

## Cruel games:



The boys get kidnapped and locked in a room together: *After giving me a nod, he steels himself and tightens his grip on the knife. I lay my hand over his shaking, white knuckles and gently guide the blade, helping him on. I can take it. If I let Jensen see how much it fucking hurts like hell, he wouldn't be able to do it.*

10,000 words, NC-17, angst, non-con, hurt/comfort, bottom!Jared

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“Jay! Jay, wake up, man!”

There’s someone calling me. I know that voice. I know it almost as well as my own. Forcing myself to blink awake, I let out a groan, “Urgh... Jense?”

A relieved grin swims into view, “Yeah, dude, it’s me. Fuck, you scared the crap out of me.”

I try to sit up but my head swims too much, “What... what happened?”

His hands are still near my face from where he was slapping me. I don’t think he’s noticed. Focusing on our surroundings, I find that we’re not in my trailer, which is where I’m pretty sure we last were.

Shaking his head, he locks worried eyes on mine, “I don’t know. I just woke up a few minutes ago. It looks like we’re in some sort of basement.”

Ignoring my protesting head, I begin to survey the chipped walls, lumpy, stained bed, the small cabinet, the couch, the tiny sink, a broken toilet in the corner, the paintings on the walls of distorted faces... Everything in the room has an eerie feeling about it, like it’s all just been

taken from a horror movie like *The Shining* or *Amityville Horror*... “Fuck, this place is creepy. How the hell’d we get here?”

Shaking his head, Jensen gets to his feet, I watch as he heads towards the metal door in the corner. I can see by his increasingly red face that it won’t budge.

Next he goes over to the cabinet. It opens with a squeak. “Empty.”

“At least there’s water,” I murmur, trying to be positive.

He heads over to the faucet, creaks it open. There’s a rumbling, vibrating sound, but not even a drop of moisture trickles out.

“Fuck,” Jensen swears softly.

Plopping down beside me, he peers down, concern filling his face, “You okay?”

I start to nod my head, but end up groaning as my world spins.

“What is it?” he asks urgently.

“Dizzy.”

Before he can say anything, a loud beep sounds out, and a voice booms into the room, “How’re you dear Winchesters doing? I do hope you find your accommodations... satisfactory.” Laughter sounds out and then the voice continues, “Seeing as though you two boys seem so determined to destroy everything in your path... I thought it was about time someone destroyed you before you got too cocky. You never know who you might just piss off. Too bad daddy’s dead, hey? No one to come save the day, boo hoo.”

“What the fuck do you want from us, you creep? We’re actors! Sam and Dean aren’t real!” Jensen shouts at nothing.

There’s a harsh hiss that fills the room, “Lies! I can see through you. See the truth. You always were a liar, Dean. Too bad little Sammy’s the one who’s hurt; I wouldn’t have minded seeing you break. Ah, well, Sammy in pain looks pretty delicious.”

Automatically Jensen shifts closer to me, arm coming to wrap around me, “What did you do to him?”

“Oh, let’s just say he won’t be up for ghost-hunting anytime soon.”

Jensen’s arms tighten around me. I let him hold me even though my head’s aching so badly that I want to scream.

“What the fuck do you want?”

There’s a sigh, “Why do you always have to be so impatient, Dean? Didn’t your mother ever tell you that patience is a virtue? Or wait... your mother died, didn’t she? Oh, how sad. And daddy too? Poor little orphan boys, stuck in a room with a big, bad man holding them there.”

“We’re actors, you sick freak! I’m Jensen Ackles, he’s Jared Padalecki, look us up! We aren’t Sam and Dean!”

“Oh, quit it, Dean. I’m getting tired of this nonsense. And don’t even bother trying to escape. I designed these walls myself. There’s no way out. The toilet will flush once a day at random times..”

Jensen tries one more time, “What do you want from us?”

“Let’s play a game...”

Silence fills the room before the speaker crackles on again.

“... a really fun game. Really simple as well. It’s two-player – that’s you two, of course, one observer – obviously I shall take that pleasure, and one rule.”

The silence drags on, as if he wants us to ask. Finally Jensen gives in, “And what’s that?”

More laughter, followed by, “Kill or be killed.”

Then the speaker goes dead.

“Kill or be killed? What the fuck does that mean?”

Jensen begins pacing up and down the room. I’d ask him to sit down because he’s making me even dizzy, but I know Jensen and I know pacing helps him calm down.

I crawl over to the bed on my hands and knees. I’m sure trying to stand again would be a massive mistake. Pulling myself up, I collapse face first onto the uncomfortable mattress. It smells mouldy, but I just need to sleep so badly. Within minutes I’m gone.

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I wake to find Jensen’s arms curled around me. It’s like he’s protecting me or something. I know I should feel pathetic, but it actually feels nice. Pressing back slightly, I link my fingers with his, pulling him closer, holding our hands over my heart. He shifts to accommodate me, tightening his arm and shifting his leg slightly over me.

Just as I’m about to drift off once more, the hated voice rings out making us both shift to sitting positions. My head’s still swimming, but it’s not as bad as before.

“Oh, how sweet. Isn’t that just adorable? Brothers seeking comfort from one another. And there I was thinking this would be easy. I guess this’ll have to go on for a bit longer. Get you used to the idea.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Jensen calls out.

“I’m going to give you a knife...” Jensen glances at me, his eyebrow raised. “You... Dean. Are going to cut the first letter of your name into dear little Sammy’s skin. Then... maybe I’ll give you a little water.”

Jensen's on his feet, "You sick bastard! What the hell is wrong with you! We're not Sam and Dean! We're actors, we act as them on a television show! Haven't you ever heard of fantasy? We're not brothers. We're not even related!"

There's a disbelieving scoff. "Yeah right. And the reason you were curled up all nicely around one another over there, is?"

We exchange glances. It could just be my imagination, but I think his cheeks are blushing.

"Yeah, I thought so. Now, Dean, please go and retrieve the knife from the slot in the door."

Giving me an uncertain glance, Jensen heads towards the door, returning moments later with a gleaming blade, his face paler than I've seen in a while.

"Good boy. Now... go ahead and mark your precious little brother."

"Why the fuck would I do that?" yells Jensen desperately.

"Well, it's your choice. But you see... I think you need the water. Or at least... I know Sammy-boy does. You aren't wondering what I gave him to make him so weak? He needs that water, Dean. Are you just going to let him die, all because you couldn't stomach a simple task?"

Crawling over the bed towards me, Jensen drops the blade between us. He turns his stricken face towards me. Shrugging, I murmur, "I need the water, Jen."

"I... I can't," he stammers shakily.

Nodding, I grab the knife myself, hold it to my arm and –

"Nuh, uh, uh, by a brother's hand, Sammy. Dean-o over there has to do it himself. He has to watch you bleed by his own doing."

I hate this person with everything I have for making Jensen do this, making him hurt me when he'd never, ever do so intentionally, is beyond cruel.

Shifting closer to Jensen, I slide my hand down his back, "Hey, it's okay. We need the water. Let's just get this over with."

Tilting his head up, I force him to look at me. A silent understanding passes between us and he nods jerkily. Breathing out a silent sigh of relief, I stretch out my arm, exposing my bare forearm, and gesturing for Jensen to go ahead.

Just before he starts, I whisper, "You, not Dean."

After giving me a nod, he steels himself and tightens his grip on the knife. I lay my hand over his shaking, white knuckles and gently guide the blade, helping him on. I can take it. If I let Jensen see how much it fucking hurts like hell, he wouldn't be able to do it.

Blood's streaming down my arm in a river. Jensen's eyes are squeezed shut, and I have to pry the knife from his tight hold.

"Well done. So Sammy... have you seen what your brother can do? Have you seen how much he wants to hurt you?"

"Fuck you!" I call weakly, dizziness setting in once more.

"Hmmm, interesting idea. Maybe sometime soon. We'll see. Your water's waiting by the way."

Still avoiding my eyes, Jensen goes towards the door, returning with a single bottle of water.

After placing it down on the floor, he settles down next to me and, using the knife to cut a strip into the couch material, he makes me an improvised bandage, and with a care that would defy even the gentleness nurse, he wraps it around my arm. Then he unscrews the bottle and holds it to my lips, letting me drink in small sips.

I can feel the dizziness decreasing as the water flows into me, washing away whatever it was that the man gave me. Jensen still hasn't met my eyes. I can see the guilt painted on his face like it would Dean's. Reaching out, I lay a hand on his knee, "It's okay, Jen. I know that wasn't you."

Keeping his head lowered, he whispers, "I'm sorry."

It's hurting him so much more than it's hurting me. I slide closer to him, wrapping myself around his back and propping my head up on his shoulder. Into his ear, I murmur, "Jen, I told you, it's okay. Come on, man, we're going to get through this."

Relaxing into me, he leans his head against mine. We sit in silence for a few moments, until Jensen sighs, "I'm sorry... Don't know why I freaked out so much."

Giving him a squeeze, I pull away.

"Drink some water, who knows when we might get more."

He nods shakily and takes a swallow.

"Come on, there must be a way out of here."

After stumbling to my feet, ignoring how my world sways momentarily, I begin to search the room with fake gusto. Truth is: my head hurts like hell; my arm is on fire; and I feel about two seconds away from collapsing. But Jensen needs me to be strong, so strong is what I'll be.

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I don't know how he's doing it. He's up and about like a freakin' jack-in-the-box. It's as if he was never sick. Maybe that water did more for him than I thought. I feel pretty pathetic for my freak out, I mean, I wasn't even the one being cut and yet... cutting Jay is so much worse

than cutting myself. Not that I'm a masochist or anything like that, but simply because it's Jared.

There has to be someone out there who's noticed us missing. There has to be.

"Jay, what's the last thing you remember?"

Jared peers up from where he's kneeling before the sink, "Uhm... we were in my trailer... we were playing Madden. How about you?"

I shake my head, "Same thing. How the fuck did he get us here without us waking up or someone stopping him?"

Shrugging, Jared shifts forward and crawls to check beneath the sink, leaving me with a really tempting view of a gorgeous ass. It doesn't help that he's wriggling around a bit, waving it in the air enough to tempt the queen of England.

The voice crackles on, and laughter fills the room, "Dean, my boy, it seems you and I are of similar mind... maybe if you're good I'll let you get a taste a bit later. Wouldn't you like that?"

Jared's head emerges, confusion on his face. I don't even respond, I just head over to the door to check for weak spots.

As expected, the room is entirely sealed off. The chipped plaster, when scraped away, exposes hard concrete. There's no way out.

Jared's splayed out on the bed, eyes sleepy and limbs loose. I have to turn away before I do something stupid.

I have no idea what time it is, my watch must have gone missing somewhere along the line.

"Hey, Jay?"

"Hmmm," he replies shifting on the bed.

"You got the time?"

Pulling out his hand, he checks his wrist, "Nope, it's gone."

I let out a groan. "That bastard took our watches. We have no idea how long we've been here, or how long it is until someone starts to look for us. Fuck, we don't even know if it's day or night."

I'm beginning to panic. I always get into these states when I'm either anxious or scared. I'm ashamed to say that it's the second reason.

Jared shifts on the bed, "Hey, come here," he gestures, reaching a hand out.

Staring at my feet, I shuffle towards the bed. He grabs hold of my arm and pulls me to lie beside him. Peering down at me, he says calmly, “Jen, this sucks, all of this sucks, but there’s not much we can do about it. There are people who’ll look for us, probably already are.... We just need to keep cool and get through this. We’re alive, we’re together and we’ll be okay.”

Somehow he always knows exactly what to say to bring me back from the edge. I give him a small, embarrassed smile, “Thanks.”

Giving my shoulder a squeeze and pulling away to the side, he chuckles, “No problem.”

Lying in silence, I wish the light would go off. It’s horrible knowing there’s someone out there who’s watching us. I’m busy contemplating the pros and cons of smashing the light bulb when Jay rolls over.

He stares at me for a few moments and then murmurs, “Hey.”

Smiling at his sleep-ruffled state, I reply, “Hey.”

Giving me a grin, he buries his nose in the pillow and murmurs, “G’night Jen.”

“Night Jay,” I say softly, never taking my eyes off him.

I’m still awake when he rolls closer. All I do is move an arm above my head so he can curl around my chest, then I place the arm back around his shoulder. His breath feels nice against my neck. Warm, soothing; I fall asleep with my breathing in sync with his.

It seems like scarcely minutes after my eyes drifted shut, that a clapping sound wakes us up.

“My, my. You two are getting cozy. What would daddy dearest think of this? I’ll bet he’d be real proud of his baby boys. Don’t you think, Dean?”

Warily I scrub my eyes, pulling away from Jay, “I’m not Dean.”

“Too bad. It’s time to make Sammy bleed again.”

Bile rising up, I yell, “Go to hell!”

Cruel laughter sounds out, “You boys need food. I just happen to have food. We could work something out.”

Desperate for anything but this, I plead, “Wait, let him cut me. Why must it be me?”

“Sorry Dean, but you got enough scars. It’s little Sammy who’s the innocent one. In more ways than one, isn’t that right Dean?”

I shake my head. I don’t want to do this. I’m not going to do this.

Jared's already coming over with the knife, “Jen, we have to eat, man.”

Squeezing my eyes shut, I take the knife. I know we do. But that doesn’t make it any easier.

I'm grateful that Jared doesn't say anything. He just sits there and holds the bandage aside for me to cut near the other letter, but not enough for wherever the camera is to see that the letters aren't spelling DEAN.

Afterwards, we get two energy bars each, slipped through that slot at the door.

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I'm getting weaker and weaker. I thought it would get better, but it hasn't. My head is pounding so loudly I nearly miss what Jensen says to me. Every movement is accompanied by dizziness. My throat feels like it's been ripped out, and my muscles are on fire.

Hiding it from Jensen is difficult. But I am an actor after all.

I'm sick of this. Sick of not knowing why. Why our lives are being screwed with, why this sick person's making Jen cut letters of his name into me, why any of this is happening and what the fuck this person wants.

I'm now supposed to have DEAN W carved on my arm. It burns like hell, like I've just stuck it into a pot of boiling water. The skin around the letters is raw. I think it's getting infected. And no matter how many times we change the bandage, it's always soaked through. I don't think it's very hygienic.

Jensen's freaking out more than ever. His face goes deathly pale each time he has to cut me, and his hands shake like crazy. The only thing that keeps me going is the warmth of his arms each time we curl up to sleep. We've even stopped pretending that we don't enjoy it, and just slide together automatically.

Time has just blurred into one great blob, spent circling the room, trying to find a way out when we've searched everything a million times over. I just want to go home. I'm so sick of all of this. There has to be people looking for us. Two actors can't suddenly go missing from one of their trailers and nobody notices. Someone's going to find us.

The speaker crackles awake, but I don't move from where I've buried my face in the mattress.

"Now isn't that a precious sight? Don't you agree, Dean?"

I have no idea what this guy's on about, but I know it makes Jensen uncomfortable every time he mentions they have something in common.

"Blood is getting a bit boring, isn't it, Dean? Well, this should be way more fun. Here's your challenge Dean-o. You want food. I'll give you a full meal and a litre of water each. All you have to do... is fuck that nice ass over there."

Jensen lets out a strangled cry, "No! You sick bastard!"

"Me? I'm not the one who's been carving his own name into his brother's flesh, I'm not the one who's about to fuck his brother. You are, Dean. It's been your choice all along."

“No, no.”

Sliding off the bed, I move towards him, ignoring the sinking feeling in my stomach and the pain in my head.

Kneeling beside him, I take his hand, “Jen,” I call softly, pulling him into a hug.

He looks up and pulls on my hand urgently, “I never wanted this, Jay. I never wanted to hurt you.”

Giving him my most sincere smile, hiding just how terrified I am at the moment, I squeeze his hand. “I know.”

But we need the water. Desperately. We both know it.

Looking down at the floor, he squeezes his eyes shut as he asks, “Have... have you ever done something... like this... with a guy, I mean?”

I shake my head. “I never even had a gay college phase.”

“Oh,” is all he says, a tinge of red appearing on his cheeks.

“What about you?”

He plays with the edge of his shirt, “I... um... well, I’m... I’m bisexual. Shitty time to tell you...I know, but, yeah...”

Nearly swallowing my tongue, I try not to blanch openly. Jensen is gay? That came out the blue. Completely.

Stammering out my response, I try to be positive, “Oh... well, uh... I guess it’s a good thing one of us knows what to... uhm, yeah...” I look away.

“Sob, sob. Get a move on or I’ll cut your reward in half! Make it look good and I might throw in another bottle!”

Scrubbing a hand over my eyes, I get shakily to my feet, “Okay. Okay. We need the water. We can do this. We’re best friends, right? I trust you.”

Jensen swallows visibly, and stands up.

I shuffle around awkwardly, “So... uh, what do we...do?”

There’s a moment’s pause, and then Jensen takes two strides towards me, slides one hand along the curve of my jaw and the other back into my hair, pressing our lips together in a soft, tender motion.

It’s nice. That’s something I never really expected. I mean, sure Jensen’s an attractive guy, even I can see that, but... he’s a guy. I don’t like guys in that way. But this – the soft slide of

his lips over mine, the way he's pressing me back towards the bed, the way his shoulder muscles shift beneath my fingers – this is good.

“Oh, god, Jay,” he murmurs against my lips, and I can't help the soft gasp that escapes me at just how lost he sounds.

That's when I tumble down, pulling him with me, so that his whole body's pressed against me; his one leg between mine, rubbing against the telltale arousal in my jeans. Breaking away from our tongues furious struggle, he slides his mouth along my jaw, licking at the sweat on my skin, moving down my neck, leaving a trail of kisses and bite marks in his wake.

He's moaning my name like it belongs to something precious, his hands running over my skin, dipping beneath my shirt and tugging at my belt loops.

Pressing a kiss to the side of his neck, I breathe out softly, “Jen.”

That propels him into motion, a possessive gleam filling his eyes as he reaches down to grab my shirt, tugging it up over my head, being careful with my injured arm. Then he pulls back, throws off his shirt and shucks his jeans.

Kneeling between my legs, he reaches for my buckle, glancing up, he waits for me to nod before he undoes it and slides my pants down. We quickly lose the boxers as well. Skin on skin, slick slide over slick slide, lips over lips, gasps as new buttons are discovered and pushed, murmurs of each other's names. I lose myself to the feel of him pressing me down. Being held down is not a thing I've experienced... ever. It's new, it's different and it's damn fucking good.

When Jensen reaches between me, whispering soothing words all the while, and presses a spit-slick finger inside of me, I tense up, suddenly doused with a bucket of icy water.

“Shhh,” Jensen murmurs into my ear, “I'll take care of you. Just relax.”

I try to, I really do, but it's just too uncomfortable, too foreign. Pressing his lips to mine, he wriggles the finger slightly.

“Oh, god! Jen, fuck, what was that?” I try to push down; try to get his finger to brush over that spot again.

He lets out a relieved laugh against my lips, “Meet your prostate, Jay.”

I've never felt this overwhelmed with sensations. From his lips, his tongue, his body, his fingers, all of him, over me, against me, in me, it's like everything I never knew I wanted. I want more.

A few more fingers later, and I can't stand it, “Jen, now, please, in me now.”

His eyes flash, now completely darkened and he pulls his fingers out gently. Spreading pre-come over his shaft, he guides himself inside me. It's painful. It burns like hell. But it's Jensen and just that fact makes me relax and allow him to slide inside.

Panting, he holds himself in place, waiting for me to adjust.

“So beautiful, Jay. Fuck, you’re gorgeous, you know that? Feel so good around me.”

Blushing furiously, I arch up to catch his lips in a kiss, “Move, fuck, Jen. Move.”

And he does, with long, deep thrusts that make him go further into me than I ever imagined possible. He keeps hitting that spot that makes me see stars, and it’s better than anything I’ve ever experienced.

His body fits perfectly over mine as he pounds into me. It’s amazing to see him like this: as gone as I am. But the soft, gentle kisses he places on my lips go beyond the fiery passion. They’re Jensen being Jensen.

When he reaches between us and starts jerking me off, I don’t last long. Coming with a cry of, “Oh, god, Jen!” I fall limp as he continues to slam into me.

With a long, low groan of my name, he shoots his release deep inside of me. It’s warm and weird, but not disgusting. Still in a daze, he lifts up to press the gentlest of kisses to my lips and then buries his head in my shoulder, falling asleep on top of me.

Just as I am drifting off as well, the voice booms out and Jensen jerks awake, “Oh, that was brilliant. Absolutely pornistic. What’s incest look like in the book of God?”

“Fuck you,” growls Jensen, rolling slightly so his weight’s not completely on me.

“Oh, no, get it right, it’s ‘fuck Sammy’, not me.”

“Where’s the food and drink? We made it good, didn’t we?”

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I hate this place. Hate it so bad that I’m surprised it hasn’t crumbed to bits. I hate it for doing this to us, hate it for making us do these things, hate it for stealing Jay’s innocence. Hate it for making *me* steal Jay’s innocence. Because that voice is right: it’s my name marring Jared’s perfect skin, it was me who took away his sexual innocence. It was me, all me.

And for what? Food? Water? The supply only ends as soon as it arrives, how much longer do we have to play this game? We will always need food. Always need water. That man could make us do nearly anything. We can’t do anything else. We need to survive.

“Dean, go to the door.”

And I have to go.

The only comfort I have is Jared. When he’s curled in my arms, warm and alive, he’s everything I’ve ever wanted. I love it when we sleep, when he folds himself against me, allowing me the contact I’ve been dreaming of for a hell of a lot longer than we’ve been in this place. I hate myself for wanting Jared so much, when that man makes me fuck him, I

hate myself for not being able to hide my feelings. I feel so guilty for enjoying it. I just feel guilty.

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I don't know what's happening. I'm so tired all of the time. My head aches, the bright light boring into my eyes like a jackhammer. I don't know what I would do if it weren't for Jensen. When we sleep, I'm allowed to hide my face in the crook of his neck, breathing in everything that I associate with home. He makes me feel safe. Even when he's told to cut me, hurt me or anything else, I can always see how much it kills him.

When the pain gets too much and my delirious mind starts playing games with me, making me doubt Jensen, I only have to look into his eyes and see the love there.

I don't know how long we've been here, I only know that my arm now bears JENSEN A. It's supposed to be DEAN WIN, but fortunately each time we change the bandages, the blood, dried and new, is too much for the letters to be visible unless you're up close.

It's weird to be branded like this. Weird to be branded with Jensen's name. But if I think about it, who else's name would I prefer? It just makes sense that's it's him.

I'd be dead without him. I know I would. The only thing that keeps me going, the only thing that I get up for, the only thing that makes any of this bearable, is Jensen. I love him. I really do.

And it's such a weird feeling. Completely different to how I loved Sandy. With Sandy it was a warmth in my chest every time I saw her. Now, every time I lay eyes on Jensen, something burns in my chest, a deep ache that makes me hate the short distance between us.

I feel like the world could end, I could die, everything could be over, but I won't care, not if Jensen can just hold me for a little bit longer.

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"Jen?" his soft whisper breaks the silence. His lips brush my ear with every word, speaking so softly that I know for sure that the 'man up there' won't be able to hear us. "Do you think this is it?"

Curling closer to him and sliding my arms around his waist, I whisper back, "No, I know we're going to get out of here. I know it, Jare."

"I..." he clutches me tightly, "Jen... the rule... the rule's kill or be killed.... That means... if... if you..."

Frowning, I flip us over, pressing him down into the mattress, "Don't even think that, Jay. Not going to happen. Not now, not ever."

His eyes are warm, his fingers gentle as he reaches out to trace the side of my face, "Jen... just... I'm sick, okay... My arm's infected... and you... you can get out of here... let people know what happened, let our families know... I just... both of us don't have to..."

Unwanted tears begin trickling hotly down my face, but I can't do anything to stop them. The thought of losing Jared, the thought of killing Jared, is so terrible I can barely breathe. And the fact that Jared is offering his life up for mine just makes me want to cry harder.

Shaking my head furiously, splashing teardrops over Jared's bare chest, I can't stand it anymore. Burying my face in the dip of his neck, I wrap my arms around his shoulders, pressing him tightly to me, and whisper hoarsely, "No, Jay. We get through this together or not at all... You hear me? You hear me?"

"But-"

I cut him off, "No. Jared, just stop it, okay? You think I want to make it out of this if you're not with me? You think my life would be anything without you?"

"Jen..." he chokes, his voice trembling.

Unable to stand it any longer, I lift up, gazing down at his tear-streaked face for a few moments before I move forwards, pressing our lips together.

He gasps against my lips, his eyes wide and glistening as they lock on mine, "Jen?"

"Don't you ever even think about leaving me again, you hear me?" Leaning down again, I crush our lips together brutally, and growl, "Don't you ever."

Then I brush my lips gently over his cheeks, his nose, his forehead, every bit of him that I can, showing him just how much he means to me. Just as I'm sliding back down to his lips, the sharp static comes on.

"Well, I always knew you were a sick bastard, Dean. I just didn't realise how sick. And Sammy, how's it feel knowing that your brother lusts after you? How's it feel knowing that he's been watching you all your life? Wanting you for as long as he can remember. How does it feel to know that your own brother wants to fuck you?"

Jared fists my shirt to stop me from pulling away, "Don't... Just... just stay..."

"Okay," I breathe back, relaxing and curling tightly around him, wanting to shield him from the eyes.

"I love you," he whispers softly, sounding terrified.

Feeling my heart swelling and about to explode with happiness, I hug him tightly to me, "You too, Jare. So much... So fucking much..."

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I sit up, scrubbing at my eyes sleepily and automatically finding Jensen. He's busy doing something in the corner of the room, leaning the couch against the wall and shifting other items around. He puffs as he slides the cabinet across.

"What..." I yawn widely, "What are you doing?"

He looks up, grinning happily, and making my heart stutter so much that I nearly miss his reply. "... hiding place..."

My eyes widen and I take a second look at the structure. The couch is flipped sideways, held up by the wall and the cabinet, making it completely sturdy. There's a hollow inside, enough for...

Glancing back up at him, I can't stop the grin from spreading over my lips.

"Come on, bring the mattress over," Jensen continues happily, and I quickly oblige, watching in amazement at he slides it under, making the perfect shelter even more perfect.

"Get in," he murmurs softly, nodding his head towards the opening.

"Why didn't we do this ages ago?" I shuffle towards the back, my eyes relieved at the darkness that's been denied for so long.

A few moments later, he crawls in with the blanket, grinning at me as he throws it over the both of us, pulling me into his arms and whispering, "I don't like him watching you."

Hugging him tightly, I correct him, "I don't like him watching us."

Smiling against my cheek, he nods, "Yeah, watching us."

"Man, when we get out of here, I'm going to find us the biggest steaks ever and we're going to have a huge barbeque."

"And we'll buy you all the candy you can eat, even those damn gummi bears."

"And sour Twizzlers?"

Jensen lets out a sigh, "And Twizzlers."

Grinning, I bury my face in the side of his neck, "But first we'll shower... we'll shower forever. With shampoo and soap."

Snorting softly, Jensen's strokes a hand up and down my back, "Together?" he asks quietly.

I lift up in time to see his heated blush, and I can't help laughing. He looks away, a glimmer of hurt in his eyes. Immediately, my smile dies and I gently grip his jaw, forcing him to look at me. Pressing my lips over his, I reply without breaking eye contact, "Together."

His eyes lighten up and a small smile plays on his lips as he reaches out to card the hair out of my eyes. Then a frown creases his forehead, and his fingers slide down my arm, lightly brushing over the cuts. I can't help flinching, and his sad eyes look up into mine, "But first we'll go get you checked out."

Guilt joins the swirls in his eyes, making my chest ache painfully. "Not your fault, Jensen. Don't even think of blaming yourself. It wasn't you."

“It’s my hand, Jared. I did this; I hurt you. God, how can you even stand to look at me? I... hurt you... Jared... I fucked you... I... I as good as... as raped you...” he chokes out brokenly.

Moving to lie completely on top of him, I press him down firmly, “Jensen. Stop it. Stop it, okay? It’s not you. I know it’s not you. And you never... never raped me. That man made you do it. Made us do it. It’s not your fault, just like it’s not my fault.”

There are now tears in his eyes, and he sounds completely lost as he murmurs, “It was your first time, Jared... It was... you’re not... you’re not even gay... you said so yourself... I... shit, Jay... I took that... took that away from you...”

“Jen... I...” I don’t know what to say to make him understand. “Listen to me, Jensen... I know... I know I’ve never been with a guy before this... but... I’m glad... glad that it was you... No one... no one else... Just you.... And... I gave it to you... you never took anything, okay?”

When he doesn’t meet my eyes, I realise just how much he’s beating himself up about this, so I gently brush my lips over his, “Jensen... I love you.... Please... just trust me when I say it’s not your fault... none of this is...”

“Jared...” he murmurs urgently, “I... I’ve...” he twists his head away, “I wanted you... loved you... even before... before this... I... I’m sorry... I’m so sorry, Jay... I never... I never would have... I’m sorry...”

This makes me pause for a few moments as the words sink in. Jensen wanted me. Before all this happened. Before, when life was normal. He wanted me.

“Why didn’t...” I clear my throat, “Why didn’t you ever tell me?”

He laughs hoarsely, “Jared... you’re... you’re like, the straightest man I know... I couldn’t just tell you... you would’ve hated me... you would’ve... you would’ve...”

“Jensen... I would never have hated you... you’re my best friend, man... Sure... I would’ve freaked out a bit...” I laugh softly, “But... we would’ve worked it out...” I bite my lip before continuing, “I... in a way... I’m glad... glad that... that this happened... well, not glad glad, but... I never would’ve... never would’ve realised... I mean... I probably would’ve tried to find a way to let you down gently... if you’d told me before... now...” I press our lips together gently, “Now... it’s different...”

Smiling up at me, his hands gently slide around to grip my waist, holding me tighter to him. “We forgot something important... Our barbeque will need beer.”

Letting out a surprised laugh, I duck my head against his shoulder, “Ass... there I was spilling my guts and all you can think about is beer.... Oh, God, yeah. Tons of beer.”

We fall silent for a few moments. I’m trying to wrap my mind around the fact that there is still a world outside of this. I can barely remember it.

“Jen...” I whisper softly, making him flip us over and curl around me.

“Yeah?”

Despite myself, I feel my eyes prickling, “Do you think... do you think our families are okay?”

He inhales sharply, and pulls me tightly to his chest, spooning me. “I know they’re worried about us... I know they’re missing us and looking for us... but I also know that they’re together... they’re looking out for each other... they’re okay...”

I laugh shakily at myself for being such a wuss, “Eric’s going to kill us...”

Jensen yawns sleepily, “He can try... man, I hate not knowing what time it is...”

“Mmmm,” I murmur softly, closing my eyes and leaning back into his solid chest.

“Night, Jay...” he whispers.

“Night, Jen.” I thread my fingers in his and press our entwined hands to my chest, slipping into the first peaceful sleep I’ve had in a while.

\*

It’s like the man can tell exactly when we’ve just fallen asleep. He lets out a loud roar, “Get out from under there, you worthless bastards!” Jared jerks awake in my arms, tensing.

“Get out from there or you’ll be sorry!”

I’m actually surprised it’s taken him this long to yell at us.

Slowly, I slide out from our tent-like structure, smiling as a ruffled Jared staggers out and crashes into me. He doesn’t raise his head from the dip of my shoulder, leaning heavily against me as if he’s drifting back asleep. I wrap my arms around him and hold him upright as I wait for the ‘man upstairs’ to do his worst.

“Dean, because of your little stunt. I’m going to make little Sammy pay. Doesn’t that sound fun?”

Cursing the man with everything I’ve got, I tighten my arms around Jared’s shoulders, wanting more than anything to kill the man up there.

“Now, now, Dean. Why the long face? Go to the door, I left a present for you there.”

Reluctantly pulling away from Jared, I head towards the door, finding a packet of salt and immediately clenching my hands into fists. “No.”

“Yes. Give Sammy a taste of the burn. See if any of his demon blood will burn.”

Kicking angrily at the door, I yell, “We’re not the Winchesters! Goddammit! We’re actors who play them. Look us up, Jensen Ackles and Jared Padalecki! How fucking insane are you?”

“Be careful, Dean. You’re not the one who gets punished by your own disobedience. Or maybe you like hurting Sammy? Is that it, Dean?”

Immediately falling silent, I return to Jared, who’s slumped at the edge of the bed, staring at the floor.

“I want you to pour the salt onto Sammy’s arm. I want to see it coated, you hear me? And then, I want you to press it down and then pour more and wrap another strip of cloth tightly around it. You understand, Dean? You’ll get two bottles of water for this.”

Jared just looks up at me, holding out his arm. After clenching my eyes tightly shut for a few moments, I carefully unpeel the bloodstained bandage, being sure to stand close enough to hide the fact that it isn’t Dean’s name.

“I’m sorry, Jay...” I murmur, before tipping the packet, pouring the salt over the bloody, tender skin. Jared’s head drops, his hand clenching on his knee. He doesn’t make a sound.

When his arm is coated, I stand back, calling out, “There, you happy?”

“Yes, very. Now press it in.”

Hating myself, and hating that man, I place my hand flat against Jared’s arm, pressing slightly.

“That’s pathetic, Dean. Press harder!”

Unable to do anything else, I do.

Then I quickly head over to the upturned couch, grabbing the knife and cutting another strip of cloth. Silently returning to Jared, I quickly pour more salt, and then tie the bandage around his arm.

Grabbing the two bottles of water, I carefully slide an arm around Jared’s shoulders; helping him up and steering him back towards the small shelter. I won’t have the man watching Jared in pain.

Once safely inside the dimly lit interior, I carefully tilt up Jared’s face, brushing the bangs aside. What I see nearly makes me burst out crying. His face is deathly pale, his eyes blank, and blood trickling from where he’s bitten his lip.

“God, Jared,” I breathe out, moving forward to wrap my arms around him, squeezing him tightly against me. “Fuck, I’m going to kill him, I’m going to... fuck...”

After a few moments, I regain a hold over myself, and pull back, opening one of the bottles and holding it to Jared’s lips, helping him drink a few sips.

Then I carefully unwrap the bandage on his arm, wincing at how much the salt has seeped into the weeping wounds. I heard somewhere that salt helps fight infection, I can only hope that it’s true. This much pain has to be worth something, right?

Roughly wiping the moisture from my eyes, I dampen a corner of the bandage with a tiny bit of water, and gently dab at the salt.

Jared's eyes squeeze shut and I bite my lip, wondering whether I'm doing more harm than good.

His hand wraps around mine, squeezing softly, "It's okay, Jen. I'm okay."

How the hell can he be this strong? Dammit, he hasn't uttered a sound and I'm on the verge of tears. He always was the strong one. Shit.

"I'm sorry," I murmur back, continuing to wipe the salt away.

Shaking his head slightly, his pale face lifts up, his eyes meeting mine, "Stop saying that... it's not you... I know it's not you..."

When I'm finally done, I wrap the bandage carefully around his arm and pull him up against me, lying down.

"Wait," he whispers softly, reaching out for the bottle. He presses it to my chest, "You must... you must drink too..."

A droplet of moisture escapes my eyes and I feel like hiding away, hiding away or screaming at Jared about how the hell he can be so perfect even when he's in utter agony. Instead I surge forwards pressing a furious kiss to his lips, "I love you. I love you so fucking much, you have no idea."

He smiles gently, stretching out on the mattress, "Love you too, Jen."

\*

We jerk awake as complete darkness floods into the room. Immediately seeking Jared's warmth, I pull him against me, scared to lose him. Carefully crawling out the shelter, I stand shoulder to shoulder with him.

"What... what do you think happened?" I ask quietly.

He silently shifts to stand behind me, wrapping his arms around my waist and leaning his forehead against the nape of my neck, comforting me more than he knows. "The bulb probably blew," he murmurs, sounding exhausted.

Suddenly the intercom goes on and an urgent voice comes on over, "Jared, Jensen, you there?"

Jared's arms tighten around me as we both yell back in the affirmative.

"Oh, thank, God. I'm Detective Vanso. I've been investigating your case for a while now. Please stand back from the door, the medics are on their way."

I spin around in Jared's arms, pulling him tightly against me, "Jay. God, we made it! They're here. They're here."

\*

They took Jared away from me. They pulled him out of my arms. I miss him so much; I can't stand it.

After prodding and poking me and putting an IV in my arm, they've all left me alone to stare up at the bright ceiling. I'm going crazy.

Finally footsteps approach, and a few moments later, I'm surrounded by crying family members.

"Mom... Mom, it's okay. It's okay..." My voice is so hoarse it's painful. Everything aches, but my mom's here. My dad's here. Both my siblings are here. Chris is behind them, grinning widely beside Steve. They're all here.

Determined not to cry, I just hug them back tightly. "Have you heard about Jared... is he okay? Where is he? What are the doctors saying? Have they checked his arm yet? It looked pretty infected and-"

Chris cuts in with a grin, "Dude, you're boy's being looked after just fine. He's in ICU, but the doctors say he's going to be okay. Now, how are you?"

"I..." I don't really feel like talking about myself, "I'm fine.... When can I see him?"

They all burst out laughing happily, just as Mrs Padalecki walks in with a grin, "That's exactly what he's been yelling at the doctors for the past half an hour."

She hugs me tightly and I feel more moisture prickling at my eyes, "He's okay?"

"Yeah, he's got a mild case of pneumonia, and his arm's been stitched and cleaned. He's getting pumped with antibiotics and fluids, but he's okay," she laughs softly. "And apparently, if the doctors and nurses hear him demanding to see you one more time, they're going to kill him."

It's the best news I've heard in ages. Relaxing for the first time, I sag back into the pillow. "Oh, good."

"They're going to transfer him here as soon as they're done with him."

"Awesome," I murmur, finally allowing myself to drift off.

\*

Someone's fingers are brushing through my hair. The warmth of the person's hand is nice, soothing. Familiar.

I feel heavy, as if something's pressing me down or like I'm over twenty feet under water. I don't know where I am. I'm so tired.

"...get your ass out of bed soon else... finish off all the beer... barbeque won't work..."  
Someone's talking.

But they sound so far away.

Vaguely, I hear myself calling out for someone, reaching out for someone. But I'm soon swept under again.

\*

Jensen's freckled nose is the first thing I see when I wake up. I can't help the snort that escapes me. He just has so many freckles.

His green eyes blink open, soft and sleepy as he gazes at me. "Hey," he whispers, his voice croaky and froglike. I let out a giggle and he raises his eyebrow. "Dude, you're stoned."

I let out another giggle, unable to control myself.

Shaking his head at me, Jensen rolls his eyes, "Man, the drugs those doctors have you on really are making you loopy." But he's grinning so I know he's not mad.

Pointing up at him, only just avoiding hitting him in the face, I send him a lopsided smile, "You said 'loopy'."

"You are loopy... How're you feeling?"

"Huh?" I look up at him in confusion.

He gestures towards my arm. Which is bandaged. "Huh," I huff, wondering why... "Oh..." I point back up at him, "You cut me... you cut me again and again..."

When he turns away, shoulders shaking, I realise I've said something wrong. I've hurt him by accident. Stumbling out of the bed and narrowly avoiding landing on my face. I head towards him, throwing my arms around him and earning a surprised gasp.

"Jare, you shouldn't be out of bed!"

Hugging him tightly, I whisper loudly in his ear, "You cut me... to get water, to get food... We're still alive because you were strong enough... Now stop moping and come lie down with me..."

His eyes are bright when he spins around, and I'm only given a second's warning before he pulls me into a crushing hug, nearly lifting me up off the ground, and I'll have you know, I'm no lighty.

"Jen," I laugh as I bat him away, "Come on, I'm..." I let out a wide yawn, "I'm tired..."

“You’ve been sleeping for two days,” he complains, but he obediently follows me towards the bed.

When he hesitates, I let out a loud whine, “Jeeeen, I need my pillow, here.”

Grinning fondly, he shifts to lie down, making himself comfortable and stretching an arm out for me.

Immediately rolling closer, fitting myself in the crook of his arm and slinging an arm over his chest, I breathe out happily.

Laughing, he presses his lips to my forehead, “I don’t know what these doctors gave you, but I’ll be sure to ask where I can get more. You’re so stoned, it’s hilarious.”

Pouting at him, I dig my chin in his chest, making him squirm away, “You’re just jealous.”

“Sure.”

\*

Jared’s mom sneaks in just moments after he’s fallen asleep, and I blush as she eyes the sleeping arrangement. When she simply smiles at me, I grin back at her, “He was kind of out of it, with the meds or something.”

“Yeah?” she laughs, “The doctors mentioned that. Said it would wear off after a few hours. His body just needs to get used to it.”

“Thank god for that, normal Jared is hyper enough.”

She smiles warmly at me as she takes a seat beside the bed, “I know what you mean.”

It’s slightly awkward talking to her while her son is currently conked out in my arms, but there’s not much I can do about it.

“Jensen, I…” she pauses, leaning forwards to brush the hair from Jared’s face. The kid just lets out a snuffled noise and buries his face further into the side of my neck, holding me tighter. “The officers told me what… what happened… what you were forced to do…”

Her fingers brush over Jared’s bandaged arm, beneath which, lies the branding of my name. When she looks up again, there are tears in her eyes, “I just… I just want you to know how grateful I am… I’m just so glad it was you he was with… I… I wouldn’t have trusted anyone else to look after him… Just… thank you…”

“Ma’am. I think Jared was the one who was looking after me the whole time… I wouldn’t have gotten through without him…”

She chokes out a laugh, brushing tears from her eyes, “Look at this, you rascal. You made an old woman cry, you should be ashamed.” But her smile is warm as she squeezes the arm I’ve got wrapped around Jared. “Not many friendships could’ve survived this… I’m so proud of you both…”

Then she gets to her feet, leaning over to press a kiss to my forehead, then she ducks down to press one over Jared's, making him let out a muffled whine of protest, hiding further into me, and making me and Sherri exchange fond smiles.

She heads towards the door, pausing to murmur, "The doctors say they'll discharge you this afternoon, you might want to head back to the house for a shower or something."

Shaking my head with a small smile, I stroke my fingers up Jared's back, "Nah, I'm going to wait for Jay... We'll get out of here together..."

More tears well up in her eyes and she wipes them away with the back of her hand, "I'm so... I'm so glad he has you..."

Before I can reply, she leaves the room, leaving me blushing furiously. Burying my face in Jared's soft curls, I inhale deeply and murmur, "Dude, your mom really knows how to embarrass me, you know that?"

Obviously, Jared's only response is to let out a soft, murmured sigh, his lips brushing against the tender skin of my neck and sending shivers through me.

Then, still fast asleep, he breathes softly, "Jen..."

Squeezing him closer, I whisper softly in his ear, "Yeah, Jay..."

\*

The first thing I do when I wake up is search for Jensen. Once I've established that he's currently my pillow, I relax again, tucking my nose back into the groove of his shoulder.

He laughs, his whole chest vibrating, "Nuh, uh. Lazy fucker. You've been sleeping for ages, man. Come on, it's time to wake up."

Groaning, I lift up enough to glare at him. His smile doesn't falter, "I want to get out of here, don't you?"

"Wait... we're allowed to go home?"

Jensen shivers slightly at my words, his hands coming up to rest at my waist, "We can as soon as we sign the papers."

Realizing I've forgotten something important, I clutch at Jensen's shoulders, "They... the cops got him... right? The man who... the man who..."

Soothing fingers trace up my sides, right up to rest against my shoulder blades, and Jensen nods his head, "Yeah, they got him. Well, they got *them*. There was more than one. A father and son, both mentally unstable and the officer mentioned incest. Apparently the mother is the father's sister or something like that."

"Ew..." I make a face, "Wait... why did they... why did they want to hurt us?"

“According to the police, the father in The Bender’s episode looks like this man’s father. And his head’s so fucked up that he thought it was actual footage of his father’s death, us – the Winchesters – being the cause of it.”

“God, that’s so screwed up....”

“Yeah,” Jensen murmurs, “Tell me about it.... The cops say that there’ll be a trial in a few months time, but they pretty much caught the men red-handed, video cameras and everything set up... They should get twenty or so years at least... You ready to get out of here?”

I nod, my eyes sliding shut as I move forwards to rest my cheek against his chest, “I want to go home. I want to shower, and I want to curl up in front of the TV and watch movie after movie until I can’t keep my eyes open anymore. Then I just want to sleep.”

“Well, hell. You know I’m in,” he whispers back softly, his fingers carding through my hair softly.

A voice comes from the doorway, “Well, if you two lovebirds are quite finished... our Dads have the cars ready.”

Meg grins from the doorway, holding up a container like a peace offering.

“Is that what I think it is?”

Mac appears at her shoulder, “Yup, we baked it ourselves for our annoying, dorkface brothers. But Mom says you can’t have any now, you have to wait till after we’ve dropped you off at your house.”

“Awww,” I pout, “But that’s just mean.”

Laughing happily, Jensen slides out from beneath me, “Come on, I want to get home too.”

\*

I’m relieved when the family doesn’t stay long. To be honest, I’m completely exhausted, and I can tell that Jared is as well. The sound of the door clicking securely behind us is such a relief that we exchange smiles.

“God,” Jared murmurs, reverently running his fingers over a nearby cabinet, “I never realised how much I love this place.”

“How’s your arm feeling?”

He turns towards me, “It doesn’t hurt so much now. I guess it’s healing well. The doctors say it’s going to scar though.”

“You could get the scars removed, you could-”

Interrupting me with a warm hand on my chest, he steps closer, "I've been thinking about it... The thing is... the thing is that I don't mind... It's your name on my skin... I don't see how that can be a bad thing..."

"You..." shaking my head to stop myself from being sappy, I close the distance between us instead, running my fingers along his arm, imagining how it'll look when it's healed. Imagining how my name will look, branding him as mine.

Kissing him softly, I grin against his lips, "I think you promised me a shower."

"I did? Really?" Jared grins back, "Well, I guess I better follow through."

\*

When we tumble into bed, we're utterly exhausted, but we're clean, we're safe, we're home and we're together. That's the most important part: we're together.

"I love you," Jensen breathes into the darkness, making me grin stupidly.

"You're such a sap," I roll on top of him, "Good thing I love you, else I wouldn't be able to stand it."

"Bitch," he laughs happily.

"I should wash your mouth out," I whisper back, promptly doing so with my tongue, making him moan against my lips and arch up to get closer.

His eyes are so warm as he gazes up at me, his hands framing my face as his thumbs stroke gently over my cheeks, that I can barely breathe.

"Love you, Jare..." he murmurs quietly, seriously.

Drawing him up into a brutal kiss, I kiss until oxygen becomes an issue, then I pull back enough for him to look me in the eye. "You know I love you, don't you?"

When he doesn't reply, I grip his shoulders tightly and shake him, "Jensen, you know I love you. You know that this isn't just because of the 'trauma' or whatever crap people spout. Right?" My voice breaks slightly, "You know that."

Taking a shuddering breath, Jensen nods, "Yeah... I know that... Sorry, I just... I do know that... I'm just... I just don't want to lose you..."

Grabbing his hand, I guide it towards my arm, pressing it down over the bandage, not wincing despite the pain, "What do you think this is, Jensen? For as long as I have your name on my skin, I'm yours. And I'm not going to have it removed, so that means I'm yours. I'm yours, Jensen."

Sliding his fingers reverently over the bandage, he looks up at me with eyes filled with so many emotions I can't name them. "Mine," he breathes like a promise. "Mine."

Curling up against him and pulling his arms around me, I press a kiss to the dip of his collarbone, “Yours.”

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