

## What happens after?



The boys find a solution to their future: *“I...” suddenly my throat seems dry and my face is heating up. But I get the feeling that my next sentence is going to determine what happens next, so I choose it carefully. “Man, don’t go getting a big head about it, but you know I’d go anywhere for you, Sasquatch.*

2,500 words, PG-13, cute

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The flashing lights are painfully blinding, making it hard not to trip over the stairs leading to the stage. Someone’s leg gets tangled with mine, and would have sent me sprawling into a heap, had steady arms not come out to catch me.

Jared’s hands tug me in the right direction, comforting and there. After straightening up, I shoot him a quick grin, to which he returns one with dimples. God, I love his smile. There’s just something about it that puts me instantly at ease.

Then I turn my eyes on the swarming paparazzi and fans. Jared stoops, his lips brushing my ear slightly as he whispers, “Quite a bloodthirsty bunch, aren’t they?”

I huff out a laugh, all the tension seeping out of me as I whisper back, “Well you look tastier, so they’re headed straight for you.” And shit. I did not mean it to sound like that. Honestly. I was just talking about the fact that Jared eats so much sugar he must taste.... I... shit... now I’m blushing.

He just laughs easily, “Right, you keep telling yourself that. I was there when that chick grabbed your ass, remember? Bet she thought it looked pretty tasty.”

I punch him to try cover up the fact that my cheeks are burning. Before I can come up with something cool to say, a man wanders towards us with two mikes. Jared grabs his easily, “Hey, y’all.”

The crowd cheers and more lights flash. Jared just grins even more, clamping his hand down on my shoulder firmly. “Thank you for coming, I know some of you have traveled long distances just to see us, and we really love you guys for it.”

More cheers. Jared really knows how to work a crowd.

“Sorry we’re a bit late, Jensen here took ages to get his ass out of bed.” The crowd laughs. “I swear, this man is terrible. I mean, I’m up all early, working out, running with the dogs, making breakfast, and he... he just *sleeps*.”

Jared squeezes my shoulder, sending me a familiar grin and raising his eyebrow slightly. I grip the mike more tightly, “Breakfast? What do you mean, *breakfast*? Oh, wait, are you talking about the chunk of charred something or other that I found lying on the floor surrounded by the remains of my favorite plate?”

“Oh, ha ha. That was my attempt at playing it nice, folks. There I was making him breakfast and bringing it to him in bed...” Jared makes a sad face and the crowd lets out an ‘awwww’.

“And how was I supposed to know you’d kick it off? You’re not usually a kicker, Jensen.”

Oh, man. Jared sure is feeding their idea of us being together. But the weird part is that he doesn’t even have to make up stuff for them to get that impression. Even though we’re *not*.

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“What the weirdest thing you’ve ever done?”

Jared makes a squinty face, thinking hard. “Hmmm... that’s a tough one, I’ve done some pretty weird things... you should ask Jensen about that time when me, my boxers and nothing else ended up on the highway at three in the morning.”

The crowd roars with laughter and I step forward, grinning, “Oh, yeah, I remember that. I get a call in the middle of the night from him and I’m all worried, like, ‘Where are you, man.’”

Jared cuts in with a wide grin, “And I’m like, ‘Jen...sen...You... you... have green... green eyes....’ I was, like, drunk off my ass and there was a green sign in front of me and it reminded me of his girly eyes...”

“Anyway, I eventually manage to get him to tell me where he was. I’m driving on the highway and I see a car pulled over, its window wound down and Jared standing in front of it in only his boxers. I nearly crashed my car.”

Jared lets out a full body shiver, “Ahhh, yeah, don’t remind me. I wasn’t wearing much and I was really drunk, so when a car pulled over to offer me a lift, I was about to take it.”

“But I managed to grab him before he got in creepy-man’s car. The man thought Jay was a hooker.”

More laughter.

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“Have you ever experimented with guys?”

I gape at the woman asking the question. Are they even allowed to ask such personal questions?

“I...”

Jared dives in headfirst, “Well, there was this one time when I was younger...” the crowd wolf-whistles and catcalls and I turn to stare at my best friend. He grins and shrugs, “There was beer and shots and more beer and more shots. Some friends and I decided to play strip poker. I kept losing so I ended up in my boxers and...” Jared pauses, “I seem to end up in only boxers a lot, don’t I? Anyway, so I was standing there in my boxers and suddenly one of my friends has me on the couch, kissing me... I was so drunk I didn’t even realise what he was doing...”

I feel my hands clenching into fists and they have no right to be doing that. Slowly I unclench them.

“Then he started doing shots off my chest, then I passed out. When I woke up, he was spooning me and I really needed the bathroom. We never spoke of it again.”

Jared turns to me, his cheeks slightly pink. “Anyway, that was ages ago.”

“I...” I shake my head, “No, I’ve never been with a guy before.”

There’s a bit of an awkward silence and Jared clears his throat.

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“If you could make one wish, what would you wish for?”

Without missing a beat, Jared replies, “An endless supply of candy.”

I snort, “World peace?”

Then Jared begins chewing his bottom lip in thought. “No, wait, let me change that. I think if I could have anything, it would be for another television series where I get to work with this guy,” he throws his arms around me, pulling me into a big hug from the side.

I can almost hear the crowd cooing.

He’s always been touchy-feely. He’s like this with everyone, but I can’t help grinning as I shove him away.

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“What’s one thing you love and one thing you hate about working together?”

I glance at Jared, wondering what I could possibly say.

After some thought, Jared smiles, “Well, it’s awesome knowing exactly what Jensen’s feeling and why. ‘Cause after a tough scene or something on set, and we go home and he’s quieter than normal, I know why it is and I can pull him out of it.... What I hate? That’s a tough one.... Well... when... like at the end of the third season, seeing Dean die... that was... that was bad, like really bad. When I act out Sam, I really try to make myself feel what he’s feeling, and... holding Jensen’s limp body... that was tough...”

“You kept checking whether I was breathing,” I murmur softly, eyes on him.

He flushes, “Yeah, I kind of freaked out a bit then.”

Clearing my throat, I stare back at the silent crowd. “I think it’s because I know him so well, but what I love is how easy it is to play his brother. I can understand why Dean’s so protective over Sam, and why he went to hell for him....” Shit, again I’ve said too much. Trying to lighten the mood, I continue, “What I hate is being in the same car as him when the tacos begin to take action. Oh, God... the *stench*.”

The sombre mood broken, everyone laughs.

Jared’s eyes when they meet mine are soft... warm. I glance away.

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It’s finally over.

“There, that wasn’t too bad,” Jared nudges me with his shoulder as we make our way down towards the car.

I shrug.

It’s weird now. I feel weird. Sitting beside Jared in the car, our arms brushing, our thighs brushing. Surely that’s not normal.

My leg’s bouncing, I don’t even realise it until Jared lays a hand on my knee, stilling the motion, fingers gripping slightly. “You okay, man?”

“Y- yeah,” I croak, my voice sounding strained. I clear my throat and try again, “Yeah, I’m fine.”

With one last squeeze, he pulls his hand away.

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A loud thud, followed by a low groan has me wandering out to the garden. Jared is lying on the ground beside a fallen ladder, rubbing his head and wincing as he pulls it away bloody.

“Jared? Shit, man. What the fuck happened? Are you okay?”

“I... yeah, man... I just... uh...” he’s blushing. Why the hell is he blushing? “I tossed the dogs’ bone over my head when I was trying to... anyway... it landed on the roof and I felt bad, so I was tryin’ to get it and then Harley crashed into the ladder and I fell...” he looks away, cheeks now red.

“You’re an idiot, you know that?” I help him up from the ground, finally able to breathe again. He’s okay. Just scratched his forehead slightly. He’s okay. “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up.”

It’s after I’ve gently cleared away the blood and am carefully thumbing a plaster over the cut, that one of his hands move up to cover mine. His eyes are hesitant as he looks up. “Jensen... did you...” his eyes slide away.

“What is it, Jay?”

“Did you mean... what you said back there?”

I frown in confusion, wondering what the hell is going on. “What did I say back there?”

“That you’d...” Jared let’s out a soft sigh, his carefully neutral eyes coming up to meet mine, “That you’d go to hell for me...?”

“I...” suddenly my throat seems dry and my face is heating up. But I get the feeling that my next sentence is going to determine what happens next, so I choose it carefully. “Man, don’t go getting a big head about it, but you know I’d go anywhere for you, Sasquatch.”

The tension lifts and Jared’s eyes brighten as he laughs, “Yeah, yeah. Jenny. Can’t believe you said such sappy things in front of all those people.”

“Well, what about you, Jaredina? Going on about how much it *affected* you when you had to hold my ‘lifeless body’?”

“Fuck you,” he replies, dimples flashing.

“And what about what you’d wish for, huh? That we get put on another TV series together? Couldn’t you have thought of something cooler?”

Jared raises an eyebrow, “Oh, and you can talk? ‘World peace’, Jensen? You planning on entering Miss America sometime this year?”

I flip him off and we both grin.

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It’s only after lying awake for a few hours that I get it.

Tossing my legs over the edge on my bed, I wander down the corridor.

“Jay?” I whisper into the darkness of his room.

The sheets rustle and I know he’s rolling over and sitting up, “Yeah?”

I step into the room, making myself comfortable as I sit cross-legged on the edge of his bed. A few moments pass and his hand reaches out, running along the back of my neck, massaging slightly. “You okay?”

“I’d like that too,” I blurt.

Through the darkness I can see him blinking, “You’d like what too?”

“Another TV series... with you...”

“Oh...” he still sounds completely lost. “Jensen, you feeling okay?”

“Yeah,” I huff. “It’s just... after Supernatural... I... don’t... I don’t want...” I don’t want whatever we have here to be over. I don’t want to move out, but it’d be weird if I stayed. I just want to stay here, with Jared, have him as a constant. Always there.

“Yeah,” he murmurs understandingly. “I don’t want it to be over either.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, “But... I don’t know... I mean, I can’t... I can’t stay here forever... there’s.... things are going to change...after...” I don’t want them to change.

“They don’t have to,” Jared says quietly. “I mean, if we don’t want them to change, they don’t have to change.”

“How, Jay? How could we...? I don’t...” I don’t see how we could explain my staying in his house when we aren’t co-stars anymore.

“I do...” Jared whispers, his hand stopping its massage and just curling at the side of my neck... warm.

“I...” I don’t understand.

He tugs me towards him, legs parting for me to lie bracketed between them. “Oh...” I whisper back, seconds before our lips meet.

For a few moments, I can’t move. I can’t breathe. I can’t even think. Then Jared’s other hand skims up to rest at my side, just holding me close.

His lips are soft, smooth and tender as they move gently over mine. I can feel his heart thumping beneath my fingertips as I trace over his firm muscle.

“We can have this?” I ask, my words muffled against his cheek.

He rolls us over, straddling me, his hands coming up to cup my face, “We can have this,” he grins down at me, only a touch of fear in his voice.

“We can have this,” I repeat, “we can have this even after...”

“Even after,” Jared presses his lips down against mine, rocking slightly against me.

We’re both hard. How the fuck did I miss the not-so-little fact that I’m gay?

“O-okay,” my breath hitches at the friction between us. “Fuck, Jay... oh, God... oh, God.... Fuck...” I clutch at his bare back, feeling the muscles shifting and tensing. He slides down to bury his face in the dip of my shoulder, his hips rutting against mine desperately.

His fingers slip between us, lightly brushing over my boxers. Even that light touch is too much: arching up against him, my orgasm rips through me. As I come, I squeeze at his ass by accident. That simple action has him jerking forward with a low groan, coming as well.

We lie there panting in the silence. He’s still on top of me. I don’t mind, I like his solid weight pressing me down. I flush. Then I wonder why I’m flushing after what we just did.

Then he staggers to his feet, pulling me after him and leading us to the bathroom where we clean up. After changing into clean boxers, we glance at each other.

“So...” Jared starts, his eyes hopeful.

I nod, grabbing his arm and dragging him towards my bedroom.

As he curls around me, I run my fingers lightly through his hair, “I guess you’re stuck with me even after the show ends.”

Jared grins, his lips moving against my bare chest. I let out an embarrassing sound when he blows a raspberry.

My glare kind of dies when he looks up again, “Right back at ya.”

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