

## Chocoffee love



Jared has a secret recipe, but he's not sharing: *Jensen looks down at the mug, back at the coffee machine and then at the retreating back of his friend. "Jay," he calls out, trailing hopelessly after the cruel man.*

2,600 words, PG-13, funny

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Jensen rolls out of bed with a groan, wondering what he ever did to life for it to hate him so much. There's no other explanation as to why he's been cursed with a man-giant called Jared as his best friend.

"Come for a few drinks, he said. It'll be fun, he said. We'll be back before you know it, he said," Jensen grumbles under his breath, as he staggers in the general direction of what he hopes is the kitchen.

"Mornin' Jen," the evil, bright and chirpy voice says from somewhere to his right.

He grunts, rubbing his pillow-creased cheek as he squints up at his friend. "I hate you."

"I know," Jared replies happily.

"No, seriously, I do. Remind me to never talk to you ever again."

"Sure. Jensen, remember to never talk to me ever again."

"I hate your guts."

"Awwww, now you're just being mean. My guts can't help being mine."

“Humf,” Jensen huffs, stumbling towards the coffee maker.

“I made you some, it’s over there.”

Jensen briefly considers not hating his friend, but then his stomach gives an uneasy roll and he decides he still hates him.

Gripping the cup firmly, Jensen gulps it down like it’s the elixir of life. He stops when he’s downed two-thirds of the cup, and he rolls the liquid over his tongue, tasting it properly. “This... this is good.” He looks up at his snickering friend and then back down at the swirling deliciousness. Deciding that maybe he doesn’t hate his friend, he takes another gulp.

There is no way that that is normal coffee. Jared’s not that good.

“Hey, dude... what’s in here?”

With a secret grin, Jared looks away, “I thought you weren’t talking to me.”

“Jay....” Jensen whines, looking down at the empty cup. He really wants some more. “Come on, tell me. How do you make it?”

Scratching his belly casually, Jared pushes away from the counter he was leaning on and brushes past Jensen on his way out the kitchen.

Jensen looks down at the mug, back at the coffee machine and then at the retreating back of his friend. “Jay,” he calls out, trailing hopelessly after the cruel man.

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“You’re being mean,” Jensen barely manages to stop himself from pouting. Jesus Christ, he will not be reduced to a whining child just for a cup of... whatever that was.

“No, I’m not,” Jared’s eyes meet his in the mirror, “I gave you some, didn’t I?” Then the younger man just continues shaving.

“Fine,” Jensen storms out of the bathroom, “I don’t need your coffee anyway. I can make my own.”

He messes around with some cinnamon and other random things that’ve somehow found their way into the kitchen cupboard. One sip later and he’s rinsing his mouth out under the tap.

With a sigh, he decides he really hates Jared.

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He finds a cup sitting on his trailer step and totally does not let out a whimper at the mere sight of it steaming. No, he definitely does not. He glances around just to check that no one witnessed his not-whimper.

Being extremely careful not to spill any of it, he brings it up to his lips and inhales deeply, feeling the tension from the shoot seeping out of him.

Maybe, just maybe, he thinks he loves Jared. He takes a sip, yeah, he definitely loves him and would propose just to make sure he has a constant supply of this awesomeness. Then he feels bad, because marrying him just for coffee would kind of be exploiting his friend. He snorts, picturing himself waving an anti-exploitation of sasquatches banner.

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“Jare, come on, just tell me what it is already!”

Jared grins up from the couch, “Sorry, Jen. I swore an oath to protect the virtue of that recipe, I can’t go around sharing it with anybody.”

“Fuck you,” Jensen grumbles under his breath, glaring at his friend.

“Now, there’s something I never knew,” Jared winks cheekily, “You battin’ for the other team now?”

“Go to hell,” Jensen storms off to not-sulk in his bedroom.

Luckily, just as he’s about to kick a hole in his cupboard, his phone begins vibrating.

“Yo, Jenny, you and Jare-bear up for some partying tomorrow night?”

“Hey, Chris,” he scowls into the phone at the nickname. “I don’t know, man. Why don’t we make it this weekend?”

“Everything okay up there in Padaville?”

“Yeah... no... I don’t know.”

“Man, you’re not making any sense. Has something happened?”

“No...” Jensen huffs, and then he gushes, “Jared’s got this recipe for some amazing coffee and I mean, really, really amazing coffee.... But he’s not sharing.” Jensen finishes off by sitting down angrily on the bed.

A few stunned moments pass and then loud laughter comes over the line, fuelling his annoyance even more, “What’s so funny?”

“You... oh, God...” Chris can’t seem to stop laughing, the asshole. “You are so.... oh, my God.”

“I’m glad you find my longing to slaughter my best friend to your amusement. Perhaps you can help me bury the body?”

Chris doesn't stop laughing and Jensen eventually hangs up, deciding to flop back down on the bed and scowl over the fact that he's being denied coffee-heaven by the man who's supposed to be his best friend.

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'kay, I'll make a deal with you.'

Jensen's past pleading and trying to sweet-talk his friend into giving him the recipe, now, he's going for the big guns.

"I will get us tickets to the finals if the Spurs get through, on condition that you tell me the recipe."

Jared looks up over his script, "And what if the Spurs don't make it through?"

Scowling down at his own script, Jensen wracks his brain for what else he could get for his friend. "I don't know, what do you want?"

The infuriating man shrugs.

"I know. Candy. I'll... I'll buy you ten packs of gummy bears."

Jared looks up, his eyes showing definite interest.

"I'll buy you like three of those twizzler boxes as well. And... sour worms, you love those... what do you say?"

"I will have to confer with someone. Please wait a few moments." Jared wanders out the room, leaving Jensen to stare at the wall.

"What the fuck? Confer with someone?"

Sneaking after his friend, Jensen manages to overhear some of the conversation. "...yeah, no... I mean... I think he can be trusted... can vouch for him... no... of course... okay... okay, I'll tell him..."

And then Jensen trips over the chair because, "Seriously? What the fuck is going on?"

Jared looks up, "They say I'm not allowed to tell you until they've discussed it amongst themselves."

And now Jensen's getting really worried. "Jay... is there... what is this... I mean, are you... are you involved in some... weird fraternity of awesome coffee makers?"

Jared grins easily and something loosens its hold in Jensen's chest, making him relax unconsciously. "Yeah, something like that."

And now Jensen's feeling even more confused than ever, but he just looks up at his friend with pleading eyes, "But... I mean, I know you can't give me the recipe, but can you... can

you make some? I mean... I really..." Jensen flushes and looks away, wondering whether this should feel so intimate, him asking Jared for a cup of deliciousness.

Warm fingers trail across his shoulders and he shivers. "Sure, Jen." And then Jared's disappeared into the kitchen.

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"They say I'm allowed to tell you the recipe on condition that you phone this number and do whatever the person tells you to do, you understand?"

Jensen nods solemnly, all of this has gone way beyond weird into a realm he has no map for. "Okay, I get it."

The slip of paper is handed to him and Jared wanders over to the couch to give him some privacy.

His hands are sweating slightly as he dials the number.

"Hello?"

A weird, strained voice replies, "I hear you have requested to join our fraternity?"

"Uhm..." Jensen frowns slightly, "Yeah?"

"Very well, after much consideration, we have decided to set you only one simple task. You must kiss the person nearest to you for at least a minute. And believe me, we will know if you haven't."

The man hangs up and Jensen's left staring at the receiver. Deciding that he's had enough of this insanity, he shrugs, whoever they are, they're just screwing with him.

He eyes the boring coffee maker. Then he glances over at Jared who is half asleep. 'The person nearest to him', great, it just had to be the one person who he's kind of in love with.

As he squeezes his eyes tightly shut, the image of steaming deliciousness swims unwanted into his mind and he groans slightly. Damn, he wants that whenever he feels like it.

Opening his eyes again, he stares at the gorgeous man on the couch, his hair falling every which way and his innocent face makes Jensen just want to... he cuts himself off there. Those thoughts have been censored from his mind to prevent... oh, shit, he's already hard. Dammit.

He can do this, right? I mean, it's just one kiss and he knows Jared doesn't even like him that way, so it'll probably just be a quick peck... for a whole minute... shit.

Okay, Jensen takes a deep breath, focusing his mind on the objective, which is the secret coffee, his mission: to kiss for one minute, his opponent/enemy: possibly enjoying the fact that he's going to molest his friend for a whole minute. Yeah, Jensen has this all down as easy.

Sure.

Before he knows it, he's standing in front of Jared, looking down fondly at the half-asleep form.

"Jare..." he nudges his friend's knee, not wanting to molest him while he's sleeping. Oh, no, molesting him while he's awake is so much more fun.

"Hmmm?" Jared's eyes are sleepy and he knuckles them like a small kid, making something melt inside of the older man.

"I was given my task. I have to kiss you for a whole minute."

Jared's eyes go wide and he sits up abruptly. "What?"

"They said... never mind, just don't punch me, okay?"

Holding out his watch, Jensen presses some of the buttons until he's on the timer. "One minute, from... now." He darts forwards, pressing his lips to the younger man and stifling his startled yelp.

Jared's hands begin flailing at his sides and his eyes are wide, but Jensen keeps on kissing, his hands firmly holding the sides of Jared's face to keep him from pulling away.

Damn... his friend tastes good. Like, level of the special coffee good. Actually, Jensen thinks sadly, he might like the taste of Jared better than the coffee. If only there was a fraternity that could give out the recipe to make an endless supply of Jaredness. He stifles his snort against Jared's lips.

They must have been kissing... Jensen corrects himself, he must have been molesting Jared for about thirty seconds when the younger man just relaxes, his body no longer fighting against Jensen, and the older man can finally shift to make himself more comfortable without the concern of Jared escaping. Jared's lips part with a soft sigh and he begins to return the kiss.

Now practically straddling his friend, Jensen vaguely remembers that this isn't real, that this is just the initiation of the brotherhood. He wonders why people aren't lining up to join, if this is what they're allowed to do to get in.

Then he decides that he doesn't really like the idea of anyone being allowed to molest Jared except him.

That's about when he bites Jared's lip and the younger man yelps and shoves him away with strength he hadn't been using until then and Jensen curses when he sees that only fifty-one seconds have passed.

"What the hell, Jen?" Jared's lip is bleeding and when his tongue traces over it, Jensen feels something primal bubbling up inside of him.

"They said I have to kiss you for a whole minute. Didn't you know about my task?"

“Fuck, no,” Jared growls, his face still flushed, “What the hell, you kissed me just to get some coffee recipe?”

Jensen swallows slightly, “Uhm... yeah, but... uh...” he waves his watch in Jared’s direction, “we still have nine seconds to go... or wait, does it have to be a whole minute in one go? ‘cause then we have to start again.”

The younger man just gapes at him, “Jensen. Are you hearing yourself? You’re talking about kissing me. Kissing me. Your best friend, co-star, housemate, any of that ringing any bells? Jesus Christ, a whole fucking minute?”

“Well... I... it’s just for the initiation...” Jensen’s spluttering. He can’t remember the last time he spluttered.

Jared begins laughing, his hands curled at Jensen’s sides to keep him from falling off, “God, this is so fucked up.”

“Tell me about it,” Jensen murmurs in agreement, sitting down on Jared’s thighs and adjusting his grip on the muscled shoulders. “Can I...” he blushes, wondering what the correct etiquette is for asking your best friend if you can continue molesting him.

Jared grins with a bemused shrug, “Go for it.”

Sliding closer to his friend until their chests are pressed together, Jensen slips his hand up and through Jared’s hair, brushing it from the younger man’s face and cradling the side of his face. Jared’s cheeks are blushing furiously, but there’s something intense in the man’s eyes.

With a swallow, Jensen leans down and presses their lips together, releasing a breath of air when Jared kisses back, his body pliable and his lips parting to allow Jensen’s tongue entrance; allowing Jensen to taste his best friend and get even more addicted.

He’s not sure which one of them lets out the low groan, but he thinks it could quite possibly have been himself, seeing as though he’s lost all control over himself. He shivers when Jared’s fingers skim beneath his shirt and up his back, and lets out a soft, needy sound when Jared hefts him closer, strong arms wrapping firmly around him.

The minute passes unnoticed.

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“Jen?”

“Hm...” Jensen looks up at his pillow, “What is it?”

A warm hand strokes up and down his spine, “Aren’t you finding it weird that we’ve just had sex because you had to kiss me as your initiation into a fraternity for a secret coffee recipe?”

“Not really, no.”

“Oh...”

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“Okay, so this is it,” Jared grins, “The secret recipe of Chocoffee will now be revealed.”

“Chocoffee?” Jensen asks incredulously, “Who the fuck came up with that?”

Jared shrugs, “I don’t know, you get some nutjobs out there. Anyway, it’s really simple. One teaspoon coffee, two teaspoons cocoa, one and a half teaspoons sugar, well, that’s for you at least. I take about three or four teaspoons sugar.”

“That’s it?” Jensen gapes at his friend. “All that effort for a recipe like that?”

Jared shrugs with a cheeky smile, “Well... at least we got something good out of that.”

“Oh?” Jensen steps forward, sliding his fingers over Jared’s muscled chest, “And what’s that?”

Jared leans in to whisper in his ear, “You owe me candy.”

“I hate you.”

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“Hey, Jen. You want to meet the brotherhood?”

“Uhm... yeah, sure...” Jensen wants to see this revered and honoured group for himself. Plus, he wants to ask them whether they knew Jared was the nearest one in his vicinity when they gave him his task.

“Well, here they are...”

Jensen looks around, he doesn’t see any cloaked men. “Where?”

“This is them, Jensen.”

His mouth falls open. “No, fucking way!”

Chad saunters over, “Yo homies, you finally gotten hitched?”

Jensen turns around very slowly to face his new lover and growls, “JARED!”

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