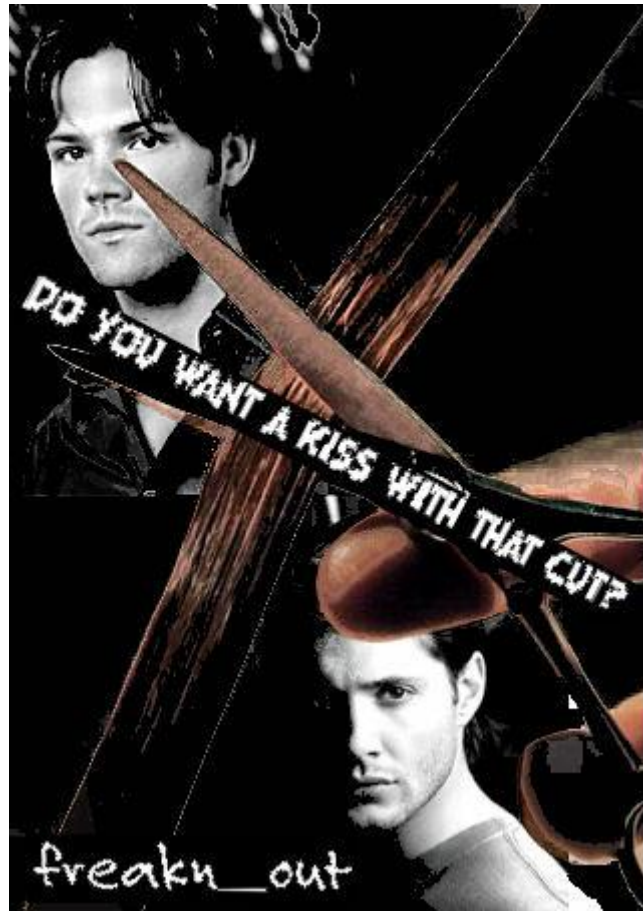


Do you want a kiss with that cut?



Jared gets a new hairdresser - Jensen: *“You totally snatched him. You were on break!”* He grinned evilly, *“Well, you two were bickering so nicely, I didn’t want to disturb anything.”* They glared at him and he continued, *“Besides, you had Depp,”* he pointed to Shannon, *“and you had Bloom,”* to Jeannie. *“It was my turn for some hotness.”*

10,000 words, PG-13, angst, schmoop, AU

Jensen let out a sigh when the tinkle of a bell disturbed him from his blissful coffee-orientated daydream. Shannon’s low whistle and comment of, *“Wow, that one’s a looker,”* snagged his attention even more.

A few minutes later the sound of Jeannie and Shannon’s subdued bickering over who got the ‘looker’ drew Jensen from the small backroom. The last time the girls had done that, Johnny Depp had been the culprit. Jensen wasn’t going to miss this for his life.

Slipping past the girls unnoticed, he made his way to the front desk. Wow! She was right. To the gorgeous, lean, young man, he said, *“Hey, how can I help you?”*

The man grinned, leaving Jensen in a slight daze. *Dimples...want...touch... now.*

“Yeah, hey, I wanted to make an appointment.”

“Okay, no problem. Do you want it to be on a regular basis or just for one time?”

“A regular basis, if possible.”

Oh, there is a god.

“Great, okay so, if you can fill in your information here? And we’ll make sure to fit you in.”

Another flash of dimples left Jensen swaying slightly. *Damn it, man. Get a fucking grip.*

“Thanks.” The man stuck out a hand, “I’m Jared. Jared Padalecki.”

He has a name! Jared Pada... Pada what? Well, Jared’s a cool name anyway.

Taking the hand, *Firm, smooth, warm, want to just...*, “Nice to meet you, I’m Jensen Ackles.”

“Great, so can you do me now?”

Mmmm, baby, you have no idea just how much I want to do just that. He flipped open the book, and after making a show of examining the timetable, he looked up, “Yeah, I think we can.”

Beaming, the man flipped his floppy hair out of his eyes; Jensen felt his hands twitch with the urge to touch. He threw a grin at the girls, who were staring daggers at him, and motioned Jared towards the basins, “Okay, just go make yourself comfortable. I’ll be with you soon.”

Jeannie pouted when he approached them, and Shannon whined, “No fair, I saw him first.”

With another grin, Jensen replied, “Sorry gals, this one’s all mine.”

“Bastard.”

“You know it.”

After grabbing some bottles, he made his way back to where... *Long...want...chest... touch...now...muscles...taste...* Jared was lying back in the chair, his shirt riding up slightly, exposing tanned muscles, and the tantalizing band of his low-riding jeans was giving Jensen a nice view of his hips.

Swallowing the surge of overwhelming want, he came up to stand beside the chair. Jared sat up obediently, allowing Jensen to place a towel around his shoulders. Then Jensen lowered Jared’s head back, keeping the golden-brown locks from getting caught on the side of the basin.

Hazel eyes watched him as he carefully altered the temperature of the water, and then he slowly began to wet Jared’s hair.

“So, tell me about yourself, Jared. I take it you’re an actor.”

The smooth lips curled into a smile and Jensen felt his hand shake slightly as he directed the nozzle's spray. "Yeah, how else could I afford you guys?"

Jensen smiled: their tiny place was well-known throughout the celebrity world, and it was popular among the producers as well, due to their creativity and ability to make actors look their best.

Jared continued, "Yeah, my hair and makeup crew were so sick of my unruly hair, they made Eric agree to pay for professionals to do it."

Wanting to keep the conversation going, but also feeling strangely interested, Jensen asked, "Eric?"

A rumbly chuckle escaped from the man, sending vibrations through him, "Yeah, bald, short guy. Writes evil scripts and makes our days eighteen hours long. Eric. Surname's seriously weird, man – Kripke, I mean what the hell kind of a surname is that?"

Jensen laughed, "And you can talk Mr Pada-something."

The hazel eyes crinkled at the edges and the dimples made their appearance once again, "Whatever..." the young man mumbled.

Feeling lighter and more at ease than he had in a while, Jensen reached for the bottle of shampoo. Squirting some on his hands, he caught Jared's eye at the unspeakable sound it made, and felt a wide grin spreading across his lips.

Clearing his throat, he began to massage the shampoo into Jared's hair. When the hazel eyes slid shut and a moan of approval escaped the man's lips, Jensen bit his lip to keep himself from doing more than he was allowed to. Like straddling him and attacking those lips.

After he'd finished washing Jared's hair – and if he took a bit longer than necessary, well, who noticed? Well, besides Shannon and Jeannie, who were giving him envious looks from where they were busy with other customers – he led the man to a styling-chair in front of the massive mirror.

Standing beside Jared after laying a cover around the man's shoulders, he was finally allowed to survey the man as intensely as he wanted to. Meeting the hazel eyes in the mirror, he asked, "So, Jared, what can I do for you today?"

Jared's cheek flushed slightly, "I don't know. I usually just get the same cut. I'm not good with this stuff. Sandy usually tells the hairdresser what to do."

"Sandy?"

The man's face brightened, "Yeah, she's my girlfriend."

"Oh." Jensen bit down on the disappointment that was filling him to the brim.

"Yeah, basically I'm in your hands. You can do whatever you want "

Hmmm... whatever I want, hey? Are you sure about that?

“Just one thing...”

“Oh, and what’s that?”

With another grin, Jared teased, “If you make me bald, you get to face Eric... and Sandy... and all the fans.”

Jensen mock pouted, “Aww, damn, there goes my devious plan out the window.”

Eyes crinkling, Jared replied, “No, but seriously, you basically have a free reign. Hit me with whatever you got. And the cost doesn’t matter, Eric’s paying anyway.”

Being given free reign was basically what Jensen lived for. Too often, he got customers who came in and told him exactly what to do and how they wanted their hair cut. And Jensen would do it, despite the knowledge that the person could look so much better with another style. But free reign allowed him to do as he liked and he could feel the excitement building up as he started running the brush through Jared’s silky hair.

Soft, so soft.

It might have seemed weird for a hairdresser to be thinking that, but most of Jensen’s customers were vain, self-centered celebrities, who drowned their hair with products and gels and dye, leaving it dry and thin. That wasn’t the case at all with Jared’s hair. It was full, thick and healthy.

It had so much potential. And Jensen was being given a free reign. He caught Jared’s eye in the mirror and questioned, “Free reign, you’re sure?”

There was a pause, and then Jared nodded, “Yup, I trust you.”

Ignoring the warmth that irrationally filled him at those words, Jensen began examining Jared’s hair, turning his head this way and that. *You wouldn’t trust me if you could read my mind. How upset would you be if you saw what I want to do to you?*

“So, where’re you from, Jared?”

With a drawl Jared replied, “Take one guess.”

Jensen froze, “You’re from Texas?”

“Born and bred.”

“Which part?”

“San Antonio.”

“Oh, you’re one of those damn Spurs’ fans.”

Jared nodded proudly and then he frowned, "Wait, you're from Texas too?"

"Let's just say: Mavs are so out of the Spurs' league."

With a hearty laugh, Jared said, "You're a Dally boy. I can't believe it. I thought I was the only Texan in L.A."

Jensen began snipping, "Well, me, you and Owen Wilson."

"He's from Texas?"

"Yup, him and his brother. Oh, wait, I think Matthew McConaughey is as well."

"Huh, I didn't know that... Wait, have they all been here?"

Jensen smiled, "Dude, even Brad Pitt's been here."

The hazel eyes widened, "Wow, okay, now I feel real small."

Letting out a snort of laughter, Jensen shook his head, "Man, I didn't even think that was possible. I mean, you must be what? Like six foot three or something."

Jared blushed and stared at the countertop, he replied in an embarrassed mumble, "Six foot five actually."

"Shit, that's huge!"

The man was currently beet red and Jensen felt a bit sorry for him, "Dude, there's nothing wrong with that. It looks good on you."

Jared eyes met his in the mirror and this time it was Jensen who blushed. Clearing his throat, he turned to get his favourite scissors from the trolley behind him.

He began an intricate dance with Jared's hair, circling the man, snipping and changing as he liked, enjoying the utter control Jared had given him. The time flew by unnoticed by the two of them, and Jensen was gradually learning the man's life story.

Jared had two siblings: a brother and sister, both almost exactly the same ages as Jensen's two siblings. They had exchanged bewildered glances at the downright weirdness of that fact, but had just put it down as another thing they had in common. Jared's family lived on a ranch and, as a boy, Jared had always wanted to be an astronaut. Jared loved animals and had two dogs of his own, that Jensen quickly discovered he thought of as his own babies.

Jensen had welcomed all the information Jared had so easily handed him on a platter until Jared had begun raving about his girl. *Stupid idiot, he's not gay. That smile doesn't mean a thing. He doesn't know you as anything other than his hairdresser; you'll never be anything more than that.* Something must have showed on his face, because Jared suddenly stopped his story of how Sandy had managed to get him to ask her out, and was now looking at him with concern on his face.

“Dude, you okay?”

He swallowed, No, “Yeah, I’m fine, just checking out how awesome my skills are.”

Jared chuckled, “I would call you vain, but looking at my hair, I’m afraid I’ll have to boost your ego even more. It looks awesome.”

Only 'cause it's on you. “Duh, I am the awesomest. Go on admit it.”

The dimples flashed and Jared deadpanned, “Yeah, yeah, all hail the almighty Jensen. Kings will bow down before you and beg you to do their hair.”

Jensen’s dull mood stood no chance against the dimple-attack, and he found himself smiling, “Alright, you’re done.”

The man’s smile dimmed and Jensen hoped he wasn’t imagining the disappointment in Jared’s voice when he said, “Already?”

“What do you mean ‘already’? You two have been at it for nearly three hours already,” scolded a voice from nearby, causing both sets of eyes to swivel towards Shannon, who was standing there with her arms crossed.

“The last customer left an hour and a half ago. We closed an hour ago.”

Jensen blushed and turned to see Jared was doing similarly.

The younger man began to stand up, “Sorry, my fault, my mouth runs off without me sometimes.”

Smirking, Jensen pushed the man down, “Sometimes?”

The grin was back on his gorgeous face again, “Okay, fine, all the time. Happy?”

There was a cough and Jensen turned back to Shannon, flashing his most winning smile as he promised, “Just let me finish up here and then I’ll help clean up.”

She stomped off, and Jensen caught Jared’s eye in the mirror and had to stifle his laughter, “Okay, now you’ve got me into trouble with the viper, the least you can do is lie and say I did a good job.”

“You did a very good job, Jensen,” Jared deadpanned again, before bursting out laughing.

Jensen smacked him lightly over the head with a grin, “Goof.”

He held a mirror behind Jared’s head so that he could see the back of his hair, and then brushed the snippets of hair off the man’s shoulders and nape of his neck.

“Okay, you’re good.”

With a serious look, Jared murmured, “Seriously Jen: that looks awesome.”

He called me Jen. Clearing his throat to erase the dreaminess, he replied, “Well, I am the master after all.”

Jared stood up grinning. “Okay, so tell me what your creative genius has cost Baldy?”

Jensen shook his head, unable to believe he was already sharing inside jokes with a customer after their first appointment. He made his way over to the books, and told Jared the price.

Jared’s eyes widened, “Wow, that’s a lot.” Then he shook his head, “Well, duh, it is. You’re the best after all. And you did a great job. Wow, damn, I’m used to paying under a hundred.”

Before Jensen could speak, Jared was grinning, “And that would explain the difference before and now.”

Jensen took in his own handiwork, Wow, major mistake. Jared had been hot before the cut; he was smoking now. His seaside eyes were visible and the bangs Jensen had shaped, now hung perfectly. His ears were slightly hidden, but not as much as his mop-hair had before. Jensen felt proud of himself, both for the cut, but more so for not jumping the man right there and then. He was freaking sex-on-legs, it was a miracle that Jensen managed to refrain himself.

After sorting out the finances, Jensen was engulfed in a hug that sent signals to all the right places – or rather all the wrong places when you were being hugged by a straight guy – and couldn’t stop himself from breathing in Jared’s scent.

“Thanks man, my girl’s gonna love you.”

Oh, warm, fuzzy feeling gone; cold, jealous feeling on full alert.

A few minutes later, he watched Jared’s long frame exit the store with the tinkling of the bell.

“Huh,” came a voice behind him.

He turned to see the girls standing in unison, arms crossed, eyes focused on Jensen.

“Hmmm?” he asked innocently.

“You totally snatched him. You were on break!”

He grinned evilly, “Well, you two were bickering so nicely, I didn’t want to disturb anything.”

They glared at him and he continued, “Besides, you had Depp,” he pointed to Shannon, “and you had Bloom,” to Jeannie. “It was my turn for some hotness.”

Their glares softened slightly, but then Shannon whined, “But he’s so innocent...”

“...Yeah, I just want to squish him up and never let him go...”

“...those legs...”

“...those dimples...”

“...that ass...”

“...his hands...”

“...lips...”

“...abs, did you see those abs?”

Jensen zoned them out. He didn't need them to remind him.

“He has a girlfriend,” he called loudly.

They looked disappointed, and he grabbed the broom and began sweeping Jared's golden-brown locks into a pile. *Would it be creepy if I kept a bit?* He stared down at the pile. *Yeah, it would.* He sighed, ran a hand over his face, and swept the pile away. *When did I become such a creep?* The image of dimples flashed in his mind. *Oh, that's when.*

*

“Guess who's coming today?”

Jensen rolled his eyes, as if I don't know, “Who?”

“Dimple-boy!”

“Oh,” he replied as nonchalantly as possible.

Jeannie looked at him in surprise, “Aren't you glad? We get eye-candy again!”

“Yeah, yeah, I am glad. I'm just not a fawning fangirl like you two.”

Except I am; even worse than the two of you actually; I doubt you went out and bought everything he ever acted in and skipped all the parts without him. I doubt you've been looking forwards to this day since the moment he left.

But all he said was, “What time is he coming?”

Not that he didn't know; not that he hadn't checked the timetable every single spare moment he had just to make sure he hadn't imagined it.

His heart had leapt with every tinkle the cruel door had given off since that morning, even though the appointment was only that afternoon.

“Any minute now.”

“- Wait. What?”

“Any minute now,” Jeannie repeated with a grin.

Jensen snatched the book and began skimming through the pages. Jeannie stopped him with a hand on his arm, “Relax, I was joking.”

She was grinning, and Jensen realised he’d been had. “Oh, you little bitch.”

“Language, language,” she sang.

He glared menacingly at her, but she just batted her eyelashes innocently. In a triumphant voice she jeered, “I knew you liked him! I knew it!”

Turning his back to her, calling over his shoulder, “I’m having a break,” he stormed out the door with that blasted tinkle in his ear.

Only to bump into a solid, warm...”Jared?”

He looked up from where his face was practically buried in Jared’s collar. A grin met him and he swayed back slightly, only to be steadied by a strong, gentle hand. “You okay?”

Now that you’re here, I am. Shaking his head to clear unwanted thoughts, Jensen locked eyes with the hazel ones peering down in concern.

“Yeah,” his voice came out a bit muffled and he realised his face was still smooshed into Jared’s neck. *Don’t want to move, ever.*

The dimple’s smiled down at him and in a soft voice Jared asked, “You okay to stand?”

He realised he had been leaning completely against Jared. He realised Jared had been holding him up easily. *He can completely manhandle me if he wants to.* And that thought made him even more interested.

Forcing himself to press his hands against Jared’s chest, trying to ignore the firm muscles he felt beneath the thin cotton shirt, he pushed himself away from Jared and onto his own feet.

He was blushing furiously when he met Jared’s laughing eyes, “Sorry, you just startled me.”

“You were off in a hurry, everything okay?”

He smiled, “Yeah, just off for a break. What are you doing here so early?”

Jared’s smile dimmed, “I got a date this afternoon and had to come reschedule for another day.”

“Oh,” Jensen couldn’t keep all the disappointment out of his voice, but was mollified when he realised Jared was looking just as disappointed.

Having a sudden idea, he blurted out, “I could do you now.” Blushing, he stammered, “I mean, do your hair now, if you wanted to. I mean, I’m on a break anyway, so not much else to do.”

Jared’s grin was on full-watt now and Jensen relaxed slightly at the lack of mockery in it.

“That’d be awesome. Are you sure, man? You don’t mind wasting your break on me?”

Shrugging, Jensen replied, “So long as I get free reign again, I’m good.”

“It’s a deal. My hair is in your hands.”

A few minutes later, Jensen was massaging his shampoo-lathered fingers through Jared damp hair. The young man’s eyes were shut and there was a small smile on his lips that Jensen just wanted to taste.

“Magichands, Jen. That’s your name from now on.”

Jensen grinned, even though Jared couldn’t see it, he toned up the massaging a little, forgetting the fact that he was just supposed to be washing Jared’s hair and squirted more conditioner into his hands.

When they were before the mirror again, Jensen once again milked the fact that he could stare at Jared as much as he liked, at least for a little while, and then began doing his magic.

“So, what’re you doing this afternoon that nearly made you ditch your appointment?” Jensen found himself asking grudgingly.

Jared grinned at him, “Two-year anniversary with my girl.”

Hands tightening slightly on the brush he was holding, Jensen swallowed and said in a strained voice, “Oh, that’s nice.”

Hazel eyes examined his face in the mirror and he blushed, before continuing, “So, you doing something special for her?”

Jared smiled slightly, “Yeah, taking her to Catalina Island. Man, that place is awesome: beaches to lounge on, volleyball nets, clear blue water, kayaking, snorkelling, mountains to hike on, our own little hut right by the beach with a big hammock that can fit two people, loads of awesome food, piña coladas – loads of them – dude, everything.”

Jensen swallowed the desperate desire that was bubbling inside him and focused on Jared’s hair, “That sounds awesome, Jay,” he murmured quietly.

He smiled slightly at the confused man in mirror and returned to his task.

Jared was more subdued for the rest of the cut, except when Jensen had rolled his stool in front of Jared to do his fringe, and hazel eyes had locked with his. He broke the eye contact and focused on the brown locks instead.

“What did I do wrong?” Jared asked in a small voice, making Jensen look at him in shock.

Then he cursed himself, hated himself for confusing the guy, and soothed, “Dude, don’t worry about it, it’s got nothing to do with you... it’s just that ... that made me think of someone I’d want to take on a trip like that.”

Jared eyes widened in understanding: understanding Jensen knew was wrong, “Oh, who’s that?”

“Someone I can never have?” Jensen replied sadly, brushing the bangs from Jared’s face gently.

“I’m sorry.” Jared’s eyes were earnest and Jensen knew that he meant it, even if he didn’t know what Jensen was talking about.

He smiled and patted Jared on the cheek lightly, “Don’t worry about it. You’re done; go have some fun with your girl, tiger.”

Jared blushed, but grinned, “Dude, did you just pat me on the cheek and call me tiger?”

Grinning, Jensen paused; then he replied, “Yup, I think I did. What you going to do about it?”

Jared smirked, “I’ll think of something.”

When Jensen watched the man leave, he was filled with a confusing mixture of heartache and warm happiness. He didn’t know what to think of that.

*

“Your heartthrob’s here,” Shannon called with a grin, but Jensen was already heading out the backroom.

He stopped in shock. “What the fuck! Jared?”

The man in front of him beamed his 1000watt smile and Jensen nearly fainted. Jared was tanned, grinning broadly and looking so healthy and energised that the room seemed to be vibrating. But the thing that had Jensen attention was the fact that...

“Your hair’s blue!”

And it looks damn good.

Jared blushed, and for a second Jensen thought he had said that aloud; then he realised it was because Toby, the other hairdresser on duty, was wolf-whistling. Toby was the blatant and stereotypical gay who worked there occasionally.

Jensen grinned at Jared’s discomfort but when Toby leaned right into Jared’s space and leered, “Mmmmmm, baby, you look good enough to eat. Why don’t you go sit over there and I’ll take care of you... real good care of you if you know what I mean?” Jensen felt a sudden dislike for the other hairdresser.

However, before he could say or do anything, Jared was setting steely eyes on Toby, and in a firm voice saying, “Sorry, but I’m here for Jensen.”

Jared’s eyes met Jensen’s and the man repeated, “Only for Jensen.”

Toby stared open mouthed at him and then stormed past to where one of his other customers was waiting.

A warmth spread through Jensen when he realised what had just happened and he walked over to Jared, a smile on his face.

“Hey, blue-boy.”

Jared grinned at him, “Howdy, cowboy.”

Unable to cover the huge grin that had crept over his face, Jensen cocked an eyebrow, “Blue, huh?”

“Told you I’d get you back. I never break my promises.”

“Uh, is it permanent?”

Jared chuckled, “Do you really think I want my balls cut up and posted to Antarctica?”

Still stuck on the image of Jared’s balls, Jensen stammered eloquently, “Huh?”

Rolling his eyes, Jared said, “Dude, Eric would have a fit. It’s just twenty-four hour dye; courtesy of my dearest friend, Chad.”

“Wait, Chad the douche you were talking about?”

Jared beamed, “The one and only.”

“So, you did this just to get me back?”

Dimples flashed, “Yup.”

Jensen shook his head to cover up the happiness building up inside of him, “Idiot.”

He got a smack over the head, “Hey!”

Still chuckling, he began to lather Jared’s hair, grinning at the blue that ran out in the water.

“I can’t believe you did this.”

Jared smiled up at him, closing his eyes, “Massage me, oh, Magichands.”

That set Jensen off on a laughing spree throughout the rest of the afternoon. He just felt so ridiculously happy.

Jared made faces at him through the mirror, mimicking the glares they were receiving from Toby, and then mimicking the disapproving glances the girls were making at them to the last frown.

Bursting out into laughter at random times is not a good thing for a hairdresser, so it wasn't really surprising when he nicked Jared's neck slightly.

Jared wouldn't let him hear the end of it, "Jen," he whined adorably, "I can't believe you cut me... I mean, I get that you're jealous that I can totally do blue-hair better than you, but seriously... slitting my neck is not the way," he ended off in a stern voice, wagging a finger at Jensen.

Seated on his wheely chair, Jensen cracked up, who could blame him? and he ended up leaning his forehead against the back of Jared's shoulder, laughing hysterically.

From the shakes, Jared was laughing too, and when Jensen looked up at the mirror, he caught Jared's eyes and had to look away to break out of his next fit of hysterics.

Taking a quick glance around the room, Jensen realised they were creeping the other customers out and in a stern, reprimanding tone, that lost all authenticity due to the way it trembled from his restrained laughter, scolded, "Jared. Be good. Or I won't..." another snort of laughter, "or I won't let you leave here with hair."

Jared bit his lips, but was still shaking with laughter.

When they finally managed to regain control over themselves, Jared moaned, "Oh, god, my cheeks hurt."

That sent them off on another peal of uncontrollable laughter.

When Jensen finally finished, Jared leaned his head back, peering up at Jensen through his – now even more adorable – bangs, and murmured, "Wow, man, I don't think I've laughed that hard since seventh grade."

Jensen smiled, "Me neither."

Then, as if to remind himself that this was something that was not his, he found himself saying, "Oh, I forgot to ask: how was the anniversary-vacation thing with your girl?"

Jared's smile dimmed, "Oh, it was... it was okay."

When Jared left the shop, the happy tinkle the door made, fitted his mood perfectly. *I am a cruel, cruel person.* But that didn't stop him from grinning broadly at Toby.

*

Months later:

Jared came in on a day when he wasn't scheduled and for a few moments Jensen thought he was dreaming, "Uh... Jay?"

"No, his evil twin, come to kidnap you and take you to my castle, far, far away."

Oh, god, please do. Take me away from all of this. I'll go anywhere with you, just say the word.

"I want you to come with me."

Just say where.

"I need you to help me find a good ring."

Sure, Jay. Anything- wait what?

"A ring?" Jensen parroted numbly.

Jared nodded, grinning widely, "Yeah, and since I have such a unique style..." Jensen snorted, "I decided to call upon someone who is very stylish, AKA... you."

Jensen ignored the cold, cruel, unrelenting hand that was wrapping itself tightly around his heart, and found himself replying, "Yeah, Jay, sure, I'm off in about ten minutes, then we can go."

The truth was his shift had ended five minutes ago. The ten minutes were spent locked in the bathroom, trying to regain control over himself to ensure that he didn't burst out crying.

After telling the girls he would see them tomorrow, he exited the place with a taunting tinkle ringing in his ear, sounding disgustingly like wedding bells.

Jared was leaning against the sunlit wall, eyes closed, but he smiled when Jensen flicked his nose. God, why are you this cruel? How could you give me the best thing ever, but let it be owned by someone else?

He smiled painfully at the warm smile Jared gave him and in his most cheerful voice asked, "So, wedding bells are a ringing?"

Jared gave a small smile, "Well, two and half years together, it's about time, don't you think?"

No, Jay, I don't.

Instead he shoved Jared, "Come on, lets get this over with, I have better things to do than go around shopping with a Sasquatch."

Jared looked up, a hurt look in his eyes, but seeing the smirk on Jensen's face, he grinned, "Admit it, you love having me around."

I do, Jay, that's the problem I really do.

"Yeah, you wish, sweetheart."

Jared snorted at the nickname, "Dude, you sound just like Toby."

Turning it up a notch, Jensen said in a sickly sweet voice, “What’s that mean, Sugar? You mean you don’t want my company? Darlin’, I can be real good company if ya know what I mean,” Jensen winked obscenely and Jared burst out into waves of laughter. All that Jensen could manage was a smile.

God, could you be any more cruel? Jensen was absolutely certain of that as Jared grabbed his wrist and tugged him towards the sleek black car parked nearby.

“This yours?” he asked, momentarily distracted.

Jared nodded, “Yup, that’s my baby.”

“Dude, now I know why your girl’s still with you. The way to a gal’s heart is with a nice kickass car.”

Jared’s smile dimmed even more, replaced instead with a frown, “Nah, she doesn’t really like cars.”

“Oh... okay.” Jensen slid into the passenger feeling disorientated.

A few minutes later, Jensen was being dragged through crowds of people by Jared; an overgrown kid more likely.

He had almost forgotten why they were there, when suddenly he was being pulled into a brightly lit store and was suddenly surrounded by: Sparkly.

There were rows upon rows of brightly gleaming rings behind glass that Jared was pouring over. “Look, Jen, look at this one!”

Jensen ducked as Jared made a grab for him, nearly hitting him smack on the head. “Calm down, Jay, they’re only rings.”

A weird squeal made Jensen turn to the women behind the counter, just in time to hear, “Oooh, aren’t they adorable?”

Jensen blushed, and coughed, “Um, Jay?”

The guy was completely ignorant of anything the two women were thinking and came over, swinging an arm around Jensen’s shoulders, “Yeah, Jen?”

Jensen shrugged himself out from under Jared’s warm arm and slid away, going towards the rings and asking loudly, “See anything your girl would like?”

With an adorably confused look on his face, Jared replied, “No, that’s why you’re here.”

Jensen snuck a look at the two women, catching their disappointed looks before they were schooled into professional ones.

Yeah, you and me both.

The women were helpful, but Jared was still undecided; he dragged Jensen out and to another store.

There was an obviously gay guy there and he sighed, “Damn, why are all the good ones taken?”

Jared looked at him, “What?”

The guy sighed, “You two are so perfect together, don’t worry, I won’t try to steal your guy away.”

Jared turned seven shades of red. It was almost funny. Only it wasn’t, not at all.

Still spluttering, Jared managed to get out, “We... we’re not together. I’m getting married to a girl.”

The man looked really surprised, “Oh, too bad.”

“What?”

The guy shot Jensen a glance, Jensen was currently hiding behind a cabinet of watches.

“Nothing, just that you seem... I don’t know... to fit.”

Jared hurriedly left the guy and went over to Jensen, “Dude, that guy thought we were together!”

Jensen shrugged, and muttered through gritted teeth, “Well, what did you expect, Jay, we’re two guys. In a jewellery store. Looking at rings. Together.”

Still red-faced, Jared spluttered, “Oh.”

After two more like incidents, Jared finally found the perfect ring.

“It’s so sparkly. Jen, look at it. It just *glows*.”

Despite the ache in his chest, Jensen still had to smile at the awe-filled expression on Jared’s innocent face. He exchanged fond smiles with the girl behind the counter and murmured softly, “It’s awesome, Jay. She’ll love it.”

Jared bounded happily from the store, tiny bag shoved in his pocket and Jensen began to follow him, but the girl snagged his arm.

“Does he know?”

Knowing instantly what she was talking about, Jensen’s eyes filled with unwanted moisture; he shook his head.

He was pulled into a hug and returned it, feeling surprised. “I’m so sorry,” the girl whispered in his ear.

Pulling away, he looked her straight in the eyes, "I'm not... He's happy."

She followed his gaze out the window to where Jared was busy rolling about with some old lady's dog. Said lady was standing nearby, a bemused and soft smile on her face.

"You're a better person than I am. I wouldn't let him go."

In a broken whisper, Jensen replied, "He was never mine to start off with."

She smiled sadly at him and then said, "My name's Sophie, here's my number if you ever need to talk."

Smiling, he took the piece of paper and left the store.

Jared saw him, and beckoned him over, "Jen, come on, this is Rufus, and this is..." he stopped and looked up at the lady, his face turning crimson.

She smiled, "I'm Elena. Your friend seems to have taken an affinity towards my dog."

Jensen grinned at her. Just like Jared to forget the name of the owner, but know the name of the dog. "I'm Jensen."

He knelt down to scratch the dog behind its ears, and his hand brushed over Jared's which was buried in Rufus' fur. He froze, realising that he was basically holding Jared's hand and then he snatched it back, laughing as he complimented, "Cute dog."

Jared didn't seem to have noticed, he suddenly said, "Hey, Jen, you think I should put it in her Champagne glass?"

Smiling painfully, Jensen managed to choke out, "Yeah Jay, that sounds... awesome, no way she'll say no."

He stood up abruptly, "Well, I have to get going, I'll see you whenever. Good luck, man, I'm sure it'll go great."

Jared frowned, "Oh, okay... Uhm, I'll see you then."

Trying not to break out into tears in the middle of a mall, Jensen managed to make it without running, to the bathroom. He locked himself in a stall and braced his hand against the wall.

*

A week later, the door tinkled loudly, and there were loud footsteps, followed by Jared bounding into the backroom, the door banging shut behind him. "Jen," he called, grinning, "she said yes. She said yes!"

Jensen gave a genuine smile, it was impossible not to when faced with Jared's excited and glowing face, even if the reason the man was so happy was the exact same reason Jensen hadn't slept properly in six days.

“That’s great, man. I’m so happy for you. I’m glad it worked out.”

Jared stopped in his bouncing tracks and turned to look at Jensen; really look at him, and Jensen felt like he was being seen, Jared was looking right into him, and at everything hidden there.

Jensen was unable to look the man in the eye and instead lowered his gaze to the floor. Suddenly a warm gentle hand cupped his chin and his head was being tilted up, forcing him to meet the hazel eyes.

“Jen, what’s the matter? You look terrible, man.”

That voice was too gentle, too soft, too Jared, and Jensen couldn’t stop his eyes sliding shut nor could he stop himself from leaning into the hand cupping his chin. He felt a tear trickle down his cheek, even as he whispered, “Nothing’s wrong, Jay.”

He was suddenly being pulled against a firm chest, being engulfed in strong arms and surrounded by the soft warmth that belonged to Jared. Jensen squeezed his eyes shut and clung onto the man, even though he knew he had no right.

Jared lowered them to the ground, holding him closely. Jensen hid his face in the soft material of Jared’s shirt, ashamed of his tears. He just curled his legs up, bracketed on either side by Jared’s and burrowed closer to the man he could never have.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered brokenly.

The hand that was smoothing down his back froze and tightened its hold, pressing him closer to Jared’s chest, “You got nothing to be sorry for, whatever it is, we’ll figure it out.”

If only you knew. Then you wouldn’t be saying that.

Slowly Jensen pulled away, hurriedly wiping his face on his arm, not wanting Jared to see how pathetic he was. A warm hand circled his wrist and pulled it away from his face; he tried to turn his head away, but Jared just brushed over his cheeks gently with a tissue.

Jensen let out a laughing sob, “How many people have you used that tissue on?” but he took it gratefully.

With a soft smile, Jared teased, “Well, let me think... since grade ten...so that’s about....”

“I hate you,” Jensen mumbled, shoving him lightly.

Jared ruffled his hair, “No, you don’t.”

Shifting back so he wasn’t in Jared’s lap anymore, Jensen sighed and admitted, “No, I don’t.”

In a soft voice, Jared asked, “Are you feeling a bit better?”

Smiling up at the genuine worry in the other man’s face, Jensen said, “Yeah, thanks, Jay.”

Jared beamed, “No, problem man, that’s what I’m here for.”

“You’re here to be my own personal teddy bear?” Jensen said, trying to keep the waver out of his voice.

With a soft expression, Jared replied seriously, “No, I’m here for you. That’s what I meant.” With another grin, he continued, “But if that includes being a teddy bear, well, I won’t complain.

Jensen hiccupped.

His eyes caught Jared’s.

He hiccupped again.

Jared’s lips twitched.

Another hiccup.

The corners of the hazel eyes crinkled.

Yet another hiccup.

They burst out laughing, interrupted only by another hiccup from Jensen. A few seconds later, when the hiccups stopped, Jared asked quietly, “You want to talk about it?”

Jensen shook his head, staring down at the floor.

“Okay,” was all that Jared said, and Jensen looked up in shock. Jared smiled, “If you don’t want to talk about it, it’s up to you. You’ll tell me if you want to. I’ll be there when you need me to be.”

Could he be any more perfect? Jensen locked eyes with Jared, and trying to convey just how much that meant to him, he replied, “Thank you.”

Jared flashed his dimples and stood up, sticking out a hand that Jensen grasped. He was pulled up easily and smiled at the tall man.

“Are you here for a cut?”

“Nah, just came to tell you the news... You sure you’re okay, man?”

Jensen nodded, “Yeah, thanks to my personal teddy bear.”

He got a playful flick on the ear, but all Jared said was, “Anytime, Jen.”

*

Jensen heard the bell tinkle, but didn’t get up. He heard Shannon greeting whoever it was, and then a loud, “Where’s my Magichands?”

Letting out a groan, Jensen got to his feet smiling, “Jay, stop harassing the girls. I’m in here.”

Bounding feet made their way towards him and his face was suddenly squished against the tempting chest.

“Jay,” Jensen whined, “got to breathe, you know?”

He was released and Jared grinned down at him, “How are you doing?”

Good, now that you’re here.

Smiling, Jensen sat down in his seat, “Good... until five minutes ago, when a giant kid made his way into my office, calling me some weird name, I can’t even remember.”

“Magichands?”

“Yup, that’s the one.”

“You mean that’s not your real name?” Jared deadpanned.

Jensen grinned. “So, what might be the reason we’re graced with your presence?”

“I want you to be my best man.”

“Uh, wait... what?”

Earnest hazel eyes met his, and Jared repeated, “I’d like you to be my best man.”

No, I can’t do that. Please, please, don’t make me do that. God, why are you this cruel? Isn’t it enough that I can’t have him? You have to rub it in?

“I... there must be someone else, what about one of the other guys?”

The smile dimmed slightly, “Oh, I mean... if you don’t want to, that’s fine, I’ll ask Tom or Chad or something...”

Hating to be the reason Jared’s smile dimmed, Jensen found himself saying, “No, Jay, of course I will. I’d love to be.”

My life is painful enough; it might as well be worse, so long as it makes you smile.

The smile Jensen loved so much came back full voltage, and he smiled at his friend.

*

Jensen loosened the tie that was strangling him and checked his reflection in the mirror one last time. He still looked terrible, even after his long shower. There were dark patches beneath his eyes and he was deathly pale.

Jared will probably be too occupied with his bride to notice. The thought, for some reason, didn't help at all and he found himself hunched over the porcelain toilet, puking his guts out for about the third time that morning.

Suck it up, Ackles.

He rinsed his mouth out, brushed his teeth and rammed some mints into his mouth, grabbing his car keys and heading out the door.

What kind of guy asks his hairdresser to be his best man?

A Jared-sort-of guy, apparently.

He met up with Jared at the gorgeous church, decorated with white and frilly material, tons of flowers, and looking so sickly sweet that Jensen nearly threw up again right there and then.

It's the perfect wedding, for the perfect couple. *I don't belong here.*

But when he looked at Jared's expression, so happy and excited, Jensen swallowed the bile down. *I can do this. For Jay, I can do this.*

"Dude, you look like you haven't slept all night, what happened?"

"Nothing, I was just on the phone to a friend most of the night."

Jared nodded as if that made sense – talking to a friend half the night – maybe for Jared it was, the guy could talk for hours.

Said friend was actually Sophia – who Jensen had called, tears pouring down his cheeks, begging her to tell him what to do – she had talked him through the tears, brought him back to a calm state and then kept him from doing anything stupid. He owed her a lot.

"You look good," he found himself blurting out.

Bloody mouth.

But it was true: Jared in a tux was definitely one of the best sights Jensen had seen. Seconded only by the sight of Jared in nothing but the pair of swimming trunks that Jensen had been graced with when they'd gone for a day at the beach.

"Thanks, so do you."

Yeah right.

Jensen opened his mouth to say that, but was interrupted by the sound of a car pulling up and all heads turning in that direction.

A limousine had just pulled up at the foot of the corny, red carpet leading all the way up the stairs and to the front of the church where they were standing.

A goofy smile popped onto Jared's face, and Jensen caught a glimpse of what he would never see directed at him: the love shining out of Jared's eyes was so painfully beautiful, but it was all directed at Sandy.

Jensen wanted to hate her. He really did. And he had set out to, he'd had all the intentions to despise her. But then he had met her. She was so cute and tiny and perfect for Jared, that Jensen couldn't find it in himself to hate her.

Now he watched as the man of his dreams gazed lovingly at his soon-to-be wife and smiled. Smiled as his friend glanced at him; smiled at the priest who stood beside him; smiled at the rows of people lined up before him; he smiled.

He smiled as he died inside.

*

"Do you, Jared Tristan Padalecki, take Sandra McCoy as your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, through sickness and health, until death do you part?"

Jared smiled happily at the priest, at Jensen, at the audience, and then at Sandy, "Yeah, yeah I do."

"And do you, Sandra McCoy, take Jared Tristan Padalecki to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, through sickness and health, until death do you part?"

There was a silence, a long silence, and Jensen just watched, waiting for the door to be shut on his heart. The silence continued and a frown creased his forehead. Then suddenly Sandy whispered, "I'm sorry. I can't."

Jensen's mouth fell open and he watched as the woman ran back down the aisle. His gaze turned to Jared who was standing there in shock. Then he propelled himself into motion, gently grabbing Jared's shoulder and leading the man away from the humiliating gaze of the onlookers.

Jared suddenly broke free of his grasp and took off running as if his life depended on it. Jensen watched him go, let him go, knowing that it wasn't his place to follow.

His chest ached for his friend, ached even as it rejoiced. He allowed himself to hate Sandy, hate her for doing that to Jared; hate her for humiliating him in such a cruel manner. If she hadn't been happy, she could at least have had the decency to break it off before the big day.

He waited until dusk settled and the rest of the wedding invitees dispersed. He waited until it got so dark that it was impossible to see, waited in the dimly lit circle of light that the bulb in front of the church emitted. He just waited.

The crunching of gravel alerted him to Jared's approach and he looked up from his seat on the stairs. There wasn't much left of the happy Jared he'd seen moments before the wedding, in his place was a broken man. A man who'd lost his future in one cruel blow. His tuxedo jacket was missing, and his white shirt was torn and dirtied.

He shuffled closer somehow managing to fold himself up against Jensen's chest. Jensen had never seen him look so small, nor could he get over the fact that Jared had just thrown himself into his arms.

Jared shook against his chest, silent sobs racking through his form and Jensen just curled the man even closer to him, wrapping his arms around him, and just clutching him tightly.

"It'll be okay, Jay. You'll be okay."

A voice muffled against his chest hitched, "I should've seen this coming. I should have noticed."

"Jay, it's not your fault, don't ever think this is your fault."

Jared just continued babbling, "I think we stopped loving each other a while back. I just was too blind to see it.."

"Jay..."

"I should've realised. We just didn't love each other that way anymore, but I think we were so used to being together. Jen, why didn't I notice?"

"You thought you were in love. You can't blame yourself for that."

"But I don't know why she said 'yes'. When I asked her, I thought it was something we both wanted, and she said 'yes'. Why didn't she say 'no' then? Why did she do this to me? Why did she leave it 'till the last moment?"

"I don't know, Jay."

"Did I do something wrong? Did she think I wasn't good enough for her? Did she want me to be humiliated? I don't get it, Jen."

"Don't do this to yourself, it's not your fault, none of this, it just wasn't meant to be."

"Wasn't meant to be? What, I'm not meant to be happy? I'm not meant to be loved? What do you mean, Jen?"

"Jared, stop it, you know that's not true. You'll find someone. They'll love you more than life itself and they'll make you happy. And... you'll love them back."

"I just want to be loved, Jen. That's all I ever wanted."

Pressing his nose to Jared's hair, Jensen breathed in deeply. *You are, Jay. More than you know. More than you'll ever know.*

"You will be."

"Can I stay with you tonight?"

“Course you can, Jay.”

*

“When are you going to tell him?”

Jensen turned from where he was staring down at the pavement and looked up at Sophie. She smiled at him and settled down beside him.

“How ’bout never?” he replied.

“Jen, it’s been what? Four months since his girl left him. Four months, and he seems to have moved on.”

Jensen shook his head, “It’s not about that Soph.”

“Then tell me what it is about. You love him, right?”

Sadly staring down at his hands, Jensen nodded, “Yeah, so much it hurts every time I look at him. It hurts so much that I feel like crying but also like laughing at the same time.”

Sophie shook her head, “Why don’t you just tell him? I’m sure he wouldn’t hate you.”

“I love him too much to take that chance.”

“Haven’t you ever heard the expression, ‘Anything worth having is a risk worth taking’?”

In the barest of whispers, Jensen replied, “What if I lose him?”

“Jen, you can’t go on like this. It’s killing you. If Jay freaks out and never wants to see you again, well then at least you’ll have some closure. But this, you letting him hurt you without him even knowing it, it’s not fair to either of you.”

Sophie stood, “Do what you want. Just remember what my advice is.”

Jensen watched her go.

*

“Hey, man!”

Jensen smiled, “Jay, you’re a bit early.”

With a grin, the grinning man replied, “Yeah, well, I wanted to annoy you.”

“Uh huh...”

Jared flopped easily on the chair beside him, stretching his long limbs out. From where he was busy perming a lady’s hair, Jensen watched the man subtly through the mirror. Jared was chatting animatedly to Shannon, arms waving around ruthlessly.

Catching the lady's eye, Jensen exchanged a grin, "Overgrown kid, I know."

"Hey, I heard that," Jared whined from the couch.

Finishing up, Jensen turned to find that Jared was already lounging in chair before the basin. "Eager much?"

Dimples flashing, "Yup, I need da magic massage."

With a grin and a roll of his eyes, Jensen huffed, "Fine, lean your ass back down."

Giving a show of making himself comfortable, Jared wriggled his butt a few times before leaning his head right back, shutting his eyes with a sigh, a smile on his lips.

Jensen stole a moment to soak in the unfair sight before him and then reached for the tap.

After washing Jared's hair once, he squirted conditioner into his palm, and began to lather it through the damp hair, focusing more on the massaging than the hair. If Jared's moans were anything to go by, then the massage was damn good.

The moans did nothing to stop Jensen's libido from peaking its interest. His hands were shaking from the need to touch; his eyes were focused on the blissful expression on the other man's face.

When Jared's lips parted into a low moan of, "Oh, god...Jen," Jensen lost it. All and any control that he had once had over his own actions went flying out the window. He suddenly found himself leaning down, fingers slowing their motion to cradle Jared's face instead, and his lips hovering centimetres above Jared's.

Jared's eyes were still shut, but his lips pulled into a grin, "You getting lazy, Jen? Come on, you can't leave a guy with only half a massa-"

Jensen pressed his lips down, cutting off the rest of the sentence, and swallowing the gasp Jared let out. Hazel eyes flew open to lock with his but he was so sick of not doing anything, so instead of pulling back – like he should – Jensen just closed his eyes, and deepened the chaste kiss.

When he finally sucked up enough courage to look the man in the eyes, he was out of breath. He staggered slightly back, having to grab onto the basin to keep from falling.

"Jen...?"

Jensen cautiously raised his eyes from the plush lips up to the hazel eyes, afraid of what he would see.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

Jared's eyes gave nothing away, "Are you?"

"Y-" Jensen broke off the lie, and looked down at his feet, "No."

There was a dunking sound as Jared rinsed the shampoo out of his hair, and then, before Jensen could say anything else, he was suddenly being dragged along, out of the shop and into the street by the dripping wet man. When Jared suddenly stopped, Jensen realised they were in a park.

He was pulled to sit beside Jared and the man just said simply, "I think you've got stuff to tell me."

Jensen stared away for a few seconds, before confessing in a mumble, "I love you."

Jared's mouth opened to say something but Jensen just smothered it with his hand deciding to get it all out in a go, "I never set out to love you.... At first it was just the obvious, you know? Just a gay hairdresser perving over one of his clients," Jared snorted, and Jensen continued, "Then I got to know you, and damn Jay... you got me. You got me good."

He let out a bitter chuckle before continuing, "Your appointments became the highlight of each month. And then when we started hanging out... it got worse. You trapped me and I just fell deeper and deeper. I knew... I know that you'll never love me back but I can't I never could.

"I never wanted Sandy to leave you... well, I mean obviously I wished it was me, but... she made you happy and she was nice, I never wanted that to happen to you. I never wanted you to get hurt, but there wasn't anything I could do."

Jensen took in a deep breath, and turned his gaze to stare at his feet, "I didn't want you to find out, because I knew this would happen and because I never wanted anything to ruin our friendship, I hope that we can still hang out, but... I'll understand if you can't forget this."

There was a cruel silence and when Jared's voice finally broke through it, it made Jensen jump.

"I once told you that all I wanted was someone to love me..." Jensen turned and met Jared's eyes.

"... I lied."

Jensen's eyes slid shut at those two simple words that closed the door on everything he'd treasured in the past year.

"... I want someone to love me as much as I love them."

Jensen was still lost in his painful thoughts of what it would be like without Jared in his life when he felt warm lips pressing against his. Letting out a gasp, eyes flying open, he managed to stammer, "Wh...what?"

Jared was sitting back, watching Jensen in fascination. "I do believe they call that a kiss."

Jensen touched a hand to his lips, still in a daze. Jared grabbed his wrist, pulled it away from his mouth and replaced it with his mouth once again. Jensen was frozen as Jared kissed him tenderly, so soft and gentle it was the barest whisper of lips against lips.

“Jay...” Jensen managed to get out, a jumble of words, muffled against Jared’s cheek.

Jared pulled back with a smile, “I do believe that is my name.”

“What... what are you doing?”

Jared smiled, “I thought we covered that before: it’s called kissing.”

Jensen ignored him, “I mean, you’re not... you’re not gay.”

“Well...” Jared drew out, “I went to Toby and he...”

Feeling himself pale so quickly he felt dizzy, Jensen barely managed to withhold a shriek. Jared let out a chuckle, and pulled him closer, pressing a kiss to his nose, “Gotcha,” he whispered softly.

Jensen’s horrified expression disappeared and he shoved Jared, “You fucker. I thought you’d really gone to him.”

With a shudder, Jared said, “As much as like sugar, I don’t really like being called it.”

Jensen smiled; then he tensed, “Jay...?”

Jared smirked, “And this is where you give me the whole, ‘You’re not gay, this is just a rebound, you’re not thinking right, you’ll regret this in the morning,’ speech.”

In a quiet voice, Jensen asked, “So what if I do.”

“Well, then I’d call you an idiot, tell you that I’ve wanted this for a while and then proceed to kiss you senseless.”

Feeling dazed, Jensen got out, “In that case, I better get on with the speech.”

Jared chuckled, “Skip it.”

Then Jensen was being pulled into another kiss, but this time he was ready for it and he kissed back with all the pent-up desires he’d had for the past year.

When Jared pulled back, they were both breathless. Jared smiled at him, and Jensen realised what had just happened.

With shaky fingers, he reached out for Jared’s face, relishing the fact that he now could. Jared smiled as the fingers began tracing his features, finally being able to touch the dimples that had for so long taunted and tempted him.

“You really want me?” he asked softly, not daring to meet Jared’s eyes.

A warm hand covered his, pressing it firmer against Jared’s cheek, “Yeah, yeah I really do.”

His eyes met with the hazel ones and he saw the very same love and warmth that he had once seen directed at Sandy, directed directly at him, only now there was a goofy smile accompanying it.

“Just... don’t hurt me, please...” Jared begged, his voice laced with emotions.

Jensen felt incredibly powerful knowing he was on the receiving end of Jared’s heart and even more powerful knowing that he could now protect it.

“I won’t.”

Jared’s eyes crinkled, and when he leaned to press another soft kiss on Jensen’s lips, it felt like a silent promise not to hurt Jensen either. Jensen smiled against the lips of the man he now had and curled his body closer.

Jared was now his. No one would ever take that away from him.

*

“Jay, you need a haircut, get your ass in that chair.”

“But Jen...” Jared whined.

“Now.”

Jared grumbled, but he lowered himself in the chair. There was a pause, and then, “Jen... Can I have a kiss with that cut?”

Jensen grinned, “And what would you do if I said ‘yes’?”

Jared smiled softly, “I’d say: ‘Get over here and kiss me, bitch’.”

A warm hand snaked around Jensen's waist, and tugged. A split second later, he found himself lying over the armrests of the chair, curled up in Jared’s lap.

Jared’s one arm was beneath his knees, the other around his shoulders, and with an embarrassed blush, he realised they were in a room full of people.

He wriggled and squirmed, but Jared didn’t let him go, eventually he ordered in a stern voice, “Jay, let me go.”

Jared pouted, “No. I haven’t had my kiss yet.”

Taking complete advantage of Jensen’s immobility, Jared pulled him in for a kiss.

“I hate you,” Jensen mumbled against the other man’s lips.

“No you don’t,” Jared murmured, his arms tightening around him.

Lips pulling into a smile, Jensen burrowed his head in the side of Jared's neck, "No, I only dislike you slightly."

Jared chuckled, "Just for that, I'm going to remind you that we're in a room full of people, all currently looking at your ass."

Torn between leaping away from Jared and burying himself in the warm chest, Jensen froze. Jared gave him a little shove.

A moan of protest escaped Jensen as he just tightened his hold on Jared's shirt, and buried his face in the other man's neck. He decided he'd rather stay there all day than have to face the other customers.

"Stop smirking," he grumbled, sounding muffled against Jared's chest.

An innocent voice replied, "I'm not."

He pulled back to look at Jared's face, "You are. I knew it! You're an evil boyfriend."

Jared grinned, "Yup, but you're stuck with me, so deal with it."

I can deal with that. I can definitely deal with that.
