

Sometimes all it takes is a... video?



Jensen watches something while on holiday with Danneel: *Just as he's about to crawl up his friend's body and kiss every inch of him, Jensen stops. "Wait a second." He wanders over to Jared's desktop and quickly opens up youtube. "There's something I want to show you."*

2,000 words, PG-13, schmoop

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It's not Jensen's fault.

Really, it's not.

I mean, sure, he might just have typed Jared's name by accident while he was playing around on youtube, but honestly, this is just ridiculous.

So ridiculous, in fact, that it leaves him grinning helplessly at the screen, hiding his face in his hand and shaking his head like a madman. He can't believe there's so much video footage of Jared being... well, Jared being *Jared*. He'd thought they'd managed to disguise him enough with broody Sam and his pouty face, but he was wrong.

Jensen plays it again.

This time, instead of laughter, he finds himself swelling up with something else entirely. Something that could be quite dangerous, not to mention problematic, if he were to recognise it for what it really was.

But, as usual, he ignores it, filing it to the back of his head, where it joins every single other weird thought his mind has helpfully hidden away to prevent him from having a minor freak out about his best friend.

He plays it a third time.

This time, his eyes soak in Jared's every grin, his every goofy, happy grin and laugh and dance and everything else that makes Jared Jared. Everything that makes his best friend exactly who he is.

Then he takes note of how everyone Jared is around, every single one of them, is ridiculously happy. And it's all due to Jared being Jared.

Jensen shifts uncomfortably in his chair as he realises how true that is. He's never been as happy as he is when he's around the goofball. No matter how annoying or childish Jared might be acting, beneath Jensen's scowl, he's always happy. Happy just being around Jared.

He clears his throat and glances around the room, relieved to find he's still alone.

When he plays it a fourth time, a wave of sadness settles in his chest, aching ever so slightly, and he pauses the video on the last clip of Jared's face. The young, innocent, adorable expression on his co-star's face makes him feel like crying.

He clenches his teeth in frustration, wondering what the hell is happening to him. Here he is, on vacation with Danneel and he's busy thinking about his best friend who is halfway across the world. What the hell is wrong with him?

But he hasn't seen Jared in over a month and seeing him like this, seeing everything that he misses so badly, it just hurts.

He's dying for hiatus to be over. He never thought he'd see the day, but he is. He wants to go back to the torturous seventeen-hour days, the bruises and the headaches, he wants all of it, because all of that also comes with Jared; Jared, who has his coffee ready in the morning; Jared, who can make him laugh on even the worst of days; Jared, who's always there when he needs to talk, even if it's just something embarrassing like getting upset over not being able to be home for Mac's sixteenth birthday; Jared, who's never let him down, not once in all the years they've known each other; Jared, whose hugs can squeeze the stress from anyone's shoulders; Jared, who's just Jared in every single way.

Jensen misses him.

With a heavy sigh, he shuts his laptop and gets to his feet.

He turns around and comes face to face with, "Danny..." he flushes as his eyes dart towards the laptop.

She's wrapped in a bright green towel, her bikini strap dangling over her shoulder, and there's something infinitely sad in her eyes.

“I was just...” he waves his hand, trying to come up with some plausible excuse as to why he had a video paused on his best friend’s face.

Looking him straight in the eye, she murmurs, “Why the hell are you with me, Jensen?”

“What?”

She sighs. “Jesus, Jensen. You’ve been gazing at him like a lovesick puppy – which is really ironic, ‘cause that’s kind of his attribute – for the past ten minutes. You don’t find that a bit weird?”

“I... well, I was... I was just...”

“And need I mention how you light up like a fucking Christmas tree every time he simply enters a room?”

“I...”

“Or how about the fact that you mope whenever he’s not hugging you or touching you in some way?”

Jensen stares at her, “Danny... Jay and me... we’re not... we’re not like that... I mean...”

“God,” she shakes her head, “I can’t believe I’m giving relationship advice to my ex-boyfriend on how to get the love of his life.”

“What? What ex-boyfriend? Love of whose life?”

With something soft in her eyes, she smiles gently, “Jensen. There’s no way I can compete. Just the way you look at him... like there’s nothing more precious in the world... is something I don’t even *want* to come between. So... yeah, we’re breaking up...”

Strangely enough, he doesn’t even feel that upset, just confused.

“But... there’s nothing between Jared and me.”

She heads over to the dresser. “But you want there to be.”

“What? No, I don’t...”

“Jensen. Give me your phone.”

With a bewildered look, he fishes his phone out of his back pocket and hands it over silently.

She fiddles with it for a few seconds before coming over to join him on the couch. “*Hey, man. Sadie 8 ur shoes 2day :) hope u dn’t mind ur toes stickn out. nyway. I g2g. Chad’s bein an asshole. Wen u gt back we so need 2 prank him. Smooches.*”

Jensen immediately sits up straighter, “Danny, he doesn’t mean real smooches... he just adds stupid stuff like that as a joke.”

Rolling her eyes, Danneel just scrolls down the list of messages. “That’s not what I was pointing out. You have a folder, a whole folder just for Jared’s messages. All seven hundred and forty-three of them.”

“I... it’s just to stop him cluttering up my normal inbox.”

With a small smile she, looks at him pointedly, “And it wouldn’t be easier just to delete them?”

He flushes and wracks his brain as he tries to come up with the reason as to why he sorts his messages like that, why he saves everything Jared sends him. He comes up blank.

“Okay, it is kind of weird, but... come on, that doesn’t mean I... that I want him... in... in that way...”

“I heard you on the phone last night, Jensen. Chatting to him about everything and more. You haven’t seen him in six weeks, but you talk like he’s right beside you. You remember how our long distance calls used to go? How awkward and stilted they were? And what about the My Bloody Valentine release? I’d been trying to get a smile out of you the whole fucking day and then he shows up and five seconds later, you’re grinning like a kid on his birthday that’s getting to meet his role model. You were tense and worried the whole bloody day and then the instant he arrives and yanks you into a hug, you relax into him and you look like there’s nowhere else you’d rather be. So... don’t you dare tell me that you don’t love him, ‘cause I have no idea how you could love anyone more!”

When she stops, her eyes are watery and he feels like he’s just been kicked in the gut. Everything that he keeps hidden so well comes rushing to the surface, making him gasp in the realisation that... “You’re.... Oh, God... Dan... I... you’re... I... I need to.... I need to...”

She nods sadly, running her hand down his shoulder, “I can’t even feel angry at him for stealing you, I just want you to be happy. And you are... when you’re with him.”

Jensen pulls her into a tight hug, “I’m ... God, I’m so sorry... I should have realised before... I should have... then I wouldn’t have hurt you so much. You’re amazing, Dan. There’re so many men out there who would die to be with you, and I just... I just hope you find someone who loves you as much as you deserve. I’m sorry.”

Pushing him away with small hands, she gives him a watery smile, “You should book a plane ticket now. I’ll call Sophia, tell her to come feed me ice cream.”

He laughs shakily and gets to his feet. “Do... do you think... I mean... will he...?”

She shakes her head, “How did you two survive for so long? I mean, your lack of brain cells must be dangerous to your health.... He’s been in love with you since the end of season one. Now, go. Book the ticket to your loverboy. And don’t forget. I’m gonna be the head bridesmaid, you hear me? I don’t care if I have to wrestle Chad for it.”

Jensen's insides are writhing, threatening to surface in what could be a very disgusting manner. He swallows and wipes his sweaty hands on his pants as tries to scoop up his courage from the floor.

Before he can talk himself out of it, he quickly presses his finger on the doorbell, vaguely hoping that Jared won't be in.

He's out of luck when he hears a familiar voice yell, "Just a sec'."

And then Jared's in front of him, all six foot four of him clad only in a pair of boxers and a tight black shirt that Jensen recognises as his own.

"Jen?" Jared kind of gasps, his eyes wide with surprise.

Before he can open his mouth to form any sort of response, Jensen finds himself cocooned in warmth, surrounded by Jared's familiar and soothing scent. He sags into his friend, his hands sliding over the strong, muscled length of Jared's back. With his eyes squeezed shut, Jensen never wants to let go.

This of course, comes out as a soft murmur of protest when Jared tries to pull back, and eventually he feels his friend shrug, and the front door is shut behind them as Jared manhandles him further inside the house.

"Jen? You okay, man? Why're you back from your trip so early?"

Jensen opens his mouth to explain, but all that comes out of his mouth is a muffled, "Dan broke up with me."

The arms tighten around him, but he finds he doesn't mind all that much when it means his nose is now pressed against Jared's neck.

"Shit, man. I'm so sorry. Why? I mean, what happened? Did you two fight?"

Frowning, Jensen realises he's not doing a very good job of explaining. He pulls out of his friend's arms and looks up at him, "I'm in love with you."

Jared's mouth falls open and he gapes at Jensen for a few moments. "You're drunk."

"I'm not drunk." Jensen shakes his head. "That's why she broke up with me. 'Cause I'm in love with you."

"I..." Jared stares at him, "No, man. You're not thinking clearly. You've just come out of a long relationship and you're not thinking straight."

Jensen snickers, "I'm not thinking straight at all."

Jared doesn't seem to find this funny as he's just standing there with a lost expression on his face. And Jensen decides that it's time to show his friend that he means business.

In three steps, he has Jared backed up against the wall, a startled look in the younger man's eyes. "She said I'm in love with you." Jensen leans forward until his lips are a breath away from Jared's. "She was right." He brushes his lips over Jared's, just praying that Danneel wasn't wrong about Jared wanting this too. If she was wrong, then things will be real awkward from now on.

As he gently kisses his friend, he feels his stomach sink when there's no sign of any response from the taller man. Just as he's about to pull away and blame it all on too much sun, a muffled sound escapes Jared's lips and strong hands come out to rest on Jensen's waist, pulling him closer.

"Oh, thank God," Jensen breathes against his friend's cheek. "Shit, man. I thought you were going to take a swing at me."

Jared laughs breathlessly, his hands slipping up and under Jensen's shirt. "Who says I'm not still going to?"

"Fuck you, dude," Jensen murmurs without any anger as he pulls his own shirt off Jared's body, "I come all this way to confess my undying love for you and you make me wait for ages wondering whether I just screwed up the best friendship I've ever had."

Jared crushes their lips together, his hands cradling Jensen's cheeks and pressing him closer, "Fuck, Jen.... You don't know how long I've..."

Pulling the younger man after him, Jensen steers them towards the bedroom, where he pushes Jared down on the bed, eyes soaking in the delicious sight the tanned skin against dark boxers make.

Just as he's about to crawl up his friend's body and kiss every inch of him, Jensen stops. "Wait a second."

He wanders over to Jared's desktop and quickly opens up youtube. "There's something I want to show you."
