on sweetheart."

Jensen did as ordered, coming with a whimper and a moan, spilling his release into the captain's hand. There were tears in his eyes as he came, the captain's name on his tongue, echoing in the small cabin.

~ * & * ~

"AND CUT!" Joe bellowed.

Scene Five

Jared lay his head on Jensen's thigh, an arm curled around his waist as the last of his tremors shook off. He stroked his thumb across the indent of Jensen's hip and pressed a secret kiss to the flushed skin of his thigh.

"Hey, baby," Jared whispered warmly.

Jensen cracked one eye open and gave him a smile. "Hey," he whispered, voice hoarse.

Jared smiled, sliding up on the bed until he was eye level with Jensen. "You good?" he murmured, kissing his jaw.

"Mh," Jensen murmured, turning his head a bit so he could kiss the bridge of Jared's nose. "Yeah."

"Good," Jared picked up a robe offered to them by Paul and tucked Jensen away into his arms. "Let's go get a shower, okay?"

Jensen made a happy sound in his throat and curled up against Jared's chest, eyes closed. Jared beamed, kissing his temple and walking off, not even bothering to check with Joe if they were good to go. He seriously didn't give a damn.

Jensen clutched at his shoulders curled up tight and already half asleep. Jared held him up, manhandling him under the hot spray of their shower, washing away sweat and come, holding him up as his knees sagged tiredly.

"Wakey wakey," Jared whispered, holding Jensen up with an arm around his middle, his hand spread across his belly. He rested his chin on Jensen's shoulder. "You okay?"

Jensen yawned and pressed his head against Jared's. "M'fine."

Jared chuckled and walked Jensen back into the bedroom, snagging two robes and wrapping one around Jensen's shoulders. "That was fun." He grinned, nuzzling at Jensen's throat. "I kinda liked seeing you on top."

Jensen mumbled, his eyes closed.

"What?" Jared whispered, kissing his cheek.

"Too much work," Jensen whispered, grinning cheekily at him.

Jared laughed and scooped him up, laying the both of them on the bed, feet entangled one atop of the other. Jensen yawned and tucked his head against the crook of Jared's neck. "Fun, though," he mumbled, his fingers curling into Jared's robe and pulling him closer.

Jared's heart swelled up. "Yeah," he murmured, kissing the top of his head. "It was."

"More..." Jensen yawned again, his jaw popping and he nuzzled right back into Jared's neck. "Nicer. More like this."

"Like what?" Jared asked, stroking Jensen's cheek until he opened his eyes.

Jensen blushed and snuggled closer. "Like... nice... I dunno..." He trailed off, but Jared understood what went unsaid. Jensen liked the emotion behind the shoot. He wasn't being hurt, he wasn't being manipulated, not even in the script. It was about two characters trying to give each other as much pleasure as possible. Jared also suspected that the power Jensen had been able to wield in the shoot had something to do with it.

He smiled to himself, an idea forming in his head. He wanted Jensen to feel more in control. He wanted to give him back that power. The next step was only logical. He'd find a way of convincing Jensen to top. He wasn't sure how, but he'd think of something and make it special.

Until then he could only do what he could, and if that meant manipulating the scripts they had been given, he'd not think twice before making that decision. He kissed Jensen's brow and stroked the back of his neck. "I think that is a good idea."

Jensen forced one eye to open again and smiled sheepishly at Jared. "Think so?"

"I know so," Jared repeated, tightening his hold on him. He kissed his brow, fingers running through his hair and holding him tight. "You were incredible today," he whispered then. "I almost thought I wasn't going to make it for the final shot."

Jensen giggled, his shoulders shaking as he curled up tighter in his Jared cocoon. "Sweet talker."

"I mean it," Jared huffed and poked at him in the ribs, making Jensen squirm. "And you damn well know it."

Jensen looked up at him coyly, all fluttering eyelashes and sparkling green eyes. "...maybe?"

"Tease," Jared kissed his lips, chewing on his bottom one for an instant. "Damn tease."

"Am not," Jensen huffed, his pout ruined as Jared continued to play with his bottom lip.

"Are too," Jared disagreed. "How am I supposed to think straight when all I see is you? You drive me crazy, baby."

Jensen blushed and ducked his head. "I'm sorry?" he tried, a small smile hidden against Jared's throat.

"Like hell you are." Jared chuckled. "I think you enjoy it, driving me wild."

"Maybe a little," Jensen admitted shyly. "I like that I can."

"You have no idea the power you have over me." Jared shook his head, still a little amazed that Jensen could be so ignorant of the facts.

Jensen shrugged, his insecurities clinging to his skin like a damp cloth. "I dunno," he whispered, looking up at Jared again. He hesitated, letting his hand trail up Jared's chest and curl around his neck, his cheeks a little pink. "Sometimes..." he trailed off, worrying his lower lip. "Sometimes it still feels unreal, y'know?"

"What feels unreal, baby?" Jared murmured, kissing his cheek. He knew what Jensen was talking about, but he needed him to say it himself.

"Us," Jensen whispered, eyes darting downcast. "I mean... it's just..." He swallowed, Jared could see the way his Adam apple bobbed nervously with the movement. "It's not that I don't - trust you, you know?" he added anxiously, looking up again. "You know that, right?"

Jared smiled, "Yea, I know."

"Good," Jensen nodded fervently, his fingers tightening in Jared's hair. "I just... never thought I'd- have this, you know?"

Jared felt a pang in his heart that surfaced whenever he turned more than a fleeting thought to the secretive demons in Jensen's past. "Well, you do," he whispered, clutching Jensen closer. "You've got me, and I'm a bit like a cockroach- you'll never be rid of me."

Jensen smiled sleepily. "I know," he whispered, his voice a faint breeze against Jared's cheek. He drifted off to the sound of Jared's heartbeat beneath him, clinging to the warmth and the comfort offered. Once they'd moved beyond the prickly 'hands off' surface, Jensen was perhaps the clingiest person Jared had met. He craved physical contact like a drug, unable to sleep unless some part of Jared was pressed against him.

Jared was surprised at how easy it was to give Jensen what he needed. He was a huggy person himself, but he liked his space. Before Jensen he could go days without touching someone. Now he never seemed to go five minutes without Jensen in his arms.

He'd not have it any other way, They were both addicted. When Jensen wasn't with him, every inch of Jared ached to reach out and touch.

"I love you," he whispered, his lips pressed against Jensen's cheek as he slept on. "More than anything."

A couple of hours peaceful sleep passed on before Jensen started squirming again, pulling Jared out of his slumber, but he didn't mind. He loved being awake before Jensen did, it gave him the chance to study his face and the tiny flickers of unguarded emotions between his eyes.

An angel. Sappy as it might be. A fallen little angel, with a slightly broken wing. Jared was going to fix that wing again and teach him to fly. He knew he could. Hell, he knew he would. He didn't care if it sounded cheesier than that Breakfast at Tiffany's Jensen always sniffled at. When he was with Jensen, a switch turned on in him, something that made him want to be a better person, a better man than he ever was.

Jensen sighed softly, his fingers curling sweetly in Jared's hand. Jared soothed the stirring of consciousness with his fingers, wanting to draw the moment out for as long as he could. Jensen sank into the touch, soft and sweet, and Jared clung to the peace for all he was worth.

"Jay..." Jensen whispered, breaking through the white haze Jared was floating in.

"Hmm?" Jared grunted.

"...I can't feel my hand," he said, sounding faintly amused. Jared cracked open an eye, the interior of the plane flashing in front of him. He looked down to his hand and saw his fingers wrapped tightly around Jensen's wrist.

"Oh fuck... sorry, baby," he whispered, loosening his fingers and drawing Jensen's fingers to his lips.

"s alright," Jensen chuckled, caressing his chin just as he lay his head back against the chair's headrest. He looked out of the tiny window at his side, the palms disappearing underneath them. "I'm sorry to leave," he said then, voice sad.

"We can come back," Jared added immediately, nudging at Jensen's shoulder. "I loved the place, too."

Jensen turned to smile at him, squeezing his hand. "You want to?"

"Of course I do. It has been great." Jared smiled back, kissing his fingertips again before dropping their joined hands in his lap. "We could get a holiday in a few weeks... I think I'll ask Francy once we're home."

Jensen stifled a giggle, "You'd go to such lengths as to speak with Francesca to get a holiday?"

"Of course," Jared replied easily, leaning in to kiss his cheek. "Anything to keep you happy."

Jensen chuckled. "My hero," he whispered, pulling back to look Jared in the eye. "How you holding up?" he asked, biting his lip in worry.

It was no secret that Jared was the worst flyer in the history of ever. He's clung to Jensen on the flight over, and looked set to do the same on the way back. He laughed shakily and flashed Jensen an uneasy smile. "I'm holding up fine and -" the plane pitched and Jared blanched "-dandy."

"Poor thing," Jensen soothed. He reached up and tugged Jared closer, letting him burry his head against Jensen's throat and breath in the calming scent of his skin. "Just take a deep breath and relax. I've got you."

It struck Jared how often he has said the same words to Jensen and a smile crept across his face. It was so good to feel Jensen gain the confidence to speak them back. He curled his arm around Jensen's hip and snuggled closer, letting Jensen pet him absently, the fear quickly vanishing, but the need to stay and let Jensen do his thing overwhelming.

The flight was long. Jared dozed off halfway through, still laying sprawled across Jensen. A smiling, curly haired flight attendant brought them an extra blanket to tuck around Jared's abnormally long legs. Jensen blushed when she grinned sweetly at them and asked him if his boyfriend needed anything, but a storm of butterflies took off in his stomach all the same. He said they didn't, and she left them with extra snuggly pillows and a cup of warm Latte.

Jared snuffled, and tucked his face deeper in the crook of Jensen's neck, his stubble tickling him slightly. Jensen thought he heard a soft sneeze, and he almost giggled out loud.

"Don't you dare get sick on me," he whispered, kissing his forehead even though Jared couldn't hear him.

That was, of course, simply jinxing the matter. By the time they were heading into the arrivals lounge, Jared was sniffing like it was going out of fashion, his nose red and his eyes bloodshot, a suitably boyish pout on his face compounding the look. He foolishly insisted on helping Jensen with the bags, and made a fair attempt at trying to get Jensen to let him drive before quailing under the gale force of Jensen glare.

"I'm not sick," Jared said, then promptly sneezed loud enough to frighten the birds outside the car.

"Uh huh," Jensen nodded. "Straight to bed when we get home."

"But-"

"No buts."

"But-"

"Don't argue with me."

"I just-"

"I'll call Francy."

Jared pouted. "Meanie."

"Damn right. Now in you get, c'mon."

They drove with Chopin playing softly in the background, Jared's snuffled sneezes keeping them company. Jensen wasn't that worried - okay, he was. He was worried because Jared didn't usually complain, not in the slightest, and he'd always been the cheery, positive guy - despite that one or two times where he turned into a complete caveman whenever someone that hurt Jensen was around. Jensen would never dare admit that, but feeling that he was so loved and cherished had gone to his head a bit, making him stupidly giggly for absolute no reason.

Back on the matter at hand though. Jared was getting sick. And it might be only a cold, but his eyes were puffy and bloodshot and his lips pouty, nose red from blowing too hard. Jensen thought he was adorable, even though he would die before saying it. "I'll stop by the pharmacy, get some tylenol, okay?"

"Yeah," Jared mumbled, sniffing again.

Utterly, completely adorable.

By the time they pulled up in town, Jared was a miserable ball of snuffles and Jensen made a dash for the pharmacy. He darted into the 7Eleven on the way back, loading up with Gatorade, and Glucose tablets. Jared was still hunched up in the front seat, his long, strong body somehow curled up in a tight ball.

Jensen took his hand as he drove and stroked the back of Jared's knuckles as he sneezed miserably. "You feel crap?" Jensen asked quietly.

Jared spared him a glance then nodded, a pitiful look on his pale face.

"Will you go straight to bed?" Jensen asked again, his voice soft. He wasn't above pouting his way to victory.

If possible, Jared looked even more sorry for himself. "I can't," he whispered, his big eyes shining.

Jensen pulled into the drive and killed the engine, turning to face Jared and pulling him close. "Jay-"

"I can't now," Jared said miserably, and sneezed again.

"You have to," Jensen whispered, leaning in to push his hair back off his forehead.

"But I -"

"WELCOME HOME!" Chris yelled from the doorway, the pups barking madly and tripping over their considerably grown paws to tear at their alpha males.

Jensen looks taken aback, but he smiles nonetheless as he waves at Chris and his better half walking towards them. Jared sniffles pitifully and attempts to open the car door to fumble outside.

"Well it was high time you two lovebirds got back from paradise," Chris teased, slapping Jensen on his back in his usual way.

Jensen smiled shyly but then quickly rushed to head Jared off before he tried to haul out their cases. Turning a stern glare on Christ and mustering courage that came only from the desire to do right by Jared, he found his inner Francesca and ordered, "Help get him inside to bed before he falls on his face."

Chris' brow furrowed and he looked Jared up and down. "Dude, you're sick."

"No shit," Jared said grumpily. "Always knew you were the brains of the operation."

"He's a bitch when he's sick." Chris grinned at Jensen, who was alternating between a worried frown and a sad pout. "Come on, Jolly Green."

"But.... party..."

"Can wait. I drank all your beer anyway." Chris shrugged, ducking under Jared's arm. "Christ, that is it. No growing any fucking taller you damn giant."

Jensen watched the two friends bicker as Jared grumbled all the way to the door. He'd caught the word 'party' and when he stepped over the threshold and saw his home... his sparkling, beautiful, renovated home, his heart soared with love, and tears stung his eyes. Jared had planned all this, and Christian and Steve had made it happen. He'd never had people like that in his life before.

"Surprise," Jared mumbled weakly, sprawling on the beautiful, peach-tinted couch Jensen had eyed greedily for a week before they left. "Sorry to spoil it," he added, feverish eyes going round and moist as he looked up at Jensen.

Jensen didn't really trust his voice to hold, so he sat down on the carpet (fluffy, white and brown, just as Jensen had wanted it) and pressed a quiet kiss on the side of Jared's face. "Thank you," he murmured, hiding his face in his neck for an instant. There's so much more he wanted to say, but words failed him, and he swept his gaze around the beautiful living room and his newly sanded wooden floors, where Harley was currently skidding and yipping, as hyper as a four year old on sugars.

"You guys want something to eat?" Steve asked with a smile, going to sit in one of the armchairs. "I'd say we'd give you the tour, but I doubt the living dead here is up to walking."

"Fuck you too," Jared grumbled, burrowing deeper in the couch, and Jensen stifled a half laugh, his fingers pushing back Jared's hair to kiss his burning forehead.

"Actually, yeah," he said then, turning back to Steve. "He needs Tylenol - do we have any water?"

"A full sink," Chris joked, opening up a Pellegrino bottle.

Jensen nodded. "Bed. Come on." He tugged Jared up, their fingers entwined together. Jared followed obediently, Harley and Sadie under their feet.

"I'll bring you up something." Steve promised, rolling up the sleeves of his clean shirt. Jensen nodded and smiled in thanks.

He led Jared up smooth, varnished stairs, the small turret like passageway to their bedroom clean and bright with a white base coat, waiting for them to put the final touches of their own style in place. The bedroom was the same. The floor had been sanded, stripping away the years of dirt and damage, and the walls had been plastered smooth. Between them, Chris and Steve had brought their whole house to life.

Jensen had no idea how to start thanking them.

Instead he turned his attention to the man who had arranged it all. Jared was smiling through his runny nose and watery eyes, the odd sniffle and snuffle breaking the silence. "You like?" he asked, voice feeble.

"I love," Jensen whispered, guiding Jared to lay down on their bed and kissing his lips lightly. "Thank you, honestly," he remarked, helping Jared out of his boots and jeans and shirt, tucking him in into soft, new linen sheets. "Just... yeah." he ducked his head, scrubbing the back of his neck.

Jared gives him a bright smile, or as bright as he can muster given present conditions. "Good," he snuffles again, rubbing at his eyes. "Good. I forbid them to have sex in our house, but I somehow don't trust them..."

Jensen chuckled, an odd thrill running down his spine. "I'm sure they did," he says, quirking his eyebrows in amusement.

Jared pulled a face. "Ew."

He pulled Jensen down and made to kiss him before stopping short and pouting. He wanted to kiss Jensen, but didn't want to pass on anything contagious. Jensen smiled and kissed him anyway before curling up on the bed. He stroked Jared's hair and watched him drift in and out of an uneasy slumber, his heart aching and the miserable sounds he made as he slept.

After about twenty minutes there was a knock on the door, and Chris walked in, closely followed by Steve, who was carry a tray loaded with items, including a bowl of soup.

"Thank you," Jensen whispered, meaning so much more than the painkillers and the food.

When he said thank you, what he meant was 'thank you for being our friends'. Chris waved him off and shook his head.

"You're gonna need all the help you can get. The last time he got sick I nearly killed him to put all of us out of our misery."

Jensen smiled and cast an affectionate gaze down at Jared's slumbering face.

"Still... thank you."

"It's fine." Steve smiled, setting the box of Kleenex he had brought up on the bedside table, along with a jug of juice. "I'm glad you guys like it."

Jensen smiled softly, running his fingers through Jared's hair. "I adore it."

"You should decorate it," Steve says, popping a few pills and putting them on the tray next to the jug. "It's a bit cut and dry now."

"We'll have time," Jensen smiled again, utterly entranced in the lines of Jared's slumbering face. All the time in the world.

"How was the shooting?" Chris asked, genuine curiosity in his voice as he sat down over the rug next to Steve. Steve glared at him but he bugged out his eyes in a "so what" expression, and Jensen stifled a chuckle.

"It was - good," he blushed lightly, suddenly feeling a bit self-conscious. "Um... well, a bit exhausting," he added, because yes, the conditions they shot in had been insane.

"Jared told us you had a private villa," Steve said, obviously trying to steer away from the subject. Chris stuck his tongue out and Jensen couldn't help but grin at their antics.

"Yeah, the studio found us this beautiful little spot right by the sea." Jensen could still imagine the breeze on his face and longed for Jared to get better enough to walk on the beach with him like they had in Hawaii.

"Do you get to do that a lot?" Chris asked, his eyes earnestly intrigued, despite Steve's warning glares.

"What?" Jensen asked, nudging Jared gently until he groaned and opened his eyes.

"You know... travel," he said, obviously not sure how best to phrase the question.

Jensen shrugged, not paying much attention in the face of Jared's pitiful, sleepy expression. "Sometimes. Not much. I used to go to Canada a fair bit."

Steve reached over and passed Jensen Jared's pills, helping him manhandle the sick, half asleep grump that was Jared unto a sitting position. "Open up, Jay," Jensen encouraged, tickling Jared under his knee to trigger a reaction. Jared whimpered and opened his mouth for the pills before dropping face first back on the pillowed and groaning.

"I'm dying," Jared moaned, kicking at the comforter until it slipped off his legs, sweat making his shirt stick to his back. "I'm hot."

"That too," Jensen grinned, kissing the top of his head. He couldn't deny that he found a sick boyfriend all sorts of cute. "C'mon, drink up," he cooed, turning Jared up again and putting the glass of juice to his lips. "Here we go. Easy now."

Jared made a sound of discontent but he slobbered down half the glass before closing his lips in a pout and burrowing into Jensen's side. "Burns. Throat."

"It means he's got a sore throat," Chris translated, grinning maniacally. "Oh, I don't envy you."

"We'll help," Steve promised, smiling slightly.

"It's fine," Jensen chuckled, kissing the top of Jared's head as he helped him out of his sweaty t-shirt and stood to get a clean one from their unpacked suitcases. "We'll manage."

Chris took the cue to bound to his feet and grin devilishly. "Just remember you said that of your own free will," he cackled.

Steve shook his head and began to tug Chris away by the elbow. "Call us if you need anything."

"Thanks." Jensen smiled, manhandling Jared into the shirt, limbs and head unresponsive and jelly like. The door closed behind them, and Sadie bounced up on bed, burrowing into Jared's lap and looking up at him through sad eyes. "Off the bed." Jensen shooed, "Good girl. Your daddy's sick and needs his rest. I'll come play with you in a bit."

She barked but obeyed.

Jared whimpered and clung to Jensen as if he were seeking comfort from a favorite teddy. "Jeeeeeeeeeeeeeeen," he whined. "I'm sick."

"I've noticed," Jensen said mildly, untangling himself and forcing Jared back under the covers. "You'll catch a cold."

"It's LA," Jared protested, trying to wriggle out again.

"Do as you're told," Jensen scolded.

Jared pouted miserably but complied, sweat making his skin itch. "It's too warm," he whined again, attempting to disentangle himself from the covers. "Jen?" he asked then, big pouty feverish eyes turned up to him in full kicked puppy mood. Jensen felt his heart melt. "Water?"

"I have some water here," he murmured, picking up the bottle and pouring him a new glass. "Here it is."

Jared gulped it down, face all scrunched up and bemoaning that his throat hurt as soon as he finished. Jensen put his hand up on Jared's forehead, feeling his temperature and frowning a little at how hot he really was. "I think I should check whether you have a fever," he said, pressing a kiss over the bridge of his nose. "Don't toss back the covers while I'm gone."

He walked out of the room and to the other bathroom, hoping someone had thought of leaving a first aid kit and making a mental note to thank Steve once he found it, stocked with everything from gauze to headache pills and, luckily for them, a thermometer.

Jared cracked open an eye when Jensen stepped back into the bedroom and pouted. "Is this revenge for that time I put my hand in your ass?" he asked, whimpering and glaring at the thermometer as if it was a giant sized dildo.

Jensen rolled his eyes and pressed the bulb between Jared's lips. "Don't be a baby, Jay," he said, no heat in his voice. Jared gave him the most deadly of his puppy dog pouts, and fairies dropped dead across the world when Jensen was able to ignore it. He checked the temperature on the dial. 102. High, too high, but not dangerously so. "I am hereby confining you to bed for the weekend. if I see you on your feet you have better be going to the bathroom or fleeing an alien invasion."

Jared flopped miserably back down and made a sound that sounded suspiciously like a sob. "Stay with me?" he whined. "I dunn like being in bed alone anymore."

Jensen wasn't sure if Jared was being serious, or just melodramatic, but he couldn't deny the plea tugged his heart painfully. He didn't like seeing Jared miserable. Especially when there was not much he could do to help.

"Okay," he promised, crossing the room to switch on the small television before crawling on to the bed and pulling Jared closer. he only had to lay his hand on Jared's arm before he had a lap full of Padalecki, long arms and legs sprawled all over him. Jared's head nuzzled into the crook of Jensen's neck, and within minutes he was snoring loudly.

Jensen sighed and kissed the top of his head. The only thing he really was sorry for was that Jared's big celebration plans had been shot to hell. He knew Jared must have spent hours on the phone organizing everything and he hated that because of the bug he couldn't have enjoyed their coming home as he wanted. He kissed him again, lighter this time, and pulled the comforter higher on Jared's chest, even if it meant that he was going to be a sticky, sweaty mess once he crawled out of the covers.

Jet lag must have taken the best of Jensen too, because when he next opened his eyes it was dark outside, and the only light came from the muted buzzing TV on top of the desk of drawers. Jensen groaned and stretched, feeling Jared's forehead again and tenderly wiping a trail of drool off his chin.

The move must have juggled Jared because he cracked one eye open, squinting up and Jensen and giving him a pained, drowsy smile. "Hey," he mumbled, closing his eyes again and snuggling closer to his side.

"Hey yourself," Jensen whispered. "How'd you feel?"

"Like shit." Jared moaned, his face buried against Jensen. "The runny kind."

Jensen pulled a face. "That's just nasty," he grumbled. Jared clutched him tighter.

"S'how I feel," he whimpered.

"Poor baby," Jensen humoured him. "Now it's time for something to eat." They'd not touched Steve's soup, and he knew Jared would need something more filling. The boy ate like an army.

"I'm not hungry." Jared whimpered, holding Jensen tighter when he tried to untangle them both.

"You must be dying," Jensen teased, pressing a loving kiss to Jared's forehead. "Or possessed."

"I'm sick!" Jared emphasized, pointing at his chest and coughing pitifully for good measure. "Really sick."

"Didn't you always say Steve is a great cook?"

Jared pouted. "Not as great as you. And 'm not hungry."

"You need to keep up your strength." Jensen stroked his back twice, leaning in to press a kiss to Jared's nose. "And then you need your medicine."

"I'm all sticky," Jared moaned, burrowing deeper in the bed until only his nose poked out. Jensen tried to keep back a smile as he detangled himself from the covers and tucked the ends in around Jared's back.

"I'll go make you some chicken noodles now, okay? But you have to eat it."

"No," Jared said stubbornly, the pout clear despite his face being hidden.

Jensen found him most stern voice and put his hand on his hips. "You will eat if I have to sit on you and force it down your throat."

"Meanie." Jared sniffled, tossing around under the covers in an attempt to get comfortable.

"I'll call Francy," Jensen said in a sing-song voice, grinning to himself when Jared fell still on the bed for a long pause.

"Fine. But *only* noodles."

Jensen bent down to kiss him through the covers. "Cross my heart," he swore, gathering the trash and the empty jug to take down to the kitchen.

He was half way down the stairs when Jared called after him. "Then you gotta come back and be my snuggle buddy."

Jensen didn't respond, sniggering all the way down to the kitchen.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 14:

Stand next to me through the storm

Rating: NC-17

Word Count: Less than 10,00 (just).

Summary: Sometimes knowledge is power.

Warnings: Angst, angst, mentions of non-con, more angst.

I: It was a huge step for the both of you. Ever afraid that it would diminish your on-screen chemistry?

JA: No.

JP: I love how self assured you are.

JA: (elbows) It was just... the right time to take a new direction. (blush)

JP: Truthfully, living together has helped us a lot.

JA: Yes, he now eats healthy food.

JP: (blows kisses) in the most unconventional ways....

JA: (blushes and elbows)

One of these days Jared was going to kill him with hotness. Even doing the most unattractive, mundane tasks he was quite frankly bad for Jensen's health. Hanging pictures in a wife-beater Jensen had accidentally shrunk in the wash and a pair of illegally low hung work pants, Jared was sweaty, dirty, and downright sinful.

Jensen distracted himself with the puppies and tried to ignore the way Jared's pants slid low enough to show his sharp hipbones. He'd bounced back from his brush with the fatal cold and was once again the poster boy for hyperactivity, hanging up pictures at all hours and painting everything he could lay his hands on.

Jared slouched his hip, and Jensen grinned to himself. Jared was doing it on purpose, asshole.

"You satisfied with this here?" Jared asked, nodding to the beautiful painting he had just hung on the wall opposite the couch. He licked his lips, drumming thoughtfully on the top step of the ladder. "Jen?" he asked again, turning to glance back at where Jensen was standing with his mouth wide open.

Jared grinned. This could prove interesting. "Jen?" he spoke with a slightly lower voice. His fingers trailed down the uncovered side of his abs, pushing his pants a little lower.

"Uh...." Jensen blinked, shaking his head and scratching Harley's belly. "Uh.... yes?"

"Are you satisfied with this here?" He murmured, leaning a little lower on his ladder.

Jensen nodded mutely. The picture could be upside down and cock-eyed for all he cared. Jared's voice had hit the dangerously intimate tone he used when he was turned on, and Jensen was unable to look above the line of tanned skin peeking out below the dirty white tank.

"It's fine." He said, his mouth dry. It really wasn't fair. There was only so much Jensen could take.

"You got anything else you want hung, baby?" Jared drawled, leaning back on the ladder and letting his long legs do the talking.

Jensen swallowed. Jared didn't sound right. He sounded... he sounded... Jensen searched his mind for a frame of reference and nearly choked on his tongue when the answer came. Jared was fucking *playing*.

The notion shot straight to Jensen's dick, his insides smothering with heat as he let his eyes trail up all the way over Jared's body. He tried to stifle a groan as Jared pulled up his wife beater to smear a line of sweat and what appeared to be sawdust into his skin.

"Won't you answer me, baby?" Jared slipped one step lower, hooking his arm behind his head and leaning back again. "You feelin' under the weather?"

Jensen's body heat increased considerably, his sweaty palms stilling on Harley's fur. He snapped his mouth closed, standing up on unsteady legs. "I don't know," he murmured, surprised by the roughness of his own voice. "What did you have in mind?"

Jared's smirk said it all, and Jensen shifted, his jeans feeling too tight all of a sudden. "Anything you want, baby. But we really gotta talk about my pay. It ain't right to expect a boy to work his ass off all day and not get anything in return."

Jensen's throat was too tight, and too dry, but he tried to play it cool. "Maybe I don't think you've done a good enough job." He murmured. "Maybe I don't think it's worth it."

"Oh, it's worth it, alright."

"Maybe not."

Jared stepped down off the final rung and stalked slowly across the room. "Don't tell me you're gonna hold out on me now, baby," he purred, running his fingertips down Jensen's chest.

Jensen stifled a moan, unconsciously taking half a step closer. Jared grinned, hooking his fingertips playfully in the belt loops of Jensen's jeans. "After all this running around I would've suspected I had exceeded expectations..."

"What makes you think so?" Jensen was quite proud of the way his voice didn't shake as he asked the question.

Jared cocked a playful eyebrow at him and inched slowly closer, until his mouth is right next Jensen's ear, breath hot and damp and causing goose bumps to appear all over Jensen's skin. "Your body makes me think so," he murmured, teeth barely grazing the fleshy part of his earlobe. "And it speaks quite loudly."

Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head and he jerked forward, sweat pooling between his shoulder blades. Jared's hand curled around his back before slipping past the waistband of Jensen's jeans to palm his ass. "I think you appreciate my efforts more than you're willing to admit." He grinned, his lips warm over Jensen's skin as tugged him closer.

Jensen panted heavily, his fingers curling around the hard flesh of Jared's biceps. "No," Jensen said, grasping at his sanity and shaking his head firmly, trying to stay in the game. "A good job is a good job."

"You're not satisfied?" Jared said, his voice whiskey and honey as it brushed across Jensen's throat. His fingers squeezed Jensen's ass when he got no answer. "Didn't I do everything you wanted me to?"

Jensen groaned. He was never any good to standing up to one of Jared's sensual attacks on set, and it seemed this was no different. If anything, it was worse. There was no one watching them, no one judging. He could be anything he wanted to be with Jared, and know nothing would be denied him.

"I don't --" he hummed, his moan turning into a whine when Jared's hand spread his asscheeks a little through the denim. "I -- don't think so." He bit his lip, opening his eyes to look into Jared's heavy-lidded eyes.

Jared's mouth tipped up at the corners, and he bowed his head to mouth at Jensen's nipple through the cloth of his shirt. "Are you trying to get a discount?"

"Yes," Jensen moaned, forgetting what he was agreeing to as he rubbed against Jared's hard thigh. "Yes."

"So let's see what we can do about that," Jared murmured, his teeth pulling gently at cotton and flesh, feeling it harden under his lips and tongue. He started to walk them backwards until he could press Jensen down on the plush cushions of the couch, his other hand pulling Jensen's zipper down teasingly slow.

Each click of metal echoed in Jensen's head and he doubled it with each of his whimpers, until Jared's hand closed around his balls. "You always go commando, baby?"

"Saves laundry," Jensen mumbled, clutching Jared's hair as his balls were rolled in Jared's large palm. The denim caught around Jensen's thighs and he squirmed, unable to open his legs wider for Jared's exploration. He whined low in his throat and Jared chuckled darkly. His free hand slid up Jensen's chest teasingly, dragging the soft fabric of his cotton t-shirt up to bunch under his arms.

"Pretty." He cooed, leaning down to suckle on one taut nipple.

"This... isn't... getting.... pictures.... hung." Jensen panted, whimpering as teeth played lightly with his nipples and the hand around his balls made no show of moving.

"I'll get to them." Jared promised, moving lower, his tongue painting patterns on the tanned skin of Jensen's belly. "But right now I can think of better things to do."

"Such - oh god- as?" Jensen moaned, his legs sprawled all over the couch, Jared's knees settling in the open V created by his thighs.

"Maybe you have an idea," Jared drawled lazily, the tip of his finger teasing the soft, tender skin behind his balls. Jensen yelped, bucking up in Jared's touch, a big, warm hand cradling his balls and pulling them tight up his body as he let Jared's tongue trailed from one nipple to the other.

"Nhgh," Jensen twitched helplessly, his hands grasping for purchase at Jared's dirty wife beater, the worn out cotton damp with perspiration already. He moaned, his cock throbbing on his stomach, precome leaving a slick trail over the smooth panel of his abs.

"Still unsatisfied with my work?" Jared murmured, using his free hand pulling Jensen's shirt further up until his lips could kiss a trail over Jensen's collarbone. His dark, cat-like eyes fixed on Jensen's searching for something he wouldn't question, before he took a firm hold of Jensen's t-shirt and tugged it over his head, pulling down on the fabric until it tangled awkwardly around Jensen's biceps, pinning his arms down.

Jensen's breathing picked up a notch and Jared paused, piercing him with an intense gaze that stole Jensen's breath almost as much as the restraint did. Soft lips closed over his, a kiss he knew far better than the playful persona Jared wore as he turned once more to wriggling Jensen's jeans down.

Melting into the kiss, Jensen relaxed into the cushions of the couch, anticipation so much more intense.

"God, the things you make me wanna do to you," Jared exclaimed, his hands and lips making hit and run contact with Jensen's skin, almost as if Jared had no idea what he wanted to do first.

Jensen closed his eyes and took a breath. "Tell me."

Jared paused, as if he were thinking about it. "I want to see you lose yourself in me," he murmured, voice hot and moist over the side of Jensen's neck. "I want to worship every inch of your body with my mouth... hold you down and lick you open... feel you give way underneath me."

Jensen shivered, not daring to open his eyes. Jared's voice was soft like silk, it made his skin tingle all over, his breath accelerate and come out ragged, gasping. "I want to kiss you all over, get that beautiful cock of yours in my mouth... make you lose your mind, go fucking crazy. I want to make you come over

and over, feel your come dribble on my face, down my lips."

Jensen groaned, his cock pulsing heavily between his legs, the images Jared was painting with his words burning on the back of his eyelids. "God," he whimpered, the tips of Jared's fingers sneaking under his balls to rest teasingly at the entrance of his body, Jared's hand flat between his legs, rough denim keeping it there. "Jared..."

"Gonna make you call my name, fucking scream it. Wanna hear you scream for me and watch you shake apart. Christ, wanna see the look on your beautiful face when you come." Jared braced his hands on Jensen's hips, loving the way his fingers framed the sharp lines of Jensen's abs.

Jensen wiggled violently and was able to squirm his way out of his t-shirt and clutch at Jared's shoulders, his chest rising and falling sharply as Jared worked at every sensitive spot he had, holding him down with those huge, gentle hands of his.

"You want that, baby?" Jared drawled, his dark eyes sparkling and wide blown with lust.

Jensen nodded and the world spun as he was flipped over on the couch and Jared's lips sealed over the nape of his neck. "So gorgeous, so goddamn beautiful," he whispered, his voice soft with praise as he kissed a wet line down the curve of Jensen's back, his hands skimming at his sides.

Jensen blushed and buried his face in the cushion to hide it, one of Jared's hands travelling up over his stomach to play with the tiny indent of his navel, ignoring Jensen's weeping cock not an inch away.

"Jay," Jensen moaned, not knowing if he should roll his hip back against the scorching heat of Jared's mouth or rub forward, trying to get some friction over his hard dick.

"Right here," Jared whispered, peeling Jensen's jeans off his legs before blanketing him with his body. He kissed the tender spot behind Jensen's ear, hoisting him up a few inches until he was pressed completely over Jared's sturdy torso.

Jensen let out a soft, breathy sigh, his eyes fluttering shut as Jared's hand encircled the base of his cock and squeezed, precome beading at the head, smearing down his shaft with each down stroke. His knees were shaking, Jared's mouth attacking each spot over his neck and back that made him buckle.

"Ugh," Jensen moaned, arching forward into Jared's hand. He moaned and whimpered, caught between the lips that sucked lightly on his throat, and the hand around his cock.

"You make the prettiest sounds." Jared whispered, his hips rutting forward, his cotton covered dick ridding the crease of Jensen's ass.

"Jay, please," Jensen shuddered, reduced to begging so quickly under Jared's talented hands.

"What do you want, beautiful?" Jared asked, pressing Jensen down into the cushions of their new couch.

You. Just You, Jensen thought.

"Please..."

"Anything. Anything for you," Jared whispered, letting Jensen's cock go and framing the sides of his hips with both hands and settling lower between Jensen's legs.

The first press of his tongue over the swollen ring of muscle made Jensen wail, the second had him push back frantically on Jared's face, rising on his hands and knees. Jared moaned, his thumbs going to caress the inner skin of Jensen's ass cheeks, spreading him a little for the talented push and prods of his tongue inside Jensen's opening.

"I could go on all day, all night," Jared mumbled, a quick series of teasing laps at Jensen's quivering hole before he pressed a hot kiss over the dimple in his back. "You don't even know how beautiful you are."

Jensen whimpered, his skin feeling too damn tight for his body. "Jared, god, please," he begged again, arching up in Jared's touch and moaning desperately when Jared resumed his torture.

"I'll give you what you want, baby," Jared promised, keeping Jensen beneath him, every soft sound catalogued. "Always what you want." His lips traced a pattern up along Jensen's spine, dipping with each shallow curve of his ribs, up to the vulnerable skin at the nape of his neck. "Anything you want."

Jensen sighed, melting under Jared's hands. Asking for what he wanted no longer seemed like an admission of weakness... it was an equal exchange, and a secret smile spread across his lips. "I want you," he whispered, seeing Jared's smile behind his closed eyes. "Inside of me. I want you to fuck me."

Jared's soft groan whispered across the back of Jensen's neck. "Yeah... okay, yeah." He moved slowly up Jensen's body and climbed off him, pressing a small kiss over the curve of Jensen's shoulder blade. "I'll be right here, okay?" he murmured, running his fingers through his hair.

Jensen blinked up at him, mouth half open. "Where're you goin'?"

Jared chuckled and knelt down on the carpet, kissing his lips slowly. "Lube," he mumbled, stroking Jensen's cheek. "Sadly, this ain't a set, and I don't have it at the ready."

"Oh." Jensen blushed to the roots of his hair and snuggled his face into the pillow, trying to contain an embarrassed, mile wide smile. "Okay."

Jared caressed his back once before bouncing off towards the bathroom, getting back not a minute later and resuming his position between Jensen's legs. He started to map out Jensen's back with thorough, heated kisses, feeling Jensen's muscles ripple and give way underneath him, Jensen's breathy, needy moans shooting straight to Jared's dick, still trapped in his work pants.

He flicked the top off the lube and let the thin liquid drip down onto Jensen's back. His thumb slid across slick skin, rubbing in slow, hypnotic circles until Jensen's skin shone, before repeating the process. He moved gradually lower, until the clear drizzle formed a dashed line across the curve of Jensen's ass.

Jensen mewled softly his body warm and pliant under Jared's hands. When the circles drawn in the lube reached the valley of his ass, Jared's thumb dipped lightly into the small, tight entrance. "I love the way you open up for me," he whispered, entranced as he added more lube and his thumb slid in further. "Love the way you feel."

"Jay..." Jensen clutched at the cushions of the couch and tried to turn enough to look over his shoulder.

"Shush, I'm here." More lube, and Jared slipped his index finger alongside his thumb. "Right here."

Jensen mewled and turned right back with a groan, his eyes half closed, mouth hanging open as he pushed back on Jared's hand. "Oh god, oh - " his moan broke mid-way when Jared eased in another finger, sweat pooling between his shoulder blades and down the curve of his ass, making the action all the more hotter and slicker.

"Jared-" he groaned, and then keened out loudly when Jared's fingertips crooked just right over his sweet spot.

"Here, baby, right here. Anything." He kissed Jensen's neck, then slowly withdrew his fingers, using his knees to spread Jensen's legs a bit more. Jensen whimpered at the loss, trying to rut back into thin air until Jared's hand stopped his frantic moves, holding him gently down into the cushions as he slipped home, a loud groan reverberating through the partially furnished room.

Jensen gasped, his throat dry. He could feel the thick fabric of Jared's work pants brushing against his thighs, trapped between Jared's skin and his. Jared's warm hands curled around his hips, gently guiding him up, until he could balance on one knee, the other leg dangling over the edge of the couch. Jared's weight blanketed him from above, his arm curled around Jensen's hips, pressed as close as possible, his cock held snug in the tight channel of Jensen's ass.

"Baby... Jensen..." Jared panted, his body trembling. Jensen was right there in his arms, perfect, the softest, neediest sounds escaping his lips.

"Jay, please... please..." Jared nuzzled the side of his neck, sweat damp hair tickling his cheek.

"I love you," Jared blurts out, the words tight with emotion. He bruises a kiss into Jensen's shoulder blade, keeping him up safe and secure against his chest as he started to pull back out, slowly, almost too slow for Jensen's overworked brain to compute.

"Jay-" he mewled, the sound a muted garbled that ended in a moan as Jared pushed right back in, hitting Jensen's prostrate and making his world spin before his eyes. "God-"

Jensen struggled up enough to brace his hands against the arm of the couch and Jared hid a grin in the curve of his neck. He trusted Jensen's balance enough to reach alongside him, his arms bracketing Jensen's, his hands wrapped over Jensen's. "So good, god, baby. You feel so good."

Jensen gasped, his fingers clutching at the couch, caught beneath Jared's large hands. "Harder," he encouraged, for the first time demanding what he wanted. "Jay, please."

Jared kissed the curve of his neck. He didn't need to answer. He'd give Jensen anything he wanted.

Jensen groaned, fingers twitching in Jared's grasp as he rolled back on his knees, thrusting up as Jared was sinking in, making the both of them cry out in utter pleasure. Jared gasped and buried his face in the crook of Jensen's neck, struggling to hold onto his control as he draw out and back in again, setting up a slow, deep pace that was designed to drive them both insane, the head of his cock hitting Jensen's prostrate with every new roll of his hips, each whimpered breath paid in with a kiss, a whisper, a promise.

Jensen's soft moans rolled over Jared like a prayer. He held on tight, arms sliding against Jensen's own as they rocked on the couch, hot coals curling up in his belly as he felt his orgasm fast approaching. He pulled one hand off Jensen's, skimming his palm over his chest and stomach, but Jensen's hand grasped at his wrist and guided him back over the armrest of the couch before he could grab his cock.

"This is enough," Jensen whispered, arching in Jared's thrust.

Jared's eyes darkened, his heart throbbing loudly in his ears. Jensen was using every trick he knew to drive Jared wild, his body clenching and his hips arching at an angle only vast experience could teach. He'd never let go like that before, his skills more something to be ashamed of, not exploited. Jared had the feeling that if Jensen really went wild and let loose everything he had done and knew how to do, he probably put Jared in an early grave. "Fuck." He hissed, his fingers curling over Jensen's. The touch was almost a restraint, almost a tender entwining of fingers, and somehow managed to be both. Jensen lowered himself on his elbows and thrust his ass back against Jared's hips.

The sudden move drove Jared even deeper than before, and his groan drowned out Jensen's harsh breaths and needy whimpers.

Jared tightened his fingers around Jensen's and snapped his hips forward. If Jensen wanted everything, then he'd give him it.

Jensen cried out, body convulsing under Jared's, and it didn't take more than a few precise thrusts to make Jensen come, thick white ropes coating the leather of their new couch and the t-shirt he'd thrown under him.

Jared held on for dear life, trying to draw out Jensen's orgasm as much as he could, his rhythm relenting before picking up a second time, but he knew he wouldn't last much longer. Jensen clenched down, hard, and the world went spinning before Jared's eyes as he buried his face in the back of Jensen's neck and hoisted him up until he was sitting in his lap.

The change in angle made Jensen moan desperately, his hands grabbling for purchase backwards over Jared's shoulders, and Jared knew no more. He sealed his lips over Jensen's neck and came, his hands shaking as he held on Jensen tight, everything whitening out with the force of his release.

The fine tremors that ran through Jensen's body evened out as he pressed back against Jared's chest. "That... wow," he panted, "I knew you shoulda come with a warning label."

Jared laughed and buried his face against Jensen's back. His hands reached up to gently stroke Jensen's sides, soothing and tender. "You okay? That kinda... came outta nowhere."

Jensen laughed breathlessly and winced as he climbed off Jared's lap. "Totally your fault," he said stubbornly, flashing Jared a blush tinted grin. "You just..." He looked down at his hands and whispered, "I wanted you."

The couch cushions shifted under Jared's weight as he pulled Jensen back into his arms, curled up close, his heart still pounding in his ears. "Any time you want me, baby, I'm all yours."

Jensen's blush deepened and he burrowed in Jared's side, trying to grin. "Was that -" he cleared his throat, not daring to look up at him. "Was that alright?"

Jared's eyes bugged out of his head and he turned to look at him as he'd gone insane. "Are you shittin' me?"

Jensen shrugged, still avoiding his eyes. "Was it?"

Jared ran his fingers over Jensen's face, tilting his head up and pressing a kiss to the bridge of his nose. "You might have missed the part where I came apart at the seams," Jared murmured, kissing his cheeks again, then his lips. "You never have to ask me that, alright?"

Jensen's smile was soft and sweet. "Okay," he whispered, snuggling close, before his body tensed and Jared automatically held him tighter.

"Baby?" He asked, voice tight with worry.

Jensen looked up and glared. "If you've got come on the couch, *you* can explain it to the cleaner."

Jared blinked, totally nonplussed by the abrupt shift in mood, before the conversation caught up with him and he opened his mouth to protest. "If I got come on the couch?" He grabbed Jensen around the waist and dug his fingers into his ribs. "I ain't the only one that enjoyed that," he teased, using his hold to swing Jensen around off the couch.

"DOWN!" Jensen shrieked, although his voice was cracked with laughter. "Bad Jared!"

Jared rolled his eyes at him and flopped them down on the carpet, catching Jensen on top of him. "You are a freak," he said affectionately, kissing all along his jaw. "But I love you."

Jensen's pout melted immediately and he settled a bit more comfortably over Jared's body, pillowing his head over Jared's chest. He sighed, closing his eyes and pressing a kiss over his neck. "You know, right?" he asked after a beat.

"Mhh?" Jared mumbled, clearly drifting away in post-orgasmic bliss. Jensen poked at his cheek, and Jared opened one eye to look at him. "You do know, right?" he mumbled again, words tumbling over each other as he tried to make him understand.

"I do," Jared smiled, stroking his back. "Stop worrying."

"I'm not..." Jensen protested, his fingers drawing ticklish patterns on Jared's chest.

"Are too," Jared teased gently, kissing Jensen's brow. "You don't gotta say it." *I can see it*, he thought. Jensen might be an actor, but when it came to his eyes, they told Jared everything he needed to know, and sometimes far more than he thought Jensen intended.

"You deserve that. More," Jensen said softly. He rested his chin on the back of his hand and met Jared's gaze unflinchingly. "You deserve someone who tells you everyday how much you mean to them."

Jared sighed and rolled them over, letting Jensen rest more comfortably against his side. "People can say all kinds of things and never mean them. I don't have to hear you say it to know you mean it."

Jensen bit his lower lip and settled back over Jared's chest, shuffling a bit and throwing one leg over his hip, clutching at him like a teddy. "Alright," he mumbled, giving Jared a small smile. "If you say so."

"I do," Jared nodded solemnly and squeezed him a bit tighter. Jensen yawned, and Jared immediately made to stand up. "Bed," he ordered, collecting him in his arms. "No sleeping on the carpet, it'll be hell on your back."

Jensen chuckled as he stifled another yawn and burrowed against him. "I imagine I will not walk to the bedroom, right?"

"Nope," Jared grinned, kissing his cheek. "Let me spoil you rotten."

Jensen laughed and wrapped his arms around his neck. He didn't have any objections to that.

I: So you're had a few encounters with the law. Have they done themselves proud?

JP: Can't say I'm a huge fan.

JA: They tried...

*JP: And failed. It took them weeks to catch the ***** who broke in.*

JA: Watch your language, Jay.

I: Rumour is that it was a targeted attack. Your agents have never been very forthcoming with the details.

JA: They know the value of discretion.

JP: More like they don't want to dump us in it...

JA: (glares)

"Yello?" Jared bounded over to the kitchen phone and snatched it from the wall, sticking his tongue out at Jensen as he answered. From his place by the stove, Jensen rolled his eyes and stirred the bubbling soup he was making.

"Is Jensen there?"

Jared blinked. "Huh?"

"Is Jensen there?" Francy repeated, her tone very serious.

Jared blinked. He was about to ask *where the fuck else would he be*, but thought better of it. Weaponry, lawyers. "Yes, hang on. It's Francesca," he told a puzzled Jensen as he passed him the phone.

Jensen took it with a small smile, "*Ciao. Come stai?*"

Jared shook his head and grinned as he went to take out a few dog treats from the cupboard to throw to the puppies. They were getting big now, and they could knock you off as easy as anything. Jared giggled as he watched them bound over one another as they fought for the same threat, but his laughter died in his throat when he turned to meet Jensen's empty eyes across the room.

The bag of doggie biscuits fell on the floor as Jared rushed up to him, hands on Jensen's waist as he pulled

him in. "What? What's going on?"

"They -" Jensen's voice scratched like chalk on blackboard. "They got' em."

"Them?" Jared asked, even as his brain kicked into gear and provided the information. *Them.*

He pulled Jensen tight against his chest, his own arms a worried, protective barrier from the world. "Let me talk to her." He said softly, prying the phone from Jensen's numb fingers.

"Who are they?" He demanded bluntly, his hand flat against Jensen's back, fingers stretched wide, as if the more of Jensen he covered, the safer he could make them.

Francesca said nothing for over a minute, long enough to prompt a growl from the back of Jared's throat. "Tell. Me."

"Not unless you promise not to go anything stupid," she said darkly.

"That ain't likely."

"Then it ain't likely that I tell you."

"Francesca, cazzo," Jared gritted out, the Italian curse word leaving his lips almost muffled through the clenching of his teeth. "It's no time to play fuckin' mind games."

She didn't say anything for another handful of seconds, but maybe the use of her mother tongue impressed her enough to spill the beans. "There's a line-up at the police department, with those two dickheads you talked to last time. They want you to go and tell them if you recognise anyone."

"But you know we do," Jared said slowly, having dealt with Francesca's Sicilian side long enough to understand what she was leaving unsaid.

"It is possible."

Jared growled again. Jensen was quiet against him, fingers curled in Jared's shirt.

"Those two bastrdi figli di puttana from the shoot," she admitted, her voice quiet with barely restrained anger. "The ones who-"

Jared didn't need her to finish. Jona and Kevin. Those sons of bitches that'd made Jensen bleed.

Jamming his thumb down on the call button, Jared killed the conversation. He kissed Jensen on the forehead before dialling Chris's number.

"Paddy!" Chris greeted brightly, "What can I do you for?"

"I need you to come over," Jared said seriously. "And Steve too."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothin's wrong, I need help with dinner," Jared said casually, "I have to go on an errand and I don't want to bail on Jensen."

"Right. Okay, we'll be there. You need me to bring something over?"

A gun. "Nah, it's fine. Just be quick? I'm hungry already."

"You're always hungry."

"Fair point." Jared disconnected the call and kissed Jensen lightly again. "I'm not ducking out on the elbow grease, see?" he said with a small grin.

"Where are you going?" Jensen asked softly, none of the earlier sparkle in his eyes.

"Just out," he said softly, reaching up to stroke the back of Jensen's neck. "I'll be back soon," he promised.

"You can't go... you can't..." Jensen trailed off, looking away.

"Jen..." Jared didn't know what to say. 'I'm popping out to put a bullet in someone's head' didn't have the right ring to it. "I have to do this."

Jensen shook his head stubbornly. "No, you don't. I don't need you to go out and make some stupid, noble gesture, I need you here. With me."

"I'll be right back. I just need to go there, finalize the charges, and I'll get home before you know it." He held him tighter, pressing a quiet kiss to the side of his head. "We need to avenge Sir Hugsalot," he added, rubbing Jensen's back with long, sure strokes.

Jensen shuddered and pressed closer to him. "Francy's already going there," he mumbled. "You don't have to leave..."

Christ, what now? Jared needed to get there, see for himself - he needed to have names, names of people he could destroy for hurting Jensen, his Jensen. But at the same time the soft pleading was getting to him more than he should allow it. He felt his resolve weaken, and he enveloped Jensen in his arms again, tucking Jensen's head under his chin.

"I'm not leaving," Jared promised him.

Jensen relaxed a little against him, his cheek warm under Jared's. They stood that way in silence until the pan on the stove threatened to boil over and Jensen reluctantly stepped away to save their soup.

Jared could see Jona and Kevin in his mind's eye. He saw their smug smiles and the bruises they had left on Jensen's body. He could have killed them for that alone... actually regretted not doing so once he and Jensen had made it home and he'd seen the full extent of the damage. Now though... now he wanted to know the truth. He wanted to know if breaking into Jensen's apartment was revenge for the way they had been forced out of their jobs, or, and it was this that scared him the most, that it was merely the second string in attack that seemed determined to see Jensen in pain.

If he found out it was the later... that what they had done to Jensen on set that day had been purposeful, not just careless...

"Door," Jensen said quietly, not tuning to look at him when Harley set off in a skid filled charge for the door.

Jared shook himself out of his morbid reverie and walked up to the door to let Chris and Steve in.

Steve eyed him gravely, then pulled him into a one-armed hug without asking a thing. Chris' expression was a mix of concern and tension, but he made a show of smiling brightly and placing two six packs on the table. "Figured we can stay to keep you two lovebirds company for dinner," he said, sniffing enthusiastically the smell that was coming from the stove.

Jensen's smile was thin, but it was honest nonetheless, and Jared's chest constricted. It'd never ceased to make his heart ache at the way Jensen lapped up every tiny bit of affection, wherever he could scrape it.

He wanted to know. He needed to know what he was up against and there was no way in Hell Francesca would ever tell him.

Jared made his decision and punched in Francesca's number on his phone. "It's me," he said brusquely when she picked up. "Is it them?"

"Yeah."

"Did they say why?"

"No, but they will," she said in a carefree, conversational tone. Jared had no doubt that some of Francesca's lawyers could double as Navy SEALs. They'd get their answer.

"I'll be down in a few." Jared said, his stomach clenching when Jensen's shoulders slumped. He wanted nothing more than to take Jensen in his arms and stay, but he couldn't do what he had done last time. He couldn't protect them unless he knew what he was facing. Jensen wouldn't talk about it, and Jared would never make him, but he had to take his own steps to keep them safe.

Chris looked between Jensen and Jared, his blue eyes narrowed with worry. Steve was pretending not to listen, and he was leaning over Jensen's shoulder to sample the soup.

"Is that a good idea?" Francesca asked, knowing, Jared imagined, that Jensen would be less than enthusiastic about the idea.

"Not really. I'll call you when I get there." He didn't wait for an answer, just flipped the phone shut. No doubt she would chew him a new one later for hanging up on her. Twice.

Turning to Chris, he nodded in Jensen's direction, hoping he'd get his message across.

"Get some bread while you're out," Chris tried to joke, tossing his car keys at him. Jensen didn't even turn his way, and Jared's stomach clenched. Hard.

"I'll be right back," he promised, hating himself for Jensen's dejected slump but knowing there was no other way. He pulled him against his side and kissed his temple. "I love you," he murmured, just loud enough for Jensen to hear.

Jensen lifted his glance on him, eyes tired veiled. "kay," he murmured, leaning against him for a second before stepping away and fiddling with the salt.

Jared clenched his jaw and turned away, Chris' car keys digging into his palm. He had to know. He was doing the right thing. The only thing.

Jared got to the station in less than a quarter of an hour, but to him it felt like forever. Francesca was smoking just outside the door, and when she saw him she butted out her cigarette and marched towards him.

"Get a move on," she said sharply, as if he'd been dragging his ass up until then.

Jared said nothing, too tense to try and form words. Francesca marched down the laminated hallway as if she owned the place. She stopped in front of security gates. Elijah, the head of Francesca's legal army held out a hand for Jared to shake. Two younger lawyers, a woman, and a man barely older than Jared. Neither Elijah or Francesca introduced them. "It's only taken them two months, but they picked up Kevin Blue's prints at another scene. He shopped the Mexican when they called him on it."

Jared's jaw cracked. Kevin was a thug. Jona was the alpha of the pair.

"Have they confessed?"

Elijah nodded sharply. "Breaking and entering and criminal damage aren't high up on the list I'm afraid. They'll get a couple of years between them."

Jared's knuckles cracked, and Elijah turned a mildly raised eyebrow at him. "How did they know where Jensen lived?"

Elijah frowned. "I beg your pardon?"

"Jensen's address. It had always been restricted information. How did they find him."

Elijah looked through his notes. "Apparently they'd been following him and - you," he said, glancing up at Jared.

"Why," Jared's question was uttered in a calm, cold tone that would have made Francy proud.

"They're claiming some sort of revenge," Elijah admitted, through his voice betrayed that he wasn't buying it in the slightest.

How did two failed porn star actors become criminals, and most importantly, why? How did they manage to break through Jensen's security system and with what means?

"You don't believe them." Jared stated, reading Elijah like a book.

Elijah shook his head. "Blue brought Rocky Malone in for his defence," Francesca snarled, and Elijah hastily explained. "Malone is one of Henrietta's lawyers."

Jared blinked. "I thought she fired them."

"*Fottutissima troia*," Francesca hissed, her fingers clenched by her sides.

"She did," Elijah said hastily, holding his hands up and hastily explaining. "Or she said she did. But then I doubt she's going to be all that forthcoming about her actions considering her new investor."

"Who?" Jared demanded, his voice steady.

"Simon Whitey."

There was a crack, and the pen Francesca was playing with broke. Jared turned to look at her, and for the first time he wasn't scared or terrified by the look in her gun-colored eyes, nor by the set of her jaw. On the contrary, he drew comfort from it, knowing there was someone, on some level, that knew how he might be feeling, and didn't think him insane for wanting to put a bullet in someone's brain.

"Well. That settles it. Drag up the file from Jensen's shoot with them. Call in the doctor that supervised it. Call in Henrietta's management, put the fear of God into them. I want them to shit bricks, you understand me?" She hissed, the small crew of lawyers nodding hastily and scribbling notes. "I want them charged for it. Throw in the raid at Jared's house. They have to think they won't ever set foot out of jail."

Jared didn't say a word through Francesca's speech. All he could think of was Jensen, all he could see were the marks on his skin. Before Francesca could stop him, he turned and marched down the hall.

He didn't know where Simon was.

He did know where Henrietta was.

He wasn't above going through her. He wasn't above anything. Not anymore.

"Jared!" Francesca called after him, her heels clicking on the floor as he hurried behind him. "Jared, don't you dare."

"I'mma kill him." Jared said flatly, not slowing. She had to run to keep up with him. She grabbed his arm and tried to spin him back. Instead Jared swivelled on his heels and caught her by the elbows. "Give me one reason why that fucker should be allowed to live." He glared, unable to see clearly through the veil of hatred. "One fucking reason."

"You'd be in jail," she said flatly. "And it'd break Jensen in so many pieces I have no idea if anyone could ever put him back together again."

Jared stopped. Jensen's eyes swam in front of him, the fearful touch of his fingers over his back.

Don't go... don't leave...

"We have to do something," Jared said, hoping his voice didn't betray his desperation.

"And I will. You have to stay by him." She put her hand over his arm and squeezed. Her eyes were still dark, dangerous. "I can move things underwater. Your presence with him has obviously pissed someone off. But you have to leave it be. Jensen doesn't need a white knight. He needs someone that he can rely upon."

Jared's restlessness probably showed more than he knew, because she framed his face with her hands - the first time Jared could remember her touching him - and levelled him with a hard stare. "Give me your word that you won't fuck up and go on doing something completely stupid."

It cost Jared everything he had not to push her aside and go after blood, but a part of him knew she was right. He couldn't change the past, and killing Simon wouldn't take away what he had put Jensen through. All he could so was hold on to what he had and love Jensen with all that he was.

Slowly, he nodded.

"Good boy," Francesca whispered. "I promise you he will get what is coming to him, but for now you need to go back home to Jensen. Let him know that he is loved, and that he is safe, and tell him to call me if he wants to cancel the shoot on Monday."

"Okay," Jared said meekly. He let her walk him back to his car as if he needed her protection. All the way home he could think of nothing but Jensen's dejected face as he left. That had been...not pointless, he'd learned what he wanted to, but not enough to justify what he could only see as letting Jensen down. For the very first time.

Chris was sitting at the kitchen table, beer in hand, with neither sight nor sound of Jensen or Steve. "You alright?" He asked, looking up as Jared slumped through the door. The pups didn't try trip him up, so he assumed they were with their favourite human.

"Where's he?" Jared asked, not wanting to answer.

"Upstairs."

"Where's Steve?"

"Here," Steve appeared down the stairs with a small grin. "Hey. You look like utter shite."

Jared didn't smile back. "How -" he didn't finish his question, voice dying in his throat.

Steve shrugged, walking up to Jared and patting his chest. Jared didn't say anything else. He nodded to his friends and walked up to the stairs to their bedroom, his heart heavy.

He knocked, but didn't wait for Jensen's permission to come in. He was ready to brave another shower of sharp objects if need be.

Jensen was sitting with his back to the door, Harley curled at his feet, his head on his knee, and Sadie slumped on her side around him. Jared walked up to him and knelt next to Harley, ducking low enough to try and catch Jensen's eyes.

"Hey," Jensen whispered, voice hoarse.

"Hey back," Jared murmured, taking one of his hands and feeling slightly heartened when Jensen didn't knock it away. He scratched Harley behind the ears. "You been looking after your daddy?" he asked. The pup raised his head lazily before flopping back down, obviously pissed with him. It seemed like everyone else was.

"Jared..."

Jared rose from his knees and eased himself behind Jensen, not happy until he could feel the steady thump of a heartbeat under his hands. "I'm sorry." He whispered, meaning so much more than what happened today. "I'm sorry." He kissed Jensen behind his ear and let his lips stay close to the warm skin, whispering the words over and over until Jensen twisted in his arms and pressed his fingers over Jared's lips.

"Just... promise me you'll still be here tomorrow."

Jared's heart broke. He held Jensen closer, stroking his side gently. "Tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that, and the day after that, and the day after-"

Jensen laughed a little, and though it was only a small sound, Jared's heart lightened. "I get the idea."

"Good." Jared smiled, kissing him lightly. "I will never, ever leave you. I wasn't leaving you earlier... I was trying to protect you."

Jensen shook his head and kissed the fingers Jared stroked s cheek with. "No you weren't. You wanted revenge. You wanted to hurt him more than you wanted to stay."

"Is that what you really think?" Jared choked, his eyes burning.

Jensen met his gaze with a serene calmness. "If it wasn't, you wouldn't have left."

Jared looked away, his hands still stroking Jensen's sides rhythmically. He wasn't really able to speak, his inner turmoil taking up all the air in his chest. "I can't..." his voice scratched, and he took a deep breath. "Would you have told me?" he said softly, cringing when Jensen twitched in his arms. He turned back to look at him, chewing on his lower lip. "Would you've told me?"

Jensen opened his mouth to speak but closed it again, leaning his forehead against Jared's shoulder. Jared held him a bit tighter, kissing his forehead. "I'm sorry. I never wanted to let you down but - I can't -" he took a deep breath, squeezing his eyes shut as his eyelids burned with unshed tears. "There's nothing I can do to make this right and it's driving me insane."

"You can't do anything," Jensen whispered, his voice barely there. Jared sucked in a lungful of air, trying to steady his heartbeat.

He knew Jensen was right, but there was still a part of him that didn't want to accept that. He tucked his fingers under Jensen's chin and lifted his face up to meet his eyes. "I wish you'd talk to me a bit more, sometimes," he admitted, the mere words hard to shape in his mouth. Jensen's eyes widened and glanced downwards, and Jared sighed softly. "You don't have to. Jen," he urged, cupping the side of his face. "I don't mean now. Or ever. But... watching and not knowing, and doing nothing I - " he shook his head, pulling Jensen in against his face to kiss his lips. "Never mind. I'm being selfish. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Jensen whispered. "Just... trust me. Please."

Jared curled himself around Jensen and gently lowered them both down to lay on the bed. "I trust you."

"Then let me be okay in my time." Jensen said in the same quiet voice. "I'll get there."

There was nothing Jared could do but nod. Tonight he'd hold Jensen close. There would be nightmares and there would be kisses, it was what they had, and as hard as it was, he'd not trade it for the world.

Jared shooed Sadie gently down on the floor and pulled Jensen up, tucking him in his side. Jensen closed his eyes and went without saying anything, but Jared knew he was still tense, he could feel it in the set of his shoulder, the tremors down his arms. He stroked his back twice, pressed a kiss to the top of his head and stood up. "I'll let the guys go," he said with a smile, "God knows they might end up fuckin' in the bathroom."

Jensen smiled faintly, even though his grip tightened for a second around Jared's wrist before letting him go. Jared poked his head out of the door, then walked quickly down the stairs to thank Chris and Steve for stopping by. He thought Steve was eyeing him accusingly, just a bit, but Chris pulled him in a fierce hug, somehow knocking the breath out of him, and told him to call if he needed anything.

He picked up a tray, set two bowls of re-heated soup on it and picked up glasses and water. No alcohol, it made his stomach turn.

Jensen was still awake when he returned, almost as if he wanted to be sure Jared would come back. His stomach as still too tight, but he managed a smile. "You hungry, baby?"

Jensen shook his head, but reached for the water. "Jen..." The last thing Jared wanted to do was browbeat Jensen into something after what had already happened.

"Fine." Jensen sighed, accepting the bowl Jared passed him and playing with his spoon before downing four mouthfuls. It wasn't much, but it was enough to ease Jared's worry.

"Francy said we can call and cancel the shoot on Monday... if you wanted to." Jared didn't know how else to phrase it without it sounding like he thought Jensen was too fragile to shoot.

Jensen shook his head stubbornly. "No. I want to. It looked fun."

Jared relented. "Alright." He picked up another spoonful and held it out to Jensen. "One more?"

Jensen rolled his eyes at him, but swallowed it down. Jared gave him a somehow tense smile, and settled the spoon down again.

"Thank you," he whispered, placing the bowl on the side table before crawling back up on the bed. Jensen shifted enough to let Jared curl around him, arms tight against his chest. They lay still, Jensen's arms curled around Jared's, clinging on.

After a while, just as Jared was convinced Jensen had begun to nod off, he clutched Jared's arm tighter and whispered, "Did you find out what you needed to?"

Jared nodded and kissed the back of Jensen's neck. "Yeah." He sighed, wishing he could remove the images of Jensen beaten and bleeding from his mind. "Francy's pushing to bring them up on charges of assault."

Jensen stiffened. "Jay... I..."

"I know," Jared whispered, closing his eyes and burying his face in Jensen's hair. If Jensen couldn't talk to him in detail about what had happened that day on set, there was no way he'd make it through a police inquiry. "I think she just wants to scare them. You don't have to go through that."

"I don't- I..." Jensen's voice faded, and Jared kissed the top of his head.

"It'll be okay. You don't have to talk about anything."

"Scare them for what?" Jensen whispered feebly.

"They won't be doing much jail time with breaking and entering," Jared whispered softly. "She wants to make sure they get the whole deal, and spill the beans as to who they were working for."

Jensen looked at him, confusion written all over his face. "For who?"

Jared hesitated, but nodded. He kissed his forehead, fingers rubbing in circles over his nape. "I promise you won't have to talk to anyone."

"Jay..." Jared couldn't bring himself to meet Jensen's eyes.

"I need you to promise me something." He whispered, arms wrapped tight around Jensen's back. "Don't go anywhere on your own. Just for the next few weeks. I get you might wanna head out but just... take Chris or Steve. Or Francy. Or, hell, Milo for all I care. And the dogs." And a fully armed SWAT team.

"You hate Milo," Jensen said, his brow furrowing accusingly. "Jared, what aren't you telling me?"

Jared considered lying. He could have, to save Jensen the heartache, but he knew that this wasn't going to stop, and if Jensen found out some other way...he'd never get over the lie. "Kevin and Jona, and Jeff-" He added, thinking of the asshole who'd hurt Jensen right in front of him, "They work for Henrietta."

"I know that." Jensen said flatly, far more to date with the who's who of porn than Jared himself. He thought of what Milo had said... about Simon letting anyone touch Jensen that could give him a break, and felt his gut tighten with suspicion. He'd never trust a single member of his profession again.

"She has a new investor. Not a partner, that's why Francesca never knew about it, but, well-" He tipped Jensen's chin up and looked him in the eye. "It's Simon."

Jensen's eyes widened, and his teeth clinked together as a shiver raked through him. Jared's hand cupped his cheek and held him closer, kissing the corner of his mouth. "He's not going to find you here." he murmured, still caressing Jensen's back. The shaking had knocked up a notch, and Jared hated himself fiercely. He kissed him again, light, soft touches that were nothing if not reassurance, a soothing promise, an oath. "I just... I'm scared for you. And I can't be glued to your hip - although the idea has its merits..."

Jensen's fingernails dug into his back. Jared responded in kind, hoisting his legs up over his lap and cradling him across his chest. "It'll be okay. He's not going to get anywhere near you now." He wanted to add *now that I know*, but he figured it wouldn't be fair.

Jensen said nothing, probably still trying to battle with the new bit of information Jared laid up on him. "You are safe here. With me. No one knows where we are, and no one is gonna find out. You're safe. He can't touch you here. You're safe." Jared didn't know how often he needed to repeat the words, but he'd say them a thousand times if that is what it took. Jensen was deathly pale, trembling the way he had done outside his old apartment the day this had all kicked off. Jared longed to erase the past few weeks from existence, but they had to run with the cards life had dealt them.

"Baby?" Jensen had buried his face in Jared's throat.

"You won't let him get me," he whispered, more a statement than a plea.

Jared shook his head stubbornly. He'd kill the fucker if he dared to try. "Never. You're safe with me, in our home, with our two very own guard dogs." Sadie took the cue to sniff delicately at Jensen's foot where it hung over the edge of the bed. "See. No one's got the guts to mess with them."

"Or you," Jensen added quietly, still trembling in Jared's arms.

Seeing an opportunity for lightening the mood, Jared shook Jensen lightly and pouted. "Hey, I'm a pussy cat."

Jensen choked out a half laugh, half sob, and burrowed closer. "You are," he murmured, giving him a small grin, even though he still clung to his back like a lifeguard. Jared figured he could live with that. He kissed him, slow and soft, lips meeting with whispered touches until Jensen's shaking started to subdue.

"You know what you need now?" Jared murmured, still kissing him gently. Jensen shook his head. "A massage," he smiled, letting his hands still over Jensen's shoulder blades.

Jensen looked at him, mouth half open. He thought he was joking - or that he'd lost his mind. Jared grinned. "C'mon. I promise, it's a guarantee for sleep and relaxation."

"It's fine," Jensen said immediately. "I don't-" he caught himself and looked away. Jared sighed, kissing the bridge of his nose. "You have to get some sleep. And I'll be right here. Nothing can get through me, remember?" He flexed his bicep with a manly glare, and Jensen chuckled, swatting him over his arm.

"C'mon," Jared tried again, voice soft. "It'll do you good."

Grudgingly, Jensen uncurled and lay on his belly next to him. Jared pushed himself up on one side, starting to run his fingers over the curve of Jensen's spine.

"Fucking tickles," Jensen grumbled, his face buried in the pillow.

"Shuddup," Jared shot back, his fingers finding a knot at the base of Jensen's spine and probing. It gave way and Jensen groaned, melting into the sheets with every steady stroke of Jared's hands. "Told ya," he crowed, thoroughly pleased with himself as Jensen softened under his touch, small, happy little sounds escaping his lips.

"S'not working," Jensen mumbled, arching up a little into the touch, craving the contact. "Jared?"

Running his thumbs down the bumps of Jensen's spine, Jared smiled. "Hmm?"

"I'm sorry," he whispered, not looking at him.

Jared frowned but didn't stop his massage. "You don't need to be sorry."

Jensen stifled a yawn and buried his face into the mattress. "You shouldn't have to deal with this."

"But I want to," Jared murmured, still massaging Jensen's back. "Will you let me?"

It took Jensen a long, long minute before he gave him that brief nod, but it was enough. Jared's heart soared and he bowed down to press a kiss at the base of his neck. "I love you," he whispered, hoping Jensen would believe his honesty and not think it was a cheap way to worm his way back in his affections.

Jensen looked up to him, a tired smile stretching his face. "I know," he murmured, voice barely there. The words were so easily spoken that Jared wondered if Jensen had ever really been angry at him at all. The massage had worked its magic. Jensen lolled out across the bed, his eyes half mast, his breathing soft and even. Kicking off his shoes, Jared lay himself half over Jensen's back, holding him close and protecting him from the world.

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Act 15: Outdoor Sports

Rating: *coughs* 21 and over?

Warnings: Porn. One word says it all.

Summary: Jensen and Jared take things outside.

I: So where is the strangest place you have filmed?

JA: Oh man... other than in a dungeon?

JP: Middle of field in Southern Texas.

JA: (laughs) Oh yeah, that was good. We nearly got lynched.

JP: And this cow kept wandering into the shot all the time.

Jared's hand pressed flat against Jensen's back, fingers spread out wide across the soft expanse of skin. Jensen's lower back was one of Jared's favorite things, that spot where wide, powerful shoulders tapered to a trim waist and slender hips. If he stretched his fingers, really stretched them, his hand almost spanned the width of all that smooth, tanned skin. He loved that he could do that, and he suspected that secretly, Jensen loved it too.

A soft, low gasp pulled Jared out of his musings. Jensen's lips were bitten red, swollen from Jared's earlier attempt to brand him with kisses, and his dark lashes were clumped with sparkling tears.

The dildo was a great find. As wide as Jared was around, and long enough to provide a good handle, the color against Jensen's skin was so fucking sinful it made Jared's head hurt. He just wanted to bury the whole thing inside Jensen's ass, and watch that tight red ring of muscle stretch around the unforgiving girth. He was tempted to do it, push the whole thing home, and jerk off whilst Jensen squirmed and whimpered beneath him. He'd paint Jensen's smooth back with his come and fuck him with that fake dick until all of Texas could hear Jensen screaming his name.

"Jare?" Jensen's voice was gruff, low, fucked, but not fucked enough. Jared pushed down against the skin beneath his palm, pinned Jensen further against the groundsheet, and tapped the head of the plastic cock against the slick and swollen entrance to Jensen's ass.

"Easy," Jared soothed, and pressed the tip of the dildo barely an inch into his ass. They'd fucked so many times now that Jared knew each and everyone one of Jensen's many facial expressions. He knew that the first stretch of muscle was something that Jensen had never managed to compensate for. It was why Jared had chosen a dildo as large as he was. When they fucked, it was impossible to hold Jensen right on that edge, where pain and pleasure were divided by a line so fine that a hair's breadth could tip the balance. Eventually Jared's own needs would drive him deeper, and that particular sensation would be abandoned for ones more vigorous.

Now though, now Jared could hold Jensen right on the very edge for hours if he so chose to. His knees pressed down on the back of Jensen's calves, holding him open, pressing him down. Whispered words of encouragement were lost under the needy sounds escaping Jensen's lips. Jared's thumb stroked soothingly, and he held Jensen still as the widest part of the dildo pressed against muscle and paused.

He watched as Jensen gasped and squirmed around the width, trying to get used to it, trying to force it deeper inside his ass, past the outer resistance. "Jare-" Jensen moaned, voice low and needy, "Please -"

Jared dipped his head to kiss at the sweat pooling in the small of Jensen's back, his forearm draped over the slight curve where his spine met his ass as to prevent him from rolling back. It was intoxicating, knowing that he could just stay there and watch, watch his fill, stare at Jensen's quivering muscles and hear him moan and beg until his voice was reduced to incoherent mumbling.

"You look so fuckin' beautiful, spread out like this," Jared mumbled into his skin. Jensen moaned and tried to push back, but Jared was holding him down, preventing any movement. "At my mercy. "

"Stoomuch," Jensen whimpered, his thighs trembling with the strain, "P-please... please..."

"Shh," Jared's lips licked up a swathe from his tailbone up to his neck, rolling the dildo in a circular motion, but not feeding Jensen an inch more of what he already had inside. "So good," He murmured, kissing the damp hair at Jensen's nape.

Jensen panted and tried to push back, to fuck himself on the dildo, anything that would relieve the pressure building in his groin. Jared though. Jared wasn't only taller than him, he was stronger, no matter how much he tried to deny it. It meant that if he wanted to keep him open and stretched and just look at him for a day, he had the power to do so without even breaking a sweat, whereas Jensen's body was already slickened up with perspiration, his throat dry and rough as he whimpered and moaned.

Jared's fingers counted each small bump in Jensen's spine, leaving burning hot trails in their wake. He twisted his hand in the longer locks at the base of Jensen's neck and rotated the dildo again as he did it, scraping around the outer ring without changing the angle or the amount of pressure he was feeding Jensen.

"Look at you," Jared said, sounding slightly bewildered, "Your ass just can't wait to be fucked, can it, Jen?" The dildo pulled out slightly before pushing back past the ring of Jensen's ass, content merely to see how long it took to reduce Jensen to a squirming mess beneath him. He'd beg, eventually he would beg, but until then, Jared had plans. He tapped lightly on the base of the plastic, not stopping until the widest point had begun to press against Jensen's ass and he was whimpering incoherently in the soft bedding.

"Please," Jensen whined.

"Please what?" Jared asked, playing dumb as he twirled the thick cock between his fingers.

Jensen moaned and whimpered, his breath breaking as he tried to force Jared to move in deeper. "More," Jared moaned, his voice strained as he fought to push back against Jared's instrument of evil. "Jared," he moaned again when nothing changed. "Fuck me, god, please - fuck me."

"Your ass looks made for this," Jared whispered in his ear, pulling the dildo out and then back in again a few times. Never deep enough, never past that first, initial stretch. "It's just waiting to be filled. I bet I could drive this thing," he rolled the dildo again, "As deep as it goes, and still you'd be wanting more..."

Jensen groaned and fisted the quilt beneath them, his body on fire. "Jared, please -"

Jared chuckled, his hand petting Jensen's trembling thigh absently. Then without warning he drove the dildo in as deep as it would go, quickly pulling it out once more. Jensen wailed, his back arching under Jared's weight as he buried his head in the throw below. "Son of a bitch!" He shrieked, struggling as Jared's quiet laughter rolled over him in waves.

"What your language," Jared warned, grinning. Jensen mumbled into the bedding, his toes curled in frustration. "Alright, now you have a choice here, sweetheart. I can fuck you. I can fuck you hard and fast and come in that pretty ass of yours just like you want me to."

Jensen groaned and nodded, but Jared continued. "If I do that, if I fuck you, you're not allowed to come." Jensen whined and began to struggle again. Jared held him down with a hand on his back. "Or," he said, "you can fuck yourself open with this big fake dick, and then I'll slide in alongside it, stretch you so wide and so hard you won't even remember your name."

Jared chuckled low at the look of panic Jensen shot over his shoulder. "You won't fit!" He protested.

"I'll prepare you first," Jared whispered low and dirty in his ear, pulling the dildo out and the back in again. Jensen yelped, a long, needy sound that got lost in the open field. "See?" he slid his hand between Jensen's ass cheeks to finger the muscles, stretched wide against the base. "You're already wanting it."

Jensen panted, sweat pooling down in the small of his back as he dug his fingers into the beddings. Jared chuckled and twisted his wrist, so that the dildo screwed right on Jensen's prostrate. "Oh fuck," Jensen moaned, trying to push back, and Jared laughed.

"I say you can take it," He bit into his earlobe, pulling the dildo out, one of his fingers following the length of the plastic dick, the tip fondling Jensen's slick hole.

"See," he said, his finger slowly pressing against the stretched ring of muscle. "Just a little push, and it's all downhill from there."

"Fuck, fuck!" Jensen gasped, Jared's finger carefully easing alongside the dildo. Jensen whined, sweat stinging his eyes as Jared continued to twist the dildo, his finger slowly creeping in alongside it. For a minute, Jensen was so tense Jared wondered if he really would fit, then his wrist shifted the fake dick just right, Jensen keened, and Jared's finger slid in up to the knuckle.

"There we are," Jared grinned, watching Jensen's ass stretch around his finger. He continued to ease the dildo in an out of Jensen's ass until it was easy to slide a second finger in with the first. "Think how full you're gonna feel, Jen. Think how tight you're gonna feel around my cock." He leaned forward awkwardly, pressing the dildo in deeper and grazing his teeth along Jensen's neck. "God, you're gonna be so fucking good."

Jensen panted raggedly, his hair sticking to his forehead as he wiled himself to relax, his body shaking with tremors. He knew that the dildo was just as big as Jared was, and that in itself was a tight fit. With two of Jared's long fingers pressing in alongside it his ass felt on fire, stretched wide and obscene around the black plastic, muscles squeezing tight to keep the fake dick in together with Jared's fingers.

He moaned, loudly, that fucking cow turning again to look mockingly at him, and Jared laughed. "Sadist," Jensen muttered through gritted teeth. Jared mouthed a wet line of burning hot kisses all down Jensen's neck and shoulder blade, pulling the dildo back out until only the tip and his fingerpads rested inside his hole. "God, please," Jensen whined, trying to buckle Jared off his back so he could fuck himself until he came all over the quilt. Jared grunted, pushing him further into the beddings, the change in angle having the dildo slid back in.

"Take it easy," he murmured in Jensen's sweaty skin, his own breath cut short, "You still feel so fuckin' tight."

"Please," Jensen moaned. "Please, please." He arched his body as far as Jared's weight allowed him to, his ass clenching around the head of the dildo until Jared took pity on him and eased it out all together. The emptiness the followed only lasted for a moment before he was stretched again. This time it was Jared who was pushing inside him, his dick stretching Jensen as wide as the dildo had. A hand settled on his back, pressing him down into the crumpled quilt, Jared's hips rolling languidly, his cock sliding in inch by excruciating inch.

Jared groaned, his voice loud and heavy in the still air around them. "God, so good. So fucking tight. You like that, Jen? You like feeling me fill you up like this?"

Jensen couldn't form words, let alone full sentences. He gasped as Jared pressed against his prostate, squirming as much as he could in the attempt to make the sensation last. For too long he was utterly absorbed in the feeling of Jared moving inside of him and the coiled strength in the thighs pressing him down. He didn't notice Jared had stilled until he felt something press against his stretched hole.

"No," Jensen gasped, his ass clenching like a vice around Jared's cock, "I can't - 'stoomuch - no - "

"Shh," Jared whispered in his ear, the hand on Jensen's back starting to stroke up and down his spine as if

he was a hissing cat. "You're gonna feel so good. I promise. You'll feel every last inch of me."

Jensen started shaking his head frantically, "I can't," he moaned again, "'s too big."

Jared's teeth scraped along his nape and up to his ear, still not moving at all, the head of the dildo nosing at Jensen's hole right beside his throbbing dick. "You can take it," he whispered hoarsely, his fingertips going to probe between his asscheeks, fondling the outer ring. He pushed one of his fingers inside, groaning as the tight, slick heat sucked him in.

"I can't." Jensen shook his head rapidly, finger white knuckled against the bright fabric bunched up in his fists. Jared smiled down on him from above, and slowly the thick black head of the dildo began to ease past the stretched ring of Jensen's ass.

"Breathe," Jared instructed. "Breathe." He continued to slide the dildo into place, Jensen's thighs tight and trembling under his. He whimpered, every muscle in his back bowstring tight. Jared gently stroked his side, twisted the dildo a fraction, and it was in.

"Christ, fuck. You're so tight. So good, Jen. So fucking good." He leaned down, his own body pushing the dildo deeper as he laid a soothing kiss on Jensen's shoulder.

Jensen said nothing. He thought he would break. There were tears crumpling up under his squeezed eyelids, and he tried to keep as still as he could, his cock softening between his stomach and the quilt. He wasn't getting anything out of this, and he was almost ready to beg Jared to pull out, he just needed to find his voice again.

Then Jared groaned and shifted his hips. The head of his cock pressed right against Jensen's prostrate, and a spark of heat travelled down his spine. Jensen whimpered, his voice veiled with wonder, and Jared's lips began to trace a pattern all over his sweaty nape and shoulder blades. "I'm gonna make this good for you, just wait," Jared murmured in his ear. He gripped the base of the dildo and slowly started to pull back, just an inch, then drove right back in, jabbing right over the soft bundle of nerves inside of him.

Jensen moaned and buried his face into the quilt, trying to spread his legs, to relax. The hand that wasn't keeping the dildo firm against his sweet spot sneaked around, under his stomach, finding his now half-soft dick and starting to fist it in a slow, rocking motion. "So good, Jen. God, you feel so damn tight," He rocked his hips sensually, just a few, short rolls, enough to slide in and out and in again a few times, the two cocks hitting Jensen's prostrate every time.

The combined stimulation had him hardening rapidly in Jared's hand and shuddering with each slow thrust. Jared's strong arms held him steady, looped about his waist. "Jay- please..."

"I got ya." Jared whispered, his lips burning a path across his shoulders. "Just let go for me, Jen. Trust me, and let go."

Jensen sobbed as Jared rolled his hips and pleasure shot across his spine. He'd never been so full before, never felt so close to the edge. He trusted Jared, he did, but letting go felt impossible when it was all he could do just to keep from breaking apart at the seams.

Jared bit into his earlobe and rolled his hips again, going as slow as he dared, the plastic dragging against his own dick and feeling so much hotter than it had any right to be. He knew that Jensen was still uncomfortable, even if his cock was slowly filling up with blood, throbbing hotly in his palm as he thumbed the slit, dragging his fingers down to squeeze the base before stroking upwards again, thumb and forefinger circling the head before slicking the precome down to the base again.

He pushed in again, his own cock enough to keep the dildo moving with the same rhythm, both of them dragging restlessly inside Jensen's impossibly tight ass and grazing over his prostrate, and he used the arm looped around his waist to pull him up, drawing Jensen back on his thrust and forcing him on all fours, his own knees settling between Jensen's spread legs and pushing them even further apart.

Jensen wailed, his head thrown back as the change in angle had his hole stretch and adjust, Jared's hip thrusting in again as he was drawn backwards over the two stiff dicks filling him up. Jensen's voice died on

a scream, fingers clutching the quilt tightly as intense pleasure rocked him from the inside, Jared's cock pulsing inside him, hitting his prostrate over and over against the unforgiving plastic that dragged along with it.

"Jesus Christ," Jared panted, balancing Jensen's weight against the steady thrust of his lips. From that angle he could better wrap his hand around Jensen's dick, stroking it in time with every inward thrust. He bent down, his chest draped across Jensen's back, and sunk his teeth into the tender flesh between Jensen's shoulder and throat. Jensen's arms gave way beneath him and he came with a choked off cry. Jared moved quickly, carefully lowering Jensen back down onto the crumpled bedding and easing himself down between his trembling thighs.

The world swam in an out of focus for Jensen. His limbs trembled uncontrollably and he hovered in a faint daze until he felt the dildo inside of him twist.

Jared carefully eased himself out of Jensen's ass before taking advantage of Jensen's lose limbed state to remove the dildo. Placing a quick kiss to the small of Jensen's back, Jared gently spread his asscheeks with both hands.

Jensen whimpered thinly, his whole body trembling with the aftershocks. "'ay..." he moaned, cheek pressed against the crumpled quilt, breath uneasy and ragged. He bodily shivered when Jared's lips made the first contact over the pulsing, abused muscles of his hole, the tip of his tongue dragging all along the oversensitive skin and dipping inside only barely before withdrawing again.

He keened and choked on his breath, heart still thundering loudly, his worn out fingers twitching over the beddings as he could do little but soak in the sensation. He moaned again, a continuous babble of Jared's name, getting higher and more unintelligible with every inch of tongue Jared fed to his ass.

"So good, Jen," Jared breathed over his opening, the tips of his thumbs spreading him even wider. He licked a swathe down his crack until he could lap at his sac, come still dripping over it from Jensen's orgasm. "Love the way you taste," he mumbled, lifting Jensen's hips a little so he could gain better access. "So fuckin' raw and ready for me."

Jensen groaned and whimpered his approval, nodding rapidly as Jared's thumbs flexed over his ass. Jared's tongue dragged over his balls and then up again, shoving into his hole without warning. Jensen moaned like a cat in heat, thrusting his ass back against his face, Jared's name dying on his lips.

"The noises you make when I get my face down there," Jared murmured, the smirk evident in his voice. Jensen whined and gasped as Jared's long finger probed alongside his tongue, his cock stirring between his stomach and the quilt. Jared pulled back, nibbling at the firm asscheek, his finger slowly inching inside. "Still hot and tight even after two cocks up your ass," Jared murmured, stroking the walls of his channel.

"God," Jensen moaned, as soon as he was able to gather enough brain cells to speak. Jared's tongue circled the throbbing muscle wickedly. He couldn't get it up again, not after that... but with every gentle lick and swirl, he felt pleasure building in his belly. He knew how Jared worked, knew that the man prided himself on being able to keep Jensen on the edge for hours as easily as he could wring more pleasure out of him than Jensen thought possible. The finger in his ass found its target and massaged gently. Jared's arm fell heavy across his back, pressing Jensen down whilst he took Jared sweet time exploring Jensen's ass.

Jared continued without mercy, knowing every inch of Jensen, every weakness he had. Jared's finger slowly circled inside of him until suddenly, it stopped and withdrew. Jensen whimpered. He felt empty without something inside of him, his ass throbbed as if Jared was still fucking him. Two quick kisses to each side of his ass, and then Jared was carefully rolling him over onto his back.

Before Jensen could even gather the energy to speak, Jared loomed over him, lips sealing over Jensen's, his mouth warm and hot. He tasted like breath mints and -Jensen might have smiled-, cherry flavor lube. Large hands framed his face, and Jared's chest pressed down on his. He couldn't move, he couldn't breathe, his lips merely parting at Jared's command, pliant and willing.

"So beautiful." Jared breathed against his lips. "You'd let me do whatever I want to you, wouldn't you,

sweetheart?"

Exhausted, Jensen sobbed as his lips was taken between Jared's teeth and gently nipped. "Jay." He moaned, his voice wrung out and his fingers stiff and numb as he tried to coil them around Jared's wrist.

"Answer me," Jared mumbled around his lip, sucking it into his mouth. Jensen whined and stroked Jared's forearms weakly, his hips rocking with tiny jerks against Jared's own.

"Yes," Jensen breathed into the kiss, Jared's tongue taking advantage of his parted mouth to sweep inside once more. He felt him smiling, the corners of his mouth pulling upwards as he licked his way inside, slow, sure strokes that spoke of someone who had taken that path many other times.

"Mh," Jensen moaned, trying valiantly to slide his tongue along Jared's, his jaw just as slack as the rest of his body. Jared let go of his mouth with a wet smack, nibbling down his jaw as he let his hands travel lower over Jensen's sweat-slick chest, fingers trailing into the sticky mess of come coating Jensen's belly.

Jared's hand gripped the base of Jensen's hardening cock, pulling on it a few lazy times, merely enjoying the feeling of the thick shaft filling up with blood and throbbing in his hand. "I want you to do something for me now," Jared breathed in Jensen's ear.

Jensen nodded, throat too tight to speak as he pumped his hips in Jared's loose fist.

"I want you to fuck yourself with this fake dick, nice and slow. Put up a show for me," Jensen's breath hitched in his throat and he moaned, eyes rolling back in his head as Jared tugged a little harder on his cock. "Then if I like what I see, I'll climb over you and fuck your mouth while you come all over yourself." Jensen's back arched as he tried to follow Jared's retreating hand. "Can you do that for me?" Jared asked, his voice soft and earnest, as if he didn't know Jensen would obey as he always did.

When Jensen opened his eyes they were bright, blown wide with lust. He nodded shakily, his chest heaving as he struggled to keep his breathing under control. Jared pressed the black dildo into Jensen's hand and sat back, sprawling against the fence and praying for a breeze to cool the edge.

Lacking the strength to climb back on to his knees, Jensen let his knees fall wide, feet pressed firmly to the ground. The quilt had tangled beneath him, and his toes met warm grass. He reached down with the dildo and let the thick head rest against his swollen opening. He knew what Jared wanted, and when he pressed the head past the red muscle he moaned and gasped, whimpering as the unyielding plastic stretched him wide and dragged against raw flesh. "Oh god," he choked, his fingers trembling violently.

"Wider." Jared instructed, his hand resting on his thigh instead of his dick. Jensen obediently spread his legs wider until he felt his thighs tighten. The head of the fake dick slid an inch deeper with the movement and his ass clenched tightly. "Deeper," Jared ordered. Jensen obeyed. He fed himself a further inch, his hips lifting off the ground in an effort to control the depth. When Jared growled, Jensen bit his tongue and pressed the dildo in firmly until only an inch at the base remained. "Good boy."

With the precedent set, Jensen slowly fucked himself with the dildo, each thrust inward followed by an arch of his hips, each time he pulled it out, he let only the head remain.

"Slower," Jared whispered, voice slightly breathless. Jensen complied, his wrist trembling with the effort to control the pace and the angle, dragging the thick, slick thing inside his channel. He moaned and threw his head back, back arching slightly off the ground as he rolled the dildo counter-clockwise, the large head hitting his prostrate and making his dick leak out over his belly.

Jared groaned and squeezed the base of his own cock, trying to keep himself from coming just as he watched Jensen take his pleasure for his entertainment. He crawled on all fours over the spot where Jensen was writhing and ran both of his palms over the inside of Jensen's thighs. "How does it feel, Jen?" Jared whispered, his eyes trained on the sight of Jensen's ass sucking in the glistening, black shaft.

Jensen threw his head back and moaned in response, baring his throat for Jared to kiss. "So good. So full."

Jensen's skin was hot and flushed under Jared's hands. He pressed a tender kiss to the inside of each knee

and watched with hungry eyes as trembling fingers slowly worked the dildo in and out of Jensen's ass. Using the hands on Jensen's thighs, he pushed and pulled, molding Jensen's pliant body until they lay on their sides. Jared kissed his bitten lips and the side of his face, teeth dragging along a strong jaw line, his tongue painting patterns on Jensen's skin. "Keep going," Jared ordered when Jensen's body fell still, melting into his kisses instead of fucking himself as he should have been. Jensen whined, gut his hips too up momentum again. Jared kissed him once more before he shuffled to his knees and crawled up to rest besides Jensen's head.

He didn't need to tell Jensen to open his mouth. Jensen was already waiting for him, lips red and wide.

"So good," Jared whispered as he guided the head of his cock over Jensen's lips, painting them white with precome, "So good to me."

Jensen licked his lips and moaned, Jared's cock slipping inside his mouth, the thick, hot shaft pressing heavy over his eager tongue. Jared's fingers raked through his hair and tugged, pushing further inside until the tip was pressing in over the muscles of Jared's throat.

"Don't stop," Jared murmured, his spare hand going down to grip at Jensen's wrist and using it to guide the dildo in deeper. Jensen moaned, the vibrations spiking up through his cock and up over his spine. Jared grunted and thrust his hips, making him take more as he sped up the pace of Jensen's wrist.

Jensen almost gagged over the flow of spit and precome flooding his mouth, trying to suck and hollow his cheeks, wanting to be good for Jared as he let him set the rhythm of the dildo inside his ass.

It didn't take long. Jensen's mouth was hot and wet around Jared's dick, his eyes bright and eager as he sucked Jared deeper down his throat. With one hard thrust of the dildo into Jensen ass, he whimpered around Jared's dick, and the vibration tipped him over the edge. He pulled back, let Jensen try and swallow the come in his mouth even as it spilled across his lips.

Jared slumped boneless on his side and reached out to wrap a lazy hand around Jensen's dick. "So good." he said gruffly. "Come on, Jen. Come for me now."

Jensen swallowed and smiled, arched his back and thrust his dick into the tunnel of Jared's hand, and with a low smile, he obeyed.

I: How long does it take to... recuperate, between one shoot and the next?

JA: A quarter of an hour? Or less?

*JP: *elbows* He didn't mean that shoot.*

JA: Oh.

*JP: *sighs* We usually get a day or two for ourselves.*

"Shift." Jensen kicked at Jared's feet where they rested on the coffee table. Jared grunted but obligingly shuffled back long enough to let Jensen pass. They had dimmed the light in the sitting room, and with a belly full of takeout, Jared only had one thing on his mind.

"Hey, if you're gonna sleep, do it in the bed," Jensen scolded, poking him in the ribs. "You crash out here and you'll screw your back up again."

"You're all heart," Jared's jaw popped when he yawned. "Come be my pillow." If he turned on the puppy look, he'd win for sure. After a moment Jensen cast his book a mournful glance before letting Jared tug him towards the bedroom.

Jared hid his smile as they stumbled through the hallway towards their bed. He was the one that had

decorated the house, and the king-size was draped with a set of rich, deep red blankets, matching the soft peach-to-brown tones perfectly. He shuffled out of his sweatpants and shirt before crawling up on the bed on all fours and kicking back the covers with the heels of his feet. "Come hither," he grinned, motioning for Jensen to follow.

Jensen shook his head fondly and pulled off his t-shirt before laying down next to him, pulling Jared towards him with his arm and tucking him in against his side. His hand rested over Jared's bicep, stroking gently. "You okay?"

"Hmm? Yeah, yeah, I'm good." Jared said sleepily, snuggling closer towards the warmth of Jensen's body. "Hey, Jen?"

"Hmm?"

"You ever regret it?"

Jensen yawned, his jaw popping. "Regret what?"

"You know, porn. Fucking for a living." Jared fidgeted until Jensen tightened his arms and held him still.

"Where's this coming from, Jay?"

Jared shrugged. "Just thinking, I guess."

Jensen frowned slightly and ran his fingers through his soft hair. Jared always blow-dried it, be it short or longer, just like it was then. "I wouldn't've met you if we didn't do what we do, right?"

"Right."

"So no, I don't regret it."

Jared gave him a sheepish smile and nuzzled at his chest, fingers drumming softly over Jensen's side. "Guess 'm lucky then."

Jensen chuckled under his breath and dropped a kiss to the top of his head. "Guess so."

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 16: **Better than chocolate**

Rating: NC-17

Warnings: Major schmoop. Valentines and panties.

Summary: Because Jared rocks Valentines.

"All that, and you can cook." Jared grinned, slouching at the table and petting his fully belly. "I scored good." He bragged.

Jensen shot him a mildly amused smile and shook his head. "You know, the chances of you getting lucky tonight are generally in your favor. No need to sweet talk your way into a blow job."

Snatching the dirty dishes from Jensen's hands, Jared pouted and nudged him back down with his shoulder. "What, I'm not allowed to express my gratitude? And sit your ass down. Dishes can wait."

"They really can't." Jensen tried to rise, only to fall back under Jared's stern glower.

"Yes, they can. Ass *down*." The crockery clattered nosily as Jared tossed them carelessly into the sink, doing a quick areal sweep of the table for rouge foodstuffs and cutlery. Satisfied, he rounded on Jensen, lifted him by the elbows and maneuvered him down to straddle his thighs. "Thank you," he said, soft kisses pressed to Jensen's lips, "for," he kissed down along Jensen's jaw, "a fantastic," Jensen moaned and arched towards the touch, his fingers tangling in Jared's hair, "dinner."

Jensen's fingers stroked down Jared's nape and back up again, Jared's mouth hot and soft over his throat, a hint of tongue dripping here and there when the kisses grew longer. "You really are amazing," Jared murmured, pressing his palms wide over the expanse of Jensen's back, pulling him closer.

Jensen looked away, fidgeting a little, but Jared's hand came up to his cheek, cupping it gently and guiding his mouth up to meet his own again. "It's-" Jensen's breath hitched and he sneaked his hands down to grasp at Jared's broad shoulders. "-just dinner."

"It's not," Jared murmured again, his tongue running over the full curve of Jensen's lips before he nibbled on the bottom one. "It's our first Valentine's day together," he said with a gleeful grin, leaning his forehead against Jensen's.

Jensen groaned, halfway amused and halfway exasperated. "No chance you'd forget that, huh?"

"None in hell," Jared grinned happily, bouncing Jensen on his lap and kissing him again.

Jensen snorted and gave him a cocky grin. "Where's my chocolate then?"

"I got hungry on the way home from the store." Jared shrugged, "and you kill all the flowers I buy you."

Jensen rolled his eyes and kissed the tip of Jared's nose. "They're already dead, Jay."

"Even that potted cactus thing I bought you?" Jared let his hands slide under the folds of Jensen's shirt, fingers skimming warm muscle and smooth curves until Jensen twitched at the ticklish sensation.

Jensen squirmed and wriggled, eyebrows shooting up in amusement when the movements of his ass made Jared moan softly against his throat. "That was a Venus Fly Trap. A vegetarian Venus Fly Trap. Which you fed sherbet to. There is no way I am taking responsibility for that homicide." The potted plant had been a wrap gift from Jared on their first shoot, he had handed the brightly painted ceramic container over with a bashful blush and a muttered apology for not finding anything with more petals. In its short life, Jensen

had named the plant Jared Junior, only to be dismayed when it failed to replicate even a tenth of Jared's appetite.

"Still." Jared whispered, his lips painting small patterns on the smooth skin of Jensen's throat. "You're not getting flowers again until you take a course or something."

"So you've not got me anything at all?" Jensen said with a teasing pout, canting his hips slowly, enjoying the way he could make Jared squirm beneath him. "Cop out."

"Actually, I kinda did." Jared admitted.

Jensen cocked one eyebrow at him. "Oh, really?" He murmured, repeating the slow, sinuous motion of hips, moaning himself when Jared's breath hitched and ghosted over his collarbone. "Where is it then?"

Jared smiled, the corners of his mouth pulling against his skin. He pulled back until he could catch Jensen's eyes, and he smiled, leaning in to cover his mouth with his own for a slow, closed-mouthed kiss, his arms winding around Jensen's chest as he stood. Jensen's legs snapped automatically around Jared's waist, holding on for dear life as Jared walked down the hallway, still showering small kisses over Jensen's features. "You'll see."

"Mhh..." Jensen mumbled his approval, trying to kiss Jared back and clutch his solid body at the same time. Romantic as the thought was, maneuvering both their not-so-tiny bodies through the doors and the hallway towards the bedroom was risky business, though he was kinda amazed at Jared's ability to navigate them both to destination without knocking something over.

"Here," Jared whispered, inching closer to the bed and letting Jensen slid down onto it. Jensen smiled, trying to pull him down too, when a flickering something that reflected in the mirror above the chest of drawers caught his eye. He hoisted himself up on one elbow and took in, quite speechlessly, the artfully decorated room, white and plump red candles littering the floor around the bed and lining above the shelf. There were silky petals dropped haphazardly around the cushions and the blankets, and that red plastic lamp Jared had moaned endlessly about when Jensen had ogled over it in the furniture shop, refusing to have that 'piece of modern art crap' in their house (his words, not Jensen's), sitting on the nightstand.

"Wow." Jensen breathed, utterly awestruck. Needing to regain his equilibrium, he fixed on a cocky smile and flashed Jared a grin. "You bought me a lamp? That's a new one."

"Actually, the lamp is to replace the one I broke this morning." Jared said with a sarcastic poke of his tongue. "But it does a wonderful job of illuminating the main package." He dipped his head and pulled Jensen in for a long, smooth kiss, the type they had shared when they had first begun to explore each other, tongues entwining lazily as lips mapped out well known paths.

When they parted, Jensen was breathing heavily, his eyes blown wide with expectation and desire. "And this awesome gift is?"

Jared kissed him again, lighter this time, but just as gentle. "Me." He whispered. "Make love to me, Jen. Kiss me, fuck me, do whatever you want. I'm all yours, baby, and I want to feel you inside of me."

Jensen's eyes bugged out, and he couldn't hold back the gasp that flew out his lips at Jared's soft request. He didn't - he couldn't say anything, his heart thundering fast in his chest even as he tried to hold on to that last inch of facade that wouldn't have him melt in Jared's hands straight away. "I - " he looked into Jared's warm hazel eyes, his hand reaching up to rake through Jared's soft, wavy hair. "It's not necessary, Jare..." he tried, even if his voice sounded thin and quiet and much unlike his own.

"I want to," Jared murmured again, leaning against the touch of Jensen's hand in his hair. Jensen swallowed, Adams apple bobbing nervously as he shivered beneath him.

"Jare... I..." He bit his lip, trembling violently when Jared's fingers danced over his ribcage, tender and shy. God, what if he didn't do it right? What if he hurt him? What if Jared hated it and never wanted to see him again?

"Stop thinking so loud," Jared said with an amused grin, covering Jensen's body with his own on the bed, his hand running over Jensen's thigh and pulling it up around his waist, lips soft and pliant above Jensen's. "You're perfect Jensen. You'll be perfect."

Jensen couldn't help it. He had to worry about these things. Jared, sweet, perfect Jared never thought about what could go wrong, what could happen... if Jensen didn't then no one would. "But I haven't-" He flushed. It was one thing to know he'd always been the passive one in sex, always on the bottom, always submissive, but it was another thing entirely to admit it to Jared, who appeared in the Dictionary under *red blooded male* (albeit with a subcategory of -gaygaygay). He'd never had an issue before, but then he had never had much of an option.

Jared took his face in his giant, gentle hands and pressed light adoring kisses to every inch of skin he could reach. Something unfamiliar passed through his eyes, something gone too fast for Jensen to follow. "I know, baby," he whispered. "But hey, I'm gonna be right here with you, holding your hand just like always. You know I'd never let anything hurt you."

"I know." Jensen whispered. Sometimes he scared himself with how easy it was to sink into Jared's arms, the safety and warmth he found there almost like a drug that had him craving it every day. Jared held him like he was the most precious thing in the world. It was overwhelming how much he needed that.

Jared smiled and took Jensen's lower lip between his own, suckling on it before letting his tongue slip past his lips. "So there," he said, as if he'd just proven a crucial point. He smiled, his thumbs stroking Jensen's high cheekbones as he slid down on the bed, lying on his side next to Jensen, starting to unbutton his shirt slowly, never once breaking eye contact.

Slowly, hesitantly, Jensen's hands lifted to Jared's torso and he sneaked his hands under the warm cotton of his t-shirt, finding hot skin and perfect ridge of muscles under his fingertips. He moaned, eyes rolling back a little as Jared's thumb caught on his nipple, pushing the shirt off his shoulders as Jared dived in to place warm, open-mouthed kisses over his chest.

"God," he breathed out, fingers stilling momentarily. "Jared ..."

"Right here," Jared whispered, the thin stubble on his cheek teasing Jensen's sensitive skin and making his whole body hum with pleasure. Jensen let his eyes fall closed as he bunched the material of the shirt up in his hands, tugging it over Jared's head and throwing it across the bed, his eyes drinking in the mile long arms and perfect, sculpted chest. He took a deep breath, shifting around on the bed until he was kneeling above Jared's legs, his palms spread wide over Jared's abs.

Jared seemed to stretch on forever, long, sculpted limbs sprawled artlessly across the bedding. Even his smile was big, bright and open, honest in a way Jensen could never remember being himself before, Jared had come into his life. "What did I do to deserve you?" He asked breathlessly, marveling at the way the span of both his hands could barely cover the wide expanse of Jared's chest. "So goddamn..." He couldn't find the words, not as practiced with the whispered romances Jared could turn on and off like a tap.

"Shiny." Jared prompted with a teasing flash of tongue between his teeth. "I'm shiny. You can blame wardrobe for their love of oiling me up like a roast turkey."

Jensen sniggered, the tension broken so quickly it might not even have been there. He'd never found a reason to complain when Jared's skin was forever golden, and he supposed shiny was a good way of describing him, even if privately words like perfect, beautiful and love were substituted.

"Mine." Jensen whispered, leaning down to suck gently on the apple of Jared's throat. As his lips met skin, Jared arched his neck, and the unusually submissive gesture sent sparks of lust down Jensen's spine.

"Yours," Jared agreed breathlessly, running his hands up his sides, his head turned a little to the side to grant Jensen all the access he needed. Jensen's teeth scraped lightly over tender skin, Jared's pulsing point going off quickly under his lips and tongue.

Jensen's head was spinning. Jared's moans were soft and uncontrolled, like every spot Jensen's fingers

brushed across was just what he craved for, and he suddenly couldn't wait for more, more, more, wanting to taste every inch of Jared's skin, wanting to uncover every curve of his beautiful body. His hands shifted over the sharp dips of skin and bone that pointed in a perfect V to the buckle of Jared's jeans, fingers stalling above it for an instant before he started to undo it, pulling the zipper down and sliding his jeans down past his thighs. Jared's legs were infinite, perfectly toned, and Jensen couldn't resist. He bowed his head, tongue starting to draw a path from the curve of Jared's hipbone down to the tense flesh of his thigh.

Jared moaned and spread his legs wider, his black pants tight and doing nothing for modesty, the shape of his gorgeous, hard cock poking restlessly and dampening the thin silk- silk?

Jensen's mouth watered and he moved upwards again, his hands framing Jared's slim waist, the silk feeling just as soft and smooth as Jared's skin, and he couldn't tear his eyes away from the way the panties hugged Jared's groin. "Jesus..." he breathed, his thumbs hooking in the laces at the side. Jared smiled at him, licking his lips and buckling his hips up a little.

"See, I told you I could do Valentines." He grinned, arching his back and moaning when Jensen pressed his lips over the damn silk and sucked lightly at his cock.

"Hmm." Jensen agreed. He mouthed his way across the silk, thumbs stroking the soft skin under the lace ties until Jared was gasping and moaning beneath him, twin splashes of red coloring his cheeks. Jensen soothed him with feather light kisses across the band of the panties, then tugged at one of the ties with his teeth.

Jared gasped as his cock sprang free of its silk confinement, his fingers dug deep into the bedding, eyelashes fluttering as Jensen worshiped him with his mouth. "God, so good," he whispered, Jensen's hands braced on his hips as he took Jared deeper than anyone had ever been able to do.

Jensen knew just how to work Jared's cock for him to see stars, determined that if they were going to do this, then Jared would be as blissed out and relaxed as possible. Precome splashed against his tongue and he doubled his efforts, tongue tracing the thick vein as he circled the head with his lips. The stray laces of the panties curled around Jensen's finger, and he used them to gently tease the base of Jared's cock.

"Jen, Jensen, baby, please," Jared gasped, fighting to keep from thrusting his cock into the warm, wet heat of Jensen's mouth. It was the word please that did it, the very notion that he could make Jared beg making his cock throb in anticipation. He pressed his thumb lightly against the skin between Jared's balls and his ass, hollowing his cheeks and taking him deep. Jared's hand curled against his skull, gently pulling back and he came with a groan into Jensen's mouth.

Jensen swallowed greedily, lapping up at Jared's thick head like he had never tasted it, following the dribbles that had escaped his hungry lips down the thick shaft, his own cock throbbing painfully inside his jeans with the surge of power that coursed through his veins. He knew he could make Jared come undone when he sucked him off, that wasn't what did it. The knowledge that Jared had offered up control for Jensen to take, that he was willing to go with anything Jensen might have wanted - that was what got him, that was why his hands trembled as they ran up Jared's thighs to the curve of his ass.

"Beautiful," he murmured, eyes drinking the perfect image of Jared's glowing skin against the dark red of the bed sheets. Jared smiled lazily at him and reached up with one sluggish arm, his hand framing Jensen's cheek tenderly. He ran his thumb over Jensen's chin and lips, guiding him down to press their mouths together again, seeking his own taste inside Jensen's mouth, tongue soft and unhurried past swollen lips.

Jared's breath was thin over his lips when they parted, eyes so bright they looked feverish. "How do you want me?" he murmured, the words branding the skin of Jensen's cheek as his lips moved over the corner of his mouth.

Instantly Jensen began skimming through every sexual position he could think of. He'd been fucked every which way known to man, he knew which ways were easier, and which were more fulfilling. He wanted Jared to be as comfortable as possible. "Just as you are." He whispered, kissing Jared on the corner of his lips. In theory it would be easier if Jared were on his hands and knees, but Jensen knew how easy it was to tense up in that position, too much strain on arms and legs. Better to let Jensen do all the work. This

way he'd know in an instant if he was uncomfortable.

"Hmm, okay." Jared's smile was wide and lazy. "You gonna join the naked party anytime soon?" he asked. "Not that I mind, but it is my boyfriendly right to ogle."

"Like you don't get plenty of chance." Jensen snorted, but he obediently shed his clothes, belt clattering on the floor, and for once paying no mind where items landed. Finally naked, he settled back down between Jared's sprawled thighs his hands trembling violently now the reality was so much closer.

"Hey," Jared broke through his silent panic, big hands curling around his fingers, dragging him further up the bed until he could rest against Jared's chest, his ear above that big, steady heart. "It's fine. Everything is fine. Don't worry baby. You'll be perfect. Just take it easy, okay?"

Jensen swallowed and curled his hand against Jared's side. "What if -" he bit his lip and closed his eyes, trying to focus on the relaxed heartbeat under his cheek.

"No what ifs. I promise. It'll be fine." He kissed the top of his head, fingers stroking absent-mindedly down Jensen's back. "Think of what you like.. What I do to you that makes you feel good?"

"Everything," Jensen whispered, and promptly blushed. What was it of Jared that stripped down every last defense from him? Jared didn't laugh though. He kissed him softly again, his foot stroking the inside of Jensen's calf as he twisted their tongues lazily together. Kissing was good. Kissing was something Jensen only ever did with Jared, those long making out sessions that lasted for hours and never were a means to an end.

Jensen felt bolder then, his hands moving down over Jared's body, kiss turning longer and messier, his cock riding the crease of Jared's thigh as he splayed his palm over curve of his ass.

"Talk to me," Jensen pleaded, his fingers brushing rhythmically over warm skin, the tips stroking along the valley of Jared's ass. "Tell me what you want, baby. Tell me how to make it good for you."

Jared eyed him carefully for a moment, then nodded, his head falling back against the pillows. "Just touch me, God, Jensen, you have the most beautiful fucking hands." Jensen's eyebrow shot up in surprise. That was a new one. It was usually his mouth that had people fascinated. That or his ass. He loved that Jared seemed to be enchanted by every part of him, and used those hands to map across Jared strong, thick thighs.

Jared's legs parted at the softest touch, knees lifting to allow Jensen access to the small, forbidden entrance to his body. That Jared, his strong, vibrant, alpha male lover was willing to let Jensen touch him there, fuck him, was something Jensen had never dreamed of. "God, look at you, baby," Jensen praised, using the fond endearment Jared loved for the first time himself. "How can you be so perfect?"

Jared said nothing, only moaned, arching into each delicate touch like a cat craving affection from a loving owner. His dark eyes narrowed, lips parted, and he reached imploringly for Jensen.

When Jensen's fingers finally brushed across the tiny opening, he drew back, surprised. "You planned this," he accused, a small thrill of excitement rushing through him as he renewed his explorations, the very tip of his finger slipping easily into the well lubed hole.

Jared gave him a shit-eating grin. "Told you," his breath hitched, and he let his legs fall wider on the bed, squirming to gain more contact. "I could do Valentines.."

"You can," Jensen murmured, his cheeks feeling flushed hot with arousal and the newfound excitement. He didn't say what it meant to him, that Jared would prepare himself beforehand for him. He didn't trust his voice to hold up. But he figured Jared would know anyway.

"God.." Jared moaned and closed his eyes, arching his neck back, Jensen's finger probing almost shyly inside of him. "Been imagining this," Jared whispered, voice rough and low. "Your fingers moving inside of me... Feels so good, Jen," he moaned, hands clutching the sheets beside his head. Jensen bit his lip and dipped his head to press soft, butterfly light kisses to the inside of Jared's thigh.

"Were you thinking of me?" Jensen whispered, his own cock throbbing angrily and neglected between his legs as he took his sweet time, working his digit in and out Jared's slick hole. "Where you spread out here, picturing how I would feel inside of you?"

"Yes," Jared whispered, hips rolling a little, forcing Jensen's finger deeper. A small moan tore free from his lips and he turned his head to the side, muscles taut in his neck. "God, more... Jen... baby, please, more.." Jensen could never deny him anything, not this, and certainly not now. He carefully eased another finger alongside the first, eyes fixed on Jared's face for any sign of discomfort. Jensen's forehead was dripping with sweat as Jared's breath hitched. "I couldn't stop thinking about you." Jared moaned, writhing on the two fingers stretching him open. "Knew how perfect it would be, knew how good you'd feel filling me up. God baby, the things you do to me."

Jensen's shoulders shook, and his eyes stung -from sweat, he told himself sternly- as he explored every inch of Jared's slick channel, searching for the place he knew would make him see stars. It wasn't as easy to find as Jared had always seemed to make it look, and he wriggled his fingers carefully in an attempt to judge each reaction, then-

"Oh, fuck!" Jared choked, thrusting himself back against Jensen's hand. "More, God, please, baby, more." Jensen ran his fingers over the small spot, his shoulders relaxing with each desperate whimper his actions elicited. Jared's cock recovered just as quickly as it could on set, rapidly filling with blood as Jensen continued his merciless onslaught. Served him right. He had lost track of the number of times Jared had driven him wild that way, the pleasure building and building until there was nothing left between them but surrender. It was exhilarating and oddly humbling to be in the other seat.

Jared thrashed and moaned, fingers gripping at the sheets sliding under his back until his knuckles turned white, a fluid, incoherent babble falling from his lips, continuous cries of Jensen's name and more and please. He pulled his knees a little towards his chest, exposing himself as much as he could, trying to get Jensen's fingers to dive in deeper, to get him to the point of no return.

Jensen couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of Jared's ass squeezing his fingers in, keeping them there, snuggled tightly and hotly, as if he'd been craving them all along. It was intoxicating. He thought he could look at the sight for the whole day, even if his dick might have had other plans which involved taking a much more active part in the action.

He covered Jared's body with his own, feeling his knees nudge against the sides of his torso, Jared's legs hot and sweaty as they curled around him almost instantly, the heels of his feet digging in the small of Jensen's back. Jensen covered his mouth with his own, even though he was much too far gone for proper kissing. Jared's breath heated his lips, moist and chocolate-scented, and Jensen had to close his eyes against the intensity of it all.

"You got a condom?" he whispered, hesitant to break the mood with such mundane practicalities. Jared frowned, and Jensen quickly followed his line of thought. "No, I mean... it'll be easier on you." Rubber was smoother than skin, no matter how much lube Jared might have used.

"Maybe I want to feel you, all of you, inside me," Jared said softly, pouting when the fingers inside of him slid out completely.

Jensen frowned. For once, he knew what he was talking about. "You said you trusted me on this."

The words had the desired effect. Jared's frown smoothed out into a gentle smile. He nodded and cocked his head towards the side cabinet. They'd never used condoms since they had started seeing each other out of work. The porn industry had to be cleaner than any other, an irony that had never escaped Jensen's attention, and they were both checked before every shoot. He found the foil package amongst Jared's reading glasses and a half dozen rubber bracelets and ripped it open with his teeth.

His fingers were trembling so violently around the flimsy rubber that putting the damn thing on seemed to be beyond his capability until Jared winked at him and rolled it down with one smooth stroke of his big hand.

Jensen shuddered and moaned, his hips stuttering up in Jared's fist. Jared's other hand cupped Jensen's nape and pulled him down for a slow, sensual kiss. "I do," Jared whispered, nibbling on his bottom lip. "Trust you." He let his hand grip at Jensen's hip reassuringly for a moment before lying back on the sheets, smiling tenderly up at him.

Jensen swallowed the tight ball of tension in his throat as he took his cock with one hand, guiding it down to Jared's opening and pausing, heart beating so wildly he was afraid he would burst before it had even had the chance to start. *Goddamnit*, he thought, *you're acting like a virgin!* Which, in a way, he was. He leaned down, bracing himself on one elbow next to Jared's head and pushed in, a loud groan falling from his lips as the impossibly tight heat sucked him in.

"God, god, *godgodgod*-" Jensen babbled incoherently, his forehead resting on Jared's collarbone. Jared had squeezed his eyes shut, lip pulled tight between his teeth. Jensen shivered, his spare hand flitting worriedly over Jared's features. "Am I hurting you?" he asked fearfully, knowing just how much the initial penetration could burn.

"No," Jared whispered softly, his voice thin and ragged as his chest heaved erratically under Jensen. "Just... slow..." It cost him close to every ounce of sanity he had, but Jensen froze. Jared quirked an eyebrow and grinned shakily. "Not *that* slow."

"Sorry." Jensen gasped, a sudden spasm of muscle around his cock making him whimper desperately. God, was this what Jared felt every time he pushed inside of Jensen? Is that is what they all felt? Christ, it was no wonder they seemed to like it so much.

Moving slowly, carefully, as if one false move might break Jared in two, Jensen drew his hips back, his fingers trembling against Jared's face. Fuck, he wasn't going to last five minutes.

"Hey," Jared broke through his splintered thoughts, his heels dragging up the bed as he bent his knees, sinking a further inch down onto Jensen's cock. "God." Jared groaned, and Jensen shuddered.

"You are so amazing." He breathed, leaning in to press his lips over the rapid pulse in Jared's throat. Setting up a pace as smooth and steady as he could manage, Jensen rolled his hips, varying the angle each time until the head of his cock brushed across his intended target and Jared's groan reverberated around the room.

"More," Jared panted, eyes squeezed tightly shut as he wound his legs around Jensen's waist, pulling him in deeper and moaning, a high, dragged on sound coming from the depths of his throat. "More- Jen -" he whimpered, his mouth falling open in a round O, eyes fluttering to half-mast. Jensen's breath stuttered and he grabbed at the sheets beside Jared's head for purchase, trying to find that spot again. And again.

And again.

And again.

"Jen, Jen, god, Jen-" Jared cried and buckled, thrusting himself back as much as he could, forcing Jensen down with the heels of his feet digging hard against the curve of Jensen's back. Jensen wasn't coherent enough to answer. He kept mumbling and gasping, trying to kiss every inch of Jared's skin as he moved inside of him. He knew he wasn't going to be able to last, not with the overwhelming *want* running through his veins, not with the continuous sounds falling from Jared's lips, praise and love mingling over heated, sweaty skin.

It was too hot, too raw, too intense, his heart constricting in his chest with each shallow thrust, which each cry he etched from Jared's throat. *I love you*, Jensen thought as if in a haze, as Jared's arms wrapped around his neck and he pulled him down for a messy kiss.

It was the kiss that did it. Kissing Jared was sometimes what Jensen felt he lived for and he surrendered himself over to it with barely a second thought. Reaching down awkwardly between their bodies he found Jared cock, his fingers wrapping around the hard, hot shaft as they had so many times before. Jared could make him come without so much as acknowledging that Jensen had a dick, let alone touching it. Jensen wasn't that confident. Beyond that, it felt wrong for either of them to come without something of his

wrapped around that thick cock.

Jensen's thumb brushed across the sensitive slit as he thrust forward, hips rolling as his cock brushed across the small bundle of nerves. Jared went off like a rocket on the fourth of July, every muscle in his perfectly sculptured body tensing beneath Jensen as he frantically picked up the pace of his thrusts.

"Oh, fuck!" Jared yelled, his fingers digging painfully into Jensen's shoulders as he spasmed around the cock inside of him. "Jensen, fuck!"

Jensen whimpered, garbling out a long, guttural groan as Jared's ass clenched down tight around him, literally pulling his orgasm out without giving him time to catch a breath. He whimpered, fingers twisting into the mess of Jared's hair as he drove in a few last, shuddering times, his vision blurring and whitening out until everything had reduced to *Jared, Jared, Jared, Jared*.

Jared writhed and gasped, clutching at him as if he was the only single thing holding him together, and the corner of Jensen's eyes stung and burnt - with sweat, only with sweat - and he licked at Jared's sweaty skin, wanting to taste him, taste all of him, his breath coming ragged and in pants.

"You're amazing, so amazing," Jared whispered, voice quiet and rough, flitting his fingertips over Jensen's back, soothing the welts his fingernails had left in their wake. "God, Jensen..."

Jensen let out what suspiciously resembled a small sob and pressed his lips against Jared's collarbone. He couldn't believe Jared would still praise him, still caress him, hold him like he was the only thing that mattered.

Jared did what always did after they made love. He gently maneuvered Jensen until he was nestled safely against his side, head tucked under Jared's chin. "Happy Valentine's, baby."

For once Jensen couldn't answer. He held on tight, eyes stinging and muscles sore, his fingers spread across the wide expanse of Jared's strong chest. By the time the words had freed themselves from the tangled mess of his mind, Jared was already asleep, his arms still cuddling Jensen close like a favorite teddy as the weight of his gift settled heavily in Jensen's chest.

The onus was on him this time. Carefully slipping from the warm arms around him, Jensen fetched a towel from the bathroom and cleaned the worst evidence of their evening's activity from Jared's body. Before settling back down again, he pressed a gentle kiss to Jared's forehead, smiling when the gesture brought a painfully boyish twitch from the sleeping man.

"Sleep well, love," he whispered, and settled back down, pulling the covers over them both.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 17:

Sold you high in my eyes, steal your pain away

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared's control of the situation teeters on the edge.

Warnings: Usual. Porn. Mentions of past non-con. Milo. Jared's huge fists.

Notes: This was another epic, longer than bigbang length chapter, but I was a mean grinch and chopped it in half. Mwahaha.

Extra Notes: We'd also like to take a quick second to open [directors seat](#). Since Days is so epically long, we found we really needed to give it its own home. Then, like the geeks ‡ we are, we thought hey, why not add some extra stuff whilst we are at it. Right now there are [full character bios](#) [see them also [here](#)] for the main cast (including spoilers, so beware) and some awesomely sparkly piccies by the lovely [titheniel](#). There is soon to be all sorts, so watch this space.

Scene One

I: So rumor has it that you got into a little altercation during a shoot.

JA: (glares)

JP: You still mad about that?

JA: You have absolutely no restraint.

JP: Do too!

JA: What are you, seven?

JP: He deserved it!

JA: You put him out of commission for three and half months!

JP: (mumbles) Asshole...

Jensen yawned so wide his jaw popped and glared balefully in Jared's direction. "There should be no such thing as five in the morning," he protested, clutching at his coffee desperately.

Jared grinned around his second breakfast of the day and blew him a sticky, chocolate tainted kiss. "It'll be fun," Jared said around a mouthful, before swallowing the bun down with half a cup of latte and pressing his lips to the back of Jensen's neck. Jensen wriggled but didn't step away, and Jared hid his smirk in the longer locks over his nape.

The shoot was going to be an easy one, and, hopefully, short. It would take them from three to five working days to put together the scene. Jared's costume was the most complicated of the two, since he was the Pharaoh, but Jensen's would require just as much time - even though Jared wasn't allowed to know anything about it until they'd walk on set.

Elle walked in to adjust Jensen's make up and shoved Jared away to his own trailer. Jensen grinned to the mirror as she started working on his face. "You look happy," she said, "and tanned."

Jensen smiled back at her, "Hawaii was awesome."

"I bet," she winked at him. "Just Hawaii?"

Jensen blushed slightly under the powder brush. "Fine. More than just Hawaii."

Elle smiled and bumped him with her hip as she directed him over to the chair. "Well, I think it is wonderful. Not to mention adorable. You two are so cute together."

Jensen grinned happily. "Don't tell Jared you called him cute."

Flecks of gold powder settled over Jensen's skin as she carefully prepared him for the shimmering oil based foundation. "I'll call him what I like." She sniffed mischievously, winking at him in the mirror.

Jensen laughed and settled back to watch the transformation.

Elle was one of the more talented artists in the industry. She'd worked with Jensen since he'd joined the agency, and the magic touches she had worked on him had scored her a full time contract. She lined each of his eyes with black kohl, then smeared a shimmering blue dust across the tops of his eyelids.

By the time she was finished with his face, his skin was golden. Not tanned, but an actual, shimmering gold. He was supposed to look like a jewel fit for Gods, and she didn't hold out the stops. His throat gleamed, a finely wrought gold collar embracing his neck, and Jensen grinned. "Wow!" he exclaimed, throwing her off as she rubbed clear gel over his lips.

"Wait until you see what I have planned for your boy." She laughed. "Millicent almost cried." Jensen practically bounced in anticipation. "You boy will have to be good. Or you will, at least."

He pouted. "Why?" he moaned.

"Don't let us spoil the surprise now," she grinned, swatting the top of his head.

Jensen pouted at her and waited another half hour for the hairdresser to decorate his hair. He walked out on set, trying not to blush at the open-mouthed looks people were throwing at him. He needed to get behind his screen curtains and wait for the cue there as Paul trailed off the usual measures, but he was itching to chance at least one look at Jared.

Jared prowled his way into the circle of lights, where a huge amount of cushions and sheets were making up the royal bed, and stopped, craning his neck to try and spot Jensen among the crowd. The script said he had to call him on scene, but still, Jared was ready to bounce on the balls of his feet to get a glimpse of him.

Joe walked up to him with a pleased, smug smirk on his face. "Thought you might wanted to see this," he said, presenting him with a black cardboard print with a beautiful shot of him and Jensen together during the Hawaii shoot. "It's just been picked for the cover of the DVD."

Jared licked his lips, almost unconsciously. Jensen was on top of him, splayed wide and inviting, his beautiful cock hard and flushed across his belly. Jared's lips were on his neck as he held him over with one hand on his hip, the other tangled in his hair.

"Looks good, doesn't it?" Joe said, and Jared put his wits back together quickly enough to agree.

He cleared his throat. "Yeah, um... wow." Jared reached out, his fingers hovering over the glowing image, before snatching them back quickly. Joe flashed him a knowing smirk.

"You going to behave yourself this time?"

"Not on your life." Jared promised, bouncing up on the huge bed and drawing glares from the set dressers. "I am Pharaoh, Pharaoh does as Pharaoh pleases."

"Christ, this is gonna be a long week," Joe grumbled, slouching off set in search of Jensen.

Jared cackled to himself and snagged a grape from the bowl waiting nearby. He played out his plans for the shoot. It had a similar feel to the pirate one - he and Jensen were supposed to portray an established relationship. Jensen was his favored courtesan, the jewel of his court. Somehow, Jared didn't think he'd have any problems faking that adoration.

Joe nodded and Jared flipped on his mask as the set fell silent.

"And ACTION."

~ * & * ~

"Jensen," the Pharaoh's voice called imperiously. He had just returned from an exhausting trip, and he expected his courtesan to be there at his command.

Jensen shifted through the curtains around the royal bedroom, announced by a tingle of bracelets and beads as he walked in. Jensen's muscles were as golden and shimmering in the candle light as the many pearls and ambers littering his arms and ankles in snakelike twists, just as the golden collar at his throat set off the fair tint of his hair.

Jared smirked, pleased with his courtesan promptly appearance, and beckoned him forward.

"You called, sire?" Jensen murmured, crawling on all fours on the bed, the veils around his waist doing nothing to hide his aroused member.

Jared cupped the back of his head and pulled him forward, licking at the faint trace of cinnamon balm over Jensen's lips. "I'm tired, Jensen," the Pharaoh whispered over his skin.

Bright green eyes, so exotic for the southern lands, peered up at him from below lashes that sparkled with fine shards of diamonds. The Pharaoh had never been shy in handing out his favors, and the wealth of a small province decorated the slave's body.

"How can I serve you, sire?" Jensen asked in the moments their lips were not together, allowing his king all the kisses he desired. When his lips were full and bruised, the Pharaoh leant back, his dark eyes glimmering in the light. Jensen brushed his lips across the strong jaw of his king, trailing down his throat and chest to the ties of his belt and the heavy fabric of his tunic. Years of practice made unfastening the garments with his teeth a quick and flawless job.

"Have you missed your god?" The Pharaoh whispered seductively, his fingers coiling in the jewel-decorated hair of his courtesan. "Jensen... did you ache for my touch?"

"Every day, sire." Jensen looked up coyly, his lips red and wet from their kisses. "I longed for you," he whispered, his palms flat on the Pharaoh's chest, his back arched just enough for the curve of his ass to be in direct line of sight.

Jared smirked at him, his other hand playing with the collar around Jensen's throat and pulling him up slightly. "Did you touch yourself, Jensen?" he whispered, his breath ghosting over Jensen's skin.

"Every night at your command, sire," Jensen confessed, spreading his legs and leaning like a cat over Jared's chest.

"You thought of your God? You prayed for me to let you come?"

"Yes, sire," Jensen murmured, starting to undo the veils around his waist, letting them trail sensually over Jared's chest and legs. "Every night, sire."

"Tell me what you did to yourself," Jared encouraged, guiding Jensen up by his collar.

"I pretended you were touching me." Jensen arched up and ran his hand down his chest. As he reached his hips, his fingers brushed aside the spiderweb thin silk robe to pool over the Pharaoh's thighs. "I put my hands on myself the way I longed for you to, sire. I opened myself on my fingers and dreamed of your cock."

The Pharaoh smiled, satisfied with the answer. He'd thought of Jensen during his travels. Next time he

would have to bring the courtesan with him. Curling his fingers around the thick gold band about Jensen's throat, he smiled and used the grip to draw him forward to whisper, "And did you let anyone touch you?" He'd made it clear before he'd left what the punishment would be for allowing another to touch what was his.

The courtesan looked up through lowered lashes, his spine ached as he bent easily to accommodate the position he was pulled into. "No, sire," Jensen answered, turning on his side as Jared pushed him up and turned him around.

Jensen supported himself with his elbow and leg, draping the other one sensually over the Pharaoh's thigh, beads and bracelets clinking gently and teasing the smooth, gold-like skin. "I lay in your bed, trying to drug myself with your scent. Praying to your majesty that you'd come back and allow your servant to give you pleasure."

Jared smirked and let his hand slide down Jensen's chest, grasping at his full cock and stroking it lightly. Jensen moaned, always so responsive, so ready to his touch, and Jared's mouth sought the column of his neck, tongue tasting the copper of his collar around the smooth skin.

"I'm back now," the Pharaoh murmured, letting go of Jensen's hand and starting to undo the beads around his ankles. Jensen moaned as the Pharaoh dug his thumb lightly into the pale arches of his feet, his hand wrapped around Jensen's ankle. Every brush of fingers against his skin made Jensen shudder.

The Pharaoh loved the small sounds of pleasure he could wring from Jensen's throat, and let his fingers tip-toe up Jensen's calf to his thigh. The courtesan arched back, spreading his legs wide, and resting his weight on the hands braced on the Pharaoh's legs.

"Did you wear it for me?" The Pharaoh asked, his free hand reaching up to curl around Jensen's flushed cock.

Before he'd left he'd had the jewelers fashion a beautiful ring to fit snug around the base of Jensen's cock. The courtesan shook his head. "No, sire."

The Pharaoh's eyes flashed, "And why?"

"I didn't want to. Not without you, sire," Jensen whispered, voice low and sultry as he produced the ring from the depths of the bed, eyes sparkling as the diamonds that decorated his eyelashes. "Nothing feels good without you."

Jared's anger abated, and he used his strength to grab his courtesan's hips and turn him over, pulling him over his lap again. "Does this mean you'll wear it now?"

"Anything my God commands," Jensen said softly, his hands flitting over his chest and resting on the Pharaoh's hips, thumbs sliding over the dent of his hipbones as he undulated lower on his body.

"And if I command you to never take it off?" The Pharaoh said playfully, snapping the ring carefully around the base of Jensen's cock.

The courtesan moaned, but didn't bat so much as an eyelash at the threat. "I am yours to command, master," he said softly, his body trembling on the Pharaoh's lap. "Yours to punish and reward as your majesty dictates."

Sometimes the Pharaoh got the impression that his slave was wasted in the bedchambers, and belonged in politics. He could sell honey to the bees and appease the darkest of moods with one sweet smile. More than once it had been his touch, his embrace, that had stirred the Pharaoh to mercy.

With a wry smile, he settled back against the cushions. "I am hungry. Feed me." he ordered, the image in front of him now complete, and the band around Jensen's cock as symbolic as the one around his slender throat.

Obediently Jensen reached across for the bowl of fruit set aside, and lifted it on to the bed. He placed a

plump, ripe grape between his lips and passed it to the Pharaoh. His skilled tongue pressed the fruit past the Pharaoh's lips, lingering just long enough before repeating the motion with another grape.

Jared's half-mast eyes zeroed on Jensen's rigid cock, and the gleam of gold around the base, and smiled, dark and pleased, sucking in the grape and nibbling at the curve of Jensen's lower lip.

Jensen stilled and let him take his time, getting his lower lip red and swollen and bruised until the line between pleasure and pain blurred deliciously. When Jared let go of him, Jensen's lips were as full and red as the strawberries he passed him, and Jared's dick gave a pleasant throb at the image.

Jensen bit one strawberry in half, letting the juice trail over Jared's lips before following it with his tongue and pushing it into Jared's mouth. The bit of fruit still in his fingers was playing gently on the Pharaoh's throat, sweet juices sticky on Jensen's lips.

The Pharaoh wrapped his hands around the bands on Jensen's arms and flipped them over, pinning the courtesan beneath him before reaching for the fruit bowl and plucking out a handful of ripe pomegranate berries. He let each one fall between his fingers and scatter across the golden skin below him. Some pooled in the hollow of Jensen's throat, others in the dip of his navel.

The Pharaoh licked his lips then dived, catching a ripe seed and Jensen's tight nipple between his lips. He bit down lightly, the seed bursting, and sucked the juice as Jensen arched beneath him.

"Tastes good," Jared whispered, suckling at Jensen's skin as he broke the fruit's tender peeling and let the syrup seep over his slave's body. Jensen moaned, his muscles rippling as Jared's teeth and tongue mapped out the golden freckles dusted all over him.

Jensen's writhing and quiet moans were making Jared harder than he remembered being for the whole month of his travelling. He longed to feel Jensen open wide against him, the tight, wet heat of his body wrapped up around him like heaven and the Underworld rolled together, but he wanted to take his time. He wanted to play with him. He'd gone without relish and leisure for too long, pulled into intricate international affairs. He wanted Jensen to worship him, work his magic all over him.

"Roll over," he whispered in his ear, biting at the fleshy part as he held Jensen's wrists with one huge hand.

Jensen took his lip between his teeth, his lashes low and fanned across his high cheekbones. He shuffled over on the smooth silk, his body arched to brush against his lord's as he rolled onto his belly, his arms outstretched, his wrists held snugly. The smooth plane of his back stretched out beneath the Pharaoh, softer than the silk they lay on.

The Pharaoh swung his leg over Jensen's lean hips, his body stretched over his slave's. He leaned forward and rested his weight on Jensen's arms. "Next time I will take you with me." He promised, leaning down to scrape his teeth along the back of Jensen's neck.

A shiver ran down Jensen's spine. He'd not left the palace grounds since he had been brought there. The Pharaoh wasn't certain if it was fear or anticipation that made him tense. "I'll show you off, the jewel of my crown. All will look at you and crave what I have. They'll wish they could feel your beautiful mouth on them, they'll dream of parting your thighs and spending themselves inside of you. Maybe I'll take you while they watch, but they'll never touch you. Not one of them."

Jensen moaned, turning his head to the side a little so the Pharaoh could have the better access to his throat. He didn't want anyone else but his God, his whole body trembling underneath the powerful stretch of muscles and limbs pressing him down. "You're mine, to own, to hold, to consume. You know this, don't you?"

"Yes, sire," Jensen murmured, voice hoarse, sweat beading on his forehead and over his nape. Jared's mouth slid over one shoulder blade, then one strong bicep, pulling at the golden fastening of Jensen's bracelets and beads until the clasps fell open. He did the same with the other arm until the only jewels Jensen wore were the collar around his throat and the ring around the base of his dick.

The utterly sinful sight before him made Jared's cock throb and leak, all too impatient of slamming into

the dark valley of Jensen's cheeks, riding him like the untamed horse he wanted him to be. He dipped his fingers down the curve of Jensen's ass, feeling the clenching ring of muscle hidden there, and a slow smile pulled on his lips. "Were you playing with yourself before I summoned you, Jensen?"

"Dreaming of you, sire," Jensen whispered, spreading his legs as much as he could under the weight that pressed him down. "Longing for you."

The Pharaoh smiled to himself. The vivid image of Jensen arched backwards, his fingers sliding deep inside of himself, was enough to make the Pharaoh long to do the same. He sucked on the smooth, golden flesh at the nape of Jensen's neck before letting his tongue follow the curve of Jensen's spine. He moved slowly, making his slave squirm, until he could lap at the small, dark, forbidden place hidden between the firm mounds of his ass. He'd not been the first to taste the sweetness of Jensen's ass, but he'd been certain to erase the touch of all others. Jensen belonged to him now, every inch of him.

Soft, desperate whimpers slipped past Jensen's lips. The Pharaoh bit down on Jensen's ass, his fingers sticky with the juice of the pomegranate seeds. Jensen moaned, burying his face into the silky beddings, shoulders quivering and fingers clenching rhythmically in front of him. His cock ached in his gold restraint, angry-red and filled with blood, precome sliding from the head and pooling down on the sheets underneath him.

"So sweet," Jared murmured, spreading Jensen's cheeks and dipping his tongue into his hole, making Jensen wail. He used his fingers to open him Jensen further, jabbing his tongue inside of him in quick succession until Jensen sobbed.

The Pharaoh pulled back and smirked, licking his lips before grasping Jensen's waist and turning him on his back again. Jensen gasped at the change of position, licking his lips when the Pharaoh's face came close to his own. "Go on with your job," he murmured. "I want to watch you take your pleasure for me."

Jensen pressed his hand flat against the Pharaoh's chest and pushed him firmly back against the pillows, a coy, playful smile dancing across his lips. The gold band around his throat glittered in the lamplight and his body coiled as he crawled down the bed, out of the Pharaoh's reach. Jensen flopped onto his back, his fingers dancing across the throbbing head of his flushed cock.

The Pharaoh took a handful of grapes and rolled them in his fingers. "Spread your legs," he ordered. Jensen parted his thighs a hand's width apart. "Further." The Pharaoh growled.

Jensen smiled secretly and let his legs part almost impossibly wide. "What do you want from me, sire?" He asked, his voice soft and sweet.

Jared dipped his hand between the folds of the bed, pulling out one of the toys he sometimes indulged with when he wanted to take his time with Jensen. It was wide and solid, not as big as he was, but close enough, wrapped in residue from a rubber plant and molded over a smaller, marble heart. He pressed it at Jensen's entrance, enjoying the small gasp that let Jensen's lips as the tip almost breached through, and started to trail it up and down teasingly. "Use this. Get as open and wet as you can."

"Yes, my God," Jensen whispered, licking his lips and taking the toy from Jared's hand.

He raised his knees, one of his hands skimming over his torso and tracing the contour of his hips before he let his fingers slip inside. Jensen sucked at his digits with little slurping noises, using the head of the fake dick to collect the moisture over his own hard shaft and drag it down behind his balls.

Jared sat back and watched, his eyes settling first on the way Jensen's cheeks hollowed around his hand, then down at where the thick dildo was parting Jensen's tight, slick hole, each movement making heat pool in the Pharaoh's belly, his fingers clenching on his own knees as he showed a remarkable self restraint. Every cell in his body was screaming for him to pin Jensen down and claim him as his own again.

The muscles in Jensen's thighs tensed as the thick head of the dildo spread him slowly open. He'd played with himself, and his hole was well slicked, but there had been nothing larger than his own fingers inside of him since the last night he had spent with his king.

The Pharaoh had fucked him from sunset to dawn, with his cock, his fingers and whatever toy was in reach. Jensen had barely been able to open his eyes by the time he had been dismissed, and two of the palace guards had been forced to carry him back to the harem.

The Pharaoh's fingers curled around Jensen's and with a soft, dangerous smile, he pressed the dildo deep inside of him. Jensen wailed, his fingers trapped under the Pharaoh's. He bit his lower lip, sweat pooling down his forehead in rivulets as he fought to relax and stretch wide enough to accommodate the whole girth of the dildo. It wasn't an easy task, but his body was well used to it and the discomfort soon gave way to pleasure.

"Good, so good," Jensen murmured, his back arching like a sensual cat, wet fingers slipping on his taut nipples and down lower to pull his balls tight against his body. Jared smiled again, guiding Jensen's hand to pull the dildo out until only the head kept him spread wide, enjoying the small, needy sounds his courtesan was making, thighs trembling with the strain to keep immobile.

Jensen knew he wasn't allowed to fuck himself on the dildo, not yet, and it never stopped to amaze and pride the Pharaoh at just how well Jensen catered to his every whim. He eased the toy back in, aiming for the sweet spot inside of him that would have him buckle and cry, a pleasant grin spreading his lips when Jensen did just so, his wrist twitching in Jared's hold.

Jensen had come to him the master of more than a few tricks the Pharaoh had not believed possible. His small, pink, clenching hole could accommodate more than he had dreamed possible. One day he had simply sat back and watched as Jensen filled himself with golden beads, whilst another time he had watched his slave squirm for hours, impaled on a large marble cock that had been crafted just for him.

The Pharaoh loved to see him gasp and whimper when he stretched wider than he thought possible, the needy, desperate sounds a sweetness only gods deserved. The pink bows of his lips were wide and glossy as he trembled around the cock inside of him, the ring of his ass flushed and swollen. With a powerful thrust of his hand, he drove the false cock home and Jensen sobbed breathlessly.

"More?" The Pharaoh asked, knowing that Jensen could be pushed over the edge into madness and still beg his king for more.

"More," Jensen whispered, eyes blown wide with lust as he rolled his hips to adjust to the toy a bit better. Jensen's cock looked so hard and flushed it was surely painful, and a dark smile spread the corners of Jared's mouth. Treading the line between pleasure and pain was a fine art, one that the Pharaoh had mastered and that he'd took to the higher levels with Jensen. All the courtesans he's had before were too vain, too waspy and fragile. They gave brief enjoyment, but didn't leave him craving for more.

Jensen did. And at first he had been scared by the intensity of the feelings he had for him. Not that he'd breathe a word of it, yet sometimes he thought Jensen knew, and instead of trying to use it against the king, he exploited it for him. For them, for their pleasure.

He pulled the fake dick out and back in again, the heel of his palm flat against the back of Jensen's hand that held the base of the toy. "You need to be wetter than this," He whispered, sucking one of his nipples between his lips until the nub hardened under his bites. He removed his hand, squeezing Jensen's wrist once to warn him not to pull the dildo out, and reached for one cup of balm. He slicked two of his fingers in it, then brought them over the stretched muscles of Jensen's stuffed hole.

Jensen was too experienced to tense when he realized what intentions the Pharaoh had in mind. He took a deep, shuddering breath, and let it out in a hiss as the two large fingers of his god pushed firmly against his ass. The stretch was abrupt, painful almost, and if his cock hadn't been trapped in that wicked golden cage, Jensen knew his discomfort would have shown. The two fingers inside of him thrust shallowly and Jensen trembled with the effort to keep the dildo still.

Eventually the Pharaoh nodded, drew his fingers out, and returned them with more of the thick, heavily scented balm. They thrust in easier the second time, one, then the other, until his hole was slick and stretched wide enough to fuck himself with the toy with no discomfort at all. A third finger, and Jensen sobbed, his thighs still spread so wide it hurt with the effort needed to keep them there. "More?"

"Sire..." Jensen said yes. He always said yes, and the fourth, thickets finger eased in along side the toy, and the rest of the Pharaoh's fingers. The world spun and his head throbbed, the dildo hanging lip in his fingers, held still by the pressure inside of him.

"Good," Jared praised him, his hand running delicately over Jensen's flushed face, drawing patterns through the slight sheen of sweat that had covered Jensen's skin. "So good. Beautiful. My beautiful."

Jensen's eyelashes fluttered and he let out a shaky breath, trying to focus on his god's deep, hazel eyes. "Yours," he breathed, discomfort starting to fade now that both the Pharaoh's fingers and the dildo were still and unmoving inside of him. Long seconds passed, and tingles started to dance down Jensen's spine, the pressure too much and at the same time not enough, Jared's lips lazily drawing patterns down Jensen's throat and chest.

"Sire," Jensen moaned, his throat raw and dry.

Jared licked his way down the symmetry line of Jensen's body and stopped just short of his aching cock. "You want more, Jensen?"

Jensen sobbed and nodded, not trusting his voice. Carefully the Pharaoh eased his fingers out of Jensen's ass, drawing the toy with them. "On your knees," he ordered, astounded as he ever was at Jensen's grace, even when his limbs trembled and his ass throbbed.

The sight presented to him was one of the most beautiful in his kingdom. Jensen's firm, round ass thrust out towards him, his long legs spread so wide the Pharaoh could see his heavy balls. His slave's body shuddered, but he braced himself well, and his cry echoed around the room as the Pharaoh thrust the toy back inside of him. He fucked Jensen with the fake cock the way he would with his own. Hard, deep and fast. He wanted the courtesan to beg for release before they even got started with the main event.

Jensen buckled, knees and palms skidding on the bed with the force of Jared's pounding. He cried out every time his sweet spot was prodded mercilessly by the dildo, sweat running in droplets down his back and arms, cock leaking copiously as it bounced against his stomach. "Sire," he begged, arching backwards in Jared's touch, muscles dancing under tight skin as he undulated and fucked himself against Jared's thrusts. "My god, please, please..."

He smirked and grabbed Jensen's hip, pulling him forcefully back so that he was impaled on the toy, the Pharaoh's knees spreading Jensen's thighs enough to make his hole pull around the base of the dildo.

"Please stop?" he teased, slowing his hand and drawing it out almost completely. Jensen wailed, catching his lip with his teeth as his chest shook with another shuddering breath. "Or please more?"

"What-whatever pleases you, my lord," Jensen gasped, his back arched in a perfect bow.

"You please me, precious," the Pharaoh praised, rouge turning Jensen's flush to something more of pride than desperation.

The dildo slid out with a pop, and Jensen barely had time to feel empty before he was being jerked back into his god's arms, the thick, throbbing heat of the Pharaoh's dick stretching him even wider. He gasped and squirmed, struggling as his weight drove him further down the hard cock and he scrambled for some purchase.

The Pharaoh's arms wrapped around him like solid bands of gold. They kept his arms pinned uselessly, tugging on the collar at his throat as he sobbed at the thick girth stretching him. "Did you miss this?"

Jensen nodded frantically, desperate for something, anything, but he was merely held still and helpless as he trembled on the Pharaoh's cock. "Sire... please... let me... pleasure you."

"You are pleasuring me," the Pharaoh whispered, still not allowing Jensen a fraction of movement. "I'm going to keep you like this until you cannot stand a second more, then I am going to spread you open and fuck your tight little hole with my cock, and then-" He tugged on the collar and Jensen gasped, "I'm going to slide the toy along side my cock and fuck you again."

"Sire..."

The Pharaoh was slowly going mad with the desire to fuck Jensen through the mattress, but he held strong. "Tomorrow I am going to take you into the throne room, and you will spend the day with your mouth around my cock."

"Yes," Jensen agreed breathlessly, his mouth falling open in an O, as if he was anticipating it already, tongue following the curve of his lips as he wetted them. The Pharaoh bit back a groan and tightened his hold on Jensen's collar.

~ * & * ~

"AND CUT!"

Jared groaned and almost thumped his forehead against Jensen's back. "Sonovabitch," he mumbled under his breath, but his hold on Jensen relented immediately and he helped him to climb off his lap, laying him down on the beddings with a small smile. "Hey, baby," he murmured, caressing Jensen's hair back off his forehead.

Jensen cracked a smile, his legs still trembling thinly. Jared took a quick glance around and picked up the robe Paul was offering, hoisting Jensen up slightly with one arm around his back. He draped the robe over Jensen's shoulders before he unclasped the ring around the base of Jensen's dick, holding him gently against his side as Jensen came with a choked off cry.

Jared waited until he stopped trembling and kissed his cheek. "You with me?" he asked, hugging Jensen close.

"Yeah," Jensen nodded, his knees knocking together violently. "This shoot might kill me."

Look who's talking, Jared wanted to say. Jensen was... well, he was always beautiful, but the gold dusting on his skin made his cheekbones sharper and his eyes so green they were almost unnatural.

Jared curled his arms under Jensen's knees and carried him from the set. Jensen's skin was warm and slippery with the balm, and Jared held him tighter than usual. He kicked open the door to their trailer and laid Jensen down on the bed before encouraging him to roll onto his belly.

Jensen curled into the sheets and let Jared part his thighs and check to make sure he'd not been too rough. The skin on Jensen's ass was red, and sore, but had no lacerations, and Jared gave a relieved smile before dousing it with cool aloe vera gel. "Do you want to shower, baby?"

"Hmmm," Jensen mumbled, opening his eyes a crack and grinning at him, "No movin'."

"Alright, no moving," Jared chuckled, finishing to take care of Jensen's aching muscles before he wrapped him up in another robe and curled right into his side. "Massage?"

"Yessha," Jensen grinned, wriggling his toes and dazzling Jared with a carefree smile he hadn't seen in a few days. It made his heart soar and he thanked the power of orgasms for putting Jensen in such a mellow mood. He kissed the apple of Jensen's cheek and shrugged the robe off his shoulders, starting to work his magic over the compressed muscles of Jensen's back.

Jensen mewled, sinking into the bedding. "I love your hands," he said happily. His eyes fluttered drowsily. "Nice hands," he said, grogginess thick in his voice "Nice, strong..." he trailed off into illegible moans and happy groans, the sounds from his lips almost as intoxicating as the ones he made when he was aroused. For a man who was initially so skittish about being touched, Jensen was the most tactile creature Jared had met.

Jared leaned over him to brush aside a lock of his hair. "Sleep for a little bit," he whispered, gently stroking Jensen's throat. "I'll wake you up for something to eat later."

"Hmm." Jensen sighed, already half out of it. Jared arranged the bedding more comfortably and left Jensen with a kiss lingering on his cheek.

After a short while, a soft knock on the door raised Jared from his slumber. He tried to disentangle himself from the haphazard sprawl of Jensen's limbs and went to open the door, a very surly look on his face.

"What," he mumbled, rubbing sleep out of his eyes. Joe smiled at him.

"You don't look very rested."

"I was sleeping before you came barging in."

Joe rolled his eyes with a huff. "You're needed out front."

Jared cocked his head to the side. "And why?"

"Well... we have the short footage thrown together. From..." Joe sighed and scratched his head. A red flag waved in front of Jared's eyes and he gritted his teeth. He didn't need Joe to finish his sentence. He shot a lingering look down at Jensen, who slept on, innocently oblivious to the sudden tension in the air.

Jared didn't say a word. He closed the trailer door quietly and followed Joe towards one of the small editing booths.

"Miss Solari's lawyer paid us a visit," Joe grimaced. "We keep everything we shoot, so don't look at me like I'm some kind of sick pervert." Jared held up his hands and raised an eyebrow. "All Jensen has to do is say that none of what we shot was consensual and she can nail those fuckers with it. Of course we're likely to go down with them for aiding and abetting..."

"You didn't know." Jared said gruffly, his eyes fixed on the large screen. For a brief second he was overwhelmed with Jensen's sheer on screen presence. Then Kevin stepped on and Jared's stomach rebelled.

It was like watching a train wreck. He wanted to look away... couldn't bear knowing that he was watching them hurt Jensen, but the unfolding scene held him trapped, sick to his stomach.

"Turn down the audio," Jared hissed not a minute in. He felt like throwing up already and he didn't need the poor in studio recording to add to that. Jensen's hoarse voice twisted like a knife in his gut. Joe was silent, looking down at the tips of his feet as the footage ran on the monitor. He shut it down after about half a hour, shrugging awkwardly.

"Well, um. There are four hours worth of it but..."

"It's -" Jared's voice died in his throat. He hardened his eyes, knowing revenge was pointless and trying to direct his fury and hatred towards shutting those fuckers behind bars for more years than they could live. "I'll tell Francy to come and collect it."

"Okay," Joe nodded, unplugging the video and putting away the tapes. He looked mighty uncomfortable, but Jared didn't care. While they might not have known, it was still blatant sadism to sell a product like that. "For the record... a pain in the ass though you are, I'm glad he has you."

Jared said nothing, but nodded his head. The desperate need to take Jensen in his arm and kiss away the memory of all that those fuckers had done to him made Jared's chest tighten painfully. He tried to get his head around the reality of what had happened, a small part of him heartbroken by the knowledge that Jensen had willingly put himself in such a dangerous situation.

He took care of his subs, of anyone he shot with, but the willingness to let strangers do what they had done... Jensen had let the scene go on for longer than it ever should. Jared knew him better than Joe or Paul or anyone on set ever could. He'd seen in Jensen's eyes the exact minute the struggles had become real. The look of panic, of desperation, on Jensen's face would haunt him for years. Maybe forever.

He crossed the set and something in his face must have made it clear that he didn't want to see anyone. Mindful of Jensen's sleep, he eased the door open and stepped inside.

Then froze, his heart in his mouth.

Jensen had rolled onto his back at some point, his face tilted to the side. He slept on, vulnerable, and the dark shape of the man leaning over him cast a sinister shadow over his unguarded body.

Jared didn't think. He grabbed the man's neck and slammed him backwards across the trailer, pinning him to the wall. The surge of fear, terror and fury that had raised inside of him made it difficult for him to connect the reddening face of what was, in his mind, Jensen's attacker, to that of his co-worker and nemesis, Milo Ventimiglia.

"Geroffme," Milo spluttered, trying to wriggle himself free from Jared's grasp, but to little avail.

Jensen moaned in his sleep, shuffling on his side and reaching out with a blind arm for what Jared knew was the place he should've been. His chest constricting, he yanked Milo up and away from the table, dragging him out towards the exit.

"Don't you fuckin' dare breathe," he intimated, trying to tiptoe around the vanity. "If you wake him, I'm gonna kill you."

Milo spluttered something unintelligible, and Jared gently clicked the door of the trailer shut behind them before he pushed hard on Milo's chest with both palms, a sound that was very much a growl leaving his lips. "What the *fuck* do you think you're doing?"

Milo's eyes were as round as saucers. "What do I think I'm doing?" he spluttered, rubbing at his sore neck. "Do you make a habit of practically fucking strangling people?"

Milo touched Jensen. While he was sleeping. While he was vulnerable. Milo could have been anyone, done anything. How long had Jared been gone? He could have...

"What do you want?" Jared snarled, blood pounding in his ears. Milo *touched* Jensen. The last man Jared had let touch Jensen had hurt him, violated him, then held him down and let another take over.

"I don't have to answer to you!" Milo growled, his voice low. Both of them were hissing in hushed whispers. The last thing Jensen needed was to witness what had been in the making since the day Jared and Milo had met.

"Yes, you fucking do." Jared slammed his palms on Milo's chest, forcing him back against the side of the trailer.

Milo's face twisted. "What, you're his keeper now?" The mocking words sounded so twisted, so vile, that Jared punched him on principle.

"Jesus Christ," Milo snarled, aiming to get one back, but Jared, well trained in barfights after years of being around Christian (and the fucker was scary if someone dared to mess with Steve, which sadly happened quite frequently, since with Chris one wrong look could be considered messing with), blocked him easily and turned his arm behind his back, pinning him against the door of the make up trailer.

"You don't get to talk about him like that," he whispered in his ear, his teeth grinding together, "Do you understand? I don't care if you're Francy's golden boy, you'll be out of commission for so long once I'm done with you, you can consider retirement."

"Fucking yeti," Milo yelled, but struggle as he might, he only got himself free when Jared let him go.

Jared growled, his nostrils flaring. "Now I'll ask you again. What. The. Fuck. Do. You. Want?"

Milo bristled, but his nose had begun to bleed sluggishly, and the half a dozen inches Jared had on him in

height weren't the only disadvantage he had. Jared was a brick wall. "I need to talk to him."

"Then phone," Jared said bluntly, still crowding Milo's space. "Don't sneak up on him like a fucking serial killer when he's *sleeping*."

The sound of teeth grinding was loud through Milo's pursed lips. "You think I haven't tried?" he snapped. "He barred my fucking number!"

Good, Jared thought vindictively. "Tough shit." He shrugged. "You really want to take no for an answer." Or he'd beat Milo's face to a bloody pulp.

Something like pain flashed in Milo's angry eyes. "How would you like it if he just cut you out of his life without even talking to you?"

Jared stopped to think about it. He couldn't pretend that what Milo had said didn't hit home, in a way. Jensen had yelled at him and thrown sharp objects in his direction, when he'd cried for him to get out of his sight... that hurt. It had hurt even if he knew Jensen didn't mean it.

"It's his choice," he said then, his voice even.

"A choice I'm sure you helped him make," Milo spat, his voice trembling with rage. Jared's knuckles whitened, but he managed to keep his cool.

"Jensen's an adult," he said, leveling Milo with a cold stare. "And I don't care what the fuck you believe, I didn't even know you were trying to call him." *Or I'd have surely tried to stop you.*

Milo looked at him, a weird mixture of resentment, fury and pain on his face. Jared couldn't say he wasn't slightly satisfied by the blossoming bruise around his nose.

"So you wanted to talk to him. And then what? If he'd hadn't wanted to listen, which he obviously didn't, you'd have forced him to?" Jared wasn't pulling any punches. He lashed out with every verbal weapon he had.

Milo was the wrong man, in the wrong place, at the wrong fucking time.

"No!"

"You expect me to believe you? Every man I have met from Jensen's past has hurt him and you expect me to believe you're the exception to the fucking rule when you sneak into our trailer like that?"

"I never hurt him!" Milo snarled, shoving at Jared's chest. "I never touched him! Not once! Not even when he *begged* me to."

Jared's eyes flashed furiously. "That's right, you're a real saint. You're the knight in shining armor who saved him from the big bad wolf. Then abandoned him!"

"I didn't abandon him!" Milo screamed, attracting attention from across the set. "I fucking love him!"

Jared's brain froze on the last sentence. For the first time, a shiver of fear ran down his spine, and he was half tempted to stuff Milo's blabbering mouth with another fist.

Christ. He *loved* him. This fucker actually loved him, and... and yes, fuck, if what Francesca said was true, and he didn't doubt it was, Milo was the one that got him out of that hellhole and - and what if Jensen hadn't known until now but maybe he could've thought about it?

"I'm here now," Jared said, hoping his voice sounded as strong as he wanted. "You had your chance, you blew it."

"How the fuck do you know?" Milo gritted out. "You don't know shit of what went down back then."

"You have left him," Jared answered in style, "and now you can't have him back."

"He's not your property."

"Damn fucking right, I'm not!" They both spun around and fixed Jensen with equally wide-eyed stares.

Jared cursed a mental blue-streak. Fuck. *Fuck*. Jensen glared them both down, his hands on his hips, his skin the same otherworldly gold from the shoot. He looked untouchable, unearthly, but Jared had just seen for himself that he was as exposed as anyone. If Milo had touched him...

"Jen..." He held his hands for Jensen, who stepped back and scowled.

"You," he pointed at Milo, who looked vaguely ill. "Need to fuck off before I call security. I'll talk to you when I want to fucking talk to you, which doesn't look to be any time this century."

Jared cheered silently until Jensen rounded on him, just as mad. "And *you*, need to get back on fucking set. I'm not some damn toy you can butt heads over and I don't have the time, or the energy to be dealing with your pissing contest. I'm working. Jared's working. You both want to duke it out, you wait until we've fucking wrapped!"

The small number crew who hovered on the sidelines looked as stunned as Jared felt. Jesus Christ, he was going to *kill* that motherfucker. What was it with any time Milo showed up he got the rough end of the stick?

"Jensen- " he tried, keeping his voice as controlled as he could.

"No. Just - no," Jensen snapped, and Jared was glad there wasn't anything Jensen could throw within grabbing reach. "I have had up to here with your fuckin' he-man routine."

Jared spluttered, the words taking all the air out of him. "He-man.. Jesus, Jensen - what the -" but Jensen had already stormed back in his trailer, and Jared wished there *was* something he could throw right then. He glared at the crew, who took the unspoken hint and dispersed, before looking back to Milo.

"You know what?" Jared said, his temples throbbing. "You better clear out before I decide I'm sick of seeing your face."

"Doesn't look like your pink tinted cloud is still floating high, either," Milo snapped, but was man enough to know it was better to take a few steps away from a very pissed off Jared Padalecki.

"This is what you don't, and won't ever, get," Jared said, his voice flat. "There's no such thing as a pink tinted cloud. But I'd still choose to have him all the same."

Milo's expression flattened. He shook his head and backed away. "One of these days you're gonna see everything. The whole, uncensored, ugly truth. You won't be so truly, madly, deeply then."

Jared smiled nastily before turning away, "Why not? You are."

Paul appeared out of nowhere to see Milo off set, and Joe popped up by Jared's shoulder. "We need you both on set."

"Fuck off," Jared snapped rudely, storming after Jensen. He was an actor, fully entitled to the odd diva session when his boyfriend threw a hissy fit and their world tipped even more precariously. Shooting could wait.

He marched into the trailer and found himself face to face with Jensen as soon as the door closed. "What the fuck do you think you were playing at?" he snarled. "Doing that *here* of all places. Jesus, Jared, what were you thinking?"

Jared was shaking so hard his knuckles were white and his voice sounded calm, too calm. Oddly detached, somehow. "I was thinking that I just had to watch the two fuckers who broke into your home rape you

while the people we work with fucking filmed it. I was thinking I came back to find someone leaning over you while you were *sleeping*, and that he could have been anyone or done anything and I wasn't *there*. I *wasn't* thinking because when I do all I *can* think about is someone hurting you again and I'm so fucking terrified I can't bear to close my damn eyes for a second!"

Jensen's eyes widened just as his whole being whitened out underneath the make up, and Jared immediately regretted the words that flew out of his mouth.

Christ.

"I'm -" he shook his head, swallowing and looking away. "I'm sorry," he murmured, rubbing one hand over his eyes. "I'm just so fuckin' scared, Jen."

Jensen said nothing, eyes blown wide and staring ahead at him as if it was the first time he'd seen him. Jared spread his arms wide before letting them fall to his sides. "I can't... I can't stand there and listen to him tell me he fucking loves you and hinting that he knows better and what the fuck, I'm human. I'm just *human*."

Jensen blinked, as if snapping out of a trance. "He what?"

Jared frowned. "Yeah. He- well, I thought you'd heard. Hell, half of production has."

"Oh," he whispered, as if that little bit of information was officially too much for him to compute. "Yeah..."

Jared's eyes burned. "I don't know what to do, Jen," he spoke softly. "I don't know how to keep you safe and give you the space you need. I don't know how to fight this." There was a lost, heartbroken sound to his voice that Jared couldn't keep back, and Jensen's face crumpled, his anger vanishing as quickly as it had appeared.

"Hey," Jensen stepped forward and let Jared cling to him desperately. "It's okay. I'm sorry, I don't mean to get angry at you. You're just - *there*, and I can't stop it. I'm sorry."

"Tell me what to do, Jen, please."

Jensen framed Jared's face with his hands. "You have to be strong for just a little bit longer, okay, baby?" Jensen had never called him that before and Jared bit his lip to keep back the words he longed to say. "We need to get through the next few hours. Finish the shoot with me, I'll be right there with you all the way. Then we can go home and I'll make you dinner and you can cry and shout and get as mad as you want to. Then you're gonna sleep, okay?"

Jared clung on, and Jensen felt so much stronger in that minute than he'd ever done before.

"Okay?" Jensen repeated himself, his hands curved over Jared's shoulder blades.

"Okay," Jared murmured, holding him as tight as he could, as if he was terrified Jensen would vanish if he let him move an inch out of his arms. "Okay."

Jensen kissed Jared's cheek, tucking his chin over his shoulder, and Jared's fingers found their way into Jensen's hair. "I'm sorry," Jared whispered, quietly.

"Don't," Jensen held him closer, burying his face in the crook of his neck as he raised on tiptoes to be as level with him as he could. Jared sucked in a breath, his lips brushing against Jensen's neck as he tried to steady himself, hands clutching for purchase at Jensen's nape and back.

"I love you so much, you know that?" Jared whispered in his ear, his voice tight with emotion. "I don't know how I managed to get you but I'm so fuckin' thankful I did."

Jensen's heart skipped a beat and he bit his lower lip, burrowing his face deeper in the crook of Jared's neck. He gave a soft, humorless chuckle, but Jared shook his head even before he could get a word in.

"No," Jared forestalled, holding him tighter. "Don't you dare say anything to the contrary."

Jensen stilled and softened in Jared's arms. "Okay," he whispered, more than willing to back down for Jared's sake.

Jared kissed his cheek then leaned back to look him in the eye, framing his face with one of his hands. Sometimes Jensen looked so young it made his whole chest ache.

"It hurts, I know." Jensen whispered, leaning in to Jared's hand. "Use it. Hide behind that mask and really use it." He twisted and kissed the center of Jared's palm. "I'll be there with you. I won't let you go too far."

"Don't let me hurt you." Jared whispered.

"You never could." Jensen swore.

There was a soft, timid tap on the door. "We'll be out in a minute," Jensen called, stepping back and smoothing his thumb down Jared's cheeks. "Smile for me, baby," he whispered, his own lips curved encouragingly.

Jared smiled, because Jensen had asked him. He then cupped Jensen's face with his palms and drew him in for a kiss. Not a peck on the lips, not a light, reassuring smooch, but a full on, deep, loving kiss, their tongues playing softly against one another, Jensen's warmth wrapping around Jared's raw ending nerves and soothing him more than words could.

When they parted, Jensen lay his head on his shoulder, and Jared ran his fingers down his spine, without speaking. Jared didn't need to hear it to know what Jensen was trying to tell him, and that filled him to the brim with love and determination. He might not have the full picture yet, but he was dead sure that if, or when, he did, it wouldn't change a thing.

"We've gotta go," Jensen reminded him, stroking the small of his back in circles. Jared nodded and pressed his lips to the top of his head.

"Millicent's gonna kill me, I ruined all her make up," he joked, caressing Jensen's face with the tips of his fingers.

"This is very true. Guess I better put in a good word for you, huh?" He nudged Jared with his hip, a smile in place that could fool the rest of the world.

Elle collared Jared as soon as they were on set, dragging him back to make up where she could fix the car wreck that was his face. Eyeliner had smudged all over his cheeks and the gold paint smeared. As she fixed him up, she shot him a motherly smile. "You okay, sunshine?"

Jared remembered what Jensen had said, and plastered on a perfect smile. "Never better."

If she didn't believe him, she'd been working with Jensen long enough to know when to keep quiet. "All set," she announced as soon as she was finished. Jared flashed her a smile and winked before heading for the set.

Jensen was waiting for him, sprawled out like priceless art on the crumpled bedding. He'd put the cockring back on and lay there with smoldering eyes, the danger of his beauty no more obvious than it was right then.

Jared smiled, blew him a kiss, the last one he could before his mask slipped back on, and Jensen gifted him with a small tiny grin back. Win.

Joe walked up to Jared, looking uncomfortable and out of place. In another contest, it would have made Jared laugh. "All good?" he asked, voice gruff.

"Peachy," Jared nodded, straightening his shoulders and walking up on the bed.

"ACTION!"

Scene Two

The Pharaoh rolled Jensen on his back, hooking both his legs around his shoulders, the slippery skin of Jensen's ass skidding over his thigh, leaving burning hot trails in his wake. Jensen threw his head and arms back, arching his chest up in the Pharaoh's touch, a small moan tearing from his throat when Jared's hand closed over his collar. "Sire, please..."

Jared's hands trembled as they spread the concubine wide, his thumbs pressed into the tender skin on the secret parts of his thighs. "Open for me, my priceless treasure." His cock rode the valley of Jensen's ass, slipping across slick skin and teasing the swollen ring open with each brush past. Jensen arched and squirmed, trying to push back against the Pharaoh's body.

The hands on his thighs moved up to brush Jensen's nipples, and under the order of his god, Jensen's thighs parted, spreading himself wider. "My king... my love... have mercy."

Reaching for the discarded toy, the Pharaoh pressed the large head to Jensen's lips, and the slave eagerly parted, his heavy lashes fluttering closed. Those bruised, cherry red lips wrapped around the fake cock, and the Pharaoh breached past the swollen ring of Jensen's ass, stealing his moans of pleasure. "Take me deeper," he demanded, his voice breaking as Jensen clenched around him and took the dildo deep down his throat.

Jensen's throat fluttered as he fought to suck and work his tongue around the fake dick and canter his hips up for Jared's hard shaft to press against the sweet bundle of nerves inside of him. When he did, the whole room whitened out and he choked off a cry, almost biting his tongue off as he rocked back in each thrust, craving to feel it again, deeper, have the tingles on his skin and in his belly multiply until the sweet wave of release would envelop him, but he knew it was far too early for that. The ring around the base of his cock was ensuring it.

"Do you want more, Jensen?" the Pharaoh asked, slowing down his thrusts until the pace was agonizingly slow, every push and pull calculated to stroke every sensitive nerve inside of Jensen, driving him insane with need.

Jensen made a garbled sound around the head of the dildo, his plump lips slick with balm and saliva, and Jared pulled it out. It made a wet, obscene popping sound, and Jensen moaned, his throat working as if he was trying to get it inside of his mouth again.

"Good boy," Jared praised softly, plunging right in until his balls slapped against the back of Jensen's ass and covered his lips with his own, his tongue sweeping around Jensen's mouth, fucking it as he did his ass, slow and assured.

Jensen melted into the kiss, his lips parting as easily for Jared as they had for the toy. He mewled and moaned, clutching at Jared's shoulders, his thighs trembling as he held them apart. When his eyes fluttered open, the loving, tender look he fixed on his king stilled Jared mid thrust. He reached up, stroking the sweat damp strands of hair out of Jensen's eye. "My own..."

He trailed the dildo across Jensen's lips and jaw, down his throat to trace the line of his collar, then lower. It brushed Jensen's tight nipples and traced the line of his abs before vanishing between his thighs. "Mine to fuck. Mine to reward. Mine to force as much pleasure from as a God could give. I'm going to make you scream, beautiful one. I'm going to spread you open so wide you'll never empty again. I'll brand you with my seed."

"Yes, please, yes..." Jensen's eyes rolled back, the whites brilliant against his golden skin. His throat rose and fell sharply, constricted by the heavy collar. He felt the Pharaoh's fingertips pressing around his hole, right next to the wide girth of the cock keeping Jensen wide, and gasped, his chest shuddering with the inhale. His king's digits were slippery wet with balm, and the stretch wasn't painful as it was arousing.

Jared started to move back before aligning the dildo next to his cock. His fingers kept Jensen's scissored open, and with one single thrusts he eased both himself and the head of the toy in. Jensen's long, guttural cry was cut off by Jared's hot lips sealing over his, stealing his breath away. He didn't need to hold the dildo now, his own body would assure it'd move in tandem with him, held snug and tight by the hot muscles of Jensen's ass, and he used his hands to stroke his shaking thighs and sides, petting him as he would quiet a kitten.

"Shh, beautiful, so good, so good for me," Jared murmured, his words traced into the heated skin of his slave.

Jensen sobbed, legs shaking violently as he was spread wider than he could ever think possible. It irrationally felt like he was stuffed even fuller than he'd been when his God had used his whole, huge hand to fuck him, deep and rough, and even if he knew it wasn't, the sensation was almost too much to bear.

Jared took pity on him, his palms flat against Jensen's thighs, holding him wide as he started the slow, careful push pull that made him slump bonelessly, his body a beautiful vessel for the pleasure his god saw fit to give. "Amazing, how such a small, fragile thing can hold so much inside. So tender... so beautiful."

Jensen could do nothing but lay there, sprawled where his king dictated as pleasure and pain warred for a place at the forefront of his mind. The Pharaoh could play his body like a master musician, coaxing bliss where there should be only pain. Jensen's body, so used to giving and receiving pleasure, was his lord's favored tool. The Master of the World commanded life on earth, his power no more concentrated then when he turned his mind to fucking Jensen.

"My God," Jensen begged, his whole body shining in the lights of the lamps. His arms reached out to entwine around Jared's back and pull him closer, as if he was desperate for his touch, and Jared eased himself in until he was completely overwhelmed with tight, wet heat.

The king's breath was hot and damp over Jensen's skin, and he pulled Jensen up a few inches, his arm sliding under his back as he guided him into his embrace. He let out a low grunt, Jensen's muscles squeezing in tighter as his hips catered up to a new angle with the movement, and Jared's mouth fell open.

"Jensen," he murmured, and the way his name fell from the Pharaoh's lips made Jensen's body shudder and suffuse with heat. Sometimes Jensen thought he lived for this. He lived for his God's voice to roll over him in a soothing caress, as if he was the one being worshipped, as if the feelings he had for his King were returned.

"My god," Jensen whispered back, angling himself up again and hooking one leg around his waist, trying to pull the Pharaoh closer, deeper into him. Jensen bucked himself upwards, his body clenching so beautifully around him. The fine tremors of his limbs only drew the Pharaoh onwards.

He untangle himself from Jensen's coiled legs and tugged on the base of the marble dildo. Jensen wailed, his body tense as the gentle manipulations opened him further. "Scream for me. Call your prayers out into the night. Let everyone now that you are mine... my vessel. My chosen one. None are more beloved than you. None are more blessed."

Jensen's face was a painting of desire, his deep, exotic eyes hidden behind the curtain of his lashes, his full lips parted with pleasure as his beautiful, slender throat arched backward with each deep thrust.

The Pharaoh himself had placed that band of gold around Jensen's pale, vulnerable neck, marking his property as clearly as a brand burned into Jensen's skin. Jensen had never taken it off since the first day he was brought into the harem, wearing it like a crown more than a restraint, and that regal knowledge, the shameless awareness of his own sensuality had broken through the Pharaoh's walls.

No one had ever been like Jensen, no one would ever be. Jared's lips found the metal of his collar and sucked a bruise around it at the hollow of Jensen's throat, his thrusts getting more measured, each push of his dick inside of him coinciding with a withdraw of the dildo, so that Jensen was never left empty, always stimulated.

"Your mouth," the Pharaoh whispered, lapping at Jensen's parted lips. "The things you do with your mouth. I could spend a day just kissing those lips, never get tired. Marking them, making you mine."

"Already yours," Jensen breathed, his tongue sneaking out to lick at Jared's jaw. "I've always been yours."

"Mine," he whispered in agreement, pleased by the answer enough to give the gift his courtesan craved most. The snap of the gold band releasing Jensen's straining cock was lost as Jensen threw back his head and screamed his release.

Taking advantage of the violent tremors that wracked Jensen's body, the Pharaoh pulled back and wrapped his hands around the calves that tried to grip his back. Pressing Jensen almost in half, he leant his weight forward and drove himself deeper than Jensen had thought it was possible to take him.

"Mine," he growled, his voice rough around the edges, his thrusting harder, more erratic with every press inside Jensen's trembling body. "Mine."

Jensen sobbed, and yelled as if in pain as a second orgasm was wrought out of him, his body shaking as if he wanted to collapse under the assault. The dildo was pulled out and cast aside, so that only the king's cock remained inside of him, his hips stuttering a staccato against Jensen's ass.

Jensen opened his eyes, his arms sluggish as he wound them around the Pharaoh's neck and angled himself up, his legs tight in the Pharaoh's grip. He wanted to talk, wanted to encourage his King to let go, to fill him up, mark him, reclaim him even though he didn't need to, but his voice wouldn't come out. A muted garble left his lips as he pressed them at the juncture of his king's neck, squeezing on him as tight as he knew, and then his king was coming, hot and fast in his ass, down his thighs, over the curve of his cheeks.

The Pharaoh's mouth found Jensen's and he sucked at his lips before fucking his tongue against him, rocking out the last of his orgasm against his pliant body.

~ * & * ~

"CUT!" Joe called the scene and Jared slumped, still inside Jensen, who held him tightly. His eyes burned and his hands trembled, completely wrung out. Jensen's hand cupped his cheek, gently stroking across warm skin.

"Jay?" He whispered, his voice thin and rough, but his eyes far more with it than usual after a shoot. He'd forced himself to keep a hold on to what was happening, not letting go for once, not giving in. Jared's chest heaved against his.

"Jen," he called softly, clutching Jensen tightly to his chest, his arms trembling as if the thought of having to pull back and let go of Jensen terrified him.

"It's alright," Jensen promised, his head spinning as he tried to counteract the weakness in his limbs. "I'm here."

Jared nodded against his throat, his fingers trembling as they reached up and unfastened the golden collar. He eased back, pulling out of Jensen, who whimpered at the tug over sensitive flesh. Jared grimaced and cleaned the worst of the mess with a couple of towels the PAs were handing him, the touches soft and attentive. The inner side of the collar was soft and cushioned, so the red mark around Jensen's throat wasn't much a bruise as a faint shadow. Jared kissed it, all around Jensen's neck before collecting him in his arms and burying his face in his hair.

"You good?" Paul asked, voice calm and professional as he handed them robes and towels. Jared nodded without replying and tucked a robe around him before donning one on himself.

"It's fine," Jensen whispered, curling his hands around Jared's back. "I'm here."

Jared made an affirmative sound and brushed his lips over Jensen's forehead before setting his feet on the

ground and moving off set towards their trailer. Jensen was fighting to stay anchored to the here and now, but Jared knew he'd lose his battle sooner rather than later. Jensen's eyelids were drooping with each step, even if he still mumbled sweet reassuring words in Jared's chest.

A part of him was ashamed that Jensen would feel the need to give him that reassurance. This was *his* job. He was the one that took care of Jensen, that held him when he was afraid and whispered soothing words into his ear. He knew Jensen would not think twice of giving him that level of support in return, but he shouldn't need to. He had enough to worry about without dealing with Jared's fears.

He held Jensen tighter and watched him struggle with his own body. Jensen had practically lead the second part of the shoot. He'd guided Jared silently, and it felt strange to realize how easily Jared had just let him.

He was a control freak on set. He knew it. Everything stemmed down to the need to know his co-star, and more often than not, his sub, would be safe and as comfortable as possible. He led everything, keeping within the strict parameters he set himself. The effortless way Jensen had overtly taken over control spoke of a skill and level of experience Jared didn't think belonged in anyone as young as Jensen. It raised questions and fears he wasn't sure he was ready to deal with just now, so he pushed that particular thought to the back of his mind.

He lay Jensen down on the bed, wondering if he'd be paranoid to check every nook and cranny of the trailer for intruders and opening the bathroom door just in case. Satisfied when he saw no one, he bolted the door and walked back to the bed, sitting on the edge of the mattress and running his fingers in Jensen's hair.

"What am I going to do with you, huh?" Jared whispered, caressing his cheek and neck, where the red imprint of the collar was already fading. He picked up the aloe gel and applied a thin layer over his neck just in case, then carefully pushed up Jensen's robe to work the cream in his legs and over the sore muscles of Jensen's ass, too. Jensen mumbled something unintelligible and let his legs open wider, a soft, pleased sigh falling from his lips.

"You were amazing, baby," Jared murmured, leaning over and dropping a kiss over his cheek. "Simply amazing."

"You weren't so bad yourself," Jensen mumbled, reaching up and curling his fingers with Jared's. "Thank you," he whispered, his eyes down cast. "For sticking with it. I know you didn't want to be there."

"You make it easy," Jared replied, rolling down onto the bed to pull Jensen in his embrace.

There truly was nothing easier in the world than taking Jensen into his arms and being strong for him. It was what made all the fear and the paranoia worth it. He knew that the last of the strength Jensen had clung to had fluttered away like sand in an hourglass, and he waited until the soft, even lull of breathing sounded in his ear before carefully sliding off the bed and climbing into his clothes.

He couldn't stay in the trailer for much longer. Every time he closed his eyes he saw what could have happen and knew he'd not regain his sanity until they were safe in their own home. He debated calling Francesca, but then again he thought she'd have heard what happened by now, and if she wasn't there to tell him off and threaten him, he must have been in the right. He looked back at Jensen, debating whether it was worth it to move him and get him dressed or simply bundle him up and drive back to their house.

Jared figured Jensen's sleep wouldn't have been disturbed by a pair of fluffy socks and pants, so Jared rummaged in the drawers until he could find something to exchange the robe with, and swiftly re-dressed him.

Once Jensen was tucked into a pair of warm, comfy PJs with no more than a mumbled curse slipping from his lips, Jared picked him up in his arms (his back gave a painful twang at that, reminding him that he should hit the gym every once in awhile if he wanted to keep being the he-man, as Jensen aptly put it) and walked out of the trailer towards the parking lot.

He called up a driver, because he really didn't want to get behind a wheel himself, and tipped him largely when he brought them home in less than twenty minutes.

"Here we are, baby," Jared whispered, holding him tight as he slid carefully out of the backseat, carrying a sleeping Jensen with him.

Harley almost tripped him up until Sadie shuffled him out of the way and let Jared carry Jensen into the sitting room. Laying him down on the soft couch, Jared reached out to brush the golden locks of hair from Jensen's eyes.

Jared loved to watch Jensen sleep, savoring the moments when his rest was peaceful, and the cares and concerns of his waking life melted away, leaving his face sweet and innocent. He didn't look like a pornstar, he didn't act like a pornstar, but today on set he'd stepped up the game and picked up the slack as if he'd been reacting to a top's moods his whole life. It made Jared uneasy.

The switch Jensen had flicked, from letting Jared lead to the sudden, unexpected burst of strength took him by surprise. It wasn't that Jared hadn't known before. It just.. there was something in Jensen's precise knowledge that bothered him.

The ease, maybe. Or maybe the fact that he had waited - hell, Jared had wanted to wait - for weeks before approaching him in any sexual way off screen. Maybe because of what he knew of Jensen. Maybe because of what he'd saw earlier that day.

Jared sat down next to him and stroked his back, once, before tucking Jensen under the thick throw and picking him up in his arms to walk up to the bedroom. Once he could lay him on the bed, he threw back the covers and tucked him in, smoothing the creases off with his hand. Jared knew Jensen didn't mind their job. But there was something that kept nagging him, and until he put his finger on it, he knew he was signing himself off for a restless night.

Just right then, his phone started to buzz in his pocket and he fished it out quickly, pressing green even before registering who was calling, afraid the noise would wake Jensen.

"Hello?"

"*Buonasera* there."

Francy. Perfect. Jared sighed, he should've known he'd hear it from her, too. "Before you say anything, I had every reason to be freaking -"

"When will you boys learn that you can't solve everything with your fists?" Francesca sighed. "*Si*, the boy is a little stupid, but did you have to break his whole face?"

"I didn't notice any difference," Jared said childishly. "And he had it fucking coming. Tell me the truth, if you found someone leaning over Jensen's bed while he slept and you didn't know who it was, you'd have blown his fucking head off."

She huffed, impatiently. "*Si*, but I'm allowed to make rash and impulsive decisions like that." She argued. "I'm a woman. You however have fists the size of trashcan lids and a three hundred horse power engine inside of you. A little consideration might be nice the next time you decide to beat someone to a pulp for looking at him the wrong way."

Jared snorted. Fat chance of that. "Did you know?" He asked, a hint of accusation in his voice. "Did you know Milo was in love with Jensen?"

"I am neither dumb nor blind. Of course I knew."

Jared had expected denial, avoiding of topic, skidding around the subject the way Francy was well known for. The brisk admission, like it was no big deal, knocked the air out of Jared's lungs. "Then why-" he stammered, at loss for words. "I thought you liked him." He doesn't add *more than me* because he's a little older than middle school, thankyouverymuch.

"I do like him. He's a good actor, and a good guy."

Jared's mouth went dry on him. He didn't say anything, but he did turn his head to check on Jensen, resisting the temptation to find his hand under the cover and squeeze.

"But no matter how much he thinks of himself, he would never have been able to stick with Jensen. He'd have ended up following Milo, and Milo would've let him, because it'd be so much easier than to fight to have him get better."

Jared sat there, stunned, for a whole five seconds. What was it that he was hearing? What was she implying? "You..."

It's like a switch goes off. What was bothering him in the shoot - Jensen was ashamed of his knowledge, ashamed of his practice - not of his job - but how he had acquired it.

He reached out and ran his hand across Jensen's cheek, his thumb brushing lightly across the long inky stain of his lashes. There was a fear inside of Jensen that had nothing to do with what had been done to him, or what lay ahead. He was afraid of what would happen when Jared found out.

He wondered bitterly if that played a part in Jensen's silence, then scolded himself for the selfish thought. Jensen trusted him by now, surely? Jared would never judge, never blame him, never see him as less, or tainted. He *loved* Jensen. Nothing would sully that.

"You make him fight," she admitted flatly. "He needs that. You don't lie down and let him get away with hiding from the world because he can tug on the heartstrings." There was a grudging note of admiration in her voice that Jared couldn't place. He thought of the semi-explosive argument they had thrown out earlier that day. "There's a lot of fire inside of him that's been smothered too long."

Jared nodded, then remembered she couldn't see him. "I noticed," he mumbled.

"You don't have to be afraid of Milo. I'll talk to him."

"He said Jensen barred his number," Jared muttered, and it oddly felt like he was trying to find reassurance in her.

"He did," Francy sounded fairly amused.

Jared tried not to think at how childish it all was, seriously, but he asked anyway, "You know why?"

"I'm thinking he doesn't approve of the way Milo decided to talk to you," she said serenely. "Milo has really no one to blame but himself. He wanted to be the knight, wanted to tell you just how much good he'd done, and that backfired quite spectacularly."

Jared couldn't help the surge of vindictive happiness that reared up in him. Not that he tried *that* hard.

Jensen woke with a whimper and brought Jared's thoughts quickly back to the present. He reached out and stroked Jensen's neck and he wrapped up with Francesca. "You gonna fire me for flattening his face?" he asked.

"Hardly." She snorted. "I have let you get away with far more serious infractions." Jared couldn't think of any, but didn't dare point that out and risk marring Francesca's surprisingly relaxed attitude.

"I'll talk to you later then."

"I have some scripts I'll fax over tonight," she informed him. "Talk to me when you've picked one out."

"Kay." He ended the call as Jensen's eyes fluttered open.

"Jay?" Jensen reached out blindly and winced as he tried to roll over and clutch at Jared's hand.

"Here, baby," Jared whispered, taking his hand and stopping his move with his arm. He bowed low to kiss the side of his neck. He scrutinized his face for a few instants, looking for the leftovers of a nightmare, but Jensen's eyes were still half-mast and clouded with sleep.

"You okay?" Jensen mumbled, clearly at loss with his surroundings. "Where are we?"

"Home," Jared said tenderly. "You were out as a light. I got us a ride back."

Jensen blinked, his expression softening immediately when he realized where they were. "Home, yeah," he agreed, his voice leaving him in a soft breath. Jared gave a soft sigh and lay down next to him, sliding his arm around Jensen's shoulders and tucking him next to his chest.

"You okay?" Jensen asked again, and Jared was ready to break down and cry at the insistence in Jensen's voice.

"I'm good, baby." He pressed his lips over Jensen's, caressing the soft locks at the back of his head.

"Are you lying?" Jensen asked, snuggling closer, his eyes closed.

Jared had to think about it, but decided that he was too invested to risk lying. He held Jensen closer and breathed him in. "I've been better," he admitted. "About Milo."

Jensen shook his head. "I don't love him," he whispered, clutching at Jared's broad back. "I... I have you."

Tears burned the back of Jared's eyes. "Could you have?"

He couldn't see Jensen's face, and a part of him was glad. Jensen's eyes never lied.

"Maybe," Jensen whispered. "But I don't, and I never have. It's not an issue. You believe me, don't you?"

The way Jensen had dismissed Milo from his sight, not once, but twice, answered the question in Jared's heart. "I believe you."

Jensen sighed, the relief evident, and Jared clenched his jaw, holding on tight. He believed Jensen, he did, but a part of him hated that there had been any doubts in the first place. He wasn't supposed to doubt Jensen, ever. He couldn't afford himself that.

"Why are you so angry with him?" he asked then, not because he didn't believe Francesca. He didn't really know what made him ask, maybe he just wanted, no wait, *needed* Jensen to say it.

Jensen didn't open his eyes, just crowded in closer against him. If there hadn't been the sheets separating them, Jared knew he'd be wrapped around him like an octopus on a rope.

"He's..." Jensen trailed off. He looked briefly up at Jared, color in his cheeks when he skated his eyes downcast again. "He shouldn't have told you..." he trailed off, and Jared frowned, stroking his hair. He didn't push, let Jensen take things at his own pace. "I didn't... I didn't want you to know," he admitted, trailing off quietly.

"You think I'd think less of you once I knew?" Jared whispered, his heart breaking at the broken sound to Jensen's voice.

Jensen cringed and tensed in Jared's arms.

"I let... I didn't... they..." Try as he might, Jensen didn't seem able to put into his words all that he was thinking. His shoulders tightened as his breathing hitched. "How could you not?"

God... "Baby... you are the most perfect thing in my life. I don't care what you've done in the past, and I'd never blame you for what someone might have done to you. I know you, and I love you. The rest, well that's just details."

Jensen snorted, even though it was broken by a snuffle, "Pretty fucking big details."

"Jen," Jared decided drastic measures were needed and he wrapped his arms around his back, hauling him up as gently and firmly as he could, pulling him on his lap, legs thrown off across one side. "Okay, look at me now. Please?" He cupped his face, guiding his eyes up until all he could see was green, endless miles of windswept, oceanic waves.

"You said you trusted me, yeah?" He asked, voice low and smooth, as reassuring as Jared could make it. Jensen nodded without hesitating, and it heartened him. "Good. Then I want you to know that it means nothing to me. I'm here for the long run, and I'm not going away."

"But it scares you," Jensen whispered, voice sad. Jared's heart creaked just a bit more.

"I'm scared for you," he corrected him, stroking his cheekbone. "I could never judge you, or treat you as something less. Whatever they did - I still want to make them pay, but it'd never, ever change what we have."

"You don't have to be scared," Jensen said, voice worn out and weary. "He - he won't move directly."

Jared's senses sharpened. "Simon?"

Jensen's glance skidded down again but he nodded, unconsciously drawing himself closer to Jared. "He likes to play." He admitted, saying more than he had ever done before. "He'd want me to go to him... it's more fun that way."

Jared held Jensen so tight he was sure it must have hurt. "Promise me... god, Jensen, don't even think it."

Jensen laughed bitterly. "Believe me, I'm not."

The urge to rip the man limb from limb had never been stronger. The black, sickening rage that bubbled inside of him was a vortex, threatening to suck him into the darkness. Jensen shuddered and Jared ran his thumb across the nape of neck.

"I wish I could take away all the hurt I know you feel... but baby, I wouldn't change a single thing about you."

"I'm... I wish I could be better for you. Less..." the flush of embarrassment crept down Jensen's neck. "...*practiced*."

The little that was left intact of Jared's heart shattered and turned to dust. He cupped both of Jensen's cheeks, drawing him in until their foreheads leaned on each other. "There's nothing wrong with you," Jared said, voice quiet but firm, eyes boring into Jensen's. "You don't need to be anything but what you are, and god, don't you ever think I'd want something or someone *better*. To me, there's no one better. There's no one, period. There's just you. And I don't give a flying fuck about everyone else."

Jensen trembled, breath catching in his throat as he went to pull his lower lip between his teeth. "They said..." he cleared his throat, and Jared was thankful for the grip he had on his face, because Jensen couldn't look away. "No one really settles for sloppy leftovers... and I was so angry, I didn't mean to hit him but I... had no one else to hit. Just told him to leave and... he left. Milo," he added in a whisper, flush deepening. Jared's jaw clenched, and yes, he could totally relate with the feeling of wanting to hit something, anything. "And I thought he'd tell you and - he did and - I didn't want you to know."

"I'm not going anywhere. It hasn't changed anything." Except it added the urge to kill to the catalogue of emotions Jensen had awoken within him.

"And I hit you... but you didn't leave. You stayed. You didn't leave."

The memory of holding Jensen down as he had screamed and fought against him still woke him up at night. Jensen had been so angry, so dangerous, but all Jared had felt that day had been a complete,

heartbreaking sadness. He remembered Francesca telling him that Jensen had broken Milo's ribs and shook his head. "Hey, I have a hard head."

"I never wanted to hurt you," Jensen sobbed, tears finally winding his way down his cheeks to pool at Jared's fingertips.

Jared shook his head, hating how fragile Jensen felt in his arms. "You didn't hurt me, baby."

Jensen closed his eyes and bit his lip. "I will."

Jared surged forwards, his lips catching Jensen's briefly before he shifted them on his cheeks to catch his tears. "Stop saying that," he soothed, pulling him in with an arm around his neck as he kissed the wet trails away. "We'll always hurt each other, even if unintentionally. I let you down, too. I fucked up. It's what relationships are made of, right? Everyone fucks up. But we'll go on anyway." He wound his fingers in Jensen's hair and held him sweetly, kissing his face with brief, butterfly-light touches until Jensen's tears slowed down, his quick breathing getting even.

"You didn't hurt me," Jensen hiccupped, "Not once."

"Did too," Jared said sadly. "You were right, I wanted revenge. I was so furious, I couldn't see straight."

Jensen burrowed closer against him, hiding his face in Jared's neck. He did it awfully often, hiding himself away against Jared as if he could hide from the world. At first he thought it was adorable, now it brought about an almost incommensurable pain and sadness.

Jared didn't know what else to say. He'd do anything protect Jensen, anything to make him happy, but it seemed like the only thing that would actually make a difference was beyond his reach. Revenge, tempting as it was, would do nothing to erase the damage already done. Someone had got to Jensen a long, long time ago, and the scars they had left behind were only just emerging on the surface.

Over and over at night, when Jensen lay quietly in his arms, and the sky was dark outside, Jared replayed the night of their first date in his head. Jensen had expected to be fucked that night. He'd agreed to their 'date' believing that Jared would come, fuck him, then discard him like so many had before... and for the life of him, Jared couldn't understand why he'd given in and said yes.

That he'd been let into Jensen's *home*, to do such a vile thing, when he'd seen how terrified Jensen was when faced with a stranger in his home... for good reasons... only made the puzzle more perplexing.

Jensen was afraid of people he didn't know and could barely look their waiter in the eye, but he let men tie him up and beat him for money. He hated being touched by anyone but Jared, and that included Chris and Steve, but on camera he'd bend over and spread his legs apart for someone to fuck him senseless.

Jared just didn't get it. It was almost like their job, what he did, had become all Jensen's life, all he knew. It had hurt him, hollowed him inside out. Like everything he was or could ever be was his body and his willingness to let others have it. Like he wasn't an actor but-

Jared didn't finish that sentence, not even in his head. It hang there, ugly and unwhole, and he pressed his lips to the side of Jensen's head as if he wanted to make sure he hadn't somehow felt the thoughts chasing around in Jared's head.

That Jensen self esteem was low or close to none wasn't a surprise, but the bits and pieces that were starting to unravel in front of him threw everything in a darker, colder light. Jared thought back at how skittish Jensen had been when he foolishly asked him about why he was in the industry. He'd thought Jensen was adorably shy, not wanting people to see them holding hands or talk quietly with their heads together over the table, but right now everything took a whole new meaning. It didn't just scare Jared. He wasn't simply *scared* anymore. He was downright terrified. Terrified he wouldn't be enough for him, that he, too, would let him down like everyone else already had.

He would never, ever forgive himself if he failed.

The worst part... the part that burned at him with every word he said, with every touch, was that he had no idea if he was doing or saying the wrong thing. He'd let his temper get the better of him twice now, and both times Jensen had suffered for it. With Jona and Kevin... and with Jeff. They'd all known how to wind Jared up so badly that he'd forgotten that Jensen should be front, center and all Jared thought about. He'd wanted the two fuckers who'd hurt him to suffer more than he'd wanted to give Jensen what he needed, and he'd been too stubborn, too childish to see that Jeff had played them both like a master.

He'd failed twice now. He'd let someone hurt Jensen when he could have stopped it, and the knowledge that they had both just been games put in place by a sick and twisted mind made him shake with fear. There would be worse to come.

There would be far worse, and Jared had already fucked up so many times.

He wanted to pull Jensen inside of him and promise to protect him from everything, but in reality Milo had saved him far more than Jared ever had. The thought shouldn't sting like it did, but it tasted like poison against the roof of his mouth. Maybe Jensen would've been better off with someone that actually knew what he was dealing with. Milo's words echoed in his mind, like the chiming voice of his conscience.

"You'll see the whole, ugly truth. You won't be so truly, madly, deeply then."

Jared swallowed and unconsciously held Jensen tighter. He knew he loved him, and that wasn't going to change. He wasn't a liar, he didn't say things just for the sake of it. He hadn't been more convinced of anything in his life, yet, somehow, he couldn't shake the worry that before that happened, before he could even get to see the full picture and prove to Jensen nothing would change, his fuck ups would cost him the person he loved most in his life.

A shiver of terror went down his spine and he repressed a snuffle, his lips caressing Jensen's forehead delicately, mindful of his fragile sleep. He just wanted to make things right, and every single time he'd made a bigger mess out of it. But he hadn't wanted to, god, he hadn't. That must count for something, right?

He plucked at the corner of the comforter, blinking tears out of his eyes as he stared at Jensen's sleeping features, pillowed on his chest. Jared had always believed in the romantic notion that it was enough to love and be loved in return. Knowing that it didn't work that way went like a knife through his gut.

Jensen sighed softly in his sleep, cringing away from something Jared couldn't see, and seeking safety in the arms around him. Jared didn't know what he dreamed of when the nightmares took over. He didn't know if Jensen wanted to be touched, or accepted his embrace because he felt he had to. Did he dream of Simon? Or of the others who had taken one look at Jensen's beautiful face and felt that they had the right to abuse him? The nightmares were never the same. Sometimes Jensen woke up shaking and sometimes he cried. Other times he screamed so loud Jared had thought the world was ending, and he'd fought so hard Jared had been left bleeding.

He hated those dreams the most. Not because he ended up with a few bruises, hell, he came back from Kane gigs with worse, but because when the terror cleared from Jensen's eyes, and he saw blood on Jared's lips, the shame that filled his eyes looked set to eat him alive. He never let Jared touch him after those dreams, as if he felt that doing so would only pass the darkness on.

The phone rang, sudden, sharp and shrill, and Jensen woke up with such a violent start he nearly fell off the bed.

"Shhhsh, easy, baby, easy," Jared soothed, petting him carefully. "It's alright."

Jensen looked around, caught between two worlds, before frowning. "Phone?" he asked groggily.

"Ignore it."

Jensen shook his head, already reaching for the handset on the side table. "Leave it, baby, really," Jared insisted, catching his hand and pressing his lips to his clammy palm. "I got you."

Jensen looked doubtful, but rebundled over his chest without saying a word. Jared didn't know if he had messed up once more, and settled for sighing and kissing the top of his head.

The phone stopped ringing, the tone a soft echo in the room, and the silence lasted exactly three seconds before it started again.

"Get it," Jensen mumbled drowsily. "Migh' be the studio..."

Jared sighed and resigned himself to comply. He picked up the phone, frowning at the unknown number flashing on the display. "It's not them," he informed Jensen before taking the call. "Hello?"

"Jare? It's me." Chris' voice sounded muffled, the level of noise so high in the background Jared had to strain to recognize him.

"Chris? Man, what's up? And where the hell are you, on a highway?"

"I'm at the hospital. He's had an attack."

Jared froze, his heart speeding so quickly it made his head spin. Jensen frowned, the tension in Jared's body waking him faster than a double espresso.

"Jay?" he asked, his palm flat over Jared's thundering heart.

Jared ignored the hesitant question, his throat too tight to speak in more than a whisper. "But he's okay... right?"

In the years that Jared had known him, Steve had ended up in hospital exactly twelve times. Eight of those had been thanks to a barfight Chris had ended, if not began. The other four times were for something far less foolish, and a hundred times more scary.

Chris sounded terrible, and his voice trembled over the static line. "They won't let me see him." He said, close to tears.

Jared carefully untangled himself from Jensen, who watched him with wide, scared eyes.

"I'll be right there. Just go get a coffee and don't threaten the staff like you did last time." Jared had been forced to front bail money.

"Why can't I go see him?" Chris repeated as he hadn't heard a word Jared said. "Why won't they let me?"

Jared closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. "Because they're assholes, Chris. Stay there. Get yourself a coffee and please, try not to get arrested."

Jensen's mouth was half open, face white as chalk under his freckles. Jared hung up the phone and looked at the display, his mind reeling. Fuck. Talk about stuff piling up.

"It was Christian," he said, his voice sounding oddly tight. He turned to look at Jensen, and he suddenly hated himself for his utter helplessness. "He... Steve has a -a heart condition.. it's nothing too serious but sometimes he... he gets attacks. Looks like an epileptic syndrome, but... it's really mini-strokes. And there's no knowing how he gets out of those until he *does* and.." He rubbed at his face and tried to take a steadying breath. "Chris' freaking out."

Jensen's arm went immediately around Jared's neck and he held him tight, the role reversal so abrupt it almost knocked the air out of Jared's lungs. "Go to him," Jensen whispered in his ear, hands curled over Jared's shoulder blades as he kept him tucked against his chest. "He needs you."

Jared said nothing, just returned the embrace as hard as he could. He didn't want to leave Jensen, his fear was still too thick to even contemplate something like this, and as he pulled back a few inches to kiss Jensen's cheek, he whispered, "Come with me," against his ear.

Jensen kissed him back, his fingers stroking the back of his neck. "I don't think Christian would appreciate it," he murmured softly. "No, don't." He put one finger over Jared's lips and smiled softly. "You know I'd be there for you, and them, in a heartbeat. But... if I were them... I wouldn't want a virtual stranger in a moment such as this."

"You're not a stranger," Jared said vehemently.

"I am." Jensen argued, his voice soft and gentle as he stroked Jared's neck. "I'll be waiting here for you. Go be with your friends."

"*Our* friends, Jen..."

Jensen sighed and shook his head. "This isn't about that. This is about you and Chris. Go be with them."

"Let me call Francy-" Jared reached for the phone but Jensen curled his fingers in the hem of his shirt.

"Last time I checked, Jay," Jensen smiled sweetly, "I was an adult, perfectly capable of sitting in a locked house with two guard dogs and not get up to too much mayhem."

"But..." He couldn't leave Jensen alone. He might as well deliver Simon a handwritten invitation to come calling with a chainsaw and a hockey mask.

Jensen stood on his tiptoes and kissed Jared's nose. "You have to trust me to take care of myself."

Which Jared didn't. Not even for a second.

"I have you on speed dial. I hear anything, I promise to call you."

"Fuck that," Jared growled. "You call the cops first, then you call me. No wait, you call Francy, then you call the cops, then you call me. No, conference call all three of us."

Jensen didn't even laugh at him, which was testament to his skills as an actor. "I promise. Now go."

"Lock all the doors."

"I will."

"And turn on all the lights."

"Yes, Jared."

"Make sure Harley and Sadie are in the same room."

"I promise." Jensen humored him with enviable grace, and Jared just had to wrap him up in his arms again before he left.

"I love you. So much."

Jensen kissed him right above his heart. "Drive safe. I think there's a storm on the way."

Grabbing his keys, Jared nodded, actually contemplating the merits of buying Jensen a gun.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Note: The lovely [angstpuppy](#) created a Jensen manip which fits this part WONDERFULLY!



[More art by [angstpuppy](#) can be found [here](#).]

Act 18:

The other side of the mirror

Rating: NC-17

Summary: A talk with his best friend helps Jared put things into perspective

Warnings: Angst. Sap. Porn.

Notes: The second part of the huge chapter of doom.

More notes: [augustfading](#) is our pompom waving, utterly awesome girl. This chapter is for you, darling!

Jared saw Chris the moment he walked into the waiting hall near the ER department. He looked like death warmed up, his hair lank in his eyes, shoulders hunched and a cup of coffee hugged into his hands as if he was trying to seek warmth. Jared's chest squeezed and he walked up closer to him, flopping down on the empty chair and putting his arm wordlessly around Chris' shoulders.

Chris leaned against Jared without question, which was a testament of how bad the situation really was. It made Jared's stomach clench in fear.

"Hey," Jared said quietly. "How is he?"

"I dunno," Chris' voice was a dry rasp, telltale sign of tears swallowed down too many times. "They won't say."

Jared kept an arm around Chris' shoulder and put a call through to Elijah, requesting legal back up just in case things got messy. As soon as he was done, he turned back to Chris and gave him an encouraging squeeze. "What happened?"

Chris shrugged as if he wasn't all that certain himself. "We are rehearsing and he just pitched a fit. I fucking *hate* not being able to do anything." He slammed the coffee cup down, splashing lukewarm liquid over the edge of the cup. "He's always there for me, always been by my side, with my folks, with the band... It's killin' me to know that there's this thing inside of him I can't touch, can't fix."

Jared laughed bitterly at the familiar sentiments. "Life's a fucking bitch man, what can I say? We do what we can, and we catch what we can't and hope to god that's enough."

Chris sighed, "It's never enough, man. Never."

Jared could relate. They waited around for a small while, neither of them really talking, neither of them saying anything. There wasn't much they could say, and after half a hour of what felt endless waiting, a nurse walked out of the double doors to tell them Steve was in no immediate danger and was resting.

"Can I go in?" Chris asked, and Jared put one warning hand at the small of his back, hoping his friend wasn't going to make a scene. You could never tell with him.

"Are you immediate family, sir?" The woman asked. She seemed nice enough, but professional. Christian shook his head, his hands trembling at his sides.

"No -"

"Then I'm afraid we can't-"

"I'm his partner," Chris whispered, his words coming out muffled. "Please, for the love of God, I just want to see him, see if he's okay."

Jared squeezed his shoulder, leaning a step forward. "He won't linger, won't disturb him," he said quietly.

"Just five minutes."

The woman looked torn. She shuffled on her feet, glancing back at the closed door behind her shoulders. "We can't let anyone in if it's not immediate family," she said, her voice sorrowful. "I'm sorry, you have to wait outside."

Chris' face looked like he was about to crumble. Jared pulled him in into a hug that wanted to be both comforting and restraining.

"Mr. Carlson has no living relations." Both Chris and Steve looked up as Elijah, always perfectly pressed, no matter the hour, strolled through the hospital, briefcase in hand. Chris opened his mouth, no doubt to mention Steve's perfectly alive family living out of state. Jared stepped on his toes.

"Mr. Kane is named next of kin in Mr. Carlson's living will and thus retains all the rights of legal passage, including access to his medical data. Now, if you will allow my client to see his partner and be so kind as to point me in the direction of your nearest coffee dispenser."

Jared grinned behind Chris' back. Scary though they may be, Francesca's private army were fucking awesome. Chris didn't bother to wait around. He looked imploringly at the bewildered nurse until she gave him the ward number, then took off at a double time march.

"That was totally wicked," Jared beamed at the lawyer.

Elijah sniffed. "Someone at this hospital was stupid enough to try and deny Miss Solari access to Mr. Ackles's bedside. You'll find I am more than adept at getting my own way in most matters, legally sound or not."

"You mean you bullshit people," Jared translated, ruthlessly stamping down on the urge to ask why Jensen had been in hospital.

"I am economical with the facts."

"That's called bullshitting."

Elijah grinned, absolutely too pleased with himself. "I'm a lawyer, Mr. Padalecki. Comes with job description."

Jared shook his head and followed the direction Chris had took off. He didn't go in though, he knew better. One thing that Jensen had said was completely true. Steve wouldn't have wanted an audience. He was weirdly ashamed of his lack of health, as if he was something he could be held responsible for.

The first time it happened, he and Chris had been seeing each other for a few months, and when Steve had woken up in hospital to find Chris a wreck at his bedside, he'd tried to call it quits. It was the first time Jared had really seen that side of Chris he kept securely tucked away, the side that wasn't covered up in Mr. Tough Guy and asshole-ness. The side of the person who was scared shitless of losing the one he loved.

A small smile tugged at the corner of his lips and he shook his head. Steve had never been so far off the mark. Chris had stuck like glue and even more tenaciously so after he discovered Steve's condition. At times Jared thought he was the only one that was ever allowed to step in close enough for Chris to let his mask slip, but somehow it still felt indelicate to trample upon their privacy like that.

Elijah patted him on the shoulder and went in search of proper coffee. Jared fished his cell from his pocket and tried calling home. The storm that had been brewing all week had begun to kick off as he'd entered the hospital, and he got no signal. A nurse passed him by, coughing loudly and pointing to the 'No Cell' sign on the wall. Jared sighed, the ache to have Jensen with him bone deep and painful.

He envied Chris and Steve. He didn't resent them, not at all, but he wished he and Jensen were as lucky. There was no one threatening to tear them both apart, no fragile bridges to cross. Just them, and their feelings for each other.

"Fuck." Jared let his head drop into his hands. He was so damn tired all the time. Jensen was a full time commitment, one he gladly made, but nothing was easy for them. There was always a history behind everything they did. Nothing was theirs. Even their beautiful, safe home was a product of sickness and malice.

A few minutes passed by in silence. Maybe some more than a few. Half a hour or so slipped by before Chris walked out of the room and patted his back twice. "Coffee," Chris said gruffly. "I need coffee."

Jared nodded and stood, his legs wobbling slightly. "How is he?" he murmured as they walked down the corridor.

"Alive." Chris said in the same quiet voice. "He's not really there yet."

Jared nodded, squeezing Chris' arm in support. They got themselves two cups of crappy coffee, and walked straight back because Chris didn't want to stay away too long.

"Where's Jensen?" Chris asked after a short while, as if he just woken out of a stupor.

"At home," Jared said uneasily, fishing his pockets for his cell. No signal.

"He didn't want to come?" Chris sounded distracted, but a little confused.

Jared shook his head. "He didn't think you'd want him here." He sighed, glaring at his cell. "Goddamnit, work. Stupid piece of shit."

"You okay, Jare?" Chris asked, eying him suspiciously over the rim of his coffee cup. "You look worse than I feel."

"Just tired," he admitted, his face lighting up when he got signal, only to fall when the storm outside killed the network coverage. "Fuck."

Chris raised an eloquent eyebrow.

"You know those feelings you get when you *know* nothing bad's gonna happen, but you can't stop thinking it will?"

"You mean paranoia." Chris supplied.

"No. Yes. Whatever." He dropped the cell back into his pockets and tried turning the conversation back to Steve. "Any idea how long they'll keep him in?"

"Couple a'days, I guess." Chris shrugged. He stopped right outside the door and leveled Jared with a hard stare. "You know, you might rockin' the acting thing, and I won't get into details here, but you're a shitty liar."

Jared sighed and finished his coffee. "It's fine. I'm fine."

"Huh. Yes. Sure. I can see that."

Jared flopped down on a plastic chair, almost folding himself in half. "I'm paranoid."

"Why? You were never the over-worrying type." Chris sat beside him, concern making way on his face despite his own tension and obvious worry. "C'mon, man. I know you. To have you worked up like this, it must be something pretty bad."

Jared nodded without even thinking about what he was doing. "It is," he added softly, as if Chris would've missed the admission anyway. He shook his head. "Now ain't the time."

Chris snorted and spread his arms wide. "We're between LA and Hell. Where better to talk about all the

shit we don't wanna?" Jared looked down at his hands and Chris nudged him with his shoulder. "You and Jensen fightin' or something?"

"Or something." Jared said flatly, thinking of the way Jensen had screamed at him earlier in the day and brushing it aside. "He... I..." He looked up and met his best friend's worried gaze. "We're in trouble, Chris."

"Money?" The look on his face made it clear that Christian though money was the last of their worries. Jared had given him a blank check for all they had done to the house.

Jared laughed and felt like crying. He was twenty one years old. Money *should* be the be all and end all of his problems. "Nah, man. That's one front we're pretty much covered on." He'd seen Jensen's bank balance. He earned in Royalties alone more than most people in the entertainment industry. Jared didn't do all that badly either. One shoot paid more money than his parents earned in a whole year.

Chris shifted uncomfortably. "Look, man, I get it must be tough, with your jobs and all. I'd fucking hate know'n' that Steve made his cash fucking other men."

"Jensen doesn't. Not any more. His agent signed him into an exclusive contact with me. We shoot with each other and that's it."

Chris smiled. "His agent sounds pretty cool."

"You just met her right hand of wrath."

"The lawyer?"

"Hmm." Jared picked at the threadbare cuff of his sleeve. "I gotta ask you something."

"Sure," Chris said easily.

"If you knew that someone had hurt Steve... that they'd sent others to do the same, what would you do?"

It was a horrible thing to ask, especially given the current situation, and Chris' blue eyes turned the color of tropical storms. He stayed silent for a moment, looking down at his hands in his lap. "I'd want to end them," he said then, his voice barely above a breath. "Painfully. Make them suffer." He let out a long huff of breath and turned to look at him. "And I'd want to keep Steve safe from whomever was trying to hurt him."

Jared nodded, turning to look at the tips of his boots. He took out his cell again, cursing under his breath when the no-signal sign blinked at him.

"Is this the problem?" Chris asked, in the same soft voice. "Someone's trying to hurt Jensen?"

Jared hesitated, but as he glanced back at Chris, he knew he couldn't lie to him. He never could, and he wouldn't, not in such a moment. "Yeah," Jared whispered, feeling the sudden burning in his throat spread up to his face and at the back of his eyes. "They -" he swallowed, his breath coming out shaky. "They broke into Jensen's house. That's why we wanted to buy another."

Chris nodded, squeezing his knee in silent support. Once Jared had started talking, there was no way to stop the flood. He knew he shouldn't spill Jensen's story for him, and he was sure Jensen would never forgive him if he knew, but he also knew Chris would die before letting a word fall from his mouth.

"I don't know what to do or say without making things worse. They hurt him so fucking bad, Chris. I just wanna keep him safe but I don't know who to trust. His old agent, the one before Francy, he used to let people hurt him, and he won't tell me who, fuck, he won't tell me anything. He thinks I'll think less of him. How the fuck can he think that?"

Chris took everything in silently, his lips a thin, angry line. "Because he loves you and foolishly thinks that any weakness on his part's gonna rub off on you. Steve's the same, man. You know how he gets when he's like this. He gets it into his head that I'd be better off without him."

Jared nodded. "He says that. Says I could have anyone I want and that he doesn't know why I'd take him. Like he's second fucking hand or something."

"Maybe he thinks he is." Chris shrugged, squeezing Jared's knee. "Look, I don't know jack shit about your industry, but somehow I don't think that anyone joins up to let people fuck them like they're some come depository without major fucking issues." Jared screwed his face up in disgust. "I take it he's been doing the job longer than you."

"He has, yeah," Jared scratched his head. "I don't know for how long, though. He's never told me." He exhaled, trying to put forward another call and failing. "So you think I have major fucking issues, huh?"

Chris grinned, even if it was strained, "That was a given," he joked, before his face fell serious again. "Look, it's gotta be damn hard for him already."

"No kidding." Jared muttered, his throat tight.

"- he just thinks it's going to be hard on you, and he doesn't want that. Hell, I've been in that place, man." He jerked his head towards Steve's door, and a flicker of pain crossed his features as he bowed his head again. "He still dumps me every time. I just don't let him."

Jared blinked, his fogged up brain catching up with the words. "Wait, what?"

Chris shrugged non-committally. "He tries to dump me whenever he gets like this. I just.. don't let him. And we go on."

Jared opened his mouth and closed it again with an audible snap. He never knew. "Shit. Man, I'm sorry."

"Don't," Chris said, shaking his head. "Just.. don't let him give you up because he thinks you *don't deserve to go through this crap*. Stick with him. If you think, hell, when you know it's worth it..."

Jared nodded, tears burning his eyes. "I let them hurt him." His voice broke. "I saw the tapes and he was terrified but nobody stopped it and then I fucking *watched*..."

"Did you know?" Chris asked, sounding like he was keeping up with Jared's disjointed sentences admirably.

"I shoulda-"

"Fuck shoulda, did you *know*?"

Jared shook his head but charged on in spite of the logic. "Everyone he knows has fucking hurt him. First time we met I tied him down and made him scream."

"Well that's total crap." Chris snarled, sounding angry at Jared for the first time in a long time. "I know you, you stupid son of a bitch. You emo'd for hours after sitting on a spider. You don't have a mean bone in your giant, sasquatch shaped body. I've seen you with him; you'd think he was made of fucking gold the way you touch him. He worships the goddamn ground you walk on. He ain't like a beaten pup around you, he doesn't act like some abused housewife. He's like a teenager in love for the first time. You tell me how that's hurtin' him."

Jared looked wordlessly at him, his mouth opening and closing a few times before he swallowed and looked gloomily down in the remains of his coffee. "You remember when I called you guys a few days ago? I had to run out do something."

"I remember."

"I was at the police station identifying the two bastards that had broken in." He met Chris' eyes. "They were on set with him, too. They -" he stopped, biting his lip and skating his eyes away. "I wanted to kill them. I swear I did. And I left him, and I shouldn't have done it -I shoulda stayed with him- "

"Man." Chris grasped his shoulder and gave him a rough squeeze. "Stop it, okay? You thought you were doing the right thing. I was there with Steve. You thought about protecting him before leaving. You didn't leave him on his own."

Jared didn't say anything. He had, yes. He'd tried to make sure Jensen would be safe.

"Jensen doesn't resent you leaving," he said softly, nudging at his knee. "Because in his eyes you've got a shining armor, a sword and a big fucking white horse and the only thing he's scared of is that by putting yourself in danger for him, he's gonna lose you."

"You think I feel any different?" Jared hissed. "Either I lose him to himself, or I lose him for real." He tapped his thumb over the button on his phone and finally got a connection. Chris kept his hand on Jared's knee as the line rang and rang. Jared's heart beat so hard his chest hurt. Every passing second tightened the fear in his heart.

"Hello?" Jensen's voice was faint down the line and Jared's shoulders slumped in relief.

"Hey, baby," he whispered.

"Hey!" Jensen said, perking up instantly. "How are they?"

"They're okay. Steve's gonna be fine."

"Thank god," Jensen whispered. "And Chris?"

"As bad tempered as ever."

Chris flipped him the finger, and Jared chuckled. "You okay?"

"Fine," Jensen's voice came and went continuously. The connection sucked ass. "I'm fine." A pause. "There's a storm," he said, and even through the bad line, Jared could tell he'd just blurted it out without meaning to.

"I'll be back soon," Jared promised him, making his voice as soft and soothing as he could. He was aware of Chris watching him, but he didn't turn to look at him. "Lights still on?"

"So far." He heard a yip and that pulled a smile on his face. The dogs were guarding Jensen good.

"Okay, take out a few candles, alright? Just in case. They are in the kitchen's top drawer."

"It'll be fine, Jay," Jensen said, his voice heartening slightly. "Say hi to the guys from me."

"Okay. I love you," Jared murmured, his stomach tight. "I'll be right there soon."

"Don't you worry, take your time," Jensen said again, even if his voice was a little thin. "I'll.. see you." Pause. "You too," he said, quickly, before the line went dead. Jared looked unblinkingly at his phone for a few, incredulity-filled seconds.

"He's said it," he said at long last, feeling numbed by the enormity of the thing. "Sorta."

"Seeee." Chris drawled. "Boy's crazy about you. Ain't no bad thing. He lights up when you're in the room with him."

Chris said nothing about the way Jensen unconsciously looked to Jared for safety. There was something very childlike in the way Jensen made himself as small as possible and hid behind Jared's solid body. Jensen might have been older, but relationship wise he was very much Jared's junior. "Why'd you come here tonight?"

Jared looked hurt by the question, and Chris shook his head quickly. "You left him alone."

"He wanted me to trust that he could take care of himself," Jared mumbled, though he was still convinced that it had been a bad idea.

"And do you?"

Jared shrugged. "What can I do? Say no and keep him handcuffed to my side because I'm terrified someone's gonna jump him?"

"Don't think he'd complain all that much. He'd do anything you told him to."

"Maybe I don't want him to do something just because I tell him to," he muttered, realizing as soon as the words left his mouth that he'd walked right in to Chris' trap. His friend looked smug when he squeezed Jared close.

"My point exactly."

Jared huffed and rubbed his face with both hands. "Okay, whatever. You win." He looked bleakly at him, but he was sort of half-smiling.

"Go back to him." Chris said quietly, squeezing him again. "I'll see you tomorrow. Both of you," he repeated, looking meaningfully in Jared's eyes.

Jared wrapped him in a bear hug and hold on close. "Try not to let him dump you, or I'll have to kick his ass. Hospital bed or not."

Chris chuckled and patted his back. "I'll tell him you said that." He pulled back and looked long and hard at Jared. "You two can do it, man. I just know it."

Jared nodded and smiled, the first true one he mustered in days. "Thanks, man."

Despite the storm which howled outside the truck, Jared took the roads faster than was perhaps wise. He'd browbeaten a promise from Chris that the bastard would sleep before they visited Steve at the hospital, but Jared was under no illusions. Chris would spend the night curled up in a plastic chair in the family room, watching over the one person in the world he loved the most.

Jared had every intention of doing the same.

Only maybe without the plastic chair bit. Chris was a midget. He'd fit. Jared would never walk again if he spent the night in one.

He parked the Jeep in the garage and took the side entrance into the kitchen, thankful that he didn't have to brave the rain to get inside. As ordered, all the lights were on.

He heard the TV faintly from the upstairs den and grabbed a pack of beer and Jensen's favorite candy from the fridge on is way up. A night of snuggling, junk food and Calamity Jane.

"Jensen?"

Was that.... were that moans he heard through the door? Jared frowned and walked a bit more tensely towards their bedroom, feeling suddenly wary. He was absolutely not prepared for the sight he was met with.

Jensen was curled up over the bed, blanket tugged around him, and the moans were... were actually Jared's. On TV. With that Zac Efron guy that had been a sort of regular from him at first. To say that Jared was shocked out of wits would've been pure understatement.

"Jen?"

"Oh God!" Jensen's eyes snapped away from the screen and he blushed ten shades of red at the sight of Jared, "I- I-" fingers fumbling desperately for the remote as he tried to turn off the tv. "Fuck - I didn't-fuck-"

Jared walked up to the bed, putting the supplies down on the nightstand and wrapping Jensen up in his arms. "Missing me?" he teased lightly, kissing the soft spot behind his ear.

Flame red and spluttering, Jensen tried to bury his face in the pillows.

Jared grinned. Well, that was an ego boost. Kinda.

"No hiding, baby," he said, tugging the covers down. Jensen was wearing one of Jared's college sweaters and a pair of baggy grey slacks that did nothing to mask the fact that he appeared to have enjoyed the show.

"How's Steve?" Jensen pitifully tried to change the subject.

"Fully stocked up with jello and hot nurses." He flashed a glance to the screen, where he, wearing little more than a doctor's overcoat and stethoscope, was bouncing a pretty, crossdressing med student on his balls. "Speaking of nurses... you wanna tell me what's going on?"

"No," Jensen said quickly. "I'm perfectly okay with not telling you."

Jared swung his leg up and leant across Jensen's lean hips, pinning him to the bed. "Really? Cos I think you want to."

"Nope," Jensen said firmly, his eyes widening as he realized too late that Jared had him in the perfect tickling position.

"You like the show, baby?" Jared laughed, leaning down to lick across Jensen's throat. "Course, he ain't half as pretty as you are." He ran his hands lightly up Jensen's legs, the fabric of his pants soft beneath teasing fingers. He stopped mid thigh and let his hands rest. "You'd look so fucking hot in suspenders."

Jensen shivered, his legs spreading his legs gracefully. "Pervert."

"I'm not the one watching his boyfriend fuck another guy, baby. You wanna be the pot or the kettle?"

Jensen moaned softly, eyes rolling in the back of his head and he curled his hands around Jared's biceps. "I don't like storms," he muttered dazedly, hooking one leg around Jared's waist. "Wanted to hear your voice." A flush of embarrassment colored his face and down to his neck, and he hid his face against Jared's chest. "Don't laugh."

Laughter was the least of Jared's thoughts. He slowly brought his palms down Jensen's thighs and up to his sides, cupping his face and leaning in to kiss him, slow and tender, shifting on his knees so he was still pinning him down but he could move against Jensen's body. "I'm here now," he murmured, stroking Jensen's back tenderly.

Jensen opened his eyes and looked up to him, all flushed and in wonder. Jared couldn't resist, and kissed him again, his tongue lapping at Jensen's bottom lip for entrance. Jensen granted him, mouth parting around a sigh as he let their tongues meet and twine, fingers curling in the locks over Jared's nape to guide him closer.

Jensen clung to him, his body responding so easily to every touch. So tactile, so willing... Jared's hands curved around his back and held him close.

Thunder cracked outside and Jensen flinched as if a rocket had gone off next to the bed.

Jared blinked. "You really don't like storms..."

Jensen shook his head and tried to hide in Jared's arms. "No."

Jared shifted on the bed so he could hold Jensen more comfortably. "The noise?" He asked, curling his hand lightly over Jensen's ear, and pressing the other against his chest.

Jensen shook his head and sighed. "No. Bad memories."

Jared's mouth opened in a "O" of understanding. Of course. Stupid him. He kissed the top of his head and rubbed a circle with his thumb over the soft skin behind Jensen's ear. "You wanna talk about it?" He offered, his other hand stroking Jensen's side with a light caress.

Jensen stayed silent for a few long moments, and Jared was already interpreting his silence as a loud, resounding "no", when he caught a mumbled string of words against his chest. "...home."

Jared frowned, the rest of the sentence lost in the folds of his shirt. "What, baby?" he encouraged, kissing him again.

"When I left home," Jensen murmured, his voice tight, "there was a storm... it kept raining all the way through six states."

Jared nodded, both humbled and overwhelmed by Jensen's soft-spoken confession. "Where you on your own?"

Jensen nodded. "I was hitchhiking." Jared's stomach clenched at the very thought. Christ.

"From Texas?"

Jensen nodded. "Dallas. Took a couple of days." And then some. He curled closer into Jared's side. "Cost me my first blowjob."

Tears burned the back of Jared's eyes, but he didn't try and stop them. He'd sworn that if and when Jensen came to him with anything like this, that he'd not get angry, not cry. No luck so far. He ticked both boxes.

"Why, baby?" He whispered, holding Jensen safe and close.

Jensen sniffed. "My dad... he caught me holding hands with this guy from school. Told me that there was no room in the family for fags."

Jared closed his eyes and tightened the old of his arms around him. He didn't feel jealousy for Jensen's first, youthful boyfriend. Just incredible sadness. "Your father obviously was the lousy kind." Not to mention the bastard and the deserve-to-die-painfully kind, but Jared didn't somehow think Jensen needed to know *precisely* his thoughts.

Jensen gave a tiny shrug, but didn't argue his point. Jared smoothed a crease over Jensen's sweater and kissed his temple. He didn't ask any more questions, let Jensen take things at his pace. If he wanted to talk, Jared would listen, and offer his unconditional love and support, but if he didn't... well. He'd still have his unconditional love and support. Only silently.

"I had a crush on the gym teacher," Jensen spoke quietly after a few moments. "No one knew."

Jared tried to swallow back a sob at the thought of Jensen's innocence and how it had been ripped away from him. He knew there was no room for his own feelings at the moment, and he simply bestowed another kiss over Jensen's hair, his caresses a non-stop flow. "He was kinda like you..." Jensen whispered, his fingers warm over Jared's heart. "Big, strong, always smiling. And he liked me."

Jared thought of Jensen as a teenager and stared at the sharp curves of his face. He imagined them softer, more innocent, and wondered what Jensen's eyes would have looked like before he'd lost a part of his soul. "You're easy to like, baby."

Jensen smiled tiredly. "I thought it'd never stop raining."

"It will. One of the wonders of nature," Jared promised. "It will stop, and the sun will come out and everything will be bright again."

"Even me?"

Jared sneaked one hand under Jensen's chin, lifting his face up so that he could look into his eyes. "You already are, baby. You're the light of my soul, and no amount of rain will ever diminish that."

Jensen smiled, watery and unsure, and leaned his cheek against Jared's hand. "You don't mean that..."

"Of course I do," Jared said, voice dead serious. "There's nothing in my life as true, beautiful and bright as you, baby. Nothing."

Another thunder rolled outside and Jensen bundled up even closer, but he didn't tear his eyes away from Jared's face, like a kid at the funfair, with the same amount of shy wonder shining between the creaks and marks left by weariness and pain. "*Ti amo*," Jared whispered in his ear, hoping wordreference.com hadn't screwed him up. "*Ti amo così tanto, gioia*."

Jensen's eyes filled with tears. "Jay..."

Framing Jensen's face with his hands, Jared leaned in for a soft, tender kiss. He tasted salt on his tongue as he pressed his lips to Jensen's tears. The conversation was done, and the door closed, but the ghosts that had escaped in that brief spell still lingered, and Jared had every intention of driving them away.

He carefully rolled Jensen beneath him, his lips tracing patterns across Jensen's throat, his hands seeking warm, smooth skin. His palms brushed across sensitive, ticklish skin. Jensen squirmed, his fingers tight in Jared's hair.

Jared smiled and let his hand shift down lower, sneaking beneath the folds of the sweater Jensen was wearing to tease his sensitive side before he looked up, amusedly, to where he was currently laying on top of the med student, his coat tossed god knows where. "He's got nothing on you, you know that?" he murmured in his ear, kissing a slow pattern over the side of Jensen's neck. "You're such a good actor, baby. I am blown away every time I see you, on screen and off screen. Never been so invested in anyone. God, the things you do to me. I want to worship you, every inch of you."

Jared let his hands slide further up, curling above Jensen's shoulders as he rolled them to one side, drawing Jensen's leg over his hip. He closed his mouth at the hollow of Jensen's throat and then shifted up to nibble at his jaw until he could finally cover Jensen's mouth with his. He took his time, smiling over Jensen's lips when he shivered against him, eyelashes fanning his cheeks as he fluttered his eyes closed.

Another roll of thunder, but Jared was determined nothing would get between them in that moment. He pulled Jensen's sweater off his head, then quickly stripped until he, too, was bare-chested. Jared leaned against him, kissing Jensen's torso reverently as the storm raged on outside. "We'll make new memories," he promised him, cupping his face with one hand and using his other arm to hoist Jensen higher in his lap. "Better ones."

"I want you... just you." Jensen pleaded, clutching at Jared's shoulders, his head tipped back, the sweet, submissive baring of his throat inviting a gentle kiss.

"You have me, all of me," Jared promised, his palms curled around Jensen's waist. He loved how Jensen fit in his hands. "Any way you want me."

Jensen's thighs fell apart under Jared's touch, his body reaching, desperate more and more and craving the connection touch gave him.

"Your hands... want your hands." Jared looked over his shoulder, following Jensen's gaze, and saw himself wrap his hands around Zac's thighs, spreading his legs apart.

Smirking, he curled his palms over the soft fabric on Jensen's thighs. Jensen's eyes widened and his cock jumped excitedly in his pants, and Jared mimicked his actions on screen, rotating his thumbs counter-

clockwise in the toned muscles of Jensen's legs, pushing them a bit higher up as he knelt between them. Jensen's breath accelerated, his eyes snapping open again as he let his hands trail over the neatly stacked muscles of Jared's stomach and pecs. He bit his lower lip, almost not knowing what to do first.

Zac gave a fake, high-pitched moan and Jared snorted. "So lousy," he mumbled, glancing at the screen and sliding Jensen's pants off his legs. "I don't even know how I got it up."

Jensen laughed shakily, his fingers finding the damp hair at the base of Jared's neck and toying lightly with it. He was still a bit shaken up, and Jared had the firm task in mind of erasing everything that wasn't them. "You're a professional," he pointed out, his fingers brushing almost shyly over the dark nubs of Jared's nipples.

Jared bit down on a groan before wrapping his hand around Jensen's flushed dick in retaliation. Jensen's hands fell down by his side and he whimpered, his hips arching into the touch.

Jared used the distraction to his advantage and ran his finger down the valley of Jensen's ass. It seemed like days ago, but in reality it had only been hours since he had fucked Jensen wide open. He didn't care how horny he was, if Jensen was sore, they'd just have to experiment.

He wrapped his lips around the head of Jensen's cock and dragged his finger over the swollen ring of muscle. Jensen gasped, his eyes rolling and his fingers tight in the sheets. Jared would've smiled, had his mouth not been previously occupied, and decided to slip lower, a few more inches of Jensen's gorgeous cock sliding past his lips. Jensen keened and twitched, legs trembling already with the effort not to push up in the hot, welcoming wet heat. He pressed his index finger a little more insistently over Jensen's hole and hollowed his cheeks, sucking hard just as his tongue pressed flat against the vein on the underside, drawing another long, breathy moan from Jensen's open mouth.

So far, so good. Jared decided not to press too much, especially not with his fingers dry, and let his hand curl around the base of Jensen's cock, stroking what couldn't fit in his mouth. Jensen's hips twitched helplessly, his knuckles turning white where he was fisting the sheets. Jared let go of his dick with a lewd pop and pressed a sticky, wet kiss over the curve of Jensen's hipbone. "Let go, baby," he murmured in his ear. "I want you to grab my hair and hold me down, take whatever you want. I'm all yours, baby, all yours for the taking."

Jensen groaned loudly, echoing a similar sound coming from the tv screen, nape digging back in the pillows. "Jare..." he moaned, lifting heavy-lidded eyes to look at him. Jared winked playfully and kissed the leaking head of his cock before grabbing Jensen's hand and guiding it at the back of his head.

Jensen looked at him with wide eyes, his hand resting limp on Jared's crown. "Jay?"

Jared swallowed him down in answer, taking all he could into his mouth, and Jensen tightened his grip instinctively. Breathing through his nose, Jared relaxed his throat and let Jensen's hips snap up, demanding, *taking* what he wanted for the very first time. It wasn't all that comfortable, and Jared privately wondered how Jensen could fake such adoration without choking, but the look of utter bliss on Jensen's face made the effort worth every second of discomfort. He made a conscious attempt to relax and take even more as Jensen's hips moved without restraint.

If he could have, he'd have whispered encouragement, so he hoped his enthusiastic groaning got the message across. Jensen whimpered, his eyes snapping open as he tugged on Jared's hair and pulled him up in time to splash ropey strands of come onto his face. Jared closed his eyes just in time and moaned, his own cock throbbing heavy between his thighs as the heady taste of Jensen flooded his senses.

Jensen made a strangled sound and Jared deemed it safe to open his eyes, grinning at Jensen's slacked, blissed out expression and licking a fat dollop of come off the corner of his lips. He nuzzled his crotch, smearing up the come on his face against Jensen's oversensitive member before proceeding to lick it off with tiny laps of his tongue. Jensen whined deep in his throat and tugged on his hair again, their mouths mashing together, flicks of Jensen's spunk ending up on his own face as Jared's arms went around him to hold him close.

"Jay," Jensen ground out, voice deep and fucked out. "Jay..."

"Tell me, baby," Jared whispered quietly over his lips, breath fanning over Jensen's flushed skin. The rain splattered across windows and roof, but Jared was ready to bet Jensen wasn't hearing it anymore.

On screen Jared hauled Zac to his knees and fucked him so hard the desk he was on moved across the floor. Jensen winced in sympathy, then looked Jared in the eye, hesitancy lurking beneath bravado.

"I want you to fuck me..." He shook his head, "Make love to me." He amended, blushing brightly, "Like... like you did that day on set... in the gym... like you're the only person that ever has."

"But I am," Jared whispered, his heart sad even as the bravery behind the request made him smile. He doubted if anyone but he had actually made love to Jensen. They'd fucked him, sure enough, but by the sound of it, he was the first, the only one who had cared. "I'm your first, baby. And you're mine. Nothing else counts."

"Nothing else," Jensen agreed, nodding gently.

"I know every inch of you." Jared whispered. "I know where you like to be kissed, what make you squirm... I know how to make you sing when I open you up. I know how to love you, baby... my baby. My Jensen."

Fumbling with his jeans the way he never did on camera, Jared quickly shed the last of his clothing and reached into the side draw for lube. Then he stopped, as if an afterthought had occurred to him, and gave Jensen a playful smirk. "I think we've had enough of this, don't you?" he said easily, walking to the DVD player and taking his old movie out.

Jensen looked at him wide eyed as Jared crouched on the floor next to the TV cabinet, bare assed and all, and rummaged through the DVD collection until he found the one Jensen was referring to and popped it in with a triumphant little smirk. Jensen blushed so fast his freckles looked like tiny burning dots on his skin, and Jared couldn't help launching himself on the bed and covering his mouth with a kiss.

"I was already so taken with you," Jared whispered as the first few scenes flickered across the screen. "I had done everything I could to score that shooting. I thought you never wanted to see me again."

Jensen groaned, his body trembling as Jared's voice kept up a soft string of endearments in his ear, Jared's hands molding his body underneath him until their hips were aligned, Jared's stiff cock rocking against Jensen's rapidly hardening one.

The noise of the steam shower filtered through the speakers, and Jensen chanced a look at the TV, gulping at the sight of miles of wet, honey-colored skin. His eyes traced back to the real thing, above him, holding him for real, ready to give him everything he could if Jensen just asked him.

The fantasy on screen paled in comparison to the sheer magnetism of Jared in person. "I think everyone watching wishes they were me," he whispered, stroking Jared's abs. "To know what it's like to feel so loved... so cherished."

Jared returned to kissing Jensen's chest and throat as he continued. "I forgot I was filming... I wanted you to kiss me like that for real. I wanted you to love me the way you loved him."

"I love you more," Jared whispered, breaking off to suck on Jensen's nipple until it was hard between his teeth.

"The way you held me... hold me... I should feel scared, but I don't. You can overpower me so completely but it only makes me feel safe. Why is that?"

Jared looked up and smiled, a big, wide, honest smile. "All you gotta know is that every inch of the strength you feel would be used to protect you to the end."

Jensen's flush crept down his chest and he smiled back, winding his fingers through Jared's hair as he laced his lips over his face, trying to lick and clean away the trails of his come. Jared moaned in appreciation, trying to kiss him back even as he coated his hand with lube and let it train down Jensen's perfectly

curved ass.

Jensen had never talked like that, never told him anything, and suddenly it was like all he'd kept locked away came tumbling out and he had no way to stop it. "Our first date," Jensen whispered as he clung to Jared's back, his mouth opening around a gasp as he felt Jared's fingertip press at his entrance.

"I remember," Jared said, voice light and gentle. On screen Jared had knelt between Jensen's legs and was licking him open, slow and careful. Jared thought the idea had its merits, and inched down Jensen's body, peppering his torso with kisses as he went.

"I gave in because I wanted to feel how it was like one more time..." Jared paused and looked him in the eye. He pressed one firm kiss to Jensen's hip, tender and sweet, before continuing down. "I hoped that you'd be like that..." he whispered, trailing off and averting his eyes. "I was scared you wouldn't be. Then you took me bowling."

"You loved it," Jared mumbled, reaching the opening to Jensen's body and hoisting his legs in the air to get a better angle. Jensen hung in Jared's strong arms, his body arched bow tight on the bed.

"I did," he admitted. "I really did. You were like a fairytale. Still are."

"Is that your way of saying you want to see me in tights?" Jared asked from between his thighs.

Jensen laughed, light and sweet, then moaned as Jared's tongue darted inside of him. "Maybe."

"More," Jared whispered. "Tell me more."

Jensen flushed, but drove on. "You treated me like a damn girl," he remembered. "Wanted to smack you for it. And you have this weird obsession with carying me around."

Jared smiled, prodding his finger forward even as he let his tongue slide in alongside it, hot coals curling in his belly as Jensen moaned, long and drawn out, fingers catching Jared's hair. Jared worked his tongue in a slow circle, taking his own damn time, his finger crooking slightly until he could stroke that bundle of nerves deep inside of him that had Jensen downright screaming. Jared let his tongue slip out and licked wetly all around his finger just as he added another, trying to check if Jensen was still too sore for much more penetration than that.

"Keep talking, baby," Jared murmured, his lips dragging over the inner skin of his ass, making Jensen shake violently, ankles locking around Jared's back.

"You-" Jensen's breath left him in a rush, another ragged moan following the first, head tossing from one side to the other. "You treated me like no one else had," he whispered, voice pitching lower, "and I loved that... never wanted it to end.."

"It won't," Jared swore. The stretch of two fingers was enough. Any more and they'd step over onto the wrong side of the pain/pleasure barrier. "I'll never stop loving you. I'll never stop wanting you."

With a final, teasing brush of his fingers over Jensen's prostate, he drew them out and kissed the inside of each thigh. Shuffling on the bed, he shifted until he could kneel on the outside of Jensen's thighs, pressing his legs between them. Time for some horny teenager techniques.

Jensen blinked, confused. He'd been fucked in every position under the sun... but this one, by the looks of things. Jared found it painfully sad that the beginning and end of Jensen's sexual experience was a list of ways people could fuck his mouth or his ass.

Jared lowered his head and closed his lips around a nipple, sucking hard, his other hand going to grasp Jensen's and pinning it beside his head, fingers locking together. "I'll make it good for you, love," Jared whispered, kissing the sore bud.

Jensen nodded, trying to wriggle his legs out and spread them, but Jared wouldn't let him. He smiled, squeezing his hand once before he used his other hand to align their cocks, sweat and come making the

sliding motion slick and hot at the same time. Jared bit back a groan and rolled his hips, Jensen's own snapping up at the unexpected friction, a long guttural sound leaving his lips.

Jared smiled and shifted until he could catch Jensen's mouth with his own, kissing him soft and tender, albeit messy, their lack of breath driving them apart more often than Jared was prepared to stand. He rocked his hips up against Jensen's, his cock sliding right against Jensen's tight balls and up to the side, slicking up the indent of skin at Jensen's hipbone.

"Oh god!" Jensen clutched at Jared's shoulders, clinging on tight as he watched Jared sink into his ass on screen. Jared's large hand curled around both of their cocks, creating a slick channel for him to slid through. Jared's warm weight above him was as much of a comfort as it always was, but they were on a level ground.

"Come on, baby," Jared whispered, leaning down to nibble on Jensen's earlobe. "Come for me, come on."

Jensen groaned, his chest sliding against Jared's. His moans echoed from the television, Jared soft breathing in his ear.

"Jay... god..." Jared's thighs were tight around his legs, his body curled over Jensen's surrounding him as the room spun before his eyes and his heart pounded in his ears.

Jared hauled him up a bit higher, his hips rolling with precision in the tight channel of his hand, the feeling of Jensen's throbbing, leaking dick against his own coupled with the sounds they were making on screen - and fuck, that close up of Jensen's mouth was amazing - were sending him into overdrive. He bowed his head to brush their lips together again, a mere whispered touch, and Jensen convulsed underneath him, fingers clawing into Jared's biceps as he shook through his orgasm, Jared's hand and arm getting coated with white ropey come.

"Jared," he cried, almost sobbed, fingers leaving half-moon marks over his arms. Jared caught Jensen's face with his hand, pressing their mouths together again and guiding him through the aftershocks. Jensen kissed him back, all tiny nips of teeth and panted, breathy moans, and it took Jared only a few more strokes before he was adding his own release to the mess between their bodies, Jensen's name the only word on his lips.

Jensen slumped beneath him, his fingers curled in Jared's hair as he sighed. Outside the storm had died down to a faint patter of rain on the windows and on screen Jared pulled Jensen in his arms and kissed him senseless. Stroking Jensen's cheek, Jared replayed the move, breaking off to smile. "As good as you imagined?" He whispered, his sticky fingers warm on Jensen's cheek.

"Better." Jensen whispered, curling close into the arms wrapped around him. "This is you. You're real." He smiled, relaxed and mellow in Jared's embrace.

Jared kissed his forehead and brushed back sweaty hair from his eyes. "And I'm yours, baby, all yours."

Jensen smiled at him and opened his mouth to answer when Harley, hyper with no garden to play in, charged into the room and jumped up on to the bed.

"Hey!" Jensen laughed, reaching over to scratch the pup's ears. Harley yipped and Jared stuck his tongue out at him for ruining the snuggle time.

"This counts as walking in your parents doing the nasty," Jared informed the dog. "You should be traumatized, not wanting to lap me up."

Harley barked and rolled on his back, belly in the air waiting for his rub. Jensen laughed throatily and scratched his tummy, patting his hind and gently shooing him off the bed. "Maybe we should let them out," Jensen said, worrying his lower lip. "They've been inside too long..."

"They can wait," Jared said firmly, laying his head next Jensen's shoulder, lips leaving a soft trail of smooches over Jensen's neck. Harley barked his disappointment and tugged at the sheets with his teeth in protest. Jared would totally have scolded at him, hadn't Jensen been laughing so freely, his eyes shining

with mirth. Jared hid a contented smile in his arm, a soft warmth spreading through him at the knowledge that he'd lit that light himself.

"Where's your sister, huh?" Jensen asked, lavishing love and affection on the puppy. Jared couldn't help but smile. Jensen craved every loving touch and kiss Jared gave him, but never hesitated in showing the same amount of love to Sadie, Harley or Jared himself. It made Jared all the more determined to see he got all the love he could give. Harley yipped excitedly and nipped at Jensen's fingers.

"You're spoiled," Jared told the puppy, shaking his head when Jensen blanked him completely in favor of the dog.

"No, you're not, are you?" Jensen cooed.

Harley barked in agreement. Jared was completely outnumbered in the household.

Wrapping an arm around Jensen as he fussed over their ball of energy, he smiled lazily. He wouldn't have it any other way.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Note: The lovely [angstpuppy](#) created us a wonderful manip of the boys at their snuggly best.

[More art by [angstpuppy](#) can be found [here](#).]



Act 19: The Queen's Gambit

Rating: NC-17

Summary: When a betrayal from someone close to them leaves Jared reeling, Jensen gives him what he needs to carry on.

Warnings: Past dub-con, drug use, Francesca's revenge tactics. A porn scene with bondage, fisting and a really big swimming pool. You know, the usual. :p

Notes: There is lots going on in this one, so once again we have a chapter of epic length.

More notes: To [angstpuppy](#), who makes such wonderful, sparkly art. And to [augustfading](#), just because. :D

Scene A

I: You've done some interesting role-plays over the last year or so. Any that stand out?

JA: The pirate one has got to be a favorite.

JP: Yeah, that was great. The pool one was fun, though.

JA: (cringes)

JP: (laughs)

JA: Man, that bathing suit chaffed like hell.

JP: Poor baby, you think you had it bad? You know how hard it was to watch you wandering around in that thong?

JA: Very hard.

"So after lazing around in Hawaii, this must be easier," Paul said with a grin, making Jensen huff and roll his eyes.

"I don't recall much lazing around," he scoffed, tightening the belt of his robe. "Damn, this freaking costume is making it impossible to stand still."

Paul raised one eyebrow at him. "It's a simple bathing suit."

"A Speedo bathing suit. Two sizes north of obscene," Jensen replied through gritted teeth. It was rather painful, to be honest. Still, the set was beautiful. Jensen had shoot in another part of the villa a year or so back, and he'd found himself mesmerized by the richness of the rooms and set ups. The pool was no different. Oval, beautifully decorated with shells and mother-of-pearl curves all around the edges, with a set of steps that led you right down into the low end.

"Stop complaining, princess." Paul snorted, watching as the lights were set up around the pool. "Now you know the basics. No doubt Jared will go over all of this again... and again-" He rolled his eyes and Jensen grinned. Jared had become quite the safety expert over the shoots. "We'll have guys in the water with you, so you can rest assured that you'll be in good hands."

Jensen said nothing. As far as he was concerned the only hands that mattered were Jared's, and there was no safer place in the world than that.

"How'd you feel about working with Jake?" Paul asked, stepping back and allowing Millicent to mess with

Jensen's hair.

Jensen shrugged. "I don't really know all that much about him. He's been doing mostly straight porn." His nose wrinkled in disgust and Paul laughed at him. "Besides, you know Joe won't *actually* let him make any real changes.

"Not any time this year. Between him and your boy, I'd say we have managed to collect some of the most stubborn people in the industry. Present company excluded, of course."

"Oh, of course," Jensen responded dryly. He didn't care much for this Jake guy. Truth be told, he cared about little but where Jared was. A feeling, apparently, shared by their official director, if the way he was shouting was of any indication.

"Where the hell is Padalecki when he's needed!" He growled, marching off towards them. "Jensen, where did you hide him this time?"

Jensen blinked at the unusual bark of their director. "He's still in makeup, I think." Jensen was the pampered lover of the millionaire owner of the villa, Jared was the newly hired pool boy. He needed to shed some stubble and get some lines off his face with waterproof make up. A long, boring process Jared could only get through with four packs of rainbow candy and gummie bears.

"Fucker," Joe glanced around, and then looked weirdly at Jensen for a moment. "You go over the safe measures with Paul and the underwater security men."

"I already did -"

"Do it again," Joe said brusquely before storming off. Jensen raised an unimpressed eyebrow at Paul.

"Looks like the rooster in the coop doesn't like to share his territory." He said mildly. Paul just laughed and shook his head, and prepared himself to give the security speech for the fourth time that hour.

Jared looked up from the mirror when Joe burst into the makeup trailer, sweat making his skin glint. "I need to talk to you. In private," he added pointedly, looking to Elle.

She opened her mouth to complain, sponge in hand. "But-"

"Clear off!" Joe bellowed, making her jump and Jared stare. As brusque as their director could be, he never raised his voice with any of the girls, or Jensen for that matter. Elle stormed off in a huff, muttering under her breath.

Jared fixed Joe with a frown. He'd never seen the man look so... nervous. "Is everything okay?"

"You need to take Jensen home." Joe ordered, wringing his hands anxiously.

Blinking slowly, Jared frowned. "What?" His heart picked up a pace as adrenaline spiked.

"He can't stay here. Not until I get things sorted."

"Things? What things?" Joe wouldn't meet his gaze and Jared launched to his feet and stormed to the door. He stood in the doorway and watched Jensen laugh with Paul, his long, suntanned limbs wrapped in a bright bathrobe. He looked happy and content and the ice in Jared's heart lessened.

"Jared. Listen to me. Take him away from the set. Claim an emergency and go home. I'll smooth things out."

Jared turned to look at Joe, his frown deepening further. "You want me to lie to him to take him off the set? We are due in less than half an hour-"

"No, you're not. I'm still the director and I can still set the times." Joe glanced nervously out and closed the door, deaf to Jared's loud protest, "Jared. You know I wouldn't tell you to do this if it wasn't serious-

"Is something the matter?" Jared asked, nervousness and anxiety making his voice rise just as Joe's grew lower. "Joe, for Christ's sake, what's got your knickers in a twist? It's an easy enough shoot-

"We're not alone on set," Joe said abruptly, and Jared rolled his eyes.

"Dude, just because we have an extern on set it doesn't mean we're going to pay him more attention than you-

"He's going to pay good attention to Jensen," Joe said in a rush. "I need you to take him away. Now."

Dread settled in Jared's stomach. "What aren't you telling me?" He asked quietly, his knuckles tightening.

"Just... take him away, Jared, for the love of God, take him away." Joe begged, looking desperate. "You want to protect him, you want to keep him safe from Simon, this is how."

The name set alarm bells ringing in his head. "What do you know about that?"

"More than you," Joe said bluntly.

Jared scowled. "Don't fuck with me on this Joe. I mean it."

"Then do what I am telling you and take him home." Across the set, Jared watched a tall, all American looking suit walk up to Jensen and shake his hand, wide, white smile in place. Joe sucked in a sharp breath. "Call him over. Call him over now."

There was something in his voice that made Jared not hesitate. "Hey, baby?" he called out. Jensen looked up, smiled and wandered over. As soon as he was in reach Jared wrapped an arm around him. "We need to head over to the hospital, baby. Chris called."

"Oh god," Jensen's eyes went wide. "What happened? How's Steve? What's going on?"

"I think it's more a case of Chris getting himself in trouble with the staff than anything that has to do directly with Steve," Jared was almost ashamed at how easily he was lying to Jensen. He kept Jake in his peripheral vision, a twinge of unease going off in his stomach when the man, less than pleased, stormed off the set.

"Oh, okay," Jensen relaxed a bit, and smiled at him. Jared bowed his head to kiss his lips, seeking reassurance just as much as he was giving it. "We can postpone shooting for a couple of hours while you take care of things here?" Jared asked Joe, his tone still incredibly airy. Maybe he was a better actor than he thought.

"Sure," Joe said, sounding relieved, "I'll see you guys after lunch."

"Well, guess I have to change," Jensen sighed, looking down at his robe. "Just as well, this thing fuckin' chafes, man."

Jared couldn't keep back a laugh and stole another kiss before letting Jensen walk away. Then he rounded on Joe, his eyes dark as ash. "I hope you give me an ironclad good reason why now I have to call my best bud and warn him to get into trouble so Jensen doesn't suspect a thing when we get to the hospital."

"You could have just taken him home." Joe huffed.

"And told him what? That Sadie tore up the drapes?" Jared scowled. "Now tell me what is going on!"

Joe could barely meet his eyes. "You wouldn't want Jeff or Jona near him would you?" Jared's cracking knuckles answered for him. "Jake Talbot is no better. He fucked him just like they did."

A fire lit in Jared's chest. "What?"

"At a party. One of Simon's parties..." Joe said softly. "Jake was there. He fucked him."

Jared's world stilled. A sense of cold, almost detached purposefulness settled over him, and he picked up his cell phone. "What are you doing?" Joe asked anxiously, throwing a worried look behind his shoulder. Jared didn't reply, but spoke on his phone when Chris picked up, telling him he had to come over, and asking him to act like there'd been some fuss with the nurses. When Jared hung up, his eyes were as hollow and dark as his voice.

"How do you know."

It was not a question. Jared wasn't asking, Jared was demanding. Joe paled and shuffled on his feet.

"It doesn't matter."

Jared took a step forward, thrusting his hands in his pockets and staring down at his director from his considerable height. "How do you know, Joe?"

Joe gulped. "I just do," he said then, crossly even as he took a step back. "Hell, almost everyone in the business has been to one of those parties-"

Jared knew that. That was why he suspected the worst of everyone. "You were there." He said flatly. "You watched?" Joe looked away in shame. "You touched him." He had the director up against the trailer wall, his fists curled in the collar of his shirt. "You *touched* him."

Joe's expression hardened. "I was drunk, I was stoned, and he seemed willing enough." He said coldly.

"Willing *enough*?" Jared spat. "You mean he wasn't begging you to stop." He took a step back and glared in disgust. "You want me to get him away from Jake... tell me why I shouldn't be just as fucking worried about him being near *you*?"

Joe blanched. "Because he's bad fucking news!"

"Hasn't done anything you haven't, by the sound of it," Jared spat back.

"It's different," Joe said through clenched teeth.

"How," Jared snarled, his hands tight in Joe's shirt. He felt like he was going to either smash something, or someone. Someone was the safer bet, even though he knew that rationally speaking, it wouldn't have been such a good idea.

"Because Jake was a regular. I didn't even know what the 'private' party meant until I got there. Simon and Jake were leadin' the fuckin' show."

A nasty feeling took hold of Jared's gut, bile rearing up at the back of his throat. "They? There were - how many were there? With him?"

Joe looked away again, not brave enough to look in Jared's eyes as he spoke. "A few," he muttered. "I don't remember, I was high."

A few. Jared's hands twitched, and he tightened his grip on him, trying to hold on his sanity and not just beat Joe in a fuckin' pulp like every cell in his body was screaming him to. "Does Jensen remember?" he said icily. "Does he has to go through all the stuff you tell him to do and fuckin' *remember*?"

Joe squirmed and tried to get Jared's hands off him. "He doesn't know! He didn't see any of us, and even if he did he was so fucking high Jesus himself could have been in the room and he'd not remember it."

Jared's hands trembled. "Are you trying to tell me he was drugged and he was blindfolded... and you fucked him?" he asked, his voice so calm Joe paled a notch in fear.

He tried to shake Jared's hands off. "Look, whatever it is you want from me to fix this... take it later. Just get Jensen off this set and away from that man. I'll talk to Carl and rearrange some things, get Jake off set."

Jared hated that he had a point. "This isn't over." He promised. Not by a long shot. Joe slumped and nodded.

"Will you tell him?" He asked, suddenly looking very old, and very sad. Jared wanted to say yes, he wanted to hiss the word viciously, but when he tried, he thought of the reality. Jensen would never recover from this truth. It would hurt him so deeply Jared would never be able to reach far enough inside of him to fix it. Jensen would assume, rightly or wrongly, that Joe had been playing him all these years. All the ground he'd made, all the struggles to leave Simon and everything he represented behind... learning that Joe had been a part of it, however small, would sully everything.

"No." Jared said quietly. "But I will be telling Francesca. Whatever she does with you will be too good for you."

Joe nodded wearily. "I didn't know," he whispered then. "I'd never have done it if I knew."

Jared raised one hand, his arm shaking with the effort to restrain the punches that wanted to come. "Don't," he said simply, the word echoing in the empty trailer. "Get out."

Joe went without another word. Jared grasped at the ends of the vanity, head bowed between shoulders tense enough to snap at the slightest gust of wind. Was there anything in their lives that was easy? Was Jensen ever going to be safe until they were out of the industry?

Jared had thought about quitting. Before meeting Jensen, when he'd made more than enough money to get himself by, he had thought about giving up. Now he knew he could never, not if he wanted to protect Jensen. He needed to be there for him, needed to make sure no one would hurt him. He wanted Jensen to quit, hell, retire, call it however you preferred. He'd thought about it, it was the only solution that he kept coming back to during the restless nights, when Jensen clung to him like a lifeguard, when the weariness of toeing the line between what they did and what they were threatened to overspill.

Still Jared knew Jensen wasn't ready to quit. His job, the freedom he had managed to gain when doing it was part of the healing process, and Jared wouldn't just take that away from him because it would be the easy way out.

"Hey," Jensen's voice shook him out of his thoughts, and Jared plastered on his best smile before walking up to him and wrapping him in a hug.

"You good to go?" Jared asked, his fingers brushing over the cool cotton of Jensen's t-shirt. "S'go see what chaos Chris has created."

"You sure you want me to come? I can stay here and play host -"

Jared cut him off so quickly it made him blink in surprise. "No! I mean, you know what Chris is like. It might take the both of us to convince him not to clean out the hospital... or convince them not to call the cops."

Jensen frowned but let Jared steer him to the parking lot, held so tight they were almost attached at the hip. Jensen let his hand snake up under Jared's shirt to press against his back.

"You alright?" He asked, his forehead wrinkled with worry. Jared fished around in his pocket for the keys to the jeep and dipped his head to kiss frown lines away.

"I'm fine," he lied smoothly. "We'll be back in a few hours. You can get back into that bathing suit you love so much."

"I'm going AWOL," Jensen announced, snatching the keys and climbing into the driver's seat.

Jared wasn't so keen on letting him drive, but figured he might as well leave him to it. He knew that he was a nervous driver, and Jensen would've noticed his mood if he was behind the wheel anyway.

Jared took a deep breath. He was an actor after all. He could pretend nothing was wrong. He knew he was able to and he needed to do it for Jensen's sake. He wouldn't let that smile go waste. Leaning forward to press a chaste kiss to the side of Jensen's neck, he saw like ghosts of fingertips pressing over Jensen's throat, and he shuddered, covering his flinch with a fake sneeze.

Jensen eyed him warily. "You coming down with something else?"

"Just allergies," Jared dismissed, but launched on the chance to tease Jensen a bit and maybe bring forth another laugh, "Why, I thought you liked me when I was sick and clingy.."

Jensen scowled, but it was edged with a smile. "You were icky," he proclaimed.

Jared snorted in amusement. "What are you twelve? Icky?"

"Shuddup." Jensen flushed, turning down the hill towards the city. "You were snotty and sweaty and gross." He said flatly, but he couldn't help looking sideways to flash Jared a beaming grin. "And you whined worse than a teenage girl on her first period."

Jared wrinkled his nose. "I don't even want to know how you know that shit."

"Dude, I have a sister." Jensen rolled his eyes, and for once there was no shadow beneath the surface when they touched on the subject of his family. Jared's chest tightened and he bitterly resented that there was the grey cloud of Joe's confession hovering in the background to take away the full enjoyment of the moment.

"Me too," Jared countered, "And she's far, far worse than me when she's sick."

"Must be the genes or something," Jensen teased, pulling over the car and parking it right next to the visitor's entrance. "You think Chris' been taken into custody?"

"We shall go and find out," Jared said solemnly, putting his arm around Jensen's shoulders and walking in.

Jared knew he was a lucky bastard. He had always knew that, even before meeting Jensen, because his friends? His friends were utterly awesome. And after meeting Jensen, Jared had really understood just how lucky he was to be surrounded with such people. Chris, forever on stage, acted like the grumpy bad-tempered ass who hadn't seen his partner for "one hour and forty-six minutes" and Jared knew, with one single look, that there wouldn't be any question asked. Surely not today, maybe not ever. Jared would explain to him, though. He thought he owed Chris that much.

Steve was somehow better, if weak and not up to too many visitors. After several cups of coffee and random cursing, they hugged Chris and left. Jared insisted he drove, and instead of getting them back to the studio he went home, killing Jensen's protest with a blinding grin. "Food and sea, what else do you need?"

"You've gotten away with murder before, haven't you?" Jensen shook his head fondly, following Jared and his smile like a child after candy.

Jared took his hand and swung it enthusiastically as they were lovingly attacked by two hungry dogs. Sadie had grown faster than her brother, and was almost knee high. She knew just how best to trip Jared up. Jensen left him to it and checked the messages on their phone. There was one from the studio, and another from the store Jared had ordered his giant BBQ from.

Jared watched him from the corner of his eye, then fished for his phone. Joe answered on the third ring. "We're all done at the hospital."

"Good," Joe responded, his voice contrite and quiet. "Things are sorted here. Whenever you want to come

back..." He left the question open, as if he expected Jared to refuse to shoot now he knew. In all honesty, if he'd been able to think of a good excuse, he would have insisted on never shooting with Joe again. The idea of Jensen being directed by someone who'd taken advantage of him when he'd most needed help made him sick to his stomach. He hung up without a word and called Francesca. Jensen vanished into the kitchen, followed by the dogs, and Jared slumped down onto the couch.

"Si?" Francesca snapped, short tempered as she often was these days. "What?"

"You need to jet Joe off set," he said, getting right to the point. "And you need to make sure Jake Talbot doesn't step within a hundred fucking yards of Jensen."

"What happened?" She demanded, a trace of fear underlining the sharpness in her voice.

Jared swallowed the bile in his mouth and told her briefly about Joe's confession, keeping an eye on the kitchen to check whether Jensen was still occupied with the dogs. When he was done, there was such a long silence at the other end of the line he thought he'd lost connection.

Then an all too familiar Italian screech made him jump, and no, he ruled out the no-connection thing.

"QUEL FOTTUTISSIMO PEZZO DI MERDA!"

Jared knew where Francesca's rage came from, even though he couldn't make out a thing from the foreign babble if not the underlying urge to kill that oozed as viciously and openly from her tone as if she'd been chanting a voodoo ritual. Joe had lied to them. Had betrayed Jensen's trust, and lied.

Jared couldn't say he was sorry to hand him over to Francesca's hands. Whatever she was going to do was more than okay with him.

"Does Jensen know?" The abrupt switch to English pulled Jared back in the conversation.

"No. And I'm not going to tell him."

"Good. Don't. I'll be there. You take a few hours for yourselves. I'll clean it up." In any other situation, the sentence would've scared Jared half to death. Now it merely brought him grim satisfaction.

She hung up and Jared hauled himself to his feet. Kill a few hours. Okay, he could do that.

Jensen was making toast from the fresh batch of bread he had baked, and he dropped the butter knife in surprise when Jared, without warning or explanation, hoisted him up into the air. "Jared!" Jensen yelled. Harley yipped in confusion. "What are you doing?"

"We're gonna have sex," Jared announced, easy as you please.

Jensen blinked. "You are sick, aren't you?" He tried to feel Jared's temperature "You're gonna be spending the next three days balls deep in my ass and you think I'm putting out now? Oh, no. Down."

"How about I suck you off?" Jared asked hopefully.

"Do you want to put me in a coma?" Jensen said dryly. "Have you seen the script? Man does not live by orgasm alone. Quite the opposite in fact."

"But-"

"Jared."

Jared set him down on the porch with a full pout. "Can we at least make out?"

"Did you pop a Viagra this morning?" Jensen shook his head. Jared frowned, confused, then grinned.

"I want kisses," he announced, promptly tossing Jensen over his shoulder like an overenthusiastic caveman.

"Lots of kisses. No sex."

"No sex." Jensen agreed. "Put me down - Jared!"

Jared didn't heed him. He walked through their house until they were strolling through the private beach, Jensen still hanging and flailing off his shoulder. Jared didn't set him down until he was waist-deep in the cool, chilling water, the splashes making his jeans stick to his legs in a damn uncomfortable way. It was all worth it when Jensen spluttered and blushed, chest to chest in the lapping waves, the sun blazing overhead.

"Kisses," Jared repeated, his hands cupping the back of Jensen's head and drawing him in for the first one.

Jensen sighed, contentment tingling all over his skin, and let his arms slid underwater to wrap around Jared's waist, lips tasting like salt and sand. He'd be lying if he said he didn't felt the most loved, cherished and adored person in the world. Jared's way of romance, however dorky, enveloped him completely and put Jensen up on that infamous cloud nine everyone was talking about.

Jared kissed him again, a bit more intense this time, water sloshing around them and sticking their clothes to every inch of skin, making their movements sluggish-slow.

He let Jared peel his shirt off and swing it over to the sand like a lasso. Warm, knowledgeable lips kissed across his throat and shoulders. Jensen's fingers curled in Jared's hair, holding on against the rocking of the waves. Jared kissed his chest and sucked one tight nipple into his mouth.

"No sex, Jay." Jensen reminded him breathlessly. Jared slid a hand into his pants and squeezed.

"You promised kisses," Jared reminded him, his voice slightly muffled by his reluctance to stop tasking the salty tang of Jensen's skin. "I'm kissing."

"You're cheating," Jensen laughed, falling backwards in the surf and pitting salt water as he chuckled.

"All's fair in love and war." Jared intoned seriously, thinking of Francesca, and the revenge she would dish out on Joe. He tried to feel guilty, but Jensen's face, flushed and laughing before his eyes kept flickering to something darker, bright, happy smiles twisting into screams of pain behind his closed eyes.

"That's a load of crap," Jensen snorted, brushing sun kissed bangs from his eyes. Jared grinned and wrapped his arms around his waist, lifting him clean in the air and spinning around in the water. His feet slipped in the sand, and they both fell back into the tide.

Jensen shrieked and laughed, choking on foam and salty water as Jared spluttered and tried to get them both back on even grounding. He pressed his mouth over the hollow of Jensen's throat, arms twisting around his back as he holds him close, Jensen's legs floating up and curling around his waist. Jensen made a pathetic little moan and opened his mouth around a gasp, Jared's lips just above water level as they trailed down Jensen's chest.

"You're so amazing, baby," Jared whispered, moving further up and claiming Jensen's mouth again. Jensen's eyes were half-mast, sparkling with droplets of seawater and looking just as green as the ocean around them. Jared felt something of a lump coming to choke his throat and he let his eyes flutter shut, his fingers twisting in Jensen's hair as he kissed him as deeply and sweetly as he could.

"I..." Jensen whispered, leaning his forehead against Jared's when lack of breath drove him apart. He licked his lips, his eyes looking dazed and bright in the sunshine as he looked at Jared, "I'm happy," he whispered, his freckles glowing with the flush of his skin. "I'm so happy, Jared."

Jared's eyes burned, and he told himself it was just the salt in the water. "That's all I want," he whispered, catching Jensen's face in his palms and holding him for a kiss. Jensen held him back, his eyes deep and bright, and Jared swore the world stopped rotating just for a heartbeat.

"I love you," Jensen whispered, the sound almost lost to the lapping ocean.

Jared stood and stared for so long Jensen's sweet smile faltered, and worry crept into his eyes. It snapped Jared out of his stupor and he wrapped Jensen up so tight there was barely room for air between them. Something hot and sharp had wrapped itself around Jared's chest, squeezing so hard it hurt, and brought swift tears to his eyes. Jensen's hands curled around his back, and the solid dam broke.

The last few months, the good, and the bad, washed away with the tide, leaving only the two of them, and the three words that broke something in Jared he'd never even known was there. He clutched at Jensen as the first sob rose in his throat. He tried to bury them in Jensen's throat, but couldn't.

Jensen's hands gripped at the wet fabric of Jared's shirt and he wrapped himself around Jared as if he could shield him, Jared's sobs mixing with the slosh of the waves around them. Jared's arms wound tightly against Jensen's shoulders and he tried to stop crying, stop melting away in Jensen's immense gift. "I love you too," Jared whispered, voice breaking on the 'too' he never hoped he could say back.

"I put you through hell," Jensen mumbled thinly, fingers almost ripping at the shirt he was clenching on to.

"Don't say that," Jared scolded him, even though he was mid-sniffle, and he gave him a smile and a kiss. "Don't you ever say that."

"It's the truth." Jensen smiled sadly, pressing a finger to Jared's lips when he started to protest. "You've had to deal with so much. I've put a lot on you, and don't say it doesn't matter. What hurts me, hurts you... and seeing you hurt because of me... I just... you need to know. Okay?"

Jared, for once, bit his tongue and let Jensen say what he felt he needed to, the same, self-deprecating tone of voice a painful thing to let slide. He stroked Jensen's cheek and held them balanced on the sand.

"I love you," Jensen whispered again, no less wonderful. Jared laughed and sobbed at the same time, and Jensen smiled. "I love you. I love you."

"Too, I love you too," Jared sobbed and held him tight, pressing his lips everywhere he could reach. Jensen *loved* him. Jensen had come out and said he loved him. Hell, he even said Jared made him happy and there was nothing, nothing in this world Jared wouldn't do just to preserve it. He was feeling like he'd won ten fucking awards, like he was King of the World and not stupid DiCaprio.

Jensen loved him.

Jared scooped him up, raising him above the water and laughing as he spun them both around and pressed warm, wet kisses over Jensen's slick skin. "You make me happy too, you know that," Jared remarked, stopping to suck in a salty breath. "I never thought I'd feel like this, ever."

"I never thought I could." Jensen laughed, his arms spread wide. Jared set him down on his feet, but only a second past before Jensen's forehead wrinkled. "I changed my mind." He announced before jumping up and wrapping his legs around Jensen's hips. "Sex would be okay."

Jared tried to laugh, catching Jensen and holding him tight, but he sound was lost against the hot, desperate kisses Jensen showered on him. Jensen had never kissed him like that before. He generally let Jared lead, sometimes making his own, tentative responses. Never so demanding.

He had no problem with it at all. He let Jensen in, let him take whatever he wanted, their breathing short and sharp between them. "What about your virtue?" he laughed.

Jensen pulled back, his eyes glittering. "What virtue?" he snorted.

"On set, baby. I'mma make it so good for you."

Jensen pouted, but nodded, the light still in his eyes, and the idea came to Jared so quickly that it took him by surprise. "Let's go away." Jensen blinked and Jared quickly explained. "Not *away* away, on a vacation." Where there would be no Simon, no Joe, no Milo to hurt them.

Jensen looked at him uncertainly. "A vacation?"

"Yes. Like Hawaii, but without working. It's going to be even more amazing," Jared said excitedly, pressing his lips over Jensen's for a brief, hot kiss. "You told me... during our second date, that we could go on vacation to Italy. Would you like that? Maybe Francesca can hook us up with those crazy Mafia relatives of hers?"

Jensen's laugh bubbled up so fast and free it sounded like a waterfall. "She'd hit you if she ever hear you saying that."

"You won't squeal on me, now will you?"

Jensen's eyes glinted mischievously but he shook his head, leaning down to kiss Jared again, tongue sweeping past Jared's lips to take insistently what was his, almost as if he was stalking his claim. Jared felt another surge of tears coming up but stoically forced them down and kissed him back just as intensely.

"Italy," Jensen whispered, laying his head on Jared's shoulders, clinging to him arms and legs like a baby koala. "You'd really take me?"

"Anywhere you want, baby."

"We could go visit Raul." Jensen exclaimed, his eyes sparkling as if it were Christmas. "We could! That'd be awesome!" He jumped out of Jared's arms and made a staggered run for the house, shouting over his shoulder as he went. "I gotta call Francy!"

Jared blinked, dumbfounded. "Who's Raul?" he shouted. "Jen?" Jensen was already on the deck and into the house. Jared cursed. Him and his big mouth. "Baby?!"

Raul, it turned out, was Francesca's other half. A revelation Jared wouldn't have seen coming if it had charged at him dressed in pink spandex. Still, he relaxed a little upon learning that the Italian Jensen was so excited to visit was already involved with Francesca. It would be like visiting a favoured uncle, right? From what he gathered, Raul had been away on a work trip of sorts in the south of Italy for a few months now. Obviously, Francesca was not worried about him cheating on her while he was away, and given the little he knew of Francy, Jared also knew for *sure* that any man would be goddamn insane to even try and lie to Francesca Solari.

Which brought him back to the here and now with an unpleasant bump. Christ. They still had the shoot, and with Jensen's confession of love warm around his heart he really did not feel in the mood to go back to set. He had to think up something. Jensen was still talking excitedly to Francy about the vacation - clearly she'd said yes without so much as batting an eye or checking schedule - and beamed at him when he came out of the bathroom with dry clothes on.

Jared smiled and wrapped his arms around his waist, dropping a soft kiss to his ear. "Can I talk to her too?"

Jensen gave him a funny look, "You'd willingly subject yourself to talk to her?"

Jared rolled his eyes and huffed. "For a vacation with you, I'll run the risk."

Jensen fluttered his eyelashes playfully. "My big strong hero," he teased. Jared swatted him with a towel. "Go get changed." He chuckled. The dogs followed Jensen into the bedroom, and Jared headed out onto the porch. "Is it sorted."

"Is what sorted?" Francesca asked absently.

Jared took the answer to mean yes. "Is he still breathing?"

"Is who still breathing?" she asked innocently. Jared shook his head. It was like talking to a brick wall.

"Nevermind. Are we good to head back?"

"Yep," Jensen beamed, bouncing into the room and snatching the phone from Jared's hand. "No more stalling. Bye, Fancy!" He hung up on her and practically dragged Jared to the car.

Jared stopped at every red traffic light, quailing Jensen's protests that they were going to be late with long, drawn out kisses that made people behind them honk in hurry. Jensen's lips were warm and tasted like the marmalade he's been having on his toast, and Jared couldn't really be blamed for the slow pace he forced his jeep to. After all he wasn't as looking forward to go back to shooting, even if he couldn't tell Jensen that. But he trusted Francesca to have pulled her punches - literally - so the trepidation with which he walked on set was at its minimal.

There was the usual hustle and bustle of technician and light guys, but the absence of any form of director was a bit too conspicuous to be passed upon. Jared feared for a second that Francy had *really* disposed of Joe, until Paul walked up to them with a grim smile and told them Jake had been forced to leave due to a clash in his commissions, and that Joe had had a somehow inexplicable accident with a light tripod that had broken both his hands. No one had seen how in hell he'd managed to do it, but he was now being treated in the nearest ER.

Jared barely restrained a smug, satisfied smile.

He loved Italians.

Leave it to Jensen to try and be the practical one of them. "So who's directing? Max?" he frowned, thinking of the AD. Paul shook his head.

"Miss Solari sent someone over. He's..." Paul shook his head, apparently a little lost for words. "It's going to be an interesting shoot."

Jared frowned. Damn it he didn't want interesting! He wanted easy. Jensen looked uneasy, and it occurred to Jared that he'd hadn't shot with another director in years. His blood boiled, and he squeezed Jensen's hand. "Easy, baby," he whispered.

Paul called their new director over, and Jared was tempted to phone Francesca and ask her if she had gone completely and utterly insane. The guy... kid... he looked younger than Jared, looked as if he had walked straight off the beach. His clothes clashed with everything, and there was a mellow, easy look in his eyes that spoke of a not too casual relationship with weed.

"Oh, hey," he stuttered when he caught sight of him and Jensen. He ran a hand through his hair, the ends sticking up in all directions. "It's - it's a great pleasure to finally meet you guys. I'm - it's - uh. Name's Tigerman. No art name, no, I'm unfortunate enough to be born with it. You can call me Gabe. It's great being here- I mean, working with such-" he looked even more flustered and finally found the word he was looking for "- professionals, as you guys. Thank you for the opportunity."

Jared had to bite down on his tongue to prevent himself from hooting with glee. "Nice to meet you too, Gabe," he stuck his hand out, and Gabe shook it enthusiastically. He then turned a beaming smile to Jensen and stuck his own hand out in a similar fashion. Jensen's eyes were round as quarters, but he still took the new director's hand and shook it.

"Jensen, Jensen Ackles."

"Oh, I know," Gabe said, his voice vibrating with excitement, "I'm a huge fan!"

Okay, now Jared liked him a little less. Jensen picked up on the reaction and shot him an amused smile that made it clear he expected Jared to play nicely.

Gabe was almost bouncing on the spot when his cell vibrated, making him jump. His eyes widened as if he'd been caught with it in class and he hastily jammed his thumb on the off button. "Sorry," he said, flustered. "Girlfriend."

Okay, Jared liked him again. Jensen simply laughed.

"No problem?" Jared grinned, giving Gabe friendly pat on the back that almost knocked him off his feet. "Where do you want us?"

Jensen stood on his foot and glared.

Jared tried to smile back innocently but ended up giggling.

Gabe just looked thoughtful, then his face lit up. "Costumes!" he declared, waving his arms like a captain directing his troops. "If you go get changed in make up and get back here, I think we can start by the side of the pool, yes?" He bounced on the balls of his feet and grinned widely. "I want to get a full angle, never worked with guys before - I mean," he flushed again, shifting his weight, "You know, with the lesbian ring it's just a lot of props and -" he cut off and blew into a whistle. "I SAID HALF-BLUE, YOU ASS! Sorry - those lights suck - I'll see you later." He marched off towards the DP, leaving Jensen and Jared to avoid each other eye trying not to laugh.

They parted ways for makeup and costumes, and Jared felt more at ease now than he'd had all through the morning. He should call Francy and thank her. Or send her wine. No, wait, maybe wine to an Italian from an all-American guy was a bad idea. Flowers. If they didn't wilt the moment she took them in her hands.

"Okay - whenever you're ready, Jared? I can call you Jared, can't I?"

Jared had to stifle a laugh. He nodded, a muscle in his jaw twitching nonetheless. "Yes, Gabe. No problem."

"Okay, Jared, when you're ready - Jen?"

Girlfriend. Jared reminded himself. He's harmless. Girlfriend. Straight.

Jensen waved at him from his mark, a wide grin Jared just *knew* was there to mock him.

"And ACTION!"

Scene B

It was a pretty cushy gig, even by Jared's standards.

He had a whole morning to clean the pool. It was big, but he was there twice a week, and regular upkeep meant that there was generally not much to do that took him more than an hour. He drew it out, put on a show. The owner was never home. His boyfriend never seemed to leave.

Jared smirked to himself and bent low to change the filter, his shorts riding high on his thighs as the porch door opened, and his employer's toy boy strolled outside. Jared caught a glimpse of him over his shoulder.

Jensen was everything a rich, gay business man needed. Tall, lithe and classically beautiful. He was also, to put not too fine a point on it, a bit of a slut. Case in point, his suit. If it could really be called that. The Speedos were red, tight enough Jared was sure they were a couple of degrees north of obscene, low on his hips and shifting with each step. He guessed he should be considered lucky he hadn't decided to put on a thong, even if the line between said garment and the one Jensen was wearing was kept by just a couple of inches of cloth.

"Morning," Jensen's voice was like the rest of him. Silky-soft and slightly teasing. Jared turned to look at him, fully stretched out on top of one of the reclining chairs, his tanned skin a striking contrast with the red of his bathing suit.

"Morning," Jared replied, his own voice dropping an octave. If the boy wanted to play, he had found his match. "A fine day for a swim. I'll be done quickly."

"Take all the time you need," Jensen answered, pushing his sunglasses up on his forehead, deep, green eyes twinkling at him in a playful smile. "I don't mind the company."

Decidedly more than *a bit* of a slut. Jared watched as Jensen popped open a can of tanning oil, starting to rub it into the curve of his muscular arms, then down on his chest, palms spread wide and movements just a bit too slow and cautious to be casual. Jared continued to work, one eye on the prize, but by the time Jensen was rubbing the oil on his thighs, long legs raised from the recliner, he gave up all pretences and turned to stare.

Jensen shot him a haughty smirk. "Are you going to stand there watching, or are you going to do my back?"

Fucking tease... Jared shook his head, tempted to play the game Jensen wanted, and tell him it wasn't worth the risk. Then Jensen rolled over, the thin red fabric of his trunks not wide enough to cover his ass.

Jared stalked over and snatched up the small bottle of oil. He let a line drizzle onto Jensen back, the golden skin glistening in the sun. He put both palms down at the small of Jensen's back, the skin already hot and sweaty after just a few minutes, and Jensen let a soft sigh leave his lips. Jared massaged the oil into his skin with a smooth move, dragging his long fingers up Jensen's back and then to his sides, stopping at his shoulder blades and rubbing with his thumbs before sliding lower again.

Jensen sighed, his legs spreading as if unconsciously under the massage, and Christ, Jared was already struggling with his all too interested dick. He put every ounce of strength into his self-control, not leaning down to straddle that fine, tight ass, the fabric pointing a V to the dark entrance barely hidden beneath the suit.

"All done," Jared rasped, taking a step back and placing the oil bottle next to Jensen's shoulders. Jensen threw him a look over his shoulder, eyes hued and a sly grin firmly in place.

"Already?"

Goddamn tease. Jared decided to play dumb. "You think I've missed a spot?"

"Several."

"Such as?" He asked, playing along.

With a blatant, coy smile, Jensen took Jared's hand in his and slid them both under the tight fabric of the suit. Jared was so stunned that he didn't notice Jensen pulling his own hand away until the warm, soft skin under his palm shifted slightly, and his fingers brushed the dark valley of Jensen's ass.

Jared growled and snatched his hand back. "You wanna get fucked that bad?" he said gruffly.

Jensen smiled, sweetly seductive and utterly dangerous. His long eyelashes fluttered, his lip a coy little twist. "Who said anything about fucking?" He asked innocently. "I merely asked you to finish oiling me up."

Jesus... Jared nearly choked on his tongue. "That's it, huh?" He said then, deciding to take upon the challenge. "Just helping you out where you cannot... reach?"

"Uh huh," Jensen smiled, stretching out on the chair and hitching his knees up, so that the round swell of his ass was practically against Jared's side. Jared climbed on the chair, knees between Jensen's open legs, and picked up the bottle of tanning oil.

He hooked his fingers in the waistband of Jensen's speedos, slowly pulling them down past the round curve of Jensen's buttocks. Jared nearly jumped out of his skin as he noticed a not so small detail - Jensen had no tanning line. Which meant...

He swallowed, the movement strangely noisy in the lazy summer silence, and he was damn sure he'd heard

a tiny giggle coming from Jensen's prone body. Smug, teasing bastard.

Well, two could play at his game. Jared warmed up the oil with his palms and grasped Jensen's ass cheeks, parting them slowly and using his thumbs to rub across dark, hidden skin.

"Make sure you do a thorough job." Jensen instructed, wiggling his ass back against Jared's thighs.

"Oh I'll be thorough alright." Jared promised, popping the cap of the oil with his teeth and letting the golden liquid drip down the valley of Jensen's ass and stain the lounge below. Some pooled in the small, dark ring of muscle, and Jared dripped the tips of his fingers into it. "I'll get to every inch of you. Can't miss a spot. Better make sure it is even."

Jensen flashed a smirk over his shoulder. "And how'd you plan on doing that?"

"By using the right applicator, of course." Jared said, as if the answer was a simple one. He popped the top button of his shorts and drew the zip down slowly.

Jensen's smirk turned in a sly smile, eyes darkening with something akin to hunger. He pulled up his legs, spreading himself even wider, eyes zeroed in the dark hair and hard flesh Jared slowly revealed to him.

Jared finished pulling down the zipper and thrust his hand in the open V of his shorts, pulling out his thick, hardening dick. He coated his hand with oil, then grasped the base of his cock and stroked lazily, a sly grin spreading his lips. "You likin' what you see?" He murmured huskily, inching his knees closer to Jensen's spread out body.

Jensen's only answer was to lick his lips, a little whimper of *want* leaving his lips. Jared's cock was huge, perfectly shaped, the crown beaded with white, pearly precome. Jared laughed low in his throat, and used his other hand to keep Jensen's ass cheeks parted, his middle finger rubbing up against his crack. He let the length of his dick fit in between the valley of Jensen's ass, the oil warm and slick-sticky over hot skin.

"Do you want to get a move on?" Jensen purred, his back a smooth arch that Jared wanted to press his finger prints into.

"I'm sorry, Princess, you have a manicure session you need to attend?" He knew from experience that Jensen, spoilt, pampered Jensen had nothing to do with his time except look good on someone's arm and shop.

"Pilates, actually." Jensen said dryly.

"And you can't leave the house without an even tan now, can ya?" Jared played along, lining himself up with the small, glistening hole.

"Exactly my point," Jensen agreed, his long legs draped over either side of the lounge. Jared smirked and rolled his hips, the head of his dick peeking between Jensen's asscheeks as it slid up and down with the slow, easy move. He thought about just pushing in, impaling Jensen on his dick and fucking him long and hard until he begged for Jared to let him come, but part of him didn't want the act to be over so soon. If Jensen was as much of a cockslut as he thought he was, he could have a bit of fun before giving it to him.

Jared's eyes darkened and he grasped at Jensen's hips, pulling him back against his waist and lifting him bodily up from the lounge, the ripple of golden limbs glistening under the sunshine almost blinding to Jared's eyes. He coated his hand with yet more oil and slid it in the front of his suit. Jensen's cock was heavy and hard against his palm, but Jared ignored it, moving slower until he could cup Jensen's balls and stroke, slowly and deliberately, the tips of his fingers teasing the hot, sweaty skin beneath them.

"I'm guessing we can't leave any part unattended, now can we?" Jared whispered hotly in his ear, his hips snapping up against the back of Jensen's ass, his dick throbbing excitedly as it was squeezed by Jensen's buttocks.

"Your bonus depends on how good a job you do," Jensen panted, arching back against Jared, desperate for

all that Jared teased him with.

Leaning down to nip at the slender throat, Jared whispered, "But you don't pay my wages. Your sugar daddy does." He squeezed the warm flesh lightly in his palm, and Jensen moaned desperately.

"Does he make you beg for him?" Jared teased, his cock rubbing across the entrance to Jensen's body repeatedly. "Does he make you beg for his dick."

"He begs me," Jensen said, his voice haughty in the way only the very rich and the very beautiful could ever afford to be.

Jared laughed. He lined his dick up and took a hold of Jensen's hips. The stretch of Jensen around him was almost as painfully pleasant as the fine trembling of the limbs beneath him. He pushed on, Jensen's ass snug around him. Initial resistance gave way to welcoming heat, and Jared snapped his hips forward. Jensen shuddered breathlessly below, his lips parted as he sucked in air. Jared held him that way, stretched wide and stuffed full, before smacking Jensen lightly on the ass. "I won't beg," he laughed.

He pulled out, his cock hard and aching between his legs, and jerked his shorts back up.

Jensen rolled over on the lounge, his mouth open wide, so surprised he couldn't have looked more stunned if he had tried. It made Jared's dick throb angrily in his pants, yearning to get back into that hot, tight body that was being offered so willingly. He grabbed both Jensen's hands, pulling them up above his head and pinning them there with one hand, his mouth so close to Jensen's he could've been kissing. "It's time you work for it a little," Jared purred, his breath fanning Jensen's lips as his other hand trailed down his side. "Too easy to just let the others do all the hard work, isn't it?"

Jensen arched against him and Jared pulled back, not giving him anything he could rut upon. His wandering hand pulled Jensen's Speedos down and off his legs, tossing them against the fence and knocking his thighs apart with his knees. "Look what gym and personal trainers can shape," He taunted, digging his fingers in Jensen's strong thighs. Jensen's eyes narrowed, his mouth a thin, haughty line.

"That's all mother nature for you," he countered, his body rolling sinuously under Jared's, the rise and fall of hips, chest and legs almost mesmerizing. Jared couldn't deny that Jensen was an almost perfect package.

Almost perfect, but not quite. The spoilt, bratty look in his eyes was enough to take the edge off. There was something very untouchable about Jensen, even as he sat there, his thighs wide enough apart for it to be considered obscene. "You are going to beg *me*," he promised.

Jensen smirked. "Not likely."

Jared just smiled back. He tugged Jensen up by the wrists and tossed him over one shoulder.

"Hey!" There was a note of unease there that brought a smile to Jared's face. He wanted Jensen off balance. The brat might call the shots in every other aspect of life, but if he wanted to play with fire, he was going to get his fingers burned.

Holding on to Jensen when he squirmed was a task in itself. His body was slick with the oil, and he wriggled like a fish on a hook. He caught sight of the gleaming water of the pool and kicked up one hell of a fuss. "Don't you fucking dare!" he screeched. Jared hummed to himself and dumped Jensen in the deep end.

~ * & * ~

"CUT! That was great guys! Okay, now with the underwater cameras, please get the cases -"

Jared stifled a groan, but barely. Couldn't they have gone on with the script? Jensen was climbing out of the water, shimmering with droplets and oil, and Jared's eye twitched nervously. He grabbed the robe from Paul's hands and wrapped Jensen in it, pressing a kiss to the side of his head.

"Isn't it a bit too soon to cut?" Jensen murmured, even though he smiled shakily at Jared.

"Maybe," Jared's dick was heavy and hard in his shorts, and Christ, yes, too soon. Decidedly too soon. "Couldn't they set up the underwater thingies earlier?" he moaned, fighting to keep his hands out of his shorts. Jensen flashed him an amused smile.

"Servers you right for throwing me in the pool." Jensen smiled serenely.

"That was in the script." Jared scowled, bad tempered and in need of major smoochies. It was easy to keep himself in check during a scene, he always had more pressing things to focus on, and when Jensen needed to be taken care of, he could push the discomfort aside.

Jensen was in no need of any kind of help. He was wet and dripping and golden and pretty and there was a tiny droplet of water snaking down his throat that Jared really wanted to...

He blinked and snapped himself back to the present.

Gabe bounded over, enthusiasm bright in his eyes. "That was awesome!" he praised. "If you guys want to take a break for a bit whilst we run some tests here..."

Jared whimpered.

Jensen quickly stepped in and put a hand on their director's shoulder, leading him slightly away from the surrounding people and whispering something in his ear. Jared didn't want to know what the hell Jensen was telling him, and he was too wound up to care. Gabe's mouth formed a round 'O', his eyes sparkling with understanding, and he even had the courage to throw a sympathetic smirk and a knowing wave in Jared's direction. Jensen smiled, the fucker, and nodded his agreement to something Gabe answered him with before walking back to Jared.

"We'll start straight away," Jensen informed him with a sweet grin, his eyes twinkling with mischief. Jared really, really wished they were alone right then, so he could unwrap the robe from Jensen's shoulders and kiss every inch of golden, wet skin. Jensen surely had read his mind because he leaned in to kiss his cheek playfully before shuffling out of the robe and climbing carefully back in the water.

"Okay, um, so, no breaks until the next scene, yeah?" Gabe called from his seat next to the monitor. Jensen gave him the thumbs up and Jared grunted in agreement. He caught Paul's muted laugh behind his back and vowed revenge.

The three underwater camera techs flashed the 'okay' sign to Paul and he gave Gabe the all clear.

Jensen took a breath and slid soundlessly under the water. Jared felt his heart quicken a pace.

"AND ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen surfaced, spluttering curses as he sucked in noisy breaths.

Jared stepped out of his shorts as Jensen flailed in the water. Sitting down on the edge of pool, Jared let his legs dangle in the water. He reached over and grabbed one of Jensen's waving arms.

"Not very graceful in the water, are you?" he said wryly, hauling Jensen a foot or so out of the water by his wrist.

Jensen glared and hacked. "You're so very fucking fired," he scowled.

Jared let out a bark of laughter, shaking his head with amusement dancing in his dark, hazel eyes. "Then again, you're not my employer. You're just some piece of arm candy, aren't ya? And surely you don't want

your sugar daddy to know how big of a cockwhore you really are, do you?" he said, carelessly as you please as he dragged Jensen closer, his eyes raking down the miles of toned muscles he could make out through the distorting play of the water.

"Try me," Jensen answered crossly, twisting his arm to try and break free of Jared's grasp. "You really think he'd believe you over me?"

"Not me, no," Jared said with an airy tone, "But the surveillance cameras, for sure." He gave him a full on smirk, trying very hard not to let out a triumphant shout at the quick glimpse of unease in Jensen's beautiful green eyes. He used his other arm to grab at Jensen's free wrist and pulled him up until his face was level with Jared's hot, throbbing cock, but held him at arm's length, unable to reach closer. He knew Jensen wanted it, hell, probably had been wanting it for weeks, and he decided to test his theory by sliding a bit closer on the edge of the pool, his dick bobbing as he moved. He watched as Jensen's eyes darkened with badly disguised lust and hunger, and chuckled. "We both know what you want. I'm willing to give it to you. You just have to play by my rules."

"Are you blackmailing me?" Jensen scowled, but he wasn't looking at Jared's face, he was looking at the hard dick in front of him.

"That's a harsh way of putting it. All these years of playing happy housewife have obviously made you cynical." Jared smiled. Jensen's wrists fit perfectly in his hands, and the strong, golden lines of his stretched arms framed full lips and sparkling green eyes that had first attracted Jared to the job. "Think of it as a mutual agreement where we both get what we want, and that impotent old fuck you sleep next to never has to know."

The anger in Jensen's eyes turned to a coy amusement. He looked up through lowered lashes, bottom lip caught between his teeth. "And what's to stop you, once you've benefited from this *mutual agreement*, deciding that you want something more?"

Jared laughed. "You're beautiful alright, but I don't think I can afford you."

Jensen battled his eyelashes at him, "You couldn't, could you?"

Jared's smirk brightened, "I don't make that kind of money, sugar." He pulled him closer, knowing he'll leave marks where his fingers dug into Jensen's wrists, his full, hard cock not two inches away from Jensen's mouth. "Yet there'd be other kinds of compensations..."

A fine droplet of water trailed down Jensen's hairline and over his cheekbone, and he caught it with his tongue, the teasing swipe over his full, moist lips making Jared's dick leak in automatic response. Fuck, he couldn't wait to ram his cock into that plump, bow-shaped mouth, giving it to Jensen as hard as he probably hadn't yet had it, but he knew he had to be more patient than that.

Jared hauled him out of the water by the grip on his arms, letting Jensen grasp for leverage with his knees over Jared's strong thighs. Once he was out he rolled him on his back on the edge of the pool, the tiles cool against Jensen's heated skin. The display of miles of wet, pliant limbs in front of his eyes was almost too beautiful to stare at, and Jared had to grasp the base of his cock to keep his cool.

"Bet you're used to calling the shots, huh?" Jared grinned, holding Jensen's wrists down by the sides of his head. He finally allowed himself to lick at the beads of water on Jensen's golden throat.

Jensen moaned and turned his head to allow Jared all the access he desired. "Always."

Sliding a knee between Jensen's thighs, Jared spread him open on the cool tiles. "Not here," he whispered, licking Jensen's throat just below his ear. "With me, you do what I tell you, when I tell you to do it." A shiver ran through Jensen's pliant body and Jared buried a smile in golden skin. "Is that what you want?" He whispered, flexing his grip on Jensen's wrists to remind him of his position.

"Yes," Jensen hissed, parting his legs submissively. "Yes."

Jared released Jensen's wrists and sat back on his heels. He had all day to enjoy what was on offer and he

planned to make the most of it. Jensen had kept his arms crossed above his head where Jared had left them, and the implicit obedience sent a spark of heat to ignite in his belly. "Get on your hands and knees," Jared whispered, his eyes fixed on the smooth planes of Jensen's stomach and chest.

Jensen looked at him for a split second, indecision crossing his features before he did as he was told and turned on his hands and knees, presenting Jared with a full view of the perfect shape of his ass. Jared licked his own lips and moved closer, running one hand down one of Jensen's cheeks, feeling him tremble in answer.

SMACK! the palm of his hand fell flat and hard against the smooth flesh and Jensen let out a startled cry. "The fuck-" he couldn't get another word out before two more quick smacks burned the curve of his ass.

"Didn't I say on my terms?" Jared said smoothly. Jensen's breathing was harsh, startled. Jared doubted anyone had ever dared raise so much as their voice to him, spoilt brat that he was. He wished he could see that lovely face. No doubt Jensen would be flushed with indignation and embarrassment. He got no answer, so he put his palm to Jensen's ass again until the message was clear.

"Yes!" Jensen hissed, squirming on the spot. "God, yes! Are you happy now?"

"Indeed," Jared grinned. There was a soft, rosy glow to Jensen's ass. The perfect color, in his opinion. "Let's get the ground rules down, shall we?"

He reached out and squeezed Jensen's ass.

"Fuck!" Jensen hissed.

"Let's start with the basics. You keep that pretty mouth closed unless I ask you a question. Understood?"

Jensen snarled and Jared laughed. "That was a question." He said, amused at Jensen's bratty attitude.

"Yes." Jensen growled. Jared shook his head. As much as Jensen didn't sound like he was all too thrilled by Jared's instructions, he had made no attempt to move from his hands and knees.

"Two," Jared dipped two fingers between his asscheeks and rubbed against the oil-slick ring of muscle there, enjoying the light gasp that fell from Jensen's lips at the touch. "If it gets too much, if you're in pain or want me to stop, you say 'Impala'." Jensen turned his head, a question mark hovering in his uncertain gaze, and Jared had to suppress a smile. "Safe word," he said, still pressing his fingers teasingly against his hole. "If you don't call it, I'm not gonna stop." He lowered himself against Jensen's back, his sweaty chest pressing against the curve of his spine, chin tucked against Jensen's shoulders and Jared's mouth level with his ear. "I'mma make you feel so good you think you'll die of it."

Jensen opened his mouth as if to argue, but closed it one instant later, a shudder running through his body and echoing through Jared's flesh. Jared smiled and pressed a small kiss over the curled tip of Jensen's ear. "Good boy." he murmured, slipping the tip of his wet middle finger past the initial resistance and into that tight, wet heat he'd barely managed to taste a few moments ago. Jensen sucked in a harsh breath and let his head hang between his shoulders, spreading his legs a little further apart.

"Don't touch yourself," Jared warned him, his finger holding perfectly still inside of him. "You cannot move, cannot come unless I tell you."

"As if I could with fingering alone," Jensen muttered under his breath, and Jared smirked. He raised his hand and smacked him ten times in a row without pause, Jensen's pitiful whimpers making his dick leak against his belly.

"This not enough for you, sugar?" Jared cooed, his palm softly stroking the skin he had just smacked. "Better give you more then, huh?" He gave Jensen's ass another firm swat. "Move that lovely ass for me." He crawled to his feet and gave Jensen a gentle nudge with his toe when he failed to move.

Jensen's face was flaming red but he obediently crawled in the direction Jared intended. That was something he could learn to appreciate. He was in this for one thing only, but there was something like

poetic justice to see such a spoilt brat knocked down a peg or two.

"Up." Jared directed, patting one of the long sun loungers. Something in Jensen's eyes flashed, and Jared almost wished he'd talk back again so that he could spank him some more. Jensen hesitated, but not long enough to prompt Jared's hand to fall again, and he crawled on all fours over one of the loungers. The red skin of Jensen's ass glowed in the afternoon sun, just waiting for Jared to claim it for his own. Jared picked up Jensen's flimsy Speedos and pulled the red string out of its loop, walking in front of him, legs set firmly apart at the head-end of the lounge.

Jensen looked warily at him, a delicate frown of confusion creasing his brow when he saw his bathing suit in Jared's hands. Jared grinned, wrapping the cloth around his dick and stroking himself lazily not a foot away from Jensen's face, precome leaking from the head and slicking up the suit's fabric. Jensen's eyes were zeroed in on his dick, and Jared knew he was enjoying the show, patches of red rising up in his face as his teeth tormented his lower lip. "Bet your pretty little mouth's watering for my dick," Jared cooed, still playing with himself. "You want so bad to get a taste, don't you. Drooling, that's what you're doing."

Jensen's flush increased but he bit his lip harder, and didn't speak. Jared was pleased. He let his cock go and held the damp suit over Jensen's face. "Lick it clean."

Jared didn't think it possible, but Jensen went even more red. He looked down and bit his lip. Jared waited for the safe word, but it never came. Catching Jensen's chin in his hand. "Lick it clean," he repeated, using his thumb to press the damp fabric into the corner of Jensen's mouth. "Or I'll gag you with it, and you'll never get to taste the real thing."

Jensen whimpered, but obediently lapped Jared's taste from his own bathing suit. "Good." He praised, petting Jensen's wet hair with his free hand. The flush of Jensen's cheeks was almost as red as his ass, and Jared was pleased with the symmetry.

Jensen licked the fabric with small, delicate laps of his tongue, and when Jared was done, he licked his lips almost shyly.

The suit fell down on the tiles by the foot of the lounge.

Using the cord from the trunks, Jared fastened one of Jensen's wrists up to the corner of the lounge. He fetched the cord from his own shorts to apply the same process to Jensen's other wrist. By the time he was done, Jensen was shivering in the blazing sun, his green eyes half cast.

"Very good," Jared praised. Jensen hadn't struggled or protested in any way. "Think you've earned this?" Jared asked, taking himself in hand and pressing the head of his cock to Jensen's lips.

"Please."

Jared pumped himself with his fist, drawing pearly streaks of precome to coat Jensen's half-parted lips and chin, the whimpered moans more than enough to set his stomach ablaze with want. There was something incredibly erotic in having the equivalent of a ten thousand dollar whore bound and helpless and desperate for his dick. It made Jared's blood rush southward with a speed he'd never experienced before.

"Open up," Jared commanded, his hand going to cup the back of Jensen's head and drawing him forward. Jensen's jaw fell open and Jared pushed his dick in. He didn't allow Jensen to get adjusted to his size but merely plunged forward, holding him tight where he wanted him, the wet-hot sensation enveloping him putting all his self control to test. He couldn't come, not yet, even though the idea of having Jensen choke on his spunk was more than inviting. Maybe later. He stopped when he got almost all of it down Jensen's throat, thumb rubbing at the base of his neck in an encouraging motion.

Jensen's eyelashes sparkled with chlorine water, sweat and tears, his throat flitting against the tip of Jared's dick, making Jared grunt in appreciation. "Jesus wept, such a pretty mouth." Jensen whimpered around the thick girth Jared forced into his mouth. He wasn't able to do much more than swallow around the length. He couldn't control anything, and that was exactly how Jared intended it.

The full, sweet lips that had always smirked so smugly were bruised and swollen, stretched wide and helpless. Jared thrust forward, going deep enough to make Jensen choke, before pulling back and painting his pretty face with thick ropes of come.

There were tears on Jensen's cheeks, and for a moment Jared's gut tightened uncomfortably. Jensen hadn't been able to use the safeword put in place, but he'd watched carefully. He let the hands that had held Jensen tight stroke carefully across one high cheekbone as Jensen struggled to catch his breath.

Jared opened his mouth to try and break the silence, but as he did so, Jensen's tongue sneaked out to lick the come from his lips, and his wet, tear filled eyes darkened.

Jared shook his head, a dark smirk coming to his lips. Fucking *slut*. "Did you like that?" He asked, still stroking Jensen's cheek. Jensen made a soft sound of pleasure and leaned into the gentle touch. "Such a pretty mouth." He praised, walking around the lounge and snatching up Jensen's trunks. "Next rule, sugar." He smiled, throwing one leg over the lounge until he was pressing Jensen down. He placed the fabric into one of Jensen's hands and closed his fingers around it in a fist. "If you can't talk, for whatever reason, you drop this to call it off."

Jensen nodded. He hadn't been asked a direct question, so he didn't speak. A new spark ignited in Jared's stomach, and he settled more comfortably on the back of Jensen's thighs, straddling him and letting his still half-hard dick rub against the red skin of his ass. "You see that camera over there?" Jared drawled, settling his hands over Jensen's hips and pulling him back against him. "I'mma fuck you harder than you've ever been fucked in your life right in front of it. I'll have it record your pretty little mouth begging for me to let you come while I spread your hungry, tight ass wide and stuff it full with my cock. Over. And. Over." he punctuated his words with a roll of his hips, the tip of his hardening dick parting Jensen's cheeks teasingly and bringing forth a breathless moan.

"Then I'll drag you in the house and I'll have you ride my dick while we watch the tape. Mh? You'd like that?" He paused, trailing his hands down to part Jensen's thighs even further and cup his balls, rolling them in his palm and squeezing. Jensen whimpered and gasped, his head bowed between his shoulders. "I think you would. You're just that much of a slut. You can't wait to get your hole stretched wide around it. You're all shaking already, wanting it so bad." Jared's spare hand flitted over Jensen's face, smearing his come down on his chin and dragging it over Jensen's lips and into his mouth, Jensen's tongue winding immediately around his fingers.

"Such a pretty, willing little whore, aren't you," Jared whispered, his fingers sliding in and out of Jensen's mouth. He reached down with his free hand and stroked himself in time with every whimper he drew from Jensen's lips. He didn't bother stretching Jensen open. He was already well oiled, and a little pain with his pleasure would be good for that bratty attitude. He kept his fingers in Jensen's mouth as he lined himself up and pushed past the tight resistance.

Jensen sobbed, the sound muffled by Jared's fingers. He'd never been spread so wide before. Jared was bigger, stronger, and more powerful than any man who had taken him. He'd never been so overpowered. He couldn't reach for himself, he couldn't even thrust himself back against Jared. "Christ, so fucking tight," Jared grunted. "So hot."

Jensen moaned wordlessly and swallowed around Jared's fingers, sucking them as if it was his cock, the stretch of his hole around Jared's stiff dick burning so good. He made soft little slurping noises as he worked his tongue at best he could, whining deep in his throat when Jared kept himself perfectly still, only the head of his thick cock keeping him open.

"That's it, not enough, huh?" Jared pushed his fingers in and out of Jensen's bruised lips, his own voice wound tight. "Let's hear some begging then," he slipped his digits out of Jensen's mouth and twisted his hand in his hair, pulling him back against his own hips, using Jensen's body weight to get in one more inch but stopping there.

Jensen groaned, eyes rolling in the back of his head as he pulled against the cords that bound him to the lounge.

"I can't hear anything," Jared teased, starting to pull himself out. Jensen sobbed, his whole body

shuddering as he squeezed his muscles as hard as he could to keep Jared there. Jared groaned at the trick. "Beg me for it," he ordered, holding Jensen down with a hand curled over his hip, "or I stop. I'll leave you here, tied down, your hole all fucked open and on show for your sugar daddy to come home to. Maybe he'll enjoy the chance to be top dog for once, or maybe he'll just kick you out on your perfectly rounded ass. Either way, you're gonna get fucked."

Jensen sobbed. "Please," he begged.

Jared wasn't sure what it was he was pleading for. He took hold of Jensen's hip and shoved himself forward, filling Jensen as deep as he could. "Please what?"

"Fuck me!" Jensen sobbed. "Please, please fuck me."

Jared smiled. He leaned with his face next to Jared's and pulled him back so he could close his mouth over Jensen's, his hips snapping so hard the whole lounge creaked ominously. Jensen wailed, his nails scraping for purchase on the smooth plastic as Jared kept true to his word and started fucking him purposefully. Every thrust hit him right on his prostate, sending sparks flying before his eyes, little garbled moans mingling all together in a continuous string of sounds that were nothing if 'yes' and 'please' and 'more'.

Jared grunted above him, their bodies sliding and smacking together as sweat pooled between his shoulder blades. He bit Jensen's lower lip, hard, his ass snug and so fucking tight Jared was sure he was never going to be able to give it up. He wanted Jensen to scream, cry, beg, and he wanted to leave him craving for his dick as soon as it was done. He licked his way into his mouth, fucking his tongue in with the same force he was using to bang him into next Sunday, Jensen's thighs and arms trembling with the effort to keep himself bowed in the position Jared was holding him in. Jared knocked Jensen's legs wider with his knees and used the hand on his hip to pull him down on his lap as he was thrusting up. Jensen let out a strangled moan and convulsed underneath him, come splattering messily all over the lounge.

Jared groaned, his head falling forward as Jensen's ass squeezed him tighter than he'd believed possible, and he pulled out in time to coat Jensen's ass crack with his own come.

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"AND CUT! that's safe, right?"

Jared slumped forward and wrapped his arms around Jensen's stomach. "You alright, baby?" he whispered.

Jensen made a small, pleased sound in the back of his throat. Paul was already on hand to start unfastening the cords around Jensen's wrists, and as soon as they were free, Jared took them in his hands and carefully expected each one. He climbed off Jensen's back and sat sideways on the lounge. Jensen curled into him.

Jared kissed his wrists first, then the top of his head. He took the robes Paul had at the ready and wrapped one around Jensen's shoulders, pulling his legs over his lap delicately. "Baby?" he murmured, leaving a soft trail of kisses to the side of his head and neck.

"Mh," Jensen blinked at him, his eyes wide and green and beautiful and *trusting*. He smiled and closed them again, burying his face in Jared's chest. Jared felt his heart burst with love and affection, and he stood up gingerly, Jensen in his arms, starting to walk off towards their rooms.

"Uh - um, so, well, I'll see you - later, right?" Gabe's voice filtered from behind him and Jared cursed. Yes, of course, Gabe wasn't used to them just marching off together. He sighed, reminded him that Gabe had one million plus one good sides to him, and tried to feel thankful for his ignorance as he turned and smiled at him.

"Yeah, just give us a few, okay?"

"Sure!" Gabe beamed, roses of colors high in his cheeks. "Take all the time you need." Jensen waved a tired hand and smiled weakly. "He's okay, though, right?" A small frown creased his sunny face. He turned

to look at Paul who just smiled and shook his head.

"I'm good," Jensen reassured him, safe and warm within the circle of Jared's arm.

"Well, okay then!" The smile came as easily as the concern. "Make sure you get something to eat, yeah?"

Jared beamed and cuddled Jensen close as he set off again for their trailer. "Oh, I like him," he announced.

Jensen snorted and shook his head. "I wonder why." Jared frowned at the rough scrape in Jensen's voice.

"You okay f'reals?" Jared asked him as he pushed the door open with his back.

"Mh-hm," Jensen nodded, waving his legs in the air a little. "wesome."

Jared couldn't help but feel a little smug. He lay Jensen down on the huge bed the set provided and picked up a washing cloth, going to soak it up with water before walking back into the main room and sitting on the mattress next to him. He carefully washed his face, then he undid the robe and prodded and poked until Jensen rolled on his belly and allowed him to clean up his backside.

"He's good," Jensen mumbled sleepily, forcing his eyes to stay open while Jared massaged aloe lotion in his aching muscles. "It's his first -" yawn "-gay gig."

Jared frowned, "Really?"

"Mh-mh..." Jensen purred and stretched languidly on the bed. "He did lesbian b'fore. Tha's why he cut soon-ish..." he gave Jared an impish grin. "Not used to hard-ons."

"Lesbians, huh?" Jared grinned wickedly, already plotting ways to tease their new director. It was a mark of how much he liked someone. The more devious the pranks, the higher on the likeability scale. Jensen was so high on his little chart he'd bypassed the pranks altogether.

Jensen chuckled tiredly and curled tighter into the bedding. Jared sighed and crawled up onto the bed to lay behind him. He snuggled Jensen closer, his fingers curling in the soft, fluffy towel robe. Jensen leant back against his chest. "I wasn't too rough, was I?"

"Jay-" Jensen sighed softly.

Jared held him tighter. "I mean it, Jen. You tell me if you want me to tone it down?"

"I would," Jensen promised him, stroking Jared's side. "You don't have to worry."

"I always worry," Jared replied automatically, kissing his cheek. "You know me, I'm a big mother hen."

Jensen gave a small smile and snuggled closer to him. "Yeah, I know," he said softly. "That's why I love you."

Jared's heart stopped for a minute and his eyes got stupidly wet. He didn't think he'd ever get used to the utter miracle that it was the sentence falling from Jensen's lips. Maybe if he recorded it and played it on loop for a few weeks he'd get past the getting choked up factor, but even then he wasn't sure he even wanted to.

"I love you too," Jared murmured, tilting Jensen's face up and kissing his lips. "Always."

"So," Jensen smiled, his eyes crinkling happily. "You really want to go to Italy?"

"Hell, yeah!" Jared enthused. "We can go to Venice and get one of those little boat thingies. Oh! And I wanna buy my mom some horribly expensive handbag and then maybe test drive a-" he broke off and shook his head. Jensen had fallen asleep on him, his long, dark lashes fanned across his cheeks.

Jared smiled and laid a kiss on his forehead.

"All fed?" Gabe asked brightly, bouncing up to where they were both lounging by the pool. Jensen swallowed a mouthful of water and smiled.

Jared grinned around a mouthful of cookie crumbs. "All good," he said with his mouth full.

Jensen glared at him.

"You rested?" Their director checked. They both nodded and Gabe took a seat at the foot of Jared's lounge. "So, um... if you don't mind... I was thinking we need to just run over some things. I know you guys are more experienced at this than I am, but I want us to have a safe set where everyone is comfortable."

Jared could've kissed him. "Yes, sure," he said, sitting down in front of the director and pulling Jensen down on his knee. Jensen gave him a look but went with good grace, leaning in against his side without complain.

"Okay, so I am aware you guys have your own safe words," he looked at Jensen, who nodded in answer.

"Dallas is mine. Philadelphia is Jared's."

"Good." He looked between the two of them and blurted out his next question. "You two are - like, together, yeah? 'Cause I know you're exclusive on set but - "

"We're a couple, yes," Jared said, preventively staking his claim. "Is that going to be a problem?"

"No, no no no!" Gabe beamed, "I find it incredibly romantic!" Jensen almost choked as his skin turned bright red. Jared barely stifled his broad grin. "Any other security signs I should be on the lookout for?"

"You let me worry about that," Jared said quietly, holding Jensen close. A slow, pleased smile spread across Jared's face when he saw that their director didn't just take his word for it. He was looking quite seriously at Jensen, waiting for his confirmation.

"I trust Jared to know how far to take things if I can't use my safeword," Jensen reassured him.

"Hmm, alright then!" Gabe bounced right back into the stratosphere. "So Paul says you've got the underwater stuff covered with him, but if you have any more questions we got a few minutes..."

Both Jensen and Jared shook their heads.

"I really, really like him," Jared beamed at Jensen once Gabe had gone to check the gate and talk with his DP. Jensen grinned and took Jared's hand in his own.

"I can just imagine why," Jensen said amusedly. Jared poked his tongue out at him before dropping a kiss on top of his head.

"Aw, that's sweet - I mean, uh, yes. Um. Guys - yes. ACTION!"

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Jared climbed off Jensen's back, dipping his fingers in the curve of his ass where come was slowly trailing down. He grinned lazily, pleased when Jensen whimpered as his fingertips circled his used hole. "I told you that you couldn't come without my permission," he said, voice low and amused.

Jensen didn't answer, merely tensed up. Jared could feel the shift in his back muscles. Good.

"Keep a hold of that fancy bathing suit of yours," Jared ordered, reaching up to unfasten the cords around Jensen's wrists. "You know I'mma have to punish you for being such an impatient little slut."

Jensen slumped on the lounge as soon as he was unbound, his breathing sharp and uneven. Jared put his palm to on come covered ass cheek and Jensen hastily nodded his head.

"Y-yes," he said thinly, arching back into Jared's touch as his back was stroked soothingly.

"I want you to crawl over to the pool," Jared said quietly, the gentle touch of his hands throwing Jensen even further off balance. "Climb down the ladders in the deep end and put your hands on the top rung. Don't drop that suit."

He had to give Jensen an encouraging nudge to get him off the lounge, and for the first few feet the small, slow movements Jensen managed were more akin to dragging his body across the tiles than a seductive crawl. Poor little princess. He probably hadn't been fucked so hard since highschool.

Jensen struggled to obey, but carefully hoisted his body into the water. He even seemed to relax as the cooling balm of the pool welcomed him in. Jared watched, satisfied, and stood to walk closer to the edge of the pool, the cord of his shorts curled around his fingers. He eased himself down, moving behind Jensen and stepping in right against his back, the combined heat of the flushed skin and the sun blazing overhead sending a wave of pleasure down Jared's stomach.

He wrapped one arm around Jensen's waist, keeping him steady, and he got hold of Jensen's dick with the other, starting to stroke him to full hardness, the water making the motion noiseless and smooth. Jensen let his head fall back with a moan, lip pulled between his teeth as he tried to keep more embarrassing sounds in. His hips snapped in Jared's fist, trying to urge him to go faster. Jared hid his smirk in the back of Jensen's head, his own dick growing hard with every new thin whimper and gasp. He loved a vocal partner, and no matter how stubborn, Jensen was probably the best fuck Jared had had in a long time.

Jensen's fingers slipped on the top rung and he tightened them around it, jerking helplessly in Jared's hand. Jared pulled him tight across his chest, letting his now fully hard dick slip from his fist, and tying his shorts' cord around Jensen's dick and balls, effectively cutting off any opportunity of release.

Jensen wailed, wriggling in Jared arms furiously. "You don't like," Jared whispered in his ear softly before putting a hand on Jensen's shoulder and dunking him under the water. Jensen surfaced, spluttering violently. Jared held him up around the waist and allowed him to catch his breath. "You know what to say."

Jensen shivered against him, his chest heaving under Jared's palm.

"Nothing?" Jared asked, reaching between his legs to squeeze Jensen's balls. "No indignant cursing? You do remember the word I told you, don't you."

Jensen was silent. Jared dunked him again.

"Yes! God, yes, I remember."

"So you're enjoying this," Jared smirked. When Jensen said nothing, he moved to push him under again.

"Yes!"

"Good boy," Jared praised, kissing his shoulder. Jensen had never been redder, his face flaming like a beacon under the sunlight. Jared pushed him up the rungs of the ladder until he had Jensen's ass right in his face, Jensen's upper body curved on the topmost rung. Jared hooked his foot around the last step of the ladder to gain leverage and spread Jensen's ass wide, leaning in to lick a swathe down the dark valley between his cheeks.

Jensen yelled and almost lost his balance, burying his face in his arms as he thrust out his ass shamelessly. Jared laughed and followed the curve of his ass where it met his thigh, fingers teasing-slow. "You want more?"

Jensen nodded wordlessly and Jared shook his head with a laugh. "Oh no, that won't do it," Jared whispered darkly, blowing cool air directly on Jensen's crack. "You know what you gotta do."

"I can't," Jensen trembled, his knuckles white on the rung. Jared waited for "Impala" to be called, but when it didn't, he eased himself up on the ladder and smacked Jensen's ass five times in quick successions.

"Yes, you can," Jared encouraged softly. Jensen's whole body trembled, and Jared looped an arm around his thigh to keep him steady. "Just one little world. Think how good it'll feel. My tongue on your sore, hot little ass. You want me to lick my come up? Don't you want that?"

Jensen whimpered as he tried to keep himself balanced. Jared's soft, seductive voice made it hard to think.

Fingers brushed carefully over his swollen entrance, dipping in teasingly.

"Yes," he whispered, slumping over the railing. "Please. Please."

Jared didn't make him wait. He dragged his teeth over the hot, red flesh he had spanked, soothing the hurt with his tongue. Jensen made a soft, strangled sound in the back of his throat and bend himself almost in two over the railing. Jared pushed his tongue into Jensen's hole alongside his fingers, his dick throbbing pleasantly in the water as Jensen moans grew higher in pitch. He knew Jensen wasn't faking, not as he was used to with his sugar daddy. The desperation tingeing his voice and the shaking of his muscles as Jared spread his entrance with a third finger were telltale enough.

Jared smirked, planting both feet on the end of the ladder and dragging his mouth down the inner skin of Jensen's ass, thrusting his fingers in fast and dirty as he kept nibbling and suckling at the wet, sore flesh. "Can you take more, sugar?" Jared whispered, scissoring his fingers wide, the tip of his tongue winding in with them and making Jensen wail and buckle.

"Oh god, oh god -" Jensen squeezed his eyes shut, hiding his face into his arms as Jared crooked his fingers and pushed them right on his prostrate, sparks of colors going off in front of Jensen's eyes.

"What have I told you about answering me?" Jared said sternly, pressing his fingers against that sweet spot again and again until Jensen was sobbing beneath him.

Jensen's whispered response was almost lost under his heavy breathing. "Yes," he whimpered. "Yes."

Jared smiled, one arm braced around Jensen's thigh as he twisted his fingers inside of his ass, pinkie teasing the stretched hole.

"You could, couldn't you," Jared pondered, watching the tight muscle tremble around his fingers. Jensen was slick and stretched enough to take things further. "Breathe in," Jared ordered. Jensen obeyed. "Breathe out," he continued. When Jensen did so, he slipped his pinkie in alongside his other fingers.

Jensen mewled, his body taunt, trembling and so hot around Jared's fingers. He tried to relax, tried to will his muscles to accommodate the stretch, but it was a tight fit and he was sore from the previous fuck. He sobbed and spread his legs as far as they'd go on the ladder, the contrast of the heat of the sun and the coolness of the water around his legs making his head spin.

"I c-c-can't," Jensen sobbed, legs shaking ominously as Jared started to move four fingers into him. The burn was painful, too painful, the skin red and abused around the digits.

Jared's lips moved soothingly at the small of his back, his other hand stroking his thigh. "Yes, you can," he whispered into the skin. "Just relax. It'll feel really, really good. I promise."

Jensen sobbed again, his stomach cramping with the effort to keep his muscles open. Jared's lips traced his spine, then down to his side. "Just breathe. Easy now." Jensen tried to do as he was told, sucking in several lungful of air, sweat rolling down his skin in rivulets. "Just a little burn, then you'll feel like you're flying."

Jared could feel Jensen slowly struggle to relax. He'd not intended to go so far, but Jensen was so receptive, so easily mounded, that Jared could only try and get all he could from what would inevitably be his one and only allowance. Jensen wasn't stupid, for all that he was spoilt. He wouldn't risk his cushy life for an affair. Jared would just have to take what he got and be grateful.

What he was getting seemed to be the whole nine yards. Jensen forced himself to relax, and Jared slowly eased his thumb in alongside his other digits.

Jensen's curse was breathless. He froze completely, and for a moment Jared didn't think he would fit. He wouldn't force Jensen to take him, that was for sure. Just as he was about to withdraw, Jensen's body shuddered, and he slid in past his knuckles.

"Fuck," Jared cursed, his teeth digging hard into his lower lip as he was overwhelmed with sensation. Jensen was moaning almost non-stop, breaking off every now and then when he got out of breath, his legs trembling violently on the ladder.

"Very good," Jared praised, dropping kisses all over the small of Jensen's back. "Very good. Easy now. Keep breathing." Even with the cord around his dick, Jensen's erection was faltering. Jared didn't want that. He curled his fingers around the base of Jensen's cock and started stroking, slow and careful, fighting to keep his other hand immobile even though his first impulse was to just plunge his whole fist in, have that hot, wet muscles cling and squeeze his hand, hear Jensen's breathless cries as he fucked him deep.

Jared took a long, deep breath. He wanted Jensen to beg because it felt so good, not push him to call his safeword. He had to be careful. He kept stroking him, his pace quickening as he felt Jensen's cock grow hard and hot against his palm. "Good boy. So good. So pretty." He placed a light kiss on Jensen's ass. "Worst part over." Jared promised him. It would be easier for Jensen once the last few inches were inside of him, though Jared's wrist was still a fair bit wider than the average cock.

"I can't..." Jensen's voice was quieter now, softer, completely overwhelmed.

"Shush." Jared riased himself higher and took more of Jensen's weight as he slowly slid the last of his hand inside of him. "Christ," he whispered. He'd never fisted guy before. He's never known anyone who'd submit that far. Jensen whimpered, his bright eyes sparkling with tears, and Jared gently scraped his knuckles over the sweet spot inside of him.

The sudden tension around his hand was almost breathtaking. Jensen gasped and groaned deep in his throat, his body tightening even more with every wave of pleasure. Jared continued to jerk him off with slow, even strokes, and he kept the movement of his hand small and delicate.

Jensen's mind was whirring in a cloud of colors, not even able to distinguish up from down anymore. He sucked in air, desperate, tears clouding his eyes as he was filled to the point of no return. He moaned and twisted his head around, leaning against Jared's shoulder and shuddering, his lips dragging across Jared's wet skin. "Jare..." he moaned deliriously, the feel of Jared's knuckles scraping against his prostrate and Jared's strong hand wrapped around his dick blurring the line between pleasure and pain more than it had ever been before.

"Good boy. Shush," Jared kissed his temple, starting to push in a little deeper and groaning loudly when Jensen's body convulsed around him. "Fuck, so good. Feels good, doesn't it?" he mumbled, kissing a line down Jensen's cheek as Jensen mewled and tried to rock forward in Jared's hand, his dick hot and heavy again. He smiled, his own cock throbbing and leaking against Jensen's thigh, the water sloshing noisily around their legs. He moved to withdrew his fist, dragging across the walls of Jensen's channel, and Jensen gave a loud, breathless cry, his hands leaving the top rung and grabbling for purchase on Jared's biceps.

"That's it," Jared encouraged, thumbing the slit of Jensen's cock and going lower to play with his sac. "That's it, let go. Let me hear you."

Jensen moaned, his body arching more with every breath he took. Jared tugged on the tie around his dick, and he came with a cry, his legs shaking and his body unable to support itself.

Jared carefully withdrew his hand as Jensen shook, the stretch of his knuckles against sore, red flesh pushing Jensen completely over the edge. His eyes rolled and he fell back into Jared's waiting arms.

Cradling him close, Jared awkwardly made his way across the pool, each step slow, but Jensen as light as a handful of snow in his arms as the water circled them both.

Soft, muted moans slid from bruised lips, and Jensen watched him with wide, stunned eyes.

"I could fuck you so easy now," Jared whispered in his ear. "Slide right inside of you." Jensen was still clutching his own trunks in his white knuckles, and he hung limply in Jared's arms as they stopped in a shallower part of the pool. The wearily, resigned smile Jared got in return was enough to make him chuckle. Mission accomplished. Poor little princess.

Still, he'd done better than Jared expected, or even dreamed. He'd give Jensen's ass a few minutes to recover.

He let Jensen slide to his knees in the water, and took a hold of his face to keep him upright. The cool surface lapped at Jensen's throat, and he had to tip his head back when Jared gently forced his mouth open with fingers on his jaw. Jensen's eyes rolled in the back of his head, tongue sneaking out to lick at Jared's fingertips.

Jensen's eyes were bright and wide, and Jared felt something tug at his stomach, something completely unexpected. He smoothed Jensen's wet hair back from his forehead and let him lean back against the steps of the pool. He took himself in his hand and stroked himself languidly, watching carefully Jensen's face for his reaction. When Jensen's eyes went all hued again, Jared gifted him with a smile and moved forward, letting the head of his dick trail across Jensen's cheek.

"So beautiful," Jared whispered, but the word hadn't been intended. It just fell off his lips, and Jared didn't regret it. He stroked the back of Jensen's head and Jensen turned his head a little to wrap his lips around the plum-shaped head, his long eyelashes fluttering down on high, freckled cheekbones. Jared stifled a groan and flexed his fingers into Jensen's hair, fingertips digging into his scalp.

Jensen sighed happily around the length in his mouth, and it didn't take long for Jared to let loose on the tightly reigned control he had forced on himself. Jensen let him take what he wanted, hips snapping forward into that tight, welcoming heat. Jared didn't pull back this time. He came down Jensen's throat, claiming all of him. Jensen swallowed what he could, thick, pearly fluid trailing from the corner of his lips.

"Beautiful." Jared said softly.

~ * & * ~

"AND CUT!" Gabe called, waving his arms madly as Jared pulled out of Jensen's mouth and slumped sideways in the pool. He held Jensen to him, but didn't have the strength to try and climb from the pool.

Jensen's hands tightened on his back before pulling away, and Jared's eyes snapped open. Paul was in the pool, holding Jensen afloat. One of the underwater techs gave Jared a helping haul out of the pool, and he watched, hawk-like, as Paul carefully carried Jensen up the steps.

He held out his hands to take him, sitting down on one of the loungers as Paul draped Jensen carefully over his lap.

"Baby?" he asked quietly, fanning Jensen's face with his palm.

Jensen's eyes fluttered open. He whispered, "I'm 'kay," before slumping back down on Jared's lap.

"Home," Jared said immediately, pulling Jensen up a bit higher and pressing light, butterfly-soft kisses over Jensen's face. He knew they had an audience but he didn't care. He thanked Paul when he brought

him clean robes and he poked Jensen half-awake again to twist his arms into the holes of the sleeves. "It's okay love, I'll get us a driver," he murmured, kissing Jensen's nose once he was all dressed up.

Jensen mumbled something and wrapped both arms around Jared's neck, clinging on like a sleepy toddler. There was something so tender and vulnerable in Jensen's embrace that Jared felt his heart melt. He waited a few more minutes to get feeling back in his legs then stood up, pulling Jensen up against his chest and walking towards their changing rooms.

Once he was there he shuffled on a pair of soft jeans and a hoodie and pulled out Jensen's pjs and socks to bundle him up and get him out of there. Jensen was spaced, completely, in the way he had used to be when they first started shooting together. It had been a physically demanding scene. One of the hardest they had shot in a long time. The physician made his checks quickly and put Jared's concerns to rest when he gave them both the all clear.

Gabe knocked as Jared was lacing his sneakers. "Your car is here," he announced, bypassing the PAs to deliver the message himself. "Give me a call tomorrow morning. Let me know how you're doing."

Jared smiled gratefully, following Gabe's concerned gaze to Jensen's slumbering form. "He's fine," he reassured their new director. "He tends to zonk out as soon as we cut."

"Can't say I blame him. That was ten kinds of awesome. Both of you. Pretty fucking intense." Jared flushed under the praise and wished Jensen was awake to hear it. "My ass hurts just looking at your hands."

Jared snorted. For Jensen's sake, of not his own, it might have been better if his hands were smaller. "Yeah."

"You sure he'll be okay?"

"Yeah." Jared smiled. "He'll be cranky as hell but I'll distract him with Cherry Garcia."

Gabe blinked in shock. "You guys watch lesbian porn?" he asked, eyes wide in surprise.

Jared practically burst into tears. "There's a pornstar named after ice cream? My ice cream?" he whimpered.

Gabe burst out laughing and shook his head. "Yeah, well. You get to hear the funnier things."

Jared looked thoroughly shocked at the news, but decided he didn't want to know anything else. He picked Jensen up tenderly and stroked his arm when it curled automatically around his neck. He lifted his glance to find Gabe staring at him with a stupid grin on his face, and he stuttered and blushed when he realized he'd been caught.

"Uh. Sorry. I don't mean to stare - it's just. It's nice, you know. You two being together and being so awesome on screen and so in love - you don't find it easily."

Jared ducked his head, not wanting him to see that he was, indeed, blushing a little. "Not in our industry, no."

"I mean generally, but yes, not a great abundance in our industry either," Gabe said, looking strangely serious.

Jared smiled, even though a lump had come to squeeze at his throat. He didn't know why he said what he said next. He just heard the words falling from his lips and then thought that if Francy had sent Gabe to them, she must approve of his madness. "You should come by our place for dinner sometimes. Jensen is an amazing cook. With your girlfriend, of course."

Gabe beamed and it made him look like a sixteen year old out on school night. "That'd be so awesome! Thank you. I'll tell her, she'll be thrilled. She loves your movies - I mean -" Gabe stuttered and broke off with a sigh. "Sorry."

Jared laughed and Jensen curled tighter, frowning at the noise. "We'll sort it tomorrow." He promised Gabe. "Better get Sleeping Beauty home before he turns into a pumpkin."

"Heard that." Jensen mumbled, automatically responding to Jared's tone of voice.

Gabe grinned and stepped back to let them out of the trailer.

Scene C

"You did what?" Jensen exclaimed, almost falling out of bed when Jared tried to break the news between bouts of a soothing massage.

"I invited Gabe and his girl over for dinner," Jared said calmly, hauling Jensen back into the center of the bed. "I figured it would be nice. We can get the guys over and have a proper little dinner party. Our first."

"My first," Jensen hissed, flailing a little under Jared's hands. he had barely the energy to move, but he could still chew Jared a new one. "Jay, I haven't a clue how to throw a dinner party!"

"You start with guests and go from there. We've got the first ingredient. Now we just have to add food. And wine."

"I have to go get groceries," Jensen panicked, rolling on his side, but Jared blocked him again.

"WE will get groceries tomorrow. YOU now stay here and get your massage."

"But but - we don't even have pasta. Shit. I have to call Francy - I need the ravioli recipe -"

"Jensen," Jared said in his best Dom voice. "Stay put. We'll do everything tomorrow."

Jensen pouted, Jared stayed firm, and he had to turn on his belly again, Jared's hands warm against his legs. "He's a nice guy," Jensen mumbled after a short while. "You think the guys will come, too?"

"Free food? What do you think will keep Chris away?"

Jensen smiled and turned to look at him over his shoulder. "Even with Steve like that?"

"Steve will be out soon," Jared said with a warm look in his eyes. "We'll arrange around that."

"But-"

"Jensen," Jared said flatly. "I mean it." He glared. "Stay still and let me check you over properly, or there'll be no smoochies for you."

Jensen snorted. "Like you can go five minutes without trying to smoother something with those giant arms of yours."

"Hey." Jared poked him in the side and pouted. He had to admit Jensen had a point. "Less talking, more appreciation for my world class massages."

Jensen chuckled silently into the pillows. When Jared broke down a tight knot in his back, he groaned and sunk down into the bedding.

"You were amazing," Jared whispered. He'd been...not concerned per se, but just a little apprehensive about some of the aspects of the script. It had been one Jensen had picked out, and Jared had agreed merely out of a sense of fairness. Besides, he trusted Jensen to know his own limits by now, and he was pretty confident in his own ability to safeguard them.

"My ass hurts," Jensen said petulantly. "You have big hands."

Jared smiled. "Yeah, but you like my hands, baby, they do this..." He loosened another knot, and Jensen moaned happily.

"They also curl up in my ass," Jensen muttered, voice soft and fucked out as he'd just come several times when Jared found another spot on his back and untwisted it. "And it's sore now."

Jared smiled and kept on his massage. He'd been careful but he had to agree with Jensen and Gabe. His hands were renown in the industry just like his dick. "I'll make it all better," Jared promised, moving lower on Jensen's body and picking up some more Aloe lotion.

"You know," he said after a few minutes when Jensen mewled, all mellow and pliant under Jared's capable hands. "Gabe was full of praise for your work earlier."

"Mh?" Jensen mumbled dazedly. "Was 'e?"

"Yes," Jared grinned and hoisted himself up to kiss Jensen's ear. "Perfectly understandable really."

Jensen blushed. "Still, poor Joe. Maybe we should send him a gift basket or something," Jensen mused.

Jared blanched, grateful that Jensen's eyes were closed. "It's his own fault," he whispered, wrapping an arm around Jensen's back. It was hard to believe that it had only been a few hours ago that he'd learned the truth. Hearing Joe talk about Jensen that way... just imagining everything that had happened... it was another weight to carry that dragged heavy on his heart. How could he protect Jensen from the whole world without turning them both into anti-social, bitter hermits?

"You're mean," Jensen muttered. "Can at least make him some cupcakes..."

Absolutely not. Jensen was not baking anything for that man.

Jared kissed his shoulder. "You worry too much, baby. He'll be fine."

"Hmmm," Jensen moaned, sliding towards sleep. Jared prayed that when he woke up, he'd have forgotten all about it.

Kicking off his jeans, he crawled back alongside Jensen and held him close, tugging the comforter up high.

"Sleep tight, baby," he whispered. "I'll wake you up later."

Jensen's soft, even breathing was the only answer he got.

It was much later into the night when Jared awoke with a start. He thought Jensen had been yelling, no, not yelling, crying. Jensen was crying and he was blindfolded and Jared couldn't get to him. He sucked in several quick breaths, his vision starting to clear, and he automatically reached out to grasp at Jensen sleeping form lying next to him.

Jensen was safe. Safe and warm and with him and he'd make sure no one would ever get to him again. He'll have Francesca wave a magic wand and keep Gabe with them. He didn't trust himself if Joe was ever to come back. His stomach turned and he held Jensen tighter, not realizing until it was too late that Jensen had blinked his eyes open, the green irises groggy with sleep. "Jay?" He mumbled as he reached up to rub sleep out of his eyes.

Jared felt like the lowest scum on earth. For one night of Jensen peaceful sleep he was screwing it up. "Go back to sleep," he whispered, trying to soothe Jensen back to slumber.

"What is it?" Jensen asked, his voice sleepy soft.

Jared kissed his gently. "Nothing, baby," he said. "Sleep."

Jensen trusted him completely. He closed his eyes and slipped back into an exhausted slumber. Jared tried

to do the same, but every time he closed his eyes he saw things that made his blood boil and bile rise in his throat. After an hour of desperately trying not to move and wake Jensen again, he carefully slid from the bed and tiptoed down to the kitchen.

He drank down two glasses of ice cold water, a debate warring in himself as he watched the clock tick closer towards unsociable.

He gave up and snatched the phone. He'd never thought that Francesca would be the person he turned to if he had a nightmare, but stranger things had obviously happened.

"Pronto?"

"Hey," Jared whispered, voice scratchy. "I- can I - I mean. Sorry."

"*Che c'è?* What's wrong?" she amended then, switching back to English. Jared couldn't tell if he had awakened her, and decided he didn't want to know.

"Nothing. Um.. nothing. Gabe was really cool today. Jensen was happy."

"I know, Gabe called me. He's a nice guy. Over-enthusiastic." She paused. "Can't sleep?"

Jared let out a long, stuttering breath. "No." He closed his eyes then opened them again when an unbidden image came to his eyes. "I can't stop thinking about it," he whispered, and once those first few words were out, the rest came surprisingly easy. "I constantly worry. It's like I'm second guessing everyone. Hell, even Paul. I can't--" he sucked in a breath, fist curled over his knee.

"Paul is the last person I'd worry about," Francesca said calmly, as if she'd been expecting a middle of the night phonecall, and Jared was the last to get the memo. "He's a friend of a friend."

Jared decided he didn't want to know. "But the others... and Jensen doesn't even know..."

"He understands the reality of it far better than you do," she cut in. "But no, he doesn't know all the who's and I doubt he even remembers much."

Jared tightened his grip on his knee. "They drugged him," he said coldly.

Francesca was deadly silent on the end of the line. "The trip away will do you both good," she surmised. "Raul will see you well taken care off. He's very fond of Jensen."

Jared wished it would be enough. "When we come back nothing will have changed," he pointed out. "I don't know who to trust. How can I get him to open up and enjoy everything if I'm keeping him at arms length from everyone with a dick?"

"It's very simple. You don't trust anyone but yourself. Your two friends are clean. Paul is a good man, and so is Gabe. Plenty to trust." Jared blinked. It made a hell of a lot sense spelled out like that. "You need to unwind a little. You've undergone some very drastic changes and, pleased as I am, breaking the workload will do you good."

Pleased? Jared didn't think he'd heard right but he decided against questioning it. "It won't be enough."

"It'll be a start," she retorted. "Jared. You cannot change the way things have been. No one expects you to, not him, or anyone else."

Jared swallowed. He knew she was right but it still hurt like hell. "What if Jake hurt him? Or if he said something to him?"

"He hasn't. And he won't," Francesca said in a tone of awful finality.

"And Joe?" he said quietly. "Jen wants to send the fucker a gift basket."

Francesca snorted. "That boy would try pet a rabid mutt." She sighed. "He's been taken care off."

"Good," Jared said quietly, understanding for the first time what people meant in movies when they said 'just say the word'. For Jensen, a word was all it took. "I've invited Gabe and his girlfriend over for dinner."

Francesca chuckled wryly. "God help you then. I had Jensen over for Christmas last year and he banned me from my kitchen." Jared grinned. He could just see it.

"Since I cannot cook to save my life, or his for the matter, I'll be more than glad to just sit down and chill while he goes insane."

"Good. So, I've booked you guys a plane that takes off from here on Sunday, at 10 pm and gets you in Rome at 11 pm local time. Raul will be at the airport waiting for you."

"Wait - hold on - you've booked already?" Jared asked, sort of speechless.

"Of course I did, did you think I'd let any of you worry about that? You have the shoot to finish and a dinner party to throw." She paused, and Jared was *sure* she was cackling on the inside. "You'll be staying at my family's in Rome for a couple of days."

Jared opened his mouth, found he had nothing to say, and snapped it closed again. "Uh. Um. Thank you."

"And someone will be waiting for you in Venice."

"Someone?" Jared immediately pictured a guy with a cigar that could've been an extra on the Sopranos.

"Someone," Francesca echoed mysteriously. Jared nodded then remembered she couldn't see him.

"Thank you. Seriously," he said.

"Go back to bed, Jared," she said in reply, sounding scarily like his mother.

"Okay," he whispered, hanging up on her carefully.

Jensen was curled up right in the middle of the bed, knees tucked up to his ears. Jared shook his head fondly and carefully rearranged each limb so there was room for him on the bed.

Jensen latched on to him with enough force to leave bruises. Even in sleep, he seemed adamant that Jared would damn well stay put and be his pillow.

Jared was one hundred percent okay with that.

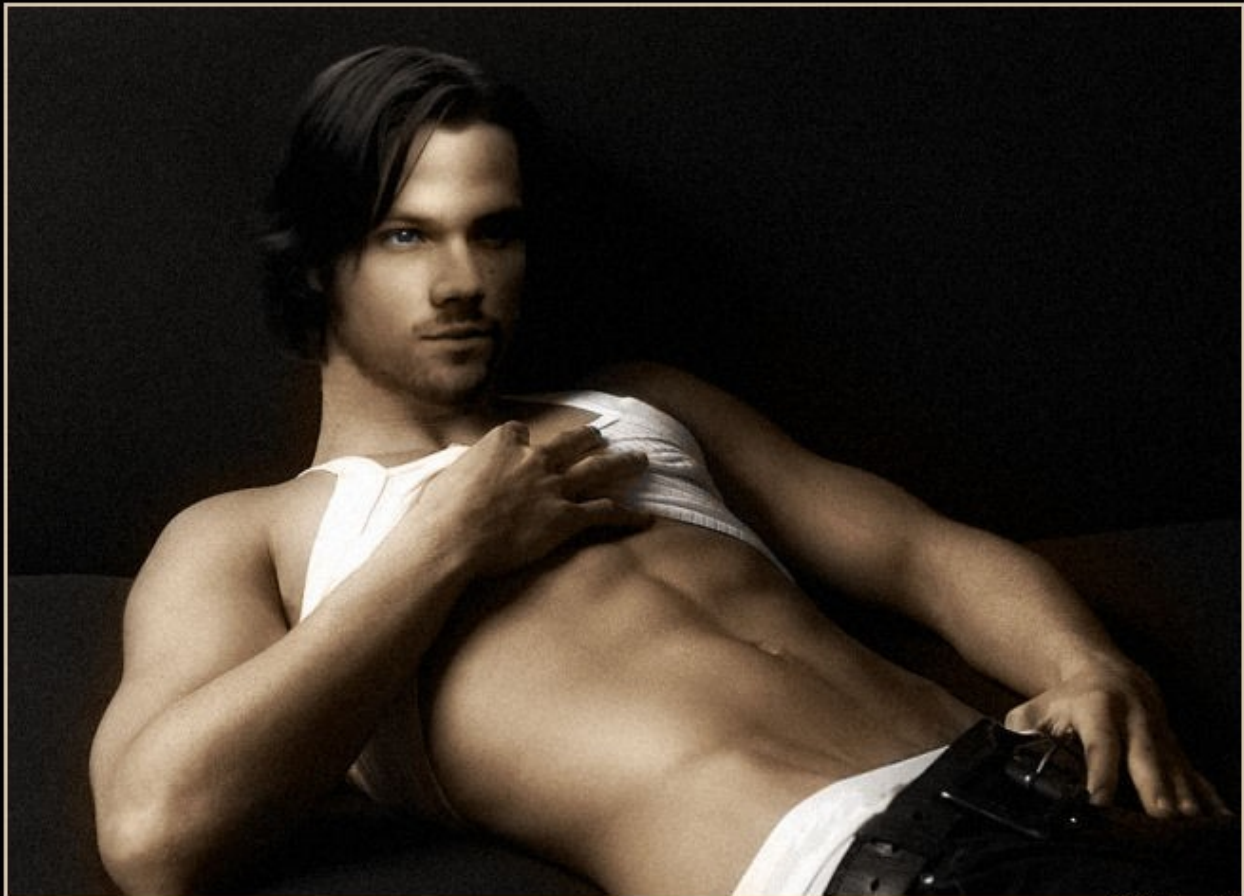
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Note: The lovely [angstpuppy](#) created two Jared as Pool Boy manips.

[More art by [angstpuppy](#) can be found [here](#).]



T. K. Shaw 8/08



T. K. Shaw 8/08

Act 20: It's a Quest?!

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The big night is here. Jared wishes he wasn't.

Warnings: Stressed!Jensen and drunk!Jensen, both of which require warnings, but for obviously different reasons.

Notes: Oooh, no notes!

More notes: For [insaneboingo](#) & [keyweegirlie](#).

An industrial sized box of mushrooms landed in the cart and Jared blinked. "We're not feeding the five thousand, baby."

Jensen shot him a glare, making it clear that he was the cook and Jared just the guy who washed up. It made Jared try -and fail- to stifle a fond giggle. It earned him another death glare and Jensen strode forward between two aisles of fresh vegetables and fruit, stopping to admire a box of polished eggplants. Jared picked up a zucchini with great interest and Jensen rolled his eyes at him.

"Would you mind be helpful here?"

"What?" Jared said in defence, "I like zucchini."

Jensen sighed and picked up at least four pounds of eggplants. Jared refrained to tell him they reminded him of inflatable butt plugs. They were going back to the bakery section to get some fresh baked baguettes (Jared had to bite his tongue there, too) when there was a startled cry coming from a few feet behind them.

"Oh my god! I know you!" A hyperactive, excited voice piped up from behind a rack of buns. Jared spun around, practically throwing Jensen backwards and into the cart in his attempt to fend off the unexpected.

A tall, gangly blond bounded over to them, big blue eyes wide with excitement. He dragged a more morose looking brunette behind him. "God, I can't believe you're here!"

"Jensen, do you know these people?" Jared hissed from the corner of his lips. They looked too young to be associates of Simon, but you could never be too careful.

"No," Jensen shot back, stunned.

The kid thrust out his hand, practically bouncing on the spot. He reminded Jared a little of Gabe. "Name's Tyler and this is my boyfriend Elias. We-" he blushed a little, still beaming. "We're fans."

Jared blinked. To say he was stunned was a bit of an understatement. "Oh," he said, taking Tyler's hand and shaking it. "Thank you."

Jensen was the color of the roll of beef they had in their shopping cart. Jared smiled at him and put one arm around his shoulders, both for reassurance and closeness. Elias was looking at the tips of his shoes, but he too shook Jared's hand. "Can - I mean, can we get a picture, maybe?" Tyler asked hopefully.

Jensen went even redder. "I- we- Uh-"

"Sure," Jared said easily, and Tyler hopped next to him with a bright smile. "Eli, c'mon, you too."

"I'll be taking it," Elias said stubbornly. He grabbed his phone and shoot the photo, and Jared found

Jensen's blush the most adorable thing since well, ever. Tyler just shook their hands again and again and complimented them on a few of their titles - doing nothing to ease Jensen's blush - but it was Elias who threw Jared off completely.

"So you two - you're really together?" he muttered, eyes downcast. "It's - I mean, not for publicity?"

"Yes," Jensen said flatly, surprising Jared with the forcefulness of his answer. "We are."

Jared grinned like a highschooler on his first date. He squeezed Jensen close and stared Elias down. The young man shuffled. "I just figured it was for the sales."

"Fuck the sales," Jensen said just as moodily.

"Jen, baby," Jared whispered, trying to ease some of the surprising antagonism out of Jensen frame. Jensen relaxed as soon as the words were spoken, and it was as if he'd never been angry.

"That's awesome!" Tyler bounced, elbowing his boyfriend. "I told you!" he hissed, waving as he dragged Elias away with him. "Chad's gonna be so fucking jealous!"

Jensen went back to blushing furiously. Jared chuckled and led him over to the bakery section. "They were cute," Jared told him, spying Jensen's reaction out of the corner of his eye. Jensen's blush ebbed away and his beautiful mouth took a grumpy frown.

"For sales," he muttered moodily again, grabbing Jared's hand and dragging him along. Jared would've skipped all the way from freshly baked bread down to the sauce aisle, his smile bright enough to kill the neons in the frozen goodies' fridges.

Jared kissed the top of Jensen's head and held him tighter, and the frowny set to his mouth dissipated in a warm smile, leaning his head back against Jared's shoulder as he picked the exact brand of shrimps for his shrimp balls (no kidding, Jared's tongue was swollen for all the times he had to bite through it). "He was looking at you," Jensen said out of the blue a few minutes later.

"No, he wasn't," Jared said calmly. "He was pissed at his boyfriend."

Jensen huffed. "He thought we were faking it." He pouted, turning big eyes on Jared that suddenly made everything a much bigger deal.

"Why does that bother you? We know it's not true. The people that matter know."

Jensen looked at the floor and sighed. "It just... cheapens it," he whispered. "Makes us sound like... fuck buddies or something." His nose wrinkled adorably and Jared had to hold back a smile.

"Well, we do fuck," he said quietly, his voice dropping low enough to bring goose bumps to Jensen's skin. "And we are buddies..."

Jensen glared at him and kicked him in the shin. "If you even *think* about making out in a mini-market I will put you on a time out until Christmas."

"You'd love to kiss me now," Jared whispered in his ear, squeezing his hand once. "Just a kiss, in front of everyone, letting them all know we're taken. I know you want to."

"Jared!" Jensen hissed, but his flush had come back in full force.

Jared grinned and pressed his mouth fleetingly behind his ear before stepping back and pretending to be extra interested in the back of a box of frozen fettuccine. He knew Jensen was still standing there, stock still where he left him, and he had to suppress a smile.

One, two, three, four -

"Fuck you," Jensen grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him close, pressing their mouths together for a

brief, hot kiss. "I hate you," he muttered then, eyes downcast.

Jared laughed and framed his face with both hands, tilting him up and brushing his lips over Jensen's, whisper soft. "Yeah, I love you too."

"Go find butter." Jensen ordered, his eyes softer now, sweeter.

Jared kissed his forehead, then stepped back and bowed. "Your wish is my command," he sniggered, charging down the aisle in search of butter. Jensen watched him go with a fond expression.

Jared came back with butter.

A box of jelly doughnuts. Three tubs of ice cream. A can of whipped cream. Peanuts. Four mangos.

"Should I even ask?" he sighed, shifting the eggs in the cart so they wouldn't get squashed.

"Nope," Jared beamed, wrapping his arms around Jensen from behind and helping push the cart. "Steve is looking forward to it. He says he'll kill us both if we try serve him Jell-O."

Jensen looked offended. "What do you take me for?"

Jared just laughed as they proceeded to check out at the cash register. It was going to be just awesome.

I: Shooting with Tigerman has redefined your style, in a way, has it not?

JA: Well, you could say that -

JP: He's awesome. A great guy to work with, puts you completely at ease.

JA: That's Jared's code word to say he lets him do whatever he wants to.

JP: And you love what I do.

JA: (elbows)

"WHERE IS THE OIL! JARED! JARE!"

Jared cringed. He looked at where Harley and Sadie had raised their heads and looked curiously at him. "Papa Jensen's having a bit of a freak out."

"JARED!"

"Coming, baby!"

Jensen was standing in the middle of a battle scene straight out of a Ridley Scott epic. "We need oil," he announced, balancing a huge pan under one arm.

"We have oil." Jared frowned.

"Cooking oil, Jare," Jensen said scathingly. "Not the stuff we use for sex."

Jared shrugged. It was all the same to him. "I'll run to the store," he offered.

Jensen nodded absently. "Grab a quarter of milk whilst you are there. And more cheese."

Jared blinked, hand outstretched for his keys. "Jen, we have enough cheese to feed the cast of Ratatouille."

Jensen glared at him.

Jared held up his hands. "I'm going. I'm going. I'm gone."

A quarter of a hour by car, then ten minutes and some to park, add a long-ass-queue and a cashier that didn't like Jared's AmEx and when he got back, he was to find a nearly hysterical boyfriend.

"WE. ARE. GOING. TO. BE. LATE!"

"Jensen, baby, they're coming *here*, we're not going anywhere, so how are we supposed to be-"

"THEY'LL BE HERE AND NOTHING WILL BE READY YET."

Jared glanced at the table. Jensen's "nothing" was a bowl of pasta salad with shrimps, parmigian eggplants and vout-au-vent for appetizers, ravioli with besciamella, a stack of roast beef with potatoes and sauce, pork chops, mint sauce steaks and garlic bread.

"Okay." Drastic measures were required. He walked up to Jensen, put the groceries down on the kitchen island and pulled him in a hug, kissing him within a inch of his life. When he let go of him, Jensen was looking strangely dazed. "They are our friends. They're going to love anything you do. Now just take a deep breath for me, okay?"

"But... the cheesecake..." Jensen tried to reach towards the counter. Jared held him fast.

"Jensen. Breathe," Jared ordered, cupping his cheek and walking him through the process as if they were on set. "Deep breaths. Good." Jensen slumped against him, holding on tight. "What's got you so worked up?" he whispered. "We've had people over before."

Jensen curled into his chest and sighed. "Chris and Steve. It's not the same," he protested. "What if they don't like..." He let the sentence trail off and Jared had to fill in the blanks.

"The meal? Or you?" he asked gently, tipping Jensen's chin up to look him in the eye. Jensen flushed.

"I've not done this before," he whispered. "What if it goes wrong? If I give someone food poisoning or they choke on a mushroom or-"

"Or the ceiling caves in and crushes us all before we get to eat ice cream?" Jared cut in gently.

Jensen's blush reddened. "I'm an idiot, ain't I?"

"No," Jared smiled and kissed the top of his head. "But I love you. And everyone's going to love whatever it is we eat because you've already got them eating out of the palm of your hand."

Jensen shook his head without looking at him. "I just want it to be perfect," he whispered, fidgeting on the spot as he wrung his apron within his hands. Jared cupped his face and caressed his tiny freckles with the pads of his thumbs.

"It'll be perfect," Jared promised him, leaning his forehead over his own. "You need to unwind a bit."

Jensen exhaled and tucked his head underneath Jared's chin, wrapping his arms around his middle. "I don't know if I can."

"Baby, but of course you can," Jared soothed, stroking his back knowingly. "It's fine. Tell me what I have to do, and we'll make our cheesecake."

Jensen looked horrified. "You want to cook?" he exclaimed. "As in.... make something?"

"I'm perfectly capable of taking directions!" Jared said playfully, sticking out his tongue.

Jensen still didn't look convinced. "Just... grab that whisk and mix," he said, thrusting a bowl full of fluffy, pale yellow cream. "Keep it light. In your wrist," Hh demonstrated and Jared nodded, keen to help.

"Like jerking off?" he asked curiously.

Jensen blinked. "No."

Jared shrugged and started to imitate Jensen actions. How hard could it be?

The doorbell rang and Jared all but pulled it off its hinges. "Save me!" he whimpered, falling forward on to Chris.

Chris laughed and patted his back. "Jensen's regime's killing you?"

"He's a raving lunatic," Jared said, his long arms flailing. Steve chuckled behind Chris, passing Jared their wooden casket of wine bottles.

"He's just tense," Steve told him with a grin. "Don't mind him."

"Hard not to," Jared mumbled but didn't elaborate further, merely lead them to the kitchen area where Jensen was just whipping the cheesecake out of the fridge.

"Hey, guys," Jensen gave them a tense smile, but it was a smile nonetheless. Christian put the bottles down and whistled. "This looks awesome - wow. And all of this, too," he added, looking at the table where Jensen had piled up all he'd cooked.

"You'll have to teach me a thing or two," Steve said warmly, moving closer to inspect Jensen's voul-au-vent.

Chris drooled over a plate of piping hot bread rolls, pouting when Steve swatted his fingers.

"So who else have you invited?" Steve asked. Jared he mentioned that there would be two other guests, and the table was set for six.

"Our director," Jensen said absently, twisting Chris' arm and getting him to sample some of the shrimp. Chris moaned and flashed a playful grin in Jared's direction.

"Sorry, buddy, we're stealing your boyfriend and chaining him to our stove."

Jensen batted his eyelashes sweetly. "I didn't know you were kinky, Christian," he said cooly. Steve doubled over at Chris' boggled expression and Jared nearly bit his tongue off in surprise. Jensen had a delayed reaction to the words that came out of his mouth, and rapidly turned beat red before fleeing to the kitchen.

"That's a good sign," Steve laughed, smacking Chris around the back of the head.

Jared could only agree. He winked at Steve and offered Chris a few samples of their arsenal before following Jensen into the kitchen with an amused chuckle.

He put his arms around his waist and pulled him back over his chest, kissing the back of his head. "That was priceless."

"I - shit, I'm sorry-"

"Jensen!! Don't even dare! Getting Chris speechless over a sex joke? I think you just entered the Guinness Record book or something." He twirled him around and caught him by his elbows, kissing the tip of his nose. "And everything is simply perfect. You overdid yourself, seriously."

Jensen's blush ebbed away, his cheek only a tender rosy color now. "You think so?"

"I know so." Even if the cheesecake cost him more sweat and curses than their last three shoots put together. "And I'll be prowling about showing your talents off and basking in your reflected glory."

Jensen let go of a long breath and clutched Jared tight. It was obvious that he was ten times more nervous about Gabe and his girlfriend than he was about Chris and Steve, who had been over a number of times.

The doorbell rang again, and he jumped out of his skin. Jared sighed and rubbed his back. He was tempted to call the whole thing off, but Jensen needed to build relationships with others.

"I'll get it!" Chris bellowed, no doubt wanting to vet Gabe himself. He had been careful not to let any of what Jared had told him slip, but Jared knew his friend well enough to notice a subtle change in the way he treated Jensen. Chris had always tried to treat him as a friend, as his best friend's partner, but in the last few days he'd treated Jensen more like a favored little brother.

Steve stepped into the kitchen. He was still little pale from his stay in the hospital. Jensen poured him a big glass of some frothy, vile looking green liquid he had blended together out of various vegetables and chewed worriedly on his bottom lip until Steve drained the lot. It wasn't until Jensen had turned to follow Chris to the door that Steve blanched and Jared grinned.

Jensen really didn't see it. Chris and Steve *adored* him. Jared couldn't even tell them how much it meant to him, but he hoped they'd got the basics anyway.

"Thank you," He murmured to Steve, snatching that moment of quiet. Steve merely shook his head and smiled at him, pouring himself a glass of water.

"You don't have to thank me. Or us. We're happy to be here."

"I know. But it still means a lot."

Steve put down the glass and looked back up at him. "You being with Chris at the hospital means a lot." He whispered.

Jared felt his chest swell up. Steve rarely talked about those spells, if at all. Jared reached out and squeezed his shoulder before pulling him in a hug. "Don't even say it."

There was chatter outside the door and Jared and Steve stepped back, grinning as the small party came back inside. Jared barely stifled a laugh when he saw Gabe and Chris already deep in conversation about some country rock emergent or other, while a pretty brunette was making Jensen blush as she fawned at him with compliments for the house.

"Glad you could make it." Jared smiled warmly at their new director. Gabe beamed up at him and held out a potted plant.

"That better not be what I think it is." His girlfriend shot Gabe a suspicious frown. Gabe, all sweetness and light, smiled innocently. Jared's smile froze on his face. Italian accent. God almighty, he was surrounded by them! She'd report back to Francesca!

No wonder Jensen seemed to like her.

"I have no idea what you are talking about darling," he said with wide, sparkling eyes. He threw an arm around her and the innocent expression turned lovesick. "Jared, meet Cristina," he said, his wide eyes full of adoration.

Cristina held out a delicate hand for Jared to shake. Jared took it and brushed the back of it with his lips, causing her to giggle. "What a *signore*."

"Are you Italian?" Jared asked, feeling like some of the pieces were falling together at least. Cristina nodded and threw her hair back with a grin that was only too familiar.

"Francy is my mom's cousin twice removed. She was thrilled when I moved to LA three years ago."

Jared met Jensen's eyes briefly behind Cristina's back, and Jensen's stunned smile told him he hadn't known. Francesca hadn't told him Gabe's girlfriend was family. She'd wanted Jensen to get over his phobia on his own.

He had to send her *something* at this point. Maybe she'd appreciate some rusty old knife for her collection. He made a mental note to ask Steve if he knew a good antiques and motioned for them all to take their seat. "Jensen's the master of everything. I'm the one that put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher."

"But you did it so well," Jensen teased quietly. This had changed everything. Jared knew that deep down Jensen associated Francesca with safety and comfort. Knowing Cristina was Francesca's family, practically *his* family, put him at ease.

Jared fluttered his lashes playfully. "I totally do, don't I?"

Chris made a gagging face behind Jared's back, and Jensen giggled into his palm.

Jared glared playfully. "Me wants food," he whined, opening his mouth and pointing his finger to it.

"You'll have it," Jensen picked up a plate of appetizer and gave a sweet, insecure grin at the table at large. "Um... so.. Salmon tarts?"

The dinner went by without a hitch. Jared was high with happiness, and Jensen's smile had grown warmer and more mellow as the evening progressed. The wine the guys had brought made Gabe's cheeks a lovely red color, their director overly enthusiastic with every glass he got. Cristina smiled and threw in a funny joke or comment every now and then, more than happy to let her boyfriend shine in the spotlight.

Understandably, with two bottles of Gutturino down and a slab of cheesecake each in their plates, conversation turned to work and, more importantly, why Jared was qualified as non-human.

"All right, it's your job and everything, but I swear to god, the strength you got there man- never saw anyone like you." Gabe said, finishing another glass of wine.

Jensen was more than a little intoxicated, his cheeks flushed and his eyes shining, and Gabe's comment promptly made him nod and giggle.

"And to think he was such a scrawny sonovabitch." Chris laughed, his arm around Steve, who was the only one of them not drinking. "From walking weed to walking hard on. You know you buy replicas of *it* on eBay..." Chris smirked.

Jared groaned. No need to ask what he was getting for Christmas then.

Jensen sniggered around a mouthful of cheesecake. "That's not all you can buy on line," he grinned naughtily. "The studio sells outtakes to this one sight... they got the one where you did that thing with the..." Jared put his palm over Jensen's candy sticky lips and glared.

"Not. Another. Word," he said sternly, though his lips were twitching. "What's Elijah's number?" he asked, pouting when Jensen licked his fingers. "I'mma sue."

The topic of the lawyer brought a wry smile to Cristina's face, and Chris all but glowed. "That dude is fucking awesome."

"You know him?" Steve asked, a bit surprised.

Chris nodded and stroked his arm, speaking quietly in his ear for a minute, a look of understanding dawning in Steve's eyes. He looked up fleetingly at Jared and smiled before turning his head in the crook of Chris's neck to drop a kiss there. It was probably a mark of how scared Christian had been or how tipsy

he already was that he didn't brush the sweet gesture off.

"You wouldn't sue," Jensen bit in Jared's fingertip and Jared groaned, coiling his arm around Jensen's neck to shut him up with a long, drawn-out kiss that brought about whistles and cheering from the rest of the group.

"Not fair," Jensen moaned when Jared let go of him. "I was trying to tell a story."

"Yes, well, it's boring to have work conversations at dinner," Jared said firmly.

Chris snorted and raised his glass. "Not with your line of work, man. I kinda am interested to know more."

"Like what?" Gabe said, turning towards him even as Jared made shushing noises complete with flailing arms in his direction.

"Like how you can keep a straight face with all that dialogue," Chris snorted, shooting Jensen a sympathetic smile. "Man, if that's the best he can come up with, I am so sorry."

Jensen laughed until his face turned red. Every time he tried to answer, he caught a sight of Jared and fell about giggling again. Wine, it turned out, was a sure-fire way of mellowing him out a little.

"I'm generally otherwise engaged," he grinned.

Jared rolled his eyes. "I'm the one who has to say that crap!" he exclaimed. "I swear, someone needs to write a more... eloquent script."

"It's not exactly prose, Jay," Jensen laughed.

Gabe looked thoughtful. "That could be interesting...." He looked at Jensen. "How'd you feel about wearing tights?"

Chris sniggered and Steve shook his head.

"Never. Again."

Jared laughed and squeezed him tight, before - "Wait, again?"

"The Masquerade ball," Jensen whined, burying his face in his neck. "I swear my balls had shrivelled."

Jared pretended to think about it. "Well, they recovered pretty quickly, if I recall-"

Jensen swatted him over his arm with a pout. "You're mean. You should sympathize. They *hurt*. For... well, for a long time!"

"I remember I took care of that, though," Jared added with a mad eyebrow waggle. Jensen slapped his arm again, a little more forcefully this time even though he was giggling. "Shut up."

"Ohh, I remember that shoot. I think I've studied it for a few good lightening shots -"

"Does anyone care about that kind of shoots?" Cristina asked with a cheeky grin.

"Yes," Jared said stubbornly, when Jensen shook his head.

"Face it, man," Gabe laughed at Jared's pout. "People watch for one reason."

"Jerk off material," Chris and Steve chimed in.

Cristina rolled her eyes and snagged a mint from the center of the table. "Speak for yourself!" she said wryly. "Some of us get a much higher pleasure from watching."

"Such as?" Gabe asked curiously. "I told you I was shooting with these guys and you fell off the couch."

She flushed furiously and smacked him around the back of the head.

Jensen sniggered. "Oh, it's so good to know that Jared isn't the only one with footprints on the inside of his mouth."

"I think it's time to put an end to this conversation," Jared said sternly, serving himself another slab of cake without looking at anyone.

"It's sort of weird though how many women get off on gay porn," Gabe said thoughtfully, and Chris choked on his pie when Cristina bitchslapped him across his head.

"You mean that you actually -"

"I *really think* this conversation is through," Steve intervened, stuffing another piece of cake in Chris' mouth before he could speak. "Jensen?"

"I agree," Jensen snorted, but he failed when he tried to stand from his chair and fell about giggling again.

"No more red for you," Jared laughed, putting the other bottle away from Jensen's reach. A tipsy, giggling Jensen was by far the cutest and most adorable thing Jared had ever witnessed, and he made a mental note to organize dinners at least once a week. He would have to knock Jensen down for the two to three days preceding them, but he thought it was completely worth it.

Jensen giggled and clung to Jared's neck. "Outside," he ordered. "Fresh air, seaaa," he said. Jared climbed to his feet and snagged the bowl of thinly sliced apple.

"Come on," he said, manhandling Jensen out on to the balcony. Chris detoured via the kitchen and returned with more wine. The sea air was fresh and cool on their skin. Jared took a seat on the bench and pulled Jensen onto his lap. Chris and Steve sat on the deck floor, and left the second couch to Gabe and Cristina.

"This was really awesome." Gabe smiled, totally chilled out. "It was real great of you guys to invite us."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourselves," Jensen said, blushing sweetly. Jared kissed his cheek and smiled. He had known everything would go well, but he was so thrilled Jensen had relaxed enough to enjoy himself.

"You should come to our place next time," Cristina said, taking a sip of her wine. "It isn't as beautiful, and I'm not as great of a cook-" Jensen's blush deepened and he mumbled something about 'not true', "-but we'll be glad to have you. You too, of course," she added, smiling at Steve and Christian.

"We'll bring more wine," Chris promised with a grin, wrapping his arms above Steve's and pulling him in to lean back against his chest. Jared was grateful that the light on the back porch wasn't bright enough to show his knowing smile. He was happy to see Steve out and about just as much as he was happy to see Chris smother him with affection. Usually they were a lot more guarded in public, but he figured times and places changed.

"I've spoken with Francy," Jared told Gabe while Cristina tried to swap recipes with an increasingly tipsy Jensen. Gabe looked thrown back, and slightly wary. Jared suppressed a chuckle. Knowing that Cristina was family for Francy had made him realize how he and Gabe had a lot more in common than he'd ever thought. "We'd love to work again with you, if you were so inclined."

Gabe's smile was wide enough to have his eyes squint. "Seriously? I'd be thrilled!" He almost started rubbing his hands together in glee. "What about Joe McCarthy?"

Jared was very serious when he shook his head, his voice low enough to keep the conversation to just the two of them. "We won't be working with him again," he said coldly, and despite the level of wine he had consumed, Gabe was smart enough to simply nod and agree.

"It was wonderful to meet you." Cristina smiled, reaching down to take Gabe's hand.

Everyone stood, though Jensen ended up leaning more into Jared's side than he was supporting his own weight. "We'll call you tomorrow," Chris said as he shook hands with Gabe and navigated them through the house towards the door. "Thanks for everything, man. It was awesome."

"You're welcome," Jensen said, waving a little and giving out a surprised squeak when Chris pulled him in a hug. Jared laughed and waved their friends off the premises with promises to call soon before closing the door behind him and locking it, giving Jensen a knowing, told-you-so smile.

"It was great," Jensen cried as he literally threw himself at Jared, winding his arms around his neck. "Jay, it all went great!"

"I knew it would," Jared chuckled, Jensen's childlike enthusiasm feeling like electricity over his skin. "You're a hell of a host, baby."

Jensen giggled and gave him a sloppy wet kiss on the side of his mouth. "You helped. You did good."

"My dishwasher stacking skills rule," Jared agreed, winding his arms around Jensen's waist and lifting him up an inch to kiss the tip of his nose. "And now, oh party planner of awesomeness, what do you plan on turning your attention to next?"

"Sex," Jensen said firmly. "Sex and kisses."

"Hmm, I could go for that." Jared smiled, nuzzling the warm skin of Jensen's throat. Jensen giggled and swatted him.

"Tickles," he laughed, curling under Jared's wandering hands. "Hmm, you smell good."

Jared threw back his head and laughed. "Baby, you are so drunk."

"Am not."

"Are too," Jared argued with a smile. He reached down and scooped Jensen up into his arms. "Bed. I won't take advantage of your inebriated state."

Jensen made a pleased sound in his throat. "Maybe I want you to."

Jared kissed his nose, then his lips, his chin. Jensen's eyes hadn't looked so bright since they'd come back from Hawaii, and Jared couldn't resist the temptation to sweep down and cover his mouth with his own again. He walked them past the debris of their dinner and out on the back porch, the noise of the sea covering pretty much everything else, making them feel like they were miles away from Los Angeles, like they were back on the islands.

Jensen flailed and almost managed to knock them over. Jared put him down on the sand, laughing when Jensen latched himself on him again and toppled them down on the sand. "Jen - easy," Jared chuckled, stroking Jensen's sides as he opened his legs to accommodate him on his lap. Jensen giggled and nodded, bowing his head to bite at the hollow of Jared's throat.

"You look so sexy like this," Jensen whispered, his voice rough-soft. His eyes were bright as if feverish, roses of colors high on his cheeks as he nuzzled the skin of Jared's neck, his hands grabbing a hold of his t-shirt and pulling, managing to twist it out of Jared's belt.

"Someone's a little excited," Jared laughed, his long limbs getting in the way as Jensen tried to wrestle him out of his clothes. Jensen growled impatiently, his fingers bumping Jared's belly as he tried to unfasten the buttons of Jared's jeans.

"You promised me kisses," Jensen said petulantly. "You owe me kisses."

"This is true," Jared agreed, spitting out a mouthful of sand when he fell sideways, one leg caught in his

jeans. "You did awesome," Jared praised, reaching for Jensen's shirt. "I'm so proud of you!"

Jensen giggled and wrapped his arms around Jared's neck, clinging for a kiss, and slowing down the undressing process considerably. "Are we gonna have sex now?"

"That's-" Jared huffed, fighting with Jensen's buttons, his fingers uncoordinated, "the general idea..."

"Awesome," Jensen mumbled, pulling gracelessly at Jared's jeans until he finally managed to pull them off his legs, tossing them to the side and letting his mouth slide down Jared's chest, a sloppy enthusiastic trail. Jared didn't think he ever experienced something quite as erotic as a drunken, overly excited Jensen taking the initiative and being hotter than fucking life with tiny bites and licks and raking his fingernails down Jared's chest and holy fuck, Jared was hard.

"Jensen," Jared gasped, fisting Jensen's shirt and pulling, trying somehow to get the garment off him. "Jensen, fuck."

Jensen mewled and slobbered all the way down to Jared's hipbone, sucking on the skin tented over the bone and moved lower, his tongue dipping into Jared's navel. Jared let out a soft cry, not minding the sand sticking to his bare ass and legs, his head spinning as he ripped Jensen's fancy pink shirt off his back.

Jensen had never sounded so *desperate*. Not even on set. Maybe it was the knowledge that he really, really wanted this, that his wide blown eyes weren't just playing for the camera, but it drove Jared wild.

"Fuck, yeah, baby, come on," he whispered encouragingly, pawing at Jensen's smooth golden skin.

"Hmm," Jensen tried to crawl onto Jared's lap, hands clutching at the long hair that brushed Jared's face. "Pretty," he mumbled. "Taste like sugar."

"You ain't making no sense, love," Jared chuckled, rolling them over until he could press Jensen into the warm sand and limit the risk of getting a knee in his groin.

"No sense," Jensen agreed, reaching for him hungrily. "Just sex."

"Just sex," Jared nodded, drawing a happy mewl from Jensen's throat as he sucked on his collarbone.

"Hot," Jensen whispered, settling himself over Jared's lap, his dick hot and pulsing through his jeans. Jensen grabbed at his face and mashed their mouths together, a moan reverberating down Jared's throat as Jensen rubbed frantically over him. "So hot, Jay, killing me. Don't know what you do to me."

Jared would've liked to tell him it was a bit rich, coming from Jensen, but his mouth was too preoccupied sucking at every inch of exposed skin he could reach, his hands sliding into Jensen's jeans and palming his ass, shifting Jensen up, thighs framing Jared's hips as he pushed against him, his denim-clad dick rough against Jared's naked cock.

"Fucking own me," Jared mumbled as he licked Jensen's chest, finding the dark nub of a nipple and feeling it harden between his lips. "I could spend all night just kissing you and coming from the sounds you make."

"No no," Jensen whimpered. "Want you to fuck me." He said candidly, dragging Jared in with his heels against the back of Jared's knees. His frown turned to a wicked smile. "Wanna ride your pretty cock."

Jared wasn't sure if he should laugh or shake his head, and wondered why he hadn't got Jensen tipsy before. The answer provided itself as soon as the question arose. He'd be afraid Jensen would be a depressed drunk, and he had enough on his mind without marinating him in alcohol. Instead he was a giggly, clingy, happy drunk, and Jared would have to do this again.

"You want that, baby?" Jared asked, dragging Jensen's jeans off roughly and tossing them into the sand.

"Fuck yes. Wanna fuck," Jensen said firmly, wrapping his hand around Jared's dick and giving a non-to-gentle squeeze. Jared moaned and swatted Jensen's hands away, pulling down the zipper of his jeans and next second Jensen's hands were slipping inside the slit of his boxer briefs and pulling his dick out with a

contented little sigh.

Jared wasn't even able to brace himself before Jensen's mouth swallowed him down, making him yelp and buckle forward, hands grappling at Jensen's hair for purchase. "Oh God," he gasped, trying to keep his hips from just thrusting into the wet, heavenly heat of Jensen's mouth. "Fuck, baby, yeah," he gritted out, fighting to keep his eyes open and drink in the sight of Jensen crouched low on the sand, both hands on Jared's stomach as he slurped and suckled at his dick with graceless enthusiasm. It was by far the hottest thing Jared had ever seen or felt - and that was saying a lot - and he couldn't shut his eyes, he had to watch, even though the pressure of Jensen's tongue on the throbbing vein underneath his dick was trying to destabilize him.

Jensen pulled off with a wet, loud popping noise and he dived down again, collecting one of Jared's balls in his mouth, tiny kittenish noises falling from his lips as he lapped at the wonderfully tight skin there. Jared flexed his fingers in his hair and tried to guide him up, higher up on his body even if Jensen mewled his displeasure at being separated from his favourite toy. "Keep this up and ain't gonna last," he ground out, catching Jensen's mouth with his own, the bitterness of his precome strong over Jensen's tongue.

Jensen giggled against his mouth. "But that's fun." He grinned. "I like that I can make you do that. I like that I can make you feel good."

Jared's hands cupped the wings of Jensen's shoulder blades. "Baby, you make me feel so much better than good. You make me feel like I can fly."

Jensen smiled as if he had heard the best news of his life. He patted Jared's cheek awkwardly and caught him for a messy, hit and run kiss. He crawled back into Jared lap, his ass rubbing against Jared's over stimulated cock. Jared whimpered and Jensen grinned. It was more than obvious which of the two of them had the upper hand in this little contest of wills. Alcohol stripped away those shy, nervous inhibitions that kept Jensen so restrained. In Jared's arms right then he was no different to any other red blooded male who had his boyfriend hard and desperate.

"Jen," Jared whispered, trying to push Jensen back a little and recover some of his equilibrium. "We don't got-"

"We don't need." Jensen cut in, sucking his fingers into his mouth before reaching behind him.

"Jen-"

Jensen glared at him. "Quiet. Professional at work here."

Jared whimpered, his nape digging in the sand as Jensen moaned, his own head thrown back, moonlight catching on the subtle shifting of muscles stretched wide above Jared. "Christ," Jared groaned, flitting his hands over Jensen's chest, down the curve of his ass and thighs. He wanted to see what Jensen's fingers were doing, wanted to see his wrist flick as he spread himself for Jared but from his position on the sand he could do very little.

Jensen's breathy little moans as he rocked on his own hand were making Jared's dick pulse in sync with his voice, sticky trails of precome decorating the ridges of Jared's sculpted stomach. "Fuck, Jen -" he groaned, his palms petting Jensen's spread legs and curling around slim hips to hold on.

Jensen cocked his head up and threw Jared a smoldering, if hazy, look. He bit his lip as he pulled his fingers out, shifting even wider apart before lowering himself the first inch down Jared's cock with a long, drawn out moan.

"Oh, Jesus," Jared gasped, clutching Jensen tight enough to bruise. "Jen, please."

Jensen was breathing heavily though his mouth, his fingers digging into Jared's arm as he tried to balance. His hips shifted a little under Jared's hand, and he sank down a little more. It wasn't as smooth as it was on set, with lube and plenty of prep to ease the way. Jared was afraid he was hurting Jensen, but there was no glimmer of pain in those bright green eyes. Just lust, wild, drunken lust, and stubborn determination.

He spread himself wider, his thighs parting even more, before leaning back and bracing his hands on the sand behind him. Muscle flexed, his abs tightening, and he sunk down completely. Jared couldn't blink. He was entranced by the curve of Jensen's throat, the line that followed it, down his smooth, toned chest and stomach.

Jensen unbent his legs, feet pressing in the sand, and Jared was left with the impression that he was very much the amateur here as Jensen fucked himself on Jared's dick. He moved with an inherent grace that even the alcohol couldn't diminish, but there was no finesse to his movements. He wasn't drawing it out.

He wanted Jared's cock, and he wanted it *then*.

And Jared would give it to him.

He pulled himself up in a half sitting position, bracing his feet wide apart and putting both hands on Jensen's hips as he lifted him up and almost completely off his dick before snapping his hips up as he was dragging him down, effectively bouncing Jensen on his balls and making him cry out helplessly.

Jared leaned in to bite at Jensen's collarbone and then lower, his tongue following the line of his pecs before he twisted his tongue around a nipple, lifting his other hand to play and twist the other one. Jensen was moaning continuously, his legs supporting almost all his weight as he undulated himself on Jared's lap, his body a perfect diagonal line under the arch of Jared's torso. "So beautiful, so beautiful -" Jared mumbled, his voice rough like whiskey on gravel. Jensen groaned and tipped his head forward, almost knocking into him as he pulled one leg up and above the crook of Jared's arm, spreading himself as wide as he could, Jared's dick hitting his prostrate with every roll and thrust.

"God, yes," Jensen hissed, his body clenching around Jared.

Jared had never been so turned on before in his life. His fingers clenched on Jensen's hip, and he used his arm to spread Jensen wider. The shift knocked Jensen off balance and back into the sand, and Jared seized his opportunity. He lurched forwards, following Jensen back, and snapped his hips into the tight heat of Jensen's body. The sand made it hard to get any stability, but Jared thrust as hard as he could, his body making Jensen's arch below.

"Fuck," Jensen hissed. "Fuck!"

"Love you so fucking much," Jared grunted, pressure building in his belly. He wrapped his hand around Jensen's cock and jerked him in time with his own thrusts. "Come on, baby," he whispered. "Come on."

Jensen moaned and slumped into the sand, his come spilling across Jared's hand. "Jare-" he whimpered, his clenching body pulling Jared over the edge with him.

Slumping forward to rest his head on Jensen's shoulder, Jared chuckled breathlessly, and wondered if he should be offended by the fact that Jensen was snoring happily, Jared's dick still nestled snug in his ass. "Guess 'tis my turn to clean up," he mumbled, licking Jensen's sweaty neck lazily before disentangling himself from Jensen's limbs with a groan and moving about to collect their discarded clothes.

He balled them up and decided to leave them on one of the armchairs, then walked back to where Jensen was laying in the sand and scooped him up in his arms. Jensen made a small snuffly sound and bundled up against Jared's chest, the stickiness of their release warm against their skin. It should feel gross, but Jared thought it pretty fucking amazing. He kissed Jensen's brow and walked them back inside, making a stop to the bathroom to clean himself and Jensen up as best as he could, Jensen's head nodding against his chest as he snored on.

"Love you," Jared whispered as he kissed his forehead and passed the wet washcloth over Jensen's stomach and between his thighs, Jensen's arms looped around his neck sleepily. "Love you so much, baby."

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Act 21: Vacanze Romane

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The boys hop across the pond.

Warnings: I think we have gone beyond warning for porn, don't you?

Notes: There is a fair bit of Italian in this part. We haven't translated, but don't worry, Jared doesn't understand it either.

For [ambiguous opal](#), have a wonderful day sweetie! *snuggles*

Scene One

I: So your vacation, it was good to get away?

JP: It was totally awesome!

JA: Really relaxing. We got to do our own thing and just take in the sights.

JP: (nods) Totally awesome!

JA: Jared enjoyed himself.

I: You stayed with family, right?

JA: Kinda, yeah. They were great, really welcoming.

JP: And man, do they know how to feed a guy! The pizzas! Dude, they're huge!

For the record, Jared liked Italy. They'd not left the airport yet, but he was pretty sure he'd just landed in the best country in the world. No lines, no annoying beepers on the way out, it rocked.

Jensen was all wide, bright eyed grins, his soft blue shirt slightly crumpled from the long flight.

"Jensen?" Stepping into the arrivals lounge, Jensen's grin grew even wider. He dropped his bags by Jared's feet and practically tackled the tall, dark haired man waiting for them.

Jared's eye twitched and he felt his dislike rear up to the surface as the handsome Italian man scooped Jensen up in his arms and twirled him before kissing each of his cheeks.

"Raul!" Jensen cried in excitement, and started off talking on a tangent in Italian, words like "*troppo tempo*" and such that Jared could distinguish but most of it was just heavy accents and unknown words and - no matter how childish it was - he felt completely left out. He pouted, holding up the bags, frown growing deeper when the man laughed, revealing perfectly white teeth, and beautiful green eyes that twinkled when he -finally- turned his attention to Jared.

"*Tu devi essere il famoso fidanzato.*"

"I beg your pardon?" Jared said crossly, not really up to be polite to the man that was pawing at his boyfriend.

"Boyfriend," Raul said with a laugh, pointing from him to Jensen and back. "His?"

"Yes." Jared nodded vehemently, finally finding some way he could stake his claim. "His. Mine."

Jensen rolled his eyes and placed his hand on Jared's chest. "Raul doesn't speak all that much English, and what he does know he learned from internet porn, so don't be surprised if he comes out with some classics."

Jared raised an eyebrow in question, but it was clear Raul hadn't understood much of what Jensen said. He caught Jared in an enthusiastic hug, talking rapidly. Jared caught Francesca's name, and got the impression that she had been sending reports out on him to Raul. He got a kiss to each cheek, and then Raul stood back and thrust out his hand for a more American greeting.

Jensen watched on, smiling happily as Jared took the pre-offered hand and squeezed a little harder than was strictly necessary. Raul didn't wince. He laughed twice as loud as he had before and squeezed back just as hard.

"Nice to meet you." Jared said through gritted teeth.

"*Pranzo! Cibo. Nom nom?*" Raul cupped his hand to his mouth, pointing them towards the labelled "USCITA" of the Rome Airport. Jensen hooked his arm with Jared's and chuckled, leaning on his tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

"Don't be jealous. You know he's taken and Francesca wouldn't take any cheating too well."

That was true. Jared grinned a bit and squeezed Jensen tighter to his side as they climbed into an elegant white taxi, Raul speaking quickly to the driver as someone else loaded luggage into the trunk. Jensen had started talking in Italian again and Jared pouted and sulked until Jensen rolled his eyes and starting playing interpreter with him and Raul. He found out that Raul was in porn, too, which in retrospect shouldn't have surprised Jared as much as it did. He was over thirty (and Jared hated him a bit for how fit and in shape he was) and should be back in the states at the end of the month to be with Francesca again. Apparently, he was in Rome for work. Jared decided he didn't want to know what kind of work trip it was that took him away for roughly six months.

"She'll be happy to see you again," Jared said, trying not to be too rude with Francesca's partner -he kinda enjoyed living. Even if Jensen was obviously very happy to see him - Raul was, after all, a male adult who had never tried to hurt Jensen and would likely never even dream about it, so he tried to relax.

Jensen translated and Raul shot him a beaming smile. There was very little Jared could find to dislike in him, and that alone was annoying. Raul watched Jensen with obvious affection, something like fatherly pride in his bright eyes, and Jared was surprised to feel a twinge of hope swell in his heart. If there could be one good, strong, caring male influence in Jensen's life, it would not be too much to ask.

They followed the road and Raul pointed out the sights. Jensen translated, and Jared pressed his face against the glass of the cab window.

"It's beautiful," he whispered.

Jensen leaned into him, his cheek against Jared's shoulder, and smiled. "This was a good idea," he whispered, lacing his fingers with Jared's. "Thank you."

Jared's heart soared. Raul who? "I'm glad," he murmured, bringing their hands up to his mouth and kissing Jensen's knuckles.

Two weeks in Italy would do them wonders.

Raul stopped in front of one antique-looking palace, not two hundred feet away from Piazza di Spagna, and spoke briefly into the phone before beaming at Jensen and Jared. He said something in Italian, and then pointed at the luggage being placed on the sidewalk and up to the windows of the palace.

"We're staying there?" Jared stuttered, eyes wide. Jensen wasn't even speaking, his mouth hanging open as

he strained his neck to take in the beautiful decorations of the baroccan place, stucchi and gold and high, iron-wrought window gates looking like a fairy-tale picture.

"That's Francy's family guest house," Jensen managed to translate. "Her grandmother bought it when her younger daughter divorced. Quite the scandal her that day and age."

"Seems like it runs in the family." Jared said dryly, his arm looped around Jensen's waist. "This is just... wow."

"Like?" Raul asked happily. Both Jared and Jensen nodded.

The tour of the house took over an hour. As Raul pointed out all the quirks and nooks of the house, Jensen translated, and Jared felt his eyes widen with each new discovery. The decor was stunning, both elegant and outrageous, but utterly perfect. Jared tried to imagine walking the halls in an era long passed. It wasn't difficult.

Portraits of elaborately dressed men and women lined the walls. "Creepy," Jared whispered, pointing at one woman who clearly had Francesca's icy stare.

Jensen buried a giggle into his hand and Raul smiled.

He opened one set of intricately decorated doors and pointed inside. "You!" he explained. Jared whistled low in his throat and Jensen started jabbering in Italian to Raul, his tone betraying both his excitement and gratitude, and Raul's laughter filled the room.

"*Non c'è bisogno di ringraziarmi.* No need thanks. You stay. *State qui, divertitevi, riposatevi...*" He gave them a rogue wink and used his arms to indicate the decadent, overbearing Savoia bed, deep blue curtains pulled back with cords wrought with gold, the white embroidered throw covered with scattered silk pillows. There were three different mirrors in their golden frames decorating the armoire, the chest of drawers and the wall opposite the bed, the balcony looking directly on the steps of Piazza di Spagna, white turrets of marble striking up high on a canvas of bright blue sky.

"This is wonderful," Jared said, his voice quiet. He ran his hand over the polished marble of the cabinet in awe. "Seriously, thanks."

Raul waved his hand and shook his head with a grin. "No me. All Tati's work."

"He mean's Francy," Jensen laughed, running up to Jared and throwing his arms around his neck like a five year old on sugar.

"Tati?" Jared felt his grin split his face. "Will she kill me if I call her that?"

"Slowly," Jensen sniggered. He was so relaxed, so alight with happiness, that Jared couldn't resist the urge to kiss him. He heard the door close quietly as Raul slipped from the room to give them some peace, and he ducked low to scoop Jensen up.

"Jare-" Jensen laughed. Jared just grinned and tossed him onto the middle of the bed. "God, you're nuts!" Jensen laughed, his head thrown back against the pillows.

Jared climbed on all fours on the bed, kicking off his sneakers and climbing atop of him, starting to kiss his neck slowly and deliberately. Jensen slapped him half-heartedly on his arm, mumbling something about 'perv' before he rolled Jared off him and leaned across him, mouth seeking his for tiny, brushed kisses.

"I love Italy, did I tell you that?" Jared whispered, stroking Jensen's back with both hands. He didn't just love it for the comforts and the scenery and the raucous, loud and friendly people. He loved it because Jensen's eyes were shining with mirth and happiness as he had never seen them before. It made him almost stupidly giddy with hope.

"Once or twice," Jensen giggled before kissing him again. "I love *you*," he whispered then, running the tips of his fingers down Jared's nose. Jared swallowed, lifting one hand to cup Jensen's face, and Jensen

caught it with his own, pressing a kiss over his palm.

"I never thought I'd have this," Jensen whispered against his skin.

"But you do now," Jared murmured, voice catching. "And it ain't ever going to stop." Jensen promised. His fingers combed through Jared's hair and he pulled him down. Jared followed obediently, curling half around Jensen's body, his cheek resting above a steady heartbeat as Jensen stroked his hair. "For the next couple of weeks, I want you to pretend that we don't have care in the world." He whispers. "We're just two guys who met at work, and fell in love, and there are no other details, no secrets and no pain. Just you, me, and a country full of people like Francy."

Tears burned the back of Jared's eyes, but he refused to let them fall, just like he refused to admit to himself that he *wanted* that, just for a little while. He'd take Jensen any way he could, darkness and all, but there were times when the weight of it all made him so weary. He was afraid that it would take from them the pure joy of all they should be experiencing. For a fortnight they could just be young lovers exploring the most romantic country in the world.

He wrapped an arm around Jensen's hips, his fingers curling in the soft cotton of his shirt, and pressed a soft, loving kiss to his belly. "Just you and me," he agreed. Then, in an attempt to switch the conversation back to a more cheerful mood, he added, "and Raul."

Jensen laughed, his chest heaving under Jared's cheek. "Let it go, Jay!"

Jared grinned and drummed his fingers on Jensen's side, provoking a knee-jerk giggle from him and a swat over the head. "Never," he grinned, blowing him a kiss. They stayed quiet for a few more minutes, just trying to take everything in. It was easy to pretend, easier than either of them would've thought. Jared closed his eyes and brushed his lips over the exposed skin on Jensen's neck, letting his hand trail gently up and down his side, in that motion that should've tickled but it was somehow nothing more than a soothing caress.

Jensen let go of a sigh and turned his face a little, burying it in Jared's hair. There was something possessive to the way Jensen's fingers curled in his hair, and Jared smiled, happy to let Jensen hang on to whatever he wanted.

They drifted off to sleep, jet lag catching upon them, and Jared awoke a few hours later, Jensen burrowed against him still with his shoes and jacket on, hair muscled over Jared's chest, and looking so freakin' *young* and peaceful it made Jared's chest constrict. He gently stroked his hair, then his arm, following it as it curved around his middle, letting his hand rest at the small of Jensen's back.

Safe. Jared closed his eyes, kissed Jensen's forehead, and fell back into slumber.

Raul woke them a few hours later, his hand warm on Jared's ankle. He made a motion of spooning food into his mouth and grinned brightly when Jared's stomach answered for him. Jensen woke with a slow, sleepy smile and Raul looked fondly at him.

Jared's stomach rumbled again, and Jensen shook his head. "Better feed you, huh?"

"Food!" Jared said brightly, jumping out of bed, going from sleep to wake in the time it took to spell the word 'pasta'. "Come on, Jen!" he said gleefully. "Food! Not cooked on an aeroplane. Proper food!"

Jensen grinned lazily and stretched, pillow crease etched in his cheek. "Right, I should have known food would've had you up and about in no time." He stifled a yawn and tried to push himself in a sitting position, flailing when the bed threatened to envelop him with pillows and sheets. Jared chuckled and grabbed both his hands to pull him up against his chest, steadying him for a moment before putting one arm around his shoulders and guiding them both out of the room and down a large, beautifully decorated hall.

Raul had started talking in Italian again, and Jared allowed him and Jensen to go on chattering in foreign

speech, happy to feel Jensen's side pressing in against his own as they followed Raul through the corridors and into the dining room. Hearing Jensen speaking Italian so properly had tingles spread from Jared's stomach to all over his body. It was something Jensen totally needed to do more often.

"Here," Raul gestured to the table with a huge grin. It was set for three, but Jared found that he didn't mind. Raul had to be the most easygoing man on the planet to be able to date Francesca, not to mention pretty hard-wearing, too. He wasn't bad company, even if Jared didn't understand a word of what he was saying.

Jensen kept an eye on Jared as he and Raul bounced ideas for their trip. They wanted to see as much of Rome as they could before moving up to Venice.

Jared shovelled spoonfuls of green pasta into his mouth, swallowing each mouthful down with sweet grapefruit juice. He was happy to let Jensen and Raul hash it out. Talking meant there would be less time for eating, and for some reason, Italian food tasted even better in Italy.

He'd not seen Jensen ever look so relaxed in another's presence, and a part of him was curious to know just how their relationship had forged. No doubt he'd met Raul through Francesca, and he mourned the loss of a potential aide. If they were only able to have a full conversation without a translator, he'd have jumped at the chance to pick Raul's brain. He was less scary than his other half, at any rate, and Jared thought there was protectiveness in his eyes when he looked at Jensen that was heart-warming. Not that Francesca wasn't protective of him as well, but other adjectives came to mind - blood-chilling, for one.

"You like? All pasta, all here," Raul said, motioning to the rich matriciana sauce Jared was currently wolfing down.

Jared licked his lips and curled his thumb and index finger in the universal OK gesture, grinning when Raul mimicked it with a laugh. Jensen shook his head in amusement and served himself another slice of something that looked weirdly like a cake with green filling. "What's that?" He asked, a bit worried.

Jensen chuckled at him, "It's called '*parmigiana*', and it's very much like an eggplant parm, only made with real cheese and non-transgenic eggplants. You should try it."

Jared took in the amount of melted cheese, red tomato sauce and neatly stacked slices of eggplant for a few seconds before shaking his head. "Nope, I'll pass."

"*Secondo, carne!*" Raul enunciated, waving at the waiter -they had more than one member of staff attending them- to bring forth something else, apparently, because the guy nodded with a smile and disappeared in the kitchen, only to come back not two minutes later with what looked like a WHOLE pork chop. Jared blinked, opening and closing his mouth a couple of times. "Oh, wow." His belly rumbled in anticipation. "I love this country."

Jensen laughed. "Is it possible? Have we finally found something to beat the monster that is your stomach?" Jared's eyes were as wide as saucers when the plate was sat down before him.

"Not even close!" Jared grinned happily, tucking into the piping hot dish. The pork was followed by turkey, a bowl of meat broth, and a huge seafood salad. Jensen picked at rocket leaves as he and Raul planned the evening's activities. Jensen wanted to wander the streets and bask in the beauty of the city, but Raul was shaking his head, putting in his own suggestions, and advising him of the places to avoid after dark.

"More?" Jensen asked Jared, who was slumped in his chair, one arm wrapped around his belly. The waiter returned with another plate, and he whimpered.

"I think that's enough," he said, his eyes gleaming with mirth. "I'm saving some space for the infamous Italian gelato."

"*Gelato*, yes! Later, *più tardi*, okay?" Raul said in excitement, having finally caught a familiar word in Jared's speech. Jared laughed and nodded, even if Jensen made a disgusted gagging sound at the idea of more food.

"Oh, come on," Jared scolded him, "you haven't eaten nearly enough. You have to keep up your strength. It's our first holiday together, after all..." he added with a true, honest-to-god leer. Jensen rolled his eyes at him.

"You're impossible," he said, and even if he wanted to sound exasperated, his voice came out rather loving. After they'd complimented the cook and the rest of the household service, they got back to their room and the most luxurious bathroom they'd ever seen to get a quick shower and a change of clothes before diving into the wild Roman night. Jensen was dead set upon going to the Colosseo, despite Raul kept telling him it was a too *mundane* sightseeing and he wanted to take them somewhere called Fori Trai-something, and in the end, Jensen had given in (only because Jared promised him they'd see the Colosseo next morning on their own).

They dressed for the warm climate, and Jensen's shirt was so old and faded it felt like spider silk beneath Jensen's hands. Which naturally made it impossible for him not to touch. Just in case it crumbled under his hand and he could touch Jensen's warm skin.

They strolled down the street, and Jensen pointed out the quirks of the architecture, from the Romeo catchers to the elegant lamps that lined the street.

"You imagine you and me livin' back then?" Jared grinned, his fingers looped in Jensen's belt. "Some stupid fence wouldn't stop me from climbing into your room."

Jensen laughed and leaned into Jared's touch. "You'd probably be arrested."

"You think that would stop me?" Jared whispered roughly. "I'd have my way with you one way or another."

Jensen shivered even though the air was warm, and he nuzzled closer. Jared pressed his lips over the curve of Jensen's ear and followed Raul towards the very closed gates of the Fori Traianeï.

Jared looked upon the gates with a frown. "It doesn't look like it's open..." He hadn't finished speaking that Raul picked up his cell and dialled a number, speaking quietly into the mouthpiece for a minute before turning to Jensen and Jared, beaming.

"Just wait. One *momento*, okay?"

Jensen nodded, looking slightly wary. He asked Raul something in Italian but Raul just smiled and shook his head, looking even more giggly than either of them had seen him so far.

In a matter of minutes, the lights turned on and the gates of the Fori swung forward to admit Mr. Raul Bova and his special guests.

Jared raised a questioning eyebrow, and Jensen just shook his head. "Don't even ask," he whispered. "I think he-" But he trailed off before Jared could learn what it was Jensen thought.

It was... beautiful. There truly was no other way of describing it. Shadows chased away by glowing lamps, mysterious and enchanting. Jensen looked on with the lights reflected in his eyes. "God, have you ever seen anything like it?"

Jared quite honestly had never seen anything even close. It was like standing on the edge between two worlds, the future behind them, and the glory of the past laid out below. Raul was beaming at them, all but clapping his hands in glee.

"Fucking ace, no?" he asked, the American turn of phrase utterly charming.

"Yeah," Jared agreed, trying to take in every inch of the sight, and Jensen's enchanted reaction all at once. "Amazing."

Jensen stretched one hand, just to pull back mid-gesture with a blush. Jared smiled and wrapped his arm around his waist, holding him tight. He knew Jensen had wanted to reach out, then stopped because he thought it was childish. "You want to get closer?" he murmured in his ear.

Jensen nodded, awestruck, and walked up the stony steps to what there was left of the main arch and pillars. "It's so beautiful," Jensen murmured, eyes lit with star-like light. Jared sneaked out a pocket digital camera and took a few quiet steps backwards, flashing one picture before Jensen could screech at him.

"JAY!"

Jared grinned and turned his attention to the ruins. "Your fault, you were in the way."

"What did I tell you about photographs?" Jensen muttered, his cheeks flaming. Jared swooped on him and pressed his lips over the apple of his cheek.

"You told me only the sights. And there's no more beautiful sight here than you alight with happiness."

Jensen blinked. "You're not human, are you. You're like some giant greeting card come to life in a freak science experiment."

Jared huffed. "Grinch."

Rolling his eyes and taking a step forwards, Jensen entwined their fingers together. "It's kinda sweet."

"Very sweet," Jared amended stubbornly.

Jensen nodded. "Very, very sweet. But if you take my photo again I'mma shove that camera when the sun don't-" Jared cut him off with a brief, fiery kiss, that left Jensen dazed and grinning. "-shine."

"I plan to take loads of pictures," Jared murmured, dropping tiny kisses all over Jensen's mouth and chin. "Mostly of you. Mostly not apt for public view. Mostly for me," he rubbed his palm down Jensen's spine with a small grin. "And I promise you, we'll have loads of pics of us to decorate our new house with."

Jensen might have wanted to say something, but his eyes were kinda dazed and he was trying to follow Jared's mouth with his own, so whatever objection he might have had got lost in another kiss. Jared did a little dace on the inside and hold him tighter, feeling the camera slipping from his fingers and not really caring until another flash started them. They snapped round, eyes wide as saucers, only to be met with a cackling Raul that had managed to snatch Jared's Nikon.

"Hot," he said, and for some reason Jared blushed, which was completely stupid and made Jensen giggle.

"Told you he had good taste," Jensen whispered, standing in his tiptoes to whisper in his ear. Jared shuffled his feet and felt his cheeks glow. "You're gorgeous."

"You need to shut up now," Jared mumbled.

"Hot as hell," Jensen said in a sing-song voice. "Beautiful."

Jared's cheeks burned and he caught Jensen around the waist, resting their foreheads together and trying to summon a glare. Jensen looked so happy, so relaxed, that the words failed to make themselves out of his mouth. "I love you," he whispered, kissing Jensen on the side of the lips.

Jensen let his eyes flutter half mast and tilted his head so that he could align their mouths better for a proper kiss. There was another flash, but Jared didn't heed it, merely cradled Jensen's face with his hands and let his tongue slip past the barrier of Jensen's teeth, gliding hot and lazy around the roof of Jensen's mouth, stroking his thumbs against high cheekbones and feeling Jensen's fingers threading through the silk-soft locks of hair at the back of his head.

It was slow and perfect, under a curtain of stars that felt like it belonged to another century, and Jared understood what Jensen had told him earlier that day. Only them, and the most romantic country in the world.

He was going to make some grand gesture. He was going to make Jensen remember this holiday like the most beautiful dream he'd ever dared to have.

They parted with a sigh, and Jensen nuzzled the underside of his jaw. "I love you too," Jensen murmured, voice quiet-shy and delicate.

Jared opened his mouth to whisper some word of love and devotion, but he faltered when Raul bounded over, pulled Jensen from his arms and gathered him into a bone crushing hug, babbling merrily in Jensen's ear. Jared blinked, missing the feeling of Jensen in his arms.

He frowned in confusion, and Jensen blushed furiously, patting Raul awkwardly on the arm as he was hugged within an inch of his life.

"Love!" Raul exclaimed happily. "Him! You love him!"

Jared was lost. "Pardon me?"

"He loves you!" Raul exclaimed again, and Jensen's face went way redder than Jared had yet to see him. Not even that time with the dildo and - yeah, whatever. He was flushed and with bright eyes and tried to make wild shushing movements in front of Raul, who merely knocked his hands off and proceeded to hug Jared close like a brother.

"She said you good. You real good. Got to tell Tati."

"What--?" Jared blinked, massaged his ribs once he was released and Raul skipped a few steps away from Jensen to prevent him stopping his call. "What's going on?" Jared asked, completely dumbfounded. Jensen looked down at the rough floor of the Fori, looking completely embarrassed.

"Uh... he.... heard me."

"Heard you?" Jared repeated, still confused.

"Saying--" Jensen made a half waving gesture in mid air, sighing. "Saying I love you."

"And?" Jared frowned. As amazing as that was, he failed to see why it would make *Raul* so utterly thrilled.

Jensen continued to blush, and he shuffled closer to Jared. "I never said that to anyone before," he admitted quietly.

Jared tugged him into his arms, and stroked his thumb across the back of his neck. "That's what makes it so special. You're extraordinary."

"I do love you, though. And I guess he's just... happy for me."

Jared's smile was gentle. "He loves you." There wasn't even a spark of jealousy when he said it, and Jensen looked so grateful. "He's a good man," he added, his palm stroking Jensen's shoulders softly. "And I'm glad he has reason to be happy."

Jensen closed his eyes and wrapped his arms around him, swaying slightly on the spot. Jared looked up at the magnificence of the star-streaked sky above them, and the pillars of the immortal architecture surrounding them with their beauty, and he felt overwhelmed by it all. He rocked them gently from one side to the other, tucking Jensen's head underneath his chin.

"Do you want to go dancing?" He asked, just right when Raul came back to them with a beaming smile on his face.

"Francesca said about time!"

"That we go dancing?" Jared said, not following.

"Dancing might be fun," Jensen said, grinning slyly. "It's been a while since you danced for me." There was a fair tinge of pink on Jensen's cheeks, but his eyes sparkled with anticipation as he put the question to Raul.

"Baby, I'll dance for you anytime you want me to." Jared laughed.

"Maybe I want you to dance for me in public." Jensen whispered, flame red and smiling brightly. "Maybe I want to show you off."

"If that's what you want, love, then I'll shake my booty to the whole of Rome." Jared wiggled his eyebrows playfully and took Jensen's hands as Raul fired off suggestions for clubs.

Jensen clutched at his hand and looked down at his feet as they were walking out of the Fori and back into the hustle and bustle of the streets. His smile was still wide and bright even though he tried not to look at Jared as Raul made them stop to haul their car. A fucking black Alfa Romeo with screened windows, and a driver. Jared blinked several times. He already knew Francesca was a powerful woman - she was well known in the industry for it - but the reality of it sometimes slipped his grasp.

Now, in Italy, with a man that knew very few words of English and that was basically taking a few days off only to show them around and put forth a small slice of Francesca's considerable empire, Jared felt like he was surrounded with it.

For the first time since Jensen's assault on scene, he wasn't scared for him.

"Gorgeous," Raul said as they climbed in the car, and okay, Jared might not be jealous, but still....

"Sorry?"

"'Gorgeous' is the name of the club," Jensen said once Raul had fished off the address to the driver, smirking at him. "Hold yer horses."

Jared had the good grace to look apologetic.

The car took them the direct route before pulling up outside a bustling corner. Happily chatting couples lined up around the block, waiting for an entrance. Jared saw that most of them were gay, and beamed at Raul, who blinked innocently. They followed their host to the doors, and were waved in past the line of waiting clubbers.

"Can we bring him back to LA with us?" Jared whispered in Jensen's ear. Jensen nudged him and grinned.

"You don't take me dancing in LA." Jensen pointed out, having to shout over the music as they checked their coats at the front desk.

Jared paid for the hangers and frowned. "I didn't think you wanted..." He trailed off with a sigh. It was true, he'd never thought Jensen would want to visit a place full of people and loud noise, but it was also true that since they had moved into their home, they'd not really gone out much. There had been a few visits to Steve and Chris' place, and several dinners at Francy's, but romantic dinners for two and a night of dancing had never really been a consideration.

They'd skipped straight from the first few dates to married with kids, almost. Jared knew his paranoia wasn't supposed to turn Jensen in an even more secluded recluse than he had been, he couldn't allow it. And he wouldn't.

"We'll go out dancing," he promised him, wrapping one arm around his waist. "There's this awesome Australian restaurant I want to take you to."

Jensen's eyes lit up, and he smiled and mimicked the position of Jared's arm on his waist. "I'd love that," he murmured, stroking Jared's side.

Raul grinned benevolently at them and showed them the curtained entrance. "Car, pick you up when call,

okay?" He showed Jensen the phone and went off in a detailed description in Italian. "Have fun!" he added at the end, waving merrily and leaving the scene.

Jared shook his head, bemused. "He's not staying?"

Jensen smiled and twisted around to wave Raul off. "He has a meeting tomorrow first thing, besides," He looked back up at Jared with a small smile, "It would be unfair of us to leave him out of all the fun."

Fun, huh? Jared liked fun. Grinning like a fool, he let Jensen pull him towards the main room of the club. Not that he was complaining, but he thought for a minute his Jensen might have been switched at the airport. Where was his shy, skittish, nervous Jensen who could barely look their friends in the eye when making a joke?

Either there was something in the water, or the feeling of safety that came from being on the other side of the world from all his troubles, but Jensen seemed to glow as if a layer of him had been scrubbed away.

His smile was luminous, and his eyes sparkled in the overhead light. Jared could have fallen in love all over again. In fact, he thought he did. The song switched as they reached the dance floor and Jared grinned. It was one he knew well.

He pulled Jensen up against his body, their hips fitting to perfection, and leaned in to whisper in his ear. "You wanna get dirty?" he teased, licking his earlobe before pulling back, angling his hips so that he could nest one leg between Jensen's thighs just as the infamous Christina Aguilera's song picked up the lyrics.

*DJ's spinning (show your hands)
Let's get dirrty (that's my jam)
I need that, uh, to get me off
Sweat until my clothes come off*

Jared swayed, popping open the first few buttons of his shirt as he ground against Jensen, dragging his body up and then down again, his hands skimming over Jensen's chest as he playfully tugged and arranged him against himself in time with the music. Jensen grasped at his waist and tried to drag him closer, with little success. Jared chuckled and dropped a quick kiss over his forehead before sliding down behind him, legs against legs, and his chest blanketing Jensen's back.

His hands fell on top of Jensen's thighs and he let them trail up to his hips, bracketing them with his palms and playing with the hem of Jensen's shirt, pulling it out of his jeans. He felt Jensen shudder against him. They were both used to performing in front of an audience, and the music cocooned them in their own little world. Bodies packed around them, but Jensen was pressed so close Jared could feel his heartbeat, strong and sure against him.

He watched Jensen lose himself in the music the way he did in a role, his hips shifting in the time with the beat. Jared let old habits rise to the surface. His palm pressed flat against Jensen's lean belly, the fluid shift of muscles under silky soft skin as intoxicating as the heavy beat of the music lead them into their own world.

Jared could feel the eyes on his skin. People were watching them. People always watched them. Jensen didn't even notice, he never did, but Jared did. He knew Jensen attracted wandering eyes, and for once the thought didn't inspire fear or jealousy. He had the hottest man in Rome rubbing up against his chest. He leaned down and sucked lightly on Jensen's throat, one of his hands sliding inside the band of Jensen's pants, not low enough to be indecent, but enough to tease.

The soft groan he had in response reverberated down his belly and legs and up again to the pulse in his throat. Jensen trailed one arm up and hooked it around Jared's neck, draping himself across his lean torso, his fingertips playing with the long, damp curls at the base of his neck. The song had changed, but it didn't matter. They weren't following a pattern, they were just grinding and swaying to a rhythm lovers had known for centuries. Jared's fingers slipped one inch lower into Jensen's pants, and he could feel the tightening of Jensen's fingers in his hair as he did so.

Jared smirked and lowered to mouth at the hollow of Jensen's throat. Someone was pressing in at his

back, but Jared didn't heed them. Eyes, mind, body, they were only set on the man before him, and Jensen rewarded him with a whispered kiss at the base of his neck, his ass jutting back against Jared's rolling hips, letting Jared's erection press right over the inseam of his jeans as he pushed against him, his other hand stroking his side. He wished he could've talked, but the loud music made it nearly impossible. So Jared settled to mouth the words in Jensen's skin, whispering things like "beautiful, so beautiful", "mine", "yeah, baby, my baby, my love."

He let his hands skim Jensen's skin as Jensen turned in his arms. Bright green eyes were half lidded in the darkness, and the smooth line of Jensen's throat was glowing in the flashing lights. Jared let his hands slip lower, over the curve of Jensen's ass, and down one thigh, lifting Jensen's leg a little and closing the gap between them.

Jensen's lips parted, his eyes fluttering closed as they moved in time with the music. His arms curled around Jared's neck loosely, and he rubbed his calf across the back of Jared's thigh.

Jared realised with a pang that they had never danced together before. He had danced for Jensen, sure, but this slow, sensual slide of limb against limb, arms and legs entwined, this was something new. They were more than half a year into their relationship. They lived together, but they had never danced together.

Jared's hands bracketed Jensen's slender hips, spinning him around a little before he dipped his head down to brush his lips over Jensen's jaw. Jensen convulsed for an instant, his leg tightening around Jared's thigh as he flexed his fingers against his back. He angled his hips up, rolling them to the beat of the music, mouth open in a breathless, soundless gasp.

Jared knew they were being watched, and he didn't mind. Let them watch. Only he was allowed to touch. He let his hands slip inside the back of Jensen's jeans and shuddered when his fingertips were met with bare skin. He grinned, low and seductively, and Jensen raised a playful eyebrow at him as he rolled his hips again, his hard dick brushing up against Jared's own erection.

Jared bit his lip and leaned in to trace the contour of Jensen's lips with his tongue, his hand slipping an inch or so lower, fingertips dipping gently and teasingly between the curve of Jensen's buttocks, making him moan, startled, and rub up against Jared like a cat.

"Commando?" Jared whispered before letting his tongue slide between Jensen's half-open mouth. "Sexy."

"No sex on the dance floor, Jay." Jensen grinned, his hips rolling teasingly. Jared groaned, his fingers brushing over soft, silky skin. His cock throbbed hard against his jeans, and Jensen grinned coyly up at him from under lowered lashes.

"Not even a little?" he pouted.

Jensen shook his head and kissed Jared's collarbone.

"Fine," Jared whispered, dipping Jensen back a little. "But when we get back, I'mma spread you out on our bed, and fuck you with my tongue until you beg me for more."

Jensen whimpered, his fingers clutching tightly at Jared's shoulders.

"I'll make you shudder and beg. Bet you could come from just my tongue."

"You think?" Jensen asked breathlessly.

Jared let a slow smile cross his lips. "I know."

Jensen's eyes darkened, barely a split silver of jade circling the pupils. "Prove it," he challenged, and Jared's answering smile was as predatory as Jensen had yet to see it.

Jared pulled him straight up against him, their mouths only an inch apart. He let his hand slide out of Jensen's pants and cupped the back of his ass, his hand following the curve of Jensen's leg as he hoisted it

halfway up his chest. Jensen's breath itched and Jared smiled again, his hips making a long, slow counter-clockwise circle, the shape of his hard dick pressing right beneath Jensen's balls as he held him plastered close to his chest. "I can make you come without even touching your cock," Jared whispered, letting the tip of his tongue trail down Jensen's ear and to his neck, right over the hollow of his throat, biting gently once before he spun them both around on the dance floor, Jensen's arms tight around his neck.

"Tease," Jensen breathed out, his chest tight, and Jared smirked at him, lifting Jensen's other leg up and making Jensen grabble for purchase at his back as he was lifted clean in the air.

"Fair is fair, love." Jared grinned wickedly. He let Jensen back down to his feet long enough to manoeuvre them to a dark corner of the club. The shadows engulfed them both, draping them in darkness. Jensen gasped as Jared pressed him up against the wall, diving down and sucking on his throat.

"Everyone wishes they were me," Jared whispered, his thumb pressed lightly over the hollow of Jensen's throat. "So beautiful, Jensen."

"But I'm yours," Jensen whispered back, his thigh rubbing Jared's hip. "They can't have me."

"Damn fucking right they can't," Jared said gruffly. His cock was throbbing hard inside his jeans, and he was torn between the desire to kiss Jensen slow and sweet, or to drop to his knees and suck him off.

"Fuh-fuck, Jay-" Jensen moaned, sucking Jared's tongue into his mouth as he jerked his hips up. Jared stroked the side of his neck as he kept on kissing and suckling and nibbling, bruising Jensen's lips, making them even more swollen and strawberry-red under the strobe lights. Jared heard someone else moan far off his left, and grinned. Apparently, they weren't the only ones to be worked up.

"Wanna suck you," Jared murmured across his skin, damp, hot breath fanning Jensen's wet lips. "Want to go down on you right here, baby, want to taste you, right in front of everyone." Jensen's hips twitched and he moaned, eyes squeezing tightly shut as Jared murmured into his ear. "D'ya want it, baby? Mmh?" Jared's fingertips ghosted across Jensen's lips, barely dipping inside before he let his hand slip down the symmetry line of Jensen's body, flicking the top button of his jeans undone and resting teasingly just below the waistband. "I'mma make it good for you... let you go wild, make you scream."

"Jared..." Jensen whined, hips rutting up helplessly even as he tried to reason with him. "God, we can't -"

"Who's gonna stop us?" Jared whispered, dropping gracefully to his knees, his thumb popping the buttons of Jensen's fly. "They all wanna watch. They wanna see you come apart and scream. God, you make the prettiest sounds." He dragged Jensen jeans down his hips. Jensen reached up and used the pipes running along the wall to brace his own weight as Jared wedged his shoulders under Jensen's knees and lifted him off the ground.

"Fuck!" Jensen hissed, tightening his grip on the bar, his back pressed against the wall. Jared's strength never failed to overwhelm him. His knees were held captive in Jared's large hands, and draped indecently over his shoulders.

"Such a pretty cock," Jared whispered, lapping at the head of it. Jensen groaned and shuddered at the first contact, precome already leaking copiously from the plum-shaped head. Jared let the tip of Jensen's dick smear pearly whiteness all across his lips and chin, moaning as he turned his face this way and the other, the tip of his tongue collecting the salty bitterness and driving Jensen insane with barely there licks.

"Oh god, oh - oh, god, fuck, fuck," Jensen moaned, tossing his head back, his fingers sweaty around the bars of the pipes. "Fuck, Jay, please-"

Jared grinned wickedly. "We haven't even started yet." he murmured, hollowing his cheeks and blowing a wisp of cool air across oversensitive, heated skin. Jensen convulsed, the heels of his boots pressing in almost painfully from where they hung over Jared's broad back.

Jared caught his hips and held him down, ducking his head lower and letting his tongue out to lap at the tight skin over Jensen's balls before he took one of them in his mouth, eyes half closed as he buried his

nose in Jensen's crotch and *sucked*. Jensen keened, his body bouncing helplessly between Jared and the wall behind him, spikes of heat zigzagging down his back.

"Oh god!" Jensen's cry was lost to the music, his hands slipping on the bar as Jared swallowed him down, his mouth hot and wet around Jensen's hard dick.

Jared controlled him completely. Jensen was unable to move, his arms straining with the effort of keeping himself still, trying to limit the weight he allowed to rest on Jared's strong shoulders. Jared curled his arms around Jensen's thighs and pulled him closer, taking more down his throat.

Before Jared there had been few who wanted to take him in their mouths, but Jared seemed to like doing it as much as he liked Jensen doing the same to him.

"Jay... god, Jay, please."

Jared hummed around the flesh in his mouth, lapping at the pulsing vein on the underside, and hollowing his cheeks as he took Jensen as deep as he could. Jensen groaned and twisted his head to the side, his back rigid as he couldn't help but buckle up in the heat surrounding him. People were dancing just a few feet in front of them, and a few more where doing - whatever it was they were doing, not too far from them, and at any moment, at any given chance they could turn around and see Jared deep throating him against the wall. Jensen whimpered pitifully and clenched his hands on the bars, breath leaving him in a rush as he kept moaning wordlessly with every slow stroke of Jared's tongue.

"Ah- god- oh, fuck, fuck, Jay - god-" Jensen keened and twisted above his shoulders. He couldn't buckle up or he'd risk overthrowing them both, so he was forced to stay still and allow Jared to do whatever he pleased with him. Hot coals curled up in his stomach and he tensed just as Jared pulled back, letting Jensen's dick slip out of his mouth with a lewd pop.

Jensen whined as if in pain, his hips rutting up into nothingness, and Jared dived down again, rolling Jensen up higher against him and closing his mouth over the stretch of tender skin behind Jensen's balls.

"Nghn--" Jensen squeezed his eyes shut, not caring if he was being too loud - he was getting his dick sucked in a gay club in Rome, after all, privacy was not top of the list. "God, please, killing me, Jay, please--"

Jared's hand curled around Jensen's thigh, sliding higher and slipping between Jensen's clenched buttocks. He mouthed the warm, damp flesh behind Jensen's balls before sucking them into his mouth.

Jensen wailed, and his grip slipped on the bars. Jared had to move quickly to counter the shift in his weight. He pulled back. "I got you," he whispered, setting one of Jensen's feet back on to the ground. He pressed his thumb over the small, hidden entrance to Jensen's ass and sucked his cock back into his mouth.

Jensen threw his head back and screamed, just as Jared promised he would, spilling ropery strands of come across Jared's lips.

His legs trembled violently as he slid back to the ground. He could barely hold himself upright, and slumped boneless in Jared's arms. Jared chuckled, licking at where Jensen's come was dripping down his cheek and nose, and nuzzled at Jensen's quivering, spent dick before tucking him back in into his jeans. He pressed soft, sweet kisses all over Jensen's torso before he covered his mouth with his own, Jensen's jaw going slack as he let Jared lap at his lips making Jensen whimper, the taste of himself and sex thick over Jared's tongue as it slipped past Jensen's lips.

"So good, baby, so good," Jared murmured, kissing all over his jaw before going back over his mouth again. Jensen felt high, floating in the post-orgasmic haze as he clung to Jared's arms and let him kiss as long and hard as he wanted. "Fuck, so beautiful, mine, my Jensen," Jared's hands framed Jensen's face and tilted him up to deepen the kiss, thumbs stroking lovingly across the freckles of Jensen's cheekbones.

Jensen moaned and let his hands slide down Jared's back, digging into the small of his back and trying to get closer. He wanted to say something, something important, but words failed him as Jared kept sucking

and licking at his mouth as he'd done his cock.

Jensen struggled to get his breath back and Jared buried his face in Jensen's throat. The thick line of his cock pressed up against Jensen's hips. Jensen shot him a bright, shaky smile and took his hand.

Jared grinned and followed Jensen through the club, the press of bodies pounding in on each side of them.

Jensen lead him to the bathroom, and Jared's eyes widened to the size of saucers when they passed a bucket full of condoms and Jensen snatched up a handful. "Uh, Jen?" he shouted over the music.

Jensen shot him a playful look. "You wanna play with fire? You've had your fun, Jay. My turn."

Jared's grin was almost painful. Jensen took a hold of his shirt and pushed him into one of the unused bathroom stalls.. Jensen took a hold of his shirt and pushed him into one of the unused bathroom stalls. Jared didn't lose any time, and twisted Jensen around so he could crowd him against the wall with his body, Jensen's hands frantically dropping the condoms to the floor as he raised his hands, fisting in Jared's shirt and pulling it out of his pants. "So goddamn hot, baby, Jesus," Jared murmured, skating his mouth across Jensen's bruised lips down to his chin and to the hollow of his throat, starting to unbutton Jensen's shirt as he went.

"Want you," Jensen groaned breathlessly, pulling and tugging at Jared's belt, giving a cry of frustration when the buckle wouldn't budge. "What the fuck's wrong with it?" he moaned, feeling the heat radiating from Jared's body and wanting desperately to feel the skin on skin contact.

"My dick's in the way," Jared whispered across his skin, moving up to nibble at the tendon of Jensen's neck. "s'too hard, so big-" Jensen moaned and tried again, groaning and molding his palm over the hard line of his shaft and grinding, making Jared shudder. "Fuck, wait. Jen, wait -" he swatted his hands away and fidgeted with his buckle until he could pull it down and toss it to the side. Then he smiled, eyes dark and cheeks flushed, and nudged at Jensen's forehead before kissing him. "Go on now."

Jensen pressed his hands flat against Jared's chest and walked him back until his knees collided with the toilet. Jared reached behind him and slammed the lid closed, following Jensen's train of thought and dropping down onto the closed lid. Jensen's jeans hung off one leg. He snatched up a condom and ripped the packet with his teeth. "Want you inside me," he hissed, rolling the pre-lubed condom over Jared's throbbing cock. "Want your beautiful dick inside me."

Jared groaned as Jensen's fingers surrounded him, his knuckles white as he braced himself against the narrow stall walls.

Throwing a leg over Jared's lap, Jensen fastened the fingers of one hand in Jared's hair, and lined himself up with the other. Jared grasped at his hip and steadied him, surging up to kiss the creamy skin dancing invitingly between the open folds of the black shirt, feeling Jensen shiver at the contact. "I love you," Jared murmured, both hands going to cover the expanse of Jensen's back, holding him steady.

Jensen trembled above him, locking eyes with Jared as he tightened for an instant the grip in his hair. "I love you, too," he mumbled, leaning down to press his lips above Jared's as he lowered himself down on his thick, stiff dick. Jensen broke out in a moan that reverberated into Jared's mouth, across his teeth, tickling his lips ad chin and spreading to the rest of his body. Squeezing his eyes shut, Jared wrapped one hand around Jensen's waist and forced himself to stay still, giving Jensen his time. He hadn't prepared him for penetration and even if Jensen was a professional, Jared knew he was still too big to be taken dry, no matter the numbers of times they'd been together, and he hoped the condom would be enough.

Jensen's forehead fell across Jared's shoulder and groaned, soft, little breathy moans caressing the damp skin of Jared's neck as he fought to relax and let Jared sink all the way in.

"God, Jen," Jared whispered, his hands bracketed on Jensen's hips. Jensen's chest rose and fell sharply, his thighs trembling as he struggled to regain his equilibrium.

Slowly, he started to nod, "Okay. Jay... please."

"Jensen..."

"Fuck me, come on." Jensen braced his heels against the dirty floor and rose an inch before dropping down, his ass bouncing off Jared's thighs.

Jared wrapped his arms around Jensen's waist and thrust his hips forward delicately. The sounds of the club echoed around them, and Jared couldn't help but think of the last time they had fucked in a bathroom. It had been different back then, a scene, not reality, but it sent a surge of excitement running down his spine. He loved Jensen. Adored him even, but there was something so taboo about having sex with hundreds of people in earshot. It was dirty, exciting, and unplanned.

His fingers followed the curve of Jensen's spine, down between the cheeks of his ass. He felt his cock spread Jensen wide open, his ass hot and swollen. He moaned, burying the sound against Jensen's chest, his fingertip feeling the tight ring of muscle squeeze him and keep him there. "Fuck, god, yeah, yeah, c'mon," He sucked at Jensen's chest, up until he could find one of his nipples and suck it until the nub hardened between his lips and teeth.

Jensen moaned and threw his head back, pushing himself up and down again, finding a shallow rhythm that enabled them both to keep kissing every few seconds, even though it was mostly an exchange of damp breath and tiny little licks. Jared's other hand slid up under Jensen's shirt, fingers flexing over the curves of his shoulder blades as he guided him down on his lap, balls slapping against the back of his ass and of his hand, every thrust threatening to make his fingers slip in past the swollen muscles and fuck Jensen alongside his dick.

"More," Jensen begged, twisting his hands into Jared's hair and pulling, teeth raking down Jared's jaw line and down his neck. "More, please, fuck, Jared, please."

Jared wrapped his arms around Jensen's waist and encouraged Jensen to wrap his ankles behind his back. Stealing a tiny kiss, Jared lunged to his feet, muscle shifting and rolling as he hefted Jensen's weight into his arms. Jensen whimpered as Jared's cock slid in deeper, gravity impaling him further. He back Jensen up against the side of the stall, his hips snapping brutally. Jensen clung on desperately, his ankles slipping from behind Jared's back.

"Come on, Jen. Scream for me baby. Tell them all what we are doing. Tell them how you're spread around my hard dick."

Jensen threw his head back and sobbed. "Fuck me," he hissed, his voice raising with each thrust of Jared's cock. "Feels so good. God, your cock..."

Jared kissed him, stealing the words away. "They can't understand you, love. Say it in Italian."

Jensen groaned and thumped his head back against the stall, his thighs quivering around Jared's waist. "I -"

Jared licked at his throat and dived in again, ripping another scream from Jensen's lips. "C'mon, baby," Jared purred, fingers holding on bruise-tight around his hips.

"Cristo-" Jensen moaned and clutched desperately at his back. "*Scopami, ti prego - Jay - lo voglio tutto, ti prego* -"

"Jesus fuck - so fucking sexy," Jared groaned and tightened his hands around Jensen's waist, pounding in again and again, every thrust stroking his prostrate restlessly. "C'mon baby, c'mon, again -"

"Jared," Jensen all but yelled, and Jared's mouth sought out his scream, swallowing it whole as he hoisted him up higher and filled him up even deeper.

Jensen's hard dick rubbed up against Jared's belly, and as they rode out together. Jared let one of his legs fall back to the ground as he reached for Jensen's dick, jerking him off in time with his thrusts.

"Come on, Jen," Jared hissed, snapping his hips up. Jensen came with a scream, and the spasm of his body around Jared's cock brought him crashing over the edge.

Jensen was shaking violently when Jared set him back on the ground, his knees knocking in time with his breathing.

Jared eased himself out of Jensen's ass, kissing Jensen's throat when the action brought forth a hiss of pain. He tossed the condom aside to fall with the others littering the floor, and helped Jensen climb back into his jeans before dressing himself.

Walking back out into the club, knowing that they both looked properly fucked, Jared couldn't stop grinning.

Jensen glowed, his hair messy and his shirt rumpled. He had Jared's name stamped all over him, and the lustful, envious looks he attracted only made Jared's want to mess him up a little more. He sneaked one possessive arm around his waist and pulled until Jensen was tucked against his side, the tips of his fingers disappearing under Jensen's shirt in a message that was only too clear. Jensen nuzzled at the side of Jared's shoulder and raised a little on his feet to be able to stamp a kiss over Jared's neck.

Jared turned a fraction to be able to mimic the gesture and took Jensen back towards the bar to have a drink. It was still too early to call it a night, and Jared was torn with the desire to dance with Jensen some more, or call the car Raul had assigned them to get them back to their luxury bedroom and make love again until the sun rise above the most antique city in the world.

Jensen's eyes were sparkling bright, even in the dim light of the dance club, and when he got his chaipiroska he held the strawberry between his teeth with a playful grin, inviting Jared to come and share. Jared didn't think he'd even see the day where Jensen would be relaxed and mellow enough to instigate an innocent innuendo like that if it wasn't down in a script, and the realization hit him so hard it almost brought tears to his eyes. Jared bit down in the fruit, a dribble of juice escaping down their chins as he closed his lips over Jensen's, the rich, full taste of strawberry and sex passing back and forth between their tongues. When Jensen pulled apart, lips tinted red and breathless, face shining, Jared decided it was time to go.

Scene Two

I: You were away when the nominations for the AMAs were published, right?

JA: Yeah, they came out a few days after we left L.A. My agent phoned us.

JP: Then her boyfriend got us wasted. It was a joint effort.

I: Did it come as a surprise?

JP: I don't think I ever really thought about it. Jensen's won a truck load of awards, but I never really paid it much thought to be honest.

JA: That's because he is too modest. I knew.

JP: You're psychic now?

JA: No, but the committee owe me money.

JP: (laughs)

Waking up with Jensen in his arms was the best feeling in the world. The sunlight stirred Jared gently from his sleep, and the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was Jensen, his face lax and innocent.

Jared reached out and brushed his thumb over the curve of one high cheekbone. It never failed to astound him that Jensen couldn't see the power of his own beauty when he looked in the mirror. Jensen knew he was attractive, and that people found him appealing, but he didn't really understand why. He could only see eyes that were too wide, lips that didn't belong on a man, and freckles he detested. Jared could see

the full picture, and it was one of the most enchanting sights he had laid eyes on.

He'd never admit it, worried that it might come across as weird or creepy, but he loved watching Jensen sleep. Even when his sleep wasn't peaceful, like right now. Jared watched on, maybe for hours, smoothing over the crease of his eyebrows as an unwanted flicker crossed his face, caressing his cheeks and neck and whispering about everything and nothing in his ear to calm him down if he was running from a nightmare. Being able to do that, to watch over Jensen's sleep, guard it, make sure he was okay, was one of the few things that made him feel like there was really something that was in his power to do. Like he could really make a difference for him.

Nothing beat being able to wake up to find Jensen resting, untroubled and sweet, head pillowed against his chest like that very moment. Jared sighed happily and traced the length of Jensen's arm with his fingertips before moving up to caress his hair. He turned to check the antique clock on his bedside table - it read sometime before eleven, and Jared almost did a double take. He knew they were worn out with jet lag, but they'd never managed to sleep in for so long. He didn't even count the previous night activities as something worth being worn out for. The thought was almost ridiculous.

He shuffled a little more in the incredibly soft pillows and mattress, hiking the sheet higher up over Jensen's shoulder when he shivered slightly at the breeze breathing in from outside.

The Jensen's cell phone buzzed and broke the spell of peace. Jensen bolted upright and flailed. Jared caught him in his arms and eased him back down into the bedding, glaring at the cell as it vibrated on the bedside table.

Jensen whimpered and tried to hide under the covers, one arm curled around Jared's middle.

The cell didn't stop ringing, and with a curse, Jared snatched it up.

"Yes?"

"Well, aren't you a ray of sunshine?" Jared blinked. It was Francesca.

"Isn't it the middle of the night?" he asked, yawning painfully.

"Yes, but I was informed you boys had a busy night and deserved a long rest."

Jared blushed, then cursed himself. "Right. Thanks."

"S'at Francy?" Jensen mumbled, peering blearily out from under the covers.

Jared nodded and handed over the phone.

"I'm telling Raul all about that phone call if you don't lemme sleep," Jensen sulked, then tossed the phone back to Jared and snuggled back into the pillows. Jared had already noticed that waking up with a cell phone ringing was about a hundred times worse for Jensen than any kind of alarm clock, a thing that he'd have found a funny quirk upon happier times. Now he wondered.

Shaking his head, he vowed to put his phone always on silent from now on and took the conversation back mid-curse, "All I hear lately that I can understand is *cazzo*, *figa*, *merda*, *vaffanculo* and even if it turns in really handy when we've gotta work and deal with assholes, it's putting me in trouble here when I have to be the gentleman."

"You don't say," Francesca said dryly. "I just wanted to let you boys know something."

"And that would be?"

"This year's AMAs nomination are out. You're down for quite a number this year and I wanted to congratulate you both."

"I'm - what?" Jared asked, slightly dumbfounded. "The what?"

"AMAs, Jared. Not American Movie Awards, ADULT Movie Awards," she pointed out, sounding rather amused.

"I? - I mean, what?"

He heard Francy sigh in resignation. "You're still in wonderland."

"Huh?"

"Put Jensen back on," she said dryly. "I need to talk to the one of you with business sense."

Jared considered pouting, but he really didn't have a clue what she was on about, so he poked Jensen back awake.

"Wha?" Jensen mumbled, his head still half buried in the pillow. Francesca must have relayed the same message, because Jensen blinked, but still looked bored. "Yeah, that's cool," he mumbled, then blinked and bolted upright. "He did?" Jared frowned. "Yeah? Man that is awesome!" He switched to Italian and Jared lost what little of the plot he'd been able to follow, but as soon as Jensen hung up, he found himself with an armful of grinning, happy boyfriend.

"You got nominated for Best Newcomer AND Best Performer!" he gushed, his cheeks pink and his eyes sparkling. "I'm so proud of you!"

Jared honestly had no idea what was going on, but the words that tumbled from Jensen's mouth made him glow inside. "Really?"

"Yes!" Jensen pressed his lips over Jared's in a rush of contentment, throwing his legs each side of Jared's hips. The sheet that covered Jensen's lower body shifted, and Jared could feel the heat of Jensen's skin pressed up against his own. "For our pirate shoot - Captive's Desire?"

"For Hawaii?" Jared grinned, thinking that he must be finally onto something. "Wait a minute, one of our shoots' been nominated?"

"*You* have been nominated!" Jensen repeated excitedly, kissing him again and squeezing him against his chest until Jared found breathing an issue. "For best Newcomer, and best Performer."

Jared couldn't help but grin a little stupidly, happier by far with the excitement shining in Jensen's eyes than the news per se. It still felt kind of surreal, like it was happening to someone else. "And - but - what about you? What- I mean -" his face fell for an instant. He didn't want to step over Jensen, he was the more famous one, and Jared would never, ever want to steal his spotlight-

"Usual," Jensen said, sounding bored again. "Best oral, best anal - but we got a Best gay film, and..." he skated his eyes away and when he looked up at Jared they were shining with something Jared had yet see. "And - Best Couple Sex Scene."

He had no idea why Jensen was so excited by the last of the nominations, but Jared wasn't about to question it. When he thought about it, the awards made sense. He'd found a box full of dusty awards when they had come to move. Jensen had thrown them all into the skip.

He caught Jensen's hands in his before rolling him back down into the bedding, pinning Jensen's body beneath his. "I liked that shoot," he whispered coyly. "You were so fucking beautiful."

Jensen blushed, his eyelashes low, slivers of green looking up at him sweetly. "Did you like me like that? Tied up and begging for you?"

Jared chuckled. "Baby, I like you every way." But yes, in all truthfulness he *had* enjoyed seeing Jensen spread out for him. "Did *you* like it?"

Jensen blushed and tugged lightly on his wrists. Jared shot him a gentle smirk and pressed them firmly

into the bedding. Jensen's breath hitched, and Jared could feel an answering spark into his belly. Jared leaned down and teasingly placed a kiss at the tip of his nose. "Did you like it?" he asked again, voice low and soft.

Jensen tugged again, more a token to check the firmness of Jared's hands curled around his wrists than a real attempt to get free, and he flushed some more. "Yeah, I liked it," he murmured, roses of color rising in his cheeks.

Jared grinned, and let his thumbs run across the smooth mound of Jensen's hands, his lips barely an inch from Jensen's. "Did you liked being held down? Pushed wide open? Knowing I could take you anyway I wanted?"

Jensen shuddered, a droplet of sweat running down the side of his face as he arched a little to be able to meet Jared's lips with his own.

"Jared," he tried to arch against Jared's body.

Pressing his lips to Jensen's throat, Jared chuckled quietly. "Answer the question, love."

Jensen's eyes fluttered closed. "Yes... yes."

"And would you beg me now to take you gently, or to hold you down and fuck you like I did that day?" Jared transferred both of Jensen's wrists to the one hand, pressing him down into the soft feather filled pillows.

"I..." Jensen twisted his wrists lightly, his full lips brought between sharp white teeth. "I want you to make me yours..."

"You already are," Jared said gruffly, shoving bedding aside to wrap his hand around Jensen's thigh. "You're mine. Mine to love. Mine to protect. Mine."

"Yours," Jensen whispered, melting into the sheets in pleasure.

"Mine."

Jensen spread his legs for Jared's exploration when the door opened and bounced on its hinges. Jensen yelped and Jared yanked up the cover so fast they both tumbled to the other side of the four poster, Jared nearly avoiding collision with the floor.

"Tati's called!" Raul said robustly, a huge smile on his face. "Congratulations for sex!"

Jensen couldn't help it. He snorted, his aborted laughter turning into full on giggles at the cross between surprise, embarrassment and disgruntled annoyance Jared was sporting at Raul's break in.

"We were so headed that way," he was muttering mutinously as he hoisted them both a little further away from the edge of the mattress.

"We need to celebrate!" Raul exclaimed, clapping his hands happily. "Party, yes?"

"Not right now, surely?" asked Jared, turning on puppy dog eyes on full blast towards Jensen. Jensen blinked at him and laughed again, throwing his head back and clutching at Jared's neck at the same time.

"You're such a baby," he murmured in his ear. Jared pouted.

"Now!" Raul said gleefully, tugging on the bottom of the bed sheets like an anxious child on Christmas eve.

"Come on." Jensen laughed, shoving Jared gently towards the edge of the bed and making shooing motions with his hands to Raul.

Grumbling all the way, Jared threw back the sheets and willed down his hard on. Fucking conspiracy, that's

what it was.

Raul knew how to through a 'party'. Breakfast was extravagant, and seemingly endless. Jensen drank fresh juice and nibbled slices of peach and pineapple, with tiny bauble shaped biscuits and wedges of fresh bread. Jared ate his own body weight in sugar sprinkled dough rolls and apple tartlets. They both washed down the lot with small cups of piping hot coffee.

Burping behind his hand, Jared patted his belly in satisfaction. "That," he grinned, "is what I call breakfast."

"And lunch. And dinner. For five," Jensen pointed out dryly. Jared blew him a cheeky kiss, and Raul laughed.

"Plans for today?"

"The Colosseo!" Jensen said excitedly, his eyes lightening up instantly. Jared chuckled, finishing his coffee. It was good to see Jensen so excited, and after the royal breakfast Raul had served them, Jared was even prepared to forgive him for the early morning intrusion. He'd carefully stocked Jensen's reactions away, to be perused at a more convenient time - maybe later that night. Being in Italy was doing them both heaps of good. The glow on Jensen's skin was something no makeup could ever recreate, and Jared vowed he'd keep it there for as long as he could.

"Il Colosseo è troppo da turisti," Raul said, scrunching up his nose. *"Ma se ci tieni tanto..."*

Jared looked enquiringly at him, then back at Jensen who had let out a small, triumphant whoop. "I'm going to get the camera," he announced, brimming with excitement. He dropped a kiss on the top of Jared's head and ran off towards the marble staircase. Raul shrugged his shoulders artlessly. "Easily happy." He grinned ruefully.

Jared laughed and nodded. Jensen was easily pleased. A pinch of affection and a modicum of care, and he was utterly content.

Jensen bounded down the stairs with his camera and floored Jared with a brilliant smile. "We good?" He asked, bouncing from foot to foot in excitement.

Jared looped his arm around Jensen's hips and nodded. "Lead on, McDuff," he teased.

Jensen rolled his eyes. They walked arm in arm down the busy streets, and Jensen glowed with the freedom of it all. In Jared's mind there was no greater luxury in the world than being able to hold Jensen's hand when they were out, to pull him close and share the same affectionate kisses young lovers gave one another.

He let his fingers creep up Jensen's back to stroke gently over the nape of his neck, and Jensen smiled, leaning in to the touch as the followed Raul. It was easier for Jensen to translate as they went alone, for try as he might, Raul kept slipping back into his native tongue, often without realising it.

"I like Italy," Jared said as if Raul spoke to the security guard next to the mile-long or so queue to get in the Colosseo and waved them on with a grin a minute after.

"You like Raul, too," Jensen chuckled, squeezing his hand before bouncing through the held-open gate into the narrow, stone-rough corridors. "Can you believe it was all adorned with gold before? And silks, and every other precious material?" He asked in wonder, nose buried in the little guide book Jared had bought him at the airport.

Jared smiled and ran his fingers absently up and down the stretch of skin at the base of Jensen's neck. "How come it fell into ruin?"

"Thievery, poverty..." Jensen trailed off, looking suddenly unsure. "But - it's still - it is still beautiful, isn't

it?"

"Magnificent," Jared promised him, pressing a kiss to his forehead. Jensen seemed to quieten and they walked behind Raul to get into the wider corridor that would lead them down into the arena.

It was breathtaking. The raw power of the ancient site was no less diminished for its crumbling structure. Jared was intimidated just by standing there, and trying to understand how it would have felt standing in the ancient site at the height of its glory. The foundations were still beautiful, despite being stripped of its finery. Under all the glamour that had once covered it, remained a heart that was undiminished.

The wonder Jared felt was reflected in Jensen's eyes. Raul was animatedly recounting titbits of history. Jensen translated some of what was being said, and left the rest to Jared's imagination.

He brought Jensen's hand to his lips, the soft skin warm in his hands. Jensen leaned against him with a small, peaceful grin, and it was everything Jared could wish for.

Raul waved them over to another part of the site, and pointed excitedly at Jared's camera in Jensen's hands. Jensen groaned and tried to stuff it back in his pocket, but Jared was quick to cotton on and snatched it from his fingers, tickling him in an attempt to distract him and get him to laugh - both wonderful causes, in his opinion.

"Stand close!" Raul called in his heavy accented English, and Jared bodily lifted Jensen from the ground in a spin around, making Jensen shriek and laugh and curse at him as Raul snapped picture after picture.

"You are such an asshole!" Jensen cried when he was back on the ground. Jared laughed and nudged at his forehead, stealing a quick kiss at the tip of his nose that had Jensen's grumbles melt away. There was a jarring laugh coming some steps above them and someone taking in a loud, carrying whisper, but Jared didn't get half a word. Jensen, however, went rather rigid in his arms, fingers flexing over Jared's shirt.

"What's wrong?" He asked, still smiling, though it quickly slipped when he saw the laughter leave Jensen's eyes. "Baby?"

Jensen shook his head and put inches between himself and Jared, though his fingers clutched at his elbows as if he was having to fight not to reach for Jared as soon as they were separated. "S'nothing," he whispered quietly.

Raul, seeing Jensen's face, hurried quickly over. He muttered something to Jensen in Italian, and when Jensen softly whispered his reply, went a livid shade of red.

Jared threw caution out of the window. He pulled Jensen back against him, relieved when the action didn't trigger a fight. He looked at Raul, who was spluttering angrily. "What?" he demanded.

"He," Raul thrust a hand towards a deeply tanned man standing above them, "How'd you say... filthy faggots?"

Jared felt the blood rush to his face. He clutched Jensen close, and summoned every filthy curse word he had ever heard Francesca use. "Hey! *Vaffanculo! Pezzo di merda!*"

Raul blinked at him. As did everyone in earshot. Jensen groaned and buried his face on Jared's shoulder, but Raul cracked up in glee. "Good one! Bravo!"

Jensen fidgeted on his spot, as if he couldn't decide if he wanted to cling to him or to run. "You are -"

"Amazing," Jared said very seriously, kissing the top of his head and glaring at the long-haired bloke who had been looking weirdly shocked into silence by Jared's grasp of the Italian language. "Got somethin' to say, *insetto schifoso?*"

"Oh god!" Jensen yanked Jared closer. "That's it, you're never talking to Francesca again."

Raul was howling with laughter, and he, too, threw in his two cents, before patting Jared genially on his

back. He must remember to ask Raul to jot down whatever it was that he'd said later. "You tell me if anyone's saying anything mean," Jared spoke softly in Jensen's ear. "We're not letting anyone ruin our vacation."

Glaring daggers at anyone who spared them more than a quick glance, Jared's thumb stroked soothing patterns into Jensen's arm. He was very proud of his little catalogue of insults, and knew that eventually he'd find a use for all the curses Francesca had fired at him. He knew Jensen took enough verbal abuse in English. There was no way Jared would let anyone get away with it in Italian. That was Jensen's own little special place. It was his safe zone. When he spoke the language, he knew that only those he trusted could understand him. Jared would curse the air blue before anyone sullied that.

Besides, there was only one application for the word 'fag' and that was a rather quirky English phrase for cigarettes. Any other context was punishable by castration should it be uttered in his hearing.

He kissed Jensen's forehead and tried to distract him by pointing out fissures in the stone that looked like Elvis. Jensen choked on a laugh and Jared had to pat himself on the back as he slid his arm around Jensen's waist and pulled him to his side. Jensen went, warm and pliant as he always was, and hesitantly draped his own arm around Jared's hips. Score. Raul winked at him and Jared beamed, kissing his cheek as they moved in the antique court.

The Colosseo was fucking huge. It took them almost a full morning to see it all, and by the time they were done, Jared's stomach was rumbling again, something that made Jensen grin and call him insatiable. Jared wagged his eyebrows at him as they walked out hand in hand, Raul waving them on towards their car, and he tried to explain that he was a growing boy, and that needed plenty of food to keep up his performances. Jensen laughed and poked at him as they were getting in the car, which Jared deemed a good sign. He had kept a little quieter after the small verbal scuffle, and Jared detested that.

"Hey," he said, running his hand through Jensen's hair and making him look up. "You good?"

"Good," Jensen nodded and leaned into Jared's touch. "Good."

Jared quirked one eyebrow at him. "Are you lying to me?"

Jensen looked at him as if he were assessing the truth in his own mind, before shaking his head and smiling softly. "I'm okay."

Jared kissed him, slow and gentle before holding the car door open for Jensen to climb in. Raul took shotgun and left Jared to fold himself in besides Jensen.

Watching from the corner of his eye, Jared couldn't help but sigh in disappointment. It seemed that as soon as they found something to just be happy about, someone or something just had to try and spoil it. Well tough shit. They'd beaten off the worst of the worst and come through stronger. Some tiny minded, ignorant prick wasn't going to put a dampener on their perfect vacation.

He reached over and squeezed Jensen's hand. "So, you think Francy will be proud of me?"

Jensen groaned and shook his head fondly. "I can't take you anywhere."

"Baby, you can *take* me where ever you like," Jared grinned. Jensen flushed pink, no doubt recalling the first, and only time, he had ever been on top during sex. It had been ten kinds of amazing, and Jared wasn't averse to going for a second round, though he knew convincing Jensen wouldn't be easy. He leaned in, pressing his lips to the side of Jensen's neck and letting his fingers run delicately over Jensen's hip before it settled over his thigh. Jensen shot him a dirty look that clearly meant 'not here', but Jared happily ignored it and dipped his long fingers lower, teasing Jensen's inner thigh.

"Ja-ay," Jensen mumbled, voice breaking. "Stop. Now."

Jared grinned. "Or what?"

Jensen glared daggers, but he didn't move to jerk Jared's hand away from his leg. Taking it as subtle

encouraging, Jared puckered his lips around the stretch of skin behind Jensen's ear and suckled, teeth grazing the skin when he pulled back, the tip of his nose brushing against the sweet, reddening spot he'd created.

"Jared," Jensen grabbed his wrist, holding him steady. "Not - here -"

"You don't seem to mind," Jared murmured, inching his other hand up to brush over Jensen's rapidly tenting jeans.

"We can't..." Jensen protested, his hips moving as he sought out Jared's hands. "We -"

"Here!" Raul said cheerily as the car braked. Jensen shot Jared a dirty glare and pouted as he tried to rearrange his jeans.

"Sorry, love," Jared chuckled softly. "I'll make it up to you later."

Jensen continued to glare.

Raul had taken them to a local place named Agata and Romeo, and the cellar level ristorante looked like some cosy little secret spot for lovers. The ceiling was low. So low that Jared feared he might walk out with bruises, and there was a quiet melody playing in the air. They were shown to a table set for two, and when Jared raised a questioning eyebrow, Raul was smiling merrily.

"I really like him." Jared grinned, fighting back a smile when one of the waiters pulled Jensen's chair out for him, and Jensen's glare became potent enough to drop a rhino at fifty paces.

"Why does everyone think I am the girl?" he huffed. Jared reached under the table and brushed his fingers over Jensen's lap.

"I don't know a single part of you that might be mistaken for a girl." Jared chuckled. Which wasn't quite the truth, but Jensen didn't need to know that. Jensen bit his lip and swatted his hand away, glaring holes at him, too. Jared merely blinked innocently and picked up the menu, looking quite aghast at the unintelligible list of food and wines. He pretended to ponder it for a full two seconds before handing it to Jensen. "I don't get a word of it."

"Tough shit," was Jensen's moody answer. Jared had to duck behind the Wine list to avoid laughing in Jensen's face. Poor baby.

"Whatever he's having," Jared told the waiter once Jensen had rattled off his order. Raul winked at them and patted Jensen's head fondly, standing up and making to leave. Jared didn't get one single word Jensen and Raul spoke after, but when Jensen blushed crimson and buried his face in his arms, making Raul laugh and wink at Jared, he started to contemplate the merits of a language course that would include more than your regular cussing.

"What - what was all that about?" Jared asked once Raul waved at them and departed.

"He thinks I am being mean to you," Jensen mumbled.

Jared nodded. "Totally," he grinned, ignoring Jensen's death glare.

"He also thinks that we're hot when we're making out." Jensen added.

Jared blinked. "He does?"

"Yeah."

"He was watching?"

"How could he not?" Jensen frowned. "Not as if we were in private." He sat back as their drinks were delivered, and Jared frowned at the tall glass of frothy white liquid he'd been brought. He took a cautious

sip and moaned happily. It tasted like coconuts and pineapple.

Jensen fiddled with the rim of his glass, not meeting Jared's eyes.

Jared reached over and took his hand. "Am I making you uncomfortable?" he asked quietly. They had gone through a similar thing at the start of their relationship. Jared had assumed that they were past that, but worried that perhaps that assumption had been misplaced.

Jensen's eyes were round and surprised. His head shot around and he fixed Jared with a look of alarm. "No!" he exclaimed, before casting his eyes down. "I just... it's silly."

Jared squeezed his hand with a smile. "Well, tell me anyway."

Jensen fidgeted in his seat, not looking at him. Jared slid his chair a bit closer on Jensen's side, putting his spare hand on top of his other one, holding Jensen's hand tight. "Baby. C'mon. You know you can tell me, right? If it's something I did -"

Jensen was quick to shake his head. "No. I mean - no, not really."

Jared frowned. "Is it about what that asshole said -" Jensen shook his head again. Jared was starting to feel a bit at sea. He rubbed his thumb over the back of Jensen's hand, trying to coax an answer out of him. "I'm at loss, Jen. Help me understand, please?"

Jensen sighed and looked away. "I never - no one's ever stepped up for me."

Jared squeezed his hand extra tight. "No one has the right to treat you as anything less. Not because of your job, or who you choose to be in a relationship with. Not for anything."

Jensen smiled shyly, still looking at the table. "It's one thing to say that... people have said it before. But they don't mean it like that."

"How do they mean it?" Jared asked softly, rubbing his thumb over the curve of Jensen's hand.

Jensen sighed, at a loss to explain it, even to himself.

"Jensen. How do they mean it?" Jared pushed gently.

"They're just words. People don't mean what they say. But you do. You say something... and you mean it."

Jared squeezed his hand twice in rapid succession, smiling at him. "Of course I do. Why wouldn't I?"

Jensen shrugged, not looking at him. "Maybe to get something - they... I don't know."

Get? Get what? Jared wanted to ask, but the waiter behind them cleared his throat discreetly and served on the table a wonderful assortment of appetizers that Jared wasn't able to pronounce, and for a moment their conversation was postponed. Once the waiter had left, Jared picked up a curiously slice of bread adorned with what looked like cheese, honey and bits of fruit, and pressed it gently to Jensen's lips. "You first."

Jensen huffed a little, but accepted the feeding quite gracefully, all things considered. "I love to spoil you," Jared confessed, wiping a drop of honey off the corner of Jensen's mouth. "I think it might be my favourite pastime. Well, second favourite."

Jensen grinned, questioningly. "And what's the first?"

"Making you laugh."

Blushing faintly under the soft words and loving gestures, Jensen slowly lost the brittle edge he had been wearing. Jared smiled to himself in satisfaction. He was an old hat by now at navigating Jensen's moods. Though he hated that they still lurked beneath an ever calmer surface, he knew how to smooth them over.

Sometimes he felt that Jensen just needed that extra reassurance.

He'd never grow tired of giving it.

They made their way through the appetizers slowly, until Jensen's lips were sticky with honey, and he was laughing softly, leaning in to Jared's touch.

"I don't care if it is a delicacy, it looks mouldy."

"We are in Italy, the primary country of good food in normal-sized portions, and to hell with all that nouvelle cuisine crap." Jared selected another slice of thinly toasted bread covered in tiny tomatoes cubes and green aromas. "C'mon."

"I just add cheese and honey."

"Well, they put it all together, means it's supposed to be eaten like that, yeah?" Jared pressed on, and Jensen gave in with only the smallest of eyerolls.

"Your logic never ceases to amaze me," he grumbled, but bit down on the bruschetta all the same.

"What did you get us for main course?" Jared asked, remembering just now that he had had Jensen full rain on their menu orders. Jensen gave him a mischievous grin that had Jared worried instantly. "What?"

"There's no main course here."

"WHAT?"

"There's the first. The second. The cheese. And dessert. And fruit."

Jared's mouth watered. "I couldn't love you more than I do right now."

Jensen smiled back at him, honest and open, and Jared could read everything that was in his eyes, clear as day. Hope. Blinding, desperate hope. When Jared reached out to brush his fingers across Jensen's cheek, Jensen returned the gesture.

He froze when the thin green band Jared had tied around his wrist, back on their very first date, fluttered to the table like a petal on the wind.

They both stared at in surprise.

Then Jensen was out of his seat and on to Jared's lap, to hell with them being in a public place. Jared didn't understand until honey-stick lips pressed up over his own, the understated of basil and rich, spiced cheese heavy on Jensen's tongue. "Whoa-" Jared wanted to get in something, because he knew that it was probably a very poignant moment and he was supposed to answer in type, but all he could do was cup the back of Jensen's head and pull him closer, not even hearing the discreet clearing of throat of the waiter a few feet away.

Jensen's hands went up into his hair and he held on like a drowning man, kissing Jared as if he was breathing him in, the hold on his neck not quite desperate, but possessive, owning. "Baby," Jared gasped as he pulled back to draw in a breath, flitting his fingers over Jensen's flushed cheeks. "Baby, hold on. What is it?"

"The -" Jensen sucked in a lungful of air. He was panting as if he'd run the New York Marathon. "The bracelet."

Jared frowned. "Yeah, it broke - it was supposed to -"

"I know!" Jensen flushed, ducking his head a little, thumbs running over Jared's neck. "Means the wish came true, right?"

"Yeah," Jared grinned, thinking he might be finally getting it. "So what did you wish for?" he asked teasingly, kissing Jensen's jaw before gently pushing him back down to his seat.

Jensen looked scandalized. "I can't tell you that! It would jinx it!" He exclaimed, reaching for the broken bracelet and wrapping it around Jared's wrist. It was too tight so, frowning in concentration, Jensen wrapped the thin cord around Jared's thumb and trimmed the end with his breadknife. "Your turn," he smiled.

Jared caught their tangled fingers and brought them to his lips. "There is nothing left for me to wish for, baby. I got everything I need right here."

Jensen's heart was in his eyes, but he grinned wryly. "What about that new Audi you were looking at?"

"Man, if this thing gets me a new car we should go into business with them," Jared laughed.

"Might do," Jensen whispered, looking at Jared with adoring eyes. "It got me you."

Jared's head swooped right up in his throat and he brought Jensen's hand to his lips, kissing it lightly. "We should really make a stock of them, just to make sure I get to keep you."

Jensen chuckled and caressed Jared's face with the back of his hand. "Fat chance of getting rid of me." Jensen closed his eyes briefly, then opened them again to find himself at sea in Jared's beautiful hazels. "I love you," he murmured, leaning closer to kiss the corner of Jared's lips.

Jared turned his head slightly so their mouths brushed together and tightened his hold on Jensen's fingers. "I love you, too," he murmured back, his chest too tight for his heart.

"*Signori*, your first course."

Jared sighed and gently nudged Jensen back in his seat, glad that the table was a round one, so any inching closer on his part could be deemed totally accidental. The first course was a sort of pasta Jared had never tasted before. It was rich, dressed with a pale reddish sauce and heaps of cheese melting on top, tiny little leaves of basil adorning the edge of the plate. "Wow."

Jensen sat back smugly and watched Jared tuck in with a fond smile. Even when he was grumpy, he knew Jared well enough to cater for his monster stomach. For all he teased Jared for it, he simply *had* to eat. Jared's metabolism was as fast as a jaguar run on speed. If he didn't eat large meals he lost weight so fast Jensen panicked. He'd dropped eight pounds in the week he'd had the flu, and Jensen had stuffed him full of chocolate brownies for weeks following.

They made their way through to a hearty meat stew. Jensen wasn't as lucky with what he could and couldn't eat, but it was his vacation and he'd honestly reached the point of not giving a flying fuck. He helped Jared pick off a vast selection of chocolate dipped fruits, the bottle of wine they shared between them bringing a healthy glow to his cheeks.

He let Jared feed him a wedge of pineapple that dripped melted dark chocolate and sucked his fingers into his mouth when they lingered on his lips. There wasn't anyone else in that section of the restaurant, a few couples scattered well far away from them, and Jensen thought about thanking Raul again for the lengths he'd gone to guarantee their privacy. When they tipped the waiter he almost bowed himself in two in his haste to walk them to the door, all smiles and hearty waves, and Jared chuckled.

"I like Italy. I think we could try and invest in a holiday place here."

Jensen grinned up at him. "You're not serious?"

"Ain't I? The most beautiful scenarios in the world, one of the most antique countries in Europe, and food? I'm sold!"

"You are so easy," Jensen giggled, throwing one arm around his neck and pressing a sticky kiss to his earlobe. Jared chuckled and stepped back into the waiting car, giving instructions to bring them to the

river.

The afternoon went by in a blur of blissful happiness and easy laughter. They took a long walk on the riverbank, hand in hand, and Jared had taken too many pictures to count. Jensen dreaded to see them. He wasn't a fan of himself in photos, something Jared tried constantly to work him out of. When they gave their driver instructions to go back to the Solari's place, Jensen's freckles were standing out brown on his cheeks, nose, chin, neck, even the curly tips of his ears, and he was mellow and pliant in Jared's arms, tiredness and overexcitement making him sleepy and clingy.

Raul was waiting for them in the main sitting room, his laptop propped up on the arm of one of the plush couched. Jensen flopped down in the cocoon like cushions, and was asleep by the time the hostess was taking a coffee request.

With Jensen curled up like a content housecat on the couch, Jared and Raul were left with only stick figures and Babelfish to ease them through a debate on the intellectual merits of porn, and a discussion of the AMAs.

Jared knew very little about the awards, and borrowed Raul's laptop to do a little research. He got the wrong key a dozen or more times, but eventually brought up the home page, and learned that there were categories for every scene imaginable, and that Jensen had scored a truck load of 'gongs' in the last few years. Mostly for individual scenes, though he had won Best Actor In a BDSM shoot for a movie he had made nearly five years ago. It was one of his earlier gigs, and Jared was reluctant to dig any further. He had sworn he would not think of whomever shot with Jensen in the past, or what it had cost him, especially now that they were on their vacation. No. Anything on past AMAs was out of Jared's pursuit.

"So he never..." He pointed at the 'Best couple sex scene', where his and Jensen's name stood proud next to the title of their movie. Raul shook his head with a wide grin.

"First!" he said, pointing to Jared's chest. "For a lot of things."

Jared thought Raul knew much more about Jensen than he was letting on, and Jared hated the language barrier that prevented from picking Raul's brain, or memory, or whatever. "He really loves you."

Jared did a double take and almost spilled his espresso on Raul's laptop. "WHAT?!"

The Italian man blinked innocently and continued on in his own tongue so smoothly that Jared almost imagined he had heard the eloquently spoken words.

Maybe he had.

Jensen chose that moment to murmur quietly in his sleep. He'd not slept alone for so long that he had automatically tried to seek out Jared's warmth, and didn't seem too impressed to find only a plush pillow in his place.

Raul grinned at him and waved his arm towards Jensen. Jared shook his head at their beaming host and stroked Jensen's jaw until his eyes fluttered open. "Hmm, I fell asleep?"

"Course not." Jared smiled down at him.

"Smart ass." Jensen yawned, stretching out on the couch like a pampered cat.

"What's that about my ass?" Jared teased, his palm sliding under Jensen's shirt to rest on the warm, soft skin of his belly. Jensen mustered up a warm giggle and closed his eyes again, rolling on his other side and burying his face in Jared's stomach. "Bath. Wanna take a bath. With you."

Jared blinked. He was used to Jensen not really thinking through what he said when he was halfway between sleeping and waking, but they didn't usually have an audience, if you didn't count the pups. Raul though was still pouring over his laptop, but there was no mistaking the little knowing smirk that pulled at the corners of his lips.

"We'll go upstairs in a moment then," he said, stroking Jensen's abs slowly with the palm of his hand. Jensen downright *purred*, back arching up as he kicked his legs out, wrapping himself closer to Jared. "Nice. Nice body. Strong." Jared didn't know if he should laugh or cry.

"Right, are you sure the wine's not gotten to your head just now, huh?"

Jensen smiled sleepily. "Not wine. Just you."

Jared's fingers brushed across the band around his thumb, and his heart was full as he reached down and placed the gentlest of kisses to Jensen's lips.

Jared's fingers were numb. They'd taken a shopping trip, and Jensen was buying gifts like it was going out of fashion. A very expensive leather purse for Francesca -apparently she collected the line- and when Jared had mentioned that his mom might like something from the store, Jensen had gone a little crazy.

"Tell her they are from you." he said, flustered, as the thrilled shop girl wrapped two leather handbags in paper, no doubt calculating her commission.

Jared stuck out his tongue and shook his head in wry amusement as the total wrung up on the till and Jensen handed over his card without even looking at it. "Jen-"

Jensen blushed and signed on the line. "I've never really had anyone I can spoil, Jay," he whispered. "Let me?"

Jared's expression softened. He supposed Jensen was indulging in something he couldn't do with his own mother. "Okay. But I'll tell her they are from my boyfriend. Just as I told her who I was flying to Italy with."

Jensen's blush deepened. "What- wait, you told your mom?"

Jared gave him a look that clearly said 'well, duh'. "She is determined to meet you. So is the rest of the family, and you're in no way allowed to be in a room with Megan unsupervised. She might end up humping you."

One of the girls wrapping up their purchase giggled. Obviously she knew and understand English, or maybe she just thought they were cute. Jared was more leaning towards the latter, because Jensen's adorably pink face was just *screaming* at him to lift him up and smoosh him right in full view of everyone. He contented himself with pecking his cheek lightly and looping an arm around his waist. "They want to see the new house, as well."

"They do?" Jensen asked, voice sounding sort of dazed.

"Of course." Jared smiled, dropping a kiss to Jensen's forehead. "I think Megan has already googled you, actually."

Jensen looked horrified, but Jared smiled, "Relax, baby. She likes to think she has blackmail material on me with our mom."

"She knows what you do?" Jensen sounded a little dumbfounded. Jared lifted their purchases and steered Jensen towards the exit.

"She's never outright said so. She just, you know, *hints*." He grinned, recalling some of the more colorful conversations he had had with his baby sister. "It's kinda funny, actually."

"Uh huh." Jensen followed him, spaced for a moment, before he spotted a shirt in one of the store windows and dragged Jared inside.

Jared obediently played clothes horse, secretly amused to find that Jensen's choices were almost mirrors of his own. It was a little scary to know that there was someone who knew him well enough to choose

clothes for him. Chris had tried, but the man was an anti-fashion statement in and of himself, so all his presents were still very well preserved in his closet back home.

"Okay, we have to find you something for the AMAs."

Jared had been busy contemplating Jensen's ass until a moment earlier, so he just hmmm'ed his general approval without actually thinking through the question and the answer. Which explained how they ended up in Roberto Cavalli's beautiful corner expo, white marble and gold to your heart's content and then some, but not a pin or anything anyone could wear on exhibit anywhere.

"Jen, can't we just - I mean, can't we hurry along? We gotta take the plane later tonight, landing in Venice, remember? Venice? The boat thingies?"

"You need your tux, I don't want you to go to the awards like those tacky tasteless assholes."

"I-huh?" Jared wasn't sure he even wanted to know. Jensen began to converse rapidly with nodding attendant, and Jared was left standing dumbfounded as beautiful garments were brought out one at a time. Jensen shook his head and dismissed them before Jared could take in details beyond 'black, no price tag'.

He twitched as his measurements were taken and noted down, Jensen plotting things with his Italian torturer that went completely over Jared's head.

"Jen?"

Jensen pointed towards one suit design and nodded.

"Baby?"

He shook his head at something suggested by the assistant.

"Jensen!"

He blinked. "Huh?"

"I love you very much and everything, but would you mind telling me what the hell's going on?"

Jensen smiled sweetly at him. "We're going to get you a proper suit for your first awards."

Jared chuckled and stepped down the small podium-like step. "You don't seem to think there's a possibility I'm not gonna get it, do you?"

"Nope. And it's the ceremony that matters. Also, Francy will be wearing a Versace specifically tailored for her by Donatella. We have to make her proud."

"Why don't I see them taking your measurements, then?" Jared asked, rather apprehensive at the sight of another attendant armed with tape and scissors.

"Because I'm not tall as fucking Everest."

Jared pouted. "Not my fault."

The tux Jensen had him try was beyond exquisite. Jared was afraid to take a breath in it, thinking he'd end up damaging it.

"Breath, Jay," Jensen ordered, eyeing the pant length critically. "Can you swing your arms?"

Jared obediently tried.

"Reach up?"

Again, he followed orders, the fabric so soft against his skin it was almost a whisper of silk.

Slowly, and with an expression of satisfaction, Jensen began to nod, before fixing Jared with a small smile. "Are you comfortable in it?"

Jared was. Honestly. He'd never worn anything like it before in his life. He nodded and carefully changed out of the suit.

Jensen arranged for it to be wrapped, and Jared tried not to pass out when he saw the number of noughts that rang through the till. "Jen," he whispered in his ear. "I can take care of this -"

"I want to," Jensen said, his big, green eyes wide and shining. "Please?"

How could anyone resist such a look. Jared sighed and contented himself with pressing a loving kiss to the side of Jensen's head, and picked up the satin-white bag that contained his newly acquired Cavalli tux. "We have to find you something, too. You don't want to look underdressed next to me, do you?" he joked, tugging Jensen along Corso Vittoria. Jensen simply laughed and shook his head.

"No one will be staring at me when you're around," Jensen said, looking up at him with something that Jared had yet to put a tag on. "Plus, I'm old news." There it was again, the flinch of boredom, like it mattered nothing, the barely disguised annoyance. Jared frowned and halted, pulling him back with his hold on Jensen's hand.

"What's this whatthefuckery?"

Jensen blinked at him, then giggled. "What did we say about making up words again?"

"Seriously, what's this shit I hear? You and me are going to be together, and everyone will be left breathless and wishing they were me." Jared tugged on Jensen's arm until they were standing face to face. "Wanting to be seen with the most beautiful, the most talented and downright awesome person in the goddamn world."

Jensen smiled softly and shook his head. "You're somewhat biased, Jay."

"The fuck I am!" Jared exclaimed. "What are you even thinking, saying something like that. Old news my ass."

Jensen rolled his eyes. "I *am* old news, Jay." He explained patiently. "I've been there and done that and been around the block so many times they could time the buses by me. People know me, and they know what they get from me. But you... you're new. You're a breath of fresh air. You're wonderful."

He looked so utterly adoring that Jared could only shook his head. Jensen was so quick to see the talent in others, but rarely recognised it in himself. He laid a soft, sad kiss to Jensen's forehead. "That's not true."

"It is." Jensen snorted. "I know everyone at those ceremonies by name, face, or dick. They're not surprised by anything I do or say, they know what to expect from me. You're new and exciting."

"And I am with you," Jared whispered, his arm looped around Jensen as they wandered down the street. Jensen leaned into him, and they fell into a silence full of unspoken thoughts.

Jared was at a loss with how to bridge the gap, when he spotted something in the window of a store they passed and lit up like a room full of candles.

"C'mere," he said, tugging on Jensen's hand and drawing him inside the store.

"What -? Why? Didn't you say that Megan's sixteen? Isn't she a bit old-"

"I'm not looking for something to give to Meg," Jared said simply, pulling him along. Then he thought better of it. "Hold on. Stay here. Don't touch anything," he warned, wagging his eyebrows towards a display of

tiny little soldier toys and earning himself a huff and a slap to his ass.

Jared didn't know jack shit of Italian, but he was wonderful a sign language. He pointed at what he'd seen in the window, having the nice young girl with the red Staff shirt get it for him. He rushed to the register before Jensen could see what his purchase was, and when he got back to him his heart almost broke clean in two. Jensen was two steps to where he'd left him, looking in wonder at an exposition of stuffed animals.

"I got you something," he said quietly, hoping his voice sounded calm and cool. Jensen made an appreciative noise but didn't turn his eyes from the fluffy lions and tigers.

Jared gently placed his hand over Jensen's eyes, carefully pulling his attention away from the display.

Jensen shivered softly, leaning back into Jared's touch. Jared wrapped his arm around Jensen's waist, pressing something warm and fluffy into Jensen's hands. He pressed a tender kiss to Jensen's jaw and removed his hand.

The teddy was a soft, pale tan color, with big, soulful eyes and paws spread wide.

Jared held his breath, half afraid that the teddy would not be a welcome gift, and remind Jensen only of the teddy that had been stolen.

Jensen's breath caught. "Jay..."

"It's - I thought, you know - I mean, I promised I would get you another one," he said, stroking Jensen's wrist. "It's not really a replacement, but..."

"It's -" Jensen cleared his throat, burying his face in the fluffy, plush head of the teddy. "It's beautiful," he mumbled, voice muffled. Jared let go of a small sigh of relief. He kissed Jensen's cheek, not saying anything, just holding him close. He knew there was the risk his gift would bring up unpleasant memories, but he was secure enough in where they stood to brave them, and fight them off again.

"Thank you," Jensen managed to croak after a few minutes. "It- it's- "

"It's just a teddy, baby," Jared whispered, caressing his arms. And that maybe wasn't entirely true. It wasn't *just* a teddy. Nothing with Jensen would ever be *just* something. Jared knew it fully well, and wouldn't have had it any other way.

It never took much to make Jensen happy. A gentle touch, a kind smile, a teddy bear. There was something innocently childlike in the way he took an honest delight in the simplest of things.

Jensen held the bear close as they made their way back onto the street. "She needs a name," he mused.

"She?" Jared's arm had returned to its rightful place around Jensen's back, holding both him and the bear within his grasp. "It's a she?"

"Yes," Jensen said firmly. "Look at this face. How can this face be male?"

Jared laughed. "You got me there. Buttercup?"

Jensen shot him a look of mild disgust. "You are never naming our kids."

Kids? Jared almost tripped over himself on the sidewalk, head spinning. There were a million things he wanted to say, but he couldn't decide how to go about it. He settled with a simple, "Why not?" trying to process the enormity of Jensen's confession at the same time.

Jensen gave him the Eyebrow Raise of Doom. "Buttercup?"

"What would you name her, then?" he countered, tickling Jensen's side to get him to squeal and try to sneak out of his embrace in defence.

"Rebecca," Jensen said decidedly, squeezing the bear tight. "Becky, because in the states no one will be able to pronounce it right, much less you."

Jared hid a loving grin and trudged onwards to where the car was waiting.

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Act 22:

✓ live behind the perfect mask

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Venice brings Jensen face to face with a demon from his past, and forces Jared to take steps that risks everything they have worked for.

Warnings: Past non-con and abuse, implied violence, lashings of sap, schmoop, and a misuse of certain foodstuffs.

Scene One

I: Most people found it strange that you didn't fly back immediately once the nominations were announced.

JA: Yeah, we heard of that.

JP: Most people have weren't in Italy. And I'd promised him we'd go to Venice, I wouldn't have backed out of a promise just for a show.

JA: (blushes)

I: It seems that being abroad brought you luck. If I remember correctly, the contract for your porn series fell right into that timeframe.

JP: We're looking to buy a place there. You know, to keep tradition.

JA: Venice is just the most amazing city.

"I can't believe we missed the plane." Jensen said flatly, shooting Jared a rather unimpressed frown.

"Well, I wasn't the one who wanted to say goodbye to each and every member of Raul's household." Jared teased good-naturedly.

"No, you just lost your passport," Jensen reminded him, his own passport safe in his pocket, as it always was.

Jared cringed. "Okay. Fair point." He spared Jensen a glance out of the corner of his eye and bit his lip. "You mad at me?"

Jensen sighed and rubbed one hand over his face. "No, no, I just... I really wanted to go to Venice," he said in a small voice. Jared felt like the world's biggest asshole. He put one hesitant hand on Jensen's shoulder and squeezed. "We can still make it."

"How? That was the last flight. We have to wait another day at least..."

"We can go by some other means." Jared smiled and turned Jensen to face him. "Let me make it up to you." He kissed the top of his head and left Jensen standing there in the VIP waiting area, strolling off towards the main entrance of Departures. There was a desk with a clearly labeled HERTZ logo on top, and Jared knew what had to be done. Thankfully, the girl at the desk spoke perfect English, so getting the beautiful black, shiny Opel wasn't half as stressful as he'd imagined it would be. He jogged back to Jensen with a winning grin and a pair of car keys twirling around his fingers.

"Let's go!"

Jensen blinked. "You want to drive?" He asked staring at the keys dangling from Jared's fingers as if they might grow wings and fly them to Venice.

"Yep! Think of it this way... we can see more of the scenery." Jared shot him a winning smile, one he knew Jensen couldn't resist. His momma swore it was only that smile that kept them from trying to exchange him for a real puppy when he pulled one of his pranks.

Jensen never stood a chance.

"Okay," he whispered quietly, his fingers curled around Jared's wrist. Jared tilted Jensen's forehead up with his thumb and pressed a gentle kiss to the corner of his lips.

"And," he grinned gleefully, "I picked up a CD to listen to on the way." He flashed the 'Best Pop Hits of the 90s' CD and watched the horror dawn in Jensen's eyes.

"We'll wait for the next plane," he said quickly.

"Too late." Jared bounced from one foot to the other. "You already said yes."

"I didn't know that you'd actually chosen *music*!"

Jared threw his head back and laughed, or better, evilly cackled at Jensen's dismay. "Let's go!" He picked up their suitcases and marched off towards the parking lot. "We have a few hours ahead of us." He turned and flashed Jensen a brilliant smile. "C'mon!"

Jensen couldn't do anything but follow, fishing his pockets and sighing in relief when he found his iPod stacked in the back pocket of his jeans. Maybe he could still be safe.

The car was beautiful. There was such a difference between American and European car manufacture, and this one was really, really gorgeous. The AC was set on medium, a pleasant breeze blowing on Jensen's face as he dozed in shotgun, airplane's pillow tucked under his cheek. Jared had kept the volume of the stereo to a low, pleasant background thrumming, and Jensen hated to admit that he was enjoying the ride.

The beautiful, rugged landscape rolled around them, untouched and ancient, as they followed the SatNav through the more secluded back roads. They had no timetable to keep, and with Jensen fluent in the language, Jared wasn't afraid of them getting impossibly lost. He wanted to be away from lots of people and busy roads, just for a while. Even with Jensen sleeping, the peace the drive brought him was worth the money they had lost on the flights.

There was nothing but him, Jensen, and the open road. They were so far away from all their troubles they might as well not exist.

Besides him Jensen sighed softly and Jared took his eyes of the road long enough to reach out and stroke his cheek.

"Hmm." The breath left Jensen's lips in a sigh, and he fixed Jared with a sleepy smile. "Hey, love."

"You feel better for that?" Raul had seen them drink copious amounts of wine, and Jared had enjoyed the benefits of a giggly, horny Jensen once again.

Jensen uncurled himself and sat more comfortably in the seat. "You want me to drive for a bit?"

Jared shook his head. "It's fine, baby." He brought one of Jensen's hands up and kissed his fingertips before setting his eyes back on the road. "I like this car."

"Is there anything that you didn't like about Italy?"

Jared thought about it for a few instants, then shook his head with a wide grin. "Nope. You know, I was talking with Raul the other day -"

"You were what?" Jensen sat up straight, looking utterly bemused. "You managed?"

Jared looked offended. "I'm still ace at sign language, you know. Anyway," he went on, "I think we should buy something here. Not in Rome, it was great, but too chaotic. Maybe something nice near the sea. Would you like that?"

Jensen frowned. "You want to leave LA?" he asked hesitantly. Jared reached over and took Jensen's hand in his.

"No. No," Jared said quickly. "Just someplace we can visit when we want to get away."

Jensen still looked uneasy. "You'd want that?"

"A place to escape to with you? Hell, yes!" Jared laughed. "Our own little haven where no one could find us."

His smile wobbled a little at the edges, but Jensen echoed it. "I'd like that," he whispered, and Jared felt himself light up.

The road vanished beneath them, and Jared twiddled with the volume on the radio. He'd not yet put in the CD, something for which Jensen was immensely relieved.

"Rocket, yeah, say alayay." Jared bopped his head along with the record, hands drumming on the steering wheel.

Jensen laughed, his head thrown back and the wind in his hair. "Those aren't the words."

"Are too."

"Are not."

Jared poked his tongue out at him and kept drumming his fingers to the rhythm until the station changed, putting on something in Italian that sounded sort of bad, so he kept twiddling the knobs, giving it up as a bad job when he managed to stumble upon some station that seemed to transmit transcripts of the Bible. He picked up his purchase and slid it in the cd player, making Jensen groan. "Oh, none of it! I let you have the radio for the first two hundred miles. Or kilometers. Whatever."

'Viva Forever' filled the car, and Jared started to sing along with the Spice, making Jensen cringe and cover his ears. "Like the suuuun... live foreeeever... for the mooooooment... everlaaaasting... over aaaall..."

"Oh my god, I'm going to hitchhike again," Jensen moaned dramatically.

Jared pouted and poked at him in the ribs, making him squirm and try to climb out of the window to escape the tickles. "No making fun of my singing ability. "

"In-ability, more like."

"Just for that, you can sing the next song with me."

It was Backstreet Boys. Jensen groaned and buried his face in the dashboard. "Oh god, kill me now."

"I can see that you've been crying.... you can't hide with a lieeee," Jared sang. "What's the use in you denyiiiiing, that what you had is wrooong."

"My ears are bleeding," Jensen deadpanned.

"You are a whimp."

"I can't hear you." Jensen shook his head. "Your music has deafened me."

Jared cackled in glee.

Italy was only a small country, but it seemed to stretch out forever. The hills around them were green and gold, fields full of wild flowers on either side. They pulled up alongside a deserted road to stretch their legs.

Jared thought it prudent that other things were stretched as well.

Jensen was laughing the way he had all vacation, clutching at Jared's shoulders as he was scooped up and spun around. Jared laid him down amongst the flowers and stretched out alongside him.

"What now," Jensen laughed, running his fingers in Jared's hair. Jared grinned and kissed his cheek.

"We're not on schedule, are we?" he said, impishly, his fingers teasing the back of Jensen's scalp.

"We were supposed to be in Venice three hours ago."

Jared waved his hand. "Details. We're not on schedule anymore, are we?"

Jensen grinned, shook his head and curled on his side. "No, we aren't."

Jared smiled and pulled on Jensen until he was sprawled on top of him, sun kissed hair hanging low on his forehead. He was looking more relaxed, and beautiful, than Jared ever remembered him being. He leaned up to kiss him lightly, thumbs rolling in a circle over Jensen's waist, slow enough not to tickle, low enough for it to be intimate. "I could spend hours kissing you," he admitted, doing it again, letting his lips dance from Jensen's mouth to his cheeks and up to his eyes.

"I love you," Jensen whispered, his thumb smoothing over Jared's jawline. He'd not shaved since staring the vacation, the smooth lines of his face broken up by stubble. It made him look older. It made his face look dangerous enough to match such a powerful body. Large, strong hands curled around his back, holding him safe. Jensen blushed as he remembered those hands doing other things to him. There was such power in Jared's hands, in his whole body, that Jensen was left breathless, stunned that it was always so carefully controlled. Jared handled him so gently, so reverently. "You are amazing."

Jared cupped his cheek with his palm. "My Jensen." He lay back and let Jensen have his way.

Pressing tiny kisses to Jared's skin, Jensen slowly explored every inch of the body laid below him. Jared was beautiful. He was the type of man that would have inspired the great artists of old, his body perfect, hard, and molded. He sucked lightly on Jared's throat and remembered the way he had felt when he had given Jensen what no one hand.

A large part of him had failed to understand just what it was about fucking him people enjoyed so much. He knew they got some physical pleasure from the act, but the emotional connection of being allowed someplace so personal had been long denied him. It had been like Jensen was only good to be used *for* sex, never to have sex *with*. It had been the first, most abrupt change Jared had brought about, both on set and in their personal relationship. It had turned Jensen inside out, and Jared didn't even know just how much.

He'd made Jensen want to live again. Not just holding on, keeping himself afloat as he'd struggled so hard to do. He'd made him want to take a risk, and it had paid off in so many ways Jensen couldn't even begin to count them. He'd never stop being thankful.

"Open your eyes," Jared whispered, his fingertips dancing on Jensen's cheeks. He hadn't even realized that

he'd kept them closed for so long, only his lips and hands guiding him to map out Jared's well known features. He complied, feeling himself being pulled into the infinite depths of gold and azure that were Jared's sea-like eyes, the smile he saw shining in them directed to him, and to him alone. It made Jensen's heart sing.

"I love your eyes," Jared murmured, caressing his neck.

"You're such a sap," Jensen whispered, but for once, he didn't look away shyly at the compliment. Jared cheered a little inside.

Reaching out, Jared plucked a dandelion stem, full with fluffy white seeds, and traced the lines of Jensen's face with the feather soft edges. "You know my momma used to tell me this story. She said that if you could blow all the seeds off a dandelion, they would become a beautiful princess." He pulled a funny face. "I wasn't so keen on the last bit, but I can kinda see the appeal."

Jensen flushed beneath him, before taking a breath and blowing the tiny seeds across the field. Most brushed across Jared's face before floating away with the wind. "What do you know... my prince."

Jared spat out a mouthful of seeds and kissed Jensen's throat. "Does that mean I gotta climb a tower and kill a dragon? Because I left my sword at Francy's place."

Jensen ducked his head. "No dragon, no," he murmured softly, kissing Jared's cheek, his arms looped loosely around Jared's neck. "But I wouldn't say no if you were to climb a tower."

"There's nothing that can stop me!" Jared proclaimed vehemently. And as he leaned up to bring their mouths together, Jensen really believed him.

Jared drove the rest of the night with not a hiccup through the whole highway to Bologna. Jensen had fallen asleep after they stopped at a small restaurant in Tuscany and Jared got his first real Fiorentina and talked at length about wanting to invest in a steakhouse near Lucca. Once they were in Bologna, Jared took a detour through the city only to have Jensen take in the monuments and the palaces of old, Jensen looking so delighted at the simplest things that Jared just had to stop and get them a Gelato in a fancy place in front of the town's theater, then proceed to try and steal all his almonds.

It took them another good three hours to get to their destination, but when they did, Jared didn't wake Jensen up immediately. The sight in front of him was utterly breathtaking, and Jared didn't know if the lump in his throat was thanks to that or what brought him there. Maybe both.

It was dark, and the city twisted like an ancient labyrinth, slivers of silver water sparkling in lines that called out to draw them deep into the heart of the medieval metropolis. Jensen stirred besides him, and Jared saw the dawning wonder reflected in his eyes.

They took a water taxi to their hotel. Francesca had hooked them up with the master suite in a beautiful, quiet little spot. It was built right on the water, standing tall and mysterious, with three quirky local stores built at ground level.

Jensen yawned tiredly as he handled the booking arrangements, blushing furiously when he realized Francesca had booked them both under Jared's name, and the bright eyed concierge addressed him as signore Padalecki.

"Miss Solari called to make sure your stay is the most pleasant you could have imagined," the man said in a smooth accent. "Very old clients, lovely people." Jared had no doubt about that. He stifled a grin as he watched Jensen grow redder and redder. Jensen thanked him quietly, barely able to meet the man's knowing gaze as he made it clear that if they required anything, then they had but to ask. Jared gave the man a nod and a smile, hooking his arm around Jensen's waist and pulling him along with the bellboy towards their room.

Jared practically had to wrestle their bags from a well meaning, over enthusiastic bellboy, and tipped him

generously, if only to get rid of him. Their room was on the top floor, and over looked the city on both sides. The suite consisted of a master bedroom, dressing room, bathroom, sitting room and hall. There was a small balcony from the bedroom that overlooked the back of the hotel.

Jared found Jensen standing there, the windows open with the thin curtains blowing in the breeze. A starlit sky shone against him, and in Jared's eyes, he had never seen anything more beautiful.

"Here." He greeted, stepping out onto the balcony with a nightcap. Jensen accepted it with a smile, and sunk into the light embrace Jared surrounded him with. Jared's hands entwined with Jensen's above his belly, fingers curling gently and settling warm over the soft cotton of his shirt. "This city is magic," Jensen whispered, voice quiet and filled with awe.

Jared kissed the curve of his ear, then buried his face in Jensen's neck. "I love it," he whispered, caressing his side. It was mesmerizing. The houses, the streets, the bridges, it all looked ancient, beautiful, like they were reverently stepping in a page of history. Jensen felt mellow in his arms, and after a ten hours drive and some, Jared thought it was time to go to sleep.

"I'll carry you to the bed, to keep tradition," he warned, spinning Jensen around with a smile.

Jensen clutched the glass in his hand and grinned, curling his other arm around Jared's neck. "Well then, what you're waiting for?"

Beaming, Jared scooped him up and maneuvered them both back into the room, Jared hitting the bed knee-first and sending Jensen toppling on top of him in a fit of giggles. Jared's hands framed his face, pushing his hair back to find the tiny freckles winking at him. "I liked the sound of it," he murmured after a beat.

Jensen frowned, incomprehendingly. "Sound of what?"

"*Signore* Padalecki," he chuckled, running his hands down Jensen's neck and resting them on the small of his back.

Jensen sighed and rested his head against Jared's chest. "Yeah," he whispered. "Nice."

Jared slept that night with Jensen in his arms, and dreams of a time and a place where the wish came true, and the prince could show his true love off to the world.

The city was wondrous. Eccentric, organized chaos, Jensen whispered with a smile, as they stepped out onto the street and narrowly avoided getting bowled over by three American tourists.

Jared glared at their retreating backs, and wrapped his arm firmly around Jensen's hips.

With his lips still stained from the raspberry preserve that had been served with their breakfast, Jensen shot Jared a fond smile. "I won't vanish into thin air if you aren't touching me," he promised. Jared pouted, but obligingly took Jensen's hand instead, and the two of them were better able to navigate the narrow alleyways. The streets were bustling with tourists and locals alike, and Jared wondered what it would have been like during the festival.

He was glad they had picked a quieter time - if such a thing existed. Jensen slid from his grasp to ask directions from a local, and Jared ducked into a busy store that sold all sorts of quirky goods. There were hundreds of beautiful, intricate masks lining the walls, and delicately designed costumes stood proud from wooden mannequins. Jared stuck his head out of the store and called Jensen over.

"Hey, we have to take something back for Elle. She'd go wild over these costumes!" Jared grinned. Jensen nodded and thanked the man he was speaking to before jogging over to the store.

Jensen walked in with him and froze.

There were black coal eyes staring down at him from a thousand or so blank-faced masks. Feathers, cloaks, gloves, beaks and twisted smiles crowding in from all sides. His heart hammered wildly in his ribcage, and he tried to take a few steps backwards, desperate to catch Jared's attention and retreat from the shop at the same time, but it was like something was squeezing his throat, taking all his breath away.

He stumbled over his feet, bumping into a solid obstruction behind him - he whipped around and choked out a scream as he found himself in the clutches of a black-robed, masked man with a long, pointed beak and a leering carved smirk, his dead hands falling limply over Jensen's arms.

"Jen?"

Jensen had stumbled backwards again and hit his hip against a fine display of more full-face masks, their big, empty eyes glaring holes into him. "Jen?"

A thin, strangled whimper escaped his throat as a hand fell on his elbow, trying to steady him. He spun around, and saw a tanned, lined face look down on him. Stranger. He recoiled, flinching in fear as the unknown, well meaning patrons of the shop crowded in on him.

"Jensen!" The loud shout of his own name made Jensen's legs weak. A part of him recognized Jared's voice, but instinct only heard the volume, the sharpness, and he raised his arms. The faces started to laugh at him, their eyes cold and merciless. There were hands all over him. Pinching. Prodding. Holding him down. Malicious eyes. Violent hands. Void, blank faces that hid Jensen from his own reality.

He couldn't breathe.

There was a hand around his throat. Squeezing.

He couldn't scream.

God, he wanted to scream.

Then Jared was there, his arms around Jensen's shoulders. Jensen latched onto him with such reverent desperation Jared cursed, and Jensen's knocking knees gave way all together. "I got you, I got you, baby, shhh, it's fine, it's me, it's okay, it's me."

"Make it stop," Jensen begged with a brittle voice. "Please, make it stop."

Jared held him tighter, and Jensen's fingers dug hard in Jared's biceps. "I gotcha, shh. It's okay, it's all good, I gotcha." Jared's lips pressed over the top of Jensen's head, and he latched his hands around the small of his back. "Hold on to me, okay. Let's go. Nice and slow now."

Jensen nodded, clutching at Jared's arms, eyes squeezed tightly shut against the leering attacking from all sides. Jared's arms were strong, gentle, guiding him out and into a spot of bright sunshine, his hands rubbing over his back in soothing strokes. "It'll pass. Just give it a moment. I'm here with you, I gotcha."

Jensen let go of a weak, shortened breath, and clung at him even tighter. Jared's lips found his forehead and dropped a gentle kiss there, then another, sweet nonsense filtering through the blind wall of panic until Jensen could distinguish the Italian cackle going on around him, the noisy tourists filling the *Calle*, like someone had turned up the volume.

He didn't dare look up at Jared. His face burned hotly with a mixture of shame and humiliation, and a good deal of cold sweat that had drenched his shirt through. He was still shaking violently, and Jared's solid arms were carefully wrapped around him. He saw masks in the window of the shop, and flinched.

"Easy," Jared soothed, his palm dropped over Jensen's eyes, shielding him from the outside world. "You need to breathe for me, baby." Jensen hadn't even noticed he was hyperventilating, but the pain in his throat and chest flared up again violently. He couldn't breathe. "Easy, easy, come on, Jensen."

He tried to match his breathing with Jared. Francy did the same with him in the past, her heartbeat steady against him. Jared's heartbeat was far from steady. He might have sounded calm, but the rapid

thump of his heart attested the opposite. "Take me home," Jensen begged, recoiling as worried bystanders fired questions at the both.

Jared tensed and Jensen quickly corrected himself. "The hotel. Please. Please."

He felt Jared nod, and couldn't even work up the energy to be horrified at the way he was scooped up like some hundred pound female and whisked back to the small hotel. Jared kept whispering in his ear all the way to the water taxi, then held him in his lap, trying to work his palms on his back to get an even breathing rhythm back into Jensen's lungs. He carried him into the hotel, then up the three flights of stairs and into their double suite. Jensen couldn't even work up the energy to feel bad that he was screwing up Jared's back.

He felt himself being gently lowered down on the bed, and he snatched a handful of Jared's shirt, his breath getting worked up again. "I'm right here, baby," Jared whispered, stroking his hair. "'I'm not going anywhere."

Jensen nodded frantically and pulled Jared upon him as if he wanted him to be his shelter. Jared pushed himself up on the bed, using his knees and elbows as leverage, and pulled Jensen over to his side, effectively shielding him from the rest of the world with his body.

"It's okay, it's fine. We're home. It's all good, baby. All good."

Jensen shivered and clung to Jared's warmth. He could see those masked faces looming down on him when he closed his eyes. "Jay," he whimpered, clutching Jared tightly.

There were fingers in his hair, stroking softly, and Jared's breath was warm in his ear. "Baby... what happened?" There was a note of fear there that made Jensen feel black inside.

Jensen shook his head rapidly. He didn't want to talk about it. That didn't have a place here, in their fairytale room, on their perfect vacation. His heart clenched as he realized he'd already spoiled it.

"Jensen." Jared tilted his chin up with a gentle nudge, and Jensen found some stability in the depths of Jared's eyes. "Talk to me."

Jensen shook his head again, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Was it the masks?" Jared was smart. Jensen had freaked out the last time he had come into contact with masks. He'd put two and two together.

Jensen hesitated. "Please don't make me talk about it," he begged.

Jared shook his head. "I'd never force you to do anything, baby. But you have to let me in. I can't help you from out here."

Jensen hiccupped and looked down. "Our vacation..." he said dazedly. "Tarnishes - ruins-"

Jared caught hold of his face with both palms. "Baby, listen to me." Jared pulled him up a little, his thumbs sweeping his tears away. "You cannot ruin anything. Because I'll be always here with you, and our vacation is just perfect the way it is. You don't have to worry about that, okay? I'm here to catch you."

Jensen shook his head lightly, more tears making their solitary way down his cheeks. "I don't - I can't-"

"Baby, Venice is full of masks. They're going to be everywhere. I just want to know if you want us to stay here until our flight - it's okay either way. But I want to help. Please. I just want to be able to help you." He kissed his lips, soft and chaste, and Jensen shuddered with a half choked sob.

"I can't-" Jensen grit his teeth together and clung at the front of Jared's shirt. "Please..."

Jared sighed softly and contented himself with stroking Jensen's hair. For a long while, Jensen hovered in the warmth of the embrace, surrounded by Jared's strength.

But for once that strength didn't make him feel strong in return.

It made him feel weak. Pitiful, pathetic, weak.

How could Jared be so strong in the face of all Jensen put him through?

How could *he* willingly make things all the more difficult?

All he did was take. He took Jared's love and support and comfort and never offered a single explanation for why he was the way he was.

Shuddering, he tried to melt against Jared's chest, and began to whisper in a low, hoarse voice.

"I'd been on the streets a couple of weeks by the time I met Simon." Jensen admitted. Jared stilled, then continued his soothing motions. "It was awful." He was making a vast understatement, but he didn't think he needed to go into detail on this one point. Jared could fill in the blanks himself. "I swore I'd do anything to stay off them. Simon was nice to me. He took me in, gave me something to eat, cleaned me up." Jensen couldn't help the bitterness that surfaced when he thought of how terribly naive and stupid he had been.

He wanted to look at Jared, but he found it was much easier to go on if he didn't. He felt his throat seize up and he instinctively drew closer, trying to soak himself with the warmth that Jared provided. "He- he said he had some kind of job I could do to pay the rent. 'Cause he wasn't reporting me to the cops but - I couldn't expect to live off charity." He closed his eyes, struggling to try and keep up a steady voice, but he knew he was fighting a lost battle.

Jared kissed the top of his head, kicking out his legs so that Jensen could easily fit between them, and he wrapped them around him as if he was a cocoon. Jared didn't ask anything, and Jensen swallowed, his throat dry. "He - he told me what he did, that I could - could do it - there and... be safe, or do it on the streets and be dead in a week or two." Jared stiffened and Jensen panicked, bloodshot eyes shooting up to look at him through the tears, desperation winning over shame. "Don't be mad, please - please -"

"I'm not mad," Jared hastened to reassure him, soothing his back with soft, circular caresses. "I'm not mad, I promise."

He clung on tightly to the arms around his waist, and Jared's thumbs stroked his wrists. Mollified, Jensen carried on, the wound pierced and weeping toxic pus. "He said it would make me enough money to get my own place, and I figured hey, what the hell. No big deal, right?"

Jared made a pained noise behind him and Jensen cringed. "He didn't... I mean, it was only that on time. That Simon fucked me, I mean." Jensen stammered. "He said it would be huge, that we'd make a fortune because I'd not done anything before, and I'd never... you know..."

"It was your first time," Jared whispered, his voice tight.

Jensen nodded. "He filmed it. Wore a mask so no one would know who he was. I thought I could handle it."

He'd been so stupid. He'd not stood a chance.

"I cried the whole way through. Apparently that was a major selling point."

Jared's teeth gritted hard enough for Jensen to hear them creak and he flinched, sniffing audibly and waiting for when Jared would stand up and leave. He didn't know he'd started shaking until he felt his own teeth chattering violently with the force of his shivers. Jared's arms sneaked tight around his waist and he pulled him on top of him, laying Jensen's head on his chest and propping his knees up so he could curl them around Jensen's legs. He didn't say a word, just held him close and Jensen let the tears fall, the pain making him bleed and leaving him raw, jarred. It took him a few seconds to realize Jared was whispering in his ear, and the words might have had no meaning for all Jensen could make out of them, but they felt sweet, and warm, and *there*.

Jensen muffled a sob in the wet patch he was leaving over Jared's shirt. He was there. Jared was there.

"You are my love," Jared murmured right then, his hands a never-stopping flow of caresses on Jensen's back. "Cry all you want, baby, I'm right here with you. I love you just the way you are. "

Jensen clutched at his shoulders. "He never fucked me after that. He'd make films. Let others... but he never touched me again after that."

Jared's fingers carded through his hair. "Why?" Jared whispered brokenly.

"Why would he want to fuck a filthy whore?"

Jared pressed him back against the bed with such a speed and urgency Jensen gasped. "You are *no* whore. Understand me?" he hissed fiercely.

Jensen's eyes were round and fearful, but he nodded. Jared was afraid that Jensen only agreed because Jared demanded it. Jared closed his eyes, took a long breath and opened them again, trying to bring forth all the overwhelming love that he had for the crying, terrified boy that was laid next to him. He caressed his cheeks, brushing the tears away. "You're not a whore," he whispered again, his voice softer. "You never were, baby. "

Jensen sniffled and closed his eyes, edging closer to Jared. Jared wanted to scream, rage, break everything around him, but swallowed it down in order to be able to hold Jensen tight and let him soak up all his affection, and love, and what little strength he could spare while he was trying not to break down himself. He brushed Jensen's hair, tucking his head under his chin, leaving a trail of tiny little kisses over Jensen's forehead. "You don't have to blame yourself," Jared spoke softly after a few minutes. Jensen hiccupped but said nothing, and Jared pressed on. "Baby. You don't have to believe a word he's said. Ever."

"I let him-" Jensen choked.

Jared stroked his back. "You had no choice."

"I sold myself for a roof over my head. How does that not make me a whore?"

Jared closed his eyes as tears finally escaped and trailed slowly down his cheeks. If he lived a thousand years, he'd never truly understand the potential for evil some men possessed in their souls. There was no question in his mind that anyone who could blackmail someone into sex, taking advantage of someone's misfortune to abuse them so horrifically, was evil.

"Baby, you have nothing to blame yourself for," he whispered again, his voice frail. "It's called survivor's instinct, you'd already been out there and you picked the lesser evil - what seemed like it, anyway - how does that make you a whore?" He kissed his brow, nuzzling at the side of his face until he could press his cheek right against Jensen's and mop his tears away. "What choice did you have?" He stroked his back again, pressing light, butterfly-soft kisses all over Jensen's face.

Jensen hesitated, his adam apple wobbling a little as he gulped his tears down. "I - " he began, but then simply buried his face in Jared's shirt, who was drenched through by now with tears and snot.

"There you go," Jared whispered, a glimmer of hope settling in his chest for the small victory. "You hadn't. You thought you hadn't, which is the same thing."

Jensen sniffled again, every limb aching from the stressful knot the panic attack had forced them into. He couldn't help himself. If he closed his eyes he could still see the flash of a stiff laugh looming in front of his eyes, his flesh dressed in bruises that hadn't faded for days. "I'm sorry," he murmured with a thin voice. "I'm sorry I keep dragging you down."

Jared shook his head, his cheek brushing against Jensen's. "No, baby. We're still afloat. They won't win."

Jensen whimpered tiredly, his whole body aching. "I used to lie in bed at night. I could hear them talking

outside my room, and I dreamed someone would come along and take me home. Is that stupid?"

Jared's eyes burned. "No, baby," He whispered, laying a gentle kiss on Jensen's brow. It made perfect sense. The one thing Jensen craved was safety. He desperately wanted the luxury of knowing that he could sleep at night, and not wake up to the knowledge that he was going to be exploited. That home wasn't so much bricks and mortar. It was Jared. He was Jensen's safety. He guarded against the things that went bump in the night.

And he'd failed pretty spectacularly today.

He knew, *knew* Jensen had a thing about masks. He'd known, and not thought. He'd let Jensen walk right into it. Worse. He'd *called Jensen over*.

He gritted his teeth, and pulled him to lay partially over him. He wouldn't let anything harm Jensen anymore, he'd sworn to that and he'd fucking see to put a patch when something did. He'd deal with his own failure later.

"Do you remember when we shot the masquerade?" he said softly, still stroking Jensen's back in a desperate hope to calm him down. Jensen gave a tremulous nod, and Jared kissed him lightly. "You said yes to go on a date with me immediately after. We went to see Chris and Steve."

Jensen blinked and looked up at him, eyes red and puffy. Jared gave him an encouraging smile. "Do you remember?"

"Yeah." Jensen would never, ever forget one moment spent with Jared. "You also went around with a wig - dressed up -"

Jared nodded, kissing him again. "It was our first kiss that day."

Jensen flushed. "I thought you'd never kiss me. Such a fucking gentleman," he whispered fondly.

Jared brought Jensen's knuckles to his lips. "I was so enchanted by you. I wanted to wrap you in my arms and never let go."

As if the idea had merits, Jensen buried himself in Jared's embrace. "So don't let go. Please don't."

"I got ya," Jared swore. "I'm never letting you go."

He held Jensen close, the shattered pieces once again caught with hasty care. God, he hoped he could keep this up.

Jared had a plan. It was either a thing of genius, or up there with some bright idea about invading Poland. He left Jensen in the center of their bed, sleeping soundly from utter exhaustion. The things he had learned he had long since suspected, but to hear the words... his heart was broken. He didn't know if it hurt more for the way Jensen saw himself, or the painfully clear image of him weeping in his room, dreaming of a white knight. Maybe both.

He wanted to make sure Jensen would never have to dream again. He was determined he'd turn each of those dreams into a beautiful reality for the two of them.

Trying to think positively after Jensen's breakdown and not let the *kill, kill, kill, kill* thrumming underneath his veins overpower him was harder than he'd ever thought, but he knew he had to manage it, for Jensen's sake. Jensen had seen enough violence to last him through two lifetimes. He needed all the love he could get, and Jared was going to make sure he got it.

His fingers curled around the paper handles of his purchase, and he clutched it closer. Yes, this was either a brilliant idea, or he'd inflict damage so deep he'd undo all the development Jensen had made.

He made arrangements with the staff to see that they were undisturbed until morning, then moved about the suite silently as Jensen slept.

He changed into a loose pair of slacks and a plain black shirt, before stepping into the bathroom and shaving.

Jensen was still curled beneath the sheets, soft and still, and Jared took the mask from within the paper wrapper and laid it on the side table.

There was a wild, pained pounding in his chest as he thought on what he was about to do, and he sat for some time at the foot of the bed, staring at the innocuous mask. It was incredibly dangerous, but at the same time - if it could break the spell... They *had* done one shoot when Jensen was wearing one. It could work. His fingers traced the finely golden carvings on the top of the mask, the simple black silk strap to fit it around his head.

Taking a deep breath, he latched it on and walked out of the suite to the balcony. If it worked, then they'd be able to enjoy the rest of their vacation with fond, happy smiles. If not.... Well, they'd be spending the rest of it into that luxury hotel room, and he'd guard Jensen's fragile sleep like a hawk and chase the demons away until there was nothing left.

He took a deep breath, looked down at the water with a pained grimace. There was a gondola waiting for him, and slowly, he began to climb down the ladder he'd set up earlier. He knew he could climb up, he'd tried it, but climbing down with the water sloshing a few feet from failure seemed like a very bad idea for some reason.

He picked up the handful of pebbles he'd scabbled up earlier and tossed the first against the glass of the window, hoping it wouldn't break.

"Jensen!" He hissed, afraid of attracting unwanted attention. Minutes passed in silence, and Jared tossed up another handful of pebbles. They fell on the panes like gentle rain, and a few moments later, the doors opened.

"Jared?" Jensen's voice was thin and afraid. No wonder, if he'd woken alone, he'd feel Jared's absence like a pain. "Jay?"

Bracing himself, Jared began the climb.

Jensen leaned over the edge of the balcony and gasped. "What the hell are you-" Jared looked up, and the full, golden screen of the mask stared Jensen in the face. Jared smiled, hoping that his smile would cut off the edge of tension.

"I'm coming to rescue you from your slavery," Jared whispered, his voice reasonably loud in the late night hour. He put his feet on the balcony, then pushed himself up, leaning with his elbows on the railings. "If you follow me, dearest, we'll be gone by morning light and no one will be the wiser."

Jensen was still staring at him, frozen, eyes wide and mouth agape, and Jared fought to keep his honest smile in place. He swung his legs around the balcony, the loose slacks whoosing with the move, and went down on his knees in front of Jensen, taking the single rose out of his belt. "Will you accept this token, Beauty? Or will you laugh in the face of a mortal's daring?"

Jensen closed his mouth with a snap, his hands trembling. Jared held his breath for the incommensurably long seconds that it took for Jensen to reach out and take the white rose. White, and pure, like the one he left in his trailer after their first date.

His fingers trembled as the curled around the stem. "Jay?" He couldn't bear to look Jared in the face, but he longed for the reassurance of his familiar smile.

Jared rose from his knees and brought Jensen's hand to his lips. "I could think of nothing but your face, my love. I feared you would have left the city before I could reach you."

Jensen's mouth opened and closed silently.

"Are you hurt?" Jared asked softly, his palm cupping Jensen's cheek as though he were a delicate flower. "I couldn't bear it if they hurt you."

"I... no. I'm not hurt," he whispered, leaning into the loving touch, playing along, if just for the moment.

Jared smiled, feeling his heart beat rapidly increase. He was approaching Jensen as if he were a wild, terrified animal - care, slow moves, soothing voice. If it worked, he deserved some major good karma just for the risk he'd run. "The boat will be here in a few hours. We still have time to gather your belongings before we escape." Jensen swallowed, and Jared caressed his cheek gently, softly. "Don't be afraid. Nothing's going to harm you now that I'm here. I'll defend you with my life if needs be."

Jensen's mouth opened slightly, and he finally met Jared's hazel eyes behind the mask. Jared put his other hand over his heart, as if he were sealing a oath. "Will you grant me entrance?" he murmured, holding Jensen's eyes, his smile softer now. "You won't have to fear for your honor, I swear."

Jensen bit his lower lip, still looking at Jared as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "I - yes... you can - you can come in."

Jared kissed his cheek, the edge of the mask pressed against Jensen's skin. He flinched, and Jared surrounded him with his arms. "Thank you, my love."

Taking Jensen by the hand, he gently led him inside. The room was lit, bright. Jensen huddled his arms around himself, looking for all the world as if he wanted to wrap himself in Jared's arms.

"What will you take with us?" Jared asked, trying to encourage an ease to the tension in Jensen's body.

Jensen shook his head. "I don't need anything," he whispered, his voice fractured. "Just you."

Jared beamed and took Jensen back in his arms. "I am yours. I have always been yours. Since the day I first saw you."

Jensen smiled, a thin edge to it, but it was a smile nonetheless. He hid his face against Jared's chest, circling his waist with his arms. "I thought you'd left," he whispered, and Jared wished to bang his head, hard, against the nearest wall. He knew Jensen wasn't simply leading him on with that.

"I could never leave you," he murmured, stroking his back softly. "Not ever."

"I know," Jensen murmured. He looked up at him, and his eyes were bright, shining with mist. "You came to take me away?"

Jared's heart creaked a bit. He nodded, not trusting his voice to hold, and leaned in to press a light, soft kiss on Jensen's forehead. "Somewhere that no one can find. Where it'll be only the two of us." Jared brought their faces close, wanting Jensen to see him behind the mask, wanting him to know, feel it was him.

His hands cupped Jensen's face, tilting him up for the gentlest of kisses. He loved the way Jensen would melt against him. So warm, so safe. He carefully backed Jensen across the room, kissing him lovingly until they reached the full length mirror placed opposite. He placed his hands on Jensen's arms, and turned him around to face the mirror.

Jensen stiffened, and Jared gazed upon what he saw.

Jensen was still sleep ruffled, half dressed in a loose, crumpled shirt and slacks, wrapped up completely by a tall, masked man in black. Jared had been careful when selecting his clothing, and his somewhat sinister appearance contrasted vastly with the pale, natural beauty Jensen excluded.

A shiver ran down Jensen's spine, and Jared flexed his arms around Jensen's lean waist. He pressed a kiss to Jensen's shoulder, his body hunched over Jensen's. "You are so beautiful," he whispered. "I never

thought you could ever lift your eyes and see me. I thought I was destined to be ignored forever."

Jensen shivered and tentatively raised his hands to clasp around Jared's shoulders. "I could never ignore you," Jensen murmured, voice so thin and brittle Jared was on the verge of calling it all off. Instead, he moved closer, and kissed his collarbone, moving slowly downwards to where Jensen's tanned skin was peeking out from the folds of his shirt.

"I wish I had met you sooner," Jared whispered, his hands framing Jensen's hips and stroking up to his sides until they rested above his shoulders. "I wish I had known, so that I could have been loving you all the days before we met, all the days of my life."

Jensen's eyes widened and Jared felt his breath quicken slightly. He kissed a spot above his heart, the edge of the mask pressing softly over the bare skin. "Jared-" Jensen's hand curled in his hair, tight and desperate.

Jared carefully reached up and brushed the edges of Jensen's shirt over his shoulders. "Let me take you away," he begged. "Let me worship you and protect you from all harm." He looked up, reaching for Jensen's hand. "All that I am, I give to you. Willingly and without restraint. I am yours, my love, do with me as you please."

Jensen's heartbeat raced rapidly under Jared lips, balancing the thin line between panic and excitement. "Love me," he echoed, dizzy in Jared's arms. With more skin bared for the touch, Jared worshiped him with his lips. Love. He could and would love Jensen until the stars fell from the sky, and the world stopped spinning.

People moved about in the rooms below. People who would hurt them. People who would take Jensen away from him. Though he wasn't armed, for fear of frightening Jensen, he would gladly face a thousand enemies to see them both safe and happy. Jensen let a shattering breath flutter from his lips, his skin warming up to the touch. Jared's hands were spanning the whole width of Jensen's back, light, almost invisible kisses caressing his neck and up to his face, their lips brushing together for the briefest of instants.

Jared wouldn't push past the limits Jensen would be comfortable with, and they had had enough triggers to last them a lifetime. He could feel the gentle thump of Jensen's heartbeat beneath his palms of his hands. Jensen's skin was still warm from the bed, and Jared used that warmth to carefully craft a safe little haven for the two of them in his arms.

"I was thinking we could go east. Follow the trade routes. Would you like that?"

Jensen nodded silently, his fingers curled at Jared's neck, as if he were toying with the idea of touching the mask.

"Why are you wearing...?"

Jared sighed and kissed the fingers that brushed across his cheek. "I had to, love."

Jensen swallowed, fingertips barely brushing the edge of the half-mask. "Why?"

"If they saw me, they'd have put in me in shackles faster than I could run. And I came unarmed."

"Unarmed?"

Jared smiled, caressing Jensen's face. "I could never come here bringing any weapon. My courage and my love will guide me." Jensen flushed, ducking his head, a fine sprinkle of gold falling on his fingertips from where he brushed against the mask.

"You've come to take me away," he murmured again, as if the words hadn't really sunk in. Jared beamed and lowered to press a soft kiss on the corner of his mouth.

"I did."

"We will be safe." Jensen continued in the same, stunned voice.

"We will. I will keep you safe." Jared swore, reverently stroking Jensen's face. "I know I have failed in the past." He looked away, ashamed. The knowledge that he had let Jensen be hurt time and again burned within his soul. He should have come earlier. So much earlier.

Jensen shook his head to deny it, but Jared stilled his words with his fingers. He couldn't stand to hear Jensen brush it off, taking the blame for something that was never, and could never be his fault.

"I will take responsibility for my own shortcomings, love. You don't need to justify them." Jared had the feeling that Jensen had done just that too many times. In order to understand all he had been through, he justified it in his head, giving reasons for actions he had no control over. "I have made my mistakes - several - and I can't promise I won't fail you anymore." He looked very seriously into Jensen's eyes. "But I do want you to believe that I'd do anything in my power to protect you."

Jensen swallowed, his fingers curling into the curls at the back of Jared's head. "I believe you," he murmured, his voice thin, but filled with wonder. Jared smiled, his hands trailing down from his face to the strap of muscles under his pecs, to his sides, smiling as Jensen jerked at the tickling sensation. Jensen smiled shyly, his cheek tucked against Jared's chest.

"Come on." Jared encouraged, tugging at his hands. "Time to go." He passed Jensen his shoes and tugged him towards the balcony. "You'll need something warm." He noted, snatching a blanket from the chaise. Jensen bent low to fasten his shoes before taking Jared's hand and following him to the balcony.

"Wait, you can't be serious! We can't just climb down."

Jared flashed him a rakish wink. "Oh, ye of little faith. There is nothing love cannot do." He smiled, before gently wrapping an arm around Jensen's waist and hauling him over his shoulder.

"No - no - Jared -"

"You trust me?" Jared asked. Jensen chewed a little on his lip, but nodded in the end. Jared sighed inwardly in relief. "Good, baby. Now hold onto me real tight, okay?" He guided Jensen's arms around his hips. "Like this."

Jensen clutched tightly at Jared's back, his arms looping around his waist, ankles held firmly in the circle of Jared's arms. His hands were holding on tightly at the corners of his blanket, and he had never looked more like the innocent, hopeful, broken kid Jared sometimes saw him as. It broke his heart, it made his eyes swell up with tears, and he for once was really thankful that he'd decided to go with the mask. Easier to hide.

"Here we go," he spoke softly, starting to climb down the strategically placed ladder.

He had never had a problem carrying Jensen before, but couldn't help be relieved when he reached the ground, and could set Jensen down safely. Tucking the blanket under his arm, Jared took his hand and lead him towards the waterfront. There was a Gondolier waiting for them by the edge, and Jensen blushed furiously, hiding his face in Jared's shoulder. The man was too professional to say anything, but helped them both into the craft and ensured they were comfortable before setting off.

Jensen leant back, wrapped up securely in Jared's strong arms, held tight and safe as they made their escape down the narrow river towards the harbor.

Once they were at their destination, Jared led him into the highly gated circle of a small, private garden, and directed Jensen to sit down on one of the low stone benches before kneeling at his feet.

Jensen's eyes widened when Jared took his hands in his own, pressing a kiss to the tip of his fingers. "I'm sorry I came so late," Jared whispered, looking at him, the mask glowing dimly under the full shine of the moon. "And I know I give you no ground to believe my promises -"

"Don't say that-" Jensen cut across him, but Jared shook his head, squeezing their hands together again.

"I know it's true. But I will tell you this." He locked eyes with him again, waiting until he knew Jensen was really listening. "I will do whatever is in my power to do to keep you safe, and loved, for the rest of our days together."

"You already do," Jensen whispered, his voice thin. "You always did."

Jared's smile was low, wry. "Not always. But I will from now on. And we can start again, together. Leave the past behind, and I shall heal all your hurts, take away your pain." He pressed reverent kisses to the back of Jensen's knuckles before laying his head in Jensen's lap.

Slowly, shyly, Jensen's fingers began to card through his hair. Jared shifted, and they fell against the mask. He heard Jensen take a shuddering breath before laying his palm flat against Jared's cheek, the mask resting cool against his palm.

Jared hid a smile in the fabric of Jensen's pants.

It was a start. Not much of one, given all he had discovered tonight, but it was a start.

Scene Two

They had sat in the garden until sunrise, before heading back to the hotel and sleeping until noon. Jensen had been surprisingly relaxed, given all that had happened the day before, and they had shared the large shower in the bathroom before heading out for lunch.

They ate pizza by the river, though Jared finished Jensen's for him, before lapping at cool, sticky lemon sorbet as they walked hand in hand through the busy market lined streets. Jared bought Chris a rude apron and they found Francy mug printed with a man who slowly lost his clothes as the ceramic warmed. Masks were everywhere around them, but Jensen didn't give any more signs of distress. He avoided looking at the nastier, wooden and long-nosed ones, but Jared couldn't say he blamed him. Those freaked him out a bit, too, and he had no particular memory.

They reached Piazza San Marco, and Jared's heart literally stopped beating for a couple of instants. The sight was breathtakingly beautiful. Jared had never been anywhere other than Texas and Los Angeles, and now, Rome, but nothing he'd seen so far quite came close to the magnificent beauty of the black and white marble surrounding the square, the cathedral to their left glinting like gold in the sunshine. The Griffin of Venice stood high and proud on a column near the far end of the square, above the rippling water and the tiny islands in the distance.

Jensen was looking for the world like there was nowhere else he'd rather be, and Jared held him closer to press a kiss over the side of his head.

"This is -" Jensen broke off, his voice brittle. "Wow."

"Awesome, no?" Jared grinned tugging Jensen along towards the crowds of people milling in the square. Several locals came up to them, and in disjointed English, tried to sell them everything from lucky charms to oddly shaped animal beanbags. Jensen handed over money to the first three they met, before Jared started glaring at anyone who approached them. He got that some well meaning part of Jensen wanted to help, but at the same time they already had three times more luggage than they flew out with, and that looked set to increase.

Jensen cocked his head and listened in on a conversation shared by a group of Italians close by, before turning back to Jared and translating. "There is a huge carnival here every year. Everyone dresses up." Jared nodded.

"Sounds fun." He smiled, privately thankful that they were there at a more sedate time of year. He wasn't sure if Jensen could handle hundreds of people in masks and costumes.

"Yeah," Jensen said with a dazed look and a smile, leaning a little closer to Jared's side. Jared took him around the beautifully sculpted buildings around the square, holding Jensen's hand and pointing at crowds of pigeons taking off from around a beautiful statue right in front of the Dome. Everything was clear, and bright, bathed in golden sunlight that made the rich colors of the marble shine like shards of scattered diamonds.

"Can you believe what men were capable of doing all those centuries ago," Jared whispered softly, kissing his earlobe as he wrapped his arms around him from behind, nodding at the golden griffin on the Dome.

"Yeah," Jensen mumbled, putting both hands over Jared's arms and holding on.

"Do you want to walk into the church?"

"Aren't you afraid of getting hit by lightning bolt or something?"

Jared chuckled and kissed him again. "Just for that, we're making out in one of those wooden little things where the priest hides while people spill their guts to him."

"The hell we are!" Jensen hissed, looking vaguely horrified.

Jared grinned and began to tug him towards the huge entrance to the church. There was a small line of tourists waiting to enter, but it moved quickly enough, and Jensen switched between looking up at the church in awe, and shooting Jared suspicious glances to ensure he was behaving himself. "You know, for a pornstar you have no sense of adventure." Jared teased, kissing the back of Jensen's hand.

"We are not making out in a church, Jared. Forget the lightening, *I will kill you*," Jensen said sternly, his round eyes wide as they stepped into the quiet, majestic nave, and were hit by the full splendour of the whole church.

"I'm sure God would appreciate it," Jared whispered quietly, his own eyes wide and impressed. "Not like he gets any good entertainment here."

"That is because it is a church, not a television channel."

"Meanie," Jared whispered loudly. They were shot a stern look by a passing woman, and Jensen cringed.

"Are you going to make a scene?" he asked desperately.

"Yep," Jared said brightly.

"Jared!" Jensen's eyes widened. "Please -"

Jared tugged him a little closer, wrapping one arm around his neck and pressing a light, close-mouthed kiss above Jensen's lips. "No one can tell me I cannot kiss you whenever I want."

"We - are - in - a - church!" Jensen whispered frantically.

Jared arched an eyebrow. "So?"

Jensen spluttered and flailed a little, camera swinging madly from the cord around his wrist. "It's like - sacred!"

"My love for you is just as sacred."

Jensen opened and closed his mouth a few times, apparently unable to come up with anything if not a fierce, burning red blush.

Jared used his silence as a chance to brush his thumb under Jensen's jaw and steal a tiny, innocent kiss. "See," he whispered, "no God would deny us that, surely?"

Jensen said nothing, but settled quietly back into Jared's arms. They wandered over to a smaller chapel, nestled between two huge pillars. It was a quiet, secluded spot, dimly lit by only a dozen candles, and perfect for what Jared had in mind.

He let Jensen step out of his arms and stand with his toes against the shallow steps leading into the chapel, then wrapped his arms around him from behind.

"Jay?"

"Easy, baby," Jared soothed, pressing kisses to his throat.

Jensen's knees knocked together violently, and he clasped his hands around Jared's wrists. "Jared-"

"Shh," Jared murmured, keeping up soft kisses over his neck and cheek, his hands stroking down his chest and down his hips, making Jensen shiver in his arms. "Shh."

"Jared - we can't- "

Jared didn't heed him. He bowed his head to suckle at a spot behind Jensen's ear, his hands slipping inside Jensen's waistband, finding the soft curls that lead down to Jensen's bulging boxers.

"No, Jay-" Jensen breathed out, clinging to his wrists with sweaty palms. He didn't know if he wanted to hold him there or keeping him from going lower.

Jared's teeth sunk into the lobe and lapped up the sting, his tongue following the curve of Jensen's ear and dipping into it. "No one would see...."

"They would-" Jensen moaned, his body reacting instinctively to Jared's touch. Jared's thumb flicked the button of his jeans, popping it open so easily Jensen's knees knocked.

Jared didn't have to say anything else. He slid his hand inside, palming Jensen's dick as he sucked on the soft skin of Jensen's throat. The double attack made Jensen dizzy, his inhibitions vanishing on the wind as his body gave over to the pleasure he craved.

Their soft breath was heavy in the thick air of the church. Someone only had to step closer and they would see them standing there, Jared's hand in his jeans as he jerked him off in a freaking church.

Jared's breath was warm against his throat as he took Jensen's weight against his chest.

"Jay, oh god." Jensen bit his lip to bite back the moan that bubbled in his throat.

"God being the keyword," Jared whispered, sucking a bruise in the skin of Jensen's neck and curling his hands into Jensen's boxers, fisting the base and using his thumb to spread precome down the shaft, making the movements of his hand slicker, hotter. Jensen moaned and jerked up a little, his fingers leaving bruises into Jared's wrists as he clung on, head spinning wildly.

"Jared," Jensen groaned, bodily shuddering when Jared's stiff erection pressed in at the small of his back. "Stop-"

"Don't see you trying to stop me," Jared murmured, kissing his neck and up to the side of his jaw. Jensen moaned again, his legs muscles straining as he stood on his tiptoes, knees shaking. Jared flicked his wrist and squeezed, Jensen's cock throbbing hotly into his hand as his nails scratched at the skin of his wrists.

"Jay - please-"

Jared's lips found the corner of Jensen's mouth and he dragged him a little more into the shadows of the chapel. "Please what?" he teased, his movements slowing.

Jensen shuddered in his arms, his hips shifting as he struggled to move back onto the edge Jared was

leading him to. "You son of a bitch, don't you dare stop now," he hissed, arching forward against Jared's hands.

Jared's laugh was sudden and loud, breaking the quiet peace of the church, and Jensen whimpered. "I love it when you tell me what you want," he whispered, leaning down to whisper hotly in Jensen's ear. "I'd do anything you asked me to."

Jensen's fingers were tight and almost painful over Jared's wrists, but neither of them moved to shift the hold, and Jared slowly began stroking his hands up and down Jensen's dick. Footsteps sounded loud on the marble floor, and he doubled his pace.

"Fuck," Jensen hissed, his knees weak as Jared jerked him off with rough, quick strokes, and the footsteps grew louder.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon," Jared urged him, hot, pulsing hardness fitting just *right* against the crease of his ass. Jensen whimpered, twisting in Jared's embrace, pumping his hips as fast as he could without toppling the both of them off and onto the finely decorated marble floor.

"Jay," Jensen breathed out, fingernails leaving half-moon marks in Jared's forearms. "*Jay-red* -"

Hot, wet and sticky, flooding against the inside of his boxers and Jared's wet palm, little stars dancing around in his eyes as he fought to keep himself straight on his feet. Jared was still hard against him, his body perfectly still, as if he was waiting for Jensen to stop trembling before he did anything himself.

The footsteps were right beside them now, and Jared still had his hand down in Jensen's pants, the other around his waist, the two of them pressed close together, sweat making Jensen's hair stick to his forehead, his lips bitten red from trying to keep his moans to himself.

"Scuse me, mate-" Jensen stiffened in Jared's arms. The man approaching spoke English, though he sounded more Kiwi than British. "Is the Chapel of St Matthew? I don't get this map."

Jared's hands were still down Jensen's pants and he realised too late that Jensen might have actually been sensible when he said that a church wasn't the best place for sex. He swore under his breath, but Jensen came to his rescue.

He dropped to his knees, sliding fluidly out of Jared's grasp. Jared hastily rubbed his hands over the back of his jeans.

He watched, not sure if he should laugh or not, as Jensen said a quick prayer, crossed himself, and subtly zipped his jeans as he stood. Jared picked up the map, trying to give the stranded tourist an indication with his left hand, his right one stuck into his pocket and sticky with Jensen's come - that shouldn't be as hot as Jared thinks it is - and after a minute the guy was nodding and wandering happily away. Jensen gave him a pointed look, but Jared merely grinned and took out his hand to lick at his fingertips. The soft moan that escaped Jensen's lips at the gesture wasn't lost in the eerie quiet of the church.

"We can go now," Jared murmured, kissing Jensen's lips softly again as he drew him back towards his chest. Jensen was so pliant against him he felt like putty, even though he was still trying to glare weakly at him for putting them in such a position.

"But - you -" Jensen looked eloquently down at Jared's crotch, and Jared chuckled.

"I can hold it," he winked, stroking his back with his clean hand.

"Right." Jensen nodded, clearly not believing him at all. They stepped out into the sunlight and hissed at the blinding contrast to the dark church and beaming sunshine.

Jared beamed at him, but in reality 'holding it' wasn't as easy as he tried to make out. He wasn't on set, and he wasn't in a role.

He wanted Jensen. His Jensen.

They wandered towards the waterfront. Jensen slipped out from under his arm and jogged over to a passing couple as Jared shifted back and forth on the spot.

Okay, so maybe that hadn't been an awesome idea.

It had worked. Hopefully convinced Jensen that no one, not human or divine could tell them they couldn't be together and love one another, but it left him with one hell of an itch.

"Come with me," Jensen said, grabbing his hand and leading him through the crowds of tourists. Jared giggled. Come. Heh.

Jensen led him through the narrow streets until they stumbled across a public bathroom.

"I love you," Jared breathed, then hauled Jensen around the waist and dragged him inside.

Jensen's mouth was on his faster than he could close the door behind them. Jared tasted a bit like Jensen and a lot like himself, and Jensen's tongue slipped past his lips to chase Jared's own, hands working fast on Jared's belt buckle. Jared bit Jensen's lower lip, pushing his tongue right back inside his mouth and sliding the tip of his own against the upper one before plunging back in. Jensen's moan was low, guttural, and he cupped Jared through his boxer briefs, both palms cradling the huge, hard shaft.

"So fucking big," Jensen moaned again, fighting to get some control of the kiss. "Jesus, Jay -"

"Jesus would've approved," Jared panted, fisting Jensen's hair to keep his mouth right over his own where it belonged.

Jensen mumbled something unintelligible and squeezed Jared's balls with his hands, spreading his legs to each side of Jared's hips and rubbing up against him.

They took an awkward shuffle of backwards steps before Jensen's knees hit the edge of the toilet seat, and he dropped down with a coy, playful smile. Jared knew that look well.

Jensen had barely wrapped his lips around the head of Jared's cock before he groaned in pleasure. He loved Jensen enough to be the only person in existence who was allowed to say it; but Jensen truly had the most fuckable mouth in the world. If anyone else said that within Jared's hearing, he'd do murder, but there were some perks to being The Boyfriend.

He ran his thumb over the full, plump lips that were spread so wide around him, candy pink and glistening. His cock rubbed over Jensen's tongue, and he was happy enough to come with just the head of his cock sucked between those beautiful lips.

Then Jensen braced his hands on Jared's hips and swallowed him down like no one else had ever been able to, and *fuck*, Jared slammed his hands flat on each side of the tiny cubicle, teeth sinking in his lower lip as he tried not to scream. Jensen smirked around the thick girth, the tip of his nose buried in the soft curls at the base of Jared's dick, hollowing his cheeks and *sucking* before bringing his head up again, leaving a slick trail of saliva over the throbbing vein on the underneath of Jared's cock. Jared's hips twitched underneath Jensen's hands, but he kept still, let Jensen take it wherever he wanted it to, be it slow and teasing or hard and messy.

Jensen's eyes were sparkling, emerald-shine and hued with lust as he looked up at Jared through his long, too long eyelashes before he swallowed the mouthful of precome he'd collected on his tongue, bobbing his head down lower again, tongue pressed flat around it as he sucked, the tip of Jared's dick right against the back of Jensen's throat. Jensen moaned around it and Jared convulsed, his hands flying on the back of Jensen's head, flitting lightly through his hair as he tried to hold onto *something*.

Jensen was still looking at him, and Jared fought the urge to just thrust into that wet, sinful heat, and swallowed, trying to calm himself down. He was a professional, after all.

He tried to tear his eyes away, knowing that if he continued to look at the warm, sparkling heat in

Jensen's eyes, he'd be done for.

He tried to blink, but couldn't. He tried to glance up at the wall behind them, but couldn't. He was captured completely by Jensen's beautiful face. He swore and tried to tug back, but Jensen held him fast and sucked harder.

"Fuck, baby!" He came with a groan and Jensen swallowed him down happily, licking his lips when he finally leant back. "Christ, baby... you're fucking dangerous."

Jensen smiled innocently, the tip of his tongue running across his full lips, and Jared hauled him up to kiss him within an inch of his life. Jensen moaned and latched his hands at the back of Jared's head, holding on as if he was the only thing that kept him afloat.

Jared didn't even bother tucking himself back in. He put his arms around Jensen's waist and cuddled him close. "I fucking love you," Jared whispered, his voice strung out. Jensen chuckled breathlessly and lay his forehead against Jared's.

"Sweet talker," he whispered, though his eyes were shining. Jared kissed him lightly again, and again, rubbing his palms over the width of Jensen's back. Jensen sighed and melted into the embrace, his heartbeat slowing down after the thrill of adrenaline that had spiked.

"I mean it," Jared murmured, his voice a little more serious now.

"I know. I love you too."

They hit more tourists stops as they wandered through the city, and somewhere between the novelty mugs and stuffed toys, they started a up war to find the trashiest gift to get for Francy. Jensen produced a Gondola shaped toothbrush and Jared was fishing through rude aprons when a rack of mugs, books and bracelets caught his eye. "Jen?"

"Hmm?"

"What's Francy's birthday?"

Jensen put down the fan he was looking at and moved onto more gondola shaped objects. "April Fool's Day." He grinned.

Jared sniggered and shook his head. He could guess how much that thrilled her. He ran his fingers over mugs with various star signs and paused, a coy, smart smile creeping across his face.

"Jen?" He said, in the same tone of voice.

"Hmm."

"What's your star sign?"

"Pisces." Jensen responded absently. "You think we should get Gabe one of these?" He asked, holding up an ashtray stamped with the Mona Lisa. "Jared?" Jensen frowned. Jared was still looking at him, his expression vacant. Jensen felt slightly uneasy, as if he knew there had to be something important going on and he was missing part of the puzzle. "What's - what's wrong?"

"March or February?"

Jensen blinked at him. "Uh?" he said, even more unsure. "Why?"

"When is your birthday?" Jared asked, taking a half step closer, his expression now slightly more focused. Jensen felt a sort of dread curl up in his stomach, and he clutched the ashtray a little tighter to his chest.

"March first," he mumbled, looking down at the ground. *Please let him not ask about the year-*

"We were together in March."

Jensen gulped. True. They were. They'd been shooting down in Texas not a week later.

"I-" He took a half step back, his eyes wide as Jared scowled.

"You didn't tell me. You let me just-" He broke off with an angry sigh and Jensen winced.

"I'm sorry," Jensen whispered. "I didn't-"

"Didn't what? Think I cared? Think it was important to me? You thought I'd just ignore it if I knew." Jared knew as soon as the words had left his mouth that Jensen had thought exactly that.

"Why are you angry?" Jensen asked desperately.

Jared flinched and deflated, moving closer and pulling Jensen into his arms, hating himself when Jensen tensed against him. One step forward, two steps fucking back. "I'm not angry baby," he whispered. He was angry. He was furious, mainly at Simon, but partly at Jensen, and that was unforgivable. It was an irrational anger; like being mad at someone because they were afraid of spiders. He doubted Jensen had celebrated his birthday much since he had left home. He just wouldn't think to tell Jared.

But Jared could see it over and over in his head. He'd let the day pass without a word. He'd let Jared hold him and kiss him and never said a goddamn thing.

"You should've told me," Jared murmured in his ear, not minding if they were standing in a brightly sunlit square right beside the Grand Canal, arms wound protectively around him. "You know I'd have wanted to know." *You have to know I'd have cared.* He thought it, but didn't voice it. If Jensen hadn't thought about it, then he had done something wrong. Pointless going appointing blame, he would just have to try and make amends.

Jensen was still tense, waiting for him to finish the sentence, and it crushed Jared's heart. He didn't want Jensen to fear reprimand. Not from him, not from anyone else. He kissed his forehead lightly, running his fingers up and down his spine as he would do after a scene, trying to loosen Jensen up a little. He didn't stop until he felt the tightly knotted muscles of Jensen's shoulders give way, and Jensen's arms tentatively wrapped around Jared's waist.

He wondered if Francesca had known. If Milo had known. Francesca had to, at least for contract purposes. Why, *why* had no one told him? Why didn't he ever bother to ask?

"Next year..." Jensen started, breaking off as if he didn't know what else to suggest.

Jared nodded. "Of course, baby." But in his mind, he'd already started formulating a plan. Chris and Steve would help, of course, and Cristina might know a few tricks. Francy could loan him that funky cake recipe she whipped out on special occasions. He could totally handle it.

If Alice in Freaking Wonderland could have an Un-Birthday, Jensen could too.

Of course he'd need to think of something utterly awesome for a gift, and maybe...

"Jay?" Jensen was looking at him with wide, unguarded eyes, and Jared realised he had been staring into space.

He kissed Jensen's cheek and hugged him tight. "You want more gelato? Man, we I could live here for that alone."

Jensen smiled his tiny, nervous smile and nodded. "Better than Dairy Queen?"

"Nothing is better than Dairy Queen." Jared said firmly. Though the walnut flavored gleato might be a

close contender. Jensen hesitated but took Jared's hand as they set off through the tourists again. Jensen was keeping his head down, lost in thought, and Jared felt a fleeting stab of guilt. He knew he wasn't allowed to raise his voice or get mad - Jensen didn't realize the difference between Jared being mad at the situation or Jared being angry with him. It was a fine line and he knew better than step over it.

He pulled his hand out of Jensen's grasp and tucked his arm around his waist, holding him close to his side. Jensen looked briefly up at him and hinted a grin, nudging his temple against Jared's shoulder as they followed the crowd, stopping there and here where the tiny shopping carts littered the sidewalks, picking the most ludicrous and insolent souvenirs for their friends back home.

"You think we should get Steve a rude apron?" Jared asked, pointing at one which had a fairly truthful replica of the David of Michelangelo in front of it.

Jensen chuckled. "You think Chris would appreciate it?"

"Chris would appreciate it better if he wore nothing underneath," Jared snorted, steering them up a staircase and stopping, curiously, near the edge of the elevated bridge, looking above all the tourists' heads cluttered on one side, cameras at the ready. "What is that?"

Jensen glanced up to where Jared was pointing, and his mouth went in a round 'O'. "That's - that's the Bridge of Sighs."

Jared frowned. "The old prison block, right?" He asked, trying and failing to connect the beautiful old bridge to the purpose it has severed.

Jensen nodded and shuffled closer to Jared. "They called it '*Ponte dei Sospiri*'." He explained. "Come on." He grabbed Jared's hand and tugged him towards a waiting Gondolier. Jared frowned in confusion, but followed Jensen into the small boat. They travelled down the canal, then stopped beneath the enclosed bridge. Their guide hid a smile and looked in the other direction, and Jensen planted a soft, shy kiss on the corner of Jared's lips.

Laughing at the unexpected gesture, Jared squeezed Jensen's hand. "What was that for?"

Jensen blushed and looked away. "Local legend says that if you kiss under the bridge your love will be eternal." He whispered.

Jared didn't spare a second. He wrapped his hand around the back of Jensen's neck and pulled him in for a slow, sensual kiss.

When they parted, Jensen's lips were red and shiny, and his eyes shone happily as Jared stroked his cheek. They looked up at the stone overhead, and Jensen shivered a little in the cool breeze.

"Can you imagine what it must have been like, looking out from the bridge and knowing you might never see the outside world again?"

Jared doubled his hold on him, both arms around Jensen's chest, keeping him in tight. The sight of the bridge now gave him goosebumps. He held Jensen close, the gondolier now guiding the boat away from the bridge and down the canal towards the heart of the city. Jensen settled down between Jared's legs, his head on his shoulder. Jared kissed the top of his head, stroking his arms as if he wanted to keep him warm, no matter if the weather was thick and hot.

"It must've been awful," Jared murmured after some minutes. Jensen looked up at him, his eyes half-closed against the sunlight overhead. "Going past that bridge into the prison," he clarified, still caressing his arms. "Leaving everyone behind."

Jensen nodded and caught Jared's hand with his own, resting it over his belly. "Yeah."

"Do you want to take a tour of the place?"

Jensen looked at where the gondolier had stopped, the gates of the prison block thrown open for tourists

to walk through. He shuddered and shook his head. "No."

Jared kissed his ear and gave the hotel name to their gondolier. Jensen lay back in his arms and was hovering in a quiet, blissful haze by the time they stopped.

They deposited their purchases by the door of the suite, and Jensen was tugging his shirt overhead before Jared had even closed the door behind them. "I'mma take a shower," he threw back over his shoulder, already half way to the bathroom.

"Sure. I'll join you in a minute." Jared promised. He waited until the shower started before calling down to Room Service and placing an order, pathetically relieved that the girl on the other end spoke enough English to understand what he was asking for.

Call made, he threw his clothes to land in a pile with Jensen's, and followed him into the shower.

"You alright?" He asked, wrapping an arm around Jensen's waist and inhaling the sharp citrus shower gel. Jensen nodded and leaned back against his chest. They washed without making out, which was something of a first for them, but Jensen readily stepped into the towel Jared wrapped around him, and leaned into a gentle kiss on his cheek as someone knocked on the door.

"I'll get it." Jared smiled, messing Jensen's wet hair and making him scowl.

Jared ushered in the porter with their order, and tipped him generously when his semi-naked appearance didn't cause so much as a twitch. He *really* liked Italy.

He put the cart close to the bed, grinning and draping himself over the thrown back comforter, waiting for Jensen to emerge the bathroom.

"Who was it?" Jensen called, walking out with a towel around his waist and rubbing another into his hair. Jared chuckled softly.

"Room service."

Jensen lifted his eyes and gasped, the towel dropping from his hands on the floor. Jared was laying on display on the rich plush covers of the bed, towel barely covering his modesty, a golden cart pulled right in front of him, covered with so many different bowls and heaps of fruit and glasses Jensen didn't even know where to look first. He found grapes, strawberries, a bowl of what he was sure was whipped cream - or ice cream? He had no idea - chocolate in roughly cut cubes, bottles of fine white bubbly wine sticking up from a bucketful of ice and more finely wrapped little cakes dotting around the cups he didn't know the filing of.

"Wha-?" he managed to splutter, his eyes round as two euro's coins. Jared danced inside.

"Dinner," he said, smiling softly at him. "Ditch the towel and come over here." Jensen swallowed silently, his fingers fumbling with the towel around his hips. It hit the floor and Jared smiled, crooking his finger and beckoning Jensen over. "You hungry baby?" He asked, biting into a grape and licking his lips as the juice spilled over. "I'm starving. You know how insatiable my appetite is."

"I don't think there is enough here for the both of us." Jensen chuckled shyly, crawling up the bed until he could reach Jared and lick the juice from his lips.

Jared grinned against his mouth, his hands wandering over shower damp skin, stroking slowly. "Oh, the food is for you. I'm hungry for something else." Jensen moaned as Jared moved in to suckle on his throat, arms twisting him around on the bed until he was laid out below Jared, limbs akimbo. He left Jensen dizzy and panting before reaching over to the bedside table and fetching several lengths of soft black silk. "You want this, baby?" he whispered, capturing Jensen's wrists in one hand.

Jensen's breath itched, and Jared felt Jensen's cock harden rapidly against his thigh. Just the thought of being bound and spread for Jared was enough to make him grow hard, and that alone was a bigger turn on for Jensen than any aphrodisiac in the world. Jared wrapped the silk loose around Jensen's wrists, placing

a soft kiss over the bound skin before he twisted the ropes around the bedpost. By the time he was done, Jensen was sweating and breathing heavily in the silent room, his dick curled upwards on his belly and already beautifully red.

Jared couldn't resist. He picked up a bowl of chantilly cream and scooped up a handful, letting it dribble tantalizingly down Jensen's chest, low enough to pool over the hard, rigid shaft. Jensen moaned and buckled, his lower lip pulled between his teeth as he tugged at the silk scarves bounding his wrists. Jared had let the knot loose enough that Jensen *could* have pulled free, if he wanted. The trick was for him to resist.

He bowed low, drawing patterns of pale yellow cream on Jensen's chest with his fingertips, ignoring his own, aching dick as he took his time smearing the cold, sugary substance over the rippling miles of skin presented to his sight. He let his tongue dip out to follow the twisting paths of cream, sucking and licking alternatively until Jensen's chest was heaving with hot, prolonged gasps, his skin burning to the touch, getting the residual cream to melt.

Jensen gasped and moaned, his body bucking with pleasure as he surged towards the hot licks and brushes of Jared's lips.

When he was done with the cream, Jared chuckled and leaned back. He lifted a second of the silk lengths and let the tip drag over Jensen's cock. "Remember the pirate shoot?" He said, his voice low and gruff. "I do. I remember how fucking beautiful you looked spread out for me, your lips wrapped around my fingers, my cock..." The silk drew upwards, over pebbled nipples and the hollow of his throat, before Jared lay it carefully over Jensen's eyes and knotted it loosely. It wasn't enough to block out all light, but it was enough to leave Jensen guessing.

"Jay?" Jensen's breathing picked up in speed, and he writhed on the bed, his body a long, lean, sinful temptation, all waiting for Jared to explore.

Jared placed his fingers over Jensen's lips. "Hush, baby," he whispered, before using a full, plump strawberry to trace the full curves beneath his fingers.

Jensen opened his mouth hungrily, and accepted the fruit from Jared's hand. "Sweet?"

Jensen nodded, his lips falling open for more.

Placing a small square of dark chocolate on Jensen's tongue, Jared carefully arranged the trays for easy reach. Jensen mewled, sucking at Jared's fingers as they lingered between his lips, the chocolate heady and intense, going to his head like a shot of tequila. He dug his teeth lightly in Jared's fingertips, and was rewarded with a sweeping caress over the side of his neck as Jared withdrew his hand again.

"So beautiful. So fucking beautiful, baby." A full, ripe slice of peach was placed between Jensen's lips next, whipped cream smearing over the tip of his tongue as though Jared had dipped the fruit in it beforehand. Jensen bit into the slice, his cock throbbing, heavy and neglected between his thighs, his senses sharpened to uber-awareness by the lack of sight and movement. Jared fed him another slice of peach before trailing something sticky hot down his chest and over his hipbones, making Jensen shiver and groan at the sudden shift of temperature. Jared's tongue followed soon after, soothing the burn, sucking bruises into his skin as he licked whatever he was pouring all over him clean.

Jensen gasped when he felt a hot, sticky dollop trail down the stiff length of his dick, buckling up involuntarily as Jared's lips brushed over it to collect the cream. "Dulche de leche," Jared murmured, his other hand slipping past Jensen's open mouth to feed him what he'd been licking off his body.

Jensen moaned as the thick, caramel like syrup slid across his tongue, rich and smooth. "God..."

"You like that one?" Jensen could hear the laughter in Jared's voice and nodded his head, arching his body as he demanded more. More sweetness, more kisses, more love, just more. "Easy love. Nice and slow. We got all night, and I want to hear you beg."

Jensen whimpered. Jared was talking in that soft, dangerously seductive voice he used on set, and dear

god, if it didn't go straight to Jensen's dick. They'd never really messed around before, not in the bedroom, not like this. Jensen squirmed in the bonds around his wrists. Jared hadn't tied him tightly at all. He could have been free in seconds, but a deep, dark part of him wanted to give Jared this. He wanted it for himself.

This was a different kind of submission. He knew Jared could overpower him, he knew, and a part of him loved it, but like this, Jared didn't need to. Jensen was at his mercy, and all Jared had to do was decide what to do with him next.

Jared moved slightly, the bed dipping beneath him, and next thing Jensen heard was the snapping of a bottle, and the fizz that spoke of wine running in glasses. He arched towards nothing, wanting to feel more, wanting Jared back above him where he belonged, but he was met with air and empty space. He moaned, licking his lips and twisting on the blankets, sweat trickling slow and sweet down his body, blending with the sugary remains.

"Jay," he murmured, his voice rough, broken. "Jay -"

"Shhh," the point of a strawberry danced around the curve of his lips, dribbling wet with what Jensen knew was champagne, the bittersweet of it kicking his senses in overload. He bit down the point of the full berry, juice and wine trailing down the corner of his lips and his chin, prompting Jared into following them with his tongue. "So sweet, baby. So willing."

"Yeah," Jensen agreed, breathy, needy, all his nerves on fire. The bitten off half of the strawberry trailed down his nipples, spreading the fruit juice around it, making Jensen shiver and jerk up towards the sensation.

Jared's lips wrapped around the nub of his nipple, sucking lightly on the sweet juices of the fruit. "You taste so good." He moaned, nudging Jensen's thighs apart as he settled more comfortably between Jensen's legs. He felt Jared's fingers on the bonds around his wrists, before he was carefully tugged upwards and rolled onto his belly. He shivered as Jared's tongue drew a line down the center of his back before lightly biting at his buttocks.

"Thirsty, baby?" Jared asked, drawing the cool glass of the champagne bottle down Jensen's back. Jensen whined low in his throat and jerked on the bed as the cold bubbles splashed in the small of his back.

Jared lapped it up eagerly before parting Jensen's asscheeks with his hand and blowing lightly on his clenching hole. He drew the long neck of the bottle down the valley of Jensen's ass, following the bubbles across the soft, tender skin. Jensen thrashed, burying his moans in the pillow beneath him as he felt the wine pool between his asscheeks and down on the blankets, Jared's tongue following and dipping lightly in the hidden crease of his ass, the tip running in teasing circles around the outer ring. "Jay," Jensen groaned, spreading his legs wider on the bed, trying to open himself up for him. "Jay, god, please..."

"Please what?" Jared teased, his hands cupping both of his asscheeks and parting them further, tongue licking all the way down to his balls and up again. Jensen gasped and squirmed, his belly quivering, his cock leaking copiously down on the beddings. He wished he could rub up against the bedding, release some of the pressure building in his belly, but at the same time he wanted to wait for whatever it was that Jared was planning.

Jared smiled, picked up another bowl of cream and looked at the sight in front of him, blood rushing south so quickly it made him dizzy. Jensen was not only gorgeous, he was completely perfect and he didn't even know that. Bound and spread and desperate, Jared knew he could come just by looking at him waiting on the edge, the knowledge that he could keep him like that for hours if he wanted to making his head swim in a sex-induced haze. He loved Jensen, he loved him with all of himself, and he couldn't believe they had come to the point where it would've been okay to fool around with bondage and food in their own lives, their off-screen ones.

He ran his thumbs across the taunt muscles of Jensen's thighs, carefully soothing the tremors that ran down his legs. "You want me inside of you?" he whispered, continuing up until he could slide his thumbs between the firm rounds of Jensen's ass, spreading him open.

Jensen whined. "Yes. God yes."

"You're not begging, baby." Jared said softly, circling Jensen's hole, fingers slippery with saliva and sticky with fruit juice.

"Please, please, Jared, please." The soft, needy whimper was enough. More than enough, and Jared pushed the longest of his fingers past the tight ring of muscle.

Jensen smothered a long, garbled moan in the pillows, and tried to press back against Jared's hand.

"More?"

"Yes!" Jensen hissed, his hips shifting desperately. He felt the hot drip of more dulce du leche drip down his back, Jared's tongue slipping up to collect it before dipping down again, joining his finger inside Jensen's hole. Jensen groaned and pushed his knees up and wide, presenting his ass as open as he could get from that position, moaning soundlessly in the pillow. "Please, Jare- please."

Jared sucked in a sharp breath, pulling back and biting gently at the inner skin of Jensen's thigh, working his finger steadily in and out of him. "So beautiful. Jesus, baby, if you could see yourself -" he trailed off. Jensen whimpered desperately when Jared pulled his finger out, dropping a kiss to the base of his neck before leaving the bed, the movement making the mattress's bob beneath him.

"Jay," Jensen groaned, twisting in his bonds. "Jay, please-"

There was shuffling in the room, as if Jared was moving furniture around, and Jensen felt like crying. He was so damn hard, he wanted Jared, he wanted Jared's hands on him, making him come, his beautiful, huge cock taking him over and over. He bit his lips to stifle another moan, yielding to temptation and humping the mattress to try and release some of the pressure building in his belly.

Jared's hands were on his wrists again, unfastening the silk and guiding him from the bed. His feet touched the floor and he stumbled, caught by the strong arm around him and held safe from a tumble.

He let Jared move him, manhandle him like a doll, his wrists pulled together again, this time behind his back, and bound together with a large, tidy bow. He whimpered, whining as his hard cock was ignored, and Jared pulled him down on his lap. Jensen flexed the wrists trapped between his back and Jared's chest, as his thighs were draped over Jared's legs. He squirmed. He could feel Jared's cock ridding the ridge of his ass. "Jay, *please!*" He begged.

Jared shifted him again, lifting him until his toes barely brushed the ground, and he was spread across Jared's lap.

"I'mma make a deal with you." Jared whispered in his ear, his breath hot on Jensen's throat. "You want to come, right?"

Jensen whimpered and nodded violently.

"Then you have to do what I tell you, when I tell you. No do-overs, no loopholes. You say yes, and I am not going to stop, no matter how much you beg me to, understand?"

There was a level of deadly seriousness that Jensen wasn't used to hearing in the bedroom, and he shivered. But God, he wanted to come, and Jared would never, ever make him do some of the things he'd done before just for a quick release.

"Okay," he whispered, squirming on Jared's lap.

"Say it properly." Jared whispered again, his hands gently skating up and down Jensen's belly. "Give me your permission, or call this off now."

"I-I g-give you my permission." Jensen stammered, his heart pounding wildly. "Jay, please..."

Jared shifted, and the head of his cock slowly pressed through the tight, throbbing muscle. Jensen hissed in pleasure, his head thrown back.

Then Jared stopped, held him still with all his strength, only the head of him inside Jensen's ass.

"Now say that you are beautiful." Jared whispered, reaching up to tug the blindfold from Jensen's eyes.

Jensen's breath caught in his throat, and his eyes went wide when he saw himself in the mirror, his body draped haphazardly above Jared's lap, Jared's eyes burning into his own in the reflecting surface. Jensen looked away, cheeks burning. "I -"

"Jensen," Jared's voice vibrated in Jensen's skin, Jared's lips burning hot on his shoulder.

"I ca- I -" Jensen swallowed, his thighs shaking with the effort. Jared wasn't moving and Jensen knew he wasn't going to move until Jensen did what he wanted him to do. "I can't-"

"Yes, you can," Jared whispered, low and calm. He nudged his face back towards the mirror with his chin. "Look at you. Look at how beautiful, how otherworldly you are. Say you are beautiful, baby."

Jensen shivered, the heat in Jared's eyes branding through him, his hand skimming over his chest resting on Jensen's hip.

"I..." He blushed, his eyes skating down to where his cock was standing dark and hard, his balls tight and pulled up against his body, the length of Jared's own dick barely visible through his spread legs.

"No cheating. Look at yourself."

Jensen shook his head desperately, and realised that Jared had tied his wrists tighter this time. "Jay, please don't make me," he begged.

Something flashed in Jared's eyes, but he made no move at all. "No. It's time you started to see what the whole world sees when they look at you. What I see. What I *love*. Now say it."

Jensen bit his lip hard, squirming, but though he was stretched around the thick head of Jared's cock, the rest of him was solid, powerful, and unyielding. He could thrash all day long and he'd never get anywhere.

"You're beautiful, Jensen. Your eyes...I could stare into your eyes forever, and your smile is more precious to me than all the money in the world. You have the sweetest, most honest laugh I have ever heard, and I would do anything to make you laugh every damn day. Say it."

Tears burned Jensen's eyes as desperation and frustration warred within him. "I can't."

"Yes, you can. Look at yourself. Really *look*, baby. C'mon." Jared's lips trailed soft, light kisses over the side of his neck up to the corner of his eye, nuzzling his cheek a little. "You're the most beautiful thing that could've ever happened to me. Inside out, you're a jewel. I want you to see it. See yourself."

Jensen choked on a sob, turning his head to the side a little, his lips meeting Jared's jaw. "Please..."

"Just say it."

Jensen whimpered, his breath coming short, the stretch of Jared's head just *there*, but not quite, tying his stomach in knots, sending his head spinning. He opened his eyes slowly, finding himself face to face again with his reflection, but he couldn't see anything of what Jared was telling him. He looked away again, but Jared was quick to guide his head back towards the mirror, his hand caressing Jensen's face. "I'm the luckiest bastard in the world," Jared murmured, kissing Jensen's cheek again. "Because your soul, baby. Your soul brightens everything around you."

"That's you, not me," Jensen whispered, his eyes filled with mist.

Jared shook his head, and kissed the corner of Jensen's lips, holding him fast. "That's all you, baby. All of

you, all of your beauty." He nudged at him gently again. "You said you'd do what I told you to do."

Jensen bowed his head again. "But this - I -"

"You just have to open your eyes, love. Please."

Jensen's chest heaved as his heart thundered and a tear slid down his cheek. His eyelashes fluttered open, and he tried to see what Jared saw. He saw his eyes, his lips, the ass everyone raved about, but nothing he'd put a stamp on as beautiful.

Jared's arms flexed around him, and he sobbed desperately.

Then he saw something else. He saw himself, levels of attractiveness aside, but he saw Jared, and the way he was wrapped around him. He saw himself held and loved, the truth of it glowing in Jared's dark, exotic eyes. There was no lie there. He thought of Jensen as the most beautiful thing in the world, just like he said. He believed it, he honestly did.

Jared loved him, worshiped him, protected him and put him on a pedestal.

Jared, who was perfect in every way he could be, who was Jensen's white knight and rock... Jared truly believed Jensen was beautiful.

Beautiful...

"Yeah, come on baby, say it..."

Another tear broke free and trailed down Jensen's cheek. "... I'm beautiful," he whispered, voice creaking. He was rewarded with a soft, loving kiss to the side of his neck.

"Say it again."

Jensen took a shuddering breath, his stomach trembling. "I'm -beautiful." His eyes rolled in the back of his head with a moan as Jared kept true to his word and drove all the way in, filling Jensen up completely. "Jay..."

"I love you," Jared whispered, his mouth finding Jensen's for a hot, slow kiss. "I love you so much."

Jensen sobbed again, chest tight with emotion as he parted his lips for Jared's tongue to sweep in, just as he began to pull back, slowly, torturously so, before pushing back in again, guiding Jensen's hips with both of his hands in the rhythm.

Jensen moaned, breaking the kiss, his head rolling on Jared's shoulder. "Look at you," Jared murmured again, bestowing kiss after kiss on Jensen's sweaty face, his own voice rough, like a shot of whiskey rolling on gravel.

Jensen tried to do as he was told and looked back at the mirror, looked into Jared's burning, liquid-looking eyes, down at where his hands were covering his hips almost completely, then at where Jared's cock was disappearing between his asscheeks, and he groaned, his own cock leaking and aching, blood-filled and heavy against his stomach.

"Jay, please-" Jensen moaned, writhing on Jared's lap and his belly tightened with pleasure and the world turned grey at the edges.

"Look at yourself. Look at *us*," Jared said gruffly, his voice tight with tension and the effort it took to hold them both on the edge. "Every time you doubt how fucking beautiful you are, think of us like this. Imagine the way we look in your head, and don't ever doubt it again."

Jensen sobbed and nodded his head, willing to agree to anything. He couldn't take any more. Jared had broken down the foundations of him, and there was nothing left to do but crumble.

The silk around his wrists gave way, and Jared's arms circled him again, stroking his dick. "I've got you baby, come on now."

Slumping forward in Jared's arms, Jensen clutched at the arms around him as he struggled to take some of his own weight. Jared's hips snapped against him furiously, as if he'd held on the edge for so long the only thing that mattered to either of them was completion. Jensen cried out, tightening his fingers around Jared's wrists and holding on for the ride, not managing to do much that wasn't buckle helplessly as Jared pounded into him, hard, fast thrusts that had the vanity chair screech ominously across the floor.

Jared's thumb swept across Jensen's slit, catching the beading drops of precome, spreading it down Jensen's shaft and up again, his hand slick and tight around Jensen's dick. He pressed his lips over Jensen's nape, sucking at the salty sweat that had collected there, tongue raspy hot over the burning skin.

"Jay, please," Jensen sobbed again, his vision dotted with tiny black spots as his prostrated was pounded mercilessly. "I need it, please, *please* -"

Jared hoisted Jensen up higher on his lap with a muffled grunt, pushing each of Jensen's thighs over the sides of his own, and bounced him down on his balls as he quickened the pace of his fist. Jensen cried out brokenly and came with a violent shudder, tightening like a vice around Jared as rope after rope of come stained the plush red cushions of the vanity chair.

Jared grunted as the tremors of Jensen's body dragged him over the edge, and he came deep inside Jensen's ass. He slumped against Jensen's back, his breathing as rough and ragged as it was after their most intense shoots. Jensen shook violently in his arms, his chest heaving with each soft sob, and Jared buried his face in the hot skin of Jensen's back.

He'd never been so emotionally wrung out after sex before.

The mirror thing had been a spur of the moment decision, one he didn't regret, but wished he had never had to do.

Jensen continued to sob brokenly, clutching at Jared's arms as he hung limply over his lap. "It's okay, baby," Jared soothed, standing on unsteady legs and sliding from Jensen's ass. He looked down at his own come, wet on Jensen's ass and thighs and shook his head. "Easy now." Reaching around, he scooped Jensen up and carried him back to the bed, laying him down on the soft, warm bedding. "Shhh. You did so good baby, so good," he praised, picking up his discarded towel and settling down between Jensen's legs, cleaning his thighs softly. He kissed his bitten lips, then his cheeks, finding them wet with tears and perspiration.

Jensen opened his eyes, looking at Jared as if through a drunk haze. Jared kept kissing him all over his face, light and tender, and once he discarded the towel, he collected Jensen in his arms, running his hands down his back and whispering soft praise in his ear. Jensen sighed quietly and tried to reciprocate the kisses, his fingers stiff as they managed to latch onto Jared's shoulders.

"So beautiful, love," Jared murmured, finding his lips again and brushing his own against them. "So beautiful. My baby."

"Yours," Jensen whispered, blinking his eyes open again. "Yours."

Jared held him tighter and tucked Jensen's face in the crook of his neck. "Mine, baby. As I'm yours."

Jensen smiled tiredly against Jared's skin. He stifled a yawn, hitching his legs up and tangling them with Jared's over the bed. "I'm hungry," Jensen mumbled then, trying to keep back a giggle when Jared snorted.

"We could go out for real food," Jared suggested, snagging a grape and pressing it between Jensen's lips.

Jensen shook his head and chewed slowly. "No, I'm good here."

He sounded tired, tired and wrung out, but calm and peaceful now the edge had rubbed away and he was left laying warm in Jared's arms.

"I think room service do healthier stuff. Pizza."

Jensen rolled his eyes and poked Jared in the ribs. "Pizza isn't healthy."

"No, but it tastes good." Jared grinned, nibbling on the lobe of Jensen's ear. "Like you."

"I am very healthy!" Jensen protested, squirming and yawning as he spoke. Jared brought his knuckles to his lips and licked each finger slowly.

"Thank you," he whispered. "For coming on vacation with me. For sharing this."

"You're mine," Jensen whispered, "Right? How could I not?"

Jared couldn't really think of a suitable answer to that.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 23: Memories Are Made of This

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared has a cunning plan.

Warnings: Ubbber fluff. Teeny tiny angst.

Notes: The site has been updated with a new layout, and all previous parts can be found in the sidebar. For the utterly sparkly [jeyhawk](#), we love you sweetie! *uber squish*

Scene One

I: Getting back couldn't have been fun...

JP: I miss Italy. A great deal.

JA: He misses the food, more like.

I: Still, you had plenty to look forward to when you got back.

JP: Yes, we still had to have a proper celebration-

JA: (elbows)

JP: What now?!

JA: Better safe than sorry.

Jared had a plan. A foolproof, genius, plan at that. It might have resulted from several hours of planes getting delayed and a grumpy, cranky, sleep-deprived Jensen to nurse back to the states, but Jared wasn't going to analyze that. No. What mattered was that he had a plan now. And since his plans of late had been filled with awesome, no matter the risks, he was sure this one was going to work as well.

Convincing Chris of the said awesome of his plans however, was not as easy as it should have been.

"You want to what?" His friend blinked, the beer he was holding elevated halfway between the table and his mouth.

Jared had no such scruples. He drained a third of his bottle in one. "I want to throw Jensen a birthday party."

"In July?" Chris repeated, just to clarify.

"Yes."

"When his birthday is in March?"

"Yes."

Chris nodded slowly, no doubt convinced that Jared was insane. "Alright. And why?"

Jared shrugged. "He needs a proper birthday."

"Yes, so why don't you wait till next year?"

"He needs a birthday for this year."

Chris opened and closed his mouth like a goldfish out of water. "But he's already had it."

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose. Sometimes Chris could be receptive as a ton of bricks. "But he didn't tell me he had. I just found out now. Or well, I found out in Venice, but I couldn't organize an Un-birthday party there, could I?"

Chris's eyes suddenly turned a bit too understanding for Jared's liking. But since Chris said, "All right, let's do it," he didn't begrudge him too much. "What kinda birthday did you have in mind?"

Jared frowned. "One with cake and friends should be enough. I thought you guys could play..."

Chris nodded. "That won't be a problem. How many people?"

"Not too many," he said quickly. "Just you two, Francy, Gabe and Cristina, maybe. But that's it. No big crowds."

Chris was nodding slowly. "You got a date in mind?"

Jared beamed. "How's Saturday for you?"

Chris choked on his beer, and Jared leaned back against the wall, grinning wickedly.

"You are truly insane, you know that?" Francy seemed to have much the same idea as Chris, only her voice had been underlined with wry amusement, not confusion. "Where are you going to find a cake at this short notice?"

Jared juggled the phone and Harley's lead, watching out of the corner of his eye as Jensen raced Sadie around the trees ahead. "I figured you would wave your magic wand and teach me how to bake."

"I'm not Jane Asher." Francesca said sternly. "Nor am I stupid enough to entertain the notion of you actually baking Jensen's birthday cake yourself. I happen to be rather fond of my liver."

"I'm not that bad..." Jared protested, thinking of the one time Steve had chipped a tooth on one of the brownies he had baked.

A dead silence met him from the other end of the line.

"I'm really not!"

"I'd rather you to call a bakery and have it done professionally."

"But.. I want to make it myself," Jared said, a petulant whine to his voice. "It's his birthday."

"Okay, first of all, I'm not a great baker on the best of occasions. And secondly, I am not letting you soil my kitchen."

Jared sulked. "A cake baked by me would be better than any bought goodies."

"Dear Lord, you're such a sentimental fool."

Jared did smile this time. "You say it like it's a bad thing."

There was a long suffered sigh from the other end of the line. "I'll keep Jensen occupied *and* give you the

recipe. Anything else's up to you."

Jared literally bounced on the cushions of the couch. "You are all kinds of awesome! Thank you so, so much -"

"Enough with the mushy crap, I'm not Jensen," Francy grumbled and hung up. Jared grinned like a lovesick idiot, then punched in another call to Gabe.

Cristina picked up. "Hello?"

"Hi, it's uh, Jared. Padalecki, you had dinner-"

"Oh, hey, sweetie, you looking for Gabe?"

She remembered him, awesome. "He around?"

"Sure." There was a rustling on the line, then Gabe's distinctive, hyper voice down the line.

"Jay! How are you, man? How was the land of togas and free loving?" They had sent him a postcard, or rather, Jensen had. Jensen had been a on postcard kick, sending two and three postcards to each of their friends.

"I think you are talking about Greece." Jared grinned. "Listen, you up for a party?"

"Was Nero a raging homosexual?"

Jared blinked. That was a question? "I - didn't check?" he stammered, thinking he had somehow foregone an important step in a gay pilgrimage of sorts. "I'll ask Jensen?"

"You do that," Gabe said, then thrilled, "You said a party?"

Jared smiled, thankful they were back on a track he understood. "Yes, a party. At our house, Saturday?"

"I have to check with my schedule, and Cris', but I don't think it's going to be a problem. What's the occasion?"

"Jensen's birthday bash. Well, un-birthday, really, his birthday's in March, but we didn't have a birthday bash back then, and I - uh, I want to give him one."

Jared thought he was going to be laughed at, but Gabe just chuckled. "Sounds good. What do we have to bring?"

"I'm baking the cake," Jared said, and was thankful when Gabe didn't sound as horrified as everyone else had. "Uh, the rest - I guess Francy will bring food, and Chris beer..."

"I'll let Cristina worry about it, then. I'll call you back tonight, but we'll do anything to be there."

Beaming, Jared thanked him and hung up in time to brace himself for Sadie's oncoming charge. Jensen followed, his cheeks flushed pink. Harley placed muddy paws all over his sweater and lapped at his face. Their puppies had grown big over the last few months, and Francesca swore never to look after them again.

"You okay?" Jensen asked breathlessly, his face flushed.

Jared grinned. "Yep." He said brightly pocketing his cell. "So when are your meetings?"

Jensen stepped up close and wrapped his arm around Jared's back. "I have a photo shoot tomorrow morning for the AMAs, and some stuff with the studio on Saturday, mean fucks."

Jared chuckled. Jensen liked his Saturday mornings too much to willingly share them. "Poor baby." He

cooed.

Jensen glared at him and huffed. "Your shoot is on Friday at three. Miss it and Francy will have your liver on a plate."

"You want me to-" Jared started, though he knew what Jensen would say even before he said it.

"Paul will be there." He kissed Jared's cheek. "You gotta let me play with the other kids sometimes, mom."

Other kids were mean little shits who needed a good beating.

Jared blinked. "I know, I know." Besides, Jensen wouldn't be doing the shoot with a Dom, just Paul, who had been rigging longer than Jared had known what a dick was really for. Didn't mean he was looking forward to letting Jensen out of his sight. "Shouldn't we be doing one together?" he asked, sounding slightly petulant and not giving a damn.

Jensen grinned and kissed him lightly again. "Maybe. I'll ask Francy about it, okay?"

Jared cringed inwardly, knowing he was toeing a very thin line with all these requests to Francesca of late, but at least he thought he was doing them for Jensen's own good. "Okay," he murmured, kissing him softly again. "When's the big event? Chris wants to tag along."

Jensen pulled back abruptly, eyes bulging out of his head. "What?"

Jared shrugged, looking sheepish. "Uh, yeah. I told him, and he said he wanted to take Steve on a night out...."

"To a porn-movie award-ceremony?"

Jared shrugged, grinning at him. "Well, why not? It's way more exciting than the Oscars anyway."

Jensen opened and closed his mouth twice. "But - but -"

"If it makes you uncomfortable, I can tell him where to shove it," Jared said immediately. He didn't tell Jensen that once he'd told Chris of the possibility that some of the people Jensen had worked with might be there, his friend had demanded to be issued with an invitation.

Jensen shook his head, no doubt worrying that something or someone might say or do something that would risk one of the few friendships he had. "No, no. That's fine. I'll swing a few extra tickets from the committee."

Jared smiled, glad of the backup. He knew exactly what kind of people would be there.

And he knew that list included Simon.

As a precautionary measure alone, it would be good to have Chris and Steve along. If not to hold Simon still whilst Jared ripped him to small pieces, then to make sure no one tried anything with Jensen if he was otherwise occupied.

"They are really excited." Jared grinned, squeezing Jensen close. "I think Chris wants to get some chick's autograph..." He shook his head and let Jensen fill in the blanks.

He laughed and took Sadie's lead. "I'm sure Steve will love that."

"No doubt they'll be looking for new stuff to try." Jared teased. There was nothing he loved more than strolling down the street with Jensen tucked against him and their dogs barking at butterflies.

Jensen giggled a little and smiled, his bright eyes and sunny cheeks stripping years from him. "Think of all the tips we could give. We should write a book."

"Hmm, '101 Kinky Things To Do With Your Lover', I like it."

"Let's face it, you could think of ninety nine without stopping to put much effort into it," Jensen teased him playfully, fishing in his pocket for the keys to the house.

Jared nodded sagely. "True. Which means we could get started on number one just now." He scooped Jensen up, not listening to his screech of protest and covering his mouth with his own, arms tight around his chest. "Kiss his beautiful lips for as long as you want."

Jensen mumbled something unintelligible, his hands finding Jared's shoulder blades and holding on. "You're insane," he murmured, kissing him back softly. Jared grinned and licked his lips, the tip of his tongue running over the contour of Jensen's mouth.

"I'm crazy for you."

"Sap," Jensen murmured, rubbing his thumb in Jared's nape. "This is not kinky."

Jared sucked at his bottom lip before nudging his forehead with his own. "I have a kiss kink."

Jensen chuckled. "Bit tame for a pornstar."

"I also have a hand kink. And an eye kink. And a neck kink.."

"Okay, now I'm worried..." Jensen mock glared, clutching tight to Jared's shoulders as he was laid out on the solid dinning room table. "Neck and table kink?"

"Improvisation kink," Jared corrected, standing between Jensen's spread thighs. He fisted his hands in Jensen's jacket and tugged him forward for a slow, messy kiss. "Uh... and what does that involve?"

Jared thought about it. "Usually some form of horny, messy sex over various items of furniture. Props get you extra points."

Jensen wriggled out of his coat and tossed it across the room. "We scoring now?" he asked, dragging Jared closer to nip at his jaw.

Jared's own jacket and sweater landed on top of Jensen's. "Hell, yes." He thumbed his belt open with one hand and tossed it aside. "First one naked gets the starters ten."

Jensen rolled his eyes. "Cheater," he grumbled, squirming out of his sweater.

"You're too slow, Jen," Jared crowed, his jeans down by his knees. The he blinked as Jensen's slacks hit the floor and he laid back on the table, ass naked and smirking.

"Baby, you gotta know better than to try and out strip the master."

Jared threw his head back and laughed, then walked back in between Jensen's open legs, hooking his hands under his knees and pulling him forward, grinning wickedly down at him. "That's a challenge there?"

Jensen's eyes went hued. "Bring it on."

Jared stepped out of his briefs and lowered his mouth to suck at the stretch of skin above Jensen's heart. "I think we have a few more numbers on the list," he whispered, his tongue following the line of symmetry down Jensen's body, his hands pushing slowly Jensen's legs down towards his chest.

"Such-" Jensen arched in his touch, biting off a moan. "Such as?"

"I think you're about to find out," Jared chuckled, then closed his lips around the head of Jensen's half hard cock, gasping in surprise when Jensen buckled as if he were hit by an electric shock, his cock slipping an inch or so deeper into Jared's mouth. Jensen rarely lost control, rarely *took* what he needed, and Jared would've smiled if his mouth hadn't been otherwise occupied. He loved when he managed to get Jensen to

lose some of his rigidly fixed restraints.

"Fuck!" Jensen hissed, his fingers tightening in Jared's hair as he tried to hold himself steady. Jared braced his hands on the legs of the dining room table and drew back until only the head of Jensen's cock was in his lips.

Jensen whined and keened, his hips shifting minutely as he tried to wait Jared out.

Only Jared had no intention of moving. He held himself fast and still. If Jensen wanted his cock sucked, then he'd have to do something about it.

101 Kinks his ass. He could write a list as long as War and Peace for all the stuff they had done... and then again for all the things Jared had simply never gotten around to trying out yet.

"Jay, please!" Jensen pouted, squirming on the table. Jared looked up at him and winked, his jaw a little sore, but the anticipation more than enough to make up for it. "Aw fuck, that's just mean!" Jensen growled, his thighs twitching on either side of Jared's shoulders.

He grunted, then thrust his hips forward carefully, sinking deeper into Jared's mouth, watching hawklike to be sure he wasn't being too rough.

Given the force with which Jared had sometimes fucked Jensen's mouth, he wasn't sure what constituted as 'too rough', but Jensen's gentle little thrusts were far from it. Jared sucked enthusiastically, tongue pressed flat on the throbbing vein on the underside, eyes locked with Jensen, dark and reverent, spurring him on. Jensen's legs twitched, and his fingers flexed in Jared's hair, his hips pushing up a little more, a guttural groan slipping past his lips as Jared swallowed around him greedily.

"Oh fuck-"

Jared sucked harder, but kept himself perfectly still. His half-mast eyes were an open challenge. *Do it, take it, fuck me like you mean it* and Jensen whimpered, throwing his head back and thrusting up a bit harder. Jared's answering moan reverberated through his groin and up to his thighs, his toes curling as he whimpered, Jared's fingers pressing tight around the curve of his under knees, slipping with perspiration. "Jare -" Jensen moaned, his grip in his hair tightening. "Please..."

Jared pulled off with a wet 'pop', shaking sweaty bangs out of his eyes. "Take it, baby," he whispered, voice rough and fucked out, before swallowing Jensen down to the hilt.

Jensen hissed and threw his head back, his hips snapping forward, out of his control. Jared curled his hand around Jensen's thighs, held him open, and relaxed as Jensen's fingers tightened in his hair.

"Jay, god, Jay... fuck."

Jared let him take, and knew the very instant pleasure overcame all else and drove Jensen down the path where he was willing to demand what he wanted. He'd never be an aggressive fuck, never be even half as insistent as Jared was on some of their tougher shoots, but he was fucking Jared's mouth with tiny, rapid, delicate thrusts, and that was enough.

Jared swallowed him down, sucked him as hard as he could, and played with the smooth, tender skin between Jensen's balls and his hole.

Jensen keened, and he pulled Jared back, painning his face with strings of come.

"I think you get the points for that one." Jared grinned, his voice rough and fucked, and his jaw twanging as he smiled. Jensen shuddered and dropped back against the table, looking up at Jared with big, liquid eyes. Jared licked his lips purposefully, grinning when a small moan escaped Jensen's mouth, and his spent dick twitched a little.

"Yeah," Jensen murmured, hazy and sluggish. He fumbled to grab hold of Jared's arms, pulling him close and licking the stripes of come off his face with curios, tiny kitten like laps. Jared moaned softly, rubbing

his hands up and down Jensen's thighs as his own dick pulsed, hard and neglected between his thighs.

"Fuck, baby," he mumbled, trying to catch Jensen's tongue with his own, half wondering if it was the time to test the strength of the table and climb atop of it. Jensen mewled and sucked at his jawline, fingers tangled in Jared's own. "Brownie points."

Jensen smirked, teasing and sated, and Jared felt his heart skip a beat. "I'm not done," Jensen whispered throatily, sliding down lower on the table and sneaking one hand between Jared's legs. Jared hissed in pleasure, hips snapping forward against Jensen's palm.

"Fuck." Jared's sexed out brain thought that a playful, daring Jensen was pretty much the hottest thing ever, but he couldn't let him win so easily. It was a challenge after all, and Jared had his pride. With a predatory grin, he pushed Jensen's legs closed and down against his chest, deciding that it was now or never and climbing with one knee above the surface of the table.

"Um... Jay?" Jensen's eyes were wide, but he didn't move from where Jared had pinned him.

Jared grunted, the weight of his body bending Jensen in two, his knees framing his beautiful, flushed face. "Concentrating here, Jen," he grunted, trying to find the right balance that would spread their weight evenly. This could actually be kinda fun. No way would the table take their usual type of action, but he bet if he did things slow, oh so slow, they'd manage just fine.

Besides, he thought, grinning wickedly as he pressed Jensen's legs down further, fucking him slowly was a sure fire way of driving Jensen out of his mind.

And Jared planned on being very, very slow.

"I ain't letting you win that easy, baby," Jared said gruffly, loving the way Jensen arched beneath him. Jared had more than a little weight advantage. Jensen could wriggle and squirm all he liked; Jared wouldn't budge.

Jensen gasped, falling back and panting. He met Jared's challenging gaze with a coy look of his own, then reached up and grasped his ankles.

Oh fuck...

Jared's mouth went dry at the unspoken challenge. Jensen was holding himself wide open, and still managed to have the upper hand. "Bet you come first," he whispered, eyelashes low on his cheeks.

Jared very nearly came right there and proved him right. He bit his lip, trying to pull back from the edge, and sucked two of his fingers in his mouth before dipping his hand to rest above Jensen's hole. "Bet you come twice," Jared murmured, his thumb running in a circle over the outer ring. Jensen's chest heaved, head thrown back, and Jared suppressed a smug grin. Point team Padalecki. He took his sweet time fucking Jensen open with his fingers, alternating one for two and back to one again, then three, keeping Jensen right on the edge, each thrust slow and controlled and going nowhere near his prostrate, reducing Jensen to a sweaty, shivering and thrashing mess underneath him.

"Jay," Jensen groaned, thighs quivering with the effort to keep himself wide, his cock already back to fully hard, flushed and blood-heavy against his belly. "Jay, fuck, please-"

Jared smiled and traced a line of kisses down the inner side of Jensen's thigh, adding a third finger and crooking them slightly as he twisted them inside of him. Jensen keened and tried to rock back on Jared's hand, but the hand against his hip kept him fast. "Jay-reed..."

Jared smirked and pushed his fingers up against the tiny bundle inside of Jensen, his own dick pulsing hotly when Jensen cried out and writhed on the table.

"Nice?" he asked, smirking down on Jensen as his ass squeezed tightly around Jared's fingers.

"No." Jensen grunted, cursing through gritted teeth as Jared's knuckles dragged back and forth over his

sweet spot.

"No? So you don't like it?" Jared mused, adding a finger from his other hand to the three already inside. "Guess I should avoid it then, huh?"

Jensen was sweating, groaning, his whole body twitching, but he didn't give in. His eyes were fiver bright, but defiant, and Jared grinned. "Guess you should," Jensen panted harshly.

Jared tipped his head, stroking his fingers in and out, in and out. "You know how much I fucking love the way you feel around my hand? A lot. I really fucking love it. You squeeze me so tight I don't know which of us is gonna break first." Jensen whimpered, his ass clenching tightly, as if he was anticipating Jared's next move, gearing up to be stretched so wide. Jared's smirk grew. "You know you're the only person who's ever been able to take all of me, I mean really take me. Love that you can do that. Love that you could take more."

"Anything," Jensen hissed, losing the fight bit by bit.

Jared slid his fingers out and replaced them with his thumbs. Jensen moaned and buckled, and Jared chuckled under his breath before holding his hole wide open, tongue running slowly down the crease of his ass.

God, he loved rimming Jensen. He loved all about him, but knowing that he was the only one that had got to do it, knowing that there were still things that he could give Jensen, that could make him feel good. Knowing that he was the only one who would get to do them all again, over and over, day after day.

He kept his tongue flat, pushing past the quivering muscle, then out again, quick, fleeting stabs that made Jensen jerk helplessly, thighs shaking as he forced them as wide as they could go. "So good, baby," Jared murmured as he drew out, the tip of his tongue running over the tight skin of his balls.

Jensen keened, the table giving an ominous creak underneath them and okay, Jared did have a furniture kink but it didn't involve the table snapping its legs and sending them both crashing to the floor. He dismounted, both feet back on the ground, and dragged Jensen forward, ass right on the edge.

"Ready?" he murmured, guiding Jensen's legs around his waist.

"What do you think?" Jensen panted, clutching Jared's shoulder. Jared shook his head and pressed his hand firmly on Jensen's belly, forcing him to lay back against the table.

"Wanna come?" He teased, rubbing his aching cock up and down the valley of Jensen's ass.

He held Jensen still, thumbs on his hips as he tried to push back against him.

"N-no." Jensen stammered, his palms flat on the table besides him. There was something utterly erotic about the way Jensen's fingers fanned out, his palm flat... vulnerable.

"That's good, because I got no plans of finishing this any time soon." He spread Jensen's ass and slowly, teasingly, pressed the head of his cock through the tight muscle.

Then pulled back out.

He pushed back in, just the tip of him, then out again. Over and over, until he slipped inside so easy and smooth he might as well have been made to do so.

In, out, in, out. Never deep, never fast. Slow. It cost him every inch of control he had, but it was worth it just to watch as Jensen turned the air blue, his chest heaving.

"Still don't want to come?" he asked, hands braced, curled around Jensen's hips, right where they fit the best.

Jensen groaned, eyes squeezed shut, limbs shaking like leaves in a strong breeze. "N-nhg-" his breath left

him in a rush, a loud cry breaking past his lips as Jared pushed home again. "Fuck-"

Jared grinned, lowering himself over Jensen, their chests sliding together, skin wet with perspiration. He hovered his mouth over Jensen's, partially open, not close enough to kiss, but close enough for his breath to fan over Jensen's parched lips.

"Still not feeling like it?" Jared cooed, his lust-darkened eyes boring into Jensen's. He hooked one of Jensen's legs above the crook of his elbow and spread him even wider, pulling back completely before pushing right in to the hilt again, and just like that Jensen lost it, his dick jerking helplessly as he came, and came, and came, some of it hitting under his chin and over his nipples. It was too tempting to pass upon. Jared's tongue slid out and collected the pearly white drops, sucking strawberry bruises into his skin.

"I win," he whispered gruffly, his teeth dragging over the sensitive skin of Jensen's nipples.

A soft, desperate whimper, and Jensen's body was tightening around him so perfectly Jared felt the grip on his resolve falter and slip.

This is what he lived for. Jensen. Him. Them. Together where no one in the world could touch them, where barriers were down and out for the count, and all there was between them was skin. Jensen curled his legs around Jared's hips, held on and kissed at every inch of Jared he could, sticky and sweaty and beautiful.

He thrust forward and pulled out a final time, scooping Jensen up and carrying him up to their room. He wanted to finish this in bed. Their bed.

Jensen moaned softly as Jared lay him down and rolled him over onto his stomach. "Jay-" He called, spreading his legs and sighing when Jared slid back inside, so smooth and easy.

Jared lay over him, weight braced on his arms, and continued the slow, languid tempo, his lips brushing Jensen's neck and shoulders, damp hair brushing his nose.

It was perfect and sweet, the edge of lust shaved away to a softer, deeper passion. "I love you," he whispered into Jensen's throat, and came quietly inside of him. Jensen moaned, his hands finding Jared's over the bedding, fingers tangling together, and he brought his lips over Jared's knuckles, his body tight around Jared, holding him inside as long as he could, groaning his disapproval when Jared pulled out. Jared pulled his hands free from his limp grasp, kissing his nape before walking off to the bathroom to get a washcloth to clean them both up.

Jensen purred and stretched mile long limbs, grinning as Jared let the cloth trail up and down his thighs, then his chest. Jared chuckled at the bright, rosy, lip-shaped bruises all over Jensen's chest, and as he tossed the cloth away and pulled him into his arms, he let his fingertips brush above them.

"Millicent's gonna have a fit when she'll have to fix you up for the shoot."

"I can just blame you," Jensen whispered, his eyes sparkling. He reached up with his hands, clumsily petting Jared's face and bringing him down for a kiss. "My Jared."

"Yours, yes," Jared breathed, kissing him back, light and soft. Jensen's. Forever. Of that he was damn sure. He snuggled right up close and, the palm of his hand spanning completely above the small of Jensen's back.

Scene Two

"He's up to something," Jensen muttered, tilting his head back to let Paul loop a coil of thick sailing rope around his throat. It hung loose, curled like a necklace. "I know he is."

"Of course he is," Paul said calmly, fastening Jensen's wrists together. In honor of the shoot that had

landed Jensen the most nominations, the photographer had set up a very Long John Silver-esque set in one of the studio lots. It was a far cry from Hawaii, and Jensen missed Jared's goofing between takes. "The cogs are always turning in that boy's head. It's a miracle he actually has an off button."

Jensen smiled fondly. Didn't he know it. "Still..."

Paul shook his head. "I'm surprised he let you come alone today." There was a quiet edge to his voice that Jensen caught instantly. Jared had never let Jensen shoot without supervision since the incident with Kevin and Jona, and though he was doing nothing more than posing for an enthusiastic photographer, Jared usually could be found within hollering radius.

"Guess he trusts you," he smiled, trying to convey his own feelings on the matter. He did trust Paul. More than he trusted anyone else he worked with that wasn't Jared.

Paul nodded, trying to give him a small smile back. "I'm glad he does." He finished the set up and took a critical step back, massaging his jaw. "He seems rather unimpressed by the turn of the events. Most uprisings are thrilled about getting a nod at the AMAs."

"He doesn't... well, he's happy. I guess." Jensen twisted his neck this way and that, pleased when he managed to do a complete turn without any particular problem. "I don't think he cares much about the industry, to tell you the truth."

He was privately so fucking happy that Jared had been nominated, that *they* had been nominated. It went to show Jensen could step down from the real hardcore scenes and still sell, it went to show that Jared knew what the fuck he was doing, and he was so, so giddy that Jared didn't seem to give a damn. Jared wasn't into the industry games, he didn't care. He would've been happy shooting for an amateur director as long as he got his arms around Jensen, making sure he was treated good. The knowledge made Jensen's chest glow with warmth.

"You seem... content," Paul said, helping him to sit on the rugs.

Jensen smiled. "I am. I-I love him."

Paul suddenly looked immensely smug and he clapped his hands together, pleased. "About damn time," he smirked. "You have any idea how much stress you've been causing us?"

Jensen blinked. "I... what?"

"We set up a pool, way back," Paul explained, kneeling down to fasten Jensen's ankles to the back of his thighs. "On how long it would take for you to admit to being head over heels. Smart money was on six months. I had you pegged on nine. So thank you. You have just won me a few grand."

Jensen's jaw dropped. "You put a *bet* on us?" he yelled shrilly.

"On you, actually." Paul corrected him, his voice as placid and calm as ever, even though his eyes twinkled playfully. "You can blame Elle for starting it."

"A bet..." Jensen squirmed, ready to smack Paul around the back of the head, only to find himself well and truly tied up. "I will kill you for this," he promised faithfully. Paul merely chuckled and went on with his work.

"It's a good thing," he said after a while. "He's been good for you."

Jensen shuffled a little, ducking his head under Paul's scrutiny. "Yeah. He has." More than Jensen could say. They didn't say anything else, and once Paul gave the all clear, the photographer started dancing wildly around him, shooting picture after picture. Jensen turned a coy look at the camera, licked his lips so they would shine in the carefully placed lights, thinking back at when they were in Hawaii, at how intense Jared had been, and he bit his lower lip to stifle a whimper.

"Good, just like that. A little more to the left...."

Jensen followed instructions perfectly. He enjoyed stills, he always had, but to say that he didn't miss Jared's presence would've been a lie. It wasn't only because Jared would look after him and glare everyone into cowering if they tried even look at Jensen the wrong way. He missed being around him, missed the comfort and the easy pattern they'd fell into since they'd start dating. Only nine months ago.

Jared could put him at ease just by being present. He calmed Jensen, soothed him, excited him. Being around Jared was both comfortable and an adventure.

They paused long enough for Paul to step on set and artfully arrange Jensen's loose cotton pants - the only thing he was wearing - around his mid-thighs, catching on the intricate bonds. Just thinking about Jared was enough to make him hard, and he could imagine all too well just what he would look like, squirming on the rugs, his hard cock rubbing against his belly.

Jared would really, really be bummed that he missed this.

"Arch your neck back, yeah, perfect." Jensen threw his head back, his neck arched submissively as his chest and shoulders bowed. He imagined the way Jared would suck at his throat, marking him for others to see. He'd left their shoot in Hawaii covered in bites and tiny, delicate bruises, Jared's fingerprints etched into his skin. He'd moaned at the time, but a part of him liked wearing the marks of Jared's loving possession.

That shoot had been one of his favorites. The fact that it had been picked for AMAs was all for the better. Jensen thought that he could go back to Hawaii every odd month, if only to relax in the superb villa they'd been assigned.

"That's very good, bend forward now."

Jensen did as he was told, his eyes shimmering with exhausted, sated tears. His dick was already hard just by thinking back at those scenes on the boat, and the endless nights of kisses and soft caresses that followed. Come to think of it, it had been almost like being on vacation for real. Even though nothing could out do Rome or Venice... nothing.

They changed set soon after that. Paul undid the knots around Jensen's body, Jensen stepped out of his slacks and lay back on another pile of rugs, his hands suspended above his head with a fine, silk scarf.

"So, he's up to something?" Paul continued as he knelt over Jensen and let Elle come on set and splatter Jensen's belly and thighs with a pearly white liquid.

Their head of makeup grinned and rolled her eyes. "What has he done now?" she asked, continuing to give Jensen the 'just been fucked senseless' look the cameras loved.

Jensen sighed and leaned forward for her to mess with his hair. "That's just it." He eyed her critically for a moment. "You're a woman. How do you know when a man is lying to you?"

"He opens his mouth," she said dryly.

"Ouch." Paul laughed. Jensen grinned and rolled his eyes.

"That's not what I mean."

"I know what you mean," she countered, sitting back on the heels of his feet. "You think he's lying to you?"

Jensen looked away. "Not in a bad way..."

Her eyebrow rose.

"He's hiding something."

"And you think it is a bad thing?"

"I just think he *is*," Jensen said defensively. "He's been.... weird."

"Weirder than usual?"

Jensen rolled his eyes. "You know what I mean. He's just being... secretive and stuff. It's not like him." Elle grinned happily, and Jensen frowned. "What's so funny in this?"

"Oh dear, you. You're just precious. You talking about your *boyfriend* is just precious." She pretended to draw a little heart on his stomach, and Jensen glared at her. "Trick him. See if he lets something slip."

Jensen frowned. "Trick him?"

"Yes, you know," she waved her brush around as Paul listened, his eyes slightly wider than usual. "Ask him a question in the middle of something completely unrelated. For example, say that he's rimming you-" Jensen gasped and flailed, his cheeks turning completely red as Paul hooted with laughter at his side, and Elle went on, completely unfazed, "-- he wouldn't expect you to ask him what's about to do tomorrow night, right?"

"*Definitely* not!" Jensen shook his head firmly. "No way. I'll just, I dunno... wait him out."

"Are men that patient?"

"Yes!" Jensen and Paul exclaimed at once.

Elle ignored them both. "Oooh, maybe he plans on proposing?"

Jensen was pretty convinced he blacked out for a second. He heard the words that left Elle's mouth, then nothing until Paul was pinching the tender skin of his underarm.

"Earth to Jensen," his rigger said, looking highly amused and enjoying every second of Jensen's discomfort. "You ready?"

Jensen blinked. "What? Oh. Yes, go ahead." He let Paul tie the sash Jared had worn between his lips and told himself that he really couldn't smell Jared on the fabric.

And that Jared would never, ever propose.

Would he?

He remembered when the concierge in Venice had addressed him as *signor* Padalecki, and a storm of butterflies kicked off in his stomach. Jared had laughed, but he'd also said he liked the sound of it... Jensen had liked it, too. What if Jared had thought about it? Because Jensen had not, really, not even a little -

Okay. Maybe that wasn't all true. But it was beside the point.

Jensen totally *did* have a point. Yes. The point was that Jared was hiding him something, and that he would never, ever propose.

Right?

"Jensen, you're spacing out," Paul said gently, easing the fabric gag from between his lips, and Jensen blushed. Talk about professionalism. His wrists didn't ache when they were loosened, a mark of how experienced Paul was at making things look good without causing any harm.

"Right. Sorry."

"You're worrying about Jared?"

"No," he lied through his teeth.

Paul looked at him fondly and shook his head. "Look, you, I, and anyone with a pair of working eyes know that he would rather cut off his balls than purposely hurt you. So whatever he is hiding, it is unlikely to be anything bad. Just relax and see what happens."

Jensen took the advice to heart, knowing Paul was right, even if accepting it wasn't so easy.

He followed Paul over to the cabin bed, so similar to the one Jared had laid him down on, and followed through the rest of the shoot on auto pilot. He'd been so good at giving the camera what it wanted whilst his mind was elsewhere that he could slip into the headspace with no effort at all.

Only this time instead of imagining a place that was warm and secluded, away from everyone, he imagined he was back on set with Jared, fooling around under the blistering sun. He could see the blend on Jared's face, half character, half himself, the combination so hot it made Jensen squirm just thinking about it.

Maybe it was a good thing Jared wasn't here right now.

Jensen might have done something embarrassing.

Like latching on him and starting to hump his leg.

Thankfully the shoot wrapped up in a couple of hours, and Jensen was set free to shower and clean up before heading back home. Jared had driven him there, but he could just take a taxi back. Or maybe call Francesca and see if she knew something about whatever it was that Jared was planning. She should know, after all. Jared would've had to ask her... sometimes it made Jensen giggle just how seriously in consideration Jared took Francesca. Almost if she was Jensen's mom...

There was a knock at the door, and Jensen went to open with a small, puzzled frown on his face, a frown that dissipated the moment that he was met with an armful of sunflowers and calla lilies, and a wide, beaming smile over a six foot six gigantor.

"Nearly done?" Jared asked brightly, bouncing on the balls of his feet. Jensen took the flowers, his stomach flip flopping.

"What are these for?" he murmured, leaning in to accept a soft kiss on the lips.

"Our tenth month anniversary," Jared enthused brightly, taking the flowers back from Jensen's arms and hunting for a vase in the sitting room of their trailer. "Don't worry, there are more at home," he babbled, leaving Jensen awestruck in the middle of the room, only a towel around his hips.

Ten month anniversary... did people even celebrate ten months? Surely they just hung on the extra two... crap. Did they? Had Jensen just missed the memo? He'd never been in a relationship that lasted this long. Maybe people *did*, and he just hadn't know. They'd celebrated six months with dinner, a movie at the Plaza and some pretty mind blowing sex.

Ten months. Okay, this was salvageable. He could handle this.

Fixing his brightest grin, he kissed Jared on the corner of his jaw. "Let me get dressed, there is someplace I want to take you."

Jared's grin faltered for a little, then brightened once again. "I can help with clothes."

"No, you can't," Jensen argued. "Sit. Eat candy. I'll be out in a minute." He kissed Jared again and headed for the bedroom. As soon as the door was closed he called Francy. "Ifotgotmytenmonthanniversary," he rushed, speaking as soon as she answered.

"I beg your pardon?"

Jensen pinched the bridge of his nose. "I forgot my ten month anniversary. Jared showed up with flowers. So I need you to wave your magic wand and get us a table at the Waterfront." Silence, then a pearl of hysterical laughter. "Francy, *please!*" He used the voice she had never been able to deny and sighed in relief when she stopped laughing long enough to promise him she would get them a table.

Shit, clothes. He wasn't dressed for the Waterfront. Well, he figured they could just go home and change.

He hadn't gotten anything for Jared. Shit. Shit shit shit. Think, Jensen, *think...*

He shuffled into his jeans and t-shirt, picking up his wallet and checking that the credit cards were all there. He could pay for dinner, for once. Jared would like that. An all you can eat night out, and they'll see if Jared managed to get them kicked out.

"Ready," he said with a smile as he walked back in the main room, and Jared beamed at him, sweeping him into a hug and a soft kiss.

"How was the shoot?"

Jensen squirmed a little, his face heating up. "Uh... it was -good." He shuffled, and Jared laughed softly, kissing the tip of his very red nose.

"You sure?"

"I missed you," Jensen confessed, laying his head on Jared's shoulder. Jared's arms circled his back, holding him close against his chest.

"You didn't have any problems?" The question was light, but Jensen could feel the unspoken weight of it.

He shook his head. "Not *those* kind of problems." His hard on had died down with time, but it would have been nice to have had Jared there.

"Oh." Realisation dawned, and Jared's lips split into a huge smile. "You enjoyed yourself then?"

"I think you'll like the end product," Jensen whispered huskily. He had no doubt that Jared would appreciate the stills.

"I'm sure I will." There was a low rumble in Jared's voice that let Jensen know he'd been right on target. Jared's big hands crept lower to palm at Jensen's ass, raising him a little onto his tip-toes. "I plan to purchase the whole roll of film."

"Think you can afford me?" Jensen shot back, tilting his hips forward and grinning at him.

Jared laughed and nibbled lightly at Jensen's lower lip. "Probably not, no."

"Then it's a good thing you have me for free, isn't it?" Jensen whispered, his fingers playing with the strands of hair on Jared's nape, voice quiet.

Jared paused, hands frozen on Jensen mid-motion for an instant before he hauled him up in the air and kissed his lips fully. "Damn good thing," he mumbled, holding him fast against his chest.

Jensen couldn't suppress a shy grin. He loved the way Jared was able to wrap himself around Jensen fully, and yet manage to do so and still be so tender and sweet, no matter the situation. It made his chest glow.

Jared picked up Jensen's flowers as he let him slid back with both feet on the ground and put them in his arms. "Let's go home," he said, eyes twinkling.

Jensen beamed. He was fine with that.

Francesca called back within the hour. Jared was out on the deck with the dogs, and Jensen snatched up the phone before the second ring.

"Did you get it?" he rushed, breathlessly.

"Table for two sickening love birds at nine," she announced.

"I love you."

"I expect something very expensive and shiny in return," she said before hanging up. Jensen nodded him himself and made plans to buy her a new bottle of her favorite perfume.

"Everything alright?" Jared asked as he wandered into the kitchen, Harley faithfully on his heels. He stretched to scratch his back, baring lines of smooth golden skin that glowed against the white of his t-shirt.

"I'm taking you out tonight," he announced. "Go get pretty."

Jared look dumbstruck. "Jen?"

"Go," Jensen ordered, waving at the stairs. "And if you even think about wearing those jeans of yours, I am sending them to the Salvation Army." Jared had a pair of very old, very tatty jeans. Jensen didn't mind them so much when they were at home, mainly because they clung in all the right places, but he'd strangle Jared before he wore them in public. Strangle him beat tattooing over his forehead PROPERTY OF JENSEN ACKLES, BACK OFF BITCHES. Plus, two-liners weren't very catchy.

Jared pouted, but Jensen stood his ground and sent him upstairs to shower. He was already as cleaned out as he could be, but he took his time picking his outfit anyway. There were more flowers on his side of the bed, and down the kitchen, white roses and yellow and blue irises, beautiful and rich, just like Jared's laughter. The sight of them made Jensen's knees go a little weak, not ultimately because he'd utterly forgotten the occurrence, but he decided he would try and make it right with dinner.

Jared emerged from their bathroom naked and soaking wet, and Jensen ducked out of the bedroom before he could ruin their reservation by tackling him to the bed. Later, when Jared walked down the stairs, dressed with a pair of classy, navy blue jeans with the D&G logo on his backpocket, and a black short-sleeved button down, Jensen seriously considered cancelling.

Who needed food when the hottest man in the whole world was advancing on you with a single, white rose in his hands?

Exactly.

Jensen swallowed, his throat dry. "You... you clean up good."

Jared threw his head back and laughed. "Damn right I do. You better appreciate the effort baby, I don't wear ironed clothes for just anyone."

Jensen nodded. "Oh, I do. I really do." Jared laid the rose on his palm, delicate and fresh. It had become something of a signature piece for them, and Jensen loved that they had traditions already. He could smell Jared's aftershave, sharp and fresh against his skin as their lips brushed. "And you shaved. I am impressed."

During their downtime, Jared rarely ever shaved. It was his little rebellion against an industry that demanded physical perfection.

"Uh huh," Jared muttered, his hand slipping into the back pocket of Jensen's pants. "You approve then?"

Jensen nodded wordlessly.

Who could blame him?

He snagged the keys to his car, and Jared's eyebrow shot up. They usually drove Jared's jeep. It was bigger, more practical, especially when they took the dogs. Jensen's car was, to put not too fine a note on it, a pornstar's car. It was fast, it was shiny, and it had a price tag that would have made a gown man cry. Jensen liked to look at it more than he liked to drive it. He said it was symbolic, although Jared had never discovered what exactly it was symbolic for.

"Where is it that you're taking me?" Jared asked as they walked around the place to go in the garage (the car stayed in the garage, the jeep was left under the porch).

"Surprise," Jensen said, nearly avoiding bumping into the jeep as they circled it because he couldn't keep his eyes off Jared.

Jared grinned and slid in the passenger seat, his legs cramping up as soon as he'd managed to squash them in the right place. He liked the car. It was sleek, slender, beautiful, just like its owner, but it was sort of impossible for him to do anything in it that wasn't sit with his knees under his chin. Jensen though. Jensen looked like the car was made around him, and even though he rarely drove it, he made Jared smile at his childlike enthusiasm.

They cut through the traffic fairly quickly, radio playing quietly in the background, Jared leaning as best as he could in the confined space to look at Jensen's profile as he drove.

"What?" Jensen asked at long last, tearing his eyes off the street long enough to glance in Jared's direction.

"You're beautiful."

Jensen blushed and sped past a crawling blue Toyota. "Thank you," he whispered, his voice barely heard above the radio. Jared caught it none the less and did a happy little dance inside his head. Jensen had accepted the compliment. That was a start! They headed down to the marina, and Jared couldn't help the grin that slowly spread across his lips.

He knew where they were going. He still remembered taking Jensen to The Waterfront, and the sweet, happy smile he had worn when he realised that Jared had intended to take him on a full, proper date.

Jensen hit him with a small, nervous smile as they parked, and Jared leaned over to kiss his cheek. "You remembered!"

"How could I forget?" he whispered. Jared shook his head, one thumb stroking Jensen's collarbone. He knew that under all that snark, and the painful shyness, there was a closet romantic hiding deep inside Jensen. It made Jared's heart accelerate, to know that he was the one bringing out all those hidden layers, and he was the one that got to enjoy from them all.

"Well thankfully I dressed up then," Jared murmured, kissing him again, a mere peck of lips. "Let's go."

They walked up through the pebbled side road that lead up to the restaurant, hand in hand, and Jared barely resisted the urge to skip up the hill as they went. The waiter bowed them in with a smile and led them to a secluded table right out by the balcony, the ocean sweeping several feet below. "What do you want to eat?" Jensen asked with a smile as he flipped through the menu. Jared grinned and leaned over to whisper in his ear, which made Jensen blush and giggle. "For dinner," he muttered, the tips of his ears glowing.

Jared chuckled and picked up his menu. "Whatever it is that you're having."

Jensen's brow furrowed adorably as he looked through the listings. "I'm having fish," he announced, grinning sweetly at Jared. Jared pulled a face and Jensen giggled. "Still want what I want?"

Jared fixed a stubborn expression on his face and nodded. Jensen shook his head fondly, and when their food order was taken, he requested steak for them both.

"I love you," Jared said happily, sipping at the cold beer Jensen had ordered for him. As Jared usually drove, he rarely drank when they were out. Jensen had firmly ordered sparkling water and Jared's favorite brand of beer.

"I love you too," Jensen said, the truth of it glowing in his eyes. Jared felt butterflies flutter in his belly whenever Jensen looked at him that way. "Happy Anniversary." He reached across the table and brought Jared's knuckles to his lips. It was such a far cry from the first time they had eaten there that it brought happy tears to Jared's eyes.

He felt a twinge of shame when he thought about the reason they were there. Paul had called him whilst Jensen was in the shoot, explaining that Jensen thought he was up to something, and that he damn well had better not be. Jared had panicked and picked the first idea that sprung into his head. Which was a good one, because it *happened* to be their tenth anniversary month, but the date he'd picked for Jensen's un-birthday was simply the closest he had to a weekend were they wouldn't be working their asses off - literally. So yes, two celebrations in a row, but Jared didn't mind.

He thought that the more celebrations Jensen had, the better.

Jensen looked out on the terrace, a smile playing on his lips. Jared sipped his beer and looked at him, a warm glow in his eyes. Jensen was leaning with his elbows on the table, taking in the sight of the terrace and the sea underneath, and Jared thought he would've been content to just look at him for the whole night. Jensen was like a work of art, every feature on him finely worked to perfection, and Jared still couldn't get over the fact that he picked him. Or that he put him on a fucking pedestal, like Chris said.

Jared didn't feel like he ought to be given any sort of high recognition. Quite the contrary.

But Jensen had. Jensen adored him. Jared knew it. Anyone that saw them knew it. There was no lie in Jensen's expressive green eyes. No hidden motives.

Jared had never thought it possible to love anyone the way he loved Jensen. Sometimes it was too much, but the deeper he fell, the further he wanted to go. He knew the love the great poets wrote of, and the artists craved. He knew what it was like to be willing to do to the ends of the earth on a whim, or be willing to reach into the heavens and pluck down the stars. It was a blessing he never thought he would have.

Jensen caught him staring and fixed a sweet smile in his direction. "Where are you?" he teased, reaching over and curling their fingers together.

Jared flushed a little, caught out by the way Jensen seemed to glow with happiness.

"I'm in a beautiful place," Jared murmured, stroking his thumb above Jensen's wrist.

"Care to tell me about it?"

"I'm with you," Jared said, voice soft. "And I'm looking at the most beautiful soul I've ever met."

It was Jensen's turn to flush. He looked down at his plate, probably to hide his sheepish grin. "Sap."

Jared winked at him and leaned over to kiss the side of his cheek. "You love it."

Jensen nodded, his hand tightening around Jared's. "I really do."

Their appetizer arrived right then, breaking for a moment the emotional spell, and the bruschetta and vout-au-vent occupying Jared's attention almost fully, even though Jensen teased him for lack of chicken wings in the selection, to which Jared explained it wouldn't have been polite to just jump at chickensticks in such a fine company.

"Dork," Jensen laughed, hiding his face behind the napkin, and Jared regretted not having a camera with them. The photos of their holidays had been on rotation on his screensaver since they got back. "We should have a barbeque or something at the weekend. Invite the guys over."

Jared grinned and hid a smile behind his hand.

"Sure. That would be cool." He smiled, knowing exactly what he already had in mind for Jensen's birthday bash. He couldn't cook. Fact established. But he did man a mean BBQ, and between him and Steve, they could rustle up something that would pass Francy's expectations. Chris was the one who would throw in some exotic, possibly not legal spices and turn a basic steak into something to die for.

Jensen would love it. It would be like a good old fashioned Texan cookout. In LA.

He knew he could probably order pizza and Jensen would still think it was the best thing ever, but Jared really wanted to do more. Something special. Something he could do without killing everyone with his food.

Thank god Francesca was helping him with the cake.

"I want to take you dancing later," Jared said, realizing he was speaking once he was actually done with the sentence. Jensen blinked and looked up at him with a stunned look in his eyes.

"Dancing?"

"Yeah, you know? A club?" Jared chuckled and brought Jensen's hand up to kiss it. "Like in Rome." Jensen actually flushed, and Jared couldn't help his own, fond grin at the memory. "We don't have to do anything," he hastened to reassure him. "Just a night out. You said you liked dancing, so..."

"I do, I - yeah. I really do," Jensen stumbled over his words, cheeks tinted pink. "You wanna go tonight?" he added, a little hopeful, as if he thought he had misunderstood.

Jared beamed and leaned over to kiss his lips chastely. "Tonight, yep. We're dressed good enough, right?"

"More than," Jensen smiled, his fingers tightening in Jared's hand. Jared glowed.

Jensen ordered his favorite dessert, sipping a large coffee as Jared happily dug through his pavlova in search of stray lumps of fruit. He'd occasionally hold the fork across the table, giggly with glee when Jensen leaned forwards and wrapped his lips around the expensive silver.

Jensen asked for the cheque, and Jared left the tip, the comfort and compatibility leaving Jared feeling a little high. He was well fed, giggly on the beer, and it was a beautiful, beautiful night.

"What's got you so hyper?" Jensen laughed, wandering down the road sedately as Jared bounced from foot to foot. They had left the car at the Waterfront, walking the few minutes towards the complex of clubs and bars out on the peer.

"Just happy." Jared beamed, wrapping an arm around Jensen's shoulders and tucking him close to his side.

Jensen hid a smile in the collar of Jared's shirt. Yeah, he was pretty damn happy too.

The club they went to was a 'friendly' one. Jared didn't really want to take Jensen to a gay club - and risk being recognized and swamped by fans (yes, pornstars had fans too, if the amount of mail Francesca got everyday for them was anything to go by). So they went to a place in west Hollywood Jared had been with Chris and Steve, somewhere that was upbeat and low-tune enough for them to mingle with the crowd and have a good time without worrying about who might be looking in.

Jensen smiled as soon as they walked in the classy hall. They wandered down the corridor to where the bar was, fifty or so round tables with couches sprawled on one side, the dancing floor on the opposite one, people grooving under the blinking, brightly colored lights.

"You want to get something to drink first?" Jared asked him, leaning to speak into his ear above the volume

of the music. "Or you'd rather check out the couches?" he leered, blowing a raspberry in his neck

Jensen laughed and swatted him over his arm. "You said you'd make me dance."

Dancing he could do.

Couples filled the dancefloor, moving together in a slow, rhythmic roll of hips. Jensen sighed and moulded his back to Jared's chest. Strong hands circled his hips, holding him steady and sure. Not quite possessive, but a sign to anyone close by to keep their hands to themselves.

They got a few curious glances from the dancers around them before slipping back into the music, the heavy beat and pounding energy enough to pull them along with the tide of moving bodies.

Neither of them really thought much about what they were doing or how, they just moved, graceful and slow together.

Jared's lips were warm against the shell of Jensen's ear, his breathing soft and calming, utterly in contrast to the crazy meld of bodies around them. They had carved out their own little paradise within the music, and Jensen could stay there all night. He cared little if they weren't moving in time with the music. Jared's arms were around him, his mouth caressing the side of his neck, and Jensen didn't want to break the spell, not ever.

Jared was singing along, badly, in Jensen's ear, his hips swaying, but there wasn't anything remotely close to a sexual innuendo. It was just the two of them, doing what thousands of other couples did. Having a nice night out. It was more than Jensen had ever bargained for, and his heart started to beat faster, a sense of happiness and contentment that swam up to his throat until it almost choked him.

Jared tightened his hands over his hips and spun him around to brush a kiss over his mouth, smiling softly as he did so.

Jensen sighed against him, melting into the touch. "This is nice," he whispered. He felt Jared nod, his cheek brushing against Jared's jaw. "We should make a date of this or something."

"Yeah," Jared agreed. "You and me on the dance floor." He guided Jensen towards the bar, smiling fondly when Jensen ordered him a whiskey and took a diet soda for himself. "We could get a cab..."hHe suggested, laughing at Jensen's look of horror.

"And leave my car alone over night? Fuck no!"

They headed over to the couch close to the windows of the club, and curled up in the leather cushions. They didn't sit they way they did at home, knowing better than to behave so in public, but Jensen was still pressed against Jared's side.

The whiskey was a slow, smooth burn down Jared's throat, and he entertained himself with the thought of how much better it would taste if he was licking it from Jensen's skin. Maybe later... once they were home, Jared planned on laying Jensen down on their bed and kissing every inch of skin until Jensen lost his mind.

Hey, the idea had its merits.

He turned to kiss Jensen's neck, smiling against his skin when Jensen shivered. Jared had to be thankful that Jensen knew him so well, and that the danger of the Un-birthday party being discovered had prompted him into celebrating their tenth month anniversary. Ten months. Jared was still in awe himself. It felt like such a short span of time, and like two different lives had passed at the same time.

He couldn't say he minded. Any day spent with Jensen was joy and challenge at the same time, and Jared would never stop being grateful for all that they had together.

Jensen relaxed against him, his eyes wandering around the club, spying couples dancing, sitting, kissing, and feeling a swell of belonging rise up inside of him. He had what they had. He had what he had never

expected to find. Growing up he had always thought that being gay would automatically preclude him from all the warm, happy, normal things couples did. He'd either not be accepted by those around him, or never find a gay man who wanted the same thing.

Only he had found Jared. Who not only lived and breathed the things Jensen wanted, but would scare the crap out of anyone who came in conflict with that.

He pressed back against the warm body besides him. Jared always felt so strong, so capable, that Jensen forgot sometimes that he was only twenty one. Twenty one, and already determined to be with Jensen for the rest of their lives. It should scare Jensen, it should have made him feel cloistered, choked, but he'd never, ever felt as happy and at ease as he did now.

He felt like he could finally breathe again, and Jared was the one single person he had to thank for.

"I love you," Jensen whispered as he leaned up to kiss him softly. "I really love you."

Jared caressed his cheek and kissed the corner of his lips with a small, bright grin. "I really love you too."

"Are you happy?" Jensen asked, his voice barely there. "With - all this, I mean... It's not exactly what you signed up for."

Jared pulled back a little, looking very seriously at him, a frown creasing his brow. "Where did this come from?" Jensen fidgeted and looked down, but Jared tipped his chin up with his thumb and fixated him with a worried stare. "Baby?"

Jensen forced himself not to drop Jared's gaze and hide. He'd only be pulled back, and for once he wanted to be strong enough not to make Jared be the one doing all the work. "I know you didn't exactly intend to stay in porn."

"Who says that?" Jared asked seriously, his hands so gentle on Jensen's face.

Jensen rolled his eyes. "No one needs to say anything. You're smart, and you were at college, and you can't want to do this forever. No one does." Even he didn't, and he hadn't a clue if there would ever be a place in the real world for a jaded ex-porn star. "I know you stay because of me. You could do anything. I just... I want you to be happy. I don't want you to lie and say that this is what you really want, if you don't."

Jared's shoulders sagged and he shook his head. "I'm never going to get you to believe me, am I? I want *you*."

Jensen swallowed. "There're a lot of strings attached."

"I don't care," Jared leaned his forehead against Jensen's, both palms framing his face. "What do *you* want, baby? I don't mind the strings attached. I work with you, that's good enough for me. You keep talking about what I might want, but what it is that you want? Are you happy like this?"

"I am," Jensen hastened to say, his heartbeat stuck in his throat. "More... more than."

"Then you don't have to worry about anything else. When we'll be fed up with the job, we'll think about it then, okay?"

Jensen wanted to argue, but in the end he gave in and he let his head fall on Jared's shoulder, clutching at his waist. "I just want to be good enough for you, that's all," he whispered, rubbing his thumb in a circle over Jared's hand.

Pain flashed though Jared's eyes. "God baby, just stop." He sounded so pained that Jensen closed his mouth quickly, and reached up, pulling Jared down against him. The music washed over them in waves, and Jensen kept his arms curled around Jared. It surprised him sometimes, but Jared could make himself impossibly small when he chose to. Jensen huddled himself over, and cursed his big mouth.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, "I love you. I just... I want to be want you need, I want to be worthy of you."

Jared said nothing, so Jensen didn't push it further. "Come dance with me."

He lead Jared back out onto the dancefloor and curled his body around Jared's solid frame. The heavy beat was too fast, but Jensen moved slow, sensual, not seductive, but enticing, and Jared's hands were everywhere after only a moment.

He held Jensen tight, almost painful, his fingers painting marks on Jensen's biceps. "You're fucking perfect," he growled, low and dangerous, pulling Jensen in for a kiss that made his toes curl and his heart thunder in his ears. Jensen whimpered and clung on his neck, fingers winding in Jared's hair as he pulled him closer, licking at his lower lip as he tried to kiss Jared back with as much intensity.

It wasn't a matter of not believing in what Jared said. He did believe him, but at the same time he couldn't help but wish *he* were different. The fact that Jared loved him so unconditionally just made him wish more. He knew Jared didn't resent him, didn't resent what they had, but at the same time not even Jared could say that the relationship they had was an easy one.

Not even Jared could deny Jensen had put him through hell.

He looked up, swallowing when he found Jared's intense eyes boring into his own, their irises speaking volumes as he held Jensen close.

One day he would be worth it. He'd find a way to be the type of guy worthy of Jared's unconditional devotion, and if that meant taking the first step back into the real world, then he'd just have to suck it up and deal with it. For years he'd been the master, facing things that were wrong with a smile, surely, for Jared, he could face a little discomfort to bring them into a world less sordid than the one they inhabited.

They'd have to start small. Maybe talk to Francy about his options. It wasn't fair on Jared to expect him to film for the rest of his working life, and Jensen knew there was no way he would ever step back and allow Jensen to shoot with anyone else whilst he moved on to a more respectable career. They'd have to move on, one way or another, and for Jared, Jensen could brave the changes.

He could be a better person. He could be the *right* person. He could be a guy Jared could proudly introduce to his parents, without having to worry about the inevitable awkward questions that would follow.

Leaning in and resting his cheek on Jared's shoulder, Jensen let his mind drift off with the music, a small smile on his lips.

He could do this.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 24:

A very merry unbirthday to you (yes you!)

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jensen gets his birthday party, dates be damned.

Warnings: Enough sap to induce a diabetic coma. Possibly even sappy enough to counter the wonderful November weather.

Notes: This part is for [mattyparkman](#) *squishes*

Scene One

I: Personal question -

JP: As if we didn't get those already -

JA: (elbows)

I: Jensen, we've heard that Jared is quite the romantic, is that true?

JA: You kidding me? He's a Hallmark greeting card come to life.

JP: And you love it. (kiss)

JA:

I: (clears throat) What is the most romantic gesture Jared has ever done?

JA: Uh, well, he's - he's done a fair few, but um, well, my birthday party.

JP: His Unbirthday party! It was awesome! He's even cried a little-

JA: (elbows) Shut up!

JP: Well, you did.

"You're utterly insane," Francesca said, shaking her head in amazement as Jared zipped around the room, throwing streamers over everything. Harley followed on his tail, barking excitedly as he skidded across the floor.

Cristina chuckled as she set bowls of spicy salsa and creamy dip on the table. "It's rather adorable."

Francesca shuddered, "Don't tell me you've fallen under the power of that puppy dog gaze as well? I swear I'm the only sane person in this city." She twisted the centre flower arrangement in order to balance the layout of the table and hid a smile as she did so.

Jared looked this way, then that, biting his bottom lip as he tried to focus. "Status report!" he barked, sounding like Custer on the eve of battle.

"Beer's in the bathtub!" Gabe exclaimed happily, circling behind Cristina and kissing her cheek as he passed.

"We're all set," Steve called out from the deck, chords drifting into the main room through the open doors.

"ETA five minutes!" Jared reported, flailing a little as he spotted a place not over flowing with balloons.

"You'd think we were off to war," Francesca muttered, shooting Raul a dirty look as he merrily inflated another dozen yellow and green balloons. *"Per favore, potresti essere così gentile da non incoraggiarlo? Non è già abbastanza nervoso?"*

"Ma dai, è tenero, non puoi dire di no," he winked at her. *"E poi fa di tutto per Jensen. Dovresti essere contenta."*

"Lo sono." She ran a hand through her hair, caught Jared's frightened look and hid her chuckle. "When is he gonna be here?"

"You're the one that had him off to the studio all day, you tell me when," Jared muttered as he threw more streamers on the chairs around the table.

There was a small pile of gifts on the coffee table, all nicely wrapped and adorned with bows and curly strings. The cake (the cake he had baked all by himself, thank you very much) was covered in chocolate frosting and was sitting in the middle of the kitchen's island, tiny almonds and white chocolate shreds scattered over it. Jensen loved chocolate as much as Jared adored candy, even though Jensen rarely indulged - something that Jared suspected had a lot to do with the way he saw himself in the mirror. So, naturally, he had gone and baked the most decadent, outrageous chocolate cake he could. Francesca had been mildly nauseated by the sweetness of it all.

"Someone's tense," she said then, cocking her head to the side. "It's nearly 5 pm, he shouldn't be long now-"

Right on cue, the gravel screeched under the tires of Jensen's car, and Jared nearly squealed as he directed everyone in position. "Lights! Kill the lights!" he hissed, practically tossing Gabe behind the kitchen counter.

Raul was chuckling quietly to himself as he tugged Francesca down behind the couch. They'd closed the blinds so Jensen wouldn't ruin the surprise before he even opened the door, and Jared had to cling on to the pups as they switched into full-on Jensen-mode.

The garage door closed, and Jared's heart pounded in his ears. What if Jensen didn't like it? What if he freaked out? What if...

Chris stomped on his foot before he could think too much on the subject.

"Hey." Jensen opened the internal garage door and stepped into the hall. "Jay?" Jared could hear the confusion - and the concern - in Jensen's voice, and couldn't wait a second longer. He jumped up and snapped the light on, triggering an enthusiastic cry of "Surprise!" from all their friends.

Harley and Sadie rushed up to their favorite human and licked his fingers in their own greeting as Jensen stood, staring like a deer caught in the headlights.

"Happy belated birthday," Jared grinned at him, trying to mask his own anxiety. Jensen had yet to say a word or take one step forward, and Jared didn't want to think about whatever was going to happen if Jensen didn't like it.

"Wha-" Jensen's eyes were wide and shocked as he tried to take in everything surrounding him. The smiling faces of his friends, the plates piled up on the table, the glasses, and - and a cake, a slightly lopsided, chocolate covered cake right in the middle of it all. "Birthday?" he managed then, voice hoarse.

"Unbirthday," Jared amended, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "Since it's been... um, a few months since yours, but - we wanted to celebrate anyway." He looked tense, nervous, even though he was still smiling, and Jensen swallowed, the movement hard against his dry throat.

Jared had thrown him a birthday party. The utter enormity of the trouble he went through to organize for everyone to be there nailed Jensen to the spot, unable to move, do or say anything.

Jared was officially about to freak out when the first tear ran slowly down Jensen's cheek. He was across

the room in seconds, ignoring their friends, who were all waiting quietly, smart enough to know when to keep shut.

"Baby?" he whispered, reaching out to brush the tear from Jensen's cheek.

Jensen looked up, his eyes bright and full of tears.

Jared's heart sank. He'd fucked up.

Then hands were on his face, pulling him closer, and Jensen's lips were against his. The kiss was harder than Jared expected, but he held on just as tight, kissing Jensen back, salt on his lips. It was enough to make Jensen slump in his arms, and Jared ran his hand up and down Jensen's spine, stroking carefully. "Happy birthday, baby. Sorry I'm late."

Jensen clung on and said nothing, face buried in the front of Jared's perfectly pressed shirt as his shoulders shook silently under Jared's hands. He couldn't find his voice, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find it in himself to explain the emotion filling his chest - he couldn't. He wanted to say so many things, he wanted to beg Jared to never leave him, not ever, because Jensen didn't know how he would go on without him. He wanted to say *thank you* and *I love you*, and he wanted to say he was sorry, but nothing came out. He sniffled and tried to stop the tears that clouded his eyes, his cheek pressed to Jared's heart as Jared held him close and safe.

Jared's lips pressed on his forehead, and Jensen sucked in a breath, willing his wild heartbeat to slow down, looking in Jared's kind, understanding smile. He shivered and leaned up to kiss him again, softly, and Jared cupped his face with one hand, holding him around his waist with his other arm. "Happy birthday," he murmured again.

Jensen choked out a laugh and wiped at his face with the back of his hand. "Okay, okay, enough," he mumbled, trying to stop the flow of unbidden tears that were sliding down his cheeks, looking with eyes open wide at the smiling faces surrounding them. He saw Raul and his heart did a somersault. He looked at Jared, who was still holding him around his waist with his arm, and Jared grinned at him, nudging the small of his back to have him go greet their friends.

"C'mon," he said, stroking his spine reassuringly. "They're all here for you."

Jensen smiled shyly, well aware of how silly he must have looked, crying over something so stupid. Francesca wore her best '*see no evil, hear no evil*' look of disinterest, which Jensen knew well enough to see through. She was worried for him, and secretly plotting Jared's painful death. Jensen flashed her a sheepish smile and relaxed a little when she returned it.

Raul had an arm around her waist, which was likely the only reason she'd gone along with Jared's plans in the first place. Raul winked and grinned, bounding over and giving Jensen a bone crushing squeeze. "We cook Texas," he enthused. For reasons beyond Jensen's understanding, Raul was a huge fan of American barbeque. Jensen laughed and hugged him back, welcoming him back to the US with a smile.

When Raul stepped back, Jensen saw Chris and Steve, who were innocently standing on the sidelines, both with surprisingly understanding smiles, Gabe, who was bouncing on the spot, controlled only by Cristina, who was wearing a motherly expression not unlike Francesca's.

"Hi," he said, a nervous smile on his lips. Just like that, the spell broke, and everyone started talking at once. Jared was a strong, solid presence at Jensen's side, and after taking a steadying breath, Jensen faced the enthusiasm and love of their friends.

His friends.

"Okay, who wants a beer!" Chris called over the tumult, and wandered off to bring out refreshments. People were making their well wishes and Jensen was being hugged in turn by everyone.

"Presents," said Raul enthusiastically, waving his arms around. He had the habit of helping himself with sign language when he couldn't use Italian for fear of being rude.

"Presents later, food first!" Gabe clapped his hands and winked at Jared. "You want me to start the grill?"

"Thanks man, I'll bring out the sausages," Jared said, sounding relieved.

"Are we not waiting....?" Cristina trailed off, and Jensen paused mid-hug with Steve. He frowned, looking questioningly up at Jared, but the doorbell anticipated him.

"Hello, sorry we're late, work was crazy - where's the birthday boy?" Elle chipped with a bright smile, Paul following at her heels. Each of them carried a bow-adorned bag, and he suddenly felt too choked up to speak.

Elle descended on Jensen first, then Jared, half smothering them with kisses before showing herself into the kitchen. Paul didn't hug either of them, something for which Jensen was privately thankful, but he shook everyone's hands and laughed the way he rarely did on set.

"Work was crazy, huh?" Jensen grinned, fighting the urge to laugh insanely when Paul frowned a little. "Nice of you to give her a ride over, man."

Paul's eyes narrowed as he cottoned on to what Jensen was implying. "Don't even go there."

"Go where?" Jensen asked innocently, remembering all too well how Paul and Elle had wound him up about Jared's suspicious behaviour.

"Kid, I stopped falling for that look years ago," Paul laughed. "But here, happy un-birthday." He handed Jensen a brightly colored gift bag, which Jared promptly confiscated. "Gifts after dinner." He kissed Jensen's cheek and winked at Paul. "You might need a few beers to appreciate some of them, if Chris can be counted on."

Jensen covered his face with both hands as Steve chuckled in the background. "Is it anything we can open in the presence of young ladies?" he muttered from between his fingers.

"Watch who you're calling a lady," Elle chimed in from the kitchen, and Jared laughed.

The guests moved out of the living room area, through the kitchen and out in the back yard, where Gabe had got the grill started. Jared kissed Jensen's neck and promised him he'd serve him first, then wandered over to tackle the barbeque himself. Jensen was spinning from a hug to the other, smiles and well wishes and even a small, little proud smile and approving nod from Francesca, which counted more than Jensen could tell her.

"Big steaks," Raul said to Paul as he pointed towards the quarter of a bison Jared was currently roasting on the barbecue. "Like Italy."

"I beg your pardon?" Francesca eyed her boyfriend with a cocked up eyebrow, and Raul simply laughed and pressed a kiss to the side of her face. Jensen hid his giggle behind his cupped hand. By the look on Jared's face, he was making a mental note of all the things he could tease her about later.

Elle and Cristina kicked off from the get-go, surprising Jensen completely by dragging Chris into conversations that had all three of them giggling like children. Steve watched with a fond expression, hovering close to the grill in case Jared set something on fire. Jensen doubted it. As dangerous as it was to let Jared loose in the kitchen, he was the master when it came to grilling things the good old fashioned Texan way. He loved manning the grill, leaving the adventurous marinating to Jensen.

Paul and Raul managed a respectable conversation about football, leaving Francesca free to take a seat besides Jensen on the porch. "He's something else," she sighed, watching Jared as he flipped burgers with a goofy grin on his face.

Jensen blushed and toyed with the hem of his sleeve, chancing a glance at him. "He really is."

"He's asked me how old you are."

Jensen froze, turning to look at her with wide, horrified, pleading eyes. Francesca sighed and patted his shoulder. "I've not told him. But you should. At some point."

"I - I know that," Jensen muttered, looking down at his knees. "I - yeah, I know."

At some point. God, there were so many things he'd have to do, *at some point*. His chest squeezed in on him and he blinked, clutching at his sleeves with his closed fists. "I know."

Francesca didn't push the matter. "Raul told me he's been good on vacation, too," she said, swiftly changing topic. "He's also told me he's got a far more capable grasp of Italian he lets on."

Jensen grinned, remembering Jared's little outburst. "Yeah, well, he's not the only one who likes to play dumb." He knew well and good that Raul understood far more English than he would ever admit to. Francesca blinked innocently and Jensen laughed.

"Jen," Jared called him over. "Your culinary expertise, please." Francesca squeezed his hand and flashed him a tiny smile before Jensen stood.

"Smells good," Jensen praised, lighting up inside when Jared beamed happily at the compliment.

"Wanna sample?" he asked him, cutting through a thick, juicy wedge of chicken and spearing it on the end on his BBQ fork. He held it up, and Jensen obediently opened his mouth to taste. It was *good*. Spicy but not hot, tangy in a way that reminded him of New Orleans. Likely one of Steve's recipes.

Jared cut off a sliver of the steak next, and it practically melted on Jensen's tongue. Cristina brought over a plate of sliced monterey jack cheese and peppers, and Jensen got the feeling that he'd not be able to move once they were done feeding him.

"Is it good? Should I serve, then?" Jared asked, slightly anxious, puppy dog eyes in full blast. Jensen smiled and nodded, going around the BBQ to throw his arms around his neck and kiss him lightly. The gesture brought cheers from the small crowd, and Jensen giggled, blushing a little.

"It's awesome," Jensen promised him, rubbing the tips of their noses together. "And I'm really, really hungry now."

Jared smiled so brightly he was knocking the sun out of business. Jensen got his plate with a bit of everything piled up on top and was shooed in the direction of the comfy wickerwork chairs scattered around the small picnic-style tables while Jared sliced up another steak. He filled a plate for Francesca, who was eying him and the knife with far too great an interest for Jensen to be comfortable with.

"He really worships you," Steve said, smiling at Jensen as he picked at his own plate of un-spiced and un-greased white chicken that Christian had just brought to him. "It's obvious to anyone who looks at him."

Jensen flushed and curled his feet up under him, the hot food giving him an excuse not to really answer.

Chris bounded over with a plate piled high and sat down between Steve and Jensen, a happy, contented grin on his face as he ploughed through buttery corn on the cob as if it were going out of fashion. "Boy can cook a mean BBQ," Chris nodded, saluting Jared with his fork.

"He's awesome," Jensen said proudly. Chris and Steve shared a knowing smile, but looked serious when Jensen turned to them timidly. "Thank you. For coming, I mean." He flushed, then added, "And for being there for him when things get crazy."

Steve smiled encouragingly, but Christian waved him off completely. "We know how he gets. Like we'd be so mean as to leave anyone to deal with him without backup."

"I don't know what I'd do with out him," Jensen admitted, watching Jared openly, his gaze warm with love.

"Trust me, neither does he," Christian snorted, propping his feet up on the table and getting a reproachful

scowl from Steve. "Completely, utterly whipped."

Jensen grinned and lowered his gaze on his plate, starting on his food. It left a burning aftertaste on his tongue that put him in mind of Texas, and home. A shadow fell on his eyes and he shuddered, looking back up at Jared to draw comfort, but the nasty little voice inside his head wouldn't be put to rest.

Why was he still lying to the man that had put his life back together?

"Hey, you don't look all that good," Jared flopped down in the chair next to him, and Jensen blinked himself out of his trance. "You sure you like the food?" he asked, anxiously.

"Food's great," Jensen smiled, put the plate down and leaned in to wrap his arms around Jared's neck, pulling him close and holding on. "I love it."

Jared's thumb stroked across his jaw, gentle and adoring. "You sure you're okay? With the party, I mean, and --"

Jensen cut him off with a kiss. "I'm fine," he lied, and made damn sure Jared believed him. "And the party... it's wonderful. Thank you."

"Get a damn room," Chris burst in, grinning wickedly as he and Gabe deposited Jensen's gifts on the table.

"We own the fucking house, Chris," Jared pointed out wryly, shuffling up a little and pulling Jensen into his arms, leaving more space on the recliner for Cristina to perch on.

Jensen looked down at the small pile of brightly wrapped gifts and shook his head slowly. "Seriously... this is all too much," he whispered, not looking at anyone in particular.

"Yes, well, too late for that," Gabe said cheerfully, thrusting a bright yellow gift into Jensen's hands. It was neatly wrapped and trimmed with white ribbon. "Cris wrapped it," Gabe admitted.

"Not that we'd have guessed," Francesca put in dryly, triggering a chuckle from Gabe's long suffering girlfriend.

Jared rested his chin on Jensen's shoulder, grinning as Jensen slowly opened the first of his presents.

It was a slow process. Jensen didn't want to rip the paper, and spent as much time unwrapping it as it must have taken to prepare in the first place. Raul laughed and said something about luck and paper that no one but Cristina and Francy understood, and probably Jensen, since he shushed him and kept up his attentive moves to unwrap the square parcel.

It turned out to be DVDs -- not the kind everyone was expecting, if the laughs and catcalls were anything to go by. It was an old movies collection, from the Golden Age of Italian cinematography -- everything from Visconti, Pasolini, Fellini, all in original language with English subtitles because Cristina was nice like that, Gabe had said with a wink to Jared.

Jensen nearly choked himself with emotion as he went through the titles. He had had most of them before the break-in of their old apartment, and he looked up at Jared, who was grinning innocently down at him, and squeezed his hand over Jensen's shoulder.

Jensen couldn't really say how much it meant to him, but he hoped at least Jared would understand. He stood up to hug Gabe and Cristina, thanking them profusely, and placed the trimmed ribbon on top of the cases before he picked up another one.

"That's from me," Elle said with a beaming smile. Jensen eyed her warily, remembering all too well the things she had come out with on set. Her smile was just as innocent now as it had been then. "Well, both of us," she amended, waving a hand at Paul, who looked rather proud of himself.

"Oooh, what is it?" Jared asked enthusiastically. Jensen rolled his eyes and carefully slid his fingers under the fine wrapping.

It was a thick folder, a photo album, Jensen realised, his heart catching in his throat. Each and every page was like a scrap book, filled with random bits of info from the sets, photos of all the crew, and pages and pages of photos of him and Jared in between shoots.

"Wow," Jared breathed, running his fingers across a glossy image of the two of them curled up between takes, thick fluffy robes and goofy smiles.

"We bugged everyone on set," Paul explained, filling in the silence that Jensen couldn't break. "Plus Elle is like a magpie, she hoards everything."

"I do," she admitted cheerfully.

Jensen's hands shook as he smoothed them across the pages. Jared reached around him and curled his fingers over Jensen's, kissing his shoulder. "It's beautiful, guys," Jared spoke for both of them, voicing what Jensen couldn't. "Thank you, seriously."

"And here we were thinking you worked hard all day," Chris said, nudging at Jared's shoulder with his closed fist.

"'Hard' being the keyword," Gabe snickered. Jared swatted him over the head with his empty plate and Chris laughed.

"Those are beautiful, actually," Francesca said, her voice cool and compassed as always. "We might think of using a few of those for publicity shots."

"No business talk, Tati," Raul reminded her, squeezing her shoulder with a smile.

"Thank you," Jensen managed at last, holding the album across his chest as if it was the most precious thing in the world. "Thanks... I mean. Thank you."

"Aw, sweetheart, you're welcome." Elle stood up herself to go and hug him, and even Paul went to grasp at Jensen's shoulders and pull him in an awkward one-armed hug.

"Happy unbirthday, lad," Paul whispered in his ear before stepping back and letting Jensen swab at his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Ours next!" Chris said loudly, breaking the mood completely. Jared shot Steve a look of mock horror.

"Please tell me you supervised!" he begged, ignoring Chris's over-pouting. Steve merely shook his head and grinned. Theirs was in a large gift bag, topped with fine rice paper. Jensen reached in and frowned, withdrawing a small bundle of books.

"Those are my contribution," Steve put in quickly, smiling at the glee that lit up Jensen's face. There were cooking books from all across America, each state providing a different style of meal.

"Thank you!" Jensen grinned, hugging Steve tight. "You're hereby all invited to sample." Jared made an appreciative sigh, reaching out and petting the book.

There were still items in the bag, and Chris looked far too smug for his own good. Jensen reached in and withdrew a bag full of pasta.

"Oh for the love of..." Jared shook his head as Jensen broke into peels of delighted laughter. "Penis pasta? Nice, dude."

"And chocolates. And candy."

Jensen withdrew a small box labelled 'Candy cockring' and almost choked on his tongue. Jared groaned and hid his face in the curve of Jensen's back as Chris grinned like the Cheshire cat.

"That's classy," Cristina commented, taking up the box to examine up close. "But it doesn't say anything about width, you think it'd fit?"

Gabe nearly cracked a rib laughing, and Raul roared with glee as Jensen went through all the shades of red in the color spectrum. Jared snatched up Chris's gifts and put them aside, already plotting his revenge come the fucker's own birthday.

Steve spread his arms in a resigned gesture, with a look that clearly said, *I did what I could*, and Jared had to laugh. Jensen was still flushed bright hot as he stood up to thank Chris, and Jared eyed his friend dirtily when Chris pretended to try and grope.

"You do that, and Steve will hereby gain the half of your mortgage."

Jensen laughed and patted Chris on the back before going back to sit on Jared's knee. Francesca and Raul were next, and Jensen gave her a funny look before picking up the heavy, navy-blue wrapped parcel. It was flat-ish, five inches thick and at least four foot wide. Jared helped Jensen tear the paper meticulously off it, and nearly everyone gasped as they were presented with a beautiful oil painting of the Colosseo in Rome.

"Oh god..." Jensen whispered, his fingers brushing the ridges of the painting before pulling back, afraid of damaging the delicate surface. "It's beautiful."

"That's for the both of you." Francesca smiled, breaking the serious expression she usually wore in honor of the occasion.

"Thank you," Jared said quietly.

Jensen stood, already moving towards the house. "I know exactly where we can put it," he announced.

"Oh no." Jared grinned, catching him around the hips and pulling him back down. "No power tools for you. Not after beer."

Jensen stuck his tongue out. "But-"

"We'll hang it tomorrow," he promised, his voice dropping low so that only Jensen could hear. "You know how much fun we had last time we hung pictures."

Jensen flushed and let Jared carefully prop the painting up on the table.

Francesca leaned over and handed Jensen a thick envelope. "This one is for you."

Jensen tipped his head up in confusion, then his eyes lit up. "You got it?" he breathed.

She nodded, pleased with herself. Jensen didn't open the folder, but he jumped up and wrapped Francesca in a tight hug, practically lifting her from her feet. "Thank you!"

"You gonna open it?" Jared laughed, completely at a loss.

"Nope." Jensen grinned. "You gotta wait and see," he added mysteriously. "You too," he said, grinning at Gabe, who turned a panicked look on Francesca. Apparently he was old hat at dodging Francesca's bullets, and this new, surprising turn of events was troubling him a little.

Jared looked at him, then back at Francesca, who was looking utterly impassable, and at Raul, who was grinning instead. "This is starting to be worrisome, you know that?"

"No worry. You good," Raul said, waving a carefree hand and smiling at his girlfriend. "*Vero, gioia?*"

Francesca petted his cheek and smiled at him. It was sort of creepy, Jared decided, and he turned his attention back on Jensen -- he didn't want to spoil Francesca surprisingly relaxed mood. "Shall I bring out the cake, then?"

"Yes, please," Chris said, rather loudly, and Jared flipped him off without even turning to look at him. Jensen smiled, putting the thick envelope down on top of the scrapbook and nodding with a smile.

"I made it myself," Jared couldn't help but add, grinning from one ear to the other as he disappeared inside the kitchen to get the chocolate-covered cake. "So, I utterly suck at singing, but luckily my friends will spare me the humiliation and do a great job for everyone," he announced as he placed the cake in the now gift-free table in front of Jensen. Chris looked horrified at the very prospect of Jared singing and quickly covered his ears. "Asshole," Jared growled fondly, kicking Chris in the shin as he passed.

Jensen stared at the cake as it might jump up and bite him. It was huge, rich and sticky, with enough chocolate piled high to put every chocolate factory in Belgium out of business. There was one, single candle glowing on top.

"You made it?" Jensen breathed, curling himself back into Jared as soon as he sat back down.

"I did, indeed," Jared said proudly. "Jane Asher can go fu-"

It was Cristina who saved the day, quickly launching into the first verse of Happy Birthday, and glaring at Gabe until he hastily joined in. One by one, the volume grew, until even Francesca was singing, and Jensen turned the color of strawberry jam.

"Thank you," Jensen whispered once they were done, his voice thick and choked. Jared kissed his temple, rubbing his nose against the skin with a laugh.

"Make a wish now, baby."

Jensen nodded, closed his eyes and leaned forward to blow on the candle as everyone clapped and cheered. Jared grinned at him and Jensen couldn't help himself, he threw his arms around Jared's neck and kissed him fully for the first time that day, causing more woops and laughter and whistles from their friends, but Jensen didn't heed them.

There was only Jared.

When they broke apart, Jared's eyes were shining, and he cupped Jensen's face with a soft, delicate hand, as if he were afraid Jensen would vanish if he breathed too loudly. "Happy birthday, love."

"Thank you," Jensen whispered again, wishing there were bigger words that could express how he was feeling. "Thank you. Just.. I - thank you."

Jared's smile was warm and wide against Jensen's cheek. "Guess that's my cue." He laughed, reaching around Jensen and under the thick padding of the seat.

Jensen frowned, stunned when Jared placed a small black box in his hand. "Jay, what... what's this?"

Jared sat back and grinned. "Your birthday pressie, what else would it be?"

There were three thin ribbons curled around the box, two black, one white. "Jay..."

Jared was practically bouncing on the spot with sudden nerves. "The girl at the store assures me that it's both romantic and mother-in-law safe." He shot Francesca a beaming grin that made her shake her head.

Slipping the ribbons off carefully, Jensen opened the lid and gasped. The bracelet inside was beautiful. It was thick enough to be masculine, but understated and classy. Three slim bands twined together, shimmering in the bright light.

Jared shuffled forwards until their knees were touching again, and took Jensen's wrist in his hand. He slipped the band on, his fingers brushing the rapid flutter of Jensen's pulse. "This one," he whispered, brushing the golden yellow strand, "means I will always be faithful to you. You are the most important person in the world to me, Jensen." Jensen's eyes burned and Jared moved on. "This one means that you

will always be my friend." He stroked his thumb across the silver band. "You make me smile when no one else can. You make everything so much brighter." Only the pale, rose-colored strand remained unattended. Jared brought Jensen's fingers to his lips and kissed his palm. "The last one means that I love you. And that I always will."

Jensen swallowed the thick lump that had come to clamp over his throat, and tightened his hand around the three-way bracelet. He had never... not in years... and Jared... Jensen tightened his hand over Jared's, the gold surprisingly warm around his skin. "I..."

Words failed him. There were not enough words for what he was feeling inside, for the swelling of his heart that seemed to take up all the space in his chest. He bit his lower lip, looking at Jared, his beautiful, beautiful Jared, with his knowing smile that spoke louder than words. "I love you," Jensen whispered, and even if he meant it with all his heart, it still felt weak, pale in comparison to everything Jared had done for him. "I really love you."

"I love you too," Jared murmured, caressing the inside of his hand with a smile. He closed his hand over Jensen's on his gift, and leaned in to kiss the corner of his mouth. "I really love you too."

There was a snap of a camera somewhere, but Jensen didn't even bother to get worked up about it. He was happy, he was so fucking *happy*.

"Are you crying?"

They pulled back to Steve's incredulous exclamation.

"Fuck off," Christian growled, scrubbing his face and glaring at everyone. "It's fuckin' sand."

Jared laughed but Jensen surprised them all by standing up and giving Chris a large, full armed hug, holding him close, as if he were Bearybear or Sir Hugsalot.

Chris squirmed a bit, but quickly returned the embrace, welcoming officially the new member of his small little family.

"Group hug!" Jared bellowed, bounding over and dragging Steve in as well. He made sure he had his chest against Jensen's back, keeping him safe, but somehow managed to wind his long arms around all three of them.

Jensen could barely breathe, he was laughing so hard, and Francesca's cluck of distaste only made it worse.

"Go make music," Jared ordered, shoving Chris away with a grin before wrapping his arms around Jensen's waist and blowing wetly against his neck.

"Children." Francy sighed.

"Try shooting with them," Paul said dryly.

"We're good mannered angels," Jared chimed in, looking offended. "Aren't we baby?"

"We are," Jensen grinned, his eyes full of happy tears. "We really are."

The party lasted well into the night. Jensen had curled up against Jared's side on the wickerwork seat, his legs dangling off the armrest, his head nested in the crook of Jared's neck. Chris and Steve played for hours, an infinite jam session, and they even got round to have Jensen sing with them, low enough so only Jared could hear. Jared was beaming with pride and joy, and Jensen giggled at how he'd grin shyly whenever someone wanted a second helping of cake and complimented him for his baking skills. Jensen had had three second helpings, and blushed when Francesca pointed out that he ought to leave a bite for his guests. Jared had merely laughed and kissed Jensen's chocolate-sticky lips, winking at Francesca when she pretended to gag.

It was surreal. Jensen felt like he was living in a page of someone else's life, but he didn't want it to end, ever. Paul was the first to leave, Elle in tow, claiming an early wakeup call next morning. Cristina, Gabe, and Francy and Raul departed together a short while later, Cristina insisting that they'd come to dinner at their place next, and Raul booking them both for brunch the following day. Chris and Steve were last -- Steve had helped clear the plates away before he had dragged Chris home, and as soon as the door had closed behind them, Jensen was up into Jared's arms, kissing him as if his life depended on it.

"Thank you," he whispered between kisses. "Thank you. I love you. I love you."

Jared grunted, caught a little by surprise, but he quickly got his hands under Jensen's thighs, holding him steady.

"You had fun?" Jared asked, slowly walking the back to the stairs. "I wanted you to have this. I know it doesn't really count, but I wanted you to have a birthday with me in our first year together."

Jensen shook his head and brushed his lips across Jared's. "How can you be so perfect?"

"Darwinism." Jared smirked. "Now bed! I have plans." He fixed his hold better and hoisted Jensen over his shoulder.

Jensen laughed and smacked his ass. "You think you're getting lucky tonight?"

"Actually," Jared drawled with a grin. "I was thinking more of you getting lucky tonight."

Jensen frowned at him. It was really a comical sight from that position, and Jared couldn't help but chuckle as they reached the bedroom landing. "What do you mean?"

Jared smiled, lowered him down on the mattress with a kiss over his lips. "Exactly what I said," Jared purred, tightening his fingers in Jensen's hand. He kissed a trail from his chin down to his collarbone, his spare hand flitting over the soft cotton of Jensen's button-down shirt. "That maybe *you* will get lucky tonight."

"I'm already lucky," Jensen whispered, stroking the inside of Jared's hand.

Jared stopped and lay his cheek over his chest, looking up at him with love shining warm in his eyes. "So am I." He caught hold of Jensen's wrist and caressed the bracelet around it. "Forever."

Jensen swallowed, throat tight. "Forever."

Jared leaned up and kissed his chin, then his mouth, letting go of his hand and stroking Jensen's cheeks gently. "I want you, Jen." He whispered, running a palm up Jensen's lean belly, caught between skin and cotton.

"I'm yours," Jensen promised, spreading his legs wide for Jared.

Slowly unbuttoning Jensen's shirt, Jared followed the line of revealed skin, laying reverent kisses. "I want you inside of me," Jared spoke softly, brushing the fabric over Jensen's shoulders. "Wanna feel you."

Jensen's breath caught in his throat, his chest heaving with a surprised shudder. "Jay?" He asked, reaching up and caressing Jared's cheek tenderly.

Jared smiled, brushing his lips over the tip of Jensen's nose. "You want that, love? You want me?"

Jensen shuddered, hand cupping Jared's cheek, his eyes wide, astonished. "You... I mean, you -"

"I want you inside of me, baby," Jared whispered, kissing him again. His hands travelled down Jensen's chest, palms skimming over warm, tanned skin, framing Jensen's hips and smoothing them out on Jensen's stomach. "If you want to."

"I... This is..." Jensen gulped, his fingers clutching Jared's face. "It's too much, Jay..."

Too much was an understatement. Jensen was downright overwhelmed, completely and utterly drowning in the bottomless ocean of love Jared bestowed upon him.

Jared stroked his abs, kissing Jensen's lips. "Nothing's too much for you." Jensen was easily satisfied. He was such low maintenance it scared Jared. A flower, a night out, a birthday cake. A bit of affection, and Jensen soaked it up like a cat stretching in the sun. True, Jared might have a tendency to overdo, but he couldn't help himself.

He wanted to give Jensen everything.

Jensen swallowed and nodded, brushing his thumb across the arch of Jared's cheekbones. It had been months since Jared had given him what no one else ever had. Jensen had never asked, and Jared had not brought it up again, but the sudden, unexpected rush of lust that pooled in his belly made him want to reach out and *have*. He was Jared's, he gave himself willingly every day. This was Jared's way of showing that *he was Jensen's*.

"Kiss me," Jensen whispered, reaching for the buckle of Jared's belt as their lips touched softly. Jared kissed like no one else in the world, gentle and dominating, his large hands holding Jensen's face like a delicate gem. Buckle undone, Jensen slid his hands under the soft fabric of Jared's shirt. The muscle there was hard, solid, perfect in a way that looked as if that was just how Jared was supposed to be. He was huge, powerful, and Jensen couldn't imagine him any other way.

"I love you," Jared repeated, holding himself steady as Jensen carefully rid them both of their jeans. Jensen smiled at him, the *I know* shining bright in his eyes. Jared rolled on his back, pulling Jensen above him, but then he stilled, merely kissing Jensen's face as he leaned above him, letting him have his way, whatever way Jensen wanted.

"No condoms though," he murmured as Jensen's fingers brushed over his nipples. "I want to feel you come in me this time. I want to feel all of you." Jared's hand flitted over Jensen's back, pulling him over his body, his fingernails scraping down the tense line of his spine.

Jensen's head was swimming, heart hammering so fast in his chest he thought it would burst clean out. He settled his hands over Jared's bare hips, fingers spanning over the hard, muscled flesh. The trust, the absolute love and loyalty Jared was giving him made him feel light headed, as if he were high or drunk or both. He bowed his head, placed a reverent kiss above Jared's heart and moved down the symmetry line in his body, shifting on the bed until he was settled between Jared's spread legs, his mouth kissing and lapping around his stomach.

He snatched a pillow from the head of the bed and eased it under Jared's ass, his thumbs rubbing the smooth curves between hips and thighs. Jared's hard, beautiful cock lay proud and full against his belly, and Jensen couldn't resist taking it in his mouth.

Jared groaned, twitching the way he never did on set. When Jensen had Jared's cock in his mouth, it was always supposed to be a show of submission, of control. Jensen loved that here, in their bedroom, when he took Jared like this, there was no question that the control was his. He could make Jared fall apart at the seams.

He knew from experience that it was far easier to be fucked after your body had lost the tension of anticipation. Jared never bottomed, and he'd been so, so tight the last time they'd tried. Jensen hollowed his cheeks and took him deep, lapping delicately at the warm, hard flesh. One of Jared's hands curled over the back of his skull, not controlling, just resting, and Jensen took him deeper. There was so much of him, too much, and the excitement of letting Jared so far inside of him was only heightened by the thrill of anxiety that curled in his gut. He breathed heavily through his nose, his mouth so full that swallowing hurt. Jared whined, thighs trembling, and Jensen bobbed his head slowly, up and down, drawing out the pleasure.

"Baby, fuck, baby," Jared moaned, his hips straining and trembling with the effort not to push up in Jensen's mouth, fingers flexing over Jensen's skull. "So damn good, the things you do to me baby, dear god," he whispered, licking his parted lips and petting the back of Jensen's head lightly. His eyes were

half-lidded, liquid-looking with lust, and as he locked his gaze with Jensen's, his whole body shuddered, heat coiling up at the base of his spine.

Jensen swallowed thickly, a mix of spit and precome dribbling down his chin as he bobbed his head back until only the head rested enclosed by his plump lips. The sight was enough to have Jared tense, burning hot coals curling up in his belly as he felt his thighs shake as he tried to hold back his orgasm. "Jen-" he groaned, his head thrown back as he tightened his grip on the back of Jensen's head. "Jensen-"

Jensen suckled harder, fixing Jared with his own, heated eyes, darkened with lust and need, his cheeks hollowed around the leaking head of his cock.

"Oh Jesus," Jared grunted, his fingers tightening in Jensen's hair, his body shuddering as he came. Jensen's lips twisted, the corners edging into a smile as he sucked harder, swallowing Jared down. Boneless and shivering, Jared slumped back into the bedding, his eyes dark pits of want. "You're fucking dangerous," he choked, voice broken and dry.

Jensen pressed delicate kisses to the insides of Jared's thighs before crawling along his body to reach for the lube on the bedside table. Jared's hands wandered shamelessly, mapping smooth skin as Jensen wriggled back down between his legs.

A snap, a heartbeat, and then Jensen's finger was tracing smooth little circles around Jared's hole, not pushing inside, but warming up, teasing. Jared whined, fixing Jensen with his patented plea puppy dog gaze that Jensen ignored like a master. "You remember all the times you've teased me?" He whispered, not confident, but heading there.

Jared's eyes darkened further. "I live for it," he whispered, biting his lower lip as Jensen's finger rubbed in a circle around his hole. He let go of a shuddering breath, his hands skimming down Jensen's sides, stroking the sensitive, ticklish skin, making him squirm and glare at him.

"Stay put."

Jared grinned, his bangs shadowing his liquid-looking hazels. "My bad." He stroked Jensen's back lightly, his nails raking gently down Jensen's spine before settling over the curve of Jensen's ass, palms barely touching the skin. Jensen bit his lips, eyes half mast as he rubbed the tips of his two fingers around the stretched ring of muscle, not yet pushing in, just stroking, feeling Jared clench and unclench underneath his touch.

"C'mon, baby," Jared whispered, kissing the underside of Jensen's neck. "Not gonna break. I want you, I want all of you."

Jensen smiled, low and warm. "It's *my* birthday Jay. Maybe I don't want to rush this?"

"Yeah, yeah, okay." Jared nodded as soon as the words left Jensen's lips. Now was not the time to get impatient. Jensen kissed his knee and slid a single finger inside.

"So tight," he groaned, a little dazed. Jared sighed and fell back against the sheets. Now there was one finger inside of Jared, Jensen seemed happy to pick up the pace. In, out, in. Steady stretch of muscles slowly loosening under the careful attention. Two fingers, and he wiggled them cautiously, brushing across Jared's prostate and grinning in delight.

"Jen, Jen please." Jared whined, regretting each and every time he'd ever drawn Jensen out to the point of tears, and knowing that there was a tiny element of payback in Jensen's steady movements.

"I love you," Jensen moaned quietly, making everything suddenly so much more important. Jared smiled and caressed his face with the back of his hand, drawing Jensen in for a soft, long kiss. He gasped in Jensen's mouth when he scissored his fingers inside of him, trying to adjust, his stomach quivering, every nerve pulled tight enough to break. Jensen mewled, squeezing his eyes shut at the sensation, his hand twisting to try and press again over the spot that would have Jared made that sound again.

"I love - you too," Jared groaned, pushing back on Jensen's hand, eyes shut and sweat rolling in rivulets

down his chest, playing like shards of crystal over tanned skin. Jensen felt dizzy, as if the world was spinning too fast, too bright for him to keep control. He switched two for three, felt Jared open up underneath him, groaning, his head tossed back and all his muscles pulled taut, just for Jensen, just for his touch. There was something exhilarating in the knowledge that he could make Jared feel like this, that he was the one able to make Jared toss and twist and moan like that, only for him.

"Jen, baby, please," Jared begged, voice threadbare soft.

Truth of the matter was that Jensen would give Jared his beating heart on a plate if he'd ask for it. Giving him this was nothing in comparison. Jensen was the one receiving something wondrous here.

"Okay, love." He nuzzled the soft skin of Jared's thigh, easing his fingers out slowly. "Turn over for me."

Jared obeyed without question, rolling on to his belly before pushing up to all fours. "My Jay, so perfect," Jensen whispered, kissing the small of Jared's back before lining up and slowly, carefully pushing in. Jared's groan was long and loud. Jensen could only gasp, pulled in and surrounded, his heartbeat rushing in his ears.

Jared reached up, grabbed a hold of the headboard for support, and pushed back, his head falling low between his shoulders.

"Jesus, fuck," Jensen breathed, his hands anchored hard enough on Jared's hips to leave bruises. "Fuck, Jare, god -" He bit his lip, drawing in a shuddering breath, and he kept hold of Jared's hips as he pulled back, slowly, not wanting to rush it. He wanted to feel everything, have everything. He buried his face between Jared's shoulder blades, lips lapping up the salty sweat that had pooled there, sucking marks into his skin.

Jared was his, just as much as he was Jared's. He'd make sure everyone knew that.

"Jensen," Jared moaned, his arms corded and tense as he clung onto the headboard. "Jensen..." He tossed his head back, reaching around with one hand to guide Jensen's face against his own, their lips meeting for a messy, open-mouthed kiss. Jared moaned softly, his ass clenching like a vice around Jensen's dick, his hips rocking back in every each thrust as if he couldn't get enough.

"So perfect," Jensen murmured, his cheeks flushed as he tried to kiss Jared back and to keep up what he hoped was a slow, purposeful pace. He had no idea if he was doing it right, but Jared's broken whispers told him that he must, somehow. He let his hand skim over Jared's sides, skating over his pecs to play with his nipples, sweat breaking all over his body. Fuck, he was close, but it couldn't end this soon, he needed to make it last, needed to make it good for Jared.

Jared strong arms and legs trembled with each slow slide over the bundle of nerves inside of him. Jensen curled his arms around Jared's lean belly, giving him the illusion of support if not the reality. "Jen..." Jared breathed, half a whine, half a plea. Jensen curled his fingers around Jared's hard dick and jerked him off with strokes as slow as Jensen's cock inside of him.

He ran his thumb over the swollen head, then down the pulsing vein, the soft press of his nail enough to make Jared shoot like a bottle rocket, his entire body tensing as he came. "Fuck!" Jensen cursed, tightening his hold as Jared slumped beneath him, his body lax and boneless in the wake of his second orgasm.

Jensen grunted, taking more of Jared's weight as he carefully eased him back down to the bed, still held snug inside. The soft, glowing smile Jared shot over his shoulder did more than the seismic tremors that had seized his body, and Jensen came, burying a soft, desperate little sound in the warm skin of Jared's shoulder. Jared's hand reached behind him, drawing Jensen's leg around his waist, rocking back slowly in the stuttering motions of Jensen's hips, his teeth white on his lower lip, sweat trickling down his hairline and into his eyes. Jensen leaned against him, wrapping his other arm around Jared as they both fell onto the blanket with a huffed laugh.

Jared grasped at Jensen's hand, bringing it up to his lips to press a reverent kiss over the knuckles, then over the golden bracelet he'd latched on his wrist earlier. "Happy birthday, baby," he murmured, turning

his head to look softly at him.

Jensen leaned his cheek against Jared's shoulder, his muscles aching, pulsing, head swimming in a haze as he clung onto the moment. His voice failed him twice before he could whisper his love into Jared's ear, his arms slick with perspiration around Jared's body.

"We should do this more often," Jared chuckled, leaning back to twist under Jensen and kiss the underside of his jaw.

I: So, this secret birthday gift?

JA: (laughs) Oh yes. Well I don't want to spoil any surprise we might have planned.

JP: Might?

JA: Fine. We have a surprise and it is planned and you'll be the first to know.

I: Sounds mysterious.

JP: It's awesome!

JA: Pretty cool, yeah.

For once, Jensen woke first, the warmth of Jared's body threatening to pull him quickly back into the land of nod before he remembered what it was he wanted to do that morning.

Jared slept on his back, his head tipped to the side, sweet, little boy expression only amplified by the messy tangle of curls over his forehead. Jensen reached out and carefully brushed them aside, kissing Jared's shoulder before tiptoeing from the room.

The dogs were both still snoozing, a testament to just how early it really was, and Jensen curled up in the den, phone resting in his lap.

He could do this. Their number was already withheld, and Jensen stomped down on the flutter of worry that rose in his belly as he dialled a number imprinted on the backs of his eyes.

Three rings, and then a woman answered. It wasn't as early where she was, and she sounded bright and alert.

"Hello?"

Jensen didn't know what to say, so he said nothing, clutching the phone to his ear as tears burned the backs of his eyes.

"Hello?" Jensen swallowed down a sob. "Hello..." Then she went quiet for a moment. "Jensen? Jensen, honey, is that you?"

Jensen bit down hard on his lip. He thought he could. He'd been a fool. A hollow feeling in his chest, he slammed down the "end call" button, his eyes filling with bitter tears. He shouldn't have called... after all Jared did for him... after all of his efforts to keep Jensen happy, and safe, and give him all the love Jensen could've needed, he still was selfish enough to try... nevermind that he'd just had tangible proof that there were people in his life that cared about him, that wanted him happy... Nevermind Jared, who had done everything he could've ever imagined and beyond...

Why, why had he wanted to call? Nothing good could come out of it, he knew it already. He wiped at his face with the back of his sleeve, angry with himself, angry with *them*, the same anger, and the same pain. He threw the cordless phone into the opposite armchair, bringing his knees up to his face and hiding

behind them with a snuffle.

He didn't hear footsteps coming down the stairs. Next thing he knew, a warm body was sliding between him and the couch and wrapping his arms around his chest from behind.

"Baby?" Jared whispered. "Baby, what is it?"

Jensen shook his head, fighting back the tears. He couldn't make his voice work, and leaned back into Jared's chest. There was a soft snuffling by his feet. Harley looked up at him with big, sad eyes, nuzzling his legs. Sadie put her paws on the arm of the couch, nose rubbing Jensen's arm, and Jensen didn't even have the heart to scold her for putting her paws on the white throw.

This was his family. This was his. It wasn't what he had been born with, it was what he had chosen, and that meant so much more.

He brought Jared's hand to his lips. "Come on, let's go for a run before we head out to meet Raul."

He didn't need to be looking at Jared to imagine his frown of concern, but to his relief, Jared said nothing.

Harley, hearing the word 'run', began to yip excitedly, chasing his tail as Sadie looked on in disdain.

Jared kissed his throat. "I love you," he whispered.

The tears came back to Jensen's eyes. "I love you too."

Scene Two

Raul was another of those men who could be horribly cheerful, no matter the time. Francesca rarely slept, but she was usually grumpy, so that didn't change her much. He'd picked a good place in Santa Monica, the terrace standing directly above the crashing waves of the ocean underneath them, most businessmen and women crowding the place to discuss deals over scrambled eggs, sausages, pasta and pancakes. Francesca usually did business by phone, but since Raul had come back at last, Jensen could see her wanting to give him a little free way. She was nice like that when he was around.

He hid his smile behind his hand as the maitre showed them their table and Raul pulled the chair back for Francesca, then blushed when Jared did the same for him with a fleeting caress at the small of his back. Francesca eyed him smugly and tossed her long, dark hair behind her shoulders. "I'm taking sausages with toast and prosciutto."

"Same for me. Orange juice for two, and two espresso." Raul smiled, and winked at Jared's bemused expression. "You?" he added, pointing at the two of them.

"Uh... Mocha Latte for me, and uh, full English breakfast," Jared said, still looking at Raul as if he'd just sprouted an extra head. Jensen ordered juice, coffee, the fruit plate and yoghurt, and the second the waiter was gone, Jared hissed, "I knew it! Jen, see, I *knew it*."

Jensen patted his hand, biting down on a smile as Raul blinked innocently.

"Did you sleep well?" Francesca asked calmly, seeing right through Jensen's crimson blush.

"Did you?" Jared shot back, just as innocently, sending both Jensen and Raul into hastily stifled giggles.

Francesca's jaw twitched as she turned to Jensen. "You brought it?" Jensen nodded and produced the envelope he had had to wrestle from Jared that morning. "Excellent."

"So what is it?" Jared said eagerly, wolfing down a soft bread roll as if he hadn't eaten half a cow the night before.

Jensen squeezed his hand. "A couple of years ago I was approached by a network who wanted to branch out into the industry. They had high hopes of producing more mainstream movies in series form."

"Like CSI?" Jared frowned.

"Kinda." Jensen nodded. "Theory is that now's the time people are wanting access to more specialised drama serials, genre work, that kind of thing."

"CSI with porn." Raul winked.

"He said no," Francesca cut across him with a little eyeroll. It was obvious what she thought about Jensen's refusal. "Twice."

Jensen fidgeted a little and put the thick envelope down between the basket bread and the kettle of milk. "Well, uh... Francy contacted them again a week ago. Uh.. it's.. I mean, you know, you don't have to decide now, right?" he added, looking at Francesca a little anxiously. "It's just... you know, pre-production talk...."

"Wait, hold on a minute." Jared turned in his chair to look directly at Jensen, who flushed under the scrutiny. "You're telling me this is some sort of... I don't know, porn tv-show?"

"It's not- well, yeah." Jensen squirmed and looked down at his plate. "It'd be like.. um, exclusive, and it'd be for a 13 episodes series. No one would do it because if it flops... well, a career doesn't just spring back from that in our field."

Jared kept looking at him without saying a word, and Jensen began to sweat. What if he got it all wrong? What if Jared didn't want to do it - what if he wanted to go back to shoot with someone else?

"Ohmygodthatisawesome!" Jared squeaked, actually squeaked, like an excited teenage girl, dimples blinding everyone within a five mile radius. "Like, the same story? The same characters?"

"Two of your characters, actually." Francesca cut in smoothly. "When Jensen turned them down for the second time, the writers pushed a screenplay based on the plot. It might not have won you any awards, but it was one of your highest grossing shoots."

Jared frowned as he tried to guess which one. He'd never really paid much attention to things like that before.

"Rockstar!" Raul cackled, clapping his hands together in unholy glee. "Mohawks, dreadlocks!"

"The one with the..." Jared wasn't about to say 'sleazy bathroom sex' in a public place, but Jensen got him and nodded, relief bright in his eyes when Jared threw his head back and laughed. "Oh god! That's awesome."

Relief flooded through Jensen's veins so fast it made his head spin. Jared wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him nearly off his chair and onto his lap with the force of his hug. "This is so awesome, I'm so excited. It was tough but I promise we'll do good, and I can lay off the act a little, and you looked so damn hot with that Mohawk," he breathed in his ear, squeezing him tight. Jensen blushed and pointedly avoided to look at a gleeful Raul and a sighing Francesca, putting his arms around Jared's chest, too.

"Thank you," Jensen murmurs, his voice getting somehow lost against Jared's neck. "Thanks... for saying yes, for - everything..."

"No, don't, don't thank me, really, thank *you*," Jared pulled back, framing his face with both hands. "Are you sure you want to run this risk? I mean, me, I'm no one, I got basically nothing to lose -"

"I want it," Jensen said quickly, clutching at Jared's shoulders. "I -- I really do," he added, eyes skating away. Jared frowned and tipped his chin up a little.

"But you didn't before," he said gently, "you turned them down."

"That was then."

"So what changed?" Jared asked quietly, keeping the conversation between the two of them.

Jensen blushed then pressed his lips to the corner of Jared's. "I met you."

"If you two lovebirds are done..." Francesca raised her voice and ignored Raul's reprimanding pout. "There's a fair amount of paperwork to be covered. I'll have Elijah and his team ensure the contracts are sound before we start looking at finance."

Jared blinked. "Finance?" They'd never had to worry about that before. SSN, bank details and they were good to go.

Jensen flushed again. "I'm gonna co-produce," he muttered. "I've already spoken to the studio about the crew. I was going to get Joe on board, but he declined, so I'll put it to Gabe and see what he says."

Jared was so excited that he nearly missed the fact that Jensen had been in contact with their old director. His blood ran momentarily cold, before Jensen's fingers curled in his. "That's fantastic, love," Jared enthused, pushing thoughts of Joe to the back of his mind.

"Jensen has the influence to bring some real clout to the project, and if his fan base follows him over..." Francesca trailed off with a tiny shrug of her shoulders, and Jared reminded himself that he was dating the porn equivalent of a Hollywood megastar. Jensen was the most well known face in the industry. His name on the credits, and his connections behind production... it was no wonder the studio had been so desperate to sign him to it.

"We'll give them something they won't ever forget," Jared promised him, leaning his forehead over Jensen's. "I'll make sure you won't regret it. We'll have a blast. I promise."

"I know," Jensen whispered, smiling softly and cuddling in closer.

"This also means," Francesca said, raising her voice a bit. "That this project will be your major one from now until the wrap. You'll have to work on this one exclusively. No other shoots for a few months, at the very least."

"We can manage, can't we?" Jared said immediately, beaming at Jensen, who nodded with a huge grin of his own. "We need to talk to Gabe about it, you think he'll agree?"

"I'm pretty sure he will," Francesca interjected delicately, and Jared was spared from having to ask how did she know so well by the arrival of the waiter with their food. He let Jensen adjust back in his chair and waited until everything was settled between them to raise his cup of coffee in a celebratory toast. "What will be the title of the series?"

"Days In Our Lives," Jensen answered, digging into his fruit.

Jared's nose wrinkled. "That's a weird title for a porn series."

Jensen snorted and Francesca rolled her eyes. "Are you a writer?"

"Well, no." Jared grinned, cutting into his sausage.

"Then zip. It's your job to look pretty and wag your cock around, not make creative criticism."

"Yes ma'am," Jared sniggered, reaching over to pound Jensen on the back as he choked on a wedge of melon.

"It will be good!" Raul beamed happily. "Co-stars, bigger budgets, bigger sets, more freedom. Good!"

"You mean more money," Jensen pointed out, taking a desperate sip of juice. Raul shrugged and waved his

hand.

"You'll do good. Everyone will want to watch it."

Jared eyed Raul suspiciously, the all-too-smooth English sentence poking about his suspicions, but he let it slide in favor of digging into his bacon and eggs. The idea of Jensen talking to Joe still nagged at him, and for a wild instant he wondered if it was him who Jensen had been calling earlier that morning, when he'd woken up to an empty bed, Jensen's jade green eyes swimming with unshed tears as he stared into space from above his knees.

He shook his head. Pointless to worry about it now. He'll ask Francesca, if the contract had been in her hands in time for Jensen's Unbirthday, then she should've known.

Joe had made no move to try and contact them. Jared knew he was back to shooting - having recuperated - but neither he nor Jensen had seen him around the studio. It was actually a pretty big relief, Jared didn't know how he'd have managed to resist if he was presented face to face with one of the men that had taken advantage of Jensen.

After Venice, after Jensen's breakdown, after knowing, without a doubt, how terrified and lonely and used Jensen had felt, for so many years, without anyone that gave enough of a damn to help him, Jared was pretty sure his self-restraint would crack at the first wrong look.

Beating Joe to a bloody pulp would be satisfying, if pointless. He wondered what it was that made people so inclined to take one look at Jensen and try hurt him. "Co-stars?"

"Supporting characters. Band members, that sort of thing," Jensen explained.

"But no-" He didn't want to go out there and say 'no other guy gets to touch you, right?', but the thought of it made his skin crawl.

Jensen leaned in and whispered in his ear. "You make me yours," he murmured. "Nobody else gets to touch."

Jared thought of the character he played. He was a possessive bastard. Possessive and a little dangerous. He'd beat the crap out of anyone who laid a finger on what was his.

It would be interesting to explore the characters some more. They had been pretty intense towards the beginning of the shoot, and he'd worked Jensen over. It wasn't quite as scary as their first shoot together, thankfully. Jared's character might have had a mile long list of kinks, but he was clearly safe and sane, which couldn't be said for that first shoot.

"Good," Jared murmured back, wrapping one arm around Jensen's neck and pulling him in for a kiss. He heard Francy clear her throat, but didn't heed her. He wanted to make sure Jensen knew that no matter what crazy ideas the writers might have come up with, Jared didn't share. When they pulled apart, Jensen's lips were shiny and red, eyes a bit unfocused, and Jared grinned, tucking him in into his side. "When is Elijah going to look everything over?"

"Starting on Monday. He should let you guys know soon," Francesca said, finishing her coffee. "Which means you will have it ready before the AMA's. And since we're on the subject --" she looked pointedly at Jared, "I want to have a few words with you."

Jared blinked. "Okay," he said at length. "What did I do now?"

"Francy..." Jensen began, but Francesca raised her hand, glancing at him with her brows contracted. Jensen fell silent, looking contritely at his fruit salad. Jared squirmed a bit on his chair, wondering what on Earth he was supposed to be in trouble for now.

"I want you on your *best* behaviour at the ceremony. Jensen has never attended any of the after parties, so you can consider yourself excused from them, but I *will* have your balls on a plate if you mess up, no matter how much money they earn." Jared wasn't sure whether to laugh or slink back in fear. "There will

be a lot of people there, and most of them know Jensen from one event or another..."

"They hug a lot," Jensen explained, slightly red. "Especially the girls."

"Jensen popular with the ladies." Raul grinned. "Take him home and feed him cookies."

Jared chuckled. He knew fully well that Jensen did tend to bring out the mom in women.

"There will also be a few people present I am certain you won't be all that thrilled to see," Francesca continued. "Jeff Morgan is up for an award, and as Henrietta is in attendance, I would imagine Simon will be also."

Jared's jaw tightened. "Then we are not going," he said firmly, jumping when Jensen's hand wrapped around his wrist and jerked him around to face him.

"We are going to pick up your award and that is final."

Jared shook his head. "No. Forget it. Not in a million years."

"I can look after myself," Jensen gritted out, tightening his hand around Jared's wrist.

"It's not about that," Jared said venomously. "I'm not going to stand in the same room with that piece of shit. Not if you want him to still be breathing air by the time the show's over."

"This," Francesca said smoothly, "is exactly why I wanted to talk to you. You're going to be there. You'll do your bit, thank the crowd, whomever, and play nice with the other kids. You boys did good, and it's getting recognized. There's not a bigger smackdown you could hand over to Adonis group."

"But -"

"No buts." Francesca looked sternly at him. "Either of you. You stick with Jared through the night and be a good boy, you hear me?" she added, looking at Jensen.

Jensen spluttered. "I'm always good!"

It was clear from Francesca's expression that she didn't believe him. "I mean it. No wandering off on your own, no popping out for fresh air. As far as I am concerned, you need to be attached at the hip the whole night. Clear?"

"Yes, mom," Jensen sighed, curling his fingers in Jared's.

The comment didn't even faze her and she continued, on a roll. "You will not confront Simon, or anyone else for that matter. You will not cause a scene, and you will not force me to produce bail money." She said the last part to Jared, who blinked innocently.

"We'll be there." Raul smiled, softening some of Francesca's stern lecture. "Gabe and Cristina too, and Paul. And your friends." He frowned, "*Sai che, in teoria, potremmo ucciderlo e disfarci del corpo, nessuno lo scoprirebbe.*"

Jensen choked on his juice for the second time, and Francesca glared over the rim over her espresso. "*Questo non aiuta.*"

Raul shrugged. "*Io penso che potrebbe, invece.*"

She sighed in half-proud, half exasperated way, patting his hand and looking back to Jensen. "I mean it. You boys will behave and everyone will have a good time. If anyone bothers you, you smile, and come tell me."

"You want us to squeal?"

"I want you two to behave like responsible adults and leave the power games to the ones you pay for this very purpose," she said, giving Jensen a long look. "Got it?"

"Yes, mom," Jensen said once more, his hand tightening in Jared's. Jared kissed the side of Jensen's head and gave his own agreement.

"Good," Francesca said with a nod, finishing her coffee as if she'd not just gave them a code of conduct stricter than a marine's. "The event is on Thursday night, I'll arrange for a driver."

They left Raul and Francesca at two, heading to Wal-mart to stock up on Kibble and ice cream, each of them lost in their own thoughts. Jensen threw groceries into the cart on autopilot, and Jared handed over his AmEx without paying attention to the total. He let Jensen drive, staring out of the window, torn between anger at himself, and anger at Francesca. He should have been excited, giggling with Jensen about their new project. It was a step in the right direction. More than a step. It was a sign that Jensen was caring less and less about his future within the industry, and branching out into new venues.

He *should* have been over the moon with enthusiasm.

Instead he could only imagine the awards over and over in his mind. What if Simon was there? What if he made a move? What if he didn't? How could anyone ask him to smile and be nice to the evil son of a bitch after months of seeing what damage he had wrought on Jensen's soul?

He understood where Francesca was coming from. The Awards weren't the time, or the place to have a showdown. He'd prefer somewhere private. The desert maybe. A fully stocked set from SAW, perhaps.

He didn't understand why they had to go.

Okay, he did.

But he didn't like it.

He didn't like that they had to smile and play nicely when they could be at home, some place warm and calm and theirs. He'd never been one for the glitz and glamour, and he'd never been any good at playing games. He didn't care about the stupid awards, he cared about Jensen, and going to the AMAs was grating against every protective bone in his body.

And he had a fair few.

The pups bounded over as soon as they walked through the door, yipping and barking happily. Jared bent down to pat their heads, and watched as Sadie tackled Jensen the moment he showed up with the groceries. He chuckled, standing up and grabbing the bags out of his hands. "I'll set these down," he murmured, kissing his cheek. Jensen nodded and walked on through to the living room, flopping down on the couch and staring upwards at the ceiling.

Jared sighed, looked back at him once, then moved about to put the food away as quickly as he could, going to join him a minute later, sitting on the armrest and pulling Jensen's head in his lap. "You look pensive," he murmured quietly, stroking Jensen's hair back off his forehead.

Jensen sighed and turned on his side, burying his face in Jared's stomach. "You don't wanna go."

Jared rubbed a circle over Jensen's scalp. "Not much, no."

"And it's my fault."

"What? No!" Jared nudged his forehead back from his belly to look into Jensen's eyes. "No, it's not. Where did you get that from?" Jensen blinked up at him as if the answer was obvious. "Okay, so I don't want to go, but that has nothing to do with you, baby. It's...I don't think I can look him in the eye, knowing what he did, and not rip him apart." he sighed, carding his fingers through Jensen's hair. "Going, putting you in the

same room as him, willingly... it goes against every instinct I have."

Jensen curled closer and smiled. "If you followed your every instinct, we'd live on a tiny island and never see anyone ever again."

Jared wasn't about to admit that he was right. "I just..."

Jensen cut him off with a finger over his lips. "Adult, Jay. I'm responsible for myself and the risks I chose to take."

"We're partners, right?" Jared asked, lifting Jensen up into they were eye to eye. Jensen frowned and nodded seriously. "What's mine is yours and vice versa. You look after me, I look after you. That's how it works."

Leaning in and laying another little kiss to Jared's jaw, Jensen shook his head. "I've seen him before, at last year's ceremony. He won't do anything, I doubt he'll even say anything. Just enjoy them for what they are and pretend he isn't even there."

"What about the others?" Jared demanded softly, hating Jensen's answering flinch. "How many people do I need to protect you from?"

Jensen's jaw tightened, a sure sign that he was getting angry, and Jared cringed at his own bluntness. "Who says they will even be there?" he said coldly.

Jared felt like throwing his arms up in the air. "Jen, everyone will be there! Jeffrey will be there, god knows who else."

"It doesn't matter," Jensen said, refusing to flinch at the mention of Morgan's name. "I don't need protection."

Jared knew he was pushing his luck, but he was too worried to care. "Maybe I want to. Maybe I want to look grim and scary and put the fear of God into whomever thinks he can get within a ten feet radius from you. And maybe I don't want to spend the night tense enough to crash a fist into a poor bloke's jaw only because he's coming to congratulate you."

Jensen looked away, a muscle twitching in his jaw. Jared sighed and ran his thumbs into Jensen's side, hating that it was getting to be an argument. "I'm sorry," he murmured, willing Jensen to look at him. "I can do it if you want me to. I'm not saying I won't. But I can't say I'll like it, either. Or that I'll have a good time." and that was putting it mildly. Jared was contemplating the merits of hiding a knife in his Cavalli pocket.

"It's your hour, not mine," Jensen said stiffly. "I want you to enjoy it, smile, get your award and that's it."

"But I don't *care* about that," Jared pressed on, not believing Jensen would refuse to understand. "I never gave a damn about that stuff. I care about you more."

"I can look after myself."

Jared tossed his head back and heaved a frustrated sigh. "It's not about it, Jen." Even though in some part, it was, and they both knew it. "Why - you never gave a shit about your awards, why does it matter so much that we go this time?"

"Because it is different!" Jensen said exasperatedly. "I've won best bottom, best oral and best anal so many damn times. I *know* I give good head. I *know* people like watching me get fucked." Jared flinched from the bluntness in Jensen's voice. "Why the fuck should I get excited about an award that does nothing more than sum up my worth in a blow job? This is different. You don't get the nomination you got just for being a piece of ass. This tells everyone how wonderful you are, and I am so proud of you. And the couples thing..." Jensen's eyes skated away. "I've only ever been nominated in that with you," he finished, voice low and quiet.

Jared reached up and cupped Jensen's jaw with his palm. "What are you saying to me, baby?" he asked in the same soft tone, his heart aching at the bitterness pouring out into the open.

Jensen met his eyes hesitantly. "That this isn't about me, or who I might or might not meet at the awards. It's about you. This is all about you. You turned my whole world upside down and I want so badly for other people to see just how incredible you are."

Jared sighed and pulled him into a hug, his arms bone-crushing-tight around Jensen's chest. "Baby, you're the only one that sees it. And I'm okay with it this way. I wouldn't want it to change. But if it means so much for you, we'll go. And I'll show you off to everyone there, and everyone would wish they were me. As they constantly do."

Jensen snorted, but Jared stroked his head admonishingly, kissing the exposed side of his cheek. "You know it's true. I have been around for a couple of years, no one even knew me before we got together. It's all because of you, baby. I want you to understand it. I would be nowhere without you, career or not. And we can show up there and make Francy proud, and I still get to take you home and make love to you. And that's why they'll envy me."

Jensen turned to look at him sideways, looking at him as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. "You aren't serious, are you?"

Jared gave an exasperated sigh. "Whatever am I going to do with you, huh?" He dipped his head to kiss the corner of Jensen's lips. "I'm dead serious. You should know it. I mean everything I say, to the last word."

"No one's that perfect," Jensen whispered, turning a little in Jared's lap so he could look in his eyes, a soft, awed look on his face. Jared remembered hearing that before, but Jensen was half naked then, covered from head to toe in bruises and scratches and blood, and he was yelling at him so raw and desperate it had almost crushed Jared's hope. The horror of that night had never really left them, burnt into Jared's heart. Before then he'd never really left behind the notion that the good guys wore white hats and always made it through life with nothing more than superficial scars.

"I'm not perfect, baby." Jared whispered, pulling Jensen to his chest and tucking him under his chin. He really wasn't. Jensen just had really crappy examples to compare him to. He laid a kiss on the apple of Jensen's cheek and held him close, arms wrapped around him, invisible barriers to the world.

Jensen shuffled closer, his body losing tension now their fears were aired. "You are to me."

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 25:

The winner takes it all

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The night of the AMAs has arrived, and the boys come face to face with Simon.

Warnings: Mentions of past abuse. Angst. Angst. Fluff. Jared's public speaking. More Angst.

Notes: So, nine months later and close to 250,000 words in... and we finally meet the bad guy! Oi! This chapter has been in the making since we first started writing the series, so it is something of a milestone for us!

This part is most certainly for the lovely [jellicle](#) on her birthday. Sorry it is into an uber schmoopy chapter, but it is one of the most important ones, if that makes up for it! Hope you have a wonderful day, sweetheart!

Scene One

"So you know who you need to be on the lookout for?" Jared felt very much like a general on the eve of battle. He sat on the arm of the couch, perched as not to wrinkle his very expensive suit. Chris and Steve had turned out well, both in smooth suits. Jared couldn't remember the last time he'd seen them so dressed up.

"We Googled the fucker," Steve said calmly, surprising Jared with the cool sharpness edging his voice.

Chris, uncharacteristically quiet, cracked his knuckles and glared at the wall. Jared had never dared Google Simon. He'd looked up Jensen, back when he'd had his not-so-innocent crush on him, but he'd never looked off the mainstream databases. His brow creased and Steve shook his head. "You don't want to ask."

Jared felt cold dread soak up the small of his back, and he cracked his hands into fists. "Right," he said, his mouth very dry. He doubted anything online was going to top what Jensen had told him, but then he remembered what Joe had told him, about all the things Jensen didn't remember, and blood chilled in his veins. "Well, Jensen said that he hasn't tried to contact him, and with Francy and her boyfriend there, I expect him to toe the line. Nevertheless..." He swallowed, unclenching his hands. He had left tender half-moon marks into his palms. "It takes nothing. A wrong look, a word. If we can keep him at a good distance, all the better."

"Will do, man," Steve assured him, his blond hair styled in loose curls over the collar of his shirt. He looked smart and alert. "You don't have to worry."

"Speaking of, where is he?"

Jared smiled a bit, tension breaking for an instant. "He's upstairs. Getting changed." Christian and Steve exchanged a look and a knowing smile. "What?" Jared demanded, drumming his fingers on his knee.

"You're so besotted," Chris chuckled, shaking his head.

"And I can see why," Steve muttered, nodding his head towards the stairs.

Jensen was half up, half down, looking behind him to Sadie, who was following him with her tug-rope. His suit wasn't black, like Jared's, but navy blue, and his shirt was cream, not white. The overall effect was softer than the crisp, sharp suit Jared wore, delicate and beautiful. He looked up, eyes wide when he realized he was the center of attention, and blinked. "What?"

Jared shook his head and held out a hand. "I thought you were gonna dress up," he teased, pulling Jensen

to him to kiss his cheek.

Jensen frowned. "This isn't okay?" Jared nearly swallowed his tongue in the effort not to laugh.

"You look amazing," Jared whispered, brushing his thumb across Jensen's high cheekbone. He looked younger, despite the suit, and dangerously tempting. "I'm actually reconsidering the whole getting out of the house business."

Chris snorted behind him, but Steve stepped carelessly on his foot and smiled at them both. "Too bad, your ride's up front. You'd better go."

"You're not coming with us?" Jensen asked, a bit uncertain. Jared smiled at him and pressed a gentle kiss to the side of his head. "They have their own car. Francy got us the limo."

Chris winked at him and offered his arm to Steve with a pompous little bow. "May I? After you," he added, nodding at Jared and Jensen with a sly smirk.

Jensen blushed a bit but took Jared's hand, the metal of the bracelet warm around his wrist, and Jared's presence strong at his side. "You ready?"

Jared smiled, caressing the back of his hand. "To show you off in public? Of course I am." He kissed the tip of Jensen's nose, and grinned when Jensen giggled. "We'll show everyone, you'll see."

Jensen cuddled in Jared's side as they walked out and into the limo, Chris's car following pronto. The journey there took about twenty minutes, but neither of them said much. Jensen lay his head on Jared's chest, eyes half closed, and Jared kept running his hand up and down his arm with gentle, soothing strokes until their driver slid through the open, golden gates of the theater, slowing down to a crawl as they waited for the car to pull over the red carpet.

The theater was brightly lit, fountains and flashes winking at them from every angle. Jared put his arm around Jensen's back and smiled at the photographers, trying to act natural. Steve and Chris would meet up with them later after the front press was over and done with.

Jensen actually took the lead as Jared became more and more overwhelmed with the number of people who all wanted to talk to them. He'd never been faced with anything like it and felt slightly adrift, pushed out of the zone where he knew full well he could control what was happening.

Jensen's fingers curled around his, squeezing and anchoring him as he smiled the smile that made men fall in love, answering questions and somehow always managing to bring Jared to the front of the conversation. He brushed off talk of his own awards and looked at Jared with adoring eyes as he spoke of how proud he was. Jared shook his head fondly and stroked his hand.

"So it's not an act then?" One reporter asked, her blond hair neatly curled over her bare shoulders. Jensen blushed and shook his head negatively, smiling when Jared placed a swift kiss to the side of his neck and a thousand cameras flashed in excitement.

"Freak," Jensen muttered, below the roar of the crowd.

"I could never act this well," Jared said with a charming smile, stroking Jensen's arm as he pulled him in against his side. "Plus, can anyone blame me?"

Jensen rolled his eyes at him and poked at him in the chest. "Stop that."

The reporter giggled and battled her eyelashes. It was clear she thought she never saw anything so cute. "It's a nice change, no one is ever seen to have a stable relationship in the biz..."

"They don't know what they're missing out on," Jared said smoothly, still running circles over Jensen's arm. "I mean, awards and shows are nice, don't get me wrong, but I wouldn't trade our home life for anything in the world."

Jensen blushed ten shades of red and choked a little on his own tongue, but Jared didn't seem to notice if it wasn't for the casual squeeze of his hand. The reporter was nearly wetting herself with the juicy details, almost incredulous at her good luck. "Jensen - you always confirm yourself as the biggest star in our galaxy, but this year's brought about a few changes, hasn't it? Best Couple Sex, it's always been the ladies' territory."

Jensen shrugged and grinned shyly. "Well, Jared's a big girl, so I guess we're okay."

Her eyes gleamed and roamed without shame. "Well, he's a big something, all right."

Jared choked on a lungful of air and Jensen cackled gleefully, "Oh, *now* you're embarrassed."

"I'm proportionate," Jared protested, cheering inside at the light-hearted banter.

"He is." Jensen nodded. "He has huge feet. Look at those feet." Jared lifted his leg and damn near wrapped it around Jensen's hip, wiggling his foot for the cameras. "Huge."

Francesca would be proud of them. They were behaving *and* giving the rags enough juice to send them spinning.

"So you're up for Best Oral with Wentworth Miller... any friction?" she asked, bubblegum pink nails curled around the mic she held under Jared's chin.

Jared shook his head before Jensen could tense up. "Nah. I'm not a total caveman. I'll only kill him a little bit." He grinned devilishly. The best bit was that they thought he was joking. Jensen couldn't even scowl at him, not until the cameras were rolling. They wrapped the interview up and thanked the reporter as they moved through the crowd to escalate the red carpet.

It was more tiring than a steam room scene. Jared wasn't a shrinking violet, he was used to crowds, but he'd be lying out of his ass if he said he wasn't even slightly nervous about the amount of people that had, potentially, taken advantage of Jensen when he was most vulnerable. Francesca had a point though. Show him off, show them how cared for Jensen was, how happy and successful. There wasn't a bigger smack down Jared could hand out, even though Chris's idea of boiling Simon in a pot of lava had great merits.

They did two more interviews before they were finally allowed inside to grab a glass of bubbly and mingle. They spotted Chris and Steve immediately, at complete ease with their platinum guest tickets, and Jared took Jensen's hand in his own as he pulled him along to greet them.

"Dear god, this is exhausting," Jared lamented once he was there. Jensen just rolled his eyes at him. "It is," Jared protested, looking wounded. "I'm not good with q and a."

"You did just fine," Jensen said, and even though he was pretending to be exasperated, he couldn't disguise the shining gleam of pride in his eyes. He turned to Chris and Steve and smiled. "You raised your boy well."

Chris pretended to wipe away a tear and Steve rolled his eyes, looking up in time to be tackled by Gabe. "Hey, man! Long time no see."

"Exactly a week, such a hardship," Cristina mused with a smile, following her boyfriend a lot more sedately, dressed in a stunning red dress and a choker Jensen recognized as Francy's.

Taking her hand and pressing a gentlemanly kiss to the curve of her knuckles, Jensen smiled. "*Sei bellissima*," he told her, then shooting Gabe a wry glance, he added, "*Allora lo hai convinto a mollare le scarpe da ginnastica?*"

Cristina giggled and shook her head. "Sometimes I hate that you are gay," she lamented, tucking her arm in Gabe's and peeling him off Steve.

Jared sighed melodramatically. "Do I gotta write 'mine, back off?' on your forehead?" he teased, tugging Jensen closer.

"I'd pay good money to see you try," Steve grinned, watching the way Jensen's eyes narrowed in warning.

"Jensen! Sweetie!" A high pitched, girlish cry cut through the teasing banter and Jensen fixed on a smile.

"And so it begins," Jared groaned, allowing himself to be turned as a tall, dark haired woman with an impressive chest swooped down on Jensen and smothered him with kisses.

"Mia." Jensen smiled, weathering the barrage of affectionate kisses like a pro. "How are you doing?"

Mia flipped her hair over her shoulder. "Oh, just fine. My god, you get more yummy every time I see you. And this must be the man!" She turned luminous eyes on Jared and licked her red lips. "I could just eat you with a spoon, handsome."

A muffled sound came from behind them, much like Steve belting Christian before he could say anything stupid. Jared gave her a little bow before pressing a kiss to her cheek. "You look stunning, dear," he said with a dimpled smile. Mia giggled and ran one hand over the curve of her leather bustier.

"We try to keep up with you all younglins," she chimed, patting his cheek. "Oh, Jensen, baby, Jessica will be so thrilled to see you - she's showed up with her new boyfriend tonight, so tacky, I mean, really - Jessica, *my love!*" she chirped as a young woman with an even bigger set of breasts sauntered along with a thin, tall man next to her. Jared looked slightly amused as Jensen was attacked with hugs and kisses from the other actress and then proceeded to wipe lipstick off his chin discretely.

"Not a word," he mumbled to Jared as they moved through the crowd to get to their table, and another girl rushed up to greet him. Jared kept true to his word, plastic smile firm in place and got his share of hugs and kisses as well. By the time they sat down his hair had been ruffled so many times he looked freshly rolled out of bed, and the same could be said for Jensen. They had barely a minute to get settled that another girl showed up to congratulate Jensen and meet the infamous boyfriend. Jared was starting to think he was in a bit over his head until Francesca walked in with Raul, her black dress sweeping the floor and giving an instantaneous impression of class and magnificence.

Jensen stood up, smiling warmly at her, and Jared imitated him, going as far as to pull back her chair for her. She shot him a smile that was only partially lined with steel, and Raul quickly started babbling to Jensen.

"How many people did you have to bribe to get us seats here?" Chris laughed, sitting on Jared's right, his back to the stage.

"Who says we bribed anyone?" Jensen asked innocently, the bubbles from the drinks bringing a relaxed smile to his face.

"Jensen asks, Jensen gets, don't you, baby?" Jared laughed, teasing Jensen for the diva-like tantrum he'd thrown in order to get the seats. He'd made it clear that no, he wasn't asking, and he expected the tickets in the mail by close of house that day.

A demanding Jensen was by far *the* sexiest thing on the planet.

Jensen blushed and hid behind his hands. "I can't believe I did that."

Gabe sat on Cristina's left, between her and Franci. "Best seats in the house. I feel like Julia Roberts."

Francesca chuckled under her breath and shot Jensen a death glare as he opened his mouth to speak. Jared didn't get the in joke, but Jensen started to snigger and held up his hands in an innocent gesture. "*Come vuoi....*"

Jared scratched his head but said nothing, which was perhaps a smart move, on the whole. Jensen took hold of his hand under the table and smiled at him, his eyes bright and alight as usual, as if they weren't surrounded by people who had the potential to harm him, or them, so Jared finally sank back in his own chair and relaxed.

The food that passed around wasn't too bad, but of course Francesca eyed it all with the superior look of someone who came from a tradition of international delicacy. Jared didn't leave a crumb on his plate, nor did Steve, Chris, or Gabe. Cristina and Raul looked just as disdainful as Francesca did - Jared guessed it went with the family. Jensen picked absently at his vegetables, too preoccupied with holding Jared's hand and giggling with Raul to really pay much attention to the food.

There were five courses, and by the time coffee was being delivered to the table, Jared was all set to slump over and snooze. A full stomach and an evening of Jensen's happy laughter kicked him straight into content mode.

"Who's presenting this year?" Christian asked curiously, stealing Steve's chocolate mint. At Jared's raised eyebrow he held up his hands defensively. "What? I saw it on Youtube!"

Jensen gave a nonplussed shake of head. He'd taken off his jacket over dinner, and Jared was having a hard time not pawing at the silky soft fabric of his shirt.

Several more people came over to the table during dinner, some that Jared recognized, and others he didn't. Jensen greeted them all the same, politely introducing everyone as they went.

"Do you know everyone?" Gabe asked, astounded when Jensen finished talking to Harold Banks, one of the richest men in the industry. Jensen shrugged casually and took a slow sip of his wine to avoid answering. Raul and Francesca had been equally entertained all night by various acquaintances, and when there was finally a dip in conversation, Jensen started to point out the who's who, throwing in a fair amount of gossip as he went.

"That's Helena Rose," he said, nodding to a red haired woman with large breasts and a swollen belly. "There's a huge debate as to who that father is. Smart money is on her director. Needless to say her girlfriend is pretty pissed."

"I bet," Jared said, sounding stunned. "She films, too?"

"No, she's in make-up. Studied with Elle, if I am not mistaken."

"Oh," Jared said, picking up his glass and taking a sip. He hadn't seen around anyone he'd shot with so far, but maybe it was because they were still having dinner - or maybe they didn't really care, or they begrudged him because he was there with Jensen. He didn't give a fuck either way.

Jared stroked Jensen's wrist with a smile. It had become a habit in such a short space of time. Jared would feel the three thin gold bands entwine around Jensen's wrist and suddenly feel contentment spread from his belly to every pore.

"It's about to start," Francesca warned them when the waiter passed around with sherbets. "You boys better have your speeches prepared."

Speeches? Jared internally flailed. Was he supposed to say something? "What?"

"Acceptance speeches," Jensen said with a little eyeroll. "It'll be fine, just thank everyone and Miss Francesca Solari," he said very slowly, poking her tongue out at her. "And you'll be fine."

Francesca took a composed sip of her wine with a meaningful look at Jared. "You leave God and your parents out, it's probably safer given the environment."

"No god, no parents. Gotcha."

"Relax," Jensen soothed, lacing their fingers together. "You look terrified."

Jared shook his head rapidly. "I'm good." He squeaked, glad of Jensen's fingers against his. It was impossible to imagine going through a minute of life without his skin soft against Jared's.

The lights dimmed and the music rose, applause rising through the hall as a slender woman in a stunning green dress stepped out onto the stage, smiling devilishly.

"Oh, dear god." Francesca sighed. Jensen sniggered at her look of disgust.

"Be nice, Francy," he whispered. Francesca's expression could have curdled milk, and Jensen leaned in to whisper in Jared's ear. "It was funny, Nicki hit on her at a party this one time."

Jared felt his eyes bug out of his head as he looked between Francesca, and the woman on stage. "Wow. That was.... daring?" Insane? Suicidal.

"She was under the misleading impression that I was alone," she said succinctly, and Raul smirked. Cristina grinned at her cousin and patted her shoulder.

"You're such a catch."

"Fuck off," was Francesca's delicate answer.

"Ladies, gentlemen, transsexuals and everyone with a sex appeal, welcome to the 2008 Adult Movie Awards!"

Chris cheered and whooped, and everyone laughed and clapped along. Jensen was back to looking supremely bored, playing around with his dessert. Jared leaned in to kiss the side of his neck, and that got him a grin and a light swat over the head.

"Play nice."

"I'm being overly nice, I've not murdered anyone, have I?"

Jensen rolled his eyes. "You spend too much time with Francesca."

"I heard that," Francesca said darkly. Of course she did. She was like a bat.

On stage, Nicki continued, drawing out laughter and clapping from the crowd with various anecdotes, highly embarrassing several people, and turning Jared beet red when she gave a call out to 'Jensen and his hot ass new squeeze'.

Chris cheered again and Steve belted him around the head as Gabe choked on his wine.

Introduction quickly moved on to the start of the nominations. They began small, with set dressing, effects and sound... none of which were huge areas of interest within the basics of porn.

By the time she had moved on to the main categories, Nicki had co presenters on stage, flirting outlandishly as they read out the nominations. Their whole table burst into wild catcalls when Elle was called up to accept an award for her work on a wild shoot with full body make up.

"She'll need a pay rise," Jared called over to Francy as they cheered.

"Right, right, enough kerfuffle boys," Nicki said, waving her hands with a sly grin. "Because you're going to need those voices for who I'm about to call next." She cleared her throat and turned to bow at the screen behind her. "They have made us squirm, and they've got us wet, because as I always say, there's nothing like a blow job to spike up the heat. Get your hands out of your pants and put them together for this year's nominees!"

Bright names flashed on the screen. Jared recognized a twink he'd shot with during his first month on the market. The scene didn't feature him, though, but some bear that made Jared's spit turn sour in his mouth. Ugh. The list of kinks really was never ending.

"That's just gross," Gabe said with a wrinkled nose as he took a sip of his water. Two more nominees succeeded the first, then -

"Jensen Ackles, The Masquerade."

Jensen turned pepper red and pretended he couldn't hear the yells and cheers and wild whooping of the table. Jared's hand squeezed his own under the tablecloth and he looked up to find him grinning at him.

"Not bad," he murmured as snippet of their movie passed on the screen, Jensen's green eyes framed by the black of the butterfly mask as he looked up with wild lust blazing in his irises.

"Shut up," Jensen muttered, kicking him under the table. Then he cringed and looked away.

"Oh, god, this is gonna be awkward..." Gabe snorted, hastily refilling both Jensen and Jared's wine glasses as Nicki clapped her hands together and giggled girlishly.

"And since everyone's favorite boy is just so damn *good* -and with a list of wins as long as his, I'd sure as hell expect him to be- the final nomination is for Jensen Ackles, Adrenaline."

The clip flashed up on screen and Jensen looked firmly down at his hands. Jared leaned closer to Francesca and whispered, "I am all for you killing her. And him. Both of them. Together. Slowly."

Francesca looked nothing if not amused, and when Jared sat back, he caught a glimmer of sympathy in Chris' blue eyes. Jensen had done the shoot before Jared had even been in the picture, but it didn't change the fact that he was watching Jensen, his face smeared with grease and dirt, suck a guy on a fifty foot screen.

Suddenly it was really, really important that either their shot won, or Adrenaline didn't.

Jensen snatched his wine glass and downed the whole lot. He didn't look at Jared, he didn't look at anyone, eyes firmly on his now empty plate, the tips of his ears bright red. Raul kicked Jared under the table, hard, and scowled at him once he looked up with a pained half-yelp. Raul mouthed something to him in Italian, probably, which did a fat deal of nothing, but Jared thought he got what Raul meant anyway.

The night was going to be tense and painfully awkward for a number of reasons already. He couldn't give Jensen one more.

"Hey," he whispered, squeezing Jensen's knee. "Baby?"

Jensen didn't answer, his back taut as a bowstring. Nicki called for silence on stage, and accepted the envelope carried to her by a leather-clad guy on all fours. "And the winner is"

Chris closed his eyes and buried his face in his hands. Francesca sat back on his chair with a neutral look on her face, and Jared bit the inside of his cheek hard enough to taste blood.

"Adrenaline, Jensen Ackles!"

Jensen went from red to green faster than a set of traffic lights. Everyone stood clapping and cheering, but none faster than Jared, who looked down at Jensen with the bigger grin he could muster. "Congratulations, baby!" he said, loud enough to be heard around their table and a few tables nearby. Chris cottoned on and began to clap as well, wilder if possible than Gabe and Raul, and Jensen's cheeks took a lovely pink tinge as he stumbled out of his chair.

Jared took his hand and pulled him close to press a fleeting kiss over his lips, nuzzling the side of his face before letting him go. "I'm proud of you."

Jensen looked as if the last thing on earth that he wanted to do was leave Jared's side, but with a nod from Francesca, and a gentle push from Jared, he made his way on stage. He accepted a hug from Nicki, who made no secret of the fact that she grabbed his ass. "Baby, you better win some more of these yummy awards tonight," she giggled, stepping back after presenting Jensen with a glass trophy.

Blushing furiously, he raised the trophy in a shy little salute. Chris whooped from their table and it raised a small, nervous smile. "Hi, me again," he started shyly. That drew laughter from the crowds.

"Five years in a row." Gabe whispered to Chris and Steve, who weren't following.

"Wow." Chris said, slightly taken aback. "Maybe we should ask for tips."

"Do it and I will kill you." Jared said, his grin not dropping an inch, his jaw barely moving.

Steve shook his head and elbowed Chris, turning his attention back to Jensen.

"I guess I should start by thanking my manager, Francesca Solari. I won't say she taught me *all* I know, but pretty close," Jensen continued, still wearing the same self-conscious blush.

"I'm docking his salary for that," Francesca announced as Raul sniggered behind his hand.

"And I want to thank my co-star, Wentworth, who's a great guy to work with, not to mention incredibly smart for having given our table a wide berth in an attempt to escape my boyfriend's radar -"

Everyone laughed and clapped, and Jared realized he was being zoomed on by the show's cameras, so he made a show of cracking his knuckles and nodding, which got him more whistles and catcalls.

"- but he's on a very strict code of conduct tonight, so I think you're safe." He grinned again, and Francesca relaxed in a pleased, proud smile.

"They're going to wet themselves over this," she said quietly, filling her glass with more wine, *they* being the press.

"- and Joe McCharty who is to thank for the look of the shot... not that shot," he added hastily as everyone laughed again. "And the Academy for gifting me with this. Again. Thank you, everyone."

Jared shook his head, stunned, as he held out his arm and left Jensen slip under it as he sat back at the table, his heart hammering wildly. Jared's fingers curled over the soft fabric of his collar, his thumb at Jensen's throat. "Baby, that was ten kinds of amazing. I thought you hate public speaking."

Jensen laughed and reached for his glass. "I do." He flushed, clutching desperately at the glass as Nicki continued her on-stage antics.

Chris shook his head in disbelief and Steve smiled across the table. "You're a natural born performer, Jensen," he complimented. "Live entertainment isn't all that easy."

Jensen flushed and Jared lit up the room with his beaming smile. He loved his friends.

"So what exactly are you going to do with a giant crystal butt plug?" Gabe asked, eyeing the award Jensen had received with mild curiosity. Jensen choked on the wine he was drinking and Jared snatched the award away before Chris could start coming up with suggestions.

"Children." Francesca sighed, leaning in a little closer to Raul, who had his arm around the back of her chair.

They turned their attention back to the stage as Nicki announced the nominations for the next category. Jared leaned over to kiss his neck, tucking Jensen closer to his side. A number of trophies were handed out for all sorts of categories - some that Jared didn't even know existed. Best leather, best threeway scene, best orgy, then there was a break when the ladies's awards were presented and handed out before they returned to the all best of Porn. It seemed to go by in a flash, but really it was well past midnight when Nicki walked back onstage, with a fluffy white babydoll with loads of white feathers and a bright, red-lipped smile.

"Well now it has come - in so many ways I'm sure - to the really juicy stuff, those awards that make all you studs tear at each other's faces when your backs are turned. That's right, go ahead and laugh, you know

I'm right. But tough shit, because here are the nominees for Best Anal Sex scene!"

Jared cheered and winked at Jensen. "Francy doesn't seem impressed with her, does she?" he said, nodding at their manager who had a look of supreme dislike on her sharp features.

Jensen giggled. "Remember me to tell you about that wrap party," he muttered under his breath.

Francesca shot him a dark look and he made a show of slinking under Jared's protective arm. "Baby, I love you, but you're on your own with that one." Jared snorted, holding up a hand in innocence.

"Traitor," Jensen hissed, his lips twitching into a smile.

"Boys." Cristina broke up their little bubble and nodded to the screen where one of their scenes was showing. It was the pharaoh shoot, and Jared was once again stuck by just how beautiful the whole thing had been. It had been the one they had filmed after Jared had watched the clips of Jensen's shoot with Kevin and Jona, and he remembered how Jensen had carefully and subtly taken the lead. It was a perfect scene, and Jensen sure as hell deserved to win for taking both Jared, and the marble dildo that way.

"Sadist," Chris hissed across the table, shooting Jensen a look of supreme sympathy. "I wouldn't have said that was even anatomically possible."

"You'd be surprised," Gabe mused absently, cocking his head as he watched the show.

Jensen groaned and buried his face into Jared's shoulder. "Can't it be over already?" he lamented, yanking Jared's sleeve.

Jared chuckled at him. "In a minute, love."

"Holy hell, are you sure it's where it's supposed to go?"

"Chris, shut the fuck up or I'll *make* you."

"Shutting up."

Jensen's face was hot enough you could've cooked a egg on top of his head. Jared ran his fingers down his back, trying to help him relax. "It's fine either way," he whispered, nuzzling his ear. "I promise."

Jensen nodded shakily and tightened his hand on Jared's wrist.

"And wow, is it hot in here or it's just me?" Nicki fanned herself. "Well well, it's time to see whose appeal you liked best..." She picked up the envelope and made a great deal out of peering inside it and giggling.

"That was almost too easy. Jensen Ackles and Jared Padalecki, for Eastern Delights."

"I should fucking think so!" Chris bellowed above the applause as Jared and Jensen made their way on stage. Nicki made a show of squeezing herself between them and fluttering her eyelashes.

"Baby, you're just hard all over!" She crowed in delight, feeling Jared's abs. Jared might have turned red in response, but Jensen let out a thrilled little laugh that made the grope worth it.

"I know where those hands have been, sweetheart," he grinned, flashing Nicki a brilliant white smile. "Get 'em off."

Nicki blew him a kiss and stepped out from between them, making a soft little 'aww' sound when Jared automatically wrapped his arm around Jensen's hips. Faced with all the people in the crowd, he honestly had no idea what to say. Jensen squeezed his hands and took the lead. "Yeah, I put him on a time out after that one," he joked, shooting Jared a soft smile that had half the audience cooing in delight.

Jared grinned and stroked Jensen's side with a grin, "With good reason. I honestly thought I would've been

faced with solo shoots for much longer." Jared chuckled as the crowd clapped and whistled their approval. "Well, I'm not half as eloquent as Jensen, so you'll have to bear with me. We both owe a lot to our agent, Francesca, and I'll follow Jensen's lead here to thank her and everyone at Eros studios who worked with us on the shoot."

The crowd clapped their approval, and Jared felt a bit of the tension leave him. He looked at Jensen, eyes alight with adoration, and cleared his throat again. "And I personally have no one else to thank but the person that made it possible for me to be here tonight, receiving this award."

Jensen's cheeks turned pink, but he didn't look away, and Jared squeezed his waist surreptitiously. "It's your turn," Jared joked, pretending to whisper in his ear.

"Leave me the easy part." Jensen responded in a loud stage whisper. "I've worked with Eros for a long time now. They've seen me at my best, and my worst, so thank you for only filming the former. And a final shout out to Starbucks, whose double espressos are the only thing that make filming with Jared at five in the morning bearable."

"Hey!" Jared pouted indignantly, reaching for Jensen who danced away with a coy little grin, the crowds going wild around them.

They left the stage and Nicki came back, this time in a very short red leather dress. "Someone tell me where I can buy my own copies." She giggled, blowing both men a kiss.

"E-Bay!" someone shouted from the crowd.

"Hmm, I'll get my PA on it! Okay folks, time to reel in some of that excitement and move on to the next category..."

"You are like the Two Ronnies." Cristina laughed as Jared took his seat and pulled Jensen down besides him. Jared blinked, then laughed. He loved British comedy.

"You're doing well." Francesca reassured them kindly. Raul nodded and gave them both two thumbs up.

Jared wiped sweat from his forehead and pulled Jensen in a tight hug. "I'm lame," he murmured in his ear, "but I'm so damn proud of you."

"There's nothing to be proud of," Jensen muttered, but he was smiling nonetheless.

Jared rolled his eyes and poked him in the ribs. "Enough of that. You're awesome, baby, end of story."

Jensen laid his head on Jared's shoulder and sighed, closing his eyes in contentment. It wasn't as easy as they were trying to make it, but no one would've guessed it by looking on from the outside, which was more than Jared ever dared to hope for. He was pleased that their shoot won, but the only thing that he had in mind right then was Jensen's well being, and no matter how much bubbly he drank or how many jokes he cracked, Jared wouldn't let his guard down until they were safe back home.

Nicki announced the Best Couple sex scene award, and Jensen tensed against Jared. Jared knew that it was the only award Jensen really cared about, so he put all he had in hoping that they could score it.

One by one the nominations flashed on screen, until Jensen's face replaced their names, and the image zoomed out to the same shot that had ended up on the front cover of the DVD. Jensen was spread across Jared's lap, his body slick and trembling as Jared curled over him from behind, possessive and dominating, but clearly shining with adoration for the beautiful, writhing creature in his arms.

"That's a good shot." Gabe whispered, nodding his head in appreciation. "The lighting... outstanding." Cristina rolled her eyes at the technical observation, but Jared could see what he meant. The light in the cabin was dim, it needed to be, but carefully added lighting had bathed them both in an otherworldly glow. They moved through the shadows and the light fluidly, the colors rolling across their skin. Jared hated to admit it, but Joe really did know how to get the best out of their scenes.

Jared watched his hand span across Jensen's lean belly, his other at Jensen's throat, and felt a wave of possessiveness wash over him. The scene was intimate, more so than any other they had really shot. He sort of tended to forget that whatever it was that they did would end up on screen for thousands of people.

He took Jensen's hand in his own and kissed his knuckles. Jensen's palm was sweaty, and he was chewing on his lower lip. Francesca wasn't looking at the screen, nor was Raul. There was a cloud of tension above the table thick enough to be cut through with a knife.

"And the best couple sex of the year award goes to...."

Jensen tightened his hand so hard around Jared's he left fingernail marks.

"Jared Padalecki and Jensen Ackles, 'Captain's Treasure'!"

Jensen gave a little yelp that was immediately drowned in the wild applause from the crowd. Jared stood up and wrapped his arms around him, lifting him off the ground with a wild laugh. Jensen dug in his back with both hands for about half a minute before they put themselves back together and went to accept their award.

Jensen was practically vibrating on the spot by the time they made it to the podium, his eyes sparkling. He couldn't think of a word to say when the silence fell, and this time it was Jared who took the lead.

"I think the same thanks can be applied to everyone at Eros, and all our friends who came out here to support us tonight." He waved down at their table. "And really there is only one more thank you I'd like to make." Without another word he caught Jensen around the hips and pulled him in for a kiss that had the crowd in waves of applause. Jensen's arms flailed a little before settling around Jared's neck, washed away with the tide of Jared's breathless kiss.

They parted and Jared stroked Jensen's neck as he turned a slightly dopey smile on the audience. "What he said," he croaked.

The audience were in an uproar by the time they took their seats, and Francesca couldn't have looked more amused if she'd tried. "I think you just gave half the people here fantasies for a year."

"More than half," Cristina muttered, delicately smoothing creases from her skirt. Gabe turned wide eyes on her, but his girlfriend thoroughly ignored him and served herself more wine.

"Who knew you had it in you?" Chris roared with a bright grin, slapping Jared on his back. "Our boy playing the crowd like a veteran."

"Leave him be," Steve said sternly, tugging Chris back in his chair. "You guys were great. I'd be surprised if you're not going to be splayed on every news spread and online blog by the end of the night."

Jared chuckled wryly. There was a high possibility that most of that stuff was online already, but he didn't care. He turned his attention back to Jensen, taking his hand and bringing it up to his mouth to kiss his knuckles tenderly. "You happy, baby?"

Jensen smiled a dazed smile, and leaned his head on Jared's shoulder. "I am," he said quietly, slowly, almost as if he were surprised. As if he hadn't really believed it, not up to that point. Jared caressed his cheek and kissed the side of his head, trying to suppress a laugh as he noticed the cameras zooming on them again, and he settled back in his seat.

Talk about smack down. By the time the night was drawing to a close, their table was filled with crystal butt plugs.

Gabe had one best new director in genre for one of his earlier shoots and once Cristina was done with him, Jensen nearly broke his ribs in an enthusiastic hug. By the time the final award was ready to be presented, Nicki had gone through fifteen dresses and Jensen was on his sixth glass of wine.

Jared was honestly enjoying himself more than he had expected. Chris and Gabe had a gift for light entertainment, and were keeping the jokes running thick and fast. Even Francesca seemed more at ease. Jensen was balancing on the edge between tipsy and sober, his eyes sparkling with so much life and energy Jared could barely tear his eyes away to listen to the final nominations.

He was up for Best Male Performance, and Jensen squeezed his hand tight, for more excited than Jared was.

On stage, Nicki, in a bubblegum pink babydoll, flicked her hair over her shoulder and announced, "And how is that for a full house? Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this years most prestigious award goes to Jared Padalecki of Eros Studios!"

Jared barely had the chance to compute the words before Jensen was on his lap, almost choking the life from him. "You did it! You did it!" he babbled, tears on his cheeks when Jared untangled himself. He wasn't the only one having an overly emotional reaction. Chris looked as if his son had just been voted president, Steve and Gabe were all but screaming themselves horse, Cristina was giggling behind her hands and Raul had Francesca caught in a rather enthusiastic hug.

Looking back at Jensen, Jared felt a rush of overwhelming love rise up inside of him. Not just for the man he shared his life with, but for all his friends. He was the luckiest son of a bitch in the world.

"Get up there!" Jensen, Steve and Francesca all ordered.

"Come with me," Jared whispered, taking Jensen's hand. Jensen shook his head, wiping at his face, but Jared tugged on him and had him stumble against him. "I didn't win this on my own, did I? C'mon, baby. Come with me."

"But -"

"Please?"

"Just move it," Francesca ordered, pointing her finger sternly towards the stage. "Now."

Jensen looked torn for about half a minute, but Jared was already dragging him along as he made his way through clapping tables and camera flashes. He walked up the steps that lead to the small podium and kissed Nicki's hand before accepting the prize with a smile.

"Woah." He looked around at the expecting faces of the crowd, then grinned at Jensen. "You know, you were right, I should always come prepared." Jensen giggled and swatted him on his arm. "Well, what else can I say? This - I mean, I didn't even think I could live a night like tonight, and I wasn't even hoping for more... It feels selfish, you know, because I already have everything I could ask for." He put his arm around Jensen's shoulder and tugged him close. "I'm probably going to get my ass kicked for dragging him up here-"

"Couch," Jensen put in, to laughter from the audience.

"-but it wouldn't be right to do this without him." Jared smiled. "Jensen's taught me so much. About the job, about the person I want to be. He taught me what I can and can't do on set, and how best to prank our rigger." Paul's reaction showed on the screen behind them, his smile big as he drew a threatening 'you're dead, dude' finger across his throat. "He's the most important person in my life, and it is right that he's here with me now." The cameras were on Jensen's face, and the soft, beautiful smile he wore as he watched Jared with adoration in his eyes. Jared kissed his cheek, then flashed the audience a roguish wink. "And if that doesn't get me laid tonight I'm all out of ideas."

Jensen threw his head back and laughed, smacking Jared around the back of the head.

Nicki was back on stage, her expression softer than it had been all night. "Folks, are these two not the *cutest* thing ever? I swear, you're our very own fairytale couple, someone fetch the tiaras!"

Jensen made a hasty exit before Nicki could get her hands on him, and Jared followed, laughing to himself

as he descended the steps.

"You two," Francesca said with a fond shake of her head. "You thoroughly hate talking in public. I think Jared has some fairy dust with him I was unaware of."

Jensen blushed and threw her a murdering look that she ignored with compassed ease. Steve hugged them both before letting them take their seats.

"It doesn't look like Jen hates speeches," Chris said with a grin. "If you two ever want to change line of work - and by the looks of them -" he swept one arm in direction of the penis-full table, "- I don't think so, you could go into standup."

"Well, I learned from the best," Jared said smoothly, winking at Steve as Chris tried to lean forward and punch him in the arm. "You're not mad at me, are you?" He asked then to Jensen, stroking his hair with a small smile. He'd been worried Jensen would not be too keen on the public displays of affection, not in such an environment, but Jensen shook his head and curled closer in the nest of Jared's arms.

"You are like a walking hallmark greeting card come to life," he whispered in his neck. "But I love you."

Jared felt his heart swell and grow three sizes at the very least and he pulled Jensen close enough so that he was practically in his lap before he kissed the tip of his nose with a smile. "I love you too." *And now everyone knows.*

Scene Two

Things had been going so well that when Jared stopped to think about it, he should have known that something would have gone wrong. The universe never saw fit to give Jensen a break. They were mingling with the crowds, accepting congratulations from just about every person present, when Jared felt a warm hand come to rest on his chest. He smiled and turned, instantly expecting it to be Jensen, before he realized that Jensen was on his other side, his hand held tightly in Jared's.

Fixing a smile firmly in place, Jared turned and looked down on Zac, one of the guys he had first shot with.

"Congratulations, man, always knew you'd go far." Zac's presence and loudly spoken words alerted Jensen to a shift in the mood, and he turned, eyes narrowing on Zac with something akin to dislike. "Ackles," Zac nodded his head.

Jensen's jaw tightened, his eyes moving from Zac's face to the hand he had resting on Jared's chest. "You mind removing your hand from my boyfriend?" He asked calmly, barely keeping his tone civil. Zac made no move to do as asked, and Jared swallowed, feeling a sudden pang of sympathy for all bones caught between two dogs.

"He doesn't seem to mind," Zac said carelessly, at which Jared took a prompt half-step back with a pained, plastic grin.

"So - uh - nice show," Jared said, a brave attempt to break the tension. It didn't work. Jensen was still staring at Zac with a hard frown, his beautiful eyes narrowed dangerously as he tightened his hold on Jared's hand.

"Very. You really gave an outstanding performance," Zac crowed, grinning at him and feeling the sleeve of Jared's jacket. "Pity you retired."

"What? I didn't-"

"He's got an exclusive contract," Jensen said icily, a smile just as cold gracing his beautiful face. "Which has earned him more than you'd ever dream of making. Now if you excuse us...." he looked at him

pointedly, waiting for Zac to step away from Jared's personal space.

Jared failed to stop a very unmanly little squeak escaping his lips, imagining the scene they were no doubt creating.

"It was, uh, nice to see you again, but I gotta be, um... yeah." Jared babbled, looking helplessly at Jensen who was all but leaking steam from his ears.

Zac's fingers brushed Jared's wrists and Jensen tensed so violently Jared thought he might break something. "It's a pity you're throwing away such great potential to work with an old hasbeen."

Jared's jaw dropped. That 'old hasbeen' had just wiped the floor with every category he had been nominated in.

Jensen however simply looked stunned. He blinked, mouthing the word 'old' to himself before fixing Zac with a very nasty grin. "If you want to continue to find work in this industry I suggest you fuck off. Now."

"Steve!" Jared cried suddenly, waving at someone behind Zac's head. "Coming, man. Sorry. Bye. I mean. Yeah. Bye." He tugged lightly on Jensen's hand, but Jensen didn't budge immediately. He stared at Zac for another handful of seconds, his green eyes hard and sparkling like a predator before he all but dragged Jared out of the cocktail's room.

"What the fuck did he think he was doing?" Jensen seethed as soon as they were approximately out of earshot. "Huh? Retired, I'll show him retired - where's Francy?"

"She's - uh, I suppose she was with that businessman... the one of the porn channel?" Jared couldn't decide if he was scared or insanely turned on by Jensen's outburst. Perhaps both. He'd never seen Jensen snap like that to a virtual stranger, and the idea that he could be jealous of Jared made his stomach whoop.

"Stupid pompous fucker, can't tell a dildo from a butt plug, I'll fucking show him-"

"Are you jealous?" The words tumbled out of his mouth before Jared could think them out properly. Jensen rounded on him with fire in his eyes. Jared swallowed loudly. Him and his big mouth. "I'll take that as a yes."

Jensen fumed. "No."

"You *are*!" Jared grinned, looping his arms around Jensen's hips and pulling him in close. "That's kinda hot."

"It's just he, and his *hands*, and..." Jensen blinked. "It is?"

"Oh, yes." Jared nuzzled his jaw and leaned around, whispering softly. "Maybe I like seeing you all possessive?"

Jensen shivered, melting against Jared's touch, his anger gone as quickly as it had formed.

"I didn't like him touching you like that," Jensen admitted. Jared was tempted to say 'now you know how I feel,' but would never be so cruel. Instead he stole a tiny, gentle kiss and smiled.

"Only you get to touch me. That's how it works."

Jensen smiled faintly and kissed him back just as soft. "I like it."

"I know you do," Jared murmured, caressing his back. "And I wouldn't change it with anything."

Jensen grinned, snuck his arms around Jared's back and held on tight. "Where's Francy, though?"

"She said she had business talk - Oh no," he cottoned on, looking sternly down at him. "You're not setting Francy on him, no way."

"Would I do that?" Jensen said airily, his beautiful face a picture of innocence. Jared eyed him warily but they moved on together to where he could spot Raul's tall figure near the marble sweep of the bar.

"Here they are," he said, tugging Jensen along. They were stopped along the way by at least other 10 people who all wanted to shake their hands and such, and Jared's heart skipped at Jensen's smoldering, possessive look.

"You two been necking in the bathroom?" Chris asked with a rude leer, his arm looped around Steve's waist.

Jensen rolled his eyes. "Yes, Christian." He sighed, reaching for a fresh glass of bubbling dom perignon.

Chris nodded, pleased. "I knew it," he announced, ignoring Steve's wry shake of the head.

"There's an orgy in the ladies room," Cristina put in helpfully.

"I imagine Miss Aycox is leading the thing," Francesca said dryly.

Jared grinned and stole a sip of Jensen's drink. "You really don't like her."

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Jensen giggled, back to his usual, sweet self now Zac was pushed to the background and forgotten.

Jared shrugged. "Wild hunch?"

"Well, Sherlock, you care to stay for the after party or do you want to head back to our place?" Chris asked. "We have tequila." He added with a playful wiggle of his eyebrows.

"Tequila sounds good," Jensen nodded thoughtfully. He flashed Jared a coy little smirk. "You ever shot gunned?"

Jared's brain tripped over himself. Yeah, that would be fun. Licking the burning liquid from Jensen's full, pretty lips, salt and lime and skin and yeah, they could totally do that.

They started to head for the door, when Raul suddenly stopped short. Gabe collided with his back, and Jared quickly steered Jensen around the pile up.

"What's the hold up?" Chris asked from behind Jared's back. Jared's arm was around Jensen's shoulders and he felt him tense up quicker than he'd had with Zac. He frowned as he glanced down at the woman who had crossed Francesca's path, her face heavily lined with makeup that did nothing to disguise her aging skin. If Francesca's look was anything to go by, whomever was in front of them ranked lower than Nicki Aycox.

"Well, we thought it would be inconsiderately rude not to come up and say congratulations," the woman spoke, and it made the hair on the back of Jared's neck stand up. Francesca's smile was dangerous and sharp like one of her blades, and for a moment Jared thought he was missing something.

Then he saw him.

All his blood rushed to his head so fast he thought he saw a thick, red veil fall in front of his eyes. His hand tightened on Jensen's waist and he pulled him closer to his side, his jaw setting tight enough to make his molars zing against each other.

"How thoughtful of you," Francesca said. Jared thought he heard wolves and polar bears howl in the background. "And rather selfless, given the comparison with the Adonis group. Shame."

Jensen wasn't moving, Jared doubted he was even breathing. He was looking at the two people in front of him as if they were grotesque, clown-like shapes in a funhouse mirror.

"Henrietta is right, of course." The man on the woman's arm said, his voice a deep, quiet, calm voice, silver tongued and wicked. "We couldn't leave without expressing our congratulations. Nor without seeing

tonight's star attraction."

The move was subtle, but Francesca placed a hand on Raul's arm, keeping him in place as the growl that reverberated in his throat took the tension to a whole new level.

If Jared hadn't been convinced that he was the only thing keeping Jensen upright, he'd have done a whole lot more than growl.

Simon cocked his head towards Jensen and smiled. "You looked wonderful up there, Jensen. You've always been made to be the center of attention."

What little color there was left in Jensen's cheeks vanished, his knees sagging so quickly Jared had to take most of his weight against his chest.

Jared looked over the gap between Jensen's shoulder and Francesca and leveled Simon with a cold, bloodthirsty glare. "You don't know it yet," he whispered, and Simon tore his glance away from Jensen to sneer at Jared's narrowed eyes. "But take a good look now - and remember my face- because I *am* going to kill you."

Francesca glared at him, obviously not pleased with his none-too-subtle promise, but Raul was nodding his approval. Henrietta curled her fingers delicately towards Jensen. "So astonishing, Jensen. Such a long line of achievements, and only just turned twenty three. Think where you'll be in five years time."

There was an unmistakable shift, not only from Francesca, who took half a step forward, her heels and her posture giving her at least four inches over Henrietta, but from Simon as well, whose eyes went wide for the briefest of instants.

"You wouldn't want to think in five year's time, dearest," Francesca said, her voice so soft and honeyed it made Jared's skin crawl. "Life does have funny ways. Who knows where you'll be in five minutes."

Jared heard Chris's sharp intake of breath at the veiled threat, but he didn't dare move, even though inside he was screaming to reach out and tear that smirk off her face, because the moment she'd spoken, Jensen's eyes had gone dull, as if shutters had closed behind them. Jared was quite positive Jensen had stopped breathing, and he had to fight as his two primary instincts came in conflict. Protect Jensen - which would mean grabbing Simon and smashing his face to pieces - and take care of Jensen, who had, Jared realized with a jolt, just slipped into subspace.

Simon though didn't look quite as composed before. His smirk had frozen, even though the reason why seemed to lay out of Jared's grasp. He knew there was something nagging at him, but everything else faded in background as Jensen started to tremble thinly against him.

"Baby, take a breath," he whispered softly in his ear. Jensen didn't. He hung, frozen in time, not even blinking, and Jared's heartbeat sped up violently. He was vaguely aware of their friends forming a loose, protective circle as Simon all but dragged Henrietta away. Chris was talking, so was Gabe, and Jensen still wasn't breathing.

Cursing, Jared braced his hand on Jensen's shoulder and slapped him smartly across the cheek. Behind him Cristina gasped, and Jared was pretty sure she thought he had lost his mind. The blow was more shocking than painful though, and it had the desired effect. Jensen blinked, stunned and not in the real world, but he sucked in a noisy breath, and Jared's panic lost the sharp edge that had been digging in his spine.

"Chris, get the car." Jared growled, tugging Jensen to him and wrapping his own jacket around his shoulders. Jensen was still and placid in his arms, as docile and submissive as a beaten pup. The last time he's been in such an unresponsive state, he'd been left bound and bleeding, and Jared was terrified of what was going on behind Jensen's wide, empty green eyes.

As much as he wanted to scoop Jensen up and whisk him away, they were surrounded by hundreds of people. Jared felt sick as he trusted Jensen's ingrained defenses and led him through the milling people. Jensen obeyed without question, his skin clammy under Jared's fingers.

"Call the driver," Francesca commanded, her voice sharp and controlled. The limo was driven up in a matter of seconds, and Jared let Jensen slid inside the backseat, tucking his jacket up under his chin.

He didn't know how it had been possible. He didn't know why or what had plummeted Jensen into such a state and he was surprised to find he didn't care. He knew who was responsible for it, and he was going to go back in there, find him, and tear the skin off his face.

"Hold it, Skywalker," Francesca said, putting her finely manicured hand above his chest. "Get in there and go home."

"He can't stay there-" Jared muttered, his voice muffled as it fought to pass through his gritted teeth. "He can't."

The idea of Simon walking free as Jensen lay spent and void into the backseat of the limo was abhorrent, sickening. He felt vomit rise up his throat and he clenched his jaw shut, his eyes filled with angry tears. "He can't, Francy."

"Get in there," she repeated, softer now. "Move it."

"We'll meet you up at your house." Chris called as he tucked himself behind the wheel. Steve squeezed Jared's arm with a meaningful look and followed his boyfriend.

"Stagli vicino, è l'unica cosa che puoi fare ora. Prenditi cura di lui."

Jared turned to look at Raul, and nodded, heart heavy. He hadn't understood a word, but he knew what he had to do.

Jared slid across the leather seat, ducking low to kneel in the wide space between benches. Jensen sat exactly as he'd been positioned, his breathing a steady, controlled hum. So controlled, Jared thought, that it had to be all Jensen was focused on. "Baby?"

Nothing. The tears Jared had fought against slowly burned their way past his defenses. "Jen, please look at me." Francesca closed the door and they took off slowly, the low rumble of the engine a gentle backing sound to Jensen's controlled, regulated breathing.

"He's not here, baby, he can't hurt you. I won't let him. It's okay. It's okay."

Jared thought off all the things Simon had said, the vile implications in his words, and felt the sickness rise again.

He was going to kill that son of a bitch if it was the last thing he did.

And her, that cold, vicious bitch who'd looked at Jensen as if he were some toy fit to play with then throw away. So fucking condescending. Her words brushed over his skin, static electricity dancing along his nerves, and they clicked into sudden, painful clarity.

'Only just turned twenty three.'

Jared caressed Jensen's hair softly, his long fingers massaging his scalp, trying to work back feeling in Jensen's limbs, frightened beyond belief by Jensen's comatose slump.

Twenty three.

Only two years older than him.

Two years younger than the age they had celebrated with his un-birthday not a week ago.

He brushed Jensen's hair back off his forehead, felt the heavy, forced breaths Jensen's was taking against his palm. His mind was whirring out of control, doing sums and additions, Jensen's voice a distant echo at the back of his mind.

I hitch-hiked. Took me two and half days...

He told me he had a job for me...

He had always known. Deep down, he had known that if Jensen had been kicked out while at school there was a high possibility of him not being over 18... he just didn't think about it... didn't want to think about it. Jensen had told him he was twenty-five... he always bitched that he was the older one....

"Baby," Jared whispered again, as the driver turned left and got out of the highway towards their house. "Baby, please, say something... it's fine. I promise. I'm not mad, it's okay."

Jensen didn't answer, he just stared on ahead. Jared wiped at his face hastily and kissed his forehead.

This was worse than it had ever been. When Jensen had slipped into subspace before there had always been some sign that he was still there, hovering under the hazy cloud that had fallen over his eyes. He trembled and he sobbed, tiny little moans a welcome sound compared to this terrifying, still silence.

"Jensen, come on, love." Jared pleaded, reaching up to frame Jensen's face with his palms. "I need you with me. I need you here." Again, Jensen didn't respond, and by the time they pulled up in front of the house Jared was beyond the ability to control the tears winding down his face. Things had been going so well. Jensen had been so bright, so happy, so *confident*, standing up to Zac, claiming what was his. Jared hated that one little word from Simon could push Jensen back under the water so easily.

The limo stopped, and the driver held the door open for them. This time Jared didn't try leading Jensen anywhere. He slid out of the door, leaned back in and pulled Jensen into his arms. It was more awkward this time than ever before. Even half asleep and dazed, Jensen had always melted against him. This time he was obedient in the way he let himself be held, but he didn't sink into Jared's arms, and the fine tremor of his limbs sent shivers up Jared's skin.

Chris and Steve were waiting for them. So was Francesca, who had appeared to have taken a ride in their car. She had a spare key and opened the door. Chris held the puppies at bay watching with angry, sorrowful eyes as Jared maneuvered Jensen through the door.

"Thanks, guys," Jared whispered to no one in particular as he took the steps up to the master bedroom, his eyes fixed on Jensen's blank, white face. He lay him down on the plush bedding, combing his hair back with tender fingers. "Baby? You're with me, baby, it's fine, it's all good. I'll take care of you, you know that, right?"

Jensen nodded meekly, and Jared cursed himself. Never ask questions that could be answered with "yes or no". He swallowed and tried again. "What about some water?" he murmured, feeling the clammy skin of Jensen's face sweat underneath his palm. "We can take a bath, relax a little. I'll give you a massage." Anything, anything that would make Jensen emerge. He blinked back his tears and found Jensen's bracelet on his wrist, stroking it gently. "I'll be right here with you."

He heard movement coming from the hall behind their door, but he was loathe to leave Jensen. He wanted to lean down and kiss him, but at the same time he was scared of it. Scared of how empty Jensen would feel underneath him, so he contented himself of caressing his forehead, biting in his lip when Jensen didn't lean into the touch, all his efforts concentrated on breathing.

"Jay?" Steve's musical voice called from outside. "Francesca wants to talk to you."

"She can come in," Jared murmured, not taking his eyes off Jensen's face. He heard Steve move back and mumble something, then Francesca walked through the door, her black dress sweeping the floor silently like a cloak.

"How is he?" She asked, taking a seat at the foot of the bed.

Jared looked down at Jensen, so small and quiet under Jared's jacket. "I've never seen him this bad." He whispered, curling his fingers over the vulnerable skin of Jensen's wrist.

There was a great deal of sadness in Francesca's grey eyes. "I have." She sighed. "He was like this when he left Simon. I didn't know how to get through to him. I was scared I never would." She had never spoken so candidly of Jensen's past before, and Jared ached at the pain he heard in her usually strong voice.

"I don't know how to help him." He said softly, desperately. Jensen lay curled sadly in the middle of the bed, acting as if he was alone in the room.

"You get through to him in ways no one else ever has." Francesca said softly.

"Why?" Jared asked desperately. "Why does Simon still have such power over him?"

"He's afraid. He's always been afraid. Sometimes he just hides it better."

"Afraid of him?" Jared asked in a desperate whisper. "I don't know what to do. I don't know how -"

"He's afraid of you," Francesca explained quietly.

She could've pierced him through with one of her rusty swords and it wouldn't have quite hurt so bad. Jared felt his breath dying in his throat and his fingers closed instinctively around Jensen's wrist.

He couldn't. Jensen couldn't - he would've said something - Jared would *never* hurt him, he'd die before he did and even though the words sounded very dramatic, he also knew he'd never meant something as bad in his life. Jensen *had* to know, he wasn't staying with him because he was afraid -

"Jared," Francesca's voice snapped him out of his downing spiral, and he looked up at her, tears dancing in his eyes. "He's not afraid of you hurting him. He's afraid of you finding out his secrets. He's terrified of what'll happen if you do. And you can't tell me he should know better," she added in an imperious whisper. "It's not rational. He can't help it. Just like you can't help worrying, he can't help wondering what you'll do when you find out. In his head, it's all very much his fault."

"But he has to-" Jared began, voice broken. He felt Jensen's sweaty palm under his own and brought his hand up to kiss his knuckles. "I wouldn't do anything -"

"That's neither here nor there," Francesca stated calmly. "When that cunt spouted off about his age, she didn't think past ruining Jensen's spotlight. She doesn't know all there is to know about her new partner, I guess," she added, her voice thick with disdain and firmly controlled rage.

Jensen continued to gaze into space, and Jared couldn't help but pull him up into his arms and clutch him tightly. "Why did he lie to me? I'd... I'd never hurt him."

Francesca moved closer, her eyes bright and very serious. "Jared, listen to me, this is very important." She waited until Jared made eye contact. "Jensen started filming with Simon when he was underage. You know what that means. It was a problem, for both him and Simon." Jared was about to say that he didn't give a flying fuck if Simon had a problem. Anyone who could knowingly exploit someone not old enough to have the strength or support needed to fall back on deserved more than just 'problems'.

"The things Simon had Jensen do at first all played on the fact that he was underage. It appealed to a certain customer." There was disgust in her eyes that mirrored exactly what Jared was feeling. "Once he started to push Jensen into the mainstream industry, they had to lie about how old he was, and Jensen just continued to do so. By the time he was with me he already had a strong fanbase, people who knew how old he supposedly was. It was easier just to continue with the lie."

Jared understood the logic, even if he ached from the knowledge that Jensen had been forced into such a position. "Oh, baby," he whispered, kissing Jensen's forehead.

"He was terrified you'd find out. When you started asking questions about his birthday..."

In his mind's eye, Jared saw Jensen's face, pale and afraid as Jared angrily demanded to know why Jensen had let his birthday pass by uncelebrated.

Slowly, he cautiously pressed Jensen back into the center of the bed, seeing that he was comfortable, before he rushed from the room into their en suite and lost the contents of his stomach. He gagged and heaved and spat bile and resentment and guilt until there was nothing left to choke up, his hands shaking as he gripped the fine white ceramic edge of the seat, brow soaked with sweat as his chest shook with the force of his coughs.

He fell back on the bathroom floor, unseeing, spent, and nearly flinched away when a towel pressed over his face. "C'mon up," Francesca flushed the toilet and closed the seat, and showing a well hidden but not surprising bout of strength she hauled Jared up by his armpits and guided him to sit down on the steps of the tub.

"I know," she said simply, mopping his face with a look in her eyes Jared had never seen before. "Jared, you saw Jensen tonight. He was - I don't even know." She sighed and looked away. "I shouldn't be laying this on you. But he's never been like that. You brought him back, in so many ways, and you're the only person that could do or undo him. That's why he's like that." She nodded to the open door to their room. "He doesn't want to deal with the possibility of losing you. He's safer like that than facing the reality."

"I would never -" Jared croaked, his throat raw and dry. "He - I would never... I love him," Jared said, his desperation breaking his word on the last syllable.

"I know that," Francesca said gently. "But people usually bail in these situations."

"What else can I do?" He asked brokenly. "I have tried everything, done everything, and he still doesn't believe me."

"Milo was the same." Francesca divulged quietly, both of them staring through the open door to where Jensen lay on the bed. "He promised he'd stick by Jensen, and he tried, I'll give him his dues." She broke off and shook her head sadly. "Jensen was so broken back then. He was like shards of glass, just touching him left you bleeding. He didn't believe Milo would stay, so he pushed and pushed until Milo left, and he proved himself right. With you, a part of him wants to do that same, and another part of him is so terrified of losing you that he'd rather become this-" she waved her hand towards the bed, "than live with the knowledge that you had left him as well."

Jared sat quietly, taking everything she had said in. It didn't matter. He would never leave. He'd lose a part of himself if he did. Jensen was the missing piece in his life.

"Have you seen it?" he asked instead. "He told me, when we were in Venice. He told me the Simon made him-" he couldn't finish the sentence. In his mind, the only real word for what had happened was rape, and just thinking about anyone hurting Jensen that way made him want to throw up all over again. "Have you seen it?"

Francesca's eyes went dark. "No. Jensen asked me not to, and I never did. I spent three months getting intel on that *bastardo figlio di troia* until I managed to get all the copies hacked and taken down."

Jared wanted to ask her if she had them. But he knew he wasn't going to watch it - and only imagining Jensen's reaction was sure to scare him off that path for life. He pushed himself up on shaky legs, and he fiddled with the taps of the tub until water started running warm and clear.

"I'll - I'll try to bring him round," he said thickly, wiping at his nose with the back of his hand. "A bath. He likes baths."

Francesca patted his back with a softer expression, a hint of a smile at the corners of her mouth. "Knew we weren't wrong about you, kid," she said quietly.

Jared knew that coming from her, there was no higher praise, and he wished his heart wasn't so battered he couldn't even rejoice properly for it. He followed her out, and asked Chris and Steve to go home, too. Yes, he'd be back in shape tomorrow, no, they didn't need to send out a squad of KANE supporters and yes, Jared would keep them informed. Once they were all gone (Raul had showed up to take Francesca home), Jared walked back in the bedroom and knelt on the bed next to Jensen's still form.

"Baby?" Jared murmured, caressing his face tenderly. "We're going to get a bath now, okay?"

Jensen blinked slowly and let Jared carry him to the bathroom. Milo had once compared Jensen to a breathing doll, and the image was scarily accurate as Jared gently stripped away the soft, expensive fabric. Jensen stood in the middle of the bathroom, naked and trembling, and Jared didn't think he had ever looked so vulnerable before. "Here we go." He manhandled Jensen into the water, and nearly started crying again when the warm embrace brought a soft little sigh from Jensen's lips.

Jared sat behind him on the cool bathroom floor, his fingers gently working gentle patterns into Jensen's scalp. By the time the water had stopped steaming, Jensen had begun to lean into the touch, and he blinked slowly, as if emerging from a long and deep sleep. "Jay?" he breathed. Jared's fingers stopped their motions, but he forced himself to continue, and not act as if he had just spent the last hour more afraid than he had ever been before in his life.

"Hey."

"Did we win?" Jensen asked quietly, his voice a mere whisper.

"Yeah, baby. We won."

Jensen sighed and curled closer towards him. "Thought it was a dream."

Jared swallowed, his throat burning, and kept massaging his scalp with his fingers, trying to prevent the soapy water to trickle in Jensen's eyes. "It wasn't a dream," he murmured, kissing the side of his face. He picked up a glass and filled it up with warm, clean water to rinse the shampoo out of Jensen's hair, tipping his head back against the crook of his shoulder.

"Hm-mh," Jensen sighed, his tongue darting out to lick at too-dry lips. Jared didn't say another word. He picked up a sponge, soaked it with ocean-scented bubblebath that Jensen loved so much and started washing Jensen's chest and shoulders with soft, gentle strokes. Jared didn't know how he managed to keep his cool, but he was glad he did. Francesca was right. Jensen needed reassurance, love and protection, and Jared was not going to become another face that had left him behind. He made a promise to Jensen, and to himself, and fuck, he was going to keep it.

"You were amazing, baby," Jared whispered, bathing Jensen's back slowly, water droplets trickling on Jared's own very expensive shirt.

"Fucked it up," Jensen said softly, his voice full of self loathing.

Jared's hands froze. "Don't say that," he whispered painfully. "None of this is your fault."

Jensen laughed softly, the sound a bitter, harsh little bark. "I knew he'd be there and I figured I could handle it. Ruined your night."

Jared hauled himself up from behind the tub and sat himself on the edge of it, looking down into Jensen's pale face. "Ok, first," he said sternly, catching Jensen's jaw between his fingers and gently holding his gaze. "It was *our* night, and you didn't ruin it. We still kicked everyone's ass, and have more crystal dicks than we know what to do with." Jensen didn't laugh, and Jared continued. "You did it. You dealt with it the only way you could, and that's *fine*, baby." He risked a wry little smile. "At least you didn't throw anything this time. Nothing happened that Francesca can't smooth over in her sleep."

The lighthearted attempt didn't work. Jensen's eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'm so sorry. I wanted to tell you, but I didn't..."

Jared realized belatedly that they were talking about two different things. When he did, he shook his head hastily and leaned forward to cup Jensen's face with both of his hands. "No, hey. Don't, okay? Don't. It's fine. I could never be mad at you for something like this, not ever." Jensen's tears began to slid down his cheeks, and Jared caught them with the tips of his fingers, following the curves of Jensen's high cheekbones and pressing a gentle kiss to the tip of his nose. "Please tell me what I have to do to convince

you of that, Jen, please."

"I should've- I should've told you-" Jensen sniffled, a soft hiccup breaking his voice. Jared leaned even closer, the edge of the tub pressing against his chest, and wrapped one arm around Jensen's midriff, pulling him in against himself.

"Baby, I love you. I'm not going to judge. You don't have to be sorry, about anything. It wasn't your fault, none of it was."

"I lied to you," Jensen whispered again, tears falling thick down his cheeks and melting into the sloshing water surrounding him. "I didn't want to, but then it was too late -"

"Jensen," Jared repeated again, wondering if anything he was saying was getting through to him. "Jensen, baby. Listen to me, please?" he pleaded, tilting Jensen's face up again. "It doesn't matter to me. It's not a lie if they make you lie."

Jensen shook his head, lips parting as soundless words got lost between them. Jared stepped away long enough to snatch one of the large towels from the rail. Jensen was wobbly on his feet, but with Jared's help he stood and climbed out of the tub. He let himself be dried off gently, his fingers curled at his side in tight fists. "Are they mad?" he asked as Jared knelt down and ran the towel down each of his legs.

Jared looked up, confused. "Who, baby?"

"Chris and Steve. We were gonna go back to their place." Jared's heart ached. He quickly stood and kissed Jensen's cheek before wrapping him in a fresh robe.

"No, love. They're not mad. They are worried about you." He didn't doubt that first thing in the morning, they'd be on the porch with breakfast. "They love you."

"I lied to you," Jensen whispered again, taking them back several paces in the blink of an eye. Jared stamped down on his frustration and pulled Jensen to his chest.

"Yeah, you did," he agreed, trying a different track.

"I'm sorry." He could feel Jensen's tears on his shoulder and they burned like acid.

"I know. I forgive you."

Jensen shuddered violently against him and looked up at Jared's face with huge eyes. "Really?"

"Of course I do," Jared whispered, kissing his cheeks and tasting salt. "It's okay baby. I love you, all of you. You don't have to be afraid, because I'm not going to leave."

Jensen choked on a sob and clung to Jared's back with a surprising surge of strength, his eyes shut close as he fought to become one with Jared. It was so childlike and hurtfully innocent Jared thought he would not be able to hold back his own tears. He was emotionally wrung out as a wet cloth, but he still kissed Jensen's head tenderly, gathered him up in his arms and walked out of the bathroom with him, pulling back the covers and tucking Jensen gently into bed.

"Here we go," Jared murmured, turning on the bedside lamp and kicking off his shoes and doing a very meticulous job of putting away his trousers, shirt and jacket, aware that Jensen was watching him - it was his gift, after all. He slid down in bed himself, and the moment he touched Jensen's shoulder he found himself with another armful of clingy, distraught boyfriend.

"Shh, it's okay baby, it's all right," Jared soothed, kissing his forehead again and again as Jensen dug fingernails marks into his shoulders. "I gotcha."

Jensen clutched at him and shivered, and for all his exhaustion, neither of them slept that night.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 26: ***Sello darkness, my old friend***

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared finds a suitable outlet for his anger, and Jensen attempts to explain his relationship with Simon.

Warnings: Mentions of past abuse. Angst. Angst. Fluff.

Notes: Answers? Omg.... really?! Maybe.

For our girl [woodsbaile_02](#). We love you, baby.

Jensen finally drifted off around dawn, and Jared slipped from the bed for a blistering hot shower. He drank three shots of the expensive Italian coffee Jensen breathed in every morning.

Booting up the laptop he did a quick sweep of the reports from the night before, pleased to see no mention at all of Jensen's little breakdown. There were numerous photos of him wrapped in Jared's arms, smiling so brightly it hurt, and everyone and their dog was speculating on their relationship. There was one reference to Simon, saying only that he was attending with Henrietta Goeburg of The Adonis Group.

Sadie raised her head off her paws a moment before the doorbell rang, and Jared pushed the chair back, his body aching as if he were a hundred years old.

Harley was upstairs, camped at the foot of the bed, Jensen's faithful sentry. He walked up to the front door with Sadie on his heels, and was none too surprised to see Christian and Steve with greasy paper bags that looked like they came from the diner under their condo.

"Figured you needed some carbs," was Chris chirpy greeting, and walked past Jared without waiting to be admitted. Steve smiled at him, squeezed his shoulder with a meaningful look.

"You look bad."

"Better than how I feel," Jared whispered, pulling the door closed behind him. Steve nodded and went to set up a fresh pot of coffee as Chris spread half of the diner's contents over the kitchen's island.

"You're getting fat," Chris said as he eyed Jared's slumped steps. "We're off on a run now, get the pups."

"I'm not going anywhere," was Jared's hoarse reply, the heels of his palms digging into the curves of his cheekbones.

"I'll keep an eye on things," Steve said warmly, filling a cup with coffee and putting it before Jared. "You need to get out and about."

"I need to stay with him."

"You *need* some fresh air and something to hit," Chris countered. "Jensen will be fine, promise."

Steve looked so earnest that Jared couldn't find it within himself to say that he didn't trust anyone with Jensen right now, not even the men he considered practically brothers.

"Come on, Jay," Chris wheedled, "You can't do this to yourself, man. How are you gonna look after him if you're too busy climbing the walls?"

Anger rose faster than Jared could stop it. How could Chris ask that? What the fuck more could Jared do? Look after Jensen, that is what he did, what he lived for! How dare they question his ability to do what was best!

Steve watched him calmly, as if sensing all the bitter, angry thoughts flooding Jared's mind. "See, a run will do you some good."

Jared slumped even further, resigned. "He's sleeping," he said quietly. "Should be out of it for a few hours or more. When he wakes up make sure he drinks something, eats something."

Steve took the instructions quietly, his face serious. "He'll be fine."

Morose and uncharacteristically dejected, Jared hauled his ass up the stairs and into the bedroom. Jensen slept on as he fished out his running clothes, barely stirring when Jared stubbed his toe on the foot stool.

He leaned over the bed, heart beating fast in his ribcage as he watched the person he loved most in the world passed out with exhaustion in their bed. He fluffed up the pillows and tucked the covers in neatly, kissing Jensen's forehead before he stuck his cellphone in his pocket and closed the door quietly behind him.

Chris was waiting for him at the backdoor of the house. Jared showed Steve all the emergency numbers - Francesca, Raul, Elijah, Paul, their doctor, the vet, not to mention 911 and SWAT special intern numbers - and told him that Francesca was his first priority if anything happened. Steve took all the indications like a pro and Jared followed Chris with a grim set to his mouth and his shoulders tense enough to break.

"Good," Chris said blithely once they were out on the stretch of beach. "Let's go."

"What's your point?" Jared snapped angrily, and he got even more irritated at Chris' understanding smile. "What good is it gonna do?"

"First, that you don't break anything in the house we sweated over to put back together," Chris stated calmly. "Second, you really need a let out. And with Jensen there's no way you'll be able to get it." Jared bristled at the implication that he wasn't in control of his own emotions. "You gonna yell at him? Rant, rave? Break stuff?"

Like Jensen had.

He thought of doing exactly that and blanched. "No."

"Then suck up and run with me you stupid fuck. Last one to the peer buys the coffee." Harley started to yip excitedly, charging off across the sand with Sadie on his heels. Chris tipped his head and grinned before setting off after them.

Jared sighed and picked up a jog, easily keeping pace with Chris.

The salt air was cool and fresh, blowing his hair out of his eyes as they ran. The soft pound of his feet on the sand was comfortable and soothing, and by the time his breathing had sharpened to a more controlled pace, Jared's blood was pounding in his ears. He wasn't sure if he was running away from his problems or towards them, but the sheer act of doing *something* was enough to push him harder.

Running faster now, he caught up with the dogs, racing Harley along the sand, avoiding the surf. Chris slowly fell behind, but Jared was past caring. He didn't want to think about anyone else right then. He just wanted to run.

Once he reached the peer, he kept up a light jog on step to wait for the dogs and Chris, who caught up with him not five minutes later. They walked in, got a cup of coffee each, and brought the dogs to the rim of the water to chase each other.

"Congratulations for last night," Chris said after a while. Jared snorted in his coffee. "I would've killed him the moment he showed up."

"The thought crossed my mind," Jared said jerkily, his hand clenching around his cup.

"Why didn't you?"

Jared looked round at him. "I will, sooner or later," he promised quietly. "I can't sleep at night knowing that man walks free. But Jensen's my priority."

Chris nodded. "I'm really proud of you, Jay. I couldn't have kept my head on like you did. You really did step up to the situation, and for what it matters, you did the right thing."

Jared stared down at the dark coffee in his cup. "I ain't so sure about that."

"Sure you are." Chris shook his head. "You know as well as I do that getting him home, keeping him safe, that's what mattered. You think ripping that fucker's head off is gonna make him feel more protected?"

Jared shrugged his shoulders. "Can't hurt."

For once Chris didn't roll his eyes. "They will never lay a finger on him again. You, me, Steve, Francesca and half the Italian mafia, we'll make sure of that, but you can't wipe the slate clean for him. No matter how much you might want to. What's done is done."

And Jared could never change that. "He was just a fucking kid." He shook his head and rubbed his eyes. "It's not fair."

Chris squeezed his arm. "He still *is* just a kid, and so are you. Christ, Jay, you think I like knowing that you're dealing with this shit when you should be out partying and getting high? You think it is fair that you have to carry this on your shoulders?" Jared growled and Chris started him down. "Life *isn't* fair. If it was, Steve wouldn't have been born with a fucked up heart, Jensen would never have been hurt, and you would still be in college with your eyes glued to a petri dish."

Jared sighed and rubbed the back of his neck, looking down at the way the tide washed over the sand on the shore. "It's not," he said, voice thick and broken by tears. "It just hurts. Seeing him like that - I want to make it all better and I never can - and probably never will."

"You can't, that's true," Chris said evenly. "But what you can do, and what you're doing, might not be enough for you, but for him? It's the world, Jay."

Jared sucked in a sharp breath and wiped at his face again. "I'm just.. I'm tired, Chris."

"I get that. But that's why we're here. We'll work out, throw in a few punches, and you'll go back with a bright smile, hold him and make it through another day."

Jared knew he was right. Deep down he knew he was still young, still had a dream of going to college and getting a Ph D. in Geek but when it came down to it, all he had was Jensen. He'd stopped to think about what he wanted for himself since their very first date.

"I should go back to him," Jared whispered, rubbing at his eyes. "I don't want him to wake up alone."

"Steve is there," Chris retired. "He needs a bit of room, Jay."

"I guess." He said reluctantly, crumpling the empty cup between his hands.

Chris smiled and tugged him to his feet. "Come on, man. It's been a while since we were gym buddies."

Jared thought of the weights and the boxing equipment at that old community gym they had hung out at and smiled a little. Yeah, okay. Maybe a little free time would help clear his head.

The room was warm with midday sunlight as Jensen slowly emerged from unconsciousness. His fingers reached out and curled in the sheets, seeking Jared in his waking moment.

Nothing. He was alone.

Blinking rapidly, he rubbed the sleep from his eyes and slowly uncurled himself from around Jared's pillow. The curtains were still closed, but the door outside was open, and the windows lifted to allow a soft breeze to circulate the room. There was no shuffle of pups, but Jensen wasn't too concerned. The bedside clock announced that it was close to three in the afternoon. Jared would undoubtedly be tinkering with something in the garage, and the dogs would be vying for his attention.

He yawned, his shoulders popping, and stopped short when he saw Steve curled up in one of the armchairs by the window, a thick book propped up on one knee.

"Good morning," Steve smiled at him, waving his books in a little salute. Jensen blinked as if he was a mirage, looking thoroughly stunned. "Glad to see you got some sleep."

"Hey," Jensen croaked, voice hoarse from sleep and swallowed in cries. "How come you're -"

"-here?" Steve finished with a grin. "Me and Chris brought breakfast, then Chris kidnapped your boyfriend and your dogs for a run. Said he was getting fat."

Jensen gave him a shaky smile. "Bet he didn't take that too well."

Steve grinned. "Not really. But he's a master of appointing blame, so he blamed it all on your skills in the kitchen."

Jensen felt himself flushing a little at the good-natured tease, and he was suddenly very, very aware that he was naked under the sheets. Neither him nor Jared bothered with clothes in bed at all, and whilst he was far from a prude, but having Steve in their room felt weird. He clutched the sheets a little higher and flushed.

Steve, who after years of living with Christian had developed something of a sixth sense for all that *wasn't* said, simply smiled and closed his book. "Guess you want to take a shower or something. I'm gonna go heat up some breakfast, I have strict instructions to see you fed and watered, and I am not stupid enough to get on the wrong side of your boy."

Jensen's flushed deepened. "You don't have to go to any trouble," he said softly.

Steve waved the words off absently. "No trouble at all. I'm starving myself. Christian had better have left some of those strudels." He stood and picked up his book. "Come on down when you are ready, I want to pick your brains on something."

Jensen frowned, confused. "What-"

"Shower first," Steve said gently. "I'll be downstairs."

Jensen waited until he could hear footsteps on the floor below before easing himself from the bed. He ached desperately, every muscle knotted, despite the soothing bath Jared had given him the night before. As he stepped under the shower, the events of the previous night came flooding back with the downpour of heated spray. Jared knew. Everyone knew. The big secret was out, and he'd ruined their night.

But Jared wasn't angry. He didn't leave. He still loved Jensen, still wanted to touch him and hold him and be with him in their house.

As the shower washed away the aches and pains of the tension he was feeling, Jensen imagined it was taking away some of the dirt that lay under his skin, and he scrubbed, feeling a layer of himself wash away with the soap suds.

Jared *loved* him. Jensen couldn't almost believe to his own thoughts, and he needed to voice them out loud, the rush of water not loud enough to cover his whisper. "Jared loves me."

It was exhilarating, it made his heart trip in his chest with excitement. He used to spend his life afraid

that if he was going to walk out of his comfort zone he would've been torn apart and ripped to shreds. Now his bubble was Jared, and Jared had made everything possible.

Even to walk out of the AMA's after crashing into his worst nightmares and find himself held, and loved, and cherished.

He shuddered on his feet, tears tracking down slowly down his cheeks, but for once he wasn't crying out of terror or shame or pain. His chest shook with every breath he drew, hot, liberating tears melting down with the sound of rushing water.

Jared loved him.

He scrubbed at his eyes and finished in the shower quickly. He could hear Steve downstairs, and couldn't help but feel the warmth rush over him. He'd never really had friends like Chris and Steve before. Sure, he'd had friends in school, people who believed they would be there for one another through it all, but weren't really old enough to understand just what that meant. Now he had Jared, and he had friends who cared about him, and it was more than he had ever dared dream of.

Quickly climbing into a pair of jeans and a sweater, Jensen headed downstairs to see just what it was Steve wanted to talk to him about.

He found Steve in the kitchen, peering intently at Jensen rack of spices. He looked up and grinned. "Man, I don't know what half this stuff is for."

Jensen smiled and went to the fridge to pour them both some juice. There was a steaming mug of hot coffee with his name on it, and he shot Steve a grateful smile. "Francy insisted on stocking us up when we moved in. She seems to think we don't eat enough."

"Only an Italian could worry about Jay's eating habits." Steve laughed, accepting the juice Jensen handed him.

"She worries about a lot of things," Jensen said with a small smile, groaning in delight as he tasted the scalding, black espresso blend on his tongue. "Eating properly was one of her crusades when I -" he broke off, blushing hotly as he dropped his glance. "Back - when - I -"

"When she got her hands on you?" Steve finished for him with a grin. Jensen latched onto that excuse, smiling gratefully at him and nodding. "Well, she cares a lot about you. Jared is mildly terrified of her."

"Francy scares everyone," Jensen said with a small shrug.

"She's a really good person though," Steve said with a smile. "She was the one that set you guys up in Italy, right? Oh and by the way -" he winked, "loved the apron."

Jensen laughed, finishing his coffee and hiding his face in the cup. "Jared's idea. You should see what he got for Cristina."

"I'd really rather not."

Jensen smiled and put down his mug. "I really appreciated you coming last night," he said softly. "It meant a lot to Jared. And to me."

Steve clapped his hand on Jensen's shoulder. "Nowhere we'd rather be," he said warmly, smiling at Jensen's flushed cheeks.

Jensen stuttered a little, shy in a way he couldn't understand. Eventually he got a hold of himself and said, "You wanted to pick my brains?"

"Ah, yeah. We're gonna need something soaked in sugar for this." He pushed a heated pastry towards Jensen and took a seat at the kitchen table. Sensing something all the more serious, Jensen took a seat opposite.

"Are you okay? Is it your-" He didn't finish the sentence, not sure how to bring up Steve's condition without offending him.

"What? Oh no, no, I'm fine." Steve smiled, cottoning on to Jensen's worry and quickly reassuring him. "Just wanted some advice. Business advice, actually."

Jensen blinked. "Um..."

Steve took a long drink of his juice. "Well, you're the only person I know with business experience that I would trust. Jay's brilliant, but he's your typical science geek and doesn't really have a clue how to work out a proposal." He grinned fondly.

Jensen snorted in agreement. "Try getting him to work out the bills." Jensen had put him in charge of that when he was sick and unable to do much of the housework. He'd come back to find Jared on the phone to the water company, giving his credit card number and telling them to deduct what they needed and never, ever send them a bill again. He nearly cried when the next one was delivered and Jensen once again took over the paperwork.

"I don't envy you." Steve laughed. "You should have seen him trying to figure out the paperwork for his scholarship. So yeah, I can't really ask him. Besides, he'd go straight to Christian and blab."

Jensen's ears perked up. "So - it's something for Christian?"

Steve grinned sheepishly. "Yeah - well. You know we're not just musicians... I mean, we love it but it's not our day job."

"I know that," Jensen said quickly, a fond smile on his lips. The work they had done on the house had been quite the business card. "You do great at both."

Steve accepted the compliment with a smile and took another gulp of coffee. "See... my - condition, has given Chris a bit of a strain. I mean, we take every commission, but there're things I can't - I mean, I've been advised against doing."

"I understand," Jensen hastened to say, not wanting to force Steve to elaborate further. From what Jared had told him, Steve's situation was just a tiny bit more complicated than either of them let on.

"Well, he wants - I mean, all he wants to do is bring home the bacon, you know," he said, trying to joke. "But he's got a great hand - can draw everything. He likes fashion, woman fashion even though he'd die before admitting to it... he wanted to get to college but then his dad left him the business way too soon." He swirled about the remains of his coffee and looked up at Jensen with a sort of sad smile. "He's always done everything for me, and - I wish I could do something for him."

Jensen smiled gently and nodded. "Yeah, I know how that feels," he said softly, finding a kindred spirit in Steve that he wasn't expecting. Then he frowned. "Fashion, huh?"

"I know, I had to practically beat it out of him."

Jensen was already thinking. "Cristina is a designer, you know?"

Steve nodded and poured them both another glass of juice. "I know. Chris was practically hyper after talking to her."

"Has he thought about a career change?"

With a small shrug of his shoulder, Steve shook his head. "He's never really talked about it. As far as he is concerned all that matters is that we get by." He broke off and sighed sadly. "I want to give him his dreams, you know?" He looked at Jensen with such a raw, hopeful look Jensen couldn't help but reach out and squeeze his hand. "I was thinking we could sell the business, but I wanted to get some advice first."

Jensen scratched the back of his head and frowned. "Man, I'm not really the best person for this," he admitted reluctantly. He wanted to help, he really, desperately did. "Have you tried Elijah?"

"The lawyer?"

"Yeah. He works some corporate, and I know he has friend who handle smaller production companies. That can't be much different, hang on." He pushed the chair back and snagged a post-it from the fridge. "Here." He passed it to Steve, Elijah's number scribbled across the center.

"He won't mind?" Steve asked, looking hopefully at the post-it.

Jensen grinned. "Francy pays him to deal with some pretty weird stuff. This won't get you so much as a blink. Just tell him I gave you his number."

"Thank you," Steve said earnestly, pocketing Elijah's number with almost reverent care. "I just hope I can keep it a secret from him."

"My lips are sealed," Jensen promised him, hand over his heart. Steve grabbed a doughnut and bit into it with a content little smile, and it made Jensen feel warm inside. Then he remembered last night's fiasco and how they were supposed to go by their place for tequila, and grimaced, scrubbing his face with the back of his hand. "Sorry about - about the drama last night," he said quietly, voice muffled against his palm. "We were supposed to come..."

"Nonsense," Steve said briskly, waving away Jensen's apology with what was left of his doughnut. "None's fault. We can reschedule anytime."

"Still-" Jensen said, a little flushed.

"Jensen, it's alright." Steve gentled him in a way that was very much reminiscent of Jared.

Jensen just nodded and smiled shyly as Steve suddenly launched into the story of Jared's first High School dance. Jensen smiled and clutched his cup, losing himself in Steve's voice, and a part of Jared's life he had never got to see.

Jared slammed his fist so hard into the hanging punch bag it practically knocked Chris off his feet. Grunting, Chris said, "Why did I think it would be a good idea to spot for you?"

Jared didn't answer, he just leveled another punch at the bag, imagining Simon's face on the battered canvas. His shoulders were on fire, and if he hadn't wrapped his fists, they would probably have started bleeding twenty minutes ago.

He aimed another fist to Simon's sneer, feeling his jaw creak as he held his ground and smashed another hook to the side, knuckles burning under the layers of tape. "You insisted," he gritted out as he stepped back and drove another punch in.

"That I did," Chris panted, trying to hold the bag in place. "Well, I can tell you I told you so."

"Told me -" another fist, another right hook, Jared's sweat trickling in his eyes. "-what?"

"That you needed to vent," Chris grunted, steadying his ground as Jared drove his pain and rage and all his frustration on the hard canvas of the punching bag.

Jared didn't dignify him with an answer and kept pushing and hitting and growling through clenched teeth as he tore Simon apart in his head. He kept at it until he could hardly draw a breath, and even that, he wouldn't have given up if Chris hadn't forced him to stop and take a gulp of water.

Jared's hands were shaking as he gulped down the water, leaving a few sips to throw over his head.

"Christ, I need to get me an ice-pack." Chris panted, rolling his stiff shoulders.

"Pussy." Jared huffed, cleaning the water and sweat from his eyes.

Chris grinned messily, his hair wet against his cheeks. "Is that any way to talk to your best friend?"

"You are such a fucking girl."

Chris shrugged. "You feel better for that?"

Jared curled and uncurled his fingers, struggling to get the feeling back as he unwound the tape. His knuckles were bruised, and the skin on one had split. He'd not been careful. "Yeah, actually I do."

"Of course you do. I'm a genius." Chris beamed, then frowned as Jared reached for his cell phone. "You are not phoning home, ET. If there is a problem, they will call." Jared growled. "Don't give me that look."

"I just want -"

"I know what you want. Put that phone down. They haven't called, no one has come to raid the house and they'll be safe and sound when we get there." He took Jared's phone out of his hand and pocketed it, dismissing the look of barely constrained anger Jared threw at him. "You don't want to toe the line to paranoia like this. It only takes half a step, then you're not living anymore. If you want to give Jensen back his self confidence you also have to leave him some breathing room. It's not even 6 p.m.. We'll be there before sun sets, half hour tops."

Jared heaved a sigh and went to wash his hands with clean water in the sink, hissing when the soap came in contact with the raw cut. He knew Chris had a point. God, Chris was being rational. It was a clear sign that *he* must be losing his mind.

Maybe he had.

The pups were waiting for them in the backyard of the old gym and barked appreciatively once they walked out. They chased each other across the stretch of sand near the docks before running past Jared and Chris and heading home.

"Guess it's time to go home," Chris said with a small smile, gesturing to where the dogs had stopped midway to bark at them. Jared felt with some surprise the corners of his mouth tug upwards.

"Yeah."

Jared wasn't sure what to expect when he walked through the sliding door from the deck. A Part of him was surprised, happily so, to see Jensen sitting at the kitchen table, laughing with Steve as if the previous night had never happened.

"Good work out?" Steve smiled, pouring two extra glasses of juice. Jared nodded, a little winded, and Chris stumbled in through the door, red in the face.

"Yeah." Jared nodded, accepting a glass before kissing Jensen on the top of his head.

Jensen wrinkled his nose, but Jared didn't miss the way he leaned into the touch. "Go take a shower, I'll make us all something to eat."

"But-"

"Shower," Jensen ordered sternly, quailing Jared's protest with a firm glare.

Chris sniggered and Jensen rounded on him. "You too, Christian. You can use the guest bathroom while I make some dinner."

The promise of free food was enough to make Chris shrug and agree. Jared tugged Jensen out of the chair and grinned at him when he wrinkled his nose again. "Don't I get a proper kiss?"

Jensen tried to push him away with a disgusted half laugh, but everyone could see it was more of a token protest than anything. After a split second, he melted into Jared's embrace and pressed his lips over Jared's for a brief, hot kiss, before slapping him on his hip and sending him to get cleaned up. Jared hadn't remembered how easy it was to breathe until he saw the light in Jensen's eyes, and a sense of calm enveloped him as he trudged up to the master bedroom to get cleaned up.

He didn't linger. Showering without Jensen was no fun. He got himself cleaned up quickly and efficiently and put on clean jeans and a UCLA hoodie before trooping back downstairs, the scent of oil and garlic making his stomach rumble as he reached the floor landing.

Jensen smiled up at him as he covered thick, golden toasted slices of bread with a mixture of oregano, oil and garlic, finely sliced tomatoes waiting on a side to top the oil and olives. Jared's salivation kicked up a notch and he all but jumped the distance between them, wrapping his arms around Jensen from behind and kissing his neck as he giggled and tried to push him away.

"You'll mess up the bruschetta," Jensen whined, though he put up only a token resistance to Jared's affectionate pawing.

"Gonna let me taste?" Jared asked, sliding his hands under the cotton of Jensen's jersey.

Jensen smacked his knuckles and shook his head. "Go set the table."

"Aye Aye," Jared saluted, cleaning away the few items of the table and setting out the place mats and the tablecloth. There were fresh flowers set in the center, and he fetched the dressings from the pantry, chatting as he worked. "Where's Steve?"

"He went to make sure Christian doesn't ruin the guest room."

Jared grinned and wiggled his eyebrows. "I'll bet."

"Get out of the gutter, Jay," Jensen scolded, testing the flavor of his concoction. "I need to talk to you later, about a business idea I have."

Jared paused and looked up. "Like a shoot?"

"Like an investment."

"In the station?" He thought the plans had already gone ahead with the networks.

Jensen shook his head. "In Christian."

Jared blinked a few times. "You do realize that when he flaps his trap about getting into the business it's all for shits and giggles, right? And I've seen him naked okay, he's not that big of a deal -"

Jensen broke in a fit of giggles and actually had to hide his face against Jared's chest. "You're impossible. I didn't mean - I didn't mean anything like *that*."

Jared frowned and stroked Jensen's back with even caresses. "Then what?"

"Later," Jensen whispered as he pressed his mouth into Jared's neck before turning his attention to the bruschetta. Chris and Steve had walked back out, Chris's hair wet in his eyes and a devilish expression in his bright eyes.

"Wonderful springs in that guest bed."

"Damn, too bad I didn't change the sheets from last night," Jared shot back as he tickled Jensen's sides.

Jensen blushed and elbowed him to get him off his back as he sprinkled the bruschetta with cubes of mozzarella and placed them on a center plate.

"So um, shall we- I mean," he cleared his throat and blushed slightly. "Eat?"

"Food good!" Christian beamed, taking a seat and tearing into a chunk of bread. Steve rolled his eyes and poured water for them all.

"You're impossible," he said fondly.

Christian shook his head. "No, man, I'm hungry," he said, his mouth full. "And Jen's like Master chef!"

Jensen blushed furiously and Jared beamed. "It's damn good."

"One of Francy's favorites."

Chris grinned and took another slice of bread. "Lady has fine taste."

"Expensive taste," Jensen corrected.

"That too." Jared sniggered. "But I see no problem with spending money on food. Food is awesome."

"I concur," Chris grinned as he dug into another slice of bruschetta.

Jensen had edged his chair closer to Jared as the evening progressed, and Jared had draped his arm casually over the back of the chair, his hand resting carefully over Jensen's shoulder, holding him close but not quite. Steve and Chris stayed until well past nine, then left to get back to their own place. Jared got a meaningful hug from Steve and rather forceful pat on the back from Chris, possibly as retaliation from having spotted all of the day and being forced to endure an epically bad mood. Jared was surprised to find that when the door closed behind their backs, he felt more at peace than he'd had in over three weeks.

He turned towards Jensen and extended his arm out to him, and Jensen slipped into the warm embrace with a sigh.

"How do you feel?" Jared dreaded asking him that, but he needed to be reassured all the same. He'd never been as terrified and helpless as he'd been with Jensen in that state, and he wanted, *needed* to know that he'd been able to wield through that and have them come out in one piece again.

"I'm fine." Jensen smiled, leaning in close to press his cheek to Jared's chest.

Jared's fingers curled around the back of Jensen's neck, fingers against his warm skin. "You scared me," he whispered, hating the way his voice broke.

Jensen held tighter. "I'm sorry. I never wanted you to see me like that."

Jared sighed and kissed his forehead. "I know, love. We're gonna have to talk about this, you know that, right?"

Jensen nodded meekly. "But not now?"

"No," Jared promised. "Not right now. Right now we are gonna watch the sunset whilst you tell me what it is you want to do with Chris."

Curled in close, Jensen allowed Jared to steer him out onto the deck before they took possession of the wicker chair, limbs akimbo. Jared's hand was warm on Jensen's hip, and Jensen played with the long hair that brushed his cheek.

"Did Chris ever tell you he wants to design?"

"Back in college, yeah," Jared said absent-mindedly as he cuddled Jensen in the cocoon of his arms. "Then his dad passed and he had the business to take care of. What I remember of his sketches were good. It's been a very long time though... 'bout four years."

Jensen nodded. "I was thinking... "

"Dangerous thing - hey," Jared laughed as Jensen slapped his chest. "No damaging the goods."

"I was thinking of getting him in contact with Cristina. You know she's a designer, right."

"Yeah, the gown she had on last night was her creation, Gabe told me."

Jensen smiled sweetly. "Wouldn't it be nice if Chris got a shot at doing what he wants to do?"

Jared pulled back a bit to be able to look in Jensen's eyes. "You mean, like designing?"

"Why not?"

"I - well, I have no idea about how those things work," Jared said, utterly bemused. "Nor if Chris will accept... he's pretty set upon expanding the business and all that... at least last time we talked..."

Jensen lay his head on Jared's chest and kissed his breastbone softly. "I know. That's not his idea."

"It's Steve's," Jared said, cottoning on. "Is that what you too were plotting this afternoon?" He teased, running his fingers lightly across the bare skin of Jensen's side. Jensen squirmed and elbowed him as he wriggled.

"Like that's any worse than the caveman 'must sweat out anger' thing you had going for you," he said, teasing softly to soften the blow of the words. He kissed Jared's nose and settled back down. "He really wants to do it, but he won't ever risk it."

"Steve's medical bills cost the earth," Jared agreed. "I tried to lend them a hand when I got a steady income and got a black eye for my trouble. Chris is pretty stubborn, and damn proud."

"I know. But if I was to make an investment in a legitimate company, it would only be natural that I would want to see it taken care of, right? I mean, he'd be doing me a favor." Jared's grin slowly grew as Jensen plotted out loud. "And if said company had only just opened, well then it's all the more reason why I'd want to see it in good hands." He looked so innocent that Jared couldn't help but laugh.

"You're kinda hot when you're being all devious, ya know?"

Jensen rolled his eyes at him and burrowed his face deeper in the crook of his neck to hide his faint blush. "I want to do it," he said after a beat. "Cristina knows all the right people, all the swings of the job... I wouldn't even have to lie, just... well, ask his help." He carefully omitted the part where he was asking the help of someone who had no degree and virtually zero expertise on the job. Jared thought he took after Francy that way.

"We can do it together," Jared promised him, running his fingers through his hair. "They deserve better than what life dished out for them."

"I know," Jensen whispered quietly. Jared wanted so badly to say, so do you, but he caught himself in time. He had promise Jensen they'd watch the sunset together and that they would not talk about last night just now, and Jared would see that promise kept.

"So we can call Cristina up tomorrow?" Jared said, in a brave attempt to wash away the silence. Jensen nodded and looked up at him with a warm, thankful smile.

"That'd be great, right? I mean, I know it's a lot together with the network and the producing and - but we can, you know? I mean, even if you -uh, didn't want to participate, you don't have to feel like you ought to - I can- "

"I want to," Jared pressed his fingers over Jensen's lips to shush him. "Enough of that."

Jensen squirmed and laid his head on Jared's shoulder. "I never meant anything to him," he said quietly, his fingers resting over Jared's heart. If Jared was surprised that Jensen would bring Simon up again, after promising to give him time, he said nothing, simply held Jensen closer. "It wasn't like some twisted abusive relationship or anything. It was just about the money. I made him a fortune. I don't think even he knew just how much he'd make."

Jared nudged his forehead with a kiss. "We don't have to do this.."

Jensen shook his head. "We do," he said stubbornly. "I don't really know why I was in LA. I guess modeling or acting, the things that draw everyone else. Didn't work out so great, I didn't think of the logistics. I'd not been on the streets long enough to really stand out, you know? I could still walk around with all the normal people and blend in." He shrugged his shoulders artlessly. "I did some stupid things, picked a few pockets, stole stuff. I tried to lift Simon's wallet, and he caught me. That's how it all started. I was just a convenient test subject. He'd not been in the business long, and needed a 'star'." He made air quotes and laughed heartlessly. "He had no idea how popular I'd be."

"You're amazing, baby," Jared whispered.

Jensen's smile was faint and self depreciating. "I don't think he really was planning on keeping me around for so long. He'd probably just have kicked me out with fifty bucks and I'd have learned my lesson, but after a couple of hours the logins were off the chart. You know what the internet is like. He leaked links in the big chat-rooms and got flooded with people all wanting to pay to see me get my cherry popped."

Jared's heart got clenched into an iron fist and he caressed Jensen's forehead with his lips. For as long as he lived, Jared knew he would never, ever manage to grasp the extent for malice and meanness in mankind. He knew people sucked, mostly, but he'd never began to comprehend the real meaning of evil until he'd started to fall in love with Jensen, and seen what has been done to him.

Jensen had his eyes closed, jaw tense against the curve of Jared's shoulder, so Jared worked his palm in a circle above Jensen's biceps, his lips pressing tiny kisses over the freckles of Jensen's cheek. "You probably don't understand why I'm going to say this," Jared whispered, "but I'll do it anyway."

Jensen squinted up at him, eyelashes framing tiny sliver of green.

"You're the bravest person I know."

Jensen snorted and hid his face against Jared's hoodie, but Jared hooked his fingers underneath his chin and lifted him up gently to look into his eyes. "You are."

"I was too chicken shit to just say no," Jensen whispered, one big, fat tear clinging to the corner of his right eye. "And I liked being in the warmth. It'd been raining ..."

Jared's chest pressed in on him, robbing him of breath. He nodded, not trusting his voice, and leaned in to kiss the freckle where that tear threatened to slip past. "You are brave, baby. Brave, and strong, and even after all the shit he put you through you managed to find your own way, hell, you've even been courageous enough to let me in - I still can't work my mind around it sometimes. How lucky I am to have this wonderful man with me."

Jensen's fingers curled in the warmth of Jared's hoodie and he snuffled closer to the warmth he'd been craving. "Word got 'round pretty fas,," he continued, slowly putting the cards on the table for Jared to see. "The second time was worse." A shiver ran down Jensen's spine, and Jared curled himself protectively around him. Sadie had settled right down by Jensen's hand, waiting to comfort if need be. Jensen took a breath and continued. "He hired someone, I never knew his name, told me he wanted me to fight him, I lasted about thirty seconds. The third time they tied me down. That was better; I could blank it out more."

Jared tried to imagine Jensen at seventeen. Jared could overpower him now, and closed his eyes against the image of Jensen and the men Simon had given him to. He brought Jensen's knuckles to his lips and

kept his fingers warm between his own.

"They never touched me when the cameras weren't rolling," Jensen said, his voice a little stronger, as if it was important to him that Jared understand the difference. "At first, at least."

Jared's heart sped up, he had a horrible feeling he knew where Jensen was going, and was terrified to let slip what he already knew. He closed his eyes briefly and kissed Jensen's cheek, his hand still running in a warm, protective circle over his biceps. "I get it," he whispered, because that was true. Jensen needed to believe that it had been only a job, a way to pay the rent, and Jared didn't want to rip that away from him, not now anyway.

Jensen suppressed a shudder, eyes skating away as he couldn't look at Jared and make it through the tale at the same time. "I - I just... I mean, I never -" He took a deep breath and burrowed closer. "I never did drugs. Never. But it just... hurt... I mean-" He flushed deep crimson and stuttered himself into silence, eyes squeezed shut. Jared bit the inside of his cheek until he thought he'd carve a hole through it, then shuffled Jensen higher, framing his face with his other hand.

"Jen, baby," he murmured, thumb tracing the outline of Jensen's jaw. "Baby. It's okay. I promise. I'm here with you all the way, whether you want to talk it out or not."

"I know," Jensen choked, his voice cracking for the first time. It made Jared's soul cry. "I got a little roughed up this one time, and Simon was pretty pissed. He never let them really hurt me, ya know? Not unless it was in the script. He gave me some pretty strong pain killers, and it was good, nice." He looked up through lowered lashes, shame coloring his cheeks. "It was nice to just float a little. He never gave me anything stronger, though crack and stuff was pretty common amongst the people who came to the house."

Jared kissed his cheek again, suddenly so painfully relieved that Jensen had been spared that. He'd seen guys go down the road where the sides were lined with nearly stacked cocaine, and was so desperately grateful to know that some evils had not touched Jensen.

Jensen had fallen silent for so long that Jared stepped in and took the lead. "Tell me how you got into the mainstream shoots," he encouraged.

Jensen shuddered but answered. "All the studios throw parties, all the time."

"Yeah, I know." He'd been to one or two. They weren't his scene.

"There was one, Simon got an invite to host it. It was a pretty huge deal. He wanted me to stay out of the way, but a couple of hours in people started asking for me. He let some exec fuck me over his couch and I got the lead in the studio's next movie."

Suddenly a long, distant voice that sounded a lot like Milo was whispering in his ear. *Producers, directors, execs, anyone who could give the bastard a leg up was more than welcome.*

Jensen had tensed in Jared's arms, as if he was waiting for some reprimand, and Jared found it in himself to shake his heart out of that black, dark hole that threatened to suffocate him and press his lips to Jensen's in silent acceptance. There were so many things he wanted to tell him, but somehow they all died on his lips. They all sounded trite and cheap, and all the horrors Jensen had gone through deserved more than one "I'm sorry" and a nice hug.

He had the embrace part down, he needed to work a bit on his speech ability.

Jensen had fallen silent again, and Jared was torn between asking him for more or be content with what he had. After a minute, he kissed him again, his hand working soothing patterns at the back of his neck. Jensen took a short breath and sighed, the single sound making Jared's skin crawl with how weary and broken it was.

"That's how it went, how it kept going. And I couldn't... work and then have - you know." He flushed and swallowed, looking away. "So I kept taking painkillers, helped me not feel."

"You did what you had to," Jared soothed, hating the way Jensen was expecting a reprimand, and at the same time wracking his brains for any indication that Jensen might still have problems with substance abuse. Then he realized that he'd never seen Jensen pop a single pill. He made funky, icky tasting smoothies he liked to inflict on Jared and Steve, and had a box of funny little homeopathy tablets in his wallet, but that was it. It made sense.

"I did what I could." Jensen sighed. "Then I met Milo." Jensen's expression softened, and Jared hated that the jealousy arose inside of him. "He looked at me like I'd gone insane. I'm pretty sure that night was the only time in my life when someone physically restrained me to *stop* me from sleeping with them." He flashed Jared a quiet look. "Until you."

Jared nudged his forehead against Jensen's. The first few weeks of of their relationship had been punctured by rather awkward instances where Jensen had assumed, wrongly, that Jared would expect to receive certain services. The look of honest confusion in Jensen's eyed had been painful.

"It freaked me out," Jensen admitted. "I didn't know what to do."

"You didn't have to do anything," Jared murmured quietly, still stroking his hair. Jensen nodded and stroked Jared's arm with curious fingertips. "I didn't want you to do anything."

"There were days..." Jensen sighed and closed his eyes, weariness settling about his eyelids. "There were days I was just waiting for the blow to fall. Even if I desperately wanted you to be different... I just... I didn't know how to do different."

Jared rubbed the tip of his nose over Jensen's with a tiny caress. "Do you, now?"

Jensen nodded. "I guess," he said, sheepish and with his eyes downcast. "I was just... it had been that way for so long. And I was terrified, of everything. Of Simon, of running away.. Francesca had to bribe me for weeks before I gave in and went with her and even then I was dead scared Simon would come for me -"

"Why?"

"I depended on him for so long. For everything, and I convinced myself that he cared about me. It took Francy a long time to help me see the reality, and by then I was so scared he'd come for me... that he'd make me go back there."

Jared thought of the way Jensen thrived under affection. The smallest gesture, the simplest of words, and he was honestly, happily content. For a man like Simon, it would have been so easy to manipulate him. Deprive him of what he craved, call him a whore, and Jensen would glow under the one kind word in a dialogue of insults. If Simon was the one that kept him fed, warm, and -Jared could barely bare thinking of it as such- safe, it was no wonder Jensen had become so confused. The man who had ruined his life was the only one who gave him something to hang on to.

He tipped Jensen's jaw up gently, his thumb warm on the flutter of his pulse. "You know the difference between him and me, right?" he asked softly, soothing Jensen's sudden look of horror with a gentle kiss. "He didn't let people rough you up because it was bad for business. I won't let anyone hurt you because I couldn't bear the thought of it. He gave you what you needed so you'd not fight back. I'll give you what you need because when you are happy everything is right in the world."

Jensen sniffled and wiped hastily at his eyes. "I - I know. I know that," he choked, holding on tight. "I know. But I couldn't believe it - you... you're just not human," he added, a tremulous laughter breaking through. "And when I did see it... I was - I couldn't even look at myself, I didn't want people to see me, no one, anyone."

Jared nodded and kissed him again, caressing the back of his head with gentle strokes. He knew what retelling the story was doing to him, just like in Venice after that violent panic attack with the masks all around them, and he wished he had a magic wand to wash all the poison, all the fear and pain away.

"Francy had a fucking hard time talking me out of my room for meals, let alone for work. I felt like I didn't

deserve her help, no one's help. Milo..." he sighed and looked up at Jared, a flicker of fear in his eyes, as though just saying the name would have Jared react badly. Jared cursed his big mouth and plastered a perfect look of serenity on his face for Jensen to see. "Milo tried. But - there was a fight... pretty bad one and I told him to leave - and he did."

Jared gritted his teeth together. Of course he did, little cowardly shit. And then he tried to tell him how he should've taken care of Jensen. Asshole.

"He had no right to do that," Jared breathed, trying to keep his voice as innocuous as possible.

Jensen shrugged his shoulders. "I bust a couple of his ribs, knocked out one of his teeth. He had every right."

Jared snorted. "You knocked out his tooth? Man, that's badass," he teased, stroking Jensen's jaw. He knew from first hand experience that there were times when Jensen got so lost in his head that violence was the only way he could express himself. It broke Jared's heart to understand the roots of it. For so long Jensen had been helpless. As far as Jared was concerned a few bruises were well worth the pain. He'd been left bleeding on countless occasions, usually after a nightmare, when Jensen would lash out without thinking. In Jared's head that was just a hazard of the job.

He'd never leave because of it.

"I didn't mean to hurt him," Jensen said softly, then laughed at himself. "That's what everyone says, right? It was an accident, I didn't mean it."

"There's a huge difference, baby," Jared said, his voice stern.

"Why? What makes me different? I still hurt him - put him in the ER -"

"Because you *really* didn't mean to. You didn't fight him. You were fighting yourself."

Jensen snuffled and closed his eyes, shivering a little in the wickerwork chair. The sun had settled, and the sky was turning to a deep, indigo blue. "When I realized he'd left... I didn't - I - I didn't want to," his breath was getting more worked up now, and he clung to Jared's arm and back a little more desperately. "I just - I lost control - I was in the bathroom and the cabinet's doors were mirrored and it smashed, but it didn't just break, it fell apart, slashed my arms..." He looked up at Jared, emerald-looking eyes swimming in pools of bravely restrained tears. "I didn't want to look, I didn't mean to - I mean - I know Francy was scared... but I never wanted to - it just happened..."

Jared realized with a jolt how it must have looked to the ER department if Jensen got there with his arms slashed with shards of glass. Chances were they wouldn't have believed that he just broke something in a fit of rage without any real intent to hurt himself.

"I was very lonely," Jensen added in a small voice, pleading, as if he wanted Jared to understand. "I didn't mean to - you know. I never," he swore, clutching tighter at him.

Jared didn't know what to say. He couldn't contemplate the idea of Jensen actually wanting to kill himself without his heart breaking. All he could do was bundle Jensen closer and hold him close as his heart slowly got a hold of the panic that rose inside.

Jared sensed the conversation was at an end. There would be more Jensen needed to tell him, but the exhausted slump of his shoulders and the bright, pained look in his eyes made it clear that Jensen was done for now. Jared kissed his cheek and carefully helped him stand. "Go get into bed, baby. I'mma feed the hellions and make us some cocoa."

"Movie?" Jensen asked hopefully, though they both knew he'd not last much beyond the credits.

Jared dipped to kiss him, soft and slow. "You pick one out. I'll be up shortly." Jensen looked so tired, so nervous, that Jared hugged him tight for a second longer.

Both the dogs were much more sedate than usual as Jared stocked them up with kibble and freshwater for the night. As he brought a pan of milk to simmer, the tears Jared had fought back made a brief, hot appearance, his heartache rising quickly and retreating just as fast.

His momma had made the best cocoa in Texas, with rich chocolate sauce and milk, topped with hazelnut cream and sprinkles. Jensen's sweet tooth adored it, and Jared made two large mugs.

Jensen was already under the covers by the time Jared made it upstairs, the movie starting on the small tv. He'd wrapped himself in one of Jared's hoodies, a clear sign that he needed to be comforted, not made love to. There was a subtle, almost invisible difference there, since it took all of Jared's love and devotion whether it was one or the other, but Jared had learned to read all of Jensen's moods like his own. He put the tray with the cocoa down on the bedside table and kicked off his trainers, slipping under the covers and pulling them back so that Jensen could climb in with him, which he did in a scramble.

"Easy," Jared chuckled, settling Jensen close into his side. "What movie do you want to watch?"

"I dunno," Jensen mumbled, his eyelids drooping already. "Something you like too."

Jared hid a small, sad smile in the kiss he bestowed upon Jensen's hair and he flicked the remote to pick one of Jensen's old favorites, 'The Young Philadelphians', and the small, sleepy sigh of excitement the choice brought out of Jensen had Jared toe the ground in delight. It was so easy, too easy to make Jensen happy. Jared wondered if knowing exactly why now made it better or worse, then decided he wasn't going to think about that.

He adjusted them both on the cushions of the bed, then reached for the cocoa cup to press into Jensen's hands. There was a white sprinkles heart drawn on the top of the brown, sugary foam, and Jensen's small, surprised intake of breath made Jared's eyes water a little. He rubbed Jensen's arm as he took the first sip, the frothy upper lip he got away with too adorable for Jared to let it pass unnoticed. He laughed against Jensen's mouth as he licked the cocoa off, one of his arms curled around Jensen's back in his fiercely protective stance as the movie stared on the tv in front of them.

As expected, Jensen didn't last more than a few minutes. Jared rescued the drained mug before it could slip from Jensen's fingers and set it down on the side table. He dropped a kiss to Jensen's forehead and settled down for the night, ready to chase away the monsters and keep him safe.

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Act 27:

Another crack in the mirror

Rating: NC-17

Summary: As the boys begin to film their new series, Jared struggles to keep his head in the game, and Jensen receives an unwelcome reminder of the past.

Warnings: Mentions of past abuse. Also, we are back to the porn. Naughtiness ahead!

Scene One

"I forgot how much this thing itches." Jensen pouted into the mirror, his reflection besides Jared's. The eyebrow stud was held in place by Elle's strong cosmetic glue, and it drove him mad.

Jared grinned, his eyes dark with eyeliner, and the elaborate wig he wore scratchy against his shoulders. The dreadlocks were awesome. He'd wanted them in his teens, but he'd privately been too scared of his momma's reaction to dare.

It had been a month since the award ceremony, and Jensen had thrown himself into his new project with such gusto that Jared had been left a little in awe. Awe, and a small amount of flailing. Jensen had gone out for a 'finance meeting' and come back with a small bar through each of his nipples. When Jared had finally recovered from the *whathuh?*, he'd found his obsession with Jensen's torso had suddenly reached a whole new height.

Jensen was wearing a black leather kilt and a shirt with more rips in it than fabric, and he shivered when Jared playfully reached over and flicked the silver ring showing under the fabric. "Stop fiddling." He teased. "That's my job."

"Hu huh," Jared mumbled, biting gently into Jensen's lobe. "I'm not adverse to this set up. Like, at all."

"You -ah," Jensen's eyelashes fluttered, "-you made it known." Loud and clear. Jensen had lay spread open on the bed for hours earlier that night while Jared licked and sucked at every inch of skin on his chest, fingers tugging at his piercings until Jensen came from Jared's mouth on him alone.

"In fact, I'm thinking I might get something of my own," Jared teased, flicking at his left nipple with a surly smile, his teeth sinking gently in the tendons of Jensen's neck.

Jensen stifled an embarrassing sound that threatened to escape his lips and twisted in Jared's arms, his palms splaying over Jared's chest. "You don't say something like that unless you mean it," he breathed softly, which made Jared's head spin and his heartbeat reach an alarming speed. He lowered his head those few inches and captured Jensen's lips with his own, his fingers sliding over trembling, taut muscle, finding the silver of the studs and the rock hard nubs of Jensen's nipples catching against his palm.

"No nookie before shooting," Jensen groaned, his mouth falling open as Jared's clever tongue licked its way in, curling around Jensen's and sucking, the taste of cinnamon chewing gum and foundation cream faint in Jensen's mouth.

As if on cue, Gabe bounced through the door, his eyes widening comically when he saw his stars in a rather intimate embrace. His attempts to back away were foiled by Jared guitar case, and he crashed noisily into the vanity. "Um... Hey. Uh - I -"

Jensen grinned and gave him a helping hand. "You ready for us?" he asked kindly.

"What? Yes. Oh, yes," Gabe nodded. "Man, you guys look dangerous." He sounded rather impressed. Jensen

would agree in regards to Jared. He looked positively deadly, his dark eyes heavy with kohl, and his net shirt leaving nothing at all to the imagination. The leather pants were all but painted on, and the boots he wore were military issue. With the dreds and the leather accessories, that full, sinful smirk of his and the dim lighting of the set, Jared looked like he needed to be locked up for the good of humanity. Jensen however, was wearing a skirt. There was no getting around that.

"Lead on," Jared grinned wolfishly, smacking Jensen on the ass as he passed.

Gabe hung on Jensen's elbow as they headed to the set. "I've studied the first shoot you guys did pretty extensively, and I know we've worked out everything over the past week or so, but if you guys get a spark of inspiration or anything, you know..."

Jensen smiled and squeezed his shoulder. "You'll do fine, man," he promised. "I wouldn't have signed you up if I didn't think you would."

"God help us all," Paul teased, waving from his spot on the ring of the set. Jensen had refused to sign on without him.

Gabe flipped him the finger and Jensen shook his head before taking his position.

"Alright then. Three, two, and ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen didn't remember where they were, or where they were heading. The last few months had been a blur of cities, night lights, smoke and sex, and it was damn fine with him. Jared had become all of his world, and even if that made him not much more than a groupie, he didn't often stop to think about it. He was having fun, and yeah, he cared about Jared a little too much for it to be healthy, but generally, things were working okay.

The crowd around him was going wild. Sometimes Jensen watched from the sidelines, sometimes he mingled with the band's supporters as he'd done the first time, when Jared had singled him out and fucked him dead in a dirty toilet. Jensen liked dancing. He was pretty good at it, too, and the thrumming of the bass and the rasp, sexual tone of Jared's voice made everything hotter, smoother, as if he were moving in a haze.

A blond boy with spiked up hair and a lip ring came up behind him, putting both hands on his hips and pulling him backwards, and Jensen went, eyes half closed as he stared at Jared working the mike on stage. He undulated to the rhythm, his hands in the air as he swayed his hips to the music, the boy's legs fitting against his own, guiding him to the beat. Jensen felt Jared's eyes on him, just as physical as the hands flitting over the leather of his kilt - because Jared had a thing for him in a skirt, and even if he'd never admit it Jensen would put on a dirty sack if it meant that it got Jared worked up enough to fuck him backstage instead of waiting in the tour bus.

Up on stage, Jared's eyes were dark and dangerous as his voice wove a spell on the audience. Jensen swayed, his hips moving with the music, his ass held snug against the body behind him, hands wandering up and down, in the band of his kilt, then up, under his shirt. Fingers found the ring in his nipple and tugged hard enough to make him gasp. Jared would kill him for this. Or fuck his brains out. The latter, most likely. He didn't like people touching Jensen, didn't like sharing. Jared himself was a shameless flirt though, and Jensen was too fond of the games that followed to stop playing.

He let the blond paw at him until the set finished before excusing himself and heading back stage. It was dark, cramped, and a maze, and Jensen wandered blindly, knowing in his heart that Jared was there waiting for him in the dark.

A gig left them both wound up and in need of some creative outlets. Sometimes Jared would be practically feral in his need, and it was hot, too hot.

"You are such a fucking slut." The darkly amused voice behind him was the only warning he had before

Jared hands were on his, hard and heavy.

"Hark who's talking," Jensen whispered back, trying to wriggle away only to have Jared press himself fully to his back, body sweaty and scorching hot. "You're shameless, that's what you are."

Jared's hands sneaked through the rips of his shirt and took hold of one of his piercing, tugging hard and getting a cut off cry out of him. "No one's allowed to do this," he murmured in his ear, teeth raking the freckled curve, digging in the skin right behind it. He pulled on the stud again and Jensen moaned, his cock twitching underneath the folds of his kilt. "Or this," he let his arm slide lower, fingers finding the waistband of his skirt and slipping past. "Next thing you know you're going to bend over for them in the middle of the dance floor, their fingers up your ass, their cocks lining up to fuck you. Because you can't get enough of cock, can you?" Jared tugged again, spanning Jensen's chest with his hand and finding the other nipple, flicking his thumb across it until it grew hard and sore, Jensen's breath heavy and ragged at the possessive touches.

"I was just dancing," Jensen gritted out, but that was obviously the wrong thing to say. Jared growled and bit into his neck, hard, blood raising up to the surface and gracing the pale skin with a red, blossoming bruise.

"You were showing off," Jared said, his voice dark and low. He pulled Jensen further backwards into shadows, his fingers alternatively flicking and tugging, sending Jensen's nipples on fire. "Just looking at you, you were enjoying it, weren't you? His hands all over you, touching. You loved it."

Jensen laughed breathlessly, the thrill of danger making him reckless. "You're, ah, paranoid," he moaned, his chest arching towards Jared's hand as he tugged on the rings.

Jared's laugh was a deep, dark rumble in his ear as he hauled Jensen forward by his arm, dragging him through the maze of narrow corridors until they are somewhere private. It was the very back of the stage, full of rigging and old props. There is enough rope from all the technical machines to deck out the Black Pearl, and Jensen knew he'd probably end up wearing a fair amount of it before Jared was done with him. "Paranoid? Darlin', you're forgetting that I *know* you. I know how much of a whore you are when faced with a big, hard cock. You think the twink could have given you what you want? You think he coulda held you down and fucked you till you screamed?"

"Who says I wanted him to?" Jensen panted, breathless as Jared dragged his T-shirt over his head and pressed him face first against the back wall.

"Did he find it?" Jared whispered darkly, shoving his hand down the back of Jensen's kilt and probing between his buttocks. "Did he get his hand up your skirt and feel it?" His fingers closed around *it*, the base of the thick plug Jared had pushed into him before the gig had kicked off.

Jared twisted it inside of him, and Jensen whimpered. "No."

"What if he had," Jared breathed in his ear. "What if he'd found it? Hm? What if he'd felt how open and wet you were, how fucking ready for a good, hard fuck." He screwed it again, pushing it further up, the tip pressing restlessly against Jensen's prostate, and Jensen keened, breath leaving him in a rush as Jared started to pull it out before driving it back in to the hilt.

"Would've you let him fuck you? Just slip his dick in you right there on the floor, making you ride him as everyone else watched, like a cheap slut?"

Jensen groaned and writhed in Jared's arms, his fingernails digging in Jared's forearms as he tried to escape the merciless pounding of his prostate. His dick was growing heavy and hard under the folds of the kilt, each push and pull making his thighs quiver.

"Bet you loved it," Jared breathed, flicking his nipple ring again as he started to pull out the plug until Jensen's hole was spread obscenely around the widest part. "Bet you loved knowing I was watching as that fucker pawed all over you."

Jensen said nothing, too busy trying to keep his breathing calm and focused as Jared fucked him harder

with the plug. It wasn't small, and every push-pull burned. One rough, hard thrust shoved the whole thing back inside of him, and Jared spun him around. "My slut," he whispered, pinning Jensen's wrists together with one hand, reaching for rope with his other. "My whore. I don't share, you understand?"

Jensen nodded, tugging half heartedly at Jared's hold as he began to fasten his wrists together, curling through the rings of the leather cuffs Jared had bought him when they had first started... whatever it was that they did. He whimpered when Jared held his hands above his head, tugging him up onto his tiptoes. "You know I'm gonna punish you for this, don't you?" He asked, fastening Jensen's wrists to the joint of the scaffolding above his head. He chuckled to himself. "Of course you do. That's why you did it, isn't it darlin? You love it when I punish you."

Jensen glared and squirmed. "It was just a dance." He protested, his dick throbbing hard and heavy against his belly. Jared smiled and patted his cheek.

"Of course it was." He bent low and unzipped both of Jensen's heavy boots. The loss of the extra weight was a blessing, but one that didn't last as Jared went to work with the rope again. By the time he was done, Jensen only had one foot on the floor for balance, the other was tied parallel to the floor, leaving him spread open for anyone to see.

"Jay, please," he whined, eyes widening as he realized that Jared wasn't going to fuck him. He was going to leave him.

Jared patted him on the cheek before pushing the torn remains of Jensen's T-shirt between his teeth and fastening it behind his head. "This-" he reached between Jensen's legs and tapped on the base of the plug, "Stays in. And this-" he drew back, squeezing Jensen's cock as he withdrew. "Stays hard, and maybe I'll let you come sometime tonight." He kissed Jensen's mouth. "If you're lucky."

Jensen whimpered in frustration, tossing his head from one side to the other as he tested the ropes, but he knew better than to hope for freedom. Jared didn't give loopholes. Jensen was so hard he felt like crying, the pressure of the plug combined with the burn of the ropes and the heaviness of his balls had him a sweaty, moaning mess. He knew he was in a secluded area of the backstage, so chances that anyone would've seen him were next to zero, but his cock throbbed valiantly anyway.

Christ, the second half of the set was going to be painful. He couldn't reach down, couldn't rub himself against anything, and the more he shuffled, the deeper the plug would press. He had tears in his eyes by the time he heard Jared singing the second song, and he tugged restlessly at the rope, even though deep down he knew it wasn't going to bug.

By the time they reached the encore, Jensen's eyes were clouded with worn out tears, and the inside of his leather kilt was sticky with bout after bout of precome, the skin around his wrists and ankle sore and swollen.

Jared approached silently, his fingers soft on Jensen's jaw as he reached beneath the kilt. Satisfied, he flicked open the switchblade Jensen knew he always carried and cut through the rope around his ankle. Jensen's shoulders were burning furiously, but Jared didn't make any further move to untie him. He tugged at the zipper to his pants instead, pushing them down past his ass and freeing his thick hard cock. Jensen mewled behind the wet fabric in his mouth and sobbed as the plug was wrenched out sharply.

"Such a good little slut," Jared praised, hoisting Jensen's knee up over his shoulder, and catching the other in the crook of his elbow. He kissed Jensen gently, mindless of the gag, and slammed home with a smooth roll of his hips.

Jensen's shriek was lost to the noise of the club. The stimulation was all he needed to come, his body tightening like a vice around Jared, every muscle seizing painfully. Jared waited him out, smirking dangerously. "You done?" he asked, waiting for Jensen to stop trembling. Jensen could only slump weakly in his bonds, his body hoisted up by Jared's strong arms. "Good boy," he praised when Jensen summoned the energy to nod, and slowly began to draw himself out of Jensen's ass before pounding back in.

Jensen groaned weakly, his body still shaking with the force of his orgasm, every nerve raw and zinging as Jared rammed into his oversensitive hole. He didn't leave Jensen time to adjust, just pulled back and

drove right back in to the hilt, fucking him raw and open. It hurt, it burnt Jensen inside with the too dry friction, it made him moan breathlessly with every rough thrust. Even though the plug had kept in most of Jared's come from when he'd fucked him earlier that afternoon it wasn't no where near to slick enough.

His muscles were burning and aching, wrists sore with the rope and the strain of his own weight, even if most of it now rested on Jared's powerful arms as he pumped his hips in a mad pace, fucking him hard and fast, his grunts and curses muffled by Jensen's skin.

"Please," Jensen groaned through the gag, his legs sticking with his own come and sweat on the crook of Jared's elbows, Jared's balls slapping against the back of Jensen's ass with each thrust, the come they'd used as lubricant leaking past and shining wet and white on Jared's hard, rigid dick.

"Please what? You already got your dues," Jared panted, holding him still with one hand as he pulled back out completely before spreading him wider apart and slamming his dick back in, the force of the movement having Jensen bounce helplessly on his balls. "Besides, I told you I'd punish you." He kissed Jensen's jaw in a parody of a tender kiss before coming with a muffled grunt, spilling inside Jensen's ass.

Jensen sobbed, the burn making him dizzy as Jared set him down on the balls of his feet. The sudden wrench of his shoulders as Jared untied his wrists made him bite down on a cry. Jared knew better than anyone else how to leave him wrung out and faint.

The arm around his hips served as a brace when Jared pushed him forwards, his ass in the air, and pressed the plug against the slick, stretched ring of his ass.

Two loads of come inside of him, and the stretch of the plug wasn't as painful as it had been earlier. Jensen has to clench down just to keep it inside. "I want you to go to the bus, leave through the front door. Everyone gets to see you fucked out, since you like flirting so much. The boys have other plans for tonight. I want you naked and on your knees for me when I get back. Understand?" Jared stroked the back of Jensen's neck soothingly as Jensen nodded and scrambled to his feet. His shirt was still hanging around his neck, and when he reached for it, Jared slapped his hands away with a grin. "Nuh uh. Go on now."

With a whimper, Jensen stumbled out from their hiding place, as aware of Jared's eyes on his back as he was the picture he presented. There were marks on his wrists, his feet were bare, and his spit soaked shirt was tied around his neck. He just prayed to god there was no come streaking the backs of his thighs.

He didn't look around as he made his slow, painful way to the front. He knew people were watching him, knowing exactly what he'd been doing - or if not exactly, they had a general idea that was fairly accurate. Jensen knew he was going ridiculously bowlegged, even more so than usual, the weight of the plug inside of him so physical he thought everyone could guess. His cheeks burning, dick twitching with every step he took, chafing against the leather.

By the time he reached the tour bus, he was nearly crying again with how hard and sore he was. He got his fair share of looks and smirks, but he'd kept his head down like a good little slut and trudged on. He knew Jared was out there, watching.

He tossed his ruined shirt away and pulled open the folds of his kilt, the leather inside streaked with white stickiness. He shivered and put it down on the floor, hoping he could wipe it clean later, and placed himself down on his knees in front of Jared's bunk, waiting.

And waiting.

Jensen knew he was around somewhere, watching him, but he didn't know where he was hiding or what he was doing, and that made him shiver and his dick get harder at the same time.

~ * & * ~

"And CUT!"

Jared bounded back onto set with his biggest cotton candy grin and hauled Jensen to his feet. "Eww, dude,

you're all sticky." He pouted, grinning when Jensen smacked him around the back of the head.

"And who is to blame for that, huh?"

Jared puffed out his chest and beamed. "I am just doing my manly duty and marking up my b-" He trailed off from the force of Jensen's glare and tugged him close for a hug instead. "You okay, baby?"

Jensen smiled and let Jared take some of his weight. "Uh huh."

Gabe finished dismissing the extras they had used for the first part of the shoot and beamed brightly. "That was awesome! You guys rock."

"We do," Jared nodded seriously. "Like totally, dude."

"Elle gave you candy again, didn't she?" Jensen sighed. "How many time do I have to te-" Jared cut him off with a kiss that went straight to his toes. Gabe giggled and Paul smirked as he joined them. "Ain't they adorable?" he cooed teasingly.

"Fuck off," Jensen said flatly. "Are you going to be this much of a pain for the whole season?"

Paul and Gabe shared a look then nodded. "Pretty much," the rigger agreed.

"Come on, baby." Jared nuzzled his throat playfully. "It'll be like it used to be, us goofing around on set. Don't tell me you don't miss that."

Jensen shot him a dry look that was merely for show. "Because everyone loves finding a five foot inflatable cock in their beds."

"Of course they do!" Jared beamed, giggling when Jensen rolled his eyes at him. He scooped him up in his arms with a wide grin and he waved cheekily at Paul and Gabe before bounding away towards their trailer.

"You were amazing, baby," Jared murmured, way more sedately now as he kissed Jensen's forehead, kicking the door open with his foot. Jensen's scowl melted in the face of praise, and he snuggled closer on instinct.

"It's a fun set up," he agreed, clinging to Jared's neck as he was lowered on the plush king sized bed. Jared pulled back the covers and kissed his forehead fleetingly before walking off to soak up a cloth with warm, clean water.

"Sorry about the rope," he said as he climbed back on the bed next to him, taking each wrists in his hand to examine them up close. Jensen shook his head and stifled a yawn.

"It's nothing," he said softly, which was probably true. The marks were barely visible, but still Jared didn't like them. He cleaned up Jensen best as he could with the cloth, then stretched out his arm as long as he could to grab the aloe vera bottle on the cabinet without moving from the bed. "It's a fun set," Jared echoed Jensen, tending gently to his arms before having him roll on his belly, expert hands working on his back. "And by the looks of it, it's huge. Francy showed me the marketing plan."

Jensen gave him a small smile. "I'm glad you approve."

Jared smiled softly, his fingers trailing down to Jensen's ass. "You want me to leave it in?" he asked gently, not touching the base of the black plug held snug between Jensen's buttocks. Jensen shook his head and relaxed as Jared carefully slid the plastic out. It looked bigger in the real world. Jared cleaned it with a half frown and tossed it onto the night stand.

Jensen sighed and melted into the sheets as Jared cleaned him up, a quick kiss pressed to each buttock. "Jay," he whispered, reaching for Jared as he curled himself over Jensen's back.

"You'll tell me if we need to tone it down?" Jared asked, not for the first or one hundredth time since they had started the project. It was an intense one, and a fair few of the scenes would be shot without safe

words. They had their signals in place, but Jared wanted to be sure. A part of him felt Jensen would be more at ease with the shoot now than he would have been a few months ago, and that was a main reason as to why Jared had agreed.

"I promise." Jensen sighed sleepily, cuddling close. Jared kissed his shoulder and relaxed.

Jensen was right. It could be a lot of fun.

I: So the series brought you guys back to the origins, so to speak.

JA: It was a very challenging project, yes.

JP: More classical hardcore. It was good to work on something like that with a group such as we had.

I: You kept most of the Eros Studios staff, am I correct?

JP: Our rigger, our new director, Gabe Tigerman, and the make up girls... most of the crew was our usual one.

JA: We didn't change projects because we didn't feel comfortable anymore - we did it for fun.

JP: It was a fun set, definitely.

I: It was also a great risk.

JP: Paid off, though, didn't it? Rates went skyhigh since the pilot aired.

JA: We were very conscious of the risk. But it felt like the right choice.

"And ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen was waiting right where Jared told him to be, on his knees, demure and submissive. Jared couldn't help but grin to himself. His boy might play the good little sub when he felt he needed to, but they both knew better. He was stubborn and willful, mouthy and a complete whore. Jared wouldn't have Jensen any other way, even if he did have to resist the urge to beat the crap out of anyone Jensen flirted with.

He watched Jensen squirm, his cock hard and flushed against his belly, his thighs sore, no doubt, from the time Jared had made him wait. He was going to be a hell of a lot more sore when they were done.

He waited until Jensen started to squirm, his legs aching, and his shoulders stinging, before stepping into the large bus. To his credit, Jensen didn't scramble into the position he had let slip, but moved their with the grace Jared loved about him.

"Everyone in the club knows I fucked you now. Your twink boyfriend could see my come all down your legs." Jensen stayed still and quiet as Jared tossed his shirt onto the bunk and fetched a few basic supplies from the locker. The leather collar was worn and supple, and fitted Jensen's slender throat as if Jared had made it for him.

"Everyone knows who you belong to now," Jared whispered in his ear. "Everyone knows how much of a slut you are for my dick."

He felt Jensen shiver, his chest heaving with each labored breath he took. Jared smirked and picked up a

long, thin black leather leash, hooking one end around the hook in Jensen's collar and tugging sharply on it, making Jensen gasp out a breath as Jared moved around him, hawk like. He caressed Jensen's spine, fingertips teasing every bump of his vertebrae until he spanned the width of the small of his back with his palm. "Guess like the only one who still needs a reminder is you."

Jensen groaned as he was pushed on all fours, Jared's hand firm over his back before he slid between his asscheeks, parting them slightly so he could see the black base of the plug gleaming at him. "Bet you are so fucking wet, two loads of spunk in your cockhungry hole," he whispered, running his fingers down his crease and locking eyes with Jensen, who had turned to glance at him over his shoulder, lips red and swollen, green eyes looking black with lust. "Still squirming to get more of this in there," he grabbed his crotch crudely, a low, dangerous smirk playing on his lips. Jared's hand flitted up again, cupping one firm asscheek before falling down on it hard, a loud smack echoing Jensen's cut off cry of surprise in the silence of the bus. "Is that what you want, darlin? You want more?" Jared's hand fell again, curving over the swell of Jensen's ass, leaving a pretty pink mark behind.

"Please," Jensen begged properly, full bottom lip caught between his teeth.

Jared cocked his head, thoughtful, then climbed to his feet and sat on the edge of the bed. "Come here, then," he beckoned, tugging lightly on the leash. "You want to flirt like some cock hungry teenager out to get his cherry popped, you can get punished like one. Over my knee."

Jensen's perfect mask of submission dropped and he looked positively shocked. Jared grinned and patted his knee.

"You want to spank me?"

"I'm going to spank you," Jared corrected. "And you're going to beg for it." When Jensen made no immediate move to come closer, Jared's smile took on a sharper edge. "Of course, I could give you what you want instead." He cupped Jensen's cheek. "Think how much cash I could make from your pretty ass? Bet if I tied you over the front of the bus there's be a queue to the Stateline to fuck you."

Jensen, predictably, draped himself over Jared's knee. He'd flirt until Jared was red in the face, but he knew as well as either of them that he was only for Jared.

Satisfied, Jared tugged on the leash again, enjoying the drawn out moan every tug brought out of Jensen's mouth and reached around to flick at his nipples. "I should chain them together," Jared mused, going from one to the other as his other hand kept skimming over the pinkish texture of Jensen's ass. "So I could hold onto them both as you ride me. Think how hot you'd look," he murmured, pinching one nipple and making Jensen moan wantonly. Jared chuckled. "Such a whore." The first smack fell unexpected and hard across Jensen's left cheek and he shrieked, his body shuddering forward with the force of the blow.

Jared smirked and pulled at the leash, loving the tiny, desperate sounds that fell from Jensen's lips every time he did that, and slapped his other ass cheek just as hard, leaving a red hand imprint over the curve of his ass. He felt Jensen's dick leak against the leather of Jared's pants and smirked, smacking him right where the plug disappeared inside of him, three times in quick succession, making Jensen scream.

"Oh fuck, fuck," Jensen moaned, his legs kicking out feebly. Jared smacked him hard again, his huge hand managing to span almost both buttocks at once, pushing the plug that inch deeper inside as Jensen's head fell down between his shoulder with a soft keening groan. Jared let Jensen struggle to keep his balance, alternating between stinging smacks and toying with the base of the plug. Jensen's cock rubbed against the leather of his pants and he sobbed desperately.

"Want to come?" His palm fell down so hard Jensen struggled to kick away.

"Please," Jensen begged. "Please. Please."

"You want to come or you want me to stop?" Jared asked, smirking as Jensen struggled to chose which he wanted more.

After a moment, his cheeks red, Jensen begged. "Let me come, please?"

Jared grinned and continued to make Jensen squirm and sob, his palm stinging with each blow. "Knock yourself out, but I'm not going to help you," he teased, spreading his knees, forcing Jensen further off balance, and restricting his ability to reach for his cock. Jensen whined and tried to keep his stability with the one hand, unable to thrust against Jared's thigh with no leverage.

Jared, feeling particularly cruel, tugged on the leash, and Jensen quickly had to lower his hand.

"Guess that is the question, then," Jared mused as Jensen cursed furiously. "Can you come from me spanking you? No hand on your cock, no-" he paused and tugged the plug from Jensen's ass, tossing it onto the bed. "-dick in your ass. Just my hand spanking yours rosy red cheeks." He laughed. "I bet you can."

Jensen writhed desperately, his voice cracking with each powerful blow, cock leaking copiously against Jared's thigh, ass burning like it was on fire, every smack having him surge forward, nipples catching on Jared's other leg. He felt his balls pull up tight against his body, every other smack surging electricity up his spine as he scrambled for purchase, wanting desperately to hump Jared's leg, do something, anything that would release the pressure in his belly.

Jared tugged on the leash again and Jensen cried out, eyes wild and dark, his ass reddening blow after blow. "Please," he begged again, voice completely wrung out. "Please- oh, oh - god, Jared, please-"

Jared didn't heed him, but his wrist picked up pace, the smacks shorter now, quicker, a series of stinging slaps in quick succession that had Jensen buckle and moan and toss in his lap until his back went rigid and he spluttered out his release, white sticky ropes hitting Jared's thigh as he kept spanking him until he lay, spent and quivering across his lap. Jared's hand fell down on Jensen's ass, gently this time, and he stroked the sore, bruised skin as Jensen trembled. "Good boy. Such a good boy."

~ * & * ~

"And CUT!"

Jared righted Jensen quickly and carried him off set, not hanging around this time as Gabe and Paul began the run down. "Easy, love," he soothed, careful as he set Jensen down on the bed and helped him roll onto his belly.

"Ow," Jensen whimpered pitifully, shooting Jared a pout over his shoulder. "You brute."

Jared chuckled and kissed the red, bruised skin of Jensen's ass. "My poor love," he whispered, and reached for the aloe. "You alright?"

Jensen hissed as the cool gel soothed the ache left behind. "You had better be my pillow for the next week."

"I swear," Jared promised faithfully. "And I promise to give you a back rub every night we shoot."

"And you can order take out tonight," Jensen added, milking it for all it was worth.

Grinning, Jared kissed the small of his back. "Take out *and* ice cream."

Jensen made a small happy noise in the back of his throat, that quickly turned to a moan when Jared's expert hands smoothed over the reddened skin of his ass. "Hurts a lot?" he whispered against Jensen's ear, kissing the curve of the shell gently as he kept working the ache away with his fingers.

"Hm-hm," Jensen mumbled, looking at him over his shoulder. Jared was still very obviously hard, and that always made him feel at unease. "You..." he cleared his throat, "Um.. you need-"

"I'm fine," Jared soothed, smiling at him and kissing his shoulder. "Just enjoy your massage."

Jensen sighed and melted into the beddings, eyes half mast as he let Jared work his magic. He couldn't

help but squirm a little in embarrassment when the tender, loving touches awakened a spark of interest in his belly. He tried to edge away, but Jared held him fast as he applied more cream to the swell of his ass, his fingers gently massaging the juncture of buttcheek and thigh, then up again to the small of his back.

"-s enough," Jensen croaked, cheeks red when he hid his face in his arms.

Jared paused his ministrations long enough to kiss the shell of Jensen's ear again. "You gonna be okay for the rest of the shoot?"

"Hmm, yeah." Jensen sighed, tugging Jared closer until he could curl up in his arms. "You gonna last long enough to do the whole shoot?" He teased cheekily.

"I'm sure I will find the inspiration to go on," Jared sighed melodramatically.

"My hero."

"Try to nap," Jared encouraged, kissing Jensen's bottom lip. "I'mma put you through the wringer this afternoon."

Jensen's response was broken by a yawn. "Promises, promises."

He was sleeping by the time Jared decided on a response.

"Jared, maim." Jensen ordered, glaring at Paul as the rigger threatened to tickle him.

Jared held up his hands, watching with sharp, eagle eyes as Paul did his job and began the process of creating some fairly exotic looking ties. "Leave me out of this."

Jensen propped himself up with one elbow, the other arm laid flat on the bed.

"Pass me the pillow," Paul asked, including Jared in the process. Jared scrambled to obey, and handed Paul the small pillow from the head of the bed. Jensen arched his hips and let Paul slide it under, making it clear that though Jared had never come across the position they were aiming for, Jensen obviously had. By the time Paul was done, Jensen's wrists were bound out to each side of him, fastened to the frame of the bunk. His ankles were pulled up to the headboard. Jared swallowed, the position putting Jensen's red ass firmly on display.

He squeezed his dick hard in his pants, making it clear that it was *not* going to blow just by looking at Jensen, because he was a goddamn professional. He cleared his throat, waiting for Elle to finish painting Jensen's ass with glowing spray that made him look sweaty and freshly fucked, and Paul stepped back with a satisfied nod.

"Whenever you're ready," Jensen called lazily, opening one eye to glance at him. Jared's smirk was something between fondness and exasperation.

"You shouldn't taunt, baby," Jared cooed, moving closer and letting his fingertips ghost over his face. "God knows when I might take you up on your challenge."

Jared didn't miss the shiver Jensen tried to suppress, and smiled to himself, lowering his head to kiss Jensen's lips delicately. "I love you."

Jensen arched up slightly and kissed him back, opening his other eye to look up at him, abandon and trust shining behind the make up and the fake piercing. Jared caressed his cheek and took a few steps back, giving Gabe the double thumbs up and setting back to wait for the cue.

"AND- ACTION!"

Jensen squirmed on the narrow bunk, his thighs burning, aching with the strain of the position they were forced in. His knees hovered above his nipples, not quite close enough to touch, but just enough to feel the sweat bead and pour from his legs down on his chest, making him shiver with a combination of nerves and anticipation.

He heard the shutter of a camera go off and bit back a groan, his ass clenching reflexively. "If you could see yourself," Jared's voice came from somewhere at the end of the hall, and it made his soft dick stir. Another click, then another. He whimpered, pulling at his wrists and ankles to test the bonds and tossing his head back as another shutter went off.

"Jared, please," Jensen whined, tugging at his wrists.

Another snap of the shutter, and Jared chuckled darkly. "You can't possibly want to come again? I've let you come three times today. You've got two loads of my come in your pretty ass, and you still want more?"

Jensen squirmed and whimpered. "Yes. Please, yes." He could hear Jared moving about the small kitchenette, items clattering together as Jared refrained from answering. He set a metal bowl on the bed below Jensen's ass and perched on the edge of the bunk.

"Let's play a little game now, okay darlin'?" He waited until Jensen cautiously nodded before patting his ass. "Open up." He smiled, reaching into the bowl and plucking out a lump of ice. He ran it over Jensen's lips, tracing the line of plump, bitten flesh until Jensen was gasping from the cold. As the lump slowly began to melt, Jared pushed it between his lips and pinched them closed with a small smirk of amusement. "When these open next, I expect to see that ice gone, ya hear?"

Jensen nodded frantically, sucking on the cold ice, his teeth aching.

Satisfied, Jared selected another piece. This one he ran over the hard nub of a nipple, grinning devilishly as the metal ring only carried the cold deeper. Jensen swallowed and bucked up hard against the melting ice cube, his body shivering violently at the double assault. His nipples stood up to attention, goose bumps breaking all over his body as Jared trailed the lump of ice from one nub to the other, then lower, having the icy water pool over his navel.

"God, motherfucking fuck," Jensen groaned, his dick back to fully hard as Jared played with the ice cubes. Over his chest, down the curve of Jensen's thighs, the cold making him shiver violently with every caress.

"Bet you'd love some of it over your sore rosy ass, wouldn't you?" Jared crooned, picking up another lump and tracing the outline of Jensen's neck with it, leaving it to melt in the hollow of his throat.

Jensen nodded frantically, his teeth chattering when Jared pressed another bit above his lips. "Suck it up, darlin'," Jared whispered sweetly, his other hand tracing the half-melted cube from his throat down to his nipples again, zinging it against the piercings, first one, then the other. Jensen sucked on the ice, pretty red lips closed around the curved tip, low eyelashes fanning his cheeks as he lay there, spread open and wanton for any sort of game Jared might have had in mind.

He was helpless and held wide, completely at Jared's mercy, and the thought was enough to send a spark of fire down his spine, his cock leaking a fat dollop of precome above his belly.

"Someone's enjoying this," Jared teased, pulling the ice away from Jensen's lips and prying them open easily with his fingers. "You can't help but suck on this, can you?"

Jensen wrapped his tongue, cold when it was usually so hot, around Jared's fingers and sucked. Jared tugged them free after only a few seconds, his thumb tweaking the ring through Jensen's lip.

Reaching for another cube of ice, Jared spared no quarter. He pressed it against the swollen ring of Jensen's ass and pushed it straight in. Jensen shrieked, his whole body tensing as the bitterly cold cube slid inside of him. Jared beamed happily, his expression somewhat terrifying in the dark, and he continued the process, his cold, wet hands alternately squeezing Jensen's ass and filling him with the ice.

Jensen had been pushed beyond begging, his voice a hoarse, constant moan.

"Think how you're gonna feel around my cock, darlin'," Jared purred, rubbing his thumb in a circle by the ticklish backs of Jensen's knees. "So tight and cold, going to be fucking amazing."

Jensen mewled and clenched his hands into fists, his body arching under Jared's touch, his full cock stiff and heavy against his belly and not in the slightest deterred by the attack of ice-cold hands all over him. If anything, it made his blood rush faster and pump wilder towards his groin, leaving Jensen dizzy with the sheer force of it.

"Jared, please, god, fuck, fuck fuck Jared-" Jensen moaned deliriously, another slip of ice melting just past the outer ring of muscle, Jensen's ass clenching hard down on Jared's fingers as though he were fighting to keep them here.

"You want it?" Jared asked as he ruthlessly thrust two fingers up in him, prodding over his prostrate and extracting a long drawn out whimper out of Jensen's lips. "But I thought you'd already gotten it? Hm? Maybe you want more, is that it darlin?" Jared's lips skimmed over his face, his cheek, down to the side of his throat, Jared's tongue scorching hot in the wake of the ice. "That's what you want, isn't it?" Jared scissored his fingers inside of him, pulling and pushing and screwing them until Jensen couldn't have kept still if he'd tried, his hips rocking minutely into each of Jared's thrusts.

"Please!" Jensen screamed. "Fuck me!"

Jared withdrew his fingers and shifted on the bed. "Since you begged so prettily for me." He smirked, lining his cock up to Jensen's ass and pushing in slowly.

A low, keening wail was the only response Jensen made, unable to shove back against Jared's torturously slow pace. Fingers drew bruises on his hips and calves as Jared shuddered and groaned. "Fuck, *fuck*. You feel so fucking good darlin'. Christ, so tight."

Jensen thought he was burning alive. Jared was blisteringly hot inside of him, turning him to ashes from the inside out. He gripped the ropes around his wrists for stability as each slow thrust rocked him on the bed, his whole body torn between the cold and bright, painful heat.

His head was spinning as Jared reached between his legs and began to jerk him off, his hand still cold, shockingly so. He was too hot, but he shivered, spread open for Jared's slow, carefully controlled thrusts. He'd been teased so mercilessly that it was impossible to think straight when Jared asked if he wanted to come.

"Well, do you?" he repeated the question when Jensen simply sobbed.

Jensen sniffled, mouth open in a silent groan as he writhed under Jared's body, his brain swimming in a sexual haze so strong he had difficulties stringing more than two words together. Jared flicked his thumb over the leaking head of Jensen's dick and smirked evilly down at him. "Or maybe you don't, hm?"

"Yes," Jensen gasped out, chest heaving with each drawn breath, tears trickling down his cheeks as his body was thrown in sensitive overload. "God, yes, Jared, please, fuck, please -"

The rest of his words got lost in a scream as Jared picked up pace, his hips snapping forward with enough force to have Jensen's knees press down hard on his chest, the rings through his nipples catching and pulling. "Please -" he sobbed again when Jared's hand tightened around the base of his diamond hard cock. "Jared - fuck, fuck -"

Jared squeezed and tugged, his hand slick and wet with cold melted ice, sticky white precome, thumb catching on the oozing slit every upstroke, Jared's cock dragging restlessly over Jensen's prostrate with every new thrust. "So fucking good, burning up, fuck, so good, c'mon," he groaned, his mouth open against Jensen's neck, his tongue catching pearls of sweat and salty water as he kept ramming into him. "Now, come on." Jared encouraged, his wrists tugging on Jensen's cock, drawing out his orgasm in a wordless scream. Jared grunted and thrust, his hips snapping sharply as the constrictions of Jensen's body dragged

him over the edge.

Jensen whimpered as he pulled out, senseless to the tiny kiss Jared placed on the inside of his thigh. He moved quickly to gather up the bowl and the pillow Jensen was resting on, using a towel to mop up the mess on the back of Jensen's thighs. Neither of them said anything, but Jared was focused on Jensen's breathing and his tiny whimpered mewls. Carefully unbinding each of Jensen's ankles, he checked for nerve damage and strained muscles, his fingers careful over each patch of bruised skin. The ropes were silk bases and not prone to chaffing, but Jensen had always struggled, right from the beginning. Jared tossed the ropes aside and lifted Jensen enough to pull down the bedspread and ease him under the covers.

Jensen moaned sleepily as he was moved, but didn't relax until Jared climbed in after him, his back flush to Jared's chest.

He'd never in a million years take his big, bad Dom for such a cuddler. "Freak," he muttered sleepily.

Jared snorted and ran his palm up and down Jensen's belly. "You love it."

"Hu huh," was Jensen's sleepy answer, his fingers curling stiffly and fumbly around Jared's wrist. "Tired."

"Sleep," Jared encouraged him, kissing the back of his neck. "You've been so very good."

Jensen glowed with praise, his cheeks slightly flushed in the dim darkness of the bus. He let his eyes flutter closed and tugged Jared's hand a little higher up his chest, right above his steady beating heart.

~ * & * ~

"AND - Cut. That's it, that's in the movie! Great job!"

Jared nuzzled the back of Jensen's head with the tip of his nose, kissing his nape and shoulders gently, a small trail of butterfly light kisses draped all over the span of Jensen's upper back.

"You were so amazing, baby," Jared murmured in his real voice, pulling Jensen even closer to his body. Jensen sighed and curled into the side, playing the baby spoon. "Huh hm," he whispered, clearly still clinging a bit to subspace. Jared didn't push too much, but slid out of the bunk and wrapped Jensen up in the bedspread before hoisting him into his arms.

"Right, off for the day," Jared said to a beaming Gabe.

Their director bounced over and bid them a good night, though Paul refused to let them leave before he had checked a half sleeping Jensen over, his fingers on Jensen's hips, pushing and pulling until Jensen hissed and deflated like a balloon. When Jared raised an eyebrow, Paul shrugged and grinned. "What, you think you're the only one with magic fingers?"

Impatient and not really aware of the surrounding conversations, Jensen pouted and snuggled closer. "Home now," he announced tiredly.

Paul chuckled. "Better get to it," he advised. Jared nodded his head and carried Jensen to their trailer. Jensen came round enough to climb into a pair of track pants and one of Jared's hoodies, before promptly falling asleep again as soon as they were in the studio car. Jared saw the pattern of shoots stretch out ahead of them, and though he was pleased they were both slowly branching in new directions, he couldn't help but smile at the familiarity of it all.

Jensen was right. This could be fun.

Scene Two

"Whas'at?" Jared asked, his mouth full of candy as he waved towards the stack of envelopes on the counter of their trailer.

Jensen looked up from the papers he was working on, his glasses perched on the tip of his nose. "Fanmail, I think."

"Doesn't it get delivered straight to Francesca's office?" Francesca combed through every bit of writing or item that they got. More likely, she had someone do it, but Jared was sure he only got to see the 1% of the amount of junk they got sent. It was, she'd said, for their own good, and Jared shuddered only thinking of what kind of email Jensen might have got through the years.

"Usually it does," Jensen said absent-mindedly, then lifted his eyes up to grin at him. "But this is new and exciting and I guess they found out where we shoot, so the girls brought it in here."

"Neat," Jared pulled up a chair right behind him and wrapped his arms around Jensen's chest, kissing his earshell. "You want to take a peek?" He teased, running his fingers in a tickling drumming motion on Jensen's side and getting a squeal and a slap out of him.

"Bad Jared," Jensen choked with a laugh, "down. Down!"

Jared chuckled and tickled him again. "This is not mom-approved though. God knows what we might find..."

"I'm so telling her you called her mom!"

Jared's eyes widened briefly in horror. "Don't you dare," he growled, reaching for the letter Jensen was opening.

Jensen danced out of his arms, scanning over the words on the paper before breaking out into a huge, wicked grin. "Dear Jared, I think I might be your biggest fan. I love the way your chest looks all oiled up, please feel free to -" Jensen broke off into peels of laughter "-feed me your giant hunk of man meat anytime. Much love, Rob."

"It does *NOT* say that!" Jared flailed, wrapping an arm around Jensen's waist and hoisting him into the air.

"Does too!" Jensen cackled, holding up the letter for him to see. Jared blinked, his eyes bulging.

"That is so wrong."

Jensen nodded. "Damn right. That hunk of man meat is not up for sharing."

"I hate you so much." Jared groaned, burying his face in Jensen's throat. It was probably a good thing Francesca handled their mail. Jesus...

"This is all kinds of fucked up," Jared said, voice almost awed when they found a jock string in a crystal ball with a bow on top, and a plea for Jensen to wear it and return it to sender afterwards.

"Yeah, well, Francy always told me not to poke about too much." Jensen tossed the g-string away and reached for another envelope. "Ohh, this one's for you," he giggled again, "I can only come if I fuck myself with the dildo copy of your dick. You've made me reach highs not even my boyfriend ever could."

"Ugh, I pity him," Jared muttered, holding Jensen closer.

"It's a her!"

Jared blinked. "The fuck?"

Jensen sniggered and showed him the clear, Sue-signed letter. "I'm guessing you have success with the

ladies."

"I don't even know what to say to that."

There was more disturbing stuff, dildos, anal beads, some things said to Jensen that made Jared blood boil, but Jensen merely laughed it off. He was a sub, he repeated, that was what most people saw a sub as.

"Well, I still don't like it," Jared said stubbornly, taking another letter away and tossing it in the trash pile. "Maybe we should ask the PAs to get all this junk to Francy's desk... Imagine her face!"

"You're mean," Jensen reached for another one before Jared could stop him. "Last one. C'mon," he said with a grin. "I'm having fun."

"Fine," Jared gave in with a sigh. Jensen pried open the envelope, but his expression changed so fast Jared lurched forward before Jensen could crumple the paper up and throw it away. "What does it say."

"It's - it's - nothing," Jensen whispered, but his skin had turned pale under the make up, eyes wide and horrified.

Jared frowned, his arm around Jensen's hips as he gently took the letter. It was typed, neat and short, and nowhere near as vile as some of the other ones they had come across.

Hey there, honey,

I close my eyes and think of you on your knees. You're scared with the blindfold on, scared and so pretty. I'll think about what to do with you, you just stay on your knees.

I'm so lucky to have found you.

There was nothing about making him scream, or bleed, nothing overly threatening, though the tone could hardly pass as friendly. Jared didn't understand why Jensen's reaction was so severe when he had laughed in the face of a note in which the writer professed to wanting to urinate in his face.

"Baby?" he asked, nudging Jensen with his hip, drawing his gaze with his eyes. Jensen smiled shakily.

"It's nothing," he lied, badly. "Don't worry, I am being a freak."

"Jensen," Jared said sternly, holding his eyes with a dark frown. "Don't lie to me, love."

"It's - it's nothing," Jensen tried again, and for a second it sounded like he wanted to convince himself as much as Jared. "It's just - nothing, that's all. Just -stupid wording, that's all." His breath was getting sort of labored, and Jared took both of Jensen's hands in his, holding him closer.

"You don't look okay, baby," he said quietly. "What wording? What is it?"

Jensen swallowed, his palms clammy in Jared's hands. "Can - can you - is there some water?" he asked feebly, and Jared nodded, sliding out of his chair and kissing his brow before filling a large glass of water and handing it to him. Jensen downed it in one gulp, and Jared was starting to seriously freak out himself. "It's nothing," he repeated, voice weak. "I'm seeing things. It's nothing."

"It's never nothing if it gets you like this," Jared murmured, kneeling in front of Jensen and rubbing his hands over Jensen's free hand, to warm him up. "Can't you tell me what is it?"

"Good shot there, honey."

"Keep it up, honey, just like that."

"It's-- it's just... just a word," Jensen swallowed and finished his water, hands shaking. "It's nothing."

Jared brought Jensen's fingers to his lips. "Jen..."

Jensen swallowed and looked into the empty glass, his reflection distorted in the swirling patterns. "Honey. That's what he called me. Nobody else ever called me that. Not even you, and you seem to have a never-ending list of saccharine names for me." He shot Jared a wobbly little smile.

"You think Simon sent it?" Jared asked, his jaw tight.

Jensen shook his head quickly. "I am being paranoid, seriously, don't worry about it."

"Right. Because telling me not to worry has worked in the past." Jared had a sudden, vivid image of Jensen on his knees, blindfolded, waiting to be passed around the room like a party favor, and suddenly felt sick.

When Jensen simply sighed sadly, Jared kissed the back of his hand and let the matter slide. "You want me to ask Gabe for some more time?"

"No." Jensen shook his head. "You know we need to keep a tighter schedule now we are doing the series."

Reluctant to risk Jensen shooting when he was still a little shakey, Jared contemplated putting his foot down and refusing him. Jensen shot him a perfect smile, game face on a ready for action, and for a second, Jared hated how good Jensen was at this game.

"You know you can't keep doing this, right?" Jared whispered, smoothing the line of Jensen's smile with his thumb. "We go out there, do our thing, but I know you'll think about it. It'll be there lurking where you just hid it from me, somewhere I can't reach, and I hate that."

"I'm fine," Jensen protested, his smile faltering. "It's just some stupid endearment-"

"It's not," Jared countered quietly. "I relent, and we'll go out there and do our thing because that's what you ask me to, but this time I'm not going to pretend I don't know how much it bothered you."

Jensen bit his lip, eyelashes low on his cheekbones as he averted Jared's eyes. "It doesn't matter now, okay?" he said, trying to sound strong and unconcerned at once. "It's not him, there's nothing wrong."

"Okay," Jared conceded, standing up and pulling Jensen along with him and wrapping his protective arms around his waist. He'd burn all the fanmail out in the back before the shoot was over. "Okay."

Jensen clung onto his back with a deep sigh, eyes closed. Jared thought he heard him whisper 'it's nothing' and 'paranoia' again, and it cut through his stomach like a blade.

It was clear when they stepped onto set that something wasn't right. Paul took one look at Jensen and frowned, his dark eyes narrowing to Jared. Even Gabe noticed, but had the good sense not to question Jared's less than pleasant mood. Jensen, who normally looked at Jared with adoring eyes before the camera started rolling, went straight over to Paul for the set up, and Jared, who would be counted on to watch Jensen like a hawk when Paul was working with him, was lost in his own thoughts.

"You alright, kid?" Paul ask worriedly as he knelt behind Jensen's back and began fastening his wrists together. Jensen made a soft, noncommittal noise in the back of his throat and Paul's frown deepened.

Across the set, Gabe was asking Jared the same question. "Uh, man, you okay? You look kinda..."

Jared grunted, then realizing he was being rude, ran a hand over his face and sighed. "Yeah man, I'm good. Sorry."

Gabe clapped him on the shoulder. "Not to worry. Is Jen alright?" Jared looked over to Jensen, who was staring into space, and shook his head.

"He'll be fine," he promised, crossing the set and kneeling before Jensen to kiss his cheek softly.

"You both doing okay?" Paul repeated, setting out the props for the shoot on the bed behind Jensen's back.

"Fine." Both Jensen and Jared replied at once. Jared couldn't hide a small smile. He caressed Jensen's face, feeling the fake stubble on his cheeks and leaning in to adjust his mohawk.

He wanted to say something, wanted to tell Jensen that it was okay, that he didn't care, that it'll be all right, but there was an heaviness in his heart that didn't belong there, not on their new set, not on their new lives.

"I love you," Jared whispered, because he couldn't do without telling him. Jensen smiled, more honestly than he'd had since the letter, and turned his head to kiss the side of his palm.

"Right, guys, you take this," a black, silk scarf was trusted in Jared's hands by Paul, and any other directions the rigger might have wanted to hand out went lost as Jared stared down the item in his hands.

"Jay?"

"Jared?"

"*Jared?*"

"No."

He came back to the present with an abrupt bump. His fist tightened around the blindfold and he glared at Paul. "We're not using this."

Paul blinked at him, uncomprehendingly. "It's down in the script - you know the story -"

"Whatever, I don't care. We're not using this."

"Problem, guys?" Gabe asked, trotting over.

"Jay?" Jensen frowned up, his eyes worried. "Jay, what is it?"

"We're not using this," Jared growled again, clenching the blindfold in his hands, nausea swelling in his belly.

Both Gabe and Paul frowned, at a loss to understand Jared's sudden temper tantrum. Jensen was looking completely bemused. "It's in the script," Gabe started, unconsciously repeating Paul's point.

Jared looked up at them both, thunder in his eyes. "I said we are not fucking using it!" he screamed.

A stunned silence fell on the set. Jared never raised his voice when speaking to the crew, and he'd certainly never thrown anything remotely resembling such a furious hissy fit when Jensen had been on set with him. Gabe's eyes were the size of hubcaps, and he stood with his mouth hanging open. Paul's expression was remarkably similar.

Jensen had flinched from Jared's outburst, and after shooting him a horrified look, Jared tossed the blindfold down and turned to leave, muttering something about needing air.

Jensen struggled to stand, tugging at his bound wrists. "Paul, get me out of this. Now. Paul, get me out!" he hissed furiously, stilling only when the rigger rushed forwards. "Jay!"

Jared either didn't hear him or didn't listen. Paul seemed to understand the gravity of the situation because he undid Jensen faster than light, and handed him a robe as Jensen slipped off the bed and rushed over towards the exit.

Gabe looked stunned after them, then glanced at Paul with a bemused frown. "Am I missing anything here?"

"Jared," Jensen gasped, grabbing his knees as he halted in his run. "Jay."

Jared was sitting in the backyard behind the studio, wringing his hands as he looked down at the tips of his boots. The dreadlocks were shadowing his face, and for a moment Jensen was afraid to approach him - not because Jared would ever hurt him, but because he knew all about needing some space, and he felt bad that he couldn't give Jared that because of his own insecurities. He needed to know Jared wasn't mad at him, and what exactly was wrong. "Jay..?"

He heard him take a long breath, his knuckles white where he was gripping his hands. "I'm sorry," he whispered, voice small. "I didn't mean to yell."

"What? No, no, Jay, it's all right," Jensen soothed, touching Jared's cheek slightly. Jared took a shuddering breath, leaning in to Jensen's touch, shocking Jensen with the display of vulnerability. "What was all that about, huh?"

Jared tugged Jensen forward and latched on to him desperately, his fingers shaking. "How can you be okay with me doing these things to you?" he whispered brokenly. "How can you be okay with me tying you up and... after what they did?"

His broken sentences brought a frown to Jensen's face. Firmly, he pushed against Jared's chest until he was able to look him in the eye. "If you honestly think I can't tell the difference then what exactly have we been doing for the best part of a year?" There was something harsh in his voice that brought tears to Jared's eyes.

"Jen-" he whimpered, burying his head against Jensen's throat.

Jensen shook his head, confusion bright in his eyes. "Jay, come on, love. Where is this coming from?" he asked, even as understanding dawned on his face. "Is this about that letter? What, you think that one nut job wanting to see me on my knees makes anything we do together some twisted representation of his fantasy? Christ, Jay."

"I think that you have the right to be freaked out by blindfolds," Jared protested.

"But I am not!" Jensen said with a huff. "You are. And I want to know why. You've never had a problem with them before."

Jared cringed and mentally kicked himself. Of course, he shouldn't know. He shouldn't have a problem, because he shouldn't wake up in the middle of the night drenched in cold sweat, flashes of Jensen tied up, helpless, sightless in a middle of masked monsters, crying and calling his name. He shouldn't see Joe's body draped over Jensen's as he was gang-banged, unconscious and powerless to stop it. He shouldn't know any of this.

"Just..." he mumbled, holding him tighter. "I'm being stupid, I just - " he sighed, and decided for half of the truth. He owed Jensen that much. "Since Venice, sometimes I wonder about all the things you've been through, and how you always put on a brave face and get the job done, because you're just this kind of amazing, and I think... I'm thinking, what if I do something, what if I say something - and that letter, I never thought about blindfolds before, ever -" he looked up at Jensen again. "You wouldn't be freaked just for a nickname," he murmured quietly. "Some part of that letter scared you and it scared me, too."

Jensen opened and closed his mouth a few times, speechless, and Jared wondered if he was that bad of a liar.

"You - you never said anything," Jensen murmured, his voice failing on the last syllable.

Jared felt like the worst scum on Earth. "It's not a big deal. It just... crops up, and all that junk just irked me more than I thought, that's all."

"This really bothers you?" Jensen whispered softly, cupping Jared's jaw and looking him in the eye. Jared nodded, honestly and open. "Okay." He said, pressing his lips to Jared's sealing a silent promise. "We're

calling it a day."

"But-"

"-and I'mma talk to Francy tonight, okay?"

"About?" Jared asked, feeling six inches tall.

Jensen smiled at him gently. "About taking precautions, about keeping us both safe."

Jared said nothing about that. Any move Jensen made towards his own well being was a step in the right direction as far as he was concerned. He did however feel the need to question Jensen's decision to cancel shooting for the day. "We have a deadline to work with," he protested.

"Since I am financing this damn shoot, I think we can stretch to one more day." Jensen grinned, his thumb running along Jared's jaw. "But just so you don't get out of practice you might need to run lines with me tonight." Jared perked up considerably.

"I can do that." He laughed. Then, seriously, he buried his head against Jensen's throat. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

Jensen squeezed him tight. "Me too."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Jared countered, holding him tight. "Nothing at all."

Jensen bit his tongue. He wasn't going to say what was on his mind and upset Jared further, but he damn well knew this was all his fault. He kissed the top of his head, and Jared tightened his grip on the back of Jensen's robe.

"I'll call our driver, okay?" Jensen asked after a few seconds. Jared grip didn't relent, but he nodded against his chest before taking a slow, deep breath. "I'm sorry," he repeated, his voice small.

Jensen hated himself, but more than everything he hated that finely printed letter that had burned at the back of his eyes, hated *his voice*, oozing from the words on paper like droplets of poison.

"Don't be sorry," Jensen murmured, holding him tighter. "We get out of here now, okay? I'll call Francy as soon as we get home."

"Kay." Jared stood up, and for a man so tall and built it was impressive how he could manage to make himself look so incredibly small. He took Jensen's hand and pulled him closer again, pressing a kiss to his forehead. "I really am sorry."

"Jay, enough," Jensen said, but not unkindly. "We have worked hard, we can take a break." Jared nodded and turned back to the trailer, his head hanging like a whipped pup. With a broken sigh Jensen tightened his belt and tried to clear his head. Fixing on a smile was easy, and he managed to placate both Paul and Gabe, who were standing on the edge of the set like wives awaiting their husband's return from war. "It's fine, seriously," Jensen appeased. "We just need a time out."

Gabe wrung his hands together but agreed without question, still very aware that Jensen was essentially the man who hired him. Paul shook his head and promised to beat the truth out of them both tomorrow.

Leaving their director to break the news to the crew, Jensen jogged over to the trailer. Jared had stripped from his costume and Elle had removed his wild hair and makeup. He looked paler, more withdrawn, as he sat on the foot of the bed, and Jensen wondered where his bright bubbly, bombed out Jared had gone to. He'd not seen him in some time now.

The worry, the weight Jensen had put on his shoulders was slowly extinguishing the brilliant spark that had captured Jensen's heart, and the self hatred was strong as his eyes roamed over Jared's tight, hunched shoulders and dejected frown. "Hey," he whispered, snatching up his clothes and hastily dressing. "You good to go?"

Jared nodded. His eyes were red and suspiciously swollen, and Jensen's heart ached. "You want to order pizza?" he asked hesitantly. Ordering Pizza was code for watching a very trashy action movie and vegging on the couch. Jared's favorite evening vocation.

"That would be great," Jared smiled and stood up, rolling his shoulders as to get rid of a kink. "I just need to do something first."

Jensen frowned. "What is it?"

Jared squeezed his hand briefly before walking to the pile of yet unopened mail sitting on the vanity and scooped them up all in his arms, kicking the door to the trailer open and tossing everything in the trash. "It's not quite as melodramatic as a fire," he said, sounding regretful. He then lifted his eyes and gave Jensen the most brilliant smile he could muster. "But that'll do."

Jensen's throat tightened and he nodded briefly, unable to say anything. Jared pulled him into a hug and kissed his neck, then his cheek. "I'm sorry I've been so flaky today," he murmured. "I promise it won't happen again."

"No, hey," Jensen prodded his chest. "Nothing of that bullshit, okay? You weren't flaky."

"Right, and we're not closing house earlier because of me," he snorted, holding Jensen tighter. "It's fine baby. I'll just sleep over it. It's probably just some sick fuck. We'll call Francy later."

"Jay, come on now." Jensen shook his head. "Enough of this, okay?"

Jared kissed him and said nothing more, leaving Jensen to follow along sedately as they headed over to the pick up station. Gabe waved, his frown evident even from across the set. They'd never have gotten away with such behavior from Joe. Sometimes Jensen didn't blame him for wanting to give them a wide berth. They tended to drag drama in their wake.

As soon as they were home, Jared took the dogs out for a run down the beach, leaving Jensen to order pizza, and call Francesca.

He spoke to Raul first, who was very much on Jared's side of the fence. Francesca promised to tighten security at the set, and look into private security for the house, just in case. Simon had never been so obvious in his actions before, and she wanted to be careful. He didn't know what to say about Jared's little break down on set. He knew word would get back to her, but at the same time he was still reeling a little from the outburst.

"He needs some kind of emotional outlet, Jensen," she said warmly. "Just like you do. "

"I know, but I've never seen him like this Francy. He looks so hurt."

"It is hard to love someone, to want to support them through something, and be on the outside looking in. It doesn't mean he'll ever stop wanting to help, but every now and then he is bound to reach the point where everything seems a little insurmountable."

"Is that it?" Jensen said, desperation tingeing his voice. He instinctively found his bracelet and stroked a finger over the three gold threads. "Is that what's happened? It's insurmountable?"

"No, it isn't," Francy explained, sounding extremely kind. "I said 'seem', Jen. He's a very strong young man, but he's got empathy to spare, and that's always a bit harder."

Jensen fell down into his chair, running a distressed hand through his hair. "What am I doing to him, Francy?" he whispered, his eyes wet.

"You're letting him look after you, and love you. And you love him back. It's easy as that."

"It's not," Jensen countered, words breaking on the last syllable. "He shouldn't have to deal with this, it's

not his fault - it has nothing to do with him and I'm destroying him." He could feel his breath getting worked up, and cursed. Fuck. Not the right moment.

"Jensen. Stop trying to work yourself into a panic," Francesca snapped. "Don't make me come over there and smack you around the head. When you love someone you get affected by what they've gone through, what of life has made them what they are. It's how it should be, and really, you're not doing him a favor taking it away from him."

Jensen tried to keep breathing normally, even though it sounded a bit like he was wheezing. "But he's hurting."

"So are you."

Jensen was about to respond when an arm slid around his waist and he was pulled back against Jared's strong chest. Warm lips settled on his cheek before Jared eased the phone from his fingers and raised it to his ear. "You're gonna tighten things up?" he asked. Jensen didn't hear Francy's answer. Jared's thumb gently stroked his belly and he leaned back into the warmth of his embrace. "Yeah," Jared said, "Yeah, no worries." He hung up a moment later and settled his chin on Jensen's shoulder. "You gonna come outside with me?"

Jensen nodded and let Jared guide him onto the deck. The dogs, now fully grown and full of energy, chased each other on the sand, daring the water then shying away, the whole process on repeat.

Neither Jared nor Jensen said anything at all, content with the sounds of the ocean and of home as they curled up in the wickerwork deck chair, Jared's head pillowed on Jensen's lap. There wasn't much left to be said. Jensen knew how Jared felt, and his own feelings were certainly clear enough.

In lieu of conversation, they did what they did best; held each other close and appreciated all they had.

As Jared's breathing evened out, and his eyes fluttered closed, Jensen pondered all that he had been given, and all that he had lost. It seemed fitting that before Jared, his life had been empty and painful, and now it was full to bursting with comfort and love. It was a life of extremes, but it was his.

He pressed a kiss to Jared's ear and sat back to watch the sun set.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 28:

Meet the parents

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jensen has a plan for the perfect Thanksgiving, and it *will* go perfectly, even if he has to kill someone.

Warnings: Teeny tiny angst and an utter misuse of candy.

Scene One

Staring at the phone as if it might bite him, Jensen kept an ear open for any sounds of Jared moving upstairs. After half an hour on the deck, Jensen had prodded him awake and shoo'd him upstairs for a nap. Grumpy and half asleep, Jared had held onto Jensen like a favored teddy until he drifted off, and it had taken all of Jensen's talent and dexterity to untangle them both without waking him up. Though that did not mean he was not going to freak out at the smallest sign of movement coming from anywhere in the house. If Jared heard him everything would be shot to hell.

He could do this. It was a simple phone call. And after their trip to Italy he was positive Jared's parents had an idea of who he exactly was. How to introduce himself, though?

Hi, I'm Jensen Ackles, the award-winning pornstar your son is dating didn't sound catchy. Nevermind that Jared was also a porn star. It was just downright embarrassing and Jensen wasn't sure he had it in him.

Still he had to try. For Jared. He would do that for him, he would do anything.

He cleared his throat and fidgeted with his hands, fixing his cell phone with an apprehensive stare. Maybe he could leave out the porn star bit. Chances were that they knew already. Or if they didn't... well, Jensen didn't want to think about that.

He just needed to man up, grow some balls and call Jared's folks. He knew the number because Jared had written it down on the little blackboard they had in the kitchen, under 'Emergency numbers'.

What was the worst case scenario? He knew Jared had told his parents about him, so the awkward "who are you" question was already scratched. Maybe they would think he was rude for calling them that late? Maybe they thought it wasn't good manners to call your boyfriend's parents without being introduced first?

Harley looked up at him with his nose in the air and Jensen sighed. Right. Phone call.

Swallowing, he punched in the last number and waited, oddly proud of himself when he didn't hung up after the first ring.

"Hello!" A girl answered, the Texas in her voice taking him back to the rolling green hills behind his uncle's farm. She didn't sound old enough to be Jared's mom.

Hastily clearing his throat, Jensen crossed his fingers. "Uh, hi. Hi, my name is Jensen, I-"

He was saved from having to think of an awkward introduction by the sudden, deafening scream in his ear. "MOOOOOOOOOOOOM! JARED'S BOYFRIEND IS ON THE PHONE!"

Jensen's ear's were still ringing by the time he was passed over to another woman. "Hello?"

Jensen scratched the back of his neck. Now that was better. She sounded sweet and calm, just like he imagined. "Um, hello Mrs Padalecki, I know it's late where you are, I didn't wake you, did I?"

Jared's mom laughed in a way that sounded so much like her son. "Lord no, we don't get all that much sleep during football season. It's so good to hear from you, Jensen. Jared has told us so much about you." Not too much, he hoped. She paused then, "Jared is alright, isn't he?"

Jensen heard the worry in her voice and cringed. "Yes, ma'am. He's just napping."

She laughed again. "I see. Well, what can I do for you, Jensen?" She sounded business like, as if they were discussing the sports.

"Well... I - we're working - I mean, we're... uh.." He stuttered and fell silent, blushing to the roots of his hair. "I - what I meant to say is, um, we won't have much time - I know - I know Jared wanted to come home for Thanksgiving but we're a little tight on schedule and even though he said it's all right and we could just stay on our own, I know he'd miss you - I mean, he misses you all, so I was-" he swallowed, not knowing if Jared's mom's silence was a good sign or not. "I was wondering if you wanted to come up to LA and spend Thanksgiving with him?"

"You mean with you?"

Jensen cringed. "Yes - uh. Yeah. At our place. We have a pretty big house, you know, it's by the sea and everything, you could stay here, you wouldn't -" he knew he was babbling, and he didn't really care. He so desperately wanted Jared's family to show up for Thanksgiving, and maybe a tiny part of him needed the reassurance that they really did approve of his and Jared's relationship.

"Jensen, dear, stop," Mrs. Padalecki laughed. "I wanted to wait and see if you included yourself in the invite. You're just adorable. Of course we'll show up. It's such a sweet thing of you to ask." Jensen spluttered a little, and Jared's mom chuckled. "You just tell me what to bring."

"No, no no, nothing. It's fine. I have that covered," Jensen said, horrified at the very idea.

"Don't be silly! You can't possibly do everything by yourself!"

"I have an Italian!" Jensen blurted. "I mean, an Italian friend. She taught me how to feed the five thousand. I think I can maybe handle feeding five Padalecki's."

Mrs Padalecki chuckled. "Famous last words, dear. Alright then, if you insist. I am bringing pie, though."

"Yes, ma'am." The floorboards creaked as Jared left the bedroom. "I have to go. Don't tell Jared!" he said, dropping his voice into a loud whisper.

"Our secret." Mrs Padalecki laughed, sounding just like her son. "I look forward to meeting you."

Jensen squeaked and conveyed his own polite thoughts on the matter, hanging up with a promise to email them directions to the house.

Jared's feet hit the hall floor just as Jensen put the phone down. "What are you up to?" he asked, eyeing Jensen suspiciously. Jensen might as well have written 'guilty' on his forehead in red ink.

"Nothing," he rushed, kissing Jared on the tip of his nose. "You still up for pizza?"

Jared smiled tiredly and nodded. "Sure."

He took a seat on the couch and was fast asleep by the time their delivery arrived.

Chris swallowed at the carving knife Jensen had in hand and nodded rapidly. "I mean it, Christian!" Jensen threatened, "One word and I'll be stuffing the turkey with *you*!" Steve sniggered then looked serious as Jensen leveled him with a glare. "I don't care how you do it, I don't care who you have to mug, lie to or kill, you keep him out of this house until eight or so help me god I will use your dismembered head as a set

dressing."

Chris nodded, his eyes wide and fixed on the knife. "Okay."

Jensen's phone rang. He snatched it up and answered, switching to Italian and leaving Chris and Steve sharing looks of equal fear and amusement. Jared had always said that Jensen was like a Hannibal preparing for battle whenever he was in charge of preparing a large meal, but this... forget kick ass general of old, Jensen was more like Hannibal *Lecter*.

He hung up. "Okay, Raul is bringing the food over now. Jared gets out of physio in fifty minutes. You tell him the network called me in to look at some figures, and I will be locked in an office with Francy and Cole Hamilton all day. Got that?"

"Figures, Francy, Cole. Check."

"Keep him away until eight pm *sharp*," he waved the knife threateningly again. "Not a minute late."

"Duly noted," Steve humored him amiably and took Chris' hand, waving at Jensen behind his shoulder. "We'll bring him back at eight."

"Sharp!" Jensen repeated, waving the knife.

"I bet it is," Chris muttered, taking half a step back in alarm. "Bye!" he hastily called as he dragged Steve out of the door.

Steve laughed and winked at Jensen. "Don't worry, we'll have him be here."

Jensen wiped at his face with the back of his hand once they were out of the door. Brine was the word of the day.

He could fucking do it. He'd knocked Jared out with two blowjobs deserving of an outstanding award each the night before just so he could fucking -- well, it was a bad pun. Just so he could start his slow turkey work. Twelve hours, they said. Eight will have to do, plus Francy always said recipes were overrated. He eyed the pale pink turkey sitting in the middle of the table, apprehension and resolution vying for space at the forefront of his thoughts. Would that be all right? Did he stuff it too much? Would it be too spicy? What if Francy had messed up -- he could hear the Culinary gods of De Medici rolling in their graves -- and the brining hours weren't enough? She was Italian after all, what the hell did an Italian know about American holidays?

It had been a lifetime since he'd celebrated it, and thinking about his own family brought tears to his eyes. It was stupid, but he'd been crying on and off like a woman with the worst PMS of the goddam year since he'd spoken to Jared's mom on the phone. Her laughter, her teasing, her immediate acceptance tasted bittersweet, and hurt in places and thoughts Jensen didn't think he still had anymore.

The worrying thing was, Jared hadn't noticed.

Normally Jensen was cursing Jared's overly honed observation skills, but for the past few days he'd been positively oblivious to everything if it wasn't sitting directly under his nose. It had helped Jensen with his evil schemes, but left him in a state of hyperactive concern. Jared had passed it off as the usual - headache, tiredness, stress - and Jensen had been loath to push him after Jared had always been so patient with him.

Seeing his family would be good for him, Jensen was sure. Which is why everything had to go perfectly.

Raul arrived with the last of the food - things he couldn't have hid from Jared even if he had tried- and made a hasty escape as Jensen battled with the temperatures on the oven.

He chopped vegetables until his wrists were sore, and basted enough potatoes to overrun Ireland. He made punch, chilled beer, wine and soda, and made an enormous fruit salad. The pie was covered, so as the turkey cooked, Jensen made cranberry sauce, bread sauce and winter berry jelly. He roasted

chestnuts, dipped mandarins in dark chocolate and set them to chill, and by the time seven had arrived, had chased Sadie and Harley out of the kitchen eleven times.

The turkey was well on the way, and the vegetables roasting nicely. Locking the dogs out on the beach, Jensen took a record fast shower and dressed in a pair of grey chinos and a dark blue shirt, his hair still damp as he rushed back downstairs and began setting the table and laying out the side dishes.

He refused to change outfit. Changing too many times would just increase the tight knot of tension that had taken hold of his stomach. He doubted very much that anything he owned in his personal closet would underline "I AM A PORN STAR", but still he wanted to be safe. The crystal dicks that Jared insisted they put on display -merely to tease Chris and make Francy proud- had been put away. Their personal works were in their room, locked. There was no chance Jared's parents could find a half squashed packet of lube or the forgotten blueberry flavored condom box.

Everything needed to be perfect.

He was halfway through lighting up the midnight blue candles in the middle of the table when the doorbell rang and Harley and Sadie started barking like mad, scratching at the back door to try and get back in. Jensen didn't have the heart to leave them out, so he opened the door for them and nearly broke his neck as they sped past him to woof at the entrance door. He heard laughter from the other side, which heartened him slightly, and tried to compose himself before walking up to meet Jared's parents.

Oh god. Meeting Jared's parents.

He pulled the door back, trying to restrain Harley and Sadie at the same time. "Good evening," he panted, effort getting the best of him. "Sadie, stay put! Down, girl, c'mon."

Jared's father was a carbon copy of Jared himself. Only taller, and older, obviously, his nose crooked as if he'd broken it in more than one occasion. He had soft brown eyes, and dimples that showed up when he smiled wide, just like right then. "Hello, Jensen. Pleasure to meet you, finally."

Whilst Jensen wrestled with Sadie, Harley took a sniff at the newcomer who looked so much like his Jared and puffed in confusion.

"Pleasure to meet you too, Mr. Padalecki - Harley, don't even think about it!" Harley turned big, soulful eyes on Jensen before looking back at Jared's dad.

"They are adorable!" Jared's sister looked more like her mom, but she had the same twinkling eyes and dimpled smile as her brother. Megan ducked low to pet Harley, who was easily won over by any affection. When she looked up to greet Jensen, she went bright pink and squeaked.

"Hi." Jensen stammered, releasing Sadie's collar once she was suitably calmed down. Jared's mom took the chance to pull him into a hug.

"It's so good to finally met you, dear! Honestly, we'd begun to think that Jared was keeping you locked away!"

Jensen couldn't help but laugh at that. "It's good to meet you too, Mrs Padalecki. And thank you, for coming all this way. Jay's gonna be thrilled."

"Sherri," she scolded gently.

"Jerry," Jared's dad grinned widely.

They both turned and waited for Megan to introduce herself.

She simply clung on to Harley and stared.

"And Megan, our youngest." Sherri rolled her eyes slightly. "Jeff sends his love, but it was his turn to spend Thanksgiving with his wife's side of the family."

Jensen welcomed them in, blushing furiously as Jerry nodded in appreciation at the house, and Sherri gushed. Jensen's ringing cell phone saved him from having to stammer out a response to the praises, and he gave his apologies before answering.

"*What are you up to?*" Jared sounded grumpy, as he always was after seeing the physio. "Chris is the worst liar and Steve is practically fucking bouncing."

"Who says I am up to anything?" Jensen said innocently, drawing a hastily muffled giggle from Megan, and matching smiles from Jared's parents.

"I've been dragged around every damn inch of LA."

"And that is my fault?"

"I want to come home!" Jared whined, much like a toddler denied his nap. "Tell them I can come home. And then I'll want an explanation."

Jensen tried not to laugh. "Okay, okay. Tell them you can come home now."

"Thank god!" Jared exclaimed fervently. "He said I can go," he said petulantly at, Jensen imagined, Chris and Steve by his side. He could hear the 'so there' as clear as Jared had uttered it.

"Thank them for me," Jensen teased. "I'll see you soon."

Jared grumbled, but did whisper "love you," before hanging up, and Jensen's stomach tripped, heart twanging like a giant elastic band in his chest.

How were they supposed to behave around his parents? What was he going to do? What if he fucked up, what if he was too affectionate and Jared's parents decided he was being sleazy?

"He'll - he'll be back soon," he managed to say as he walked back into the dining room, looking at the table set for five and trying very hard to avoid Mr. and Mrs. Padalecki's eyes. Megan was still flushed and stealing sideways glances, and Jensen didn't really know if that made him want to squirm with embarrassment or flee in terror.

"You have a beautiful home, Jensen." Sherri smiled, "and I think you have put me to shame in the cooking department."

Jensen blushed, then froze. The turkey!

With a hastily muffled curse, Jensen legged it to the kitchen, just in time to save the turkey from incineration.

He had just finished dishing the main course out onto a huge platter Francesca had loaned him when Jared's key turned in the front door. "Jen, you better have a damn good reason for setting the terrible twosome on me all day!" He called from the hall, Sadie and Harley tearing after him in search of petting and dog biscuits Jared carried in his pockets.

Jerry, Sherri and Megan all took their places in the dinning room as Jensen hastily wiped his hands on a cloth and headed out to intercept his grumpy boyfriend before Jared said something that would potentially embarrass them both.

Jared was wearing a deep scowl and Jensen's belly tightened. He never knew what to do with himself when Jared was in one of those moods. They were so rare that they always took him by surprise. "Hey." He welcomed Jared home with a gentle kiss, swatting at his hands when they curled over his ass.

Jared groaned against his lips. "Don't be mean, baby. I deserve major awesome sex after all that window shopping Chris made me do."

"I have something better than sex," Jensen swore, taking Jared's hand and leading him into the house.

"Nothing is better than sex, and have you been cooking?" He sniffed at the air curiously.

"I have," Jensen admitted with a small smile. "You don't remember what day it is, do you?"

Jared's face fell. "What day is it?" Jensen could almost see Jared crumble, racking his brains for whatever occasion he might have forgotten, and he mentally kicked himself.

"Nothing about the two of us," he hastened to say. "Not specifically, at least."

Jared frowned again, tugging at his hand. "What is it then?"

Jensen swallowed. What if Jared didn't like the surprise? What if he thought Jensen was way out of line to arrange a Thanksgiving dinner without informing him? "C'mon," he added, leading him through the dining room.

"Surprise!" Megan yelled as she stood, apparently unable to contain herself. She rushed up to them and threw her arms around Jared's neck. "Hello there, big brother! I *missed* you!"

Jensen stepped back and smiled, nervous butterflies raging in his belly. Jared was so stunned he mechanically put his arms around Megan, and it was a few seconds before he squeezed her back just as strongly, face buried in her long auburn hair.

"What - why are you here?"

Megan snorted. "We love you too, JT." She mocked. "Happy Thanksgiving, moron!"

Jared blinked, his brow furrowed. "Huh?"

Jerry held back and let his youngest son get smoothed by the two women in his life. Jared practically sank into his mom's hug, clinging to her tightly. It was almost comical - both Megan and Sherri were tall and reed thin, possessing the Padalecki height, but lacking the bulk that balanced it out. Jared practically swamped them both with one of his hugs.

Jensen stayed on the sidelines as Jared finally got a hug from his dad, something twanging in his chest at the happy, easy way Jerry just accepted Jared and everything he was.

It was clear that his surprise was a hit, if the way Jared was alternating between laughing, smiling and crying was any indication.

Jensen stepped on the sidelines, content with watching Jared as he was swapped between his mom and dad, a twang of melancholy stabbing at him. He knew Jared had been under too much strain lately, most of it because of him, and he was delighted he could finally be in the position to give something back.

Jared disentangled himself from his momma's arms and turned towards Jensen, eyes misted over and dark lashes clumped with unshed tears. "You," he whispered, stalking closer. "You sneaky, sneaky bastard."

He lifted Jensen off his feet, spinning him once across the room, holding him tight enough to take Jensen's breath away. Jensen laughed, clinging on for dear life, clamping his knees around Jared's waist for fear of knocking over some ornament.

"I fucking love you," Jared said roughly as he put him down, his eyes burning bright like summer stars. Jensen licked his lips, fidgeting in the embrace, and gave him a tentative smile as he whispered, "Me too," back at him.

Jared cupped Jensen's cheek and sealed their mouths together, the kiss hot, passionate, certainly *not* the type of kiss one would indulge in when in front of his parents. Jensen went redder than he remembered being in quite a few years, but he didn't pull back, not until Jared did, kissing the tip of his nose before drawing him into a hug again.

"I love you," Jared murmured, stroking his cheek with the back of his hand. "I'm sorry - I didn't - I'll make it up to you," he swore, kissing his forehead.

"You don't - have to do anything," Jensen muttered, flustered to the roots of his hair.

Jared's stubble rough cheek was warm against Jensen's and he smiled. "This is... thank you."

Jensen blushed. "I just want you to be happy," he whispered back, too low for the words to be overheard.

"I am, baby. You have no idea."

Jensen felt his ears burn and looked up shyly to meet Sherri's knowing smile. "Food?" he ventured.

Jared beamed. "Food!"

He was jerked back as he aimed for the kitchen. "Change," Jensen countered. "You are not sitting down to eat in the same clothes you wore while out with Christian. I know the sort of places he likes to go."

Jared sniggered and obediently bounded off in search of fresh clothes. Returning in record time, he wrapped his arms around Jensen's belly and made a nuisance of himself as they set out the last of the food. "I love you." He sighed happily, eyes following the mounds of roast potatoes as his father carried them across the room. "Did I mention that?" he asked, "Because I do. Totally."

"Of course you do," Jensen said dryly. "Even more when I feed you."

Jared hid his grin in Jensen's nape. "Guilty as charged." He nuzzled the back of his neck, his hands stroking Jensen's hips lightly. Jensen blushed and didn't dare look up at Sherri. He knew he and Jared were really affectionate, to put it mildly - they couldn't keep their hands off each other. At first Jensen had felt weird, especially in public, and now he couldn't live without it.

Still, those were Jared's *parents*. It was Thanksgiving and there was Jared's sister eyeing him weirdly, and Jensen wasn't quite freaking out, even though he wasn't far from it. He needed to keep his cool. So far, so good. They were happy, Jared was happy, and Jensen was consequentially happy. Megan still looked at him like he was the last chocolate bar on earth, but he'd worry about that later. One thing at a time.

"So shall we - I mean, we can start," he stuttered, nodding to the amount of food showing proudly in the middle of the table.

"I'm all for it," Jerry said with a big grin, pulling the chair back for his wife. Jensen nearly died of embarrassment when Jared, without a second thought, did the same for him. Sherri giggled behind her hand and Jensen felt like sinking into the earth.

"Jay?" He stuttered, handing Jared the carving knife. Jared grinned and looked at the knife with a playful grin that made Megan laugh. He was armed... a scary notion.

They all said Grace before Jared took the turkey apart with a considerably skilled hand, serving first his mom, and then his sister, before Jensen, and finally his dad and himself. The praises for the food flew thick and fast, and between blushing and eating, Jensen said very little over the course of the meal, content to listen to Jared and Megan bicker, and Jerry tell stories of all the chaotic things Jared had done as a kid.

"He didn't," Jensen choked, taking a long sip of water and staring at Jared in shock.

"Oh, he did," Jerry chortled, finding amusement in the way Jared blushed beat red.

Jensen stared at him, stunned. "You blew up your chem lab?"

"Twice," Sherri amended. "At two different schools."

"Accident." Jared mumbled. "Not my fault." He looked at Jensen with such an innocent expression, Jensen almost believed him.

"Uh huh."

"I didn't mean to."

"Just as you didn't mean to teach Meg to do the same," Sherri interjected with a grin.

Jensen laughed and turned to Jared's sister. "You didn't blow up the lab too, did you?"

Megan looked at him, speechless, a weird, pinkish tint to her cheeks, and knocked over her water glass as she was reaching for it. Jensen looked puzzled at Jared, but Jared was trying too hard not to bust a rib cackling silently and was of little help.

Flustered, Megan reset the glass down and pushed her hair behind her ear with her eyes downcast. Sherri smiled and winked at Jensen, mouthing "girlcrush", and Jensen spluttered and pushed his chair back to go attend the stove.

"You boys have settled yourself down well," Jerry said amiably. "I love this place."

"Jensen picked it," Jared said with enthusiasm. "Chris and Steve went all Makeover on it while we were - working, in Hawaii."

"Working and Hawaii should never be in the same sentence," his father said with a loud fake groan. Jensen blushed, thinking back on their shoot, the half-holiday there and, consequentially, the AMAs. He nearly burnt a finger as he was taking off the tray of potatoes to carry to the table, while Jerry and Jared bantered about why Jared always paraded that he worked his ass off - Jensen nearly choked on his tongue on that one - while he was off to exotic locations. Megan had lost her pink tinge and had a devilish, little-sister look in her brown eyes, and Jensen sagely decided to switch topics before she could bring up anything awkward. Yes, Jared's parents were awesome, but that didn't mean Jensen felt comfortable discussing his job with either of them.

Turning to the family's plans for the Christmas vacation, Jensen ran headfirst into another awkward conversation when Sherri innocently suggested that Jensen's parents join them all for the holiday.

Jared choked on a carrot, and Jensen looked away before schooling his expression. "Not all parents are as accepting of their children as you both are." He said calmly, oddly proud of himself for the way he spoke without sounding pathetic.

Jared squeezed his hand under the table, and Sherri diplomatically shifted the conversation once more.

They moved on to desert and coffee. Jensen brought out two steaming pies, one pumpkin, the other pecan, and blushed furiously as Jared professed his undying love in long, eloquent sentences - all with his mouthful of pie, until his mother scolded him.

"At least we don't have to worry about Jared starving," Jerry said dryly, taking his second piece of pecan pie. "My compliments to the chef. Where did you learn how to cook like this?"

Jared grinned, "He has Martha Stewart on speed dial."

After desert, they moved to the deck, letting the food settle before breaking out silly party games. Jared cleaned them all out at cards, and Jensen won back the chocolate coins they had used in Charades, only for Megan to leave all the adults nursing wounded prides after a round of Monopoly.

It was fun, it was easy and *wonderful*. Jared laughed more freely than he had had in weeks, and Jensen felt stupid tears spring to his eyes every time Jared's parents complimented him, or them, or generally showed their approval and support for the lives they were leading. The dreaded 'porn' topic hadn't yet surfaced, and Jensen had good hopes that it never would. Both Sherri and her husband seemed at ease and tactful enough not to ask - Jensen could hardly believe that.

Yet it was happening. He could now see how Jared had shaped himself to grow into the person Jensen loved, he could see it in Sherri's kindness and Jerry's sense of humor.

"Will you be able to get a couple of weeks? The whole family gets together for New Year's, and I could use a capable hand in the kitchen," Sherri said, grinning warmly at Jensen. Jensen flushed and tentatively looked round at Jared to gather his thoughts on the matter - they hadn't really talked about the holidays yet, but technically, they were on their own schedule with the channel.

"Sure," Jared smiled, pulling Jensen in against his side, arm thrown carelessly around his shoulders. "And I'll stick around to sample, just in case any of you mess up."

"Fat chance," Jensen shot back, poking him in the ribs.

Jared grinned easily and tugged Jensen closer to his side, at ease with the way they fit together so perfectly. Jensen blushed red under Sherri's inquiring gaze. "I'd be honored, if it wasn't too much trouble..."

Jerry snorted. "Hardly. You'll be doing my poor wife a favor." Sherri smacked her arm playfully. "We Padalecki men have big appetites," he joked.

"I've noticed," Jensen said dryly. Jared grinned and kissed his cheek.

"You'd only get bored if you didn't have to plan around my stomach," he teased with a leer. "Besides, Jeff is way worse than I am."

Sherri and Jerry both nodded. "He is." Sherri looked slightly sympathetic. "I think my boys were born with hollow legs."

Jensen choked on his wine and Jared sniggered behind his hand. Using the excuse of making hot drinks, Jensen slid from under Jared's arm and regained his composure. Jared had hollow legs alright. Some might say he had *three* of them.

He made Irish coffee and hot cocoa, carrying the tray into the sitting room and placing it down on the coffee table.

Sherri beamed when handed a mug of steaming coffee and shot Jared a stern frown. "You better not be taking advantage of Jensen, JT!" She scolded. "He spoils you."

Jared looked affronted. "I'm not taking advantage of him!"

"Prove it!" Megan said, rather smugly, one of the very first times Jensen had heard her speak without being prompted.

Jared blinked at her. "Prove what?"

"Prove that you're not taking advantage of - Jensen," she finished, blushing a little when he said the name. Jared hid his grin behind the rim of his cup. He let his hand drop and curl around Jensen's wrist, presenting it proudly to the audience with a beaming smile.

"I don't see any ring," Sherri said, her eyes narrowing. Jensen choked again, and Jared had to pat hard on his back to try and help him get his breathing in check. "It's not a ring. It's a bracelet."

"Oh, I see," Jared's dad said, hopping on the armchair excitedly. "It's one of those threeway bracelets, isn't it?"

"Aw, that's beautiful, honey," Sherri said, smiling at them as she took Jensen's hand for inspection.

"Th-thank you," Jensen stammered, his cheeks flushed bright tomato red.

"See, I'm not a taker," Jared said with a satisfied smile as he settled back in the cushions of the couch.

"My son," Jerry said, behaving as maturely as Jared ever did, "All grown up and in love."

"Dad!" Jared protested, flushing red to match Jensen's cheeks.

"It's adorable." Sherri reassured him.

Jared's feathers ruffled. "Not adorable. Manly. Very manly." He said gruffly, in his best caveman voice. "Aren't I, baby?" he asked Jensen, who had perched back on the arm of the couch, Sadie resting her head against his leg.

"You call me 'baby' and expect to come across as manly?" His eyebrow arched in question, a soft, gentle smile on his lips.

Jared nodded enthusiastically. "He-heck yes! It's a special talent," he nodded.

"Oh, you're special, alright," Megan muttered.

Jared threw a cushion at her. "Brat."

She dodged, retaliating. "Freak."

"Doofus!"

Sherri opened her mouth to scold them both, but Jensen got there first. "Jared." He growled. "You remember who bought us that cushion?"

Jared looked down at the plush Italian design and hastily set it back down on the couch.

Sherri cocked her head to the side. "Who did?"

Jensen sniggered as Jared's back went ramrod straight. "Our agent," he answered for them both. "Francesca Solari. She's Italian -"

"She's Jensen's stepmother," Jared cut in, eyeing the cushion as if it might come alive and eat him. "And you don't want to say she's Italian. They'll get the wrong impression. They'll think she's a nice lady who cooks pizza and sings."

Jerry snorted. "Cooks pizza and sings?"

Jared shook his head, "No. Think more of a Godfather setting. Godmother, actually."

Jensen threw his head back and laughed, "Oh, I'm so going to tell her you said that."

Jared looked aghast. "I thought you loved me?"

Sherri looked thoughtful, sharing a look with her husband before offering, "Invite her and her..."

"Raul," Jensen provided.

"...Raul. Invite them both to New Year as well! The more the merrier."

Jensen giggled. "That is very generous of you, but Francy isn't really a-"

"-Chrstitmasy person," Jared hastily added. "She is the Grinch. With breasts and a wall full of muskets."

"I'm sure she'd love to." Jensen said, glaring at Jared from his perch on the couch arm. "But they are probably going to be spending it with Gabe and Cristina."

The offer was left open, and the conversation shifted to Texan news before Megan's yawning prompted Jared to lead her up to one of the guest rooms. Jensen had already changed the sheets and set them up with clean towels and toiletries. Jared smiled and shook his head before hugging his little sister goodnight.

Jensen had really thought of everything.

By the time he was back downstairs, his mom and dad were ready to turn in themselves. The busy day, the long trip, and Jensen's cooking had worn them out.

"Goodnight, kids," Sherri said, kissing both him and Jensen on the cheek. "We'll like a bit of a sleep in if you don't have anywhere else to be tomorrow and we won't be of too much trouble-

"You won't," Jensen assured quickly, smiling at them. Jerry clasped Jared on his back and shook Jensen's hand again before turning in after his wife.

That left Jared and Jensen alone for the very first time since Jared had walked in after his kidnapping by Steve and Chris.

Scene Two

Jensen swallowed and looked up in his eyes, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "I - I really like your family," he stutters, hating the insecure way the words tumble out.

"They are *in love* with you," Jared whispered, pulling him in for a tight hug. "But not as much as I am."

Jensen let go of a breath and burrowed his nose in the crook of Jared's neck. "They're amazing," he murmured, clinging a little at Jared's shirt.

"They're insane."

"That too."

"Megan wants you. I'm going to have to kill her in her sleep."

Jensen choked on a laugh and swatted his ass. "Behave. She's a schoolgirl."

"She's my *little sister*. Pure as the driven snow and not allowed to have sexual thoughts about my boyfriend!"

"I'm just special that way," Jensen teased, resting his head on Jared's shoulder. There was no hint of anything self depreciating in his voice, but Jared fought the urge to tense up none the less.

"I love you so much," Jared whispered, cupping his hand over the back of Jensen's skull. "Thank you for this."

Jensen sighed against him. "I wanted you to be able to spend the day with your family."

"I know, baby. But so long as you're here, I'd be happy," Jared whispered. "You're all I need."

Jared had to loosen his hold as Jensen took a step back and looked him in the eye. "You need more than that, Jay."

Jared would have none of it. He shook his head. "I need you, baby. That's all. But this? This is just one of the reasons why I love you so fucking much."

There was too much heat in Jared's eyes for Jensen to stand. He looked away and grinned softly. "Because I feed your parents?"

"Because you went to all this trouble for me."

Jensen shrugged. "It was no trouble," he whispered, although his face did heat up. Jared tipped his chin up and smiled at him.

"Like you didn't sweat like a slave in the kitchen at odd hours for a week before they got here."

Jensen fidgeted and gave him a sheepish grin. "So what? I wanted to make something for you, for a change."

Jared sighed and shook his head. "I won't get through that thick skull of yours, will I?" He rested his hands atop of Jensen's shoulders, caressing softly. They were still speaking in whispers for fear that Jared's parents would overhear, even though the walls were sturdy thick.

"I could be any fucking where in the world, with a billion people, and still wouldn't turn my head if you weren't there. You make everything, even a stupid family holiday like this like the best day in the world. I wouldn't have been half as happy if you weren't here with me."

Jensen hid his face in Jared's chest to try and not let him see the stupidly wide grin on his lips. "You should get in business with Hallmark," he joked, even though he knew Jared could see right through this one. "I just wanted you to have your family day..."

"We did have it. Together," Jared brushed his fingers through Jensen's hair and nudged at his forehead with his chin. "Your parents don't have a clue baby," he murmured then, holding him tight over his heart. "They don't know what they're missing out on."

"I don't need them." Jensen whispered, his voice rough and soft against Jared's chest. "I have you."

Jared dropped a kiss to his head. "Looks like we are both pretty well set up then, no?"

Jensen smiled, bright and honest, and nodded. The soft adoration in his eyes was enough to reflect the way he saw Jared to the whole world. Jared leaned in and kissed him softly. He let Jensen order him around with the clean up, loading the dishes into the washer, and scrubbing those that needed hands on attention.

He put his foot down before Jensen could start preparing anything for the following day. "No. No more cooking," he scolded, snatching up the boxes Jensen set out and replacing them in the cupboards.

"But-"

"No buts!" Jared said sternly. "I can think of far more suitable things to do with the night than baking." Jensen raised a questioning brow as Jared stepped behind him, hemming him up against the counter and pressing kisses to his throat. "Far, far more suitable."

Jensen moaned and squirmed as Jared's hands slid under his sweater. "Jay, no."

"Why?" Jared grinned, kissing his cheek.

"Because - because your parents!" Jensen spluttered, trying to push him away. "Bad Jared. Down. No nookie."

Jared giggled, nosing the hollow of Jensen's throat and peppering it with kisses. "I just want to thank you."

"You did that - already," Jensen panted, hating that Jared knew all of his buttons and was determinately lapping at the curve of his neck and collarbone, the tips of his fingers drawing circles over the small of his back.

"I want to do it the proper way," Jared murmured, settling himself between Jensen's legs and sliding his hands down and up again, barely brushing the waistband of Jensen's trousers.

"Jared - your *family* - dear god, your *sister*!" Jensen bit his lip and gasped silently, Jared's mouth tracing a swathe around his neck and over his nape, sucking kisses into the skin. "They're not even asleep yet."

Jared smiled over his shoulder. He slid his fingers inside Jensen's pants, slowly circling his waist until the tips curled into the happy trail below Jensen's stomach. "Then we'll have to be very quiet."

"Jared, we can't... god." Jared knew him too well. Jensen had never been with anyone who knew all of his weak spots the way Jared did. He followed Jared's lead, stumbling over his own feet as he was backed up the stairs. Jared's lips were over his, stealing the soft sounds of pleasure, and the grunt of pain he made as he banged his hip on the handrail.

Once they reached the upstairs landing, Jared gave up trying to steer the action, and Jensen bit down on a surprised yelp as he was hauled up into Jared's arms, the small flight of stairs to their bedroom navigated more easily with Jared in the lead.

The bed was made with fresh sheets and cut flowers in the vase besides the bed. The curtains were open, and the stars shone in through the glass. It was a beautiful scene, Jensen thought absently, but he could barely tear his eyes from Jared, dark above him as he pressed Jensen down onto the bed.

He lost his sweater and jeans to Jared's nimble hands, tugging off his boxers as Jared stood and stripped from his own clothes. He grinned down at Jensen with a lopsided twist of his lips. "I thought we weren't doing this?" he teased.

Jensen scowled and crossed his legs. "Well, if you don't want to..."

Jared's laughter was soft and low in his ear. He sounded so much like the kid Jensen had met, the boy with none of Jensen's baggage on his shoulders. "Aw, baby, don't be like that." He breathed, kneeling down over Jensen's hips and pressing him against the bed with kisses.

Jensen squirmed and gasped, audibly so, and immediately slapped one hand over his mouth, shooting the door a terrified look. Jared chuckled again and nibbled at the fingers covering Jensen's lips. "The door will hold," he mumbled, sliding his hands down Jensen's sides and over his thighs, slowly spreading his legs open and *looking*. For some reason that made Jensen heat up all over, and it was really sort of embarrassing because dear *Christ*, it's not like Jared had never seen him before - Jared or many others, for that matter. But the way he was *staring*, as if transfixed, awed, fire smoldering the hazel in his eyes, it made Jensen incredibly self-aware, tingles running all over his body.

"Stop that," he mumbled, trying to swat Jared's hands away, his face on fire. Jared looked up, licking his lips, and Jensen bit back a whimper.

"So fucking gorgeous," Jared murmured, leaning over to steal a kiss out of him, his palms spreading wide over Jensen's inner thighs. "Fuck, could look at you forever."

Jensen didn't answer, but blushed harder, tentatively nibbling Jared's lower lip to try and stop him from talking.

Shifting to rest between Jensen's thighs, Jared leaned his weight forward and curled his hand behind Jensen's neck for a slow, tender kiss.

"You wanna play with me, Jen?" he whispered, breath hot and blistering over Jensen's lips.

Jensen's breath caught. "What did you have in mind?" He arched against Jared's chest, the studs in his nipples brushing against Jared's skin.

"Promise you'll enjoy it." Jared smiled, reaching between their bodies to tweak one of the studs between his thumb and forefinger. "You know my momma thinks you're such a *good* boy." He ducked low and sucked the opposite nipple into his mouth.

"No-god-no talking about your mom!" Jensen squirmed. He'd been nervous about getting the studs to begin

with, only really picking up on the idea after one of the writers jokingly pointed out how odd it was that Jensen's character, with all his piercings, had nothing more intimate. Elle had offered to work something in with glue, but knowing how much Jared tended to abuse his nipples in a scene, Jensen figured he'd be better off with the real thing.

Jared sure as hell approved.

He sucked and tweaked until Jensen was squirming and breathless, his fist caught between his teeth to stifle his moans.

They shifted, and Jensen's cock brushed Jared's belly, hard and weeping. The shock of electricity that went down Jensen's spine at the contact made his breath catch, teeth sinking in his own knuckles as he tried not to make any noise. God, it was way harder than he could've imagined - he wasn't exactly encouraged to be silent, not on set and most certainly not at home. He would never have imagined how turned on that got him, but there he was, getting his nipples played like a twink and trying to be quiet so as not to wake the parents in the other room. His cock bobbed excitedly, leaking against Jared's muscled abs as Jared exchanged nipples again before trailing his tongue down the center line of his chest.

"I got something fun," Jared murmured, nibbling at Jensen's navel with a wicked gleam in his eyes. "Got it from Elle."

"Oh god," Jensen moaned, then bit the inside of his cheek, turning his head to smother his pants against his bicep.

"I think I'm going to like it a lot." Jared sounded like a kid in a candy store, giddy and elated. "Close your eyes baby."

Jensen obediently sank back against the bedding, his eyes closed, and waited as Jared climbed off the bed. He peeked as the mattress dipped again. Jared smacked the inside of his thigh playfully. "No peeking!"

"But-"

Jared stole Jensen's excuse with a kiss.

"No buts, baby," Jared scolded. "Just relax."

Jensen felt Jared's warm fingers on his hip a minute before they wrapped around his cock. There was not enough warning for Jensen to smother his moan, and Jared chuckled evilly above him.

"You know, you look like some kid having sex for the first time," he teased. "Not wanting mom and dad to hear you."

The words hit a little close to target, and Jensen's breath caught.

"But it's worse than that, isn't it, cos you're not foolin' around with some chick, all fumbly fingers and thumbs. You're gonna let your boyfriend fuck you, right where they can hear you."

Jensen's eyes were wide above his fist. He'd never brought anyone to his parent's house. He'd never had the guts. He'd never had sex in a place where he wasn't supposed to, near people who wouldn't appreciate the sounds he made. Trust Jared to find the one taboo Jensen hadn't already broken.

"What if they hear now?" Jared murmured, sliding something ticklish and smooth down the length of his dick. Jensen moaned thinly, his thighs shaking uncontrollably as the cockring fitted around his cock and balls. Jared grinned up at him through his bangs. "Do you think they'll put two and two together?"

Jensen groaned, a bitten off sound that slid through his fingers like water. Oh god.

"Jare-" he breathed, his cock hardening with every whispered word.

"Think we can shock them a little?"

Jared's lips closed around the tip of Jensen's dick and he choked on his own tongue trying to stifle the noises that wanted to spill from his lips. Jared had a wicked mouth, and for the love of god could he use it. Jensen was whimpering even before he started, his legs knocking hastily apart to make room for Jared as he tossed his head from one side to the other, biting into the heel of his hand to try and keep quiet.

Jared suckled around the crown, tongue lapping the slit before he trailed it down the pulsing vein on the underside and down to the root of Jensen's dick, held snugly by the -- Jensen did a double take, a moan dying against his hand as his hips twisted up on their own.

It was a brightly colored, rigid, strawberry scented cockring. Jensen moaned and cursed at the same time, his dick leaking against Jared's smirking lips. "Taste so sweet, baby," he murmured, the curve of his mouth brushing against Jensen's cockhead, making him shiver.

"Jesus, Jared!" Jensen forgot to be quiet at the sight of the glistening pink candy ring around his dick. "Fuck!"

"Candy and cock, my two favorite things." Jared hummed, lapping at the ring, and the underside of Jensen's dick. "Just be glad they didn't get us the peppermint candy butt plug," he teased, "Because it's hard enough to choose between your pretty cock and perfect little ass without adding in a candy factor."

"You're-ah-insane!" Jensen gasped, struggling to squirm closer to Jared's lapping tongue. The heavy weight of Jared laying across his thighs kept him pinned, so he settled for resting an encouraging hand on Jared's head instead. "Jay, please?"

"According to the package, this thing take an hour of serious sucking to get rid of." Jared propped his chin up on Jensen's belly and grinned devilishly. "Now I figured your ass would feel left out of I paid all that much attention to your cock, and didn't show it some lovin'."

Jensen didn't dare contemplate an hour at Jared's mercy, his cock caught in the embrace of a sticky, strawberry flavored torture device. "Jay, please..."

"So I picked something up whilst out with Chris and Steve. Figured they deserved monumental embarrassment for kidnapping me." He reached behind him and produced a brightly colored dildo, blue, to contrast the pink. "And that's not all." He grinned devilishly, dropping a small bottle of 'Cotton Candy Flavored Lube' onto Jensen's belly.

Jensen was pretty sure his whimper echoed around the whole house. Beyond astronomical dental bills, he had never considered Jared's candy obsession could cause any real harm, but faced with candy shop rejects, Jensen was convinced he'd need medical assistance by the time they were through.

"Sweet, isn't it?" Jared grinned, lapping around the edge of the ring, his stormy eyes gleaming in the dim light coming from the red lamp he got Jensen for Valentine's day. He popped open the lube, still lazily circling his tongue around Jensen's dick, and brought his hand behind Jensen's balls to rest against the dark valley of Jensen's ass. Jensen squirmed, trying to get in closer, and gasped when Jared's cold fingertip pushed through, rubbing over the clenching ring of muscle hidden between his cheeks.

"That's it, let me hear you," Jared whispered, letting Jensen's cock slide into his mouth and sucking, hard, making Jensen's fingers clench wildly in Jared's hair.

"God, ah- nhg-" Jensen bit his lower lip, head lolling limply from one side to the other, one arm thrown against his face to try and keep his moans in. "Jared- god. Please, Jared, please-"

"Please what?" Jared murmured, letting Jensen's cock slip wetly from his swollen lips. "You're afraid they're going to bust in here and find you playing with your boyfriend and all your kinky toys?"

Jensen mewled and shuddered, working his throat to keep quiet as his hips bucked forwards and backwards, not knowing if he wanted Jared's mouth on him or Jared's fingers inside of him - possibly both, at the same time. "That would be quite the eyeful for them wouldn't it?"

"Oh god," Jensen moaned, his back arching off the bed as the tip of Jared's finger pushed in, slow, secure, the passage smoothed out by the cotton candy flavored lubricant. "Jared, please, *please!*"

"Please what, baby?" Jared asked sweetly, angling his fingers over Jensen's prostate and probing mercilessly. "You're not giving me anything to go on here." He slid a second finger alongside the first, carefully opening Jensen up for the dildo. It was a luridly bright thing, but a beginner's toy in comparison to the things they used on set. It was slender and ribbed, and Jared didn't use more than two fingers to prep Jensen before slicking the length of it and sliding it smoothly into Jensen's ass.

"That's nice, no?" Jared asked, twisting the base of the dildo and dragging it against Jensen's hole. "Not too big... or not big enough?"

Jensen keened into the back of his hand, squirming and sweating on the sheets. It wasn't big, not compared to Jared, or the other dildos they had used. It was enough to tease him, to press down on his prostate, to open him up, but it made him crave Jared inside of him even more.

"Jare-" Jensen gasped, not able to keep to himself anymore. "God, Jared-"

Jared smirked and twisted the dildo up again, closing his mouth around Jensen's dick and swallowing him down as far as he would go. Jensen almost shrieked, his knees knocking violently against Jared's shoulders as he pushed his hips up and down again, trying to rock into the tantalizing heat of Jared's mouth and back on the delicious pressure on his prostate.

It was too much and not enough, and Jensen trashed, whimpering pitifully against his hand as he succumbed to the onslaught of sensations that Jared flooded him with.

"Please," he moaned again, his fingers clenching and unclenching in Jared's hair, not pulling, simply holding on for the ride as Jared suckled enthusiastically. Jensen's hips were rocking back against the dildo, fucking himself onto every quick, short thrust Jared was feeding him. "Please, god, need you, want you, Jay, please, ngh-" he chewed on his lips again, stars dancing in front of his eyes as white-hot coals of heat curled in his belly.

Jared smiled, the best he could do with his mouth full of cock, and screwed the dildo up again once more before sliding it out. Jensen cried out his disapproval, his ass clenching down on nothing, aching, needing the real thing.

His cock slipped out of Jared's mouth with a loud, obscene pop. "I thought you didn't want to wake the parents," Jared murmured, caressing the curve of Jensen's ass as he shifted him closer to his knees. The dildo slid back in, smooth.

Jensen slumped down against the pillows, unable to think against the double onslaught of Jared's candy themed attack.

After a while, Jared's jaw must have started to ache, because he stopped attempting to take all of Jensen into his mouth, and instead propped his head up on Jensen's trembling thigh. It gave him the perfect angle for lapping at the base of Jensen's cock, sucking and licking as if Jensen were his favorite candy. All the while he was twisting and turning the base of the fake dick, no longer fucking Jensen with it, merely reminding him that it was there, held snug inside him.

Jensen no longer needed to worry about waking anyone up. He barely had the energy to lift his head as Jared pushed him closer and closer to the edge, only to be faced with the inescapable reality of Jared's little torture device.

Jared looked up along the planes of Jensen's chest and smiled gently as Jensen blinked through tear clumped eyelashes. "So good, baby," he praised, his lips obscene with strawberry candy and precome. Jensen whimpered, torn between the urge to slide his dick between those candy stained lips, and the knowledge that to do so would just be adding to the torture of the night.

"Jay-"

"You have no idea how fucking hard I am, Jen," Jared chuckled breathlessly. Unlike Jensen, Jared was holding back from sheer willpower alone. "God, I can't wait to slide inside of your ass, all nice and slick for me. I'm gonna come inside you, then lick you open again. Candy and come, god, you're gonna taste so good."

Jensen groaned, his thighs shaking violently as his cock throbbed, bloodheavy against his stomach. God, just the images Jared was painting in his head would've been enough not for one but for five orgasms. He was so fucking hard, his balls full and tingling, encased by the sticky candy ring. "Please," Jensen moaned, trying to get Jared into focus through the haze that clouded his vision. He put both his hands over his trembling knees and pushed himself as wide apart as he could go, the base of the plug jutting out brightly from between Jensen's asscheeks. "Please, do it, Jare..."

"Fuck," Jared grunted, his hands tightening on Jensen's hips as Jensen put himself on display for him to take. "Say it," he rasped then, teeth nibbling at the tender skin of Jensen's thigh. "I wanna hear you. Tell me what you want."

"You," Jensen whispered, voice hoarse and scratched. Jared licked at the groove of Jensen's thigh, then up on his side before going to suckle at the candy ring again.

"You want my cock, baby?" Jared whispered, going to finger Jensen's hole, stretched around the toy. "You want me to give it to you slow and smooth until you're burning up inside with it?"

Jensen moaned loud enough for half of LA to hear him, trying desperately to rock back against Jared's hand.

"Say it, baby, come on. Let me hear you."

Jensen tossed his head from side to side before snapping like a brittle reed. "I want you to fuck me goddamnit! Get your fucking dick in my ass right now, or I swear to god I'll-"

Jared lurched up, cutting off Jensen's frustrated order with a press of his lips.

He reached down and tugged the dildo free before lining up and slamming in. Jensen's cry of satisfaction was lost between them as he finally got what he wanted. Jared's dick burned as it pushed inside of him, so much thicker and hotter than the fake toy. Hands slid beneath his back until he was being lifted onto Jared's lap, and dropped down on the thick cock stretching him wide.

He loved riding Jared like this, when gravity and trust gave them both everything there was to take.

"God, Jay, please, please, take it off," Jensen begged, falling against the strength of Jared's chest as he was bounced on solid thighs.

Jared's fingers slid over his cock, grasping the candy ring. "Okay, baby, okay." He snapped the candy easily in two, white noise roaring in Jensen's ears as the flow of blood pumped in his dick, spurring on his release with every thrust of Jared's inside of him.

"That's it," Jared encouraged, wrapping long fingers around Jensen's dick and squeezing. "That's it, lemme hear you, baby, c'mon."

Jensen threw his head back with a soft, keening cry, clamping down like vice on Jared's dick as his orgasm was pulled out of him in a rainbow of colors, spurting wet ropes of come all over Jared's hand and lower belly.

"Fuck, baby, Christ, so amazing, god fucking dammit-" Jared bit down on Jensen's neck, holding his hips firmly as he guided him up and down on his cock, Jensen's fingernails leaving hot, raised welts on Jared's back as he clung on for the ride.

"Jared, Jared, Jared," Jensen chanted breathlessly, stars dancing in front of his eyes as his prostrate was rammed on over and over. His cock twitched and leaked again, still half hard, sliding through the mess he'd left on Jared's stomach, pressed between their bodies. Falling limply against Jared's chest, he

clutched on tight as their rhythm stuttered and faltered. Jared's head tipped back, the tendons in his neck tight and sharp as he came with a grunt. His fingers left bruises on Jensen's hips, and he shuddered, his hair damp against Jensen's skin. "Fuck, baby," he panted.

Jensen whimpered as Jared caught his breath before chuckling. The hands on his hip tightened, and with a flex of his strength, Jared was lifting him up and dumping him face down on the bed. "Jay, what are you....?"

Jared laughed breathlessly and pinned Jensen down across the hips. "We ain't done yet, love," he whispered, and the sudden swipe of his tongue over Jensen's ass was enough to prompt a hastily muffled scream.

Jensen had never really understood what it meant to be a pillow-biter until Jared was swirling his tongue in his ass. He'd never been able to keep quiet when Jared opened him up like that, and he clutched his pillow desperately, the fabric between his teeth as Jared shamelessly lapped at Jensen's ass.

"Taste so fucking sweet." Jared moaned, sucking at the lube shiny skin of Jensen's ass. "Gonna make you come like this," he swore. "Gonna make you want to fuck yourself on my tongue."

Jensen buried a sob into the pillow. Jared didn't really make a habit of excessive dirty talk, but when he did, it drove Jensen mad. There was something so erotic about doing such dirty things with the man he snuggled up to in bed. The contrasts sent him wild.

"Yeah, you want my tongue fucking you open, don't you baby?" Jared laughed, holding Jensen down with one hand as he slid the other between the sheets, reaching for Jensen's dick.

Jensen whimpered and nodded shamelessly, spreading his legs further and clenching his jaws hard on the fabric when Jared's fingers lightly fondled his balls. Jared twirled his tongue around Jensen's hole, pressing in before pursing his lips and suckling, the hot stabs quick and light, not deep enough to give Jensen any release, just enough to keep the pressure building. Jensen moaned and swallowed a mouthful of saliva, the pillow already damp where he was biting into it to try and stifle the unearthly sounds that wanted to slip past his lips with every new swirl of Jared's talented tongue.

"Jared," Jensen whined, high and strung through the pillow. Jared's fingers cupped his sac, rolling it in his palm as he spread Jensen wider, licking all down the crease of his ass, rolling the come on his tongue and flicking it in Jensen's hole, tongue rapidly following to chase the dribbles that leaked down Jensen's thighs.

"Go on," Jared mumbled, grinning wickedly against Jensen's skin, the tip of his tongue teasing the clenching entrance. "Go wild, baby."

Jensen groaned and pushed back, knees sliding on the bedding as he knocked his legs wider apart, thrusting his ass against Jared's face, a needy little whimper escaping the pillowcase.

"Love seeing you like this," Jared breathed, cool air blowing on the hot skin of Jensen's ass. "Love getting you all worked up and in need."

Jensen was beyond begging. He struggled to push back against Jared's tongue, unable to dislodge the weight holding him down. He sobbed and squirmed, and when Jared's fingers wrapped around his dick, pulling sharply, he lurched back and screamed.

Jared's tongue was in his ass as he came, thighs trembling, braced on either side of Jared's shoulders. Jared flicked his tongue again and again, until he had wrung the last of Jensen's orgasm from his aching body, and only then did he sit back and lick the come from his fingers.

Jensen didn't think he had ever seen anything look more obscene. Jared's lips were wet with lube, candy, and both their come, and yet he was still the most beautiful thing Jensen had ever laid eyes on.

His body trembled weakly as Jared flopped down inelegantly besides him and stole a breathless kiss. "Love the way we taste." He muttered against Jensen's lips. "Love making you fall apart and put you back

together again."

Jensen shuffled closer. They both needed a shower, but had neither the will nor the energy to move. "Jared," Jensen whispered, laying his head on Jared's shoulder. "Love you," he breathed, and was asleep by the time Jared responded.

When Jared woke, Jensen was still snuffling quietly, his nose pressed in the hollow of Jared's throat. They hadn't moved an inch from the embrace they'd fallen asleep in, too wrung out to even shift. Jared rubbed sleep out of his eyes with the back of his hand and smiled, kissing the crown of Jensen's head. He knew his parents wouldn't wake up if the house crumbled to dust, and that Megan slept with her iPod on all night long, something their mom endlessly chided her for.

Jensen hadn't known, and Jared hadn't said. He was glad to have tweaked the boundaries a little - Jensen have never had a chance to feel like that before, and Jared would've given him the proverbial moon if he only asked. This was nothing in comparison.

"I meant what I said last night," Jared murmured even though he knew Jensen was fast asleep and wouldn't hear him. "It's their loss, baby. Too bad. You're all mine now." He placed a tiny kiss on the tip of Jensen's ear before tightening his arms around him. Jensen snuffled again and scurried closer, fist closed and resting upon Jared's heart.

Twenty minutes later, Jensen slowly blinked awake. Jared had been content to just lay there and relax, never happier than he was when they were in their bed, and Jensen was in his arms. "Hmm, mornin'." Jensen yawned, his face scrunching up sleepily.

Jared kissed his nose. "Morning, baby."

He felt Jensen smile against him as he stole the first kiss of the day. Jensen shuffled closer, rolling over to look at the alarm clock on the bedside table.

He blinked, then shot out of bed. "Jared! How could you let me sleep in?" he huffed, stumbling ass naked towards the bathroom.

Jared stared at the clock, bewildered. It was twenty past eight. When Jensen had nowhere to be, his idea of an early morning was anything before ten. "Huh?"

The shower turned on, and Jensen bellowed above the spray. "I have to get breakfast ready!"

Jared reluctantly climbed out of bed and followed Jensen to the bathroom. "I don't think you have to worry about-" He paused, transfixed by the image of Jensen trying to scrub the dried candy and come from his thighs.

"I have baking to do! Which someone wouldn't let me do last night, if I remember..." Jensen shot him a deadly look over his shoulder, and Jared contemplated the merits of just waiting until Jensen was done for his own shower.

"We had fun last night," Jared said, abruptly changing tactic. He wrapped his arms around Jensen, kissing his neck and nibbling on the curve of Jensen's shoulder. Jensen huffed and tried to wriggle free, only to no avail. "And it was too late to bake, anyway."

"Your parents need their breakfast," Jensen protested, his feet slipping a little on the wet tiles. Jared doubled his hold and pulled him back against his chest.

"My dad only ever gets a coffee. Mom and Meg are fine with cereals." He kissed Jensen softly. "Will you stop freaking out?"

Jensen huffed again, still glaring a little but allowing Jared to wash his back and his hair. Jared put forth all of his massaging techniques, and Jensen was moaning quietly under his breath before Jared even

got to the rinsing of his hair.

"Will you stop fretting?" Jared murmured again, still holding Jensen close. "Everything will be fine. I promise."

"Mn not fretting," Jensen moaned, unable to stop himself from arching into Jared's touch.

Jared laughed. "Are too." Jensen shivered as the suds were rinsed from his hair. "Everything went perfectly, and will continue to do so."

Jensen's scowl melted to a shy smile, and he kissed Jared softly before climbing from the shower. Jared chuckled to himself. Crisis averted. Jensen wandered into the bedroom in search of clothes, and Jared finished up in the shower. Jensen had magic fingers, but when it came to washing Jared's hair, they needed to be in the bath. Jared was too tall, and attempting it in the shower was asking for a broken leg, or the mother of all neck cramps.

He met Meg on the stairs, and the two of them bickered heartily as they headed for the kitchen. Jared couldn't believe how much he had missed his brat sister.

Jensen had still managed to lay out a feast, somehow preparing an impressive breakfast spread in the fifteen minutes it had taken Jared to finish drying off and dressing.

There was the start of a small mound of toast, waffles that were just being removed from under the grill, and a bowl full of fresh fruit. Jared's favorite sugar covered cereal had place of pride in the middle of the breakfast table.

"Most important meal of the day." Jensen beamed in answer to Jared's raised eyebrow. "Juice, Megan?"

He held up a jug of orange and grapefruit juice, and Megan turned bright pink. Jared snorted and flicked Megan's ear with two fingers, walking around the table to pull Jensen against him, pressing his lips over the back of his neck. Megan muttered under her breath and went to sit down next to her mother as Jensen swatted Jared away with a mock glare.

"Ease up on her," he muttered, but Jared laughed and pecked his nose before going to grab his cereals and perching himself over the kitchen island.

"JT!" His mother said, scandalized. "You don't sit on the table, for God's sake." Megan jutted out her chin smugly, and Jared rolled his eyes, sliding off the polished surface with a grunt. "Seriously, what's Jensen's gonna think? I taught you better."

Jensen grinned and went to sit down too, serving himself a black coffee and half a pancake. "I would never think so, Mrs. Padalecki."

"Sherri," she repeated with a wave of her fork. "It's Sherri, Jensen, how many times."

Jensen blushed softly and hid his self-conscious grin before busying himself with his breakfast.

"Where's dad?" Jared asked between mouthfuls.

"He took the dogs out for a run on the shore. The beach is gorgeous," she said with a smile. "I love this place, really. Makes Texas look really stifling."

"We were very lucky," Jensen said softly, sipping at his coffee. Jared pulled a face, unable to understand how Jensen could drink burning hot liquid tar. "We looked at a fair few places."

"And then some," Jared teased, his mouthful of star shaped marshmallows. Both Jensen and Sherri glared at him until he swallowed. "But this place just called to us."

Jensen nodded, wearing a blissful smile that made him glow a little. His phone rang, and he apologized before answering it. Jared cocked his head then sniggered. It was obviously Francesca or Raul, because

Jensen switched to Italian without even thinking, excusing himself and wandering back over to the kitchen island.

His mom raised her eyebrows, impressed, and Jared fought the urge to do a little 'my boyfriend is awesome' dance. Sherri reached over and squeezed his hand. "He adores you." She smiled, so obviously happy for him.

Jared swallowed around a sudden lump in his throat. "I know. He's... he's amazing."

"Very cute, too," Sherri chuckled.

"Mom!"

Megan looked immensely smug at her mother's admission. Just what he needed. Both his sister *and* his mom crushing on his boyfriend. He was beginning to think Jensen emitted some kind of pheromone. Then he remembered what Raul had said - *Jensen popular with the ladies*. Well, yes, he could fucking see that.

"He's taken," he said, very disgruntled. He crossed his arms above his chest and pouted.

"You never told us how you met," Megan said, grinning wickedly at him. Jared huffed, his bangs flowing upwards with the move. His sister still thought she had one on him -- it was funny, and he supposed he should be grateful she had waited until Jensen was out of the room before poking about it.

"We met through work," he said, calmly enough. He wasn't looking at Megan as he spoke, though. He was looking at his mother. "We worked together once, and I just - couldn't let go."

"Quite understandable," his mom said softly, ruffling his hair. Jared smiled, feeling something inside his chest melt away at his mother's silent acceptance. "Your father and I are happy for you both. Even though I miss my little geek."

Jared sighed and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. "Yeah, well. I have no problem funding that now," he joked, spreading his arms to indicate their beautiful house.

"Have you thought about going back and finishing up?" His mom pressed softly. Jared knew she and his dad blamed themselves for not being able to afford to support him through college. It was the same reason he'd started putting aside some money every month so that Megan would be able to go when she was old enough.

Jared shrugged his shoulders and checked to make sure Jensen was still involved with his own conversation. "Sure, I guess. I mean, it's not really an option now. I have the commitment with work for the next few months. I don't know." He wanted to go back, he did, but leaving the job without Jensen was not even an issue. He'd go when Jensen went, and right now, he still didn't see that happening soon.

"How about Jensen? Did he go to college? He seems awfully young."

Jared cringed. He knew his mom meant well, really, but it still made Jared sick to think of all the experiences Jensen had been denied.

"No, he didn't. He's just naturally brilliant." Jared hoped that would end the subject.

"Who is what?" Jensen suddenly perched against the side of the chair, his phone slipped back into his pocket. He passed Jared a fresh glass of juice. "Fancy sends her love."

Jared highly doubted that, but smiled anyway and kissed Jensen's palm as he accepted the glass.

"Jared was praising you, as always," Sherri said with a wink. "Your Italian is wonderful."

Jensen flushed. "Thanks. I picked it up a little over a year ago. Francesca taught me."

"Well, I'm very impressed. Did you let your manager know you're booked over New Year?"

"Yes, I did," Jensen admitted, blushing a little as he sat down next to Jared, Jared's arm going automatically around his shoulders. "She's said she's going back to Italy over the festivities though."

"Understandable. We'll be happy to have her sometime next year then, whenever you boys get a break."

"Mom you know it's not *necessary* to have Francesca over, right?" Jared asked, sounding a little alarmed. His mother was going to answer when they heard a distinctive barking coming from the back yard. Harley and Sadie hurtled through the open door, pouncing immediately on Jensen for their dog treats, Jerry on their heels.

"Well it was about time you showed up," Sherri said sternly. "Jensen made us breakfast, and it's getting cold."

Jerry was red in the face and panting, his smile as wide as Jared's and almost as infectious. "Those dogs of yours run on fresh air." He laughed, gratefully accepting a cup of coffee from Jensen, who had wet pawprints all over the front of his cream sweater.

"Don't I know it." Jared chuckled, attempting to reign in the two bundles of energy before they knocked Jensen clean off his feet. "Sadie, stop that." His girl shot him a look that was scarily like the one Jensen adopted when he was being difficult, and promptly ignored him.

"Nobody in this house listens to me," he lamented.

Jensen shot him a wide eyed look of utter innocence. "I'm sorry, baby, what did you say?"

Sherri and Megan giggled as Jared choked on his tongue, and Jerry continued to laugh, his face even pinker. He slapped Jensen on the shoulder as if he was an old football buddy, and Jared nearly fell out of his chair when Jensen didn't climb the walls. Sudden physical contact was a no go, and though he tensed, his reaction was remarkably subtle.

"Go get more pancakes. Francesca will have my head if she thinks you're not eating right." Jared quickly gave Jensen the chance to step away from the contact, which he did, though at a smooth enough pace for it to pass unnoticed. Jensen rolled his eyes and asked Jerry what he could get him for breakfast.

"Just a coffee." Jerry chuckled, then shuffled on the spot as Jensen stared him down. "And a waffle?"

Jensen beamed and Jared shook his head. Another one down for the count.

The breakfast went by smoothly, much more like a brunch than a real breakfast, and by the time they were done, Meg insisted she wanted to see the city. Jensen offered to accompany them on a tour of LA before their plane took off, and they drove in two separate cars to Hollywood Boulevard, first stop of the many Megan had pegged down as must-see.

They took photos - lots of them, and Jared managed to ease Jensen in as few as he could, making sure to have a small touch and comforting caress ready when the flash would make Jensen twitch nervously and draw closer to Jared's protective side. He didn't say a word, though, and Jared had hot tears of pride and gratitude burning the back of his eyes at how hard Jensen tried.

It gave Jared hope. They just had to keep on trying, without hurry. They would be fine.

After a quick bite to eat at the Italian restaurant Jared took Jensen to on their second date, they drove Jared's parents to LAX airport, where many hugs were shared and promises to get back to San Antonio in a couple of months. Sherri hugged and kissed Jensen twice, leaving him beet red, and Jerry shook Jensen's hand before pulling him in a manly half-armed hug.

"You take care of each other," he said, his eyes twinkling above the rim of his glasses. Jensen went, if possible, even redder and nodded meekly, his fingers finding Jared's resting right by his side, ready to entwine.

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Act 29: Break my fall

Rating: NC-17

Summary: It is difficult, sometimes, to keep the line between fiction and reality from bleeding.

Notes: We return now to our scheduled emo, in which Jared angsts like he has never angsted before, and the boys shoot their most intense scene yet.

Warnings: Angst, self harm, stimulated dubcon.

I: You both deal with some pretty intense situations in your work. How easy is it to switch back and forth from a role?

JA: It depends, I guess. What we do is just a job, but it can be pretty rough at times.

JP: It is difficult sometimes, but we do our best to work with what we have got. It helps being part of such a tight knit crew.

"How was it?" Paul asked, looking up as Jensen walked onto set, his thick cotton robe belted tightly against the studio air. The lighting for the scene was limited, and the room was cooler than they were used to. Jensen's shy smile told the rigger everything he needed to know. "I'm glad." He nodded. "Where's your other half?"

Jensen waved his hand towards the trailers. "Getting pretty." He grinned. "Elle has him strapped to a seat. He keeps fiddling." The dreadlocks were apparently the itchiest mofo ever invented. Jared's words, not his.

"He going to be okay with this?" Paul asked, looking down at the props needed for the scene and trying to foretell Jared's emotions.

"He's read the script, he's not said anything." Jensen frowned. "He knows it's just a scene."

Paul said nothing, but nodded slowly. "Are you going to be okay with it?" He changed the target of his concern, and Jensen looked honestly bewildered.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"It's pretty intense," Paul pointed out, looking down again at the props.

"I've done intense before." Jensen laughed.

Paul shook his head. "Not with Jared."

"Our first gig was hardly vanilla." Jensen frowned, taking a perch on the edge of the props table.

"And Jared changed the way things played out."

Jensen sighed. "Yeah."

"You don't need to go through all this again," Paul said, voice surprisingly soft. "We all know you're good. You don't need to prove it."

"It's not about that," Jensen said stiffly.

"Then what is it about?"

Jensen shrugged and tightened the robe around himself. "It's a job," he murmured, not looking at Paul. "Jared knows that." He didn't mean to sound like he did, like he needed for Paul to understand, but his voice came out that way all the same. Paul just nodded and picked out a few of the items mentioned in the script.

"Let's get this show started then."

Gabe had arrived long before Jensen or Jared even rolled out of bed, and was apparently fighting with the DP to get the lightening done the way he wanted it. Jensen waved at him before going to lay down on the bed, glancing around to look for any sign of Jared around the place.

"He'll be out soon," Paul reassured him. Jensen smiled and ducked his head. He knew Jared was just around the corner getting tortured -again, Jared's words, not his- but he couldn't help trying to crane his neck, until Paul scolded him again and told him to keep still. "You're making this difficult on purpose, aren't you?" The rigger scolded, lightening the mood considerably and Jensen kept shuffling on the narrow bed. He'd laid across it sideways, his ass resting on one edge, his head against the other. The sheets had all been dragged down, only a thin cover left between him and the mattress, but Paul had used two pillows to support his back and neck.

"I'm sorry," Jensen said, his voice sickly sweet. "You want me to lay still whilst you tie me up?" He batted his eyelashes, the banter he had with Paul one of the things he most looked forward to on a shoot, Jared related things aside.

"Brat." Paul scolded, carefully looping the ends of one rope around Jensen's wrist. He laid the rope the way it should be, not putting any pressure on the delicate joints, and taking care not to pinch a nerve. Before Paul, Jensen had been stuck with an amateur who'd often left him black and blue just through careless rigging. "You have plans for Christmas?" He asked, stretching Jensen's arm out until he could tie it horizontally to the foot of the bed.

It was the strangest conversation to be having when naked and in the process of being tied to a bed, but Jensen was still at ease. "Jared's mom and dad invited us down for the holidays."

Paul smirked and moved on to the opposite wrist. "You won over the in-laws, huh?"

Jensen blushed. "Shut up," he muttered, even though his brain couldn't stop rolling the word around in his skull. In-laws.

"You so totally did." Paul cackled. "What does Miss Solari say?"

Jensen grinned then. "I can't repeat her words, though for record's sake I'll say she's not a fan of the holiday. She's happy that Thanksgiving went well, at any rate."

"I'm glad," Paul said, finishing his job as he tied Jensen's ankles together, testing the knot for resistance and easy removal both. Jared picked that moment to bound over, his million watt smile a striking contrast to his goth make up and long, wild dreadlocks. Jensen's heart skipped a beat, breath catching in his throat, and Paul chuckled, stepping back respectfully as Jared went to kneel down beside Jensen.

"Hey there, Gorgeous," Jared murmured, running his hand over the side of Jensen's head. Jensen grinned at him.

"Hey yourself," he murmured back, leaning in the caress. "Not bad."

"Hmm, thank you," Jared chuckled and leaned in to kiss the tip of his nose. "Are you ready?" he asked then, tone a little more serious. Jensen nodded. "You'll let me know if I hurt you?"

"You could never," Jensen whispered, the tips of their noses brushing together. Jared kissed his cheek again

before stepping back, giving Gabe the double thumbs up and all clear.

"And ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen squirmed on the bed, his body covered in sweat even though the temperature in the room wasn't too warm. He couldn't look around towards the door, but he knew Jared was somewhere in the house, taking his sweet time doing inane things while Jensen lay there, tied up, hard and waiting. He bit his lip, trying to squirm forward to no avail. There was nothing to brush his dick against, nothing to release the pressure, and he sighed in frustration, more sweat rolling down his nape as he tries to find a position halfway comfortable on the bed.

Jared wasn't happy with him. Sometimes he left Jensen like this to stew, because he liked winding him up. Sometimes though, it was because he needed to cool off before he punished Jensen the way he needed it. It was one of the things that made Jared such a good Dom. He knew when he wasn't in the right mind to be playing.

Which is how Jensen ended up in the position he was. Without a clock he couldn't estimate how long he had been left, but he'd guess it was close to an hour now. The bonds weren't very restrictive; his wrists tied to either end of the bed, his ankles together. Jensen could flop around like a wet fish, but he couldn't for the life of him get loose, or rub up against anything for some release.

It was dark in the room, too. The only window had a blackout blind pulled closed, and it was behind Jensen's head. The gloom had eventually adjusted in his eyes, enough for Jensen to make out the basic shapes in the room. There was a black lump on the dresser by the door than he knew instinctively was Jared's toy bag.

There was music playing downstairs. Loud enough to drown out Jensen's initial plea for release. He'd since fallen quiet, knowing that Jared would be more inclined to reward good behavior if Jensen played by the rules right from the start.

The music covered Jared's footsteps on the stairs, and the sudden burst of light as the door swung open brought tears to Jensen's eyes.

Jared stood in the doorway, a black shadow in a frame of light. As he advanced without a word, Jensen swallowed, knowing he was in trouble.

Jared didn't speak, but grabbed the toy bag, propping it up on the nightstand and rummaging silently through it. Jensen didn't say a word, keeping quite and still, a shiver going down his spine.

He gasped only when Jared's gloved hand fell hard against the swell of his ass, sending him a few inches forward with the force of the impact. "Not a sound," he growled, and Jensen nodded once, meekly, just to let Jared know he'd understood.

Jared's fingers probed between Jensen's asscheeks, thrusting in once, painfully dry, before being replaced by the hard, ridged head of a dildo. Jensen bit through his lip, the tender skin on the inside breaking and bleeding thinly as he fought not to let a sound escape, the burn spreading from his ass up his spine and down his thighs, his body jerking with small, rocking motions as Jared lodged the plastic cock inside of him. Once the whole length was seated, Jared smacked his ass again, his hand forcing the dildo in deeper.

Jensen swallowed, tears already burning his eyes with the exertion. He'd never seen Jared this mad, ever. It made his stomach quiver with anxiety, more sweat breaking down his neck and along his spine.

Jared moved around the bed, not saying a word to him, and it made the tension so much worse. Jared loved to talk. He loved making Jensen squirm with all the filthy things he said. This silence was so wrong.

Prying the fingers of one fist open, Jared pushed a small rubber ball into Jensen's hand. Jensen swallowed, clutching it tight, and knowing what would follow. Jared pulled his head up, the angle awkward, and

wedged a hard plastic ball behind Jensen's teeth. It wasn't even one of the softer gags they played around with, and the feeling of being filled at both ends by two unyielding objects was as much a turn on as it was intimidating. Jared tightened the straps, perhaps a little harder than necessary, before setting Jensen's head back down on the bed.

Jensen didn't think he'd ever been so hard, or so scared in his life.

Jared had a way of intimidating him when they played. It was his size, his presence, his strength. He had never once hurt Jensen though, and Jensen knew he never would. He tried to remember that as Jared's fingers suddenly tugged on the rings in his nipples and twisted until Jensen howled.

Jared still didn't say anything as he threaded a cool metal chain between the two rings and tugged experimentally as Jensen struggled to maintain his breathing. His legs ached from being tied at such an awkward angle, his throat working to try and swallow around the thick girth stretching his mouth. Jared's fingers curled in the chain and pulled, a sharp burst of pain going through Jensen's body straight down to his groin, dick hard and curled up towards his belly.

He moaned thinly behind the gag, fingernails digging in the ball in his hand, eyes squeezed shut. A touch of fear and the unknown had always turned him on - it was what had driven him to Jared in the first place. This was a little more than a touch. He knew he'd misbehaved, and needed to be punished, but Jared had never been like this and it threw him off balance. He was used to insults and filth. The oppressive silence of disapproving anger cloaked him with ice-cold dread.

Jared's hand fitted to the small of his back, then ran down his legs to test the boundaries around his ankles. Once he was satisfied they would hold, he went to grab the base of the dildo inside Jensen's ass and started pulling it out, slowly, agonizingly so, the stretch and burn of too dry friction making Jensen shake like a leaf on the wind.

He wanted to talk, wanted to say he was sorry even though he knew it wasn't his place to speak even if he hadn't been gagged into silence. He thought it was harmless teasing, just a little flirting fun. Had he ever been so wrong. The fire in Jared's eyes and the tight set of his jaw told him so, in no uncertain terms.

Jared tugged on the ropes around his ankles and spread him sideways, pushing the dildo right back in to the hilt with a flick of his wrist.

Jensen screamed, the pain giving the sudden spark of pleasure the edge, and he came with a desperate shudder. He was still trembling when Jared's palm fell flat on his ass. That wasn't fair! He knew that Jared expected him to ask permission to come, and he knew that he'd been set up to fail.

He sobbed against the gag as Jared's hand fell again and again, his ass sore and stinging, the skin hot to the touch. Jared reached beneath him and tugged on the chain as he went, twin spikes of pain lacing down Jensen's spine.

Every so often, Jared would give the base of the dildo a lazy half turn, and the burn would bring tears to Jensen's eyes.

Jared had never taken him without prep before. He'd never fucked Jensen with anything to punish him. The fucking had always come last, as the reward, or as a gentle torment to the rest of their games.

He squirmed as the dildo was dragged slowly in and out, feeling for the first time as if he was just some toy for Jared to play with.

The thought hurt more than the throbbing pain in his ass.

Jared still hadn't spoken again, and when he rose, he was so quiet, Jensen wondered if he had left the room. Growing tense with the silence and expectation, Jensen shrieked when something hard and thin smacked him across the ass. It hurt more than Jared's hand, and he tried desperately to squirm away.

The blows kept on coming at intervals, long enough between them to give Jensen the illusion that it was going to be the last before hitting down again, the tip of the flogger dragging over the rounded swell of

Jensen's burning ass. Jensen squeezed his eyes shut, burying his face into the pillow as he shuddered and twisted on the bedding under Jared's merciless onslaught.

He was still hard, still aching even though he already came once. The pain that shot through his thighs when the whip fell hard across their length had him choke down on the gag, his nipples sore and taut, the pressure on his prostate bringing yet more tears to his eyes. He was trying to be good, to take his punishment as he knew he ought to, but the utter silence that lingered around the room made it impossible. He needed to be told he was going to be forgiven, or at least that he was being a good boy and Jared would consider it.

But Jared still didn't speak, smacking Jensen's ass in quick, sharp bursts, the occasional push-pull of the dildo keeping Jensen on edge, dreading, wondering, every nerve pulled taut enough to hurt. When the blows finally stopped, Jensen's ass was painted in ruby red stripes. Jared pushed him up on trembling thighs, spreading him wide and nudging at his plastic-filled hole with his fingers, testing the rim before prodding at the skin with another hard, unyielding object.

Fear went through Jensen's spine like a flash and he sobbed, ass clenching down tight as he fought to snap his legs closed, muscles trembling in defiance. Jared's hands sneaked between his thighs, forcing them apart once more, and Jensen reacted in desperation.

The ball dropped out of his hand, rolling on the ground and stopping short against the opposite wall.

The sound of it hitting the floor was deafening in the quiet of the room, the only other sound being Jensen's desperate sobs.

Jared's fingers froze on his skin, suddenly far more gentle. "Oh god." The word was a faint whisper, but it cut through Jensen's desperate haze. That wasn't his Jared.

Jared was suddenly lurching from the bed and tearing from the room, leaving Jensen still laying there, confused and in pain.

~ * & * ~

"Eh, cut?"

Gabe stared after his retreating star, Jared's sudden, abrupt departure throwing them all off balance. The scene had been moving perfectly. Jensen's character had used his safe signal, and Jared was supposed to be comforting him.

Why wasn't he comforting him?

Gabe was about to panic when Paul almost sent him flying into the monitors around the set. He looked up, and realized why.

Jensen was out of character and practically screaming on the bed, tugging at his bound limbs with more violence and desperation than he ever showed in a set.

Paul was whispering soft words in his ear, trying to calm him, as two of the closest grips hastily rushed to help get Jensen untied before he harmed himself.

Jesus Chris. Gabe had no idea what to do. Nothing like this had ever happened before! "Jared," Paul barked, sensing his turmoil and prompting him into action without calling his inexperience before the rest of the dumbstruck crew. "Someone get Jared."

Jensen ripped the gag out of his mouth with trembling fingers, then the dildo, but Paul wouldn't let him get up. No matter how good Jensen was, a scene like that put a fair amount of strain on the participants, physical and emotional, and if the tears on Jensen's cheeks were anything to go by, Paul thought it would've been far safer if someone went after Jared's sorry ass and he let them have some space in the intimacy of their own trailer.

"It's fine. Now stay put. You'll hurt yourself. C'mon now," He helped Jensen into a fluffy robe, "Easy does it. We're going back to the trailer, okay?"

"Jay," Jensen whispered, clearly not hearing a word Paul was saying, still trying to pull free of the rigger's clutches. "Gotta. Need to. Need. Jared."

"We'll get him. Now back to the trailer though, okay?"

"Why?" Jensen whispered, still shaking like a brittle, tender thing against Paul's chest. "Why?"

Paul thought he had an answer to that, but sagely decided to stay quiet as he helped Jensen up and onto the tiny cart they never had to use once -- Jared always carried Jensen away himself, no matter how tired and wrung out Jared was. Jensen shivered and followed Paul's lead, fingers trembling in his lap.

Where the fuck was Jared, for Christ's sake? What was taking them so long to find him?

Paul did what he used to do before Jared came along. He lay Jensen down on the bed, checking for any residual damage on his ankles and wrists. There was none. The tiny abrasions he found were fresh, possibly inflicted by Jensen himself when he buckled and tried to rip out the moment he'd realized Jared was gone.

"Easy, kid," Paul soothed, out of practice with trying to ease Jensen out of such emotional states. There was a soft rap on the door, and Jensen looked up hopefully.

It wasn't Jared.

Elle hovered at the foot of the trailer, the studio doctor besides her. Paul stepped back to allow the man in, and hissed down to Elle, "Where the fuck is he?"

"Don't look at me!" She snapped, as worried as he was. "No one knows where he is. What happened? I thought it was going fine." Elle always watched the shoots, ready to step in between takes and touch up her actors.

"Jay?" Paul turned back into the trailer as Jensen tried to climb out of bed.

"Oh no, none of that." Paul stepped in to intercept him, pushing him back towards the bed. Jensen obeyed wearily, until the doctor tried to do his check ups, and Jensen threw the worst tantrum Paul had ever seen him throw.

It took forever to calm Jensen down, during which time he almost bit the doctor and elbowed Paul in the stomach, before slumping down exhaustedly. The doctor, eying him warily, looked to Paul for further instructions. Paul considered letting him continue, but after Jensen had put up such a fight, it seemed wrong to move in now he was too tired to struggle.

"I'll see to him." Paul said quietly, showing the doctor to the door and spotting Gabe looking petrified a few feet away.

"How is he?" the director asked, looking towards Jensen's trailer with abnormally wide eyes. Paul fought the urge to pinch his nose. One of the problems, he noticed, when working with people as young as their stars and new director, was that they tended to drag all kinds of drama in their wake.

"He's about half a step away from passing out. Which is probably a good thing the way he is acting." Paul huffed, rubbing his sore stomach. "Where is Jared?"

Gabe shook his head, his hair messy around his face. "So I have one star on the verge of collapse, and the other puking up a lung in the bathroom. Jesus, I should have stuck to dykes."

Paul's ears perked up. "So you *know* where he is--"

There was an almighty crash coming from somewhere distant. Both Gabe and Paul flinched, turning round to try and locate the noise. "You don't think--"

"-bathroom," Paul finished for him, sprinting away, the director on his heels. They didn't need to run very far. There was another crash, then another. They skidded to a halt in front of the closed door, Paul grabbing the knob and shaking in frustration.

"It's locked," Gabe panted, clutching a stitch in his side. Paul grunted.

"Stand back."

Even if he was not as well built as Jared, Paul was not frail, and cracked the door open with one well-aimed shoulder. The wood splintered, and they walked through only to stop dead in their tracks at the sight that met their eyes.

Blood splattered the sinks and the floor in bright, red specks. The three decorative mirrors on the walls were smashed to dust, broken pieces scattered around the marble and tinged red just like the tiles. Jared was crouched in a corner, bent in two against the sink at the far end of the wall, still vomiting, his hands bloody and scraped where they clung to the ceramic.

"Dear God," Paul whispered, hand to his mouth.

The kid was twenty one. He'd made a life commitment, bought a house, taken upon himself a crusade that would've scared pretty much anyone. He was gentle, and loving, and so fucking *young*.

To see him like that made Paul feel vile, as if he was trespassing on something too private for anyone to witness.

Gabe stood, dumbstruck, the hero worship he had for the man in front of him rendering him incapable of rational thought.

They both hovered until Jared acknowledged them, falling back on his hunches and scrubbing at his face with bloody fingers. "Is he alright?" he asked, his voice rough and full of pain. He still had his back to them both, but Paul could hear the tears in his voice as clear as day.

"He's in your trailer," Paul said, taking a step closer and resting a hand on Jared's back.

The kid tried to balance the whole world on his shoulders, but he wasn't Atlas. Paul could see the cracks in him. He'd tried mentioning them to Jensen earlier, by asking if he thought Jared could handle the scene.

Jensen was as blind to Jared's weaknesses as Jared was to Jensen's faults.

He knew Jensen was worried about Jared and the pressure he was under, but he also knew the kid had no idea what kind of emotions a scene like that would trigger in the both of them. In many ways Jensen was desensitized to it all.

And Jared, Jared wasn't an actor. Even Paul could see that even when playing the kinkiest games for the camera, Jared was only ever Jared.

And he wasn't the type of man who would consider tying his lover up, and hurting him the way Jared just had, anything but abhorrent.

"He's worried about you," Paul whispered, felling Jared tremble just as hard as Jensen did. It was difficult to think of Jared as vulnerable, especially when placed next to Jensen, who sometimes wore such a bruised look about him it was blindingly obvious he was in pain. Jared just seemed the type of person misery shouldn't be allowed to touch.

It was all the more crushing to see him reduced like that.

"You think you can head back now?" Paul asked quietly, but Jared shook his head in abject terror. "He

needs you there."

"What he needs-" Jared choked, wiping at his face with the back of his hand, smearing blood all over as he did so, "-is - is t-to be taken care of."

"You always do that," Paul said, trying to coax Jared out of his corner. Jared shook his head again, sniffing and rubbing at his face, his hands cut with shards of glass and bruised with the impact against the wall. "It's just a scene, Jared."

"I hurt him."

"He was *fine*," Paul insisted, but he knew there was no point trying to get Jared to see the difference between himself and his character, just as there was no point trying to explain to him that Jensen didn't really care about what went on in a scene.

"It was in the script," Gabe said timidly, but Jared shuddered as thought he'd been slapped. He glanced at Gabe with red-rimmed eyes, such a turmoil burning brightly behind those hazels it sent Paul's mind reeling.

"Scripts are worth jack," Jared hissed through his teeth, angry tears rolling down his cheeks and streaking pale through half-dried blood stains.

"You gonna let me take a look at your hands?" Paul asked cautiously, closing the gap between them and gently taking Jared's bloody hands in his.

For a moment Jared frowned, confused, then he looked down at his hands as if seeing them for the first time. "Fuck," he breathed. "Fuck!" Paul tightened his grip before Jared could pull away.

"You should probably go to the hospital," he advised. "Make sure there is no glass still in the wounds." Jared was already shaking his head and Paul nodded. He spoke to Gabe without looking at him. "Can you go find the doctor? He should still be on site."

Gabe vanished a second later.

Paul carefully guided Jared to sit down on the edge of the work surface, away from the broken glass. "What happened there, Jared?" Running the cold water into the sink, Paul soaked up a hand towel and began to pat down Jared's bloody hands.

Jared sniffed, his face a blotchy mess of flushed skin and black make up. He sighed and said, "He doesn't get off on shit like that. He doesn't like being hurt, he's not a masochist," Paul would argue that point, if Jared didn't look so hollow. "So why did I do that to him?"

It felt as if he was a broken record, but Paul repeated himself anyway. "Because it was in the script. He knows you'd never behave like that with him."

Jared looked up, his dark eyes suddenly filled with anger. "Just like the script he did with Kevin and Jona? Like that script, you mean?"

Paul had to stomp down hard on the urge to flinch from Jared's tone. "That was-"

"Don't tell me it was different, Paul. He thinks that if it's down on paper then it doesn't matter what anyone does to him."

Paul sighed and wrapped Jared's hands with the damp towel. "Because that is not him. It's just a character. It's his job. How do you think he's gone on for so long?"

"It doesn't mean he still should," Jared gritted out, more tears leaking out of the corners of his eyes.

"You were looking out for him. You would never hurt him. I checked him over, and his only problem is that you're not there. He's okay, Jared. Physically, he is."

Jared laughed, bitter crazy. "Yeah. I just hit him until he cried. Do you have - any - any idea-" Jared sucked in a breath, teeth grinding together, his knuckles bleeding more profusely still as he clenched his hands around the edge of the sink.

"He whispers his safe word. Over and over. I hear him. I wake up and he's crying and he doesn't know where he is, what he's doing. He's begging them to stop, and I try, I fucking *try* so hard and still - "

Paul bit his tongue until it bled, the burst of pain keeping him grounded as he listened to Jared's broken, ripped tale.

"- 'm no better."

"Don't even try that," Paul snapped, voice edged sharp. "I can't, and won't believe you're stupid enough not to see the difference."

Paul wondered how none of them had noticed just how far Jared had fallen away from them. He wondered if even Jensen knew the depth Jared's pain went.

A sudden burst of commotion outside had them both look up, breaking the spell of depression Jared had fallen into.

"You should be-"

"Honey, I don't think-"

"Jen, wait a minute, he's not, he doesn't want to see you right now." That was Gabe, so obviously trying to save Jensen the sight of Jared in such a state, but the well meaning words were probably the worst thing he could have said.

Jared was on his feet in a second, sending Paul flying with an unconscious flex of strength as he charged for the door and stalked out onto set.

The doctor and Elle were doing their best to calm Jensen, who was standing in the middle of the set, obviously looking for Jared, and shaking like a leaf.

Jensen weakly shook off the doctor's hand and looked around wildly. "No, don't touch me. Jared? Jared!"

The worried crew all scattered as Jared advanced, ignoring Gabe and Elle and quickly wrapping Jensen in his arms. The pain that flared as he lifted Jensen up was welcome in the face of Jensen's terrified gaze. "I'm here, baby," he whispered, carrying Jensen back to their trailer, away from the prying eyes of the crew.

"Why?" Jensen murmured again, clutching at Jared's hair and face as he would disappear again. Jared felt the ugly stab of guilt rob him of breath as they walked through the open door to their sanctuary. "Why did you - what's - did I do something wrong?"

"No, shh, no, it's nothing, it's not you. I'm sorry, baby. I'm so sorry, I was an ass." He kissed the crown of Jensen's head, blood soaked towel dripping from where it clung to his hand. "Shh. I'm sorry I keep fucking up."

Jensen looked at him, eyes wide and scared, and Jesus Christ, Jared wanted to disappear from the face of the earth. He lay Jensen down on the bed, his bruised hands shaking, and dropped gentle kisses all over the side of Jensen's face.

"I'm so sorry, baby," he repeated, hating the way his voice broke on the last syllable, and he wiped hastily at his face. He knew he looked the worse for wear, but right now the thing that mattered most was that Jensen would forgive him. He'd worry about such inane things as looks later. He ran his fingers down Jensen's neck, slow, hesitant caress. "I'm so fucking sorry."

"Why?"

Jared gritted his teeth together, anger and self-loathing vying for priority inside his heart. How could Jensen even ask something like that? "I'm sorry I left," he whispered, trying to hold Jensen's eye, no matter how inadequate it made him feel. "I'm sorry I hurt you."

Jensen shook his head and reached for Jared's hands. As his fingers brushed over bruised and bloody flesh, Jared watched the horror dawn on Jensen's face.

"Oh god, what did you do?" He breathed, scrambling with the towel to see the full extent of the damage. "Jay, what did you do?" His voice was shrill.

Jared caught Jensen's fluttering hands and flinched as his fingers closed around the bruises left behind by the ropes. He had a flash of Jensen struggling against him and felt the sickness rise again. "It's okay, baby. It's alright."

"Why did you do that?" Jensen was only getting more and more worked up. His hands fluttered against Jared's, wrenching free to pat at his tearstained face. "Oh god, did I- Jay, what did you - god, *god*."

The disjointed sentences only got worse. "Baby, baby, please calm down." Jared knew he was crying again. He couldn't help it. Jensen was looking at him as if he had never seen him before, and with a sudden, painfully sharp flash of comprehension, Jared understood why.

He let Jensen take his bloody hands and kiss them, as if one magic touch could erase the hurt. There had been no one to kiss Jensen when he had done the same thing. There were no scars on the fragile skin of Jensen's arms, but he knew how they must have looked.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," Jensen sobbed, pressing delicate kisses to Jared's skin, his tears stinging.

"Don't," Jared murmured, cupping Jensen's face, his thumbs running delicate on Jensen's cheekbones. "You have nothing to be sorry for, okay? Nothing. I shouldn't have- I just. I'm sorry baby, so sorry." He didn't know what else to say. He tried to keep Jensen still, and let him cling and reassure himself that Jared was still there, still whole.

"We'll get you looked at," Jensen said inconsequentially. "I don't want you to - I - you'll be fine."

"It's only a scratch," Jared lied, his voice thickened by the flow of his tears. "Nothing a band aid won't cure."

Jensen pressed his mouth to the knuckles of Jared's hand, and pulled at his shoulders as he wanted Jared to melt against him. Jared went without putting up a fight, laying on his side and curling on the bed, right in Jensen's side.

"My fault," Jensen mumbled as he held onto Jared like his life depended on it. "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault," Jared repeated again, his voice finding a bit of his strength when faced with the need to reassure Jensen. "None of this is. Ever was."

"No. No." Jensen shook his head, then suddenly lurched out of bed. before Jared could stop him he was at the door and bellowing for the doctor.

"Jen," Jared tried, swinging around to sit on the edge of the bed. Jensen glared at him, still shaking violently.

"No." He shook his head again, and as the irate doctor entered the trailer, Jensen pointed at Jared and said, "Make him better."

The order was so childish Jared couldn't even bring himself to protest. He wished it were that simple.

The doctor muttered to himself as he picked small shards of glass from Jared's hands, insisting that he go

to hospital and only relenting when Jared growled at him. If Jensen got it into his head that Jared needed to go to the ER, then to the ER they would go. Right now all he wanted to do was go home and sleep for a week, Jensen in his arms.

None of the cuts needed stitches, and after dosing him liberally with painful antibac wash, he wrapped the worst of the cuts over the back of Jared's hand with thin white bandages. Both Jared and Jensen paid no attention to him when he left, the door closing quietly behind him.

Jensen slowly crossed the room, his legs wobbly, and knelt by Jared's feet. He took each bandaged hand in his own and laid his cheek on Jared's thigh. The posture looked uncomfortably submissive, like something Jensen's character would do, so Jared reached down and pulled him up onto the bed. "Stay with me," Jared murmured, kissing his brow and holding him onto his lap. "Stay with me."

"Always," Jensen swore, clinging to Jared like a baby koala. Jared kissed his nose, slowly, like a caress, and Jensen closed his eyes with a sigh.

"I'm so sorry, Jen," Jared murmured, burying his face in Jensen's neck. "I should never - I should. I'm sorry. I didn't want - I didn't mean. I didn't think. I didn't. I'm sorry."

Jensen swallowed and clutched harder at his back. "Don't - it's not your fault. None of it. I'm - it's my fault, I should have - I -"

"No, Jen, please." Jared silenced him with a soft kiss. "Please. Just - you have no blame in this. You were amazing, no, shush, seriously. You were. You were a professional and I screwed it up."

Jensen looked at him, green eyes wide and hurt. "I should have known it'd freak you out," he murmured. "I know you. I know your heart and god, Jared." Jensen placed a reverent kiss on Jared's chest, his cheeks brushing gently over the bare skin. "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

Curling his fingers against the damp hair at Jensen's nape, Jared shook his head slowly. "I left you there. I am so sorry baby." Jensen tried to shake off the apology, but Jared was having none of it. "Please, baby, let me see? I need to-" He needed to see that Jensen wasn't hurt from all Jared had done to him.

Surprisingly, Jensen nodded and laid back without a word. He was pandering to Jared's fears, Jared knew, and he pressed a kiss right above Jensen's heart in thanks.

The bruises on Jensen's wrists and ankles were minimal, only faint abrasions on the skin that Jared could easily treat with the things they had at home. Obediently, Jensen rolled over onto his stomach and presented Jared with the evidence of all the scene had class for him to do.

Jared winced. It was a miracle Jensen had been able to sit at all.

The skin wasn't broken, and for that Jared was eternally grateful, but Jensen's ass and thighs were heavily bruised and crisscrossed with thin welts. Pressing an apologetic kiss to each buttock, Jared carefully spread them to inspect the tender skin hidden from sight.

The scene had made it look as if Jared had taken Jensen with no lube or prep at all. In reality Jensen had prepared himself before stepping onto set. His entrance was swollen and sore, the way it usually looked after Jared had made love to him, but there was no damage the likes of which would have been caused had the scene been real.

Truth be told, it was that aspect that had caused Jared the most issues. He hated the idea of anyone using sex as a tool to inflict pain. It disgusted him, and he'd been foolish enough to think he could have gone through with the scene because Jensen was so keen on the project, and he didn't want to bail on him. Still, seeing with his own eyes that the damage was minimal - even though the glaring red skin of Jensen's thighs made his heart sped up, taking his breath away as though he'd been punched - helped ease his mind slightly. Only slightly.

He kissed the inner skin of Jensen's ass with tender care, then stepped away from the bed to pick up fluffy pjs and socks to bundle Jensen up and leave. They'd been working for three weeks on the project, and

Jared already screwed up twice. His hands throbbed painfully as he moved about the trailer, rummaging through their drawers, but he was careful not to let a single sound escape his lips, knowing that if he did, Jensen would think he was in pain and he couldn't stand to start the guilt game all over again.

"We're going home now, okay?" Jared whispered, helping Jensen up again and into his lap like a small child. Even though Jensen was far from little, sometimes Jared couldn't help but feel the urge to hold him and hide him from the world.

Gabe sat on their trailer steps, chewing his nails. Paul loitered close by, Elle hovering by his side. Jared couldn't bring himself to face any of them, and flushed red when Jensen stepped up and answered the questions fired from all directions.

"I'll handle it," he promised, reassuring Gabe, who was having kittens just thinking about his meeting with the studio later that week. They were seven days behind schedule, and Jared knew he was more than partly to blame. "I'll handle it." Jensen whispered again, this time for Jared alone, squeezing his hand tightly.

As soon as they were home, Jensen headed into the kitchen to cook, something Jared knew calmed him down when he was stressed. Jared sat on the porch, absently throwing the dogs their ball, then picking with as much gusto as he could muster at the chickpea and chicken curry Jensen made for him.

"We could quit," Jensen offered suddenly. He wasn't eating himself, just standing by the table, clutching tightly at a mug of soup. He looked tired, and Jared wished with all his heart that Jensen was making the offer because he meant it, not because he thought it was what Jared needed to hear.

Sadly, Jared shook his head. "You'd lose a fortune." Jensen was secure in his finances, but if he pulled out of the shoot, the fines would be astronomical.

"I don't care," Jensen said stubbornly.

"But I do," Jared murmured, putting down his knife and fork and walking around to wrap his arms around him. "And I don't want you to do this. You deserve this break. It's a good thing. And I want to do it. I want you to have this."

"But you don't want to," Jensen argued with a soft voice.

"I do," Jared promised him. "I guess I wasn't as okay with the scene as I thought I could be, but I *can* be." He sighed and kissed his cheek again. "I never meant to hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me," Jensen said quietly.

Jared shrugged. "I thought I had," he murmured. "But I won't ruin this for you. I'm sorry I fucked up, I'm-I'm sorry. I'm not supposed to make things more difficult."

"It's my fault," Jensen said, turning around to face Jared, their foreheads brushing together. His voice was bitter, heavy with self-loathing. "It's my fault - I freaked you out -"

"Don't," Jared said, quitting Jensen off with a quick kiss. "Don't. Please. Just don't."

"But it's true," Jensen gritted out, fixing Jared with eyes swimming with tears. "I did. I fucked you up."

Jared was appalled. "What? Jesus Jensen, where the hell did you get that idea from?"

Jensen pushed him away and looked up with dark, heavy eyes. "You think I can't see what this is doing to you? Jay, when I first met you, the whole world was one big exciting adventure in your eyes. You wanted to see everything and meet everyone, everything was so bright for you. Now when you look at people it's like you're guarded. You're always expecting someone or something to hurt me, or to have an ulterior motive." Jensen didn't say what he really thought, that by being with him, Jared had lost an innocence even porn couldn't take away. "I've made you suspicious and distrusting, and I *hate* myself for that."

In the face of Jensen's bitter tears, Jared could only shake his head in denial. "No, baby, that's called growing up."

"Most people don't grow up in the porn world, Jay." Jensen argued.

Jared wasn't thinking when he responded. "Right, because you didn't."

Jensen flinched, and Jared clenched his fists, the pain a welcome punishment for his mistake. Christ, he was just Mr Fuck-up today.

He half expected Jensen to break down again, and was surprised when Jensen spoke calmly. "And I also know that it is just a job," he countered quietly.

It was Jared's turn to flinch. Touché.

He took a deep breath, unclenching and clenching his fists again before taking a step forward and putting both hands over the sides of Jensen's neck, stroking quietly. "The way things are now, I wouldn't change it for anything. Anything," Jared whispered, holding Jensen's gaze. "You are my life. I have no regrets - not one. People do grow up, and I would have - with or without you." Of that Jared was sure. The feelings Jensen awoke in him were not there because Jensen had planted them. They always had been, dormant, ready to rise as soon as Jared would have had the chance to be confronted with them.

Jensen opened his mouth to speak, but Jared silenced him with a touch of his fingers. "Will you hear me out?" he asked, voice threadbare soft. "You can say anything you want after that just - hear me out? Please?"

Mutely, Jensen nodded.

"I always knew that one day, I'd fall in love and I would turn the world upside down for that person. I always knew that if anyone dared to touch someone I loved - be it my family, or Chris and Steve - I'd go completely batshit crazy, scary crazy. And I met you. And you were everything I could have wanted." Jensen snorted, but Jared pressed the pad of his thumb over his lips, his eyes burning into Jensen's. "I had to step up and face the fact that my dreams needed work to become a reality - and they did. And I couldn't be more blessed." He paused, chewing on his lower lip, his palms gently caressing Jensen's neck. "Unless you don't like the person I've grown into," Jared whispered. "I wouldn't change my life with anyone's."

"I love you, Jared. I just... worry." Jensen laughed softly. "I sound like you."

Jared felt a smile ease itself onto his face. "You say that like it is a bad thing," he teased. With Jensen it was so easy to slip between moods Jared could sometimes not keep up. He managed to maintain a serious expression and kissed Jensen's cheek. "What are you going to say to the studio?"

Jensen shrugged. "I'll tell them we had a burst of artistic inspiration and we'll work overtime to catch up. No big deal."

"It is." Jared sighed. "I should have been more professional. I am sorry."

Jensen nodded. "It's nothing I can't handle, alright?"

Jared sighed and trusted Jensen to sort the problem.

"Will you come lay down with me?" Jensen asked, flushing shyly.

"You tired, love?" Jared asked, stroking Jensen's back. He knew Jensen was lying when he nodded his head. "Okay."

Curling up with Jensen on the bed was the best way to spend the evening. Jared lay on his side, Jensen nestled in the curve of his body, holding Jared's hands carefully as they rested on his belly. The tender, gentle way Jensen held onto him made Jared smile. He wasn't used to being treated as fragile, and he

loved Jensen for wanting to take care of him. A rather big part of Jared didn't want Jensen to have to worry about him, too, but he knew deep in his heart that Jensen needed to know he could make things right.

And he could - Jensen could always manage to bring out the best in him, even if most of the times he didn't realize it. Jared knew it, and cherished it. He could never ask for anything more than that. They had put on one of Jensen's old favorites - Jared thought he knew all of Audrey's lines by heart now, but the routine was laced with comfort and easy companionship. He closed his eyes and held Jensen tight, his nose nuzzling the curve of his neck as he kissed him tenderly every once in a while.

Jensen fell asleep first. Jared watched over him until the final credits rolled on the screen, then turned off the tv and snuggled deeper in the covers, tucking the duvet up to Jensen's chin, lips caressing the edge of his cheekbone. Jensen would take care of the delay with the shooting, and maybe Francy would be happy with killing Jared just a little. He smiled grimly and closed his eyes. He'd deal with that in the morning.

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Act 30: ***Let me belong here***

Rating: NC-17

Summary: After the drama of their last shoot, Jared is determined to see things through to the end.

Notes: And we veer away from the emo, back to the porn. Thus the Circle of Life is complete.

Warnings: Follows directly after the last part, and won't make sense if you haven't read it.

"Are you gonna be okay with this?"

Jared's jaw twitched. He couldn't blame the crew for all being worried about him, and his performance, but if one more person asked him that...

Jensen threw him a sympathetic smile, reassuring in his presence. Paul was carefully tying him back down in the position that had broken in, and Elle was on hand to aid continuity. She'd done some magic trick, and Jensen looked as freshly spanked as he had been a day ago, and by the time she and Paul were done, Jared could have been exactly where they left off.

Gabe was staring Jared down, obviously trying to be an intimidating director, and failing miserably. Jared smiled and did his best to reassure his director that he wasn't going to bail. He'd not do that to Jensen again.

He took the gag from Paul and ran his hand over the back of Jensen's head. It was a comfort to the both of them, and Jared felt himself calm under the loving twinkle in Jensen's green eyes.

"Ready, love?"

Jensen nodded, his face smeared with manufactured tears and sweat. "Give it your best shot, tough guy," he teased. Jared lowered down to kiss Jensen's ear, sliding carefully the gag through Jensen's parted lips and fastening it carefully at the back of his head.

"Right, okay. So, right where we were... Is everyone ready?" By 'everyone', Gabe meant Jared, and Jared found it in himself to bite his tongue and keep calm.

"Right, then - Action!"

~ * & * ~

Jared's hands stilled on Jensen's legs. Softly, ever so softly, Jensen was pulled back down on the bed. The dildo was eased out, even though every ridge hurt as it was pulled free from his body. It was a welcome relief, and Jensen swallowed down his tears as Jared went to undo the ropes around his ankles and wrists, turning him around on his side with such care it felt more unnerving than the blows.

"Fuck," Jared muttered under his breath, fingers going to unclasp the gag at Jensen's nape, carefully pulling it out and massaging Jensen's jaw to get the circulation going. "Hey," he murmured, turning Jensen around to face him, the anger gone from those hazel eyes Jensen felt like drowning into. Jensen swallowed and leaned into the touch, closing his eyes as he breathed harshly through his nose.

"You can speak, you know," Jared said, his voice odd, strained. "Or insult me. Whichever."

Jensen opened his eyes again, blinking at Jared. He didn't understand what Jared wanted from him. After a hesitant moment the fingers against Jensen's skin began to stroke back and forth, soothing in their

touch. "I'm sorry," he breathed. "I didn't mean it, I didn't."

Jared said nothing, his fingers gentle on Jensen's cheek. As soon as Jensen had better control of his breathing, Jared stepped away and snatched a blanket from the dresser. Jensen sank into the warmth of the fabric, blinking up at Jared with bruised, wary eyes.

"I shouldn't have done that," Jared admitted softly. "I'm sor-" He couldn't seem to complete the word, but shook his head again. "I shouldn't have done that."

Jensen slunk closer, seeking the extra warmth from Jared's body. He bit down on his lip nervously, and Jared saw blood on his teeth. He couldn't meet Jensen's eyes when he asked, "Do you need a doctor?"

Jensen looked up at him in confusion. "What?"

"A doctor," Jared repeated. "Do you need -" he ran one hand over his face, rubbing at his eyes with the back of his fingers. Jensen didn't know what Jared was talking about, and frowned, uncomprehendingly, until Jared's fingers delicately ran across the raised red skin of his thighs, making him shudder. "Are you bleeding?" he asked then, in the same scratchy-soft voice.

Jensen shook his head, numb fingers clutching at the blanket. "Don't think so, no."

The answer wasn't good enough for Jared. He stood up, turning Jensen over with a gentle nudge and resting his palms above the blanket covering Jensen's ass. "Can I check?"

It was weird, Jared asking for permission, for anything. Jensen nodded mutely, strange tingles spreading on his lower body while Jared's expert hands continued to search for damage. The skin wasn't broken, and no matter how sore and hurt Jensen felt, it was going to get better. Jared covered him with another blanket from the bed and lay down on his side next to him, still not quite meeting Jensen's gaze as he took his hands in his own, slowly working his fingers over the rope burns on Jensen's wrists.

Jensen was still tense, waiting for the other shoe to fall, and Jared stroked his hands up and down the goosebumps on Jensen's arms. "I guess it doesn't mean much," Jared said quietly, "But I promise that won't ever happen again."

Jensen still didn't understand the words Jared was saying, but his head was thick, as if he was under a layer of cotton wool, so he figured that was more his fault.

"Why did you do that, Jensen?" Jared asked. "You know... you *know* how I get..." Jared broke off, angry with himself for blaming Jensen for his own temper, but god, he thought Jensen knew him better than that.

"You just... I didn't mean for you to get upset," Jensen whispered, looking downcast and shy. His hair was messy, not in its usual sleek mohawk, and the eyeliner around his eyes was smeared down his cheeks.

Climbing from the bed, Jared fetched a damp wash cloth from the bathroom and tenderly cleaned Jensen's face. Jensen was content to let Jared do with him as he pleased, more comfortable wrapped up in the flannel, and cosy in the light of Jared's less volatile mood. Once he was done, Jared tossed the cloth away and slid in under the covers next to Jensen, one arm tugging at his middle, bringing him closer.

"I never meant to get this carried away," Jared confessed, his mouth twisted as though the words tasted bitter in his mouth. "It's not an excuse, and I know it. I just..." Jared shook his head and said nothing more, his palm running up and down Jensen's back through the thick blanket. "It won't happen again."

Jensen nodded, meekly. "I'm sorry."

"God, Jensen. Stop. It's -" Jared sighed in frustration, and Jensen flinched. Immediately, Jared's fingers wound in his hair, gently massaging his scalp with a soothing caress until Jensen dared to open his eyes again. Jared's face was half an inch from his own, not looking at him in the eye, his hand cradling the back of his head. "What I meant to say," Jared whispered, "is that I won't ever hurt you like this, ever again."

Jensen blinked up at him. It took Jensen a while to realize Jared was trying to apologize. It was so unthinkable, it hadn't even occurred to him.

"Jay..."

"Jensen," Jared leaned closer and placed a very timid kiss to Jensen's forehead. Jensen blinked, astonished. Jared had never treated him like that before. It was so far from their normal behavior that he wasn't sure if he could believe it to be real.

Jared's lips moved to the shell of his ear. "Never again," he whispered, tracing a tantalizing line down to the hollow of Jensen's throat. When Jensen didn't lean into the touch, still rather shell shocked and shivering, Jared pulled back and sighed.

"We never really talked about this," Jared started, sounding supremely awkward, and nothing like the confident, charismatic man Jensen knew.

Jensen blinked. "Talked about what?" he asked, leaning closer this time when Jared offered him a gentle nudge. "Jay?"

If Jared saw the dawning fear in Jensen's eyes, he was at a loss as to how to deal with it. He sighed and ran a hand over his face before turning to Jensen again. "I'm sorry," he murmured, so honest and bare it made Jensen shiver. "I shouldn't have - I should know better." He stopped, looking at loss for what to say next.

Jensen looked at him, wide eyed, without really knowing what to do or say. He wasn't prepared to deal with something like this. Jared had always been in control of everything, allowing Jensen to let go. It felt so weird, and yet it awakened something in his belly, a warm sparkle that spread steadily to every part of his body.

"It's okay," Jensen whispered, putting one hand over Jared's wrist, but Jared looked almost horrified.

"No, it's not," he said, voice surprisingly hard. Jensen recoiled and Jared cursed under his breath. "Shit. No, I'm not - I'm not mad at you. And you shouldn't say it's okay. It's not okay, Jensen. It's so far from okay, I -" he broke off, sucked in a deep breath before caressing Jensen neck delicately, butterfly-soft touches on Jensen's skin. "I've hurt you, I've scared you and god, it's so useless to say this but I didn't mean to. I didn't. And I'm really sorry," he finished again in a whisper.

"You didn't-" Jensen shook his head stubbornly, but stilled when Jared pressed his fingers to his lips.

"I'm supposed to look after you, that is how this works. You give yourself to me, and I take care of you. I didn't." Jared's fingers fluttered gently over the raw skin on Jensen's wrists. "This should never have happened."

Jensen looked up at him through tear clumped eyelashes. "Then why?"

Jared shook his head, at a loss to explain. "I don't know. I was angry, I shouldn't have started it, I just-"

"I'm-" Jared cut off the apology before Jensen could whisper it to the room.

"Quiet," Jared whispered, a touch of dominance in his voice. Jensen instantly went quiet under the gentle command. Jared framed Jensen's face with his palm, slowly drying his tears with the pad of his thumb. "Quiet now. I'll make it up to you."

Jensen's green eyes widened, and even though he would've wanted to say something, Jared's thumb pressed over his lips, softly silencing him. Jensen swallowed, his adam apple bobbing with the move as he watched, transfixed, Jared's slow descent on his body.

Jared's lips trailed down on Jensen's chest, leaving a scorching hot trail in their wake. A gasp fluttered out of Jensen's lips, but he bit back the sound almost immediately. Jared had told him to keep quiet. Jensen angled his head so he could look at Jared, eyes half closed as he sucked kisses into Jensen's skin, his

fingers dancing tantalizingly on Jensen's sides.

Jensen's breath caught in his throat and he shuddered, lower lip pulled between his teeth, trying to keep quiet. Jared's never been like *that*, not ever, and it sent Jensen in overdrive. He didn't know what Jared got in mind, but the quiet, the soft touches, the apologies - everything that he told himself he didn't need, that they were bullshit good for happy heteros made his heart skip every odd beat. His dick was still hard and flushed, pressed on his stomach, and when Jared's mouth brushed against the head, Jensen's body bucked up of its own accord.

Jared caged him down gently against the bed, his hands framing the sides of Jensen's head as they bunched in the sheets. He left a burning trail of kisses down the soft expanse of Jensen's throat. The chain looped between the studs lay heavy on his chest as Jared tugged at it with his teeth, gently bathing the hurt with his tongue. Jensen whimpered thinly, the heat of Jared's body above him almost as confining as the ropes had been, but infinitely more comforting.

It was easy to slip back into the high, letting Jared take control, but the difference between the heated kisses and the burning blows from the flogger were worlds apart. Jared's dominance was no less potent for all the gentleness of his touch.

"I love seeing you like this," Jared whispered, his lips an inch from Jensen's naval. "So eager to let it all go, so desperate to be controlled."

Jensen gasped wordlessly and arched up into Jared's touch, the chain shifting with each squirm and pulling against the studs.

"Jay, Jared, please-" Jensen begged.

Jared tugged gently on the chain with his teeth before reaching up to nip at Jensen's lips. "I told you to be quiet," he scolded. There was no heat in his voice, but Jensen shivered none the less, unsure of Jared's mood and not knowing if he'd be punished for his slip.

Jared maybe sensed it, because he pressed their mouths together for a brief moment, hot and passionate, swipe of tongue parting Jensen's mouth before trailing down his chin to his neck again. Jensen was floating, his nerves zinging together. Not knowing now wasn't as terrifying as it had been earlier, when the silence was close to oppressing. Now it was erotic, pure feeling that turned Jensen inside out, outside in.

"You're so good to me," Jared murmured quietly, licking Jensen's pierced nipple before shifting downwards to his dick. "I'll take care of you. I promise."

Jensen swallowed, black stars dancing in front of his eyes with every clever swipe of Jared's tongue around his cock. It was hot, and intense, and it made Jensen tremble like a leaf on the wind. Jared's voice washed over him like warm honey, and Jensen longed so bad to just roll with it and hope it would last.

That sweetness in Jared's touch had awakened something deep inside of him that he'd so far refused to believe it ever existed.

Jared's fingers carefully stroked the skin between Jensen's thighs, parting them inch by inch. The gentle coaxing was nothing like the rough manner in which he had forced Jensen to open for him before. Jensen shuddered, a part of himself embarrassed by the way Jared was treating him like glass, a part of himself secretly reveling in the way Jared took care of him.

"You're such a good boy, such a good little slut, you'd do anything for me, wouldn't you?" For once, the insult sounded rather affectionate, and Jensen nodded enthusiastically as Jared settled himself more comfortably on the bed. "Don't," Jared startled him with the soft plea. "I'm supposed to take care of you, not hurt you." He let his finger slide between Jensen's lips. "That means you can't let me go too far."

Jensen sucked on Jared's finger, his eyes fixed seriously on the face that loomed so close to his own.

He was silent when Jared began to carefully probe at the skin between his ass cheeks. It hurt, and he wriggled in discomfort, but he was obediently quiet.

"Does it hurt?" Jared murmured, not even trying to push in now, just circling the outer ring of muscle.

Jensen didn't know how he was supposed to answer. He looked at loss for a brief instant before nodding his head, his cheeks bright red. "A little," he admitted, feeling even more ashamed when Jared hastily began to pull out.

"You have to tell me when it hurts," Jared instructed him quietly. "You don't have to take everything." He kissed the groove of Jensen's hip and wrapped both hands around his thighs, fingers digging in gently in the pale flesh. Jensen moaned in the back of his throat, his breath getting more and more ragged as Jared laved at his full balls with the flat of his tongue.

"I don't want to hurt you," Jared whispered. "Never."

Jensen didn't know best how to answer. He parted his thighs wider instead, and hoped the message was as strong as any words he could have spoken.

Smiling against the soft skin on Jensen's thigh, Jared shuffled in and dragged his tongue over the bruises on Jensen's ass. The touch soothed and excited him both. Jared diligently bathed the raw skin, apologizing with each touch even as he gently opened Jensen up for him.

"You taste so fucking good." Jared hummed, his thumbs curled around Jensen's thighs, covering faint bruises left behind from earlier games.

"Please, please." Jensen's cock lay flat against his belly, hard and weeping. He bucked up, desperate for the contact that could bring him over the edge.

Jared smiled and pressed him down, gently denying him. "I'll make it worth your while, I promise." Jared teased, smiling up at him as he lapped up at the furled skin hidden between Jensen's ass cheeks. Jensen shrieked, sweat rolling down his forehead as he fisted the sheets beside his head, trying to keep still under Jared's assault. Stars were going off before his eyes, and even though Jared was taking his own sweet time with him, he wanted to enjoy it while it lasted.

Jared spread Jensen's legs wider, each of them hooking around Jared's shoulders, heels resting on the wings of his shoulder blades. He held Jensen down, licking a swathe from the center of him up to Jensen's balls, taking them in his mouth while staring at Jensen's open mouth, need gasps falling past his lips with every other stroke of Jared's talented tongue.

"Gorgeous," Jared mumbled, letting Jensen's sack slip wetly out of his mouth as he moved forward to the root of Jensen's dick. "You're so incredibly gorgeous, you have no clue."

Jensen mewled, bringing one hand up to his mouth so he could sink his teeth in the heel of his own palm, trying to keep quiet. It was impossible. Jared lapped at where his cock met his balls, then skated upwards, fiddling with Jensen's navel, then up the curve of his hipbone.

Jared's eyes were dark, burning as they raked over every inch of bared skin. "So pretty," he sighed. "I can't share you. I won't share you."

He reached up, placed his hand over Jensen's, sealing a wail behind Jensen's fingers and lips as he jabbed his tongue ruthlessly against sensitive skin. Jensen's thighs trembled against his shoulders, aching from the strain of being held open so wide. Jared lapped delicately at his ass, and spread him wider, until Jensen could only arch and buck beneath him, a wild thing in his blind need.

"I love when you're all wet from me fucking you." Jared ran his fingers over the clenching rim of Jensen's ass, still not loose enough for his liking. "I love when you're so fucked open that I can just slip inside of you, feel my come in your pretty ass. Gonna give you my fist some day, gonna watch you clench around my wrist, so fucking tight. Would you like that? You want me to stuff you so full you can't breathe?"

Jensen's answer was lost behind Jared's other hand, but his eyes were bright and desperate. He wanted it. He wanted to be Jared's good boy, his good little slut.

"Not now, though," Jared continued, already imagining the way he would do it, Jensen spread out on his bed, tied up tight and squirming as Jared opened him wider than ever. "Now I'm gonna take you slow and sweet, my good little whore, gonna make you burn up from the inside. You're gonna feel my cock for the rest of the week, gonna know you're mine."

Jensen's sobs were muffled, his ass clenching with every word Jared spoke.

Jared left him long enough to fetch lube, filled the bowl of his palm with enough to make Jensen as wet and slick as he promised. It was messy and sticky, but Jared knew Jensen couldn't possibly be hurt, so much lube in his ass and on his skin that Jared would need to press him to the bed just to keep a grip on him.

"Please, Jared, please, please," Jensen begged, squirming wildly on the bed, his thighs wide apart and clenching around Jared's back, toes curling as he twisted under Jared's hands.

Jared smiled and sucked a bruise in the groove of Jensen's hip, his fingers slipping on Jensen's skin. He slowly uncurled himself from his position between Jensen's legs and hooked each of Jensen's knees on the crooks of his arms, pulling him closer. "You'll see," Jared promised him, voice dark and lustful. "I'm going to make this so very good for you, so good."

Jensen moaned his desperate approval, sweat and lube making his skin shine in the dimmed light of the bedroom. His pulse was fluttering in his neck, wild and needy, heart hammering hard against his ribs with every sweet word that spilled from Jared's lips. He never heard that tone from Jared, and it made his head spin. He didn't know what to make of it, he didn't know if it would last or what it meant, he just knew that he wanted, he wanted desperately.

Jared took a firm hold of his hips and aligned himself to Jensen's hole, slowly and steadily pushing in, ignoring Jensen's long, drawn out sob and plunging through until his balls were resting against the curve of his ass. "Look at me," Jared whispered, leaning down to press his mouth to the line of Jensen's jaw, right under his ear. "Look at me, come on."

Jensen complied, turning his head until he could stare into Jared's deep, hued hazel eyes. The intensity of it sent Jensen's reeling, heat spreading fast from the center of him to every particle of his body. When Jared began to pull out, Jensen groaned and sunk his teeth in his lower lip to keep quiet, only to have his lip pried out of his grip by Jared's slick fingers.

"Let me hear you."

Jensen blinked, tears blurring his eyes as Jared started the slow, torturous pace, thrusting in and holding himself there, bottomed out, his balls flush to Jensen's rosy ass. "God, Jared, please, more. More."

"Yeah, that's it. Tell me what you want, darlin', I'll give it to you, I'll make you see fucking stars." Jared grunted, pulling out slowly before continuing the slow thrust withdrawal that made Jensen desperately try to fuck himself back on Jared's cock. His toes curled, thighs shuddering with each desperate attempt to take Jared faster, deeper, *more*, but he couldn't compensate for Jared's strength, or his desire to take his own sweet time.

"Fuck me! Please, more!"

"Harder?" Jared asked curiously, snapping his hips forward so Jensen shuddered and choked on a gasped break. "Faster?" He repeated the move before Jensen could recover.

"Yes! God yes!"

Jared smile was devious but free from the usual shadows. "You don't want me to make this last? You want a quick release, all that pleasure over before it has even begun?" He had slowed his pace again, drawing out each thrust, letting Jensen feel every inch of him as he slid inside.

Jensen bit his lip, the indecision clear on his face. Jared could control him even when he was offering to

be generous, and Jensen struggled to decide just what it was that he wanted.

Jared snapped his hips and Jensen groaned. "Oh fuck, Jared, god," Jensen bit his lip, eyes screwed shut, not knowing even what was up or down anymore, much less what he wanted. He raised his arms, sneaked them around Jared's neck and dared to pull him down, his fingernails raking over the curve of his back. "You, want you. Always, Jared, you, please -"

Jared cupped the back of Jensen's head and brought his face up, brushing their mouths together in what was almost like a tender kiss. Jensen sobbed softly against Jared's lips, and Jared's tongue sneaked past the barrier of teeth, twisting, slow and torturous, entwining with Jensen's.

"So gorgeous. My good little whore, my beauty."

Jensen tensed like a bowstring, the rush of release starting to hum through him as Jared drew the pleasure out with each sensual pull and push. He was burning like Jared promised, not quite there, but slowly building up to it, every rocking motion hitting his prostrate and making him sweat and gasp inside Jared's mouth.

"Jared," Jensen whispered, licking his lips and blinking sweat out of his eyes. Too wrung out for proper speech, he curled his fingers in Jared's hair and fussed their mouths together once more, clenching down hard on the thick cock spreading him wide just as Jared slowly began to build up his pace.

They had never kissed like this before, slow and tender, with Jared's tongue sliding against his own, equal, not owning. He didn't know what to make of it, he just knew that he'd die if Jared took it away from him now. "Yours, yours, yours," he chanted, pausing for breath as Jared's lips traced over his jaw.

"Mine." Jared said gruffly. "Always mine." His pace picked up as he dragged Jensen over the edge, curling his first around Jensen's cock, jerking him off with each thrust.

"Come for me, come on," Jared encouraged, "Show me you're mine. I want to see you." He buried himself deep, tugging on Jensen's cock and reveling in the unguarded howl Jensen let loose as he spilled himself into Jared's hand. His trembling body clenched tight, painful around Jared's cock, and he followed Jensen over the edge, spilling himself deep inside.

Jensen sobbed breathlessly as the world stopped spinning, and Jared slumped forward, stealing the last of his breath. "I'm not pulling out," he whispered. "I'mma stay snug inside you until I'm hard again, and this time, you're really going to scream for me."

Jensen shuddered at Jared's words, but he tightened the grip of his thighs, holding Jared inside him, and dared steal a shy kiss as the world righted itself around them.

~ * & * ~

"CUT!"

Jared nuzzled the skin of Jensen's throat, panting softly. "Did I-?"

Jensen shook his head. "No, but you need to-" He let the sentence drop, but Jared got the picture, slipping free from Jensen's ass as the crew moved around the set. He took the robe Paul was offering him with a small, thankful smile, and wrapped it around Jensen's shoulders.

"Are you all right?" Jared murmured, caressing his back as he pulled him in over his lap in a tight hug. Jensen nodded, trying to stall his yawn and failing.

"Yeah," Jensen murmured, smiling sleepily up at him. Jared kissed him tenderly and started to walk off, knowing that no one in their right mind would disturb them.

He'd showed them he could keep it together and make this happen. Jensen deserved to have his 100%, in life and at work. It was the least Jared could do for him. He needed to see this through, for both their

sakes, and to get their lives back with some form of normality.

"You tired?" Jared murmured as he lay Jensen in the middle of their bed, picking up the aloe vera even though Jensen hadn't been tied down, and he bore no marks if not those Jared's lips had left on him.

Jensen made a small, snuffling noise and reached for Jared's hand, pulling it to his lips. "Hmm."

Jared laughed, soft in the back of his throat, and place a quiet kiss over the curve of Jensen's neck. "That a yes?"

"Hmm."

"So eloquent," Jared teased, doing his job and cleaning Jensen up for the trip back home. He had a night of bubble baths and pizza planned, something quiet and blissful in the wake of a stressful week. They had a day off from shooting, as was standard in their contract, and Jared knew Jensen had a great deal of financial paperwork to iron out with the studio before they broke filming for the holiday. Jensen would go into the studio with Francesca, and Jared planned on spending the day getting his own back on Christian and Steve for the dozen times they had ganged up on him with Jensen.

Jensen smiled and rolled over, brushing his hand across Jared's cheek, tender and sweet. "Thank you," he whispered.

Jared felt something lodge in his throat. He leaned down and stole a kiss. "I love you," he responded, kissing Jensen's nose. "So fucking much."

"I love you too," Jensen murmured, tangling his fingers in Jared's dreadlocks. "You didn't have to do it... but you did... I know it was hard for you.."

"Nonsense," Jared cut him off sternly. "It's my job, and I can damn well do it."

Jensen kissed the corner of his mouth and closed his eyes, clearly exhausted. No matter how tender Jared had been, shooting a scene like that almost always worn him out. Jared dressed him up with their usual post-shoot uniform, track pants and hoodie, before going seeking Elle to get Jensen's fake piercings removed, and take care of his own wig.

In a matter of minutes, they were in the car, Jensen curled up on Jared's side, his head on Jared's shoulder, and Jared's arm wrapped around his middle, stroking quietly. He'd come close to fucking up big time. Jensen sighed and cuddled closer, slipping into a light slumber that Jared guarded jealously. He'd need to be more careful in future.

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Act 31:

A drowning man does not die silently

Rating: NC-17

Summary: As Jared plans the perfect Christmas, Simon makes his next move. A confrontation leaves Jared on treacherous grounds, and forces him to look at other ways of keeping Jensen safe.

Notes: Introducing Tiny! Also, Happy Birthday, Jensen! May you never read this!

Warnings: Back to the scheduled angst.

Scene One

"Wow." Chris' eyes were roughly the size of hub plates as he peered over Jared's shoulder. Steve, attracted by Chris' loud exclamation, leaned in for a better look.

Jared held a ring in the palm of his hand, the hawk-eyed sales clerk, and security guard all staring him down as he ran his finger over the smooth edge.

"Wow," Steve echoed. "Jensen has good taste," he mused.

"Expensive taste." Chris muttered, staring at the ring. There was no price tag, and the store they were in was very much one where if you had to ask the price of something, you really couldn't afford it.

"Don't I know it." Jared grinned, imagining the way the band would look on Jensen's hand.

"Merry fucking Christmas." Chris shook his head, ignoring the glare his language got him. He shot Steve a frown. "Don't be getting no ideas."

Steve rolled his eyes. "I'm not quite as high maintenance as Jensen is."

"Blame Francesca," Jared said absently. "Raul said he was a Converse and Levi kid before he met her, now it is Armani and Ralph Lauren."

"Talking of, I take it you spoke to her about this?" Steve asked, accepting the ring from Jared's hand and admiring the flawless curves.

"I did," Jared didn't like to remember the excruciatingly painful two hours he had to spend with Francesca to psyche himself up to that.

"And how did that go?" Chris asked, grinning like the cheshire cat. Jared shot him a murderous look.

"We're here, aren't we?"

"Yes, but what did she say?"

Jared was going to kill Christian. He was. Steve would have to make do without him. "She said yes," he answered curtly, trying to ignore the way the very old, very stiff employee was eyeing them from behind the counter.

"She granted you his *hand* in marriage?"

"I think it's beautiful," Steve cut across Chris before Jared could maim him, handing him back the jewel. Jared smiled at him, and put the three-way ring back on the deep red velvet spread over the glass counter.

"I will take it," Jared announced, beaming. "But I need to have it engraved."

"Yes, sir, no problem," the employee nodded. "What do you want to have engraved?"

Jared didn't need to think about it. "Now and forever, I love you."

Chris turned away and rubbed his face, ignoring Steve's amused smile. "You're such a fucking sap," he said, though his voice was rough.

"Bite me," Jared responded absently.

The three of them continued their shopping, Jared bounced from foot to foot nervously as Steve made Chris try on a dozen pair of jeans. He had the whole thing planned out in his head.

Jensen would get back from his meeting, and the two of them had three whole weeks to themselves before they would travel down to spend new years eve with Jared's parents. On Christmas eve, after cooking - and not giving either one of them food poisoning, though Jared was still thinking this part through - he'd load up one of Jensen's favorite Christmas movies and they'd watch the clock roll around to midnight. Jared wanted to propose on Christmas day. He wanted it to be the most wonderful day of the year, for both of them, but he knew he'd not actually get any sleep if he waited until the morning.

Francesca, Steve and Chris were all sworn to silence.

The night was going to be perfect, if Jared had to employ excessive amounts of duct tape on all three of them.

After an hour of dragging a grouchy Chris around for jeans, they grabbed a bite to eat, then went straight back home. Jared kept replaying the proposal in his mind. The ring he'd picked was beautiful, matching to the bracelet he'd gotten Jensen for his un-birthday. He wanted to do it the old fashioned way -- the Italian way, as Francesca had said. He fully intended on going down on one knee.

"Are you getting any flowers?" Chris asked him with a wry grin.

Jared didn't bother to answer. It was going to be great. It was going to be *amazing*.

"I think it's beautiful," Steve said with a smile, nudging at Jared's shoulder. "When will you ask him?"

"Christmas."

"You are such a sap," Chris grunted, turning on the jeep's engine. "Where's Jensen now?"

"At a meeting with the studio. He's got so much work to do, he's been very busy lately."

"This project of yours turning out good?" Chris asked as he backed the car out of the parking lot. Jared smiled, even though it was a bit strained.

"It is. Jensen enjoys it, and it's far more fun."

"And you?"

"Me what?"

"Are you enjoying it?"

Jared shrugged. "It's my job, right?"

"That's a no, then," Chris said flatly. "You're okay, right?" The look of concern was touching, and Jared smiled as he attempted to reassure him.

"I'm fine, I am. I just have some things I need to straighten out in my head."

Chris, never one to drop a topic, pushed on. "Such as?"

Steve would have elbowed him if he wasn't driving. "Such as it is nothing you gotta worry about." Jared rolled his eyes and pulled out his cell. "I'm big boy now, mommy, I can take care of my own shit."

He hit redial and called Jensen's number, his heart stopping when the voice at the end told him that Jensen's phone was currently switched off.

Jensen never turned his cell off. Ever.

Not on set, though he usually left it in his trailer so as not to disrupt the shoot, and not at home.

"What?" Chris picked up on his expression instantly. "What is it?"

Jared swallowed, trying to calm down and think of logical explanations. "Jensen's cell is turned off."

"And?"

"And it is never turned off. Fuck."

Jared immediate emergency plan was to call Francesca. She told him Jensen had gone home a half hour ago.

"Why are you asking?"

"His phone is turned off," Jared said, trying to keep his voice steady. "Any idea as to why?"

Francesca's long pause did nothing to ease Jared's rapidly knotting stomach. "No, actually, he rarely, if ever, does that. Are you going home?"

"Just now."

"Call me when you get there."

"Okay."

Jared hung up, his palms sweaty, heart thundering in his ears like a mad horse. "Oh god. Oh god."

"I'm sure it's nothing," Steve tried to reassure him, half turned in his seat. "Can't you call your home phone number?"

"We took that out, use only our cells."

"Right," he nodded, reaching out to squeeze Jared's shoulder. "Jay. Look at me, come on. I'm sure it's nothing. Maybe he dropped it and it broke."

Jared swallowed, throat burning. "Right." The word tasted like bile in his mouth. He knew Jensen was too OCD for anything of the sort to happen. Chris and Steve shared a look in the rearview mirror as Jared sat and wished away the miles. "Drive faster," he grunted.

Chris stepped on the gas obediently, his knuckles white. They both shot Jared looks of thinly veiled concern.

Jared ignored them both and tried Jensen's number again and again.

If something had happened to him, and Jared hadn't been there...

He'd promised Jensen, sworn on his own fucking *life* that he'd keep him safe.

Before the car had even pulled to a halt in the drive, Jared was out, Steve on his tail. He took the steps leading up to the porch one, two, then three at a time, his hands shaking so badly he could barely get the key to work in the latch.

"Jensen!"

The dogs were nowhere in sight, but Sadie's leash was on the small hallway table. Jensen had taken them with him, Jared's counter to following Jensen everywhere he went. They had a big garden at the studio to play in, and a dozen or more PAs to fawn over them. They loved it. "Jen! Jensen?"

Jared found Jensen's cell phone in the middle of the hallway. The glass partition between the hall and the kitchen had been smashed, and the cell lay in pieces close by.

He called again, and heard Harley back upstairs.

Chris had just skidded into the house as Jared began to take the stairs three at a time, stumbling across the balcony up to the small flight of stairs to the bedroom.

The door was closed, a first, and was blocked by something from the inside. Jared was too terrified to think. He put his shoulder to the wood and *shoved*.

The dresser had been pulled across the door, and it took Jared a good three attempts to wedge a gap wide enough to slip through. "Jensen! Jensen, baby, where are you?!"

Jared got his answer a second later. Sadie and Harley did their best to tackle him to the ground, but Jared's eyes were only for Jensen.

He'd slunk down against Jared's side of the bed, knees tucked to his chest, one of the wickedly sharp kitchen knives clenched in his hand.

"Oh my god," Jared rushed towards him, knelt on the bed next to him, white as chalk. "Jensen, oh god, how - what- are you okay? What happened?"

Jensen shuddered, not lowering his knife, teeth chattering against Jared's neck. "I - I -"

"Talk to me, Jen, oh god," Jared closed his eyes, running his hands up and down the clammy skin of Jensen's back, trying to warm him up. He pressed his lips to the side of Jensen's head, holding him close to his chest, uncaring for the sharp blade pressing against his jacket.

"Jared?"

Chris peeked from behind the gap in the door, a deep frown on his face. Jensen shivered violently in Jared's embrace, and Jared gestured for his friends to shoo. He'd talk to them later, he thought absent minded. They would understand. His priority was, had to be Jensen right now.

"Love, talk to me," Jared urged, kissing the side of his face. He rubbed a circle in between Jensen's shoulder blades, knowing that usually would calm Jensen, and praying it worked. "Tell me what's going on."

Jensen shook his head, his fingers still tight around the blade. Jared kissed his forehead, fighting the urge to grab him by the shoulders and shake an answer out of him. The anger was flowing just below the surface, and it needed an outlet that wasn't directed at Jensen.

"Give me the knife, baby," he said soothingly, worried that Jensen would hurt either of them in his daze. It was like prying a dollar from a rich man's fist. Jensen wouldn't let go, and Jared was afraid he'd end up having to hurt him just to make them safe.

Then suddenly Jensen gave a shuddering sigh, slumping boneless against Jared's shoulder, his fingers loosening. Jared kicked the knife under the bed, away from the dogs, and wrapped Jensen into a

smothering hug.

"Jensen, what happened?" Jared tried to sound sterner this time, more like Francesca, who never accepted no for an answer. Jensen sometimes responded best when he was faced with an order, or an instruction, so he rephrased the question. "Jensen, tell me what happened."

"He called me," Jensen said weakly.

"Who, Simon?" Jared's voice was sharper than the blade Jensen had clutched.

Jensen nodded weakly. "I think it was him," he whispered, trembling like a leaf in Jared's strong embrace. "It sounded like-" Jensen broke off, eyes wide and staring ahead. "It sounded like it did before."

Jared's blood chilled fast enough to knock him out of breath. "Before when?"

"When I first moved in my apartment," Jensen went on with a brittle voice. "I used to get phone calls.. blocked ID. Sometimes it was just... just breathing. Just weird... breathing."

Jared nodded, his heart going wild. He didn't want to interrupt Jensen, but when it was clear that he was not going to continue his tale, he prodded him softly. "How long did that go on for?"

"A few..." Jensen murmured, not looking at him. "I had just moved out here.. I took my number off the list but I couldn't change it -"

"Why?" Jared cut across him despite his best intentions. He couldn't fathom how Francesca would even let it happen, much less re-iterate. Jensen carefully avoided his eyes when he answered next.

"I didn't tell Francy."

Jared blinked, thinking he had misheard. "You what?"

To Jared's surprise, the question didn't scare Jensen. He raised his chin stubbornly. "I didn't tell her because she'd have made me go back."

Jared didn't understand. "Back where?"

"I'm not a fucking five year old, Jared. I didn't want to get dragged back to mom and dad's house because I couldn't handle living by myself." He sounded bitter. Jared couldn't believe he had been so stupid.

"So you said nothing? Jesus, Jensen."

Jensen's eyes narrowed. "Don't get pissed at me for something you can't understand! You have no idea how hard I had to work to convince Francy I was okay, that I could live by myself."

It cost everything he had not to respond to Jensen's anger. Of course he understood. Jensen's tongue was sharpest when he was afraid, and Jared hated that it could cut him so easily. "But you're not okay, are you? Okay people don't barricade themselves in their bedrooms with kitchen knives."

Jensen looked away, his head dropping for a second before he set his chin up again. "It doesn't matter," he ground out, trying to push himself out of Jared's arms.

"It matters to *me*," Jared said crossly, tightening his hold on him. "What did he say?"

"Nothing," Jensen lied, eyes skating to the left. Jared counted backwards to ten, and tried again, keeping his voice low and soothing.

"C'mon, work with me here, baby - how do you know it was him? Did he say something-"

Jensen shook his head. "Nothing. It's fine. It's just a phone call -"

"Jensen, it's a phone call on a number that a total of ten people have and that had you going full metal jacket on the kitchen wall, so no, it's not fucking fine! "

Jared didn't see it coming, even though he probably should have. Jensen lashed out, fist connecting with the side of Jared's jaw and sending him reeling. The soft tissue of his inner cheek caught between Jared's teeth, blood flooding his mouth on impact. His head snapped back, and as the stars flashed in front to Jared's eyes, he spared a second to be thankful that Jensen's hadn't been able to get more of a swing.

He told himself that the tears that stung his eyes were more from shock than actual hurt, but damnit, Jensen had never hit him on purpose before.

Blood dripped down Jared's chin, and Jensen stared at it, transfixed, before suddenly lurching from the bed.

Jared swore and grabbed him around the hips. "Damn it, Jensen, stop it!" The sudden snap of anger had triggered one of his tantrums, and Jared was too raw from his own panic to deal with it at his most patient.

Jensen dropped his weight down hard on the arch of Jared's foot, sheer survival scuffling at it's best. "Let me go!" he screamed. "Stop trying to control my life, let me go!"

It was at times like this when Jared never knew if Jensen was talking to him or Simon, and if that wasn't a sorry reflection of Jensen's mental state nothing was.

Hysteria bubbled in Jared's throat. He was glad he had managed to pry the knife from Jensen's fingers before he started throwing punches. That wouldn't have ended well. He tried to prevent Jensen from running for the door, thinking of the shards of glass still littering the hallway and of Jensen's bare feet, but it was like holding a bar of soap with wet hands.

Jensen kicked back, sharp elbows against Jared's stomach, struggling tooth and nail to pry free from Jared's protective clutch, and Jared could do little but hang on and let Jensen ride it out.

"What do you want from me?" Jensen screamed, "What do you *want* still - let - me - go - "

Another punch, however ill-aimed, got Jared to loosen his grip, and Jensen ran. Jared didn't wait three seconds before going after him, managing to grab him again just before he tore into the glass-covered hallway.

"Let me go!" Jensen was screaming loud enough to bring Chris and Steve running. Christian plowed through the door just as Jared was able to wrestle Jensen over to the bed.

Jared didn't have the time to consider how it must have looked, and could only be thankful that his friends knew him well enough not to assume the worst.

Of the two of them, Chris looked the more horrified. Steve's expression was oddly fixed, but they froze, watching, stunned as Jensen continued to struggle and scream in Jared's arms.

"Come on, baby, snap out of it." Jared begged struggling to force Jensen down onto the bed. He was always afraid of taking things too far, of scaring Jensen more than he already was. It was an impossible line to balance on. Jensen's anger was self destructive and explosive. One way or another, he'd end up getting hurt.

"Jared?" Chris was the one to ask, but Jared ignored him. Jensen managed to squirm free, swinging to slam his fist into Jared's face.

It never met. Instead Jared stumbled backwards as Chris intercepted, seamlessly twisting Jensen's flailing arm and forcing him face first onto the bed.

"Don't touch him," Jared growled. "Step back. Now, Christian, dammit!"

Chris knew Jared well enough to do as he was told, but he was still looking halfway between shocked and terrified as Jared knelt on the bed next to Jensen, turning him back up and wrapping his arms around Jensen's middle, both to keep him from struggling and to hold him close to his chest.

"It's fine, baby, c'mon, it's all right, just -" Jared cursed, tightening his arms around Jensen to block another painful elbow to his gut. "It's fine. It'll be okay, just let go."

Jensen sucked in a lungful of air, a broken, drawn out sob leaving his lips in a shuddering rush. He went completely rigid in Jared's arms, jaw gritted tight, clenched in defiance and denial, fists closed tight to the sides of his body. Jared brushed his throbbing, split lip against Jensen's temple, blinking back tears as he tried to relent his hold and mold it into a gentler one, waiting for Jensen to respond to that.

"You're bleeding," Chris whispered after a handful of seconds of painful silence. Jared glared at him over the side of Jensen's head. He knew it wasn't Chris fault, but Jared couldn't help his anger no more than Jensen could. Only, he was forced to.

Jared nudged Jensen's forehead with his own, his hands curling protectively over the wing of Jensen's shoulder blades. "Let go, baby, c'mon. I can take you. I will take you."

Jensen's screaming had shuddered off into sobs, and Jared knew they were safely out of the woods. He never thought he'd be relieved to see Jensen crying.

"There you go," Jared encouraged. "Come on, baby, you're okay, I'm right here."

"Jared-" Chris reached out for him, his eyes dark with confusion, and Jensen flinched wildly at the sound of his voice.

Jared shook his head. He couldn't deal with Chris right then. He had his hands full with Jensen.

The only highlight of the whole situation was that Jensen seemed to be more aware of where he was. Instead of screaming at Jared to leave him alone, he was begging Jared to keep Simon away.

"Don't let him take me back. Please don't let him take me back," he whispered the words on a loop. Jared held him tighter.

"Never going to happen, baby. He's never going to touch you again."

The words brought Jensen out of his shellshocked fugue. He pulled back a little in Jared's arms and looked him fearfully in the eye. The self recrimination that flooded his tear stained face made Jared ache. He stroked his hair tenderly, long fingers massaging Jensen's scalp in a reassuring circle. "It'll be all right," Jared whispered, leaning Jensen's forehead against his own. "I'll keep you safe, I swear. " The words were sort of muffled, probably thanks to the throbbing lower lip Jared was still bleeding from, but Jared didn't bat an eye. He'll take care of that later.

Jensen swallowed, his adam apple bobbing thickly with the move. He raised his hand and brushed it over Jared's jaw, cringing when Jared flinched at the gentle touch. "Oh god," he mumbled, his green eyes wide and filled with pain and self-loathing.

"It's nothing," Jared reassured him, trying to smile. There was a soft, disbelieving sound somewhere behind him, and Jensen whitened so suddenly Jared thought he would faint.

He cursed under his breath. Not what he needed now. Jared squeezed Jensen gently, trying to catch his eye and make him *believe* it was all right, but Jensen was looking behind Jared, to where Steve and Chris presumably were standing, such a fear in his eyes it made Jared want to yell at them to just clear the fuck out.

He couldn't deal on three different fronts.

Jensen was stiff as Jared tried to maneuver him on the bed, but eventually instinct won out, and he let Jared move him about as he pleased.

Whispering soothing words of reassurance, Jared tugged him sideways, until Jensen sat in the space between his thighs. From there he was able to block Jensen's view of Chris and Steve and rock him soothingly.

Soft sounds on the stairs behind him made it clear that Steve had finally dragged Chris from the room, and Jared turned his full attention to Jensen. "You okay now, baby?"

"I'm sorry," Jensen said in a small voice.

Jared kissed his temple, lip burning at the pressure. "Don't be sorry."

Jensen said nothing more, and Jared was at a loss as to how to comfort him. They simply lay curled up on the bed for longer than Jared could compute, until the sound of skidding tires in the drive made Jensen flinch sleepily.

Footsteps on the stairs, the clack of heels that made it clear it wasn't Chris or Steve, and Francesca suddenly peered around the door, looking the most ruffled Jared had ever seen her. Her suit jacket didn't match the dress, and her hair looked like something a bird might nest in.

Jared sighed. No doubt Chris had called her. Talk about shit hitting the fan.

"Hey," Jared murmured, not moving from where he was laying, shielding Jensen, who'd tensed up the moment the door had creaked open.

Francesca took a look at him, and understanding dawned in her eyes. "Hello, boys," she said, voice quiet. Jensen didn't reply, his fingers tightening in Jared's sweater.

"It's not a good time," Jared finally said when the silence got to be more unnerving than whatever it was Francesca wanted to say.

"I can see that," she said, unmoving. She was keeping out of their bubble, Jared didn't know if out of respect or out of practice, but he was immensely thankful for it. Jensen would've probably bolted from the bed if she got any closer.

Jared sighed and kissed Jensen's forehead, stifling a hiss in the back of his throat as his lip protested at the contact. "I would've called you later," Jared said, catching Francesca's eye and begging her silently to just go. Jensen was in no state to deal with other people, and neither was Jared.

"You need some ice," Francesca said bracingly, taking off her jacket and folding it on her arm.

"Not now."

"Yes now." She placed the jacket down on the bed and gently whispered Jensen's name. "Darling, we need to take a look at Jared's face, okay? You need to let him go."

Jared was about to protest, but to his surprise, Jensen instantly untangled himself and walked into the bathroom.

Francesca left to fetch ice. Jensen return first, a damp towel in his hand. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he gently cleaned the blood from Jared's jaw, crying silently as he worked. "Jen, baby." Jared didn't know how to reassure him this time. The truth was, he was tired. Too tired to know how to handle Jensen's brutal self flagellation.

Francesca reentered the bedroom, a bag of ice wrapped up in a dishcloth in her hands. Jensen took it from her without a word, clutching possessively at Jared's arm, looking for all the world as if he would bite anyone who tried to get between them.

Jared remained still as Jensen tended to him with over cautious movements, struggling not to flinch at the cold.

When he was done, Jared took his fingers and kissed them. "I'm okay, baby," he promised.

Jensen still hadn't said a word.

"Steve and Christian wish to talk to you," Francesca announced quietly. "They are wearing a hole in your kitchen rug."

Jensen went, if possible, even whiter, and left tiny, reddish marks on Jared's arm where he was clutching him. Jared reached out to wrap his hand in Jensen's hair, pulling him closer to his face, ice-cooled lips brushing over the corner of Jensen's mouth.

"It's okay," he promised, even though his voice sounded tired, he managed to smile as warm and soothing as he always did. "I'll be right back."

"I'm sorry," Jensen whispered urgently, terror in the wide green of his eyes, and Jared suddenly felt a hundred years old.

Jared wrapped his arms around Jensen and hauled him over his lap, holding on him tight, not caring if he was still aching as though he's been all way to hell and back on his knees. "I love you," Jared said, voice quiet and serious. "I love you. I'm okay. You're okay." He kissed him, closed-mouthed, chastely. "It'll be okay."

Jensen still looked like he wanted to keep Jared there with him, silent tears tracking down his cheeks, but in the end he let his hand slip numbly from Jared's arm, folding on himself on the bed. Jared had to physically force himself to walk away, his fingers still lingering on the back of Jensen's head as he stood, and walked to the door that Francesca was holding open for him.

She stroked his arm in passing, nodding at him, and if he had been in any condition to appreciate the gesture, Jared would've hugged her. Instead, he left the bedroom, and made his unsteady way downstairs.

Chris and Steve were indeed pacing in the kitchen. Steve was absently petting Sadie and Harley, who were pining in the face of their humans' distress. Jared slumped down on one of the breakfast stools and gratefully accepted the glass of water Chris handed to him.

"You want to explain what the fuck that was?" Chris asked, his voice carefully controlled and throbbing with anger.

Jared sighed. "Panic attack, or near as damn it." He couldn't think of any other way of describing Jensen's fits of fear and rage.

"It has happened before?" Steve asked gently.

"Couple of times," Jared reluctantly admitted. "He can't help it."

"He always leave you bleeding?" Chris snapped.

Jared bristled at the unspoken implication. "Knock it off, Christian. I'm not some abused housewife."

"No, but your boyfriend sure has a wicked left hook on him," Chris countered.

The anger was rising again swiftly. "You have no idea what this is about. This isn't about me and Jensen. This is about him being so fucking scared he can't see friend from enemy."

"Scared of *what*, exactly?"

Jared slammed the glass down, almost cracking it down the middle. "You have no idea," Jared said through a clenched jaw, "you have no idea what he's scared of, so don't even - don't go there. Just - don't."

"It was *you* there, not someone else-"

"Christian-"

"-no, let him finish," Jared snapped at Steve, looking at Chris through slit-narrowed eyes. "You think he's scared of me?"

"I never said that," Chris snapped back, taking a step forward. "Don't go putting words in my mouth just because I'm fucking concerned, all right?"

"Concerned of *what*?" Jared knew he was raising his voice, but as long as it didn't carry upstairs, he was okay. Chris seemed to sense it, because he shook his head and looked away, muttering under his breath. Jared jumped up to his feet and grabbed his elbow, turning him to face him. "Concerned of what, Christian!"

Chris pulled out of his grip, teeth bared as if ready for a fight, and Steve swiftly stepped between them both. "I think that's enough," he said, in his best pacifying voice.

"It's not fucking enough, Christ, did you see what I saw!?" Chris yelled, gesturing wildly at Jared's face.

Jared's expression curdled. "And what was that, huh? You think you saw us having a little lover's tiff?" He laughed bitterly, the sting of his broken lip only fueling the fire of his anger.

"He needs help for fuck's sake!" Chris yelled. "What if he'd hurt you? What if we'd not been there?"

"I've handled him before when he was a hell of a lot worse," Jared snapped, thinking of the night after the break in, when Jensen had needed restraining for the best part of twenty minutes.

"And that makes it okay?" Chris was incredulous. "Christ, listen to yourself!"

"You have no idea what he has been though!"

"No, but I've got a pretty good look at what he is doing to *you*!"

For some reason, the words stung like the worst kind of betrayal, and Jared felt tears pooling in his eyes. "I thought he was your friend, too," he said, hating the way his voice shook. God, he couldn't do this alone. He couldn't fight a battle on any other front when it was killing him just to keep the one fortification strong. "You saw what happened at the award show, you saw how badly he's been hurt, how can you be so fucking cruel?"

It was Steve who answered. "Because who else is going to look out for you, Jay? We love Jensen, we both do, but you're our first, our biggest priority."

Jared shook his head and looked away, hating that he couldn't keep his shit together. He couldn't make them understand, not now, maybe not ever. He sucked in a few lungfuls, feeling his lip sting with every drawn breath and brushing his eyes hastily with the back of his hand. The shattered glass gleamed at him from the top of the garbage bag in the corner, Jensen's broken cell phone on top of the counter.

"Jared," Steve tried again, walking closer to him. "We are your friends. We worry, and we worry first and foremost about *you*."

Jared didn't speak. His throat was burning, and he knew that if he talked, he'd end up saying a lot of things he didn't mean, not really. He clogged them up at the back of his throat, eyes wide open forward to try and avoid closing them and seeing Jensen, Jensen, Jensen.

It was Chris's voice next. "Jared, kid, you need to take a break."

"I just took you out to get him a promise ring," Jared whispered, sounding very much like a five year old in the way his voice broke on his tears. "I thought you'd *get it*."

They both looked helpless. "Jay-"

"He called," Jared said brokenly. "He phoned Jensen on his cell. I don't know how he got the fucking number... and there was this letter, sent to set. The fucker's stepping up his game, and Jensen is terrified of what he's going to do."

Chris was white, and Steve looked ill.

"So yeah, you want to know why he gets like that, it's because he can't think for the fear, and all he sees are people who want to hurt him. This," he pointed to his lip, "Is fucking nothing compared to what I am going to do to that sonofabitch."

They were all silent, long enough for Jared's words to sink in. He knew from Chris' expression that he was already regretting his outburst. That was Christian for you. He tended to yell first, think later.

"Have you thought about getting private security?" Steve suggested. "Just to take some of the load off. You're not superman, Jay, you can't be on watch twenty-four seven."

Jared wiped at his face and went to refill his glass of water. He took a few long gulps before giving an answer, pleased that his voice held up this time. "I talked to Francy about that a few weeks ago," he said, very meticulously putting the glass away in the cupboard above the sink, his hands only shaking a bit. "She said she'd get someone. She's probably killing each of them off as she tries them out, waiting for one to survive to mail over."

Steve tried to smile, but Jared could see right through that. For a brief moment he thought it was hilarious. How fucked up can you be to consider good news that your best friend is in the process of hiring a personal bodyguard to prevent some psycho to get to his partner?

"You guys can do this," Steve went on, approaching him again. Jared didn't miss how Chris was still standing where Steve had pushed him. "But you need to get outside help. We know you want to be the one that takes care of everything, but you can *not* be that person, and be rational and lucid at the same time."

Jared nodded, knowing his voice was still too frail to be put to test a second time. Fucking Christ. He'd get Jensen a new number. They could work this out. They had to.

"What do you want me to do?" Jared asked desperately. "It's not like I have all that many options."

Upstairs, Jared could hear furniture moving about, and hoped it was because Jensen was putting their bedroom back into order, and not because he was dropping back into the urge to destroy something.

"Just.... talk to us, man. You used to tell us everything, and now it's like trying to draw blood from a stone." Chris reached out to squeeze his shoulder, trying to repair some of the torn nerves that had appeared during their fight.

Jared slumped back down on the stool. He knew Christian had a point - he had been more absent, he had been keeping secrets, but not because he had chosen to, not because he had *wanted* to. "It's not like that," he said tiredly. "I just can't be the guy I was, not any more. You get that, right?"

"You can be both, Jay." Steve said gently. "You can be you and still be responsible."

Jared rubbed at his eyes, fingers stiff. "I don't- I can't," he looked up at them with lined eyes. "These are not my secrets," he said finally. "You understand that, yes? I just - I just can't. I want..." He took a deep breath, rubbing at his face again. "I need to look out for him, for *us*. It's not that I don't trust you guys."

"We understand," Steve said, sitting next to him and putting a placating hand on his arm. "And we're sorry if we freaked out-" he glared briefly at Chris before turning his attention back to Jared. " - we do care for the both of you."

Jared sighed and lay his head over his crossed arms. The headache was getting to the point of migraine, and beyond. "Yeah."

"We do," Chris insisted, taking the other seat. "That's why we want you to get outside help."

"We will," Jared promised, his whole body aching and sore. He felt a hundred years old. "I promise. Just... stick with me. I can't do this if you guys hate us. It already feels like him a me against the whole fucking world, I can't, I can't do this without you."

Chris looked pained. "We're always gonna be here, man."

"No getting rid of us." Steve smiled.

"We're like syphilis."

Jared's nose wrinkled in disgust, but he appreciated the attempt at a joke. "Thank you," he said gratefully, pushing back the chair. "I'm gonna go check on him and Francesca."

"You do that. I'll make something to eat. You always were less pissy after food."

"I'm not fucking pissy!" Jared snapped, catching himself, and Steve's amused, knowing smile as soon as the words left his mouth. "All right, maybe food sounds good," he gave in, shaking his head like a wet dog trying to get rid of water. Steve pushed at the small of his back with an encouraging little smile, and Jared left the kitchen to trudge his way upstairs.

"You should've told me."

Jensen could smell it coming from a mile away, but it still stung. He brushed at his eyes with the heel of his hand, his skin red and blotchy, raw from crying for so long. "I know," he mumbled, not quite sure of how he managed to spit the words out.

He didn't even care about the phone call anymore. His stomach twisted and knotted at intervals, rolling about like a roller coaster, anxiety and self-loathing eating up at him bit by bit.

Jared was tired, and with good reasons. Jensen's hands shook violently only thinking about it. He felt like throwing up, his head too heavy for his body, and he didn't dare inch closer to Francesca on the bed as he would've once done. The disappointment in her voice hurt worse than yelling.

"Didn't you trust me?"

Jensen jerked his head up to look at her. "No! I mean yes, of course I trust you!"

Her gaze was unflinching and flat, a clear sign that he was treading dangerous waters. She had always treated him different to any one else in her life. Sometimes Jensen thought it would be easier if she yelled and screeched and threatened him like she did everyone else. Easier for him, at least. He felt like a child caught doing something naughty by his mom. She'd not shouted at him, even though he knew he'd done something wrong, and the quiet, disappointed expression was agonizing. He wished she'd yell at him.

He wished everyone would stop treating him as if he was made of finely spun glass. He wanted to be treated like everyone else, and that was what had gotten him into this mess in the first place.

"I knew if I told you you'd make me go back to your place," he admitted brokenly. "I wanted to show you I was okay, that I could look after myself."

Francesca stared him down seriously. "I'd never make you do anything, Jensen," she pointed out. "And honestly, this has just proved that you are *not* okay, and you certainly are not capable of taking care of yourself. If you were okay, you'd have recognized the risk, and accepted my help like a responsible adult. Instead you acted like a stubborn child." The words were razor sharp and cut him to the quick. Jensen ducked his head, fresh tears in his eyes. "I don't need to tell you what could have happened to you, but think about Jared. We both know he'd stand between you and anyone trying to hurt you. You put him in

danger by being so reckless."

Jensen nodded, swallowing down a mouthful of acid. He couldn't speak, his throat burning with a new round of tears, and he clung to the edge of the mattress, twisting his fingers into the bedding. "I don't want anything to happen to him," he whispered, his chest squeezing tight, robbing him of breath.

"Then you should've thought about it," she said quietly.

"I know," Jensen wiped his face with his sleeve. "I didn't and now-" he broke off, trying to suck in air. He couldn't even voice the thoughts chasing around in his mind. Fear gripped his stomach and he swallowed, the movement hurting like needles.

He couldn't bear the idea of anyone hurting Jared. Like he had. He bit his lip, closing his eyes and welcoming the burst of pain that came with the blood flooding his mouth.

He turned a little to look at her, his cheeks flushed with pain and shame. Francesca had been his surrogate family for so long, and even though her face was set and stern, he couldn't keep himself from blurting out his darkest fear. "If he leaves... I - I can't... I can't, Francy, I can't..."

"Then be fair to him, Jensen. He's proved how much he loves you, he's proved he can be strong enough for you, but you need to start *wanting* to be strong enough for him too. You aren't in this alone anymore. Everything you do, or don't, affects him."

Jensen nodded, shaking with the effort it took just to stay in control. "It scares me how much I need him. It scares me that Simon won't leave me alone, because I *know* Jared. I don't want him to be hurt. I don't want to *hurt* him."

Francesca appraised him carefully. Her expression was still set in stone, but she reached out and laid her hand over his. "Why did you hit him?" She asked.

Jensen nearly started sobbing all over again. "I didn't mean to! I didn't! I hate that I hurt him, I hate this, I hate it, I hate it so much!" He could feel the pressure build again as he started to get worked up. Francesca stopped his ascent with a cool slice of her tongue.

"Pull yourself together, Jensen," she snapped, her own fear making her even sharper than her norm. "Why did you hit him? Did he make you feel threatened?"

"No!" God, the very furthest thing from.

"Did you want to hit him?"

"No! I... I don't know."

"Were you angry?" she continued to push, and Jensen let her, opening up for her to pry at the raw walls of an open wound.

"Yes," he whispered.

"With Jared?"

Jensen swallowed. "No."

"With who."

More tears spilled from the corners of Jensen's eyes, his teeth gritting together. "With him," he breathed out, fingernails breaking in the thick edge of the bed. "Hate him. *Hate* him, hate what he's doing, what he's done, hate what *this* is doing to Jared, hate what *I* am doing to him and I can't-" he broke off, sucking on his broken lip.

"Can't what?" Francy prodded, her voice stern.

Jensen shook his head mutely. "Can't." He brought his knees up, wrapping his arms around them, bundling up in a ball. "Can't be. Without Jared. I can't. And I ruined him. And I can't, without him, I can't. "

"You can't be alone?"

Jensen nodded, giving in to the emptiness that had leaked out, threatening to overpower him. "Why won't he let me be? Let us be?" Jensen murmured thinly. "Why?"

It was only then that she moved closer, wrapping her arms around him as she had done so many times before. Her fingers stroked his hair, cool and soft. Hugging Francesca had always felt different from hugging Jared, or even Raul. She was smaller than he was, and sometimes it felt as if he'd hurt her just by hanging on too tight. She never once complained, and held him tighter and tighter until he got the message and just let go, screaming into her shoulder. It felt like hugging his mom should have felt like. His mom was small and delicate, but she'd always managed to soothe him.

"I don't know, baby," she whispered, gentle after her earlier sharpness. "I wish I did."

Jared's hand curled around the back of Jensen's neck, drawing his attention from Francesca. She waited for him to nod, before passing Jensen into his arms.

"Steve's cooking," Jared said quietly.

Her expression soured. "Like hell he is." She huffed, heading for the kitchen muttering something about American cooking.

As soon as they were alone, Jared tipped Jensen's chin up and kissed him lightly on the lips. "Hey."

The single, gentle word was enough to send Jensen into floods of quiet, bitter tears. He didn't deserve Jared. Not in a thousand years.

"I am so sorry," Jensen murmured, voice shredded. His hands fisted in Jared's shirt, drawing him close. He didn't even know what he was sorry for. Everything, even though it sounded lame, would've been the accurate answer.

"Shhh," Jared caressed his scalp, nuzzling the side of Jensen's face with his own. "Shh. It's okay. It'll be okay."

Jensen nodded. He needed to believe in that in order to make that happen. "I didn't mean to -"

Jared kissed his cheek. "I know you didn't."

Jensen looked up at him, trying to do as Francesca had said, and get a grip. He took several deep breaths, stalling his tears, and guided Jared's head to rest on his shoulder, trying to give back some of the comfort he always took. Jared let himself be arranged against Jensen's chest, quiet and pliant, and Jensen buried his face in Jared's hair, inhaling deeply.

They clung to one another for quite some time, not speaking, not moving until they heard the clanking of heels on the staircase foretelling Francesca's quiet knocking.

"There's food downstairs," she said, peeking from the side of the door.

"We're coming," Jared answered softly, not moving a muscle.

Jensen stuck close to Jared's side as they entered the kitchen, shying from Chris and Steve as if he expected them to seek revenge for the bruises on Jared's skin.

He didn't eat, just picked at his food, rearranging the pasta on his plate thoughtlessly until Jared scolded him, and he sunk even deeper into his quiet trance.

The atmosphere at the table was strained and painful, despite Steve and Francesca's best attempts to stir up conversations.

Ten minutes in, after fresh tears began to roll silently down Jensen's cheeks, Chris pushed his chair back. "We should go," he said quietly. "Come over tomorrow, we'll fix a barbeque."

Steve took his cue and stood, squeezing Jared's shoulder as he passed. Neither of them tried to touch Jensen, and Jared was grateful for it.

Jared said his goodbye's quietly, not moving from his seated position besides Jensen, and letting Francesca walk them both to the door.

Jensen's shoulders slumped as soon as they were gone, shaking with the force of his silent sobs. Jared pulled him close and stroked his hair, helpless to do anything more to try and patch the hole Jensen had ripped inside himself.

When Francesca returned she began to clear away the plates on the table, filling the dishwasher and setting it to start before selecting a novel from the bookshelf in the hall and taking a seat in the sitting room.

She was there if they needed her, but was staying back, letting Jared do what he needed to do.

He had never been so grateful in his life.

"Come on, baby," Jared encouraged, gently guiding Jensen up to the bedroom.

Jensen went without a word, but his quiet snuffles were like repeated stabs to the gut for Jared. He wanted to try and make things better, but he didn't know how to handle this. Jensen was both trying to be as obedient and quiet as possible, and Jared knew he would need to do something about it, even though he had no idea if it even was in his power.

The furniture had been rearranged as it was before the fight, Jared thought possibly by Francesca. The sheets were still messed and balled up, but that was nothing. Jared led Jensen to bed, pulling the throw back and fluffing up the pillows before laying him down next to his side.

"Will you listen to me for a while?" Jared murmured, caressing Jensen's arm. "I want to tell you a story."

Jensen nodded readily. Jared thought Jensen would agree to everything right now, if Jared asked, and it made his stomach clench. Nevertheless, he had to give this a try. He kissed his forehead and lay the both of them down on the clutter of pillows.

"Once upon a time, " Jared began with a whisper, "there was a young boy, who didn't believe in love, or that love could happen to him. He lived in solitude, protected by the Fairy Godmother, and thought he was content. Then the boy met a knight in leather pants-" that got a choked laugh out of Jensen, and Jared patted himself on the back, "- who fell in love with him upon first laying eyes on him." He paused to stroke Jensen's cheekbone. "And the knight would've done anything in his power to get the boy to believe in love again."

Jensen took a deep, calming breath and looked away, his cheeks flushed blotchy-red. Jared curled his fingers in his hair, and guided Jensen's head up again, so that he could look in his eyes. "And once the knight convinced the boy that love was worth fighting for, they would live happily ever after."

"You forgot to mention the part where I hit you," Jensen whispered bitterly. "Where I freak out and make you bleed. Where I keep scaring you and endangering you time and time again."

Jared silenced his tirade with a gentle finger against his lips. "Knights are used to danger, baby. They are tough, they can take it, and this knight knew there was nothing in the world that could make him stop loving the boy. He'd go to the very ends of the earth for him. A little blood doesn't scare a knight. What scares him is the idea of the boy in pain, of someone hurting him, and the knight not being there to protect him. That is what scares the knight."

"I guess I should promise not to keep any more secrets, huh?" Jensen said tearfully. Jared was relieved to see that his words were having some kind of effect.

He nodded and kissed Jensen's cheek. "Please. When I couldn't get you on the phone... I was terrified. Getting someone else in is a good idea."

Jensen nodded. "Just stay with me now?" He begged. "I can't... I don't want to sleep if you're not with me."

Jared kissed him again. "I'm right here, love," he promised as Jensen drifted off.

Jared followed him quickly, exhausted to the bone, and knowing that in a matter of hours, Jensen would be wide awake again and screaming as the villains in the piece dragged the boy into a world the knight couldn't enter. He'd watch as the damage was inflicted all over again, and rock them both, pretending that he could make a difference with his love.

Scene Two

I: It's not uncommon for very important people to have personal security, but you both were a first for your industry.

JP: It was a step that we felt necessary.

I: Someone said that you were being conceited - not a word I'd use, but yes, rumors were flying high immediately after word got out.

JA: People say a lot of things. People also said that it was a publicity thing for our new show.

JP: I wish it had been just that.

Jared hadn't slept much all night. They got a day off, but given how ahead of schedule they were with the show, and given that Jensen was the boss, and Francesca was behind it all, no one would dare say a thing.

At five in the morning, Jared slid out of bed and walked down the kitchen to pluck through the cupboard. He wasn't hungry, but he knew Jensen could do with some food. Now he stood in front of the stove, armed with eggs and pancake mix, tongue between his teeth and reading instruction with scrupulous attention.

He was just about to pour the pancake mix into a bowl on top of the eggs, the pan on the stove frizzing, when his cell phone buzzed in the pocket of his shorts. Cursing a blue streak and effectively knocking over bowl, mix and eggs as he groped for his phone, he turned off the stove and flipped it open without glancing at the caller ID.

"Open the door."

Jared blinked, holding the bowl on the edge of the counter as he struggled to get his balance. "Huh?" Why was she calling? He had thought she had stayed the night. Still, he went to the front door, realizing he was wearing nothing but his boxers and the Snoopy slippers Jensen had bought him, but not having the time to go and grab extra clothes without tempting her wrath.

Francesca stood on the doorstep, wearing a different suit and looking remarkably well put together considering the hour. Behind her stood what Jared could only describe as a walking mountain. "This is Cliff," she said brusquely, pushing him aside. "Were you cooking?"

'Cliff' followed her in, smiling *down* at Jared and holding out a giant hand for him to shake.

"Pleased to meet you," Cliff said, waiting for Jared to stop staring and shake his hand.

"Uh..."

"Jared!" Francesca snapped his name and Jared quickly shook Cliff's hand.

"You too."

"Were you cooking?"

"I - was, uh, was I?" Jared stuttered, looking at the bowl and then *up* again at Cliff. "I think - I mean. Yes."

"I can do that," Cliff said easily, taking the bowl out of Jared's hands and walking in the kitchen. "I did culinary school for a couple of years."

Jared looked at his retracting back with his mouth agape, doing a remarkable impression of a goldfish. Francesca walked up to him and waved a little in front of his face, trying to catch his attention. "Cliff's going to be living with you until we clear this mess up," she stated in her no-nonsense voice. "I took Jensen's cell phone to Elijah, and these -" she thrust two other Nokias in Jared's hand "-are your new numbers. I've called Mariah at the studio, she's already processing them. Pick two people you need to give the number to. That's all you need."

Jared blinked more, looking from the phones to Francesca's face as if he were following a tennis match. "Huhwhu?" he managed at the end, rubbing sleep out of his eyes. "I think I need more coffee for this. Or something stronger."

"Coffee will do," Cliff said amiably from the open door at his back. He handed Jared a mug of steaming brew, seemingly producing it from thin air.

Jared looked up to the sound of soft footsteps on the wooden stairs as Jensen emerged from the bedroom, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Jay?" He yawned, stepping into the kitchen and freezing at the sight of Cliff.

Francesca stormed over and made the introductions before Jensen could push himself into a panic. "Jensen, Cliff, Cliff, Jensen. Cliff will be your shadow for the next few weeks, and no, you don't get a say in the matter."

Jensen blinked in the same bemused manner Jared had expressed, his hand vanishing in Cliff's as they were introduced. "Pleased to meet you, Jensen." Cliff said softly, speaking to Jensen's sleepy, confused state in a way Jared himself did. No need to ask if Francesca had filled him in on all the gory details.

Oddly enough, instead of feeling annoyed, sweet, welcome relief settled in his chest. He had someone else to share the responsibility with, someone who had no personal motives, and was being paid for the single purpose of keeping Jensen safe.

They should have thought of this sooner.

Jensen accepted his new phone from Jared with a curious frown. "Jared's new number is on speed dial #2, mine is on speed dial #3 like your old phone," Francesca explained before Jared could get a word in. Jensen flushed slightly, but the idea of being top on Jensen's cellphone made Jared grin briefly like a lunatic dork. "You give this number to a maximum of two people. Whomever else needs to contact you can go through me and no, I don't give a flying fuck if this is an inconvenience for the studio. They'll deal."

Jensen closed his mouth with an audible click. Jared checked the programmed numbers. Jensen's new one and Francesca's were both there, plus a third - "Cliff has everyone else's contacts," Francesca said, forestalling Jared's exclamation. "For anything, use his phone. Do not use either of yours. I've set things so that your house will have a new alarm installed in the next two hours. You take the weekend off, get to know each other, settle Cliff in one of the spare bedrooms. I'll come back when I have a feed from Elijah's team."

Jensen looked once at Jared, then at Cliff's wide, *huge* back blocking the stove from view, and his nose trembled a little, like a bunny sniffing for food. "Kay," he said, trying to look small and contrite. Jared put his arm around him and held him close to the side, nudging at his temple. "It's a good thing," he said softly in his head. "We'll be okay."

Jensen nodded, leaning into his side before gathering himself and crossing over to the stove where Cliff was fixing breakfast.

Jared tensed. The kitchen was Jensen's. He had supreme authority in that domain, and had been known to chase people with threats of GBH following in their wake. He waited, watching, silently judging. Cliff's vote out of ten depended entirely on how he handled the situation. If he could escape Jensen's radar unscathed, he was in.

"You shouldn't be doing that." Jensen said stubbornly. Cliff raised a curious eyebrow and let Jensen step in and take over the preparation of the batter. "You'll make it too heavy," Jensen continued.

To the untrained ear, Jensen sounded obnoxious and overbearing. To Jared, he sounded defensive, scared.

Cliff continued on the way Jensen instructed, and within minutes the two were quietly discussing pancake making techniques. As well as being roughly the size King Kong's younger brother, Cliff was also doubling up as Martha fucking Stewart.

Fantastic.

Francesca left them to it, and Jared was presented with the result of Jensen and Cliff's little team effort pancake marathon.

He ate everything that was put in front of him, until he was too full to move.

He didn't dare say no. Jensen would pout, and Cliff might squash him. Besides, he was feeling at ease for maybe the first time in a year. He scolded Jensen in eating some, too, and was pleased when he only had to bribe him with the promise of going to the beach later. Sometimes it was really like dealing with a child, and Jared kept stealing glances at Cliff, trying to weigh his reaction. Even though he'd been brought in by Francesca (and that meant god knows what Cliff was capable of, because seriously, you don't want to get on Francy's wrong side, you just don't), Jared had still one foot firmly on the defensive line.

There were tattoos peeking out from under the rolled up sleeves of Cliff's shirt, and his salt'n'pepper mustache was dusted with pancake mix. The overall look was disconcertingly intimidating, but Jensen seemed to relax little by little with every scoop of chocolaty sweets, leaning into Jared's personal space as if they weren't sitting at the kitchen table with a virtual stranger.

"Are those real?" Jared asked, pointing at the Maori intricate drawings on Cliff's forearm.

The bodyguard frowned for the briefest moment, but Jared was totally proud to say he kept his cool. He didn't even squirm. This was his house after all.

"Oh, those?" Cliff finally said, cottoning on to what Jared was referring to and breaking in a wide smile. "Yes. Been gettin' them since I was fifteen."

Jensen peered curiously at the ink markings on his skin. Cliff held still as Jensen took them in, his expression completely open and relaxed. Eventually Jensen sat back and nodded, his curiosity satisfied. "Cool," he whispered, pouring them all more juice.

Jared squeezed his hand and an uncomfortable silence stretched on between them all.

"So-" Jared started, falling short of anything else to say.

"There anything you want to ask me?" Cliff offered generously.

Jensen suddenly squeezed Jared's hand tightly. "Will we get any privacy?" he asked, soft and shy.

Cliff broke out into a grin. "Yeah. For the most you won't even know I am here."

Jared would've sighed in relief. He wasn't even thinking about sex, honestly. Just how badly he wanted to be able to sit in their living room with Jensen sprawled between his legs, head on his chest, watching old black and whites while the dogs snuffled at their feet. Like they used to. And all his plans for Christmas... Christ, he hadn't counted how having someone else in the house would affect that.

"What is that new alarm thingie that Francesca was saying she'd install?" Jared asked, trying not to think back on how the day had gone so incredibly sour after such a beautiful start.

Cliff shook his head. "Afraid I can't help you here. I think she was talking to someone about security cameras, but Miss Solari wouldn't explain much." He smiled, his mustache quivering. "You know how she is."

"Yes, we do," Jared muttered, playing around with his fork. "Basically, uh... you'll just... stay with us?" he asked, the words tipping off his tongue before he could double check them with his brain. Fuck. Way to go about sounding polite, Jared. Major points.

Cliff nodded, not seeming troubled in the slightest. "I will drive you to the studio each day, drive you back once you're done, double check the alarm settings and the house. Help cook something, if Jensen doesn't feel up to it - I hope you won't mind me saying it, you're quite the chef," he added, grinning at Jensen, who flushed a pleasant shade of pink. "Most of the times it'll be just that. Me driving you around, and people knowing I'm here."

Jared didn't think anyone could miss him. "Right."

"Look," Cliff said, leaning forward a little in his seat. "I'm here to make things easier for you both, not more difficult."

There was nothing Jared could really say to that.

"You want the tour?" Jensen offered, his fingers still wound tight in Jared's hand.

Cliff smiled and nodded.

It went against every protective bone in his body, but Jared stayed in the kitchen cleaning up as Jensen showed the newest member of the household around. Jensen needed to get comfortable with Cliff. Jared wasn't letting him go anywhere without one of them holding his hand, hissy fits be damned.

They returned twenty minutes later, Jensen flushing vividly under Cliff's admiration for the house. The conversations suitably shifted though once they were back with Jared, and Cliff laid out the minor security precautions they would need to take.

The beach was off limits without supervision. Cliff looked apologetic when he said it, but pointed out that though the stretch of land was private, it wasn't well fenced off, and lead right up to the back door of the house, which wasn't as heavily fortified as the front was. Jensen slumped dejectedly, but didn't say a word, still trying to make up for his outburst by attempting to become part of the furniture.

Beyond that, and the alarm system Francesca was putting in place, which Cliff admitted to assuming would come with a separate panic alarm, the only real change to their lives would be Cliff's presence at dinner.

Jared thought of the playful cooking sessions they had indulged in before their lives had turned so much more stressful. There had inevitably been long, slow kisses against the counter.

More often than not there had been foreplay, if not outright sex.

Jared would miss the freedom to do what he wanted within his own home.

Still, it was Jensen's safety. Jared didn't even want to think of the possible consequences if they didn't follow through Francesca's plan, and maybe they would finally be a bit more at ease. Jared realized with a twinge of sadness that since they'd started on the new project, their lovemaking at home had decreased considerably. Maybe some fooling around in the shower, but quite often they had been too tired and too wrung out to do more than collapse on the bed and cuddle.

Maybe, even if Cliff's presence *did* complicate things a little, it would also give them some more breathing room. They would find a balance, eventually.

"I'll leave you to it," Cliff said after he had helped Jared with the dishes. "I'll get settled in, make some calls to my company and get some last minute details stamped out." He passed Jensen a small white plastic disk. "Until the alarm is installed," he said warmly, and Jensen went white as he looked at the small personal alarm. Cliff handed one to Jared as well before heading out to his car to pick up his bags.

Jared instantly took advantage of the privacy to wrap Jensen up in his arms. "You okay?" he asked, stroking the back of Jensen's neck.

Jensen nodded soundlessly. He tipped his head up and caught Jared with the softest, shyest of kisses. Smiling around his split lip, Jared ran his thumb over the curve of one sharp cheekbone. "We're gonna be fine," he promised Jensen. "We're gonna be fine."

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Act 32:

Turning saints into the sea

Rating: NC-17

Summary: An encounter with Milo forces Jared's secret out into the open, and threatens to drive a wedge between him and Jensen.

Warnings: Angst, past non-con and drug use.

Scene One

The alarm was installed just as Francesca promised, and the weekend with Cliff passed with nothing more exciting than a burned apple pie, courtesy of Jared. Cliff kept similar times to Jared, and for the past two days, they had woken up with breakfast waiting for them. Cliff accompanied Jared on his runs, and Jensen on his grocery trips, before cleaning them both out over a game of cards.

He'd won over the dogs in record time, and seemed to have an unlimited knowledge of the NBA.

Jensen did what Jensen did best, and adopted Cliff into the 'family', dealing with the stress of the situation by practically force feeding the both of them. Jared wouldn't go so far as to say that Jensen felt safe with Cliff, but Jared was certainly the happier knowing the bodyguard was around.

He might not be used to not being the biggest guy in the house, but there was no question that he was a blessing in disguise.

The only foot he had put down was the rapidly approaching holiday.

"I'm going to propose," he said bluntly one morning as Jensen was showering. "So no offense or anything, but you need to fuck off for a few days. Go home, go to Tahiti, whatever."

Cliff just grinned. "Miss Solari is sending me up to Vancouver," he said, shrugging his giant shoulders. "I'm going to get a few days of skiing in. And congratulations."

Jared was momentarily stunned by the mental image of Cliff skiing, and was nearly thrown face first into the counter when the bodyguard clapped him on the back.

Jensen appeared then, hair damp and freshly dressed. "We're gonna be late," he said, snagging an apple and kissing Jared on the cheek. "Come on, move it."

Jared shot Cliff an amused eye roll and obediently followed Jensen to the car.

One big improvement brought about by Cliff's presence had been Jensen's lighter mood after his meltdown. If Jared was willing to take it at face value, he'd be the happiest of men. But he still did sleep in the same bed as Jensen, even though nothing else had taken place in it for a few good days, and the nights hadn't been fun. Elle had scolded him more than once for the bags under his eyes, but Jared could do jackshit about it. If Jensen woke up, whatever the hour, Jared had no chance of going back to sleep.

He wasn't complaining. He knew Jensen was still uneasy about what had happened, and in a way it crushed Jared's heart. Still, he was patient. He'd give Jensen time.

"Will you be okay?" Cliff asked brusquely as he parked at the back of the studios. Jared nodded and squeezed Jensen's hand.

"Yeah. Would you mind going in with us and grabbing a cappuccino?" Which was Jared's subtle way of

asking Cliff to walk them through the studios. It was routine, but the approach worked better this way. Jensen didn't feel overwhelmed, and Jared could breathe easier.

He was thankful he asked. Less than three feet beyond the front doors, Jake motherfucking Talbot stepped out of nowhere and made a bee-line for Jensen. Jensen, oblivious to all that Joe had told Jared about the sonovabitch, frowned in confusion when Jake called out his name, but Cliff was taking his cues from Jared.

As Jared stepped in front of Jensen, Cliff stepped in front of *him*, completely blocking Jake from Jared's view.

The knowledge that Jake would need a tank to get through Cliff, and would still have to take him down before he could even look at Jensen was a bright spark of hope in Jared's gut.

Cliff, radiating politeness from every pore, stood his ground when Jake frowned. "Can I help you, sir?" he asked. To Jared, it sounded like 'get the fuck out of my way, cockroach', but he might have been getting overly excited.

"Might I talk to Jensen?" Jake said, teeth gritted in an effort to be polite.

"No," Jared said bluntly, grunting when Jensen elbowed him.

"*Jared!*" he hissed, glaring angrily at the way both men were behaving.

Jared for once didn't care if Jensen was pissed. Cliff was doing his job, and Jared was beyond giving a flying pigmy fuck whom he offended or why.

Before Jared could get a word in, Jared added. "We're running late," he said just as sharply, tugging Jensen along as Cliff cut a path through the milling workers like Moses parting the Red Sea.

"What the fuck was that about?" Jensen snapped, annoyance thick in his tone as they approached their trailers. "Jesus, Jare, he's an exec-"

"I know who he is," Jared snapped back, and then bit his tongue, willing himself to stop being so fucking impulsive.

Jensen blinked at him. "What?"

"He was... he showed up on that pool boy shoot we did a few months back, remember? When Joe injured himself?"

Jensen nodded after a split second pause. "And what on Earth has he done to you to deserve your alpha male routine?" he asked, irony cutting only a slight the edge off his words. "Or it was just an excuse for Tiny to flex his bodyguard muscles?"

Jared rubbed a hand over his face. Not the argument he wanted to get into right before a shoot. "He's - he's not on Francesca's books," he said then, hating himself for the lie. "He's not supposed to be here."

Jensen rolled his eyes at him and accepted his cappuccino from Cliff's hands, edging through the queue of PAs as they stopped in front of the make up trailers. "You and Francy should stop trying to conquer the world," he muttered.

Jared began to splutter. "Wha-what? Jen, come on-"

Cliff shot him a disturbingly sympathetic look as Jensen stormed into the trailer and refused to talk to him until Elle had finished getting him ready for the shoot.

Gabe had become an old hat at dealing with the less than stellar moods his stars were exhibiting over the course of shooting, and came armed with boxes of doughnuts and buckets of candy. Jared morosely drowned his sorrows in gummy worms, consuming half his body weight as Elle applied his wig.

"Penny for your thoughts," she cooed, carefully applying the base of Jared's make up. The scene was a domestic one, and his heavy eye make up was forgone in favor of a freshly shaven face. He looked the least intimidating he'd been so far, with the long black dreadlocks pulled back in a band, and a plain white t-shirt stretched across his torso. It was a conscious effort to be softer with Jensen's character, who in a pair of black boxers, and one of Jared's wifebeaters, was practically asking Jared to lick him.

He looked at Elle in the mirror and sighed. "I'm givin' 'em away for free."

She tutted and pressed a sisterly kiss to his cheek. "Keep on chuggin', tiger. No cloud is without its silver lining."

That was true enough.

If the scene had called for him to lay so much as a finger on Jensen, he'd probably not have had the stomach to go ahead.

He shrugged his shoulders, trying to get rid of an imaginary kink. Then a sudden thought occurred to him. "Elle?"

"Yes, boy?"

"Do you know Jake Talbot?"

Elle frowned. "I've heard of him, why?"

"We bumped into him as we were getting here. He said he wanted to talk to Jensen, but before alarming Francesca and having him killed, I wanted to know how he got on set at all."

"Oh, I see." She rubbed the back of her brush against her chin. "I don't quite think he's allowed on set, but I don't think he's forbidden to go anywhere. Miss Solari should be able to correct that, if you wish."

"I dunno," Jared scratched his head, and got a slap on his wrist for his trouble. "Who is he working with?"

"I can find out."

"Thanks."

Jared walked out of the trailer, head bowed to try and keep the dreadlocks where they were, scanning the set for any sign of Jensen. The kitchen they had to shoot in was black and white, artfully decorated, and Jared liked the set up. It would have been more emotional than their earlier shots in the same setting, and he was sort of looking forward to be inside another person's head for a while.

Jensen lolled against the kitchen counter, propped up on his elbows and achingly beautiful. The hair he had grown out for the mohawk was unstyled and messy, the metal studs gleaming against the pale skin of his shaven face.

He looked up as Jared took his position, and though the edge of his temper still lurked under the surface, he smiled, not willing, just as Jared wasn't, to begin a scene on a sour note.

"I love you," Jared mouthed, melting the anger that lurked under the surface of Jensen's flawless face.

Over on the edge of set, Cliff stood watch, his massive arms crossed.

"We good?" Gabe bounced over. "We're good. Good."

The 1st AD called to lock it up, and Gabe winked before saying, "And ACTION!"

Jensen was washing the dishes as Jared stepped into the kitchen. They'd fallen asleep sometime during the night, and Jared hated to admit how terrified he had been to wake up to an empty bed.

He'd fucked up yesterday. So badly. The bruises had only just begun to show on Jensen's body, and Jared knew that beneath the loose clothing, his ass was bruised black and blue. He hated himself for it. He would never tell Jensen, not with words anyway, but he had never yet regretted something so much like he regretted *that*.

Jensen didn't hear him, not immediately, his hands buried in the soapy water that sloshed noisily in the kitchen sink. Jared never washed up after dinner, and most of the times Jensen was too much of a pristine boy to leave the filthy dishes where they were. It made Jared smile.

A lot of things Jensen did made Jared smile.

He was heading into dangerous territory.

Shaking his head, Jared walked up to where Jensen was bobbing his head to a rhythm only he heard, the red marks of Jared's lips peppering the expanse of his back and collarbone. Jared put his hands over Jensen's hips, rubbing his fingers in a circle over the dip of skin and bone. Jensen stilled, the dishes clanking back under the water as he leaned back against Jared's chest.

Jared smiled against his skin, pressed his mouth to the hot curve of Jensen's ear. "Morning," he rumbled, fingertips tracing the silk of Jensen's skimmy panties.

Jensen made a small sound of contentment and leaned further back, his head resting on the curve of Jared's shoulder.

"Hey," he said, his voice as warm as the brush of his skin. "You want breakfast?"

Jared shook his head. "I'm hungry for something else," he breathed, gruff voice and rough hands raking over the miles of smooth, golden skin. The elastic of Jensen's boxers gave willingly, letting Jared's hand ghost down over the planes of his belly to the cluster of curls around his cock. "How long have you been up?" he asked, lazily stroking Jensen's cock as Jensen continued to wash the dishes.

"Not-not long," Jensen breathed, his voice catching. "Didn't want to wake you up."

Jared had stayed awake long into the night, just watching Jensen sleep, the shadows of the room dark on his bruised skin. He'd packed away all their toys as Jensen had slept, thinking only of Jensen's shrill cries when he looked at them.

He'd gone too far. Much too far.

It was easy to forget that Jensen had limits. His kinks and Jared's went almost hand in hand. Each and everything they had done together, Jensen had loved. Jared had not even considered the fact that there could, and would be limits. Their safewords were merely formalities.

He would close his eyes, and see the tiny rubber ball bounce on the floor, his stomach swooping sickly. The honest look of *fear* in Jensen's eyes had kept him up until the wee hours of the morning.

Jensen's breath caught in his throat and he turned his head a little, stubble brushing on Jared's collarbone. His hands stilled in the pool of warm water splashing over the rim of the sink, cups clanking down on the bottom. "Ho-how did you sleep?" Jensen murmured, looking up at Jared through long, shadowy eyelashes.

"Good," Jared lied, kissing the dip of Jensen's neck and shoulder. Jensen's cock was hardening in his palm already. Jensen was wearing one of his wifebeaters, and it hung loose, exposing his pierced nipples, and the reddening bruises around them. Jared's fingers skimmed above them, rubbing gently into the sore skin as he nibbled down Jensen's neck.

"You - said - you said you were hungry?" Jensen managed in a hoarse mumble.

"Uh huh," Jared murmured, squeezing the head of Jensen's dick. Shuffling Jensen sideways to an uncluttered part of the work surface, Jared withdrew his hands and hoisted him up onto the counter. "Real hungry," he said gruffly, his attention turning back to Jensen's boxers, and the hard flesh straining against the fabric. "Could eat you right up."

Jensen mewled happily as Jared fished his cock out through the gap in his boxers. "Fuck!"

Jared was tempted. Oh, how he was tempted. He wanted to bend Jensen over the counter and take his sweet time driving him mad. Maybe lay him out on the kitchen table, tie him down and lick honey and fruit from Jensen's smooth back. Make him ride Jared's cock as they sat on the wooden breakfast chair. The possibilities were endless.

"Later," Jared promised, rubbing his jaw along the soft skin of Jensen's cock. The rub of stubble was a shot of pain and pleasure that turned Jensen's eyes black with want. Fingers settled hesitantly in his hair, a sweet tug and guide that Jared followed, his lips brushing the straining crown of Jensen's cock.

Jensen's cock was as pretty as the rest of him, and Jared loved teasing it almost as much as he loved playing with his ass.

"Fuck," Jensen mumbled, spreading his legs wider over the counter for Jared. Jared smiled at him, his tongue lavishing the soft skin of Jensen's hips and thighs, toying around the juncture line where his pelvis met his leg. He tugged Jensen's boxers out of the way, bunching them under his balls, full and tight, pulled up against Jensen's body. It blew Jared's mind every time, just how beautifully crafted Jensen was. He could spend hours just paying with the curves and grooves of Jensen's body, learning what sounds he could extract out of him as easily he did with his guitar.

Jensen was honed to perfection.

And Jared would see never to risk to destroying it again.

He blew cool air over the wet swathes left by his tongue, enjoying the tiny shivers that racked Jensen which each of them. He went to suck at the leaking head of Jensen's dick, his cheeks hollowed, fingers splaying on Jensen's inner thighs to bring him a little closer to the edge of the counter. He suckled and pulled back again, spreading the precome he'd collected on his tongue all the way down to Jensen's full balls.

Jensen stifled a moan in the back of his hand, his fingers clenching at the base of Jared's neck, not really pulling but wanting, needy. Jared took him again, letting the thick girth of Jensen slip past his lips and on his tongue, Jared's piercing teasingly playing with the throbbing vein on the underside. Jensen groaned, his hips stuttering forward, kicking his legs even wider apart as he tossed his head back against the cupboard, chest heaving with shuttered breaths.

"God. Oh god. Oh - oh - oh - god, Jared-" Jensen panted, hips jerking thinly against Jared's mouth, trying to get him to move faster, deeper.

Jared smirked, or tried to, and obliged, working his fingers from Jensen's legs steadily lower towards his ass.

Jensen wailed as Jared's fingers brushed over the raised welts on his skin, gently stroking as they slipped between his ass cheeks. The skin there was still swollen after last night, and the faintest brush of Jared's nail over his opening was enough to send Jensen off like a bottle rocket. His thighs spasmed as Jared let him ride out his orgasm. It had been a long, long time since Jared had swallowed anyone the way he did Jensen, but he tightened his hands on Jensen's hip, sucking harder, stealing everything Jensen had to give.

Jensen's eyes were wide, black and glassy when Jared pulled back, licking his lips, thoroughly pleased with himself.

"There now," Jared smirked, loving the dazed, flushed expression on Jensen's face. "No better way to start the day."

Soft, disbelieving laughter was the only answer Jensen gave. Feeling stupidly lighthearted in the light of their previous night, Jared laughed and tossed Jensen over his shoulder. Jensen shrieked and squirmed, whimpering as Jared gave him a light pat on the ass.

As Jared headed for the stairs, Jensen's breathing became heavier, no doubt anticipating Jared's moods, and trying to guess what was to come.

Jared grinned to himself. Jensen wouldn't see this coming if it danced around in luminous spandex.

Their bed was freshly made. Jared had tossed away the sheets from the night before, paranoia leaving him with images of Jensen's tears soaking through the fabric. The new set was clean and crisp, perfect for what Jared had in mind.

He tossed Jensen down onto the mountain of pillows and reached for his prop in the bedside cabinet.

Jensen saw the metal cuffs and his mouth opened in a soundless exhalation of breath. Long, dark lashes fluttered against his cheeks, and he raised his wrists for Jared to bind.

Jared kissed him and closed the cuffs around his own wrists.

He'd never seen Jensen's eyes go quite so wide before. He grinned at him, licking his lips and laying down next to him, presenting Jensen with his cuffed wrists. Jensen still wasn't speaking, his mouth slightly agape, staring at Jared as if he'd grown an extra head or something equally drastic.

"C'mon," Jared purred, stretching on the covers with a slanted look towards him. "Where's your spirit of initiative?"

Jensen swallowed, his Adam apple bobbing as he closed his mouth with a snap and crawled on his hands and knees by Jared's side. His cock was growing hard again already, pointing up towards his belly.

"You can talk," Jared said, his voice soft despite the superficial amusement. He leaned in, stole a chaste kiss from Jensen's stunned lips. Too soft. Too *involved*, but he tried to tell himself it depended on the circumstances. "In fact, you can do everything you want."

"I- I can?"

Jared grinned and took a slow, sensual bite at Jensen's neck, feeling his pulse flutter like a trapped butterfly underneath his lips. "You can."

Jensen's hands flitted hesitantly over the span of Jared's chest, his eyes burning into Jared's. Jensen's fingers hesitantly curled over Jared's wrists, checking the cuffs, half curious, half expecting it to be some elaborate trick Jared had concocted.

Jared smiled his laziest smile and settled back against the pillows. "Don't tell me you've not thought about it," he said with a wide grin. "What you'd do to me if you had me at your mercy. How you'd pay me back for all the times I turned you inside out with desire."

Eyes wide in his face, Jensen swallowed as his mind began to fill with ideas.

Jared saw the moment when Jensen decided to go with what he had been given, but his heart swelled with emotion when instead of forging ahead with the freedom, Jensen kissed his throat and asked, "What's your safe word?"

"Ibanez," Jared said quietly, a touch of a blush coloring his cheeks as Jensen's serious expression melted into a smile.

Under Jensen's guidance, Jared's wrists were hooked to the small notch in the bedpost reserved just for their games, and he laid back, willing at Jensen's mercy.

Jensen looked like a kid in a candy store, shy and nervous, presented with a whole array of options, but not really knowing what he wanted to do.

A sudden, devious gleam shone in his eyes and Jared shivered, prepared for the worst as Jensen swooped down and took one of Jared's nipples between his lips. He sucked through the fabric of Jared's t-shirt, teasing him ruthlessly until the fabric was soaked with his saliva. Jared breathed heavily through his nose, ripples of pleasure going down his back as Jensen moved from one nipple to the other, his fingers caring for whichever of them he wasn't busy suckling through the cotton. Tiny, appreciative noises leaving his lips as he took his sweet time on Jared's chest, driving him wild.

Jared tossed his head from one side to the other, groaning thinly, his cock bulging inside his pants with every sweet tug of Jensen's teeth on his oversensitive nipples. Jensen made a content sound at the back of his throat, looking up at Jared with his mouth puckered around Jared's rock hard nipple, and Jared licked his own lips, the sight sending his head spinning.

"You look gorgeous," Jared mumbled, just because he was too used to shower Jensen with compliments to keep his mouth shut. Jensen didn't scold him, cheeks slightly flushed, but he did lean up to nibble at Jared's bottom lip.

"You do," he whispered. "So beautiful."

Jared chuckled wryly and shook his head, but Jensen silenced him with a kiss. It was slightly unsettling, since Jared wasn't used to let someone else lead, but Jensen's kiss wasn't shy or hesitant. It was sweet, slow, burning, and Jared let him take what he wanted, for as long as he wanted.

When they broke up for air, Jensen's eyes were shining, his hands cupping Jared's cheeks as he slowly moved his lips down his chin and over his throat. He was whispering, but Jared couldn't quite make out the words. Jensen's hands slid down his sides, pulling at Jared's tank top, sliding it over Jared's flat paneled abs, brushing over Jared's sore nipples until he could tug it over Jared's head, bunching it up behind his nape.

Jensen kissed him again, eyes closed, fingers following the ridges of muscles over Jared's chest as their tongues tangled, open mouthed and messy. Jared ached his back as Jensen tugged in his belt buckle, opening his jeans and dragging them down over Jared's hips. He left them tangled at Jared's knees, restricting how far he could move his legs, and Jared wondered if Jensen was perhaps too good a student.

"Getting ideas, darlin'?" Jared drawled, looking up at Jensen from beneath lowered lashes. They'd not done things from this angle before, and Jared was happy to admire the view.

"You know, for a guy cuffed to a bed, you're awfully chatty." Jensen grinned, confidence shining out of him like a beacon. It was quite possibly the hottest thing Jared had ever seen.

'Gonna shut me up?" He challenged wickedly, opening his mouth for Jensen's tongue as soon as their lips met. Jensen might have been a fast learner, but Jared had been the one to do most of the teaching. He knew the guy on the bottom was ultimately the one in charge, and his dominance in the bedroom was in no danger of taking a beating.

Jensen's ass brushed against Jared's dick, consciously teasing him with every gentle roll of his hips.

Jared sat back for the ride and amused himself with ideas of just how he'd get Jensen back for any liberties he took. Truth be told, he was more than happy with the turn the events were taking.

Jensen pressed himself closer, his knees spreading to each side of Jared's hips, his piercings rubbing deliciously against Jared's bruise-red nipples. Jared closed his eyes, sighing quietly as he arched up against Jensen's touch. Jensen's mouth was on his again, slow, sweet friction of Jensen's hot ass cheeks teasing the leaking head of Jared's dick as he undulated up and down his lap.

Jared's nerves tingled with the assault, his breath getting heavier with every tantalizing motion.

Jensen licked all the way down Jared's neck, his head bent at an awkward angle as he tried to nibble at a

spot above Jared's heart and keep rubbing up against him at the same time.

Jared tosses his head back, arms straining against the cuffs, his chest heaving with every drawn breath.

"You can talk, you know?" Jensen murmured as he descended on Jared's body, the brush of their hard dicks against one another making Jared's hips jerk forward instantly.

Jared groaned at the back of his throat. "Hmm."

"I like it when you talk," Jensen whispered, rubbing himself along Jared's chest like a cat in heat. "Makes me so fucking hot for you. Could come just listening to you talk, sing. Anything. Just your fucking voice, god..."

Jared couldn't help it. He squirmed under Jensen's touch, aching for more. Things weren't turning out quite like he had planned, but god was he enjoying it.

Jensen leant back to tug his shirt off, leaving him naked and sprawled on Jared's lap.

Any other day and Jared would have him face down with a dick in his ass by now.

Fuck. He was getting impatient.

Jensen could sense his frustration. "You said I could do anything, right?" he checked, still giving Jared the ultimate authority over where things went. Jared was tempted to say no, to demand that Jensen get a fucking move on before he went mad.

He couldn't bring himself to say it. The bright, pleased expression in Jensen's eyes was so far removed from the fear Jared had seen last night that he would do anything in his power to preserve it.

Even if that meant getting a serious case of blue balls.

He nodded, not trusting his voice, and Jensen bounded from the bed like a kid in search of candy. "Close your eyes," he said softly. Jared obeyed, thinking all along that Jensen wouldn't need to growl to be one hell of a Dom. One bat of those pretty eyelashes and the most hardened player would be eating out of the palm of his hand.

The idea was certainly appealing.

Jensen's fingers closed around Jared's dick, the cockring snug and too fucking cold. Jared hissed and opened his eyes to glare.

Jensen smiled at him, that beautiful, enchanting smile, and Jared forgave him.

He was totally fucking whipped.

"I'll make you feel good," Jensen whispered, crawling on Jared's lap again, his mouth hot against Jared's lips, breath moist-damp. "I'll make you feel so fucking good Jare, you'll feel like dying."

Jared didn't have any doubts in that regard. He leaned in to bite gently at Jensen's lower lip, sucking it into his mouth, not wanting to be passive. Jensen's stubble tickled at his chin, the cool metal of his chin piercing rubbing into his skin, sending jolts down his spine.

"You always make me feel good," he whispered once he let go of Jensen, his eyes dark, hued with lust. His cock was hard, rigid, thin trails of precome smearing the back of Jensen's ass from where he'd rubbed up against him, and the sight made Jared's mouth run dry.

Jensen grinned at him, open, beautiful, and twisted his fingers in Jared's dreads, pulling him closer, as if he wanted to devour his mouth. Jensen's own cock was bloodheavy on his stomach, and Jared's hips twitched involuntarily as he fought to try and rock against him.

"I want to lick you all up," Jensen whispered, his mouth traveling to Jared's jaw, down to his earlobe, then again over his lips, as if he couldn't quite get enough. "Want to taste you from inside out, feel how good you make *me* feel when you do it..." Jensen's hands flitted over Jared's chest, his mouth soon following, biting and sucking alternatively at Jared's chest. Jensen moaned, suckled at the droplets of precome trailing down Jared's cock like a kid would a lollipop. Jared bucked up, smearing a wet trail over Jensen's cheek.

"Want to feel you fuck back against my face," Jensen whispered, his lips moving against Jared's cock as he continued his descent. "Want to make you lose it, want you... want to fuck you open with my tongue, watch you, feel you around me."

Jared's groan reverberated around the room.

"Can I?" Jensen asked hopefully. "Please? Wanna make you feel as good as you make me feel, wanna make you see fucking stars."

It had been a long time, years even, since Jared had been on the bottom in every sense of the word, and he couldn't deny that Jensen could make his whole world spin crazily. He nodded, panting, and Jensen tugged the jeans off from around his knees.

The hot, tight wrap of Jensen's lips around Jared's cock sent him mad. He'd heard people say it often enough, hell, he'd said it himself, but Jensen's mouth could well have been *made* for this. He took Jared down, all of him, relaxed and calm, totally in control as he set his own pace and took his time.

"Fuck! Fuck--" Jared growled, bucking up, trying to get more, deeper, faster. Jensen just compensated and carried on in his own merry way. His lips slid over the hard flesh, licking and nipping and teasing Jared so fucking bad that when they were done, Jensen wasn't going to be able to walk for a week once Jared got his own back. Eventually, he pulled back and smiled coyly.

"Roll over, Jare," he whispered, a voice that could well convince him to jump off a cliff, or try flying to the moon. Jared obeyed, his arms twisting in the cuffs until he was comfortable. Jensen's hands were gentle on his ass. "You've got the most amazing ass, Jare. Christ. You remember when you fucked me in that restaurant bathroom? Fucking loved it, could see your perfect ass in the mirror behind you every time you slammed your cock into me."

Jared buried his whimper into the pillow beneath his face. He was going to need to keep Jensen gagged for the foreseeable future. *He* was the one who could run the dirty talk for hours at a time. Jensen blushed like a fucking virgin every time Jared opened his damn mouth.

It was like some switch had been flicked, and every dirty thought in Jensen's head came pouring out uninhibited. Jared would've loved it, if his cock hadn't been screaming for release for about a lifetime already.

"Christ," he hissed, chewing on his lower lip as Jensen's fingers traced smooth circles over his ass cheeks. Jensen crouched on the bed between Jared's legs, and the first blow of cool air on Jared's clenching hole sends his mind reeling.

Jared gasped, head bowed between his tied arms, and spread his legs a little wider on the bed, too worked up to worry about how desperate that might have looked. Jensen's tongue slid over his ass crack, slow, long swipe that made Jared's knees shake with tension.

"God, so fucking good," Jensen moaned. Jared would've had something to say to that, he would have, but it all got lost in his loud, keening groan as Jensen's tongue flicked over his hole and pushed inside.

"Fucking Christ," Jared pushed back -- he didn't have the patience to wait it out, and judging by Jensen's enthusiastic little moan, neither did he. Jensen pressed his tongue inside of him, only the tip, twisting it over and around once, twice, three times before pulling back. He was whispering something that Jared couldn't hear, his breath teasing the sensitive skin of Jared's ass and driving him insane with *want* before going to lap at the soft skin behind his balls.

"So hot, Jared, so goddamn hot," Jensen moaned, the tip of his middle finger rubbing along Jared's hole, his tongue trailing back up to lap at the outer ring, drawing it out for all it was worth before plunging back in with a short, quick stab. "Taste so fucking good, I'mma come like this, with you fucking back on my face."

Jared groaned and rolled his hips back, smothering Jensen's moans as he forced his tongue back in Jared's ass. Jensen's finger worked in tandem with his tongue, slowly driving in and out, in and out, stroking the oversensitive walls of his channel.

It was too much. It was a miracle Jensen hadn't killed Jared in his sleep if it felt like this every time. He wanted to come. He wanted it so fucking badly.

But he wouldn't beg for it.

Jensen pulled back and something cool and smooth slide inside Jared where his finger had just been.

Jared cursed up a storm, because *that* had not been part of the deal! It wasn't any wider than Jensen's finger, but that was not the fucking point.

"Shush," Jensen soothed, stroking his back like he was a fucking kitten. "It's okay, I'll look after you."

Jared bit down on the pillow instead of telling him to fuck off. He would have stayed that way, but Jensen rolled him back over and kissed his nose.

He was smiling, but there was concern in his eyes, like he'd pushed Jared too far, or done something that was not comfortable.

Jared felt his pride take a blow and sucked up the urge to wiggle. Christ, he was not going to be a girl just because Jensen had put a pencil up his ass.

Jensen kissed him gently and slid off the bed, leaving him there and walking into the small bathroom.

"I'm fucking myself on my fingers," he suddenly called out.

Jared snarled and cursed the inventor of handcuffs. 'Motherfucker!' he yelled, imagining Jensen's ass clenching tight around his fingers.

Jensen fucking giggled, breathless. "Three fingers, god, feels so good. Can't wait until you're inside me."

"I'mma fucking kill you for this," Jared promised, all pretense of being meek and letting Jensen play Dom going out the window. "Get your ass in here right now!"

Jensen continued to laugh. "Nope," he said. "You're gonna make me pay one way or another. I intend to have my fun while I can."

"You can bet your nice ass you will," Jared growled, taking advantage of Jensen's absence to squirm on the bed.

"Oh, I'm counting on that," said Jensen's voice, sounding remarkably closer.

Jared turned his head sideways, his dick throbbing valiantly at the sight he was presented with. Jensen was crawling on his hands and knees towards him, naked, his fingers slippery on the floorboards, glistening with lube. Jared imagined where they'd been just moments before and felt a surge of blood speed from his head down to his cock. "Holy hell."

Jensen batted his pretty eyelashes at him, grinning like sin personified, and sensually climbed up the bed, turning his back to Jared and presenting him a perfect view of his ass.

Jared bit his lip until blood burst from the cut. He needed to get inside Jensen right the fuck *now*, or he'll implode.

"You like this?" Jensen whispered, turning his head to look at him through low eyelashes. "Feels so fucking empty now..." He wiggled his ass dangerously close to Jared's dick, spreading his thighs wider so that Jared could get an unobstructed view of his dark hole. "Can't even get close to coming if it's not you. I can finger fuck myself for hours..." he reached behind himself with one hand, knees planted on the mattress as he fiddled with his own entrance, "...and always leave myself wanting, wanting your cock to fill me up, feel your come leaking on my thighs afterwards."

Jensen's eyes fluttered shut and he bit his lip, three of his fingers easily slipping inside of him, Jensen's moan low and threadbare soft.

Jared was going insane. Or blind. Or crazy. Or all of the above. "Fucking Christ, Jen," he groaned, straining against his bounds, trying desperately to get closer to the teasing heat of Jensen's ass, Jensen's wrist flicking rhythmically as he spread his own fingers inside his hole, opening it obscenely wide for Jared's avid eyes. "I want to ride you, fuck myself on your dick until I can't walk, can't move, can't fucking breathe. And then I want you..." Jensen's breath caught, his body shuddering. Jared imagined hitting Jensen's prostate, feeling him clench around Jared's hand, not Jensen's own, and moaned loudly.

"I want you to fuck me with your cockring on."

"Fuck," Jared breathed the word like a prayer. "Come on, Jen. Please, let me fuck you, please darlin', wanna slide into your pretty fucking ass..."

There went his determination not to beg.

Jensen smiled and twisted around until he was face to face with Jared. He reached behind himself and grasped Jared's cock, squeezing it playfully as he lined himself up.

The sudden, blissful tightness had Jared seeing the stars Jensen had promised. He might have blacked out, or lost his mind. All he could focus on, all he knew, was that he was balls deep in Jensen's ass, right where he wanted to be.

It wasn't until then that the true evil genius of Jensen's plan became apparent. Jensen began to slowly fuck himself up and down, using Jared for his pleasure, his long, elegant throat bared as he undulated on Jared's cock.

And Jared... just had to lie there and take it. He could just about thrust his hips a few inches either way. "Fucking cocktease," he hissed, struggling in earnest just to *touch*, helpless as Jensen rode him.

"God, god, Jared, you feel so fucking good inside me, so good. Fuck." Jensen jerked himself off in time with each thrust.

Jared might have been the dick in this coupling, but it sure as hell felt like he was the one getting fucked.

Jensen slammed down hard, and Jared tensed, his ass clenching around the small plug.

He never thought it possible to go mad with the urge to come, but Christ, he was well on his way. "Jen, Jensen, please. Please, let me touch you, I gotta touch."

He was beyond pride, unable to believe this stupid idea was his.

Jensen, instead of teasing him further, reached down and released the emergency catch on the cuffs.

Jared all but growled, his arms snapping away from the headboard and catching Jensen around his chest, holding him close as he yanked him down on his lap, making him cry out in ecstasy. Jensen let go of his cock, hands fumbling on Jared's biceps as he held onto him, hips stuttering, motions quicker, wilder.

Jared mashed their mouths together, his tongue ravishing Jensen's mouth as he rocked up into him, holding Jensen where Jared wanted him, fingers pressing hard in the curves of Jensen's hips. "Fucking tease," Jared growled before pulling Jensen off his lap. Deaf to Jensen's displeased moan, he tossed him

face down on the bed and grabbed hold of his hips again, ramming his cock inside of Jensen's tight ass and fucking him hard and fast, cockring still tight around Jared's dick just as Jensen had asked him to.

Jensen mewled deliriously, hands fisting the sheets as he struggled to push back in every thrust. Jared covered him with his own body, mouthing and sucking at the still fresh lovebites on Jensen's neck and shoulder as he fucked him as hard as he could, the whole bed shaking with the force of it.

"I'm going to keep you bound for the rest of the week," Jared promised him as he pistoned his hips inside of Jensen. "I'm going to make you come so many times you won't even know your name by the time I'm done with you."

Jensen turned his head a few inches to the side, his mouth open in his string of continuous moans. "Yes," he groaned, rocking back against him. "Yes. God yes."

"Such a fucking tease, you liked that, huh? Liked driving me wild." Jared grunted, snapping his hips against Jensen's ass, taking, just like Jensen had. It only took the lightest of touches along Jensen's cock to make him scream, come staining Jared's hand as he shook violently on the bed.

Swearing, Jared pulled out and unsnapped the cockring. "Mine," he hissed, his fingers leaving bruises on Jensen's skin. As soon as the metal was released, he came, painting Jensen's back and thighs with ropes of his come.

~ * & * ~

"AND CUT! Awesome work, guys!"

Scene Two

Jensen peeked up between the gap of his arms and grinned slyly.

Jared was glaring.

"Now, Jay, don't be so grumpy," he teased, eyes sparkling with amusement and satisfaction. Jared was just enough in control of himself not to dance of joy at the expression, but he kept his face moulded into a scowl.

Jensen rolled off the bed, keeping it between them, and held up his hands *you love me, you can't ever be mad at me*.

"You enjoyed that far too much," Jared growled, circling the bed as Jensen backed away, his soothing expression breaking into a grin.

"Jay, what are you... no, bad!"

Jared caught him easily enough, tossing him over his shoulder and storming off set as Jensen switched between his attempts to smooth Jared's ruffled ego and laugh his ass off.

Truth was, Jared didn't care in the slightest. He was just having too much fun to let it end there.

The crew scattered, all smirking, all smart enough to keep quiet, as Jared charged in the direction of their trailer.

He nearly dropped Jensen and fell flat on his face when Jensen absently smacked him on the ass, and reminded him that the small plug was still right where they left it.

"We'll have to do something about that," Jared murmured, eyes full of mischief as he lowered Jensen down on the bed. Jensen smiled slyly, crossing his legs and looking at Jared through lowered lashes.

"And what exactly did you have in mind?" Jensen whispered, his breath coming short already.

Jared was no fool. He knew that for all the playing around and joking they did, there had been some major fucking going on -- even *he* himself ached with the aftermath of it. Jensen was still playful, still gorgeously uninhibited, and even though Jared's heart was swelling with joy, he couldn't forget that he had to first and foremost take care of Jensen.

Jared slid across the bed, bestowing kisses over the sweaty skin of Jensen's chest as he went, his hands slowly prying Jensen's legs apart so he could settle between them. "Why don't you finish the job you started?" he mumbled, soft and teasing, lips dancing over Jensen's before sliding to the side of his neck, sucking at the imprint tattoo there.

Jensen shivered, and he inched closer. "What do you want me to do?" he said in a breath, his eyes drooping to half mast.

Jared smiled and took one of Jensen's hands, guiding it around his body. Jensen sucked in a sharp breath and pulled his lower lip between his teeth, groping blindly for the base of the slim plug and pulling it out in one slow, continuous slide.

All the breath left Jared's lungs in a huff. He slumped down besides Jensen on the bed, boneless as Jensen kissed his throat softly. "You enjoyed that?" he asked, somewhat shy now they were away from the cameras.

Jared chuckled, the reverberation echoing through his chest. "You could say that." They had both been a little hesitant, uncertain how the scene would play out. Jared was pleased with it, and he was so proud of the way Jensen had stepped up to the ball. "You look pretty awesome from below."

Jensen flushed pink and curled in close against Jared's chest, his cheek over Jared's heart. "It was fun," he whispered, his fingers tracing light patterns on Jared's skin. "I kinda missed that."

"What, goofing around on set?" Jared snorted, stroking Jensen's damp hair with an absentminded thoughtlessness.

Jensen shuffled a little. "No, I mean us. We've been kinda..."

"Preoccupied?" Jared offered. He propped himself up on one elbow and leaned over to brush his lips across Jensen's cheek.

Jensen looked down at his hands. "Yeah."

Sighing, Jared pulled Jensen onto his chest, holding him tight. "I know, baby, but it won't always be this way."

"I know," Jensen murmured, trying not to look in Jared's eyes.

Jared thought that Jensen was not quite believing what he was saying himself. He stifled a sigh, but didn't think it wise to launch into a speech on set. He cuddled closer to him, pulling Jensen up higher on his chest.

"It'll be all right," he said softly. "We'll put things back in order."

Jensen did look up this time, and his eyes shone a little. "I know we will. I trust you," he mumbled, a yawn fighting its way out of his lips.

"We should head home," Jared said, picking up on Jensen's tiredness immediately. "I'll get you cleaned up and we'll be good to go, okay?"

"Hmm-hm," Jensen nodded, but latched on Jared with both hands, keeping him pinned to his side. Jared sighed and stroked Jensen's hair, pressing a kiss to his temple. They could have a quick nap before calling Cliff to get them out of there. "We'll be just fine, baby," he murmured in his hair. "Just fine."

Jensen trailed behind Jared sleepily, his fingers curled in the ends of his sleeves as they left the set and made their way through the studio.

He was yawning, scrubbing at his face with the palm of his hand. Jared planned on dumping him in the bath as soon as they were home, force feed him a bowl of soup and then stuff him under the covers of their bed.

Cliff was waiting for them, a coffee for Jared in one hand, a cocoa for Jensen in the other.

"I'm not five," Jensen grumbled petulantly, sipping at the hot drink anyway. Cliff and Jared both ignored him, and for once Jensen was too tired to call them on it.

They made it out into the foyer, and Jared shortened to an abrupt stop, spilling coffee over his hand as Jensen bumped into him.

Jake Talbot was still there, but it wasn't him that had Jared's heart pounding violently in his ears.

Standing opposite Talbot, talking quietly, intimately, was Milo.

"You sonofabitch!" Jared snarled, his blood boiling. He dropped Jensen hand and planted his fist in Milo's treacherous face.

"Jared!" Coffee and cocoa hit the floor as Jensen rushed forward to pull Jared back.

Milo crumpled on the floor, Jared poised over him. Before Jensen could reach them, Jake grabbed a hold of Jared's arm and pulled him to a stop, only for Cliff, who loomed out of nowhere, to practically lift him off his feet and plant him face first on the floor.

"Get your filthy hands off me!" Talbot hollered, trying to wriggle out of Cliff's grasp. Milo pulled himself to his feet, glaring daggers at Jared as he massaged his throbbing jaw. Jensen yanked Jared back by the tail of his shirt, proverbial steam coming out of his ears.

"Do I have to put you on a fucking leash so you won't attack random people?" Jensen snapped in Jared's ear, pulling him away from Milo. "What the fucking *fuck*, Jare!"

Jared knew he'd made a *huge* misstep there, but he couldn't have prevented it if he'd tried (and he hadn't tried all that hard). The sight of Milo, of all people, talking to *Jake fucking Talbot* of all *goddamn* people in the porn industry had been like a red flag in front of a bull's eyes.

"I understand you should be not on the Studios' premises while they're shooting," Cliff told Talbot placidly, not shifting one inch from his stance. "I suggest you and your acquaintance clear out before I decide to call security."

"I will be the one calling security," Milo snarled. "Fucking Yeti, I have no fucking clue what he sees in you -"

Jensen doubled his grip on Jared before he could strike again

"I have a business proposition to discuss," Jake growled, shoving at Cliff's chest, but for all the good it did, he could've tickled him.

"Discuss it elsewhere," Jared said, his voice a low, menacing growl. "You're not welcome on set."

Jake sneered. "Jensen can speak for himself, I believe?"

"I can," Jensen said firmly, glaring at Jared as he took a step forward. He was still swaying slightly, aftermath of the shooting, and Jared wanted nothing more than to just wrap him up and hide him from everyone else. "I'm not taking any commissions now. For any further informations, you can contact my agent."

Jake sneered. "That wasn't the type of proposition I had in mind."

Jared saw his nightmares play out before his eyes. "Cliff, get him out of here, or I swear to God, I will fucking end him."

There must have been something in Jared's tone of voice. Jensen fell silent, his face white and pinched. Cliff let Jake up, and the man was smart enough to leave, straightening his suit pretentiously, as if he hadn't just had his ass handed to him. "I'll be waiting on your call," he said to Milo, before stalking out of the glass front doors.

Free of his charge, Cliff immediately took a hold of Jensen's elbow, steadying him, ready to step in and stop Jared from committing murder, if necessary.

Milo was still spitting by the time the glass door swung closed, and Jared pinned him down with a look filled with hatred. "You stupid, selfish son of a bitch," he hissed, whisper soft as he battled with the urge to beat Milo to a bloody pulp. "Do you have any idea what you have done? What did he promise you?"

Milo struggled against Jared's hold. "I don't know what the fuck you're-"

Jared slammed him against the wall before he could finish the sentence. "You gave him Jensen's number, didn't you?"

The picture was suddenly, sickeningly clear. Milo blanched and stammered a furious denial. Jared slammed him back against the wall. "Didn't you!"

"Let me go, fucker!" Milo yelled.

"Jared..." Jensen's voice was soft, and lost to the pounding of blood in Jared's ears.

"You gave him Jensen's number... did he tell you he was on Simon's payroll? Did he tell you that he was one of the people you and your little white Knight impression was supposed to have vanquished?" Jared's internal filter was broken, fractured, as the anger and frustration seeped out of him like poison, not caring what was said, or who overheard. "What else did you give him? Our address? You handed that son of a bitch the key's to Jensen's life, you little shit, and why, because he didn't want to see you any more?"

"Jared, let him go," Cliff's voice was robustly more solid, but Jared didn't heed him either.

"Now you listen to me, and you listen closely because the *one* reason why you're not already six feet under is because I'm debating whether it'd be better handing you to Francesca." He grasped Milo's collar and lifted him off the ground as he rammed him into the wall again. "I don't want to see or hear from you ever again. If you try to get anywhere near him I will have a restraining order issued. I *will* tell Francy who's responsible for that little phone slip up, and if that doesn't dissuade you from trying to fuck us up further, I will come to find you."

"Jared, that's enough."

Cliff grabbed Jared's shoulder, pulling him back, and Jared realized that Cliff was not only way bigger than he, he could actually overpower him pretty easily. The thought ruffled his alpha male feathers a little, but at the same time he couldn't help feeling glad that Cliff was on board.

Jared's clogs were working furiously in his head. Would it be safe now to head home? They had the alarm on, and so far they knew it was working - it went off with a blast every time one of the dogs ran off to the beach. Could Milo have managed to hack them? Could anyone? Would they need to get them changed?

"Let's go."

Cliff steered him to the side, and Jared shook himself out of his trance in time to see Milo staggering away, and took a slow, calming breath.

He could feel Jensen's eyes on him like a physical weight.

Jensen's face was as white as it went when he was in shock, but there was no mistaking the dark swirls of anger in his eyes. Anger that was directed entirely at Jared. "How did you know that?" His voice was so tightly controlled that every word was flat and dull. Jared cringed.

"Jen-" He was helpless to explain, and held his hands up desperately.

"Jake works for Simon? How do you know that?"

Cliff gave them space, closing the area off.

Jared stepped forwards, trying to take Jensen into his arms. His heart broke when Jensen took a step back.

With a broken sigh, Jared looked down at his feet. "Joe told me," he admitted reluctantly. The only way out of this was to lie. He couldn't do that. Not now, not after seeing Jensen skate so very close to the edge the week before.

Jensen's face was stone. "And what does he know about it?" he asked coldly.

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose. "How do you know Jake," he asked back, changing tactic. Jensen's face blanked over.

"I don't," Jensen lied flatly.

Jared wanted to grab him by his shoulders and give Jensen a good shake, but he refrained. "But you worked for him before, didn't you?"

Jensen looked away, his jaw clenched so tight it was trembling. "I worked a lot before you came into the picture," Jensen said, voice rough.

Jared tried to ignore the blow. It wasn't easy. His stomach had sucked in, and his knees began to shake. He locked them in position, planting his feet slightly further apart. "Can we go home?" Jared said, his voice lower. "Please?"

Jensen nodded curtly, turning his back on Jared and walking away, shoulder tense like a bowstring. Cliff gave him a sympathetic pat on the back, but Jared was far too preoccupied to register it.

Christ. He'd blown it.

The ride back was utterly silent. Jensen was struggling to stay awake, eyes weary but alert, looking determinately onwards and ignoring Jared completely. Jared sat in his seat, picking at his cuticles as he went over and over in his head on what lies could've worked at this point.

He wasn't that good of an actor. He knew Jensen would see straight through each of them, but the idea of telling Jensen about Joe made him physically ill.

Cliff let them into the house, checking each alarm zone and skirting the dogs away onto the beach for a run. He shot Jared an indescribable look and closed the door behind himself silently, leaving Jared to face the music.

Jensen stood between him and the front door, arms crossed, and he said only one word. "Explain."

Against his every instinct, Jared found himself coiling for a fight. He recognized the anger thrumming through Jensen's body, the posture that said he was clearly preparing himself for something. "Explain what?"

"Explain what?!" Jensen screamed. "What aren't you telling me?"

Jared ran a weary hand over his face and took a broken breath. "Joe... he told me..." He closed his eyes and swallowed. When he opened them again, he saw Jensen's pale face and held on to the desperate hope that this wouldn't change anything. "I know what happened at Simon's parties."

Jensen's expression froze. Jared prayed. He hadn't prayed in ages, even if his momma told him to always say his thanks before going to bed. Jared hadn't prayed for so long he didn't even remember the words, but he still did.

When Jensen failed to speak for a full minute, Jared dared to take a step forward. "Jensen, please -"

"Don't."

Jensen's voice whip-snapped at him, his arm outstretched.

"Jensen," Jared whispered. "Please... it doesn't-"

"I said don't." Jensen backtracked, the distance between he and Jared growing with each step he took.

Jared watched as Jensen retreated himself against the wall, his arm firm, rigid. He kept his head bowed, and Jared felt the bottom of his stomach drop out sickeningly.

He swallowed, looking at the empty gap between the two of them, and ran one hand over his face. "What do you want me to say?" Jared asked, feeling the tension eat at them like snakes.

He could see Jensen swallow down the sickness in his throat. "How... who..." He couldn't form a full sentence, and Jared steadied himself as he prepared to lay everything down at his feet.

"Joe. He went to one of them. He said Jake, and Simon," He swallowed painfully, images rising in his head, "he said they- they... did ...things, to you. When Jake came to set, a few months back, Joe told me."

For a moment Jared was afraid Jensen might pass out. He was paler than Jared had ever seen him, his eyes wide and shocked. He looked in that moment so painfully young.

Jared took several hasty steps forward, desperate to pull Jensen into his arms and make everything right.

"You know... months... you..." Jensen swayed on the spot so violently that Jared had to grab him just to keep him upright. He caught Jensen's elbows and flinched when Jensen tried to cringe away from him. "You, oh god..."

"Baby, breathe, come on, take it easy." Jared was the only thing keeping Jensen on his feet.

"I can't... I can't breathe, Jay, I can't..."

"No, nonono, easy, baby, easy, take it easy, it's all good, I promise," Jared pulled Jensen against him, rubbing his hands over Jensen's back, trying to smooth out the increasingly loud wheezes leaving Jensen lips in a rush. "Jen, come on, breathe now, breathe, it's all good, it's all good."

Jensen wrapped his own arms around himself, shaking his head, his chest heaving with the struggle to keep on breathing. Jared tried to steer Jensen to the couch, but Jensen had his feet resolutely planted on the floor, not moving a step.

"I can't- I can't breathe- Jay-"

Jared cursed under his breath, and resorted to drastic measures. He pulled Jensen into his arms, lifting him bodily up and carrying him to the couch. Jensen's shuddering gasp went through him like a punch, and he bit the inside of his cheek, anxiety making his knees buckle.

"Okay, okay, baby, here, take a deep breath now, nice and easy. In and out. It's fine. It's all good, it's gone, nothing's gonna happen. Shh. It's okay now," he rubbed Jensen's back and his tummy, every shorter and quicker wheeze building up Jared controlled panic. "Baby, please. Please, take a deep breath for me. With

me now, come on."

Jared sucked in a lungful of air and let it all out, running his palm between Jensen's shoulders. "Easy now. With me."

Jensen eventually fell into Jared's rhythm, his chest heaving under the gentle touches as he slowly, ever so slowly got his breathing back in some form of control. "Here we go, easy."

As his breathing slowly fell under control, Jensen brought his knees to his chest. "Don't touch me," he whispered brokenly.

Jared felt as if he had been stabbed in the gut.

"Baby, please."

Jensen shook his head, tears rolling down his cheek. "How could you?"

There were echoes of Jensen's tears in Jared's own eyes. He longed, he *needed* to hold Jensen to him, but couldn't, wouldn't force contact Jensen had explicitly said he didn't want.

"How could you keep that from me?"

Jared could only answer honestly. "I was trying to protect you," he said brokenly, his throat tight as he saw the consequences of all his mistakes laid out in front of him in each of Jensen's tears. "I'm so sorry. I wanted to protect you."

"From what?" Jensen sobbed, clutching at himself tightly.

"From Jake, from Joe."

There was a desperate nodding of Jensen's head that hurt like hell. "Joe, he... he was there?"

Jared bit his lip. "Yeah."

"I didn't, I can't remember him."

"He said you were blindfolded." Jared clenched his fists, flexing with each breath as he struggled to control his own rising panic. "That you were drugged."

Jensen shook his head mutely. He couldn't speak, and Jared couldn't even find the voice in his heart to bring out the words Jensen needed to hear.

"Always," Jensen whispered. "I - always.... oh god." Jensen buried his face behind his knees, shame driving him to burrow away, far away from Jared.

"I wanted to tell you..." Jared murmured under his breath, edging closer to him and sneaking his arm around Jensen's back even though Jensen almost bolted from him.

God damn it, that hurt.

It hurt to the point that Jared thought it would be better if he just stopped breathing at all.

"I wanted to tell you, but that day... Steve was in the hospital and... you told me that you were happy... with me." Jared halted, his voice cracking. "I couldn't... I didn't want..." Jensen shuddered, shaking his head again, curled on himself. "You said you loved me..." He shook his head. "I couldn't tell you."

Jensen reached out tentatively and grabbed hold of Jared's hand. "I *do* love you. But you you lied to me about something you had no right to keep from me."

Jared swallowed back his shame and clutched Jensen's hand to his chest. "I know."

"I never wanted you to know what I did," Jensen admitted softly. He'd stopped fighting Jared's hold, no longer shying away from his touch.

Laying a gentle kiss to his forehead, Jared held Jensen tighter. "You've got nothing to be ashamed of. Nothing."

Jensen laughed bitterly. "You know, when I met your parents I was so afraid they'd just look at me and see what I was."

"And what's that?" Jared asked, knowing he wouldn't like the answer.

"A whore. Some cheap slut who'd fucked up their son's life."

God. "Jen, no-"

Jensen shook his head rapidly. "I fucked anyone and everyone he told me to. I fucked them for roles, I fucked them for money, I fucked them because he liked to watch."

Jared closed his eyes, briefly, trying to stall the throbbing hurt that was making way through his heart.

"Jensen -"

Jensen plowed on, "I would get up in the morning and trying to scrub it all off. But I started it all over the night after. And he'd tell me what a good job I'd done." He looked young, lost, bitter. Jared tightened his hold on Jensen's hand, bringing it up to his lips. "And you know how I felt? Relieved," Jensen laughed, thin and frail. "Relieved that I'd been a good whore."

"Jensen, don't," Jared begged him, pulling him closer to the cradle of his chest. "You had no choice," Jared whispered in his ear. "No choice but to do what he said. It doesn't make you *anything*, but it makes him a monster."

Jensen shook his head again. He was crying, quietly, the kind of tears that he kept trying to swallow in at night, not to be heard. It broke Jared's heart to think of every time Jensen woke up and wouldn't let Jared touch him, knowing where he went and not being able to pull him back.

"I wanted to keep you safe," Jared murmured. "I had promised I would, and I'm sorry if I made the wrong decision.. but I love you so fucking much, Jen. I'm sorry."

"There were times I didn't want to," Jensen said, voice getting slightly stronger. "Sometimes I said no." He spoke as though it was important, like it made a difference. "But I let him- them.. I did as I was told."

"You're not the one to blame in this," Jared whispered, rocking them both thoughtlessly. "This is his fault, okay? Him. He is the one to blame, and he is the one who will be made to pay."

"I let him..." Jensen trailed off, screwing his eyes shut against the tears that rolled down his cheek.

Cupping Jensen's jaw, Jared tilted his gaze up, and waited until he opened his eyes. "What would he have done if you'd have fought him?" he asked gently. He didn't want to hurt Jensen with the question, but he needed him to see that picking the lesser of two evils didn't eliminate the wrong from what he had been forced to do.

Jensen blanched so violently that Jared knew right then that he had said no, he had tried to fight back, at least the once. It made him painfully proud, but the thought of what Simon could have done in retaliation was a horrible bile that choked him from the inside.

"He-"

Jared kissed his brow and held him tight.

The patio door opened, and Cliff stepped in silently. He shot Jared a questioning look before retreating to his room, leaving them in peace.

"I'm sorry I kept it from you," Jared whispered, his hands framing Jensen's shoulders as he cradled him to his chest. "I love you. I love everything about you, and I'm sorry if I hurt you -- I never meant to. I would quite happily *die* before doing anything to hurt you."

Jensen clung to Jared's hand, his fingers tight as they entwined with his own. For once he didn't scold Jared, or call him a sap, or joke in any way. He nodded against Jared's breastbone, his voice shaky when he answered, "I know."

Jared couldn't dare hope he'd been forgiven for lying to Jensen all these months, but didn't quite dare say a word for fear of tipping the scales.

"I never wanted you to know," Jensen gritted out, a thin thread of voice that sounded about to crack at the first sudden move. "Never..."

Jared swallowed the brick-sized lump in his throat and flitted his fingers through Jensen's hair, slowly massaging his scalp. "It doesn't change anything, baby."

Jensen shook his head in disbelief. "How can you still say that? How can you look at me and see something worth loving?"

Slowly, carefully, Jared pressed his thumb to Jensen's chin, holding his gaze. "How can I look at you and do anything but?" he countered, leaning in to lay the gentlest of kisses to Jensen's lips. "Come with me," he encouraged, holding out his hand for Jensen to shyly follow his lead.

Jared curled his fingers in Jensen's and lead him to their bedroom.

Sometimes, not surprising considering all Jared had learned about his past, Jensen responded better to physical actions more than he did promises. He'd listen when Jared said he loved him, but he'd only understand when it was followed by a kiss, a hug, a *touch*.

He would listen to Jared say how perfect he was for hours, but he'd never understand, not really.

They stood at the foot of the bed, Jensen's eyes cast to the ground. Jared kissed him slowly, and tugged his thick hoodie overhead. With careful fingers, he rid Jensen of the sweater, and his track pants, until he stood naked in his arms, only trust keeping him from bolting.

His heart hammered in his throat, but Jared continued on. He guided Jensen to the mirror and stood behind him, gently holding, making him look at his own reflection. "You remember Venice? You remember telling me you were beautiful?" he whispered, lips brushing the shell of Jensen's ear. He didn't imagine Simon ever placing himself on Jensen's level, and though he hated that Jensen felt so utterly vulnerable under his gaze, he hoped that if he did this right, he could use the same tools that had broken him down to start building Jensen back up again.

Jensen nodded, hesitant. Shy under Jared's scrutiny.

"First time I ever laid eyes on you, I was sixteen." Sixteen, and Jensen had been in Simon's hands. "I saw you on the cover of some DVD and I didn't think you could be real." It was sickening to think about now, knowing how young Jensen was, how desperate. The face that had stared back from the cover had changed little, the coy pout Jared knew so well still as devastating.

"My classmates had crushes on playmates and Hollywood starlets. I couldn't stop thinking about you. I didn't think I could ever find someone as naturally beautiful as you were. And when I started working... For months I would hope that for some reason you'd stroll up the set and I could just see your face, see you smile." Jared smiled softly, memories skating over the edge of his mind. "You are gorgeous, baby. You are everything I could ever hope you to be, and more than. You're kind, you're passionate, soulful, you're attentive, and loving, and I still can't believe that you've picked me." He pressed the most delicate of kisses over the curl of Jensen's ear, holding him gently against his body. "And to have your love and your

trust, baby... I would do anything to keep them safe. Keep you safe."

Jensen shivered against Jared's chest, his fingers hesitantly flexing over Jared's hands, looking at the picture they painted in the mirror.

"I'm real," Jensen whispered quietly, his lips barely moving. "But you aren't. You can't be."

Jared nuzzled a spot on his neck. "I am. We both are."

"But you can't be," Jensen mumbled again, his eyelashes clumped with the remains of his tears. "You just *can't*."

"Why, baby?"

Jensen sniffled. No matter how much of a grown man he was, Jared sometimes thought Jensen not a day older than seventeen.

When his innocence had been ripped away from him, tossing him in hell.

"Because I don't deserve you."

Jared fought the urge to say what came to mind. "What do you deserve, baby?"

Jensen shook his head and swallowed brokenly.

"What if I asked you to punish me?" Jared continued breathlessly. He was taking a huge risk, one that could backfire spectacularly. "I lied to you. Don't I deserve it?" he whispered the words like a dark, sinful suggestion in Jensen's ear, cringing when Jensen shuddered. "You could. You could punish me. You know I'd not stop you. I'd let you do anything to me."

Jensen shook his head, fresh tears in his eyes, and he squirmed a little in Jared's arms. "No."

"Don't I deserve it? For lying. For keeping this from you?"

Jensen bit his lip and continued to shake his head. "No."

"Why don't I?" Jared pushed, stroking Jensen's belly soothingly. His chin rested against Jensen's brow, every inch of them fussed together.

Jensen lost control of his tears as they wound down his cheeks. "It's not right."

"No, it isn't." Jared echoed. "What he did to you wasn't right. You didn't deserve that, but baby, you *do deserve* to be happy."

"You make me happy," Jensen whispered, childlike.

"Then you deserve me."

Jensen shuddered again, naked and vulnerable in the protective shell of Jared's arms. "I love you," Jensen said haltingly, twisting his fingers in the back of Jared's shirt as he clutched tightly at him. "I love you."

Jared sucked in his own tears and cuddled him closer. He was feeling drained, as though something or someone had been kicking him repeatedly in his chest until it hurt to breathe. They stood there for a while, a small, soft bubble that was theirs and theirs alone, until Jensen shivered, more from the slight chill of the room than from his quiet cry.

Jared picked up on it and guided him to the bed, little tumbling steps till they managed to sneak in under the thick throw, Jensen's head pillowed on Jared's chest, his arms wound tight around Jared's torso.

"Why is he doing this?" Jensen whispered a little while later, when Jared had thought Jensen had fallen

asleep for sure. He didn't know who Jensen was referring to, but he was loathe to ask. When Jensen didn't provide any more information, though, Jared nudged at his forehead with the tip of his nose.

"Who, baby?" he murmured in a breath, caressing his cheek.

Jensen looked away. "Milo."

Jared's hand stilled its path as it stroked over Jensen's hair. That was a question he himself longed to know. "I wish I could tell you, baby."

He curled his finger's over Jensen's as they tightened in the fabric of Jared's shirt. "He lied for me, you know?" Jensen said softly.

Jared was confused. "What?"

Jensen sniffled. "When I first met him. He came to my room. I was supposed to sleep with him. Back then he was Eros' pitch hitter, you know? I was supposed to seduce him in return for a role." Jared knew this. Milo had told him the very first time they had met. "The way he looked at me... he was disgusted."

"Not with you, baby," Jared interrupted. He hated Milo with a passion, but he knew that any disgust would have been for the situation, and not Jensen.

Jensen ignored him. "He wouldn't sleep with me," he whispered. "I was so scared of what Simon would do. No one had ever turned me down before. I was scared he'd think I'd done something, that he'd punish me for not going through with it. One time he told me to sleep with this exec, but I broke a vase over the guy's head. I thought it would be like that. I *begged* him to fuck me."

He was crying again, but so was Jared, quietly, unobtrusively.

"When Simon came back I couldn't stop crying. Milo kissed me and told him what a good lay I was." He suddenly clutched tighter at Jared's chest. "I thought I loved him then."

Pain shot abruptly through Jared's heart, reminding him he was only human, and that he couldn't control his emotions as good as he thought. He bit his tongue, trying to smother down the question that was fighting to get out of his lips.

He failed. "Did you?"

Jensen shook his head. Jared's heart started beating again. "He hadn't touched me, but I got the role anyway... he'd lied for me... brought me to Francy... he was nice."

Jared could perfectly see how Jensen would thrive under the smallest show of affection in the bleak horizon of his day-to-day life. Milo had done something for him no one else had done up until that point, and no matter how Jared turned it around in his head there was just no getting out of that one.

Jared hated Milo all the more for it.

"He didn't stay long."

Jared caressed Jensen's cheek, quietly wiping away his tears. He couldn't find it in himself to speak, his throat too tight, burning, searing. He would let Jensen go on with the story, arms wide open, ready to catch him.

"But he knows...." Jensen rubbed a clumsy closed fist against his eyes. "He's always known, so I thought - but then I met you, and I thought if you never knew, you'd never leave."

"There is nothing you could tell me that would make me leave. Nothing you could do. Now and forever, for as long as you want me, I am yours, and I will never leave." Jared swore, rolling sideways to lay Jensen beneath him. "I love every inch of you," he whispered, kissing across Jensen's collar bone. "Every perfect, beautiful inch."

Jensen reached up and cupped Jared's cheek. "I love you too," he breathed. "So much that it hurts, and I never want it to stop."

Jared didn't respond. He laid his head down over Jensen's heart, curling himself in a protective cocoon, and guarded him from the rest of the world.

An hour later, when Jensen was sleeping, and Jared was downing the beer Cliff had shoved under his nose, Jared put in a call to Francesca. "Your boy has joined the dark side," he said bluntly, forgoing the usual pleasantries.

"Excuse me?" Francesca, as always, sounded unamused by Jared's childish and inappropriate sense of humor.

"Milo. He gave Jake Talbot Jensen's number. Jake Talbot who is-"

"I know who he is," Francesca snapped.

"We saw him on set. The first time alone. I told Cliff to make him leave. Then once the shoot was done he came back around with Milo."

"How do you know it was Milo who gave Talbot his number?"

"Who else could've been?"

"Jared, I'm sorry to break this to you, but there's not only one villain in this piece."

"I confronted Milo about it," Jared confessed, feeling like a stubborn five year old. "And I know it was him. I could see it on his face."

"Was his face still *his* face after you were done *talking* to him?"

Jared pretended he hadn't heard that. "Milo is the only person that had Jensen's number and that has a reasonable grudge to do something like this-"

"Milo wouldn't sell Jensen to Simon, Jared," Francesca said, sounding as though she was speaking with someone very slow or distressed. "He might be an obnoxious asshole, but he's seen what Simon has done."

"What if he didn't know Talbot was in with him?" Jared pressed on hotly. "Talbot said he had a proposition for Jensen, before -" he broke off. Before he'd kicked the bastard's ass, but he couldn't very well say that to Francy and expect to live.

"Before?" She waited.

"Before I hit Milo."

Silence followed. "You hit Milo?"

"I did, and I would do it again," Jared said stubbornly.

"Of course you would." She sighed. "Typical man."

Jared thought there was a vague disgust in her tone, but didn't stop to feel bothered by it. "He gave Talbot Jensen's number, and that's how -"

"Jared, you can't attack random people. Don't matter how much you want to, or how scared Jensen is. You did so very good at the awards, don't disappoint me now."

Jared was appalled. "I - I didn't mean - but he was standing there and you know who Jake is, you know what he did -"

"Jared-" she cut across him, razor sharp. "If I did what I wanted to every man who had hurt Jensen, there wouldn't be enough people left in this industry to shoot finger puppet porn."

Jared brushed aside the disturbing image. "So I'm just supposed just ignore it? Let them get away with what they did?" The idea was sickening. Jensen lived every day with what he had suffered, every bruise clear in his eyes. That the people responsible for all his pain could just live their lives, go on and pretend that they weren't monsters...

"And what would you do? Go around killing everyone who'd touched him? You think you'd make a good Ted Bundy?" Francesca sounded partly amused, partly annoyed, as if Jared was being childish and stupid.

"They need to pay! *He* needs to pay," Jared yelled, cringing when Sadie shot him a reproachful look from down by his feet.

"Do I need to explain the concept of jail to you again?" Francesca sighed.

Jared swallowed the bile in his throat. "We both know you could get around that."

"Jared, darling, you had better not be suggesting that I let you kill a man, let alone that I'd cover your tracks." Her voice had taken on a sickly sweet tone that spelled danger in every syllable.

"I'm not *suggesting* anything," Jared shot back.

"Good boy. The only thing you *can* do is to stick close to Jen, and do what Cliff says. Understood? I'm not bailing you out of jail if Milo decides to press charges. And no, it's not a matter of preferences, since he doesn't work with us anymore. It's a matter of common sense."

Jared was still choking down Francesca's first snap when the second bit registered with him. "He's not what?"

"He quit when I wouldn't have him work with Jensen this summer," Francesca answered, completely blasè. "Jared, I know this is fucking hard for you, and trust me, I understand." she went on, a much more somber voice. "But you have to think about Jensen. If you end up in jail, how do you think he could ever survive it?"

Jared swallowed, cursing himself and his big mouth and his wrecked emotional state. "I do think about him," he said, haltingly. "All the fucking time."

"Then breathe, for god's sake. Jensen's there with you, and you have everything a man could possibly want to keep him safe. You don't need to go all Italian Job. You'd do a shitty version of it anyway."

"Ed Norton kicks ass," Jared muttered, running his hand over his face.

"He deserves to be dipped in boiling tar for that movie," Francesca scoffed. "Now put Cliff on the phone and go take a shower." Her voice softened. "I promise you, everything will be alright."

Jared wanted to call her on the lie, but didn't have the energy. He passed the phone over, and dragged himself up to the bathroom. Jensen was slowly coming round by the time Jared reached the top floor, and instead of a shower, he began to run a bath.

"You wanna get in the tub with me, baby?" he asked gently, leaning over the bed and brushing his lips over Jensen's cheek. He got a soft, snuffled sigh of agreement and gently tugged Jensen out from the confines of the covers.

Their tub was huge and comfortable, and Jensen chuckled as he took in all the bubbles. Jared was a total child when it came to bath time. The more bubbles, the better.

They climbed in, Jensen settled between Jared's legs to fit best in the space, and luxuriated in the warmth of the water. "I was thinking," Jared whispered, his chin on Jensen's shoulder. "There is a Christmas fair down on the pier this weekend. We should go."

Jensen stopped stroking Jared's hands and turned a little in the tub. "I have to get you your gift," he mused, a sparkle in his eye at the idea.

"I want candy." Jared grinned. "A whole country full of candy."

"You want Belgium then?" Jensen countered.

"Or Switzerland." Jared nodded. "I'm not picky."

"Good," Jensen whispered, kissing his nose. "I'll get you candy."

Jared's heart soared and he cuddled him closer, picking up a washcloth and soaking it with bubblebath before starting to leisurely stroke it up and down Jensen's chest.

"You want to go see a movie at the Plaza this weekend?" Jared asked in a whisper. "It's going to be fun. I think they have the Breakfast again."

Jensen smiled tiredly, looking up at him. "I'd love to," he said, reaching up to twirl his fingers through Jared's hair. "Just us."

"Just us," Jared promised, tipping Jensen's chin up to kiss his lips. "A real date."

Jensen's eyes took a dreamy quality that made him look like a boy. "I'd love that," he repeated, kissing Jared's chin sweetly. Jared rinsed the cloth and gently guided Jensen's head backwards to wash his hair.

"I already have your gift," Jared said, because he was like a big kid and he couldn't keep it to himself.

Jensen twisted his head and eyed him curiously. "You do, huh?"

"Yep." Jared couldn't help but grin like a loon. Jensen was going to love it, and they were going to have the most perfect day imaginable.

Their 'just us' date turned out to be 'just us, and Cliff', but the bodyguard did an admirable job of keeping out of the way, and ten minutes into the movie, Jensen and Jared were necking like teenagers in the small community theater.

They went down to the pier once the curtain fell, buying corn dogs and candy floss from venders, eating as they strolled along the promenade. Jensen bought Cliff a stupid hat and a t-Shirt that had a fluffy green teddy bear sewed on the front, and enough candy for Jared to keep himself properly dosed until well into the new year. They skated on the ice rink, or attempted to. Jared landed flat on his ass, his face, and every body part between, as Jensen giggled and attempted to teach him. They talked Cliff onto the ice and were both impressed and bemused to see the big man glide gracefully around the rink.

"Not fair." Jared pouted, slipping and landing on his ass.

Jensen held his hand and pulled him up, skating backwards as he kept Jared steady. "You're so coordinated," he teased, letting go of Jared's hands when Jared stuck his tongue out.

"Jen, help!" Jared flailed and nearly fell over again, but Jensen caught him and kept him steady.

"Guess sasquatch weren't made for the ice." He smiled, kissing Jared's nose.

Jared pouted some more, but despite knowing he'd be waking up the next day with bruises in places he didn't know could bruise, he was glowing inside. Jensen looked much more relaxed than he'd done in

weeks, and Jared would happily go down face first on the smooth icy surface a thousand times, only to preserve that.

"It's not that hard," Jensen giggled, but he took both of Jared's hands in his own, attempting to guide him. "Just glide. It's easier than you think."

Jared huffed, shaking his bangs out of his eyes and trying to do as he was told. It wasn't easy. He flailed some more, but in the end he managed to complete one turn of the ring without harming himself or anyone else in the process.

A couple sped by, linked around the waist, giggling at each other as they gracefully twirled on the ice. Jared watched Jensen look around at them, wistful, and inched precariously closer. "Hey," he murmured, poking at his waist.

"Huh?" Jensen answered, still looking at the two teenagers.

"I feel ready for a bit of adventure," Jared smiled, wrapping his arm around Jensen's waist. "Only, you have to lead."

Jensen snorted and shook his head, but he anchored his hand against Jared's back and started them off around the rink.

They made it half way around, before Jared tripped over nothing and planted them both on the ice. Jensen grunted, caught underneath Jared's body, and for a horrible minute, Jared was scared he had hurt him.

Then, with a shake, Jensen burst into peels of laughter. "Oh my god, you suck so bad." He sniggered.

Jared faked a pout, glowing inside at Jensen's mirth. "Do not."

"Do too!" Jensen sniggered. "You have all the co-ordination of a stoned rhino."

Now there was an interesting visual. Jared shook his head and yelped when hands fastened on his belt and fucking lifted him off the ice.

Cliff skated to the edge of the rink, holding Jared up by the scruff of his shirt and the back of his jeans, like you might pick up a stray dog, and dumped him over the barrier.

Jared landed with a muffled curse, Jensen's hysterical laughter loud in his ears.

His expression must have been a doozy, because by the time he climbed back to his feet, Jensen was leaning against the barrier, clutching at his belly, doubled over with a fit of the giggles.

Jared glared at Cliff. "Is that standard procedure in bodyguard school?" he asked, his pride stomping up and down in indignation.

"Only when dealing with stoned rhinos," Cliff responded, sending Jensen back into hysterics.

"Okay, fine, enough," Jared muttered, trying to sulk. It was hard. Jensen's laughter reached at something deep inside of him, tugging at his stomach and making everything around shine with gold. "Where are my gummy bears?"

Chortling, Jensen picked at a brown bag and plucked out three colored strings of candy, feeding them to Jared with a grin. "You big baby," he teased, leaning in to kiss the sugar off his lips.

Jared's heart skipped a beat and he wrapped his arm around Jensen's waist, pulling him a little closer.

"Hmm, you and candy," Jared mumbled, licking at his upper lip. "I approve."

Jensen blushed faintly as Jared stole another kiss. Probably thinking back to when Jared's candy addiction

had turned into a far more substantial outcome in the bedroom than Jensen could've foreseen.

Jared grinned, obviously knowing where Jensen's head had gone, and picking another handful of sour candy out of the bag, returning the gesture and slipping them past Jensen's lips. "Fun," he murmured, eyes alight.

Jensen's blush deepened. Cliff had taken a respectful step back, but Jared wasn't too fussed. Jensen's lips were soft and plush under his own, tasted like sour sugar and a taste of butter, and Jared decided that it was time for the date to head towards somewhere different and decidedly less public.

Cliff drove them back, but Jared behaved himself and didn't act like a horny school boy. No necking in the back of the jeep. Jensen instead picked through his purchases, occasionally feeding Jared a gummy to stave off his wandering hands.

"I'll park the-" Cliff started, pulling into the garage.

Jared had already tugged Jensen out of the vehicle the second it stopped, leaving their goodies and stealing a kiss. They waited until Cliff had done his sweep, then fell into bed, Jensen still chuckling softly.

"You are mocking my pain." Jared pouted.

"Poor baby." Jensen grinned. "Did the bad ice hurt you?"

"Yes," he responded, milking it for all it was worth. Jensen kissed his nose, then his cheek.

"Tell me where it hurts," he whispered, tugging Jared's sweater overhead.

Jared, never one to be considered slow, and certainly not when kisses were involved, pointed to his chest, right above his heart. "Here," he said, pitiful expression in place.

Jensen leaned down and kissed where he had indicated, soothing the non existent hurt with his lips.

Jared swallowed, heat flooding his dick. "Here." His voice was gruffer as his fingers touched his nipple. Jensen's lips followed quickly, sucking gently on the small nub of flesh before looking up expectantly.

"Here," Jared continued, touching his throat.

Jensen trailed his lips up all over Jared's neck, small, tiny kisses that burned like round cigarette marks, sending Jared's blood flowing.

"Where else?" Jensen whispered, his fingers slowly twisting in Jared's dress shirt, pulling at the buttons. Jared had cleaned himself up nice and proper for their date, shirt and perfectly ironed pants with a striped jacket. Jensen had wanted to undress him the moment he'd walked into the hall.

"Here," Jared murmured, guiding Jensen's fingers to his belt buckle, his voice hoarser, deeper. Jensen's breath quickened, and he slowly pulled at Jared's belt, fumbling until it snapped open.

"Here?" Jensen whispered again, his hands cupping Jared's hard on through the sleek fabric of his trousers.

"Hm-hm," Jared nodded, leaning in to suck at Jensen's bottom lip. "Hurts a lot," he whispered, breath damp over Jensen's mouth. Jensen's eyes were dark, hued, his lips parted around his heavy breathing.

He nuzzled at Jared's neck before unraveling from his crouch between Jared's legs, slowly descending on Jared's body until he could rest his chin on the juncture of Jared's thigh and pelvis. His lips puckered teasingly, throwing Jared a coy look that made Jared's dick throb painfully as it strained to get some form of relief.

Jared had been on the receiving end of some pretty spectacular blow jobs since he started filming with Jensen, but nothing compared to the way Jensen took him when they were at home. There was no character in his eyes, only love, *adoration*, hunger. It was the hottest thing Jared could imagine.

Jensen sucked him slowly, lavishing the underside of Jared's cock with his tongue. Jared groaned and leant back against the cushions, letting Jensen take him along of the ride. His balls were heavy in Jensen's hands, tight and hot, aching.

"Jen, Christ." Jared's hand curled over the back of Jensen's skull, begging for more with its presence. Jensen let Jared guide him, opening his mouth and taking all he could. Jared loved the feel of his cock sliding over Jensen's tongue, and the dark, hued gleam it brought out in Jensen's eyes. Jensen could take him all, almost as if his body had been made just for Jared. It was a stupid thought, but one Jared indulged in. Jensen was *perfect* for him.

Jensen sucked him happily, lavishing attention on every inch of Jared's straining dick, until he pulled back, his lips gleaming. "Anywhere else?" he asked, breathless and glowing.

Jared growled, bruises forgotten, and grabbed hold of Jensen's biceps. He tugged him down for a fierce kiss and flipped them both over sideways.

Jensen nearly yelped in Jared's mouth, his fingers frantically scrabbling for purchase on Jared's arms, twisting in the fabric of his shirt. Jared licked Jensen's lip, nibbling at them, sucking at the plump lower one, his hands frantically undoing the buttons of Jensen's shirt, trying to get him naked as fast as he possibly could.

"So fucking perfect, baby, perfect for me, all mine," Jared mumbled, mouth lowering over whatever expanse of skin he could manage to bare for his touch.

Jensen moaned, unrestrained, and tried to shuffle out of his pants as Jared peeled the shirt off him. "So hot, Jensen, baby, dear lord. C'mon," Jared ripped a few buttons off in his haste - he knew he was probably ruining an Armani, but he didn't care much. It was putting itself between him and Jensen, and a naked Jensen was the top priority on Jared's list.

"Here," Jensen gasped, his own hard cock rubbing up against the crease of Jared's thigh, pushing against Jared's dick, the precome leaking from the head hot, slick, wet. Jared pressed his lips to the hollow of Jensen's throat and let his nails rake down Jensen's chest, gripping both their cocks with a firm fist, stroking from the head to the root, making Jensen's shudder in his arms.

"Please," Jensen moaned, clutching at Jared as their dicks rubbed against each other. "Don't tease. Need you so much."

Jared scrapped his teeth carefully over the curve of Jensen's jaw, nipping at his chin. His hands were everywhere, hot and desperate, as if he had so much to do, to touch, and not nearly enough time. Jensen was demanding as he thrust himself into Jared's fist, desperate for release.

Panting heavily, Jared lurched over to the side of the bed and rummaged in the cabinet draw for lube. He popped the cap with his teeth and poured a pool of cool liquid into his palm. Jensen panted desperately beneath him, and Jared paused. "No," he whispered. "We're not rushing this. Gonna go slow, gonna make it *last*."

Jensen whimpered, no doubt imagining the worst, and he spread his thighs expectantly. He knew as well as Jared did that Jensen practically handing himself over on a platter was all it took to send Jared into overdrive.

Jared bit his tongue and *forced* himself to behave.

He slid his slick fingers down the valley of Jensen's ass, gently probing at the hot skin there, not penetrating, just feeling. They hadn't done anything since the last shoot, but Jared wanted to make sure Jensen wasn't too sore.

Jensen clenched expectantly, hiking up one leg as he tried to force Jared to get with the program, but Jared resisted. He ran his lips down Jensen's shoulder, then over his arm, slowly turning Jensen on his opposite side.

Jensen's breath accelerated quickly. He knew what was coming, and his heart skipped in his ribcage. He turned his head to the side, licking his lips, trying to get a kiss. Jared bowed his head tenderly and pressed their mouths together. His finger breached inside Jensen's hole, feeling it give way with little resistance, and Jensen melted against Jared's chest, a low sigh leaving his lips.

"So beautiful, baby," Jared murmured against his mouth, breath tickling spit-slick slips. Jensen let his head fall down on the pillows, panting already.

Jared exchanged one finger for two, and scissored them inside his body, keeping up a slow, steady teasing that made Jensen buck and arch against Jared like a cat in heat.

"Please," Jensen groaned, hooking one knee above his elbow and spreading himself just a little further. "Jare, please, please, c'mon."

"I told you," Jared soothed, scissoring his fingers and opening Jensen up. "Not rushing this."

"Control freak," Jensen muttered darkly, breaking into a gasp as Jared pressed against his prostate.

"Let me take care of you," Jared whispered. "Nice and gentle, baby. Nice and slow."

He eased his fingers out and arranged Jensen comfortably on his side, hips propped against one of their pillows. Jared slicked himself up and kissed Jensen's shoulder. "Slow." He whispered again, folding Jensen's closest leg a little until he could spoon up behind him and slide his cock between the valley of Jensen's ass.

Jensen keened and shuddered. "What are you doing?" He panted, trying to roll over onto his belly for Jared, but finding himself pulled back.

"I'm loving you." Jared promised, his cock teasing the slick hole with each slide.

"You can't like this..." Jensen squirmed, and confirmed Jared's suspicion that for all his extensive collection of fancy positions, Jensen had never had sex like this before. Jared wondered why they hadn't tried it before, but knew the answer a moment later. When they weren't in such a frenzy that things worked better with Jensen on his knees, Jared *needed* to see his face like it was an obsession.

"I love you so much," Jared whispered, kissing the back of Jensen's neck, his hands finding Jensen's over his stomach, fingers tingling together. Jensen's hand squeezed his back, low, mumbled moans slipping past Jensen's lips with every slow, rocking thrust of Jared's rigid cock inside of him.

Jensen licked his lips, bringing their joined hands up to his mouth and stroking their knuckles with strawberry-bruised lips. "I love you too," Jensen murmured, soft like a prayer,

Jared buried his face in the soft hair at the back of Jensen's head, collecting Jensen in his arms, holding him close to his body as he fucked him with slow, steady motions. It was sweet, and intimate, the sweat from their bodies getting the action hotter, slicker. Jared had his other hand on Jensen's hip, pulling him back as he pushed in, the tight, sweet heat of Jensen's ass making him smother his moans in Jensen's hair.

"Love you," Jared whispered, tilting Jensen's head back. "Love you baby. Forever."

Jensen groaned, wriggling as he tried to push back on every slow thrust. "God, Jared-" the slow, sensual slide of their bodies made Jensen shiver, anticipation and desire racing down his spine. He needed this like he needed to breathe.

Jared absently stroked his fingers over Jensen's, imagining the place where his ring was going to sit, nervous butterflies of want fluttering in his stomach. Jensen was going to wear his ring, he was going to be Jared's, and everyone would know it.

"I got you." Jared's voice was a husky whisper in his ear, "Come on, baby." His fingers slide out of Jensen's grip and skated down, teasing slick, smooth skin on their path to Jensen's cock. "Never giving this up."

Never giving *you* up."

Jensen shook his head, whining as his cock was pushed into the tunnel of Jared's fist with every forward thrust of Jared's hips. "Yours. Always be yours."

Only a few days now, and Jared would propose. Then Jensen *would* always be his, and he could spend the rest of his life doing what he had done today - making Jensen deliriously happy.

"Jared..." Jensen whispered, eyes glassy, blissed out, slippery fingers clenching on Jared's other hand. "Jare - I'm - I'm gonna-"

Jared picked up pace, his hips snapping faster, shorter thrust that mimicked the quick strokes of his hand on Jensen's dick. In a matter of instants, Jensen was keening, loud and disinhibited, coming all over Jared's hand and the sheets.

The orgasm rippling through Jensen's body was all Jared needed to tumble over the edge. He held Jensen closer, pumping his release out of him as his hips stuttered, loosing rhythm, his lips pressed hotly against the curve of Jensen's jaw to smother his moans.

He was coming before he knew it, his fist tight around Jensen's cock, spilling inside of him with hot, short bursts. Jensen's body clenched viciously down on him, and Jensen let out a startled, garbling moan as a second orgasm pumped through his veins, more sticky white ropes coating Jared's fingers and slipping over his own cock, Jared's quickly moving hand spreading down to his balls.

Jared groaned and finally stopped moving, his softening dick still held snug by Jensen's ass, his hand gently petting Jensen's oversensitive dick until Jensen moaned his discomfort. He managed to wrestle his arm from around Jensen's waist and grinned devilishly at Jensen as he brought his hands up to his lips.

"So good, baby," Jared whispered, licking his lips. Jensen grunted, his usual post orgasm eloquence firmly in place as Jared snuggled closer. "Gonna stay like this," Jared whispered. "All night. Tomorrow, every time you move, you're gonna feel me, like I am still inside of you."

Instead of whimpering, Jensen gave a pleased little sigh and relaxed into the arms around him, comfortable, content, and satisfied.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 33:

My soul is fractured to the bone

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared's plans for the perfect proposal are ruined, but when Jensen hits rock bottom, he realizes that Jensen's past with Simon was a whole lot more complicated than he knew.

Warnings: Non-con, violence, angst.

Notes: Introducing Misha, and finally featuring Simon.

Scene One

I: So, Christmas, a bit of a turning point for you both, yes?

JA: In pretty much every way possible, yes.

JP: We probably should have seen it coming.

I: Well, you know what they say about hindsight.

JP: It's a bitch.

JA: It was a tough time for us, but we came through. We had a lot of help.

I: The infamous Cliff?

JA: Amongst others. Cliff was amazing, they all were. We're very lucky.

JP: In some regards.

It wasn't that Jared was an overly paranoid man, at least not in regards to anything but Jensen, but as he walked to the parked Jeep in the mall lot, he'd admit to being considerably freaked out.

He was carrying a small fortune in his pocket. Or not so small, as the case may be. The jewelers had done miracles with Jensen's ring. Considering how much Jared paid them, he expected nothing less.

Jensen and Cliff were at the studio, where Jensen was subjecting their bodyguard to the dull, tedious side of the porn world, leaving Jared free to part with his credit card and purchase Jensen's Christmas present. He ended up buying a few little extras, some small things for Chris and Steve, and an excessively priced handbag that would send his mom into orbit. He really wanted to get something for Megan, too, but the little brat had everything already. He would have to ask Jensen about teenage stuff. Jensen seemed to know a great deal about fashion, for some reason. Maybe it was again that Italian side Francy seemed to have passed onto him.

He got to the Jeep safe and sound, taking a slow, steadying breath. Right, stage one was accomplished. He started to back out of the driveway, his leg jittery with tension. He would have to wait another couple of days before he could propose, but at least the ring was his. He was already freaking out, and had been increasingly agitated for a week now.

It was big. Jared wasn't stupid. It might not be an official engagement ring - they wouldn't have to plan a wedding, not straight away, but he still meant it with all of himself. It was a promise for a future together. Something tangible that everyone could recognize, and Jared felt like toeing the ground just thinking about it.

He should've told his parents. Maybe he would, after he'd done it-- he couldn't stand the anxiety he would have to go through with all of his family on his case. They probably would required him to ask Jensen on video conference, or something.

Traffic was the slow crawl of pre-Christmas week. Jared drummed his fingers on the wheel and whistled on to Rhianna on the radio. He was mid chorus when his cell phone rang somewhere in his pocket, and his bluetooth activated after the third buzz.

"Hello?"

"You've got be some explaining to do," said Chris, voice rough, gruff. Jared blinked in astonishment.

"Excuse me?" He tried to remember if he had done anything note worthy in the past few days and came up blank. "Huh?"

"Cristina," Chris said, as if that one word explained it all. "She just left."

Jared blinked and kept his eyes on the road, crawling through the traffic. "Okay. Dude, I'm not following."

"She had a whole portfolio!" Chris exploded, "She said she'd seen my designs and how do I feel about opening a new line with her. What designs? I've not drawn anything new in months."

The mist cleared from Jared's eyes. He grinned and patted himself firmly on the back. "Oh that. Yes, well, take it up with Steve."

"Oh believe me, I will," Chris said dryly before falling quiet long enough to make Jared check his signal. "Man, I don't even know how to say it - she says Jensen's footing the bill?"

"Hmm, yeah. He wanted to make an investment outside of porn, which I am totally for, by the way," Jared added, turning off the freeway and heading towards the glistening blue sea. "He and Steve have been plotting this for months now."

Chris sounded incredibly choked up. When he spoke, Jared could hear the longing in his friend's voice, and the sense of responsibility that held him back. "Jay, man, I can't do this, I can't *take* this."

Jared snorted. He dared Chris to try and turn it down. Steve would strangle him, Jensen would likely stab him with a kitchen knife, and there was no accounting for what strange and unusual form of torture Cristina would unearth from her Italian imagination. "It's not as if you've been handed a check. It's a job, man. Nothing more, nothing less. If you want it, then take it! You deserve the chance to do this."

"I have to take care of Steve," Chris said, surprisingly soft. "I can't risk it."

"You can keep the carpentering business, and still work in some hours for this," Jared coaxed gently. "No one expects you to start drawing fourteen hours a day. But you deserve some good luck, man. And I know you can do this." He paused, swerving the car around a right hand turn and checking that the tiny velvet box was still in his pocket. "Steve wants you to do this," he added, quieter now.

Chris didn't say anything for the longest of moments. Then - "I don't know Jare. I can't."

Jared smiled. "Did you read the whole contract?"

"Not yet."

"Then do so."

"Now?"

"When the fuck else? C'mon."

Jared heard the rustling of the pages. He heard Chris's sharp intake of breath when he must have reached the paragraph on health insurance for live-in partners that Jensen had paid Elijah ridiculous amount of money to get straightened out. "Jared-

"Not a damn word of complaint, man," Jared cut in quickly. "I had to listen to Jensen bitch about that for weeks, I'm not hearing another word on it."

"This is too much," Chris whispered, hope clear in his voice.

"It's just a job," Jared said back, just as quietly. "Think it over, at least. Please? Jensen will only pout at me if you turn it down. I'm at my monthly quota for pouting."

Eventually, Chris answered. "Okay." Jared couldn't remember the last time he had heard his friend sound so uncertain about anything. He hoped that Steve could talk some sense into him after all the hard work he had gone put in to give Chris his dream.

"Awesome. Call me back when you decide."

"Okay. And Jared - thank you." The gratitude he heard was humbling.

"Didn't do anything, buddy," Jared responded warmly. "Say hi to Steve for me."

Chris hung up as Jared was pulling into the drive. The dogs were with Jensen at the studio. Jensen had planned on going from the studio to the airport to drop Cliff off for his skiing trip, after promising faithfully he wouldn't get out of the car for anything short of an alien invasion. They had slipped their presents for Cliff in his bag, hopefully without him noticing.

Jared grabbed the mail as he passed, shopping bags in arms, and juggled with the keys. He figured he'd order in Chinese for dinner, and save Jensen the energy he'd put into cooking. Sometimes he liked pigging out on the couch and see Jensen trying not to laugh through his scowl. It made their relationship lighter, younger in some ways. It was quite ironic if you stopped to think about it. Jared was getting close to his twenty second birthday, Jensen was going to be twenty four in a couple of months, and yet they felt like an old married couple. It was good to behave like children from time to time.

His hand hit something at the back of the mailbox and he frowned, picking up a square, brown-papered parcel with a printed address on it and no sender. Upon happier times, Jared would think it was spam and just toss it away.

Now though.

Now Jared felt a shiver running down his spine, his hand getting sweaty around the slim box.

What the hell, he thought to himself, shaking it slightly, even though it would've been pretty stupid to send anything explosive in the mailbox - and even more stupid of him to shake it, now he thought about it...

Taking a long, deep breath, Jared took the mail with him, still keeping the parcel at arm's length as he pushed the door open and walked into the living room.

He considered calling Francesca, but knew that he could not get word to her without it getting back to Jensen. They had just calmed down after the last fiasco - Jared didn't dare risk upsetting the balance again just because he was paranoid.

Fetching a pair of scissors from the cabinet, Jared cut through the seal, having seen one too many horror film where people had their fingers sliced open with razors hidden in packages.

No razors, he was pleased to see, as he over turned the box and dumped the contents onto the coffee table.

A single disk, round and shiny, fell out onto the wood. There was no label, but from the burn ring on the

back, it was homemade, and filled close to maximum. The DVD-R lay on the table in front of him, and for the longest time, Jared just stared at it.

It was his paranoia that drove him into action. His gut told him that this, whatever it was, needed to be viewed when Jensen was not around.

He got up and loaded the disk into the DVD player with a sense of foreboding tight in his throat.

Thinking back about it with hindsight, Jared should probably just have burned the damn thing, but people make rash decisions all the time.

Jared's rash decisions tended to have repercussions far beyond his reach.

The screen flickered, and for a few minutes the unknown file stood still, unmoving.

When the cap was removed from the camera, it was to show a spartan bedroom, the lights too harsh, as though it was being shot at night through closed curtains. Jared's stomach tightened painfully - a shrill voice had started yelling in his ear to shut it down, stop it before it was too late, but he just stood frozen, unable to move.

There were inaudible voices in the background. Somebody grunted something from behind the camera, and they zoomed abruptly on the center of the bed, losing focus before pulling in sharply again.

"Come on, honey," a low, sickly sweet voice grazed through the speakers. "Come on, don't be shy."

Jared's heart skidded to an abrupt halt, as though it had crashed into something solid. Tears sprung up to his eyes so fast they clouded his vision before he could get a clear image, and he blinked them away as a lean kid, full of false bravado, strutted to the center of the room.

Jensen was the most beautiful kid Jared had ever seen. The false bravery in his eyes as he looked in camera killed something inside of Jared, as though his worst nightmare was being played in full color, right in front of his eyes. The shoot was nothing like the ones Jared had seen of Jensen before. For a start, the quality was atrocious, high res, but badly produced.

For the second, there was no character in Jensen's eyes. Jared had met a whole host of people just by looking into Jensen's face, an expression speaking a thousand words.

The boy Jensen was on screen only wore one look on his face. Something between fearful resignation and stubborn determination.

"That's a boy. Now, just do like we discussed."

Jared knew the man off screen was Simon, and he knew, deep in his bones, that this was the horror story Jensen had whispered to him in the dark. His first shoot.

He saw the Adam's apple bob in Jensen's skinny throat, absently thinking that Francesca would have had a fit if she had seen him looking so thin.

Jared reached out and touched the screen as Jensen trembled and clutched at the hem of his Zeppelin t-shirt.

"Come on now, you know what to do."

Jensen visibly steeled himself and tugged the shirt off. He was clearly in need of a good meal, but there was a sunny glow to his skin that Jared had only ever seen in Hawaii. The touch of Texas painting him a warm, golden brown. His freckles were stark, darker than usual.

The camera zoomed again, going from Jensen's mouth - his *mouth*, dear Christ, and Jared brought a hand over his own, swallowing the sickness in his throat - down to his pelvis.

Jensen's nimble fingers undid the cheap rodeo belt buckle, and he slid his pants down his legs, revealing nothing underneath.

The shaky movements of the camera didn't help Jared's nausea. When the amateur operator pulled back to frame the whole of the bed again, a man was standing behind Jensen, his hands skimming over Jensen's arms, a dark, disfigured mask covering his face.

Jared's bile resurfaced violently.

He couldn't watch this. He couldn't.

"Here, honey. Look up, say your name."

Jensen did as he was told. The spark of fear that he tried to cover as he blinked quickly towards the camera lenses cut a hole through Jared's stomach.

"I'm Jensen," he whispered softly, a lighter pitch to his voice, not yet consumed by the years, the pain, the hours of swallowed tears.

"How old are you, Jensen?"

Jensen swallowed again. He tried to act seductive, but his fingers were flexing and he was twitching to cover himself up, his genitals soft between his legs. "Seventeen."

"You'll like it honey, everybody does," Simon chuckled. The camera zoomed in again, losing focus for a few instants, and when the scene came into sharp relief again, Simon's fingers were pushing past Jensen's lips.

"Oh god," Jared's groan left him without warning, vomit clogging up in his mouth and forcing him backwards, staggering to find a bag, an ashtray, anything he could throw up into, frame after frame superimposing over Jared's eyes.

He lost the fight when Jensen made a soft little sound of distress, dropping to his knees and emptying his stomach as the reality of what he was seeing sunk in. The taste and the smell brought sharp tears to his eyes, but he didn't try and brush them away as Jensen began to shake on screen.

Simon's fingers were still in his mouth, his other hand stroking Jensen's cheek lazily. When he stopped, Jensen's lips were swollen and raw.

"On your knees, honey," Simon whispered, petting Jensen's hair like one would a dog. The blank mask was terrifying in the poor light, and Jared suddenly understood Jensen's uncontrollable fear.

The command flooded Jared's mouth with bile, and it broke Jensen's stubborn resolve. His jaw wobbled violently, and his eyes swum with tears. The camera angle shifted, hitting Jensen from the side as Simon's hand on his shoulder forced him down to his knees. "You never done this before, honey?" Simon cooed, rubbing his thumb over Jensen's lips.

Jensen shook his head.

Jared knew that was a lie. Jensen had told him as much, but he supposed if Simon was going to sell a virgin, he might as well lie and get the whole package.

Jensen tried to brace himself - there were all the tiny telltales signs, the rigidity of his shoulders, the way his breath grew quicker, but when Simon's hand grabbed the back of his head and *shoved*, Jensen's choking sound stabbed Jared right through his heart.

What came next, Jared would remember for the rest of his life. He couldn't walk to the dvd to unplug it, rooted to his spot, on his knees in front of the tv set, a puddle of vomit not a feet from him. He kept watching with that morbid self-flagellation instinct that every man possesses. His heart broke over and over as his darkest fears morphed into reality right on the flat tv screen.

When Jensen screamed "No!" for the first time, Jared vomited again, his arms shaking uncontrollably. He needed to take that vile thing out, needed to, needed.

He never heard the car pull up in the driveway. When the dogs began to bark from outside, Jared forced himself up to his knees, but it was too late.

Too fucking late.

Jensen was standing a few feet into the hall, still as though carved of stone. Jared blinked through red, swollen eyes, and staggered up in a standing position, his insides twisting and curling.

Jensen staring straight through him to the screen, where his younger self had begun to cry. His expression was nothing like Jared had seen before. Unlike his bursts of uncontrollable anger, there was no fear, no hatred on his pale face.

There was nothing at all.

He stood stock still and silent, and Jared had no idea what to do.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Jensen struggle with Simon, tears rolling down his cheeks as he was pinned to the bed.

Sickness rose violently once more, distracting him for seconds as Jensen suddenly spurred into motion and crossed the room.

Jared hoped to god he was turning the vile thing off and swore in surprise when, instead of hitting the power button, Jensen put his fist through the screen.

It was a miracle, nothing less, that saved him from an electric shock. The flash of violence broke Jensen's terrifying blankness, and Jared looked deep into the dark pit of despair that lurked below the surface.

Jensen didn't make a sound as he pulled his fist back and overturned the television.

The glass cabinet was the next target for his rage, shattering to millions of pieces when Jensen bypassed the door and smashed his way through in an attempt to get to the DVD player.

That was enough to shake Jared out of his shock, and he darted forward just in time to duck the glass Jensen hurled at him.

"JENSEN!" Jared yelled, voice cracking as he tried to get closer to him without incurring in Jensen's wrath. "Jen, dear god, please, Jen, stop-"

Jensen ripped the DVD player out. The lights in the living room short circuited and a black veil of darkness covered them both. Jared panicked and fell to the ground, narrowly avoiding the DVD player as it soared above his head, crashing into the nearly replaced glass door to the kitchen.

Jared shot back up and crawled on all fours to where Jensen was standing in the dark, tearing through the furniture, upturning all of the awards Jared had put out again and smashing them against the wall, an eerie silence in the room beside the smashing of glass.

"Jensen, please," Jared sobbed, slipping on the wet floor, his arms crossed over his head to shield himself. "Jensen, please stop it -"

Jensen's footsteps scattered to the other side, Jared's wide eyed darting through the darkness as he tried to bring him into focus. "Jensen-"

The Christmas tree fell down through the broken glass with an almighty crash. "JENSEN!" Jared yelled, darting through the room and grabbing Jensen around the waist. "Jensen, Jensen, baby please, stop, Jensen-"

Jensen kicked him so violently Jared staggered, losing his balance. Jensen slipped through his arms and rounded on him, planting his bloody fist in Jared's mouth with a muffled, chilling sob.

Jensen hit like a truck, and Jared's head spun as he stumbled backwards, his ears ringing as his vision darkened at the edges. It was pure instinct to duck when Jensen tried to hit him again, dropping under Jensen's outstretched arm and grabbing him from behind.

He'd not realized how badly Jensen was bleeding until he slid right out of Jared's hands, blood slick on his arms. "Jensen! Please, baby, stop!" Jared begged, stumbling forward and Jensen continued on his path to destroy everything in sight.

He smashed the mirror above the fireplace, his fist hitting the wall behind it over and over until there were black smears across the paint. It was still so dark, and Jared tripped over the broken television as he tried to reach Jensen again.

"Jensen!" he screamed suddenly when Jensen spun around, the broken shard of mirror in his hand raking across Jared's cheek.

Jared didn't think about it, he just reacted.

It was self preservation, nothing more, but it would haunt him until the day he died.

His fist caught Jensen right on the high curve of his cheekbone, every inch of Jared's weight behind the blow as it dropped Jensen like a ton of bricks, his head hitting the floor with a crack Jared heard down in his bones.

"Oh my god," Jared shrieked, falling down on his knees next to Jensen's senseless body. "Jensen, oh my god, oh my - oh dear god, Jensen- Jensen," Jared cradled Jensen up in his arms, sobbing uncontrollably in his hair. "Jen, baby, baby, baby, please, wake up, please, please, baby-"

Jensen stayed out cold, blood seeping fast out of the cuts over his hands and arms, and Jared's panic settled in like a stormy black cloud.

He pulled Jensen up, his eyes darting frantically among the destroyed remains of their living room, swallowing in his sobs as he hauled Jensen in his arms and dashed out on the front line.

His Jeep was still there, right next to where Jensen had parked his car. As he walked out, he crashed into the bags of groceries Jensen had let fall to the ground.

The reality of what had happened made Jared stumble, almost falling to his knees with the desperate weight crushing down on his shoulders. He swallowed and cuddled Jensen closer, smothering a cry in his hair as he opened the back door and lay Jensen down. He kissed his forehead shakily before closing the door and going behind the wheel, his eyes swimming with tears.

"It's okay. It's gonna be okay," Jared whispered desperately, not sure if he was reassuring Jensen or himself. He scrambled behind the wheel and fumbled with the keys, unable to tear his eyes away from Jensen in the rearview mirror.

He'd done that. He'd sworn that he would never, ever hurt Jensen, and *look* what he had done.

The jeep finally gunned to life as he began muttering apologies to the air.

Rush hour was blissfully over, but traffic in LA was a nightmare as usual, the Christmas buzz only making things worse. Jared sat on the horn most of the trip, breaking every law known to man as soon as he was able.

It took nearly twenty minutes to pull up into the ERs parking lot, and Jensen hadn't even stirred.

Jared parked right up on the curb, not caring about tickets, or anything.

"You can't park here!" one orderly exclaimed as he made his way inside. Jared ignored him and scrambled to open the back door.

"It's okay, baby, we're here. We're here." Jensen's head lolled against Jared's shoulder, blood on his white face and the mark of Jared's fist already turning black on his cheek.

Jared sent the orderly flying as he charged into ER, Jensen slumped in his arms. "Help me!" he screamed at anyone who would listen. "Please, someone please help me!"

"What's going on here?" The nurse in charge for admission snapped, her eyes widening immediately when she caught sight of Jared, standing in the middle of the room with Jensen passed out and bleeding in his arms.

"What happened? Tracy, Mark, over here," she called, and two orderlies rushed to Jared's aid, rolling a stretcher with them. "Sir?"

"I - he-" Jared sobbed, not able to put two words together as they took Jensen out of his arms and lay him down on the stretcher. "He - he hurt himself - we- we had a-a fight, but it's not his fault. He didn't mean to."

The nurse eyed him sharply. "Follow me, sir," she snapped. Jared shook his head, stubbornly clinging onto the metal bars of Jensen's guernsey.

"No, I gotta. Gotta be - gotta be with him."

"We have to take care of him now, sir," said Tracy, or Mark, Jared didn't know nor care.

"I have to be with him," Jared repeated, wiping numbly at his face. "I have to-"

"Sir, you have to file a report." The nurse said. "And you're bleeding."

"It's nothing, he didn't mean to-"

"Follow me, Mr.-?"

"Padalecki," Jared whispered numbly. "And- he's. He's Jensen. Jensen Ackles."

Two nurses pried Jared away from Jensen and he dropped numbly to his knees as they wheeled Jensen away.

"What's happened?" Nurse - Atkins, Jared saw on her uniform - kept a good foot between them. "Has he taken any drugs?"

Jared looked up at her, anguish and fury in his eyes. "No! No, he just-- help him! You have to help him!"

"We will." Nurse Atkins said firmly, helping Jared to his feet. "Now I need some basic information. Does Jensen have any medical conditions we need to know about?"

Jared shook his head.

"Is he allergic to any medication that you know of?"

"No." Jared whispered brokenly.

Eventually she thrust a clipboard and paper under his nose and instructed him to fill out the details for both himself and Jensen whilst she found a doctor to see to the wound on his face.

Jared blinked as she mentioned it, and the pain suddenly came back, a migraine on its tail. It was enough to clear his head, and he used the focus to complete the forms before calling Francesca. Both his and

Jensen's cell phones were back at the house, so he used the payphone to make a direct dial call.

It took her less than a minute to hang up on him with the promise to be there as soon as possible.

He hung up, and the calm left him.

His fingers shook as he dialed Christian's number, and all he could stammer out when the line connected was "I need you."

"Jared?" It was Steve, and in hindsight, that was a blessing in disguise. Steve could be calm for him.

"Hospital," Jared murmured brokenly. "Jensen."

Steve inhaled sharply. "Are you two okay?"

Jared's chin wobbled dangerously, and he pressed the heel of his hands over his eyes, shaking his head even though they couldn't see him. "No," he moaned, a downright fucking *moan* of pain, his chest filled with dread. "No, no, no, no."

"Which hospital?" Steve said brusquely. Jared told him, checking twice before getting it right. "Okay. We're on our way."

"Thanks," Jared murmured. He hung up and wiped at his face, falling down on a chair and gripping his head between his hands.

"Please, please be all right," Jared whispered. "Please, please, please, baby, please."

"Mr. Padalecki?"

Jared looked up, staring numbly in the face of a short, blue-eyed man dressed in a battered beige coat over his suit. He looked sober and attentive. Two policemen flanked him, but Jared was too wrung out to muster up the energy to react properly. "I'm Special Agent Misha Collins," he flashed Jared a badge. "I'm with the FBI."

Jared blinked. He knew he should've made a move to stand, but his legs wouldn't support him.

Misha cocked his head to the side, trying to weigh whether Jared was playing dumb or not, but it apparently he decided to let it go for the time being. "Mr. Padalecki, I need to ask you a few questions."

"What?" Jared croaked. He closed his eyes and forced himself to pay attention. "What about?"

The hospital called the feds on him? Christ, Francesca was going to have his head. The fuckers moved fast.

Misha stared him down, his blue eyes no less intense than Christian's. "You received a tape this evening, correct?"

Jared's chin jerked up and his jaw dropped. What the hell?

"Agent Collins." Francesca's gunshot voice snapped through Jared's confusion. Her heels clicked on the linoleum, Raul close behind her.

Misha drew back and straightened. "Miss Solari."

"You got here fast," Francesca observed darkly, her hand settling on Jared's shoulder. She looked down at him. "Where is he?"

Raul towered over Misha and his men, glaring and answering only in Italian when they attempted to get his credentials.

Jared swallowed back tears and pointed to where they had taken Jensen away. "I hit him," he said blankly.

"I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to."

Francesca dropped to the seat besides him. "Jared, tell me what happened."

Jared shook his head, wiping at his face again. "I can't," Jared sobbed brokenly. "I -" Jared swallowed again, shaking his head. "He was bleeding- I had to stop him-"

Francesca nodded. She put her arms around Jared, and Jared instinctively gripped at her and held on tight, smothering a howl of misery against her neck.

She stroked the back of his head almost tenderly. "It'll be all right. Just wait here a second, okay?"

Jared clung to her back but nodded, wiping again at his bloody, bruised face after she let go of him and straightened to her full height. Just then a nurse walked out of the ER doors where Jensen had disappeared, and Jared launched on her with a vengeance, forgetting everything and everyone around them.

"How is he?" he asked, his voice shattered.

The young nurse, Tracy, Jared read on her name tag, looked at him in alarm and took several steps back. "You should be locked up!" she whispered loudly, her eyes wide and horrified. "Where's security?"

"Has Mr. Padalecki done something to make you feel threatened?" Misha drawled curiously.

Tracy blushed, flustered. "I know his kind." She said with a dark scowl, eyes raking over Jared. Raul practically snarled at her, giving his game away.

"My kind?" Jared asked, not following. His head hurt so bad, and it felt as if he was swimming in a cloud of cotton wool.

It seemed Misha understood what Jared did not. "I don't recall anyone asking your professional opinion," he reprimanded her with a sardonic smile. "And security has more pressing affairs to concern themselves with."

"Where is he?" Jared demanded again, lurching too his feet as Christian charged through the doors to the ER.

"Jay!" he exclaimed, horror darkening his face as he took in Jared's bruised and bloody form.

Jared sobbed as Chris' strong arms wrapped around him in a bone crushing hug.

It was Steve, who had followed Christian in, who asked the same question that was batting back and forth. He looked between Jared, Raul, and Misha, his eyes lingering over the stranger, before going back to Jared. "What happened, Jared?" he pressed gently.

"I saw it," Jared sobbed into Christian's neck. "I saw all of it."

Chris, Raul and Steve shared a confused look, but Misha spoke up. "You saw the tape?"

Jared pulled out of Chris' embrace and nodded, sniffing.

"What tape?" Francesca asked sharply, even though Jared knew she had already understood.

Chris held Jared tight, and even though he was pretty much half of Jared's height it was impressive to see how he completely hung onto his friend, his hand soothing in Jared's curls.

"How is he?" Chris asked in a whisper.

"They won't say," Jared shuddered, his hands curling into fists in Chris's jacket. "They won't say."

Francesca walked past Jared and Chris and draw herself to her full height in front of Agent Collins. "Whatever questions you might have, they can wait until next morning," she said curtly.

Misha's lip curled. "I am afraid you're not in the position to dictate the terms this time, Miss Solari."

"Our lawyers thinks differently," Raul spoke up, in a fluent, flawless English. "Miss Solari is directly responsible for Mr. Ackles as dictated in Mr. Ackles living will. If you have no formal charges to press against Mr. Padalecki, you have no room to hold him or question him."

"Mr. Padalecki has admitted to have had part in Mr. Ackles's accident," Agent Collins replied smoothly. "We just need to figure out what happened."

"It intrigues me supremely how do you know about this so- called tape," Francesca cut across him. "I suspect you have gone out of your way to meddle in things you were *specifically* told to leave behind."

Misha seemed to be the only person Jared knew of who wasn't intimidated by Francesca's glare. "There is more at stake here than just that boy. Now I let this drop two years ago, I respected his wishes and I left him alone. I can't do that again."

Francesca didn't let it drop, despair the way her lip curled in distaste. "What do you know about this tape?"

Chris' hand was a fist in Jared's shirt. Steve had come to lend his own arm, and the two of them kept Jared protectively in their arms.

Misha tipped his head towards his colleagues, and they vanished into the ER. "We've been watching Whitely's known associates, and your boy pinged the radar a few weeks back."

"Jensen-" Jared's voice broke.

Misha shook his head. "Milo Ventimiglia."

Jared started to growl.

"He's not my 'boy'," Francesca corrected darkly. "Not any more."

Misha's sardonic smile didn't dim. "I figured. After the fuss he kicked up last time I saw him, it struck me as strange he would be associating with Jake Talbot. We had him tailed." He looked at Jared coolly. "He delivered a package to your home this afternoon. We watched, we waited, and here we are. Surveillance lead us to believe Mr Ventimiglia would be handling evidence that we would really like to get out hands on."

Jared's heart stopped. He was pretty sure he'd died, and for a minute he couldn't even bring himself to draw a full breath. It was Chris that noticed, and hit him vigorously between his shoulders to bring him back.

"C'mon, kiddo," Chris whispered as Jared gasped in air, his lungs burning past the point of endurance.

Francesca stared blankly at Agent Collins for a few instants, then tipped her head towards Raul, who nodded once and strode past them.

"Hey!" Agent Collins snapped, turning on his heels to glare at where Raul was vanishing. "What is -" he spun back around to look at Francesca. "Whatever your game is, I suggest you stop playing cat and mouse *right now*."

Francesca didn't speak. She smiled at Misha, who -- for all the bravado he'd shown so far -- nearly took an instinctive step back. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said, voice sickly sweet. "Now, I don't care who are you running for or against. Jensen is still being treated, and I need to escort Mr. Padalecki to see him."

"I'm afraid we can't have that," Misha drawled, sardonic. "Mr. Padalecki admitted upon Mr. Ackles's admittance that he was in some way involved in Mr. Ackles's conditions."

"He did it by himself," Jared spoke hoarsely, looking around at the FBI agent with tears streaking down his face. "He saw the tape, he, he-" Jared looked imploringly at Francesca, desperate to convey the truth. "He was hurting himself. I didn't mean to hit him so hard. I just wanted to snap him out of it."

Chris and Steve hugged him tighter. Chris touched Jared's cheek, blood dried on his skin, itching. "He did this?"

Jared shook his head. "He didn't mean to! He didn't! It's not his fault." He glared at Agent Collins. "It's not his fault."

Misha surprised Jared by nodding, and not saying a word. He looked over to Francesca before sighing. "Come with me," he ordered.

Jared didn't wait a second. He followed on Misha's heels, Steve and Chris still glued to his sides in a bizarre imitation of a six legged race. They stopped outside a private room and Misha glared them all into halting before stepping into the room.

"Who the fuck is he?" Chris hissed once the door was closed. "You have fed's on your case now?" He looked worried out of his mind.

"I'll explain later," Francesca snapped, her finger's tight in Raul's hand. They were staring at the door like concerned parents - like Jensen's real parents should have been doing, and Jared had a sudden, desperate urge to call his mom and dad. He was in over his head. Way over his head.

Misha stepped out again a few minutes later, but before he could say a word, Jared was pushing past him to get inside.

Jensen was laid out on the single bed, an IV line in one elbow, a blood transfusion in the other. Both arms were wrapped from wrist upwards in thick bandages, and there was a butterfly stitch on his cheek where Jared's fist had broken the skin.

The nurse overseeing his monitor smiled gently, not judging as her younger colleague had. "He's sedated, sweetie, but he can hear you. You can talk to him."

Jared nodded, his throat too tight to work properly. He edged as carefully as he could to the single bed, wiping vigorously at his face to scrub away the dried, blotchy tears. "Baby?" Jared murmured as he crouched down on the ground, his hands looking too big over the white linen sheet that was draped over Jensen's body.

Jensen didn't stir, and fear made Jared's heart speed up violently. "Baby, can you hear me?" Jared murmured, his voice breaking. He curled his hand over Jensen's bandaged fingers, both hands were held tight with a white cast.

He'd finally managed to break.

Jared swallowed, and bowed his head to kiss Jensen's hand. After a beat, Jensen twitched in his touch, causing a whole storm of butterflies to take off inside Jared's stomach.

"Baby?" Jared called again, edging closer to the bed and going down on his knees.

Jensen's eyelids were heavy, drugged into submission. He couldn't see Jared, but just by the turn of his head Jared knew he was hearing his voice.

"I love you," Jared whispered, his lips close to Jensen's ear as if he was telling him a secret. He kissed the band aid over Jensen's cheek, knowing that he was never going to let go of the surge of bleak guilt that had taken hold of his heart. "I have never loved you more than I do now."

Jensen didn't answer, and as he was fishing around in his pocket for a kleenex, his fingers bumped into something, buried in the depth of his jacket. A soft, bitter laugh escaped his lips. "I had this all planned out, you know?" he whispered, stoking his thumb back and forth. "I was going to make this huge romantic gesture, and we were gonna live happily ever after, you know?"

Jensen was still as Jared reached up to brush his cheek. "Francy even approved it." His voice broke and the tears washed over him anew. "Baby, please. I need you. I need you so much. I'll protect you, I promise. I'll never let him touch you or even see you again, but you need to be okay, Jen. Please... be okay."

"Jared?"

Jared looked up. Chris was standing in the doorway, giving them both some privacy. "You need to come out here and fill some stuff out before Francesca and the Fed try to out mastermind one another." He looked reluctant to even ask, shuffling uncomfortably on the spot.

Jared swallowed his tears and shook his head. "I have to stay."

"Jay," Chris was pained. "Just a few minutes, that's all. Just a few minutes, and you can come back." He turned his gaze to Jensen's unconscious form. "You don't mind me borrowing your boy for a minute, do you Jen?"

Jensen, of course, said nothing.

Jared wiped at his face, and pressed his lips softly over the back of Jensen's knuckles. "I will be right there baby," he whispered. "I promise."

He took out the velvety ring box from his pocket. He placed it under Jensen's palm, and rose from the chair, looking at Chris as though his heart had been carved out.

Chris wrapped one arm around the small of Jared's back and gave him a comforting squeeze.

"It'll be all right, bro," Chris whispered, his voice tentative but strong. Jared sniffled and kept silent, walking out of the room with heavy footsteps.

Francesca and Raul weren't alone anymore. Elijah had joined them, and the sight of the lawyer heartened Jared a little. If there was anyone that could get the Fed to leave them alone, it was Elijah Wood.

Jared was not up to explain anything that he'd seen to anyone. Not Chris, not Steve, not Francesca.

Surely not Agent fucking Collins.

"My client will retain the right to remain silent," Elijah said easily, sipping from his Starbucks cup. "And unless you have an warrant that sustains your claim to search Mr. Padalecki and Mr. Ackles' home, there's nothing you have to do here."

"If I have to take him in for assault, I will." Agent Collins said darkly. "That tape is standing between Whitely and a jail cell." The collar of his jacket stood upright. He had the look of a man who smoke too much and rarely slept, but his gaze was icy sharp as he pinned Jared down. "One would expect you wanted to see the man who raped your boyfriend pay."

Chris stiffened at Jared's side.

Jared simply shook his head slowly. "You think that makes any difference to him? You think he could sleep better if the bastard was in jail? You think it would change anything?"

Misha didn't so much as blink. "Not for him, no. But maybe for you."

"This isn't about me," Jared shot back furiously, hating Misha for voicing what he never could.

"No, but I have not spent the last five years trying to bring this bastard down for nothing. Now the last

time I saw him, I gave Jensen an out. I can't do that again. Word is that Simon has just picked another kid off the streets, and we don't have the time to be playing games. Can you put another boy through what Jensen suffered?"

Jared looked at him as though he wasn't understanding what he was saying. "I can't have this responsibility," Jared whispered, voice hoarse. "I can't have all of this. It's *your* responsibility, so don't you fucking try to ditch that on me. "

Misha gave him a nasty, unpleasant smile. "Then I am going to have to arrest you for assault, Mr. Padalecki. If you are not willing to give me evidence that would clear your part in Mr. Ackles' medical condition, then I have no choice in the matter."

Raul cursed colorfully and walked up to Misha, stepping between him and Jared.

"Arrest him," Misha snapped, nodding at the two cops behind him.

The sudden chaos that erupted sent the corridor into pandemonium. Chris and Steve stepped straight in to Jared's defense as Francesca and Elijah both started talking at once.

Through it all, Jared didn't move.

His eyes instead were fixed on the man at the end of the hallway.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

He was imagining it. He had to be.

But there was Simon, looking out of place in the sterile setting. Jared knew at once when Simon realized what he had walked into, anger and fear coloring his face as he looked between Jared and Misha.

He turned to make a quick exit.

Jared didn't give him the chance.

He sent the two cops flying as he pushed past them and tore down the hallway. Simon had nearly made it to the doors when Jared tackled him, and they landed in a tangle of limbs.

Simon was a fit man, a strong man, but there was no force on earth equal to the rage Jared unleashed. He didn't heed the shouts and screams that went off behind him. The only thing he could see was Jensen's young, tear-streaked face, and for every single tear, one of his fist would find some part of Simon to destroy.

"JARED, NO!"

Scene Two

The crack of bone was music to Jared's ears. He draw his fist back again, but next thing he knew his breath was knocked out of him, and he grunted in pain. Simon's arms had shot out, catching him under his throat as Simon's hands tried to wrap around Jared's neck.

Jared grabbed Simon's wrist, twisting it backwards as he kneeled him before he could do get in another swing.

"Motherfucker!" Jared grunted, his voice gruff, muffled through his teeth. "I will fucking kill you, you fucking sonovabitch, I will erase you from the face of earth-"

Jared's voice died on a groan when Simon slammed into his stomach with his fist, trying to upturn the tables. "Getting this fucking freak off me-" Simon gasped, a split second before Jared's fist smashed into

his mouth, sending him reeling.

"Jared, stop," Steve wrapped his arms around Jared's middle, trying to pull him back off of Simon. "Stop, please, Jared, c'mon, Jared, c'mon -"

"Let go of me," Jared screamed. "For the love of Christ, let go of me-"

"Jared, enough," Raul pulled sharply at Jared's shoulders, yanking him bodily backwards. "Enough!"

"No!" Jared screamed, struggling against Steve, Raul, and Chris, who stepped in less readily than the other two. "It is never going to be enough!"

"Jared, stop!" Chris hissed, helping Raul trap Jared's arms to his sides.

"I am going to fucking kill you!" Jared roared, spitting down at the bloody mess that was Simon's face, venom and malice in his every word.

"Enough!" Francesca shrieked. "Jared, that is enough!"

Jared continued to fight furiously, not heading a word said to him by any of his friends.

Simon dragged himself to his feet, twisted, bitter hatred in his eyes as he spat at Jared's feet. "You think killing me will make him better? You think it will fix that dark little pit inside him?" The unconscious echoing of Jared's own words made him scream in outrage and struggle harder against the hands restraining him. "He's nothing but a cheap, empty, pretty piece of ass. He was a whore when I met him, and he's a whore still. Good for a fuck, but too much trouble to be worth anything else. I'd have gotten rid of him years ago if hadn't been so good at taking a -"

He never finished his cruel tirade, caught across the jaw by a blow that finished what Jared had started. Francesca looked as collected as ever, as comfortable throwing a punch as she was in a board room. Jared saw the hatred in her eyes just the same.

"That should shut you up," Francesca said serenely, even though the lines in her face were more deeply etched than ever.

The two cops were standing rather foolishly at the edge of the scene, waiting for orders that Misha Collins wasn't yet issuing.

"Get him out of here, or I swear to god I will *end* him," Jared seethed, adrenaline from the fight mixing with pure, blank *hate*, narrowing his vision to the *thing* in front of him that he *needed* to eradicate from humanity, for everyone's good.

"Are you threatening me?" Simon asked through a mouthful of blood, but before Jared could break free from the combined clutches of the other three men, Francesca had stepped between the two of them.

"No," she said in the calmest, corporate voice Jared ever heard her use. "I am."

The silence fell over the huddle like a curtain of ice. Even Jared stopped struggling, a welcome numbness settling down on him, blending in with the ache of his mind and body.

"Everybody now, calm down," Agent Collins had finally shaken out of his stupor, and his voice sounded resolutely more in control. "Mr. Padalecki, I have to escort you out of the building."

Jared turned to stare at him, eyes bloodshot. "I'm not going anywhere."

"I'm afraid you don't have a choice in the mat-"

"I beg your pardon," Elijah looked rather pale, but his huge blue eyes shone with intelligence nonetheless. "I'm afraid you'll find out that Mr. Padalecki is suffering from post traumatic shock, and as reported by the admission nurse -" he handed Collins a stack of paper with a flourish. "He is to be checked in and

examined, something that your presence has hindered so far. He's furthermore not possible to hold accountable for his actions from the moment he brought Mr. Ackles in."

"Your client just beat a man bloody in front of a federal agent," Misha said, sounding as tired as Jared felt. "Get him checked out by a doctor, by all means, but one way or another, he is coming with me."

Jared opened his mouth to protest when a rather irate nurse barked from behind them all. "Might I remind you that this is a hospital!" she said shrilly. "Control your officers for pity sake! Now which one of you is Jared?"

Jared swallowed and stepped forwards. "I'm Jared."

She eyed him critically, clearly not impressed by what she saw. "Then if you would kindly come with me. I have a patient who is refusing treatment until he sees you. Now either you calm him down, or the doctors will be forced to restrain him."

Jared didn't stop to ask. He sent her spinning as he ran back to Jensen's room, Misha and Elijah following exasperatedly on his tail. It was the biggest clusterfuck he'd ever witnessed.

Jensen was still clearly sedated, but he was doing an admirable job of trying to escape from his room. One male nurse was gently trying to settle him back on the bed whilst his female colleague attempted to reinsert the IV line he had pulled out.

"No!" Jensen was moaning pitifully, stoned eyes rolling. "Jared. Need. Jared."

"Don't touch him!"

Jared's voice resounded like a whiplash inside the tiny room. The tiredness slid back off his shoulders like a useless cloak and he straightened up to his full height, unceremoniously pushing the nurse aside as he put his arms around Jensen, pulling him gently to his chest and shielding him from prying gazes.

"Everyone out," Jared said, sounding much more like the man that had been loving Jensen and taking care of him for all those months. "Now."

Chris and Steve flanked the door, exiting first. Raul nodded at Jared and squeezed his shoulder in silent support before walking out. Elijah was next, and Francesca stared at Agent Collins for about half a minute before she snapped. "Weren't you interested in arresting Whitely, Agent?"

Collins gritted his teeth, but walked out of Jensen's room. Francesca followed, closing the door quietly behind her back.

"Baby, baby, I'm here, shhh, it's all gone now. I swear to God, it's all gone and it's not coming back."

Jensen was trying to clutch feebly at Jared's back with his bandaged hands, doing a poor job of it but trying nonetheless. It broke Jared's heart, scattering the pieces like sand over a river. "No one is going to touch you," Jared promised him. "I will make sure of it."

"Bleeding," Jensen murmured, his eyes staring glassily in Jared's face. "You're bleeding."

"I'm fine," Jared dismissed, settling Jensen down on the bed with a forced smile. "I'm fine, baby. Don't worry. I'm good."

Jensen blinked and allowed Jared to lay him down on the small mattress, the bandages around his arms stained anew with blood from where Jensen had struggled with the IV line. Jared tucked the covers up to Jensen's neck and froze, his chest squeezing in tight enough to knock him breathless.

The box with his ring had disappeared.

Jensen was still looking at him, his eyes wide, transparent like those of a child. Jared forced himself to stay calm and controlled, caressing Jensen's cracked cheekbone with the back of his knuckles. He couldn't

bolt from the room to look for the ring, not when Jensen was still clutching at his sleeve with such pain in his eyes it made Jared's skin crawl, but the fear and the guilt that were battling in his chest threatened to suffocate him.

He held Jensen's hand as if it were fragile, soothing him gently. The door to the room opened, and Jensen flinched violently.

Misha was not an imposing figure as he advanced closer to the bed, but Jensen cringed back from him none the less.

Jared was about to start yelling - ready to make Misha leave, when the fed sat down on the stool besides the bed and began to speak to Jensen. "Do you remember who I am?" he asked, soft and slow, as if speaking to a child.

Jensen nodded hesitantly. "Yes."

Jared watched Collins warily, ready to kill if he so much as blinked and it upset Jensen.

"I need your help, Jensen," Misha continued, his manner far less brusque with Jensen than it had been with Jared. Jensen started to shake his head immediately. Misha continued before Jared could stop him.

"Jensen, Simon picked another boy off the street yesterday, I need you to help me make sure that what happened to you doesn't happen to anyone else."

Jensen's eyes glazed over. He clutched painfully at Jared's wrist, and Jared glared at Misha for even daring to bring it up.

"Jensen?"

Jared wished Misha fucking Collins would just shut the fuck up. He tried to swallow down his anger, forcing himself to look calm and relaxed. Jensen didn't need him to freak out on top.

Jensen turned to look at Jared, waiting for someone to tell him what to do. It was such a painful submissive gesture, Jared's heart broke all over again.

"Maybe later, agent," Jared whispered, trying not to sound too hostile. Jensen's fingers relaxed on his arm, and Jared leaned down to kiss at his forehead. He was burning up. "Christ," Jared muttered under his breath, running the back of his hand over Jensen's face. "It's all right, baby."

Collins glared darkly at Jared. "Very well. I guess I can proceed with your arrest then, since I'm obviously finished here."

Jared's jaw dropped. "You fucking sonovabitch," he seethed, the small, smug smirk on Collins's lips making Jared's blood boil. Before he could do so much as stand, Jensen made a soft, distressed sound and clutched viciously at Jared's arm, yanking him feebly closer to the bed.

"He didn't do anything," Jensen said, his voice brittle thin. "He didn't do a thing - it was all me - it's all my fault."

Jared wrapped him more securely in his arms. "No, baby," he soothed, glaring hatefully at Agent Collins.

"You can't take him," Jensen pleaded, looking through the gap of Jared's arm, his bandaged fingers curling uselessly against Jared's side. "You can't, please. Please, I'll do anything you want me to, anything!"

"Jensen!" There were tears in Jared's eyes as Jensen sobbed. "Jensen, please stop."

Agent Collins looked suitably horrified by Jensen's reaction, squirming a little on the seat.

"You can't take him if I don't press charges! I'm not! He didn't do anything!"

Monitors began to beep violently as Jensen's heartrate spiked up. The doors opened again, and two nurses

ran in. "What on earth is going on in here?" The first demanded, taking one look at Jensen, who was shaking on the bed.

Jared felt the situation spiral out of control once again, and he did his best to soothe Jensen's mounting panic.

"Baby, please, please calm down. No one is taking me anywhere. I promise you. Just take a deep breath for me. It'll be fine, I swear, baby, take a deep breath now."

Jensen buried his face in Jared's chest and smothered down a sob. Jared bit his lip bloody and wrapped his arms around Jensen's shaking body, shielding him from the helpless nurses and from Collins, who looked nothing short of revolted.

"It's fine, baby, it's all right. I promise no one is going to take me away, okay?"

"He didn't do anything," Jensen pleaded again, his voice cracking ominously with the last word. "He didn't, it was all me."

"Sir, you have to leave," one of the nurses told Jared, her face regretful. "We have to sedate him again or he's going to injure himself."

"No, wait, please - just," Jared took a long breath, caressing Jensen's back with a rolling, circular motion. "Wait, just give me five minutes alone with him. I'll calm him down, I promise."

"It is for his own good," the nurse said gently, her hand on Jared's shoulder.

Jared was surprised when Misha took her slightly aside and whispered to her quietly. She turned to look back at them, huddled on the bed, her expression so full of pity Jared imagined he knew exactly what she was hearing.

Jared tried to ignore them, and used the opportunity to rock Jensen soothingly. "It's alright, love, it's alright. I'm staying right here with you."

He laid careful kisses on the crown of Jensen's head, his cheek against soft hair. Jensen slowly settled down, his shoulders losing the edge of tension as he sunk into Jared's arms.

"There we go. Good boy, nice and easy now," Jared praised, gently whispering words of warmth into Jensen's ear.

The nurse came over to check Jensen's vitals as soon as he was soothed and calmed.

"There we are, dear," she clucked, treating Jensen with a motherly smile and a professional hand. Jensen sighed sleepily and turned his head in the protective shelter of Jared's arms.

"I am so sorry," Jensen whispered, dry like sandpaper. "You must be so tired..."

Jared shook his head, wiping at his own face and trying to smile reassuringly at the same time. "I could never get tired of you, baby."

Jensen laughed, bitter and empty. It was a chilling sound. "You should."

Jared smoothed the covers around him, crouching on the ground to retrieve the prescriptions Jensen had kicked off the night stand in his outburst, and nearly sagged down in blissful relief when his hand knocked against something small and velvety.

Thank god, Jared whispered to himself, and closed his eyes for a small, brief thank you to whomever was watching over them. Small mercies. He still knew how to be thankful.

"I don't know if you heard me earlier," Jared murmured as he sat awkwardly on the bed, taking Jensen's left hand in his own. "You were out of it, I stayed here... just flapping my trap as I usually do."

Jensen blinked in adorable confusion. "I heard your voice," he confessed quietly, cheeks flushed a pinkish red. "But not the words."

Jared smiled at him, nodding to let him know it was okay. "It's all the better then, or I'd have spoiled the surprise." He sighed and looked around. "I didn't plan- I *did* plan, and it should never have gone like this..."

"Jay?" Jensen's brow furrowed in confusion, and Jared leaned in to kiss his fingers.

"You know I love you, right?" Jared whispered, well aware of the other people in the room, but too scared that Misha might keep to his threat and arrest him.

Jensen nodded shyly, a touch of red in his white face.

Jared smiled, pleased. "I love you," he repeated. "And I want to spend my whole life with you." Swallowing down his nerves, he let the ring tumble into his palm. "Do you want that, too?"

Jensen's eyes widened, and he reached out to hesitantly touch the small band, his lips opening and closing, but no sounds coming out.

"Baby?"

The nurse sniffled loudly behind Jared, and it broke Jensen's silence. "Yes," he whispered. "Yes." Quiet tears rolled down his cheeks, and Jared reached out to brush them away.

"No more tears." He smiled. Jensen's ring finger was bandaged up with a splint, so Jared slid the ring over his pinkie. Jensen immediately curled his finger in, and clutched his hand to his chest. "We'll make things right this time, okay?"

"Jared..." Jensen sniffled and leaned into the touch, his voice terribly broken. "I'm- I'm sorry," he whispered, tucking his cheek against Jared's palm. "I'm so sorry. I love you. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything."

"It's all gone now," Jared promised him, feeling more and more lucid as the seconds slipped by. "It's fine. I promise. We'll be fine." Eventually, they would be. Jared had no doubts about that. They were faced with the remains of their broken lives, but they were together. Nothing else mattered.

"Will you stay?"

The request might have sounded childish, clingy, but Jensen's voice was so spent, the question so honest it made new tears swell up in Jared's eyes. He curled his hand over Jensen's casted one, smiling at him.

"They will have to pry me off you with a crowbar," he murmured, getting a small, tremulous smile from Jensen.

"Kay," Jensen's eyelids drooped slightly, but he struggled to keep his eyes open. "Kay."

Jared kissed his forehead. "Get some rest, baby, okay? I will be right here when you wake up."

Jensen nodded slowly and slipped away into sleep before the minute was out. Jared stayed by his side, gently stroking his hair back, the slight of his ring on Jensen's finger making his gut tighten furiously.

When Jensen was clearly well under, Jared looked up to find Agent Collins standing by the door. "Still planning on arresting me?" he asked maliciously.

"You and I both know I don't want to do that." Misha shook his head. "I didn't come here to aggravate him, this," he waved a hand at Jensen's battered state, "was not my motivation for coming here. Believe me when I say I'd have much rather bothered you both at home."

Where Sadie and Harley could have chewed on his leg, Jared thought with a violent twang of glee.

"Then why did you say it?"

Agent Collins actually laughed. "Because I foolishly underestimated your stubbornness."

Jared had to smile at that. He wouldn't be the first, nor the last to do so.

"So where does that leave me?" he asked, stroking his thumb over Jensen's jaw as he twitched in his sleep.

"I'm obviously not about to arrest you for domestic violence, if that is what you are asking," Misha said dryly, "but you did just beat a man senseless in front of a federal officer, and whilst I am sure your lawyer is formidable in court, I do have every legal right to take you in."

Jared's shoulders slumped, and Collins took pity on him.

"Get a doctor to look you over, and if Whitely doesn't press charges, I can have you in and out in a few hours. You'll be back before he knows you're gone."

"He can't know," Jared said quietly. "If he knows -- I don't think he could. So when he will ask, if - I don't know," he pinched the bridge of his nose. He was still bleeding from the gash on his lower lip, but it didn't even sting anymore.

"Get looked over," agent Collins said, "we'll arrange something."

Jared nodded and trudged out of the room, shoulders hunched.

His wristwatch read ten minutes past midnight.

Merry fucking Christmas, he thought bitterly, his eyes filling with angry tears.

Francesca was waiting for him with Elijah outside Jared's room. She clasped his shoulder as he approached her, and Jared wrapped his arms around her small shoulders like a drowning man clinging to his safe rock.

"There, there," Francesca murmured, oddly tender. "It's fine. We'll work this out."

Jared nodded numbly. He wanted to believe her, desperately, because he didn't believe it himself when he was telling Jensen. "Where's he?" he asked her, his hatred making the words muffled through his gritted jaw.

"They've taken him into custody. You did a thorough job on him," she added, soundly very satisfied.

Jared couldn't find it in himself to share her enthusiasm. He followed her towards the cluster of plastic seats, awaiting examination before he was taken away from Jensen.

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Act 34:

And then there were three

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The boys find themselves playing foster parents to Simon's latest victim, and Jensen's statement finally uncovers all the truths he tried to keep hidden.

Warnings: Epic doses of the following: Angst; schmoop; porn; emo; baking.

Notes: Introducing Shane, and overworking Cliff.

Scene One

"You've not quite got the grips with the idea of 'bed rest', have you baby?" Jared scolded gently, following in Jensen's wake as he pottered around the house, straightening picture frames and glaring at the microscopic layer of dust that had settled on the mantel in the hour since he had blitzed it. Jensen turned his body at the waist and glared.

He was a lousy patient.

In the four days that he had been released from the hospital with strict orders of rest, he'd spent a grand total of half a day in bed. Jared had done his best to keep him there with a mixture of bribery and food, but Jensen had stubbornly pushed on, reassembling the Christmas decorations he had ruined in his rampage.

Jared had won on the matter of visiting his parents, shamefully playing the legal card to keep Jensen in the state. Jared might have escaped a potential prison sentence thanks to some sneaky maneuvering on both Elijah and Misha's parts, but it was perfectly clear that the FBI expected both him and Jensen to play ball.

On the surface, Jensen was surprisingly willing to accommodate them, switching from blank refusal to submissive assistance in the blink of an eye. Jared knew it was a load of bull; he saw right through Jensen's armor. He also knew that it had a great deal to do with the kid Misha had rescued from Simon's home the day after his arrest.

The same boy who, at Jensen's insistence, was to spend the time between now, and the trial - which had yet to be given a date - living with the both of them.

Jared wasn't sure what part of the whole idea he disliked the most.

"Would you please tell him that the dust bunnies don't actually bite?" He looked desperately at Cliff, who had returned from his vacation early, and not left their sides since.

"I would if he would listen to me," Cliff said easily, guiding Jensen away from the mantelpiece and down on the couch. "Now, you know what the doctor said."

Jensen scowled, hard. Jared pinched the bridge of his nose and took a long, deep breath before going to sit down next to him. "Jen, you know we're just concerned, yeah?"

"I know," Jensen said petulantly. Jared wrapped his arm around Jensen's shoulders, and tugged him closer.

"Don't pout?" Jared asked quietly, rubbing his palm over his arm. Jensen sighed and lay his head against Jared's chest.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I'm just worried... about everything."

"It'll be fine." Jared promised him. It didn't feel as much like a lie anymore. It was as though they'd scraped the bottom, and now they could only look up.

"I don't think I can do it," Jensen whispered, voicing for the first time what Jared thought had been going around in his head for the whole time. "I don't think I can."

Jared kissed the side of his head. "You won't be alone," he promised him.

Jensen looked up as the doorbell rung, and the dogs started to kick up a fuss. Sadie had her place by the door, and got under foot as Cliff went to open it. Harley had been sticking close to Jensen since his return from the hospital, growling at anyone, even Jared, when they got too close without his approval. Between him and Cliff, Jared reckoned Jensen had the best security team on the west coast.

"Oh god, they're here, they're here." Jensen was a step away from hyperventilating when Jared pressed him back down to the couch.

"It's fine, love. Everything is fine." He soothed hastily as voices filled the hall, and Sadie's yipping grew louder.

Misha and one of his agents followed Cliff into the room. On their tail was a skinny looking kid Jared guessed was Simon's latest victim.

"This is Shane Reynolds." Misha introduced, prodding Shane forward, who looked around the room with a surly expression that put Jensen's to shame. It was obvious Simon had a type; young, spirited, beautiful. The kid was the polar opposite of Jensen, dark haired and doe eyed, but he was certainly attractive enough to fit the niche market of perverts Simon had cared out.

"Hi," Jared didn't know quite how he was supposed to act. He wanted to hug him, but at the same time he remembered with painful clarity how Jensen had reacted, even years later, to any sort of physical approach. It took Jared months before Jensen felt comfortable with him enough to let Jared touch him at all times.

Shane didn't answer. Good start.

"He's still a minor, so the custody is completely temporary. You remember the deal, yes?" he asked, tiredly. He looked older than Jared remembered him, probably worn down from having to negotiate on all fronts with his bosses on one side and Elijah and Francesca on the other. Jared didn't feel the least bit sorry for him.

Asshole.

"We do," Jensen said quickly.

Shane didn't look at either of them, but Jared could see him eyeing the dogs, even though he was trying to keep it cool. Jared hid a smile. He might have found a weak spot already.

"While here, you won't skip around. Stay in the house, and follow directly Mr. Padalecki and Mr. Ackles's rules. Cliff is their head of security, and you will do whatever he says, understood?"

Shane blinked and turned to leer at agent Collins. "Yes, *sir*," he purred, battling his eyelashes. Jensen was looking at him wide eyed, his fingernails digging in Jared's palm enough to sting. "Do you want to see your room?" he asked the boy, trying to bridge the distance.

"You mean I'm not bunking down with you guys?" Shane asked, his voice colored by the same youthful bravado that Jared had seen Jensen wear in that godforsaken tape.

"No." He said flatly, before Jensen could look any more horrified than he already did. Jared tried to remind himself that this kid was just that, just a child who was no doubt scared out of his mind, but he was sure as hell not going to risk the brat upsetting Jensen with a careless comment. "You have your own

room."

"I'm overwhelmed with gratitude." Shane mocked, turned around and walking face first into the brick wall that was Cliff. The bravado slipped, but was hastily recovered.

Agent Collins made a move for the door. "We'll leave you to it. Shane, you behave, you hear me?"

Shane flipped Misha the finger.

The agent ignored him. "Jared, Jensen, you have my number. Call me if there are any problems."

Jensen nodded absently, looking over at Shane with wide eyes.

Jared forced himself to shake Misha's hand, relieved when Cliff showed him and his men to the door. "Come on," Jared said, sounding stern but quite jovial at the same time. "You are on ground floor."

"No cupboard?"

Jesus, just what they needed. Smart-mouthed teenager of doom. Jared looked out of the corner of his eye at where Jensen was standing, cradling his left hand against his stomach. He looked still like he'd come out losing a bar fight with a truck, his fingers held together with the white cast, the bruises just now turning a nasty yellow. Jared knew Jensen was strong enough to go through with it, but at the same time he would've been glad if they could've done it with the minimum amount of tantrums on all parts. He glanced over the top of Jensen's head at Cliff, who was wearing a thinly concealed, resigned grin. They both seemed to agree. It was small comfort.

"No cupboard," Jared said, still smiling. "You can however pull your own weight and clean up after yourself. And the kitchen, which you should not use anyway, because it's Jensen's territory. If you want food, ask Cliff. If you leave the kitchen anything less than immaculate, there'll be retribution."

"I look forward to that," Shane whispered, and Jared, just in that moment, knew the kid had been hustling, something that Jensen had never done before falling in Simon's trap.

Right. They could do this.

"I'm monogamous." Jared said flatly, his voice losing his cheer. "And you better be celibate for the time you're here."

"What, no booty calls?" Shane snorted.

Jared ignored him. He held the door open and let the kid wander into the bedroom. Megan had stayed in there when she had come to visit, and Jensen had accessories accordingly. Now it had blue towels, fluffy and still slightly warm from the dryer stacked up on the end of the bed. Jensen had even hung some of his own clothes in the closet, not knowing what clothes Shane would have.

It was a large room, with wide windows that let the light stream in from the beach. Jared had entertained the idea of turning it into a study, until Jensen had won him over by pointing out that the guest rooms should be as far away from *their* room as possible.

"There are clothes in the closet and some underwear in the top drawer." Jared announced. "There are books if you want to read them, or you can come out and use the stuff in the sitting room. You can go anywhere in the house, and on the beach up to the rocks. Agent Collins says you are to stay here, so please don't try to leave, Cliff will growl at you long before you make it to the road."

Shane looked around the room, suddenly more frightened rabbit than streetwise hustler, and Jared's tone softened. "Dinner will probably be in a few hours, one of us will call you. We'd like it if you ate with us, but you can eat in here if you wish." He didn't want to force their company on the kid. "If you need anything, you can ask us, any of us," he hesitated before adding, "and if you want to talk about ...stuff, you can come to me or Cliff."

Shane's eyebrow rose. "Your boyfriend not on the caring and sharing list?"

"No." Jared said flatly.

"Why?"

"Because." Jared replied easily, but something in his tone might have come across to Shane, because he merely nodded and sneaked another look around the place, looking very small. And cute, Jared conceded grudgingly.

Shit, falling for the kid's doe eyes was not on the list. He couldn't get attached.

"I mean it, though. So take up on the offer while you're here."

"How long do I have to stay?" Shane asked, still standing stock still in the center of the room. He had managed to sound annoyed, but he looked just like a little kid that didn't want to turn the light off at night.

Jared pressed two fingers at his temple, feeling another headache coming along. "Agent Collins said until they find you a more suitable family, or until you turn eighteen, whichever comes first. Our lawyer is working to stall things so you don't have to get into the system." he paused. "But you can stay here as long as you want."

Shane didn't react, just stared at the tip of his trainers.

"Jay?" Jensen's voice called softly from the hall. Jared brightened his smile and pushed the door open.

"We're in here."

Jensen edged himself in, looking tenser and more nervous than Jared remembered seeing him. "Do you like the room?" he asked Shane, working up a smile. "It's bright. I thought you'd like the view." The teenager said nothing, and Jensen's smile dropped a little. "I can make dinner." He offered, "you have any favorites?"

Shane shrugged a shoulder and sat down on the bed. He pulled his feet up, sneakers still on, and Jared stomped down on a voice that sounded like his momma, telling him to scold the kid. "Burger and fries."

"Tagiatelle." Jensen countered. "And vegetables."

Shane rolled his eyes and stared out the window. "Whatever."

"Get used to it, kid." Jared chuckled, looping his arm around Jensen's waist. "You're as likely to get elected President as you are to get fried food around here."

"Fucking prison." Shane spat angrily. Jared would have passed it off as another temper tantrum thrown by a wet kitten, but Jensen flinched violently, excusing himself with the promise of food.

Jared sighed.

So far, so fucking good.

Jensen made dinner as promised, utilizing Jared and Cliff to do the menial work he couldn't manage with his bandaged hands. Jared had left Shane to get settled in, uneasy when he realized the boy had only the clothes on his back.

Jensen, as expected, was fretting like a mother hen. "Do you think we made enough?" He asked, biting his tongue worriedly as Cliff drained the pasta in the sink.

"There is enough here to feed the five thousand, Jen." Jared pointed out, helping Cliff shift the heavy load of extra pasta. "He's only one boy."

"A growing boy." Jensen countered absently, sorting through his seasonings. "And besides, he'll eat it."

"I wouldn't be so sure." Jared muttered under his breath. He wouldn't have put it past the kid to turn his nose up out of spite.

Jensen looked up from his task, his expression totally serious. "He'll eat it."

Turned out, Jensen was right. Shane, though reluctant to leave his room to join them, spent only a minute or two staring morosely at his plate before he started to inhale everything in sight. Jared was slightly stunned, until Jensen reached over and took away Shane's plate. His jaw dropped. Jensen had been the one insisting on stuffing Shane like a turkey.

"You'll make yourself sick if you eat any more." He whispered to the kid gently. "I'll heat you up some more at supper."

Shane wanted to protest, Jared could see it, but he didn't breathe a word. He did follow Jensen with his eyes, though, his hair lank in his face, hands still holding the knife and fork.

Jared felt his throat burn, and he had to fake a cough to give himself a minute to control himself. If he thought that his heart was crushed before seeing the boy, now he was fucking devastated. "You want something else?" Jared asked kindly. "Juice?"

Shane glanced up at Jensen, then back at the table. "Uh..."

"We have some gelato, but not till later." Jensen said with a small smile. "You like chocolate milk?" Shane nodded. Jensen's eyes flickered with something for a moment and nodded back, going to the fridge and pulling up a carton of chocolate milk with a straw, putting it in front of him.

Shane slurped till the straw made a squicky noise, and when he sat it back his cheeks were colored pink, and he looked even younger than his age. "You want to check out the bath?" Jensen said, sitting down on Shane's side again. "I've put the new towels in for you. There's clothes, too. You can -- change, if you feel like it."

Shane glanced up from his plate and to Jared again. "Can I?"

"This is your house now. You can go wherever you please - save our bedroom," Jared said with a smile.

Shane's face wrinkled. "Yeah, gotcha. Not in any rush to see old people sex."

Cliff choked on the juice Jensen had poured him and Jared burst into a fully belly laugh. The abrupt noise made Shane jump and Jensen shook his head fondly.

"I'm like, four years older than you are." Jared pointed out. "Jensen's the old one."

"Bite me." Jensen huffed. He moved to clear away the plates but Jared shooed him off and carried them to the dishwasher for him.

Shane whistled, looking around at the house, and the beautiful view outside the window. "Man, your folks must be loaded then."

Jared set the dishes down and rounded, frowning. "Did agent Collins tell you what we do for a living?"

Shane shook his head and fiddled with his straw. "Nah, but I figured it out. Simon told me some stuff."

Jensen's smile froze on his face, and for a second Jared feared he would be sick. It passed quickly though, and he recovered faultlessly. "Bath." He prompted. "We usually watch a movie in the evenings. It's Cliff's turn to pick, but if you ask him nicely..." Jensen let the suggestion slide and Cliff rolled his eyes. Despite

his tough guy demeanor, Cliff was a huge fan of classic movies, which meant Jared was outnumbered and outgunned.

"You got the new Bond movie?" Shane asked curiously, obviously not wanting to look too keen on spending the night with company.

Jensen wrinkled his nose in disgust and Jared cheered. "Oh, he can totally stay."

"Fine, fine, whatever," Jensen crossed his arms above his chest and huffed. Jared cheered on the inside. Maybe they could do this.

They left Shane in the luxury of the bathroom, and Jared took Jensen in the protective circle of his arms the moment the door of the hall closed behind their backs. Jensen's breath was surprisingly short, and his hands flapped uselessly against Jared's broad back.

"You have been amazing, baby," Jared whispered in his ear. "You have been so, so amazing."

Jensen gave an almost hysterical half laugh. "I can't do this."

"You can and you are," Jared said again, rubbing his hands over his back in slow circles. "You're just perfect, and I won't hear a word to the contrary now, kay?"

Jensen nodded against his neck. Jared kissed the curve of his ear, cuddling him close to his chest. "You want to go lay down for a while? You've been goin' round all day like a headless chicken."

"No, I should - I should clean up," he murmured, trying to disentangle himself from Jared's arms, but Jared wouldn't have any of it.

"No way. Cliff's taking care of it. Now you come up with me and we take half hour of quiet, okay?" Jensen fidgeted for a couple more seconds before giving in, raising his head to kiss the underside of Jared's chin. "Okay."

They laid down together on the bed and Jared wrapped his arms around Jensen's belly, holding him close. The thick bandages were warm where they rested over Jared's hands. He slipped quickly into sleep, more exhausted than he was willing to let on. After an hour, Jared uncurled himself from the bedding and covered Jensen up.

It was quiet downstairs, Cliff undoubtedly doing his rounds. Sadie and Harley were curled up in front of the couch, and Jared scratched the both of them behind the ears before moving on to check on their new house guest.

Shane's bedroom door was open, and empty, so Jared headed to the bathroom and knocked on the door. "You okay in there?" He called.

There was no answer, so he knocked again and tried speaking a little louder. "Hey, Shane, you alright?"

Still no answer. Worry rose quickly and Jared pushed open the door, thoughts of freaking the kid out overridden by concern.

The room was heavy with warm air, and Shane had fallen asleep in the tub, his cheek resting on the porcelain. Jared sighed and rubbed at the back of his neck. Of course the boy was exhausted. It was a wonder he'd kept up for the whole morning.

Cautiously, he stepped into the middle of the bathroom, minding not to slip and crack his head open against the sink -- Jensen would have had a fit -- and placed a towel next to Shane's cheek, nudging gently.

He didn't want to touch him while he slept if he could help it. He knew how badly Jensen initially reacted to abrupt human contact, so the towel would have had to do. The bubbles in the water were thick enough to cover Shane's modesty, and even though Jared doubted he would've had a problem with it, better safe

than sorry.

Shane's eyes darted behind closed eyelids, and he shifted, his wet hair falling against his forehead. Jared nudged at him again, smiling slightly.

"Shane?" he called, voice soft, soothing. "Shane, your back is going to bitch like there's no tomorrow if you sleep in here."

Shane grunted and nuzzled in the towel, screwing his eyes shut tight as if he were clinging to sleep. It made Jared ache inside with a feeling of deja-vu, hurting him more than he could take.

The kid jerked awake as Jared touched his shoulder. The towel was held high, a barrier between them both. "Hey." Jared whispered, smiling in what he hoped was a reassuring manner.

Suddenly wide awake, Shane jerked back into the corner of the tub.

Jared forced himself not to flinch and continued smiling. "Time to get out, kiddo."

Shane refused Jared's help in climbing out of the tub and shook a little as Jared wrapped him in the towel, stepping away as soon as he was able. "Jen's sleeping, so if you wanna get dressed we can do an ice cream raid."

The boy looked at him distrustfully but followed Jared out of the bathroom. "So how are we doing this?" He asked as soon as Jared fell back and let him pass into the room.

"I'm sorry?" Jared frowned, not following the kid's train of thought.

Shane sighed and dropped his towel. "The fucking." He said flatly. "I'm guessing your wife is a little queasy on the subject, but that's why I'm here, right?"

Jared froze in his tracks. It took him almost all the resolve he had left not to scream bloody murder (incidentally, he had a few clues on whose murder he'd like to see, and the list of people might or might not include agent Collins amongst the usual bad guys). He pinched the bridge of his nose and tried to get an even breathing back.

"Put on your clothes," Jared said, sounding too harsh than it would've been wise, but too frayed around the edges to care.

"What?" Shane sounded annoyed, and it took a lot for Jared not to snap, the image of Jensen clad only in a black silk robe on their first date sharp at the forefront of his mind.

"I said put your clothes on," Jared repeated, locking eyes with Shane. "Now."

"What, you're into that whole ripping 'em off routine?" Shane cocked his head to the side, "I will never get what's so hot about it, but whatever floats your boat-"

Jared's fist clenched to the sides. He turned away, taking a long, deep breath, before facing Shane. "No one is going to touch you here," Jared stated. "I don't know what agent Collins told you, but he apparently did a very poor job of explaining the situation. Now get dressed. I'll be in the kitchen."

His heart was pounding in his throat as he rummaged around the kitchen for spoons. He fished a tub of Ben and Jerry's from the back of the freezer and set it down on the counter. Shane shuffled into the kitchen a few minutes later, a pair of Jensen's socks curled over his toes and track pants low on her hips.

He looked about twelve. Jensen's clothes were smaller than Jared's, but they still swamped him.

The bravado had faded again, and Shane's fingers were curled around the cuffs of the old UCLA sweater Jared had given to Jensen after it had shrunk in the wash.

Feeling like a heel for being so hard on the kid earlier, Jared held out a spoon as a peace offering. "I won't

tell if you don't."

Shane hesitantly accepted it and took a seat at the bar besides Jared. "So what happened to him?" He asked, waiting until Jared nudged the ice cream carton towards him before diving in hungrily.

Jared's brow wrinkled, not sure where the kid was going, and hoping Shane wasn't asking what he feared he was. "How do you mean?"

Shane snorted and waved the spoon in a circle. "He looks like he got hit by a truck." The spoon lowered, and he stared Jared down. "You do that to him?" Before Jared could recover from the shock that slapped him around the face, he added, "What? I wanna know if I can expect the same treatment."

Jared put the spoon down, wringing one hand over his face in distress. "Jesus," he glanced at Shane through the gaps in his fingers. "No. I would never lay a finger on you. Much less Jensen. He ... did that himself," he admitted, the words too harsh and difficult to speak outloud.

Shane gaped, the shock a little too abrupt for him to mask it. "He what?"

"He's doing okay now," Jared said, his voice quite final. "And please don't ask him about it."

Shane looked halfway between worried and scared, but he managed to recompose himself with a small nod and another spoonful of ice cream.

"Shane?" Jared asked after a beat. The kid looked up at him, strawberry cream smeared on the corner of his lips, so childish it would make his momma's heart cry. "What did agent Collins told you, if anything at all?"

Shane shrugged half-heartedly. "He said I was to stay with you while they collected statements and stuff for Simon's trial."

"Just that?" Jared asked, bewildered. "Didn't he tell you *why* us?"

He shrugged again. "I thought it was somehow connected to Simon's arrest, but who was I to ask."

"Jesus," Jared repeated, shaking his head. "I'mma punch him in the twat."

Shane's eyebrow rose. "Nice to meet another fan of the good agent. Fucker."

Jared leaned forward to rest his elbows on the counter. He pinched his nose and took a long, steadying breath. "I didn't want to ask you this...fuck." There was no beating around the bush, so he came right out with it. "Did he, did-- Simon-- did he hurt you?"

Shane blinked. "Er, no."

Jared was instantly relieved, but the cruel voice that pointed out how hard it would be to convince the kid that Simon was scum just wouldn't go away.

"Did he touch you?"

Again, Shane blinked. "No, but I guess he was gonna, yeah?"

"He was?" It was sickening to hear the blase way Shane spoke about sex.

The kid shrugged and took another scoop of ice cream. "I'm not stupid. Guys like like him don't pick up whores like me for conversation. He promised me a grand if I spent the weekend with him."

Shane was apparently a whole lot less naive than Jensen had been. "And you went with him?"

"Yeah, but that kinda flew out of the window when the feds showed up. Apparently Simon had gone to a showdown with someone that reduced his face to a bloody pulp."

Jared didn't even try to hide the grin of smug satisfaction that stretched his mouth. Even though Steve had chewed him a new one for getting arrested when Jensen needed him, Francesca had acted quite proud of him, and Raul too. Jared was okay with that, yes sir he was. He'd take Francy's praise over Steve's bitching any day.

Shane looked curiously at him. "You look weird all of a sudden," he said, and Jared shook his head to clear it from the images of the past week.

"I'm good." Pause. "Well, um." What to tell the kid now? "We, I mean, me and Jensen, we're both involved in the trial, as well. I'm the one that trashed that sonovabitch. The reason why you're here ..." he trailed off, looking uncomfortable. Shane had stopped eating, looking intensely at him, and Jared knew at some point, they would've had to tell him the truth. Might as well do it now.

"You're not the first kid Simon picked off a street."

"You?" Shane asked, sounding more serious, and more grown up than Jared had heard him so far. When Jared didn't say anything, he nodded. "Jensen. He hurt him?"

Jared didn't miss the flash of fear in the boy's eye. He wanted to lie, to tell Shane that he hadn't come close to being hurt the way Jensen had been hurt, but the truth would, in the long run, cause far less harm. "Yes."

"He told me... he told me that he wanted me to fuck someone on camera. He asked me if I'd picked up tricks before."

Jared had no more appetite for ice cream, and he pushed the carton over to Shane who, despite the topic, continued to work his way through the dessert. "Have you?" Jared wasn't sure if he wanted to know the answer or not.

Shane looked at him as if he was stupid. "No, I grew money on trees. I've been doing this shit for eighteen months now, so yeah, I've fucked before."

The ice cream nearly made an abrupt return. Eighteen months. Jesus Christ.

Jared honestly didn't know what to say, so he fell back on underlining his earlier point. "We'll that's not going to happen here, okay? No one is going to touch you, I promise."

Shane poked at the melting ice cream with his spoon and didn't meet his eye. "Whatever."

"I mean it." Jared promised. "And you can stay...as long as you need to." He felt uncomfortable offering without Jensen there to veto, but he knew Jensen would sooner beat Jared with a frying pan than let the boy back out on the streets, eighteen or not.

He stood up and passed Shane on the way to the door, contemplating squeezing his shoulder, but thinking better of it. "You're safe here." He whispered instead, using the same voice he used when Jensen woke up screaming.

Shane said nothing, and Jared left him in peace.

He told himself he wasn't running away.

They might have gotten away with the ice cream raid if the kid hadn't spent the best part of the night puking his guts down the drain.

Jensen, who had woken up a few hours later, had curled himself close to Shane as he bent over the toilet, everything he had eaten making a violent return.

"Easy." Jensen soothed, running his bandaged hand up and down the kid's back. "Take it easy." he shot Jared a dark glare, and Jared toed the ground. "Too much for you, huh? I know how it feels. Your stomach will settle down soon, I promise."

Shane garbled something unintelligible and choked out whatever it was that hadn't made it out yet. Jared passed Jensen a warm washcloth, sort of feeling left out by Jensen's careful whispering, but too preoccupied with the situation to mind just then.

Jensen pressed the washcloth over Shane's forehead, helping him pull back slightly from the toilet, looking concerned. Shane choked again and spit out a mouthful of bile, his hands shaking over the white ceramic. "Just take it easy, it's going to be all right soon. Give it a week or two."

Shane moaned, looking terribly, painfully young. Jared fidgeted on the spot for half a minute before going to fill up a glass of water and handing it to a scowling Jensen. Something told Jared that he was going to hear all about it as soon as Shane stopped trying to heave his intestines out.

"Small sips now," Jensen soothed, passing him the water glass. "Rinse and spit first or you'll choke again." Shane did as he was told, spitting weakly in the toilet before taking another firmer sip. Jensen smiled encouragingly at him. "Now easy, kay? When you feel like standing, you can go lay down. I'll get a bucket near your bad, okay?"

"Kay," Shane whispered, hoarse and pitiful. Jared remembered what Shane told him about living on the streets and he suddenly felt the compelling urge to imitate him and throw up in the toilet. Jensen's fingers rested over the nape of Shane's neck, and Jared didn't miss the way Shane leaned slightly into the caress. Like Jensen, he subconsciously craved a loving touch, even as he shunned all contact.

It was horrifying to think how much in common Jensen had with a street hustler.

"Jay, can you get the blanket from the couch?" Jensen asked softly, no longer glaring Jared down, his brow furrowed with concern.

Jared, grateful for something to do, hurried to fetch the enormous throw. When he returned, Jensen had managed to help Shane to his feet. Jared tried not to let the sting show when Shane flinched, the sudden touch of the woolen blanket on his skin startling and foreign. Jared burrowed on, tucking the long ends around Shane's shoulders, practically swamping him with the fabric.

Jensen continued to talk in the same soft, soothing voice, and Shane swayed on the spot, clearly no less exhausted than he had been when Jared had fished him out of the tub.

Not willing to risk Jensen hurting his healing arms by trying to steer Shane from the bathroom, Jared threw caution to the wind and picked the kid up.

He behaved just like Jensen did then as well, too exhausted to fight, and slumping down with fearful resignation.

He thought of how long it had taken for Jensen to be convinced that Jared wouldn't take advantage of him as soon as his guard was down, and prepared himself for the long haul.

He could do that. He had patience, not to spare probably, but enough to keep himself grounded and wait out for Shane to get himself together. Jensen would've helped, Jared could see it already. It would be tough, but in the end Jared thought it would be a good thing for all of them. He had discussed briefly with Francesca whether it would be advisable for Jensen to see a counselor, and Francesca had agreed -- only to turn the tables on Jared and tell him, in not so many words, that therapy wouldn't have been a bad idea for him, either.

So far neither of them had talked further about it, but Jared found himself thinking about the topic more and more frequently. Especially now, seeing how Jensen dealt with Shane, and what kind of memories Shane brought back in him.

Jared pushed the door of Shane's room open with his foot, Jensen on his heels, and lay Shane down on the

plush bed before straightening up and taking a couple of steps back. "I'mma get the bucket," he whispered softly, stroking Jensen's arm as he spoke. Jensen nodded at him and smiled, leaning into his side. Jared watched Shane burrow deeper in the throw, casting a tired, scared glance over the top of the blanket at him. With a sigh, he stepped back and went to fetch the bucket.

Scene Two

By the time Jensen and Francesca returned, Jared had lost close to a grand in chocolate coins to Shane. He wasn't even letting the kid win. Fortunately, Raul shared his same predicament, and was peeking over the top of his cards as if he expected Shane to start pulling rabbits out of hats.

Jensen's acting ability had never been more apparent than it was in the moment he entered the room. Jared knew exactly what he and Francesca had been talking about, and yet there was not a hint of any betraying emotion on his face.

"Shane, Francesca and Raul want to take you out for something to eat." He smiled, perching on Jared's lap.

The kid surprised both of them by edging closer to Jared. "I thought I was supposed to stay here?" Jared could read the fear in his eyes as clear as day, and quickly stepped in to reassure him.

"You can take the dogs with you, if you like." He offered. "And they will bring you back before it gets dark."

"We can go to an arcade," Raul said with a smile. "You would have fun at the machines there."

"Don't introduce the kid to gambling now, *caro*," Francesca said, gracefully easing herself into her coat. Shane still look unconvinced, but stood up anyway. Jared smiled at him and handed him the lashes for the two pups. "We'll be waiting for you to come back loaded with slot machines cash," he said with a grin that Shane tentatively reciprocated.

"And sweets," Jensen added, squeezing Jared's arm.

"And clothes, because yours obviously swamp him." Francesca said easily. "We'll be back soon. Raul?"

"Here, *tesoro*," Raul stood up and clasped Shane on his shoulder with a friendly smile. "I really want to see you play blackjack next."

Shane looked a lot more at ease as they walked out of the door, Harley and Sadie wagging their behinds and barking at the humans. When the door closed, Jensen's shoulders slumped and he turned sideways to hide in Jared's chest.

Jared wrapped his arms around him, holding him quietly, his lips pressed to the side of Jensen's head. "You don't have to do this now," he murmured, stroking his hair.

"I know," Jensen replied in a small voice.

"We have all the time in the world."

Jensen shook his head. "No, we don't. Francy said by the end of the week, and--"

"--and it can wait," Jared finished, cupping Jensen's face and tilting it up to look in his eyes. "It can wait."

Jensen shivered in his arms, looking desperate just to curl up there and never leave. "Elijah is coming over. Francy called him."

So that was it then. Jensen was decided.

"Come on baby." Jared steered him over to the couch and pressed him down into the cushions. "I'll go get

you something to drink."

Jensen nodded, his eyes closing, and looked surprised when, instead of bring him soda or water, Jared came back with a glass of whiskey on the rocks.

Saying nothing, Jensen accepted and sipped at the amber liquid. Jared perched on the arm of the couch, stroking Jensen's hair until the doorbell rang, and Cliff showed Elijah into the room.

Jared had never been alone with the lawyer, nor actually thought about sitting down with him to discuss something so serious. He wasn't sure how things would play out, and was pleased when, instead of greeting them like friends, Elijah remained at an impersonate professional distance.

He took out a tape recorder and set it on the coffee table before settling into the armchair with a notebook on his knee.

Jensen slunk closer to Jared, but wouldn't look at him. "How do I...where should I start?"

Elijah shrugged his shoulders. "The beginning always seems a good idea," he said, his voice warm and steady. "Take your time. We're in no rush."

"Right," Jensen nodded, nervously, and edged as close to Jared's side as he could without bolting from the armchair. Jared stroked his neck with the tips of his fingers, trying to tell Jensen everything was fine.

"I was seventeen," Jensen began, sounding distracted. "My parents had kicked me out a couple of months earlier, and I came to LA only because I had nowhere else to go, and it sounded -- it sounded like a good idea at the time," he said, choking out a self-deprecating laugh.

Elijah nodded, the tape recorder whirring silently on the coffee table as Jensen started speaking again. "I don't have a clear memory of all four years, but most of it. I remember how it started." His fingernails dug in Jared's palm, and Jared thought he might have to go and fetch the whole whiskey bottle rather than a simple glass. "It had been raining, and I just wanted a place to stay."

Jensen talked for over two hours. Most of it, Jared knew already. Some other things he didn't, and they went through him with surgeon precision, cutting him open and leaving his heart out to bleed. He always gave names if he could, or some sort of physical description. He described all the men Simon gave him to, up until he began taking painkillers, and the pictures got blurrier after that. His voice wavered and broke when he had to admit he'd become addicted to vicodin and codeine, and Jared slid off the arm of the couch to pull him into his arms.

Curling closer to Jared, Jensen continued. He spoke about the times he had tried to leave, and the ways he'd been made to regret it. There were names, dozens of names, people Jared had never met, people he had spoken to and simply never known. Jensen's voice became a whisper when he spoke about the shoots he had done, amateur and professional, and how no one had known what he was facing.

By the time he came to Milo, Elijah had changed the tape in the recorder, and Jared and Jensen both were crying quietly.

Then came the things Jared had not had an inkling of. He'd known Francesca and Milo had gotten Jensen out, but he'd not known how. He'd not known that Simon had fucked up with the drugs, and Jensen had woken up in a hospital bed. He had known Agent Collins had been in Jensen's life before. He had not known that he had begged Jensen to testify, promising him a new name, a new identity, anything he thought he could offer just to get Jensen to speak up.

He'd not known Simon had tried to get Jensen back, and that if Raul and Milo hadn't been there, Jensen might never have made it to the circle of Jared's arms.

It had been impossible to realize that as much as Jared knew, and as crushing as that weight had been, it had only ever been the tip of the iceberg.

Jensen eventually tapered to a stop, but at Elijah's gentle encouragement, he haltingly began to explain

how long it had taken him to recover. He spoke of the time he had put himself in hospital, and of hitting Milo so many times he had left. When he mentioned hitting Raul, Jared's jaw dropped, and he wondered how the mild mannered Italian had taken it.

Finally Jensen ran out of steam. His words broke off into tears, and he turned into Jared's arms, seeking shelter from the darkness that had poured out into the room.

"Enough." Jared told Elijah, who nodded and turned off the recorder.

Jensen clutched at Jared's sweater with his bandaged fingers, the shivers that traced his spine going deep to the bone.

"Thank you," Elijah said quietly. He didn't say anything else, something that Jared appreciated, and showed himself out of the door on his own.

Jared's hands curled over the wings of Jensen's shoulders and he held him over his chest, letting Jensen's tears run dry against his neck without saying a word. He didn't think there were any for how he was feeling, and even if there had been, they would've been dry and meaningless and trite.

Jensen's pain floated around them, threatening to suffocate them both, the truth finally out there, ugly and bleak like nothing Jared could've imagined. Jensen's shoulders shook under Jared's hands, even though he tried to be quiet, face buried in the curve of Jared's neck, and Jared feared Jensen would never meet his eyes again.

He kissed the top of Jensen's head, hoisting him up on his lap, holding him up like a baby. Jared's own tears were trailing thick and fast down his cheeks and in Jensen's hair, but he didn't break the silence, letting Jensen get everything out of his system before they even thought about speaking.

Jensen's tears hurt like acid on his skin. The echo of his words was booming in Jared's head, and he didn't think that he would live long enough to forget about it, ever. It took forever, but eventually Jensen's silent sobs subsided, and he lay spent and shaking against Jared's chest. Jared snuck his hand between their bodies and tilted Jensen's face up slightly, trying to get Jensen to look at him.

"I am so proud of you." He whispered, stroking the tracks of tears away until only fresh, pale skin shone out.

Jensen said nothing; Jared didn't think he had the energy. The sound of tires on the gravel outside forced Jared into action. He kissed Jensen's brow and untangled them both. "Come on, baby."

Jensen followed him up to their bathroom, and Jared was confident Cliff could hold the fort while they were gone.

Jared sat Jensen down on the counter in the bathroom and fetched two of the plastic bags Jensen used to keep his bandages dry. Slowly, clinically, Jared helped Jensen undress, no more inappropriate with his touch than he had been with Shane. Jensen still wouldn't look at him, even as he wrapped the plastic over his arms, protecting the bandages.

Jared quickly stripped out of his own clothes and lead Jensen to the shower. The water was quickly heated, but Jensen shivered as Jared lead him under the spray.

Neither of them needed a shower, but Jared hoped it would be more symbolic; a washing away of all the dark things that had lurked beneath the surface to leave only the clean, beautiful reality of what lay on the surface.

Jared carefully washed away Jensen's tears, his hands gentle and soothing as they worked the tension from his shoulders. Jensen let himself be steered and maneuvered as Jared washed his hair, head lolling from one side to the other as the soapy suds were slowly rinsed from his dark blond locks.

The quiet intimacy was what Jensen needed the most, and Jared knew and respected that. It was too much to ask of Jensen now to acknowledge his own self worthy and his astounding courage, so he let it go

for the time being, concentrating on the feeling of Jensen, safe and sound in his arms instead.

"It's a new beginning," Jared promised him, rinsing the residual soap and working a washcloth in the tightly knot muscles of Jensen's back. Jensen held his arms wide and apart, trying to keep the bandages dry, but he still turned his head a fraction to nuzzle the wet skin of Jared's shoulder. The small gesture of acknowledgment was more than Jared needed, and he kissed the crown of Jensen's head before turning off the water and cautiously stepping out of the shower stall.

"Here we go." Jared wrapped Jensen in a robe and towel-dried his hair, kissing the tip of his nose lightly before leading him to their bedroom.

Jensen hesitated, his feet dragging minimally, and Jared stopped in his tracks with an expression of concern on his face. "What's wrong?"

"Shane," Jensen whispered, still not looking at him. "He's downstairs-"

"Francy and Raul are there, too. Don't worry about it." Jared caressed Jensen's cheek with the back of his hand, noticing the faint scar line of where he'd knocked Jensen out cold, only a week ago. His stomach tightened and he swallowed down a mouthful of saliva, his fingers settling down on the curve of Jensen's shoulder.

Jensen stepped into the sweatpants Jared held for him, choosing comfort over style. When they were both dressed, Jared took him back in his arms. "You want to stay up here?" He asked, sighing as Jensen shook his head immediately.

"No, no, I'm okay." He whispered.

Jared wished he would stay up in their room, to sleep, or just stay in the quiet. He knew better to argue though, and kept his hand warm on Jensen's spine as they descended the stairs.

They heard Shane before they heard anyone else, stuttering out Italian words, Raul's deep laughter punctuating each sentence.

Francesca had obviously worked her magic, and Shane had armfuls of bags around his feet. His hair was shorter as well - he'd obviously seen a stylist - and there was a shy flush to his cheeks that made it clear he was completely overwhelmed by what was happening.

As soon as Jensen was in the room, Francesca crossed over to hug him, and she whispered in his ear, soft Italian words that had Jensen take in a shuddering breath.

In order to take the attention away from Jensen, Jared smiled and stepped over to Shane. "You had fun?"

Shane nodded, his attitude shredded and lost somewhere amongst the many purchases Francesca had seen to. He was dressed casually, but Jared recognized the brands on the kid's back -- Cavalli, D&G, Richmond. He would've had something to say about that, if the realization that he was thinking about telling Francesca off for getting expensive clothes to the kid hadn't hit him over the head with a blunt stick. Christ, he was behaving like an apprehensive parent already.

"The dogs liked the walk," Shane said, handing Jared their leashes. "We couldn't bring them in all the shops though."

Jared chuckled. "I would imagine. You need help carrying this over to your bedroom?" he asked, gesturing to the bags around Shane's feet.

Shane nodded again, starting to pick up stuff. Raul immediately caught on, and he and Jared imitated him with a smile. "You have to show me what you got later," he said kindly as they made their way towards Shane's room. "Did you go for something to eat, too?"

"Of course we did," Raul said with a small eyeroll. "You know Tati."

Jared laughed and dumped his armful of shopping on Shane's bed. "That I do." he turned a bit more serious and glanced at Shane. "You won't get yourself sick again, will you? Jensen's going to have my head if you do."

"I think I will be fine," Shane said, suddenly self-conscious. Jared smiled and patted his shoulder gently.

"You learned any Italian yet?"

"Uno poco," Shane said, glancing at Raul to check if he was saying it right.

"Un poco," Raul corrected, beaming at him. "See, you're better than Jared already."

Jared snorted. That wasn't difficult. His Italian, despite living with Jensen, still consisted of a cluster of cuss words and 'una birra, per favore'. He figured Jensen had given up trying to teach him.

"Don't worry kiddo, Francy will have you swearing like a native in no time." Jared promised, grimacing as he helped Shane sort through his new clothes. Francesca might have meant well, and Jared had no question that she did, but if Shane was taken into care, a wardrobe like this one would just land him in a whole world of trouble.

Jared was surprised by how vehemently against the idea he was.

Shane was their responsibility now.

"We had gell-a-toe." Shane pronounced phonetically.

"Better than B&Js?" Jared asked, counting nine pairs of boxers and two dozen socks in one bag. Shane suddenly grinned and nodded. "You can steal some of Jen's secret stash then. All the more Dublin Mudslide for me."

When Jared unearthed a frigging laptop from one of the bags, he paused and glared at Raul. "Don't blame me! Tati said he needed one!"

Not that Jensen had already said the same thing to Jared last night. Neither of them were all that technologically savvy. They had a laptop that was unearthed once or twice a week, but nothing that would withstand the use of a teenager.

Personally Jared preferred his games consoles.

"Right, well I will talk to Francesca anyway," Jared said, settling Shane's new Mac book pro on the desk. "You can try if you want," Raul chuckled, putting Shane's new belts up on their hooks on the inside of the closet. "I doubt she'll listen to you any more than she listens to me."

That was true. Plus, Jared wasn't even sure he would even dare approach Francesca on giving Shane too many expensive gifts. And what's more, Jared didn't think Shane had had many gifts or any at all prior to this. It couldn't really hurt, could it?

"Thanks for taking him out," Jared whispered to Raul while Shane hooked up his new computer, the light of the monitor glowing on his skin, making him look exactly how he should've been. An excited teenager.

"It's not a problem," Raul said, suddenly serious. "Elijah called us." Jared nodded and looked away. Jensen's voice was haunting his thoughts even when he wasn't aware of it.

...he'd come into my rooms at times, without letting me know, and wake me up, there were... people to entertain. Execs, or directors, I don't remember. Everything was filmed, but it wasn't a shoot. I didn't have a safe word, I couldn't make it stop...

"Jared?"

Jared blinked and wiped at his eyes, feeling another bout of nausea clogging his throat. Raul's hands

squeezed his shoulders, and he looked at Jared, long and hard. "It's gone now," he said, a quiet, firm rumble that washed over Jared like a wave. "It's gone."

"I know," Jared whispered, voice hoarse. "I know."

Raul squeezed his shoulder, a gesture of support from someone who had stood where he now stood.

...he came to the hospital, came into my room. I thought...I thought...then Raul made him leave...

Jared shook away the cobwebs of Jensen's past and sat down on the end of the bed. "That makes sense to you?" He asked Shane, who was tapping away excitedly.

Shane grunted, and Jared rolled his eyes. He was going to have to pry the boy away with a crowbar.

He and Raul left him to it and found Jensen sat at the breakfast bar, playing idly with the straw in his juice as Francesca pottered about, making something for the adults to eat.

Jared instantly curled his arm around Jensen's back, nudging his cheek with his nose. "How you doing baby?" He whispered, his breath light on Jensen's cheek.

Jensen smiled tiredly and laid his head on Jared's shoulder. "Shane alright?"

"I'd say. He's got his own fairy godmother." Jared said with a dry look shot in Francesca's direction. "He's going to stay in that room of his until he starts to root." Jensen sighed in relief and Jared kissed him gently. "Seriously, he's fine. A little overwhelmed, but fine."

Francesca continued to prepare dinner and Raul opened a bottle of wine. Jensen's medication allowed him to drink a little alcohol, so Raul poured him a small glass, which Jared helped him drink. The bandages were set to come off in a few days, and Jared knew the helplessness was driving Jensen mad.

The aromas of cooking food did what a crowbar could not, and Shane peered in cautiously after half an hour, shy in his new slippers. Now that his hair was not so shaggy, Jared could see even more clearly why Simon had chosen him. For all that he and Jensen were different in coloring, they both had the same classically beautiful profile, the same hint of vulnerability made masculine by a strong jaw. Jensen's wide eyes could pierce Jared to the bone, drowning him in an endless sea of green. He imagined Shane's could do something similar, and his hatred for Simon suddenly spiked through the roof.

"You already had supper," Francesca told Shane as he sat down. "So just some eggs and toast for you, okay?"

Shane licked his lips and nodded meekly, trying to devour in everything that was set on the table with his eyes. Jensen sat across from him, picking at his own food half-heartedly, the spoon difficult to manage with his broken fingers. Without thinking, Jared took the seat beside him, taking the spoon out of his hands and starting to feed him as he used to do when they were at the hospital. Jensen flushed for an instant, probably a little more self conscious now that Shane was in the room, but he let Jared help him through his soup without too much complaining.

Francesca was smiling, knowingly, but she kept quiet as the main conversation was carried through by Cliff and Raul, going from movies to sports and back again. Jared knew Shane was watching them as he helped Jensen through his meal. It didn't really bother him, but after a few spoonfuls, he realized that Shane wasn't weirded out. He was staring at them with a curious look on his face, halfway between longing and sadness. Jared wondered what had happened to him to get him on the streets -- he was a bright kid, and if the way he attacked his computer meant anything, he wasn't stupid. The idea that Jensen and Shane might have even more in common than their looks made Jared feel sick, like a giant hand had gotten hold of his stomach and turned it upside down.

"Can I get one more piece of bacon?" Shane asked in a whispery-like voice. Jared looked at Jensen, waiting for his say-so, and Jensen gave him a tiny smile.

"Only one more. You don't want a repeat of the other night, do you?"

Shane shook his head quickly. Francesca served him another piece of bacon and a slice of toast before refilling his juice glass. "Jensen? You want anything else?"

Jensen shook his head. "No, I'm good."

Jared stroked his arm at the half-lie, and kissed his cheek. "You have to finish all this before you're cleared."

Jensen groaned and turned his head in the crook of Jared's neck. "I'm not hungry."

"It's half a bowl of soup. You don't get to steer out of this one."

Jensen mumbled softly, but he went obediently with Jared's coaxing. As Jared looked up, he met Shane's eyes across the table, and there again there was -- the sad, longing look that made Jared shiver. He wished he could hug him without having the kid freeze in terror.

After supper, Shane let Francesca order him around, loading the dishwasher whilst Jared and Cliff took Jensen upstairs to change his bandages. By the time they came back downstairs to say goodbye to Francesca and Raul, Shane was already back in his room, the door closed to all visitors.

"Should we-" Jensen looked hesitantly at the closed door as Jared came up behind him and kissed the nape of his neck.

"Leave him to it. Come watch a movie with me." He tugged on Jensen's shoulder when Jensen made no move to follow, encouraging him with the gentle smile.

Cliff turned in early for the night, saying he would do a round at three and wanting to catch some shut eye before then.

It left Jared and Jensen in peace, comfortable enough to just curl up on the couch with the dogs and watch Bridge Over the River Kwai. Jared enjoyed the explosions, and Jensen had his classics.

At midnight, when Jared decided to raid the kitchen in search of cookies, Jensen checked on Shane again. There was no sound from inside the room but the light was still bright under the door. Worried the boy had fallen asleep at his computer, Jensen carefully pushed open the door.

Shane was still awake, and trolling through the web.

"Hey," Jensen whispered, still a little shy with dealing with Shane by himself. "You not tired?"

Shane shook his head but didn't turn around.

Jensen snuck closer and peered over his shoulder, his heart sinking when he realized what Shane was looking at.

It was a page from what Jensen assumed was the boy's hometown newspaper, with the missing person's ads.

Shane's name was nowhere to be seen.

Jensen put his half-good hand on the his shoulder, squeezing softly. On the browser there were at least ten tabs open, all research results for Shane's name and last name.

All on 404 not found.

"They're not even looking."

Jensen knelt down on the floor, looking up in Shane's face. "It's not your fault."

Shane shrugged, wiping at his face with the back of his hand. "I know it's not."

Jensen felt his stomach pull in, the lie obvious to him, echoing in his head with his own voice. "It's really not your fault," Jensen whispered, stroking his back lightly. "Whatever they said, whatever they did - you did nothing to cause it."

"I had - I was with my - a classmate. We were just watching a movie," Shane whispered. "We didn't even... we didn't."

"It's not your fault," Jensen murmured again. "There's nothing wrong with you, or with who you are."

"They didn't even listen." Shane whispered, his voice rough with emotion. Jensen's heart ached for the boy as he watched Shane try and control himself, scrubbing at his face with his hands.

"Where did you come from?" Jensen asked softly, continuing to rub Shane's back.

Shane swallowed before answering. "Mayfield, Oklahoma."

Jensen smiled ever so slightly. "You're an Oakie, huh?"

The boy's eyebrow raised as Jensen allowed a little of his own accent free reign. "Fuckin' Texan." Shane swore without aggression.

"I lived in this little town outside of Dallas, three thousand people and more than a dozen churches. Believe me when I say I have been there. But you have to realize that just because a group of small minded people say something is right or wrong, it doesn't mean it is."

Shane sniffed and rubbed his nose across the cuff of his expensive new sweater. "Your folks kicked you out?"

Jensen nodded, the inevitable pang of pain somehow less than it usually was. "Yeah. I got caught holding hands with Tony Green at school. My pop didn't even ask me if it was true or not."

"Fuckhead." Shane responded, a childish vehemence in the curse.

Jensen nodded again. "Totally. Doesn't mean he was right though. I can't see how what Jared and I have is evil or wrong. I don't get why God wouldn't be happy with my choices, since they are mine to make."

Shane shook his head, dragging his hands over his face again. "I didn't want to," Shane murmured, his voice sounding strangled. "It just happened, and then they - and I didn't know where to go."

Jensen squeezed Shane's shoulder again, putting his other arm around him in a loose hug. "You did what you had to," Jensen told him quietly. "And it doesn't make you anything other than someone trying to get by."

Shane nodded hastily, latching on Jensen's words as though it was balm over an open wound. Hesitantly, Shane raised his arms and put them around Jensen's neck, sliding out of the chair and onto the floor. Jensen winced, his muscles still uncomfortably sore, but he kept his breath in as he held Shane over his chest.

It didn't take much for the tears to fall, and it felt like a dam breaking. Shane clung to Jensen's neck with vehemency, his face hidden in the folds of Jensen's shirt, his shoulders shaking as he let loose over a year of pain, rejection and frustration.

Jensen resisted for about five minutes before a tear rolled down his cheek.

"You're a great kid," Jensen murmured. "And you're perfect just the way you are. Fuck them all if they can't see it."

A warmth had suddenly settled on Jensen's spine, Jared's comforting presence wrapping around them both

like a blanket. Jensen's hands were clumsy as he stroked Shane's soft hair, but he didn't stop, not even when Jared's fingers curled over his, combining their efforts to make the boy feel safe.

Eventually Shane was able to speak through his tears, and he pulled back a little, his face white and red. "What's going to happen to me?"

"Nothing you don't want." Jared promised.

"You can stay here as long as you need to, okay? You can stay here, and we will take care of you."

"I don't need-"

Jensen reached up, brushing the tears from Shane's cheek with soft white bandages. "You don't need someone to look after you, I know, but if you want someone to, then we will. Jared's a total mother hen."

"I am." Jared nodded seriously. "And Jensen hovers."

"Plus, the dogs might pine if you leave. I think they think you're their Christmas present."

Shane laughed weakly, rubbing the tears from his eyes and untangling himself from Jensen. As soon as he was able, Jared pulled Jensen to his feet.

"You want some hot chocolate?" Jared asked kindly, holding Jensen to him. "I think Francy left her special mix."

Shane scrubbed at his face again, shaking his head. "I think I'll go to bed," he murmured. He swayed on his feet, uncertain, and Jensen's hand hovered above his elbow, ready to grip him and steady him. Jared smiled, kissing the curve of Jensen's cheek.

"We'll see you in the morning?"

Shane nodded again. Jensen took a step and put his arms around Shane, pulling him in a gentle hug. "You sleep tight, and call us if there's anything you need, okay? There's an interphone near the bed."

Shane nodded again. Jared didn't miss the way Shane clung to Jensen, and it made him both smile and ache for the lost innocence in his boys.

They didn't tuck Shane into bed, leaving him in his comfort zone, but waited until the light was turned off before climbing up the stairs to their own room. Jared lead Jensen to bed, kissing his forehead, his fingers cupping Jensen's chin to tilt his face up to meet him.

"I love you so fucking much baby, you know that?" Jared whispered, brushing Jensen's hair back.

Jensen smiled, his cheeks flushing slightly, but he looped his arms around Jared's neck, pulling him closer. "I love you too," he whispered under his breath. Then his face fell, turning suddenly pained. "Shane..."

"I know," Jared murmured, squeezing his shoulders. "I know."

Jensen sighed and lay his head over Jared's chest. "What should we do?" He asked, wishing he could feel the warmth of Jared's skin though the bandages.

Instead, Jared's lips settled on his brow. "Right now, nothing."

"You don't think-"

Jared sighed and shuffled Jensen down on to the mattress, leaning over and stealing Jensen's worries rambles with his lips. "No," he whispered, "I don't." The back of his knuckles traced over Jensen's cheekbone, and down to the chain around his throat where Jared's ring hung against his chest. After nearly losing it from his pinkie twice, Jensen decided he'd be safer with it around his neck until his hands were healed. "I just think how lucky we are, how close I came to losing this."

Jensen closed his eyes and leaned into Jared's touch. "You didn't." He breathed, arching his spine as Jared trailed his fingers down the lines of his torso in gentle patterns.

"I thought I would," Jared whispered, kissing his neck gently, up to his ear, to the secret spot of caramel-tinted freckles right behind the furred curve. Jensen turned his head sideways, leaving Jared enough access to follow his path, and Jared smiled against his skin, guiding Jensen's hands out of harm's way as he stroked his side with the tips of his fingers. Jensen squirmed and hastily stifled a giggle. "That tickles."

Jared smiled, placing a loving kiss over the underside of his chin. "My apologies."

Jensen shook his head briefly and turned on his side so that he was facing Jared with half of his body, arms thrown carelessly backwards in such a shy, coy exposition of beauty it made Jared's heart trip in his chest.

"Look at yourself," Jared mumbled, kissing his brow, then the tip of his nose. "So fucking amazing. My beautiful, beautiful Jensen." Jensen flushed, eyes skating downwards. "Not much to look at now."

Jared shook his head gently, knowing better than to react the way Jensen subconsciously expected him to. "I could have my eyes closed, and you would still be the most beautiful person I knew."

Jensen rolled his eyes and laughed a little. "You ever tried having sex with your eyes closed? It's not as easy as you'd think."

"So we're having sex now?" Jared tipped his head and nipped at Jensen's jaw, barely a scratch before soothing it with his tongue. Jensen flushed, embarrassed.

"You don't-"

He fell silent when Jared pressed his fingers over his lips. "*We don't.*" He stressed seriously. "And since when am I ever going to turn down sex with you?" Jensen's lips parted, and it was a force of habit that had Jared dip his fingers into the warmth of his mouth, sighing as they brushed across Jensen's tongue. They'd have to be careful, really careful. Jared wouldn't risk Jensen overdoing it and hurting himself.

Shuffling back, he stole his pillow and lifted Jensen's hips, propping him up, the angle throwing the sharp lines of his chest into relief.

Jared swallowed as Jensen looked up at him, the bruise around his eye spreading down his cheek. Jared didn't think he had ever approached sex so cautiously before in his life, even their first, stunted time.

He gently took each of Jensen's bandaged hands and brought them up to rest on either side of his head, relaxed and cushioned on the pillow. "I don't want you to move, understand?" He whispered, a featherlight huff of breath tracing over Jensen's collarbone.

"Meanie," Jensen pouted, trying not to sound nervous. Jared could see through the act, but at the same time it made his heart swell in his chest. He leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss on the underside of his jaw. He'd hurt himself badly. Jared looped his arms around Jensen's neck, careful fingers threading through Jensen's soft hair, lips the gentlest brush over the curves of his profile. Jensen squirmed delicately underneath Jared, but didn't attempt to move or take any initiative. Jared shifted lower, settling down on his knees between Jensen's awkwardly spread legs, and pulled at the strings of Jensen's pjs with nimble fingers. Jensen shuddered when the sweatpants were gently pulled off, Jared's breathy kisses making Jensen's skin erupt in goose bumps.

"I love you," Jared murmured, nuzzling Jensen's chest. "You are everything I'd ever wished for."

Jensen swallowed, his cheeks tinted pink with each loving word. His dick was already half-hard, curling towards his stomach, and Jared couldn't resist placing a gentle kiss above the crown, getting a small, keening sound out of Jensen.

"So beautiful."

A gasp of pleasure caught in Jensen's throat, turning to a breathy laugh as he looked up at Jared with trusting eyes. "Aren't you glad I suggested we have the guest rooms downstairs?"

Jared said nothing but nodded. That was a long way away from Jensen's nervousness about having sex when Jared's parents were visiting.

He returned to mapping out the planes of Jensen's torso, his tongue teasing the sharp lines of Jensen's hipbones, occasionally brushing the base of Jensen's cock as he passed.

Jensen squirmed and tossed his head, not moving his arms an inch as Jared teased him slowly.

"Missed this." Jensen breathed, closing his eyes as Jared palmed his thighs wider, his hand warm and steady on Jensen's skin. "Missed us."

Pressing a tender kiss to the inside of Jensen's knee, Jared smiled. "Nothing is ever going to take this away again." He said, willing to make a promise he knew he might not be able to keep, because now they had seen the lowest, and could only rise again from the ashes.

"Promise?" Jensen asked, clearly willing to believe if only Jared said so.

Lurching up on his thighs, Jared kissed him slowly on the lips. "I promise." He breathed between them.

Jensen drank in Jared's words, exchanging slow, unhurried kisses, tangled tongues and parted lips, breath grazing one another's chin.

"I promise, I promise," Jared murmured over and over, his hands caressing every available inch of Jensen's beautiful body. Jensen's eyes were half-mast, irises darkened in desire. Jared lowered himself down on Jensen's body again, the tip of his tongue joining his lips every few kisses, cold and wet, turning hotter in a matter of instants, making Jensen shiver. Jared hooked Jensen's legs above his shoulders, his palms molding over the curve of Jensen's ass as he dragged him a couple of inches closer. He breathed cool, gentle wisps of air across Jensen's hidden hole, and waited to feel his muscle tremble in appreciation before diving in, the tip of his tongue lapping avidly at the furled skin. Jensen let out an embarrassingly loud shriek, the heels of his feet digging into Jared's shoulders as Jared sucked avidly at Jensen's clenching hole. He spread him on the tip of his tongue, flat, quick stabs that didn't reach the center of him, but fed him just enough to make Jensen want more, always more.

Jensen groaned loudly, his head lolling to the side, buried against his bicep as he tried to push back on Jared's face. "More," he gasped softly. "More, Jared, please, please, can't, more."

Jared framed his thighs with each strong hand, holding him open as he teased the small opening. He loved doing this, perhaps even more than he loved the feeling of sinking inside Jensen's body. He jabbed his tongue in short, precise attacks, Jensen's sweat-damp skin warm against his cheek.

Jensen bucked up violently as Jared teased the rim of his hole with the tips of his fingers, not letting them give Jensen what he wanted, but just seeing how the small ring of muscle clenched and unclenched, desperate for more.

Laying a kiss to Jensen's thigh, Jared sat up and reached over to the bedside table. They had a dozen different kinds of lube, some that was flavored, some that was thicker. There was the kind that heated up when in contact with skin, and the first and only time they had used it, Jensen had blacked out with the force of his orgasm, and Jared had been convinced he was burning up from the inside.

He pondered using that again, just to warm Jensen to the bone, if nothing else, and shushed him gently as he began to squirm impatiently.

Settled on his choice, Jared let a pool of it collect in the palm of his hand, settling again between Jensen's thighs. The best part of this was in the foreplay, and combined with one of his massages, Jensen would be practically levitating when they were done.

Slowly Jared began to work the liquid into Jensen's thighs, his thumbs rubbing in circles as it slowly began

to warm between their skin. Jensen mewled, his head tossed back and digging in the pillow.

"Hot," Jensen garbled out, his legs spreading wider, trembling violently under Jared's hands. "Jared, Jared, J-" Jensen's voice ended in a strangled groan and he buried his face halfway into the pillow, and Jared smiled secretly.

Jared picked up the tube and smeared some more against Jensen's asscheeks, his fingertips slowly rubbing it in, giving it the edge of burning warmth that made Jensen grind back against Jared's capable hands.

"You look beautiful," Jared whispered, prodding gently against Jensen's hole, feeling the skin clench around the barest hint of fingertip. "So beautiful, baby, gorgeous."

The lube heated quickly, tingling on Jensen's skin, spreading like a web and sinking right down to his bones. Jensen keened loudly, rutting back against the sheets, slippery wet, Jared's hands molding against the perfect round curve of Jensen's ass before letting the tip of his tongue trail down from Jensen's balls to his hole, pushing the lube right inside of him.

"God, godgodgodgodgod," Jensen cried, his feet planting against the mattress, back arching up like a guitar string. "Christ, burns!"

It did, but not too much. Jared had tested it on himself before he'd even tried it with Jensen. He chased the lube with his fingers, sliding two of them up to the second knuckle, Jensen's body opening up for him. Christ, it was hot. He was going to burn inside of Jensen. The heat would kill him.

Soft, garbled moans slid past Jensen's parted lips as Jared slowly fucked him with his fingers.

Before he could swap two for three, Jensen lifted his head and begged. "Now Jared, please." The heat of his skin was nothing compared to the look in his eyes.

Jared shook his head. "You're not-"

"Now" Jensen demanded, his arms still exactly where Jared had placed them. "I'm not moving, but I want to feel you, I *need* to feel you."

The desperation in his voice was not something Jared could ignore, but at the back of his mind, a voice told him to stop, to wait, to deny Jensen what he wanted, if for no better reason than drawing out the pleasure.

I didn't have a choice...I couldn't...I didn't choose any of it.

The memory of Jensen's tearful voice rose out of nowhere, and Jared froze to the spot, unable to move for a second.

He could give Jensen what he wanted, even if Jared didn't think he was ready, or he could take the choice out of his hands.

He could not take the decision away from Jensen. Not now.

Jared leaned up and slowly turned Jensen around, carefully arranging his arms on the pillows and placing kiss after kiss on the line of Jensen's spine, pulling him up on his knees. He wanted to watch Jensen, but at the same time he knew in that position there would have been far lesser stress on Jensen's part. As prepared as he was with granting Jensen's wishes, he still wanted to make sure he was not hurting him in any way.

"Jared," Jensen begged again, his voice fraught with emotion. "Jare-"

"I will," Jared promised, hauling Jensen up against his chest. His arms wrapped around Jensen's chest, skimming over his abs and his sides, Jensen's body racking with his shivers. "Just hold on, okay? I'll make it so good for you."

Jensen nodded, rapidly, his casted arms laying atop Jared's strong ones. Jared kissed the skin behind Jensen's ear and spread his legs a little further apart, the head of his dick pushing against Jensen's slick, clenching hole.

"Now, Jare, now, now," Jensen moaned, his head falling back against Jared's shoulder.

"Okay, okay." He pushed forward, Jensen's body opening up for him, and the sudden heat was breathtaking. The oil only made the warmth of Jensen's body an inferno, and Jared gasped, his head falling against Jensen's shoulder. "Fuck."

Jensen choked. "Didn't think that one through, did you?" He asked, his voice broken and rough. He had a point. Jared could barely see straight.

"Jesus Christ, Jensen, you're so fucking...oh my god.." Jared was shaking nearly as bad as Jensen was. He forced himself to remain strong and upright, continually pushing forward until he was completely inside Jensen. "Fuck!"

Jensen could only grunt, totally boneless as his body became molten fire. Jared reached beneath him and tugged lightly on one of Jensen's nipple studs, and his spine tightened violently. Jared couldn't help it. He repeated the action, nudging and gently tugging until Jensen was writhing, his shoulders shaking as he begged Jared to just *move*

As much as he loved making Jensen squirm, he couldn't hold out any longer. With one smooth roll of his hips, Jared pulled back, then slammed in, his balls slapping Jensen's ass.

Jensen moaned, pushing back against Jared as he demanded more. "Please, please. Come on."

Jared repeated the move, shaking with the restraint it took not to just fuck into the impossibly tight heat of Jensen's body.

"Harder!" Jensen demanded, stubbornly trying to take more.

Jared frowned. "I'm not going to hurt you." He whispered, rolling his hips again, but slightly less forcefully.

Jensen made a soft sound that could have been amusement or disgust, Jared couldn't tell. "Jared, please!"

"I will not hurt you," Jared whispered. "I'm here to give you what you want, what you need. Forever. No rush," He kissed Jensen's neck, holding him up as he sunk into his body, the impossibly tight heat nearly driving him blind with need. "You can let go baby. I gotcha."

Jensen groaned desperately, tossing his head from side to side, his arms shaking over Jared's strong forearms. "Jared, please," Jensen whispered, sweat rolling in rivulets down his back. Jensen wrapped his hand around Jensen's cock, the residual lube heating up on contact and making Jensen cry out, his legs almost giving out on him. "Oh god, oh -oh- Jare-"

"I gotcha," Jared groaned, burying his head in the back of Jensen's nape. Holding back was becoming almost too hard to handle, but by the way Jensen was shaking in his arms he wouldn't have to worry too much. He squeezed Jensen's dick, and stroked once, thumbing the slit.

What happened next, Jared couldn't predict. Jensen garbled out a strangled moan and came, so fast and sudden that his body clamped down on Jared like a vise. Jared cursed violently, the strength in his arms failing him, and they tumbled down against the pillows. Jensen was too out of it to feel the pressure on his arms, but Jared cursed again and quickly righted their position on the bed as Jensen's body shook around him. He couldn't move. He didn't need to. Jensen twitched and moaned and trembled like an addict coming down off a high, and the tremors of his body made him come so hard he nearly blacked out.

By the time he struggled at control his breathing, Jensen was completely limp in his arms.

"Baby?" Jared barely recognized his own voice. He couldn't remember the last time he had come so hard.

Jensen moaned and wrinkled his face when Jared carefully rolled him over onto his back.

"Hey, you okay?"

"Lemmesleep." Jensen mumbled, grumpy and ruffled. Jared chuckled and waited for his strength to return before rolling from the bed and going in search of clean towels. "Go check Shane." Jensen suggested.

There was no way Jared was going anywhere near the kid looking like he'd just rolled off a porn shoot, but he promised he would, and dove quickly into the shower once he had cleaned Jensen up. By the time he was out of the shower, Jensen was snoring, his arms arranged carelessly behind him, his hair loose like a halo on the pillow, cheeks red and mouth parted like a cherub. Jared crawled on top of the bed and pressed two kisses to each cheek, his heart swelling to enormous proportions. He threw on a pair of pjs and a sweater before walking out in the relative chill of the hall. He stepped down the stairs, his ears peeled for any noise. There was none, except the quiet snuffling coming from the dogs' cushions in the kitchen.

He pressed his ear to the door of Shane's room, but no sound came from within. Satisfied, he paddled all the way to the kitchen and fished out Jensen's secret stash of gelato, picking up two spoons and grinning to himself as he fetched out a bottle of whipped cream. Might as well go all the way with it. He almost dropped everything when he found himself face to face with Shane, standing framed in the doorway. "Oh fuck!"

Shane looked curiously from the ice cream to the canister, his expression shifting from intrigue to disgust in a second. "Ew, I do not want to know what that is for."

"I'm hungry!" Jared protested, trying to look innocent.

"I bet." Shane mocked, clearly enjoying the way Jared went bright pink under the implication. "Does Jensen know you're stealing his gelato?"

"He's asleep." Jared said weakly, hesitantly trying to hide the second spoon.

"You've worn him out, huh?" The kid asked, taking a seat at the kitchen table.

Jared's blush turned cataclysmic. "Jesus Christ, kid." He was too old for this shit.

Shane shrugged and Jared fetched him a carton of chocolate milk as a bribe.

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?"

Shane shrugged again. "Not tired."

It was clearly a lie, given how exhausted he had been only an hour ago. Jared let it slide. It was hard enough getting Jensen to confess to a nightmare, let alone some kid he barely knew.

"How about we have a barbeque tomorrow?" Jared suggested, changing the topic entirely. "You can meet Chris and Steve."

Completely nonchalant, Shane said, "Sure, whatever." but Jared remembered how scared Jensen had been when it came to meeting his friends, and softened his expression to a smile.

"I grill a mean steak."

The option of food won Shane over. "Can you do some ribs, too?" he said, trying to sound nonchalant.

Jared nodded and nudged at his shoulder. "You want some too?" Jared asked, placing the gelato and the whipped cream down on the counter. He could see Shane eying it, and Jensen was still sleeping anyway. They would have plenty of time to have their little pic nic once Jensen got some of his energies back.

"Maybe," Shane replied, slurping from his carton. "You think I can?"

"I think you can have as much as you want, as long as you can keep it down," Jared said with a small smile. "Jensen will kill me if I get you sick again."

"Who are your friends?" Shane asked, twirling the milk carton in his hands. It was evident that it had taken him quite the restraint to pull off that question for those two minutes. Jared grinned and poured a large amount of whipped cream on his spoon before sucking it.

"You'll like 'em," Jared said gently. "They're musicians. Christian... he can be a bit scary at times, but he's a great guy, underneath all the bravado act. And he's a designer." he waggled his eyebrows. "Lingerie."

Shane blinked. "Really?"

"Really. Steve's his boyfriend, and he's the sweetest guy on the planet. Also, the most patient man on earth." He caught the dark blush that spread across Shane's cheeks and frowned. "Something wrong?"

"Never known so many queers, that's all." Shane mumbled.

Jared blinked, totally surprised by his admission. "That a problem?"

Shane quickly shook his head. "No no! I just...it's....I'm not used to it."

Jared smiled reassuringly and passed the kid a spoon. "Don't worry about them. They will behave. Chris might try and tell you stories about me. They are all lies. Every single one."

Shane giggled and dove into the ice cream. He dug through ten mouthfuls before stopping. "So Francesca told me about Simon."

Jared choked on his own mouthful. "What?"

Oblivious to the near heart attack he had given Jared, Shane continued to plow through the ice cream. "I asked her, she told me."

Feeling rather faint, Jared set down his spoon. "Told you what?"

Shane shrugged and put down his spoon. "More or less what he is in... you know the..." he made a gesture with his hand. "Illegal ...pedophilia thing. And uh... some... things. That he was stalking Jensen, and that he got people to destroy his apartment."

"Why would she do that?" Jared asked, almost feeling like he wanted to hurl.

"I think she ... uh. She thought I was being unfair to you guys," he said, looking down on his lap, embarrassed.

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose. "Trust Francesca to be the tactful one."

"I wouldn't say tactful," Shane said, forcing out a small laugh. "But ...yeah. She said ... she told me Jensen's going to testify against him."

Jared nodded. He put down his spoon, too, his stomach churning. "Yeah. He will."

Shane swallowed and took another spoonful of gelato, but he didn't go through with it, putting it down halfway to his mouth. "It's... it's good."

Jared smiled faintly. "Yeah, it is. Hopefully we can put that bastard behind bars and be done with it all."

Shane nodded and wiped the back of his hand over his mouth. "Thanks." He said, and Jared wasn't entirely convinced he was talking about the ice cream.

He didn't call it, but squeezed Shane's shoulder and steered him from the table. "You think you could sleep now?"

Shane hesitated.

"I was going to watch a movie." They both looked up to see Jensen standing in the kitchen doorway, wearing loose track pants and one of Jared's hoodies. "You can join me if you want." He smiled at Jared, who guiltily tried to hide the gelato.

Shane eagerly agreed. "None of the old stuff, yeah? Can we watch something that was made after I was born?"

"Wall-E!" Jared announced brightly, putting away their feast and washing the spoons. "Please Jen!"

Jensen rolled his eyes but agreed quickly enough, sending Shane to line up the movie. Jared took Jensen in his arms as soon as they were alone. "You okay?"

Jensen nodded and lent into him. "Yeah, just not feeling like sleeping. Besides, I think you rammed a log up my ass."

Jared groaned. "Don't say that too loud." He shuddered, thinking of Shane's reaction.

"You should go to bed." Jensen said softly, kissing his jaw.

Jared shook his head. That wasn't going to happen.

All three of them ended up on the couch. Jensen curled up on Jared's lap, and Shane at the other end, his ankles crossed over Jared's in order to make room.

As expected, Jensen didn't make it past Eve's arrival on Earth, and though Shane attempted to be hot stuff, as soon as Jared tugged the throw down from the back of the couch and covered them all with it, he was out like a light, his head falling to rest on Jensen's thigh.

For a split moment, a weird thought occurred to Jared.

It felt like family.

He didn't exactly stomp on that train of thought, but decided to push it away for the time being. He dozed off for about half hour before giving in, scooping Jensen up and carrying him to the bedroom, tucking him in lovingly before going back downstairs. He easily wrapped the throw around Shane's slim form and carried him to his own bed, mindful of not waking the kid as he tucked the covers to his chin.

The moment he slid in bed next to Jensen, he felt him snuggle sleepily closer, his head landing on Jared's shoulder. Jared smiled, eyes closing, and absent-mindedly stroked Jensen's hair until he, too, fell into slumber.

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Act 35: **Tired of living life in a romance book**

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The boys settle into their new routine, and Jensen finally makes a stand for what he wants.

Warnings: angry!Jensen, flaily!Jared, puppy!Shane.

Notes: for [x darkshines x](#)'s birthday! Sorry it's so late!!

Scene One

When Jensen woke up the next morning, it was to find Jared already awake, sitting up in bed with papers in his hands. His head was mussed but not wet, sign that he hadn't yet showered, and one of his arms was aserving as a pillow for Jensen's cast. Jensen blinked drowsily up at him, his head still pre-coffee heavy, and snuggled closer on instinct.

The flurry of movement caught Jared's attention and he smiled, putting the papers down and sliding a few inches south on the bed so he could kiss the crown of Jensen's head. "Morning, beautiful."

"Mpfh," was Jensen's eloquent response. Jared chuckled, and picked up the papers again, carefully adjusting Jensen's arm so that it wouldn't get squashed.

A few minutes passed in silence, the usual morning routine that Jensen would take before waking up fully. Once he did, he nuzzled closer to Jared, pressing a soft kiss to his biceps. "Whassat?"

"It's the contract for the series that Francy gave us," Jared said with a smile. "I couldn't remember a few things and I wanted to look it over."

"Such as?" Jensen yawned, closing his eyes again.

Jared chuckled and kissed his forehead. "Such as when we launch it, how many episodes we've got left, and when we wrap it up."

Jensen didn't open his eyes. "And?"

"And I think we have covered more kinks and sexual deviancy than the Romans."

Smothering a snigger into Jared's arm, Jensen blinked open his eyes. "And your point is?"

Jared set aside the papers and laid a wet kiss on Jensen's throat. "My point is that someone is going to run out of ideas and we'll be stuck doing the same naughty things to each other over and over."

Jensen rolled his eyes and squirmed as Jared nibbled at his earlobe. "Because tying me up and putting your fist in my ass is so dull."

"I did *not* need to hear that."

Jared squeaked and tugged the sheets higher up to preserve their modesty, the sight of Shane standing in the doorway looking grossed out kicking Jared's freak-out mode through the roof. "What the fuck!"

Jensen didn't so much as blink, despite the fact he was naked and wearing a Jared shaped blanket. "Morning." He smiled, "did you sleep well?"

Shane shrugged. "Yeah, but I am going to have nightmares thanks to you."

"Begone with you, brat!" Jared yelled, throwing a pillow with one hand and covering his dick with the other.

Shane dodged it, cackling. "The Man Mountain said to tell you to get your lazy asses out of bed before breakfast gets cold."

"Cliff said that?" Jensen frowned, shoving Jared over and rolling his eyes when Jared snatched at pillows and hid behind them.

"I'm paraphrasing."

"Go paraphrase elsewhere," Jared said, waving his arm at him. "Shoo."

Shane rolled his eyes, mouthing 'prude' before closing the door with a soft click behind his back. Jensen grinned and poked at Jared's thigh with his elbow.

"I didn't know you were so easily embarrassed," Jensen teased him. Jared frowned, looking above Jensen's shoulder towards the door before sliding out of bed.

"I'm not," he said, defensively, "but he's a kid, and this is our bedroom! What about privacy?"

Jensen laughed. "I'm sure he's seen worse."

"Not the point." Jared sat beside Jensen and put his arms around his neck, kissing the chain from which hung the engagement ring. "We're responsible for him now, aren't we?"

Jensen nodded, turning his head to the side so he could kiss Jared's cheek. "You were very good with him last night," he said, caressing Jared's forearm clumsily.

Jared shrugged. "I'm doing nothing. You're doing it all baby, all on your own."

"Not true," Jensen argued gently, squeezing Jared's wrist best he could with his cast. "I wouldn't have managed one hour without you."

"I can't believe I am responsible for someone." Jared said with a little laugh, combing his hands through Jensen's hair. "I killed every goldfish I ever had."

Jensen kissed his nose. "You've always taken care of me, and the dogs. What's one kid on top of all that?"

"An ulcer waiting to happen?"

"Pessimist. He's a good kid, and you, Jared, are the best role model he could have."

"Better than Bruce Wayne?" Jared couldn't help but lean into Jensen's warmth, his heart glowing under the praise.

Jensen nodded seriously and kissed him. "Totally better than stupid old Batman." He swore. "Now move it, before he feels the need to come back and catch you ass naked in the shower."

Jared shuddered at the mere thought. It was one thing to be naked - and hard - in a studio full of people. It was something else entirely to be caught necking by his seventeen year old houseguest.

"Gonna shower with me?"

"Nope." Jensen smiled to take the sting out of his refusal. "Because then we will have sex and that would be even worse. If you're good I might let you give me a sponge bath later."

Sponge. Jensen's naked, glorious body glistening with soapy suds, all spread out in Jared's arms.

Jared bounced off the bed and walked towards their bathroom with new spring in his step. Jensen chuckled at him and shuffled into his pajama bottoms, and even though he had some difficulty, he put on one of Jared's hoodies and headed downstairs to check on the breakfast.

Cliff had made waffles and pancakes with coconut cream and strawberry syrup. Jensen inhaled deeply the moment he stepped in the kitchen, smiling at both him and Shane.

"Morning everyone," he said as he went to sit down. Shane smirked at him, but Jensen merely reached for the coffee pot, filling himself a cup with some obvious difficulties. "I will be glad once I got rid of the casts," he muttered, sloshing only marginally over the rim and picking it up with both palms.

"How long do you have to keep them for?" Shane asked through a mouthful of waffles.

"Another week," Jensen lamented, looking sullen. The near helplessness was driving him insane.

"Close enough," Shane said, giving him a small smile.

Jensen put down his cup with a nod, reaching for the plate of cookies, stealing one. "What are your plans for today?" Shane asked him, finishing his first waffle and picking up a stack of pancakes.

"Easy with those," Jensen reminded him, nibbling on his cookie. "I don't know. I suppose I will have to check in with Francy at some point, going over what is going to happen with work."

"Don't you find it weird? Fucking in front of all those people when you're all Mr and Mrs in real life?" Shane said with his mouthful, twirling his fingers articulately in the air.

Jensen choked on his coffee and spluttered as he tried to think of what to say. In the end he settled on "Not really," and, "watch your language."

Shane rolled his eyes and tore back into his breakfast. "Do I have to come with you?"

"Yes." Jared said as he stepped into the kitchen, wet hair dripping down onto his nose. "And you shall not touch *anything*."

"No playing with the dildos?" The boy asked innocently, smirking widely at Jensen as he choked again.

"No playing with anything." Jared said sternly. "Especially not the dildos."

"Spoilsport."

"We can go out for lunch later." Jensen said hastily, grasping at a subject change with both hands. "Cliff, that alright with you?"

The big bodyguard nodded kindly. "Don't see why not. Any place you have in mind? I'll call and see about a table."

"How about that Italian place on 17th?" Jared sniggered, stealing a pancake and rolling it up like a cigar.

Jensen scowled. "Fuck no."

"Watch your language." Shane pounced with a smug grin.

Pinching his nose, Jensen sighed. "Remind me never to have children." He asked Cliff, who nodded seriously and poured them all refills of juice.

Jared shuddered, rolled up pancake held close to his lips. "Man, your kids would be the death of me. They'd be all cute and tiny and evil."

"My kids would not be evil." Jensen protested sullenly.

"Would too."

"Would not."

Shane watched the back and forth dialogue with barely concealed amusement.

"Come on Cliff," Jared called for backup. "Jensen's kids - instruments of chaos and destruction?" Cliff nodded and patted Jensen on the shoulder consolingly.

"I swear, I am the only adult." Shane gave a melodramatic sigh and moved on to pancake three.

Jared wrapped his arm around Jensen's waist and tugged delicately at him for a kiss. "Don't pout, love," he whispered in his ear. "You know I'd be head over heels with any baby we might decide to have."

Jensen swallowed, his heart doing a quick cartwheel in his chest, and he looked up at Jared with wide eyes. He didn't dare repeat what Jared had said, not wanting Cliff or even Shane to overhear now that he was almost sure Jared wasn't kidding, but he did press his lips over Jared's neck. Jared rubbed his palm over Jensen's side, a promise of deeper talk later.

"So, you want to go for a run, midget?"

Shane spluttered and wagged a finger at him. "Watch who you're calling midget!"

"Come on, in front of Tiny here, everyone is a midget," Jared said with a one-shouldered shrug in Cliff's direction, digging into his second waffle.

"You have a point," Jensen said, trying to work the butter knife and getting increasingly frustrated when it kept slipping between his stiff fingers. Jared quickly cottoned on and he took the knife from Jensen, carefully buttering up his toast for him.

"Jam?" He asked with a sweet smile.

Jensen sighed and shook his head. "No," he muttered. "It's fine."

"We won't be long." Jared leaned in and kissed the curve of Jensen's cheek.

Jensen smiled weakly and nodded.

By the time Jared and Shane stumbled through the door, sweaty and out of breath from their stubborn attempts to show off to one another, Jensen was up in the study working over some paperwork. Jared made a quick check up on him before obediently keeping the youngest member of the household entertained.

At lunch, as promised, Jensen emerged from his work, and after a quick change of clothes, they set off for a venue of Shane's choice. Jensen's expression when they pulled up outside the Dairy Queen was nothing short of hysterical.

"Think happy thoughts." Jared whispered in his ear, arm firmly around Jensen's hips, both for the contact, and to keep Jensen from running for the hills.

"I can feel my arteries drying up in protest." Jensen hissed, smile on his face plastered there for Shane's benefit as he chatted Cliff's ear off about the different ice creams.

"You don't want hotdogs and onion rings?" Jared asked innocently, his eyes wide with wicked glee. Forget Jensen's kids. Any child Jared had too much influence on would either ruling the world, or destroying it for shits and giggles.

"Regurgitated pork products and deep friend wood chipping? I'll pass."

"Aw, baby, don't be like that," Jared cooed, nuzzling his face. "We can get an Oreo Blizzard."

"How old are you again?"

Jared chuckled, and kissed the curve of Jensen's ear before standing to watch, rather comically, Cliff trying to edge himself into a booth. How he managed, and what he squashed in the process, Jared really rather not know, and they took the opposite bench with barely concealed grins.

"I want a triple cheeseburger with side of fries and a pepsi," Shane recited quickly, scanning the menu. Jensen groaned and thumped his forehead against Jared's shoulder, much to the general amusement. "Oh, and a waffle sundae mix."

"You just had *real* waffles!"

Jared laughed and squeezed Jensen closer with a tiny grin. "Come on, come on now. Let the youngling get what he wants, hm? We'll find you something vegan. Cliff?"

"A grilled burger for me, thanks."

"No ice cream?" Jared teased, sliding out of the booth with a quick caress to the back of Jensen's neck. "You baby?"

"I want to eat something that will not give me a stroke!"

Jared sighed and shook his head. "What about a nice turkey sandwich?" Jensen scrunched up his nose in such a Francesca-like way Jared couldn't resist -- he pressed a quick kiss to Jensen's nose and laughed at Jensen's bewildered expression.

"I'll choose for you. We can get a jumbo combo and share."

"You could eat two jumbo combos on your own!"

"Then think how awesome a boyfriend I am being by offering to share." Jared announced with a wink. He bounded off towards the counter before Jensen could get out a snappy comeback.

"Dude, you are nauseating, you know that, right?" Shane double checked with him as he began to fiddle with the condiments.

"So you have said." Jensen responded dryly. "Don't touch that, you might catch something."

Shane ignored him and began tapping his foot. He looked up, and suddenly went white, before looking back down at the table.

Jensen frowned, and followed the previous line of sight to the doorway. There, framed in the midday sun, were two of the scruffiest teenagers Jensen had seen in a long time. Hustlers, he realized, recognizing their gait, their dress, and the shrewd, scavenger expression on their pinched faces. "Do you know them?" Jensen asked Shane quietly.

Shane looked up briefly before shaking his head. "Not really."

"Do we need to leave?" Jensen asked again. Cliff had already shifted slightly, closer now to the edge of the booth, and ready to move at a second's notice.

Shane shook his head again, and Jensen surreptitiously looked between him and the two boys. "We can go someplace else," Jensen insisted, nudging at his fingers with his hand. Shane set his mouth in a grim line, his face a mask of stubbornness. Jensen recognized the signs and let it be, pretending to be very interested in the folded plastic menu on the table between them and Cliff.

A loud, unintelligible whisper reached Jensen's ears, and he looked up to see the two boys stare in disbelief at their table. For a split second Jensen was tempted to tell Cliff to get rid of them, but he thought better of it.

If there had to be a confrontation, sooner was always better than later.

"Holy fuck."

The tall one -- Mexican, Jensen guessed, with wide, dark eyes smeared with kohl -- advanced on the booth with a slight sway. "Well look atcha pal. Found your sugar daddy at long last."

Jensen's eyes narrowed, but he touched Cliff's arm briefly, telling him not to stand without needing to speak. The second kid was younger, probably sixteen, dirty blond hair and a leather vest that clung to him like a second skin. He was staring at Jensen with such a hunger in his eyes it made him shiver.

"It's not what you think." Shane said through gritted teeth, not looking up from the table.

The blond sneered, finally raking his eyes away from Jensen towards Shane, who only ruffled further. "Looks to me like it is exactly what we think. Always knew you were too pussy to hack it out for real. Pretty little Shane was always too good for the likes of us. Now you gone and sold your ass to the first rich trick who'd have you."

Shane's cheeks were red, and Jensen's quiet signal or not, Cliff had risen to his feet, huge, intimidating, and clearly pretty unhappy with the way his newest charge was being spoken to.

He wasn't alone.

Jensen was nearly shaking with anger.

Cliff's looming stance didn't deter either boys, who were both too young, too arrogant, and Jensen suspected too high to see the warning signs when they were flashing. The blond took a step closer to Jensen, who briefly entertained the idea of letting Jared turn him into a soccer ball. "Whatever you're paying him, it's too much. He might shine up like a pretty penny, but he's fucking shit at taking it up the ass." He shot Shane a condescending smile that made Jensen's skin crawl. "Or does he like it when you cry?"

Jensen didn't even realize he had moved until bright, agonizing pain shot up his arm, and someone screamed his name loudly in his ear. Solid arms wrapped around him from behind, dragging him back, and he knew straight away it wasn't Jared.

It was Cliff, who had to fight tooth and nail to keep Jensen from finishing what he had started, and beating the little shit to a bloody pulp.

The Mexican ran for the door as soon as Jensen leveled his fist with the Blond's jaw, his buddy laid out in a dazed, bloody tangle of limbs Jensen's feet.

"Jesus CHRIST!" Jared yelled, tossing the tray over an empty table as he rushed to where Cliff was still restraining Jensen. "What the fuck just happened? Baby, what--"

Just then he noticed the boy on the floor, still dazed by Jensen's punch. Bewildered, Jared looked from Blondie to Jensen, to Cliff, and finally to Shane, who was as red as a tomato, his knees roughly level with his forehead as he slid all the way down the bench.

Something clicked, and Jared's eyes turned stormy dark, like the seas in Hawaii before a tsunami.

"Should I call the police?"

"No, no," Jensen shook his head, cradling his arm across his chest. "No, leave it. I'm sure he got the message across."

Jared picked up the kid by the scruff of his neck, shaking him lightly and putting him on his feet, aware that people were staring. "Clear out of here before we call the cops." He growled. The kid, still dazed, looked like he wanted to mouth off - but had developed a brain between hitting Jensen's fist and the floor,

and wisely kept quiet. As soon as Jared set him on his feet, he scampered.

Cliff slowly loosened his hold on Jensen, who was an alarming mixture of deathly white face, and bright, angry pink cheeks. "You okay?" He asked gently, taking a hesitant step forward.

"Fine." Jensen responded, his teeth grinding together.

Jared took Jensen's hand carefully in his own. The plaster was bloody, and Jared didn't know if it belonged to Jensen, or the asshole. "We're going to need to get this looked at." He said quietly, more to Cliff, than Jensen.

Cliff nodded and almost lifted Shane clean out from behind the bench. The kid looked firmly at the floor, following Jensen, who in turn was being tugged forward by Jared. Cliff brought up the rear. Between the glares he and Jared were fixing on everyone, they had no problems making it to the parking lot.

Jensen and Jared took the back bench of the jeep, allowing Cliff to drive. "Does someone want to tell me what the fuck just happened there?" Jared demanded, sounding too calm.

"I hit the fucker." Jensen said sullenly.

"No, I got that part. Why? You don't hit people." Jared shot back, clearly angry with everyone, Jensen included.

Jensen snorted in disgust. "Don't I?" he said, sarcasm dripping from his voice. Jared rubbed at his forehead with his closed fist.

"No, you don't. Not like this. You don't pick fights; that's me, remember? I'd like an explanation with that excuse, thank you."

Jensen shook his head and looked away. Jared glanced at Cliff through the rearview mirror, eyes narrowed, but the bodyguard drove on without offering any insight.

Jared glared all around, trying to get a grasp on his failing patience, and breathed in several deep, calming breaths. "Jensen?"

"What?"

"I want to know what happened," Jared said very seriously.

"It was my fault," Shane said quietly, inaudibly almost, from the shotgun's seat.

Jared blinked and craned his neck to look at him, a big, puzzled frown on his brow.

"Why would you say that?" he asked, just as Jensen said, "No, it wasn't," in a whipsnap voice.

Shane gained the courage to speak up louder. "Yes it was. You didn't have to do that."

"So I was just supposed to let them talk to you like that?" Jensen sounded somewhere between sad and furious, and Jared began to get a clearer picture of what was happening.

Shane turned in the seat to look back at them. "Sticks and stones, dude, and you already *have* broken bones." He tried to sound cool and unaffected, but Jared imagined it had been a long time since anyone had defended him the way Jensen had.

"I only hit him the once." Jensen said sullenly, more to Jared, this time. "You'd have beaten the crap out of him."

"I'm allowed to beat the crap out of people! I don't have a shitload of broken fingers!" Jared protested.

"Like you did with Simon, you mean?" Jared sighed. He wondered when that was going to come up. They'd

not spoken about Jared's encounter with Simon. "So you're allowed to defend me, and I'm not allowed to stick up for Shane?"

"You know that isn't what I meant!" Jared protested. "Christ, you know it's not. I just...I've *never* seen you like this."

Jensen turned his gaze away, pulling his arm to his chest. He wasn't looking at Jared when he answered, "Some things just get to me."

Jared decided to give up for the time being. He shook his head, leaning back in his seat, and watched the traffic go past his window in a blur of colors.

Cliff got them to the hospital in less than ten minutes, which was remarkably impressive, and they cut through the E.R. to go directly to the doctor that had treated Jensen a week earlier. Him and Jared walked in her office, leaving Shane with Cliff to get a hot chocolate.

Dr. Miller wasn't impressed with Jensen's outburst, and she quickly changed the cast, x-raying Jensen's hand to check on his progress. "Did you really need to do that?" She scolded as she punched the machine into work, looking irritable. Jensen was still too worked up to look properly ashamed, but he did have the good grace not to look at Jared when he answered with a quiet 'yes'.

"Well, you did a pretty stupid thing," she said as she unstrapped Jensen's hand and gave him the all clear. "You wait outside, I'll let you know once the X-ray is ready."

Jared thanked Dr. Miller and escorted Jensen in the waiting room. When he saw that Cliff and Shane were both missing, he put his hands on Jensen's shoulders and made him turn to face him, looking at him very seriously.

"Are you going to tell me what did that punk say or do I have to guess?"

Jensen deflated a little, holding his wrist to his chest protectively. "It's not what he said, it's how."

"He hurt you?" Jared's eyes narrowed dangerously until Jensen shook his head.

"He said somethings about Shane. Things you'd have hit him for if you'd been there." He still didn't sound sorry, and if Jared wasn't so worried about him, he'd have probably been proud.

"You really care about the kid, huh?" He asked softly, leading Jensen over to the waiting seats.

"Yeah, but...he's *me* Jay, Me five years ago, and I keep thinking that maybe if I help him he doesn't have to make my mistakes."

"You can't make those decisions for him." Jared said sadly, wishing he could.

"I didn't have anyone there for me, Jared. And I want to be there for him, if he'll let me."

Jared was tempted to continue the conversation in a serious light, but couldn't bare to see Jensen look so worn down. "You kidding me? I think you just won a friend for life. We'll get no privacy now."

Jensen tried to smile, leaning his forehead against Jared's shoulder. "You think so, huh?"

"I know so," Jared said firmly, putting his arm around his waist. "We should probably talk to agent Dickwad," he added. Jensen's eyes shot up to stare at him in disbelief.

"About what?"

Jared tried to shrug nonchalantly. "About keeping Shane with us. Not permanently maybe... but until he can make it on his own. The last thing he needs is to be tossed in the system."

Jensen was looking at Jared as though he didn't quite believe what Jared was saying. "You want to ... you

want to be his foster parent?"

"Parents," Jared corrected him. "Both of us. I wouldn't do it without you, baby." He kissed Jensen's forehead, stroking his back gently.

"I - yeah, I think.. yes," Jensen gave a small, nervous little laugh. "You are asking me if we want to have a foster child?"

Jared grinned sheepishly and brushed Jensen's cheek with the back of his fingers. "Is it a bad thing or a good thing?"

Jensen pretended to think about it, but after a split second he leaned up to kiss Jared's cheek, his eyes full of emotion. "Good thing," he murmured. "Good."

Dr Miller called them back into the treatment room a short while later. "Congratulations, you have managed to escape any further injuries." She announced sardonically. "Now I am going to prescribe you a week's dosage of codeine for the pain, and you can return here next Thursday to have the casts removed."

"Thanks doctor." Jared deflated a little in relief and kissed Jensen's fingers.

"I don't need the drugs, thank you." Jensen added, leaning into Jared's touch. The words made Jared sigh, hating the idea of Jensen being in unnecessary pain, but he understood the reasons.

"It's against our religion." Jared put in, providing an excuse that didn't drag uncomfortable details into the spotlight.

Dr Miller muttered to herself but nodded, shooing them out of the treatment room.

Jared kept his arm around Jensen's waist as they headed to the parking lot, and found Shane and Cliff waiting for them in the foyer.

"How badly did you fuck yourself up?" Shane asked Jensen, standing as soon as he caught sight of them.

Jensen smiled at him. "Not even a little bit." He promised. "Why, you concerned?" He took on a teasing tone that made Shane scowl and shake his head furiously, defusing the boys guilt without even trying.

Jared held Jensen tightly. He would make a wonderful father.

The drive back was a quiet one, and both Jared and Shane behaved themselves.

As Cliff pulled them into the drive, Jared spied Christian's car parked out front and frowned. "What the?"

Steve and Chris leant against the hood of the car, crates of beer and shopping bags at their feet. "Yo!" Christian called as Jared exited the jeep.

"Cliff." Jensen turned a stern eye on their bodyguard, who looked contrite. "Did you call them?"

"If I overstepped my boundaries, I apologize."

Jared shook his off as he was pulled into a bone crushing hug. "It's cool, man." He'd been meaning to call his friends at some point. They had given them some space after Jensen got out of the hospital, and Jared had begun to miss them.

"Hey Jen." Steve hugged Jensen carefully before Chris followed. Jensen was surprised by how long Chris held on to him, his eyes wide over Chris' shoulder. It was the first time Chris had seen him since he had argued with Jared over Jensen's behavior, and Jared knew his friend was feeling guilty in light of all that had been revealed at the hospital.

"Hey," Jensen said with a smile once Chris let him go and patted him awkwardly on his back. "How have you been?"

"I should ask the same question to you, and to your fiancée," Chris said, smirking as Jared walked closer and slapped him on his back. "How have you been holding up?"

"Just fine," Jared said with a smile. "I'm glad you're here, man. I have to introduce you guys to someone."

Jared turned around and motioned for Shane to get out of the car, trying to smile encouragingly. "Shane. C'mon over. They're my buddies, the guys I told you about. Crazy musicians."

Shane tentatively emerged, hands stuffed in his pockets and sullen set to his mouth like any emo teenager worthy of the name. Jensen met him halfway, smiling himself, and putting one arm around his shoulders. "Shane, meet Christian Kane and Steven Carlson."

"Steve," he was immediately corrected as Steve extracted his hand to shake Shane's. "Nice to meet you."

Shane shook his hand, but before he could speak Christian had walked over and introduced himself, "If you need anything to blackmail Jared with, I am the man."

"HEY!" Jared shot indignantly, but he could see Shane's surprised, hesitant grin.

"I will keep that in mind," the kid said as his hand was engulfed in Chris's bigger one.

"No you won't," Jared said crossly, but he was cheering on the inside. "Let's get in. I haven't eaten anything and I am craving for some good ol' fashioned ribs." His stomach rumbled on cue.

"I'll make salad." Jensen offered, letting Cliff unlock the door and deal with the alarms. The dogs were out on the back porch whilst they were out, and most likely sleeping.

"No need." Steve beamed, holding up the bags. "We came prepared."

"I picked the steaks." Chris said, pleased with himself. "And the beer."

"Can I drink?" Shane asked, eyeing the two musicians carefully.

"No." Jared and Jensen responded at once.

The kid scowled and rolled his eyes.

"You guys suck." Chris patted the kid on the shoulder consolingly. "You got boring with old age."

"Look who's talking, Grandpa." Jared shot back, stealing the beer and putting half in the freezer, half in the fridge. "House rules state that there is no drinking to be done by those unable to grow proper facial hair." He stroked his own scruffy chin by example.

Chris dumped the bags on the counter and began fishing out various foods as Steve and Cliff went to boot up the grill. "That rules Jen out, then." Chris teased Jensen, who had convinced Jared to shave him over the past week.

"Forgive me for not wanting to look like a yeti." Jensen shot back dryly.

"I can't imagine you with facial hair." Shane spoke quietly, but had made the effort to join the conversation, and Jared cheered a little.

"Never gonna happen, kid." Jared sniggered, brushing his fingers over Jensen's smooth jaw. "Jensen's pretty defies facial hair." Teasing Jensen when they were both relaxed and comfortable was the best memory Jared had of their earlier days together, when Jensen's sharp tongue would cut him to shreds in seconds, and their banter was fast and furious.

And fraught with bruises, Jared added belatedly as Jensen elbowed him in the gut.

There were moments when Jared wished with fervent desperation that by some magical means, thing could go back to when they first started dating. When Jared wouldn't lose sleep over changing the alarm codes, and they wouldn't need a live in bodyguard. When, if he closed his eyes, he saw Jensen in all his naked, beautiful glory, and not falling apart in an hospital bed.

He regretted going down that train of thoughts immediately. Jensen would usually pick up on the flash in his eyes, and he didn't have it in himself to be a quick liar, so things would just be strained until Jensen could beat out of him whatever it was that got him thinking, and he'd better have prepared a good lie by then.

If there was one thing Jared absolutely hated, it was making Jensen feel guilty for the places Jared's subconscious went to. He'd never, ever exchange what they had for anything else, but he'd be a liar if he didn't admit, even only to himself, that he missed those moments.

But then Jensen would turn around and smile at him, bruises fading under the cover his expensive clothes, his jaded eyes frayed at the edges and suffused with devotion, and Jared would kick himself in the ass and go to embrace him, all of him. He pressed his lips to the curve of Jensen's neck, nuzzling like a pup until Jensen squealed and tried to bat him away.

"Tickles," he complained with half a moan. Jared smiled and kissed him on his lips, briefly, but still intimate enough to have Jensen slump a little against his chest.

"Does it hurt?" Jared asked quietly, nodding towards Jensen's arm.

Jensen averted his eyes, and shrugged half-heartedly. "Nothing I can't handle."

"Jen..."

Jensen kissed him softly. "It's alright, promise."

"Are they always so-" Shane made a gagging gesture with his fingers, and Chris snorted.

"This is pretty tame. You should have seen them at the AMAs." At Shane's bemused expression, Chris added, "The Adult Movie Awards."

Shane's eyes grew twice in size. "They have porn *awards*?"

"You are so adorably young." Jared simpered, untangling himself from Jensen and flicking Shane's ear.

"I think you can youtube it." Chris shrugged.

"Even think about it and I will cancel the internet." Jensen said sweetly.

"You can come over to our place and check." Chris offered in a loud stage whisper.

Jensen threw his arms in the air. "Why do I even bother?"

"Because you make a good mom." Chris teased.

"Blow me." Jensen said rudely, making Chris laugh even louder.

Jared growled playfully and tugged Jensen to his side. "Mine."

"Oh, I was missing the He-man routine," Jensen rolled his eyes, but his cheeks were glowing.

"You never know, Chris might take you up on it." Jared glared at his friend, scooping Jensen up and adjusting him in his lap. Jensen squirmed and laughed, elbowing Jared in the chest half-heartedly.

"My big strong male," Jensen said with a dramatic sigh.

"Indeed," Jared flexed his biceps playfully, but he didn't miss the way Shane's eyes bulged out at the display of muscle. Jared usually downplayed his own body strength in the house, trying to wear loose clothes and hoodies and to make himself less imposing -- he figured it was a pleasant change for Jensen, too. He never regarded himself at being intimidating, but apparently he was.

"Right, now grill. Let's get going." Chris said, clapping his hands together. "And you," he added, nodding to Jensen. "I need to have a word with you later."

"Sure," Jensen nodded, smiling slightly. Jared kissed his temple and let him slide down in a chair, standing up to join Chris. It was too cold to barbecue out, even for LA, and Jared got the grill going at the stove, unpacking sausages and steaks and frozen ribs, dipping them in oil and tossing them over the grill, laughing and stepping back when they begun to sizzle and spray hot drops of grease everywhere.

Shane was watching the proceedings with a wary eye, but his stomach rumbled traitorously, making Jensen smile. "You know Jared makes a mean barbeque. You'll love it."

"How old are you, Shane?" Steve asked with a smile, sipping from a glass of water.

Shane bristled a little, his expression turning slightly sour as he looked back at Steve. "Old enough." He said defensively.

Jensen shot him a quiet look, that managed to be both understanding and scolding at once. "Shane."

Jared's spine automatically tightened at his tone of voice. It was the one that balanced on the edge of disappointment. Shane deflated a little and added, "Seventeen."

Then something of a miracle happened. Chris, whom Jared assumed was still bending over backwards out of guilt, actually managed to develop a sense of timing, and grinned like a loon. "When Jared was seventeen he got drunk for like the first time."

"I did not!" Jared huffed from the grill. "And what did I say about telling stories about me?"

Chris ignored him completely. "And he thought it would be a cool idea to go skinny dipping in the school swimming pool."

"Oh lord." Jensen hadn't heard this one, and lit up like a Christmas tree.

Jared turned pink, and went back to the steak. Food had never mocked him.

"So he's like, totally wasted, and running around in his birthday suit." Chris continued gleefully.

"Shut up."

"And he took a cannon ball from the top board. He was dating this total skank at the time." Chris paused to spit emphatically in the sink. "And he chickened out."

"Yeah, and he had my fucking clothes!" Jared added suddenly, spinning around and waving the spatula in the air. "Dickwad."

"He left you there naked?" Shane asked, his eyes bugging out comically.

"He did," Jared sniffed, looking supremely haughty.

"I think he was worried by that rod between his legs that didn't even shrink with the cold water," Steve said with a sardonic grin.

"HEY!" Jared yelled, spatula waving comically mid air.

Jensen choked on his own soda and started giggling uncontrollably. "Oh, this is priceless."

"I was DRUNK!" Jared stated vehemently, flipping around a steak. "And you were drunker than I was. And tried to hump Steve while he was driving."

"Utterly false accusations!" Chris said indignantly.

"I still have photos." Jared said, rather smugly. "And I, unlike you, have never sung Madonna at top of my lungs while hood-riding."

"Hood riding?" Shane echoed, not knowing what to do with the new bits of information.

Jensen hooted with laughter, trying to string two words together without choking on his own saliva, but he wasn't getting anywhere with it. "Explain to me how you didn't get arrested." He managed to choke out, arm tucked to his ribs as he wheezed.

Jared had the good grace to look highly embarrassed. "Actually.."

"You got arrested?" Shane seemed to think that was pretty cool, by the look on his face, and Jensen's expression switched from amused to stern in a heartbeat.

"Jared Tristan Padalecki, you got arrested for being drunk and disorderly?" If Jared hadn't caught the sparkle of mirth in Jensen's eyes, he'd have thought him momma had suddenly entered the room.

"We didn't really get arrested." Steve shrugged. "Since someone was sober..."

"Yeah, yeah, you saved us." Jared rolled his eyes.

"Saved your pretty ass from the drunk tank, more like." Steve shot back. "And your momma's wrath. She never did like that douchebag."

"My momma is an awesome judge of character." Jared beamed.

Chris nodded. "Which is why she likes Jensen more than she likes you."

"Doesn't explain why she likes you though, does it Christian?" Jensen smiled sweetly, flushing a little at the reminder of how easily Jared's family had accepted him.

Chris pouted, but before he could protest, Steve wrapped an arm around his shoulders as said, "Well no one is perfect."

Shane chose that moment to speak up. "Your mom isn't freaked out by the fact that you're a fag?"

Jared shrugged easily. "Well she doesn't like the 'f' word, and neither do I, but no, she doesn't really care who I date, so long as they're not insane, nasty, or have bad personal hygiene."

"Very high standards," Chris said seriously.

Shane looked uncomfortable, and shuffled a little on his chair, looking at Jared through lowered eyelashes. "So she's okay with it?"

"It's not a disease, Shane," Jared said, in a gentler voice. "She doesn't mind, and neither does my dad."

"And your job?"

Jared chuckled. "That never really quite came up. I think they're more ashamed of the fact that they couldn't pay my bills for college, and that I had to support myself, rather than how I had to support myself. Plus, they're head over heels for Jensen, so..." he trailed off with a bright smile, and poked at a couple of ribs with his fork. "I think those are just right. Jensen, plate," he added, grinning like a loon. "You get to be the first to taste this delicacy of nouvelle cuisine."

Jensen obediently passed his plate along, and Jared piled it with sausages, four ribs, and a side of well

done steak, getting a small eyeroll out of Jensen. "I'm not going to be able to eat all of this," he protested, but Jared shushed him with a kiss.

"Go sit, and I'll be right there."

Shane got just as big a portion, and twitched as he waited for Jared to serve everyone else. Jensen took pity on him and smiled. "You better start before it goes cold. Jared isn't known for being speedy."

Shane nodded gratefully and speared a sausage with his fork.

"Good?" Jared asked from the stove, smiling at Shane, who nodded, his mouth full.

As soon as Chris and Steve were served, Jared grabbed a jug of water from the fridge and set it in the middle of the table. He took a seat next to Jensen and began to cut up the steak and sausages. Jensen let him, leaning slightly against his side as Chris and Steve lead the conversation. Jared had left a plate out for Cliff, who returned from doing a sweep of the house, and took a seat next to Shane.

"How long until you get your hands back?" Steve asked curiously between bites of steak.

"Next week." Jensen sighed, glad Jared was letting him struggle to manage his own cutlery.

"What about filming?" Chris said with his mouthful.

Jensen shrugged. "Cast comes off on Thursday, we're back on set on Monday."

"No recovery time?" Steve frowned, reflecting Jared's expression.

"I've already put us three weeks behind schedule. Trust me when I say you don't want to know how many thousands of dollars that is."

Jared nudged at his shoulder with his own. "I'm sure Francesca wouldn't mind giving you a few extra days."

"I've already talked things over with her, and we need to get to work, Jared," Jensen said without looking up from his plate. "Premiere is due in a month from now, and by then we should've wrapped up the whole series."

"How many episodes are there?" Chris asked, trying to steer the matter away from personal conflict and into something more business like.

"Thirteen," Jensen answered. "We're six behind, and filming six in a month it's going to be tasking enough."

Jared didn't say anything, but reached for a bottle of beer and uncorked it, taking a long swing. "The network is really pushing for the break," he added, "The promotion behind it is going to be huge."

"Like the replicas you can buy on ebay, you mean?"

Jared tossed half a sausage at Chris, and it bounced in the middle of his forehead leaving a botchy, reddish mark, much to Steve's amusement. "You're just jealous," Jared sing-songed, digging into his own steak. Chris didn't dignify him with an answer.

The barbeque lasted well into the afternoon. Jared had been right in his prediction, and Chris and Shane hit it off straight away, discussing music and football like long-time bar buddies. Steve helped Jared clean up before going to join them in an epic match at the Wii.

Jensen sat at the kitchen counter, a cup of coffee in his hands and a small, enigmatic smile on his face.

"What?" Jared asked, turning to him as he was placing away all the plates.

"Nothing," Jensen said with a shrug.

"You lookweird." Jared said, coming to sit next to him. "What's the matter?"

"I don't look weird." Jensen protested, taking a sip of his coffee.

"It's a cute weird." Jared amended. "But seriously, what's wrong?"

Jensen turned that strange little smile on him, and Jared frowned. It wasn't an expression he had seen before, and had no frame of reference for it.

"We need to quit." Jensen said eventually.

Jared blinked, not ready to believe he was hearing what he thought he was. "Huh?"

"I want you to go back to college, Jared. I want out of porn." Jensen said simply, no hint of dishonesty in his eyes. He looked strangely calm.

Jared, well Jared really wasn't calm. "You what?"

Jensen's casted hands settled gently on his cheeks, and he leaned in, stealing the softest of kisses. "You want it in writing?"

"Might help." Jared said faintly. "Why?"

Jensen sighed and looked down, but Jared kept a hold of his hands. "I want a new start when this ends. We can't have that in porn. I want you to do what you always wanted to - to go back to school, back to being a nerd. And Shane...pornstars are not the top of the list for acceptable foster parents, Jared."

Jared thought his heart might explode, it was going so fast. He stroked Jensen's hands delicately, his eyes shining under his bangs. "Do you honestly mean it?" he said quietly, afraid to speak too loud and break his bubble of hope.

Jensen nodded. "I do."

Jared kissed his lips chastely, thumbs running up and down the curve of Jensen's wrists. "What about you?" he asked, in the same soft voice. "What do you want to do?"

Jensen shrugged awkwardly. "Haven't been thinking that far ahead. Not yet."

Jared smiled at him. "Maybe you should."

"Yeah."

"Do you want to go back to school?"

Jensen flushed guiltily, and Jared cheered on the inside, almost not daring to believe it. "Maybe. Just high school, you know. Private, I don't want to... to literally go back."

Jared grinned, wrapping his arms around his chest. "I'd say. I can't be jealous of the gym teacher."

Jensen laughed, shaking his head, and he looped his arms loosely around Jared's neck. "I want to give you the life you deserve," he admitted then, his cheeks tinted with pink. "And you deserve better than this."

"Hey-"

"Don't argue with me, Jared." Jensen said softly. "Please. Look at this, look at us; we're every mother's cliched nightmare. I know you've wanted out for a long time, and I've selfishly kept you here."

"Jen, don't say that. I love you. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you." Jared protested, curling his fingers in the warm, soft hair at the nape of Jensen's neck.

"I know," Jensen said quietly. "And I would do *everything* for you, too," he said with a smile. "Don't you ever stop to think about that? That I would do all it takes for you, just as you'd do for me?" He guided Jared's hand over the ring hanging around his neck. "We have a commitment."

"We do," Jared said, voice choked.

Jensen leaned up to brush their mouths together. "Then stop arguing."

Jared nodded and kissed him back, cupping the back of Jensen's head to draw him closer, the tip of his tongue running across the curve of Jensen's lower lip. Jensen sighed and parted his lips, leaning against Jared for support, his hands clumsily running through Jared's longer hair.

Jared smiled against Jensen's lips, his fingers cradling Jensen's head like it was a precious, fragile thing. He hadn't felt so light in weeks, months, like something had been lifted off his chest and he could finally breathe easier.

"One downside to having a kid in the house." Jared breathed against Jensen's lips. "I'd totally have had my way with you right now if we didn't have company."

"Guess you'll just have to possess your soul in patience then." Jensen grinned, his eyes bright and free from the shadows that had darkened them for so long. "Which reminds me, I need to talk to Christian."

Jared blinks. "I don't know what worries me more. That patience makes you think of Chris, or that sex does."

"Now you know you're the only guy for me, baby." Jensen promised faithfully, the term of endearment making Jared's spine tingle with a rush of warmth. "I'm yours, remember?"

"Mine." Jared agreed.

"If you two want to stop necking in there, we need some back up in here before your brat bankrupts us!" Chris suddenly bellowed from the front room.

"Not my fault you wanted to play for cash." Shane shouted just as loud, sounding far too pleased with himself.

Jensen chuckled. "I think your kid is hustling our friends."

"So now he's *mine* huh?" Jared grinned, standing and pulling Jensen with him.

"Well I certainly never got arrested for drunken behavior." Jensen sniffed.

"Let it go, baby."

"You did, didn't you?"

Jared shook his head and they went into the living room holding hands, Jensen leaning in Jared's side with a precious, shy smile. "Well, looks like Raul doesn't have to teach you anything on this." He said as he went to sit down on his armchair, Jared perched on the armrest.

"No hustling under this roof," Jared said sternly. "Chocolate chips coins worked just fine the other time."

"He said he wanted to play with cash!" Shane repeated, pointing at Christian. Jared grinned. Somehow, it wasn't a stretch believing it.

"Not anymore. Chocolate it is." Jared picked up a bag of chocolate coins out of the silver plate on the coffee table and tossed it at Shane. "No nibbling before the hand is played out," he added, trying to sound stern.

The rest of the day passed amiably, with all of them getting their ass sorely kicked by Shane at cards, and

patching up their wounded pride at Wii bowling and Guitar Hero. Steve was a master, and no one had yet managed to beat his first and second place, although not for lack of trying.

Before Steve and Christian took off, Jensen had disappeared with Chris in the backyard, something that worried Jared more than a little bit, even though he tried not to let it show -- too much. He didn't want to give Chris too much ammo in case he noticed.

That went right out of the window the moment they reappeared, both of them looking rather flustered, with barely concealed grins.

"Okay, what the fuck is going on?"

Jensen kissed him by way of answer, and Jared's suspicion shot up through the roof.

Chris wore the word 'guilty' stamped on his forehead, and could barely meet his eye. "Jensen..."

When Jensen outright giggled, Jared knew he was fucked. He sighed and shook his head, knowing he'd be let in on the game sooner or later.

Shane actually looked sorry to see Chris and Steve leave, and as they pulled away, he looked over at Jared. "They're kinda okay." He admitted casually, shrugging his shoulders.

Jensen continued to giggle, and Jared sought refuge with the pups.

Scene Two

The rest of the evening passed quietly. Jensen turned in to bed early, his face pinched, no doubt from the pain. He said good night to Shane, and curled up in bed. Jared offered to stay with him, but Jensen shook his head. "It's fine, I'm just going to sleep."

Leaning over to kiss Jensen's brow, Jared nodded. "All right. I'll check on you later."

Jensen smiled and closed his eyes, and despite what he said, Jared waited until he was sleeping to leave.

By the time he was downstairs again, Shane had barricaded himself in his bedroom, leaving Jared and Cliff lounging around the house, a little lost without Jensen to keep them occupied. Jared sat down at the table and ate a small mountain of sour gummy worms, and as his blood sugar level soared, the realization that he was going to be going back to college suddenly brought with it a whole bubble of excitement.

He bounced to his feet and hammered on Shane's door. "Hey kid, stop looking at porn for a sec."

Shane swore at him, and a minute later the door swung open. Shane was red in the face, and scowling. "Dude. Not cool."

Jared ignored him. "I need to you work the internet thingy."

Shane arched a mocking eyebrow, but Jared didn't care. "Huh?"

"I want to look at college courses and you're the technical wiz in the household."

"College courses?" Shane repeated, looking unsettled. "Why?"

Jared picked up on the subtle change in Shane's eyes, and tried for nonchalance. "Just curious. You know anything about them?"

Shane looked at him like he was nuts. "I'm turning eighteen in three months; of course I know."

"Ever thought about it?" Jared asked good-naturally as he walked into Shane's room, flopping down on the

bed.

"I dropped out a year and half ago, Jared," Shane said slowly, sitting back at his computer, the revolving chair squeaking as he gave it a half-spin. "Nothing I can think about."

"That's bullcrap." Jared said, matter-of-factly. "You can always go back and start over."

Shane snorts. "Right. That's me. System can't exactly afford Yale, man."

"But we can," Jared said, waiting for Shane's reaction. The kid didn't answer, not immediately, and began worrying the skin at the back of his hand with his fingernails.

"Right," he said at length. "What do you need the courses for?"

"I was thinking of finishing my major. Believe it or not, I was a total geek in high school. I like chem and maths." He grinned at Shane's gagging sound. "What about you, smartass? What you'd like to take?"

"Nothing," Shane said quickly, too quickly, his cheeks flowing red. "I mean, school sucks."

"I'd totally believe you if I hadn't seen the way you master that thing." Jared waved a hand at the computer. "You not thought about IT or something?"

That got Shane's attention, and his brow wrinkled thoughtfully. It didn't last long though. "Still doesn't change anything."

"Sure it does." Jared prompted gently. "I told you; we're not short on cash. You want to go back to school; we'll help you."

"Out of the goodness of your heart." Shane looked a little desperate. "Why are you being so nice to me? What's in it for you? What do you want?" He ended on a shrill note, an edge of panic that Jared had been expecting for a few days now. Shane had settled in with them remarkably quickly, but Jared had no problem seeing the struggle between the desperately hopeful kid, and the hardened, cynical man he had been forced to become. So far Shane's longing for someone to actually take responsibility for him, and to let him feel safe, had won over, aided no doubt by Simon's brief roll in his life.

Now it seemed that he was feeling stable enough to try erect those walls of his. Jensen had been just the same, one minute desperate to believe Jared was different, and the other recoiling as he waited for the other shoe to drop.

Jared slid off the bed to kneel on the floor, purposely putting himself in a more vulnerable position. "I know it is hard to believe, but I don't want anything. I really don't."

"Why not?" The kid asked brokenly.

"Because he is a knight in shining armor." Jared felt a twang in his neck as he whipped around to face the door, Jensen standing in the shadow of the frame, looking no less rested. Shane must have shouted louder than he had realized.

Jensen took a few steps into the room and sat on the edge of the bed, meeting Shane's eyes quite seriously. "I've been where you are, Shane. When we met, I was convinced he wanted something from me, that he was only interested in what I could give him."

Shane held Jensen's gaze, and Jared felt a little uncomfortable at being talked about in third person as though he wasn't there. However, he knew Jensen would handle this a hundred times better than he could possibly do.

"And he wasn't?" Shane asked, voice cutting through like a sharp-edged knife. Jared tried not to take offense. He was used to it.

"No, he wasn't," Jensen said, quite seriously. "He never asked me anything. Everything he did for me, he

did it with a smile on his face and a shrug of his shoulders. And god knows I tried to break him, to get him to leave me behind as I thought he eventually would."

Jared looked up at Jensen and reached out to take hold of Jensen's hand, cradling it against his cheek with a silent kiss.

Shane's eyes traced the movement briefly before going back to stare at Jensen. "But you two were fucking."

"Language," Jared said automatically.

Jensen smiled and shook his head. "No. We worked together, sure, but that was ...that was different. He waited for weeks before even kissing me," Jensen grinned at the memory, stroking Jared's jaw. "And months before I was ...secure enough to sleep with him."

Jared could tell Shane wasn't understanding the mechanics all that well, but he listened on, rapt to what Jensen had to say.

"He lived in a world where there were no hidden ends, no double meanings. It took me forever to accept that, and even now I don't know why he sticks with me with all the shit I put him through." Jensen did look down at Jared this time, his eyes filled with emotion. "He just does."

"He loves you." Jared said, his throat tight.

Jensen nodded and looked up at Shane. "So I know it is hard, but I promise you, we don't want anything from you."

"Then why do all this?" Shane spread his arms wide, indicating the room, the clothes, the computer.

Jared was completely surprised by Jensen's answer. "Honestly? Because no one did it for me. I used to be you, Shane. I spent four years in hell because no one would help me, no one cared enough to bother. We can help you, and we do care."

Jared didn't know which of them to hug first, so stayed still between them. He looked up at Shane and tried to give him an encouraging smile. "If you want to go back to school, we will help." He repeated.

"Or you can do it with me." Jensen offered an alternative. Shane frowned, not following him. "I dropped out at seventeen. Kinda want to finish, just so I can say I did." His smile was a little self depreciating. "Jared's the brainbox, but I want to say I graduated high school, you know?"

Shane nodded, possibly understanding on a level Jared couldn't.

The kid suddenly broke the tension by shooting Jared and incredulous look. "And you can't work the internet?"

Jared knew he was being mocked. "I can work it, I just don't *like* it much."

"He's your typical genius, aren't you babe." Jensen grinned, leaning down to kiss Jared's forehead. "So, you find anything that looks interesting?"

"We have barely started," Jared said with a smile. "Figured Shane would give me a hand with this. And you can toss in a few ideas."

Jensen smiled and shuffled back on the bed, making room for Jared to sit on the covers next to him. "Can you carry that here?" Jensen asked, gently, and Shane unplugged his Mac to go sit to Jensen's other side, balancing the laptop on his knees.

"What schools are there in the area?" he asked, almost wondering to himself as he pulled up Google's search page.

Jared shrugged. "A handful. You need to look for private ones."

"Right."

They spent roughly two hours going over different private schools, and all the programs they offered - from science to art oriented, GED personal tutors, night classes. Jensen wasn't too keen on sitting in a classroom or having anyone else around teaching him, but in the end Jared managed to convince them that if they had a tutor to share, they could drive him insane together and still learn something.

Point Padalecki. Now it was to narrow it down to the best program for each of his kids.

Shane was fast on the computer. After much prodding, he admitted to having taken a few IT classes in high school and being pretty good at it. Jared smiled his tiny, smug grin of "I knew it", and went on looking for the best tech&IT private, back to school program in the whole of LA.

"You know how many pages show up if I Google you guys?" He said after a while, he and Jensen going over the course specifics for business and marketing -- Jensen's soft spot. Jared choked on his tongue and glared at him, wagging his finger to the screen.

"What did Chris put you up to?"

"Nothing."

"Uh huh. I said no porn." Jared put his foot down.

"Double standards, dude." Shane snorted, tapping away. Jared spluttered when pages and pages popped up, some, to his horror, with streaming video links.

"Close your mouth, Jare." Jensen said sweetly, grinning as Jared stared at the screen in shock.

"Bet you never said that in a film." Shane mumbled under his breath.

"Time for bed!" Jared said loudly, jumping off the bed in a lightning flash. "Night Shane!" He was bright pink and almost steaming.

Jensen burst into a fit of giggles that turned to a yelp as Jared suddenly hauled him up off the bed and into his arms. "Jared!"

"We're going! No porn!" Jared spluttered as Shane clicked a link, and his own voice suddenly filled the room, low and gruff and demanding.

"Jesus Christ, did your parents drop you in radioactive chemicals when you were a kid?" Shane stared at the screen with wide eyes.

"I mean it! Jared yelled from the door, still clutching Jensen to his chest like a protective screen. "No porn! You're not eighteen yet. It's illegal!"

Jensen's voice followed Jared, desperate and begging, and Jared practically fled the room with fire on his heels, Shane's smug, self satisfied laughter following behind them.

Jensen laughed all the way up to their room, bright, pink spots coloring his cheeks as he let Jared carry him without too much fuss. "That was priceless."

"I am blocking his internet content."

"You don't even know how to check your own email."

"I will get Cliff to do it," Jared says stubbornly. "No porn for the kid."

Jensen giggled as Jared lay him down on the bed, his eyes shining. "You would make a good father," he said

then, mirth melting in something different, warmer, more intimate.

Jared knelt on the bed beside him, framing his face with his palms and drawing him in for a kiss. "So would you. An excellent father at that." He turned around, dragging Jensen in his lap with a bright grin. Jensen squirmed as Jared's long fingers probed at his ribs, tickling lightly, and elbowed him in the nose in retaliation.

"OUCH!" Jared mock pouted, scowling. "No fun."

"Don't tickle." Jensen admonished, settling himself down in Jared's arms, his head against his shoulder. "You really meant it then?"

"Of course I did," Jared said softly. "Kid's had shit luck."

Jensen nodded soberly. "He had."

"You want to tell me who that kid was? The one you beat up with your *broken hand* earlier at the DQ?" He asked, going a little more serious. "Someone we should worry about?"

Jensen looked away. "I think maybe we should see about getting Shane someone to talk to." He fiddled with the soft fabric of Jared's sweater, unable to meet his eyes.

Jared covered his hands with his own. "Like a psychiatrist, you mean?"

"Yeah." Jensen nodded. "The kid I hit, he said some things about Shane, about hurting him. With sex." He added after a long beat.

Jared nodded slowly. He had feared as much. "Maybe that is a good idea."

"He's so young."

Holding Jensen tighter, Jared cautiously seized the opportunity to push his own thoughts on the matter forward. "Have you considered maybe doing something like that yourself?"

"You think I should?" Jensen asked, looking up with bruised eyes. Shane was good for him, Jared thought, but the process wasn't easy. Jared was hesitant, but having the kid around was forcing them both to face some truths they would rather put aside. Jensen raising the issue of a therapist was a good thing, in more ways than one. It meant he recognized that Shane's life experiences were not ones which could be brushed under the rug, and he had already voiced his own opinions on their similarities.

Jared wondered what would have happened if Agent Collins had never taken the kid from Simon's grasp. In many ways Shane was far less naive than Jensen had been, but at seventeen, neither of them were capable of dealing with what they had experienced.

Jensen looked at Jared, long and carefully, before nodding slowly. "Alright." He agreed. "I want to do this properly. Clean start, right?"

Jared almost cried at that, real, full tears that would've probably turned hysterical if he just allowed them to run free. He didn't, though. He stroked Jensen's wrists and arm with his fingertips and nodded with him. "Clean start."

Jensen closed his eyes, looking worn out and about ten years younger than his age. Jared's heart had never felt as strongly inclined to hold him and cradle him against his chest, shielding him from the world.

"Will you come with me?" Jensen asked after a minute, his voice cracking. "I don't -- I don't think I can do it on my own."

Jared kissed his brow. "I will, if you want me to." He ran his fingers through his hair, nuzzling Jensen's cheek. "It might be even a good thing for me, too. For both of us."

Jensen bit his lower lip, his eyes skating downwards. "Yeah," he whispered. For the longest while, Jensen didn't speak. When he opened his mouth again, it took him a good few seconds before stringing the words together.

"I'm sorry."

Jared knew it was pointless to argue. "I know," he said simply, sliding his fingers underneath his chin and tilting his head up. "No more apologies now, though, okay?"

Jensen nodded again. "I --okay."

Jared kissed his lips, still cradling Jensen's arm across his chest. Jensen hissed a little in discomfort, and Jared cringed. "You sure you don't want-"

"No," Jensen murmured. "No."

Jared nodded and snuggled them both under the covers. "Try get some sleep, baby." He soothed, hating the fact that Jensen was denied the chance to alleviate some of the pain he was feeling.

Jensen kissed him softly good night, and settled down, warm and comfortable in Jared's arms.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Act 36: Machiavellian weave

Rating: NC-17

Summary: Jared might hold the title when it comes to romantic gestures, but Jensen's not without a trick or two himself.

Warnings: lace, Jensen, Jared, a bed.

Notes: This part is for [too rational](#), who has done the astounding job of compiling all the parts into one interactive pdf! Thank you so much!

The week passed quickly, with several updates from Agent Collins and Elijah, both of who seemed to be caught in their own private battle. Jensen celebrated the removal of his cast with a small party, thrown by Jared and Shane, with Cliff supervising the production of all consumables. Chris and Steve strummed lightly as they played around with new material, and Jensen spent the afternoon sitting with Jared, their fingers entwined.

Jared couldn't help playing with the ring he had bought, which now sat on Jensen's finger, right where it belonged.

That night, before they left, Chris and Jensen vanished. Jared tried to pry an answer out of Steve, who merely shrugged mysteriously and winced as he lost the last hand of cards to Shane. The kid knew how to hustle, that was for sure.

Jared and Jensen had managed to convince him to take the final two years of high school, with the promise that if his GPA was good, and he worked hard, they would support him through the college of his choice.

Jared had honestly expected it to be tougher, but once the first of his private classes was booked, Shane spent the hours locked in his room trying to catch up on all his reading. He tried to play it off when they teased him, but Jared was surprisingly proud of his determination to actually make something of himself.

Shane turned in an hour or so after Chris and Steve left, helping Jared and Cliff clean up, whilst Jensen retreated upstairs. Cliff did a round, and bid Jared goodnight, wanting to get an early night before they were back on set at stupid o'clock the next morning.

Jensen was still awake by the time Jared walked upstairs to lay down with him. He had the covers up to his chest, but he was playing idly with his finger and the ring that adorned it.

His smile was as warm as a summer day in Texas when Jared walked in. "Hey."

"Hello beauty." Jared murmured, crawling up the bed and laying down next to him above the covers. Jensen turned slightly on the side, running his hand over Jared's arm coyly. He had a bright gleam in his eyes that made Jared shiver.

"We had a good day," Jared said quietly, kissing Jensen's wandering fingers.

Jensen nodded and cupped Jared's cheek. "I missed this," he confesses quietly. At Jared's questioning look, Jensen ran his fingers through his hair, softly massaging his scalp. "This." He murmured. He let his hand travel slowly down Jared's chest, playing with the buttons of his shirt. "This," he added, voice going lower. "And this." Jensen's fingers finally rested on Jared's fly, squeezing experimentally.

Jared's breath hitched, and he stared into the depths of Jensen's eyes, trying to decipher what was going on behind them.

"I got you a present." Jensen whispered seductively, his green eyes dark.

Jared's smile grew to epic proportions. "Did you now?"

"Uh huh. Only, you have to unwrap it." Jensen leant back against the pillows, castless arms bare and winter white against the bedding.

"I like presents." Jared grinned, curling his fingers over the edge of the covers. He pulled it back slowly, down until he saw that Jensen had put the silver rings back in his nipples. Jared's mouth watered. He bent down and licked, tugging on one, then the other with his teeth. The covers were pulled lower, and lower still, until Jared reached Jensen's crotch, and the only words that filtered through to his brain were *lace*, and *panties*.

His jaw was hanging low, he threw the covers back, taking in the black, silky thigh high stockings, and let out a small, honest to god *whimper*.

"You like?" Jensen asked breathlessly.

Jared moaned, and dived forwards. The sheets were kicked to one side, and Jared wrapped his hands over the band of lace at the top of the stockings, between fabric and skin. Jensen spread his thighs accommodately as Jared settled between them, and immediately began mouthing at the black fabric that was pulled snug over Jensen's hard cock. "Holy fuck." he breathed, nuzzling at the fabric.

Jensen's hands settled in his hair, fingers frantically curling through long strands, as if he had forgotten how Jared felt. "I opened myself up for you, Jare." Jensen purred. "Fucked myself on my fingers waiting for you. I'm so tight, so *hot*. You could just slam into me, fuck me with your beautiful cock."

Jared was pretty sure he had died and gone to some kind of X rated heaven. He had glimpses of Jensen's awesome seductive powers over the course of their relationship, but holy fuck, he had *never* been like this. Never been so wanton, so purposely, wickedly seductive. He'd never really set out with the soul intention of driving Jared out of his fucking mind.

"Were you thinking about me?" Jared asked, his voice going low, rough. "Were you trying to be quiet so I wouldn't hear and come up wandering?"

"Hm-hm," Jensen moaned, raising his knees slightly, the silk of his stockings brushing against Jared's shoulder. Jared mouthed down the line of Jensen thigh, right where it met his pelvis, tongue flicking against the edge of the black silk. Jensen shivered, fingers tightening almost painfully in Jared's hair as he let go of a soft moan.

"Fuck, baby," Jared murmured, sucking lightly at where Jensen's balls were bulging under the sinfully tight fabric. "What did you imagine? Were you using three fingers? Thinking it was my hand, teasing, keeping you open, rubbing the silk against your skin?"

Jensen breathed out a soft gasp, his fingernails digging hard in the muscles of Jared's shoulders, pulling at the fabric covering his back. "Yes," he moaned. "Couldn't get enough... fucking love your hands, so big, strong... can't even get off without you touching me somehow."

Jared was losing his mind. He wanted Jensen so desperately it hurt. His cock was hard enough to cut diamond, sweat soaking through his shirt, the intoxicating smell of Jensen's crotch going straight to his head and making him feel dizzy, disoriented. He sucked right at the damp spot on Jensen's panties, where the head of his hard dick was leaking copious amount of precome, soaking the fabric. Jensen bucked up, urging Jared forward, trying to shove his cock down Jared's throat, panties and all.

"Wanna feel you," Jared moaned as he puckered his lips around the silk-covered head of Jensen's dick. He let his fingers slide around Jensen's hips, around his asscheeks, and damn nearly dying when he only felt baby smooth skin, right until he met with the crack of Jensen's ass, and the single, silk black string that slid right in to it. "Fuck."

Jensen tried to spread his legs wider, until Jared got the message. He hooked his elbows under Jensen's

knees and spread his legs, lifting him up off the bed, until only his shoulders remained. Jensen mewed and clutched at the sheets. "Want you to fuck me. Come on, Jare, please."

Bracing Jensen's legs over his arms, Jared was glad of his own strength. He curled his fingers under the band of the panties, tugging them down until they nestled under the curve of Jensen's ass. "Gonna fuck you with your panties on, baby." He shuffled forward, the movement forcing Jensen to open wider, the band of the panties pulling tight against his skin. Elle would kick their asses six ways to Sunday if the mark showed, but Jared almost wanted it to.

He couldn't remember the last time he had *needed* to be inside Jensen so badly. He had no desire for foreplay, something he loved almost as much as the main event. Jensen's back was arched perfectly as Jared struggled to push his jeans further down to his knees.

Jensen clutched his elbows. "Come on." He encouraged. "I want it, I want it, Jared, please, *please* fuck me."

Jared couldn't form words. He lined up, and with Jensen's lean, silk clad legs hoisted in the air, he pushed forwards. Jensen hadn't been lying. He was hot, and tight, and slick. So fucking perfect Jared growled low in his chest, and Jensen keened, legs kicking helplessly in mid air as he was filled to the brim.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," Jensen chanted under his breath, enjoying the use of both his hands to clutch and scratch at Jared's strong biceps.

Jared was drowning in Jensen. He didn't think it was possible to feel so complete, and yet as he was sinking into Jensen something took hold of his gut and held on fast, his heart rate going through the roof.

Jensen kept moaning noisily, breath shredded and low as he rocked his hips with tiny, impatient movements, legs shaking, and Jared couldn't resist. He hooked his fingers in the band around Jensen's stockings and rubbed the sheer in, stroking it into Jensen's sensitive skin. Jensen's moan was loud enough to wake up the house, but Jared didn't care. His jeans were sticking to his legs, sweat damp and itchy, and he didn't think they ever shot anything that was dirtier, or hotter, than what he had in front of him right now.

"Please, pleas, move, Jare, move, c'mon, please," Jensen begged, flitting his hands across Jared's chest, finding his nipples through the shirt and rubbing his palms in. "Please, c'mon, need you, please, move, fuck me, Jared, fuck me."

Jared bit the inside of his cheek until it shed blood, trying to keep himself from coming then and there. He lowered himself on Jensen, taking hold of one of his nipple rings with his teeth and pulling. Gently, but enough for the sting to go through Jensen like an electric bolt. Jensen whimpered, the heels of his feet sliding helplessly against Jared's back, the silk too soft for any friction.

Jared began to pull back, slowly, so slowly, his cock stretching Jensen's hole obscenely, the elastic of the panties pulling tighter as Jared forced Jensen's legs higher up. Jensen threw his head back, grabbing at fistful of Jared's hair as he yanked his head closer to his chest, forcing him to suck on his nipple, desperate and debauched like Jared had rarely seen him before.

Keeping hold of Jensen's legs grew more difficult as Jared snapped his hips, his hands slick and slippery with sweat. When he almost lost his grip, he growled, throwing Jensen's left knee up over his shoulder. The move forced Jared deeper inside him, and Jensen only just smothered a scream, his hands in Jared's hair tight enough to hurt. He reached back and grasped at Jensen's other ankle, his fingers meeting around the spider thin silk. From there he was better able to keep a hold of Jensen, spreading him wide, one hand free to reach between their bodies and tug on the lace panties. The fabric was damp, but rough, and as soon as Jared used it to start jerking Jensen's off, Jensen finally did scream.

And he didn't stop.

He thrashed and cursed, bucking up and pulling back, bucking furiously, pinned by Jared's body like a butterfly on a board. He didn't seem to know if he wanted to shy away, or fuck into Jared's hand.

It was over in minutes. Jensen came with a hoarse scream, spilling all over his belly, and the slick black panties.

Jared was still hard enough to cut steel. He pulled out, and bracing his hands on Jensen's hips, flipped him over onto his belly.

Jensen landed with an *umph*, gurgling in his throat as Jared pulled his ass up into the air, slick and sticky, framed by the black panties, and the snagged silk stockings.

Bracing his hands under Jensen's hips, Jared slammed inside, finding his balance, before hoisting Jensen's legs up into the air again.

He rarely went to such extremes when it came to physical displays of his strength, but there was something about the black silk that brought out the caveman Jensen claimed he was. He manhandled and he fucked as if their lives depended on it.

Jensen begged and moaned dazedly, the silk of the stockings burning like fire on his thighs, sweat rolling in rivulets all over the golden expanse of his body, making him shine in the dimmed lights of the bedroom. He grabbed uselessly at the sheets, licking at his own knuckles as Jared repeatedly rammed into him, hitting his prostrate over and over and over.

It was torture, sweet, slow torture, the heat and the silk and the sticky mess that were his panties chafing on Jensen's cock quickly getting him back to full hardness.

Jared's hands tightened on Jensen's thighs, rubbing the sheer right into the reddened skin, making Jensen wail in pain and pleasure alike, his nipple rings catching on the sheets with every powerful thrust of Jared's cock into him.

"So fucking hot baby, fucking killing me. You'll be the death of me. Christ, Jensen, if you could see yourself. See how fucking gorgeous you are." Jared gritted his teeth together, panting hard with the strain of holding Jensen up and rocking his hips at the same time, his rhythm quickening, growing to a staccato. "Fucking going to burn up inside baby, consumed by you."

Jensen mewled out something unintelligible that could've been a blessing, a curse, or a mixture of both and Jared's name. He came a second time, dick untouched, just with Jared fucking him hot, hard and fast through the mattress.

Jared's fingers tightened on Jensen's thighs, bruising as he came. His strength seeped from him with his release, and he fell forward, blanketing Jensen's back, his arms wrapped snug around him.

Jensen caught his breath first. "Jared?" He muttered, slightly muffled by the bedding.

"Hmm." Jared had no energy to move.

"Crushing."

Jared shook his head, trying to get rid of the fumes of his monumental orgasm enough to pull out of Jensen and collapse on his other side. His heart was still racing, adrenaline rushing through, and his cock had missed the memo about laying down nice and quiet after *that* ride, because it was still half-hard, glistening with come and residual lube.

It took Jensen a whole minute before he managed to roll over, as well, red marks on his legs where the panties' band was digging into the flesh, the black silk shining with streaks of white come. Jensen's nipples were red and taut, the silver rings catching the light of the lamps, and his chest was covered with two loads of come.

He looked like a poster child for debauchery, decadent and used. Jared licked his lips and shuffled down on the bed, palms skimming in the sticky mess over Jensen's chest. "So where did that come from?" He asked, wincing at the roughness of his own voice.

Jensen practically purred and arched against Jared's hand. "Christian said he owed me for getting him the contract with Cris. I told him not to be silly, but he seemed pretty set on doing something."

"So you let him design you lingerie?" Jared chuckled incredulously. He desperately wanted to lean back in and go for round three, but he knew if he wanted to look vaguely professional tomorrow, he'd probably be best calling it a day. He tugged Jensen up and maneuvered him into the bathroom, shedding his jeans and socks on the way.

Jensen happily leant into him, the slippery silk of his stockings driving Jared slightly insane as they brushed past one another. "I told you, it's a present. You got me a ring."

"I think you win that round, baby. A ring has never nearly given anyone a heart attack before." Jared dropped to his knees and reverently hooked his thumb under the lace panties. He slowly dragged them down Jensen's legs, following the path with his lips. The thigh highs came next, one, then the other, snagged and filthy with come. Looking up, past Jensen's nipples to his full, swollen mouth, Jared thought he looked like the most debauched pin up imaginable. Move over Betty fucking Page.

They showered lazily, soap suds and water washing away come and sweat. Sweet, slow kisses were traded under the spray, Jensen's fingers in Jared's hair, his hip pressed against Jared's thigh.

As they dried off, wrapped up in fluffy white towels, Jared took Jensen back into his arms. "How are you feeling about tomorrow?"

Jensen smiled, even though it was short-lived. "It's all down from here," he murmured.

They had decided they would tell the crew first thing in the morning. The show was going to be their last job in porn. Jared had his forms all signed, sealed and delivered to UCLA for his major, and Jensen would be starting his own cramming session for the diploma in a month.

Jensen had been wary of telling Francesca, even though Jared had tried to tell him she wouldn't have minded - quite the contrary. Jared knew Francesca had hoped, for a while now, that Jared's influence would be enough to push Jensen out of his comfort zone, to break him from the routine he cherished as the only thing that kept him going.

Now that he had Jared, he could afford to let it go.

"It'll be sad, saying goodbye," Jensen said as they walked back to the bed. The sheets were ruined, so Jared let Jensen lounge on the couch as he quickly stripped them off and changed them for fresh ones. Jensen watched him through heavy lidded eyes and a small smile on his lips. "What about you?" he asked in a whisper.

"Me?" Jared smiled, fluffing up the pillows before walking back to the couch to scoop Jensen up like a kid, Jensen's legs around his hips, arms tossed around Jared's neck. He kissed the tip of his nose. "I'll spend the rest of my life making you happy."

They settled down in bed, the covers low, and Jensen placed the softest of kisses over Jared's heart.

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Act 37: **A slow burn**

Rating: NC-17

Summary: The boys shoot their last scene.

Warnings: wax play, porn, a curious teenager.

"You remember what we said?" Jared asked as he held open the studio door for Shane and Jensen.

The kid, laptop tucked under one arm, rolled his eyes and nodded. "Don't touch anything."

"And?" Jared had bypassed a freak out, thanks to some careful maneuvering on Jensen's part, but he still wasn't comfortable with bringing Shane on set with them. It beat leaving the kid at home alone though, because there was no way Jensen was going anywhere without Cliff.

"And I'm not allowed to watch you guys film." Shane said flatly, looking completely bored by the whole process. "As if I'd want to."

Jensen hid a tiny smile and greeted Alona, who was waiting with coffee.

"Damn right you're not." Jared nodded, more to himself than to Shane. "Bringing a kid to a porn set, Christ-all-fucking-mighty."

"Easy, Jared." Jensen soothed, passing him a coffee. "Shane will be too busy on his computer, won't you Shane?"

The kid nodded rapidly.

"Stay in the trailer," Jared said crossly. "Don't talk to anyone. Don't leave until we send Cliff to get you."

"Geez, what are you afraid of?"

Jared halted, his hand squeezing Jensen's tightly for half a second before looking back at Shane. "Just do as we say, okay?"

Jensen drew closer to Jared, his hand over Jared's chest, placating him. "It's fine," he said softly. "He knows. Don't you?"

Shane might have sensed that he'd put his foot in his mouth, because he nodded meekly and followed them through the security doors to the inner set.

Gabe was already shouting orders to everyone. They were about to film in Jared's alter ego's bedroom, and the lights were already set. Jared stifled a yawn and offered Gabe a smile and a wave as they trudged through the mess of wires and cables to their make up trailers.

"This way," Alona motioned, and Jensen frowned slightly as they took off in another direction, towards his and Jared's trailer.

"We're supposed to be in make up." Jared said, voicing Jensen's thoughts. He glanced over at Cliff, who looked unperturbed as ever as they stopped in front of their door.

"Elle knows; it's all right," Alona said with a smile.

"Well, suppose you can settle in now," Jensen was just telling Shane when a gasp reached his ears.

Confused, he turned around to where Jared had opened the door to the trailer, and his jaw dropped.

The bed was crowded with flowers, hampers, floating balloons, brightly colored boxes with their cute little ribbons on top. Stacks of candy and chocolate and even some X-rated items that made all their efforts to have Shane's trip go by unscathed quite useless.

"Welcome back!" Elle suddenly appeared from behind them, distracting Jared long enough for Shane to catch sight of a pair of pink, fluffy handcuffs, and giggle.

Gabe bounded over a second later, waiting his turn as Elle smothered first Jensen, then Jared with hugs and kisses. "Hey, good to have you guys back!" Gabe enthused, squeaking as Jared hugged him. When he got to Jensen he eyed him up and down, looking for a sign that said Jensen was not fit to shoot. When no lights started flashing, and no alarms rang, he grinned and hugged Jensen as well.

"Hey Gabe." Jensen responded warmly, hugging the smaller, bouncing man with no restraint.

"Jensen, good to see you, good to see you!" Gabe released Jensen and peered between them to see Shane, who stepped away from the bed with a surly look on his face. Jensen recognized it immediately, and stepped forward to defuse Shane's worry.

"Gabe, Elle, this is Shane. He's living with us at the moment." Jensen introduced, saying nothing further about the circumstances which had brought them together. Francesca had already informed Gabe that Shane would be with them. "Shane, this is Gabe, our Director, and Elle, our Makeup Artist." Shane nodded in greeting to them both, amiable, but slightly wary. Jensen squeezed his shoulder, and he slunk over to the table to set up his laptop. "If you need anything, Alona can get it for you." Jensen told him. "There should be refreshments in the fridge, and you can steal Jared's candy. We'll come by at lunch and we can raid the craft table."

"Okay," was Shane's quiet answer. Jared looked concernedly at Jensen, then back at Shane.

"You sure you okay kiddo?"

Shane looked up at him, trying to play it cool. "Sure."

Jensen picked up a box of rolled up rainbow string candy and put it next to Shane's computer. "Try and revise for your tutor. We can swap quizzes later."

A shadow of a smile crossed Shane's face, and Jared caressed Jensen's back surreptitiously.

"We'll see you later."

They left him with his studies and Jared's candy, and went off to put on their wigs and get their tattoos done. Cliff was standing guard immediately out of the lighting ring, and after an hour and half they walked out completely in character.

Jared wasn't wearing his wig. He had his hair straightened out, darker than usual thanks to the magic conditioner Elle doused on him. His eyes were underlined with khol, and he was wearing too-tight-to-be-legal leather pants, a white ripped top and a black shirt. When Jensen came face to face with him, his mouth went dry like a Texan field in august.

Jared looked downright edible, and Jensen's ass clenched in anticipation.

"You good baby?" Jared asked, smiling, and breaking the dark and dangerous persona of his character.

Jensen nodded and smiled. Paul had already made himself known, welcoming them back on set, and running over the safety aspects of the shoot. Jensen was relaxed and comfortable, and curled up on the bed, flashing Jared a calm smile. "I'm good."

Jared kissed his nose, and nodded.

"AND ACTION!"

~ * & * ~

Jensen was alone in bed when he woke, stiff and sore from the previous night. Jared had worked him over methodically, pushing him to his limit, then pulling him back, over and over, until Jensen had collapsed, boneless, into bed.

There was a pack of pain killers on the bedside, and a bottle of water. Jensen smiled. Jared had his own little ways of showing he cared. Sometimes he could be enigmatic, hell, screw enigmatic, he was a fucking Rubik cube. And he had a fuse shorter than a stick of dynamite. Jensen shivered, remembering the time when Jared's guitarist had taken a little too much liberty - and Jensen had let him, flirting back for the fun of it. He'd never really considered Zac, not really, but Jared's reaction and the aftermath of it had been sort of a sore thumb in their relationship.

Jensen had never quite understood why Jared had gone so crazy, insanely jealous. Even after weeks had passed, and even after Jared had asked for *Jensen's* forgiveness for his lack of control, Jensen hadn't dared ask why.

Their summer was drawing to an end. Jensen didn't know what he would do once the tour was over, they never really went there. He still had college, and he still had to finish his major in art. Jared had the band, his success. It was pretty clear where that would leave them, but neither had said a word, and they kept on doing -- whatever it was they were doing.

He stirred and picked up his bottle of water with a slightly shaky hand, drawing a few gulps before pushing himself into a sitting position. His back and legs ached, but not too much. He tested his weight and wandered off to the shower in the walk in bathroom, still groggy and bed-headed.

When he emerged some time later, Jared was sitting on the end of the bed, wearing the sinfully distracting clothes he wore when he was out. Jensen swallowed and clutched the towel around his hips tighter. "Hey. You okay?"

Jared had his hands in his lap, his dark eyes far away and calculating. "Drop the towel." He said softly, the tone of his voice not allowing room for disobedience. Jensen's throat dried, but he obediently let the flannel towel fall to his feet.

Jared clenched his jaw. Not angry, per-say, just *something* Jensen couldn't put his finger on.

"Come here." He beckoned, pointing to the space at his feet.

Jensen went, dropping gracefully on to the carpet, his hands resting, up turned on his thighs.

Jared looked away. "We need to talk." He said gruffly. "I need to say something, and I..."

Jensen suddenly understood. Jared wasn't the type of man who could really sit down and have a heart to heart. His actions always spoke so much louder than his words. He waited, not sure if he should be saddened by the fact that the only way Jared felt comfortable 'talking' to him was when Jensen was his sub.

Maybe he shouldn't.

Didn't help the ache in his chest though.

He waited, silent, giving Jared his own time and pacing as usual.

"Tomorrow night is the last night of the tour." Jared said, not looking at him. Jensen nodded once to show he had understood. He didn't speak - he didn't know if he was allowed. "I will go back to recording after that."

Jared's jaw was tense. Uncomfortable. He turned his eyes back on Jensen, kneeling naked before him, and cupped the side of his jaw, his thumb running on Jensen's piercing.

"What do you want?"

Jensen was so taken aback he forgot he was supposed to be silent. "What do I want?"

Jared's eyes flashed briefly, and Jensen bit his tongue, looking appropriately downcast. He waited for the reprimand, but it never came.

Instead, Jared tilted his head up, staring very seriously into his eyes. Waiting.

Jensen swallowed a few times, his throat tight, raw. He opened his mouth to reply, but no sound came out. He tried again, his chest squeezing in, robbing him of breath.

"You."

Jared's eyes darkened. "Don't give me the answer you think I want to hear."

Jensen's jaw set stubbornly. "I want you." He repeated.

Jared moved so fast, and Jensen let out an indignant little squeak as his biceps were grasped, and he was all but thrown down on to the bed, Jared's body pinning him down. "Why?" Jared growled, barely an inch from his face. The leather of his pants felt sticky against Jensen's wet skin, and the hands on him were hard and huge. "Why do you want me?"

Jensen swallowed, not sure if was answering as Jared's sub or his *boyfriend*. "Why do you think?" He responded, playing with fire.

Jared made a low, gruff sound in his throat, moving away, and flipping Jensen over on to his belly. "Because I fuck you? Because I own your pretty ass? Darlin', there's a hundred other guys who'd happily put you in your place." Jensen didn't struggle when Jared pulled his wrists back, and pinned them together. "Why *me*?"

Jensen caught the hint of jealousy in Jared's voice.

"You want to share, now?" He asked curiously, wincing at the stinging slap to his ass that followed.

"Answer the question." Jared hissed. Jensen might have been scared. Jared had been almost careful with him since the thing with Zac, but he sounded angry, like he had been then.

Jensen wasn't.

He heard the anger, and he heard the slight, barely noticeable break in Jared's voice. It had taken him a long time, but Jensen finally realized just how much power he had over Jared.

They'd been fooling around for months. Jensen had always known that his feelings for Jared went deeper than those a groupie should have. Or even a sub. In his head, sometimes he pretended that when Jared called him 'darling' he didn't mean it like an insult.

The prospect that he might have been right, and that Jared was as into this as he was, sent his head spinning.

Jared's hand slapped his ass again and Jensen jerked forward, squirming at the sting. "Answer the question."

Jensen swallowed. He could risk it all and lose, or play safe and never know.

Shit. Fuck it all to hell.

"You were the one following me," Jensen said, trying to keep his voice steady. "You came looking for me, not the other way around--"

SMACK! Jared spanked him again, and Jensen's words ended on a whimper. His cock was half-hard already, traitorous fucker, but Jensen struggled to keep his brain in the conversation, no matter how much blood was rushing southward.

Jared's breath was labored, harsh through his clenched teeth. Jensen's back tensed, waiting for his next move.

"You think you're being smart?"

Jensen bit his lower lip. "No, sir."

"Then what?" Jared pulled back, his weight leaving Jensen for a second, before he settled on the bed. Soft leather cuffs wrapped around Jensen's wrists, and his heart rate spiked. He couldn't think clearly like this.

"Why do *you* want me?" Jensen countered brokenly, shuddering as the cuffs were locked together, and he was put willingly at Jared's tender mercy.

The question seemed to throw Jared, and he was silent for the longest time. Long enough for Jensen to have to struggle against the urge to squirm.

Eventually he answered. "You're not the one in charge here."

Jensen swallowed and closed his eyes. "Aren't I?"

The smack to his ass really fucking hurt this time, the sound ringing in his ear as he yelped. A second one followed, then a third, until Jared's hand must have hurt as much as Jensen's ass.

Jensen held out until Jared started to falter, then whispered. "Ibanez."

Jared froze at the sound of his own safeword, and a second later the cuffs were loosened.

Jensen rolled over, his ass on fire as it came into contact with the bedding. Jared knelt on the bed, his eyes wide and for the briefest second, filled with fear. Jensen reached up and touched his cheek. "Still think you're the one in charge here?" He asked.

Jared looked at him as though he'd never seen Jensen before. Jensen's heart was thundering away in his chest, and for the longest moment ever, neither of them spoke, their rapid breathing the only sound in the room.

Jensen brushed Jared's hair back off his forehead, holding his gaze. "Why me?" he murmured, throwing Jared's question back at him a second time.

Jared caught hold of Jensen's wrist and held on, tight, but not tight enough to hurt. He struggled with himself for a few seconds, the ground slipping from under him as he tried to process what Jensen had just said. Jensen waited with bated breath, trying not to betray his own, gnawing anxiety.

Neither of them had their cards down yet, but at some point, one of them would have to. It was either that, or losing.

Jensen didn't want to lose.

"I fell for you," Jared whispered, voice thin and transparent like frailly spun glass. "Never planned on it. Never wanted to. But I did."

Jensen swallowed, a full body shudder raking through him at Jared's confession. He was dizzy, as though he'd spent time underwater and he was just now coming up for air.

"Say something." Jared looked completely out of his comfort zone, his body, usually so powerful and well formed looked slightly awkward and out of place. Jensen reached up and cupped his jaw with his palm.

"Ask me to stay with you." He whispered, not daring to hope that this was real, that Jared might actually feel for him what he felt for Jared.

Jared held his gaze seriously. "Stay with me?"

Jensen laid his own cards down on the table, bolstered on by Jared's courage. "Always."

Jared seemed to stare at him for the longest time. So long, that Jensen became nervous and wondered if he had made a mistake.

He looked down, and Jared moved.

"Jar-umph!" Jensen made an indignant sound as Jared backed him down on the bed, his kiss fierce and dominating.

"*Mine!*" Jared growled, sounding more like himself. "You're always gonna be mine."

Jensen sucked in a lungful of air. "Yes."

"All those prissy daddies boys at college are gonna see my name stamped all over you." Jared growled.

A thrill ran down Jensen's spine, and he barely managed to get a word out before Jared's mouth covered his again, hot, demanding, possessive. It made Jensen's head spin wildly, as though he was being pushed headfirst down a rollercoaster ride.

Jared's hands framed Jensen's hips, fingers bruising, tight over the curve of skin and bone that pointed towards the soft curls underneath Jensen's belly.

He grabbed hold of Jensen's cock and *pulled*, and Jensen damn near cried with the bolt of pleasure and pain that surged through him.

There was something about Jared that just got under his skin, settling there and not letting go. He couldn't believe Jared wanted him to stay. Not even in his wildest dream had Jensen ever thought that would be an option for him.

He clutched at Jared's back with desperation, his fingernails leaving harsh, raised red marks on Jared's skin.

"Mine," Jared gasped, sucking a line of kisses down Jensen's chest, tongue dipping in his belly button. "All mine."

Jensen squirmed, butterflies in his belly as Jared teased him. "Yes." He whispered.

"Gonna mark you." Jared breathed, nipping lightly at Jensen's thigh. "Let everyone know who you belong to."

Jensen swallowed and nodded, not trusting his voice. Jared leaned back and climbed from the bed. "Up." He nudged Jensen with his knee. "On your back."

Moving to obey, Jensen crawled up the bed, frowning when Jared tugged away the pillows and the bedding before he lay down. Once settled, Jared tugged and arranged him the way he wanted, fastening the cuffs on his wrists to the bed frame, before repeating the process with his ankles.

Jensen shivered, squirming as Jared's fingers tickled the inside of his leg before landing a ringing slap. "Stay still."

Jensen nodded and took a breath.

He had no idea what Jared had in mind for him, but when the stereo turned on, and Jared returned to the bed with his bag, and a length of black silk, Jensen's arousal spiked.

"Open up, sweetheart."

Jensen lifted his head as Jared slipped the silk into his mouth and knotted it loosely at the side of his head. Jensen wasn't sure if it was for decoration, or for something to bite down on, and he clenched his fingers tightly.

Jared stood still beside the bed, looking down at Jensen's beautiful sprawled out body, his eyes dark with hunger.

Just the power in Jared's look made Jensen's cock grow progressively harder, his skin flushed with sweat. After the longest of moments, Jared let his fingers trail down Jensen's hairless chest, nails scraping lightly as he tugged on his nipple rings, making Jensen shudder and hiss against the silk in his mouth.

"So gorgeous. Your body, your face. So beautiful," Jared whispered, almost reverently. He let his palm mold across Jensen's hip, his other hand framing the tattoo on his neck. "Want you to get another one. Over here," he squeezed his hip, thumb running over the indent of skin and bone. "I want you naked, and hard, and desperate, and I'll draw the ink on your skin."

Jensen whimpered, nodding his head, the combined pressure over his tattoo and over his hip making his cock leak copious amounts of precome. Jared's mouth hovered above his ear, tongue darting out to lick at the furred curve, then shifted down, his hand sliding over Jensen's body as Jared's tongue mapped out the black shape of Jensen's tattoo.

Jensen's breath was coming in harsh, ragged pants. When Jared's lips closed around his nipple piercing and *tugged*, Jensen let go of a keening cry, his hips jerking up helplessly, needing friction.

"Stay still," Jared ordered in a low, humming voice. He climbed off the bed again, and a moment later the lights in the room went out. Jensen jerked, surprised, and his breathing picked up at the sound of a flicking lighter. "Got all day to spend here." He mused to himself, lighting one, then another of the candles in the room.

He took his time whilst Jensen squirmed, and slowly filled the room with flickering lights.

Jensen moaned, tugging on his wrists.

"I'm going to paint every inch of you. It's going to hurt, and you're going to want me to stop. But you won't ask me, will you?"

Jensen shook his head. He'd already decided that he would have to be so careful with his safeword in future. Using it frivolously would do more harm than good in the long term.

A hand settled suddenly on Jensen's thigh. "You're going to have to stay really still for me. If you make me smudge, I'll have to do it all over again."

Jensen looked up through lowered lashes, the dim light adjusting in his eyes. Something cold rested against his skin, and he twitched, shying away from the cockring Jared snapped into place.

"Still." Jared reminded him coolly, his hand sliding between Jensen's spread thighs.

Jensen nodded, trying to keep breathing, and do as he was told like a good boy. Something colder dripped down his balls to the crease of his ass, and he inhaled sharply, his heart thundering like a gigantic elastic band in his chest.

Jared's fingers probed questioningly at Jensen's furred hole, spreading the chilling lube all around the outer ring of muscle before slipping the tip of his finger in. Jensen stifled a moan, struggling to keep perfectly still as Jared's fingers teasingly worked his hole open.

Jensen's skin was already hot, too hot for the room, the flare of the candles around the bed dancing across his skin, drawing shadows and patterns that Jared wanted to replicate.

Jared's fingers scissored inside of Jensen, and he bit down on the silk, hard, trying to keep immobile even though his body was shaken by tremors. When Jared crooked his fingers just right, Jensen keened loudly, his head digging back against the mattress, his legs shaking with the strain of keeping still.

Jared didn't even bother to hide his pleased smirk as he removed his fingers and went to rummage in his bag. Jensen blinked his eyes open, breathing hard and fast as he watched Jared coat a thick, black vibrator with glistening lube before lining it up with Jensen's hole.

Jared didn't blink as he drove the vibrator inside, his dark, shadowed eyes burning into Jensen's. Jensen bit down on the silk and moaned, sore from the night before, and not nearly stretched enough.

"Good boy." Jared praised, giving the black plastic a slow twist inside of Jensen, the thickness of it spreading him wide. "Keep it inside now." He ordered gently, thumb and forefinger forcing the whole length inside of him.

Jensen sobbed and struggled not to fidget on the bed. The vibrator was so big, and holding it inside of him took every ounce of concentration he had. He was clenching his ass, trying to control the need to get some form of release, when a splash of searing heat over his belly made him scream.

Jared was kneeling besides him with a dozen candles, all different colors.

Sweat pooled at the hollow of Jensen's throat, and he realized the gag was actually a practical addition to their play.

Jared hummed in tune with the music, ignoring Jensen's whimpers as he took a candle in each hand and took turns to splash them across Jensen's skin. The wax cooled quickly and Jared contented himself with painting pictures on the living canvas he had tied to his bed.

Jensen couldn't remember screaming so much in his life. The pain was brief, but vicious, and Jared gave him no pause. After five minutes, he put down one of the candles and reached between Jensen's spread legs. "Such a good boy." He cooed, splashing the wax on Jensen's straining cock as he switched on the vibrator.

The howl that ripped from Jensen's throat was lost between the gag and the music, and Jared continued on merrily.

Jensen's sweat ran copiously down his body, blending with the wax, adding tones and shades to the different trails on Jensen's skin. He bit down hard on the gag, fighting with himself to keep still enough for Jared to paint him without smudging.

The vibrations picked up, and Jensen nearly cried with the overstimulation, the scorching heat on his thighs and pelvis combined with the incessant pressure on his prostrate turning him in a quivering, sobbing mess.

"Still," Jared ordered, picking up a large black candle.

Jensen inhaled sharply, chest heaving as he fought to keep the vibrator in and his lower body not to shy away from the onslaught of burning hot wax.

"Shh, such a good little slut," Jared whispered, drawing a sinuous black stripe from Jensen's hip up to his chest, dripping over the silver of his nipples and higher up against his tattoo.

Jensen swallowed, tears running freely down his cheeks, lips bruised red and swollen, the silk soaked through with saliva.

"So good, darling, so good," Jared crooned, stroking his fingers against the curve of Jensen's neck, spraying

the wax like a spider's web.

Jensen whimpered, blinking up at Jared through his tear-clumped eyelashes. Jared smiled, smearing a hot droplet of wax over Jensen's lower lip. "Beautiful."

Jensen couldn't think straight, but the words seeped into his skin. He was floating in sensation, not quite tied to his body, every blistering sharp flare of pain taking him higher and higher. It was like a drug. He needed more.

The wax splashed against his collar, and Jensen screamed, his whole body tightening, clenching around the vibrator. Jared carried on down, spilling drop after drop over his heart before placing the wide candle down on Jensen's chest.

"I told you to keep still." Jared chastised, leaving the candle resting on Jensen's chest, secured by the wax, and held up right only so long as Jensen forced himself to remain still. He sobbed, trembling, as Jared picked up a shout, short candle and balanced in on his naval. "You should see yourself. Such a pretty picture, Jensen. There won't be an inch of skin left untouched by the time we're done."

Jensen sobbed into the gag, feeling dizzy and undone.

"And when we're done, I'm going to peel every tiny spec off of you and turn you over onto your belly. Gonna make you spread those lovely long legs of yours so wide, and paint your back. Think how fucking amazing it will feel when I splash the wax down your ass." He let the red candle drip over Jensen's nipple, not stopping until it was covered in a hard shell of wax. "Your pretty pink hole is all stretched tight around that fake cock. Think how good it would feel if I painted it with wax."

Jensen hitched in a breath, and the two candles wobbled.

"Still, boy," Jared whispered, admonishing. Jensen whimpered brokenly, his body shuddering instinctively against the dual attack. The ring snug around his cock prevented him from coming all over himself, but at the same time it made him so painfully hard tears were flowing down his cheeks without Jensen acknowledging them.

True to his word, after he'd painted Jensen to picture perfection, he removed the candles from his chest, his lips skimming gently over the thin, hard cover of colored wax. Jensen was burning from the inside out, too far gone to understand what was up and what was down.

Jared began to peel the wax off Jensen's legs, his tongue rapidly following his teeth and fingers, attempting to soothe the sting.

Jensen fought desperately to be good and keep immobile, but his muscles were too tense to manage that. As Jared's hands and mouth traveled from his legs up to his hips, his thighs jerked violently, cock bouncing hard and neglected from his metal cage.

Jared shot him a darkly amused look. "I said still."

Jensen whimpered, tears leaking from his eyes as he stilled. The wax was thick enough to peel away long strips, and Jared took as long removing each drop as he had done painting them. The slow, gentle brush over his lips and fingers was a harsh contrast to the burning pain that had put them there, and Jensen shook minutely, his eyes rolling.

Jared wouldn't let him come until it was over, and Jensen feared they were not yet close to being done.

"You know why I love that you are so pale?" Jared asked, brushing away the wax that had had slowly built up in Jensen's naval. "It's because the marks I leave on you last so much longer." He kissed Jensen's belly button. "You should see how pink you are, but I left a nice big J untouched." Jared traced his finger in a pattern over Jensen's skin, and it was the only touch that didn't sting.

Jensen swam in and out of reality as Jared finished the process of cleaning him up and gently unfastened each of the cuffs. He wrapped his fingers around the thick vibrator and snapped the cockring off, dragging

Jensen back down to earth with the force of the orgasm that ripped brutally through him.

He might have passed out, because the next moment, he is lying face first on the bed, bound down once again, no pillow with which to smother himself. There were pillows under his thighs, though, raising his buttocks higher. Jared continued to sing along to the music, his fingers probing Jensen's empty hole.

Jensen could no longer see what was happening, but Jared took great delight in describing everything he was going to do.

Something smooth and markedly thinner than the vibrator probed at his asshole, slipping inside with no effort on Jared's part. "One."

The world was still too thick for Jensen to follow what was happening when a second object pressed against the first. Jensen whimpered, but combined, they were still smaller than the fake cock. "Two. How many do you think will fit?" Jared sounded halfway curious, halfway excited, like a child with a new toy. "The candles I mean, those nice dinner ones you picked out."

Jensen choked and squirmed. He had bought a dozen of the slim, tapered candle for the dinner Jared was contemplating throwing for his manager and her husband. They'd made other plans in the end, and Jensen had thrown the candles into the dresser.

"Not going to light these ones." Jared repeated the words Jensen had said at the store. "They're just for decoration." A third, pressure, and Jensen sobbed. "Three."

Jensen groaned and choked, his asshole stretching wider as Jared slid in another candle. Then another. "So beautiful, white against your skin. Think of how beautiful you're going to look, with the black wax trickling down your crack."

Jensen mumbled incoherently in his gag. His hole clenched rhythmically around the candles, and Jared's chuckle washed over him, hot and burning like the wax.

"God baby. Mine. Mine forever."

Jared pressed his lips at the back of Jensen's neck, sucking at the spot right under the silk band of the gag. "Pretty little sounds. More, baby, more."

Jensen whimpered, his mouth working uselessly around the gag. The hot splash of wax on his back made him scream, his ass tighter than a vise around the candles.

"Fuck, so beautiful."

Jensen gagged and whimpered, not able to keep still anymore, his body shaking violently, cock hardening with every splash of scorching hot wax down his back and biceps.

When the hot trail fell right down between his cheeks, Jensen screamed loud enough to go over the music, his muscles sizing up with the strain and the surge of pleasure that went straight through him.

Jared smacked his ass when Jensen jerked, ruining the pattern. "Come on now, you were doing so well." Jared scolded, the wax pooling against the stretched skin on Jensen's hole. His huge hand wrapped around the five candles he had opened Jensen up with, and as a whole, turned them, the wax dripping hot against his skin.

Jensen shrieked and started to fight the restraints, sobbing when Jared set the burning candle down, and slid another one into Jensen's ass.

He couldn't take any more. He slumped down on the bed, stretched obscenely wide and painted like Jared's canvas. He could only blink through tear blurry eyes as Jared reached beneath him and slowly began to jerk him off.

"Such a good boy." He cooed, pushing one of the candles in deeper to probe against Jensen's prostate. "So

very good, darlin'."

Jensen didn't have the energy to scream as he came, his whole body shaking violently, each muscle tightening.

He heard Jared's soft praise, and the world washed out to grey, then nothing.

~ * & * ~

"CUT!"

"Baby, come on. Wake up for me Jen." Jensen blinked and hissed, waking with a moan. Jared's face hovered above him, warm and loving as he stroked Jensen's hair. "There you are."

Jensen lay on his side and blinked the familiar surroundings of their trailer in to view. He didn't remember leaving set, and assumed Jared had carried him. "Hey." He whispered, grimacing. His throat was bone dry, and Jared held up a bottle of water for him to sip at.

"Take it easy, love."

Jensen did, rinsed his mouth a couple of times before Jensen was able to get himself together enough to be able to gulp down some water. Jared smiled and curled into him, wrapping him up in a towel and kissing his brow.

"Baby I am so proud of you," Jared murmured, patting his skin delicately with a ball of cotton wool dampened with aloe.

Jensen tried to smile, tired to the bone, his eyes fluttering at the gentle petting. He wanted to say something, but he contented himself with closing his eyes and letting Jared work his way down his back with the aloe.

Jared kissed his forehead again, turning him around in his lap until he could reach Jensen's ass, his fingers gentler now, very cautious. He squirted some more aloe on his palm as he rubbed his fingertips in the crease of Jensen's ass, all the while whispering sweet nothings in his ears, trying to get Jensen to come round, down off the high.

"Shhh baby, shh. It's all good. I'm going to take good care of you," Jared murmured.

"You just did," Jensen whispered, voice rough and cut at the edges.

Jared kissed his temple and lay Jensen down on the cushions, taking a bottle of baby powder to spray on Jensen's red skin.

"I love you," Jared kissed him again, his lips cool against Jensen's. "I love you so much. You were so good."

Jensen snuggled closer to Jared's touch. "You took care of me." He reassured Jared needlessly. Blinking suddenly, he tried to sit. "Where is Shane?"

Jared hastily shushed his worries, gently pressing him back down. "It's okay. Alona and Cliff took him to get something to eat. They'll be waiting for us at the car."

Jensen relaxed. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't relieved they were alone right then. He needed to be with Jared, just the two of them in the quiet.

"Come on. Let's get you home."

Jensen drifted in and out of sleep as Jared dressed him in a soft pair of pants and a thick sweater, warm socks and a pair of his sneakers. "Tired." He yawned, exhausted by the long shoot.

"You were amazing." Jared repeated, helping Jensen stand and pulling him closer to lean against his chest. Then he giggled rather childishly. "You had, like a whole candelabra up your ass-ow!" He rubbed his chest where Jensen had smacked him. "You did!"

"And now my ass looks like a Japanese flag." Jensen grumbled. "No sex for you tonight."

Jared kissed his forehead. He'd not come at all. The scene was not supposed to be sexual, despite the penetration, and despite the obvious attraction of Jensen laid out for him to play with, he had been more focused on the safety of the shoot than his own arousal.

"Promise me snuggle time tonight and it's a deal."

"Hmm, you're such a girl." Jensen nodded, sagging a little. "Snuggle, okay."

"Come on." Jared whispered, scooping Jensen up.

Jensen sighed and let Jared take control. He leant into the arms around him, fast asleep by the time Jared made it to the foyer where Cliff and Shane waited for them.

"Out?" Cliff asked gently, smiling as Jared approached.

"Like a light," Jared replied with a soft grin. He could sense someone watching, and he turned to find Shane's eyes trained on Jensen's figure, snoring lightly in the curve of Jared's arms. "You did your homework?" Jared asked as they climbed up in the car, very careful not to jostle Jensen around too much.

"Yeah," Shane replied after a beat, still looking at them with a weird, fixed expression.

Jared frowned at him. Cliff started the car and they took off, and Jensen sniffled quietly in his sleep, drawing closer to Jared.

"How do you do it?"

Jared blinked and looked over at Shane. "I beg your pardon?"

"You ... and Jensen.. " he made a crude had gesture. Jared snorted out a laugh. "How can you do it, I mean... you guys are together."

"So?"

"So... it's not you."

Shane was still scrutinizing him, his eyes peeled, and Jared couldn't quite make out what it was in him that was so unsettling.

"I'm not sure I follow, kid." Jared was honestly perplexed, but he met Shane's eyes, willing to answer him if he could.

"You're not freaked out by the fact that you just fucked him unconscious?" Shane said bluntly, his eyes harder than Jared expected.

Jared blinked, surprised. "He's not unconscious, he's sleeping. He's always out for the count after sex. And technically I didn't actually fuck him-"

"In front of all those people?" Shane pressed the matter as Cliff drove them on to the bypass.

Picking up on the seriousness of the question, Jared met Shane's gaze calmly. "That's how we met, Shane. There's no shame in it. We have no reason to be embarrassed, and I would appreciate it if you didn't give Jensen the impression that you thought there was."

Shane flushed and looked down. "No, that's not...I wouldn't. I just...I don't get you."

"What's to get?"

"You have, like, the perfect guy for your fiancé. You're nauseatingly lovey-dovey, and you both act like you're out of some cheesy black and white romance. You're like the perfect couple." He waved his hands, helpless to make him point.

"Until you get to the pornstar bit." Jared added, catching on to what Shane was trying to say.

The kid nodded. "I don't get it."

"It's just a job, Shane." Jared said gently.

"Like me turning tricks was just a job." The kid said bitterly.

Jared's gaze hardened. "That's not the same thing."

"You fuck for money." Shane pointed out. "I'm just trying to understand you guys."

Jared sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Somehow, he was glad Jensen was sleeping for this conversation.

"We don't fuck for money. It's hard for you to understand it, and I know it. Hell, my best friend has trouble understanding it, and he designs women lingerie." Jared shook his head. "There's a difference between prostitution and porn. The industry is not all about illegal shit and pedophilia. With being at work in this industry, legally at work, we prevent a lot of bad shit happening to less fortunate people that are snatched in by sharks like Simon."

Shane frowned, clearly not convinced. "It still happens."

"Yes," Jared conceded, "but think of what would happen if there were no more legal porn movies around."

"But Jensen doesn't like it, does he?"

Jared gaped. "How - how do you figure that out?" he asked, his voice suddenly weak. Was there something he'd missed? He instinctively drew Jensen closer, his fingers stroking Jensen's scalp.

"You're fucking him in front of people."

Jared blinked at the reiteration of a previous point. Something in his brain clicked. "It's different," he said, holding Shane's gaze. "Being gangbanged is not the same thing as shooting a porn movie. All those people watching are cameramen and griffs, people that are earning an honest day's living."

The color left Shane's face so fast Jared thought the kid was going to vomit. He didn't really know what to do, so he kept on talking. "Shooting, being in this business... making sure this is a job, it's what kept Jensen in control of himself for so long," Jared tried to explain. "There are rules. It's just like any other job, and we don't have anyone else to shoot with. I am still going to take care of him the same way I would everywhere else."

"But-"

"No, Shane." Jared cut him off gently. "Nothing we do together harms him, nor would I risk ever doing so. We have as many safety precautions as any job. More than some." He added wryly. "Tell me something. When you were out on the streets, did you have someone watching over you, making sure you were safe, that you were not in any physical danger?"

Shane blanched. "No." He whispered.

"We have a rigger called Paul who watches everything we do just to make sure nothing ever happens, even by accident." Jared hoped he wasn't being too cruel with the kid, but some lines needed to be drawn in

the sand, and this was one. "How about safewords? Did you have one of those?"

He almost stopped when he saw the gleam of tears in the kid's eyes, but forced himself to push on.

"All he has to do is say one word, and everything stops. No questions, no repercussions. It doesn't matter if we're shooting a basic scene, or if we're roleplaying. He is always the one in control when we shoot. Can you say that about what you did?"

Shane clutched his arms against his belly and slid down in the seat. It was a gesture Jared had seen Jensen adopt a hundred times before. He was trying to make himself less of a target, as if being smaller would negate the power Jared's words had to hurt him.

"I'm not saying this to be mean, Shane." Jared swore, his heart aching for the misery he could see as clear as day. "But you need to understand the difference between willingly signing a contract and shooting a film, and what you had to do."

Shane didn't say a word, his knees drawn up to his chest. Jared, incapacitated in his movements by his armful of Jensen, still managed to lean forward enough to knock lightly in Shane's knee with his own. "No one blames you," he said, his voice soothing, the same tone he adopted when Jensen woke up from a nightmare. "And you shouldn't blame yourself either."

Shane's lower lip wobbled, and Jared's felt his heart creak under the overwhelming weight of the kid's pain. He wished he could hug him, as well, but from painful experience Jared knew it was best to avoid any physical approach in that kind of moment.

"I didn't mean to do it," Shane whispered in a brittle voice. Jared nodded, unconsciously holding Jensen tighter to his chest.

Unbidden, unwanted, but still sickeningly vivid, a flash of Jensen's first shoot went off before Jared's eyes.

Christ. Seventeen was young, much too young. He could see Shane's bravado crumbling in the face of Jared's talk, and it hurt him to see the boy's soul weeping below the surface. As with Jensen, Jared was at loss for what to do to make things right.

"I never wanted to, but they said they wouldn't give me a place to stay if I didn't prove myself."

Jensen stirred in his sleep, and Jared automatically rubbed at that spot behind his neck that made him sleepy. He was looking straight at Shane, holding the weight of his confession, trying to let him know it was okay. "That doesn't make anything you did your fault." He said gently, thinking of Jensen, who must have done who knows what in the two weeks he was on the street.

Shane nodded, and they finished the trip in silence.

As they pulled into the drive, Jared nudged Jensen gently. "Rise and shine."

Jensen's eyelashes fluttered open sleepily. "We home?" He yawned.

"Yeah. Time to get you a bath, yeah?" Jared smiled at Cliff who held the door open for them as they climbed out.

Jensen nodded and scrunched up his eyes. "You want curry for dinner?"

"Better ask the bottomless pit." Jared teased, squeezing Shane's shoulder as they stepped into the hall.

The kid shrugged and retreated to his room.

"Jared. What did you say to him?" Jensen turned around and fixed Jared with a stern glare.

Jared pouted and held up his hands. "Who says I am the badguy? Why isn't Cliff the badguy?"

"Because we can fire Cliff - no offense." Jensen shot over to the bodyguard, who shrugged and went on his rounds. "I can only put you on a time out."

Jared's pout grew. "You wouldn't do that, would you baby?" he asked, putting a hand on either side of Jensen's hips and pulling him in closer.

"Yes." Jensen said flatly. "Now out with it."

Jared sighed. "Let's go upstairs," he said, his tone growing more serious. Jensen's alarm bells went off with loud clanking and whirring lights.

"What happened?"

Jared took Jensen's head and squeezed, walking the both of them up to their bedroom, and turning on the softer lights, those sitting on each of their nightstands and above the loveseat before the TV.

"He asked me," Jared said as they sat down on the bed, Jensen's back straight as an arrow. "About our job, and what difference there is between what we do and what he used to do."

Jensen blanched. His hand tightened on Jared's, and Jared decided it was better to do it quickly, like ripping off a band aid. "I tried to make him understand the difference. That I care for you, and that you're in control of what happens at all times, and that everyone is set out to look after you, after us, and make sure everything goes smoothly."

Jensen nodded, looking slightly faint. Jared covered his hand with his other one, bringing it up to his lips. "I told him I would never harm you, and nothing we do on camera harms you."

Jensen nodded again, clutching Jared's hand.

Jared kissed his knuckles. "He also said you don't like it. Because I fuck you in front of people." He sighed and shook his head. "I have an inkling it's what he had to do to be kept around ...maybe that kid you punched had something to do with it."

"Wouldn't surprise me." Jensen said morosely, sinking down onto the edge of the bed. "That's what I was told."

Jared nearly choked on his tongue. "What?"

Jensen smiled faintly. "One of the older boys, Alex, he told me that if I didn't bring in cash, I'd have to pay my keep some other way."

Jared thought he was going to be sick. How kids could do that to each other when they were all in the same, desolate boat, he had no idea. "But you didn't, right? They didn't?"

"No, I was good. I brought in enough money to keep them off my backs, or close enough."

"How?"

"Picked pockets mostly." Jensen shrugged.

Jared blinked. "You picked pockets?" He said shrilly, vaguely remembering Jensen mentioning something about that before. It had been lost somehow under the weight of everything else.

Jensen's eyebrow rose. "Of all the illegal things I have done, picking pockets concerns you more? I was a drug addict, Jared."

"Okay, for a start, that was not your fault." Jared wondered if that was his phrase of the day, and hated that he was being forced to use it so often. "You weren't a drug addict, and I don't care about what you might, or might not have done."

Jensen shrugged and looked away. "I was an addict. Nothing as dramatic as coke, or heroine, but methadone and codeine felt damn good."

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose. He let out of a slow breath before wrapping his arm around Jensen's torso and pulling him back against his chest. "You didn't know," he said softly. "You couldn't have known. You did what you could to survive, and you should never, ever think less of yourself for any of this. Because I don't. No one else does."

Jensen let go a little, leaning in Jared's embrace. "Sometimes," he confessed quietly, "sometimes I think I could've done something..."

"You tried," Jared murmured, kissing his brow. "You're not the one to blame here. Nor is Shane."

Jensen wrapped his arms around himself, resting them atop of Jared's. "You think I should talk to him?" he murmured, voice fraught with emotion. Jared held on to him silently, his lips pressing soft, soothing kisses behind Jensen's ear. "What did he say?"

Jared held him tighter. "Just that he didn't mean to do it," he said with a whisper.

"Of course he didn't!" Jensen exclaimed, his voice raising shrilly. Jared cringed, but he hid it in the back of Jensen's head. "Son of a-" He rose to his feet, eyes narrowed with anger, and made for the stairs.

"Jen-"

"No." Jensen shook his head stubbornly, taking the stairs and balancing against the narrow passageway. "He's not allowed to think that."

"I don't think you can really stop him." Jared pointed out, hot on his heels, and wondering when Jensen channeled his stubbornness into giving him a headache.

"He's seeing a therapist. Right now." Jensen said firmly, padding across the balcony and on to the main set of stairs. He reached Shane's room and banged on the door.

Shane opened it a second later, eyes widening as Jensen barged in and started to pace. "So none of this was your fault, people are cunts and I think you should see a therapist."

Shane blinked, obviously not following, and Jared stared with his mouth open wide, shocked.

"Huh?" Was the kid's eloquent answer.

Jensen huffed. "A therapist. I think we should all see a fucking shrink."

"Whoah, wait, I don't need a shrink, baby." Jared held up his hands. He was the non-fucked up person in the room.

"You're seeing a fucking shrink if I have to drag you there by your balls." Jensen snapped. "You too." He said, rounding on Shane, who was staring at him as if he had grown a second head. "I'll call you for dinner."

And with that, he stormed from the room, leaving a bewildered boyfriend and a confused teen in his wake.

"Okay." Jared dropped on to the end of Shane's bed. "That was unexpected."

"What was *that* about?" Shane asked, eyes wide as saucers as he stared at the door through which Jensen had left.

Jared rubbed the back of his neck. "Jensen has decided you should talk to someone about what happened. And --"he held up his hand to stop the river of protests. "--he is going to, as well. Apparently, I'm going along for the ride, this way no one feels left out. "

"I don't need no fucking shrink!" Shane snarled, flopping down on the bed face-first. Jared sighed, and put his hand above Shane's shoulder - only for Shane to recoil so violently he slammed into the wall.

Jared looked eloquently at him. "Right."

Shane cowered in the corner for a few seconds before slowly edging back off the wall and in the center of the bed. "What if I don't want to?"

Jared held his gaze. "How old are you, Shane?"

"Seventeen. Gonna be eighteen in June."

"Jensen's twenty three," he said calmly. "He'll be twenty-four in March." he paused. "He still bolts if anyone unexpectedly touches him."

Shane paled, and curled up in a ball, his back against the wall in a protective stance. "Like a fucking shrink is going to do anything," he muttered, trying to layer up cockiness on a whisper of voice frayed with distress.

"I think it might help," Jared said in all honesty. "And I am thrilled that Jensen decided to go. We can't force you, however much Jen might want to. It would be pointless. But I'd ask you to really think about it," he said, still staring in Shane's eyes. "There's no shame in asking for help."

Shane snorted. "I'm all right."

Jared raised his eyebrows, still holding his gaze without saying a word.

Shane's falsely brave expression crumbled, and he looked away. "So why won't you go?"

Jared's smile was gentle. "I will if you do."

Shane uncurled a little. "I don't want to talk to anyone."

"You talk to me, to Jen." Jared pointed out softly. "But we can't really give you what you need."

"Yeah?" Shane scoffed. "And what is that?"

"Answers. We can't tell you why it happened, we can't tell you much, really. Maybe someone else can."

Jared reached out and patted the bed beside Shane's shoulder, the gesture just as affectionate as if he had touched him. "Just think about it."

He left the kid with his thoughts and went in search of Jensen, who was pouring bright red powder into a large, bubbling pan. "So you want to tell me what that was about?" He asked, taking a seat at the counter.

Jensen flushed pink, ashamed of his outburst. "Sorry."

"Don't be sorry, Jen. Just talk to me."

"He doesn't deserve to feel guilty." Jensen muttered, stirring his concoction.

"Neither do you," Jared said quietly, standing up and going to frame Jensen's hips with his hands, his nose nuzzling Jensen's neck.

Jensen sighed, shoulders slumping. "I know."

"Do you?"

Jensen waited for a few instants before answering that question. "No."

Jared held him closer. Sometimes, it really felt like fighting against windmills. "I'm glad you decided to go," he said finally, rocking him from side to side as the pot before them simmered.

"Are you?" Jensen murmured, still going through the motions, adding salt and a handful of bacon cubes to the sauce.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

Jensen gave him a little non-committal shrug. "I don't know."

Jared slowly turned Jensen around, shushing his half-hearted protests about the sauce and the pan and the pasta and the cheese with a swift, gentle kiss. "Why do you think I wouldn't be happy to see you seeking counseling?" Jared asked with a warm smile.

Jensen's eyes skated downwards. "I dunno," he muttered.

"Jensen."

Jensen sighed and looked up at him again, his green eyes fraught with emotion. "Maybe you didn't need the stamp of damaged goods atop your boyfriend."

Jared grasped Jensen tightly by the shoulders and damn near shook him. "What the hell makes you say that?" He growled, clutching Jensen to him as soon as his eyes grew wide in his face. "Christ, Jensen."

"Jared."

The soft, frayed tone did nothing to stem the red rush of anger that flashed in front of Jared's eyes. He pulled Jensen back, still clutching his shoulders, and glared at him. "You listen to me, and you listen carefully. You are *not* fucking damaged, do you understand me?"

Jensen's eyes were huge, but he nodded shakily. "Okay."

Jared felt the tremor run through Jensen's body and shook his head. He hadn't meant to lose his temper like that. Pulling Jensen back into his arms, he combed his finger through his soft hair. "It hurts me so much to hear you say those things." He whispered. "I don't let anyone else get away with insulting you, why are you allowed to?"

Jensen swallowed and shook his head, leaning into Jared's embrace. "Sometimes I forget," he said softly. "And sometimes I'm selfish."

Jared's lips pressed to Jensen's temple. "I'm really happy that you decided to go see someone," he whispered. "And you should know I'll be right there with you, every step of the way."

Jensen sunk into Jared's arms, clutching at his shirt. "I'm sorry I'm difficult," Jensen murmured, his jaw clenched tight. Jared shook his head, pulling back enough to brush their mouths together.

"You should never be sorry for being you," Jared chastised him softly, his thumbs running lovingly over Jensen's cheekbones. "I wouldn't want you any other way."

Jensen huffed out a laugh. "You're crazy like that."

"I am," Jared said proudly, happy that he'd managed to get a laugh out of him, even though it was still shaky. "And I'm proud of you."

Jensen frowned. "What for?"

"For taking a stand," Jared murmured, looking into Jensen's stormy green eyes. "For being such a wonderful role model for Shane--"

--I am a pornstar!"

--for going back to school," Jared continued as Jensen hadn't spoken. "For deciding to see someone." He kissed him again. "I am so proud of you, baby."

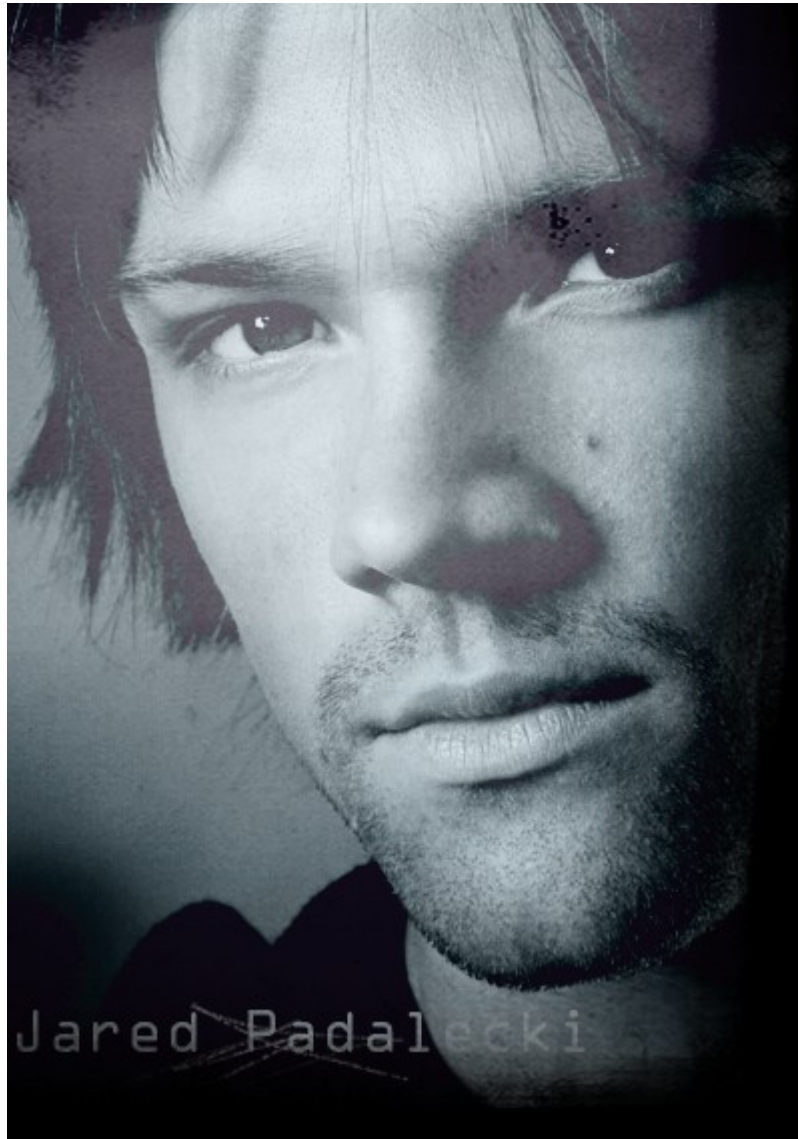
Jensen sucked in a breath and hid his face in the collar of Jared's shirt. Jared rubbed his palms up and down Jensen's back, eyes closed, just breathing him in.

[[Leave feedback!](#)]

Character Biographies

Warning: contains spoilers for the whole series.

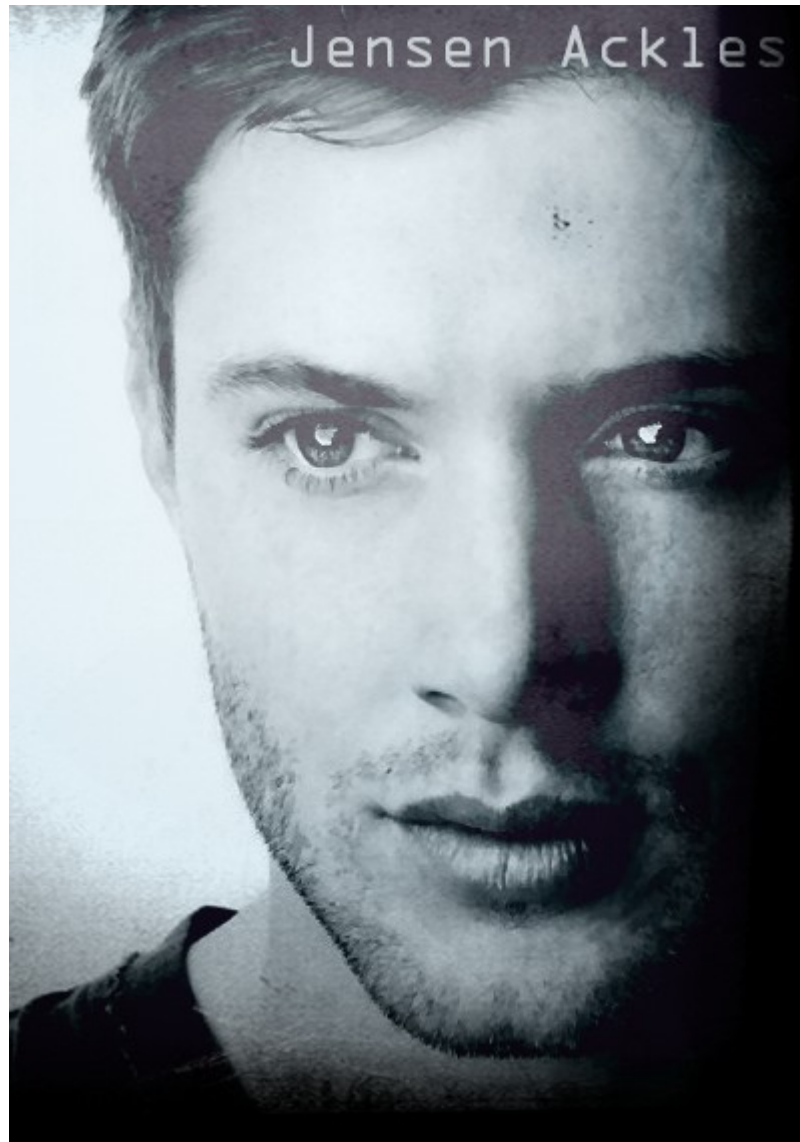
JARED



Part puppy, part, part giant, Jared Padalecki grew up on a farm in southern Texas, and still retains an essence of that laid back, relaxed upbringing. Following a scholarship to California, Jared studied forensic science at college, but was forced to drop out when he was unable to pay for his tuition. Faced with eviction from his flat, Jared found himself dancing at a local, high class strip club, where he was spotted by a scout. Intending only to earn enough to go back to school, Jared none the less deferred his return when offered the chance to shoot with an industry legend. Though his shoot with Jensen was always intended to be his last, Jared left the job with a guilty conscience and the knowledge that his crush had developed into something significantly more.

[[Jared](#)]

JENSEN



Jensen Ackles made his stamp on the porn industry with a series of intense shoots. After years of working with manager Simon Whitely, his break from Whitely's production company and defection to rival Eros Studios left the industry in an uproar. Taken under the wing of Eros' personnel manager Francesca Solari, Jensen returned to shooting after a six month hiatus, working exclusively with Joe Macarthy, who would be his sole director for the years that followed. Quiet, intense, and at times violently bad tempered, Jensen, for all his status as the brightest star in the porn galaxy, is considered something of a social recluse. Used to expecting the worst from people, pessimistic Jensen has no idea how to handle the youthful, naïve bundle of energy that is his co-star Jared Padalecki.

[[Jensen](#)]

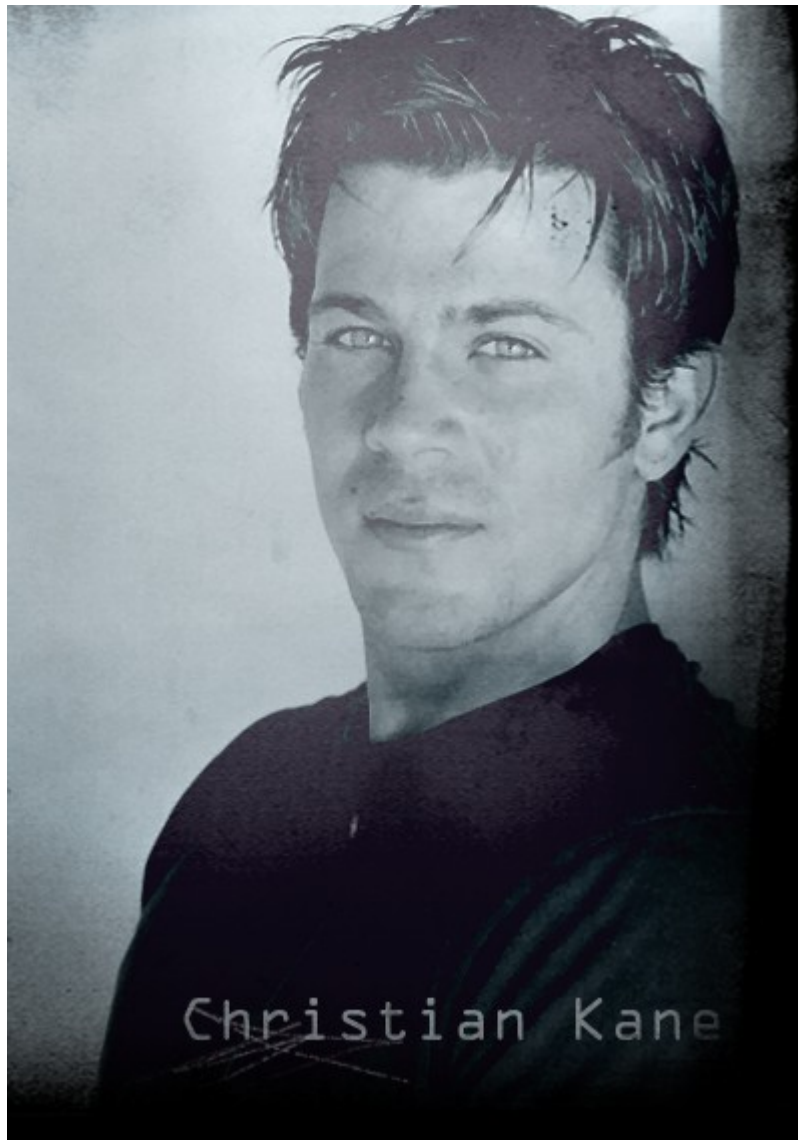
FRANCESCA



Francesca Solari hails from the picturesque and ancient country of Italy. She manages the personnel of Eros Studios with an iron fist and her intimate knowledge of antique weaponry. Unlike many immigrants seeking a future in the sunshine city of Los Angeles, Francesca never harboured any desires for the life of an actress. Porn was always her chosen field, and was a big a rebellion against a conservative catholic family as she could make without shaving her hair and marrying a woman named Sam. Her new life as a major player in the porn industry has not distanced her from her roots, and though not always legal, her methods pack a punch, nor do they fail to have the desired result.

[[Francesca](#)]

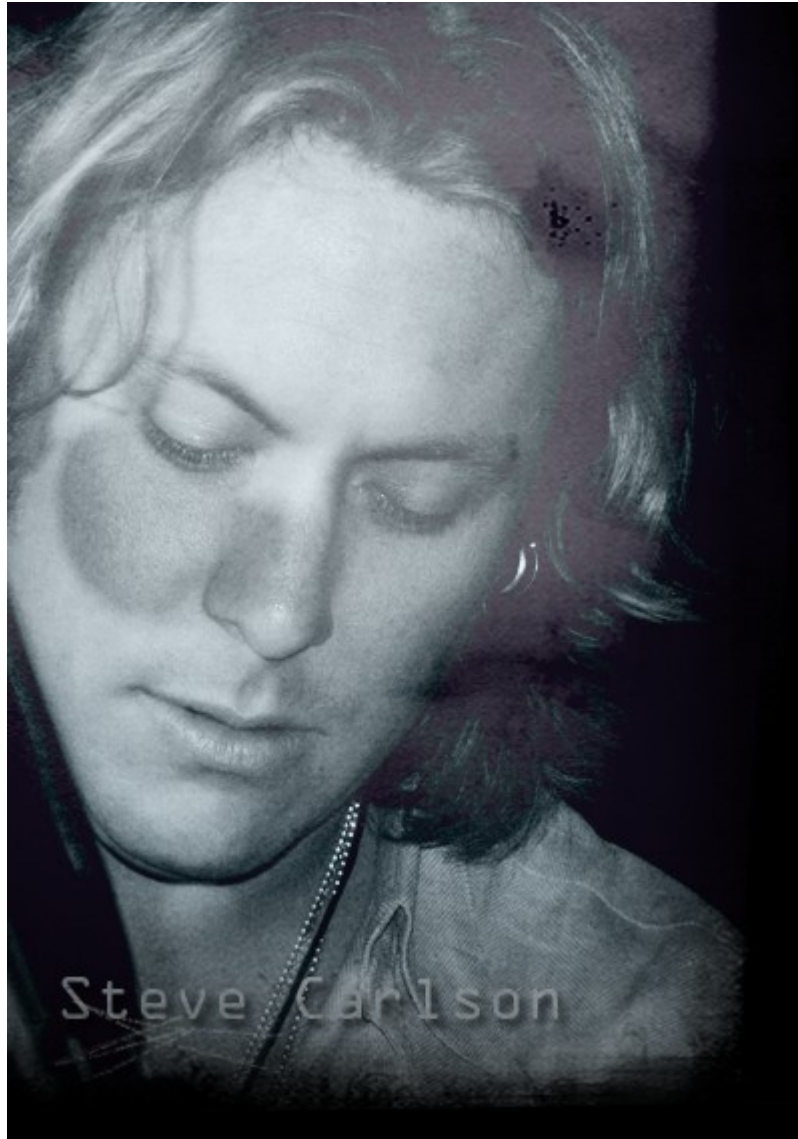
CHRISTIAN



Hot headed and short tempered, Christian Kane is as notorious for his outbursts of anger as he is for his music. Though ultimately goodhearted, Christian is often misunderstood, and taken for arrogant and unfriendly. Despite his more prickly exterior, Christian's one and only concern is the safety and well being of those he calls family, and Steve above all. His own longings mean nothing in the face of what needs to be done, and putting bread on the table trumps any dreams he might have. As Jared's biggest supporter, and closest friend, he understands the feeling of helplessness of being forced to stand by and watch someone he loves suffer, and is always ready with his own, unique, advice.

[[Christian](#)]

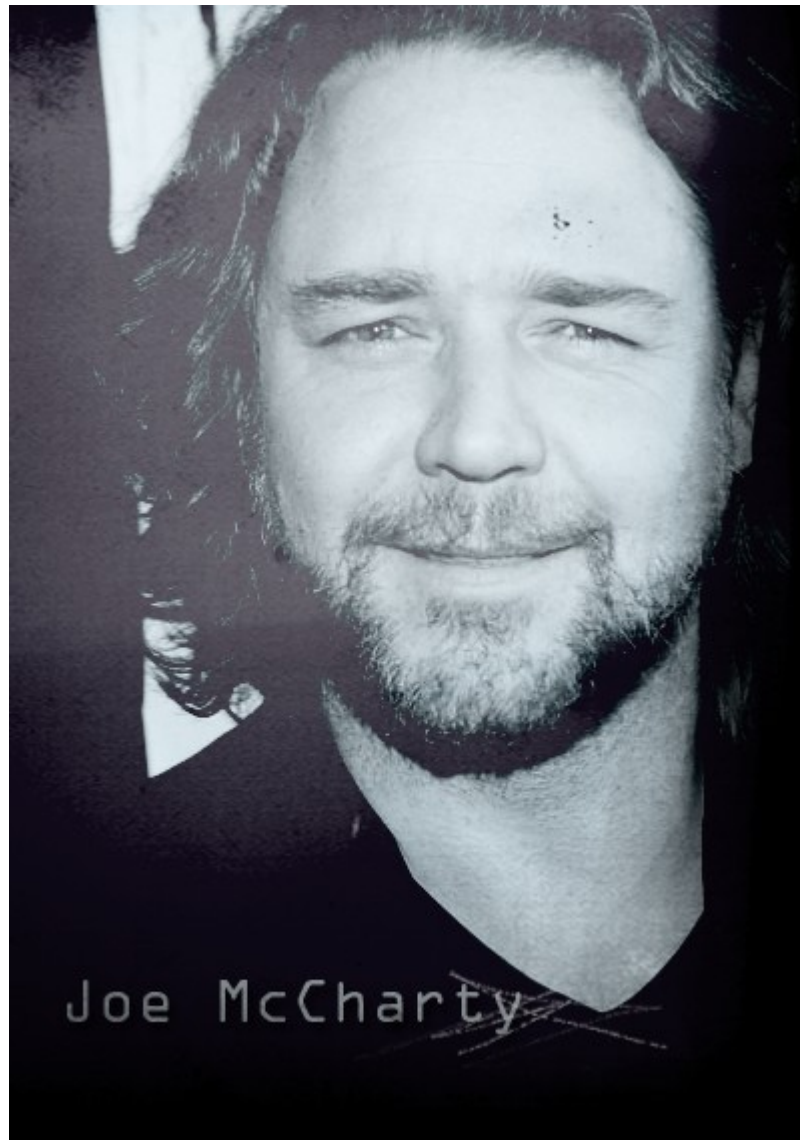
STEVE



Christian jokes that Steve's heart is too big, and ironically he's not far off the mark. Born with a heart condition that occasionally presents itself at the most inconvenient times, Steve is still stubbornly independent and optimistic. The perfect match for hot tempered Christian, Steve is slow to anger, and patient to the point of sainthood, though often quietly disapproving of the way his more outspoken friends handle a situation. Though he and Christian knew of Jared's profession for over a year, it was Steve's gentle persuasions that stayed Christian's fast tongue. The more empathic of the pair, Steve has more luck understanding Jensen's volatile mood swings, and it is he who instinctively smooths over the cracks that occasionally appear between Jensen and Jared.

[[Steve](#)]

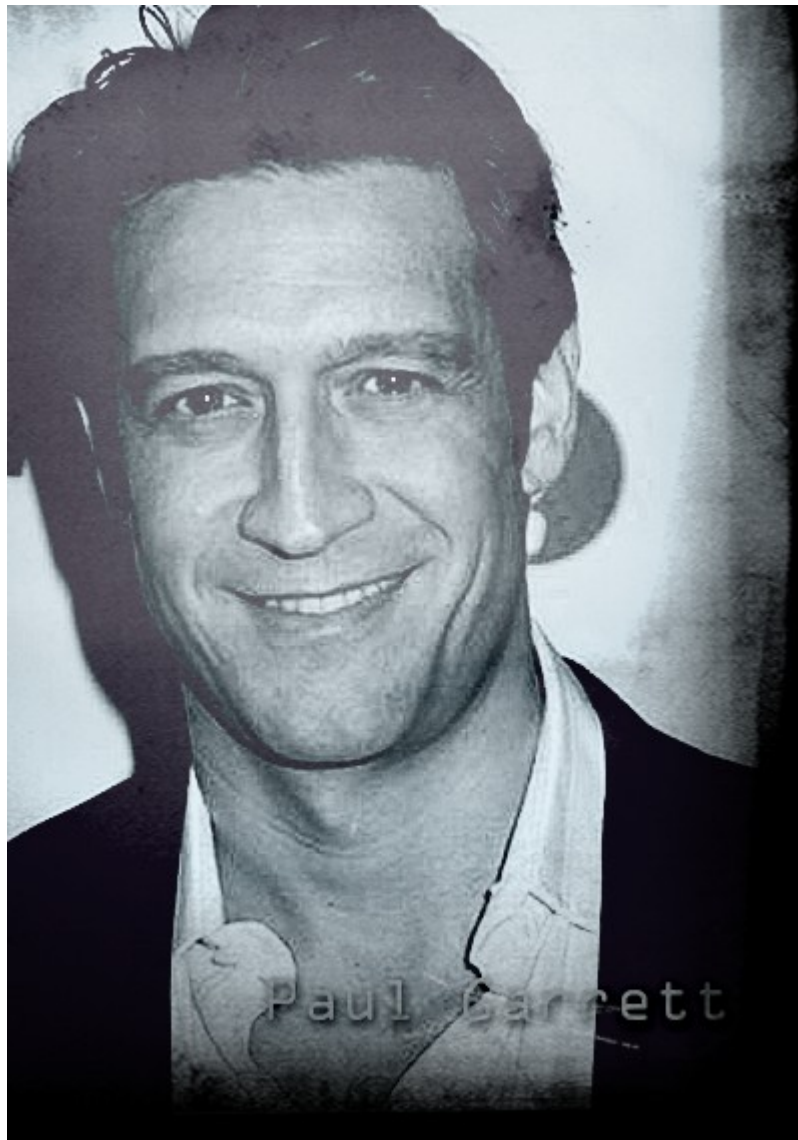
JOE



A veteran of the industry, Joe McCharty has overseen some of the most memorable films produced in the last five years. With two divorces and no children, Joe's life is his work. As Jensen's primary director, Joe is used to shooting with an actor who knows no bounds and rarely expresses his own opinions, but when Jared comes on the scene, his control and authority is gradually eroded.

[[Joe](#)]

PAUL



Quiet and serious, Paul Garrett is a consistent presence on the sets of Eros Studios, where he watches over each shot. Primarily concerned with the safety of the actors, Paul often choreographs the more complex scenes, and oversees some of the elaborate sets ups. A fully qualified medic, with as past he is as quiet about as he is all else, Paul has worked hard to build up the trust between himself and Jensen. Though he risked it all after Jensen's shoot with Jona and Kevin, he remains one of the few people Jensen allows to touch him after a wrap.

[[Paul](#)]

ELIJAH



Loyal, dedicated and confident, Elijah is a Harvard alum. He is paid a great deal of money to do what he does, and he does it well. As Francesca's right hand, he is as likely to be handling charges of intimidation as he is matters of corporate law. Smart, smooth, and utterly ruthless, Elijah never loses a case, never shows mercy, and never wears a jacket off the rack. Leading a small legal hit squad, Elijah handles the majority of the legal matters Eros Studios come in contact with.

[[Elijah](#)]

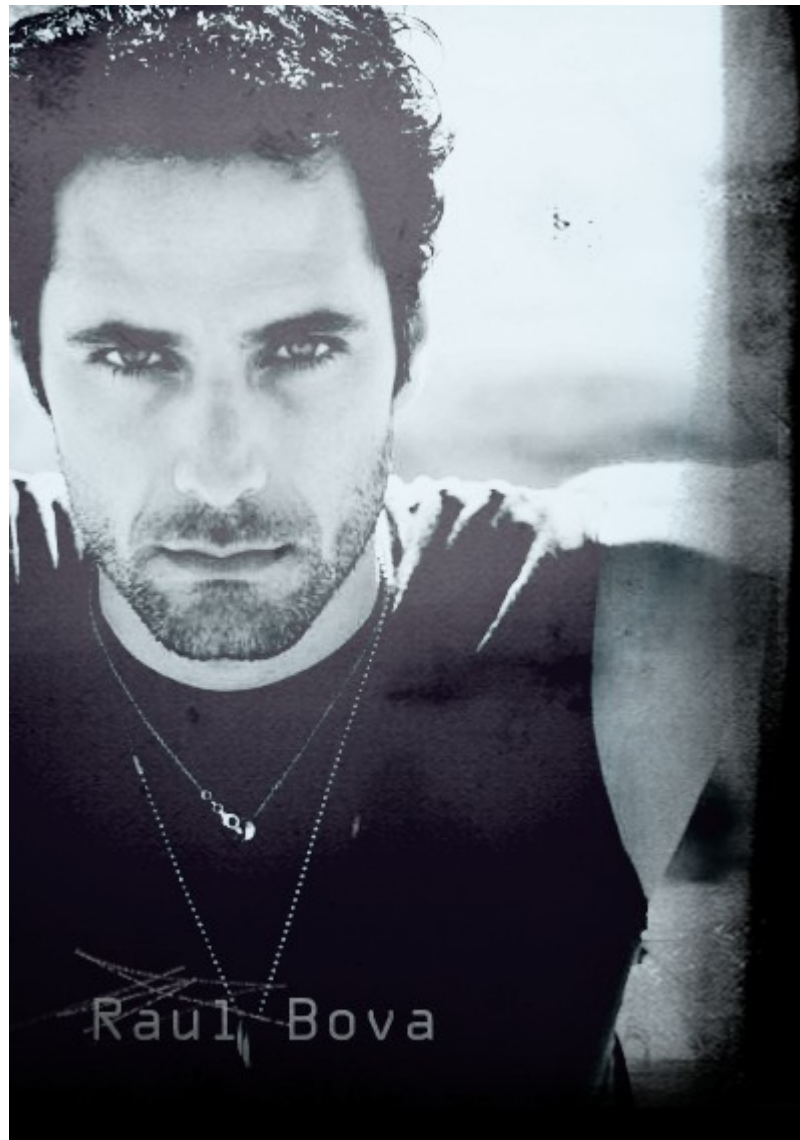
GABE



Gabriel Tigerman made his name on the lesbian porn ring, but longed to swap the strap ons for the real thing; too many props, too many bitchy egos. In a case of success being not what you know, but who, Gabe scored the gig of a lifetime with Eros Studios. Quickly winning over Eros' stars with his eager and enthusiastic approach to the job, it is his concern for Jensen's safety and comfort that wins over the more reserved members of the crew. Gabe remains madly in love with the feisty Italian girl he ran into on his first day in LA, and it is Cristina's family connections that help to elevate Gabe from relative obscurity to the elite pool of porn.

[[Gabe](#)]

RAUL



Former porn star and current squeeze of Francesca Solari, Raul Bova heads the European branch of Eros Studios. Being one of the most patient men on the planet, Raul is one of the strongest male influences in Jensen's life, and despite having only a rudimentary grasp of English, one of Jared's most useful allies.

Conspiring with Francesca in all matters, Raul has been away in Italy for close to six months, and is delighted to learn that his *stella* has found himself a fella. Slow to anger and good natured to a fault, Raul is one of the few men alive who can weather one of Francesca's rages, and has been known to pull her back from the edge on more than one occasion.

[[Raul](#)]

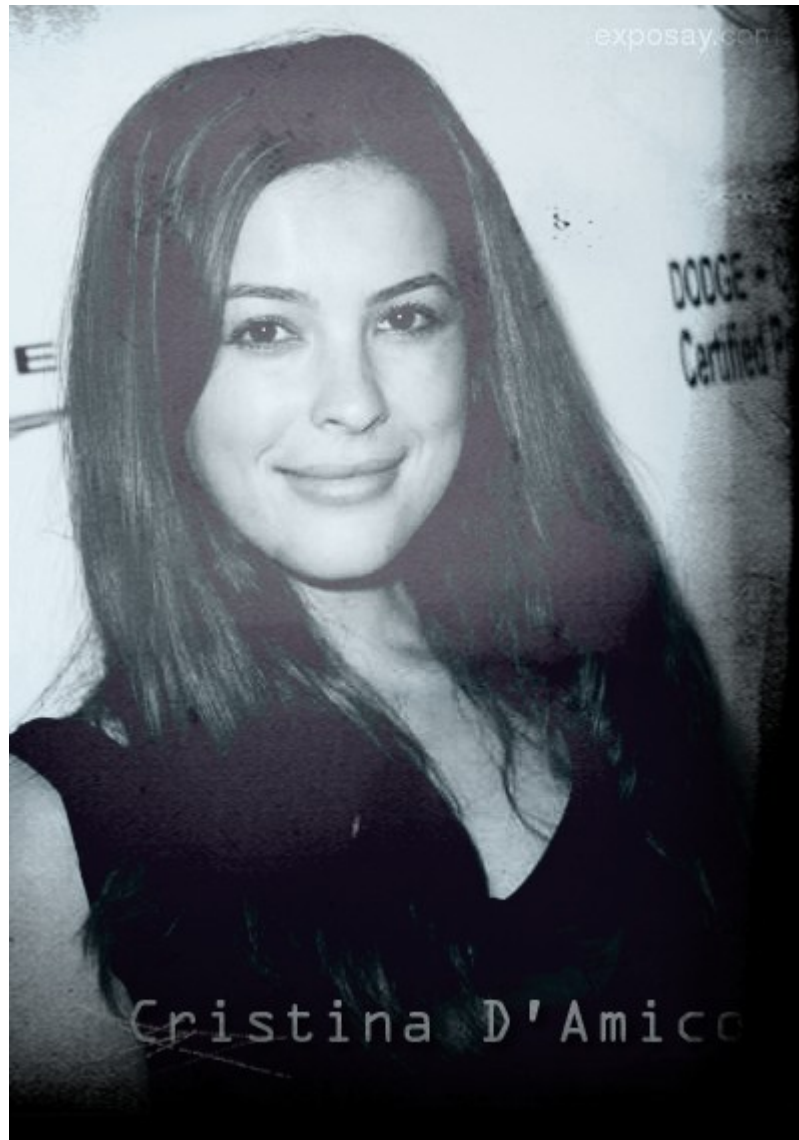
MILO



Milo Ventimiglia has to be the most unlucky man in porn. Initially on the of the key players in Eros Studios, it was Milo who first shot with Jensen when he was moving towards more mainstream porn. Alarmed by Jensen's dangerous work ethics, Milo was the first to turn down the offer of extracurricular sexual activities, triggering a chain of events that have only just begun to bubble to the surface. Losing out time and time again to rival Jared Padalecki, Milo has to decide just how far he wants to push his feelings for Jensen, and where to draw the line for the good of them all.

[[Milo](#)]

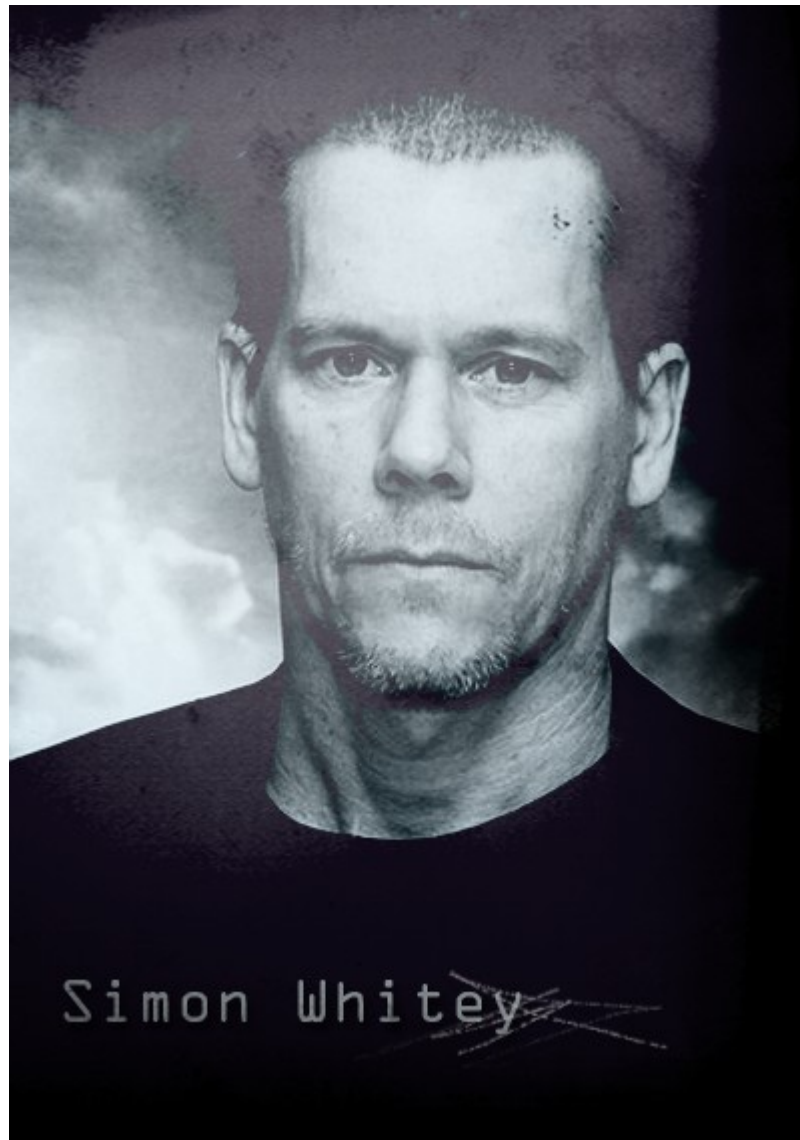
CRISTINA



Cristina D'Amico, the long suffering girlfriend of the overly enthusiastic Gabe, brings a more delicate feminine presence to the lives of the men around her. Bubbly, elegant, and painfully proper, Cristina knows how best how to smooth over awkward situations. Though her family contains some seriously powerful players, Cristina leaves the show business to the men, and spends her time designing bubbly, elegant, *proper* fashion.

[[Cristina](#)]

SIMON



Simon Whitey made an abrupt entrance into the porn world several years ago, and shot from obscurity to power in an impressively short time. With the Internet making porn more easily accessible, and opening up the market for increasingly intense and violent shoots, most of Simon's revenue is generated from online rings. With his background in ethical hacking, Simon saw an opening for a high gain by offering illegal movies on the major websites, before setting up his own production company. Though he suffered a setback when his biggest earner left the company for a rival studio, Simon has invested heavily in The Adonis Group, and looks set to rake in his biggest windfall yet.

[[Simon](#)]

HENRIETTA



Henrietta Goeburne inherited The Adonis Group from her aunts, moving the successful European company to Los Angeles and cashing in on the corrupt and deviant underbelly of porn. Operating under a clean front and impressive yearly overturn, Henrietta has backed some of the most successful -and violent- shoots in the business. Now backed by Simon Whitely, Henrietta has every intention of seeing rivals Eros Studios left in ruins, and is not above using underhanded methods to get her own way, including using Simon's vendetta against Eros' biggest star to her own advantage.

[[Henrietta](#)]

The Director's Cut

~ Origins ~

Some months back [splashpink](#) thought it would be a neat idea to test out her pitiful porn-fu with some anonymous prompts, courtesy of her lovely flist. Cue some *interesting* suggestions from said lovely flist. Caught in a state of 'omg-what-have-I-done?', she turned to [titheniel](#), who laughed in the face of danger and offered her assistance in what quickly turned into an epic. What began as an experiment in porn writing somehow gained a plot, then some more plot, and then a little more plot...

250,000 words later...

~ pwp? ~

Porn WITH Plot is the only way to describe what was somehow born from the giggly brainstorming that followed. There is porn. Lots of it. More than you will find in most fics, and around 99% of it is hardcore. So when we say 'come inside' we're not so much making a double entendre, but a statement of fact. Pretty much every kink going makes an appearance somewhere, and the subject matter is most certainly 'Adult'. We deal with themes of sex, violence, drugs, abuse, and non-con situations. This verse isn't for kiddies. Not even the perverted kind. That said, if schmoop, porn and emo are your thing, please, step inside.

~ Inside ~

The EPIC LOVE of Jared and Jensen.

Jaded, anti-social Jensen has a list of hit porn movies as long as his arm. Hiding in his work from the tormented past he left behind, Jensen can't help but get caught in a vicious circle that keeps him a prisoner of his own stubbornness.

Jared entered the world of porn with one goal in mind; he wanted to make enough money to see him through college. When faced with Jensen, a long term crush of his, Jared falls desperately in love, and pitches headfirst into the dark and complicated world Jensen inhabits. Caught between his desire to break Jensen free from his former life, and the desire to protect him from an ever increasing number of potential villains, Jared is forced to walk an ever thinning line. With the help and love of their friends, Jared and Jensen slowly begin to build something bright and true. Something theirs.

~ Epic Love ~

Days In Our Lives is LONG. And by long, think War and Peace with more porn and no Russians. The cast of characters is longer than my weekly shopping list. So for both our use, and to provide a few little extras, we have compiled a detailed list of cast and crew inside. Please note that these DO contain spoilers for the series, including parts that have not yet been posted. By our count, we are perhaps two thirds of the way into the story, so if you don't want to risk it, please avoid. The story is posted in chronological order, and the links to each part can be found in the sidebar. Writing this verse is great fun for us, and we hope you get as much enjoyment out of reading as we do from writing.

Links: [Titheniel](#) >> [Splashpink](#) >> [The Coin Bikini](#) >> [Spirit Boys](#) >> [J2AU](#)