

## Merry Christmas



Just a short, schmoopy fic. *Nudging his nose down Jensen's jaw, Jared whispers, "But that's okay, 'cause I love you too." -- "You better, bitch." Jensen sits up with a yawn, sleepily rubbing at his eyes with one hand while the other remains in Jared's hair, keeping the younger man flush against him.*



Jared wakes up with a grin on his lips, stares up at the ceiling for about half a second, and then turns and pounces on the sleeping log beside him.

It grunts and flails, a freckled arm whacking across Jared's tanned back. "Nhh, go'way."

Squirming around like a little kid, Jared begins blowing raspberries against the exposed neck beneath him, bouncing up and down as he does.

"Come on, Jen. It's Christmas!"

"'s'too early."

Jared pauses in his ministrations and wriggles up, peering down at Jensen's face. "Jen," he whispers, ducking his head down, lips brushing over his lover's. Groaning for a different reason, Jensen stops trying to escape and wraps his arms more firmly around Jared's slim waist, deepening the kiss. Jared pulls back and nudges him again, "Come on, babe. Wake up."

"Jay..." Jensen murmurs in a low voice, dragging the man back, punctuating his words with kisses. "Let's just stay... here... in bed... nice... and... warm."

"But, Jen," Jared whines, "Presents!"

Thumping back down in resignation, Jensen strokes his fingers through his boyfriend's hair and rolls his eyes. "They'll still be there if we wake up at a reasonable time, babe."

“I know, but... the kids really want their presents now,” Jared insists, wide, earnest eyes peering down hopefully.

“Oh, only the kids? You sure about that?”

Grinning and shamelessly using his dimples as weapons of mass destruction to Jensen’s resistance, Jared nods.

“Urghh, fine,” Jensen groans out, dragging Jared’s lips back down against his. “But don’t say I don’t love you.”

“You *do* love me.” Jared’s smile brightens until Jensen’s sure he should look away from the light.

“Whatever.”

Nudging his nose down Jensen’s jaw, Jared whispers, “But that’s okay, ‘cause I love you too.”

“You better, bitch.” Jensen sits up with a yawn, sleepily rubbing at his eyes with one hand while the other remains in Jared’s hair, keeping the younger man flush against him.



A few moments later, they’re curled up in front of their Christmas tree, cuddling beneath a warm blanket, their dogs warming their feet.

“I wanna give you mine first,” Jared whispers, fishing out a terribly wrapped present from beneath the tree.

Jensen’s smiling fondly as he rips it open, exposing the brightly coloured sack with ‘*Magic sack of awesome pranks*’ on the side.

“I figured we could use it to up our game,” Jared gets out, positively bouncing.

Jensen drags his lover into his arms, hugging him tightly to his chest. “It’s awesome, Jay.” He slides away to grab a small package by the tree. “This is for you.”

With childish delight, Jared carefully opens it, his mouth falling open when a tiny velvet box tumbles out. “Jen...” he gasps softly, and his lover shifts closer, taking the box from Jared’s shaking hands and dropping to his knees.

“Jay,” Jensen whispers, his eyes shining with warmth, “Will you marry me?”

Jared tackles him in a full-body embrace, squeezing impossibly tightly and pressing his lips to Jensen’s neck. “God, of course I’ll marry you. Oh, you *asshole*, making me the chick.”

Grinning through his Padalecki attack, Jensen just hugs his lover closer and whispers back, “I had to make an honest woman out of you. Wouldn’t want anyone thinking you’re available.”

“As if I’d want anyone else,” Jared scoffs, curling around Jensen’s body.

“Love you, Jay...” Jensen whispers, gently running his fingers up and down his lover’s spine.

Letting out a contented sigh, Jared sags against him. “Love you too.”

Burying his face in Jared’s hair, Jensen inhales deeply and mumbles, “Can we go back to sleep now?”

There’s a whine from their feet and Sadie and Harley nudge their cold noses against their bare feet, making them yelp.

“I think they want their presents now, Jen.”

Jensen lets out another groan, “You damn Padaleckis are gonna kill me.”

“It’s Padalecki-Ackles now,” Jared whispers secretively.

Jensen’s next grumble dies in his throat.

