

Just us (or 5 cuddles):



The boys look after each other in very schmoopy ways: *Jensen's strong hands wrap around me from behind, pulling me back against a sold chest as he rests his chin on my shoulder, "You're home now," he whispers softly.*

4,600 words, NC-17, cute



"Hey, Jen. You want another one?"

Jensen grins drunkenly up at me from where he's crashed in the booth, "Man, d'you really need to arshk?"

Laughing slightly, I head towards the bar, signalling to Jerry for another two. By the time I get back, Jensen's somehow managed to decide that his coaster looks like a good thing to eat. He makes a face at me, "Man, no ... no offencsh to the cook, but theesh taste like cardboard."

I shake my head, grinning at him as I pry the bitten piece from his fingers and replace it with another beer. "You are so wasted."

He shakes his head indignantly, waving his arm around in an arch of splattering beer, "M'not! You... you the waashted... waashted one."

"Budge up, you idiot, that's my seat," I nudge him good-naturedly along the booth.

But he's decided to be a stubborn-drunk. "No! 'm not going'k to move. 'n you... you da idiot. 'm not."

"Jen, move over or I'm gonna sit on you."

He crosses his arms over his chest, eyes staring up defiantly, "You wouldn'."

“Alright, time's up.” I sit on him. Only it doesn't quite work out as planned, I end up sliding and he ends up automatically catching me, and the end result is my nose pressed to his chest, with his hands on my ass to keep me from disappearing under the table.

I chuckle, but it's muffled in his shirt, and try to pull away, but his arms are vice-like around me.

“Jen? Jen, you can let go now.”

He squeezes me closer and I hear him inhale deeply, “Thishish nice,” he slurs into my ear.

I manage to wriggle away and over him into the empty seat, “Man, you're drunker'n I thought. I think it's time we got you home.”

He pouts, bottom lip jutting out slightly as he turns wide eyes towards me, “I d'n wanna go home. Wanna shtay here.” He pauses, cocking his head to the side. “Withsh you,” he clarifies as if I had plans to ditch him.

Then he crawls closer to me and curls up, somehow managing to fit all of him in the space beneath my arm and then even closer, until he's hugging my chest and burying his face in my shoulder. All this in a seeming attempt to keep me from abandoning him. “Now, shtay,” he mumbles from my shirt.

My arms aren't sure what to do with themselves, but when Jensen shows no sign of moving, I resign myself to being the designated teddy of the day and wrap an arm around his back while the other reaches for my beer. He snuffles happily and relaxes, slipping down till he's resting his head in my lap, “You'sh an aweshum fwend, Jare... Jared.”

“I know. And that's why I'm never gonna let you live this down.”

He doesn't seem to mind that he's providing me blackmail material for years, and a few moments later, I hear a faint snore.

“Shoot,” I murmur softly, peering down at the sleeping form and feeling something melt inside. His head's tilted slightly towards me, his face slack and his lips parted, with a tiny bit of drool coming out the corner of his mouth.

I grin as I fish out my cellphone, preparing to take the most embarrassing photo of the year, but then I hesitate, wondering whether I really want to share this side of Jensen with the world. It seems more personal, something that not everyone gets to see. I tuck the phone away and then hitch Jensen closer to me, earning a soft, muffled complaint of, ‘Noshyet, fewmomontsh,’ and then another snore. I grin at my beer and take another drink.



Eric has been working us to death. I have bruises in places I didn't even know you could *get* bruises and Jensen's not doing much better. Add that to the eighteen-hour days, not to mention the time we have to spend learning our lines, and by Friday you get two completely

dead dudes.

We've just finished a really exhausting, bashed-against-walls, scene, and it's past eleven when Eric finally decides to call it a night. I tumble into the car, really glad that Cliff is here to drive us, and shift over for Jensen to tumble in after me.

Barely a few moments have passed, when he begins to droop, keeling sideways into me. I hesitate, and then wrap my arms around him with a resigned sigh, keeping him close and tucked right up against me. Truth is, it's quite nice. Warm and safe. His head tips to the side slightly, his every puff of breath brushing my cheek

He lets out a soft sigh and I feel the tension seeping from him as he leans further into me. I agree and rest my chin on his head, letting my eyes slip shut.



"S... so cold," Jensen stutters between chattering teeth as he enters the tent, his cheeks red from the icy water.

I'm curled in a duvet, situated right beside the blessed heater, with a warm cap over my ears. Jensen glances over at me and then down at my bare chest, "You naked in there?"

I chuckle, "Nah, Sara left us some dry boxers, bless her."

Not needing to be told twice, Jensen quickly peels off his sopping clothes, stripping right in front of me. It says something about our friendship that neither of us care about being naked around one another.

Once he's dried off and in the boxers, he looks longingly at my warm bundle of heaven.

With a heavy sigh, I decide to be generous, so I open up the duvet bundle and, with a delighted grin, he dives inside, making me yelp as his icy skin presses against mine. "I am the most awesome friend in the history of awesomeness," I grumble, beginning to rub my hands up and down his arms, grudgingly sharing my warmth.

He flashes me a big smirk, right before he does the unthinkable and wraps himself around me in a cloth of iciness. "Jen!" I squeal, desperately trying to pull away as he steals all my warmth.

Turning sad eyes towards me, he ducks his head, "So cold, Jare. S... so cold."

I know he's playing me, but even so, I feel something clench inside me.

With a heavy sigh and a roll of my eyes, I pull him against me, wrapping my arms firmly around him and running my hands up and down his back, even going so far as to give up my happy cap and tug it down over his ears. "You're a cruel, cruel person, Jen."

He blows a raspberry against my neck, "An you're a softhearted teddy bear."

I snort a laugh, "That's for sure."

A few minutes later, he's no longer a block of ice, but we're too tired to move.

The tent flap opens and Sara comes in, "Guys, Kripke said you can-" she cuts off, her eyes widening when she takes in Jensen's bare back and my bare chest beneath him. "Uhm... I'll just... I'll just..." she backs out of the tent quickly.

I glance down at Jensen, who glances back up at me. Then we start laughing, our exhaustion making it border on hysterical.

Then Jensen stops abruptly, his eyes dropping to where his hands are on my chest. He peers up at me, his cheeks slightly red, "Do you think this is weird?"

I look down at him, at his splayed hand over my heart, at his legs that're straddling me. Then I meet his eyes, "Nah, we're just us, always have been."

He relaxes with a grin, "Yeah, you're right." Then he nudges me to lie down and curls in the crook of my arm, his head resting directly above my heart. I tug the blanket up over him to keep the chill off his bare skin and then rest my hand on the small of his back.

"Wonder what Eric said."

"Mmm," Jensen murmurs, his eyes already closed.



A week from hell. That's the only way to describe it. The convention in Dallas had gone well, the fans curious, but unobtrusive. Even still it was a nightmare. How could I explain that Sandy and me just didn't work? That neither of us were really surprised by the outcome, and that it had been coming for a very long time?

Neither of us were that hurt by it; it was a completely mutual agreement and we both want different things from life.

But it still hurts to know that all my thoughts about the future have to be rethought entirely.

And I can't help but think I should've done something differently.

Jensen's parents were great, coming to see me even though he wasn't with me. It was nice to have them there. They're like family to me and I really needed that.

But I'm just so tired, tired of explaining, tired of trying to figure out exactly what went wrong, tired of all the sympathetic looks, and the carefully worded sentences as if I'll blow up at any moment, tired of everything and more.

I just don't want to have to fake a smile anymore.

The plane is delayed, which is just awesome, 'cause now I get to hang around a jam-packed airport for a couple of hours. I find a chair at the back, tug down my cap and slump down,

deciding to try and get some sleep.

When I wake up, I realise just how much life hates me. The delay had been shorter than estimated and I missed my flight.

After begging and pleading with the attendant, I manage to get a seat on the next one, which leaves in about an hour. Determined not to miss it, I make my way right up to the boarding gate and find a seat there. Unfortunately, I sit down beside a kid who's busy screaming his head off.

I manage to stop him crying by chatting to him for a bit, and telling him a couple of jokes, but unfortunately his mom arrives just as I'm tickling him. She gives me an evil glare, yanks her kid to his feet and storms off, muttering, 'pervert'.

So, feeling even crappier, I sit there and stare at the floor.

When I finally manage to board the plane, I discover I've gotten a seat with very little leg-room and have somehow managed to get placed beside a really huge guy. A really, really huge, bald guy who smells of stale alcohol, dirty sweat and cigarettes.

Squashed against the window, my legs protesting painfully, with half my seat taken by his excess, I squeeze my eyes shut and try not to breathe in his stench.

When we land, I feel like running around in circles yelling, 'Hallelujah', but can't for various reasons. One, my legs feel like they'll never walk again, two, the guy's struggling to get out of his chair and has decided to wait for the airhosts to help him after everyone has left the plane. Everyone, except me, that is.

I feel close to tears by this point, trumped when my bag's the last to arrive and I discover there's a tear along the side of it. Too tired to claim for damages, I just pick it up and head through the doors to the waiting room, keeping my head lowered to avoid any fans, and making my way towards the car rental.

When the bag suddenly rips completely open and all my clothes tumble out, followed by the music album Jensen's been looking for everywhere and that I managed to find in a tiny second-hand shop, which now cracks, it's the last straw. I sit on the floor dejectedly and stare at the mess that resembles my life.

I'm just contemplating the idea of offing myself when a firm hand clamps down on my shoulder. It's probably some airport official here to tell me to clean up, so I turn around to apologise, only to stop dead.

It's Jensen. His eyes warm and concerned, his face tired but alert. My breath catches in what could quite possibly have been a tiny sob and I dart forwards, throwing my arms around him and burying my face in his shirt.

He quickly drop to his knees and takes me into his arms, running soothing hands down my back as he murmurs, "Shhh, it's okay, Jay. It's okay, I'm here. 'm here."

My fingers clutch desperately at his back, clinging to him so tightly I'm surprised he can

breathe, and all I can think of is the fact that he's here. He's here and everything's going to be okay.

"Come on, let's get you home."

He pulls away gently, his fingers soft as they reach out to brush the moisture from my cheeks, and then his warm hand slides down to curl at the side of my neck as he just looks at me, his eyes warm. "You've had one hell of a week, haven't you?" he murmurs gently, thumb brushing my pulse-point subconsciously.

Then he quickly begins to pack away all my belongings, his hand hovering above the album. When he looks up, his eyes are surprisingly bright, "You found this?"

I nod jerkily, my voice hoarse as I reply, "You wouldn't believe how many places have never even heard of them. It must've been the sixtieth place I went to."

He opens his mouth as if to say something, but shuts it again, turning to tuck the album in with the clothes, carefully keeping the bag's torn sides together.

Getting to his feet, he pulls me up, "Come on, Jay."

"How long have you been here?" I ask, obediently following him.

He grimaces, "Long enough to know that the food here sucks. What happened? I thought you were getting in hours ago."

"I..." I drop my gaze to the floor, my cheeks flushing as I tell him about the nightmare.

We reach the car just as I'm finishing up and after putting my bag in the back, Jensen's strong hands wrap around me from behind, pulling me back against a solid chest as he rests his chin on my shoulder, "You're home now," he whispers softly.

I automatically lean back into his comforting warmth, squeezing my eyes shut as if I can erase the whole week. But he is right. I am home.



After unlocking the front door, feeling hot and sweaty, and breathing heavily, I head through the house towards the bathroom to grab a towel, flicking on the coffee machine as I pass through the kitchen, smiling slightly at my new routine.

Since Jensen moved in, everything's been really easy. We move around one another like one of our choreographed stunts, everything falling into place perfectly. We complement each other, 'like two parts of a whole', according to Meg, who's suddenly become an expert on best-friendship.

Stepping out of the bathroom, I change into boxers and head back to the kitchen, pour out two cups of coffee and fish out a pan and batter-bowl.

Pancakes sound like heaven right now.

I begin humming Rembrants song, *I'll be there for you* from Brother Bear. It's one of my favourite songs and it just seems perfect for while I'm stirring my pancake mixture.

A low voice begins singing from behind me and I force myself not to turn around in case it discourages him, "I'll be there for you... when the rain starts to fall... I'll be there for you... Like I've been there before... I'll be there for you... 'Cause you're there for me..."

When he stops, I turn around grinning in time to catch his blush. He's only in his pyjama pants and his cheeks still have pillow creases, so I can tell he's only just woken up. He returns my grin and ducks his head, clearing his throat as he shuffles over to grab one of the coffees. He knows it's his 'cause I always use his favourite mug; the one I gave him last year on Halloween, with *Zombie in the morning* written on it. He finds it hilarious.

I pick up my batter-bowl again and resume stirring while he inhales deeply.

"What you making?" he asks curiously, coming over to lean against the counter beside me, our bare shoulders brushing.

"Pancakes."

"Awesome." It's a given that I'm making for both of us. It's how we work.

He shuffles over to island counter and hoists himself up, his feet swinging like a little kid's. I pour in flour and this and that, enjoying myself thoroughly and making a massive mess.

He watches me the whole time and then calls me over.

"Hmmm?"

Grinning, he reaches out to smear something over my cheeks, "You missed a spot."

"Hey!" I complain with a pout, reaching out with my own flour-coated hands to give him a few streaks.

That's when Jensen stops, his eyes widening rapidly and making me nervous. "Jen?"

He frowns up at me as if he's trying to figure something out, and when realisation passes across his features, so does an impressive blush.

"Jen? What is it?"

Ducking his head, he glues his eyes to the floor, which does not sit right with me. Cupping his cheek with my fingers, I gently but firmly tilt his head up, forcing him to look at me. “Jen, what is it? You okay?”

He nods jerkily, looking a bit sheepish. “Yeah, sorry... just... just had a... a weird thought, ‘s all.”

“What thought?”

The flush intensifies, “Nothing, don’t worry about it.”

Curiosity takes over my concern, “Come on, man. Share with the class.”

“Just...” his eyes drop to my lips, lingering there before darting up again, “Just... forget about it, man. It was stupid, you wouldn’t want to anyway...”

“Wouldn’t want to want? Jen, man, you know I’m not going to let this go. Just tell me already.”

He sighs and rubs a hand over his face, “I kind of... in that moment... I mean, just then...”

“Jen,” I warn.

“Alright fine,” he takes his hand away from his face, his eyes swirling with emotion. “Right then, I really... I wanted to... to kiss you...” he looks away abruptly, his cheeks flaming.

I blink. I blink again. I blink a third time. I decide to stop noticing my blinks ‘cause I never really realised how often you do blink until now and I could go on blinking all day if someone doesn’t distract me. “Come again?”

He hops down from the counter, “Never mind, dude.”

I reach a hand out to stop him, but it slides down his bare shoulder and down to trail over the small of his back. He shivers and something clicks inside of me, something that’s always been there, I’ve just been too blind to notice it.

Jensen.

He’s always been mine. Just like I’ve always been his.

“Jen...” I spin him around, “Jen... what about now? Do you... do you still?”

I watch as his eyes widen slightly, searching my face for what must be showing so clearly. “You... you serious?”

I take a step forward, pulling him closer, “Would I ever joke around with something like this?”

Shaking his head jerkily, he reaches a hand out to slide along my jaw, eyes following the path down my neck. We move together easily, our lips pressing together in a fluid moment and everything suddenly makes sense. I sigh softly against his lips, wrapping my arm around his back to keep him flush against me while my other hand strokes along his cheek.

We pull away breathing heavily, our eyes wide and terrified as we gaze at each other. “Did... did we just...?”

“Yeah...” he murmurs softly in reply, “I think we did...”

“Uh... did... did you like it?”

“I... yeah... I mean, for... for a guy, you’re... you’re okay.”

“Yeah... you too, I guess... so, this... it doesn’t make us gay does it?”

“No. No, no way... we’re... we’re just... we don’t count, we’re just us...”

“Just us... like... just us with more kissing?”

“Yeah... and I mean, maybe... maybe later we could... I dunno, do more?”

“Uh... yeah, that’d be... that’d work for me... I guess.”

“Cool.”

“Yeah... cool.”

We grin at one another and then the awkward silence sets in.

“I’m gonna grab a shower,” I say, just as he says the same.

We stare at one another.

“You can go first... if... if you want.”

“Oh, no. No, you go ahead. I don’t mind waiting.”

“Seriously, I don’t care, man. You can go first.”

Then we both move towards the bathroom at the same time, only to stop and begin insisting

the other go first.

Eventually I just scratch my head, “Uhm... you wanna... I mean... we could both...”

Thankfully he doesn't make me say the whole sentence, just nods, face beetroot and voice breathless, “Yeah, yeah okay.”

I follow him towards the bathroom, my insides vibrating with something intense, something that makes me weak at the knees.

Once in the bathroom, we sneak glances at one other before glancing away quickly. Then suddenly he huffs out a laugh. In response to my raised eyebrow, he explains, “Shit, man. I feel like I'm in high school again.”

I begin laughing, remembering my own first time. As I'm laughing, he suddenly steps into my space, fingers reaching out to trace my lips. He flushes, but his eyes are intense when they meet mine, “We doing this?”

It's impossible for me to do anything but nod, cupping the back of his head and pulling him in for another kiss. His lips are warm and soft, parting with mine easily and we step closer, arms wrapping to keep each other steady. “Jay...” he murmurs softly, inching closer.

And that's when I trip over the laundry basket, tumbling with a yelp onto the floor and letting out an ‘oof’ when Jensen lands on top of me. Groaning, I reach a hand back to check whether my head's intact.

“You okay?” he asks, his hands on either side of my head, holding him up.

My pain is instantly forgotten when I look up and into his eyes, seeing the warmth and love radiating from him. I slide a hand around his waist, the other cupping the back of his head, “No, now you'd better kiss me better.”

He chuckles softly, eyes sparkling as he lowers his lips to mine. He's tentative and gentle, so I quickly tug him flush against me and deepen the kiss.

Between kisses, he mumbles into my cheek, “Can't believe we've never done this before.”

“We're a bunch of blind idiots,” I agree, arching up for more contact.

His fingers trace along my jawline, sliding back to card through my hair and then down to cup my face, thumb stroking gently, “You're mine, now, though.” It's not a question, his tone serious.

I grin up at him, “Getting possessive now, Mr Ackles?”

He growls and ducks to nip my bottom lip, only to soothe away the sting with his tongue, “Hell, yeah, I am.”

I smirk, “Well, hell. Guess I'll just have to learn to live with it. Now, any chance of moving this to the shower, my back'd really be grateful.”

Reluctantly peeling off me, he heads towards the shower, switching it on and returning to me. He grins and slips his fingers down my chest to my boxers. A flush spreads across his cheeks, as he murmurs, “Okay?”

“Yeah,” my voice is breathless as I allow him to tug the boxers down. Using his shoulder for balance, I step out of them and stand before him, blushing furiously. We’ve been naked around one another, sure, but never like this. Never with an erection either.

He just flushes even further and helps me peel his pyjama pants down, before tugging me into the warm spray of the shower.

That’s when we realise that showers aren’t really built for two grown men. Banging elbows and heads against the glass sides, we try to shuffle around to find more comfortable positions, and the end result is us being pressed together, legs entwined and arms roaming bare, slick skin.

Jensen’s hands cup my ass and squeeze, making me give an embarrassing yelp and stumble into him even more. He just grins sheepishly, hands skimming up my back and into my hair, pulling me into his kiss.

Pressing me back against the glass wall, one leg between mine, one hand flat on the glass beside my head, he closes all distance between us, and we both groan when our arousals meet.

“Fuck... Jen...” I swear softly, thumping my head against the wall. I never knew it could feel so good. Jensen’s muscled skin is warm and smooth beneath my fingers, so different to anything I’ve ever felt before. He radiates strength, but his touch is so gentle and awed, like he’s never wanted anyone more in his life.

He comes with a soft groan of my name, his head falling forwards to rest on my shoulder as his hand continues its movement. A few seconds later, I follow him, coming with a gasped breath and sagging into him.

His hands slide up and down my back, skimming all the way down to my ass and pressing me closer. “Jay...” He breathes against my neck.

When we both nearly drift off to sleep, I decide to relocate us. He grumbles, but allows me to manhandle him, dry him off and march him towards the nearest bedroom.

We flop down and shuffle under the covers, lying in silence for a few minutes. “Did we really just do that?” I murmur, the events still not sinking in entirely.

“No, you just had sex with a ridiculously good-looking dude who most certainly doesn’t go by the name Jensen, and who most certainly isn’t lying beside you.”

“Oh,” I grin up at the ceiling, “That’s what I thought... now, if *only* I’d gotten his name...”

A low growl comes from beside me and in one swift roll, Jensen’s on top of me, arm curled around my chest and leg thrown over mine. His voice is muffled from my chest as he groans,

“Go to sleep, moron.”

I pout for a few seconds, then my insecurity comes back, “Jen...?”

“Yes, we did just have sex. No, this does not mean we are gay. Yes, it does mean you’re now taken. Yes, the fan girls were right. No, I’m not the wife. Yes, it does mean we only need one bed from now on. Now, go to sleep.”

Grinning up at the ceiling, I reply, “Sheesh, Jen. I was only going to ask if you could go check that we switched off the stove.”

He groans and slides out of bed, wandering nakedly to the kitchen. When he returns, he immediately slides back on top of me, tucking his head under my chin and exhaling deeply. “I put the batter in the fridge for later. Now, g'dnight.”

My hand slips up his side, “Jen...?”

“What now?” he grumbles.

I press a kiss to his forehead, “Love you, cuddlekins.”

He lets out an indignant snort and begins to pull away, but my arms tighten around him, keeping him in place. Eventually he lets out a sigh and relaxes, “I’m not a cuddlekins, you nitwit.”

I wait in silence, and he continues, burying his nose in my neck, “I do love you. Now, can we just cut this chick-flick short and go to sleep? *Please?*”

I grin and heft him slightly closer, closing my eyes. “Night, lovekins.”

He growls, but decides to let it go.

