

House attack:



Jared figures out Jensen's evil plan: *Raising an eyebrow and fruitlessly slapping Jared's hand away from his plate, Jensen deadpans: "Uh, huh. And which evil plan might this be? You know, seeing as how I've taken over Dr Evil's position and just have so many evil plans, I can't keep track."*

1,000 words, PG-13, adorable

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It hits him in the middle of a supermarket, surrounded by the bustle of random strangers and their trolleys. It hits him just as he's reaching for a box of cereal.

But it's not just any box of cereal. *No*. It's a box of *Lucky Charms*. His arm freezes and he gapes at the brightly grinning leprechaun on the front of the box.

"Son of a bitch," he murmurs under his breath.

Then just as suddenly, he lets out a burst of laughter, grabs the box and chucks it into his trolley.

"I figured it out!" is all the greeting Jensen gets as his co-star strides up looking positively gleeful.

As usual, he has no idea what wavelength Jared's on, so he replies with an eloquent, "Huh?"

Jared continues; his voice muffled by the fries he snaked from Jensen's plate, "Your evil plan, I figured it out."

Raising an eyebrow, Jensen deadpans: “Uh, huh. And which evil plan might this be? You know, seeing as how I’ve taken over Dr Evil’s position and just have *so* many evil plans, I can’t keep track.”

Jared pokes him in the shoulder, “Your evil plan to take over my house!”

“Huh?”

“Don’t act innocent with me, mister. I know you’ve been plotting to overthrow me and rule the Padalecki mansion.”

A grin twitching at his lips, Jensen keeps as straight a face as possible, as he replies, “Yup, fine, you got me. What gave my devious plan away?”

With another jab to the shoulder, Jared says meaningfully, “The Lucky Charms.”

“Oh, of *course*, the *Lucky Charms*.”

Jared nods like any of this makes sense.

Then he continues. “But, see, my house likes you. So it’s not a bad idea for you to live there, but I’m afraid I can’t just let you kick me out. So you’ll just have to deal.”

“What are you talking about, Jay?”

Someone shouts from nearby, “Breaks over, back to work, guys.”

Jared bumps his shoulder, “I’ll show you tonight.”

“Okay.”

“Bitch, let me in,” he calls through the door. After thumping a few more times, he peers in the window. “What the hell are you doing in there?”

He fishes in the nearby pot plant and pulls out the spare key.

“Ah ha!” shouts a triumphant voice from the couch.

Shutting the door behind him and eying his friend carefully, Jensen asks, “What the hell, man? Why didn’t you let me in?”

Leaping to his feet with a gleeful grin, Jared states proudly, “That was the first piece of evidence.”

With a fond shake of his head, Jensen decides to play along, “Okay, fine, so please proceed to the next clue, oh Sherlock.”

Grabbing his arm and tugging him to the kitchen, Jared calls over his shoulder, “That’s ‘Mr Holmes’ to you.”

They come to a halt in front of the fridge. Raising his eyebrow at his friend, Jensen asks incredulously, “Some of your evidence is edible?”

Jared ‘mmhmm’s a yes and swings open the white door. “There!”

Peering in, Jensen doesn’t see anything out of the ordinary. “Huh?”

Rolling his eyes, Jared jabs his fingers at various items. “Look at that! I never eat mushrooms, I don’t drink Ice Tea, I don’t put Salmon spread on my toast, I don’t even like that type of yoghurt.”

With a smirk, Jensen quirks his eyebrow into a ‘so’ gesture.

Poking him in the chest, Jared accuses, “It’s you, it’s all you, part of your evil plan.”

“Oh, *right* my evil plan.”

He is dragged on to the next cupboard where Lucky Charms, two-minute-noodles, apricot jam and raisin-free muesli are presented as evidence.

Next up, it’s Jared’s living room. “*You* are the one who likes *Gladiator* so much I had to buy it, same with *Forest Gump*, *Green Mile*, *Bourne trilogy*, -”

“- okay, so they’re all my choices, but so what? You like them as well.”

“*So* not the point.”

Next is the music collection, then they go (Jensen being dragged, of course) out to the pool. Jensen’s trunks are hanging over the pool-fence and his floating chair is bobbing in the water. His book and glasses are beside the pool. “Hey, there they are!”

Jared nods smugly, “You see what I mean?”

With a roll of his eyes, Jensen is dragged back into the house towards the bathroom. “Fancy hair jelly, weird soap, expensive shampoo, fuck, even your toothbrush is here, Jen.”

And okay, Jensen will admit that that is pretty weird, but hey, it’s explainable.

“Is that all?”

“Nope,” and then he’s being tugged towards the mantelpiece. There are pictures of Jared’s family, his dogs, quite a few of him and Jensen, Mike and Tom, a funny one of the four of them goofing around in the pool, and then there’s a picture of Jensen’s family.

“Hey, why’d you have this?”

Smirking, Jared replies, “You put it there yourself after you came home from hiatus.”

With a light blush, Jensen shrugs, “Okay, Mr Detective, any more evidence?”

“Some.”

“Being dragged around is getting old real fast,” Jensen huffs. Jared just ignores him.

“See!”

“What?”

Throwing his arms up in frustration, Jared huffs, “*Dude*. You picked out the *bed* with me. I bought weird-ass fancy sheets because *you* said they were better.”

“Hey!”

“It’s true!”

Muttering under his breathe, Jensen grumbles, “So, you done?”

Eying his friend carefully, Jared takes a step closer. In a soft voice, he says tentatively, “No, I think there’s one more piece that’s needed to win the case.”

A fluttering starting up in stomach, Jensen juts his jaw out defiantly, “Yeah, and what’s that?”

Before he can blink there’s a hand cupping the side of his face and Jared’s lips are upon his. He’s frozen for a few seconds, trying to figure out whether he’s dreaming or not, but then Jared growls and he finds himself surging forwards with a muffled moan, one arm cradling the back of Jared’s head, angling his head to deepen the kiss, while the other wraps around Jared’s waist and tugs Jared flush against him. It’s soft and gentle, it’s furious and heated; it’s everything he ever imagined. Everything he never dared to think he could get.

When Jared pulls away for a gasp of oxygen, his eyes are wide and bright. Resting his forehead against Jensen’s, he grins shakily, “Guess that’s my case proven. When are you moving in?”

Pressing his lips back against his friend’s, Jensen smirks, “I already have.”

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