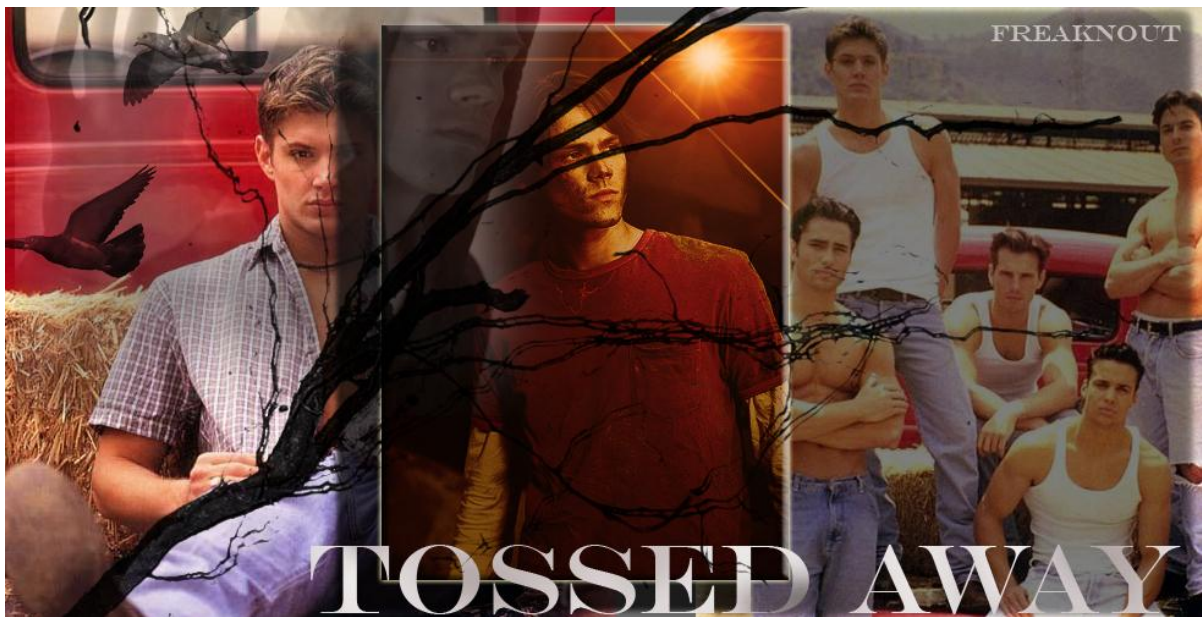


Tossed away:



Jared was betrayed by his best friend. Eleven years later, he discovers who is playing as his co-star in Supernatural. *I don't even know if he genuinely wants to apologise, but nearly every time he opens his mouth, he breaks me that tiny bit more.*

11,000 words, pg-13, hurt/comfort, hurt!Jared, hints-bottom!Jared.

Beta by Josieb1, *HUGS*



When I lay my eyes on him, it's mainly shock that shoots through me: electrifying spikes that steal the air from my lungs and cause my steps to falter.

With the same deceptively beautiful face serving as a facade to conceal the real him, he looks exactly like he did all those years ago: same broad shoulders and wide stance, same relaxed posture.

“Jensen...” I breathe out numbly, thankful that I'm still out of earshot from him so he can't hear the way my voice cracks and trembles as I remember the first time I met him.



We were in second grade, just past my 8th birthday, his family had just moved into the neighbourhood and his first day of school resulted in him being seated beside me in class.

As he returned my grin with a small, shy smile, I realised I'd just made a friend.

And after the initial discovery of our numerous shared favourites, I declared us best friends for life. He just reached up to ruffle my hair and smiled again. I grinned back.

We went everywhere together, shared ice creams, annoyed our parents like crazy, came up with grand schemes to conquer the world and rule it just the two of us. We once even tried to dig to China, but only managed to get coated in a thick layer of mud.

The teachers thought us little terrors, but our grades were good. We bounced off each other like that, healthily competitive.

It was perfect, he was the best friend I'd been waiting for and I was happier than I'd ever been. We'd have marathon movie sessions, falling asleep in the same bed, sprawled all over each other; we'd even invent ridiculous concoctions to sneak into our sisters' shampoo bottles, bursting into giggling fits at the screamed results.



It takes me a few moments to get control over my breathing once again, but eventually I steel my shoulders and approach him, cursing myself, God and Eric for this.

He turns as I approach, his eyes widening as he sways backwards with a gasp, “Ja... Jared?”

“Yeah,” I nod towards him. “Seems we stumbled onto the same TV-show.”

“Seems like,” he stammers, eyes roaming from my hair right down to the tips of my toes, and then back up again.

Clearing my throat and trying to ignore the familiar pang of longing, I turn away, “Let’s go see what Eric has planned for us.”

“Jared...” he calls out from behind me, causing me to stop dead, my shoulders rising in a tense.

“What?”

“How... how’ve you been?”

“Fine,” I mutter shortly.

“You... you look good.”

“Sure.”

“I’ve changed,” he breathes, a tinge of pleading in his voice.

“Like I haven’t heard that one before.” I begin walking again.



It was our senior year – only six months to go before I could get out of that place, move onto college and never have to lay my eyes on him again – when the competition came up as it did every year.

As usual I ignored the coloured posters that blared 'Hottest of the hottest' out at us, knowing full well that I would never step within twenty feet of the event. Jensen and his buddies had won the past three in a row and the last thing I wanted to be shown was how hot Jensen could be.

I'd seen him drooling on my bed and I'd loved him even then, why would I care about how hot he could make himself?

But Chad and the girls had other plans.

I don't know how they coerced me into doing it, probably using guilt and promising candy, but they got me to enter.

It was the worst thing I could imagine, and when I broke down in Chad's arms, going on and on about how I didn't want to prove just how much of a freak I was to the rest of the school, we both knew I was talking about Jensen.

Many reassurances and bribes later, they began training me.

By the time the day came, I didn't feel ready. My stomach was a knotted bundle, churning inside of me and my palms broke into a clammy sweat.

Chad had managed to ensure that I went last so I could make a quick escape if necessary, but that only meant I had to sit through all the other entries.

I didn't really notice many besides Jensen's performance. He stepped onto stage with a few of the jocks, Chris included: all wearing black tuxedos that hugged their perfect figures and made them look like walking gods.

My hands were shaking in my lap, but Chad just pulled me into a hug, keeping my head turned away from the stage as I shivered in his arms. He rubbed my back soothingly and whispered that I'd be absolutely amazing.

That did nothing to ease my nausea.

By the time my turn came, all the blood had drained from my cheeks and I was sure fainting would be imminent.

Taking a few calming breaths, I made my way up onto the stage, ignoring the laughter and surprise from the audience. Wearing the clothes I wore everyday, I was just Jared, the weirdo that no one noticed besides his friends.

Meeting said friends' eyes and seeing only encouragement and support, I knew I could do this. Not only for me, but for everyone who'd been forced under stereotyped labels.

I nodded towards the sound team and soon the track began playing. "Push me. And then just touch me. Till I can get my. Satisfaction, satisfaction."

Beginning to move with the music, blocking out everything other than what I was doing, sinking into the dance, I reached for my baggy hoody, slowly raising it up and sliding it over my head.

It felt weird exposing my bare chest to so many people, but I gritted my teeth and stuck it.

Getting into the beat, I quickened my pace, striding across the stage, owning it as I kept my body moving, realising this was just like any of the roles I'd played in Drama. My hands slid down to rest over my 'Texas' belt, lingering there for a few seconds as I rolled my hips seductively.

It was surprisingly fun, and meeting Chad's gaze and receiving a thumbs up, I shot him a grin, before turning my back to the audience and sliding my hands up my torso, stretching above my head, knowing full well that the rim of my boxers was peeking out as I gave a small, teasing wriggle.

Turning back to the crowd, I slid the belt out of its loops causing the jeans to slip down even further, revealing more of the black cotton. "Push me. And then just touch me. Till I can get my. Satisfaction, satisfaction."

Smirking slightly, I unbuttoned the jeans, exposing a V of boxer-shorts. I hooked my fingers in the band of my boxers, lingering there as if about to expose myself completely.

Then the music trailed down, and I grinned at the whines of protests rising from various people as I turned away, reaching down to pick up my hoody once more, shrugging it on.

As I made my way back to my friends, I was running so high on adrenaline that I barely noticed Jensen standing near them, I simply raced towards them and threw myself at Chad, hiding my flushed face in his shoulder, "I can't believe you made me do that."

Sandy's arms wrapped around me from the side, "Damn, you were so hot, Jare..."

"Mmmm," Sophie hummed, reaching up to brush the hair from my eyes, "How you doing, honey? Still feel like puking?"

It took me a few moments to determine that, but eventually I shook my head, "Nah, I think I'm good."

Someone cleared their throat from behind us and I turned to find Jensen standing there, still in his tux, but far more rumpled, his bowtie undone.

"Yeah?"

"Jared... uh..." Jensen shifted around a bit, "Can I talk to you outside?"

"No," Chad immediately snapped, slinging his arms around me and pulling me away from Jensen.

But unfortunately I'd never been able to refuse Jensen anything when he looked so nervous, not even after all he'd done, so I nodded slowly, "I guess."

He led me quite a distance from where everyone else was, right up to the top field and behind the bushes.

Raising my eyebrows, I asked him quietly and without humour, "So, is this the part where your buddies show up to beat the crap out of me?"

He flinched and shook his head, moving towards me, his hands fisting in my shirt. Before I could even begin to register what he was doing, his lips were pressing against mine, his arms tightening around me to keep me close.

In the few seconds it took for conscious thought to return, I let him. I sagged against his firm chest, letting him cradle me close as he ravished my lips.

It was so perfect; everything I'd ever wanted was right there, his arms so real and warm around me, his chest solid.

But when he whispered huskily against my lips, "You're so fucking hot," I realised why this was happening, and my heart shattered.

Shoving him away, I somehow managed to choke out, "Fuck you, Jensen. You think now that I'm finally hot stuff you can just waltz back into my life? You think it's that easy? You fucking bastard, get away from me!"

"Jared, please. I've changed!" he shouted after me.

"Oh, yeah? So it's just coincidental that you didn't even look at me this morning in the corridor and now suddenly you want me?"

"I..." his voice trailed off as I continued walking away, each step causing the shards in my chest to dig in just that tiny bit more.



"Jared, please... I'm sorry, okay?"

I feel like laughing. But if I start, I'll probably just end up crying. "Sure. Apology accepted. Let's go talk to Eric."

He lets out a soft sigh, but follows me towards Kripke's office.



Everything changed for me when I was around thirteen. Then my hero-worshipping turned into something a little bit more. I fell for him and his sparkling eyes, and I fell hard.

I would watch him in class sometimes, watch the way his fingers held his pen, how his legs would cross comfortably at his heels, how the sunlight caught in his hair.

I would long for the silent moments on his bed, when I could press my shoulder against his casually as we watched whichever movie we'd chosen. Sometimes, if I was lucky, he'd slide his arm over the top of the headboard, just behind my neck.

I would do anything for him. My whole world became centred on him, hanging onto his every sentence, desperately hoping for some hint that he might like me too.

Finally I decided to just tell him, unable to hide it any longer. So when we were heading out to the park nearby, I blurted out, "Jens, I'm gay."

"Oh..." he blinked. Then he looked away, "Okay."

He continued to walk as I froze in spot, wondering what had just happened. Finally I shook myself and took off at a run after him.

It was okay. I mean, sure, it was hell when he'd make a comment about a passing girl, but I got through. I didn't expect anything, and obviously he could look at anyone he wanted. He didn't belong to me, at least, not in the way I belonged to him.



People on set don't get it. The make-up girls spend ages trying to get us to become best buddies, but I just can't muster up the usually easy smiles for the man, like I can for everyone else. Each time I see his sparkling green eyes, I remember sunshine and happiness being stomped on by Playboy magazines and designer clothes. He's broken me twice before, he's sure as hell not doing it a third time. It's best to just keep my distance.



We never said anything. Jensen never called me and I never called him, though there was a hollow pit in my chest that never used to be there. Without my best friend, I drifted at the sidelines of the school, labelled as an outsider and a freak, a gay freak at that.

It hurt to see him, laughing with his group of fellow jocks, all muscled and perfect, but I tried not to show it. I joined the basketball team and met Chad.

Chad was a complete contradiction, he could have been a jock, but he wasn't. He was in between, not labelled like me, just simply 'Chad'.

He took me under his wing, surprising me with his friendship and his unselfish habit of including me in everything without thought. Over time I grew to trust and love him. Loyal as anything, he stood by me and defended me against all the crap people threw at me.

On the occasion that my paths crossed with Jensen, if he was alone, he'd look away; if he was with his jocks, he'd remain silent, even as they called me names. There was nothing of the Jensen-who-was-my-best-friend in him any longer, but still the dull ache in my chest never left.



It's about a month later when the exhaustion finally gets to me. Unable to scrape together enough energy to get myself home, I end up collapsed on the tiny cot in my trailer. It's not too bad: everyone else has gone home so it's completely silent.

But, when sleep evades me, my stomach grumbles its desire for munchies, and I grudgingly slide out of bed, scratching absentmindedly at my bare chest and wondering whether the make-up trailer is open.

I quickly cross the lawn, shivering in my boxers and praying that no one's around with a camera. Letting out a whoop when I manage to tumble in the make-up trailer window, I navigate my way towards the secret stash, pulling out some twizzlers with a happy grin.

Getting out of the trailer again is more of a problem, and I end up face first in the grass, but manage to keep the candy safely raised off the ground. Good mood not deterred, I begin humming my favourite song as I make my way back to my bed.

But as I near my trailer, I realise there's someone seated on the stairs outside the door. The man's head cradled in his hands, face hidden from sight, but I already know who it is.

"Jensen?" I call out hesitantly, making his head jerk up, eyes widening as they roam my practically naked form and his mouth opens soundlessly.

When he finally manages to form words, he mumbles, "Sorry, I didn't know you were here. Thought you'd gone home, like everyone else."

My eyebrow rises and I pull the twizzler from between my lips, "So, do you regularly park yourself outside my trailer when everyone's gone or is tonight special?"

To my surprise, his eyes drop to the ground, his cheeks tingeing pink. But before I can spend time deciphering the meaning, another shiver races through my body and I nod towards my trailer, "I'm going in. You can come if you like, I guess."

I don't bother checking what his decision is; I just dart inside, heading straight for the warm blankets and burying myself in them.

A few moments later, his footfalls move up the stairs and he edges into the room, shutting the door behind him and peering down at me through the hazy light emitted from my nightstand.

Eventually, he looks away, heading for my couch.

"So, you were about to explain why you were sitting outside my trailer?"

He doesn't look up and silence fills the room awkwardly.

Shrugging, I roll over, pulling my pillow over my head, "Whatever."

A few more moments later, his barely audible whisper of, "I miss you," has a snort of laughter passing through me.

I shift up, turning back to him, “You don’t even *know* me anymore, Jensen. How could you possibly miss me?”

“For eleven years...” his voice croaks, “For eleven years and three months, I’ve missed you.”

“Right,” I mutter sceptically. “You sure had a way of showing it.”

When his weight settles on the bed beside me, my whole body tenses, even more so when his fingers slip through my hair. I pull away quickly, “Get out, Jensen.”

“I was a coward. I was pathetic and I ditched the only true friend I’ve ever had because I didn’t want to be a loser forever. And when you... when everyone found out about you...”

“That’s what you thought of us, of me? Loser? Wow, yeah, that explains it all. And of course you wouldn’t want to be seen with me after I was outed. Yeah, wouldn’t want your reputation ruined or god-*forbid* anyone even *think* that you were gay too. Even though you *are!* Right, yeah. I get it now. Thank you for clarifying what an asshole you are. You know, I’m glad the Jensen I once knew isn’t here to see what he became. He would be so disappointed in himself. Get the fuck away from me, Jensen.”

He slowly pulls to his feet, “I’m just trying to explain and apologise.”

“Yeah, well, bang up job you’re doing. Great work. You made me realise it’s possible to hate you even more than I already did.”

Flinching, he silently exits my trailer.

When the crunching of the gravel beneath his feet finally dies away, I curl up in on myself, blinking away the moisture from my eyes as I pray for a way out of this hell.

His ‘only true friend’, yeah, I totally felt that when he stood by as Chris called me a ‘sick, faggot fuckup’.

I don’t even know if he genuinely wants to apologise, but nearly every time he opens his mouth, he breaks me that tiny bit more. A ‘loser’, that’s what he thought of me. And I’m still that same Jared, I haven’t changed. I guess that makes me a loser.

“God...” I moan into my pillow, longing for unconsciousness.



I called him for an explanation, but he said he was too busy doing homework. Desperately needing to see him, I went over to his house anyway.

His mom let me in, a sad glimmer in her eye, and I quietly made my way up to his room, pushing the door open slightly and feeling something crumble in my chest at the sight that met me.

Chris – the guy who’d publicly outed me in an attempt to cause me harm – was there, paging through porn magazines with the guy who claimed to be my best friend.

Flushing with hot humiliation, I just turned and left, nodding to Donna on my way out, getting the same sad eyes in response.



“Eric, I can’t do this any longer,” I murmur quietly, trying not to quail under the man’s wide eyes. “I’m going to stay until the end of the season, as my contract states, but I can’t be here any longer.”

“Jared...” he whispers, his voice shaking. *“Supernatural needs you, needs Sam.”*

Before my resolve can be broken, I pull to my feet, “I’m sorry, Eric. But it just... each day I come in here, I feel a piece of myself die all over again. I can’t... just... I’m sorry, man.”

As my hand is reaching for the door, Eric asks carefully, “Does this have something to do with the rift that’s been between you and Jensen from the beginning?”

Swallowing thickly, I nod my head slowly, “Yeah, it’s... it’s a long story... but...” I quirk an artificial smile, “But it’ll all be over when the season ends.”



Soft tapping stirred me from my dreams, and I blinked my eyes open, glancing towards the window and grinning when I saw him peering in.

“Jensen,” I murmured, unlatching the window, *“Where we going this time?”*

“The lake.”

“But it’ll be cold,” I whined softly, already climbing out onto the ledge beside him.

His arm wrapped warmly around me as he carefully lowered me down, “I’ll keep you warm, Jare...”

Blushing at how easily he could pick me up, I elbowed him in the stomach, “Show off. I can get myself down, you know?”

He scowled and put me down, but his hand never left my side, always there. Finally we were on the ground, taking off at a run across the lawn.



“I heard you’re leaving the show.”

Without looking up, I reply dully, “Guess the gossip’s gotten it right for once.”

“Is it because of me?”

“A bit full of yourself, aren’t you?”

He just stands there until I eventually look up. When I don’t say anything else, he lets out a soft sigh. “Jared... I know you hate me, but... when we’re on screen: we’re good, aren’t we?”

“It’s called acting, Jensen. It’s the same thing I use every time I have to be Sam.”

After peering down at me with his piercing eyes for a while, he nods his head in the direction of his trailer. “Come on, I want to show you something.”

I hesitantly follow him, hating every step.

When I enter his trailer, he’s sitting behind his laptop. He swivels it towards me, revealing an image zoomed in on my face. My eyes are fixed on something to the left of the shot, my eyes filled with sorrow and desperate longing.

My cheeks burn as Jensen zooms out to reveal the ‘something’ I’m gazing at is him.

“Now, unless Sam has some serious mental problems or whatever and thinks his brother is his long lost Jess, or someone has a little something to tell me...” he trails off, his lips twitching at the corners as his fingers creep up my arm.

A hot flush of mortification flows over me and I yank away from him, turning to hide the pain that must be visible as clear as day. “Fuck you, Jensen. I don’t... look, I don’t know what kind of game you’re playing, but you’ve been playing it since I was fifteen. And I’m sick of it. You want me to tell you I loved you? Fine, I’ll tell you I worshiped you. I would have done absolutely anything for you. And I never expected anything in return for my love besides your friendship.... Anyway... it doesn’t matter. Why would *you* have ever looked at a loser like me?”

“Jared...”

Ignoring him, I just continue my broken rant, “You want to hear how much you hurt me? How much it killed me each day? And Chris? You became best friends with the guy who turned me into the school freak? That’s when I learnt just how loyal you were. After all our years together you tossed me away just because you ‘didn’t want to be a loser forever’? You left me, Jensen. You left me completely alone at the time I needed you most. You became one of the obnoxious jocks we always used to laugh about. You... fuck, Jensen. Do you want to know how it feels like getting beaten up by the buddies of the boy who’s supposed to be your best friend? Do you want to hear what the laughter sounds like? The taunts?”

I glance over my shoulder at him with a sigh, “You don’t; of course you don’t. Why would *you* care about the loser faggot on the sidelines? You had your perfect high school life: popularity with a bimbo girlfriend dangling off your arm. You had it all. A few forgotten memories and childhood vows here and there, who cares?”

“Jared, please... just...can’t we start over. I’ve changed,” he begs softly.

“Yeah, like last time, right? Oh, right... but even better this time. Now I’m a hotshot actor with a few dozen movies and shows under my belt instead of just the winner of ‘Hottest of the hottest’. I’m such a catch now, ain’t that right? You want a piece of me now? Huh, Jensen? Just like back then. But you’re forgetting that you never thought twice about that loser kid with legs all over the place. You only saw the outside. And when that became something desirable, you were suddenly all over me. But I’m still him – that gay kid who trips over everything. I’m still him. And trust me: he’s not what you’re looking for. I’m sure I can point you in the direction of a party, filled with superficial, hot jerks, just like you and Chris. Maybe you’ll find someone who doesn’t care about being tossed away the second you find something better.”

There are tears blurring up my eyes, but I can’t bring myself to care as I choke out, “And you want to hear the worst part? Even after everything you’ve done to me, I still keep waiting for my best friend to show up amongst all the crap. He’s hidden somewhere inside of you and he’s never let me stop loving him, never let me stop loving you. I wish like hell that he would. That I could just move on with my life and forget the pain and everything else. The only thing I can do is pray that I never see you again after the season ends. I’ll check every cast I’ll be working with before accepting any deals, making sure this never happens again. I’m sorry about *Supernatural*, but I can’t go on like this.

“Each time I see you I feel like I’m suffocating, all the memories, good and bad, keep barging into my head. I see... I see us... who we once were. And I can’t believe you turned into...” I wave a hand towards the screen of his laptop. “You want to waste your time searching for proof of my pain, don’t bother. If you’d even cared to look you would have found the real deal right here. It’s been here for eleven years.”

I can barely see where I’m going as I stumble out of his trailer, ignoring the calls that chase me, and I set off at a run, not knowing nor caring where I’m going.



“Hey, you!” the voice yelled from across the road, making me freeze in my steps, my shoulders automatically sliding up into a hunch.

A second later they were surrounding me and I backed away, going cold when I collided with something solid. Turning slowly, I realised it was Chris.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he singsonged, shoving me back into the semi-circle of jocks.

“Just leave me alone, Kane. I never did anything to you!”

“Oh... well, see... you exist. That’s bad enough.” I saw the punch coming and tried to shield my face, but it landed on my side, causing me to double over. Chris’ arm looped around my head, forcefully pressing my face against the front of his pants. “You like that, you faggot? You like dick?”

“Fuck off!” I got out, desperately trying to free myself from his headlock.

“Well, you see, Jensen thinks you’re a slut for cock. He told me how you always watch him, filthy pervert.”

“I don’t,” I whispered brokenly, “I never...” More blows came, and I fell silent.

“Yeah, he’s disgusted by you. I mean, honestly, did you really think he would ever want somebody like you? I mean... just look at you. You’re the poster image for freakville. Why do you think he asked me to tell everyone what you are? He wanted to get rid of you, the freaky puppy that’s always trailing after him. He hates you.”

“Not true,” I choked out frantically, “You’re lying.”

“Oh? How else would I know that you once kissed him? He told me how sick he felt for days afterwards at the thought of your lips touching his. He despises you.”

I fell limp, only their laughter in my ears as they continued hurting me in more ways than one.



“After high school, I told Chris I never wanted to see him again, I disowned him.”

I don’t take my eyes off the television, “That sounds familiar. Say, when you’re looking for your next best friend, maybe you’d better add in a warning: ‘May be disposed of at any time according to how beneficial you are to my position in life.’”

“Jared, please... just give me a chance.”

“For what? You want to fuck me? See how good I can be? Well, we can do that. Get it over with; then tomorrow maybe you’ll leave me the fuck alone!”

His sharp slap to my jaw snags my attention and I quickly pull to my feet with a growl, “What the hell?”

“Screw you, Jared. I’m trying here! Yes! I fucked up. I made the biggest mistakes of my life when it came to you. I was young and impressionable and I know that’s not a proper excuse but I don’t know what else you want me to say! I was scared; I didn’t know what I wanted. Chris had taken me out for some beers, and he got me drunk, I began babbling about how you were gay and I thought you were turning me gay because I would get all these feeling when you touched me, and Chris... he told me I was screwed either way, but by sticking with him, I would be safe. My dad was a homophobe, you knew that. The last thing I wanted was to be gay, so I jumped at Chris’ offer. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I know I can never say it enough times, but I’m going to keep trying. Just tell me what I have to do to get your trust back and I’ll fucking do it!”

He cuts off, panting slightly, and I gape at him in silence for a few moments as his words sink in. I have to swallow thickly before answering. “Jensen. You’ll... I don’t think I’ll ever be able to trust you fully.”

Sagging slightly, he nods his head with a morosely distant smile, “You always used to trust so easily.”

“Yeah. Until I suddenly realised that the people you trust most are the ones that can do the most damage. Since then I’ve been a bit more selective. People only get my trust if they deserve it.”

Looking away, he whispers, “And who has your trust nowadays?”

“Chad – my best friend.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, I figure he’s lasted eleven years. That has to be a good sign.”

A tear slips down his cheek and it serves like a punch to my gut. The last time I saw Jensen cry, he was eleven and I’d fallen out the tree house.

“You asked me why I need a second chance?” he looks up at me through his tears, taking a step closer to me, reaching out to cradle my face in the palm of his hand. “I need another chance so I can stop you hurting. I’m no longer the idiotic jock who only looked out for himself. I’m no longer the stupid fuckup who didn’t know what an amazing person he had standing right beside him. I’m no longer the person who lied to himself about his feelings. I wanted you, Jared. Those mixed feelings I blurted out to Chris, they were all real. I found myself wanting to kiss you and hold you and sleep curled with you safely in my arms all night. I wanted all of that and I was scared. So I looked the other way. I began seeing less of you in the hopes that I could stop myself becoming gay. Chris showed me how to be and act, I just followed his instructions. I just had to stop wanting you. I didn’t want to notice that I was hurting you so much. All I knew was that I couldn’t constantly be around you without doing something that would cause my dad to disown me. So I hid. I hid right through the years.

“But... that day... the competition, I couldn’t look away. You were so beautiful and my need to touch you was as strong as ever. After your performance, I couldn’t control myself. I had to see you... I’m sorry, Jared... I never did anything with the intention of causing you pain. I just didn’t let myself notice. But... things have changed, I know you don’t believe me, but they have. I told my dad I’m gay, he kicked me out as expected, but it’s a bit hard to do that when I was already living in my own house, and my mom always visits me anyway – she never forgave me for doing that to you, by the way.... I’m not ashamed to be gay, I’m not ashamed of wanting you as much as I do, as much as I always have, and I’m not afraid of what people think about me... All... all I’m asking for is a do over, one chance, that’s all. Let me into your life, Jared... Please...”

We stand like that in silence, our eyes locked on each other’s for what seems like a millennium before I finally realise what my answer is. Everyone deserves a second chance. And it’s hurt for so long that I’d do anything for it the pain to ease. Instead of speaking, I simply slide my hand over his, pressing his palm more firmly against my cheek, my eyes slipping shut.

He lets out a choked sob and darts forwards, arms wrapping around me tightly as he buries his face against the side of my neck. “Thank you,” he breathes wetly and I smile into his hair, deciding to do this properly.

“I’m going to the beach with my dogs on Saturday afternoon; you wanna come with?”

The grin that forms on his lips is wider than any I’ve ever seen on him and before I can pull back further; his arms tighten, drawing me back against his chest.

“Fuck,” he swears softly, “I’d love to join you and your dogs. What are their names?”

The man couldn’t have chosen a better topic to pursue: instantly whipping out my wallet, I proudly display my two babies, giving Jensen not only their names but their detailed characteristics as well.

By the time a PA bangs on the door to let us know the break is over, we’ve shuffled over onto the couch, and our conversation has shifted to how we ended up in this career, and I’m already beginning to see my old friend in the familiar gestures. Jensen scratches the back of his head when he’s feeling self-conscious, his eyebrows are the most expressive part of him besides his eyes, and his nose wrinkles up slightly when he’s deep in thought. All these tiny details that I used to know better than the back of my hand are coming back to me. It’s painful while at the same time liberating.

As he begins to rise, I stop him with a hand on his knee and whisper, “Tell me something no one else knows...”

His eyes stay latched on where my fingers are squeezing his leg and he murmurs, “I’ve been in love with the same person for fourteen years, unable to get them out of my head, always there when I was with a lover. It made having a boyfriend or girlfriend quite difficult.” Then, without another word, he gets to his feet and exits the trailer, leaving me gaping after him.

Now either Jensen is a very convincing liar – which prior to the apocalypse, he had never been, or he was telling the truth. But then again, in the past eleven years, he could easily have toned his lying skills.

Utterly confused, I wander towards set, receiving a smack over the head from Eric for being late.

“You’re ditching us at the end of the season, the least you can do is be on time.”

Blushing, I duck my head and fall into Sam.



“I’m going to be an astronaut,” I declared proudly, pointing up at the stars, “One day I’m gonna go up there, find a star and live on it.”

He chuckled softly and pulled me closer, “Yeah? What about me?”

Rolling my eyes, I poked him in the belly, “Idiot, you know you’re coming with me. I don’t want to go if you can’t come.”

I felt his lips pull into a smile against the side of my face and pulled back slightly, feeling annoyed. “You seriously think I could just go out there on my own?”

“Well...”

“Jens, you’ll come with me, won’t you?”

His face softened and his hand reached up to ruffle my hair, “Course I will, kid. Who else will keep your ass out of trouble, huh?”

Satisfied, I snuggled down against his hip, “Good. Now, which one are we going to live on?”



“So...” he murmurs, striding easily beside me. “I think it’s your turn to tell me something no one else knows.”

Our arms brush slightly and I shiver, dragging my eyes away from his and out at the ocean. “Since I was fifteen, all I’ve ever wanted is to be someone else.”

“Someone else?”

I drop my gaze to the sand passing between our toes, “Someone better. Someone good enough to be seen...” my eyes flicker up to him, “by one person.”

Stopping dead, he snags my shirt from behind, causing me to jolt to a halt. “Jared...” he murmurs. “You’ve always been good enough. *More* than good enough. I was just too damn stupid and scared to pay attention. I never deserved you. If I could turn back time, things would be so different. I would have shown you each and every day how special you were... are... always have been. Jared, my whole life has been dominated by your ghost. Each time I tripped over a pebble, I’d remember the time you tripped and fell at my feet, how you looked up through those eyes of yours and how much I needed to make you smile again. Each time I walked into a library, I would remember how you would run and hide from me, darting out when I wasn’t looking and wrapping yourself around me from behind, nearly toppling us over. Each time someone smiled at me, I searched for your dimples. Each lover I had, I compared to you: they were never good enough, no one ever could be. Do you know how hard it is to find a person as bouncy and adorable and funny and hot and perfect and intelligent as you? While having sex, I would picture your legs, how long and tanned they were and what they would look like wrapped around me. I... fuck...” he flushes, ducks his head and mumbles, “I’ve said too much, haven’t I?”

I pause, pretending to think it over, and then nod, “Yeah, you could have stopped after the first five words or so, not that I’m complaining.... You really thought of me when you were having sex?”

Face beetroot, he nods, “And while jerking off...” His eyes widen and he clamps a hand over his mouth, “Okay, I’ll shut up now.”

Unable to believe he could possibly fake this, I step closer to him, dropping my face in the dip of his shoulder and smiling as he quickly slides his arms around my waist, pressing me tightly to him.

“Can I... can I kiss you?” he whispers softly, nose nudging beneath my ear.

Unable to form an audible response, I just raise my head, gazing into his eyes and seeing only hope and nervousness. Taking my silence as an affirmative, his trembling hand rises to brush up the side of my neck, tracing along my jaw line and up to cradle the side of my face as his thumb begins to brush soothing circles on my skin.

As his lips come closer, my eyes slide shut and I wait. He’s so close we’re breathing each other’s air, finally soft lips are pressed against mine, gentle and smooth as they brush over my skin.

He groans into the kiss, hands shifting up to thread through my hair, fisting firmly as he tilts his head, deepening the kiss and slipping his tongue into my mouth. My whole body quivers as I lean further against him, causing him to widen his stance slightly, bracing me against his chest and refusing to release me.

I don’t know how long we spend locked together like that before the barking of the dogs catches our attention, but I do know that my world falls apart around me. Nothing else matters any more.

When Jensen pulls back, he smiles as I fall into the empty space between us, and steadies me easily.

“I’m never letting go of you again,” he breathes, his fingers tracing over my lips and cheeks.

I allow him to manhandle me to the sand and smile secretly when he slides behind me so I’m sitting in the V of his legs. His arms slip around my waist, yanking me back so his groin is pressed against my ass, and he splays his fingers over my abdomen. As I sink back against his chest, relaxing in the secure embrace, I let out a sigh, tilting my head back against his shoulder and tucking my face against the side of his neck.

“If I suddenly wake up and find that this is all a dream, I’m going to kill myself,” he mutters, smiling against my cheek.

Huffing a laugh, I press a soft kiss beneath his ear, “Same here.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time I dreamed of you, although you’re much better looking than the hottie I pictured in my dreams.”

I just snort quietly and let my eyes slide closed.



“Jens, I got it! I got the part!” I bellowed, racing up the stairs to his room. “Jen!”

Then I was being spun around in strong arms, my feet dangling above the ground as he laughed happily, “See? I told you you’d get it. I told you! All that rehearsing wasn’t a waste at all.”

I hugged him even tighter, and breathed softly, “Thank you.”

“What else am I here for?” he murmured, still grinning proudly at me.

“No, Jens.” I forced him to meet my gaze, “Thank you.”

This time a small blush streaked over his cheeks despite his visible attempt to keep it at bay. Overcome with adrenaline and love, I closed that small distance between us and pressed my lips softly to his. We realised what I was doing at about the same time and both stumbled apart wide-eyed.

He cleared his throat and I examined my feet.

“I’m really glad you got the part. Do you know who’s playing Juliet?” His deliberate attempt of ignoring the kiss was painful, but it was better than a falling out.

Keeping my voice as level as possible, I replied, “I’m not so sure, it’s a toss up between the new girl Sophie and Bethany, but I’m hoping it’s Sophie.”

“She nice?”

“I guess.”



When I wake, it’s to find the sun has set and Jensen’s the only thing keeping me from freezing. His arms are still wrapped firmly around my body, his legs bracketing mine and his breath warm against my neck. As I begin to shift, his arms tighten, keeping me flush against him.

“Hey...” I breathe hoarsely, tilting my head back to gaze up at the starlit sky. “It’s beautiful out here.”

As I glance at the peacefully snoring dogs nearby, the soothing chirp of the crickets nearby catches my ear and a smile spreads over my lips. “Remember when we went camping by Lake Tensa without a tent?”

He smiles against the nape of my neck and threads his fingers in mine, “Yeah, you were so cold, you nearly got sick.”

“You let me squeeze into your hoodie with you, keeping me safe.”

“I love you,” he breathes, lips brushing against my ear, making me shiver. “I’ve loved you since you fell out the tree, broke your arm and still ended up being the one comforting *me*.”

I chuckle softly at the memory, “Yeah, you and Mom couldn’t stop crying.”

“Not funny,” he punches my arm playfully, “You have no idea how it felt, watching you fall, seeing the pain in your eyes, not being able to make it better. I had nightmares for months.”

Reaching a hand back to card through his spikes of hair, I whisper softly, “I’m sorry. I always hated worrying you. And you got worried so easily.”

“Not my fault you kept running into walls and tripping over your own feet. Do you know how hard it was to keep you out of the ICU?”

I let out a soft sigh, hating myself for bringing up the topic, but desperately needing to know the answer. “How is it... how did you go from being so protective over me, always watching, always caring, to being so... You became like a robot, Jens... It was like you could see me, but you didn’t actually register it being *me*. How did that happen? I mean, I know you said you didn’t want to be a loser forever, but... was it really that bad?”

He tenses, but shows no signs of wanting to pull away. With an audible swallow, he rests his forehead against my shoulder and begins, “Those aren’t actually my words; they were Chris’. Chris told me it was either you who got outed or the both of us. Like a coward, I chose it to be you. I thought... no, I didn’t think it would be okay, but I didn’t think you’d get hurt. I hoped afterwards we’d be able to patch things up.

“But... my dad found out about you from one of the parents of another pupil. He was... he was so mad... He told me I had to stop seeing you, he even hit me when I tried to argue, I was so scared of him finding out about me also being gay that I did everything he asked. I was friends with Chris because I was scared he would tell someone about me. I ignored you because it only made me see just how much of a failure I’d become... I swear I didn’t know that they beat you up. I swear I never knew that. I tried to block out the rude things they said to you, but I was too cowardly to intervene. If I did something Chris didn’t like, he would tell the school that I was in love with you. I wasn’t strong enough... I’m so sorry, Jared... So, goddamn sorry...”

Turning in his arms, I sling my arms around his neck and press our lips together, kissing him fiercely until the anguish is banished from his face. Then, with three simple words, I free us both from years of pain, “It’s okay, Jens.”

He bowls me over, pressing me down against the sand as he attacks my lips, his hands clutching at me, both of us trying desperately to get closer. Sadie lets out a whine from nearby and we break apart, laughing breathlessly.

“Come back to my place?” he asks softly. Probably seeing panic spreading over my face, he shakes his head quickly, “Not to do anything, just to sleep.”

“The dogs?”

“They can come too. I mean, I figure... we’ll be hanging out now, so my house better get used to the stampede.”

The thought of falling asleep beside him is too tempting. “Okay... Just maybe hide your favourite boots from them.”

He laughs softly, “I’ll keep that in mind.”



“Jen!” I yelled, racing up to the group of boys, making them all turn towards me. Jensen instantly moved forwards with his arms outstretched.

“Jared? What is it? What’s wrong?”

Bowling into my friend so hard Jensen had to spin us around a few times to get equilibrium, I burst into happy laughter, “We got it: my parents said it’s okay!”

Having established that I’m unharmed, Jensen chuckled as my obvious joy and incoherence. “What’s okay?”

“The puppy! He’s so cute, Jens! And fluffy and adorable and...” my arms waved about demonstratively, “and everything! Come on!”

I took off at a run, dragging Jensen behind me by the hand. “Come on, I want to show him the lake. And the den and the park and-”

Snorting with laughter, Jensen sped up, pinching my butt as he zoomed past.

“Hey!” I whined, and the race began.



“So, Chad, huh?” Jensen shoots a quick glance at me, “Were you two ever...?”

“Ever what?”

“Were you ever together?”

The question is so bizarre that I just stare at him blankly.

“Well, I mean... you two were always touching and...” he looks away, flushing, “Never mind, it’s none of my business...”

“You were jealous of Chad?”

As I break into peals of laughter, the likeness between his face and a beetroot increases.

Eventually he smacks me over the head and growls, “Shut up, you jackass.”

Managing to calm down enough, I shuffle along the couch, lounging down and pillowing my head in his lap, “Seriously? Were you really?”

His fingers slip up to brush the hair from my eyes, carding gently through the strands as he gazes down at me, “Yeah, it killed me to see him where I should have been.” As I open my mouth, he continues quickly, “And I know it’s my fault, but it didn’t make it hurt any less. He was always hugging you and I could see how much you trusted him, could see the way you looked at him and I remembered being on the receiving end of those eyes. And... and there were rumours about the two of you... I used to lie in bed at night, wondering if you were with him, lying in his arms...”

“Hey!” I protest, “Why couldn’t he have been the one lying in *my* arms?”

Jensen just smiles softly, his eyebrows rising as he purposefully looks me up at down.

Huffing, I roll sideways, burying my face in his stomach. “I hate you.” A beat of tense silence passes, and I rush to correct myself, “I mean...” He tilts my chin up to press his lips firmly against mine, effectively silencing my babbling and sweeping away the uneasiness.

When he pulls back with a soft smile, I feel something in my chest melt and my body instinctively shuffles closer to him. With his hand gently cupping my face, he grins down at me, “See what I mean? I think you were made to be held.”

“Asshole.”

He just smirks.

“Oh, and Chad says that when he sees you again, he’s gonna kick your ass so hard you won’t be able to sit for years.”

“Ah...” his smirk falls away and I grin in triumph. “He knows we’re working together?”

“Course he does, he’s my best friend. I think he knows everything there is to know about me.”

A flicker of something passes across his face and he looks away, his profile tense. Then he lets out a soft sigh and thumbs my cheek gently, “It’s going to take a while to get used to this.”

“To what? Us?” I begin to sit up, the fear beginning to seep in again.

“No, no...” he quickly catches me around the waist, dragging my back against his chest, “Well, I mean, yeah, us being together like this. But what I mean is getting used to Chad, dealing with the fact that you moved on from me and I’m kind of an outsider in your life.”

“Jen... Yeah... you’ll have to get used to Chad, but he’ll also have to get used to you. I mean... if you’re going to be hanging around...”

“Will you protect me from getting my ass kicked so hard I can’t sit for years?”

Laughing softly, I tilt my head to the side, breathing against his cheek for a few moments and whispering, “Yeah, I’ve got some cushions you can borrow, extra padding, you know.”

He smacks me and we burst out laughing like schoolboys.



“Jens?” I asked him softly. “Why are you so much older and not in a higher grade?”

He shifted beneath me, folding his arms beneath his head as he gazed up at sky. My head was propped up on his chest, and I watched the various emotions passing across his features.

Finally he replied, “You know my dad gets drunk sometimes, right?”

“Yeah,” I nodded, “he scares me...”

Jensen sent me a small smile, his hand coming down to cradle my face. “Yeah, well... it got him into some trouble when I was around eight. And after that, we began moving around a lot. Sometimes I didn’t even get to settle down in the school before we moved. Eventually school wasn’t such a priority. Then he got the job here, a good one that paid well and everything. And this is kind of where we stayed. My grades weren’t anything like what they should have been, so I was kept behind two years.”

I grinned up at him, my feet kicking in the soil, “’m glad you were... You m’ best friend, Jens...”

His face lit up happily, his eyes twinkling in a brilliant green as he replied softly, “Yeah, you too, Jare... You too.”



After heading to my house for a quick detour, I head towards set, looking forwards to getting back to Jensen.

But when I arrive, he’s nowhere in sight. I’m just heading for the make-up trailer when someone barrels into my side and a cotton bag is shoved over my head. I begin struggling until I hear familiar voices cursing. “Jeff?”

“Yeah, Jay. It’s me. Now quit with the punches, they fucking hurt, man.”

“What the hell’s going on?”

Ropes are tied around my hands, but I’m not really worried, I know Jeff wouldn’t hurt me. His hands are gentle as he gets me to start walking and he catches me each time I stumble. Finally, his hand falls on the back of my head, forcing me to duck as I’m helped onto a seat. Realising it’s the backseat of a car, I begin scooting to the side, coming in contact with a warm wriggling body that grunts.

“Sorry,” I breathe.

“Jared? That you?”

“Jensen? What the hell’s going on? Is Jeff kidnapping us?”

“I don’t know, man,” he mutters, his hands reaching for me, and we begin trying to undo the bonds.

As the car begins moving, we curse as we’re jostled around, and finally Jensen lets out a frustrated sigh, “They aren’t coming undone any time soon.”

“Yeah,” I murmur, sagging against his side, getting comfort from him.

His arms suddenly slide up and over my head, shifting down until I get the idea and squirm my arms out. With his bound hands around my waist, we’re pressed so tightly together I’m reminded of how it felt tucked in his hoody and a smile forms on my lips as I tilt my head back, earning a muffled sound of pain as my head collides with his nose.

After a few moments of grunting and shifting, I eventually end up between his legs, pressed up against his chest. Vaguely I wonder whether I should be worried about the fact that I’m always the girl in these things, but then his forehead rests on my shoulder and I tilt my head against his, hearing his steady breathing through the cotton.

“You think Jeff is going to eat us?” I whisper softly.

“Well, I don’t know how edible I’ll be, but I know for sure that I’d eat you.”

“God, you’re so lame.”

“Says the chick tied up in my arms?”

“See if I ever let you hold me again.”

He’s silent for a few moments, then he grumbles, “You’re joking, right?”

I just laugh softly, banging my knee gently against his leg.

The sound of something sliding comes from the left, followed by a chuckle and Jeff’s voice, “Wow, I think Eric’s got it all wrong.”

“Jeff, what the hell’s going on?” Jensen grits out, his arms tightening around me.

“Damn...” the man swears softly, “Who the hell would have guessed it? So, you two just... you just pretend to hate each other but you’re actually fucking?”

My cheeks burn and for the first time I’m glad for the cotton bags.

“We’re not fucking,” Jensen mutters. “And what does that have to do with anything?”

“Well, Eric can’t find a way to end *Supernatural* this quickly. And since Jared’s quitting because he hates you so much...” Jensen tenses behind me. “Eric told me to dump you two in the middle of nowhere without any outside contact for two weeks. ‘Cause no one can figure out why you hate each other; you’re both really awesome guys and you should be best friends. Eric’s hoping if you two make up, Jared will agree to stay on.”

“That fucker’s pretty damn devious,” I murmur with a chuckle. “So, where exactly are you dumping us?”

“There’s this amazing cabin in the middle of a forest in the middle of nowhere. There’s even a lake nearby, you lucky bastards... Wait a minute... you guys planned this? But how the hell’d you know Eric would do this? Man... I need to get lessons from you guys. This would be like the ultimate honeymoon.”

“Jeff... uh... it’s a really long story, but we’re good now, right, Jay?”

“Yeah, we’re good now.”

“More than good, by the looks of it,” Jeff snorts. Then he curses, “Fuck, you guys really pack a few punches. Jared, I think you unhinged my jaw, asshole.”

“Asshole? Me? I’m not the one kidnapping people!”

“Yeah... remind me to kill Eric when I next see him.”

Whispering softly in my ear, Jensen breathes, “So... two weeks, just us, huh?”

Suddenly realising something, I jerk up, forgetting that Jensen’s tied around me and jolting him too, I burst out, “My dogs! Who’s gonna look after them?”

A heavy hand pets the top my head and I glower in the direction of where I think Jeff is, despite knowing he can’t see it.

“Calm down, man. Kirstie has been given that duty and she’s sworn to give your babies all the love that they need.”

Slowly, I sag back against Jensen. “Okay... good...”

“And the cabin has been stocked with food; apparently Eric’s been discovering all your favourite eats... Damn, Jared. You could ask the bald guy for anything right now and you’d probably get it. How the hell did you manage it?”

Laughing softly, I reply smugly, “Skill, buddy. Tons of skill.”

“But... now that...” I can just picture Jeff waving a hand through the air, “You boys are... you know... You’re staying, right?”

Jensen is tense as anything behind me, and it’s mainly to him that I’m replying, “Yeah, I think I’m staying for good. But we’ll take the two weeks anyway.”

The whole atmosphere relaxes and Jensen’s fingers, despite being bound, brush lightly over my chest, a gesture that means the world to me.

“Any chance we can get out of these headsacks?” Jensen asks quietly, “There’s someone I feel like kissing.”

Jeff chuckles, “I guess...” The car slows and comes to halt, and I hear Jeff’s door opening and the crunching of his feet on gravel outside the car. A few moments later, the ties around my head are being undone and the cotton bag is yanked off.

Blinking around at the sudden light, I glance up at a grinning Jeff and then back at Jensen, whose head has also emerged.

Meeting Jensen’s twinkling eyes, we silently concur and, as one, we lean up, planting wet, sloppy kisses on Jeff’s cheeks, making the man splutter and yank away.

“Just for that I won’t untie you bastards...” he mutters, returning to his seat. Glancing back, he shakes his head, “Besides, you two are so fucking adorable like that.”

My eyes fall to my abdomen, where Jensen’s bound hands are resting comfortably. The man squeezes gently and I feel a steady burn spreading across my cheeks.



“Just look at him,” someone whispered from the side of the corridor as I walked past. “What a pervert. You know Jensen? Yeah, Jensen Ackles: the cute one. Well I heard that this faggot tried to kiss him! Disgusting, ain’t it? As if Jensen Ackles would ever like such a freak.”

They didn’t even bother lowering their voices.

I stumbled slightly and heard a bout of cruel laughter. My gaze was blurred with moisture as I desperately tried not to let them get to me.

It wasn’t their words that hurt so much, although they did cut quite painfully, it was the fact that I had once kissed Jensen and we were the only two that knew. The fact that everyone else now knew something so intimate meant that I’d lost my best friend forever.

He was tossing my most treasured moments around like worthless nothings. But maybe that’s all I’d ever been to him. Was he laughing even back then?



“Damn.... This place looks even better than it did in the brochures...”

“Brochures?”

“Oh, yeah... you have no idea how obsessive Eric was, finding the absolute best place. He was all geared for this *really* expensive mansion place, but I pointed out that you were both outdoorsy guys. He nearly had an aneurism.”

We’re in the middle of pine forest, the air chilly and snow capping all the nearby mountain peaks. Through the foliage, a deep gorge is visible, a crystal clear lake glinting at the bottom. It’s absolutely stunning and I stare around flabbergasted.

“Wow...”

I glance over at Jensen only to find him smiling softly at me. “What is it?” I ask with a small laugh, wondering whether there’s something weird about me.

Shaking his head, he just closes the distance between us and takes my face in his palms, brushing the lightest kiss over my lips before pulling away.

“’m kay,” Jeff chuckles, “That’s my cue to leave.”

“You don’t need to, man. Why don’t you come in for a bit, see the place?”

He grins at me and nods his head in Jensen’s direction, “Thanks, Jay. But I don’t think your man over there would appreciate my intrusion.”

Jensen blushes, making Jeff chuckle fondly. “Alright, kids. Have fun and remember to use protect-”

“Jeff!” we yell in unison, both our faces steaming.

“Alright, alright.” With another grin, he slides back into the car. “See you in two weeks.”

And then it’s just us, shivering slightly in the crisp mountain air.

I jump slightly as Jensen steps up behind me, his arms sliding around my body. His breath is warm against my neck when he whispers, “Two weeks, huh?”

Leaning back against his solid chest, I smile even though I know he can’t see it. After brushing my fingers lightly over his arm, I pull away and begin running. “Last one there is a rotten egg.”

“Jay!” his laughter chases me. “You little cheat!”

I slow down slightly, letting him catch up to me, but just as he does, my feet get tangled and I send us both sprawling down into a tangle of limbs, loud groans escaping our lips.

Letting out a soft huff, I glare up at him. “Hey!” he protests, “I didn’t do anything.”

Still grumbling, I flip us over, pressing him down onto the grass. His eyes brighten as he reaches up to brush my hair from my face. “You need a haircut.”

“No I don’t!”

Tugging me closer, he smirks, “Sure you do, else the locals are gonna start thinking the legendary sasquatch has moved into the area.”

As I open my mouth to reply, he loops his arm around my neck, pulling my lips down against his. My annoyed retort is forgotten as I sink into the kiss, tasting his strength and only wanting more. “Jen…” I murmur softly, tilting my head for a better angle.

One of his legs hooks around me, pressing my body flush against his and grinding his erection up against mine. “Fuck...” he curses when I pull away and surges up, rolling us over so I’m beneath him once again, his legs gripping me tightly in place.

“God, Jare...” he breathes, cradling my face in his palm, “Wish you could see yourself right now. So fucking gorgeous you have no idea.”

I let out a soft moan as he nudges my legs apart to slot himself between them, his body gently rocking against me.

“Jens...” I choke, arching up, seeking his lips.

With a smile that sends arousal shooting through me, Jensen ducks his head down, mouthing along my jaw and down to my neck, his body grinding against mine all the while. “So beautiful, Jay... So goddamn perfect...” He bites down at the juncture between my neck and shoulder, and all my muscles twitch.

It’s all too much, too fast. My body’s yearning for *more*, but I’m not ready. I’m not ready. “Jensen...” I murmur, making him grin and duck down to seal our lips together once more. I turn my head to the side and his lips fall on my cheek.

There’s only concern in his voice as he ask softly, “Jay?”

“Sorry...” I mumble, trying to hide my heated face. “I... it’s...”

He softly kisses my nose and sits up, kneeling between my legs. “Come on, let’s take a look around, shall we?”

Breaking out into a grateful grin, I let him hoist me up and drag me towards the cabin.

“Wow...” he breathes as we step inside, “This is like in the movies.”

It’s small, but cosy, the walls made from wooden planks and there’s a small stone fireplace hiding in the corner. There’s a bunk bed at the side, and a door leading to what must be the bathroom is opposite the kitchen-area.

“This is awesome.”



The problem with memories is we get so wrapped up in one set of events that we forget the rest, Jensen hurt me, badly, but he was scared, confused and struggling to define who he was and what he wanted from life, we both were. I loved him then, just as I do now, and now to find us both in the same place, both feeling the same, I have to believe it gives us a chance to regain what we lost, to replace the bad memories with more good ones.

In order to love we have to forgive.....



