

## A perfect dork:



Jensen really loves Jared. *People think that just because Jared's happy and easy-going and a 'big, strong Texan man', he doesn't feel things more profound. People think that Jared never needs anything – that he shouldn't need anything – more gentle.*

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Okay, Jared's a dork. He knows it, Jensen knows it, pretty much anyone who's ever heard more than two words about him or been within twenty yards of him, knows he's a dork.

What people don't know – obviously because it's not visible externally – is that Jared is a really smart guy. He's attuned to people's moods, knows exactly what to do when someone's feeling down, and he understands people (something Jensen hasn't yet managed to accomplish).

He was an A grade student – lowest marks were B's and then only because he was going through a rebellious teen phase, and, before acting, he wanted to be a teacher like his mom.

So Jared is not dumb in any way.

But he *is* a dork. He fools around like a kid, getting high on candy and generally uplifting everyone's mood to the ceiling. He's just awesome like that.

But, the main thing is that he doesn't act the dork just for kicks – not all the time, anyway. He does it to cheer people up, to clear up awkward pauses, to fill rooms with laughter – and it works.

Jensen knows this because, coincidentally, his bad moods are always followed by Jared causing a goofy distraction and teasing a smile out on his lips; Jensen's awkward interviews are always interrupted by Jared's grinning, dimpled entrance; but, most of all, the reason Jensen knows this, is because he gets to see Jared when there's no one else around.

In the evenings, when they're both utterly exhausted, Jared sags down on the couch, his head tipping back against the cushions and his eyes fluttering closed. That's when all the tension seeps from the kid's body, leaving him slumped bonelessly, face smooth and at ease.

It's those moments that Jensen truly treasures. They talk for ages about nothing and everything while they wait for whatever food they'd decided on to finish cooking, and Jared's not putting on a show or trying to fill silences or trying to make everyone happy, he's just Jared, no shields in place – nothing.

And the absolute best is when Jensen nudges his way behind Jared on the couch, slotting himself in, sliding his limbs around the younger man and dragging him close, safe in Jensen's arms.

People think that just because Jared's happy and easy-going and a 'big, strong Texan man', he doesn't feel things more profound. People think that Jared never needs anything – that he *shouldn't* need anything – more gentle. Jensen knows better.

In the exhausted hours when the world's worn Jared thin, Jensen knows exactly what Jared needs.



Silent acceptance and comfort: no expectations, only unconditional love.

With his nose buried in the soft brown mess of hair, Jensen whispers a hoarse, "I love you," and Jared melts further into his body, hand curling warmly around Jensen's arm.

Jensen the only one who gets to see this: this softer side of Jared, this vulnerability in the man. It's like holding a kitten in the palm of his hand, knowing that with one single mistake he could snuff out its life, but also knowing that he'd give his life to protect the man.

As Jared's head begins to sag, falling limp against Jensen's shoulder, the older man reluctantly nudges his lover and whispers, "Babe, let's go to bed."

With a sleepy mumbled protest, Jared wriggles around, burying his face in the dip of Jensen's neck. "Don' wanna." He lets out a fake snore.

Jensen smiles up at the ceiling, his arms fitting easily around the gorgeous being and his eyes crinkling at the corners.

Yeah, so maybe Jared's a dork *even* now, but he's *Jensen's* dork, that's for sure.

