

## Possession:



Jensen shows Jared who he belongs to: *“Bedroom. Now,” Jensen orders, leaving no room for any arguments. “I want you naked and waiting for me in two minutes.” A deep flush spreads across the younger man’s cheeks; his eyes darting to Misha and then back to Jensen. Slowly, he nods and leaves the room.*

4,000 words, NC-17, hotness, possessive!Jensen, bottom!Jared



Jensen is pissed. *Beyond* pissed.

After slamming back another beer, he tosses it in a nearby bin so hard the whole thing rattles.

From across the room, Jared laughs one of his full-belly laughs. A laugh he only laughs when he’s really happy.

Jensen grabs another bottle and slouches against the counter, glaring at the man who’s supposed to be his. *His*. Goddammit.

Ever since that Misha kid arrived on the block, Jared’s been... distracted.

And Misha bloody well knows what he’s doing. He knows exactly how much it’s winding Jensen up, but he doesn’t care. He admitted to Jensen that if there was one man he’d do, it was Jared. The bastard even mentioned the fact that his wife is very lenient about threesomes.

The fucker.

As if Jensen would *ever* give Jared over to them. The thought of Jared with anyone but him makes him feel like smashing things.

Jared belongs to him. Completely and utterly.

A feral growl escapes his lips as the fucking *Collins* slides an arm around Jared's waist and tugs, sending the kid sprawling across his lap. They're both laughing like it's the funniest thing ever.

Well, it's not.

It hasn't been funny since Misha thought it'd be cool to bend Jared over in front a crowd. Jensen still hasn't gotten over that. Or the fact that Jared *let* him.

No, this has gone far enough. Slamming the beer bottle down on the counter, Jensen pushes off, striding quickly towards the couch.

He towers over the pair, who look up with innocent eyes. Well, *Jared's* are innocent; Misha's are just plain knowing.

"Having fun?" Jensen snarls, making Jared blink and sway back slightly.

"Jen, you okay?"

Misha butts his fucking nose in, "Jenny, why don't you join us, I was just telling Jared about my wife's new book, maybe you've heard of it?"

And that is just fucking *it*. Fisting Jared's shirt tightly, Jensen yanks the kid up, and hisses, "I think there's something I need to remind you of." He shoves the man towards the passage.

Jared staggers slightly, but just looks back in confusion. "Jensen, what are you doing?"

"Bedroom. Now," Jensen orders, leaving no room for any arguments. "I want you naked and waiting for me in two minutes."

A deep flush spreads across the younger man's cheeks; his eyes darting to Misha and then back to Jensen. Slowly, he nods and leaves the room.

Turning to a smirking Misha, Jensen speaks through gritted teeth, "You. Get. *Out*."

Misha leers, "Why? Can't I join in on your fun? Didn't your mommy ever teach you to share?"

Grabbing the man's arm, Jensen drags him towards the door. Once they're outside, he slams Misha up against the wall, an arm pressed against his throat. "He's mine. You hear me? Mine!"

Struggling to breathe, Misha tries to keep a relaxed expression on his face, but it doesn't really work. "Jensen," he gasps, "Je...sen... can't... can't... breathe..."

Ignoring him, Jensen slams him against the wall again, "Do you understand me?"

"Ye...yes... goddammit, yes..."

Misha heaves in gulps of air when he finally relaxes, and he peers up at Jensen like he's a madman. "He's yours, jeez, he's yours. I get it."

"Good," Jensen spins around and returns inside, slamming the door shut behind him.



He sheds his jacket on the way to the bedroom, smiling dangerously as he sees Jared's naked back, lean and perfect, facing him. The man is staring out the window, his arms folded over his chest, his skin golden in the dim light.

As Jensen runs his fingers down the curve of his lover's back, a shiver races through the younger man and he begins to turn around, only to freeze when Jensen presses up behind him, wrapping his arms around the slim waist.

Jensen slides his hands over the firm muscles of his boyfriend's chest, grinning at the nervously fluttering abdomen and the rapidly thumping heart. "On the bed. Now," he breathes in Jared's ear, gripping the man's hips and shoving him towards the bed.

The kid yelps slightly as the shove sends him sprawling face first onto the mattress, but Jensen doesn't care. With that gorgeous ass presented up to him, Jensen doesn't really care about anything.

Quickly pulling off his shirt, he crawls up onto the bed behind Jared, straddling his hips and leaning down to bite down on his neck. Jared gasps and his back arches beneath Jensen, but the older man doesn't shift. Running his hands up Jared's flanks, he growls softly, "You think he can love you like this?"

Another shudder races through the man and he hisses, "Goddammit, Jensen. Do... arghh... fuck... do something...."

Jensen forces his hand beneath Jared and grasps his erection firmly, just on the side of pain. "You think he can replace me?"

"Fuck," Jared groans, his groan morphing into a whimper as Jensen's grip tightens, "Jen... fuck... jealous *bastard*..."

Jensen punishes him with another bite, this time to his neck. "You think he can do this to you? Think he can make you a writhing mess like this?"

"Arrgggh," Jared moans, pressing back into Jensen. "Come on, Jen..."

After pulling back enough to flip the man over, Jensen presses him down with his weight, pinning the younger man beneath him and stealing his lips into a brutal, biting kiss.

Jared lets out a soft whine as Jensen's teeth break his skin and he tries to turn his head away, but the older man just growls and clutches his lover closer, sucking at the sore lip and running his tongue over the metallic taste.

“You want me to call him? Let him see what my hands on your skin do to you? What *only* my hands on your skin can do?”

“You’re...argh... fuck...” Jared pants, his hands reaching out to push at Jensen’s chest, “You’re a bastard...”

Letting out an angry snarl, Jensen grabs the younger man’s hands in one of his, and pins them down above their heads, while his other hand moves down to pull off his belt. Quickly looping the leather around Jared’s wrists, Jensen fastens it to the headstand.

Jared tugs at it, his eyes widening with lust, “Oh... fuck...”

Smirking, Jensen presses his chest down on Jared’s; keeping the man completely immobilized as he works the button of his jeans and slides them off. Once naked, he grinds his hips down over Jared’s and the younger man groans loudly, arching up.

“Gonna show you who you belong to,” Jensen growls, his lips brushing over Jared’s ear. “Gonna make you scream my name and forget he even exists.”

“God, Jen...” Jared moan, his eyes sliding shut and his body thrusting up.

Jensen can’t resist pulling away for a moment, despite Jared’s whimper of protest. Stealing the moment to examine his writhing boyfriend, Jensen feels a crushing wave of heat spreading through him, stealing the air from his lungs and momentarily stunning his heart. Then he gulps another breath and his heart starts thumping again, three times faster.

With his arms bound above his head, Jared’s defenceless. Jensen could do anything to him; he could even leave the kid there for hours if he wanted to. As Jared’s gorgeous body struggles, Jensen’s knees nearly give out with the overwhelming *want* that fills him.

Darting forwards, he covers Jared’s body with his own and seals their lips together, claiming Jared’s mouth as his.

“Fuck, Jen... please... please...” Jared sobs out, arching up for more friction.

“Shhh, baby... I got ya...” Jensen soothes, running his fingers down the man’s gorgeous face, sweeping the hair out of his eyes, “I got ya...”

“Please...” Jared begs, his mouth searching for Jensen’s.

Deciding he’s teased them both for long enough, Jensen nods, “Okay... okay...”

He reaches out for the bedside cabinet, searching for the lube, but Jared’s legs just wrap tighter around his hips, stealing a deep groan from his lips.

“Don’t care,” Jared gasps, “Please... want you... want it to hurt...want to feel you...”

Jensen’s eyes darken with another swell of lust and he crushes his lips to his lover’s. Then he pulls back and replaces his mouth with his fingers. He may want to mark Jared and show him who he belongs to, but the last thing he wants to do is hurt the man he loves.

Jared obediently sucks the fingers into his lips, his eyes locked on Jensen's as the older man's fingers fuck his mouth. Then he pulls away, "Now... please..."

Grabbing a nearby pillow, Jensen shoves it beneath his boyfriend's hips and seals his mouth over one of Jared's nipples. Jared moans and laughs breathlessly, making Jensen grin in delight. Jared's nipples have always been sensitive and as a result: ticklish.

"Arghhhh, you fucker," Jared whines, digging his heels in over Jensen's ass, making them both groan as their dicks are pressed together. "Fuck..."

After teasing the rim of Jared's hole for a few moments, getting him accustomed to the touch, Jensen presses the tip of his finger in.

Jared writhes and tugs against the belt, trying to get more. Kissing his complaint away, Jensen wiggles his finger until it's all the way in.

When he has two fingers in, Jared lets out a soft whimper, "Please... fuck... Jen... now... now.... Goddammit..."

Dizzy with having control over Jared like this, Jensen softly kisses his way down his lover's neck and pulls his fingers out. Grabbing his cock, he quickly slicks it up with precome and presses it to Jared's opening.

Aided by the insistent pulling of Jared's legs around him, Jensen slams forward in one thrust, sending Jared arching up off the bed with a cry.

Slowly, the younger man relaxes, lying slack on the bed again. Jensen carefully kisses away the pain on his lover's face, and then Jared nods, whispering hoarsely, "Move."

Ducking his forehead against Jared's shoulder, Jensen begins fucking him with long, hard thrusts, each one stealing a muffled sound from his boyfriend. Jensen changes his angle, driving in quicker and hitting that tiny bundle of nerves with every thrust.

"Who... who do you belong to?" Jensen gasps against Jared's neck, reaching between them and wrapping his fingers around his lover's cock.

"Oh, God," Jared moans, "Fuck... Jen... you... only you..."

"Say it again," Jensen growls, slamming in harder, nearly pushing Jared up the bed with the strength of his thrusts.

"Arghhhh, you... only you... Jen.... Love you... need you... fuck... fuck... please..."

Softly kissing the vulnerable skin of Jared's neck, Jensen begins jerking him off in earnest, "Come with me, baby... show me you're mine..."

Jared comes with a soft cry, arching up and choking out, "Jen... god, Jen..." The tensing of Jared's muscles around him have Jensen shooting his come deep inside of his lover, groaning loudly and sagging down to bury his face in the dip of Jared's shoulder.

Once he's regained his breath, he slowly slides out of Jared and heads for the bathroom, grabbing a damp cloth before returning to clean off his boyfriend.

Then he slips back in bed and reaches up to undo the belt, wincing at the raw skin beneath it. After tenderly kissing each wrist, Jensen slides down and pulls his trembling lover into his arms.

"Did I hurt you?" he whispers softly.

Jared just burrows into his embrace, curling closer, "Love you..."

Softly kissing Jared's brow, he hefts the younger man closer, "Love you too.... No more fooling around with Collins, okay?"

Smiling against Jensen's chest, Jared nods, "Got it..." Then he pulls up, his eyes searching for Jensen's. "I would never... I mean... you *know* I wouldn't..."

Jensen does know. Brushing his lips over Jared's ear, he murmurs, "Yeah, I know. I just feel like I have to remind you sometimes.... I don't want anybody else's hands on you. I don't want them near you. You're mine." He presses a lingering kiss to Jared's cheek, and repeats, "*Mine.*"

Sighing contentedly, Jared snuggles closer to his lover, "You're hot when you're all possessive."

Jensen laughs softly and tilts his head down, burying his nose in the younger man's hair and running a gentle hand down his back, the other cupping the back of Jared's neck. "You're a pushy bottom."

"Hey," Jared whines, thumping a hand down on Jensen's chest.

Jensen just grins, hefts Jared closer, presses his lips to his lover's temple, effectively quieting the man.

A few moments later, Jared breaks the silence, his voice wistful, "Misha *is* hot, though."

Growling, Jensen flips them over, blanketing Jared with his body, the gleam back in his eye.

Jared grins.

It's gonna be a long night.