

Never let you go:



The boys get stuck in an elevator and Jensen discovers his co-star is claustrophobic: *As best friends, they often tease and poke fun at one another. But this is something Jensen will never even think about using against Jared. It's like the time Danneel broke up with him and he spent the night curled up on Jared's couch, his head resting on his friend's lap, his tears soaking Jared's jeans and a gentle hand running through his hair.*

4,000 words, NC-17, hurt/comfort

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“Man, I swear, one more of those and I’m handing Eric my resignation form.”

“Awww, come on, it’s not that bad. They’re just fans, it’s not like they’re out for our blood.”

Jensen releases a shiver, “You never know. Some of them are pretty crazy.”

With a roll of his eyes, Jared nudges his friend into motion, “Let’s get going, I think we have time to light that barbecue before it gets too dark.”

They’re in some huge building - it must be about twenty-stories high – and they’ve just managed to sneak away from the festivities before the dreaded mingling started.

The corridor they’re on now is dark and they haven’t seen any signs of anyone since a while back.

“How the hell do we get out of this place?”

Jensen groans, “This is so not how I imagined spending my Christmas Eve: lost in a stupid building that hates us.”

Bumping their shoulders, Jared lets out an impish grin, visible even in the darkness, “At least you’ve got awesome company, hey?”

Unable to resist returning a smile, Jensen shakes his head, “You wish, Padalecki.”

With a knowing look, Jared coughs, “Right.”

For the first time, Jensen actually feels glad for the lack of lights; he knows his cheeks are bright red, but hopefully Jared won’t notice.

“Finally!” Jared lets out a relieved sigh, “Dude, we have an escape route.”

Grinning back at his friend, Jensen tugs at the door, “Fuck, man. It’s locked.”

Running his hands back through his hair, Jared lets out a frustrated huff, looks around and down the next adjoining corridor.

“Wait, there’s something over there.”

Following Jared line of sight, Jensen goes ahead, his friend a few steps behind.

“It’s an elevator! Come on let’s get out of here.”

He turns to see Jared hesitating. “What is it, Jay?”

Shaking himself, Jared flashes a big grin and goes forward to press the elevator button.

A few moments later, they’re standing side by side in silence as they watch the numbers ticking down.

When they get to the fifteenth floor, there’s a shuddering creak and the car pulls to a shrieking halt.

“What the fuck?” Jensen yells, moving forwards to see out the small window. There’s nothing in sight, they’re trapped between floors.

“Shit!” he kicks the door. Quickly finding the emergency button, he presses it for all he’s worth.

A static response is all that he gets.

“God-fucking-dammit!”

Turning around to see what Jared’s doing, he promptly freezes. The younger man’s crouched in the corner, eyes wide with terror, the blood completely drained from his face, leaving him deathly pale, he’s shaking like crazy and his hands clutch desperately at the bars along the walls.

“Jay?” Jensen calls softly.

The wide eyes dart towards him. Reaching out he calls again, “Jay?”

Jared flinches back from him, squeezing himself into the corner, and Jensen's chest clenches. Crouching down before his friend, all other concerns insignificant compared to this, Jensen

lays a hand over Jared's.

"Jare... you wouldn't happen to be claustrophobic, would you?"

The only response is Jared's breathing shortening, becoming shallower, harsher, as if each gulp of air is getting harder and harder for him to suck in. "We're gonna die. Fuck, we're gonna die. There's not enough oxygen. We're going to suffocate. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

"Shit, Jay, Jay... just breathe. Take it easy, it's okay, it's okay, I'm here. I'm here," Jensen desperately tries to soothe his friend, rubbing small circles on Jared's back.

"I'm here, man. You're okay. We'll get out. I'll make sure we get out. Okay? You trust me, right?"

He waits as Jared's hands gradually stop clutching at walls and shift instead to clutch at Jensen's shirt, wide eyes searching Jensen's face as though he holds the secret to life. "Yeah, there you go, just breathe. Let it out."

Terrible hitched, shuddering breaths later Jared finally manages to gasp a breath of air, sagging limply into Jensen's shoulder.

Continuing the soft rubbing of his friend's back, Jensen shifts so he's sitting on the floor of the elevator, pulling Jared to curl against him.

Winching with every painful breath the younger man heaves, Jensen takes to just murmuring soft words of comfort and holding the man as close to him as their friendship allows, which is basically bear-squeezing him to his chest.

When Jared finally raises his head, he's no longer so pale. His panicked look has died down somewhat, but he keeps his gaze lowered to Jensen's collarbone. "Sorry," he mumbles.

Jensen merely shakes his head, reaching out to brush some stray strands from Jared's flushed face before he can stop himself. "You never told me you were claustrophobic."

Sliding his gaze down to the floor as if to distract himself from their predicament, Jared murmurs, "Yeah... I..." he breaks off, squeezing his eyes shut, "I was locked in a basement by accident once..."

Jensen shifts closer, pulling his friend back into his arms, back where he belongs.

"No one... no one knew I was there.... I screamed and screamed.... But... no one came..."

The arms tighten around Jensen's chest as shivers once again take over the younger man. Pressing his nose to the freshly-scented locks of hair, Jensen just pulls his friend closer.

"It's okay, man. We'll get out soon. And, hey, you're not alone. Okay? I'm right here and I'll make sure we get out fine."

Some tension leaves Jared but for appearances sake, he attempts to play it off, "Yeah, Dean." But then in a softer, muffled voice, he murmurs, "I know you will."

Ignoring the warm glow in his chest, Jensen wriggles around, trying to dig in his pocket for his cellphone.

Realising what he's trying to do, Jared starts to pull away, but Jensen's having none of that. He presses Jared firmly back against him, ignoring his weak protests and flailing arms. When Jared lets out a soft, resigned sigh and slumps into him, a soft smile spreads across his face and he can't resist ruffling his friend's hair. That earns him a huff and a poke to the ribs.

Finally freeing his phone, he scrolls down his contacts for 'that crazy, bald man'.

"Hello?" that comes out slightly slurred, and Jensen grins at the thought of Eric dancing on tabletops, drunk out of his mind.

It's hard to keep a serious face, but he manages to keep his voice somewhat normal. "Kripke. Can you call repairmen or whoever you need to, to get us out of here? We're stuck in an elevator on the... fuck, what floor are we on?" Glancing up at the glowing numbers, he continues, "Oh, okay, we're stuck between the fifteenth and sixteenth floors of this goddamned building."

There's a snort of laughter and in an entertained voice, Eric slurs, "Wait, wait... let me get this straight... you and Jared... are stuck in an elevator together?"

Pursing his lips together, Jensen replies, "Yes. And we need you to call people to get us out of here, right the fuck now." For good measure, he adds, "Please."

Full-on laughter sounds out and Eric asks, "Well, is... is there mistletoe there?" More laughter.

Gritting his teeth, Jensen tries not to snap at their potential salvation. "Ha ha, very funny. Now, can you get us out of here?"

There's clinking of glass before he replies, "'s not like you haven't thought about it... hell... who the hell hasn't? ... Be hot... 's what."

Feeling slightly on the warm side and more than a little nauseous at the thought of their producer thinking about them in... that way, Jensen chokes out, "Eric, I think you've had enough to drink. Now, can you phone someone or even give me the number to call, because this fucking elevator is so old even the emergency number's scratched out?"

There's a long, suffering sigh and the Eric whines, "Man, I was in a happy place, Jensen. A really happy place, now you've ruined it."

Losing any traces of patience, Jensen practically yells, "Fuck! Kripke, just get us the hell out of here, now!"

"Okay, okay, fine. I'll call some people. Don't know who'll come at this time and on Christmas Eve, but I'll try."

Talking softly, running a hand through his friend's hair, Jensen lowers his voice, "Just,

please. Jay's... Jay's not doing so good."

"Is he okay? Sorry, man, I was just fooling around. I'll phone some people right away." The concern in Eric's voice is touching, but then again, it is Jared. And Jared's wormed his way into everyone's, even grouchy old Eric's, soft spot.

"Yeah, we're okay. Thanks, man."

After placing the phone down on the floor, he squeezes Jared to get his attention. The younger man shifts backwards, sitting up beside him and staring at the floor. Jensen knows he shouldn't miss the contact as much as he does.

"How are you doing?"

He's still on the pale side but at least he's not hyperventilating. That's something. Pulling at the fray of his jeans, he mumbles, "Sorry, I'm such a wuss."

Those words and the dejected, humiliated expression on his friend's face just do not sit well with Jensen. Tugging Jared's arm, he murmurs softly, "Hey, you're not a wuss, okay? Everybody has things that they're scared of. Everyone."

As best friends, they often tease and poke fun at one another. But this is something Jensen will never even think about using against Jared. It's like that time when Danneel broke up with him and he spent the night curled up on Jared's couch, his head resting on his friend's lap, his tears soaking Jared's jeans and a gentle hand running through his hair.

Jared never brought that up, never mentioned it, never teased him or thought any less of him. It's how they work. How their friendship is. Different to loads of other friendships Jensen's has: friendships where he always has to keep his game face on and act tough. Not around Jay. He can be himself, show how he's feeling and just relax, knowing Jared would never hurt him.

He wants Jared to feel that same sense of security, wants Jared to know that he'll always be there for him, even at the risk of sounding sappy and girly.

Sliding his hand around Jared's arm, he pulls his friend closer, maneuvering him to sit between his outstretched legs, back to Jensen's chest. Wrapping his arms around Jared's torso, he presses himself flush against the lean body, his face tucked into the back of the younger man's neck.

Fuck! This shouldn't feel this good!

He can feel every shift of Jared's muscles, every rippling movement of the strong shoulders he's pressed against, his hands capturing every rise and fall of his friend's firm chest, and his nose taking in the soft scent of Jared's skin hungrily – gentle and fresh but also warm and homey. As the seconds tick by, he can feel Jared slowing relaxing back into him.

"Just let it go, I'm right here. Let it all go," he breathes into Jared's ear.

He feels the exact moment when all the tension leaves his friend, causing him to lean right

back, pressing himself impossibly closer and resulting in Jensen's lips being pressed against his neck.

Jensen doesn't pull away like he knows he probably should. Instead he keeps his lips against the smooth skin, tightening his arms slightly and sliding his eyes shut.

They both jump when the cellphone breaks into tune, but they don't pull apart. A flush blooms on Jensen's cheeks as he snags it and flips it open, resting his forehead on Jared's shoulder.

"Yeah?"

"Hey, Jensen. I phoned some people, tried to bribe them like hell, but there was no one even willing to consider it. The building management said it wasn't their problem until morning, seeing as how we rented the whole place for our convention. I even tried the fire department to see if they could get you out, but they say that unless there's a real emergency, they have no authorization to damage the elevator to get you out. I'm really sorry, but there's not much more we can do. You guys will have to last till morning."

"Fuck," Jensen swears softly, feeling Jared tense.

"Yeah. I'm really sorry. I wish there was something more I could do, but..."

"No, it's fine. Really. We'll be okay. Enjoy your Christmas Eve."

"Yeah, you too- oh, I guess that's a stupid thing to say, huh?"

With a soft smile, Jensen replies, "Nah, it's okay. Jay's here."

There's a long silence, and then Eric murmurs in a wistful tone, "You boys don't know how lucky you are. I wish I had someone -" he breaks off.

"Eric?"

The man sighs, "Sorry, just... just don't let him go, okay? Don't overlook what you've got. Don't let him get away just because you two are too blind."

"Uhm, Eric? Are you okay?"

There's a frustrated huff. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. Just think about what I've said. More than half the world would kill to have what you boys do. And you're too fucking blind to see it."

Before Jensen can reply, the man hangs up.

What was he on about?

"Jen?" Jared's shaky voice breaks through his inner epiphany.

Setting the phone down once again, he slides his hands back around Jared, pressing him back against his chest so there's not even a hint of a space in between.

“They can’t come ‘till morning.”

His whole body goes rigid and Jensen can hear his breathing speeding up.

“No, Jen. I can’t. I can’t. We have to get out of here. We’re going to die, Jen. We’re going to die on Christmas Eve, and they’re going to find us tomorrow. And we’ll be dead, and then we’ll ruin our parents’ Christmas and probably New Year as well because they’ll have to have a funeral, and then everyone will be there and we’ll have died so young and people will shake their heads saying it’s so sad that two actors with such potential died, and then I won’t get to see Meg graduate or Jeff get married, and my mom will never make me those cookies and dad will never know how much I love him and- ”

Clamping a hand over his friend’s mouth, Jensen cuts off his friend’s panicked verbal diarrhea and hugs him tightly. “We’re not going to die, Jay. We’re not going to die until we’re old and wrinkly, okay? Now listen to me closely. You see that vent over there?” Jared tilts his head up to where Jensen’s pointing. “You see, that vent’s to let air move in and out, so we have more than enough oxygen. We’re not going to die. We’ve eaten, we’re not going to get dehydrated because I’ve still got the bottle of water from the convention and we’re not going to freeze to death because we’re together. There is no way we are going to die, you understand me?”

Jared twists around in Jensen’s arms until they’re face to face. Jensen reaches out to wipe away the stricken expression from his friend’s face, but stops, his hand hovering centimetres away, when he realises their friendship isn’t that girly.

Oh, what the heck.

He gently slides his hand along the curve of Jared’s jaw, marvelling at the way it makes Jared’s eyes slide shut as he leans into the touch trustingly. When he wipes his thumb over Jared’s cheek, the eyes snap open and in a hoarse, terrified voice, Jared whispers, “What if the cables snap?”

Pulling his friend back into the now familiarly comfortable position of flush against him, Jensen feels Jared’s hands clutching at the back of his shirt, clenching and hanging on to him tightly. Needing him.

“They won’t. Jay, I know they won’t.”

“How do you know that?”

Huffing a laugh into his friend’s hair, Jensen murmurs, “Because I’m awesome.”

There’s silence for a long while and then, in a barely audible whisper into Jensen’s shirt, comes, “Yeah, you are.”

Then Jared pulls away to shift into the corner opposite Jensen, pulling his knees tightly to his chest and staring at the floor. His pallor contrasts his blushing cheeks furiously.

The lack of warmth against Jensen’s chest makes him shiver. But it’s not from the cold. He

bites his lip to stop himself from reaching out to pull Jared back. He doesn't think he'll ever let go again if he allows himself the contact. Breathing out a sigh, he leans his head back against the wall, his eyes slipping shut. "We'll be out of here in no time."

A low murmur of, "Yeah," aids him on way to sleep.

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A yelp yanks him away from his dream, bringing him abruptly back into darkness. Darkness?

Harsh breathing to his right makes him reach out, "Jay?"

A half-sob makes him fumble frantically across the expanse of the lift on his hands and knees until his fingertips finally come in contact with a trembling body, pressed up tightly in the corner.

"Jay, I'm over here."

There's a flurry of movement and Jensen's arms are suddenly full of a shaking Jared. Every inch of Jared's body is pressed up against him, seeking out his touch, arms clutching furiously at the material of his shirt.

When dampness reaches his shoulder, he realises Jared's crying silently, sobbing into his shirt. Suddenly filled with an overwhelming surge of protectiveness, he wraps his arms even more firmly around his friend, cradling the back of his head, stroking fingers through the silky hair, whispering a soft flow of words and shifting Jared until he's safely bracketed: one of Jensen's legs on either side of him.

"Jen..." a quaky voice breaks the silence, the fearful tone breaking his heart as well.

"Right here, Jay... 'm right here," he murmurs, face pressed into the side of his friend's neck.

"I don' wanna die, Jen... don't let me die... please... don't let me go..."

Squeezing Jared impossibly tighter, Jensen promises firmly, "Never, Jay. 'M never letting you go."

A warm, fuzzy feeling fills his chest when his words cause Jared to instantly relax into him, trusting him to keep him safe from everything. And he will, he swears to himself. He'll do anything and everything to keep Jared safe. And that's a pretty scary thought.

Suddenly the lift is filled with light, it's too bright after the pitch darkness, and Jensen clenches his eyes shut, feeling Jared tense up in his arms. "Shhh, it's just the light, it's okay, it's okay."

When loud country music starts playing, Jared jumps, clutching at Jensen desperately, tiny, sobbing breaths coming out of him.

"Hey, hey, hey," Jensen says, trying to pry Jared back enough for him to see his face, Jared

protests furious, his nose pressing into Jensen's neck. When he finally manages to look into his friend's terrified, swirling ocean eyes, Jensen whispers softly, sliding his hand along the side of Jared's face, his thumbs wiping the tears away gently, "Jay, you remember that one time when we were on that flight to Vancouver, there was a huge storm going on and there was turbulence like crazy?"

Wide eyes take on a confused look. With a soft smile, he brushes his thumb over Jared's now somewhat dry cheek and continues, "And I was, like, nearly shitting in my pants, I was so scared. You just lifted up the divide between our seats and allowed me to press right up against you. The plane shook like crazy and I was squeezing your hand so tightly I was amazed your fingers didn't fall off. You remember when the intercom came on to tell us to all remain in our seats, even the air-hostesses? You pulled me towards you and I hid my face in your shoulder?"

Jared gives a watery smile, "Yeah," he croaks, "you fell asleep and were out of it for the rest of the four-hour flight."

Flashing his friend a guilty smile, Jensen confesses, "No, I never fell asleep. I just didn't want to move, you were so comfy. I spent the whole flight with my nose pressed up by your collarbone, wondering when you were going to shove me off. But you never did."

"Really?" Jared asks incredulously, his eyes wide, "Man, you fucker, my arm totally went numb and I didn't want to move you..."

Jensen grins, resisting the urge to punch the air and whoop at the fact that Jared's momentarily forgotten his fear. There's a loose lock of hair curled over his friend's forehead, and he unthinkingly, almost automatically, reaches out to tuck it behind Jared's ear.

He freezes when he realises what he's doing, his breath catching in his chest as he locks eyes with the sea-blue ones. With the blasted country love-song playing in the background, he doesn't pause to analyse what he's feeling (he's been feeling it for a hell of a long time) and instead just leans forward, palm cradling Jared's face, guiding him closer.

Something shoots through him when their lips brush, something that's not so much a spark as a burning, searing flame that spreads through him. From Jared's gasp, the feeling's mutual. He pulls back slightly, just enough to search his friend's eyes for any sign of doubt, and can't help smiling at the way Jared automatically leans forward, chasing after his lips.

Tilting his friend's face to make sure he's into this as much as he is, Jensen murmurs, "You okay, Jay?"

Jared's arms come up to slide around Jensen's shoulders, he leans forward until his lips are inches away from Jensen's ear, before whispering, "Shut up and kiss me."

And that is more than enough to get Jensen surging forwards, pressing Jared to lie back and crawling up his friend's lean, muscled body until they're face-to-face once more so he can attack Jared's lips.

The flame inside of him leaps up, engulfing them both and turning their kisses into furious attempts to taste as much of each other as possible. Jensen's palms find their way up under

Jared's shirt, mapping out the firm skin, marveling at the shivers that rack through Jared's body with each brush over his nipples.

Following his fingers' path, Jensen licks and tastes and bites the writhing being beneath him, skin against skin, gasps, moans, wriggles, discovering everything he can about what turns Jared into mush. Jared's hands don't know what to do, roaming desperately over Jensen, running through his hair, cradling his neck, sliding down. Jensen gasps when the fingers reach his belt.

Jared hesitates and Jensen quickly bats his fingers away, stands up, pulling Jared up with him, and then lets his own fingers take over until they are both naked and gazing heatedly at one another.

Jensen reaches out a hand reverently, running it down the quivering masterpiece before him, "God, you're beautiful..." he murmurs, eyes almost going into overload at how much he's trying to take in. He's seen Jared naked before, sure, but that was just fleetingly while they were both shivering after a lake-shot. But this, this is better than a thousand dreams could possibly have prepared him for.

Noticing that Jared's shifting uncomfortably under the scrutiny, Jensen meets his eyes, smiling softly, "Come here."

And Jared does.

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"Guys?"

Jensen blinks his eyes open sleepily, "Hmmm?"

He feels someone shifting in his arms and, burying his nose in the soft, chestnut locks, he smiles softly.

"Uh," there's a cough, "guys?"

Huh? Jerking his head up, Jensen stares at the group of men by the elevator door. Flames igniting his cheeks, he automatically tightens the hold he has around Jared's waist. The sleepy "Whuhtah?" he receives in return almost has him kissing the adorable being senseless regardless of the observers.

When Jared's sleep-mussed, bedhead makes an appearance, Jensen nearly does exactly that, well, he would have if it weren't for the absolutely hilarious look on his friend's face as he notices their company.

"Well, guess we should come back later, eh guys?" Eric's grin is massive and he beams throughout the sentence.

Jared lets out a low groan and ducks his head, hiding his face against Jensen's bare back. "Go'way."

Eric's laughter sounds out down the corridor, and Jensen can't help but grin over his shoulder at his new lover.

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