

Is that a tail?



Jensen has a little adventure: *“You better get me back to normal soon, Jay. This is kinda weird, even for us.”* That didn't stop him from letting out an embarrassing purr. It was weird feeling the vibrations running through him and then against Jared. Weird, but in a nice way.

4,500 words, PG-13, adorable

Jensen stretched languidly, revelling in the space and- *Space?* He cracked his eyes open slightly. *Hmm, maybe Jay dumped me on his bed.*

But no, this was his bed, unless Jared had suddenly gotten identical bedspreads for some reason.

Still drifting along the edges of his dream, Jensen pressed his nose to the covers. Not Jay's bed. If it was, it would have the nice Jared-smell. Letting out a groan, Jensen flipped himself over. Then he had to flip back onto his stomach. He'd felt... vulnerable with his belly up. *Huh? What the fuck?* He sat up quickly, falling over again. *What the hell?*

Scrambling onto all fours, Jensen let out a shriek as his eyes took in the furry paws where his hands- *Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

“Jay!?” he screamed, but it came out as a pitiful yowl. He spun around, catching sight of a bushy tail. “Jay! Jay! Holy, fucking hell. Jared!”

Yowl, after yowl, after yowl. He leapt off the bed, which had suddenly grown to about seven times its normal height, and up onto the cabinet, promptly letting out a yelp and falling backwards, coming to a rest on all fours like a – *cat! I'm a fucking cat!*

Cautiously leaping back onto the cabinet, he stared back at the wide, green eyes. This couldn't be happening to him. It just *couldn't*. “You're just dreaming,” he told the furry thing in the mirror firmly. His words came out as a soft meow.

Jay'll know what to do. Quickly realising that the door wasn't an option, Jensen leapt onto the windowsill and down onto the grass outside his trailer. "Jay!" he yowled, running towards his co-star's trailer.

"Ow, fuck! Ow!" Discovering that cat-paws are not made for running over gravel, Jensen sat down to lick at – *Holy fuck!* No, he sat down to *examine* his sore paws- *feet!*

Suddenly loud crunching neared him and he turned to find a massive foot coming down on him. Letting out a squeak, he leapt out of the ogre's path. "Eric? You fucker, that was nearly my life you stomped out!"

Eric glanced down, "Hey, Kitty, where's your momma?"

Kitty? Oh, hell no. "Eric, I swear, I am about an inch away from ripping you to shreds. You better find a way to get me back to normal or I swear you'll be sorry."

The massive, bald head came nearer, "Here Kitty, come on, let's go find you some milk. Wouldn't you like that? Yes, you would, yes, you would."

Jumping back from the approaching hand, Jensen let out an angry hiss, "I'm not a baby, you jerk!"

Eric kept at it, "Come on, Kitty, I'm not going to hurt you. Come to Eric."

Oh, god. Kill me now. Realising that Eric clearly couldn't understand a word, Jensen clawed at the approaching hand, making his warning clear.

"Hey, now, come on, play nice." The hand kept coming, and suddenly roped around Jensen's stomach.

"What the-? Eric! Eric, put me down! Put me down!"

Wriggling and scratching for all he's worth, all Jensen succeeded to do was piss Eric off enough until he was just being held by the scruff of his neck. "Ow! Ow! Fuck! Eric, put me down!"

He hated how terrified he was, but dammit, Eric was *massive*. He kept on yelling to be let down, kept wriggling in Eric's grip, but it didn't make any difference. It wasn't natural how fast his heart was beating.

Suddenly a booming voice rang out across the parking-lot. "Eric, put him down, now!"

Eric hesitated, "But Jared, we need to see who it belongs to."

"Put him down, you're terrifying him!"

I'm not terrified. Jensen thought huffily, completely ignoring the shivers wracking his body.

The minute Eric set him down, Jensen's running. It took him all of three leaps and then he was in Jared's arms, cradled to his best friend's chest, with absolutely no idea how he got there.

To his mortification, he found himself snuggling closer to Jared's warmth, his shaking slowly being soothed away by gentle strokes.

"Shh, it's okay. You're okay."

"Jay... Eric's a bully," Jensen meowed with a pout.

Jared just continued to run his fingers softly over Jensen's fur, and Jensen had to remind himself that Jared couldn't hear him either. *Stupid humans.*

He let out a sigh and wriggled around until he was curled around Jared's throat, resting his chin on the solid shoulder.

"You better get me back to normal soon, Jay. This is kinda weird, even for us." That didn't stop him from letting out an embarrassing purr. It was weird feeling the vibrations running through him and then against Jared. Weird, but in a nice way.

"Who do you belong to? Huh, little man."

Little man? Little man? I'll show you little man!

Jensen moved to bite at the skin of Jared's neck, but got distracted, "Dude, you shouldn't taste this good."

Jared laughed and tilted his head slightly, allowing Jensen more access. "Okay, if you ever mention this to anyone, I will kill you, okay?" Jensen mumbled between licks.

Of course Jared didn't hear anything more than soft mewls. "Let's go find your owner, okay?"

"Huh? Oh, owner. Right, good luck with that one, Jay."

"Let's just go find Jensen first. He's secretly a cat-person. And he's been having a bad day." Jensen's outburst at being called a cat-person died on his lips, "How do you know I've been having a bad day?"

Jared, of course, didn't answer, instead starting towards Jensen's trailer.

"Jensen?" his friend called as he banged on the door.

Letting his head droop down on Jared's neck, Jensen replied weakly, "Right here, Jay."

"Hey, Shannon, have you seen Jensen anywhere?"

The PA stopped in her tracks, "Nope, why? You've lost your conjoined twin? - oooh, what a cute kitty, can I hold her, aww she's so cute."

“I’m not a girl!” Jensen meowed indignantly, just as his co-star said, “He’s a dude.”

Her grabby hands kept coming closer and Jensen could smell her way too strong perfume fumes from there.

“Uh, Jay... I don’t really want her to hold me.”

Luckily, Jared had always had this weird sense of knowing when Jensen’s uncomfortable, and it was no different now that he was a cat. His hands curled further around Jensen, tucking him closer under his hoody.

“Sorry, Shannon, but he’s not really fond of strangers.”

She pouted, “But you’re a stranger, and you’re *massive*. I couldn’t possibly scare him more than you do. Let’s just see if he wants to come to me.”

Letting out a deep sigh, that Jensen mirrored, Jared set him down on the nearby table. She began cooing in a baby voice, “Come on, Kitty witty, come to mamma. Come on, kittles.”

“Urgh, even if he wasn’t Jared, I’d be choosing him anyway.”

Getting to his feet slowly and stretching lazily, Jensen blinked up at the two humans. Then he turned his back to her, tail upright, and leapt up onto Jared’s shoulder, gnawing a bit of his friend’s hair lightly as a reprimand for the worried look he’d had on his face. “Dude, you know I’d always choose you.”

Suddenly realising what he was doing, Jensen let the bit of hair slip from his mouth, “Okay, seriously Jay, this is freaking me out, can you please get me back to normal? Like, *now*.”

*

“Jay,” Jensen yawned, “Really getting tired of this. Can’t we just, I don’t know. Sleep?” He was exhausted, having spent the whole day trying to avoid the animal-loving crew as Jared searched for his ‘owner’ and asked everyone if they knew where Jensen was.

His friend’s brown eyes softened as they landed on him, earning him an ear-scratch. “You must be sleepy, huh? Come on, you can stay with me for tonight, then we’ll see about putting up signs for your owner.”

Resisting the urge to roll his eyes, Jensen pressed his nose to Jared’s collarbone and inhaled deeply.

An hour later he was sleepily being carried towards Jared’s front door.

“Uh, Jared?”

The door opened, and Jensen suddenly knew the true meaning of terror.

“Down, Sadie, Harley! No, play nice!”

Jensen clawed at his friend's chest, trying to dive as far as possible away from the massive hounds.

"Shhh, it's okay, it's okay. They just want to play."

"To play! Jesus, they could eat me in one gulp, you freaking idiot. What? Wait –Nooooo..." his howl died off as curious noses nudged at him.

"See, they just want to be your friends."

Chest still heaving, Jensen tried to calm himself down. Then he gave Harley a clap over the head, sending the puppy racing for cover and leaving Jensen feeling very smug.

Jared chuckled as he lifted Jensen back up into his arms, "Yeah, that'll teach her. You have to show 'em who's boss and they'll leave you be."

Feeling embarrassingly proud of himself, Jensen pawed at his friend's nose. "Well, I so am the boss of you then."

Jared chuckles, "Okay, let's find you some food, how's that?"

Perched up on the counter, Jensen watched with amusement as his friend bustled around humming some tune. After feeding the pups, Jared set down some fresh water.

"Oh, hell no," was all that Jensen said when a bowl of meaty gunk was set down before him. "You can't seriously expect me to eat that?"

Jared just watched patiently, "Go on, you must be starving."

And he was, but he wasn't that desperate. Deciding enough was enough, Jensen surveyed the room for means of communication.

"Ah hah!" Leaping quickly towards the laptop, Jensen pawed at the on button. Unfortunately, the pads he now had as feet were completely useless with buttons.

"Hey, hey, come away from there." Jared came up and shut the laptop, "That's not for little kittens."

"I'm not a kitten, you giant numnut!"

He was set down before the foul bowl again, "Now, you eat that and I'll just go see if I can get hold of Jensen."

"I'm a cat, you idiot! Cats aren't meant to understand what you're saying!" Mentally, Jensen made a note to tease Jared about his sanity.

He managed to nudge the bowl off the table and down to Harley's eager tongue. It fell with a loud clang that brought Jared back.

Letting out a surprised laugh, his friend tickled him between the ears, “You’re a trouble-maker, aren’t you?”

Jensen gnawed at the fingers slightly and let out a winning meow.

“Alright, alright, fine. You can have some human food for now. Your owner’s probably gonna kill me, but what the heck.”

After devouring the chunk of cheese, Jensen made his way towards the couch where Jared was staring at the phone with a worried look.

“I’m right here, dude,” he meowed softly.

Jared dialled another number, Jensen watched with interest as his friend winced before saying, “Yeah, hey.”

Curiosity taking over, Jensen leaps lightly onto his friend’s lap, wanting to hear who’s on the line that could make Jared wince.

“I’m sorry to bother you, but I was just wandering if you knew where Jensen was.”

A familiar voice came on the line. “Why, has he finally managed to get away from you?”

Jared grimaced, rubbing his temple, “Look, I know you don’t like me much, but-”

“Then why the hell are you calling me?”

Running a hand through his hair, Jared let out a sigh, “Look, just tell me if you know where he is.”

“No, I don’t know where he is and he’s better off without you. I hope he’s finally gotten it into his head that you’re a no-good, waste of time.”

“Yeah, okay, thanks, Danneel,” Jared replies softly before hanging up.

Danneel? That was Danny? What the hell, why was she such a bitch?

His attention snapped back to his friend when Jared flopped back on the couch, a pained expression on his face.

“Jay, why didn’t you tell me she was such a bitch to you? You know I would’ve dumped her.”

Nudging his friend gently with his nose, Jensen tried to press himself as close as possible to his obviously upset co-star.

“And you know, none of that stuff’s true, hey?”

Jared let out a heavy sigh and smiled down at Jensen, “Sorry, guess I’m bad company today. Wait ‘till you meet Jensen. He’s awesome. You’ll never want to sit on my lap again.”

“Oh, Jay. You’re such an idiot sometimes,” Jensen replied fondly, arching back into the touch, “Mmmm, that feels good.”

Jensen couldn’t explain why he wanted to be as close to Jared as possible, but he did. He even went so far as to growl when Jared got up to get his pizza from the delivery guy.

“Gimme!” he pounced on the box as soon as his friend flopped back down on the couch.

Laughing, Jared batted him away, “Geez, you’re worse than Harley.”

Trying out his new kitten-looks, Jensen put on the saddest face he could. It worked enough to distract Jared slightly, and soon he was purring happily as he slurped pizza grease off Jared’s chin.

Okay, maybe that was a *bit* weird, but Jensen didn’t think too much about it.

It wasn’t long before the dogs joined the party, barking excitedly. Jensen smirked in amusement as he discovered Jared was even more of a pushover than he’d thought: his best friend couldn’t deny his babies anything, and soon he was rolling around playing tug-of-war with them. Meanwhile, Jensen cunningly stole this time to munch the bacon off the pizza.

“Hey!” Jared whined when he got back to his seat, “devious fellow, you.”

Jensen licked his lips happily and stepped lightly onto Jared’s chest, wriggling around until Jared shifted to accommodate him.

The sigh ticked the back of his head, and he turned to find his friend staring at the phone, his spark dimming slightly. “Dude, I’m right here,” he murmured with a lick to Jared’s nose. That drew a smile and a gentle hand from Jared, and they turned to watch Johnny Depp in his pirate-glory.

“What’s your name, buddy? Hmm?”

Letting out a sigh, Jensen replied pointlessly, “Jensen.”

“I think I’ll have to call you something, just until we find your owner. How about... Jackie?”

“Dude, that’s a girl’s name,” Jensen whined, digging his claws in slightly.

“Hmmm, how about Robbie?”

“What, like Robbie Williams? No thanks.” Another claw.

Jared shifted him around until he was staring directly into his friend’s eyes.

“Hmmm, you’ve got the greenest eyes I’ve ever seen... well, except Jen...”

“Dude! I am Jensen!”

“I think I’ll call you Blaze.”

That confused Jensen to no end, “Blaze?”

“Yeah, Blaze. You’ve got that angry look Jen gets...” Jared sighed and picked up the phone again.

This time he left a voicemail, “Hey, Jen. It’s me... well, I don’t know what happened today, but I thought you said you’d come over? Anyway, I, uh, I phoned Danneel, but she said she had no idea either. Just, well, could you just send a message or something so that I know you’re okay?”

Jared waited for half an hour before standing, “Come on, you mutts. Bedtime.”

Jensen felt something soft and gooey in chest at the sight of Jared hugging a pup under each arm as he knelt to say goodnight.

Pulling off his hoody, Jared laid it down on the couch, petting it as if to get Jensen to lay there.

Despite himself, the hoody *did* actually look comfy, and so Jensen made his way there with a dignified air, as if it was his own idea in the first place.

With one eye cracked open, he watched his best friend bustling around. Of course it should’ve been expected when Jared suddenly pulled off his clothes, but Jensen still let out a soft squeak and ducked his nose into the soft, warm hoody.

For some unknown reason, he found himself peeking out as Jared headed for the bathroom. “Shoot, Jay, you’ve been working out, man,” he murmured appreciatively as he watched the muscular, tanned body leave the room. If he were in his human form, he knew he’d be flushing a bright pink colour. As it was, he settled for hiding his nose beneath his paws.

About ten minutes later, a cloud of steam billowed out of the bathroom door, and out the depths emerged a long, lean figure clad only in a pair of boxers. Jensen mouth went dry as he watched the water droplets cascading down the smooth muscles of his friend’s chest. “Dude, why the hell do you keep all that hidden?”

But Jared had such a worried expression on his face that it made Jensen’s chest ache. Once the human had checked his phone and was settled in the bed, Jensen leaped lightly beside him. It earned him a soft smile as he stepped onto his friend’s chest.

Jared gave one last glance at the phone, let out a sigh, and flopped back down to stare at the ceiling.

“Jare, you worry too much, what could possibly have happened to me? Well, besides what *did* happen to me.”

The crease didn’t leave Jared’s forehead, and Jensen really wanted to sleep. His friend seemed to sense it somehow as his hand curled slightly by his side, making a perfect crook for Jensen to fold into. Giving Jared a soft lick on his cheek, Jensen let the purrs overcome him and drag him into sleep.

*

Jensen woke up to a loud yell. “Whuh?”

He blinked his eyes open slowly, coming face to face with a freaked out Jared.

“Jay?”

“Jen,” was Jared’s breathless whisper.

Glancing down, Jensen realised he was naked, definitely human and lying directly on top of his friend, who was wearing only boxers himself.

“Uh... awkward?”

Suddenly realising just how close they were, Jensen couldn’t help shifting slightly closer, wanting to see if Jared still smelt that good.

“Uh... how? Wha... why?” Jared’s wide eyed form stammered.

Shifting to make himself more comfortable, Jensen had to bite his lip to hold back the small moan at the friction between his legs. Then he completely freaked out and fell off the bed.

“Ow...” he groaned weakly, trying to use the covers to pull him up.

Jared’s sleep-mussed head came into view, his eyes wide and mouth slightly open. “Jensen... why were you in my bed? And... uhm... why are you naked? And why were you on top of me?”

Completely inaudibly, Jensen mumbled, “Cat... me... you... comfy.”

“What was that?”

“I was the blimmin’ cat! Okay?”

“Uh...” Jared blinked a series of times. “You’re drunk.”

“What? No! Even if I was drunk off my ass, I’d never up in bed with you!” He’s too practised for that.

A flicker of hurt passed across Jared’s face, but it was gone before Jensen could be sure of what he’d seen and he was sure it was just his imagination.

“Right. Yeah. Of course. So... uh, want to explain to me how you were a... cat?”

“I don’t know! One minute I’m human and going to sleep in my trailer, next, I wake up with paws and a tail!”

Jared still looked skeptic, so Jensen continues, “Eric picked me up, you told him to put me down, then you carried me around set looking for my ‘owner’. You took me home and tried to give me mush to eat, then you gave me a block of cheese and I stole some of your pizza.”

“Is this like some candid camera thing? Is Ashton suddenly going to jump out and yell, ‘punked’ at me?”

“No, Jeez, dude. I’m not kidding. And I’m really freaking out, so it’d be great if you could believe me on this.”

The doubt cleared from Jared’s features and he replied softly, “Okay, Jen.”

Surprised at the sudden acceptance, Jensen frowned at his friend, “That’s *it*? You just believe me? Dude, I sure as hell wouldn’t believe you if you just randomly told me something like this.”

Another flicker of hurt, “Well, I guess I just know you.”

Biting his lip and feeling like an ass, Jensen awkwardly shifted around, “Can I borrow some pants or something?”

Jared got up quickly, “Yeah, sure. Course you can.”

Pulling on the too-long sweatpants and shirt, Jensen mumbled his thanks before resuming the conversation, “And dude, seriously, I didn’t know you worried so much about me, I mean, Jeez, you must have phoned my cell about twenty times.”

There was a slight tinge of pink in Jared’s cheeks and the younger man shook his head, “Sorry, I just wanted to check that you were okay. Anyway, why the hell’d you turn human or whatever in the middle of the night?”

“I don’t know.” Jensen glanced at the clock, 00.13. “Midnight?”

“So, what happened that made you turn into ... a cat? Uhm... did you piss somebody off?”

“Man, you do realise I’m not Dean, right?”

Jared scowled, “You do realise we’re not in the *Supernatural* world, right?”

“Okay, guess that’s fair.” Jensen sighed, “Uh, let me think... maybe that last episode we did, the one with the creepy psychic. He really freaked me out.”

“Well, did you say anything to him?”

Shifting from side to side, Jensen suddenly got it, “I bumped into him that one time when I was carrying the chair, chipped his glass bowl or whatever it was he always carried around.”

“Yeah, that would do it.” Jared sat down heavily, “So, it’s over now, or what?”

“Yeah, I mean. I guess.” Jensen examined his hands and feet closely. Then he remembered something, “Hey, what’s up with Danneel and you? I’ve never heard her be so bitchy to anyone like that.”

Jared flushed bright red and muttered, “Lucky me,” under his breath. “She just doesn’t like me very much.”

“Why?”

“Well... uh,” Jared rubbed the back of his head, “she doesn’t like that you spend so much time with me.”

“Seriously?” Jensen shook his head in disbelief, “I don’t believe it.”

“No, I mean. You... I mean, it’s understandable, we do spend a lot of time together. I guess... she just... anyway.”

“No. I can’t believe this.” Jensen grabbed Jared’s phone, ignoring the man’s protests, and headed outside.

“Can’t you take a fuckin’ hint. He’s not here, Jared! Maybe he doesn’t even *want* to talk to you, have you thought of that, huh?”

“Danneel. What the fuck is your problem? I can’t believe you’d say stuff like that to him.”

“Oh... Jensen...” she lost her footing for a couple of seconds, then she was back full force, “Well, if he weren’t so gay, maybe I wouldn’t!”

“What the...? Danneel, what the heck are you talking about?”

Her laughter was shrill and high-pitched, “You honestly don’t know? Me and Sandy figured it out, why else would they have fallen apart? They were, like, the perfect couple ‘till *Supernatural* started filming.”

Jensen gaped into the phone, wondering if that could possibly be true. Something suddenly clicked in his head as the flicker of hurt that passed across Jared’s features swam into view. “You’re right. Thanks, Danneel. This has been really helpful.”

She spluttered over the line, “What? What are you talking about?”

“Oh, you just made me realise I might have a chance, thanks again. By the way, we’re over.” With that, he hung up and turned back to the house.

“Jared?”

He stepped inside to find Jared slumped on the couch, fast asleep, his bangs falling lightly into his face as his chest rose and fell softly. It made something ache in Jensen’s chest, something he’d for so long hidden and buried, never even daring to dream of. Until now.

The sharp memory of how that firm chest felt beneath him had him taking a step forward. When a tiny sigh escaped his friend, he found himself unable to resist. Quietly sliding onto the couch beside his friend, Jensen curled himself around the warmth, sliding his hand along Jared's belly and tucking his legs at his side. Resting his head against Jared, he was asleep within seconds.

*

He was woken by a low groan as his pillow shifted beneath him.

"Jensen?" Jared's voice sounded worried, "Did you turn back into a cat last night?"

Blinking down at his human hand, Jensen shook his head, "No, why?"

"Uhm... well. You're on top of me again."

"So?" Jensen stretched slightly, sliding his arms back around Jared and attempting to go back to sleep.

His pillow shifted again. "So? Uh... Jensen, maybe you should get up."

"No." He pressed closer to the solid warmth beneath him, growling when Jared tried to pull away.

"Jen. Maybe the cat-thing left some side effects or something, cause, uhm..."

Tilting his head up slightly, Jensen licked a stripe down the side of Jared's neck, making the younger man inhale sharply and begin to pull away. "Yup, you still taste good."

Voice strained, Jared tried again, "Jensen, uh... shit... don't, don't do that. That's not you, man."

"Course it is, do you know how long I've wanted to do this?"

Jared fell completely still, his voice blank, "What do you mean?"

"You and me. The girls figured it out. We've been in love with each other since we started filming."

There was a hitch in Jared's breathing, and he stared up at Jensen, "What...? Do you...? Jens..."

"Yeah, Jay. I really do." Pressing a soft kiss to Jared's lips, Jensen waited for them to respond before deepening it and pulling Jared closer.

*

Jensen stared wide eyed at his friend? Lover? Boyfriend? "Why'd we wait so long?"

Rolling over with a chuckle, Jared propped his head up on his hand, “Well, firstly, I thought you were straight. You had Danneel.”

“You had Sandy.”

“Yeah, that’s true. Anyway, guess your cat adventure had a better ending than we thought.”

“Yeah. Maybe I should go find that psychic and smash his glass bowl, just to see what happens.”

“Right, I don’t know how smart that’d be, it might not wear off so soon.”

“Ah, well.”

“So, how’d it feel to be a cat?”

“*Scary*. Dude, don’t you dare laugh, I was tiny. I swear, Eric’s going to give me nightmares.”

“Didn’t he already?”

“True.”

“Night, Jen.”

“Night? What do you mean? I wanna hunt *rats*.”

There’s silence for a few minutes followed by laughter, “Please, dear God, tell me you’re joking.”

“Yeah, I was joking. Meow – ouch, that hurt.”

But there’s one thing Jared couldn’t deny liking. And that was Jensen’s tiny purr as he cuddled closer.
