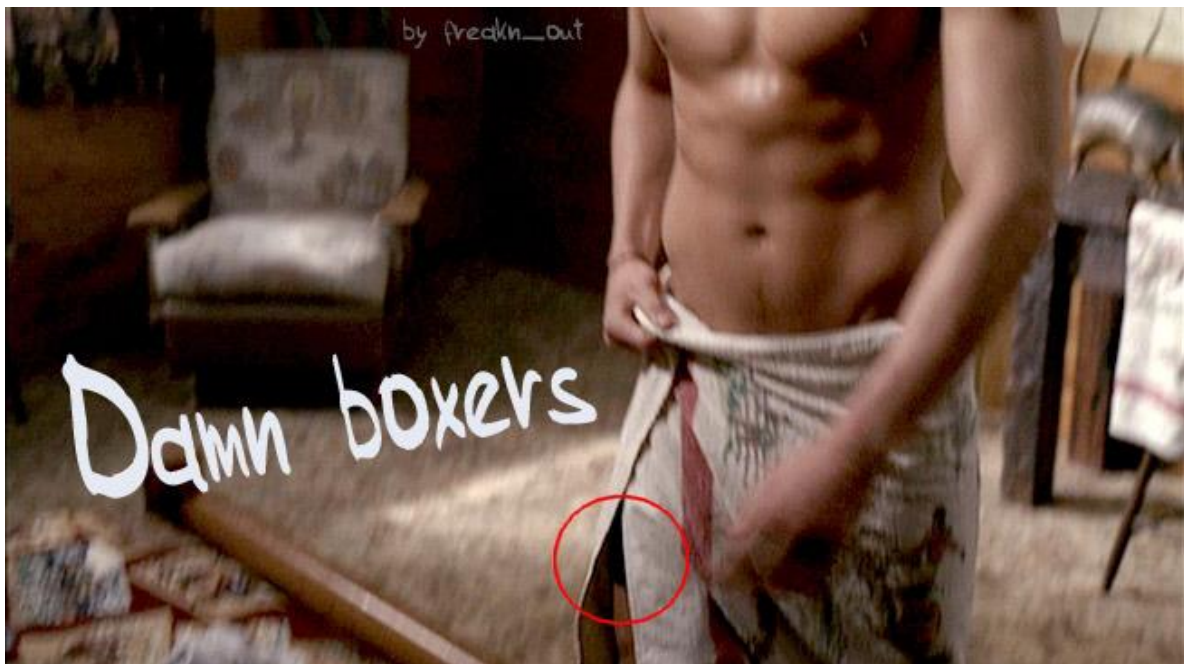


Damn boxers:



Remember the shower scene in *Hellhouse*? Well, that + boxers = a very worked up Jensen: *Just as he's planning his run, leap, dive, lock, Jared bends down to pick up something from the floor, his lean back curling down, his firm ass, just there... Jensen trips, lands in a pile of dust, a loud groan escaping him as he tries to think of ways to murder Kripke.*

1,000 words, PG-13, hotness

Okay, Jensen hates Kripke. Like, seething, honest to God, I'm gonna bash your skull in, hates Kripke. The evil bugger went and wrote this in on purpose. Just to make Jensen squirm.

"Jen, you okay?" a familiar voice asks, making him want to scream. Turning around slowly, clenching his hands at his sides, making sure to keep his eyes from dropping below the belt, he schools his face into a smile, hoping it doesn't look as much of a grimace as it feels.

"Jay... hey." He twitches awkwardly, eyes dancing everywhere except where he really, really wants to... He quickly turns around, back to the coffee he was trying to drown himself in.

He should have known that his nervous behaviour would only make his friend more concerned, and soon a warm hand squeezes his shoulder. "What's the matter? Are you feeling sick?"

Not turning around and definitely not concentrating on how close Jared is, Jensen clears his throat, trying to come up with a good excuse. "Uhm... headache?" That's plausible enough; he does sometimes get them.

"Shit, man. I'm sorry." The warm fingers slide to the back of his neck, massaging gently. It feels so good that Jensen forgets for a moment that he doesn't have a headache at all.

Ignoring the tiny sting of guilt at lying to his friend, Jensen lets his head drop, allowing Jared's skilled touch to soothe away some of the tension.

"Thanks, Jay..." he murmurs, turning around, instantly realising his mistake as it puts his nose inches away from Jared's cheek, their lips a breath apart, and all six foot four of lean muscle and bare skin standing before him. Gulping, he ducks under Jared's arm and escapes in the direction of his trailer.

And of course, his co-star won't leave well enough alone, and trails after him.

As they make their way across the yard, several people whistle at Jared, who just grins and puckers his lips, throwing in a body shake as well, his bravado given away by the small blush blooming on his cheeks. With a groan, Jensen contemplates the consequences of mauling his best friend in broad daylight (not that mauling him in pitch blackness would make it any better).

See, the thing is, Jensen's seen his friend shirtless, loads of times. He won't lie and say he didn't notice the abs a couple of times (or let's just make it every single damn time Jared's shirt rides up even slightly), but this is different. This is really different. He blames the black boxers. A shiver races through him as he glances over at his friend, the smooth, tanned muscles trailing down to the dark cotton, hugging his slim hips like sin on earth. Long, lean legs, muscles shifting with each easy stride, that tight butt, hugged by the dark material, made just to taunt Jensen. As Jared turns slightly, the rippling muscles in his back shift as he rolls his shoulders, hard lines trailing down, down, down, to those damn boxers.

It's been driving Jensen crazy. And it doesn't help that Jared's been prancing around in them since seven that morning.

Jensen wonders whether he'd manage to get away with locking his trailer door before his friend manages to get inside; wonders if he'll have time to jerk off in the bathroom before they get called back to set. Just as he's planning his run, leap, dive, lock, Jared bends down to pick up something from the floor, his lean back curling down, his firm ass, just there... Jensen trips, lands in a pile of dust, a loud groan escaping him as he tries to think of ways to murder Kripke.

As expected, Jared's laughter sounds out, accompanied by teasing words, but Jensen can't bring himself to be mad, not when Jared's helping him up so gently and dusting him off. He jumps as his friend's hand smacks at his butt and, trying not to look too flustered, he makes his way up his trailer stairs.

Jared shuts the door with a soft click and then catches his arm as he tries to escape to the other side of the couch. "Jen, what's going on with you? You haven't been acting yourself at all."

Jared bites his bottom lip, an unconscious habit he's taunted Jensen with for so long, and rubs his hand up Jensen's arms, "Nothing's happened, right? I mean, your family's okay, right?"

Dragging his eyes away from the sight of those slim fingers running up his arm, Jensen quickly reassures his friend, "No, God. No, they're all fine."

A crease lines Jared's forehead as he steps closer in concern, "Then what? Are you pissed at me for some reason? Did I do something?"

He looks so lost and confused, that Jensen's self-restraint flies straight out the window and rams itself down Kripke's throat. In a quick move, he has Jared pressed against the wall, hands trapped above his head, thigh pinned between Jensen's.

Jared's wide eyes meet his, "Jen?"

Shifting so he's holding both Jared's wrists in one hand, he trails his other down to cup Jared's jaw. Pressing his lips over Jared's, he inhales deeply, trying to etch his friend's scent into his mind forever. The taste is intoxicating, fresh and clean, like crisp morning air, but also has soft traces of warm Sunday mornings spent lounging in bed. Jensen's completely lost.

When Jared's lips part in a soft moan and his tongue tentatively slides out to meet Jensen's, the older man groans, plastering himself against Jared, gently rubbing their erections together, Jared's hard beneath those cursed boxers.

"Bed," Jensen growls, and they begin to stagger towards the small cot, Jensen's clothes being thrown off until he too is in only boxers. He shoves Jared back, sending him sprawling on the bed, his glowing skin in such contrast with the dark boxers and navy sheets. Jensen sways slightly as his dreams slowly begin to take form. Spread-eagled on the bed, Jared grins up at him, "So, all it took was a pair of boxers?"

Crawling up the lean torso, pressing kisses to the miles of bare skin, Jensen grins, "Yeah, it had nothing to do with you being half naked, of course."

Jared laughs, squirming as Jensen's tongue dips into his belly button, "Of course."

"But I'd say it's time to get them off you, don't you think?"

Skimming his hands up Jensen's sides, Jared grins, dimples dancing, "Well, hell, you know I'm in."
