

Oh, shit:



Jared's down with the flu when Jensen realises something scary: *"Jensen!" I croak, sounding like a damned frog. I hear a muffled groan, "What?" "I'm dying. I just wanted to let you know that." "Oh," there's silence for a beat, "Can I have your laptop?"*

2,000 words, PG, adorable

My life sucks. Like, really, really sucks.

"Jensen!" I croak, sounding like a damned frog.

I hear a muffled groan, "What?"

"I'm dying. I just wanted to let you know that."

"Oh," there's silence for a beat, "Can I have your laptop?"

"You suck! I need a new best friend."

There's another groan and then a sleep-mussed Jensen appears in the doorway, rubbing his eyes, "Why're you dying?"

"I don't feel so good."

His glare softens and he approaches the bed, “Why, you sick? You’re pale as hell.” When he lays a cool hand over my forehead, the contrast is so nice against my heated skin, I press right up into his palm, “You’re burning up, man,” he mutters in concern, heading towards the doorway.

“Where’re you going?” I pout, “You can’t just abandon me.”

“Relax, I’m just getting the thermometer.”

After confirming that ‘yes’ I do have a fever, he grabs my phone from the table.

“What’re you doing?” I sound pathetic. And froglike.

“Calling in sick for the both of us.”

I watch him for a few seconds before reaching out to stop him, “Jen, just because I’m sick, doesn’t mean you have to spend your day cooped up with me. You should probably go, you could catch my bug.”

He laughs and shakes his head, “What, and miss having a free day? No way am I working my ass off when you’re lounging in bed. Besides, I’ve already had my flu shot, which you should have had a while back.”

“Yeah, yeah,” I shrug grumpily, hating him for being right but also feeling a bit stupid.

When he comes back, he grins at me, “Eric just wanted you to know that he’s gonna flay you alive.”

“Great, so now if the flu doesn’t kill me, our boss will?”

“Yup.”

I let out a soft groan and turn to bury my face in my pillow, “My life sucks.”

His footfalls head out the room and down the passageway, and when I glance around to see an empty room, I feel my mood sinking even lower.

He could at least give offer a sick man a hug or something. What kind of bastard just leaves their best friend when he’s feeling like crap?

I’m pouting at the wall, only stopping when I’m interrupted by a coughing fit. I hate this.

When I hear his footfalls approaching, I decide I’m going to ignore him for being so mean to me. The decision dies as I see what he’s holding in his hands.

“That for me?” I ask, wincing when it comes out as another croak.

Grinning, he nods, “I figured, being sick and all that... you might want some company.” He tucks the teddy in beside me and I feel like punching him.

“You’re a jerk. No, you’re the biggest jerk this side of the equator. Actually, no, make that the whole world.”

He just laughs and leaves the room.

I feel like crap. And he’s just abandoned me. Again. I eye the teddy beside me. It does look kind of soft and- no. I look away, grabbing a tissue from the Kleenex box on my bedside table.

So, Jared’s sick. It’s all his fault really. I mean, how many times did I tell him to go get his flu shot?

But, I know he’s got this childlike fear of needles, so I do feel kind of bad for him. Maybe I shouldn’t tease him so much.

Sighing, I reach over to grab my phone.

“Hey, mom... yes, everything’s fine... well, no, Jared’s sick... the flu... Can you give me the chicken soup recipe? ... Yeah, I know... I’ll be nice to him... okay... thanks, mom...”

After chatting to her about the family for a bit, and promising to look after Jared, I hang up and head towards my computer, logging in to check my email. As promised, there’s the recipe.

“Jay...” he steps into my room. “I’m just going out for a bit, I’ll be back soon...”

He’s leaving me? He’s just... I feel like whining at him and making him promise to stay, but that would be childish, so I don’t.

Instead I roll over, “kay, have fun...”

There’s silence for a few moments and then I hear the front door opening and closing. He’s just...

I hug my pillow tightly, trying not to focus on how much my head is aching, how sore my throat is, how sore my nose is, how I feel like dying... Yeah, I’m not doing a very good job.

I can’t believe he just left. I mean, last time he got sick, I spent the whole day trying to make him feel better. Is it too much to ask that he just keep me company?

Sighing at myself for getting so upset over something so small, I close my eyes, trying to will myself to sleep.

I hate shopping markets. Why the hell are there so many people here so early in the day? On a week day.

The line hasn't moved much at all since I joined, which was about half an hour ago.

I hope Jared hasn't died in the time I've been gone. That would be pretty sad. Not to mention the fact that Eric would kill me.

He's been gone over an hour. In that time, I've managed to split my lip and bruise my cheek.

All because of the stupid blankets that wouldn't let me go and the bedside cabinet that just happened to be in the way.

Yeah, I hate my life.

When I slip into Jared's room, he's sound asleep, curled up around the teddy bear. I'd never tell him, but he is quite cute, all messy curls, tanned skin, and dimples. Brushing said curls from his sweaty face, I can't help but smirk when he leans into my touch like a small kid and lets out a murmured whisper.

Then my eyes zero in on his parted lips, wincing at the raw cut at the corner. I wonder what happened. It looks pretty recent.

Carefully laying my palm over his forehead, I frown at how heated it is. He really is burning up.

After heading back towards the kitchen and stirring the chicken soup a few times, I grab a cloth and dampen it quickly.

I guess since Jared's mom is a few thousand miles away, I'm going to have to work as the substitute.

"Jen?" I wince at the brokenness of my voice, wondering whether that really is me speaking.

He smiles softly down at me, "Hey, dude. You look like crap."

Didn't he go out? I'm sure he went out. "You left me. You left me alone. For, like, ages."

I'm determined not to forgive him, even if the cool cloth he's moving over my face is so nice.

Frowning slightly, he moves the cloth down to brush at my cut lip, wincing with me. "What happened here?"

"I fell," I reply shortly.

“Klutz,” he murmurs fondly. “You’re okay, though?”

“No. I feel like crap.”

“Ah,” he nods, “Yeah, anyway... because I’m an awesome friend, I made you something to help make you feel better.”

“Oh?” my interest is peaked a little, I’ll admit. But I’m not letting him off that easily.

He disappears for a bit, but when he comes in, he’s holding a tray with... “You didn’t...”

“Yeah, I did. I got the recipe from my mom, but I don’t think it’ll be anywhere near as good. But,” he shrugs, like it’s nothing.

“But... didn’t we run out of chicken a few days ago?”

He nods, “That’s why I had to go to the store.”

“Oh...” suddenly feeling like an ass for picturing Jensen playing golf with Tom or something while I stayed at home sick, I grin up at him, “You’re back to being my favorite person again.”

For some reason this makes him blush. Interesting... but my attention is quickly stolen by the food. “Oh, dude... this is awesome!” I loop an arm around his neck, pulling him into a hug, ignoring his flailing hands as he tries to keep balance. He ends up with his palms flat on my chest and shoulder, his blushing face inches away from mine.

Grumbling under his breath, Jensen disentangles himself and straightens up, “Honestly, you’re like an overgrown kid!”

Grabbing the bowl of soup from the bedside cabinet, I grin up at him, “That makes you my daddy. Daddy, I want some water. Go get me some water, Daddy.”

“God, that is so wrong, man.”

But a few moments later he disappears, returning with a glass of water in his hand. “Don’t get used to it, bitch.”

Laughing happily, I slurp up the rest of my soup and place it safely at the side. “I seriously thought you’d ditched me, Jen.”

He smirks, “I was thinking about it.” Then he ruffles my hair, “Nah, wouldn’t do for Dean to leave his Sammy when he’s sick.”

“Does that make me your Jared?”

Nodding, with only the slight trace of a blush, he replies, “You’ve always been mine, Jared.... My annoying pain-in-the-ass buddy that I can’t seem to get rid of.”

I pout up at him, “Now you have to watch movies with me for the rest of the day.”

Yeah, Jared's an okay kid.

I mean, if I had to choose someone to spend the rest of my life with it'd probably be him.

Glancing down at his sleeping form, I can't help but smile. I don't even know how he ended up on my chest, but I'm not complaining. He's warm and solid against me. He feels nice.

Tucking his hand further under his chin, he buries his nose in my neck, tickling my skin slightly with every breath.

I love it when he's so pliable and sleepy. It gives him this air of innocence that makes me just want to wrap my arms around him and hide him from the world forever.

But I also love it when he's bouncy and awake, causing trouble and eating candy, never failing to pry laughter from me even on my worst of days.

Then there was that one time when we got into that bar fight, Jared was pretty awesome then too, trying to defuse it at first, but after the first man punched me, Jared quickly got going. Angry and unsmiling, his movements powerful and darker than his usual self, Jared could have taken those men on by himself. That was the first time I saw Jared ever using his height to intimidate someone.

There are so many parts of Jared, it's amazing. Each time I'm introduced to one, it always catches me by surprise. But despite this, no matter what his mood is, Jared is always Jared. I think back to our earlier conversation, "Does that make me your Jared?" and I realize with a jolt that it does.

Jared's mine. I love him. He's mine.

I sit up so quickly, Jared rolls off the couch and lands on the floor with a thump and a groan.

Beginning to hyperventilate, I gaze down at his confused, rumpled state, watching as he rubs his head and squints up at me. "Jen... you okay?"

I'm in love with him.

I'm in love with Jared.

Oh, shit. I'm doomed.
