

A Few Good Men:



Jensen gets a role in the *A Few Good Men* play. While watching it, Jared finds out just how much it hurts to hear Jensen call someone else 'Sam'. A series of events ends up hurting Jared even more, but can Jensen find out just how much in time? *After that, I begin floating around my hotel room, showering twice and spending an hour trying to work out whether the tiny spot on the ceiling looks more like a demonic dog or a flower. When nine 'o clock comes and goes without any response from him, I decide on demonic dog.*

6,000 words, pg-13, hurt!Jared, oblivious!Jensen



I can't stop my knee from bouncing.

I haven't seen him in over a month. I've missed him so badly I kept picking up my phone to ask him to come over, realising just as I hit the speed-dial that he wasn't there. Each time hurts just as much.

And even though it's been great being with my parents and sister, everything I've done has been dampened by the fact that I'd previously planned to meet up with him, either at his parents' house or mine, and travel back up to LA from there. I kind of resent the fact that he backed out, but it's completely understandable: *A Few Good Men* is an amazing play and Jensen fully deserves it.

I just wish we hadn't had to give up the road trip we'd been planning. Maybe it makes me pathetic, but I'd really been looking forward to staying in crappy motels and living the 'Sam and Dean' life. Spending time just him and me.

But anyway, the long separation is over – almost – because I'm here and Jensen's here.

I'm dying to see his face when he realises I've sneaked in. I told him I'd only be getting here in time for his opening night, which is in three week's time, but here I am, ready for the sneak-peak rehearsal.

As the lights dim, the low hum of murmuring from the nearby crew members dies down, everyone's attention snapping towards the illuminated stage.

"Alright, people. Three, two, one, action."



The play is good, *really* good, but my attention is only truly snagged when Jensen finally enters the stage. He strides on, looking as awesome as ever, with a familiar swagger to his step. He's in his 'Dean' role, or, at least, he's summoning up his experience as Dean to play this character.

Before I know it, 'Kaffee', his character's name, has changed to 'Dean' in my head. That's why, when Jensen lips spout, "Sam," from the stage, I jerk, my eyes widening for a second before I realise Kaffee is greeting the 'Sam' in the play.

Something cold begins to seep into my veins as the play progresses, with 'Dean' and Sam getting closer.

It's irrational and stupid, not to mention childish, but I can't help the resentment I feel for the Sam on stage. It feels like I've been replaced. Each time Sam's name leaves Jensen's lips and I'm not the one he's looking at, something inside of me crumbles.

Everything feels wrong. I should be the only Sam Jensen has.

"I need you, Sammy..." Jensen murmurs, his eyes locked on the onstage man, "You're much better at research than me..."

Something bitter floods into my mouth and it takes me a few moments to realise it's because my lip is bleeding.

The rest of the play is a mystery to me: I spend it all with my eyes locked alternately on Jensen or the seat in front of me. And it's only when the lights flood into the theatre that I realise it's over.

Plastering a smile on my lips, I head to the front, creeping behind the curtains. Spotting him on the far side of the backroom with 'Sam', who just happens to look like a really awesome guy, I begin to wade towards him, ignoring the sinking pit in my stomach.

"Jay!" he blurts out, frowning slightly. "What are you doing here?"

And, okay, maybe I'd been a bit optimistic, but I really had been hoping for a better welcome than that. Regardless, I try to keep my tone as cheerful as possible. "Hey, man. Awesome play, seriously."

"Thanks, dude. It's great to see you." Jensen grins up at me, and the pain in my chest eases slightly.

From behind us, someone calls out, “Stage 3, act one, make-up, now!”

Jensen makes a face, “Sorry, I gotta go.”

“Okay, cool.” I plaster on yet another grin, “No problem. Go do your stuff.”

Then I’m left behind, watching him and ‘Sam’ walk away. Just before they turn the corner, ‘Sam’ says something to Jensen and he bursts out laughing.

Dropping my gaze to the floor, I slowly make my way out of the theatre house, feeling emptier than I’ve ever felt before.

After sitting silently in my rental for about twenty minutes, I shake my head, berating myself for being such a kid. Jensen’s busy, of *course* he’s busy. The play is a big deal, and even though I really *needed* a hug after six weeks without seeing him and it kind of hurt to not get one, it doesn’t change anything.

I’m still his real Sam.



“Hey, dude! I was just wondering whether you felt up to hitting the town tonight. Fort Worth has to have some spots, right? Anyway, give me a call when you get this.” I hang up with a grimace, hating voicemails with a passion.

I hope I didn’t sound as desperate to see him as I feel.

After that, I begin floating around my hotel room, showering twice and spending an hour trying to work out whether the tiny spot on the ceiling looks more like a demonic dog or a flower. When nine ‘o clock comes and goes without any response from him, I decide on demonic dog.

Finally, at about half past ten, I give him another call. He answers this time, his voice full of laughter, and the sound of music and voices in the background. “Hello?”

Ignoring the clenching in my gut, I cheerfully reply, “Hey, man. How’re you doing?”

“Jared. Hey, what’s up?”

“Nothing, dude. Just wanted to check how you are.”

“Oh,” he laughs, “I’m good, man. You?”

“Good too...” Knowing the conversation is soon going to turn awkward, I quickly get out, “Anyway, I’ve got to run. Cheers.”

Before he can say anything else, I hang up, slump down before the bed and stare at my knees. The cellphone slips from my fingers, clunking as it hits the floor. I don’t even bother picking it up when it rings a few moments later.



When I wake up with my face scrunched up against the – probably filthy – carpet, I let out a low groan, wondering what Jensen would think if he saw me now. Thoughts of Jensen bring the stabbing pain back and, as I slowly heft myself up off the floor, I find myself guessing that he’s with his ‘Sam’ now.

Senseless jealousy spreads through me and my cruel mind begins flickering through our regular moments on set, like driving to work and me falling asleep on Jensen’s arm, stealing his chair, all our pranks, only it’s not *me* with Jensen, it’s ‘Sam’ or whatever that moron’s name is.

Then I’m flooded with guilt because I don’t really *know* that the man is a moron. I mean, sure he *looked* like one, but that doesn’t *make* him one. And, plus, Jensen doesn’t belong to me; he can hang out with his new buddies if he wants to. It’s been ages since I saw him (not counting the failed surprise visit to his rehearsal) and during those six weeks he’s obviously made some great friends amongst the *A Few Good Men* crew. I have no right to be feeling like this.

So why do I find myself moping for the better half of the day, waiting for the phone to ring?



Two days later, I try again.

Only to be shot down before I can even get the words out: “Oh, hey. Sorry, dude, I can’t talk now, we’re being called for the next scene.” Then he hangs up.

Again, I sag down on the couch, biting my lip to stop myself rushing to conclusions. It’s not like he’s purposefully avoiding me, right? I mean, he has to be really busy and everything. The memory of the party happening in the background of the previous call puts an end to that rationality.

We’ve been working together for about two years now, in conditions where we’re always in each other’s space (especially considering the fact that everyone tells me I have no conception of personal boundaries at all), it’s a likely possibility that he’s grown sick of me. My brother still jokes that being in my presence for a day is enough to exhaust him and his wife for a month afterwards. If I think about it, it’s amazing that Jensen’s lasted this long.

Ignoring the cold fist slowly clenching around my heart, I get to my feet, check my scruffy appearance out in the mirror, shrug, grab my jacket and head for the door, leaving my cellphone on the bedside table.

If Jensen wants me out of his space, I’m going to do just that. The last thing I want to have with my best friend is a falling out. This thought has me swallowing thickly as I wonder whether I even have that ranking still: best friend.

As I wander blindly along the streets, I keep my hands shoved into my pockets to stop myself from punching something – maybe myself.

It’s not really surprising that I end up standing in front of a bar.

I’m not really planning on getting smashed, but I guess I’ll just see how the night goes. And, hey, even if I do, it’s not like I’m driving or anything.



When I begin to regain consciousness, the pain slithers in, rapidly coursing through my veins. As I try to blink my eyes open, the pain only increases. A voice drifts from the corner, a voice I recognise, “Yeah, I know.... I’m *sorry*, but he’s been in an accident... No, only minor injuries... I don’t know! Why don’t you ask him why he got himself piss drunk and stepped in front of a fucking truck?”

The anger slowly quietens, “I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

The pain that has now taken over my body is of a different kind, and I squeeze my eyes closed, wanting to be anywhere but here. But Jensen must see my movement as the sound of a chair squeaking beside me fills the room.

“Jay?”

I force myself to look up at him, into his eyes. “Jen... hey.”

“You’re in hospital, man. Got yourself hit by a truck. Dude, seriously. What the fuck were you thinking?”

I hold back the flinch and drop my gaze. “Sorry, Jensen.”

He just continues, voice rising, “Do you know how fucking scared I was when I got the call?”

“Sorry,” I whisper again, hoarse and shaky.

He lets out sigh and sags slightly, “How’re you feeling?”

Forcing the lie from my throat, I quietly murmur, “Fine.”

With a nod, he stands, “You cracked a few ribs and have a mild concussion, but the doctors say you’ll be fine with a bit of rest. I’ve got to get back on set, but...” a frustrated expression dances over his features and his brow furrows, “But I’ll come around after, ‘kay?”

Before I can form any kind of response, he’s gone, leaving me feeling like a naughty kid who has just been sent to the corner.



About an hour later, I get a visit from a police officer, asking whether I want to press charges against the truck driver for running the light. I consider it, but after hearing that the man’s been working practically non-stop to try and pay for his kid’s schooling, I can’t bring myself to do it.

Then the officer’s gone and I’m left to the room, yet again.

I survive about two hours of cheesy TV before I realise that I *really* do not want to be here and I do not want Jensen to have to come baby-sit me and put him out of his way.

Sliding from between the sheets, I bite back a cry at the sharp pain exploding in my head, and square my jaw. After hobbling out of the ward, somehow managing to avoid personnel and grab a pair of scrubs, I creep towards the stairwell at the end of the corridor.

Everything is going *swimmingly* well, right up until the point when I take the first step down and my knees buckle with an agonising spasm of pain. I'm sent tumbling down the flight of stairs, crashing on what feels like every single one, until finally coming to a rest at the foot, letting out a weak, choked off sob.

I try to lift myself up, only to find my world darkening, and my face falls into the cement.



When I finally open my eyes again, it's to find Jensen's hassled form glaring down at me. Before I can even croak out an apology, he begins ragging on at me for being so childish, asking why I can't just stay in a bed like a *normal* person.

My gut clenches as I whisper yet another apology.

But, with a few more cutting words, he's gone.

Everything hurts – movement, even the slightest, makes it feel as though a dozen needles are being jabbed repeatedly into my head, at my temple. With a soft groan, I sink back into unconsciousness.



He doesn't show up that evening, which, I suppose, isn't surprising. I still stay awake until visiting hours have long since been over before giving in.



The following day passes tortuously slowly, and all my requests for a phone are ignored. It kind of feels like I'm a prisoner, even though I know that's utterly ridiculous.

When Jensen finally shows up, it's late evening and he looks ready to blow up at me again. It hurts too much to wait for it to come, so before he can start, I manage to ask softly, hating how shaky my voice is, "J...Jensen, can I... can I please use your cellphone quickly?" I close my eyes, waiting for him to say no.

As something lands on my fractured ribs I let out a pained groan and blink my eyes open. Realising it's the phone, I murmur a soft 'thank you'.

"Y'ello?" answers a cheery voice, and I nearly start crying.

With my eyes squeezed closed, I choke out, "Chad?"

"Jay, you okay, man? What's the matter?"

It sounds so good to have someone not shouting at me; not making me feel stupid.

“I...” lowering my voice, I get out in a half-sob, “Can you come get me?”

“Sure, dude. Where are you? What happened?”

“Had an accident. I’m in Fort Worth Hospital.... Just... please, Chad?” my voice breaks slightly.

“I’ll be there tomorrow morning, that okay?”

I’d forgotten he was still up in LA; gratitude swells up inside of me. “Love you, man.”

Chad scoffs his usual ‘tough-guy’ scoff and I can’t help smiling at his rough, “Course you do. See you tomorrow.”

My eyes are still closed as I hang up.

When Jensen clears his throat, I nearly jump out of my skin. He takes his phone back unsmilingly. “Well, I’m off then.”

“Jensen...” I call after his back, but he ignores me and leaves, knowing I can’t follow.

Curling up on my side, I desperately try to fight the moisture building up behind my eyelids, but exhaustion, pain and uncertainty – especially concerning Jensen – all bubble over.



Chad arrives and pulls me into his arms, the first hug I’ve received in what feels like ages. I cling to him like a lost child, embarrassing tears seeping into his shirt. He carefully pries me away and dries my face with the edge of the sheet. Then he hops up onto the bed beside me, fitting in against my side, slinging an arm around my shoulders. Then he just waits.

Taking a shaky breath, I begin explaining the past few days to him.



“Jay, I’m sure he wasn’t pissed off because he had to look after you; he’s just busy, man. Stressed.”

I shake my head, eyes lowered to the frayed edge of the blanket, “You should have seen him, Chad. He looked at me like he hated me. I don’t know what I did... maybe... maybe he found out how I feel about him or... I don’t know... He hates me.”

“Dude, he could never hate you, you know that!”

“He *shouted* at me, Chad. It... it hurt... I felt... everything’s wrong...”

“Look, why don’t we get you checked out and loaded with meds, then we’ll go and visit him, clear this whole thing up?”

“He won’t want to see me, Chad.”

“You don’t know that.”

But, I do.



My arm is slung around Chad's shoulders: he's all that's keeping me from crumpling to the floor as we make our way across the theatre's parking lot.

When we spot Jensen, he's busy chatting to 'Sam'. I'm all for high-tailing it out of there, but Chad just attracts attention as usual.

I'll give anything to never have to be on the receiving end of Jensen's darkening gaze again.

From that point on, it's a fiasco. Jensen's cold, 'Sam' is silently blending into the background, Chad is obnoxiously loud, and I just try to burn a hole into the cement below my feet, hoping I can fall through into another dimension.

I've never thought of myself as much, but I also never went so far as to think I would be replaceable. Seeing 'Sam' next to Jensen, the camaraderie between them, it hurts. By the time Chad helps me stumble out, I just feel cold and hollowed out.

I shiver all the way to the hotel.



It's really scary how much of a likeness there is between Chad and a mother bear. He's barely left me alone to pee in the past two weeks.

I know he's skipping work to be with me, but each time I try to get him to leave he just stubbornly plants his feet in. He claims this is payback for all the times he's been sick, hung-over, or in jail and I've rescued him.

I've never been more grateful, and I don't think Chad's ever received as many hugs as he has during these weeks. He keeps me from wallowing, he shoves me when I'm lazy, and he forcibly restrains me when I'm too bouncy. It works.

But, tonight is Jensen's opening night.

My ribs are still strapped, but besides that I'm healthy enough to go. I have tickets and everything. But, as I sit, dressed smartly in slacks, a shirt, and a jacket, I find I can't put on my shoes. I just can't get my motor system to function.

Chad finds me, several minutes later, still staring at the black shoes.

With a soft, affectionate punch, he crouches down beneath me and helps slide my sock-clad feet in. "You're such a girl," he mutters, still shifting the shoes to make me comfortable. Then he stands, "Okay, let's get this show on the road."

"Chad?"

"Mm-hmm?" he looks down at me, his eyes soft. "What's the matter now?"

Cracking a weak smile, I pull him closer, burying my face against his chest. “Thank you... just... yeah, thank you.”

For a brief moment, he returns the hug, his hands sliding around my neck and up to ruffle my hair. Then he pulls back with a snort, “Such a fucking chick, Jay. I’m surprised you aren’t going in a frilly black dress.”

I just grin as he helps me up and towards the car.



Jensen is absolutely amazing. Dominating the stage, he *becomes* the character – just like he becomes Dean.

Determined not to let my own petty emotions get in the way, I force myself to ignore Sam’s place in Kaffee’s world and just focus on the play as a whole.

When it draws to an end and the actors bow, I wobble to my feet, clapping like crazy, soon being joined by the rest of the audience.

As people begin filing out, Chad asks quietly, “You going to see him?”

I hesitate for a few seconds, but inevitably shake my head, “Nah, let’s just get back. There’s pizza with our names on it.”

We’ve just reached the exit when a condemning voice calls out, “Jared; Chad?”

Jensen’s approaching with ‘Sam’ right behind him.

It’s only when my back comes in contact with Chad’s chest that I realise I’ve been backing away. His hand falls silently on my shoulder, stabilising me.

At least Jensen looks happy.

He looks at us expectantly, “So what did you guys think?”

“It was really good, Jensen,” I reply quietly, “It was amazing.”

“Thanks, man. Hey, listen, last time was a bit of a mess, so why don’t you guys join me and Keith tonight, we’re heading into town to celebrate?”

“Keith?”

‘Sam’ steps forwards, hand outstretched, “Yeah, hey. We haven’t been properly introduced.”

I shake his hand. “Jared.”

“Yeah, I figured. Heard a lot about you. You were in an accident, weren’t you? A truck, was it? What happened?”

I blink for a few seconds before I realise what he’s talking about. “Oh... yeah, uhm... I was buzzed from a night at the bar and was crossing the road; the truck driver ran the lights.”

“Shit...” Keith’s eyes widen slightly, “Did you press charges?”

“Nah... he was just trying to do too much. He’s doing, like, three jobs or something to keep his kid in a good school. I would be a bastard to cause him trouble like that.”

Keith shakes his head, “But, dude, you could be dead!”

With an annoyed shrug, I mutter, “Well, I’m not. All I got was a concussion and broken ribs, nothing serious.”

“Ouch!” he winces sympathetically, “I fractured one a few years back and it hurt to fucking breathe, man.”

I let out a soft huff of laughter, relaxing slightly, “Yeah, I know what you mean... Three broken, one fractured. But it’s worse at night, not being able to move at all; and I’m someone who always has to be moving, so it’s hard... But I guess it’s not all bad,” I shoot Chad a smirk, “I have this fucker at my service.”

Chad lets out a pained groan, “Uggh, don’t remind me. Middle of the night, I hear these pathetic sounds coming from his bed, so, like an *awesome* friend, I head over to check that he’s okay, only to get dragged down and used as his fucking *squish* pillow.”

“It helps if I have someone to share the pain with,” I pout. “And you’re comfortable.”

He just rolls his eyes and turns back to Keith, “Try keeping this bouncer in bed for a week, I nearly strangled him. The only thing that works is candy bribing.”

“He owes me two bags of jelly beans; three of gummy worms; a box of twizzlers; a packet of pin pops; a slab of Cadbury’s nutty chocolate; three bags of Doritos; a bag of sour worms; and Chuckles, lots and lots of Chuckles,” I recite.

Another groan escapes my friend’s lips, and I grin innocently at him.

“So...” my eyes snap towards Jensen, who, for a moment there, I had forgotten was even present. “The accident wasn’t your...” he clears his throat, “wasn’t your fault?”

I frown at him for a bit, then I shake my head, “I was crossing the road.”

“Oh...” something akin to guilt flashes in his eyes, but he looks away. “So, are you guys joining us?”

Chad looks at me, clearly waiting to see what my response is.

I want to say yes, I want us to go and pretend none of this has happened. Plus, Keith is a nice guy: I could hang out with him.

“Nah, I think I’m going to have an early night, my ribs kind of feel worse the later I stay up.” It’s not even a lie, “Either that or I’m gonna crash on the couch.”

“You’d better not fall asleep on me again,” Chad mutters, shaking his head with a grin.

I mock-gasp, “Me? Never!”

He pulls out his cellphone and waves it threateningly, “I have proof. You want me to show everyone you drooling on my chest?”

“Chaaaaad,” I whine, punching his arm and hoping no one else can see my blush. The lighting in here *is* dim, after all.

He waves a threatening finger, “Who controls your pain pill supply?”

“Okay, okay,” I relent, rubbing the spot I punched.

Flashing a grin at the other two, Chad says, “Anyway, I’d better take this sasquatch home before he really starts whining.”

“Murray, seriously, when did you become all responsible and shit?” This is from Jensen, and I’m not quite sure what his tone was, but I really didn’t like it.

Neither did Chad apparently, as his shoulders hike up and his face darkens. “Since my friend got hit by a fucking truck and was dumped in a bloody hospital when *everyone* knows that he doesn’t like being alone at the best of times, least of all when he’s in *pain* and in a place where he knows *no one* except for one asshole who treats him like utter *crap* despite the fact that Jared flew thousands of miles just to be here for him.”

“Chad...” I murmur softly, pressing a hand on his chest.

But he hasn’t finished, slinging an arm around me, drawing me against his chest, he snarls, “You know, Ackles... most people would be damn grateful to have a friend who supports them half as much as Jared does you. Hell, even I know just how fucking lucky I am to have him, so yeah, when he’s in pain and can barely move it’s a *real* hardship to be here for him, isn’t it?”

Then he turns to me, his eyes soft, “Let’s get out of here, Jay.” He slides an arm under my shoulders, taking some of my weight, and we silently head for the exit.

When we get outside, I pull him to a halt, “You didn’t have to do that, Chad.”

“I know,” he nods, looking slightly nervous, “Sorry, Jay... but seriously, he was pissing me off and-”

I stop his babbling by stepping into his space, dropping my head down on his shoulder, just resting for a bit. His hands come up to hug me, even though I know his usual macho snipe is about to come.

“Such a girl, Jay.”

Laughing into the skin of his neck, I murmur softly, “Thank you. You didn’t have to do that. You don’t have to do all this for me.”

“Course I do, man. You’d be a whiny bitch if I didn’t.”

My grin widens, and I butt my forehead against his shoulder softly.

“Lets get to the motel, these PDAs are making me uncomfortable, I think I need to check that my dick’s still attached.”



The next morning, Chad confiscates my phone because it keeps ringing. We both know it’s Jensen, but I don’t really feel up to facing him, I’m just too tired. And Chad has his own reasons.

We spend the day on the couch, me using Chad as a pillow and him pretending to mind, and me pretending not to feel his hand in my hair.



The loud banging starts at about lunchtime. Chad wanders towards the door, and I hear loud voices arguing.

Jensen’s voice is distinct, pleading and desperate. “...need to see him.”

“Why the hell would he want to see you?” Chad spits back.

“Please, Chad... man...”

Tired of it all, I make my way towards them, stepping around Chad.

“Hey, Jensen...”

“Jay...” he sounds so relieved. “Can I talk to you for a bit?” he nods behind him, obviously wanting me to take a walk with him.

“Jared...” Chad murmurs, obviously unhappy.

I drop my hand on his shoulder, squeezing gently, “I’ll be right back.” Then I begin walking down the corridor, not waiting for Jensen to follow. We continue in silence for a while before he finally breaks it.

“I’m sorry, Jay...” he murmurs softly.

“For what?”

“I’ve been such an ass...”

“Jensen...”

He steps right up into my space and I stumble back, leaning against the wall. “Chad was right... about all those things... But, *God*, Jay... I was so scared when I heard... I ended up cussing at the director because he was trying to stop me leaving the set. And then I heard about the drinking... and I was just... I was just so angry that you would ever be stupid enough to hurt yourself and scare me like that.”

“Jen...” I press my hand against his chest, “It’s oka-”

“-No,” he cuts me off, “It’s not okay... Fuck... Jare... I just... I was so tired and I had to deal with the assholes on set and then you got yourself even *more* hurt and I just...” he pulls me into his arms, dropping his head on my shoulder, his words slightly muffled, “I should have known why... Chad’s right... fuck... I’ve been such a bastard... I was just so tired... so scared... And then you called him and you sounded *so* desperate to see him and I just... it hurt that I wasn’t enough and then he was there and you didn’t need me and I just...”

He presses his nose against my neck, “I’m so sorry, Jay... Chad’s right... I don’t deserve you... You came all this way to see me, support me and what do I do? Abandon you when you really needed a friend... Even if the accident *had* been your fault, I still had no right to treat you like that; I still should’ve been here for you, still should have...”

My arms slide around him, returning the hug as I whisper, “It’s okay, Jen... ‘s okay...”

“God, Jay... and I missed you so much... so fucking much... and then you show up and I fuck everything up...” His breath hitches and my heart constricts.

“Jens... let’s not be melodramatic here,” I joke weakly. He laughs brokenly against my neck, arms tightening around me, making me grunt in pain. “Ribbs, remember?”

“Oh, fuck, shit...” he instantly pulls back, his face paling.

This is so unlike Jensen, Jensen who is always cool and calm and collected. This person here is an utter wreck, uncertain and almost *fearful*.

“Jen... hey, hey... look at me...” I cup his cheek and force his gaze up. “Calm down. I’m okay.”

His emerald eyes are liquid when they finally meet mine, and he leans heavily into my hand.

And then he’s leaning forward, and everything freezes. His lips brush lightly over mine and my eyes flutter closed. Stepping forwards into my space, he gently presses me back against the wall, his hands on either side of my face, angling me as he deepens the kiss.

“Jen...” I murmur softly, squeezing my eyes tightly closed, not wanting to wake up from this. One of his thighs nudges between my legs, applying pressure to my stirring cock and I let out a low groan, dropping my head back against the wall.

“Fuck, Jay... Wanted this... God... wanted you...”

When he pulls away, I let out an embarrassing whimper and feel my cheeks burning under his gaze.

“You still... you still owe me another hug...” I get out between breathes of air.

“Huh?”

My eyes slide open, taking in his flushed cheeks and shiny lips. “When I first saw you... you never gave me a hug...”

His face lights up with laughter, his eyes shining fondly, and then he’s wrapping me back up in his arms, being careful of my ribs, but pressing me as close as he can.

Sinking into his embrace with a sigh, I let go of all the hurt and confusion that's been dragging me down.

"Jay... fuck, I'm going to make this up to you... gonna..." He continues mumbling, his fingers gently carding through my hair and his lips tickling over the sensitive skin of my neck.

Oh, *my!*" comes a high-pitched, very feminine voice from the side, making us both jump. I begin to pull away but Jensen just wraps his arms firmly around my waist, keeping me locked against him. I glance behind me at the elderly lady clutching her pedigree dog to her bosom, and I can't stop the laughter that comes to me.

Unable to control it, my whole body shaking with it, I bury my face in the dip of Jensen's shoulder and try not to start guffawing.

Her high-heeled footfalls fade away and Jensen tilts my chin up, shaking his head at my antics, a massive grin on his lips.

"I think we nearly gave her a heart attack," he whispers.

It shouldn't be funny, it really shouldn't. So then why do I let out another snort of laughter? And why does Jensen finally give in, joining in the hysterical laughter?

Eventually we wear ourselves down and end up slumped on the floor, limbs tangled haphazardly.

We're lying in the middle of a hotel passageway, but Jensen doesn't seem to care as he pulls me towards him, easing me off the floor until I'm basically using him as a mattress.

"How're your ribs?" he asks softly, fingers skimming down my sides.

"They're okay," I whisper back softly, smiling when he lifts up slightly, pressing his lips to mine.

"Ewww," comes a whine from behind us and I peek around to see Chad covering up his eyes, "*Seriously*, guys... Save it for the bedroom."

"You offering yours?" Jensen deadpans, and I stifle my laughter in his shirt.

"I'm still gonna kick your ass, Ackles. Don't think you get off this easily," Chad mutters with a scowl on his forehead. "And you get the sasquatch's bill of candy, just so you know."

"Three bags of jelly beans; two boxes of twizzlers; three of gummy worms; a packet of pin pops; two slabs of Cadbury's nutty chocolate; three bags of Doritos; a bag of sour worms; and three packs of Chuckles."

Jensen lets out a low groan, but his fingers don't stop carding through my hair.

"Oh, and from now on you're taking on the duty of squish teddy, by the way," continues Chad.

Nudging his nose against the side of my cheek, Jensen murmurs huskily, "I got no problem with that. No problem at all."

Chad lets out a ‘pleh’ sound and stomps off, and Jensen seizes the opportunity to gently flip us over, fitting himself in the ‘V’ of my legs. He’s smiling as he strokes his fingers down my cheek, “You sound like pretty high-maintenance to me.”

Hooking my ankles behind his ass, I draw him impossibly closer to me, feeling his hot warmth poking into me. “I’ll bet I can make it worth your while.”

He groans wantonly, dropping his head down on my shoulder, “You already do, Jay.”

All the warning we get is a high pitched yap from the mongrel, and then we’re being sprayed with water by the lady.

We’re laughing and squawking as we leap to our feet, clutching at each other and taking off at a run, leaving the old lady far behind, shaking her fist, but grinning widely after us.



“I’d like to dedicate tonight’s performance to a very special friend of mine, Jared Padalecki, who has stuck with me through it all.” Jensen’s eyes meet mine from across the theatre and he breaks out into a grin, “This is for you, man. The only Sam I’ll ever need.”

I gape for a few seconds, stopping only to glare at a grinning tattle-tailing Chad, which turns out to be slightly ineffective, considering the hot blush painting over my cheeks.

