

## Along the winding road:



Insecure about his standing in life, Jared just drives in the middle of the night: *He's got that whole, smooth, sleek professional who happens to be a good ole Texas boy with a smoking hot body and an appearance that has girls swooning right across the world, going. And I'm just, well, I'm just Jared. The tall guy from Supernatural.*

9,000 words, NC-17, angst, hurt/comfort, bottom!Jared

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Think I'm going for a walk now  
I feel a little unsteady  
don't want nobody to follow me  
'cept maybe you

I could make you happy, y' know  
if you weren't already  
I could do a lot of things  
and I do

Tell you the truth I prefer  
the worst of you  
Too bad you had to have a better half  
she's not really my type  
but I think you two are forever  
and I hate to say it  
but you're perfect together

So fuck you  
and your untouchable face

and fuck you  
for existing in the first place

Who am I  
that I should be vying for your touch  
Who am I  
bet you can't even tell me that much

Two-thirty in the morning  
and my gas tank will be empty soon  
Neon sign on the horizon  
rubbing elbows with the moon  
A safe haven of sleepless  
where the deep fryer's always on  
and the radio is counting down  
the top twenty country songs  
and out on the porch the fly strip  
is waving like a flag in the wind

Y'know, I don't look forward  
to seeing you again  
You'll look like a photograph of yourself  
taken from far far away  
and I won't know what to do  
and I won't know what to say

Except fuck you  
and your untouchable face  
and fuck you  
for existing in the first place

Who am I  
that I should be vying for your touch  
Who am I  
Bet you can't even tell me that much

I see you and I'm so perplexed  
what was I thinking  
what will I think of next  
where can I hide

In the back room there's a lamp  
that hangs over the pool table  
and when the fan is on it swings  
gently side to side  
there's a changing constellation  
of balls as we are playing  
I see Orion and say nothing

The only thing I can think of saying  
Is fuck you  
and your untouchable face  
and fuck you  
for existing in the first place

Who am I  
that I should be vying for your touch  
Who am I  
Bet you can't even tell me that much

- untouchable face, Ani DiFranco

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I've been in love with my best friend since the day I found a bag of gummi bears in my trailer with a smiley face drawn on it with a sharpie.

That was two years ago.

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It's not all bad, I mean, I get to hang around with him all the time which is more than I could've imagined possible. I get to waste lunch breaks and weekends and free days with him. I get to watch him all sleepy-eyed as he stumbles from his apartment with his shirt untucked. I get to sit, shoulders brushing, beside him on the way to set every morning. I get to spend sixteen hours a day with him looking at me with love in his eyes. For Sam.

Honestly, it's not that bad.

I just ignore the way he looks at Danneel. I pretend not to hear him chatting to her on the phone, telling her how much he loves her and misses her. I also make sure I'm occupied with other things on the weekends she comes down to visit. And if I happen to end up moping at some random bar with Chad laughing raucously in my ear, I just forget to mention it, summing it up to an, 'awesome weekend! How about you?' Then I try not to wince as his face takes up that soft, loving look he always gets where she's concerned.

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It still gets to me sometimes: why he would ever want to hang out with me. I mean, I don't have an inferiority complex, but I can still see that he's in a different league to me. He's got that whole, smooth, sleek professional who happens to be a good ole Texas boy with a smoking hot body and an appearance that has girls swooning right across the world, going. And I'm just, well, I'm just Jared. The tall guy from Supernatural.

I feel out of my depths when we head out together. Like I'm drowning but I'm the only one who can see. When we meet up with Tom and Mike, who are so obviously comfortable with their celebrity status, I feel even worse. I have no idea how I got here, honestly. When I left San Antonio, I was just hoping that I would be able to earn enough to survive; enough not to

have to return home as a failure. And somehow, I managed to get here; to have friends like these guys.

I don't think I belong here. They're too perfect.

\*

The thing that makes it so hard, is that Jensen at his worst is still Jensen looking good. When he tumbles into the car, his face pillow-creased and his eyes scrunched up, he still looks amazing. I know when I fall out of bed; I don't look anywhere near that good.

I think there was some criteria for celebrity status that I somehow managed to slip past. I feel guilty for being here. Like I've entered a restricted room without the correct permit.

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Each shoot we do, I do my best. That's all I can do. For some reason, my best seems to be good enough, but I don't know how it can be, not when I'm opposite Jensen who's perfect.

I feel like I'm cheating.

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My mom says that it's just normal to feel overwhelmed by everything, and that all the actors and actresses must go through it, but I don't think that's true, Jensen's always so calm and relaxed, I don't think it affects him at all.

He makes me look like a goofy kid in comparison, and even though it probably makes me look stupid, I play it up at conventions. If I didn't joke and keep myself from panicking, I'd probably reveal to the world how much of an imposter I am.

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I like to drive. To just head off in a random direction and forget everything. When I'm out there in the open, the stretching sky above me and the dusty plains around me, I feel like it doesn't matter who I am, it doesn't matter to the mountains or the emptiness whether I'm a celebrity or a gust of wind.

Sometimes I head down stray, winding roads and pull over to just walk into the distance until I don't feel like walking anymore. Then, I'll stretch out on the ground, staring up at the stars, searching for something I can never find.

It's always quiet here, as if the world's been put on hold. The silence is nice; completely different to the silence I'm usually trying to fill with jokes and smiles. I don't have to work to please anyone here. I can just listen.

No one knows about my night trips. I don't want them to know. They'll probably just think I'm even more of a freak than they already do. And also, I feel as if the moment I tell someone about this, it'll be broken. As if I've got some secret pact with this place, with both of us vowing to protect each other's secrets.

I like the quiet.

\*

Jensen's different, though. I don't understand him. The way he treats me is different to how the world treats me. When he laughs, he makes me forget everything else. When he listens to me, it's like he's actually listening beyond my words. When he calls me a freak, his smile is always there and his voice is always fond, as if he's complementing me.

But, I don't understand why.

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I've started working out more. I want get fitter; lose some of my lankiness. But this means I have to wake up early to do so, and my night trips have been cut down a bit. I still try to go whenever I can.

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Jensen's moved in. I don't know what came over me when I told him he should, I must have been insane. Why the hell would Jensen want to move in with me?

But he did. I don't understand him.

He'll probably move out soon anyway. I don't think he'll want to stay with me for that long.

I'm going to have to make sure I don't make a mess or anything, maybe that'll convince him to stay longer.

I'd like him to stay longer.

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He catches me coming back from one of my night trips. I step inside the house and he's standing there in the corridor, his face pale and a deep scowl on his forehead.

"Jensen?" I ask tentatively, hoping he's not angry with me. I hate it when he's angry with me.

"Where the hell did you go, Jared?" he shoves me backwards, making me stagger into the wall.

"Wha... what?"

"Where the fuck did you go? I wake up in the middle of the fucking night to your dogs whining and I go into your fucking room only to find you're not fucking there!"

Jensen's swearing, he always swears when he's scared, but that can't be right. Why the hell would Jensen be scared?

"I'm... sorry?" I reply softly, not wanting to make him even angrier.

His mouth opens as if to continue his tirade, and I flinch at how mad he is. That makes him stop, his expression softening. Scrubbing a hand roughly over his face, he reaches out to grip at my shirt. I think he's going to punch me.

But he doesn't. All he does is shake me, "Don't you ever fucking do that to me, okay? I mean... dude... just... leave a note or something. Do you have any fucking idea how worried I was? I was seconds away from calling the cops and telling them you'd been abducted."

That doesn't sound right. I frown, looking up at him, "You were worried about me?"

"Jared," Jensen gets out, his voice sounding strained, "I wake up in the middle of the fucking night, only to find that my best fucking friend, who *was* there when I went to sleep, isn't fucking there anymore. What the hell am I supposed to think?"

No one's ever been worried about me beyond my parents, and that's kind of their job. I smile up at him, suddenly feeling shyer than I've felt in a while, "Thank you," I murmur softly.

He frowns up at me, "What?" Then he shakes his head, "Anyway, where did you disappear off to?"

Falling completely still, I glance away. I don't want to tell him. I don't want him to know how weird I am. "I..." I can't think of anything to say.

"Oh," Jensen says. "Oh... is it a girl?" his eyes drop down to examine my clothing, probably searching for signs of a busy night.

"Uh... no... No, Jensen, it's not a girl..."

"Oh..." he repeats, then his eyes widen, "It's a guy?"

I take a step backwards, my cheeks flushing despite myself, "No, man... there's no one, okay?"

He relaxes a bit, "Well, what is it, man? Spill."

"I... Jensen... I don't want..." I cut off, wondering how the hell I'm supposed to get out of this corner I've been backed into.

A flicker of hurt dances in his eyes, slicing through me like a knife, "Oh... I... uhm... okay... if... if you don't want to tell me, it's... it's okay..."

Closing my eyes, clenching my jaw, I curse life for being this unfair. I'd do anything to stop Jensen hurting, even if it means giving up the one piece of me that's still mine. "I just... I like to drive.... I go out into the... into the open... I just... I like to walk there and... yeah..." I drop my gaze to the floor, waiting for his laughter.

What comes instead is even worse, "That's... that sounds really cool... Can I come with you sometime?"

I've never been able to refuse him anything and it's so unfair that I can barely breathe. "Su... sure... I mean... it's not that great... it's just..."

"No, man... that sounds really awesome... Can we go tomorrow night?"

"I..." I give in, "Yeah... sure we can, Jen..."

Smiling and nearly making me forget why I'm so upset, Jensen relaxes the hand he has fisted in my shirt and pulls away, "Cool! Night, Jay..."

"Night, Jensen..."

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The next night, I'm hoping that he'll fall asleep so I can slip out. Or, better yet, that he's forgotten the whole thing entirely, but I'm out of luck when the minute we've finished dinner, he joins me on the couch, kicks his feet up on my lap and asks, "So...what time are we heading out?"

"Oh... uhm... usually I go at about eleven or so. But we could go earlier..."

"No, no," Jensen shakes his head and grabs for the remote, "I want to see what it is you do... and that means we do it right..."

A few moments later he breaks the silence again, "So...is there anything I need to bring?"

Sighing softly, I turn to look at him. He just shrugs, "Sorry, man. I'm just... I dunno... excited, I guess..."

"Excited? Jensen, I think you're going to be kind of disappointed... it's just this weird thing I do... it's just..."

"Dude, I don't care... it's something about you that I never knew, and that's awesome... so I wanna see it..."

"Okay," is the only reply I can come up with.

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It's weird driving with him beside me. I keep wondering whether I should say something, do something, anything to break the silence, but loyalty to this place makes it impossible to do so. I'm just so used to not saying a word here, that I can't even think of something to break the silence with.

Peeking over at Jensen, it's to find him staring out the window. He's probably bored out of his mind. He probably thinks I'm insane for liking this, I mean what's to like? It's just a road and I'm just driving.

"This is beautiful," he murmurs softly, this time meeting my gaze when I glance at him.

My reply catches in my throat and all I can do is nod and croak out, “Thanks...”

Then I immediately feel like kicking myself, because it’s not like this place is mine. I shouldn’t be thanking him for a comment made about this because it doesn’t belong to me. I can’t believe how stupid I am sometimes.

He doesn’t seem to have noticed.

“Shall we pull over here?”

Shifting, Jensen bites his lip, “Well, I mean, where do you normally pull over...?”

“Wherever I feel like it...”

“Oh...” he looks out the window again. “Okay, let’s stop here.”

I pull over and slide out the car silently. When he joins me, he leans back to peer up at the stars, “Holy crap,” he breathes, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen that many stars.”

Relaxing slightly, I shoot him a smile, “You’re lucky, you just missed the moon. A few weeks ago it was hanging over there, cloaking almost half the rest of the sky.”

Jensen nudges me with his shoulder, “Seriously, Jay. How long have you been sneaking out here?”

Beginning to walk, I just shrug, “A few years, maybe.”

“Years?” Jensen stops. “And you never told me about it?”

My face heats up as meet the hurt, green eyes. “I... I never thought you’d like it... I... it’s just... it’s just a bit weird...”

“Dude, and you seriously think I care? Weird is pretty awesome sometimes.”

“Yeah,” I murmur hesitantly, not quite sure whether he’s joking or not.

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After walking for about twenty minutes, we come across a small, dusty hill that is just what I would usually stop for. Glancing over at Jensen, I feel my face flushing again as I break the silence, “I... uhm... when I find someplace that looks nice, I usually stop and just... just lie down... I mean, we don’t have to... we could head back or continue walking or...”

I feel so stupid.

Jensen just bangs his shoulder against mine, “Dude, relax. It’s only me.”

As if the ‘only’ should be there. It’s *because* it’s Jensen that I really don’t want him to see how weird I am.

Swallowing, all I can do is nod and lower myself onto the ground, leaning back against the slope, resting my head on my arm.

He joins me, fitting easily by my side, our shoulders pressed warmly together and our bent knees brushing as we both stare up at the sky.

“Jay...” he breathes, “This is amazing...” He doesn’t sound like he’s joking. He really sounds like he means it. “I can’t believe you never told me about this...”

“I... I didn’t think you’d...” I fall silent.

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It’s actually nice to have someone to share this with. It’s nice to feel his warmth beside me each night instead of the chill wind. It’s nice to hear his soft voice breaking the silence. The loneliness of this place, the emptiness, all of it, all seems to disappear, leaving behind only the beauty and the stillness.

“Jared...” he rolls onto his side, propping his head up in his hand, “Why do you hide yourself so much?”

“I... what?” I glance over at him, trying not to start panicking.

“Like...” Jensen waves his arm around at the surroundings, “Like this... like the paintings I found in your cupboard... like-”

I interrupt him, “Wait, what?” My face is burning like crazy, “You’ve... you’ve seen those...?”

“Yeah,” he nods, “Remember when I ran out of shirts, you told me to just grab one from your cupboard. I saw them then...”

“Oh, god...” I murmur, closing my eyes in humiliation. I should’ve burned all of those.

Jensen’s warm hand on my shoulder has me snapping out of it as he continues, “Man, I never even knew you could draw... you’re amazing... and you never told me...” Again, there’s a glimmer of hurt in his eyes. “And... like... there’re all these other things about you that you never tell me about... and I have to find them out by accident or through other people.... Like, Chad... he told me you’re an awesome surfer... you never told me that... and I didn’t know that you were going to become an English teacher until your sister told me... And... all these things... why don’t you talk about yourself more?”

I feel like sinking into a hole and disappearing forever. Rubbing my nose self-consciously, I stare down at the ground, “I just... I don’t like showing... dude, I’m nothing compared to you guys... I just... it’s no big deal... none of those things are...”

When Jensen remains silent for a few torturously long seconds, I dare to peer up at him, still hiding behind my bangs. His lips are parted slightly and a confused frown creases his forehead, as he stares at me.

The he clears his throat, “Jared... what do you mean, you’re nothing compared to us guys?”

Dammit, I feel like running, this is too much, too intense. I wish he’d just look away; his swirling green eyes are too distracting. What am I supposed to say?

“I mean... dude, just... it’s... it’s pretty obvious, right?” I ask with a nervous laugh.

He just blinks at me.

Brushing a hand over my eyes, I let out a defeated sigh, thinking, what the hell, Jensen’s already figured me out, “I don’t know what you want me to say, Jensen. I don’t tell people things about me because I know... I know you’re all so much better and I feel stupid, because I know you’d all do whatever it is a million times better... and... I mean, you... you’re... dude, you’re perfect... and I’m... I’m just me...”

Laughing shakily, I shrug, “Anyway... maybe we should be heading back...”

I begin to stand up, but Jensen’s hand fists in my shirt, holding me down. With wide eyes, I peer up at him, “Jensen?”

Leaning over me, he pushes me flat into the ground, “Who the hell did this to you?”

Completely confused, I reach out to try move him off me, “Did what to me? No-one’s done anything to me.”

He just stares down at me, his eyes moving over my features slowly. I turn my head away, feeling ashamed under his scrutiny. This only deepens his frown. “Why do you do that?”

“Do what?” I ask, feeling lost and out of my depths.

“Make yourself out to be less than you are?”

“I... I don’t...”

“You do... Jared, fucking hell, man, you’re like the most amazing person I’ve ever met. Everybody loves you, you make people comfortable just by being in the room, and you’re the best friend I’ve ever had. And all these other parts of you, they’re amazing too. You shouldn’t hide anything of yourself, Jare... seriously, and you’ve got absolutely nothing to be ashamed of.”

I roll him off me, “Stop it, Jensen... please, just stop it...”

“No,” he slams me back into the ground, straddling me, “Not until you get it into your thick skull that you’re perfect.”

Nearly choking at the feeling of him pressed completely against me, I try to think of anything but how nice it is to have his weight on top of me. “Please... let me up, Jensen...”

“Tell me what you think is wrong with you,” he demands, pressing my wrists into the floor above my head.

“Jensen,” I whisper, brokenly begging him to stop.

“No, Jared, I don’t get it. You’re a brilliant actor, you have a fucking hot body, you have an awesome personality, you’re athletic and fit, smart, funny, artistic. You have a smile that lights up a whole fucking room and a laugh that makes everyone else want to join in. You’re an amazing friend, always there for people when they need you, you’re awesome with animals, you’re... fuck, dude... you’re absolutely perfect... why the hell do you think there’s a single thing wrong with you?”

Staring to the side, unable to stand how close his face is from mine, I fight back the prickle of tears building up, and choke out, “Please... stop...”

Something in my tone gets through to him and he relaxes his grip on my wrists, pulling back slightly. Sliding out from under him, I take off in the direction of the car, cursing myself for ever bringing Jensen out here in the first place. It was obviously a mistake. Now he knows just how pathetic I am.

He slides in after a few moments later, and the drive back is in complete silence. But it’s not the good silence, it’s the awkward, draping heavily over your shoulders silence.

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As we step through the front door, Jensen opens his mouth as if to say something, then he shakes his head and, before I can even prepare myself, he’s yanking me into his arms, squeezing me tightly to his chest. “Night, Jay...”

And then he disappears in the direction of his room, leaving me standing numbly in the dark.

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The following night, just as I’m slipping into my car, about to drive off, the passenger door opens and he slides in silently. He’s holding a blanket.

Shooting me a small smile, he leans back comfortably in the seat, his eyes on the passing world outside.

After driving for about an hour, I pull over. We haven’t said a word to one another the whole trip. But strangely enough, this silence was more relaxed than last night.

Slinging the blanket over his shoulder, he follows me as I just place one foot in front of the other and step out into the darkness.

We’ve only been walking for about ten minutes when we come to a completely flat area, the sand soft beneath our feet. Dropping down and slipping my eyes closed, I relax into the ground, my breathing evening out.

When I dare to open my eyes again, Jensen’s green ones are focused intently on me, and I can’t help blushing. He smiles softly and moves closer, whispering, “Admit that you’re perfect.”

“Jensen,” I laugh quietly, “you’re perfect.”

He scowls, “No, admit that you, Jared, are perfect.”

Sighing tiredly, I roll over onto my side, facing away from him, wishing he would just let this all go. He’s just wasting his time.

I nearly jump out of my skin when I feel his warm body pressing against my back, his hand skimming down my side as he spoons me. “Uh... Jensen?” My voice breaks slightly as I can’t control the shiver that moves through me at feeling.

His lips brush over my ear as he whispers softly, “I’ll get you to admit it eventually. Just you wait.”

Then he pulls away, leaving me shivering and missing his warmth like crazy. Throwing the blanket over the both of us, he stretches out on his back, resting his head on his arms, his side just brushing against me.

When I shift to lie on my back, I freeze when I realise this means I’m now lying in the crook of his arm. Flushing, I begin to pull away, but he just slips his arm down and around me, holding me against him, making it impossible for me to move.

I hate this. It’s like the worst torture imaginable. My best friend, who I love, holding me like this, this *intimately*, is everything I want, but I know I’m misreading this or something. I don’t know why Jensen’s doing this.

When his fingers begin gently carding through my hair, the motion is so soothing, I find myself drifting off.

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Soft lips press gently against mine. Drifting on the fringes of sleep, I let out a low moan, pressing closer, curling into the heat of the body beside me.

Then a warm voice whispers, “Admit that you’re perfect...”

Reality jolts back to me, and my eyes snap open, locking with his sparkling green ones directly above mine. I think it was just a dream. “Oh, god...” I breathe, quickly scrambling to my feet and hoping that I didn’t moan anything out loud. Quickly spinning around and heading back to the car, I hope that he hasn’t noticed my heated cheeks.

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I don’t know how I get through the following day. He’s always looking at me, his eyes roaming my features and making me squirm, but he just smiles whenever I catch him. It puts me on edge; like I’m on display and I know I’m not living up to the expectations.

He’s touching me more. A hand down my back as he gets my attention, warm fingers brushing over my wrist as he hands me something. During lunch, he even came up behind me

while I was sitting in my trailer and slipped his fingers lightly through my hair, sending tingles racing through me.

I wish he wouldn't do it. Because I know it's not real, and that just makes it hurt.

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I'm so nervous I can barely sit still. I don't know what's happening. I don't know why Jensen keeps joining me. And each time, he pushes me even more off kilter.

Tonight he has a thin camping mat as well as the usual blanket.

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"You're wrong, you know?" he murmurs, as he lies pressed against me.

Frowning up at the stars, I ask softly, "About what?"

"I'm not perfect. Not at all."

Scoffing quietly, I shake my head, "Sure."

"I'm not. We all have things we don't like about ourselves. I mean, I'd love to have your tanned skin instead of my freckles. Or your giraffe legs rather than my bowlegs. Dude, you're much more perfect than me, you just don't see it."

Frowning, I roll over onto my side, peering down at him, "That's stupid, I love your freckles... and your bowlegs..." Then I realise what I've just admitted, and I sit up quickly, turning away with a blush.

He laughs softly, sitting up as well, pressing his chest against my back, "Well, there you have it, I love your tanned skin and giraffe legs. So we're moot."

Feeling even more confused, I peer into the darkness, wondering what he means. I jump when his fingers slide around to dance over my abdomen, and I shiver as he whispers, "And you're fucking ripped, man."

"Well, so are you," I defend.

"Not as much as you," he replies with a grin, "Now, come on, hit me with everything that makes you think I'm perfect when you refuse to admit you are."

Wrapping my arms around my knees and resting my chin on my wrist, I fight the oncoming blush, "You always know what to do... what to say... I just babble and make a fool of myself..."

Jensen pinches my belly slightly, making me yelp as he snorts, "Dude, you're talking about conventions, aren't you?" When my silence replies in the affirmative, he laughs again, "Jared, have you seen yourself on stage? You have the audience in the palm of your hand, they love you, man."

“But... I’m always such a goof... I just...”

Letting out a sigh, Jensen rests his chin on my shoulder, "Do you know how awkward and boring the things would be without you? Honestly, the only time I’m ever comfortable at conventions is when you’re with me.”

That doesn’t sound right. “Really?”

“Yes, really. I hate conventions, but you make them fun. Now... hit me with the next reason.”

I feel kind of stupid doing this, but Jensen just sounds so convincing. Leaning back into his chest, I murmur softly, “I don’t feel like a celebrity. I don’t feel comfortable as one... I don’t belong, not like... like you do...”

Jensen's quiet for a few moments, his palm pressing against my chest. Then he replies quietly, “Jared, anyone who feels like they belong in the celebrity world is completely vain and self-centered. I’d be worried if you *did* feel completely comfortable with all the spotlight.”

“Really?” I ask again numbly. “But... you always seem to know how to... how to be...”

Running his hands down my arms, he chuckles softly, “Dude, just remember that I’ve been in this business longer than you. I’ve learned to disguise my, ‘Ohmygod, they’re all looking at me’ panic. And you’re doing a pretty good job of it too, seeing as though it always seems like you know what to do. You always look so comfortable in front of a crowd.”

“Really?”

Jensen laughs softly, “Jay, if you ask me that one more time, I’m gonna kick your ass. Yes, *really*.”

“I don’t...” I stare down at the dusty ground, wondering whether this could possibly be true.

Wrapping his arms more firmly around me and pressing me against his chest, Jensen commands again, “Admit that you’re perfect.”

When I just remain silent, Jensen lets out a low growl and spins me around, pressing me down on the floor and straddling me. “Admit it!”

“Jen,” I can’t help grinning up at him, “Jensen... stop already...”

He does freeze, but he doesn’t pull off me, in fact he does the opposite, and presses closer, his eyes fixed on my face, dancing between my lips and my eyes. “Fine... then I’ll say it.... You’re perfect, Jared... You’re absolutely perfect and I don’t know why the hell you’re so insecure about it....”

I tilt my head to the side, unable to watch the warmth in his eyes any longer. But he gently slides his palm along my cheek, angling my face up, forcing me to meet his gaze. He lowers until he’s so close I can feel his breath against my skin, then he murmurs, “You’re gorgeous, Jay...” and his lips press against mine.

Gasping in surprise, I stare wide-eyed up at him when he pulls away. Maybe the other night wasn't a dream after all. "Jen?" I ask fearfully, wondering whether this is my fault and whether he'll hate me now.

He frowns at what must be panic in my eyes, gently thumbing at my cheeks before brushing my bangs out my face with a soft smile, "Admit you're perfect."

"You're delusional."

When he lowers again, this time I'm expecting it, and my eyes slide shut at the contact. I desperately want to arch up against him, I want to kiss him again and again, I want to beg him to continue, but I can't do any of that. It'll probably have him running for the hills.

It's only when he breathes an order against my lips, "Kiss me back," that I do so. Sliding a shaking hand down the side of his face, tracing the contours that I've dreamt about for over a year, I nearly choke on the wave of emotion welling up inside of me.

I want to tell him I love him more than I've ever loved anyone before. I want to tell him that he's everything to me, he's my whole life and if I have my way, he'll never leave. I want to tell him all these things, but I can't because I don't want to scare him away.

But what I do allow myself to do, when he pulls back, is beg him to continue.

"Please...please, Jen... just..."

Smiling happily, he slides his fingers back into my hair, rubbing my curls between his fingers, while his other hand slides soothingly down my side. Lowering until he's flush on top of me, he murmurs, "Say you're perfect..." punctuating every word with bites down my neck.

"Ahh," my fingers clutch at his back, "Jen... please..."

Pulling him back up for a brutal kiss, I find myself cursing my inability to control myself. I know that now I've had a 'taste' of what it's like being with Jensen, it's going to hurt so much more when that's all I ever get.

But for now, I just want to make the best of it.

Gradually, our kisses slow to become lazier, soft and gentle as Jensen shifts slightly off me, so he's only on me from the chest up. Curling up against me, he splays his palm over my heart and buries his face in my shoulder, throwing a leg over one of mine.

"Jensen?" I ask softly, still trying to get over the fact that the man I love has just spent the past fifteen minutes making out with me.

"Mmmm?" he hums sleepily, his hand clenching in my shirt.

"Aren't you... aren't you with Danneel?" I wince as the words leave my lips, hating myself for ruining everything.

He laughs softly, tightening his hold of me, "I was... until yesterday morning..."

“What?” my mouth falls open, “Oh, god, Jen. I’m so sorry, why didn’t you tell me?” I begin to push him off me, but he doesn’t let go.

“I was the one who ended it, Jared...”

“What? Why? You’re... you’re in lo... in love with her.... You should probably call her right now... I know how much she means to you... I’m... god, why didn’t you tell me?”

Propping his chin up on my chest, Jensen smiles up at me, “She’s an awesome girl. And I’ll probably always love her, but it was time, you know? She’s drifting away, with her model shoots in Paris and the rest of the world... And she even admitted to having a thing for one of the photographers assigned to her... We were both ready to move on... things change...”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I was just waiting to see if there was anything between us... I didn’t want you thinking it was because I’m rebounding after Danneel.”

“I... wait... what?” That... that actually sounded like Jensen wanted to... to be with me ... but, that can’t be right. “Jen... what?” I am so lost right now even a GPS wouldn’t help.

Pressing his lips softly against mine, Jensen strokes his fingers gently down the side of my neck. Then he smiles softly, “Come on, we should head back...”

I follow him silently, wondering what the hell just happened.

\*

We decide not to head out the following night. We really need to get our sleep, else Eric is going to kill us. It’s really weird how disappointed I feel. The night trips have shifted from being ‘mine’ to being ‘ours’ and I’m surprised by just how much I love that fact.

So, feeling dejected and down, I murmur goodnight to Jensen and head towards my bedroom.

Twenty minutes later, I step out of the bathroom in a cloud of steam, wearing only a pair of boxers, to find there’s an occupant in my bed.

“Uh... Jensen? Think you got the wrong room, buddy...”

The man just lets out a soft sound and burrows further under the covers, looking so adorable I nearly forget why he’s not supposed to be there.

“kay, I’ll take the couch,” I sigh, too tired to care much. Grabbing a spare duvet and pillow I head down the passage, yawning.

His arms snake around my waist before I’ve even taken twenty steps, and, not letting go, he spins us around and marches me back into my bedroom. “Jen?”

He doesn’t say anything as he wrestles me face-down onto the bed, and promptly uses the dip of my back as his pillow. “Say that you’re perfect,” he whispers against my shoulders.

“Jensen...”

Pressing a soft kiss to my shoulder-blade, he murmurs, “Night, Jay.”

And I fall asleep being used as his pillow.

\*

I don't know what this is between us, I don't understand how it's possible that I should wake up to his sleeping form beside me. Despite my confusion, I still crack a small smile when I see his smushed up cheek against the mattress and the trail of drool trickling from his parted lips. He's beautiful.

When his emerald green eyes blink open, they gaze sleepily up at me before he raises his head, his hair mussed up and sticking up in random spikes. His eyes flicker down to my still smiling lips and they brighten, even as he swipes the drool off his chin with a blush, “Morning,” he murmurs hoarsely.

“You're perfect,” my mouth blurts out before I can stop myself.

Raising an eyebrow, he shakes his head, the blush deepening, “Look who's talking?”

Self-consciously realising I probably look like crap, I drop my gaze to the sheets, feeling my face heat up as I mumble, “You're insane.”

His warm hand slips beneath my chin, tilting my head up, and he brushes his lips over mine.

“What is this?” I can't keep myself from asking. I just... I need him so much and I don't know what this is.

Frowning, he pulls back, “Isn't it obvious?”

I shake my head.

“Jared, I slept in your bed last night, I just kissed you good morning, I don't do that with just anybody, you know?”

“But... that doesn't make sense... why would you... why would you want...” I cut off, leaving the silent ‘me’ hanging between us. Jensen could have anyone, there's no way he wants me.

When Jensen just slides out of bed, I know I've probably blown this all, blown the only chance I'll probably ever have. He disappears in the direction of the kitchen and I stare down at my hands, trying to fight back the prickling in my eyes. It's so stupid that I should be this close to tears when he wasn't even mine in the first place.

“Jay.”

I look up just in time to see the water coming at me. Yelping at the sudden cold, I peer up through dripping bangs at Jensen. “Wha... what? Je... Jensen?”

He just grins and shakes his head, “That’s to wake you up. I don’t know why the hell you’re this insecure, and I swear, if it’s the last thing I do, I’m going to change that. I love you, Jared.”

My mouth falls open, and I’m sure I’ve misheard him, “Come again?”

“I’m in love with you.”

“No, you’re not,” I reply softly, fiddling with a stray thread on the duvet.

“Do I need to go get more water?”

“Jensen... I...” I shake my head, “You can’t be...”

He comes over to sit cross-legged before me. “And I know you’ve got feelings for me too...”

Blushing, I duck my head even further.

“Jared,” he sighs. “Listen to me closely, okay? Firstly, you’re perfect. Secondly, even if you weren’t perfect, it wouldn’t matter, because you’re perfect for me. Thirdly, I’m in love with you. See,” he holds out three fingers, “Three easy points.” He taps said fingers against my forehead, “Now get them in your head and just accept them, okay?”

Before I can answer, he moves forward, pressing his lips against mine and biting at my bottom lip until I part my lips with a gasp. Grinning, he deepens the kiss and slowly pushes me back into the mattress,

“Jen... is this real?” I ask, my voice trembling slightly.

His only response is to growl against my lips and press me further into the mattress. “Doesn’t this feel like it’s real?” he murmurs as he slides his lips down to my shoulder, biting at my skin and making me arch up against him.

Suddenly feeling braver, I lean up to whisper softly in his ear, “I love you too, Jens... So much...”

Grinning against my neck, he mumbles, “Fucking finally,” and proceeds to kiss me until I can barely breathe, let alone think.

A few moments later, the phone rings and we pull apart, both flushed with bruised lips. It’s Eric, and he threatens to castrate us both if we’re not on set in fifteen minutes.

We make it there in nine.

\*

That night, Jensen loads our sleeping bags and pillows, as well as the camping mat in the car. Shooting me a small grin, he shrugs, “Thank God it’s weekend.”

He makes me change into only my boxers and t-shirt, stating that we'll be spending the night there, and he does the same. I don't know if I'll be able to keep us on the road if he's dressed like that. The smug bastard seems to know it, sitting with his legs apart and his hips thrust slightly forward.

After I've been driving for about fifteen minutes I glance over at him, only to realise his boxers are tented and his eyes are glued on me. Flushing, I turn my gaze back to the road, jumping when his fingers brush against the nape of my neck a few moments later.

"Maybe you should pull over," Jensen suggests, sounding completely innocent.

I have to clear my throat before I can form words, "Yeah, yeah... okay...."

After lugging all the stuff Jensen insisted on bringing for about thirty minutes, we stop at an area that is sheltered by the surrounding boulders, but is completely open to the sky.

Jensen lays the mat down first. Then he unzips his sleeping bag, spreading it out as a mattress. Taking mine from me, he does the same, and finally tosses the pillows down as well. After walking in only boxers, tees and flip-flops, we're both pretty freezing, so it's no hardship to slip into the makeshift bed quickly.

Content to just lie there, I gaze up at the stars and I murmur, "I'm really glad you found out about this... I never thought to bring blankets or anything..."

Glancing over at Jensen, I find him gazing right back, a small, sad smile on his lips.

"What is it?"

He reaches out to brush his fingers lightly over my face, "Would you have ever shown me the other sides of you?"

"I..." fingering the sleeping bag, I drop my gaze, "I didn't know you would want to see the other sides of me."

Jensen's fingers cup my face, his thumb pressing against my chin as he turns doe eyes on me, "Jay... I've been in love with you for a while... I was desperate to learn everything there was about you, I spent ages prying, asking your mom and Chad and Megan, for stuff about you that you never share... I just wanted to know you better..."

"Why didn't you just ask me?"

He scoffs, "Oh, yeah. 'Cause that wouldn't be awkward as hell. 'So, Jared... what haven't you told me about yourself? Come on, now, don't be shy, I want all the details.'"

"Better than going to my mom."

Blushing slightly, he nods, "Sure, fine. But... dude... you're always bright and happy and cheerful... but you avoid talking about yourself like it's a taboo topic. Even if I'm just prying slightly, like, 'So, what did you and your buddies enjoy at school?', you just laugh it off and say, 'normal teen stuff'. What was I supposed to do?"

“But... I mean, it’s not like any of it is important... I’m not really worth talking about.”

Jensen shakes his head disbelievingly, “And I always thought it was because you didn’t really want me to get close to you. I thought maybe you’d figured out that I was in love with you, and didn’t want to share anything personal with me in case it encouraged me.”

“I would never do that, Jensen.”

“And I was so confused when you offered me a place to stay because I thought I’d be invading your privacy, and now I find out you’re in love with me too, and you’re so anti talking about yourself, not because I freak you out by being love with you, but because you’ve got some weird psychological complex and think you’re less than everyone else or something, which is utter crap.”

“I don’t have a complex,” I whine slightly, throwing in a pout.

Laughing, he nods, “Oh, yeah, Jay. You really do... So basically we’ve just been a bunch of idiots for a while and we should just say, ‘fuck it’, and go for it, what do you think?”

As his ramble dies down, I find myself gaping at him, wondering whether any of this is real. It’s probably not. I’m probably in some amazing dream that’s going to be over soon. I think if I wake up now, it’ll probably break my heart.

He waves a hand in front of my face, “And, dude. It’s up to me to decide who’s good enough for me or not, and trust me,” Jensen’s fingers trace down my jaw, “You’re far more than just good enough... You’re perfect...”

Laughing, I find myself imagining that this is real, that Jensen really does love me, that this isn’t just a dream. Pressing closer to him, I skate a hand up under his t-shirt, feeling his warm muscles fluttering beneath my touch, and loving how his breath catches slightly.

“Fuck, yeah,” Jensen whispers, quickly closing the distance between us, sealing our lips together and slipping his tongue into my mouth as he presses me down with his body flush on top of me, his hands unable to stay still, roaming across my chest, up my sides, up to card through my hair and back down to cradle my face as he nips my lips and makes me moan beneath him.

I let out an embarrassing keening when he pulls back, arching up to try keep kissing him, but he just brushes his thumb over my slick bottom lip and smiles, open and happy as he gazes down at me, “You’re beautiful, Jay... fucking, gorgeous...”

Blushing, I yank him back down, mouthing along his jaw and sliding my hands up the smooth skin of his back, pushing his tee up. Quickly getting the idea, he pulls back, slipping the t-shirt up and over his head, discarding it before moving to tug at mine.

He groans when my hands slide down to clutch at his ass, and, even though my face is burning, I can’t help feeling smug when he full out moans as I bite his shoulder.

Then his hands move between us, brushing over my tented boxers and stealing choked murmurs from my lips. It's not long before he has us both naked, and me feeling so out of control that I don't even know what I'm doing anymore.

I cry out loudly when his sinful lips slide over my full erection, and squeeze my eyes shut tightly as I try not to thrust up into his hot mouth. "Ahhh, Jen, Jen, Jen," I chant, my hands searching for him and running through his soft spikes, "Want... want you in me... Jen... want... want you...."

Pulling off my dick, he peers up at me with wide eyes, "You sure?"

When I nod, Jensen slides up my torso to drag me up into a heated kiss, letting me taste myself on his tongue.

"Have you ever done this before... with a man?"

I shake my head, unable to form words. Jensen seems to be suffering similarly as all he does is swallow thickly and brush the bangs out of my eyes.

A few moments later, when he seems to have regained his speech, he murmurs softly, "I'll take care of you, Jay..."

"Know you will," I whisper back, leaning my cheek into the palm of his hand, "Trust you, Jensen...."

Blushing furiously, he fishes a small bottle of lube from the pocket on his sleeping bag, and all I can do is laugh, "You fucker, you planned on getting laid tonight, huh?"

He shrugs, grinning, "Hey, you'll be thanking me later when your ass isn't as sore as it could have been."

That cuts off my laughter, and I gulp as I think about what's actually about to happen.

Jensen's extremely gentle as he slips the first finger in, and despite shifting slightly at the foreign intrusion, I don't really mind it, especially not when Jensen's kissing me like this.

When he inserts the second finger, it's really weird. To feel myself being stretched like that, is something extremely new to me. I flinch as the third finger slides in, and Jensen curses softly and reaches for more lube. I know the last thing he wants to do is hurt me, and it's that more than anything else that helps me relax.

Tweaking his fingers slightly, he has me thrusting back at the sudden stimulation, nearly coming at the overdose of pleasure shooting through me. Grinning down at me, he rubs over the tiny bundle of nerves inside of me until I'm a writhing mess, begging him to fuck me.

Then he slides in and it's like nothing I've ever experienced. The pain of the intrusion is far outweighed by the 'ohmygod, Jensen's inside of me', and as he slams home, bursts of pleasure race through to every part of me, making me arch up into him and sob his name over and over again.

Threading his fingers in mine, he presses our entwined hands down on the ground above my head, changing his angle so he hits my prostate with every thrust, and locking my eyes in a heated gaze.

'Fuck, Jen... god, fuck... so good, Jense... ahhh, harder... fuck me, Jens... want you... want you so bad...' I'm too far gone to even care what my mouth babbles out, all I can think of is more.

Squeezing my fingers, Jensen brushes his lips over mine, driving in harder, "Admit you're perfect, Jay..." he whispers, reaching for my cock, starting to jerk me off in time with his thrusts.

"Admit you're perfect," he repeats, gasping against my cheek.

Tossing my head from side to side, my legs wrapping tightly around him, pulling him in even more, I can't bring myself to say it. Then he ducks his head and whispers, "Tell me that you're mine, Jare... tell me you're mine..."

As he comes deep inside of me, I'm quick to follow, coming with a sharp cry, choking out, "*Yours, Jensen. I'm yours.*"

And for some reason, that sounds exactly like what Jensen's been trying to get me to say this past month.

I'm Jensen's. He wants me. He loves me. I'm his.

That means I'm perfect. Because I'm perfect for him.

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