

Enrique's coming:



Jensen realises he wants Jared when his co-star's old friend visits: *He laughs his special laugh and I decide that maybe this won't be so bad. I mean, Enrique can't be here for more than a week, right? And Jared is mine the rest of the time anyway, so it's not like I should feel threatened, right? Right.*

7,000 words, NC-17, some Enrique/Jared, bottom!Jensen

\*\*\*

Jared's old friend is coming to visit. They haven't seen each other in about two years, but by the way Jared's acting, it could've been two decades. 'Enrique this' and 'Enrique that', all said with a wide, dimpled grin on his face, a grin that I've come to consider as my grin, the grin Jared has only for me, which, yeah, is ridiculous, 'cause why would Jared have a grin just for me? But still, it makes my stomach uneasy. Just how close was he to Enrique?

Enrique. Yeah, that Enrique. Famous, superstar, supermodel, with the really long lashes, soulful eyes and pouty lips, Enrique. And yes, I might just have googled him half the night before, but that's beside the point. Enrique's coming.

And Jared just won't shut up about him. By now, everyone on set knows, heck, I wouldn't be surprised if people in the North Pole and their mothers knew by now.

Apparently the two had met at the Houston Rodeo in 2004, and had just clicked.

"Jesus, Jenny, what the hell did the kid do?"

Frowning at the use of my unwanted nickname, I stare up at my friend, "What?"

Chris tosses over a beer as he joins me on the couch, shifting downwards to make himself more comfortable. "Jared. What did he do?"

“Huh? He didn’t do anything?”

“Sure, yeah. I completely believe that. So, you weren’t just sitting here moping like a brushed-off girlfriend? Right. And I suppose you weren’t tearing your script into tiny, little pieces either?”

“No, I wasn-” I cut off as I look down at the pile of shredded paper between my legs. I sigh at the smug grin on my friend’s face and flop backwards to stare up at the ceiling.

Unfortunately Chris doesn’t take a hint and his blonde head comes into view, “So... what did your loverboy do?”

“Nothing. He didn’t do anything, Chris. And stop calling him that, okay?”

There’s blessed silence for a bit, but just as I think it’s safe enough to take a sip of beer, Chris takes a guess, “It’s something to do about that Iglesias guy, isn’t it?”

Of course the beer goes down wrong, leaving me spluttering and choking, and Chris grinning at the newly acquired knowledge. “You should just tell him, man. I swear, you’re more like a teenage girl than your sister.”

“Tell him what, exactly?” I know I’m tempting fate, but I don’t think I’ve been that sloppy.

Without missing a beat, Chris replies, “That you luuuuurrrve him, and that you wanna have his man-babies, and that you wan’ him to call you ‘baby’, and that you wan’ him to hooold you and kiiiiss you and make gay sex to you and-”

“-Enough!” I yell, face flaming red, “I don’t want... that.”

Chris just smirks, but fortunately for him, he has the intelligence to keep quiet for the rest of the evening.

\*

“Jensen, are ya coming or what?” Jared yells from the front door, keys jangling in his hand.

It’s four in the morning. I hate mornings. Why did I agree to this anyway? Right, because Enrique’s coming. And though I’d never admit it, I don’t really want Jared alone with that guy. It makes my chest clench just thinking about it.

So here I am, bleary eyed, pale, pillow-creased cheeks, dry lips and messed up hair adding to my zombie look. And of course Jared’s looking as hot as ever, his face flushed from his run and his skin still damp from the shower. Beads of moisture trickle down his tanned skin to curl at his collarbone and his new jeans hug his hips in ways that should be illegal. Add the form-fitting black button-down plus the casual slops, and the end result is enough to turn any straight man gay. I hate him.

Then he grins and hands over a steaming cup of coffee in a travel mug and I hate him even more because I can’t even pretend to hate him.

“Thanks,” I mumble grumpily as I take the cup and pass him, trying and failing to avoid catching a whiff of his aftershave. Life really isn’t fair.

\*

Jared’s leg keeps bouncing like he’s on crack and after he checks his watch for what must have been the hundredth time, I can’t take it anymore. “Dude, the flight hasn’t even landed yet, just... just calm down, okay?”

Grinning sheepishly, Jared ducks his head slightly, “Sorry. I’m just excited.”

“Yeah, I’d never have guessed that,” I grumble under my breath, but I slide over the rest of my fries, watching with a small smile as Jared drowns them in ketchup and ends up with red smears around his mouth.

“Well, I guess not much’s changed,” someone’s laughing voice says from the side.

“Rique!” a wide grin spreads across Jared’s lips and he leaps up, engulfing the man in a full body hug. Enrique’s arms wrap around Jared just as tightly and he simply laughs when he gets a smear of ketchup on his own cheek. I shift awkwardly, waiting for them to pull apart, which they only do after what seems like a millennium.

Just as I’m thinking it’s safe to introduce myself, Enrique’s hand reaches out to thumb the red off Jared’s face, even brushing over his lips slightly. Jared’s grin just goes even wider and I feel like shrinking into the tiles when Enrique sucks his thumb into his own mouth.

“Wow, man. It’s great to see you.”

Enrique’s eyes slide down Jared’s torso, lingering by his chest and then snapping up to his face with a grin, “Yeah, you too!” He steps forwards to squeeze Jared’s arms, “Damn, you’ve bulked up!”

“Yeah, well...” Jared shrugs it off with a sheepish grin, and he turns to the table, where I’m trying to figure out how to disappear into thin air and he blinks as he remembers I’m here.

“Rique, this is Jensen. Jen, Enrique.”

The Spaniard smiles politely at me for a few seconds before recognition surfaces, “Oh, right. You’re his co-star, the Dean guy.”

And best friend, you ass. I feel like correcting him, but he’s already turned back to Jared, “I can’t believe it’s been so long. What’ve you been up to? Well, I mean, besides filming.”

Face still lit up like a goddamn Christmas tree, Jared quickly tosses money down onto the table and grabs Enrique’s backpack, “Come on, let’s get home first, I think we’ll need a couple of beers to keep us going.”

Ever heard the term ‘third wheel’? Well, that’s exactly how I feel, walking a few paces behind the pair as we head out towards the car.

After what seems like a lifetime, we finally reach it and Jared places Enrique's luggage in the back. Then, of course, there's the awkward moment where we all blink at each other, uncertain of the seating arrangements.

Jared tosses me the keys with a grin, "You drive, Jen. I'll take the kiddies' corner."

"Well, that's appropriate, ya giant kid," Enrique smacks Jared's butt as he crawls into the back, getting a yelp in return. My throat feels like someone's slowly tightening an invisible rope, but I silently slide into the driver's seat.

"So..." Enrique starts, "How long have you two know each other?"

"'Bout, what is it, a year and a half now?" Jared's arms wrap around each of our headrests, his hand just brushing against the back of my neck.

"Yeah," I nod, pretending to be distracted by the traffic.

"Cool," Enrique turns his gaze out the window, "it's so awesome to be back here, I can't believe how long it's been."

"Just wait 'till you see all the changes at the house, man. You won't believe it."

"And... you two are... staying together?" Enrique glances over at me, something strange in his eyes.

"Yeah, Jen was kicked out of his apartment, so I was dumped with his sorry ass." Jared grins at me in the mirror, "I swear, I only keep him around for his cooking."

"And you aren't..." the man trails off.

When I get it, my cheeks begin to burn. Behind me, Jared merely chuckles, "No way, Jen's as straight as they come, the bugger."

My sudden swallow probably contradicts that, but I guess I'm the only one who realizes it.

\*

Five months earlier

"Jen... Can I talk to you?" Jared stands awkwardly in the doorway, dressed in soft sweatpants and a worn t-shirt. He looks more nervous than the time he dyed my favorite shirt pink in the laundry.

Sitting up and quickly discarding my book, I try not to panic. "What is it?"

"I..." he drops his gaze to where his hand's fiddling with the frayed end of the shirt.

“Jay, get your ass in here and spill it.”

He gives a glimpse of his dimples and steps into the room, sitting cross-legged at the foot of my bed. I shift my leg slightly beneath the covers so it presses against his knee, “What is it, Jay.”

He squirms around like he’s sitting on a termite mound, “’mgay...”

I blink, “What was that?”

Taking a deep breath, he bursts, “I’m gay. Well, not gay, gay, but bi, bi. I... I just wanted you to know, you know, ‘cause we’re best friends now or whatever.”

He’s gay? It can’t seem to sink in. Jared. Jared likes guys as well as girls. “Oh... uhm... okay?”

He breathes out, looking relieved, “Awesome, okay.”

Before I can stop myself, I find myself blurting, “I... I don’t like you that way, Jay. I... you’re just my best friend... I... I’m not gay...”

Blinking blankly at me, his mouth opening and closing for a few seconds, Jared suddenly begins laughing, “You... oh, God... I... you, you thought... Jen,” he takes a calming breath, “Relax, dude. I just... I just wanted you to know. Thought you had the right to know. I never... I’d never hit on you, I know you’re straight. No way, man.”

“Oh...” That’s good, right? Then why do I feel disappointed?

He gets to his feet, “Okay, anyway. I’ll see you in the morning. Night, Jen.”

When he leaves, it’s almost like someone stole the heater, the room suddenly seeming much colder and darker. I don’t know why I slide my feet into the heat patch left by him, but I do.

\*

Present day

“Wow, shit, man! You got a pool!”

Jared grins happily, “Yup, oooh, and come look here.” He grabs Enrique’s arm and tugs him around the corner.

“You got your babies a doghouse?”

“Nope,” Jared replies proudly, “We built it. From scratch.”

“We’ as in?”

The fucker’s already forgotten about me.

“Me an’ Jen, o’ course,” Jared replies as if it’s obvious.

I can’t help the small grin I flash at Enrique, who only turns back to Jared, “Any chance of something to eat? The airplane food is disgusting.”

“Yeah, sure. Come on, I’ll make you some of my special pancake recipe. It’s awesome, right, Jen?”

I return his grin with a wide one of my own, “Right. Just this time, try not to leave the stove on. I can only stand one kitchen disaster a month.”

He sticks his tongue out at me, “You’re just trying to make me look bad in front of Rique.”

“Oh, no,” I scoff, “the ceiling still has scorch marks to prove it.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he waves his hand, “just a tiny, little mark.”

“Then I’d hate to see what you call a big mark.”

He laughs his special laugh and I decide that maybe this won’t be so bad. I mean, Enrique can’t be here for more than a week, right? And Jared is mine the rest of the time anyway, so it’s not like I should feel threatened, right? Right.

\*

By that evening, I think I’m reconsidering that. Right now, I feel threatened. Like, majorly. I feel like a left out kid, pouting in the corner, but I can’t help it.

Jared’s on the couch, in his normal position with his arms spread out along the back and his legs kicked out on the coffee table. The only difference is that where I usually sit – beside him, thighs pressing, ankles knocking, neck against his arm – is Enrique.

That’s my seat. Sure, it doesn’t have my name on it, though I should really consider having that done, but it’s where I always sit. Right next to Jared, where I belong.

I snort down into my beer, feeling like the pathetic idiot I am. I try to follow their conversation, but they’re talking about before. Before I knew Jay, before I became his best friend, before when my life sucked, just before. It’s stupid to feel empty just at the thought that there’re sides of Jared that I’ll probably never know, but I do. It shouldn’t be like this. I should know everything there is to know about him.

“Oh, man, and remember that time when we were on those slopes and you were like-“

“Take that suckers!’ Yeah, those guys took it so bad, they ignored us for weeks.”

“What about Derek, you still hear from him? Last time I saw him was at his wedding.”

“Yeah, he misses you, man. He says you’d better get your ass back home and visit him, else he’ll come drag you out by the ear.”

Shit, 'home'. It's logical that the thought of Jared calling any other place that's not this one 'home' makes my throat close up, right?

My head hurts from trying to be logical, so despite being a wet blanket, I decide I really can't stand much more of this. I get up, "Guys, I'm off to bed. Feeling kinda tired. I'll see you in the morning."

Enrique looks delighted to see me go, while Jared frowns in concern, "You okay, man?"

Oh, how easy it would be to tell him I'm feeling sick and have him mother me for a bit. Taking a deep breath, I reply, "Yeah. I'm fine. Just didn't sleep that well last night." It's not even a lie, what with me staring at the ceiling worrying about 'Enrique coming'.

Jared doesn't look entirely convinced, but he glances at Enrique and then back at me, "Okay, sleep well. See you in the morning."

As I'm getting ready for bed, I hear their laughter sounding out. I feel empty and alone. I bash my head into the wall a few times to try cure my lameness. Honestly, you'd think I was a fifteen year old girl in love with Jare- okay, so not going there.

Sleep has decided to play hide and seek. And I can't find it. My ceiling is burned into my retinas and I've already counted 879 sheep with no success. The laughter down the hallway has thankfully died down, but that only makes me wonder what they're doing. It's a terrible thing – curiosity – it makes us picture the most vivid images that nag at you constantly, of scenarios that make your chest clench and heart thud painfully. Or at least, that's what it does for me.

Finally. Finally, I hear the goodnights, and padding of feet as Enrique heads towards the guestroom, which is luckily at the end of the house. Then I take a deep breath to try release some of the tension that's been building up all day.

That's when the door creaks open and a dark form sticks his head in, "Jen... you awake?" his whisper is so soft, I could easily pretend to be sound asleep.

Unfortunately, I don't. I roll towards him, "Yeah, Jay."

The bed dips when he sits down, swinging his legs up onto the bed, sitting crosslegged, "You okay?"

I shift slightly closer to him, my body curled around him, but not touching, "Yeah, I'm fine. What's up?"

He bounces slightly, "So... what do you think of him?"

"I..." Even in the darkness, I can see the hopefulness in his eyes. I can tell it means a great deal to him that Enrique and I get along. "He seems like a really cool guy."

Jared flops down on his belly beside me, a wide grin on his lips, "I know, right? And have you listened to his new album? It's awesome. Hey," he looks up, like he's just had an

amazing idea, “You should sing with him sometime. I bet he’d love to, and you’re really good too.”

“Yeah...” Great, just what I do not want. I try not to sound too eager in case it encourages him, but at the same time I don’t want to take the happiness from his eyes, “Maybe.”

His legs kick in the air like a teenager on the phone to her girlfriend, “Man, I can’t believe it’s been two years.”

“Mmmm.” I’m not entirely sure what to say in response.

Jared begins rambling about where we have to take Enrique tomorrow, who we have to take him to meet and so forth, and his voice becomes softer and softer, until eventually he just stops talking altogether.

“Jay...?” I whisper softly.

I get a soft, snuffled snore in return and Jared rolls closer, his nose brushing against my shoulder. I grin goofily down at him, wondering what I ever did to deserve such an adorable, adorkable kid for a best friend.

Unable to stop myself, I reach out to brush the locks from his eyes, making him sigh softly and lean into my touch.

“Night, Jay,” I murmur, thumbing his cheek once more before closing my eyes and drifting off with his familiar scent around me.

It’s not unusual for Jared to conk off in my bed. The man can talk the ears off a donkey and he does it all the while with a grin which would make you laugh and smile back, even if he happened to be talking about zombies ruling the earth or whatever. With Jared, it’s not so far fetched.

\*

When I wake up, unusually early (for me), I realize his warm body is cradled in my arms. I breathe in deeply, savoring the warm, fresh scent that instantly makes me feel relaxed and cheerful. This nearly makes me sneeze, seeing as though my nose is burrowed in his hair and some strands get... never mind.

I blink open my eyes and raise my head slightly, feeling completely content to just watch him sleep. He looks so young when he’s like this (not that he isn’t a kid all the time anyway), his cheeks smooth and forehead unfurrowed, free of all the worries the waking world brings, free of everything but the peacefulness of whatever he’s dreaming about, his eyelashes longer than ever, fanned out over his tanned skin and his smooth lips parted slightly, making him the epitome of innocence.

Even his curled hand, tucked under his chin, is adorable.

I’m so screwed.

After forcibly dragging my eyes away from the image laid out before me, I slide my legs over the edge of the bed, being impossibly careful not to wake him, and grab a shirt on my way out.

Enrique bumps into me in the passage and my day suddenly gets a whole lot worse.

“Morning,” I mumble, quickly pulling on the shirt.

“Hey,” he grins at me, “Do you know where Jared is? He wasn’t in his room. Did he go out for a run or something?”

And Lady Luck must be taking pity on me or something, because just at that moment there’s a loud thump from the room behind me, followed by, “Jen?”

Looking extremely surprised, Enrique follows me inside, where we’re met with the remarkable view of a shirtless Jared on the floor in only his boxers, rubbing his head and pouting. “Your bed hates me,” he grumbles, looking over at me accusingly.

I chuckle and move forward to pull him up from the floor, being sure to slide my hands along his smooth skin a little longer than strictly necessary, enjoying how Enrique’s eyes track the movement.

“I thought you guys weren’t...” he gestures with his hand at us and then at my rumpled bed.

Jared laughs, “Don’t worry, we’re not like that. That’ll never happen.” He slings his hand around my shoulders and tugs me to his side, “Jensen’s the only one who can resist my magical charms. He’s immune.”

“Uh huh,” Enrique doesn’t look entirely convinced, his eyes lingering on my hand which rests on Jared’s muscled chest, directly above his heart.

Jared continues, leading us out towards the kitchen, “Yup, he’s only into girls and boobs and stuff, so it wouldn’t really work out.”

“Right,” he still sounds a bit skeptical, but he seems to relax as Jared continues babbling about my straightness while he searches through the cupboards for something good to eat. He grins when he discovers some forgotten gummi bears at the back and turns back to us, waving them proudly, “Food!”

\*

“Come on, you slowpokes, race you to the other side!” Jared yells over his shoulder, his face glowing in the sunlight.

I can only grin as his lithe form covers the sandy distance in no time at all. When Enrique and I catch up to him, he’s already dive-bombed the sand and has started trying to bury himself.

Enrique flops down with a sappy grin, which I know I must be mirroring, and laughs, “Man, you haven’t changed one bit.”

Jared grins back up at him, “Is that a good thing or a bad thing.”

My teeth clench when Enrique reaches out to brush sand from Jared’s cheek, “A good thing. Definitely a good thing.”

I might as well be invisible, seeing as how their eyes are glued to each other and only each other.

Enrique clears his throat and glances over at me, “Uhm... Jensen... why... why don’t you go try the water, see what it’s like?”

I know a ‘get lost’ as good as anyone, but when I look up at Jared, instead of the protest and insistence to stay that I’m expecting, all I see is a faint blush on his cheeks as he looks anywhere but at me.

Feeling my chest clenching painfully, I nod, shakily getting to my feet. “Su... sure... I’ll... I’ll just...” I don’t even finish my sentence; I just begin to walk towards the ocean.

The water is icy, but I don’t even notice. I just continue walking into it for as long as I can keep myself from turning around. When I do, I wish I hadn’t.

Enrique’s hand is curled at the side of Jared’s neck, his lips moving slightly as he says something. Then he moves forwards slowly, pressing his lips against Jared’s. I’m expecting some objection, some anything from Jared, but his hand just slides up to rest on Enrique’s bare side, while his other cups Enrique’s cheek and pulls him closer.

When Enrique moves forward, pressing Jared back down into the sand and straddling him, I turn away, feeling something cold clench in my stomach. I bite my lip and stare out into the endless horizon, wondering vaguely whether me drowning would stop them kissing. It seems like a good plan right now.

It’s stupid that I’m feeling like this, stupid that I find myself hating Enrique because he has something that I don’t, something that I’ll probably never have.

Then I hear splashing behind me and turn to find Enrique chasing Jared into the water. Jared’s face is bright and happy; his eyes sparkling and making me feel like an awful friend for wanting to murder the man who put that sparkle there.

Enrique catches up to him and tackles him into the water, sending them into a laughing heap. I force myself to smile back at the kid when he looks in my direction. It doesn’t matter how I’m feeling, I’m not going to be the one who makes Jared unhappy.

\*

“To Enrique!” somebody toasts, followed by everyone else’s cheer.

Enrique grins, glancing over at Jared, “Thanks guys. Awesome party, by the way.”

Mike raises his beer proudly, “You’ll soon come to learn that that’s the only kind of party you get over here.”

“Who’s up for another round?” Tom yells from behind the bar, pouring out shots.

I grab two and down them in quick concession. Then I signal for more. Tom looks at me in concern, “You okay, Jen?”

“Yeah, peachy. Another, please.” He frowns, looking worried, but slides over the next shot anyway.

“Actually, you know what. Just hand me the whole bottle, please.”

And that’s how I end up collapsed on the floor of Mike Rosenbaum’s house, trying to count the pretty stars on the ceiling. I can’t remember when Mike got the stars, but they keep moving so it’s hard to keep count.

A warm arm slips around my shoulders and I’m pulled up against a solid chest, “Wait! Wait,” I mumble, pointing up at the ceiling, “One, two, wait, they moved again. One, two…”

A low chuckle sounds out, “Come on, Jen. Let’s get you to bed, huh?”

“Jare… Jared? ‘S that you?”

“Yeah, it’s me. Now will ya help me here, you seriously weigh a ton.”

“But I need to count the stars.”

“What stars?”

I stare at him, wondering what kind of idiot he is, “Those stars.”

“Jen, there’re no stars here. We’re indoors.”

“You lying,” I pout.

“Have I ever lied to you?”

“No.”

“Well, there you go then.”

I stare up at the ceiling, sure that the stars are real. But if Jared says they’re not there, then I trust him. Poof, the stars disappear and I grin, “You’re right!”

“Course I am. Now, come on, let’s get you to bed.”

\*

I wake up with a hangover of all hangovers, the killer one.

It doesn't help that when I roll out of bed I realize I'm still at Mike's house. And my day just gets even awesomer when I wander into the next guestroom (where Jared always sleeps) and find there're two occupants in the bed.

Jared's lean back is bare, the blanket low down, revealing the curve of his back and a glimpse of his ass. Enrique's fingers are splayed over his tanned skin, keeping Jared pressed against him.

Jared's head is tilted towards Enrique, a content smile on his lips, and Enrique's cheek's pressed to the younger man's forehead

They look good together. Both lean and muscled, happy and content, their limbs entwined. But to me, it's torture. All Jared' tanned skin stretched out before me and he's not mine to have. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what they did last night.

I feel hollow and empty as I make my way towards the kitchen, trying to edit Enrique from what would've been a perfect scene.

Chris is seated at the counter, eating a bowl of Lucky Charms. One look at me and he slides over his coffee. "You look like crap. No, no, you look worse than crap."

"Thanks, Chris. You do wonders for my self-esteem."

"Well, hell. Someone has to keep you from becoming an airhead."

I don't reply as I fish in the cupboard for a bowl and pour myself some cereal.

"So..." his tone is careful, "I saw Jay and Iglesias."

"Yeah..." I stare into the bowl.

"Jen... you should've just told him..."

I bite my lip and swallow thickly, before whispering, "I know."

That's when Jared comes in, grinning happily, only wearing low-hanging boxers, and steals my spoon to fish a mouthful of my cereal into his mouth. I growl when he steals a sip of my coffee, but it's impossible to stay mad at him, not when I'm already a lost cause.

"How're you feeling?" he asks, warm hands slipping over my shoulders, massaging the tension out gently.

I lean automatically into him, my head against his chest and murmur softly, "Better now..."

"Good," he gives one last squeeze, ruffles my hair and steals another spoonful of cereal.

Chris just meets my eyes pointedly, making me blush for being so obviously whipped.

\*

“Movie time!” Jared yells from the living room, where’s he’s laid out every movie we’ve ever bought. It’s pointless to try deny Jared his Movie Night, he’ll simply give you those puppy-eyes of doom and you’ll find yourself watching anything and more.

So, I trudge towards him and settle down on the couch. Which is a big mistake. Enrique takes the seat beside me, which is exactly what I did not want, and as it’s a two-seater, it means that Jared has the armchair.

He potters around, eventually returning with a massive thing of popcorn but, instead of taking the armchair, he sits down on the floor before the couch. He sits in the middle, between us, his arms brushing the sides of our legs and he leans back.

The movie is passed with loud exclamations and thrown around popcorn, mainly due to the occupant on the floor, but as it gets later, he gets quieter, until a warm weight falls onto my knee and I realize he’s nearly asleep.

It’s irrational how smug I feel that his head tilted onto my knee instead of the other way, and I gently reach down to brush the hair from his eyes, “Come on, Jay, let’s get you to bed.”

Enrique quickly stands up, “Don’t worry, I got him.”

I open my mouth to tell him to fuck off, but at that moment, Jared blinks his sleepy eyes open, “’s it bedtime?”

Enrique pulls Jared gently from my arms, “Yeah, come on, you giant kid.”

I can only watch them go, headed for Jared’s bedroom.

I wait and wait, but Enrique doesn’t come out.

\*

After a torturous day on set, where everybody adored Enrique and showed him around and basically made him feel completely welcome, I barricade myself in my trailer.

I can’t go on like this. It hurts too much to see the lingering touches, the secret smiles, the kisses, the goofy looks. I have to tell him. I don’t know what difference it’ll make, if any, but I can’t keep lying to him and claiming to be fine. He knows something’s up.

Jared comes to find me, as I knew he would, “Jen, what’s up, man? You haven’t been acting yourself.”

He comes towards the cot and squats before me, his hand warm on my knee, “Jen? Come on, man. What’s the matter?”

Taking a deep breath, I raise my eyes to meet his, seeing only concern in the swirling colors. “I…” I can’t think of the right words to explain how I feel, so instead I reach out to cup his cheek and lean forwards to press our lips together.

He gasps slightly, his eyes widening as he freezes. I continue to kiss him, trying to convey everything.

Then suddenly he pulls away, his face angry. “What the fuck, Jensen?”

“I... I...” I had no idea he’d react like this, “I only...”

“You only what? Huh? You think this is funny? You enjoy screwing with my emotions? You enjoy messing my head up?”

“No... I just...” I have no idea what he’s talking about.

His eyes glisten with moisture, his voice hitching, “It took me ages to try get over you... ages... I’m finally happy and now you... you find it funny to take me twenty steps back? ... You really want me to be alone the rest of my life? ... I never thought you’d be such a cruel bastard, Jensen.” There’s only hurt in his words, pain lacing every sentence. And then he’s gone with the banging of the door.

An hour later, Enrique shows up, his face furious, he doesn’t even hesitate as he storms into my trailer. With a strong swing, he clocks me one, blood bursting from my nose. “You... Ackles... are a bastard. A real fucking bastard. Why couldn’t you just let him be happy? You know he’s broken up with me now, said he can’t be with me if he can’t give all of himself. He’s a kid, Jensen. How could you mess with him like this?”

And then he too is gone.

I stare at the wall, oblivious to the trickling of blood down my face, wondering what the hell I just did.

Eventually, when the events keep on repeating in my head with the same amount of confusion, I call Chris, explaining what happened. Chris swears softly, “You fucking idiot.” Then he hangs up and I’m left in silence again. I curl up into a ball on the cot and try to will the past six hours away.

I’m woken by a damp cloth sliding over my cheek, I wince as it moves over my nose and I blink open my eyes. “Jay?” Then the memory of what happens hits me, and I sit up, “Jay, I’m so fucking sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you. I’d never want to hurt you. I just... I should’ve told you earlier, should’ve told you before it was too late. But, I just needed you to know... in case... in case there was a chance... and now I’ve ruined it all, I’m so sorry... I just...”

His tired eyes are soft, his smile gentle, “Yeah, you should have told me a while back. Then I could’ve avoided hurting Rique. It would’ve been a lot simpler. But...” Jared sighs, “Chris filled me in. Apparently you want to have my ‘man-babies’?”

“What?” I groan, already deciding the best method to kill him. “Chris, dammit.”

“So...” Jared looks up at me, his eyes hopeful, “Do you... was that... was that real? The kiss... I mean, do you?”

“Jay, I’ve... you’re, you’re you... You’re everything I’ve ever wanted in a girl, but just come in a neater, hotter package, minus the PMS and shopping, which is a definite bonus.”

He grins, his eyes sparkling, “So... so we...” he gestures between us.

“If you want us to be... I mean, I understand if... Enrique,” I trail off miserably.

He bites his lip, looking guilty, “He’s an amazing guy and a really good boyfriend, but... it’s always been you who... well...” he breaks off, blushing furiously.

Elation fills my chest and I slip closer to him, resting a hand along the side of his face, “So... so if I kiss you again, I won’t get another bloody nose?”

Grinning impishly, he replies, “Well, that depends on how good your kiss is.”

This time, when our lips meet, it’s better than anything I’ve ever experienced. Warm and gentle, while at the same time, firm and demanding. But what remains constant is just how damn hot it is, going straight to my dick. “Fuck...” I swear softly, groaning as he presses me back to lie on the bed, crawling on top of me.

“Jen...” he murmurs, tongue caressing my name as if it’s something precious, he licks into my mouth with firm strokes, all the while, pressing closer, his hands slipping up under my shirt, roaming over my chest and making me squirm.

“Oh... God, Jay... so fucking hot.” I arch up against him, desperate for more friction, gasping, “Please, fuck, Jay....”

“Shhh,” he bites the side of my neck gently, “I got you...”

His hand slides down to pop open my jeans, his fingers slipping inside my boxers. I gasp and jerk up furiously when his fist closes around my member, and after a few strokes, I’m nothing more than a writhing, breathless mess. Just as I’m about to come, he slithers down me, his tongue darting out to lick at my swollen arousal. When he closes his lips over it and sucks it into his mouth, the hot warmth is so intense that I can’t keep myself from thrusting upwards, coming in his mouth.

He swallows around me, milking me until my dick’s sensitive and I yank him upwards into a deep kiss.

Realizing he still hasn’t come, I beg him, “Fuck me, Jay... please... in me...” There’s nothing I want more. I want to know how it feels to be filled up by him, how he feels pounding inside of me.

He stills, his fingers gently tracing my cheek, “You sure?”

“Yes,” I reply, fumbling to undo his jeans. “Fuck... you’re gorgeous.”

A blush blooms on his cheeks and I’m momentarily breathless as my eyes take in the perfection before me.

“You have lube?” he asks, hands running down to cup my ass.

I fish in the bag beside my bed and pull out some hand lotion, “This’ll have to do.”

“Condom?”

“I trust you,” I murmur into his lips, pouring the lotion onto his hand.

The first press of his fingers is weird, an alien feeling, but he resumes kissing and before long, he’s working two fingers inside of me. He brushes over something that sends me arching off the couch and hardens my dick, “Fuck... god, Jay. Do that... do that again.”

By the time he’s got three fingers inside, I’m begging desperately, pulling him closer, “In me... Jay, please... want you...”

He lines himself up, soothing hands skimming along my sides, “I got you, Jen... Just relax for me, ‘kay?”

I trust him entirely and it seems my body does to, instantly obeying him. In one fluid movement, he presses inside, stilling only when he’s completely sheathed, then he peppers kisses along my cheeks, “You okay?”

“Fuck, yes... Now, move,” I groan, loving the fullness inside of me.

He begins slamming inside, gentle but powerful strokes that sent jolts through to every part of me, like fire racing through my veins. With each thrust, a gasping, hitched breath escapes me and I clutch at his back for purchase. When we lost our shirts, I have no idea.

When his fingers close around my aching dick, he begins jerking me off in time with his thrusts. The dual sensation is too much, far too much and I stand no chance when he begins kissing me deeply. I come with a loud cry of his name, clenching around him. A few more thrusts and he’s coming, warmth exploding deep inside of me as he collapses against my chest. My arms come out to catch him, to hold him close, to make sure he doesn’t disappear.

We’re sticky with sweat and come, but neither of us seem to care, both too sleepy and worn out from everything.

Just before I drift off to sleep, I remember to clarify something very important, “You’re mine now, right?”

He chuckles as he curls around me, “Yeah... ‘m yours... always have been.”

“So... what happens with... Enrique?” I have to ask.

Jared sighs softly, “I never meant to hurt him. But when he saw how upset I was when I thought... you’d do that to me... and I broke up with him, I guess he realized me and him just aren’t meant to be... he’s gone.”

“Oh,” I don’t even try to keep the relief out of my voice and I clutch him to me a little bit tighter, “Okay, then.... Hey, Jay?” I murmur, my skin tingling as his fingers trace patterns on my chest.

“Yeah?”

“I... I really do love you, you know that, right? This... this isn’t just... some fling.”

Jared huffs out a breath, kissing the side of my neck, “Yeah, I got that when Chris started rambling about man-babies...” Jared pauses, “You do know there’s no such thing, right?”

I pretend to gasp, “No! Really?”

“Yup, sorry, Jen, your motherly instincts will have to wait for the adoption papers...”

I fall silent and feel Jared tense slightly as if he’s afraid he’s gone too far. He hasn’t.

“I’d like that. Someday... with you.”

Jared’s breath catches, “Really?”

“Yeah. You’d be a good dad.”

“You think so?” Jared sounds deliriously happy.

Pressing a kiss to his forehead, I smile into his hair, “I know so.”

\*\*\*