

## Without words:



The relationship between Jared and Jensen is a special one. They don't need words to communicate; they only need each other. No one else even comes close. *As predicted, two steps past the threshold, you look up, straight into my eyes. A smile breaks out on your lips, even as you continue talking. You're trying not to get distracted, but I know, as I pull a weird face, that you'll fail.*

~1,200 words, schmoop, sex, NC-17,



It's amazing how you can speak right to my heart  
Without saying a word, you can light up the dark  
Try as I may I can never explain  
What I hear when you don't say a thing

The smile on your face lets me know that you need me  
There's a truth in your eyes saying you'll never leave me  
The touch of your hand says you'll catch me  
Whenever I fall.  
You say it best when you say  
Nothing at all

All day long I can hear people talking out loud  
But when you hold me near you drown out the crowd  
Try as they may, they can never define  
What's been said between your heart and mine

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The touch of your hand says you'll catch me  
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I catch sight of you from across the room; you're walking with the new director. You haven't seen me yet, but I know you'll soon sense my presence. You always do.

As predicted, two steps past the threshold, you look up, straight into my eyes. A smile breaks out on your lips, even as you continue talking. You're trying not to get distracted, but I know, as I pull a weird face, that you'll fail.

Your laughter sounds out, warming from the inside.

The confusion on the new director's face is comical, and I can't help the snort that escapes my lips, startling several nearby people. They follow my gaze to where you stand, and nod knowingly.

They're all used to our antics. The new guy will be too, soon.

But it doesn't seem like you're able to escape. One glance over your shoulder has me leaping to my feet and quickly crossing the room. I sling my arms around your neck from behind, pulling you away from the director. Feeling the amount of tension in your body, I decide I don't like the man. My arms tighten and you melt into me, relaxing against my chest.

I barely refrain from snarling over your shoulder at the director. Instead, I just spout out an, 'I'm borrowing him for a moment, you don't mind, do you?' and pull you around the corner.

After making a break for your trailer and locking the door behind us, I spin you around, grinning as your eyes light up. You're grateful I rescued you from the man, but you're even happier that it's now just the two of us.

You crowd me back against the door, your hands fitting perfectly at my waist, claiming me like only you can.

I missed you today.

You kiss me hard, telling me you missed me more.

I laugh against your lips. Not possible.

Your hands slide up along my spine and up into my hair. You smirk and I smack you, I don't need a haircut, no matter what you think. With a roll of your eyes you close the distance between us, your tongue edging its way into my mouth.

My head thuds back against the door as you get too rough, and I snort at the apology shining in your eyes. We stumble away from the door and literally trip straight onto the bed. You punch me softly for leaving Harley's toys around.



Your hands come to rest on my chest, holding me back slightly; we don't have long.

I laugh against your neck; since when has that stopped us? Your protests fade as my teeth close threateningly over your skin, both of us knowing we can't afford to have another visit to Make-up today.

A tiny nip, and I pull away in favour of slinking down your body, pushing your shirt up to scatter kisses over your skin. Your belly flutters under my light touch, making me grin as I reach for your belt and your abdomen jerks.

Your eyes are blown with lust, letting me know just how powerless you are to me; just as I am to you. Your fingers slip through my hair gently, a steady weight to ground us both.

As I tug your boxers down, one of your fingers slips beneath my chin, forcing me to look up into your eyes. I smile back, letting you know that I love you too.

Your thumb strokes over my cheek for a few seconds, and I turn to press a kiss to the pad. Always.

Then I slip down, smirking up at you as I trail my fingers over your shaft. You gasp and arch up into my touch, your cheeks staining a soft pink.

You're beautiful.

With a low moan, your fingers tighten in my hair, letting me know you think the same of me and would I please get a move on?

After pressing a soothing kiss on your trembling thigh, I lower my lips over your dick, taking you into my mouth and making you cry out breathlessly.

I nudge your leg slightly and you let go of my hair, running your fingers over my scalp apologetically. I just hum around your shaft and lick my tongue down the side.

You're trembling with the effort it's taking not to thrust up, so I scrape my teeth lightly over the tip, making you shudder away some of your self-control.

It doesn't take long before you're arching up breathlessly, my name forming on your lips like a prayer.

When you reach completion, I swallow around you, swirling your taste on my tongue as I pull off.

You yank me up and seize my lips roughly, your tongue darting inside of my mouth, sharing the flavour even as your hand slides down between us. As your fingers close around me, I sob into the dip of your shoulder, thrusting into your fist. You press a soft kiss to the side of my face, letting me know that you've got me, you love me, you'll take care of me.

With a silent shout, I come all over your fingers. Your brow furrows slightly, and I snort at your squeamishness. In return you smear your hand down my shirt – leaving it up to me to make up an excuse for Costume Wardrobe.

Fucker.

You just grin.

