

Broken circle:



Their friendship has always been whole. Like a circle - neverending and infinite. But things start to fall apart after Danneel 'invades' the house. *"No," Jared quickly denied, wincing again as he realised just how quickly he'd spoken. "No, of course it's not about that. I'm glad you feel comfortable enough bringing her here, I mean... she's your girl and the house is also yours, so... no, it's definitely not about her."*

6,000 words, NC-17, confusion, bottom!Jared, some Jared/OMC



Jared glared at the screen, wondering why it was off. He was so sure it had been on when he'd fallen asleep, and he knew Jensen would have been out all evening. "Jen?" he called softly, peering through the darkness. "You here?"

No reply came, and he got unsteadily to his feet. Maybe Jensen had already gone to bed, but that didn't make any sense, the man would have woken him. Jared crept down the passageway, grabbing a vase from a nearby cabinet and clutching it to his chest like a baby.

The light was on in Jensen's room, but Jared had to make sure. Pushing the door ajar, he sneaked a glance inside, blanching and nearly dropping the porcelain at the sight before him. After a few moments of silent gaping, he staggered backwards, nearly falling on his ass a few times as he managed to navigate towards his own bedroom and deposit the vase safely.

The sight of Jensen's lean back, Jensen's lean naked back, was burned into his retinas; he couldn't get it out of his head. "Fuck," he swore softly, vowing to never again open a door without knocking.

Danneel's slender legs, digging into the soft globes of Jensen's ass made Jared shiver, both in arousal and in disgust at himself for being aroused. It had never been an issue between them. Jared had always made it clear that Jensen was welcome to bring Danneel over, that the house was as much Jensen's as it was his. But... somehow he'd never actually thought of the logistics.

Walking in on Jensen doing it... Jared shuddered again, desperately trying to get it out of his mind. "Fuck," he swore, standing quickly and opening a nearby cabinet, pulling out his secret supply.

Two minutes later, he was clutching at his skull and moaning softly at the shooting pain. He made a quick note to himself to never down a flask of whiskey in one go. Then he began laughing at himself, because he'd seen Jensen's naked ass before. They were guys: they'd been skinny dipping before. This whole thing wasn't such a big deal. He'd just go to bed and forget everything.

That sounded like a grand plan, Jared nodded to himself and quickly began to strip, shrugging out of his shirt and cursing as he tripped out of his jeans.

Throwing himself down on the bed with a groan, he began 'forgetting' everything.

Easier said than done. Jared cursed again as a soft moan made its way through the walls. It was a low, male moan: Jensen's. Rolling onto his stomach, Jared buried his head under the pillows, desperately trying not to hear his best friend having sex. It didn't work.

Finally. *Finally*. The sounds died down and blissful silence filled the air. Jared breathed out a soft sigh of relief, wondering whether he could cut the past few hours from his memory.



The next morning was awkward in a way that they'd never been. And Jared knew it was his fault. Jensen had no clue why Jared jumped at every sound and scuttled away when the older man came near.

And... the absolute worst... when Danneel showed up, wearing Jensen's t-shirt in a cliché, all American girl sort of way, her slim legs appearing from beneath them, no sign of any pants whatsoever. Jared let out an almost squeak, and nodded a jerky smile at her before escaping under the pretence of a run.

Only he'd forgotten his trainers.

Letting out a soft groan, he sank to the ground and buried his head in his hands, wondering why the hell he was overreacting like this. He knew Danneel and Jensen had sex, they were together, *obviously* they had sex, but... he'd never actually pictured it, and now picturing it was all he seemed able to do. "I am so fucked up," he muttered through his fingers.

"Yeah, I noticed, now... you mind telling me why you look like you've seen a fucking ghost?" Jensen's voice had Jared jumping up guiltily, trying to scrub away whatever could be showing on his face.

"I..." Jared started, eyes darting everywhere but his friend's face. "I... just had a bad dream last night... still... haven't shaken it off..."

"Oh..." Jensen's warm fingers gripped Jared's jaw, forcing him to look up and into the older man's eyes.

"What was the dream about?"

"Uh..." Jared quickly racked his brain for something legitimate. "Clowns... it was... uh... yeah, it was about clowns..."

"Clowns?" Jensen's eyebrow rose slightly, and Jared nodded jerkily.

"Yeah, clowns... uh... guess Sam's phobia is bleedin' into me or something..."

"Right... uh... you do know that episode was sometime last year, don't you?"

Jared chuckled nervously, cursing himself for not picking something more recent, like... Lucifer or the apocalypse... something. Clowns? Honestly. "Well... uh... sometimes it takes me a while to process things..." then he winced, realising he'd just put himself down as an idiot.

"Are you sure it's not about Danneel being here?" Jensen asked quietly.

"No," Jared quickly denied, wincing again as he realised just how quickly he'd spoken. "No, of course it's not about that. I'm glad you feel comfortable enough bringing her here, I mean... she's your girl and the house is also yours, so... no, it's definitely not about her."

Jensen looked slightly more convinced, and his smile was unquestionably genuine. "Yeah, you can't imagine how happy she was when I invited her back here. She's... I don't know, she likes to know that the house isn't out of bounds for her, you know?"

"Why... why would it be out of bounds for her?" Jared asked in complete confusion. To his surprise, Jensen flushed and coughed weakly in an attempt to hide it.

"I... well... she... for some reason..." Jensen gestured between him and Jared, "Well... what you and me have... well... uh, it's kind of... different from other friendships... you know?"

"Yeah," Jared nodded dumbly.

"And... well... I don't know... she doesn't... I guess she sees her being here as intruding or something.... which..." Jensen glanced nervously up at Jared, "Which is just crap... you know? I mean, obviously whoever you date is... uh, welcome at home and... well, the same goes for her."

Jared barely managed not to gape. This was probably the first time Jensen had babbled in front of him. *Other* people, who Jensen felt uncomfortable with, were babbled to. Not once had Jared ever been one of the people to be babbled to.

Realising Jensen was still waiting for a response and was also rubbing at his neck, another sign of him being nervous (and another first for when talking to Jared), the younger man stuttered, "Yeah... yeah, course... Uhm... I'm going to go for a quick run, like I said... I uh... I'm trying to see how bad it is without shoes, you know, try the whole outdoorsy thing?"

"Sure... sure... I'll get started on breakfast, shall I?"

"Sounds awesome," Jared yelled back, already beginning to hightail it.



As the distance between him and Jensen grew, Jared began contemplating what had gone wrong. It didn't make any sense, because Jared was obviously okay with Jensen bringing girls over... but... there was a 'but' there and he didn't get it.

He felt like their home had been... invaded? No, that would be the wrong word... maybe... Well, their home had definitely been altered for some reason. Everything felt different. Maybe Jared was doing something wrong; maybe he should be doing the same...

Only... Jared had recently realised he was more inclined towards the male side of the population and had yet to break it to his housemate. There just hadn't been an opportunity to slip in, 'Oh, hey, Jensen. I'm bi, just thought you should know'. And maybe that was just it.



Jared left for the bar at about nine, scoping the area for a likely target. He wasn't like this, not normally. He wanted the wine and dine sort of relationship, but things were getting desperate. He had to show Jensen that he was okay with Danneel being over frequently. And this would really show him just *how* okay it was.

As Jared sat down, ordering a couple of shots, his gaze fell on a man nearby. The man was handsome in the rugged, manly sort of way; he was bigger than Jared too, which was a definite attraction. Jared wanted to know what it felt like to be with someone who could hold him down. But... there was something in the man's eyes that Jared didn't quite like.

No... Jared turned his gaze elsewhere. He didn't feel right about that man. A few moments later, someone sidled up to him, and he turned to find sharp blue eyes gazing at him. "Can I buy your next few?" the man asked, laying a hand lightly on Jared's shoulder.

Biting back a smile at how lucky he was tonight, Jared nodded, leaning into the man's touch slightly. "Sure, I'm Jared, by the way."

"Dave," the man replied with a warm smile.



Dave's lips were smooth and perfect against Jared's as the man kissed him to within an inch of his life. They pulled apart gasping for air and chuckling against each other's skin. "You're so fucking gorgeous," the man growled, tugging at Jared's belt, "I wanna suck you. Can I suck you?"

"Mmm," Jared groaned, so dizzy with lust that he nearly forgot his original plan. "No..." he batted at Dave's hands and pulled the man back up, "Let's go back to my place, huh?"

The way Dave's eyes lit up sent a spike of guilt shooting through the younger man, but he swallowed it down. This was just a one night stand, they both knew that. And... well, if Dave wanted more, it wasn't as though Jared was currently taken. And Dave was hot.



Stumbling through the front door with Dave's lips pressed against his and a hot erection rubbing at his through their jeans, Jared gave a small squeak as he turned to find Jensen's wide eyes staring at them. "Jen," he murmured, his throat thick with arousal.

Dave's desperate movements stilled and all three of them stared in silence. "Boyfriend?" Dave muttered darkly from behind him and Jared quickly turned back to the man, running a soothing hand across his shoulders.

"No... no, just my housemate... Come on, I'll show you my room." As Jared tugged Dave towards his room, he glanced over his shoulder at Jensen and mouthed an apology. Why he was apologizing, he had no clue. This had been the plan anyway, so why was he feeling so guilty?

Jared did try and keep his moans down, not wanting to disturb Jensen any more, but occasionally when Dave hit that spot inside of him and had him arching up in pleasure, he couldn't hold back his screams.

Afterwards, Jared lay in David's arms, curled around the man's chest as their breathing calmed. Dave's hand was tentative as it stroked down Jared's spine, and the man's voice was low and uncertain when he asked, "You... uh... you want me out of here? Or... or can..."

Jared interrupted quickly, "Of course you can stay; I'd love you to stay." He could feel Dave's smile against the side of his neck as the man nuzzled him, and Jared had to admit it was nice. Really nice.



Morning was awkward, just as awkward as the morning after Danneel's first night there and Jared could only think it fair.

Jensen jumped when Jared stepped into the kitchen, the man's eyes exhausted as if he hadn't had much sleep, and his voice was pitched slightly higher when he responded to Jared's offer of an omelette.

But the best was the expression on Jensen's face as Dave emerged, smiling at them and moving instantly towards Jared, brushing their lips together and placing his hands firmly at

Jared's waist, murmuring, "Mornin'..." against the younger man's cheek before pulling away and turning towards Jensen. "Hey, uhm... we weren't properly introduced last night. I'm Dave, Jared's... uh..." he trailed off, glancing towards Jared.

"My boyfriend," Jared confirmed, nodding slightly. He really liked Dave, and it was clear that the man was pretty cool, so they should get on really well.

Jensen nodded jerkily, looking for all the world like a cornered rabbit as he replied, "Jensen.... Jared's housemate, I guess..."



Jensen brought up the question during their lunch break as they piled food on their plates, his voice pitched low, "So... you're gay?"

Swallowing thickly, Jared nodded, "Yeah. Well, technically I'm bi." He shot a nervous glance at his friend, "That going to be a problem?"

"I..." Jensen's gaze remained fixed on his macaroni. "No... of course not, man. You know I'm not homophobic."

Jared relaxed slightly, letting out the breath he'd been unconsciously holding. "Good."

"It's just..." Jensen sounded hurt, "Didn't you think you could trust me?"

"What?"

The older man shrugged, "Well, I don't know what to think, man. I've known you for ages and I thought you were comfortable telling me anything... And... this is a big 'something'."

"Jensen, no." Jared reached out ruffle his friend's hair, "It's nothing like that. It's a pretty recent thing, just the past month or so. And obviously I know I can talk to you about everything. You got that when I told you about my smarties theory."

This had the desired effect, and Jensen huffed a laugh.

"So... we okay?" Jared asked softly, letting them into his trailer.

"Yeah.... We're good." Jensen settled down on the couch. "And... Dave?"

"Yeah?"

"Uhm... well..." the older man shrugged noncommittally. "You really got a boyfriend?"

Jared waggled his eyebrows, "You wanna pass notes and talk about his *gorgeouseyes*?"

Snorting a laugh, Jensen shook his head, "I'll pass, thanks."

"But, Jen..." Jared pouted, "If I can't gossip with my bestest friend in the whole wide world about all the pretty boys in town, who *can* I gossip with?"

“Dude,” Jensen spluttered, “Enough already.”

Jared shot him a grin and reached out to grab the packet of gummi bears sitting on the counter behind Jensen. When he pulled back, the man’s face was red.

Like a kick to the stomach, the realisation made Jared stumble back, the candy dropping to the floor with a silent thud. “You’re uncomfortable around me now,” he stated, eyes searching Jensen’s for any signs that he’s wrong.

The older man just looked away, cheeks even redder. The bitter taste at the back of Jared’s throat intensified and he had to swallow thickly before he could speak again. “I’m sorry,” he murmured, silently turning around and exiting the trailer.

“Jared, wait!” the man yelled behind him, but Jared only sped up, needing to get away from his friend as quickly as possible.

He’d never actually thought it through, what it meant to be gay. In his mind it had just been him being able to love a man as intimately as he could love a woman. He hadn’t thought of ‘coming out’ or how it would affect the relationship between Jensen and him. Obviously Jensen felt uneasy around him now. He’d confessed to wanting guys and Jensen was practically the hottest guy you could find, it’s not that hard for Jensen to make the assumption that Jared wanted him like that.

And was he far wrong? Lately it’d been harder for Jared to get the image of Jensen fucking out of his mind. But it hadn’t been Danneel getting fucked. No... Jared had been the one digging his heels into Jensen’s ass, pulling him deeper.

Now Jensen had realised this, their friendship was going to crumble away. Jensen wouldn’t want his best friend to have a crush on him – let alone be in love with him.

In love with him... was that really how he felt?

Not that it’d matter anyway.

Shaking himself, Jared blinked the moisture from his eyes and took a deep breath. He was being pathetic. He had never expected anything from Jensen beside his friendship. That hadn’t changed.

Besides, he had Dave now, and Dave was an amazing guy.

Jared needed to speak to Jensen soon, ease his fears. He spun around and headed back to the trailer. The older man was slumped on the couch, his head in hands, but when Jared entered, he snapped upright, moving towards Jared with his arm outstretched, “Jare...”

As Jared placed a hand on his chest, his friend fell silent, his gaze fixed on where Jared’s fingers pressed against his shirt. Jared’s insides tightened painfully again, but he just pressed the older man back down on the couch. “I need to talk to you.”

Jensen watched with wide eyes as Jared folded himself onto the opposite chair: the usually unused opposite chair because Jared's normal spot was right beside his friend on the couch. Neither of them mentioned it.

Taking a deep breath, Jared began, "Okay. I know it's recent. This whole me being gay thing. But I don't want things to be weird between us. Just because I'm gay, doesn't mean I want to jump every male in the area. So... you don't have to worry about me molesting you or anything like that. Jensen, you're my best friend... I don't want us to... Sam and Dean have lost each other enough... Can we just... I don't know..."

Jensen gaped like a fish for a few seconds before he nodded jerkily, "Yeah... yeah, sure..."

"Awesome." Jared moved in for a hug like he normally would and tried to ignore the way Jensen tensed in his arms. It hurt. But he hoped all Jensen needed was time.



A week later, Jared realised that it wasn't working. Jensen often glazed over while Jared was talking, his eyes going glassy as he stared vacantly at Jared. And when Jared would gently probe him out of it, it was as if the man had been asleep. Jared didn't know what to do to fix it. He was a physical person, always trying to fix things with gentle touches and hugs, but whenever he went near his friend, the older man tensed as if forcing himself not to flinch away.

It hurt more than Jared had ever expected, so he threw all his focus on Dave, spending more and more time with him, until it came so that the first person he wanted to make plans with when he heard he had an unexpected day off, was Dave.

Dave was a chef, surprisingly enough, and once he realised what an appetite Jared had, delighted in using him as a guinea pig, feeding him new and amazing recipes whenever he had a chance.

The man even asked Jared to invite Jensen over for dinner, but Jared's co-star just blinked owlishly and shook his head, quickly leaving the room. Jared couldn't believe this was his best friend. Jensen had changed so much, practically ignoring Dave when he came over to watch a football game and never meeting Jared's eyes anymore.

It was like he was a whole other person.

"He'll come round," Dave murmured soothingly in his ear, pulling Jared into his arms and hugging him tightly. "You're too special for him not to."

"I just..." Jared turned to bury his nose in the dip of his lover's neck, "I never thought he'd be a homophobe. He's never shown any signs, but now... even when I'm just passing him in corridor, he moves to press against the other side. Like being gay is a disease he can catch if he just brushes against me. I don't get it."

“Shhhh,” Dave whispered, pressing soft kisses to the side of Jared’s face. “If he treats you like that then he doesn’t deserve you.”

“Even my parents didn’t react as badly as he did... I just wish he’d clock me one and get it out of his system. Maybe then things will go back to normal.”

Dave growled softly, “He better not. I’ll go beat him till he’s blue if he touches you.”

Jared smiled against the man’s cheek, “My hero.”

A soft kiss brushed his lips and Dave’s arms tightened around him.



About a week later, Jared realised his co-star was looking increasingly terrible. Dark patches lined beneath his eyes and it looked like he hadn’t been eating. Now, Jared might have been hurt about his friend’s actions lately, but he still cared.

“Jens,” he called softly, reaching out for the man but thinking better of it when Jensen’s eyes snapped to the outstretched hand. Dropping his arm, Jared asked quietly, “Are you okay? You look like you’ve caught something.”

Jensen shrugged, his eyes turning to gaze out the window of the car. “Never better. Why’d you ask?”

Letting out a frustrated sigh, Jared looked away as well, muttering, “No reason. Except maybe the fact that you’ve been acting like a *prick* for the past few weeks.”

“Fuck you,” the older man snarled.

Something flared in his chest and he spat back viciously, “Oh, you *wish*, you fucking homophobe.”

Jensen stared at him, mouth gaping for a few moments before he looked away, the weary lines around his eyes seeming deeper. For a second, Jared regretted his words, but then he stared down at the hands he had fisted together to stop from reaching out for his friend, and he realised that Jensen deserved it.



About a month later, Jared came home late with Dave in tow. They’d just been out to the movies, and Jared was looking forward to a nice, hard fuck when he heard a soft gasping sound from the floor behind the couch.

Quickly heading towards the sound, he froze when he realised it was Jensen. The older man was slumped against the wall, an empty bottle of JD beside him and tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Jen?” he asked softly, automatically moving to kneel beside his friend, taking the man’s hand in his own. Jensen’s eyes fell on their hands with a frown, but as Jared prepared to pull

away with a heavy heart, the man's fingers curled tightly around his. "Please... please don't leave me, Jared..."

Surprised, Jared glanced back at Dave, who was watching silently. Jared gave him an apologetic look, "Dave, I'm sorry. I need to make sure he's okay. Can I see you tomorrow?"

Dave nodded, something infinitely sad flickering in his eyes, "Sure, Jared..."

"What? Dave, what do you mean?" Jared asked, quickly beginning to stand, but being tugged down by Jensen's clutching hands.

Moving forward silently, Dave pressed his lips to Jared's and a small wounded sound came from Jensen, the clutching hands falling from his shirt.

"You'll see," Dave murmured, pulling away and heading for the door. "I don't regret a second of it." Then he was gone.

Turning back to the drunken form beside him, Jared ran a hand roughly through his hair, wondering whether he'd just gotten dumped. Then he shook his head, focusing on the task at hand.

"Jensen, why did you get drunk?"

The older man's wide eyes peered up at him, filling with moisture again, "Miss you... Can't breathe... My fault, all... all my fault... but I miss you..."

A bubble of hope formed in Jared chest and he smiled nervously, "Yeah? I miss you too, man. Come on, let's get you cleaned up."

"Why... why you so nice to me, Jared?" Jensen mumbled as Jared helped him stagger to his feet.

"Because you're my best friend, Jens."

"Not Dave?"

Jared laughed and began to drag the drunkard to his bedroom. "No, he's my boyfriend..." He frowned, wondering if that was still true.

"I miss you... you always... you're always gone... I miss you... want you here..."

"Jens..."

"No.... 's okay.... Know you don't want me back..."

"What are you saying?" Jared asked quietly, not daring to believe.

The older man turned to face him, "Want... want you to know... 'm not... not homo... homoph..."

“Homophobic?”

Jensen nodded, “I’m not... I just....” He grabbed Jared’s hand and pressed it to his own chest, “When... touch... I want.... Want more.... ‘nd Dave has you.... And I’m no one... housemate... and I miss you....” Jensen pressed his nose to the younger man’s neck and inhaled deeply, “Miss your smell.... Love your smell, Jare... makes me.... Makes me crazy...”

“Jensen...” Jared choked, “What are you saying?”

Jensen laughed erratically, “Danny.... she br... broke up with me because I miss you too much... She said... she said she couldn’t handle me.... Me loving you ‘s much as I do....”

“Loving me?”

“Said... said it wasn’t na... natural for me... me to be so messed up just... just ‘cause you’re... just cause you’re not round all the time anymore....”

“Jensen...” Jared tried to pull back so he could see the man’s face, but Jensen just wrapped his arms firmly around his torso, trapping him in a tight embrace. Giving in, Jared tilted his head, pressing his nose to his friend’s hair, “Fuck, Jens...”

“I’m sorry... please... Jared.... I’m so sorry....”

“Shhhh,” Jared breathed, rubbing his hands down his friend’s quivering spine, “It’s okay, man.... We’re okay. Come on, let’s go to bed, we’ll speak in the morning when you’re sober. ‘kay? Then if you still feel this way, we’ll... we’ll... I don’t know, but promise me you’ll remember this?”

Jensen’s arms tightened for a fraction of a second before he pulled away, scrubbing his face sheepishly. “mokay. I promise.”

The man allowed Jared to help him up the stairs, but after Jensen got a bit too grabby again, Jared pulled away, “You okay from here?”

Jensen nodded slowly, his eyes peering up at Jared through the dark. “Do you... I mean... can we...” he groaned and clutched at his head, “Night, Jare...”

Reaching up to run his fingers through Jensen’s soft spikes, he smiled down at the man, “Night, Jens.”

“I promise...” followed him out the room and his smile widened.



The morning approached quickly, and Jared soon heard the sounds of retching from the neighbouring bathroom. Wincing with sympathy, he rolled out of bed, heading for the kitchen. After grabbing a small washcloth, he dampened it, took a deep breath, and made his way towards his friend.

Jensen looked pathetic, his hands clutching at the porcelain seat and his head resting on his arms. Cautiously, Jared approached, "Jen...?"

Slowly Jensen's head came up, red eyes peering up at him and spurring him into motion. Jared squatted beside his friend and reached out, beginning to run a soothing hand along Jensen's back with one hand while the other pressed the cool cloth to the nape of the man's neck. After tensing at the first contact, Jensen let out a soft sigh and leaned into his touch, whispering hoarsely, "Did I do anything stupid last night?"

Remaining silent, Jared shifted the cloth, wiping across Jensen's sweaty face before tossing it in the nearby basin.

Finally he broke the silence, "What do you remember?"

Jensen's eyes widened, but he dropped his gaze to his lap. "Uhm... I guess that means I did something stupid, right? Was it... bad?"

Slowly shaking his head, Jared glanced up at his friend, "Jens... tell me what you told me last night."

"I... I don't remember... Jared... I don't..."

"Okay..." Jared rose to his feet, swallowing down his frustration and anger, "I'm going for a run."

Before Jensen could reply, the younger man dashed out of the room, not wanting to spend another moment making a fool of himself.

He ran flat out, exhausting himself to such an extent that when he returned to the house, he was shaking. That was why he felt so annoyed when Jensen was blocking his path to the glorious shower he'd been picturing throughout his run.

"Can you move?"

Jensen shook his head, his eyes fixed on Jared's as he whispered, "I remember." Taking another step closer to Jared, he reached out, placing his palm flat against the younger man's chest. "I remember."

Tired and sweaty and sore, Jared really didn't feel like having this conversation now, so he just shrugged, "And?"

Jensen looked like a deer caught in headlights and as he instantly pulled his hand away, Jared felt like an asshole. Catching his friend's hand, he shook his head again, "I'm sorry... Just..." he pressed Jensen's hand back against his chest and murmured, "Can we do this in a few minutes? I just... really need a shower."

Relaxing slightly, Jensen nodded, pulling his hand back slowly. "Okay... I'll make us something to eat."

During the shower, Jared tried to be honest to himself. Firstly, he knew that the last thing he wanted was for their friendship to go back to how awful it had been the past while; secondly, he knew that there wasn't anything he wanted more than to be Jensen's; and thirdly, he really loved Jensen even though the man had been a jerk since Jared started dating Dave.

With those three points sorted out, he dried himself and wrapped the towel around his waist before heading towards the kitchen with determination in his every step. Jensen looked up in surprise as he entered, the older man's eyes widening as he took in Jared's state of dress, and he visibly swallowed, giving Jared the strength he needed to continue his unplanned mission.

Two more steps were all it took before he was standing between Jensen's legs, stooping down as he cupped Jensen's jaw and gently pressed their lips together. A surprised gasp came from his friend's lips, followed by a pathetic whimper that made Jared grin and Jensen scowl even as he yanked the younger man closer, deepening the kiss.

The kiss softened as they sagged into it, learning each other. Jensen's hands skimmed up, sliding over the younger man's muscled back and up to his shoulders, digging his fingers in as Jared's teeth nipped at his bottom lip. Jared steadied himself with a hand on Jensen's thigh, dragging a groan out of the man as his fingers brushed too close to the tented zipper.

When they pulled apart, their eyes were as bright as their lips were raw and bitten. Jensen's eyes filled with wonder as his fingers traced over Jared's cheek, stealing a chaste kiss before pulling away again. He swallowed thickly before getting to his feet, sliding his hand down to grip at Jared's. "Hi..." he whispered, making Jared grin.

"Fuck... poor Dave..." Jared breathed, smirking as Jensen tensed at the man's name.

Stepping closer so their chests were pressed warmly together, Jared ducked his head, burying his face in the dip of the older man's neck. He smiled as Jensen's hands tentatively slid up his back, goosebumps springing out on his bare skin. "So this is why you'd been an ass recently."

Jensen's arms tightened their hold and the man exhaled harshly against Jared's neck before whispering, "I'm sorry, Jare... So fucking sorry that I did that to you; I never wanted to hurt you. You've got to know that..."

Brushing his lips lightly over Jensen's cheek, Jared nodded, "Yeah... I know that now. But... you should have just told me."

"You were with... with someone before I finally realised how much I..." Jensen fell silent, twisting to press his lips fiercely against Jared's, kissing and nipping and dominating the kiss so thoroughly that all Jared could do was sag against the man's chest, letting himself be ravished.

When they pulled apart, their cheeks were flushed and their breathing was erratic. Jensen's eyes were practically bursting with warmth as they roamed across Jared's features, his thumb stroking gentle circles over his cheek.

It took a while before Jared could bring himself to speak, but when he did, his voice was ragged and torn as he whispered, "Bed."

“God, yes!” Jensen gasped, virtually dragging Jared in the direction of his bedroom.

Before Jared knew what was happening, he was sprawled over Jensen’s bed, his eyes wide as he watched Jensen shrugging out of his shirt. Then the man was upon him, jean-clad legs straddling where the towel barely clung to his hips, and a bare chest pressed against his.

A moan escaped his lips as he raked his fingers up Jensen’s naked back, tugging the man closer. Jensen began grinding down, the friction caused by the denim making them both groan in arousal.

Jared’s eyes slid shut as gentle lips pressed against his and fingers carded up through his slightly damp hair, angling his head. He’d never felt this aroused or this out of control, and when Jensen’s nimble fingers yanked the towel away, the kid couldn’t help but cry out softly.

“Please, Jens... please...” he whimpered, peering up at the man from behind his bangs. Jensen peppered kisses across Jared’s face, soothing him even as the older man began wriggling out of his jeans.

Then they were both completely naked, stretched flush against one another, every movement magnifying their pleasure. It was almost too much, but that didn’t stop Jared begging for more.

It was a shock when he felt fingers dipping into his hole, but after a few seconds he arched up, trusting Jensen not to hurt him. Finally he dragged Jensen into a deep kiss, tasting the man thoroughly before whispering, “Now, Jens... I’m ready...”

As Jensen slid home, Jared screamed at the fullness, unable to remember ever feeling complete. His voice trembled and shook as he urged Jensen on, gripping his legs firmly around the man to force him in deeper.

The older man trembled as he held himself steady, his eyes searching Jared’s. Then he began moving, long, deep thrusts of his hips that had him hitting Jared’s prostate head on each time.

A sharp gasp left Jared with each of Jensen’s movements, and it wasn’t long before the older man’s fingers were wrapping around his erection, jerking him off. With another soft scream, Jared arched up, coming over their stomachs. Jensen’s lips searched for his, melding them together as his movements accelerated. Moments later, Jensen was shooting deep inside of him, and he realised without much concern that they’d forgotten to wear a condom.

It made it more real, to have the wet warmth of Jensen’s come in his body, and as Jensen sagged down beside him, Jared rolled over, into the man’s arms, smiling as they instantly opened for him and Jensen yanked him even closer until he was draped over the man’s chest, strong arms curling around him.

Soft lips brushed over his forehead, and Jensen whispered quietly, “I need you, Jared. More than I’ve ever...” his arms tightened, “I’ve never felt like this before. And... fuck, you don’t know how sorry I am for making you think... Whenever I was around you I just wanted to... It was so hard not to touch you and I don’t-”

Jared was smiling as he raised his head for a proper kiss, silencing the man. Then he asked fondly, “Do you always get this sappy straight after sex? You’re making me think I’m in bed with a chick.”

Rolling his hips up against Jared’s, Jensen growled softly, “Need me to prove my manliness again?”

Jared grinned.

