Curiosity

by MsImpala67

Summary

Jensen runs the brewery that supplies Jared's bar. That's as far as their relationship goes, since Jared's oblivious to Jensen's perfection and Jensen is straight.

But when Jensen confides in Jared that he may not actually be straight, Jared eagerly volunteers to help him figure it out.

Everything about their arrangement is great- great sex, no responsibilities, no worries. But how long can that last? And how long can they enjoy sleeping together before someone develops feelings?

Notes

Warnings for this chapter: blow jobs, frottage

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

There should be a law against getting up before noon.

Jared stumbles into the bar, pushing his hair out of his face before sliding it under a beanie. He really should have shaved before he left the house, and maybe pulled a shirt out of his closet instead of from the floor. He’s a mess.

But it’s not really his fault. Who does business at eleven in the fucking morning?

Well, probably lots of people, actually.

But those people didn’t close down a bar the night before. He didn’t get in bed until five, and it’s the eighth night in a row he’s closed. He’s allowed to yawn through this.

Jensen’s already waiting at the door, grinning at Jared like he knows exactly how he feels. “Do you ever take a day off, man?” he asks.

Jared claps him on the shoulder, then pulls out his keys and opens the door that he was locking what seems like five minutes ago. “Not in the last couple of weeks,” he admits.

The employees who open the bar every day, when the sun is still out and the glasses are still clean, talk about how depressing the bar is at times like this. Empty. Strange. Too quiet. But Jared loves it. It feels like anticipation, like showering and getting dressed before a date. He straightens a couple of chairs on the way to the bar, Jensen following, and smiles to himself.

His bar.

One of the few things he’s done right in his life.

Tonight, it will glow with twinkly, golden lights. It will be full of people, laughing and talking, glasses clinking, music playing. And Jared will be here again, making sure it’s all perfect.

“So, whaddya got for me?” Jensen asks, pulling his laptop from the bag on his shoulder.

“Gimme a second to get set up. You want something to drink?”

“I’ll get it,” Jensen shrugs, leaving his things to come around the bar.

Jared nods and heads back to the office where his own laptop waits. By the time he’s thrown his keys on his desk, glanced through tonight’s schedule just to see who should be here in a few hours to set up, and made his way back to the bar, Jensen’s deep in some spreadsheets, sipping at a bottle of water.

“Here.” Jared hands over his laptop, inventory already loaded for Jensen, and busies himself wondering if he’ll have time for a nap when he goes home to shower before his shift.

Jensen starts clicking through numbers, how many kegs of which beers they’ve gone through, how many they have left, which are best sellers and which aren’t moving.

Jared is a connoisseur of all types of alcohol, but he has no interest in this part of the business. As long as he has enough money to pay the bills, he’s satisfied, and he doesn’t need to know the boring details. Which is why he keeps people like Jensen on his payroll. There are plenty of breweries that want to supply his bar, but Jensen’s is the only one that Jared trusts. Not only is their
product good quality and accurately priced, Jensen is a perfectionist who makes sure his clients are satisfied. And for San Jac, that means going through Jared’s inventory meticulously, because he knows Jared won’t.

Jared has learned to leave Jensen alone while he does this, to practice his shots at the pool table or stock shelves, anything that doesn’t require conversation. Jensen gets involved in his work.

And Jared does his best not to stare. It’s rude and a little creepy. But sometimes he just can’t help but sneak a glance. Jensen’s just so...different from him. Even when he’s wearing jeans and a t-shirt, with a backwards baseball cap on his head, he looks put together in a way Jared never does. He’s got expensive sunglasses on top of his head and an air of authority as he frowns at the screens, pen between his lips. It’s so grown up.

Jensen’s also a little uptight, but Jared supposes that’s why he’s so successful. Maybe if Jared put a little more effort into that side of himself, rather than the side that makes a living from talking to drunk people, he could fascinate people with his own adulting capabilities.

Then again, he prefers his shoulders relaxed, instead of up by his ears, which is where Jensen’s seem to stay.

“Alright,” he says after almost an hour of tapping at keys and screens. “The next shipment should be here on Tuesday of next week. Everything you need to know is in the email I just sent you.”

“Thanks,” Jared smiles. “This place would go dry without you.”

Jensen laughs. “You’re welcome.”

“So, what are you up to tonight?”

Jensen shrugs, closes his laptop and stretches his arms before reaching for his water again.

“Why don’t you hang out here? If you’re free, that is. We’ve got a band playing tonight.”

“Oh, yeah?” Jensen smiles, open and friendly. “They any good?”

“Who the hell knows?” Jared laughs. “They’re a local band. Not sure if they’ve ever played in front of anyone other than their parents before. But they’re cheap.”

Jensen laughs along with him. “Sure, I mean, I don’t have any other plans. Might be fun.”

Jared watches as Jensen leans forward on the bar, as he opens his mouth to speak, then thinks better of it and fidgets in his chair instead.

Is Jensen...is Jensen flirting with him?

It never occurred to Jared that Jensen was interested in men. And since that had never occurred to him, the idea of flirting had definitely never crossed Jared’s mind.

But...is he?

Jared watches, a little amused, as Jensen starts packing up his things, hands a little more precise than usual, like he’s concentrating to hard. Like he’s a little nervous.

Jensen’s certainly hot, Jared thinks. Really hot. And Jared finds himself a little nervous too as he follows Jensen to the door, ready to lock up behind him.
“Thanks again. And I’ll see you tonight.” He says it as a fact, not a question, hoping that it will solidify the plans and he can think more about this new development tonight, after he gets a few drinks in Jensen.

“I’ll be there,” Jensen grins.

Jared watches him walk down the street toward his SUV, and maybe he imagines it, but there’s a tiny sway in Jensen’s hips that he never noticed before. Or that Jensen never showed him before.

Or maybe Jared just really needs to get some sleep.

********

A long nap and a shower later, Jared’s back at the bar. He’s busy from the second he arrives, but it’s all muscle memory. His brain is stuck on Jensen, on wondering whether or not he totally misread that situation. Jared’s already decided to just wait it out, see what kind of mood Jensen’s in tonight.

And maybe that’s just who Jensen is. Maybe that’s how he acts around everyone. It’s not like they know each other that well. Aside from pleasantries exchanged when they work together, they don’t talk or hang out. Jared might be creating something out of absolutely nothing.

Until Jensen shows up.

One look at him and Jared knows he isn’t making anything up.

Jensen’s wearing tight, dark jeans, ones Jared’s never seen before in their work interactions, and holy shit he looks good. They hug his thighs, and his button-down shirt hugs his shoulders, and Jared’s struck with how thick he is. How strong. How big.

And he’s grinning like a cat that got the cream, like he’s got a secret, staring right at Jared as he makes his way over to the bar.

“Hey!”

“Hey,” Jared grins, responding instantly to the enthusiasm in Jensen’s tone. “Glad you made it!”

Jensen leans forward to be heard over the noise of the bar, and Jared mirrors him, unable to stop himself from grinning like an idiot just because he’s so damn curious to see where this goes.

“I really should stop by more often. I always forget how fun this place is.”

Jared beams with pride, smiling so hard his face hurts. “You want a drink?”

He half-expects Jensen to order his usual bottle of water, or maybe a beer, but Jensen licks his lips and says “Whiskey. A double.”

Jared makes it his mission right then to get Jensen back to his apartment at the end of the night. It’s not what he expected when he woke up this morning, but hey, life is funny that way, isn’t it? Why the fuck not?

The night wears on and Jensen doesn’t leave, not even when Jared’s so busy that he doesn’t speak to him for an entire hour and a half. But he watches him. Jensen drifts from the bar to a table with Jenny, one of Jared’s bartenders who can’t stay away even when she has the night off. Tonight, she’s showing off a new tattoo on her thigh with her barely there summer dress, and enjoying
matching Jensen whiskey for whiskey, but Jared notices that Jensen never touches her while they talk, that he leans back in his chair and maintains distance.

When she heads off to stand in front of the tiny stage to hear the band, Jensen joins a pool game instead, right in the sight line of the bar, and it’s not lost on Jared how he handles the table like he owns it. It’s also not lost on Jared what his ass looks like in those jeans when he bends over.

Eventually, the band starts playing, and the bar dies down as people gravitate toward the stage. The music’s not great, but it’s good enough and the people are already drunk enough to enjoy it. Jared grins at the shouts and cheers, wipes off the counter in front of him, and takes a deep breath.

Jensen isn’t anywhere to be found now.

“We’re good, man,” Ryan tells him, grabbing the rag out of Jared’s hand. He’s Jared’s second in command at San Jac, and the best shift manager anyone could ask for. “Alex and I can handle closing. Go home and get some sleep.”

Jared grins. “I think I’ll take you up on letting myself off. But I’m not tired.”

“Then have a drink,” Ryan laughs. “Find someone to hook up with. But get out from behind the bar, yeah?”

“Deal.”

Jared pours himself a triple shot and downs it quickly, and is already walking toward the stairs before the burn hits. He knows Jensen isn’t anywhere downstairs, and he hopes he hasn’t left yet. The only other option is the closed off section where the employees hang out after they’re cut for the evening.

He hears Jensen before he sees him, a booming laugh that echoes off the walls. Jared follows the sound and finds him sitting with Jenny, Dylan, and Evie, beers in hand as they talk over each other.

Jared grins and pulls a chair up, turns it backwards and straddles it. “I see you’ve found the most boring place in the whole bar to hang out,” he says, eyes laser focused on Jensen.

“What are you talking about? These guys have saved the evening. See, I was promised some good live music, but instead all I got was whatever noise they’re playing down there. Jenny rescued me.”

Not only is he hot, he’s adorable, too. How did Jared never notice this before? Sure, he knew how attractive Jensen was, but to see him be that attractive on purpose, to see him be that attractive for Jared (this is for Jared, right?) is almost too much.

“Not the best escape plan,” Jared replies. “It’s a mess up here.”

The upstairs is right in the middle of construction. In a few months, it will be another bar area, a quieter and more exclusive area for people to relax, maybe even eat a real meal. But for now, it’s covered in plastic tarps and construction equipment, only a table and a few chairs sitting out for the employees to use when they want to take their break away from the crowd.

“Jensen doesn’t mind,” Evie giggles. “We were just playing Never Have I Ever.”

Jared rolls his eyes. “Seriously? Y’all are adults.”

“Oh, come on.” Evie grabs a fresh bottle of beer from the cooler by her feet and tosses it to Jared. “It’s fun.”
Jared accepts the drink and pops it open on the edge of the table. “If you say so.”

“Good,” Jenny grins. “It’s my turn.”

Jared catches Jensen’s eye while she takes a moment to think, and Jensen glances down a little shyly, picking at the label on his bottle with long, graceful fingers.

“Never have I ever...hooked up with someone I work with.” Jenny immediately looks over at Dylan and Evie, who both turn red as they take a drink and look everywhere but at each other.

Jared snorts with laughter. “I wondered about you two,” he teases.

“What about you?” Jenny asks.

“Nope,” Jared answers honestly. “Jensen?”

“Can’t say that I have.”

The game goes on for a while, and Jared has more fun that he means to, coming up with ridiculous situations and learning more about his employees than he ever wanted to know.

Eventually, Dylan and Evie leave, lying badly about where they’re going, and Jenny starts cleaning up the empty beer bottles a few minutes later.

“It’s late,” she sighs. “I should get gone before they guilt me into helping shut the place down.”

Jared glances at his watch. It’s already three in the morning? He can hear Alex downstairs, cheerfully and politely ushering the last few people out so he can lock up. Another half hour or so, and even the staff will be gone. Jared won’t have an excuse to keep Jensen here very much longer.

When Jenny’s gone and it’s just the two of them, Jensen leans forward and grabs his phone from the table. “Jenny tagged me in a bunch of Instagram posts? I didn’t even see her take pictures tonight.”

“She’s sneaky like that.” Jared watches Jensen scroll through, wondering how to keep this night going.

Jensen does it for him. “Never have I ever filmed anything sexual.”

Okay, then. They’re gonna play. Jared can do that.

“Never?”

“I mean, pictures are one thing. But actual video? No.”

Jared stares at Jensen’s pretty green eyes as he takes a long drink. Jensen actually blushes a little.

“Was it fun?”

Not as fun as the things I want to do to you. “Yeah,” he shrugs. “I guess.”

“Okay. I’ve got a question for you.”

Jensen can’t meet his eyes, is fidgeting in his chair, and Jared tries not to get hard in his jeans. This is it. Jensen’s gonna go for it. “Shoot.”
“Is it true you’ve never slept with someone you work with?”

“Yes, that’s true,” Jared admits. “Just never seemed like a good idea. Of course, there are some guys I work with who could change my mind.”

Jensen doesn’t seem to have any reaction to that, so Jared keeps pushing. He’s come too far tonight to chicken out now. “What about you, Jensen? No guys at work ever turn your head?”

Jensen finally meets Jared’s eyes. “I’ve actually never slept with a guy before. Coworker or not.”

Jared’s mouth drops open before he can stop it. Fuck. Shit. This is...fuck.

“I’m...I’m sorry…” he stammers. “I didn’t…I mean, I thought…”

Jensen grins a little. “It’s okay. I’m not offended or anything.”

The disappointment settles deep in Jared’s gut. He was incredibly, horribly wrong about all of this. How? Jensen had seemed so...it doesn’t matter. He was wrong and now he needs to gracefully back out so that things don’t get weird.

He’s still trying to think of something to say when Jensen speaks again.

“I’ve never been with a guy before, but that doesn’t mean one hasn’t turned my head.”

This conversation is going to give Jared whiplash.

“Oh?” It’s all Jared can manage to say.

Jensen looks away, shy again now that he’s said what he wanted to say. Jared takes a minute to collect himself and figure out how to go about this. He ultimately decides to just go for it. “Would you like to? Sleep with a guy?”

Jensen’s head snaps around, bright pink spots on his cheeks now.

“If you want,” Jared continues, “I could be the one you try it with.”

“Are you serious?” Jensen asks. His voice is detached, but his body is showing all the signs. He’s leaning forward, biting his lip, breathing a little faster. Jared doesn’t look, but he’s pretty sure there’s a bulge in Jensen’s jeans.

“Yes,” Jared grins. “I’m serious. If you want.”

Jensen laughs a little, like he can’t believe they are actually talking about this. “I don’t know what the hell I’m talking about,” he admits. “I’d never really thought about guys before. And then…”

“And then what?”

“And then I did. I don’t know. It’s just something I can’t get out of my head.” Jensen looks around, and Jared knows he’s saying more than he’s ever said to anyone, maybe more than he’s ever said to himself. There’s total silence downstairs now, and they’re alone.

It’s the middle of the night, he’s buzzing just enough to feel relaxed and open, and he’s alone with a gorgeous man who wants to find out if he likes sleeping with other men.

With this luck, Jared should buy a lottery ticket.
He opts for blunt honest instead. “Jensen, if you want to try this, we can. I think it would be a lot of fun. And you wouldn’t have to worry about anything. You know me and trust me. You know I’m not expecting anything from you.”

Jensen takes one last drink and sets his beer bottle on the table. “Wh-what did you have in mind?”

“What did you have in mind? You’re the one who’s never done this.”

Jensen nods and stands up, and Jared lets himself fully appreciate Jensen for maybe the first time ever. Looking at him like this, knowing it’s okay and expected for him to check Jensen out, he takes in every last inch, scrutinizes every last detail, and he’s not disappointed.

“If I wanted to, is it okay that it’s just tonight? That it’s just sex?”

Jared nods, ignoring the little voice in his head saying that what he wants to show Jensen will take much longer than one night. “Anything you want.”

“I think I want to kiss you.”

Jared sits up straight then, reaches out and tugs at Jensen’s shirt so that he’s forced to lean down. Kissing is something Jared knows how to do.

He still isn’t prepared for Jensen.

The kiss is slow, and it takes a minute for Jensen to get the hang of it, to kiss back. He mostly just stands there for a minute, still and silent, letting Jared do all the work. But his lips are still soft and full, and he still smells like the best combination of cologne and sweat, and his body is still warm, so Jared doesn’t mind too much.

Slowly, Jensen lets go, and little by little starts to kiss him back. Their lips slot together, push and tug at each other, and Jared lets his fingers dance across the small of Jensen’s back, gently pulling him closer. Jensen sighs a little, giving Jared the opportunity to slide their tongues together, to really kiss him, deep and good.

When he pulls away for a breath, Jensen’s eyes are big and surprised.

“Well?” Jared asks, already confident in Jensen’s answer, given that he’s let himself glance at the erection Jensen isn’t hiding very well.

Jensen doesn’t answer. He falls to his knees between Jared’s outstretched legs instead, hands reaching for Jared’s face to pull him in for another kiss. This time, it’s hot and messy, a little dirty as Jensen gets into it, slides his hands into Jared’s hair and pulls enough to get a low, muffled moan.

“Is this okay?” Jensen whispers, hands trailing down now, to the button of Jared’s jeans.

They really should go back to Jared’s apartment or something. This isn’t the nicest way to do this, and Jared should care more.

But Jensen’s edging his zipper down, and licking his fucking lips.

“Yeah, that’s okay,” Jared encourages, lifting his hips to help.

Jensen pulls his jeans and boxers down to his thighs, gets his cock free without touching it, then takes a deep breath. “What do I do?” he asks.
“Just do what you like having done to you,” Jared suggests. It’s not likely that Jensen’s going to fuck this up. Anything he does with that mouth will feel good.

And holy fuck, does it feel good.

Jensen goes slowly, and Jared can practically hear his brain whirring as he thinks about each and every movement. He starts by simply pressing a kiss to Jared’s lower stomach, then carefully wraps his fingers around the shaft, just barely stroking as he leans down. The first touch of his tongue is hesitant, like he’s worried it might taste bad or something. The second one is longer, wetter, a long line from the middle of his cock up to the head.

“Fuck,” Jared grunts, leaning back in the chair and wishing it had arms to hold onto. As it is, he has to just grab the edges of the seat and hold on.

Jensen seems to gain confidence after that. His tongue flicks around, teasing the slit, pressing against the sensitive spot right under the head, licking up and down like Jared’s a piece of hard candy.

He’s a little awkward when he starts to suck, bobbing his head a little too much at first and almost gagging, then trying a couple of different things before he finds a rhythm he likes. Jared squeezes his eyes shut and tries not to come while Jensen explores.

He really should be doing something, talking to him, teaching him, encouraging him. Hell, he should be the one giving Jensen a blowjob, since this is about Jensen’s pleasure. Or maybe Jensen is getting pleasure from this. Maybe Jensen wanted to find out if he enjoyed giving blowjobs as much as everyone enjoys getting them.

Jared has to pull away at that.

“Sorry, was that not...did I do something wrong?”

“No,” Jared pants, squeezing the base of his dick and willing his heart to calm down. “That was fucking perfect.”

Jensen smiles then, pleased with himself. “Then let me finish.”

“No. I wanna show you something else. Get your pants off.”

Jensen is apparently an eager student, because he jumps right up and shoves his pants and underwear down, scrambling a little to kick one shoe off so he can pull one leg completely free.

Jared reaches out and grabs his hips, digs his fingers into muscular flesh and pulls until Jensen falls into his lap, straddling him, their cocks rubbing together between their stomachs.

“Ohhhh,” Jensen moans, leaning forward into Jared’s shoulder.

“Feel good?”

“Mmmm.”

Jared grins and wraps one arm around Jensen, then crudely spits in his other hand before sliding it down to wrap around both of them, rubbing their dicks together as he strokes.

It doesn’t take long. Jensen pushes into his hand like he’s desperate for it, lets his lips rest against Jared’s neck as he groans just a little, and Jared pulls his orgasm out fast and quick. He can feel
every muscle in Jensen’s body strain as he comes, shuddering and twitching in Jared’s lap as he spills hot and thick over Jared’s fingers. It’s enough to push Jared over the edge and he’s coming too, breathing in the scent of Jensen as he makes a bigger mess of both of them.

Jensen is oddly quiet as Jared shifts their position, grabs a few napkins off the table and cleans them up as best he can. They’re both still a little sticky, but it’s enough for them to get dressed and get out of here.

“You okay?”

Jensen nods instantly, stepping into his discarded shoe as he zips himself up. “Yeah, I’m good. That was...that was a hell of a lot of fun.”

Jared tries to smile, but there’s an edge to Jensen’s words that make him a little unsure. Should they talk about this?

“Look, I just live in the apartment building a couple of streets over. We can, uh, go and talk if you want? I’ve got the day off tomorrow, so we can hang out as long as you want.”

“That’s okay.”

Jared doesn’t move, just stares at Jensen until he has to look back.

“I’m really okay,” Jensen tells him, smiling a little. “I just. I think I should probably go home, you know?”

“Okay. I’ll see you Tuesday? At work?”

“Of course,” Jensen nods. He shifts his weight a couple of times, then leans forward to kiss Jared one last time, short but sweet. “Thank you.”

“Trust me,” Jared says, “the pleasure was all mine.”

Jared heads home alone, a little bewildered by how much has happened in the last twenty-four hours. By the time he lets himself into his apartment, he’s grinning to himself. It might have been a one time thing, but it’ll make a hell of a memory. Jared thinks about it all over again, trying to memorize everything about Jensen’s face, his hands, the sounds he made.

And when he falls asleep, he’s feeling pretty damn good about the whole thing, about this new, hot little secret.

A knock on the door wakes him up.

At first, he thinks he’s overslept or something. But as his brain wakes up, he remembers that it’s his day off. And no one would come here looking for him anyway- they’d just call him. And it’s still dark outside.

He grabs the phone from his nightstand and squints as the screen blinds him, brightly telling him that he’s only been asleep for about half an hour.

He stumbles to the door and looks through the peephole. Jensen is standing there under the flourescent lights of the hallway.

“Jensen?” He unlatches the chain and swings the door open. “Everything okay?”

Jensen shoves his hands in his pockets and shrugs. “Sorry to just show up.”
“It’s okay. You want to come in?”

Jensen nods and takes a couple of steps, just enough for Jared to close the door behind him.

“What’s up?”

Jensen grins like a little kid who’s been caught doing something they know they shouldn’t. “I was just wondering...if I was still curious about guys...would it be okay if we tried some more things?”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen come to an agreement, and Jared satisfies some of Jensen's curiosity.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top!Jared, anal rimming, blowjobs, anal sex

Jared settles himself down at the table in his small kitchen, cold bottle of water in front of him. Jensen looks nervous but eager, staring at Jared with big green eyes, waiting for Jared to give him all the answers he’s looking for.

“Let’s talk about some things,” Jared says finally, deciding that’s a safe place to start.

Jensen nods and leans forward, like this is a normal conversation, like he wasn’t just Jared’s co-worker twenty-four hours ago, like they didn’t just get each other off in Jared’s bar, like they aren’t talking about an arrangement where they get each other off on a regular basis.

“If you’re certain you want to do this…” he trails off, smiling a little when Jensen vigorously nods again, “then we need to be clear from the start. So, you tell me. What is it that you want?”

Jensen frowns as he thinks, chews on his lower lip, and damn if that isn’t distracting. “I think...I think I just want to act on some thoughts I’ve been having. Experience some new things and not have to worry about a relationship...God, this makes me sound selfish.”

Jared chuckles. “No, it just makes you sound curious.”

A beat of silence stretches between them, and Jared’s mind races as he thinks about what Jensen’s really asking. A hot guy, one that Jared knows and likes, is asking to have experimental sex with him. And he doesn’t want anything in return.

“Okay, I’m in.”

Jensen’s eyes snap up hopefully, but the rest of him stays as calm and collected as he always is. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Oh, but Jensen’s adorable like this, excited but trying to hide it, not sure how he’s supposed to respond. “So...what do we do now?”

“Well, I’m going back to bed. And if you want, you can come with me.”

Jensen stands when Jared does, and their eyes meet, hold for just a moment as the tension builds between them.
“I’d like that.”

Jared smiles and leans forward, presses one short kiss to Jensen’s lips because he just can’t stop himself, then holds out his hand. Jensen’s cheeks flush a little as he takes it, lets Jared lead him down the small hallway to the one bedroom in the apartment.

It’s quiet and dark in Jared’s room, like they’re in their own little world and nothing else exists when Jared closes the door.

Jensen glances around, puts his hands in his pockets and grins shyly, waiting for Jared to tell him what to do.

“Come here,” Jared says, keeping his voice soft and calm.

Jensen’s right there in his arms in a second, offering his lips for long kisses, kisses that he actively participates in this time around. He doesn’t wait for Jared, just opens his mouth and licks into Jared’s mouth without hesitation. Jared kisses back, tongues rubbing together as Jared pulls at Jensen’s hips, bringing him close enough that their cocks can rub together, too.

It takes all the strength Jared has, but he pulls away for a moment, while they are still clothed, because there are still a couple of things to talk about.

“You know you can stop this at any time, right? If you don’t like anything we do, just tell me, okay? I won’t be offended.”

Jensen nods, breathing out a sigh of relief so smoothly that Jared almost misses it.

“And one more thing. Do you want to top or bottom?”

Jensen freezes at that. “I...uh. I don’t know. What do you...”

Jared shrugs. “I usually top, but I like bottoming, too. Your call.” He reaches out and pulls Jensen back into his arms, runs a hand down the tense muscles of his back. “It’s your night.”

Jensen drops his chin to Jared’s shoulder in an almost-hug and sighs. “I think I’d like to bottom,” he whispers.

Jared grins. He was hoping he’d say that.

“Okay, then. But I think we’re wearing too many clothes to do much more than kiss.”

Jensen chuckles a little and pulls away, confidence back in place. He even manages to tease Jared a little as he undresses, taking his time with the buttons on his shirt and flexing his muscles in all the right ways as he lets it fall to the ground, exposing miles of creamy skin and freckles. Jared yanks his own t-shirt off with no fanfare at all, just haste to feel Jensen’s skin against his own.

“Should I...” Jensen cuts himself off and just makes the decision on his own, sits down on Jared’s bed so he can take off his shoes.

“Here,” Jared says, sinking to his knees in front of Jensen, forgetting the flannel pajama pants he was just about to take off. Undressing Jensen is far more interesting.

Jensen leans back on his hands and quietly watches as Jared pulls his shoes off, then his socks, running his fingers over the tops of Jensen’s feet. His toes curl a little at the sensation, and Jared makes a note of that for future reference.
It’s then that Jared realizes he’s already hoping for many, many more moments like this one.

Jensen is just too delicious, he decides. Who wouldn’t want to sink their teeth into him? Especially if they could do it totally consequence free, with no responsibilities at all?

The blue jeans come next, and Jared pulls them down slowly, can still smell himself all over Jensen from the sticky mess they made of each other at the bar. Jensen still says nothing as Jared stares at his perfect cock, fattening up under the attention. He stays still, too, when Jared runs his hands from Jensen’s ankles up to his thighs.

God, those thighs. Jared digs his fingers in and feels just how thick and muscular they are, wonders for a moment how those legs would feel wrapped around him.

And still, he gets no reaction out of Jensen other than one deep breath.

Okay, fine. If Jensen is going to play hard to get, Jared can work with that.

Without warning, he licks the entire length of Jensen’s dick, from the base to the very tip, where he suckles just a little.

“Ooohhh,” Jensen groans, one hand going into Jared’s hair and tugging for a second before he pulls it away.

“No,” Jared says, grabbing Jensen’s hand and putting it back in his hair. “It’s okay. It’s good.”

Jensen closes his eyes, but leaves his hand there when Jared leans back down. Jensen tastes salty, a little sweaty from earlier, and Jared takes his time tasting him. This has to be good for Jensen, so he explores and searches out every sensitive spot, goes slow and steady with his tongue until Jensen is groaning constantly, pulling hard at the strands of Jared’s hair caught between his fingers.

“Fuck, that feels good,” he moans.

Jared grins, pulls away long enough to look up into Jensen’s pretty face. “Lie back,” he tells him, “and I’ll really blow your mind.”

Jensen obeys, scoots back on the bed and lies flat on his back. Jared pushes his legs open, drags his hands to the backs of Jensen’s thighs and pushes them up a little, so that Jensen is spread open and exposed to him. He can feel the shift in Jensen’s mood, the slight tension of having someone look at the most private parts of your body so closely. But when he pauses to give Jensen time to tell him no, Jensen only squirms a little, reaches down to brush at Jared’s hair again.

That’s all the encouragement Jared needs. Those thighs quiver beneath his hands as he leans forward and gently sucks at Jensen’s balls, then slides his tongue down, lower and lower, until it flutters over Jensen’s hole.

Instantly, Jensen jerks his hips, reacts like he’s been burned. Jared waits patiently, gives Jensen a moment to process, and grins when he settles back down, clearly waiting for more. It’s time to really work then, and Jared puts his tongue to good use. Just like with Jensen’s cock, Jared takes his time with his hole, learning the feel and taste of it, learning that Jensen whimpers at soft and light licks and lets out guttural moans at deep, wet ones. Jared loves them both.

It’s been a long time, years and years, since Jared was with someone who had never experienced this before. And Jared had been inexperienced then, too. He’s never known what it is to be in control like this, to be the one completely taking the lead, with Jensen spread out on the bed, unsure but willing, giving himself over to Jared. That’s the reason he moans into Jensen’s ass, and
that’s the reason his own dick is so hard it’s painful. He’s just never been in this position before, one hundred percent in control of someone else’s pleasure.

He ignores the throbbing between his legs, because he has to go slow, has to make sure Jensen is ready for each and every step they take.

So he keeps his tongue moving, pointing the tip and pushing in just a little, getting a gasp from Jensen. He’s so silky soft, totally clean, and Jared is struck with that knowledge.

“Jensen? Did you...did you clean up for me before you came to the bar tonight?”

Jensen throws an arm over his eyes as he nods, clearly embarrassed by Jared’s words. “I was just hoping…”

A new wave of heat rushes through Jared and makes his cock stand up higher. “You showed up tonight all clean and ready, hoping that I would fuck you.”

Before Jensen can answer, Jared dives back in, not caring that his tongue is tired, that his lips are numb and his neck is starting to cramp. It’s worth it to pull all kinds of new sounds out of Jensen, to make his legs shake, to feel that silky flesh start to open up and let him in.

He pulls away to get his lube and a condom from the nightstand drawer, and Jensen watches with big eyes, chest heaving and flushed as pink as his pretty hole. Jared couldn’t have dreamed up a better fantasy if he tried, and he knows that no matter how this ends up, he’ll have to work hard not to see exactly this image of Jensen every time he comes into the bar.

With skilled hands, he opens the lube and coats three fingers, pressing only one of them against Jensen’s hole. He works him open slowly, kissing his stomach, sucking once or twice at the head of his cock, nipping at his thighs as he gets his finger inside down to the knuckle.

“How does that feel?” he asks, partially to check on Jensen, partially just to hear Jensen’s voice.

It takes Jensen a minute to answer, and Jared is pleased to hear that his voice is thick and hoarse, a little slower than usual as he tries to gather his thoughts. “It feels...different.”

“Good different?”

Jensen shifts his hips just a little, sinks down just a little further on Jared’s finger. “Yes. Fuck...yes.”

Jared grins and starts to slowly thrust, circling his finger a little to stretch Jensen open. “You ready for another finger?”

Jensen throws his head back and doesn’t answer, but Jared takes the tug of fingers in his hair as a yes.

Jensen writhes on two fingers even more perfectly than he did one, taking them in as far as he can and working his hips, exploring how each movement feels when he’s full like this. Again, Jared works his fingers, opens Jensen up, but this time, he curls his fingers and searches for Jensen’s prostate.

“Fuck!” Jensen shouts, hands slamming down on the bed as his whole body goes rigid. “Holy shit…”

Jared holds back his chuckle as he rubs the spot again, watches as Jensen goes wordless and silent.
with the pleasure of it. “Oh, Jensen, I’m gonna make you feel so good…”

“I’m ready,” Jensen whines. “Please…”

Jared doesn’t listen. He holds Jensen there, makes him take a third finger before he finally picks up the condom. Jensen is a sweaty mess, crying out almost constantly and making a tangled knot of Jared’s blanket.

But Jared is only human, and when he can’t hold out any longer, he quickly kicks off his pants and rolls the condom on in record time.

“It might be easier if you turned over,” he murmurs, kissing his way across Jensen’s sweat-damp collar bone.

“I like being able to see you, if that’s okay,” Jensen answers.

Jared shudders, but only because Jensen is trailing his hand down to stroke Jared, to pull him into position against his hole. “Yeah. Okay.”

Jared lubes himself up and tries to push in as slowly as possible, watching for any sign of discomfort on Jensen’s face. He bites his lip, but he doesn’t pull away or frown, so Jared keeps sinking in, inch by slow inch, pausing along the way to drop a kiss to those full lips, to take a breath before he comes all over himself, to just appreciate the feel of Jensen’s tight little hole stretching around his cock.

Jesus, he’s burning up inside, squeezing around Jared like a clamp. Jared grits his teeth and tries to think of cold showers and that time he got hit in the crotch playing dodge ball in high school, anything to hold off the coming orgasm. He’s going to make this good for Jensen.

Finally, finally, he’s all the way in, buried balls deep, their hips pressing together.

“How’s that?” he whispers.

“I don’t…” Jensen grabs Jared’s shoulders and pulls a little, shifting his body up. “Oh, God. That’s…that’s...so…”

“Good?” Jared still doesn’t move, wants to make sure Jensen’s enjoying this.

“Holy shit, Jared...move...it’s...I need you to move.”

Even if Jared wanted to stay still for a little longer, which he absolutely doesn’t, he can’t resist that pleading, can’t say no to Jensen pulling at his arms, at his waist, struggling beneath him to find a rhythm, to fuck himself on Jared’s dick.

Jared manages to control the first few strokes, to keep them slow and steady. Jensen groans like he’s been given water in the desert, clinging to Jared. Jared gets his knees beneath him and starts grinding deep, testing the boundaries, and Jensen just spreads wider, beautifully opening himself up to more.

“You ready for me to touch you?” Jared asks, fingers barely brushing against Jensen’s hard cock, trapped between their stomachs.

“Yes, please,” Jensen begs, curling his hands around Jared’s hips in an attempt to speed them up.

“A little greedy, aren’t you?”
There’s a flash of insecurity in Jensen’s eyes and he comes out of his haze for a moment, like maybe he’s not supposed to be so forward or so vocal. Jared instantly leans down and kisses him, hips still pumping.

“I like it,” he murmurs, then sucks at Jensen’s bottom lip until his eyes go hazy again and his body relaxes.

Jensen’s cock is hot in his hand when he reaches down to stroke it, to rub his thumb over the head, start flicking his wrist fast enough to make Jensen’s breath catch in his throat.

Jared watches as Jensen falls over the edge, mouth going slack as his legs lock around Jared, holding both of them still as he comes for the second time that night, harder than the first time. It’s only after he’s done shaking and sighing through it that Jared gives a couple last thrusts, deep and hard enough to make himself come, buried in all that tight heat, Jensen’s sweaty body still clawing at his.

“Fuck,” he grunts, letting his head fall down into the bend of Jensen’s neck.

"Was that okay?" Jared's voice sounds smaller than Jared's ever heard it.

Jared lifts his head, forces Jensen to look at him when he answers. “That was amazing.” He leans down for a short kiss. “But it really doesn’t matter what I think. Did you enjoy it?”

Jensen shifts, and Jared slowly pulls out of him, stands up to throw the condom away and give Jensen some space to think.

“I really did,” Jensen finally mutters, almost to himself, voice a little surprised.

Jared smirks a little. “Good. I’m glad.”

The sheets are in a bunch around Jensen’s ankles and he reaches for them, then changes his mind, then looks at Jared, eyes a little nervous.

“You’re welcome to stay the night.” Jared walks over to the bed and sits down on the edge, close to Jensen but not touching him. “Bathroom is down the hall. You can get cleaned up and then we’ll get some sleep. But I won’t be offended if you’d rather go. Whatever you want.”

“Why are you doing this?” Jensen asks.

“What?”

“I literally asked to use you for sex. Sex that I wasn’t sure I was going to enjoy. And you’re being so nice. Why?”

Jared shrugs. “Because I got to have sex with a hot guy. Because you’re my friend, and I didn’t like the idea of you hooking up with some stranger.” The words come out without thought, but Jared feels how true they are as he says them.

Jensen takes a minute to process that.

“Why did you want to do this with me?” Jared asks.

Jensen’s face turns pink yet again. “I guess I knew you’d be this nice about it.”

Jared laughs a little. “So. Are you staying or going?”
“I...I think I’d like to stay. But not to sleep. I have an idea.”

Ten minutes later, after they’ve cleaned up and gotten dressed, Jared finds himself back at his kitchen table, coffee in front of him now.

“You’re sure you’re okay with this?” Jensen asks.

“Dude, I would tell you if I wasn’t. It’s a pretty sweet deal, though, isn’t it? We get to have sex whenever we want, and I never have to deal with the awkwardness of a random hookup, never have to worry about following any social rules. And you get to explore everything you want to explore with someone you know and trust, without any expectations.”

Jensen grins a little, but his face is still careful. Jared feels a small warmth in his chest when he thinks about how different this Jensen is from the one who falls apart when Jared’s mouth is on him. “I guess it is a pretty sweet deal. One condition, though. We don’t tell anyone. I’m not sure I’m ready to explain myself to people.”

“Of course,” Jared agrees. “So...am I allowed to suggest something?”

“Sure.”

“I think you should make a list of things you want to try. Whenever we’re in the mood to have sex, we’ll pick from your list. Make sure we do all the things you want to do.”

Jensen ponders that for a moment, his long fingers toying with the handle of his own coffee mug. “Okay. But only if you make a list too.”

“What? Why?”

“I don’t want to be selfish,” Jensen shrugs. “I want you to enjoy this, too.”

And that’s how Jared finds himself on his day off, up before dawn, writing a list of sexual fantasies and kinks he’d like to try with Jensen.

He keeps the list tame at first, but then decides that he might as well go for it, get it all out there. This is an opportunity for him as well, and he has nothing to lose. The worst Jensen can do is say no.

“Alright,” Jensen says, sounding very much like the Jensen Jared is familiar with, business-like and formal. “I have my list. I think that whenever we decide to...spend time together, we should take turns working our way down our lists.”

“That sounds fair,” Jared replies, trying not to laugh at Jensen treating this like inventory.

“And we can always say no to anything. And we aren’t allowed to judge anything on the other person’s list.”

“Of course.”

“Okay, then.”

“Okay.” There’s a long pause, and Jared can’t resist teasing Jensen just a little. “Should we shake on it and seal the deal?”

Jensen rolls his eyes and cracks a genuine, relaxed smile. “No, I don’t think that’s necessary.”
“Then I hate to be rude, but get out. Someone kept me up all night, and now I’d like to use my one day off to catch up on my sleep.”

There’s a moment when Jared wonders if Jensen is going to lean in for a goodbye kiss, but he just stands up instead. “I’ll talk to you soon, Jared.”

“I hope we’ll be doing more than talking.”

Jensen really does blush the prettiest shade. “Me too.”

Jared watches Jensen let himself out, then drags himself back to bed. The sheets still smell like Jensen, and Jared smiles to himself as his brain drifts off.

It’s been too long since he’s done that, since he’s had sex that was fun and light and nicer than just a quick fuck with someone he met at the bar. He’s too busy for a real relationship, but all the one night stands leave him feeling a little empty.

Jensen might just be the answer to all of that.

This new arrangement might just be the answer to everything.
Jared and Jensen try the first thing on Jensen's list.

Chapter Notes

Warning: rimming, 69

Never again will Jared take two days off in a row.

The first day off was spent sleeping, since Jensen had kept him up all night the night before. And then he called off the second day to actually enjoy some time awake and away from the bar. He did laundry, cooked a real meal, called his sister, watched a movie. And he didn’t think about alcohol bottle levels or sales goals once.

But he should have.

“I was only gone for two days,” he groans. “How did this happen?”

Ryan shrugs his shoulders. “Well, Alex signed for the shipment, but he didn’t place the original order, so he didn’t realize we were getting twice as many boxes of napkins as usual. Which wouldn’t be a problem if we had a place to put them, but the storage room is a mess because Jenny decided last night to reorganize it, and of course she didn’t finish.”

“And what happened with the tequila?”

“Some girl is supposed to be calling you to lodge a formal complaint. She had too many shots and threw up all over the bathroom, but she’s claiming that it’s because I put too much in her glass.”

Jared rolls his eyes. “Yeah, like complaining to me will erase the stupid shit she did.”

“And the contractor called. He wants to get the flooring installed upstairs and he needs you to call him and finalize everything.”

“Anything else?” Jared asks, pinching the bridge of his nose and regretting letting all this pile up.

“Don’t think so,” Ryan grins. “How can I help?”

“Call Jenny and get her ass in here to finish the storage room so you can put the napkins away.”

Ryan nods and leaves Jared alone to work. It’s not anything Jared can’t handle, but he just never envisioned not being able to take a day off without a minor catastrophe or two.

But, really, of course he hadn’t planned on that. It wasn’t in his nature to think things through. He got the idea of the bar in his head, saw himself laughing and pouring drinks to happy customers
who loved him, and that was it. He hadn’t really thought about the stressful parts, the parts that were very much a typical business job.

His mood worsens as the day goes on, and for no reason other than he can’t afford to hire someone to do this part for him. He’s on the verge of snapping at everyone and making it a truly terrible day, because why should he be the only one to suffer, when someone knocks on his office door.

“What?” he calls, and immediately feels bad. It’s no one else’s fault, and it’s unfair to take it out on them.

But before he can properly apologize, he looks up and finds himself staring at Jensen.

“Bad time?” Jensen asks, hovering in the doorway.

“No, sorry. I didn’t mean to snap.”

They haven’t spoken since Jensen left his apartment the other morning. Jared had decided to leave their next communication up to Jensen, and in all the turmoil of his day, he had almost forgotten about their whole situation. But now that Jensen’s standing in front of him, baseball cap in place and looking totally comfortable leaning against the doorframe, Jared feels a little worried. Maybe he should have called to check on him. Just to make sure he wasn’t having a total panic attack or something.

“You gotta minute?”

Jared nods and drops his pen, leans back in his chair and stretches his neck. “Sure. Come on in.”

Jensen comes in, but doesn’t close the door. Jared looks for signs that he's freaking out, but doesn't find anything out of the ordinary in his movements or his tone of voice.

“We’ve got a new batch ready. You wanna put together a tasting for the staff?”

Now this is one of the behind-the-scenes parts of his job he can get behind. Getting paid to drink beer. “Absolutely,” Jared smiles. “When?”

“How about Tuesday? I can have it dropped off with your regular shipment. Can you close down that night?”

It’s been six months since the last time they closed for a tasting, and they don’t make that much money on Tuesdays anyway. They can afford one night. “That works for me.”

Jensen nods and frowns at his phone, probably making a note of that in his calendar. “It’s a dark beer this time. Nice and stout. Guaranteed to warm you up in a blizzard.”

Jared laughs. “Good. Lookin’ forward to it.”

Jensen looks down, looks up again, inhales as if to speak, but then averts his eyes quickly. Awkwardly.

“Was there something else?” Jared asks softly.

Jensen glances toward the open door.

“It’s okay,” Jared says. “No one is back here.”

Jensen nods and adjusts his hat. “I just, uh. I thought maybe we could talk. About the other night.”
Jared smiles, hoping he looks calm and relaxed enough to ease Jensen’s embarrassment. “Sure. What about it?”

“Well, I…um, I don’t want to be too pushy or get in the way of any plans you already have, but I was thinking that we could, uh, maybe get together tomorrow night?”

Jared’s body is already reacting, but he controls himself, gets up and shuts the door Justin case, and settles into a chair right beside Jensen. “I’d like that. What’s the first thing on your list?”

Jensen blushed. “Really?”

“Well, yeah,” Jared says, a little confused. “I thought that’s what you meant.”

“Oh, it is. I just. I still can’t believe we’re really doing this.”

“Why not?”

Jensen narrows his eyes. “Why are you single?”

Jared matches Jensen’s expression. “Why are you?”

“Because I’m so fucking confused right now I don’t know my own name.”

“Fair enough.” The honesty of it makes Jared’s chest hurt.

Jensen cocks his head to the side and asks again. “So, tell me. Why are you single?”

“Because I own this bar,” Jared shrugs. “I work all the time, I’m incredibly self-absorbed at the moment, and no one deserves someone who can’t actually commit to them.”

It’s almost as if Jensen doesn’t believe him. He stares at him for a few minutes with a bemused look on his face, then nods. “I guess we have the perfect arrangement, then.”

“I guess we do.” Jared leans until his knee is almost touching Jensen’s and pushes his hair out of his face. “So what’s the first thing on your list?”

Jensen licks his lips, cheeks turning that familiar shade of pink that Jared is starting to really enjoy. “Rimming,” he whispers.

“But I already did that,” Jared reminds him.

“I know. I’d like to do it to you.”

*********

The next day, Jared leaves the bar before the sun is all the way down, making sure everything’s running smoothly and then ducking out before anyone can comment on yet another absence. And if anyone has an issue handling the tiny Monday night crowd, they can just kiss his ass. He’s more than made up for it by inviting them all to the tasting tomorrow night, and he’s simply got better things to do.

Not that Jensen himself is the reason he’s taking off tonight. He’s allowing himself this guilty pleasure because he’s earned it. He knew he was working too hard, but it hadn’t really sunk in until the night Jensen ended up in his bed. Jared had come so hard, had slept so good the next day, because it had simply been far too long since he’d let himself have any fun that wasn’t directly tied to the bar. And now that he has a taste of that relaxation, he wants to keep it.
Jensen is waiting just outside Jared’s apartment, like he said he would be when Jared sent him a text before he left work. Jared smiles at the t-shirt he’s wearing, the one that has sleeves just tight enough to show off his biceps, especially when he crosses his arms the way they are now.

“Hey,” Jared smiles, already feeling the stress melt off his shoulders, taking what feels like his first deep breath of the night. Why didn’t he have a fuck buddy before now?

“Hey,” Jensen answers, smile mirroring Jared’s.

Jared leans forward, reaching behind Jensen to unlock the door, coming chest to chest with him in the process. Jensen doesn’t move, and it’s all Jared can do not to push him up against the wall right there.

Somehow, he manages to get the door open and the two of them inside, and then it’s Jensen that’s kissing him, leaning forward with just-licked lips to suck at his tongue, their hips pushing together as he whimpers a little.

“It’s good to see you, too,” Jared laughs, pulling away long enough to step out of his shoes and button-down shirt.

Jensen watches, eyes on every move like he’s hungry, plotting exactly how he’s going to eat Jared alive.

“So, I think it’s safe to say you like guys.” Jared raises his eyebrows, drawing Jensen’s attention from his chest to his eyes.


“And...how are you, uh, how are you feeling about that?”

Jensen leans forward, aiming for another kiss, but Jared steps back.

“No, really, Jensen. You okay?”

Jensen sighs and busies himself removing his own shoes. “I don’t know. I guess? I know I’m not ready to talk about it with my family or friends yet, because I’m still processing all of it. But I also know that I can’t quit thinking about your dick, and I have absolutely zero second thoughts about that. Is that a good enough answer?”

Jared huffs a laugh. “Good enough for now,” he nods. Jensen is a grown man, and Jared’s going to take him at his word.

When Jensen tries to kiss him a second time, Jared pulls away again, but it’s teasing this time, playful and taunting. Jensen grins and follows, lets Jared lead him back to the bedroom. There, Jared lets Jensen win, lets Jensen kiss him as slow and deep and wild as he wants, until Jared can’t breathe and his lips are tingling.

“Rimming?” he murmurs, pulling out of Jensen’s grip and tugging his t-shirt over his head.

Jensen clears his throat, but he manages not to blush this time when he nods. “If that’s okay.”

“That’s more than okay with me,” Jared grins, unbuckling his belt, then shoving his pants and underwear down. Completely naked, Jared flops down onto the bed and spreads his legs, lets his cock swell as Jensen stares at it.
“And you’ll tell me if I’m doing it wrong?”

Jared rolls his eyes, wondering why Jensen thinks he’s so bad at this. “Yes, I’ll tell you if you’re doing it wrong,” he allows. “Now come here.”

Jensen takes a minute to undress himself, and Jared notices that he’s just as hard, dick flushed as pink as his cheeks when Jared says something dirty. Carefully, he kneels down on the bed, between Jared’s spread legs, and takes a moment to assess the situation. Just like last time, Jared stays silent and lets him figure it out for himself. He starts the same way Jared did, running his hands over Jared’s thighs in a soft caress that’s surprisingly warm. Jared sighs and lies flat, squirms into a comfortable position and closes his eyes so he can feel Jensen’s calloused fingers on his skin. Does he do a lot of manual labor to get those callouses? Does he play guitar?

Those fingers are replaced by hot lips and a wet tongue, drawing nonsense patterns up his thigh, and he sighs again, louder this time, hands reaching to brush through Jensen’s hair.

“Slow or fast?” Jensen asks, kissing his way up Jared’s hipbone.

“Whatever you want.”

“I think slow. But tell me if it gets boring.”

There’s no way in hell Jared could ever be bored with Jensen between his legs. But he doesn’t admit that. Instead, he just spreads his legs wider and tugs a little at Jensen’s hair.

Jensen wasn’t kidding. It feels like ten minutes before those lips touch him again, work their way down his lower stomach to his cock, then kiss a lingering line from the head down to the base.

“Can I?” Jensen asks, letting his tongue drag across Jared’s balls.

“Fuck, yes,” Jared pants, sweat breaking over his brow at what a fucking tease Jensen is.

The suction is almost too much when Jensen latches on, a little awkward, a little overeager. But it still feels like heaven to Jared, who just arches into it, shifting his hips until Jensen is forced to ease up a little.

Inching his way down, Jensen licks and kisses lower and lower, until Jared knows he’s staring at his hole. Jared isn’t exactly a shy man, but it’s a bit unnerving to be so exposed, and he lifts his head to see what’s taking Jensen so long just in time to get a good look of Jensen burying his face in Jared’s ass.

Jared drops back down to the bed, pulls his legs up and grabs behind his knees to hold himself open, because holy shit, Jensen was born to do this.

He copies everything Jared did to him like he has been studying a film of it, alternating between fluttering kitten licks and deep thrusts of his tongue, not ashamed of the slurping noises he’s making, no longer shy as he eats Jared out like he’s starving.

Jared writhes on the bed, fingers curled into the sheets, trying not to shout.

He needs to get his mouth on Jensen, too.

“Come here,” Jared gasps.

“Not done,” Jensen mumbles, pushing Jared’s hips down with strong hands.
“I know, that’s not what I...here.” Jared motions with his hand for Jensen to turn around, and Jensen’s sweet blush returns.

“You sure?”

“If you are.”

Jensen thinks for a second, then looks away as he turns, throws a leg over Jared’s head so he’s straddling his face. Jared grins up at the cock only inches away from his mouth, a clear bead of precome on the tip. He laps at that drop, grabbing Jensen’s waist when the sensation makes him jerk away. Jared holds him still and sucks at the head of him, works his way up until he’s got most of Jensen in his mouth, bumping the back of his throat, Jensen groans and drops his head back down, craning his neck to lick at Jared’s hole again.

It’s messier now as Jensen loses control, not as physically satisfying for Jared when he’s distracted this way, but it’s worth it to hear his little moans and whines as Jared sucks him off. It’s like he’s never had anyone suck his dick before.

Or maybe he just never had anyone do it well.

Jared focuses all his attention on making Jensen come. He sucks and licks, kisses and nuzzles until Jensen is practically fucking his mouth, hips bucking as they seek more of the wet heat of Jared’s mouth. He gives up on Jared’s hole and focuses on his dick instead, simply repeating everything Jared’s doing to him, and it’s so fucking hot that Jared almost can’t handle it, almost loses it before he can accomplish his goal.

But when Jared adds his hands to the mix, pressing one finger against Jensen’s hole as he sucks hard, Jensen quivers and comes in Jared’s mouth, moaning loudly as he hides his face in the crease of Jared’s thigh.

“Fuck,” he moans, voice as shaky as his body as the thick, warm pulses stream down Jared’s throat. He holds on until the end, sucking down every drop, making sure Jensen is totally spent before he pulls away to take a deep breath.

But Jensen doesn’t roll away or take a break. His mouth is back on Jared in an instant, head bobbing up and down, and Jared’s cock swells even harder.

“Shit, Jensen...I’m gonna come…” he warns, not wanting to come in his mouth unexpectedly.

But his words only make Jensen take him deeper, and he can’t help thrusting his hips up as he comes against a wet tongue, soft lips sucking him dry.

Jensen rolls to the empty space on the bed and they lie there panting, sweaty and satisfied. Jared vows right then to let Ryan take more responsibility at the bar. He definitely needs to spend more time letting himself have fun.

“That was…” Jensen starts.

“Good?”

“Understatement.”

“Good.” Jared sits up and looks over at Jensen, all mussed hair and jelly muscles as he stares up at the ceiling. “What’s the verdict on rimming?”
“I liked it.”

Jared grins. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“If I was experimenting with new things, I think I’d be selfish. Stick to taking, not giving. Why aren’t you?”

Jensen turns his head to look at Jared, a frown turning his lips down. “Is it a problem?”

“Definitely not. I’m just curious.”

“Well, I guess I just assumed getting a blow job was getting a blow job, no matter who was giving it. I thought I’d have an easier time figuring out how I felt about guys if I did guy things.”

“Like eating ass.”

Jensen looks mortified for a moment, then bursts into laughter. “Yes. Like eating ass.”

Jared laughs with him, the sound slowly fading as Jensen gets up and reaches for his clothes. “I should get going.”

“You don’t have to, you know.”

Jensen pulls his jeans on, then sits down on the edge of the bed. “I actually think I do. This is a casual thing, right? No expectations. I don’t want to crowd you by sleeping here.”

That makes sense. Jared’s too exhausted to share his bed anyway. He needs to stretch out, get some serious sleep. “Sure. Of course.”

“But I’ll see you tomorrow, right?”

“I’ll be there.”

“And maybe, after the tasting, we can do one of the things from your list?”

Jared grins and pulls Jensen down for one last kiss. “Absolutely.”

Jensen finishes getting dressed and leaves with a knowing grin and a wave of his hand, and Jared gets under the covers, not bothering to put any clothes on. He falls asleep to the warm, fuzzy feeling of his dirty secret, this new little spot of fun in his life that he gets to have all to himself.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen host the beer tasting at San Jac, and then knock two things off their lists.

Chapter Notes

Warning: sexting, top! Jensen, blow job

Jensen is adorable when he’s frustrated.

Jared can tell he’s dying to ask, dying to plead and argue until Jared gives in and tells him what’s on his list. But Jared would rather show him.

Right in the middle of the beer tasting.

Jared has promised Jensen a hell of a night and has refused to say anymore, and now Jensen is standing at the end of the bar, talking to all of Jared’s employees about carbonation levels, looking just slightly on edge since he’s been denied by Jared.

It’s time.

Jared pulls out his phone and angles his body so no one else can see the screen.

*Your ass looks great in those pants.*

He checks twice before hitting the button to make sure it’s Jensen’s number he’s sending it to, then sits back and waits.

Jensen’s now educating everyone on the proper way to smell their beer before tasting it, rambling about the slight undercurrents of chocolate this particular brew contains. When he’s finished, as the employees swirl their glasses and giggle and gush about Jensen’s ever perfect beer, Jensen pulls his phone out of his pocket, obviously reacting to the vibrations of Jared’s text.

To Jensen’s credit, he keeps a straight face as he barely glances up at Jared, just long enough to meet his eyes before looking back down to answer. Jared’s waiting when his phone lights up.

*Uh…thanks?*

He can do better than that.

*Oh, come on. Sexting is on my list. You wanna play? We can wait until another time if you want to…*
It takes another couple of minutes for Jensen to check his phone again.

*How great does my ass look?*

Jared rolls his eyes and taps out his answer, biting the inside of his cheek so that he doesn’t grin like an idiot.

*Good enough for me to bend you over that bar. Too bad we’re not alone.*

*You want to do that?*

*Do you want me to?*

Jared watches Jensen’s face flush a little as he bites his lip, then shoves his phone back in his pocket without answering. “Anyone want a second glass?” he asks, voice a little too cheerful.

Jared smiles to himself and stands up to help pour, his pants a little tighter now.

He’s on his third glass of beer when Jensen finally sends him another text.

*Not tonight. But it’s on my list.*

*Yeah? Tell me what you want to do tonight, then. Make it good.*

It takes a while for Jensen to get back to his phone. The beer is delicious, everyone is having a good time, and Jensen is definitely in his element, charming the pants off of everyone in his quiet, unassuming way. There’s no need for Jensen to put on such a show, because it goes without saying that San Jac will stock any beer Jensen’s brewery will sell, but it’s fun to watch him take such pride in what he does.

Jared’s having such a good time that it actually surprises him when his phone buzzes in his pocket. As discreetly and nonchalantly as possible, Jared checks the message.

*I want to fuck you.*

Jared shivers, glancing around to see if anyone is watching him, because he knows he is doing a shitty job of controlling his face right now.

*Be more specific.*

Jared waits patiently for Jensen to catch on, to really get into the game and let loose like he always does. It doesn’t take long.

*I want to know what it’s like to fuck your ass. I can only imagine how hot and tight it would feel. And I bet you make the best noises.*

Now that’s more like it. Jared’s cock swells as he fidgets in his chair. It’s been a long time since he’s bottomed, but he definitely wouldn’t mind having Jensen be the one to remind him how good it can be.

Before he can answer, there’s a second text.

*And I’m dying to get my hands in your hair. Pull it while I fuck you.*

Without thinking, Jared runs a hand through the mess of locks around his face, then looks up to
find Jensen staring at him, eyes wide and hot and full of all kinds of dirty promises. Jared nods just slightly, then puts his phone away. If they keep the conversation going, he’s going to be hard as a rock for the rest of the night. He’s uncomfortable enough as it is.

The night wears on, and Jared switches to water when Jensen does, just before either of them starts to really feel the alcohol. It’s a fun dance, to glance at one another, to think of the text messages, to talk in front of the others like they don’t have plans to be naked together as soon as they leave.

Ryan and Jenny take over, making sure everyone wipes down their little piece of the bar after the glasses are collected, thanking Jared for setting up the tasting and Jensen for brewing fucking fantastic beer. The beer, as well as the evening, is declared a huge success.

And then it’s time to leave.

“So, I need to lock up and everything, but I can meet you at my apartment in half an hour?” Jared’s a little flustered now, the reality of getting fucked later starting to sink in.

Jensen’s no better, barely able to meet Jared’s eyes as he looks for any excuse to move around, shuffling his bag from one shoulder to the other. “I’ll be there.”

And then he’s gone.

Jared rushes and manages to make it back to his apartment in fifteen minutes. He immediately jumps in the shower, keeping his head out of the spray and just focusing on not smelling like sweat. He takes extra care with his ass, breath getting a little faster as he cleans himself for Jensen.

He’s pulling fresh underwear on when Jensen knocks, and Jared doesn’t bother putting on anything else. He pads to the door in bare feet, black briefs, and a smile, hoping to turn Jensen on or make him laugh, either one.

“Jesus,” Jensen breathes, looking Jared up and down as he steps inside.

Turned on, then.

“Bedroom?” Jared asks.

“Bedroom,” Jensen nods.

Jared steps aside and lets Jensen go first, then presses up behind him and follows him down the hallways, arms already itching to wrap around him. “I actually meant for the texts to go on a little longer,” he admits.

Jensen bends down to pull his shoes off in Jared’s room, bowing his head a little more than necessary. “Sorry. I’m probably not very good at that. I’ve actually never done that with anyone before.”

Jared chuckles. “It’s not you. Well, it is, but not the way you think. I just didn’t want my entire staff seeing my raging hard on every time we stood near each other, so I decided to just let it go.”

Jensen raises back up and grins. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. Did you like it?”

Jensen nods, swallowing hard.

"Then we'll do it again sometime. Do it right." Jared reaches out and pulls Jensen’s shirt until he’s
close enough to kiss. It doesn’t last long, though, because Jared’s not stuck in the bar anymore. He’s horny as hell, and he has Jensen all alone. Finally. And that means he needs Jensen naked.

Jensen laughs as Jared tugs at his shirt, raises his arms up and lets Jared yank it over his head and toss it to the floor. When he leans down to plant a kiss right over Jensen’s nipple, Jensen steps back.

“Wait a minute,” he smirks. “I thought I was gonna be the one to fuck you. You don’t get to be in charge tonight.”

A wave of heat pulses through Jared, gets him a little lightheaded at the thought of Jensen taking the lead without even the faintest blush on his cheeks. “Okay.”

He heads to the bed and settles down, stares up at Jensen patiently as he finishes taking off the rest of his clothes. When Jensen’s fully naked, body silently showing Jared just how excited he is about this, he crawls up between Jared’s legs, blinking slowly, mouth falling open just a little.

“I need you to tell me-“

Jared cuts him off before he can finish the familiar request. “I’ll tell you if you’re doing something wrong. But I’m not overly worried.”

Jensen runs his hands up Jared’s thighs, but stops before he touches Jared’s underwear. “I’m serious. I really don’t know what I’m doing this time.”

“I’ll walk you through it, Jackles.” He’s only used that nickname a handful of times in the couple of years they’ve worked together, mostly because Jensen doesn’t seem like the kind of guy who uses nicknames beyond “buddy”. But Jensen seems to like it now, relaxes a little and lets out a breath.

“Okay.”

Jared spreads his legs when Jensen dips his head down, mouths at Jared’s cock through his underwear even as he hooks his fingers in the material to pull it down. Jared groans, already sensitive after an evening of teasing, and squirms his way out of them.

“How do you want to start?” Jensen asks.

“I thought you wanted to be in control,” Jared teases. “Start where you want to start.”

Like some spell has just been cast, Jensen straightens up, shoulders a little broader, jaw a little sharper. “I want you to suck my cock.”

Jesus Christ. When Jensen decides he’s gonna go for it, he really goes for it. This version of him, aggressive and large, goes straight to Jared’s dick and he’s sitting up, lips parting, before he even makes the decision to move. He leans forward and swallows Jensen down, not holding anything back this time as he sucks hard, tongue working, determined to make this the greatest thing Jensen’s ever felt.

He’s rewarded with both of Jensen’s hands in his hair, not so much pulling as just gripping, digging into his scalp and holding him down. Jared manages a breath through his nose before opening his throat the best he can and taking Jensen even deeper, not stopping until he has tears in his eyes and Jensen’s balls against his chin.

“How did
“Good?” Jared grins, jaw aching a little. He knows his lips have got to be red and swollen, that he probably looks messy and strung out, but he doesn’t care.

Jensen only nods.

“Good. And I thought you wanted to pull my hair.”

Jensen moans a little when Jared sucks at him again, pulling hard at Jared's hair until it hurts, until Jared is moaning too. He can't drag this out. "Get the lube.”

Jensen does as he’s told, but Jared doesn’t have to give him any more directions. Jensen drizzles plenty out on his hand all on his own, then leans down and kisses the head of Jared’s cock as he presses slick fingers against his hole.

Jared leans back and lets Jensen work him open, and it’s all he can do to be still. Jensen moves so slowly, so carefully, an unintentional tease as he learns what it feels like, how Jared likes to be touched. His fingers are warm and rough, just the way Jared prefers, thicker than most as he slides two of them inside.

“Too much?” Jensen asks, frowning at the noise Jared makes.

“No,” Jared pants. “Please... move....”

Jensen grins and curls his fingers, showing what he’s learned from Jared. Jared wiggles his hips, pushes down, takes Jensen’s fingers deeper and adjusts himself until they brush his prostate.

“Right there,” he grunts. “Right there.”

Jensen’s eyes don’t leave Jared's as he presses against that sweet spot, making Jared let out a sound very like a whimper-cry. Jared’s so close to coming, untouched, nothing inside of him but Jensen’s fingers, and it has to be because it’s been too long since he’s let go like this, since he’s allowed himself to really enjoy this side of sex.

Jensen leans down to kiss at his throat while his fingers start thrusting, and Jared closes his eyes, strokes a hand over Jensen’s upper back to feel the solid muscle there.

“Come on,” he murmurs, as seductively as he can manage. “Fuck me.”

“You sure? I don’t mind going slow.”

Jared grins. “I’m ready. I promise.”

He watches as Jensen rummages in his drawer for a condom, then rolls it on with a practiced hand and lubes himself up. Again, he looks harder, wilder, like he’s really going to take control of this.

When he grabs Jared’s hips, his hands are a little shaky, but they lock firm as he pushes Jared’s legs wide with his hips and settles between them. He looks down as he lines himself up, and a low groan rumbles out from somewhere deep in his chest. Jared’s a mess beneath him, sweaty and impatient and desperate. Jensen is just moving so slowly.

The first push makes Jared bite his lip, the burning stretch heightening the feel of Jensen’s mouth on his neck, just resting there, breathing with forced steadiness as he braces himself. It’s too much. Jared hasn’t been fucked in so long, and Jensen’s so solid above him, his face showing just how
Jared doesn’t mean to groan so loudly, doesn’t mean to grab Jensen’s ass and push hard, hard enough to drive him deep inside, but he can’t help it. Jensen doesn’t seem to mind. In fact, that seems to be just the confidence boost Jensen needed. His hips start thrusting, quick at first, then faster, harder, until Jared is just holding on, clawing lines down Jensen’s back. The sound of their bodies smacking together is almost as loud as his cries, almost as loud as Jensen’s grunts in his ear.

For a while, Jensen doesn’t push himself up, leaves his chest pressed sweaty and slick against Jared’s, trapping his cock between them. Jared lifts his legs, locks them around Jensen’s hips and lets the friction of Jensen’s thrusts tease him. But eventually, Jensen regains some of his senses and lifts himself up enough to look down at Jared.

Holy shit.

His eyes are almost black, sweat everywhere, hair matted in some places, lips swollen. Jared can’t help but lean up for a kiss, wet and dirty as Jensen thrusts just once.

“Are you…is this…”

“Yeah,” Jared manages. “This is good.”

That’s an understatement. Jared is so fucking full he won’t walk properly tomorrow, and he doesn’t have enough hands to touch Jensen in all the places he wants to. He settles for grabbing Jensen’s hips and controlling the thrusts, but Jensen shakes him off, grabs his hands and slams them on either side of his head, pinning his wrists down.

“Fuck,” Jared huffs, letting his head fall back and his legs unhook from Jensen and slide open.

Jensen holds him down as he starts a new rhythm, one that’s hard and fast and just this side of painful. Jared leans up into each push, feels the strain of his muscles as Jensen strengthens his grip.

“I’m gonna…” Jared gasps, “gonna come…”

Jensen shifts his hips a little, slams a little deeper, and Jared loses the last shred of his control. His cock jerks all on its own, rubs against Jensen’s stomach as he comes, thick streams over his own stomach as Jensen watches, licks his lips and keeps fucking into Jared.

Jared’s still shuddering with the aftershocks when Jensen goes rigid, closes his eyes and opens his mouth and just comes all the way from his head to his toes.

Jared takes a huge breath as Jensen’s hands relax on his wrists, watches as Jensen carefully pulls out and slides over to rest on his side.

“Oh my God,” he breathes, running a hand through his hair.

There’s a trickle of sweat in his collarbone, and Jared has to lean forward and lick at it, closing his lips in a kiss. He debates kissing Jensen’s lips, making out for a little while like he wants to, but decides that might be crossing a line, might be more than casual, so he just drops back down to the bed and lets Jensen get up to throw the condom away in his small trashcan.

“So, was that better than the first time?” Jared smirks.

“That was amazing,” Jensen admits, grabbing for his jeans, then sitting down on the edge of the bed. “Definitely as good. Not sure if it’s better.”

Jensen frowns as he stands up and grabs his shirt. “We wouldn't want that.”

Jared isn’t sure what that tone is, can’t quite get a grip on Jensen’s mood shift, and Jensen doesn’t give him time to figure it out.

“Well, I’ve gotta go. I’ll talk to you soon?”

“Sure. I’m really busy with work through the weekend, though. So maybe next week?”

Jensen nods. “I won’t be around either, so that works.” He pauses at Jared’s bedroom doorway and shifts his weight, hedging a little.

“What?” Jared asks, smiling a little to try and encourage Jensen to say whatever’s on his mind.

“Nothing.” Jensen shakes his head, and Jared knows that’s the end of it. “Goodnight, Jared.”

“Night.”

Jared listens as Jensen lets himself out of the apartment. Things feel different this time. A little weird. Jared flops back down on the bed and stares up at the ceiling fan. Why does he feel so… vulnerable right now? He pulls himself out of bed and heads to the bathroom to rinse himself off in a quick shower, hoping the hot water will improve his mood, but he’s still off as he piles back under the covers.

The bed just feels empty now. Cold.

He wants Jensen to stay.

Shit. He *likes* Jensen. The chemistry is just really intense, and now Jared has gone and developed a crush on his fuck buddy.

He stares at the red marks on his wrists where Jensen held him down. They’re already fading, and tomorrow the only evidence he’ll have that Jensen was here is the slight tenderness in his ass. And that shouldn’t make him a little sad. He shouldn’t want more.

It’s a good thing he’s going out of town this week. The craft beer conference in Nashville is just what he needs to take his mind off Jensen. He’ll clear his head, get away from Jensen for a few days, and distance himself from those particular feelings. He’ll probably find he isn’t as affected by Jensen as he thinks. He’s just adjusting, getting used to having good sex on a regular basis.

He falls into an uneasy sleep, hoping things don’t feel so out of whack when he wakes up.

********

The next morning, he packs his suitcase, stops in at San Jac just to make sure Ryan has everything he needs while he’s in charge, then heads to the airport. Conferences are always fun, and he’s in a much better mood as he goes through security, thinking about all the vendor booths, tastings, and mixers he’ll get to attend. There are several seminars he’s signed up for as well, ones that might actually come in handy when he gets back to the bar.

Jensen is still there in the back of his mind, but it doesn’t feel as urgent now. Doesn’t feel like more than he can handle.

Once he boards and settles in, he reaches for his phone to turn it off, only to find a text from
Jensen.

*Sorry about the weirdness last night. I don’t really know what that was, but I’m looking forward to next week.*

Jared stares at it for a moment, wondering why Jensen bothered to send it. Wondering if Jensen’s weirdness is the same as his. Whatever is going on, Jensen seems as willing to put it behind them as Jared is, so he types back a reply.

*No worries. I’m looking forward to it, too.*

He doesn’t wait for an answer. Instead he tosses his phone in his carry-on and grabs the brochure for the conference, turning his mind to other things.

After all, Jensen is just a casual arrangement.

It’s not something he needs to analyze or worry about.

Right?
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Jared gets a big surprise at the conference.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: anal sex, top!Jared

“Here’s your room key.” The woman at the desk of the hotel is nice. A little prissy for Jared’s taste, but that’s probably just because she’s been trained in customer service that focuses on privileged upper-class business people in their fifties. But her smile is genuine when she hands over the small card. “The conference would also like everyone to know that tonight’s meet and greet mixer will be held at eight o’clock. Here’s a map of the resort, and I’ve highlighted your room and where all of the events are being held.”

Jared nods as he accepts the key and the map. “Thank you.”

“Enjoy your stay. Please let me know if there’s anything I can do to make your time here more comfortable.” Her voice is flirty now, making a subtle offer, and Jared almost feels bad that she isn’t his type as he grins and walks away.

The Gaylord Opryland hotel is huge. Jared pulls his suitcase through the atrium, walking slowly to take in the indoor jungle around him, complete with a waterfall that ends in a small stream winding its way through the huge area. Jared walks over the small bridge, looking down at the koi fish and then up at the sushi restaurant. He’ll have to try that place while he’s here.

The humid air of the atrium gives way to air conditioning as he reaches a hallway and an elevator bank. He takes it to a floor that looks more like a normal hotel, and finds his room number on a door. Two beds with white comforters wait for him inside, with pretty flowered curtains covering the window. The paintings are simple and comforting, with every bit of the southern charm one would expect from Nashville.

Jared leaves his suitcase next to one of the beds, then heads to the window to check out the view, only to find it’s not a window at all. The glass doors lead out to a small balcony overlooking the atrium. From up here, it looks like a dreamland of green, wild and bustling with all kinds of things for him to get into.

With a happy sigh, he heads back into his room to change clothes for the mixer.

********

“Chelsea!” Jared calls out.

A short woman with long, red curls turns at the sound of his voice, grins wide, and bounces over to
throw herself into his chest. He wraps an arm around her small shoulders and squeezes.

“Jared! Hey!” She pulls away and peers up at him. “I’m so glad you’re here, I don’t know anyone! My usual crew didn’t come this time.”

“I’m here alone, too,” Jared says. “So I guess we’ll have to keep each other company tonight.”

Chelsea is in public relations and event planning, and Jared has met her several times at these kinds of conferences. She likes him because he never hits on her, and because undesirable guys won’t approach if he’s around, and he likes her because she can keep up with his energy.

“Lots of hot guys tonight,” she winks, leading him over to one of the bars and ordering a beer for both of them. When she hands him the plastic cup, it comes with a small piece of paper with the brewer’s information.

Jared looks around as he takes a sip. The beer is good, but doesn’t rival Jensen’s, so as soon as he’s away from the bar, he tosses the slip of paper in a trash can. He doesn’t expect to find someone else to stock his bar. He’s here for the advertising opportunities and to learn how to make his bar more efficient and successful. Stocking his bar with a good product is already taken care of.

Chelsea is right. There are lots of attractive men wandering around the room. “Who do you have your eye on?” he asks.

Maybe he should be looking for himself, but he’s just not really in the mood. Even if it would help him get over his crush on Jensen, he just wants to relax tonight.

“Well, I like James Dean over there.”

Jared follows her gaze and sees a man smirking at the few people he’s talking to. He’s wearing dark jeans and a white t-shirt that hugs his muscles, and Jared half expects to find a cigarette behind his ear, hiding in that mop of black hair.

“Good choice. You gonna go talk to him?”

Chelsea shrugs, looking down into her beer. “Maybe.”

“Hey,” Jared says, pulling her face up by her chin. “You should. He’d be lucky to have you want to get him drunk tonight.”

She laughs and rolls her eyes. “What about you?”

Jared takes a long drink. “I think I’m gonna take it easy this time,” he says, hoping she won’t ask a lot of questions.

“If you want. But there’s a few guys here who are exactly your type. Like that guy over there. The one opening that keg?”

Jared glances over and freezes.

Jensen is pulling a draft. Jensen is handing it to some guy, along with his own information sheet. Jensen is at the conference.

Why is Jensen at the conference?

“Jared?” Chelsea waves her hand to get his attention. “I guess you like him,” she giggles. “You’re certainly staring hard enough.”
“Oh, uh.” Jared drags his eyes away and shuffles his feet. “It’s not that. I just know him. That’s Jensen, and he runs the brewery that supplies San Jac. I just didn’t know he would be here.”

“Oh, cool!” Chelsea says. “Should you go say hello?”

“Yeah,” Jared says. “Probably.”

“I’ll find you later, then, okay? I’m gonna go hit on Rebel Without a Cause.”

“Have fun.” Jared tries to sound encouraging, but he knows he still sounds strange.

In one long gulp, Jared finishes his beer, throwing the empty cup away and taking a few deep breaths before he feels ready to head over to Jensen. He’s surprised, sure. But this isn’t necessarily a bad thing. He’ll say hello tonight, and then they’ll both be so busy the rest of the conference that he won’t even remember he’s there. This is a tiny bump in the road, not a huge problem.

“How many can I get you?” Jensen asks, not bothering to look up when Jared approaches.

“Oh, I think I’ve had enough of your beer,” Jared grins.

Jensen’s head snaps up, and Jared watches the surprise, then a flash of something that might be reluctance, but it quickly warms up as Jensen laughs, low and genuine. “I should have realized we were both going out of town for the same conference.”

“I didn’t even think to mention it. Didn’t know you were into these things.” Jared says. “Have you ever been to one of these before?”

“Not one this big,” Jensen shrugs. “We’re trying to grow the business.”

“This is a great place to do that,” Jared nods, grabbing a cup and helping himself to Jensen’s beer.

“That’s what I’m hoping.”

Silence falls over them, but it’s not quiet. Jared can feel the tension build, and he knows he has to say something. Jensen seems to be looking for words, too.

“So, uh. What seminars are you going to?” Jared knows he sounds stupid, like a teenager talking to his crush in the hallway at school, but it’s the best he can do at the moment.

“I don’t remember which ones are tomorrow.” Jensen replies, just as awkwardly, fidgeting like he doesn’t know what to do with his hands. “I actually have no clue where I put all the registration stuff. I guess I’ll have to ask someone in the morning for a schedule.”

“I have one in my room.” The words are out of Jared’s mouth before he can stop them.

But he doesn’t want to take them back.

He’s out of town, at a fun conference with mostly strangers, in a beautiful hotel. And Jensen’s here. Jensen, who doesn’t know that Jared was planning on distancing himself this weekend. Jensen, who has a list of kinks he wants to explore. With Jared.

So what if Jared has a crush? That’s all it is, right? A tiny little crush. And he can handle that. He can call the whole thing off when they get back to Austin if he has to. But why shouldn’t he give himself this weekend to enjoy it? It’s not like he’s going to tell Jensen, and it’s not like he can’t control it.
“You do?” Jensen asks, a little uncertainly.

“Yeah,” Jared grins, breathing out as he forces himself to relax. “You wanna come up here when you’re done here and look at it?”

Jensen blushes a little like he always does, making Jared’s chest feel too tight. “Definitely.”

Jared doesn’t need to, but he leans in to whisper his room number in Jensen’s ear, close enough that Jensen shivers a little. “And bring your list.”

The rest of the night is a blur of impatience for Jared. He goes from table to table, sampling beer, talking with other proprietors, doing his best to act nonchalant just in case Jensen’s watching. He doesn’t want to seem too eager. But he can’t stop himself from glancing over every now and then, sharing a secret smile, quirking an eyebrow, flirting silently from across the room until finally, finally, people start to head to their rooms for the night, and Jared has an excuse to leave.

Back in his room, he waits for Jensen impatiently. He flips through the television channels, goes over his schedule for the next day, heads out on the balcony to stare up at the stars through the glass ceiling of the atrium. It’s quiet now, dim and still down below as the hotel settles in for the night.

The knock at his door sends a surge of adrenaline through him, and he has to work at steadying his hands as he crosses the room to open it.

“Hey,” he grins, opening the door wide so Jensen has room to come in.

Jensen grins back, sliding his hand over his hair as he enters. He heads for one of the chairs, then turns around and looks at Jared like maybe he’s waiting for instructions.

If Jared had doubts about this, he can’t remember them now. Now, it’s just the look on Jensen’s face, shy and eager, and the smell of his cologne. It’s just the memory of his skin and how Jared needs to feel it again.

“I’m glad you’re here,” Jared says, walking forward slowly, drinking in every inch of Jensen.

“I’m glad you’re here,” Jensen answers. He sounds a little breathless, and Jared’s cock twitches in his jeans. “It was a nice surprise.”

Jared already has his shoes off, so he works on unbuttoning his shirt while he stares at Jensen, waiting for him to make a real move.

“Is it, uh, is it okay that I’m here? I don’t wanna intrude or anything, and I know you weren’t expecting me.”

“Jensen, it’s more than okay,” Jared assures him. “I promise. What’s on your list?”

“What?”

“Your list. What’s the next thing?”

Jensen shakes his head as if to clear it and finally gets his hands moving, shrugging out of his overshirt and pulling his t-shirt over his head. “Well…”

“Oh, come on. We’ve both fucked the other one senseless. You don’t have to be embarrassed talking about this stuff.”
Jensen grins, lets his eyes trail down Jared’s chest, then takes a deep breath. “Well, this isn’t anything kinky, it’s just something I haven’t done with a guy.”

“Okay. What?”

“I wanna get fucked...from behind. Like, on my hands and knees.”

Jared licks his lips. “Oh, we can definitely do that.”

The skin of Jensen’s waist is just as warm and smooth as Jared remembers when he runs his hands over it, turns Jensen and walks him out onto the balcony. “Or maybe I could fuck you standing up? Right out here on the balcony where you’d have to be quiet so no one would look up and see us?”

It’s pushing a boundary, one they haven’t spoken about. They don’t flaunt themselves. This is a secret. But Jensen only leans back into Jared and groans just a tiny bit, before turning around and planting a long, wet kiss on Jared’s lips.

“I don’t think my legs could hold me up,” he murmurs, gently pushing Jared back into the room, hands wandering down to unbutton his jeans.

Jared chuckles. “Get your own pants off,” he says, pushing Jensen’s fumbling hands away and undressing himself. The second he steps out of his jeans, his face falls.

“What?” Jensen asks, halfway through pulling his pants down, looking nervous.

“I don’t have any lube. Or a condom.”

Jensen grins for a moment, looking secretly pleased. Is he happy that Jared didn’t come prepared? That he obviously wasn’t planning on hooking up with anyone? That would mean that Jensen doesn’t want him with anyone else, and that might mean…

Jensen reaches into the pockets of his jeans and pulls out a tiny, travel-sized bottle of lube and a tiny pack that holds only two condoms. “The hotel has a drugstore, and I thought I should get these, just in case.”

That’s why he was smiling. That makes more sense.

Jared shuts off his racing mind and focuses. Jensen has what they need. He can go back to fucking him now, and there’s not anything else he’d rather be doing tonight.

When they’re both finally naked, hard and leaking, Jared lets himself just stare at Jensen. Apparently, he stares long enough for Jensen to get bored or impatient, and Jensen takes it upon himself to get on the bed, kneeling and reaching out for Jared.

Those arms are like a magnet, and Jared’s pulled into them by some invisible force, settling against Jensen’s solid, warm body with a smack as their mouths crash together. They kiss until they can’t breathe, hands everywhere, until Jared needs more. He crawls around behind Jensen without caring if he looks sexy doing it, squeezes Jensen’s ass once, then carefully runs his hands over Jensen’s back as he pushes him down to his hands and knees.

Jensen is tense with anticipation, shivering at each little touch. When Jared bends down and kisses the small of his back, lets his tongue drag lower and lower, Jensen presses back, greedy and vocal. Jared grins as his mouth finds Jensen’s hole and starts working him open.

“Fuck,” Jensen grunts, toes curling as Jared holds his hips, slides his tongue in as deep as he can
He grabs the lube and slicks up his fingers. As he pushes them into Jensen, one at time, stretching him open, he appreciates the lines of Jensen’s muscles, the way the freckles on his skin seem to dance as he writhes and twitches. He’s so responsive, so open and willing. He just likes this so much. As much as Jared does. Rarely does someone have the passion to keep up with Jared, and he watches with awe as he realizes he really doesn’t have to tone down his own sounds. He’s allowed to tell Jensen how hot he is, allowed to talk dirty to him and run his hands over every inch just because he can.

“You look so fucking hot,” he growls, pulling away from Jensen and reaching for the condom.

Jensen lets his head fall between his arms as he takes a shuddering breath, waits impatiently for Jared to roll the condom on. Jared decides he doesn’t want to do it himself. “Jensen. Help me.”

Jensen turns his head with an adorable, exasperated look, but it quickly melts back into arousal when he realizes what Jared’s asking. He kneels up and turns, takes the condom, and wraps a large hand around the full length of Jared, stroking a few times. Jared sucks in a breath and watches, watches Jensen explore and feel, sending sparks up his spine.

Finally, Jensen rolls the condom on Jared’s dick, letting his fingers trail over his balls before he drops back down on his hands and knees, offering Jared that perfect ass.

Jared smacks both hands down on Jensen’s cheeks and holds them there, pushing the sting of it into Jensen’s skin for a moment before he lines himself up and sinks in. Jensen’s tight, but his groan is all pleasure as Jared pushes all the way home, not stopping to let Jensen adjust until he’s already completely buried.

“Fast or slow?” he asks.

“I want it hard,” Jensen moans. “I don’t care how fast you move as long as I feel it.”

Jared smiles, a little surprised. Whether it’s because they aren’t looking at each other or because they’re in a strange hotel room that feels like a dream, Jensen isn’t holding back.

So neither does Jared.

He digs his fingers into Jensen’s hips, holds him still as he pulls almost all the way out, then slams back in. He drives in hard, hard enough to drive Jensen up the bed a little. Jensen lets out a shocked sound, then readjusts his arms and legs beneath him to get a better grip.

“Too much?” Jared asks, stopping to rub a hand between Jensen’s shoulder blades.

“No. Fuck me. Please.”

Jared nods even though Jensen can’t see him, then starts a rhythm. It’s not the fastest he can move, but it is the deepest. Each thrust is a hard snap of his hips, tight and controlled and punishing as his body hits into Jensen’s again and again and again. It’s all he can do not to shout at the tight heat of Jensen’s ass, of the way it seems to pull him in deeper each time, the way it feels like it was made to fit his cock alone.

Jensen, on the other hand, doesn’t hold back his own shouts. He drops his head down into the blanket, and Jared can hear the muffled cries, the “please” and “yes” and “Jared” (hearing his own name is the one that gets to him the most). He takes every bit of what Jared gives him, is just as wild as he meets each of Jared’s thrusts with a push backward of his own ass.
Jared isn’t going to last, but he’s not about to let himself come before Jensen. He drops down, lets his chest smack into Jensen’s sweaty back, arms and legs tangling until Jared can feel every inch of Jensen against every inch of himself and God, he could stay right here forever.

He only lets himself enjoy it for a few seconds, then wraps an arm around Jensen to find his cock. Jensen jumps like he’s been touched with a live wire, and it only takes a couple of strokes, along with a couple of thrusts at the same time, and Jensen’s coming all over Jared’s hand, down onto the comforter of the bed.

Jared tries to hold on, but Jensen squeezes himself around Jared so hard that he can’t help it. He drives into that perfect ass one more time and lets go with a shout, spilling hot and heavy in thick pulses from deep inside.

They collapse together afterward, weak and panting, and Jared feels Jensen’s hand bump his own. For just a second, Jensen twitches, like maybe he’s going to link their fingers. Jared holds his breath and doesn’t pull away. But Jensen does. He rolls to the side and uses a clean spot of comforter to wipe the sweat off his face.

“Jesus,” he huffs.

“Another successful experiment?” Jared laughs.

“Yes. Absolutely.”

“Here, I’ll go get a washcloth for us.”

Jared pulls himself out of the bed, away from all that hot skin before he starts nuzzling into it, and heads for the bathroom. He throws away the condom, grabs a washcloth and dampens it with warm water before wiping himself down. He wets a fresh one for Jensen, but stops in his tracks when he gets back to the main room.

Jensen is asleep.

The comforter is in a messy pile at his feet, and Jensen is sprawled out on top of the clean sheet, lips parted, peacefully breathing.

He’s fucking beautiful.

Jared glances at the mess drying on his stomach. He’ll be sticky and gross in the morning. But Jared isn’t about to disturb him.

His heart aches as he quietly turns off the lights and slips into the other, unused bed. He wants to sleep next to Jensen. He wants to smell his hair and his sweat, and he wants to feel his skin, and he wants to wake up not knowing which hands belong to who.

But he’ll have to settle for listening to Jensen’s quiet little snores from across the room.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen discover what it's like to wake up in the same room. Their arrangement continues.

Chapter Notes

Warning: voyeurism (one watching the other masturbate), top!Jensen, frustration at these two dorks

It’s early. Jared’s alarm hasn’t gone off, and Jared has that strange feeling of knowing he still has some time to sleep if he wants. But the second he’s awake, he’s awake. His eyes fly open and he instantly looks at the bed where Jensen slept.

It’s empty.

Sitting up, his heart jumps a little when he finds that Jensen hasn’t left. He’s just sitting at the table, t-shirt and jeans pulled on, but still with messy hair and bare feet. Beautiful as always.

“Mornin’.” Jensen doesn’t look up from whatever he’s reading when he speaks.

“Mornin’. What are you looking at?”

“I saw your conference schedule sitting here, so I thought I’d plan my day. Hope you don’t mind.”

“Course not.”

Jensen finally looks up, with some effort like it takes courage. “I’m sorry I fell asleep last night. You could have just woken me up, you know.”


“I was.” Jensen looks down at the ground and bites his lip, and Jared tries to read that expression, tries to feel out this new territory.

Maybe it’s best to just let it be what it is and not dwell on it or analyze it. “What seminars are you going to?”

Jensen starts listing off the ones he’s planning on attending, all different from Jared’s, of course. Jensen is interested in the actual brewing process, while Jared is looking more into the business seminars. He drops down in the other chair at the table and listens to Jensen go on about it, grinning at how excited he is.

“They have a lot of real demonstrations here, which is awesome. Things make so much more sense to me when I can see them. Which ones are you going to?”
Jared points out a few about advertising and public relations.

Jensen laughs. “So basically, you’re here to learn how to party professionally.”

“Basically,” Jared nods, laughing along with him.

“You know, public relations was almost my major in college.”

“Really?”

Jensen leans forward as he talks. “It seemed like a good idea at the time. Money to be made, could be my own boss, pay my dues and then only work with companies I really believe in.”

“So what stopped you?” Jared leans forward too, only realizing it after the fact.

“I’m much better behind the scenes. PR is much more suited to someone like you.”

Now, that’s an interesting statement. “Like me?”

“Yeah. The life of the party. You know. You walk into a room all happy and excited and everyone naturally wants to hang out with you.”

Jared isn’t sure how to respond. He’s always known he’s loud and likes to be the center of attention. He’s never thought of it as something others would find endearing or charming.

Jensen clears his throat, and Jared senses that the conversation is over. “I’m gonna head back to my room and shower,” Jensen says, “but, uh. We could get some food if you wanted. Before everything gets started today.”

“I’d like that,” Jared smiles.

They make a plan to meet in half an hour, and then Jensen’s gone.

Jared showers and dresses quickly, grabs his schedule and stuffs it in his shoulder bag, then heads down to meet Jensen. He has a warm fuzzy feeling every time he thinks about his morning so far, about Jensen staying in his room when he could have just disappeared, about Jensen’s compliment that had nothing to do with sex, about the fact that he wanted to eat breakfast together.

He gets a few days of this, and he’s going to enjoy them. No matter what that means when they get back home.

Jensen’s waiting at a small table outside the café in the atrium, coffee and muffin sitting in front of him as he idly gazes at the scenery.

“That’s all you’re eating?” Jared asks, flopping down in the chair across from him.

“That’s really all they have. This place apparently doesn’t do big breakfasts.”

“That’s okay. I’m not really hungry anyway. But I am gonna go grab some coffee.”

“Wait.” Jensen sounds a little forceful, and his cheeks color a bit as Jared stops halfway through standing up. “Can I ask you something first? Before I chicken out?”

Jared does his best to keep his voice steady and casual. “Sure.”

“Would you…since we’re both here for the next couple of nights, uh, would you wanna check
some things off the list?”

Jared’s cock reacts first, sending a surge of heat through the rest of him as he smiles. “That sounds awesome. You wanna just come to my room when you’re done for the day?”

The relief on Jensen’s face is adorable. Like Jared would ever say no to him. “Yes.”

After Jared gets his coffee, they talk for a few minutes, small talk about the hotel, a movie they both want to see, what bands Jared wants to book for San Jac. He’s reluctant to get up when it’s time to go to their seminars. He watches Jensen hesitate to end the conversation, and wonders if he feels the same way. It’s like being away from home has given them a free pass, and they are allowed to get close, to enjoy each other’s company as much as they enjoy each other’s bodies.

And if Jensen feels it, too…

No, Jared thinks.

If Jensen feels it too, then he needs to do it on his own terms. This is all new to Jensen, and he’s probably struggling with a lot of things he doesn’t talk about. He doesn’t need Jared rushing or pressuring him. Jared shoves all of his feelings back down again and locks them away. He has no doubt they’ll still be there if Jensen ever wants them. And in the meantime, he has a conference to attend and great sex to look forward to.

*******

It’s late by the time Jensen gets to his room, but Jared doesn’t mind. He’s had a long, full day as well, and it was nice to have had an hour to himself before the knock at the door.

“So how was your day?” he asks. “Enjoying your first conference?”

Jensen grins excitedly. “It’s been awesome, man. I’m pumped to get back to the brewery- I’ve got so many ideas.”

“Good! I can’t wait to taste ‘em.”

“What about you?”

The mini refrigerator in the room is full of beer Jared bought at one of the tiny liquor stores in the hotel’s shopping center, and he hands Jensen a bottle when he gets one for himself. “It was pretty good. I went to a thing about efficiency. Like, little changes you can make at your bar or restaurant to save money. Not the most exciting thing, but I think it’ll make a difference.”

“Yeah? Like what?”

“Like get rid of my useless staff,” he laughs.

Jensen snorts as he takes a long drink of beer, those full lips wrapping around the bottle in a way that should be illegal. “You love them.”

“I do,” Jared agrees, but his mind is no longer on the conversation.

Jensen seems to sense his mood shift, the corners of his mouth edging up into a smirk as he deliberately takes another slow drink, then sets his beer bottle down on the table. “What’s on your list?”

It’s amazing. Jared remembers the night Jensen fucked him, remembers how he took control on top
once he decided it was okay to let himself go. And here he is again, his usual blush nowhere to be found as he makes the decision to be in charge. Jared’s half-hard just from Jensen’s tone of voice.

“Voyeurism,” Jared says, not batting an eye.

Jensen keeps his expression neutral as he processes that. “Like a third person watching? I don’t know if I’m-“

“No, sorry,” Jared says quickly. “That’s not what I meant. I meant one of us, watching the other. No touching.”

“Oh,” Jensen breathes, obviously happier about that idea. “That I can do. Uh. Which of us is which?”

“You decide.” Jared tilts his head to the side and holds back his grin.

Jensen barely thinks about it. “I want to watch you.”

With the hard mood he’s in, Jared would expect no less.

“Fine. But you have to tell me what to do. I won’t do anything without specific directions. That’s part of the fun.”

Jensen nods. “Okay. Then strip down and get on the bed.”

Starting off fast. Jared sucks in a breath at that, then stands up and sheds his clothes as efficiently as possible. Before he gets on the bed, however, he stands a moment longer than necessary, letting Jensen look at him.

Those green eyes darken and turn almost black as the wander over Jared’s body. Absently, unconsciously, Jensen licks his lips. He has no idea how sexy he is. No idea how perfect he is, how he makes Jared feel when he looks at him this way. It’s enough to quicken Jared’s breath and make his cock swell until he’s painfully hard. But as he gets on the bed, he doesn’t touch himself.

Jensen has to tell him to do that.

“What do you want me to do?” Jared asks, voice a little raspier than he’d intended.

Jensen leans back in the chair, runs his hands over his thighs. “I want you to sit up against the headboard and spread your legs.”

Jared does as he’s told, propping himself up against some pillows, feeling very exposed and very turned on for it.

“Now touch yourself. Anywhere except your cock.”

A shiver works its way down Jared’s spine as he raises his hands to his chest. He doesn’t think about what he’s doing, just lets his hands go where they want, and that apparently means his nipples. They’re sensitive, tingling under his touch as he lightly pinches, then rolls them between his fingers.

“Do you like that?” Jensen asks. It’s not dirty talk. He’s genuinely curious, leaning forward now with his elbows on his knees as he watches closely.

“Yeah, I do,” Jared breathes, pinching harder until his nipples are a little swollen. “Wish it were your teeth on me.”
If there’s any reaction to that statement, Jensen hides it well.

“Spread your legs wider,” he says. “Let me see you.”

As Jared scoots down and spreads his legs, Jensen undoes his belt and unbuttons his jeans, giving the bulge in his pants more room, but he doesn’t touch himself. He just watches as Jared continues to rub at his own nipples, cock jerking with each twist.

“You can work your way down,” Jensen tells him. “But slowly.”

“You sure you’ve never done this before?” Jared asks.

Jensen fucking winks. “Not with a guy.”

His own hands feel too warm and not quite enough as he slides them down his ribs, down his stomach and over his hips. He drags them together, cupping his cock and gasping at that first sensation.

“Jesus,” Jensen murmurs, his own hands still on the arms of the chair. “You’re fuckin’ perfect.”

Jared, despite being in his thirties, despite having already had sex with Jensen several times, despite being an open person by nature, actually blushes at the praise, his fingers shaking just a little as they wrap around his dick.

“Slow,” Jensen warns.

Eager to please, Jared makes a show of it. He curls his fingers with just the right amount of pressure, pulling a bead of precome out of his slit as he inches his hand up and down, so slowly that Jensen can see every curve and line of his cock. He lets his breath get heavy, closes his eyes and focuses on the sensation, on teasing himself until Jensen tells him to get on with it.

It takes forever. Jensen doesn’t say anything, so Jared assumes he’s supposed to keep going. He keeps his eyes shut and strokes up and down, rubbing his thumb over the head, rubbing his balls with his free hand every now and then, squirming on his bed as he sinks lower, legs spreading wider.

Eventually, once he’s sweating and letting out little moans instead of just loud breaths, he has to raise his legs, bend his knees and curl his toes to take some of the pleasure, to give himself some relief from the building pressure inside of him. He imagines what he must look like to Jensen, spread out and desperate, and it only brings him closer to the edge.

Jensen still doesn’t say anything, so Jared keeps going.

His strokes become faster, impatient jerks of his wrist that have no rhythm, until he’s right on the brink of coming and he has to stop, squeeze the base of his cock for a moment until he calms down.

When he can’t take it anymore, he opens his eyes and blearily finds Jensen.

“Fuckin’ hell,” Jensen groans. His hands are digging into his own thighs, knuckles white with it, feet digging into the carpet, face flushed, lips swollen from biting them. “I’m gonna come just from watching you.”

“Don’t,” Jared whines. “Come fuck me first.”

“Not yet. Open yourself up for me.”
Jared keeps his eyes open this time, stares at Jensen, and it’s almost as good as a touch. The lube is within reach, still on the nightstand from the night before, but he doesn’t use it. Instead, he sticks two fingers in his mouth and sucks, swirling his tongue around them until they are dripping and until Jensen is panting. Slowly, his wet fingers dip down and press at his hole.

He pushes both of them in, grunting at the burning stretch, knowing exactly what it looks like and watching as Jensen gets a good view for the first time. It’s enough to pull a low sound out of Jensen, almost a growl, and he stands up, moves to sit on the edge of the bed, careful not to touch Jared.

This close, Jared can almost feel the heat of Jensen’s body, and he doesn’t care if it hurts. He needs Jensen inside of him now.

“Jensen, *please*…”

“What? What do you want?”

“I want you to fuck me.”

Jensen closes his eyes for a second, then nods. “But you can’t come, okay? Not until I tell you.”

“Fine, just…please…” Jared doesn’t care how needy he looks. He scoots down the bed toward Jensen, desperate to touch him, tossing his head back in frustration when Jensen stands up.

As fast as he can, Jensen gets his clothes off and grabs the last condom from its place next to the lube. Jared stares at how hard Jensen is, how flushed, how painful it must be. It seems like years before Jensen finally gets the condom on and lubes himself up, but finally, he’s back on the bed with Jared.

Jared almost comes the second their skin touches.

“Fuuuuucckkk,” he groans, grabbing Jensen’s hips and holding him still. “Gimme a second.”

“Why don’t you turn over? Let me get at your ass?” Jensen asks.

Jared nods, tries to settle down as he rolls to his stomach. It’s easier to take deep breaths this way, without being able to see Jensen’s face.

He grits his teeth when Jensen settles over top of him, braces himself for just how intense this is going to be since he’s not allowed to come. It takes every bit of his strength to stay still as Jensen lines himself up and slips in just an inch or so.

It would be so easy to grind back, to take Jensen in as deep as possible and fuck himself on his cock until they are both screaming. But he can’t. Jensen is in control.

And the second he really thinks about that, the second he stops trying to put on a show and just really gives himself over to Jensen, it becomes easy. He groans into the pillow as Jensen starts slow, shallow thrusts, but he doesn’t move his hips to feel the friction of the sheets. He digs his fingers into the bed when Jensen finally drives home, their whole bodies touching now, but he doesn’t push back.

He lies there and takes it. He feels every push of Jensen’s cock, feels the shape of Jensen inside of him, lets it raise his body temperature until he’s boiling from the inside out. But he doesn’t want to come. Not yet.
All he wants now is for Jensen to torment him, to stay this wild, to keep shouting out as he slams
into Jared’s ass, over and over again. Jensen seems to want that too, and he fucks Jared long and
hard, finding a rhythm with his hips that’s almost hypnotic, like time isn’t passing as long as
they’re moving together this way.

But eventually, Jared’s brought out of his trance by the drips of Jensen’s sweat between his own
shoulder blades and the wet kisses being placed on the back of his neck. Jensen’s hands clamp
down and Jared’s, and he whispers one more time “Don’t come.”

Jared holds on as Jensen lets go, and he spills inside of him, cock pulsing and throbbing so hard
inside of Jared that he can feel every little bit of it. Jensen mouths at his back as he shudders
through it, not pulling out until even Jared is exhausted from the force of it.

“Turn over,” Jensen orders, voice still hard and commanding.

Jared flops to his back, cock swinging, still fully, impossibly, painfully hard.

“I wanted you to wait so I could watch. Me watching is the whole point, right?”

Jared can’t breathe, let alone form an answer. Jensen doesn’t seem to want one, and he wraps his
hand around Jared’s dick.

“You can come whenever you want to,” he tells him, eyes focused on what he’s doing.

Together, they watch as Jared comes, loud and hard, all over Jensen’s fingers. Jensen’s eyes see it
all, take in every bit like he’s watching some sort of magic, or some sort of sacred ritual. And
when it’s over, when Jared is a limp, sweaty mess of wrung out pleasure, Jensen licks him clean.

“Holy shit,” Jared groans, the urge to laugh rumbling up through his chest as he lets the chemicals
in his brain take over. “That was better than I expected. And I expected it to be awesome.”

Jensen grins, a little less aggressive and a little more sweet now that the game is over. “Agreed.”

Jensen pads to the bathroom, and Jared hears him quickly throw away the condom and clean
himself up. When he comes back, he’s got a warm, wet washcloth in his hands that he offers to
Jared, and Jared memorizes every detail of his happily exhausted expression as he flops down on
the bed.

“My room is like a mile away,” he laments. “This hotel is too damn big.”

Without stopping to question if it’s a good idea, Jared speaks. “Stay here, then.”

The shift is instant. The light, happy mood is suddenly crackling with nervous tension, the good
kind that gives Jared butterflies and makes him feel like he’s just jumped off the high-dive.

“Okay.” It’s not something Jensen says lightly, not something that just popped out of his mouth.
Jensen doesn’t work the way that Jared does. When he says okay, it’s because he means it, because
he’s thought about it and it’s what he wants.

Jared thinks maybe, in that moment, he might be able to fly.

Pushing his luck, Jared tosses the washcloth to the floor and pulls back the comforter, sliding
between the sheets. He leaves the corner turned down, purposely offering the empty side of his bed
to the beautiful man draped across the end of the mattress, eyes wide as he watches.
And Jared gets what he wants. Jensen stands, turns the light off, then gets into bed next to Jared.

Their bodies fit together like they were meant to, legs and arms reaching out and settling into the exact right dips and curves, feet tangling, noses touching as they breathe each other’s exhales.

Oh, God, it’s better than Jared could have hoped for. He can feel Jensen’s heartbeat, a steady drum that’s a little faster than it should be, warm and sweet and alive against Jared’s own pulse.

“Goodnight,” Jensen whispers, sounding as quiet as Jared feels, like they are too fragile right now to make any loud noises or sudden movements.

“Goodnight,” Jared whispers back, pushing his lips out enough to feel Jensen’s in a not-quite-kiss.

He’s determined not to fall asleep. He wants to soak in this as long as possible wants to have the pressure of Jensen’s body against his planted firmly in his brain.

Because this might be the only time he gets to feel it.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen spend their last night at the hotel together.

Chapter Notes

Warning: pain play/biting/light spanking, blow jobs

Jared wakes up holding his breath.
He’s not sure why, until he finds himself searching for the warmth of another body next to his.
Oh, right.
He’s holding his breath until he knows whether or not Jensen stayed.
And there it is, that solid heat tangled up with his. Jensen’s there. He rolled away from Jared in his sleep, and is spread out on his stomach, taking up a little more than his fair share. But he’s there. Jared lets out his breath, but he’s not entirely sure if it’s a rush of relief or a gasp of fear.
Jensen stirs at Jared’s movements, blinks his eyes open sleepily and squints around until he focuses on Jared.
“Mornin’” he grunts.
“Good morning,” Jared says carefully, letting Jensen set the mood.
Jensen rolls out of the bed and sleepily trudges to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Jared grins after him, totally charmed by the sleep-fog he’s in.
A few minutes later, he comes out and quickly reaches for his clothes, tugging them on quickly, without saying anything. Jared carefully gets out of bed and does the same thing, still waiting for Jensen to let him know what he’s supposed to do or say. Apparently, morning cuddling is out of the question. Jared just hopes this wasn’t too far, that Jensen isn’t going to pull away now.
“I guess I should get back to my room. I need to get ready.”
Jared wishes Jensen had brought his bag with him last night. He pictures them at the sink together, moving around each other as they shave and brush their teeth.
Too domestic. Can’t go there.
“Yeah, we’ve both got a lot to do today.” Jared keeps his voice light but cheerful, he hopes, trying to encourage and reassure Jensen.
“So, uh. Should I just come back here again tonight?”

The surge of relief and heat inside of Jared is enough to make him want to laugh, but he manages to just smile and nod instead. “I’ll be here.”

He needs to talk to Jensen, to make Jensen talk to him. He needs to ask how Jensen is feeling about all this, if he’s okay. All of this started because Jensen wanted to experiment, wanted to learn more about himself, and Jared hasn’t done a great job of being there to support Jensen that way. He’s mostly just been enjoying the sex and dealing with his own inconvenient crush.

When we get home, he decides. He can invite him over and have a real discussion, be an actual friend to Jensen.

Tonight, however, the last night of their vacation, he’s just going to enjoy this.

As he shuts the door behind Jensen and heads to the shower, he tries to imagine what else is on Jensen’s list and what he’s in store for tonight.

*******

The seminars are great.

Jared should be learning a lot. He should be jotting down things he wants to remember, organizing the informational handouts each seminar gives him, interacting with the people around him.

He’s trying. He really is.

But Jensen is here somewhere, in this very hotel, and they slept in the same bed last night, and he’s coming back over tonight, and Jared can’t think about another fucking thing.

It feels like ages before he gets back up to his room. He finally gets there just as the atrium is about to go dark with the night sky through the glass ceiling, carrying an order of sushi and wondering if he can even eat it. He’s too excited and anxious.

But once he’s in his room and he knows it’s almost time, that Jensen will be here soon, he actually starts to calm down a little. Kicking off his shoes, he manages to eat his dinner from the bed while watching tv, and the knock at the door actually startles him out of a relaxed, zoned out moment.

Jensen’s got his bag with him.

It’s the first thing Jared notices when he opens the door. And that means that Jensen is already planning on staying again.

“I, um, I hope it’s okay. I just thought…:

“That it would be easier for you to just get ready here in the morning. Sure.” Jared tries to sound nonchalant, maybe even practical, but he can still hear the edge of excitement in his voice. He wonders if Jensen can, too.

When Jensen walks in, he glances at the television as he sets his things down. “Is that- are you watching House Hunters?”

“Yes,” Jared admits, grinning a little.

“Seriously?”
“Hey, I live in a tiny apartment with drafty windows and a view of a brick wall. A guy’s gotta dream.”

Jensen laughs. “You got me there. Where’s this one?”

“It’s the international one. I think they’re in Tuscany.”

“And let me guess. The couple wants a totally authentic, rustic home in the Italian countryside, one that has character and original features, but then gets mad when the rooms are too small and the kitchen isn’t out of a Pier One showroom.”

It’s Jared’s turn to laugh. “Dude. You seem like you watch a lot more of this than I do.”

The blush that Jared loves so much creeps into Jensen’s cheeks, and it’s even more adorable when it has nothing to do with sex. “I dated a woman a while back who watched it all the time.”

It comes out hesitantly, like Jensen isn’t sure if he should be talking about this or not. Jared ignores the hot jealousy in his gut over some woman who was gone long before he and Jensen were together (and they aren’t even together), and decides to just blow right past it.

Intentionally, making a bit of a show out of it, Jared grabs the remote and turns it off.

The silence that follows is as charged as it always is between them. They both know why they’re here and what they want, and now they’re playing the game of who will make the first move.

It turns out to be Jared, because he’s just impatient tonight. “Did you eat dinner?”

Jensen nods. “I ate before I packed up to come here.”

“Good. We chose something off my list last night,” he says. “It’s your turn.”

Jensen lowers his eyes, blush still on his skin and kicks his way out of his shoes. “I was thinking about that. We, uh. We said no judgment, right?”

Jared nods seriously. “Of course.”

“And you can totally say no if you want to.”

“I know,” Jared says. “What is it?”

Jensen manages to meet Jared’s eyes, despite how red he is and how tightly clenched his fists are as he pushes the words out. “I want you to be rough with me.”

Jared smiles, wondering why Jensen is so nervous. “Oh, I can do that.”

“I mean,” Jensen pauses to clear his throat, “really rough. Like. I want you to make it hurt.”

Jared’s smile falters. “Hurt? What exactly are we talking about here?”

Jensen seems relieved that Jared isn’t immediately horrified or laughing at him. “Nothing crazy. Just. This girl pinched my nipples a little too hard once, and…”

“And you liked it?”

Jensen nods, the bulge in his pants showing just how much he liked it.
“You’ll have to really talk me through it,” Jared tells him. “I’ve never intentionally tried to be that rough with someone, and you’ll have to tell me if it’s too much or if you don’t like anything I do.”

“I can do that. So, you want to?”

“Absolutely.” Jared’s fingers are already itching, already desperate to get on Jensen’s body. “Come here.”

The air is thicker as Jensen steps forward, chest struggling with his heavy breaths. He’s nervous, Jared can tell, but he’s needy, eyes blown and cock hard, straining against his jeans. This must really get to him.

Jared needs to make this good for him.

His kiss starts slow, just a simple slide of lips together, but Jared decides that if he’s gonna do this, he’s gonna do this. Without warning, he bites Jensen’s lower lip, sharp and fast.

Jensen gasps. Jared pulls away, surprised at how much he enjoyed the feel of it, too. The soft give of Jensen’s lips makes Jared want to bite him again, makes Jared want to see how much Jensen can take.

At the same time, they grab at each other, pulling clothes off so fast that Jared’s sure they had to have ripped something, stumbling to the bed and falling down on the sheets that still smell like them because Jared declined the cleaning service. Jared breathes it in, watches Jensen scoot all the way to the middle of the bed where he can stretch out, and gives in to the hot tight ball in his chest. It seeps through the rest of his body, down to the caveman parts of him that want to claim Jensen as his and never let anyone else so much as look at him.

It’s a dangerous place to be, but Jared doesn’t care tonight.

Jensen doesn’t seem to notice, or at least seems to think that it’s part of Jared being rough with him. He just arches into Jared’s hands when they dig and squeeze at his sides, pulling at the flesh and feeling the muscles there. Jared kisses his way down Jensen’s throat, biting a little at his neck along the way, letting his tongue and teeth drag over Jensen’s skin.

“Yes,” Jensen gasps, encouraging Jared with his sweet little shivers.

Jared makes his way down to Jensen’s nipples. He’d said the girl pinched them, but that’s not good enough for Jared. He wants to be better than that girl. He needs Jensen to forget she ever existed.

He licks a circle around one of those pink nipples, already a little harder than usual, and then he bites. He lets his teeth sink in fairly hard and pulls a little, until Jensen hisses and lifts his hips, his cock bumping against Jared’s.

“How was that?” Jared’s voice sounds a little ragged, and Jensen hasn’t even touched him back yet.

“More,” Jensen whines. “Please.”

Jared grins and bites again, pressing down, rolling it between his teeth, pulling and tugging until Jensen’s practically purring beneath him, arching up for more. Jared leaves the nipple red and raw before moving to the other one and starting the process all over again.

He isn’t sure if it’s a balance of power thing, or if Jensen just enjoys the sensation of these easy pains, but Jensen slowly comes apart the longer Jared attacks his nipples. His shivers turn to
quakes that turn into constant writhing as he moans and cries out, hands clutching at Jared’s hair now, not letting him pull away.

“Oh, Jared chuckles against Jensen’s chest. “This is already a success, huh?”

Jensen only blinks down at him, breathing hard, unable to say anything.

Jared leans up to kiss him again, to bite at his lips harder this time, and more than once. Again, Jensen goes pliant and loose beneath him, whimpering into the bites as Jared grinds against his body just a little.

One more look at his chest, with Jared’s spit and teeth marks all over his nipples, and Jared decides that he needs to see himself all over Jensen. This might be the only time he’s allowed that, and it’s a memory he’s suddenly desperate for.

Jared starts just below Jensen’s nipples, snapping at a piece of flesh, then watching Jensen’s reaction. Jensen groans like it’s even better than what he was doing before.

So Jared works his way down, biting and sucking and gnawing all over Jensen’s torso, down his stomach, past his belly button, until he’s at his hips. The cut of bone there is delicious, salty with Jensen’s sweat, a secret place only Jared has access to right now, a secret place that will have his mark on it for days. Jensen will remember this, will feel this, long after tonight, and that thought makes Jared’s cock jump as he feasts.

He gets a little lost on Jensen’s body, gets a little drunk on the sounds he makes and the way he keeps touching Jared, pulling and tugging him closer, squeezing like he wants him to bite just a little harder each time. Before Jared realizes what he’s done, Jensen has teeth marks and bruises over his entire torso, his hips, and the tops of his thighs, the skin screaming Jared’s name like he’d written it in ink.

It’s gorgeous.

Jensen is gorgeous.

Jared wonders what else he can bring out of Jensen tonight. Without thinking, he reaches out and lightly slaps at Jensen’s thigh. He doubts it was hard enough to even sting, let alone hurt, but Jensen reacts like he’s been touched with a hot poker, like his skin is too sensitive. He fucking howls, tosses his hands back to slap against the headboard, squeezing his eyes shut and just offering himself.

“Harder,” he gasps.

“Do you trust me?” Jared asks.

For just a moment, the spell Jensen’s under breaks. He’s just as flushed, just as into this as he was a second ago, but there’s a clarity and certainty in his voice when he answers without hesitation. “Yes.”

Jared squeezes the base of his own cock and closes his eyes, takes a deep breath before he nods and opens them again. “Roll over.”

Jensen’s eyes glaze over again as he lets go again and instantly moves, offering his back and ass. Jared attacks it like the clean canvas it is, biting into fresh muscle, sucking hard at skin until Jensen claws at the bed again.

When he gets to Jensen’s ass, he skips it entirely. He can sense the frustration when he starts on
the backs Jensen’s thighs instead, can feel how close he is when he starts thrusting against the bed.

“Stop,” Jared tells him. “Be still, or I’m stopping.”

“Fuck,” Jensen groans, digging his toes into the bed now, too.

Jared leans up and smacks Jensen, a little harder than the first time, right where Jensen’s legs meet his ass.

“Jared!” Jensen shouts into the pillow, like it’s the only thing he can think of to say. Jared thinks it’s an excellent choice.

“You want me to stop?” It’s a serious question, because Jared doesn’t want to get caught up and go too far.

“No, please...don’t stop. I need…” Jensen shifts uncomfortably like he doesn’t actually know what he needs.

Jared smacks him again, watching as his ass clenches while it reddens. He starts alternating cheeks and thighs, smacking as hard as he dares, waiting for Jensen to tell him it’s enough, waiting for the sounds to sound anything other than desperate, but it just doesn’t happen. Jensen just keeps moaning for it, keeps lying there as Jared marks him up even more with his hands.

And then, his hips start to move again. “Jared, I’m gonna...I can’t help it, I’m gonna come.”

“Roll over again.”

The second Jensen is facing him again, the second he’s able, Jared gets his mouth on Jensen’s cock. Jensen comes instantly, spilling over Jared’s tongue before he can even suck once, before he can get Jensen all the way down his throat. He drinks him down, gives Jensen somewhere nice and warm to fall over the edge, and holy shit, does Jensen come hard. It goes on and on, shaking through Jensen until his muscles naturally go limp. When he’s drained, he falls back on the bed and throws an arm over his face, breathing hard.

Jared pulls away and wipes his mouth off on his hand, then settles down next to him.

“Hey,” he says softly. “You okay? Was that okay?”

“That was awesome,” Jensen replies. “Just. Gimme a minute.”

Jared patiently waits, not touching Jensen, but keeping his body close enough for Jensen to know he’s right there. He eventually pulls his arm away from his eyes and blinks over at Jared.

“I’m sorry. I got carried away and you haven’t-”

“It’s fine,” Jared grins. “It was your turn.”

Jensen grins a little. “Still, can I...let me.”

Before Jared knows what he’s planning to do, Jensen’s sliding down the bed, all sweet kisses and wet heat against Jared’s skin until he’s sucking at his rock hard cock, the one Jared has been pretending isn’t throbbing and aching so hard Jared wants to cry. It take less than a minute for Jared to come on Jensen’s tongue. He should be embarrassed by his eagerness, but no one can really blame him this time. Jensen’s blinking up at him with that pretty mouth stretched and spit-slick around his cock, with bruises and red marks all over him that Jared left there. No one,
absolutely no one, could last under these conditions.

Afterward, Jensen flops back down, looking fairly pleased with himself. But when Jared grins back, he seems to second guess himself. He bites his swollen lip and rolls to stare at the ceiling, an awkward silence stretching between them.

Jared reaches out and rubs a comforting hand over his stomach. “I told you before, no judgment. You’re allowed to enjoy yourself with me, remember? And that? That was fucking enjoyable.”

“Yeah?” Jensen sounds so unsure of himself. Jared wants to cuddle into his side, pull Jensen into his arms and kiss his closed eyelids. Instead, he just keeps his hand on Jensen’s stomach. “That wasn’t...too much?”

“Not for me. Was it too much for you?”

“I thought it was incredible.”

“Good, then.” Jared smiles and shrugs like the period at the end of a sentence, and Jensen laughs a little, finally seeming to relax.

Together, they slide under the covers. Jared reaches to turn out the light, then burrows down against Jensen, the two of them instantly tangling up the way they did the night before. It shouldn’t feel this good, shouldn’t make Jared feel like he could safely sleep for days, shouldn’t make him feel like he could end every day like this and be totally satisfied.

But it does.

And from the way Jensen sighs and snuggles closer every now and then, Jared’s last thought before he falls asleep is that maybe it feels that way for Jensen, too.

*******

The next morning, Jared wakes up and knows it’s too early. Everything is too quiet, too dark and too still. They probably have a couple of hours before the alarm goes off, and Jared wonders if it would be creepy to just lie there awake, soaking in the feel of Jensen flopped half-on top of him, snoring into his neck.

But he can’t lie perfectly still, and a few minutes later, he wakes Jensen up when he shifts positions to ease his stiff muscles.

Their eyes meet, barely visible in the darkness of the room, but Jared can feel the look. It’s intense, something silent passing between them, something as soft and as intimate as this bed, as the way their naked bodies are pressed together.

Warm fingers twine with Jared’s, locking together under the blanket and squeezing. Their toes rub together. Jared’s leaning forward when he realizes.

They haven’t picked something off the list.

He’s not allowed to kiss Jensen right now. They shouldn’t be holding hands, shouldn’t be doing anything until they’ve chosen their next experiment.

This has to stay inside the boundaries of their arrangement.

But he kisses Jensen anyway.
And Jensen kisses back.

They lie in bed and kiss. Just for them. No lesson to be learned, no new kink to try, no reason to do it except that they want to.

They want to kiss each other simply because they want to kiss each other.

Jared’s heart slams in his chest when Jensen leans back, pulls Jared with him until he’s on his back, hands in Jared’s hair as he pulls him down into another kiss, their chests pressing together. Jared rests his hand on the side of Jensen’s face, thumb rubbing across his jaw as he moves his lips so, so slowly, wanting to stay in this dream.

“Jared?” Jensen whispers.

It’s a question.

Jared stands on the edge of a very dangerous cliff and wonders if he should answer.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen spend the morning together, then head back to Austin after the conference.

Chapter Notes

Warning: top!Jared, rimming, anal sex, here comes the angst...

There are a million things to say. There are a million excuses to make. There are a million reasons why they should get up out of bed and stop this right now.

Jared leans down and kisses Jensen again instead.

That’s an answer in itself.

They settle into it, dark and secret touches that are allowed because they’re here, in a strange room while the rest of the world sleeps.

Jensen locks his hands into the small of Jared’s back like he’s going to keep him right here on top of his body. The sound he lets out makes Jared tremble, a sigh that’s right on the verge of a moan and so soft and needy it hurts.

But that’s not what gets Jared.

What absolutely floors him, what makes him drop his head to Jensen’s neck and hide there for a minute, is when Jensen circles his hands around Jared’s wrists and pulls until Jared is forced to lie completely on top of him, their fingers lightly lacing together like they belong entwined that way.

Jared doesn’t move his hands as he kisses at Jensen’s neck, gentle and slow this time. He nuzzles into that skin like he’s wanted to since the first time they touched, lets himself love it because it’s Jensen, not because it’s some game they’re playing.

And he doesn’t move his hands when Jensen pushes his body slowly into Jared’s, wanting to be closer, to feel more, still making those soft gasps every time Jared touches him.

And he keeps their hands together as he pushes himself down between Jensen’s legs, his arms stretched out and up now as his lips kiss the tip of Jensen’s cock before dipping down to his hole.

Jensen’s fingers squeeze around his at that first lick, but Jensen still doesn’t get loud. He lies there in the dark and shakes on Jared’s tongue, open and vulnerable and honest this time. Maybe for the first time.

There’s more lube and condoms on the nightstand- things Jared bought the night before, just before he picked up his sushi dinner. Things they didn’t quite get to. Jared reaches for the lube
now, hating how cold his fingers feel when they’re away from Jensen’s.

A shy smile is the response he gets from Jensen, who watches with half-lidded eyes as Jared leans up on his knees to open it. It takes longer than usual, because Jared can’t concentrate with Jensen’s hands running up his thighs now, a sweet caress like he just doesn’t want to stop touching.

Working him open is easy. Jensen spreads his legs and closes his eyes, lets Jared’s two fingers in so easily that he adds a third on only the second thrust, going slow and finding Jensen’s prostate. Jensen grunts then, not a loud sound of pleasure like the night before, but a deep, satisfied sound that comes from somewhere primal inside of him.

No one else has ever done this, Jared thinks. All the times he’s been inside of Jensen, no one else has ever been there. He’s the only one who knows how tight and hot Jensen is, how he clenches up, how he whimpers for it.

He wants to be the only one who ever knows. The only one who ever sees Jensen this way.

Jensen is the one who reaches for a condom, quickly opens it and slides it on Jared himself. Jared tries to ignore the fact that Jensen is trembling as much as he is. If he dwells on it too long, he’s going to come all over himself at the same time as he loses his heart, and he isn’t sure he’ll survive that.

He’s had sex with Jensen before, but it’s never felt like this, never felt like he was giving away a bit of himself. As he nudges Jensen’s thighs apart and settles between them, his hands find Jensen’s again, binding them together as he slowly pushes in, inch by inch, until their hips meet, until they can’t get any closer.

Jensen starts to move when Jared does, thrusting up to meet him with each movement, neither of them really finding a rhythm, just grinding together, hands clinging to each other as they kiss through it. Neither of them moves to switch positions. Neither of them talks dirty. Neither of them changes anything, because that would make this time just like any other time in their arrangement. And this is well outside those boundaries.

Jensen comes untouched, just arching gorgeously, eyes squeezed shut as he groans. When Jared feels the throbbing of Jensen’s cock against his own stomach, he follows instantly, unable to control himself.

And when it’s over, he stays inside Jensen as long as he can, the two of them kissing gently, hands still lightly laced together by Jensen’s head.

They’re still in that position when the alarm on Jared’s cell phone goes off, startling them both.

Jensen jumps at the sudden noise, and Jared reluctantly pulls away to shut it off. Before he can flop back down into Jensen’s body again, Jensen’s sitting up and getting out of bed. Jared feels the shift in the atmosphere and watches Jensen carefully, trying to come up with something to say that doesn’t sound cheesy, something that doesn’t terrify Jensen and scare him away.

He’s got nothing.

But Jensen holds out a hand without a word. Jared takes it and lets himself be lead to the bathroom. Together, they silently wait for the water to heat up, then step under it. Jensen is frowning a little, and his expression is a million miles away. But he’s here. Jared soaps Jensen’s chest up, gently brushing over every mark he made last night, some already fading, some looking angry enough to stay there a few days. He loves them all. He wants to kiss each one, wants to stand here under the
warm water and make out with Jensen, or just hold him in his arms. Jensen looks too worried for that, though. Jared can practically hear his brain trying to process everything, so he doesn’t push for more than just a quiet shower.

The rest of the morning is just as quiet, as they dress and brush their teeth and get their bags packed.

“So, what time is your flight back to Austin?” Jared asks.

“Six. I need to duck out of the last seminar a little early.”

“I guess I won’t see you before you leave then.”

Jensen only nods.

“Look,” Jared starts, but Jensen shakes his head, edges of his lips trying to smile but not quite making it.

“I’m sorry. This whole weekend was just…a lot.” He steps forward and kisses Jared once. “But I don’t regret any of it.”

It’s not enough, and it doesn’t tell Jared anything about where they’re going from here, but it’s something.

“Call me tomorrow, okay?”

“I will. Bye, Jared.”

*******

Jared gets home late, just past midnight, and falls into his bed. There’s so much work for him to do, so many ideas from the seminars he attended, so many contacts he wants to follow up on.

He’s grateful. If the conference had been a let down, he wouldn’t have a clue how to handle the next few days as he figures out what’s going on with Jensen. As it is, he’s grateful he’s got tons of work to distract himself with.

His phone rings from the nightstand.

“Who the…” He grabs it and sees his sister’s name on the screen.

“Megan?” he answers. “Are you okay?”

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Because you’re calling me past midnight.”

“I’m sorry, did I wake you up? I just thought you were getting in late tonight.”

Jared flops down into the bed and relaxes now that he knows there hasn’t been some emergency.

“Yeah, I just got in a few minutes ago. What’s up?”

“Nothing. Just wanted to see how the conference went.” She sounds wide awake, like always, ready to talk his ear off about nothing.

“It was good. I actually have a lot of ideas for opening the upstairs after construction is done,” he
tells her. “You coming to the big opening?”

“Wouldn’t miss it. Anything else fun happen this weekend? Did you meet anyone?”

It’s not the first time they’ve confided in each other about their sex lives. Megan loves to hear all about Jared’s adventures. But this time, he’s hesitant. “No, I didn’t meet anyone there.”

It doesn’t sound convincing at all.

“Liar!” Megan giggles. “Something happened, I can tell. Spill it.”

“Well, I didn’t meet him at the conference. I actually met him a couple of years ago.”

“Wait, what?”

“Do you remember Jensen Ackles? The man who owns the brewery San Jac uses?”

Megan pauses while she thinks. “Tall? Dark blonde hair? Looks like he could model for GQ?”

“That’s the one.”

“Oh my God,” she gushes. “He’s gorgeous. Are you two dating?”

“Not exactly.”

“Oh.” She doesn’t try to hide the disappointment in her voice. “Then, did you guys just get drunk and fuck at the conference? Because he works for you, and that-”

“It’s not like that,” Jared assures her. “We’re…well. I don’t really know. At first it was just to help Jensen, but now…”

“To help him? What?”

Jared takes a deep breath and tells her everything. He fills her in on the first night it happened, on the lists they’ve made, and how they accidentally spent the weekend together.

“But you fucked up,” she tells him. “Because you fell for him, didn’t you?”

Jared sighs and pulls the cover over his head. “I really did.”

“Oh, honey…”

“I didn’t mean to! But…but he’s just…wonderful.”

“How does he feel?”

Jared closes his eyes under the covers, unsure why he feels like he needs to be hiding right now. “I don’t know.”

“You need to talk to him. You remember when you came out in high school? How confused you were, for like two years? If that’s what he’s going through, he needs you to just be his friend.”

“This is different,” Jared protests. “I was young. Jensen’s not trying to figure out the rest of puberty while he’s deciding if he likes men. And it’s not like he has to worry about his parents kicking him out of the house, or worry about what all his friends at school will think. And-”

“And you’re making excuses. You’re going to get hurt. Or worse, you’re going to hurt him.”
Jared takes a deep breath. “I need to talk to him.”

“You need to talk to him.”

“Okay,” he decides. “I can do this.”

“Good.” She pauses for a moment, and Jared can hear the smile in her voice when she finally asks “So, how was the sex?”

He can’t help but laugh. “You have no idea.”

They chat for a few more minutes, then get off the phone, and Jared’s too exhausted to stay awake worrying about things. He’s asleep before his head hits the pillow.

********

It’s been two days. Jensen said he would call, and he didn’t, and that’s fine. Because people get busy, right? It’s not abnormal or anything.

So Jared can totally send a nonchalant text, right? That’s a casual, no pressure thing.

Before he can overthink it, he pulls out his phone and sends Jensen a message.

*Hey, you up for hanging out sometime this week?*

Vague. Not needy.

But that was two hours ago, and there’s been no reply. And no one goes more than two hours during the day without checking their phone. Jared tries to busy himself by catching up on everything he missed at the bar while he was gone, but his phone hangs heavy in his pocket, commanding his attention at all times. Soon, the bar will be open and full of people, and Jared might not actually have time to deal with this.

Well, at least that will stop him from sending more messages like a desperate teenager.

And that’s exactly what happens. The hours tick by, and Jared ends up pouring drinks behind the bar with Ryan, something he doesn’t do very often. But it takes his mind off Jensen, so he focuses on the people coming and going, laughing in each other’s faces and touching a little too much the more they have to drink. He and Ryan start enjoying themselves, competing to see who can put on the best show while mixing a drink, and he’s leaning over the counter and asking “What can I get you?” before he realizes it’s Jensen standing there.

“Oh! Hey!” Jared inwardly winces at his own voice, falsely cheerful and a little too high to be natural.

“Hey,” Jensen grins, but it’s tight and doesn’t quite reach his eyes. “I just stopped by to get your signatures on some stuff for your next shipment.”

“Sure.” Jared wipes his hands on his jeans and motions for Jensen to come back to his office.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize you were serving tonight,” Jensen tells him, handing over some invoices.

Jared grabs a pen off his desk and scratches his name across them, shrugging his shoulders as he does. “No worries. I have some time.”

He smiles again when he hands the papers back, and again, Jensen doesn’t quite return it. A pit
grows in his stomach.

“I sent you a text earlier. To see if you wanted to hang out sometime this week?”

“I saw it, I just got really busy today. Sorry. And I’d like to. I’ll let you know what my schedule looks like.”

Well, shit. That’s a blow off if Jared’s ever heard one.

Did he read this whole situation wrong? He knows he isn’t the only one who enjoyed the weekend. And he isn’t the only one who felt how different it was the last time he had sex.

Or maybe he is. Maybe he’s letting his crush make him see things that aren’t there. Maybe it’s all just wishful thinking.

Here, back at the bar, living their regular lives again, it all seems like a faraway dream, and Jared feels stupid. Jensen doesn’t want Jared to get attached. Or he’s decided he doesn’t like guys after all. Or a million other scenarios in which Jared comes out the loser.

“Ohay,” he manages.

Jensen shifts toward the door. “We could, uh, have a drink before I head out?”

Jared can’t bring himself to say yes. “I should probably help out Ryan. But you’re welcome to stay. Beer is on the house.”

On the house? Jensen is his supplier, of course it’s on the house. What a stupid thing to say. But Jensen doesn’t comment on it. They just head back out to the main room and go their separate ways.

Jared purposely doesn’t watch him, doesn’t pay attention to what drink he orders or where he sits. He concentrates on what’s right in front of him, on the few customers that stick around the bar to watch the large television above it, and he pretends to have a great time serving them.

But Jensen can’t help but walk right through his line of sight when he leaves. The door is directly in Jared’s view, and he definitely notices when Jensen leaves, a couple of hours after he showed up.

And Jared definitely notices the woman that leaves with him, tucked under Jensen’s arm, looking up at him dreamily as she plays with the buttons of his shirt.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

After seeing Jensen leave with a girl, Jared tries to process his feelings about everything. He gets interrupted by none other than Jensen. Naturally.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: dry humping, blow jobs

It’s the first night since San Jac opened that Jared doesn’t want to be at the bar. In all of his time here, he’s been exhausted, frustrated, stressed out, worried, and even more exhausted. But he’s never wanted to leave. Never wished he could be anywhere but here. The bar, no matter what, has always been his pride. His safe place.

But tonight, every time he pulls a beer, he’s reminded of Jensen.

Jensen, who is currently fucking some woman. Jared is sure of it.

And he can’t care. He’s not allowed to care. He has no claim over him. They are not in a relationship. For all Jared knows, they aren’t even fuck buddies anymore. He has no right to be mad or hurt about this. He has no right to have any opinion about it all, actually.

Except that of course he does.

By the time the place is empty enough for him to turn it over to Ryan for the night, Jared is exhausted. He stumbles back to his apartment in a strange fog, dreaming of his soft, warm bed and the escape it will give him.

Tomorrow will be better, he tells himself. Everything feels worst right when it happens, and loneliness is always more intense at night. He’ll wake up in the morning, separated from all this by a good night’s sleep, and the bright day will make it seem like just a bad memory.

He’ll have to see Jensen, of course, but he’ll figure out how to deal with that awkwardness when he has to.

Right now, he just wants to sleep.

He gets barely more than an hour before someone’s knocking at his door.

At first, he thinks it’s someone at a neighbor’s door, because there’s no one who would be at his apartment right now. But the knock is insistent, and he faintly hears his own name being called.

“The fuck?” he murmurs, almost tripping as he drags himself toward the door in his boxers.

It’s Jensen. Because of course it is.
Jared doesn’t know whether he should be happy to see him or annoyed that Jensen woke him up, given where he’s spent his night.

“Hey, sorry to wake you up. I know I should have called first.”

Jared’s voice comes out gruff. “Is everything okay?” Annoyed. He’s definitely annoyed.

“Yeah,” Jensen nods, fidgeting his hands in his pockets and looking very much like he’s expecting something. “I just. Wanted to see you, I guess.”

Jared snorts angrily, his hurt bubbling up and catching him off guard. “You did?”

Shrinking back, Jensen crosses his arms almost protectively and frowns. “Sorry, I didn’t, uh…is something wrong?”

“You tell me.”

Here’s Jensen’s chance. For one brief second, Jared lets himself hope that there’s an explanation. Maybe Jensen will say something that makes sense of all this, that makes all this go away.

“No,” Jensen says carefully. “There’s nothing wrong. Can I come in? Can we talk for a while?”

He isn’t going to say a damn word about that woman. And now he’s here, wanting to hang out? Again, Jared tells himself that they aren’t together. He has no right to be mad.

But he doesn’t have to let himself get hurt more than he already is.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not? Tell me what’s wrong.” Jensen’s voice is firm, and that only pisses Jared off more.

“What’s wrong? Seriously?”

Jensen just stares.

“Jensen. You left my bar tonight with some woman.”

Jensen’s eyes go wide, and then he bows his head. Caught. Guilty.

Once Jared starts talking, he can’t stop. The words gush out like a dam has been broken. “And I know we’re just fucking and I’m not supposed to care, but I do, and I’m sorry, but I just can’t watch you with someone else. Were you even going to tell me? Or were you just going to have sex with me tonight too, like she never happened?”

Jensen’s head snaps up and he’s pleading now, reaching out for Jared even as Jared steps back. “That’s not- I didn’t! Jared, let me in. We need to talk.”

Jared only stares.

“I didn’t have sex with her. Are you gonna let me in so I can explain, or should I just explain to your neighbors, too?”

There’s a tiny flutter of relief and hope inside of Jared, but he’s still wary even as he nods and steps back, letting Jensen inside. They head to the couch, but only Jared sits down.

“I’m sorry about tonight.”
“Sorry you left with someone or sorry I saw you?” Jared doesn’t care right now how confused Jensen is about himself and his life. He isn’t letting him off the hook.

“Both.” Jensen’s answer is so immediate that Jared believes him. “But I didn’t sleep with her.”

Again, Jared only stares up at him, waiting.

“I couldn’t.” Jensen retreats in on himself as he talks, moving to sit on the opposite end of the couch, leaning forward with his head in his hands. “I just wanted to forget about you.”

“What?”

“I just…I didn’t mean to get in over my head, Jared. I really didn’t. I just…the other morning in the hotel was so different, and I got scared. I know we’re just having sex, but that felt like…and I…”

Jensen turns his head and looks at Jared, those beautiful green eyes wide and confused and looking for answers. Looking for answers from Jared.

All the anger melts away as Jared’s heart starts beating faster. “You like me.”

Jensen nods as he bows his head again, hiding in his hands.

Jared scoots closer until the sides of their bodies are pressed together, nudges Jensen’s head with his and murmurs right in his ear. “I like you, too.”

“Really?”

It sounds so much like a little kid that Jared has to hold back a laugh as he kisses Jensen’s earlobe. “Really. That last time at the hotel was different. And I was so grateful for it, because I’ve had feelings for you for a while now. Maybe since the first time we had sex.”

Jensen’s shoulders slump a little as he relaxes and meets Jared’s eyes again. “So what do we do now?”

“We talk,” Jared sighs, pulling himself away a couple of inches before he can’t help himself. “Tell me what happened tonight.”

Jensen swallows hard. “I was terrified, because I thought the hotel was just…”

“Part of our arrangement?” Jared suggests.

“Yeah. I didn’t think you. You know. So I let that girl drag me out of there tonight because I wanted to forget about all this. I thought I wanted my life to go back to the way it was before.”

It’s uncomfortable, to see Jensen struggle through his explanation, exposed and scared. But Jared isn’t about to let him stop talking now. “And what happened?”

“All I could think about was you. I couldn’t do it. So I came here. I thought that even if it was just sex for you, that was better than nothing.”

Jared nods, accepting Jensen’s explanation. Jensen seems relieved to be able to stop talking, and sinks back into the couch with a heavy breath, rubbing both hands over his hair.

“It’s not just sex for me,” Jared tells him. “Hasn’t been for a while. But can I ask you something?”

Jensen nods.
“We started this because you were confused about guys. Are you still? Because I don’t want to complicate things for you. And just so you know, whatever you’re feeling is okay. I’m still your friend, no matter what.” The words sound cheesy, but it’s important that Jensen hears it.

“Honestly? I don’t really know what to... label myself, or whatever. But I’m not sure finding a label matters that much to me. I do know that I like you. A lot. And not just because of the sex, although that’s reason enough. I wasn’t expecting it and I wasn’t looking for it, but. Here we are.”

Jared doesn’t remember the last time he felt like this. It’s every crush he’s ever had realized, the adrenaline of a first kiss, the complete stillness of the world right before you and me becomes us.

And all Jared wants to do is touch him.

“Come here,” Jared whispers, leaning back and spreading his legs.

Jensen doesn’t hesitate. He slides into Jared’s lap without thinking, just straddles Jared with those strong thighs, denim of his jeans against Jared’s bare legs, and wraps his arms around Jared’s shoulders, hiding his face in his neck. Jared hugs him back, squeezes him tight and lets out a huge breath, knowing that he’s allowed to do this tonight, allowed just to cuddle and be with each other.

But the warmth of Jensen’s body against his, the pressure on Jared’s lap, soon gives Jared’s cock other ideas.

When he shifts his hips a little, Jensen pulls his face back, lips meeting in a fevered, frantic kiss. It’s hot and wet and dirty, but it’s intense, too. There’s something there that hasn’t been there before, now that they aren’t holding back, aren’t keeping any part of themselves from the other. They sigh and tug at hair and dig at skin and look at each other, because they’re allowed to now, and Jared doesn’t care that he can’t feel his hips any longer, that they’re probably swollen and useless for kissing. He doesn’t care that they’re just kind of touching mouths now rather than actually kissing, because it’s still Jensen’s tongue against his and Jensen wants it as much as he does.

Jensen leans back enough to pull his shirt off, and Jared can see the fading marks, the ones he left on Jensen. He trails a finger over a couple of the darker ones. “That woman you left with tonight? She would have seen these,” he muses. “How would you have explained that?”

Jensen closes his eyes and leans into the touch, rolling his hips a little like he can’t help it. “I don’t know.”

“Come on,” Jared encourages, remembering how beautiful Jensen was when he made those marks. He presses into one until Jensen hisses. “What would you have said to her?”

“I would have told her that you gave them to me.”

“And?” He leans forward and sucks at a bite mark right above Jensen’s nipple. “Ohhhhh,” Jensen moans. “And...and that she couldn’t touch them.”

That sends a ripple of possessive heat through Jared. “Why not?”

“Because they’re yours.” He bites his lip and looks at Jared for a moment, then says something so quiet Jared almost misses it. “I’m yours.”

“That’s right,” Jared growls, ripping open the fly on Jensen’s jeans, then shoving his hands down the back of them to squeeze Jensen’s ass. “You are.”
And just like that, Jared’s gone. Totally, completely gone.

It takes quite a bit of wiggling and squirming to get Jensen naked without leaving Jared’s lap, and even more to get Jared’s boxers off as well. Neither of them mind the excuse to touch and rub and breathe against each other’s skin.

“And what would you have told her about me?” Jared keeps the game going, wanting to hear more sweet confessions from Jensen, ones he thought he was only dreaming until just a few minutes ago.

“I did tell her about you.”

Jared stops moving, manages to ignore Jensen’s erection, throbbing away against his own.

“What?”

Jensen ducks his head as his cheeks turn pink. “We got back to her apartment, and we kissed on her couch for a minute before I stopped her. And when I told her I couldn’t do it, I told her there was someone else.”

“I bet she loved hearing that,” Jared smirks.

“She was really nice about it, actually. She offered me a drink and asked me what you were like.”

Jared pulls Jensen’s face up by his chin. “And what did you tell her?”

“I told her that you were sweet. And smart and funny. And that- that you make me comfortable with myself.”

It’s all generic. Safe. But it makes Jared’s chest squeeze tight all the same. “Nothing about what a great ass I have?” he teases.

“Nope,” Jensen grins. “I didn’t mention that, but only because I’ve always preferred your dick.”

Jared’s cock twitches like it knows Jensen’s talking about it. Jensen’s grin widens as he lifts his hand to Jared’s mouth.

Without speaking, Jared sucks at Jensen’s fingers, messy and wet, tonguing between them, until Jensen’s whole hand is a dripping mess. Jensen reaches down and curls it around both of them, thumb smearing the precome dripping from Jared’s cock. The slick sounds as he starts to stroke are as good as his ragged breaths, the ones that Jared inhales with his own.

Jared lets Jensen move at whatever pace he wants, leans back and watches, enjoys this the way he really wants to for the first time. Jensen’s not experimenting now, not trying to figure anything out. He just wants to feel Jared. Wants to be here with Jared.

It doesn’t take very long for his strokes to speed up, for the two of them to groan instead of sigh, for Jared to grab Jensen’s biceps and hold on as he comes, loud and hard over Jensen’s hand.

Jensen follows a few strokes later, Jared still holding onto him as he lets go, falling forward to press their foreheads together.

They breathe together for a moment, settling in to this new territory.

“Come on,” Jared finally murmurs. “Let’s get cleaned up and go to bed.”

They clean up in the bathroom between soft kisses and softer smiles, bumping into each other and turning each one into a caress.
And then they settle into bed.

“Don’t fall asleep,” Jared warns. “We’re not done.”

Jensen laughs and scoots his ass back against Jared. “Wouldn’t dream of it.”

“I should have just told you I liked you,” Jared says.

Jensen shrugged. “I think I probably needed to figure all this out on my own.”

“Well, I’m glad you did. And that we’re…uh. What exactly are we now?”

Jensen sits up and turns on the lamp, suddenly serious. “I like you. A lot. And I don’t want to be with anyone else.”

“Okay,” Jared nods, knowing Jensen isn’t finished.

“But this is all very new to me, you know? I’ve never been very good at relationships anyway, and this one is just. A big change.”

“So, that means….what?”

“Can we keep this private?”

Jared hesitates, not sure how he feels about that.

Jensen cups his face and forces him to meet his eyes. “Private. Not secret. I’m not ashamed, and I’m not trying to pretend I’m straight to everyone while secretly sleeping here every night. I want you to know that.” He lets go of Jared’s face and flops down on the bed. “But I do want time to process everything. And time for us to just enjoy each other the way we have been.”

Jared doesn’t know what he did to deserve Jensen, but he owes someone a lot of thanks.

He leans forward and kisses him hard. “Whatever you want.”

“Whatever I want?” Jensen smiles so that Jared can feel it against his lips.

“You wanna pick something off the list?”

“Not tonight,” Jensen says. “I just want you to fuck me.”

******

They sleep late the next morning, and the sun is already high and bright when Jared is nudged awake by a wet tongue on his nipple. The second he meets Jensen’s eyes, still sleepy but somehow hungry at the same time, Jensen slides down and swallows his cock down, not stopping even when Jared swells in his mouth, hitting the back of his throat and making him gag a little.

“Jesus Christ,” Jared moans, lying back and letting Jensen work his tongue over him. “You sure I’m the only guy you’ve been with? You do that like you’ve been doing it forever.”

He can feel Jensen’s grin as he slides his lips up and down on Jared’s cock. “You’re the only guy,” he mumbles.

After Jared’s rousing wake-up is finished and Jared’s a sweaty mess lying on the bed, Jensen leaves quickly. “I have to be at work soon, and I gotta run home and change clothes. But if you want, I’ll
fix dinner for us at my place tonight? We can talk some more.”

“Just text me what time,” Jared says, leaning up to pull Jensen down for a kiss, fingers curling into his shirt with the excitement of being allowed to do this, of making plans and being as affectionate as he wants. “And after we talk, we can check something else off our lists. I’m not done experimenting with you yet.”

Jensen is grinning as he walks out of Jared’s bedroom. “Neither am I.”

Jared lounges around for a while before he gets ready for work, an early shift that is mostly boring paperwork and inventory before the bar opens that night. And he floats the whole time he’s showering and getting dressed.

He and Jensen are together.

The only thing that still bothers him is all the time he wasted just thinking of Jensen as a work colleague. If he had opened his eyes sooner, if he had paid a little more attention when they talked, if he had only known…

But they’re together now.

And Jared is going to make up for lost time.
The sky is gorgeous, streaked with purple and pink that looks like cotton candy, that looks like it can’t be real. It looks the way Jared feels, perfect and shimmering and peaceful, like all is right with the world in a way it’s never been before.

The feeling is so strong that Jared has to push it down, has to force himself to remain cool as he pulls into Jensen’s driveway. He’s never been to Jensen’s house before, a cute little place just outside the city, near the brewery. Jared hopes that coming here isn’t the only first they share tonight.

Jensen opens the door in tight jeans, a tighter t-shirt, and bare feet. He’s probably just wearing what’s comfortable for lounging around the house, but he looks delicious. Jared instantly swallows down the need to kiss him, until it dawns on him that he doesn’t have to. He’s allowed to touch Jensen now. Just because.

Jensen smiles into it when Jared steps just inside the door and presses their lips together, light and easy, noses rubbing a little before he pulls away. “Hey.”

“Hey.”

“You wanna come on back to the kitchen? I’m almost done with dinner.”

He nods and follows Jensen through the living room to the kitchen, small and cozy.

“Can I help with something?” Jared asks, unsure of what to do with his hands when Jensen heads toward the stove.

“Nope, just grab yourself a beer and have a seat. I’m taking care of everything.”

The table is nestled into the corner, and Jared sinks down into a chair, beer in hand, to watch Jensen cook. It smells delicious. “Is that spaghetti?”

“Yep. Decided to go simple. But I’m making the sauce from scratch.”

“You are?” Jared stands up and heads over to the stove. “That’s fancy.”

Jensen turns and grins before scooting over to give Jared room to stand next to him. “Not particularly.”
Jared stares down at Jensen’s fingers, sprinkling some spice Jared doesn’t recognize into the red sauce starting to bubble in the pot. “I mostly use my microwave. So it’s fancy to me.”

The silence that follows is full of a little awkwardness and a lot of sexual tension, and Jared finds himself edging closer until he’s pressed against Jensen’s side as he stirs.

“Thank you for inviting me,” he says, leaning down to press a kiss behind Jensen’s ear. When Jensen shivers a little, he does it again, flicking his tongue out over Jensen’s earlobe.

“You keep doing that and we’ll never get to the food,” Jensen scolds, but Jared can hear his smile. He drags his hand down Jensen’s back to squeeze his ass. “So? We can eat later.”

Jensen bumps him away. “Behave.”

Jared sighs, so put out, but scoots a couple of inches away. This time, there’s no awkwardness, only anticipation between them as Jensen stirs and Jared sips his beer.

When Jensen declares the sauce ready and they’ve filled their plates, they sit at the table and eat, chatting about the construction on the bar and Jensen’s trip to see his family in a couple of weeks. It’s not as if they never talked about their lives before. They’ve worked together for a long time, and Jared considered them friends. But it’s different now. Less formal. Jared finds himself hanging on Jensen’s every word, because he never let himself notice anything real about Jensen before. Now, he notices how soft Jensen’s smile is when he talks about his sister, and how hard he laughs when Jared tells him that he thinks some of the staff are using the construction area as a place to fuck when they’re on break.

Jensen tears the last piece of garlic bread in half and tosses one piece onto Jared’s plate, popping the other into his mouth. Jared gulps down the last of his beer and leans back, leaving the garlic bread to soak up the leftover sauce.

“That was delicious. Thanks for cooking for us.”

“Glad you enjoyed it,” Jensen nods. His leg finds Jared’s under the table and rubs against it. “You ready for dessert? Or do you need a nap first?”

Jared smirks. “I think I can handle it. What did you have in mind?”

Jensen blushes, and for the first time, Jared feels like he can comment on it.

“Do you know that it’s really hot when you blush?”

Jared’s eyes snap up and he looks confused. “What?”

“You always blush at first, and it’s hot. Like you’re thinking all kinds of dirty things.”

Jensen’s cheeks flush deeper, but he holds Jared’s eyes as he leans forward. “Well. I usually am when I’m around you.”

“So what specifically did you want to do tonight? What’s next on your list?”

“I, uh. Would it be okay if I was in charge tonight?”

Jared nods. “Sure...but that doesn’t really tell me what you want to do.”

“That’s what I want to do. I want to blindfold you and do all kinds of things to you.” He swallows
hard. “And I want you to lie there and let me.”

Jared’s cock is swollen and hard now, jumping to attention so fast that it almost hurts, and he reaches for Jensen’s hand. “Bedroom.”

Jensen’s lips twitch into an almost-smile and he stands, leads Jared down a small hallway to a bedroom that’s as clean and cozy as the rest of the house. Jared will pay attention to the details tomorrow, look at the books on Jensen’s shelf, see what kind of shampoo he uses.

Tonight, all Jared is concerned about is the bed.

Jensen doesn’t seem to be too concerned about getting to it, however, and pauses to kiss Jared in the doorway, so hard and deep that Jared ends up against the wall next to the bedroom door, hanging onto Jensen with weak knees and not a single coherent thought in his head.

Jared opens his mouth to say something, but only a strangled sigh comes out. Jensen grins, smug and satisfied with himself. “Sit down.”

Jared does as he’s told, already falling into the role he’s going to play tonight, because it doesn’t feel like a role. Being at Jensen’s mercy feels very much like the best thing that could happen tonight, and exactly what Jared wants. He wants to lie there while Jensen plays, while Jensen touches and kisses and fucks Jared how he wants to.

Jared is dying to know exactly what Jensen wants to do to him, what he makes Jensen feel.

Jensen’s on his knees now, taking off Jared’s shoes while Jared’s mind tries to focus. The socks come next, and Jensen runs his hands over the tops of Jared’s feet lightly before running them up over his jeans to his thighs.

Pushing Jared’s legs apart, he scoots close enough to wind his fingers in Jared’s hair and pull him down for another kiss, just as all-consuming as the first. Jared’s having trouble breathing when Jensen pulls away and goes for his belt, but Jensen seems to be sure of himself now, the blush in his cheeks gone as he yanks Jared’s jeans down.

Next to go is his shirt, Jensen standing up to pull it over Jared’s head, then stepping back and staring at him. He licks his lips until they’re glistening, like he’s hungry. “Lie back on the bed.”

Jared doesn’t argue, doesn’t point out that he still has his underwear on. He just obeys, and watches Jensen’s eyes darken a little at how quickly he responds.

The lamp casts a warm glow through the room, but it’s completely gone when Jensen picks up the blindfold that’s waiting on his nightstand and slips it over Jared’s head.

“That okay?” he asks.

“Yeah.” Jared nods and blinks a couple of times, adjusting to the fact that all he can see is pitch-black darkness. “I’m good.”

“Good. Get comfortable. Because you’re going to be lying there a while.”

Jared shifts a little to settle flat on his back, tries to relax his arms and legs and calm his heart slamming in his chest. And then he waits. He senses that he’s not supposed to talk, that Jensen has a plan, but time passes more slowly when he can’t see. It feels like he’s lying there for ages, and there’s nothing. No noise of Jensen undressing himself, no movement around the room, no crinkle of a condom wrapper. Nothing.
Jensen’s watching him.

Jared can’t confirm that, obviously, but he can feel it. It’s like his skin starts tingling, and he knows that Jensen is looking, that those green eyes are roaming over his body, that he’s probably biting his lip in that way he has.

Jared’s cock jumps in his briefs, and he knows Jensen saw that, too.

Jared feels the goosebumps rise, and then Jensen finally moves. The noise of his shuffling feet across the carpet is surprisingly loud, and Jared jumps when the bed dips. He arches up a little, expecting Jensen’s hands but not knowing where. They never come.

Instead, it’s Jensen’s hot breath. So close to Jared’s neck that he thinks for a moment it might be his lips, too, but no. It’s just his breath, hot and heavy as it puffs over Jared’s skin.

“I had questioned whether I liked men a few times. But do you want to know when I really started to wonder?”

Jared nods, mouth dry at the low rumble of Jensen’s voice and the tickle of breath that’s moving lower down his chest.

“I was at the bar one day, and you picked up a box. I don’t even know what was in it, but it had to have been heavy, because your arms…” Jensen’s breath is ghosting over his nipples now. Jared wants to arch up and feel a mouth and a wet tongue, but he holds still, clenches his fists and takes this like Jensen wants him too.

“I watched you carry the box to the other end of the bar, and I was half-hard by the time you bent over to set it down. And I started thinking. You wanna know what I thought about?”

He’s at Jared’s stomach now, breath coming faster now against Jared’s belly button, and Jared’s so hard he could come just from one touch. “Yes,” he croaks.

“I thought about your arms that night when I jerked off. I thought about how hard you would feel. All the women I’ve been with have been soft, and I started thinking about how good it would feel to have all those muscles above me. Or under me.”

Jared groans, can’t help it. He clings to that voice and the hot breath that comes with it, picturing the beautiful face he can’t see.

“And after that,” Jensen has moved down to his thighs now, “every time I saw you, it was something. I wanted to know what you’d feel like. Then I wanted to know what you sounded like. Then I wanted to know how much harder I could go, how much more I would have to take, if we fucked each other.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jared gushes, taking slow, shuddering breaths that don’t calm him at all. Why won’t Jensen just touch him already?

“And then that night...I was flirting with you but I never thought...and then you suggested we have sex...fuck, Jared. It was you the whole time, you know?”

“Touch me,” Jared begs. “Please…”

He nearly comes off the bed when Jensen actually listens, his tongue darting out to lick a long, wet line from his lower stomach up to his chin. It’s not enough. He needs Jensen’s hands, needs his cock in his ass, needs to feel all of that solid weight on top of him, holding him down. But he’ll
take Jensen’s tongue tracing his collarbone.

“So now that I have you here, and I can answer all those questions I had, where should I start?”

It’s not a question that Jared is supposed to answer, so he once again just tries his best not to move the way he wants to, to keep his hands curled into the sheets at his sides instead of reaching for Jensen.

“Maybe I should start with this.”

Finally, finally, Jared gets Jensen’s hands. They shock him when they make contact, digging into both his sides and kneading a little, then moving to trace the lines of his abs. It feels like fire, like his skin is too sensitive, like the touch is more than it should be, and Jared lets out a sound that is almost a sob.

“Shhh,” Jensen says against his neck, lips right up against his pulse. “God, you always feel so good. Better than I imagined when I was just imagining it.”

Jared’s arms twitch, but Jensen’s hands are waiting, and he holds him down. “Nope. I’m in charge. Be still.”

“Fuck,” he breathes, hips humping up at the air, seeking friction that doesn’t exist.

The darkness is starting to get to him, to make his brain swim with all the images of Jensen he can’t see right now. Is Jensen flushed? Is he sweating yet? Are his lips swollen from kissing Jared’s skin?

And God, he can feel everything. He can feel every curve of the bed where Jensen is next to him, he can feel each of Jensen’s fingers, can feel how rough they are as they drag over his skin. He can feel Jensen’s breath and the softness of his lips as they glide over his jaw.

He can feel it all.

“You okay?” Jensen asks when Jared moans.

“I’m good,” he pants. “Keep going.”

Jensen’s fingers hook into his underwear and pulls them down. The cool air washes over his cock when it’s free, and Jared can feel it throbbing, can feel the precome starting to run down it.

“Touch me,” he begs again.

Jensen doesn’t answer, but Jared can hear him shuffling around, can hear clothes hitting the floor.

Jared almost shouts when Jensen gets back on the bed, because he’s done teasing. He just shoves Jared’s legs apart and settles in, chests slamming together as Jensen covers his body completely, mouth landing on Jared’s hard enough to bruise.

Jared moans loudly into Jensen’s mouth, thrusts his hips up to rub their cocks together, wishes one more time he could see what Jensen’s face looks like right now. And one more time, Jensen makes him forget, because his fingers are suddenly at Jared’s hole, adjusting their position so he can slide one finger into Jared dry, slow and easy. The stretching burn of it takes Jared’s breath away, shoots through him in a way he’s never been able to focus on before, and he shudders with it, cries out into Jensen’s mouth with it.
Jensen pulls away for a second, leaving Jared gasping on the bed while he tries to make sense of the noises he hears. He comes back with slick fingers, lubed up and ready, two of them sliding into Jared with no warning, making Jared shout and clench up around him. Jensen keeps going though, curls and presses until he finds his prostate, then shows no mercy. Jared bucks his hips, taking him in deeper, screaming and begging until Jensen adds a third finger, and it’s not enough. Jared’s desperate, coming out of skin with the need to feel Jensen inside him, with the need to come on Jensen’s cock.

The rip of the condom wrapper is loud, and relief floods through Jared when he hears it. He spreads his legs and waits for Jensen to lean over him, then locks his hands in the small of Jensen’s back.

“Please…” he murmurs, so lost now that he can barely get the word out.

Jensen pushes in slowly, letting Jared feel each curve and line of his cock as he buries himself, breath hot against Jared’s neck again. He wastes no time setting up a fast pace, a pace that is just this side of painful, and Jared lets the noises keep bubbling out of him, lets his body feel this the way he’s never felt it before when he’s kept his eyes open.

His hands rest on Jensen’s ass, but he doesn’t push, can’t concentrate long enough to move with Jensen. He’s so close, a deep burning in his gut that’s almost frightening, an orgasm building inside of him that’s going to knock him out, and all he can do is lie there and take it. Exactly what Jensen said he wanted him to do.

“Come,” Jensen growls in his ear. “Come on my cock. I’m not going to touch you. Want you to come just from my cock in your ass.”

He can hear a rasp, a deep gravel in Jensen’s voice that he never noticed before, and it’s enough. Jensen slams into him one more time, and Jared comes. And he doesn’t just come. He fucking explodes, heat and sweat pouring out of him as he makes a mess between their stomachs, every muscle flexing and shaking until he can’t stand it, until he’s flying, until he thinks he may have passed out.

And then he’s aware of Jensen again, pushing into him a few more times until he gasps and lets go, falling down flat on Jared and letting their bodies twitch together.

Carefully, Jensen slides his hand up Jared’s face and pushes the blindfold away. Jared blinks into the light, letting his eyes adjust as he comes back to reality. Everything that just happened feels like a dream, and in the light, he almost doesn’t believe any of it had happened. Except that his muscles are sore and his hair is damp with sweat and he can feel his sticky come on his stomach.

And Jensen is still inside him.

“How was that?” Jensen asked.

“That was amazing. But it was your pick, so you tell me. How was it for you?”

Jensen kisses Jared until he has to pull away for air, then drops his head back in Jared’s neck, where he seems to want to stay tonight. “You have no idea how perfect you are. That was...you are incredible. So fucking hot.”

Jared glows under the praise. “Do me a favor?”

“Anything.”
“Clean me up.” Jared manages a small huff of laughter. “I don’t have the energy to get up.”

Jensen laughs and groans as he pushes himself up. “I can do that.”

Jensen comes back a few seconds later with a wet washcloth, carefully and gently wiping Jared down. When he turns off the light, Jared turns his back and offers himself up as the little spoon for the night, which Jensen happily accepts.

“Thank you,” Jensen says, pressing a kiss to Jared’s shoulder blade.

“For what?”

“For being patient with me. For getting me here.”

Jared turns his head enough to get a kiss on the lips. “Trust me. I should be thanking you.”

“And this list? That was a good idea.”

Jared chuckles. “It’s my turn next, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Gonna give me a hint?”

Jared grins into the darkness and scoots his ass back against Jensen. “How do you feel about being bent over a bar?”
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen go on their first date. Just porn and fluff here.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top!Jared

Jared’s in a great mood. He woke up the same way he fell asleep, with Jensen wrapped around him, and the day has only gotten better from there. He’s discovered that Jensen gives the best morning kisses, sleepy and lazy and more cuddly than he’ll ever admit to. He’s made plans to take Jensen on their first official date tonight. He’s practically floated through his work day, making some final decisions about the construction and feeling just how close the upstairs bar is to being reality.

And now it’s time to get ready.

He showers and shaves and dresses quickly, eagerly, ready to go in less than twenty minutes. Tonight, he’ll finally get the chance to simply be with Jensen. In public. It’s just a late movie, since Jensen worked too late tonight to do anything else, but neither of them wanted to wait until they both had a full night off. Jared’s heart gives a little squeeze every time he thinks about the way Jensen looked at him when he suggested they go out, totally excited and happy. The same way Jared feels.

And his heart squeezes again when he sees Jensen, standing in front of the movie theater, looking like he just came from work, a little tired, a little lost in his thoughts. But the second he sees Jared approaching, he grins. A sweet, gorgeous, crinkles his eyes at the edges grin.

Jared doesn’t hesitate to kiss that grin. “Hey.”

Jensen blushes a little, eyes darting around like he isn’t sure they’re allowed to do this, but he keeps his smile. “Hey.”

“How was your day?” Jared asks, not ready to head inside yet, where they won’t be allowed to talk to one another. Maybe the movies wasn’t such a great idea. He’d much rather just sit and have a conversation.

“It was good. Too long, but I think that was just because I was looking forward to this.”

Jared grins. “Me too.”

“I already bought our tickets. You ready? Or do you want popcorn or something?”

“Candy,” he replies automatically, heading toward the candy counter with the little kid grin he’s never been able to stop at moments like these. “All the candy.”
They slide into seats near the back of the theater a few minutes later, arms full of soda and candy boxes. It’s late enough that there are only a few other people, and Jared feels good, electric nerves blooming at the base of his spine at the thought of sitting so close to Jensen, of feeling him right there for two hours, enjoying something so simple together.

“You want one?” Jensen asks, opening his box of chocolate malt balls.

“No, thanks,” Jared grins. “I’m going for the sour gummy worms.”

The lights dim, and Jensen pops a couple pieces of candy into his mouth before carefully setting the box in the floor. Jared shifts, makes a bit of a show of resting his free hand on his knee. Jensen doesn’t hesitate to slide his hand underneath it, linking their fingers together on Jared’s thigh.

It’s hard not to smile, but Jared manages to play it cool, just giving Jensen’s hand a small squeeze before gluing his eyes to the screen.

The characters appear, some teenagers who are no doubt going to get killed within the first ten minutes for not having the brains to stay out of the abandoned shed in the middle of nowhere after their car runs out of gas. Jared tries to focus, because the movie is supposed to be legitimately scary and fun, but Jensen’s thumb starts rubbing small circles, sliding their fingers back and forth in a soft and slow rhythm. His hands are so warm, so wonderfully rough and strong.

Jared loses the concentration battle and turns his head to find Jensen smirking, eyes on the screen.

“Wanna make out?” Jared whispers, leaning close and batting his eyelashes for effect.

Jensen’s smirk grows, but he doesn’t look over at Jared. “I came to watch a movie,” he teases, sliding their hands up Jared’s leg.

Jared gets closer, close enough to bump their heads, to slide his lips across Jensen’s ear. “Oh, come on. It’ll be fun.”

Jensen lets out a heavy breath, but still doesn’t turn his head. With a sigh, Jared gives up and gives in to just feeling the tension, pushes his arm closer against Jensen’s, and watches the movie. It actually does turn out to be good.

“So, do you have to get up early tomorrow?” Jared stretches his arms over his head when they get outside, breathing in the cool night. “Or can you hang out for a while?”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Come with me.”

They get to San Jac just after closing. It’s an hour or two before the usual last call time, and Jensen raises an eyebrow.

“I may have told them they needed to close early tonight for the construction crew to do some work.”

“And they believed that?”


There’s that perfect, sweet, sexy blush on Jensen’s cheeks, deepening as he heads inside in front of Jared.
“You want a drink?”

Jensen shakes his head no. “That’s not what I want.”

Jared grins and walks Jensen upstairs. The bar is finally installed and finished, dark wood that gleams in the dim light. Before they’re halfway across the large space, Jared’s already getting hard, planning exactly what he’s going to do to Jensen.

Jensen whistles, a low and soft sound, runs his hand over the smooth surface. “That’s gorgeous.”

“It’ll be even better when you’re bent over it.”

The words are like the shot at the start of a race, and Jensen reacts in record time, slamming himself into Jared, mouths hitting so hard it almost hurts. Jared wraps his arms around Jensen and pulls him in, slides their bodies together and holds on tight, just enjoying the kiss itself. Jensen tugs at Jared’s hair, just giving himself over and melting a little the tighter Jared holds him.

“Have you ever done this before?” Jensen asks into Jared’s mouth, letting Jared back him up until he’s against the bar, leaning back a little.

“No,” Jared breathes, running his lips down Jensen’s neck. “I’ve never brought anyone here.”

Jensen grins, a little pleased at that. Not for the first time this evening, Jared’s heart beats a little faster.

This is exactly what he wanted. Exactly what he imagined when he wrote this down on his list. Jensen is flushed and breathing heavily, on Jared’s bar. This all belongs to him. Including Jensen. He didn’t belong to Jared when they wrote their lists, but Jared knows now that he wanted him to, that from the second they touched the first time, he’s wanted Jensen all to himself. And now he has him.

“Turn around.”

This should take a long time. Jared should undress him slowly, worship Jensen’s body the way it deserves. But some animalistic part of Jared growls deep in his chest. A possessive heat flares up as he looks at Jensen, obediently turning around and leaning over the bar, ass presented to Jared, and there is no waiting. No dragging it out, no savoring. Jared needs to fuck him.

Right now.

It only takes him a few seconds to get his own cock free, to pull the tiny bottle of lube out of his pocket where it’s been burning a hole all night, to get the condom he stashed in his wallet before he left his apartment.

Jensen doesn’t move, just pants heavily and waits. He groans when Jared roughly yanks his jeans and underwear down just enough to get at his ass, fingers squeaking as they grip the bar. Hand splayed across Jensen’s still-clothed back, Jared pushes him down, bends him until his chest is on the bar, really and truly bent over it the way Jared wants him. He steps back for just long enough to appreciate the swell of that tight, perfect ass under the hem of his shirt, long enough to grab the lube and drizzle some over his fingers.

Jensen is tight, and Jared tries to go slow, but Jensen doesn’t let him. He pushes back and takes Jared’s fingers in, so greedy, so fucking perfect that Jared can’t help but reach down and squeeze his own balls with his free hand.
“Is...is this what you wanted?” Jensen gasps, hips starting to find a rhythm as Jared stretches him open.

“Fuck, yes.” Fingers still inside Jensen, he manages to grab the condom with his free hand and tear it open with his teeth. “Yes, this is exactly what I wanted.”

He pulls his fingers away and steps back, wanting to sear this moment into his brain so that every single time he comes upstairs, he remembers exactly this. It’s dangerous, to make memories like this so soon, memories you can’t take back if things go wrong. But he doesn’t want to stop. He’s not going to be cautious with Jensen.

“God, you look...” He can’t finish his thought, so he just rolls the condom on, quietly lubes himself up. He steps close to Jensen, runs his hand over his back again as he rubs his cock between his ass cheeks.

“Jared,” Jensen whines, tensing up and reaching his hands out, curling them over the far edge of the bar to brace himself.

“That’s right,” Jared groans. “Hold on tight.”

He pushes in hard, hard enough for both of them to fall forward, his hips smacking into Jensen’s ass.

“Fuck,” Jensen shouts, and the echo is perfect in the empty construction area.

Each thrust is a forceful one. Jared can’t get deep enough, can’t move fast enough, can’t fuck Jensen hard enough. He’s sweating in no time, almost fully-clothed, the layers between them making this seem more illicit, more naughty-bad-wrong in all the right ways.

Jensen seems to agree. He spreads his legs wider and tips his ass up as best he can, keeps his chest flat on the bar, and lets Jared manhandle him however he wants, groaning louder the harder Jared digs his fingers into his hips, shouting an exclamation point onto the end of each of Jared’s thrusts.

Between the noises they’re making, Jared can hear the traffic, can hear the gentle hum of the walk-in refrigerator downstairs, can hear the buzz of the emergency lights that never turn off. It’s all so good, and Jared wonders how Jensen would feel about sneaking up here sometime when the bar was open, when they’d have to be quiet or risk getting caught.

“Jared, I’m gonna come...”

Jared slams in even harder, wraps his arm around Jensen to grab his cock and stroke fast. Folding himself over Jensen, he manages to make Jensen come at the exact second he lets go, and they shake and shudder together, Jensen pushing up on his tiptoes as Jared bites into his shoulder blade. Somehow, their hands find each other, wind together as they ride out the waves of their orgasm.

“Woah,” Jensen finally says, squirming until Jared straightens up and gives him room to turn around. “That was-”

Jared cuts him off with a kiss and a mumbled sound of agreement, letting their softening cocks bump together a little just to feel the heat of Jensen, the stickiness of the mess they’ve made.

“I came on your bar,” Jensen says, looking over at the shiny new wood, now with thick white streams running down the side toward the floor.

A laugh bubbles out of Jared, and soon Jensen’s laughing too, snorting a little as he pulls his pants
up.

“Don’t worry about it.” Jared takes the condom off and tosses it in a trash can, wondering if the construction crew will notice it, but not caring enough to really be concerned. He pulls up his jeans and sighs contentedly.

Jensen has already found a rag and is wiping the bar clean. “It really is a gorgeous bar. When do you think you can open this part?”

Jared sits down on the floor, long legs stretched out in front of him. “Soon, according to the contractor.”

“Throwing a grand opening party?”

Jared nods and grins. “Of course. The event of the season.”

Jensen plops down next to Jared, the sides of their bodies pressed together as Jensen plants a random kiss on the corner of Jared’s mouth. “Can I come?”

“You’d better, Jackles.”

Jensen grins and noses in Jared’s hair, breathing deeply. “You know you’re the only person who’s ever called me that?”

“Really?”

“Yep.”

Jared turns and gently bumps Jensen’s forehead with his own. “Good.”

“Can I...can I stay with you tonight?”

Jared nods even as he smirks. “Already ready for round two?”

“No. I mean, yes. I’m pretty much always ready for you. But I actually just want to sleep with you.”

“Then let’s go.”

They leave their cars at the bar and walk the short distance to Jared’s apartment, enjoying the cool air and how quiet it is in the middle of the night, shoulders bumping every few steps.

“So what’s going on with the brewery? Didn’t you tell me you were working on a new ale?”

“Yep,” Jensen nods. “An apple. The first few batches weren’t quite right, but I think we’re getting close.”

He launches into an explanation of brewing beer that captivates Jared because he likes beer and it’s an interesting topic, but also because it’s Jensen talking. His eyes light up and his voice gets so strong and confident, talking about it with so much passion that it’s contagious. Jared’s grinning right along with him the entire time.

He could do this forever.

Like all of Jared’s emotions, this one just flies right in and settles down, strong and instant. He could spend forever just walking next to Jensen, listening to him talk about the things he loves.
Again, he feels like it’s a dangerous place to be. Jensen brings out the recklessness in him. Jared tries to remind himself that they work together, that Jensen is only recently into guys at all, that they need to take this slow. Obviously, it’s more than sex. But Jared can’t let his guard down just yet.

He can’t help it, though. They get back to his apartment, undress and get into bed, now discussing the movie they saw and how it compares to their other favorite horror movies. And it’s so right, so comfortable, so exactly where Jared wants to be that he knows he’s in trouble.

The conversation slows and fades as they drift to sleep, and Jared thinks he might have dreamed Jensen’s voice when he asks “Why didn’t we do this a long time ago?”

“Hmmm?”

“We worked together for a long time. Why didn’t we feel this way before?”

Jared shrugs, burrows into Jensen a little more. “Dunno. I mean, I thought you were straight, so I wasn’t exactly looking at you that way, you know?”

“I think I was purposely not looking at you that way. I was scared.”

“Scared of what?” Jared leans up and gives Jensen his full attention, sensing he really wants to talk about this. It’s almost too dark to see him clearly, but that’s probably why he chose right now, hiding in the dark and under the sleep haze they’re both in.

“Not of being gay, exactly. I just thought it would be a big change. I thought I knew who I was, and it scared me to think I might not.”

“Still scared?”

“A little. But not of you.”

Jared settles back down, head on Jensen’s chest. “Good. And if it helps, I think you’re doing just fine at adjusting.”

“Can we go out again soon? Not just to a late movie, but like, for real?”

“Please.”

Jensen hums a little noise that Jared feels more than he hears, and his breaths even out, as steady as the heartbeat Jared is listening to.

He falls asleep wondering where they’ll go for their next date. And what they’ll mark off Jensen’s list next.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Jared has a bad day at work. Jensen helps.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: breath play, top!Jared

Jared doesn’t look up from his laptop when there’s a knock at his office door.

“I already told you no, Ryan. Just set the stage up the way we always do. I don’t care if this guy doesn’t like it, he can just play somewhere else.”

“Bad time?” Jensen asks.

Jared looks up to find Jensen looking a little sheepish, twisting his baseball cap backwards on his head.

“Sorry, I thought you were Ryan. Bad day.” But that’s not Jensen’s fault, so he does his best to put his frustration away with a shrug.

Jensen glances around before shutting Jared’s office door and sitting down. “What happened?”

He’s leaning forward, concerned expression on his face like he really wants to know.

“Well, when I got here this morning, the crew upstairs told me that it was going to be two weeks longer than we thought before I can open, and there was a screw up with some of the supplies so I’m over the budget. And now the guy who’s playing tonight is acting like we should be kissing his ass, when I’m the only person in Austin who’ll give him a stage. Asshole.”

“Wait. If there was a screw up with the supplies, why are you paying for it?”

Jared sighs, the frustration of his morning bubbling up all over again. “Because if I send them back, it will take another six weeks for them to send the right designs. I’d rather eat the cost than delay that much. It’ll all even out in the end. Just, you know. Construction is always a fuckin’ nightmare.”

Jensen nods. “I’m sorry.”

“Not your fault.” Jared forces a smile, and it turns into a real one as he really looks at Jensen, focuses on that gorgeous face instead of his anger. “So what’s up with you?”

“Nothing.” He blinks down at his hands, a little shy. “Just wanted to say hi.”

Jared lets out a breath, a deep one he’s been holding onto all day, and pushes his chair back so he
can stand up. “Come here.”

Jensen glances toward the closed door again, then stands up and meets Jared halfway, sliding into his arms, his chest right against Jared’s, right where he belongs. Jared buries his head in Jensen’s neck and slumps there, lets Jensen’s arms hold him up.

God, it’s so good. He’s not used to it, to having someone to literally lean on. It’s just a bad day at work, a little stress, nothing tragic or catastrophic, but the scent of Jensen’s skin, the heat of his body is so comforting that Jared wants to hide here for the rest of the day.

“You work too hard,” Jensen murmurs.

Jared grunts a “what?” into Jensen’s neck and doesn’t move.

“I’ve always thought that. Always thought you worry and stress too much about the little things here, and you should let your staff deal with some of it.”

Jared pulls away to look at him. “But it’s my bar. I need to know that everything is-”

Jensen cuts him off with a kiss, slow and lingering. “I know. Can you take a break? Get out of here for a little while before you open for the night?”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Just meet me at your apartment?”

Jared nods, kisses Jensen again, and watches him leave.

Yeah. So much for going slow and being cautious. He’s in over his head with this one.

He manages to get out of the bar pretty easily, telling Ryan that he just needs a break for a couple of hours, which wasn’t exactly untrue. It’s one of those days where Jared feels a little suffocated, a little trapped in his own mind, and he’s itching to get out, especially now that Jensen’s waiting.

He practically runs back to his apartment, breathing out a sigh of relief to find Jensen leaning against the wall next to his door, scrolling through something on his phone. He looks up and smiles, but it fades into something more serious when he takes in Jared’s mood.

They don’t speak. Jared just slams up against him, kisses him hard until it hurts. Jensen takes it, gives Jared something solid to pour his frustration into.

Somehow, he gets the door unlocked, between rubbing tongues and grabbing hands, and shoves Jensen inside, kicking the door closed behind them. They only make it through the small entryway to the living room, and Jared’s pushing Jensen down to the carpet, tugging at buttons and fabric, sucking and biting at the skin he reveals. Jensen seems in the same hurry, thrusting his hips up against Jared’s the second they’re naked, rubbing their cocks together like he can’t wait another second for it.

It burns between them, hot and heavy as they crash into each other, tangles of limbs and skin pulling gasps of pleasure every time they move. Jared loses himself in the slide of it, circles his hips, rubs his face into Jensen’s neck and shoulder, lets his fingers explore just for the feel of it. He’s still angry, the mood he’s in turning his touches a little harder, a little deeper.

Jensen groans into every one of them and pulls Jared closer. It goes against every instinct Jared has to get up, to run to his bedroom and grab the lube and a condom. He half expects Jensen to follow
him, to be right there when he turns around from his nightstand, but he has to race back down the hallway to the living room, where Jensen is still on the floor, panting. He’s got his hand on his own cock, moving fast, eyes opening to land on Jared as he groans a little.

“Fuck,” Jared breathes, moving slow now as he kneels down, just wanting to watch.

Jensen keeps stroking himself as Jared fingers him open, slick and fast, a little harder and deeper than usual because he’s still feeling that way. He takes his time, but he isn’t gentle about it, and Jensen all but dances on his fingers, writhing and moaning his name, clutching at his forearm with his free hand, urging him on.

“Don’t come,” Jared grunts. “Not yet.”

There’s a flash of a smirk at the corners of Jensen’s lips and eyes. “Not yet,” he promises, voice a broken whisper.

Jared rolls the condom on without any fanfare and pushes home, familiar enough with Jensen’s body now to know exactly how hard Jensen can take it, exactly how much Jensen likes the stretch when he doesn’t inch his way in, but fully thrusts instead.

“Fuck, yes,” Jensen moans, the afternoon light filtering through the blinds on the window and making his skin glow. Jared can see the sweat glistening in the hollow of his neck, can see it forming at his temples, and he leans down to taste it as he starts a rhythm.

“Go slow,” Jensen manages, hands moving to the back of Jared’s neck and locking there. “And hard.”

Jared curls his fingers and digs his knees into the carpet, not caring that it will leave red burns on his skin as he starts to really fuck Jensen, as deep as he can get in slow, controlled pushes, trying to pull those low, loud moans out of him that are reserved for when he’s really into it.

He feels all the tension in his body rise to the surface, and he grabs Jensen’s jaw, squeezes it as he kisses him.

Jensen grabs his wrist and drags it down, places it over his neck. For a moment, everything seems to stop and come into sharp focus, right on Jared’s hand, on the pulse beating wildly just beneath it. He stares right into Jensen’s eyes, blazing green, and slowly, slowly, squeezes his fingers.

Jensen’s lips part, and his cheeks flush, but he doesn’t look away, doesn’t stop Jared. That wild part of Jared rises up, and he uses all of his frustration of the day, all the stressful thoughts clouding his mind to carefully clamp down around Jensen’s throat, turning that darkness into something hot. Something gorgeous.

And that’s exactly what Jensen is. He tries to breathe a little, just testing the strength of Jared’s grip, relaxing his fingers around Jared’s wrist and sinking into the new sensation. Jared pounds into his ass, moving faster now, and Jensen draws his legs up, squeezes his eyes shut.

When Jared lets go, Jensen gasps loudly, a sound that sounds like the word yes. Jared keeps fucking him, watches as the rush of fresh oxygen makes Jensen’s neck flush the same color as his cheeks, as he goes a little hazy with the rush of chemicals.

And then Jensen grabs his wrist and moves Jared’s hand to his neck again. And again, Jared channels his mood and pours it into this, this perfect release of all the anger in his body. And yet again, Jensen goes crazy for it, fingers digging into Jared’s ass this time as he drifts off into wherever this is taking him. Jared leans down and shoves his tongue in Jensen’s mouth. Jensen
doesn’t kiss back, just winds his fingers in Jared’s hair and shoves his whole body up, like he can’t stand even air between them now.

Jared lets go after a few seconds and Jensen lets his head fall back to the carpet again, arms clawing at the carpet as he takes long, wracking breaths, running his hands absently down Jared’s back as Jared keeps thrusting.

It’s like Jensen’s high, staring up at Jared with stars in his eyes, soft and pliant now even as Jared slams into him.

“One more time,” Jared tells him. “And you’re gonna come when I let go.”

Jensen nods a little, as much as he can right now, and reaches out, hand lightly covering Jared’s when it lands on his neck. Jared squeezes a little harder this time, watching Jensen for any sign of resistance and seeing none. He’s just so beautiful, lying there like he wants this as much as Jared needs this.

Jared’s cock throbs where it’s buried in Jensen, and he thrusts a few more times before he lets go of his grip on Jensen’s neck.

Holy shit.

Jensen arches and almost screams as he comes, as he lets loose and pulses thick and heavy all over his stomach, some of it splashing up onto Jared’s. Jared grunts as his own orgasm slams through him at the sight of it, at the way Jensen is clenching around his cock. He leans down and lets his groan sink into Jensen’s skin while his teeth scrape over his collarbone, Jensen’s hands slapping onto his back and digging in to keep him right there.

It takes longer than normal for them to come back to themselves. Jared knows he needs to get up, to stop crushing Jensen and let him breathe while he throws the condom away and cleans them both up, but he can’t. He can’t leave his spot in Jensen’s neck, can’t shrug Jensen’s hands away just yet. And he definitely can’t pull out yet. He wants to stay right where he is as long as possible.

But eventually he softens enough to slide out without meaning to, and Jensen squirms a little beneath him. Jared leans up to kiss him, gets a little lost in it for a few minutes, then gets up and heads to the bathroom.

He realizes as he’s throwing the condom away that he’s smiling. He feels lighter, like what they just did actually helped somehow, actually worked the way it felt like it was working when he was squeezing his bad mood out through his fingers. He shoves his hair back out of his face a laughs a little as he carries a warm, wet washcloth back to Jensen, sitting up now in the living room floor.

“What?” he asks, Jared’s laugh making him grin.


Jensen blushes for that, and Jared slides down next to him, kisses at the red marks left on Jensen’s neck while he cleans himself up.

“Come here.” Jared pulls Jensen down the hallway to his bedroom, Jensen shuffling along so grumpy, like he wasn’t ready to move yet. The second they fall into the bed, Jared kisses the frown lines on his forehead, smooths Jensen’s brow with his lips while Jensen snuggles in close.

“You feel better?”
Jared nods. “I really do. That was...what was that?”

“That was actually on my list.” Jensen rolls to grin up at the ceiling. “Seemed like a good time for it.”

Jared reaches for him, slides his hands over the tightness of Jensen’s stomach, over the soft skin of his thighs. “It was. I didn’t even know I needed that.”

“Like I said earlier. You work too hard.”

Jared rolls his eyes.

“No, really,” Jensen says, voice soft and careful. “You’ve got your whole heart in that place, don’t you?”

“Well, yeah. Don’t you feel that way about the brewery?”

“Course I do. But you gotta take a break sometimes, man. If you don’t, days like today happen.”

Jared smirks. “I didn’t think today was so bad.”

“You know what I meant.”

Jared looks over at Jensen, at the downward turn of his lips and the furrow of his brows. “You’re worried about me,” he teases.

With a shrug, Jensen slides his fingers between Jared’s. “You just looked so...off this morning. I’ve seen you look like that before, but. Now I’m allowed to do something about it.”

Jared leans in and pulls at Jensen, sliding them both until he’s flat on his back, staring up into green eyes hovering over him, totally surrounded by Jensen. Large hands spread flat on either side of his head, strong arms caging him in, and nothing else exists, he can’t see anything outside of this little bubble. Maybe Jensen’s right.

“Can I make a confession?” he whispers, focusing on Jensen’s mouth because he can’t look at his eyes through this.

“Sure.” It’s a little uncertain, a little nervous.

Jared swallows hard, throat clicking with the words he wants to say. “I haven’t been in a real relationship in...well. A long time.”

“Okay…”

“You’re right. I’m too involved in the bar. I didn’t have time when it first opened, and then…”

“Then what?” Jensen is still above him, still pressing all that warm skin into Jared’s body.

The truth is that it was just easier to date around, to hook up and never let it turn into anything serious. Jared always feels to much, always jumps in and loses himself, doesn’t know how to half-ass anything. And it always got him hurt.

“And then I just didn’t,” he says, knowing that Jensen knows he’s holding back.

But Jensen doesn’t press. “Why are you telling me this?” he wonders, eyes soft and warm.
He’s telling Jensen this because he needs Jensen to know, needs Jensen to pull him out of his head like he did today. Needs Jensen to know that he’s trying, that he wants this to work. He’s telling him this because he’s already jumped in with both feet, before he could even put his usual walls up.

“I guess I just wanted you to know that. In case I...you know.”

The smile spreads across Jensen’s face slow and easy, like Jared has something comforting. He leans down and brushes their lips together. “In case you fuck up? It’s new for me, too. We’ll figure it out together, okay? And hey, we did fine today, didn’t we?”

Jared grins as his heart slams in his chest. “Better than fine.”

Their hips find each other, Jared’s legs spreading to let Jensen between them, their cocks already starting to swell again.

“You can be late getting back to the bar, right?”

Jared groans his yes into Jensen’s mouth.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Everything is wonderful. Jared is sure of it.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top!Jared, rimming, anal sex, some drama

“Right there,” Jensen groans, back arching in that curve Jared now has memorized.

He spreads Jensen’s ass cheeks even farther apart as he pushes his tongue deeper, pressing in as far as he can get. Jensen leans back into it like he can’t get enough, rolling his hips against the bed to get some friction on his dick.

Jared’s been at this for a while now, waking Jensen with slow licks and soft teasing that have now turned into deep thrusts, and Jensen is practically dancing on his tongue. Jared's got nothing in mind, no plans except to make Jensen feel good. That's how their sex life has been lately. It’s been a full week since they picked anything off the list, most nights spent just having sweet vanilla sex or falling asleep together after work, curled up like tired cats.

In fact, they’ve only spent one night apart in the last seven days, and Jared’s trying not to make a big deal out of that. It doesn't mean anything.

Jared squeezes Jensen’s ass and pulls back enough to gently bite into one of his plump, perfect cheeks, then starts kissing his way up Jensen’s back. He takes his time on those long muscles, sucks marks up Jensen’s spine, savoring every inch slow and steady while Jensen squirms.

Jared’s already put his condom on, and Jensen is still loose and open from the night before, so when Jared reaches the back of his neck, he just covers Jensen’s body with his own and pushes right in. Jensen buries his face in the pillow and lets out a loud groan, one that rumbles through his body and up into Jared’s.

“Good wake up call?” he whispers, letting himself enjoy the tight heat of Jensen’s ass for a few seconds before he thrusts.

“Definitely better than an alarm clock,” Jensen murmurs, sounding a little hoarse.

Jared leans up, stays buried in Jensen as he just looks down at him, appreciates the tension in his shoulders and the way the morning light makes him look so, so soft.

“I like these freckles,” Jared says, dragging his fingers over a cluster of them below Jensen’s neck. He leans down and kisses them, grinning when Jensen shivers.

“Jay…” Jensen whines, shifting his hips and practically humping the bed.
Jared slowly starts to move, hips as lazy as he feels right now, like this morning can stretch on forever, like they have nowhere to be and nothing to do but exactly this. It seems to satisfy Jensen for the moment, who lets his head fall back to the pillow and stretches his arms above his head, fingers digging into the sheet.

“Oh, God, just like that.” Jensen’s moan doesn’t sound so urgent anymore, doesn’t sound like a whine this time. Now it sounds satisfied, like he just wanted the friction, the stretch of Jared inside of him, and this, just these slow movements, are enough.

Jared keeps moving, but his mind drifts. Before he knows what he’s doing, he’s kissing Jensen’s shoulders, soft and sweet, sighing into his skin as he runs his hands down Jensen’s arms to his hands, linking their fingers together. Before he realizes it, before he can control it, he’s murmuring. “You feel so good. So fucking good.”

His voice is a little too soft, a little too raw, but he doesn’t regret it. It’s the truth, and Jensen doesn’t seem to mind. He practically purrs beneath Jared as he moves a little deeper, rolls their bodies a little closer.

Eventually, Jared rolls to his side, taking Jensen with him, still thrusting into him while they spoon. Jensen pulls one of Jared’s arms around him and brings it to his mouth, kisses the pads of his fingers, lets his teeth scrape over them until it tickles.

“Let’s stay here like this today,” Jensen whispers.

Jared isn’t sure he heard him correctly, but the echo of the words is hanging there, waiting for an answer. “Okay,” he says simply.

Jensen turns his head, groans a little as Jared pushes into him again. “Really?”

“Can you?”

Jensen shakes his head no and lets out a breath. “I wish I could. But we both have to work.”

Jared leans forward to kiss him quickly before pushing him back down into the bed and hovering over him again. “Then I better make this good.”

Jensen pushes his hands into the headboard and digs his feet into the bed, bracing himself, and Jared grabs his hips.

For the next few minutes, there’s nothing but the squeak of the bed and the slap of their bodies together, drowning out their low grunts and growls. Jared closes his eyes and lets his body take over, feeling every little bit of each thrust until he’s throbbing and his balls draw up tight.

He curls down over Jensen and slides his hand underneath him, strokes his cock a few times until Jensen goes limp with a loud groan, until he can feel the hot pulses over his hand as Jensen clenches around his cock. Only then does he let go himself, biting his lip and letting the waves of pleasure wash over him. He falls on top of all that hard muscle beneath him, smashing Jensen into the bed while he comes.

Afterward, neither of them want to move. Jared takes off the condom and tosses it in the direction of his small trash can, not bothering to check if he made it. He’ll pick it up later if he needs to. He rolls over to his back to catch his breath, and is rewarded with a hot, sticky, sweaty Jensen cuddling into his chest and throwing a leg over his hips.

“We made a mess of your bed,” Jensen murmurs.
“Needed to wash the sheets anyway.”

The moment stretches on silently, feeling very much like they don’t need to talk, like just stroking skin and breathing together is enough.

Eventually, Jared’s alarm goes off and they both groan.

“Time to be responsible adults,” Jensen says, stretching like a cat as Jared sits up and swings his legs over the side of the bed, pleasantly surprised to see that the condom did, in fact, make it to the trash can.

“Why don’t you go get in the shower? I’m gonna throw these sheets in the washer.”

Jensen nods. “Join me when you’re done?”

Jared reaches out and lightly smacks Jensen’s ass. “Of course.”

********

“You’re in a good mood.” Jenny is moving with him from table to table, pulling chairs down and setting up for the bar to open for the evening.

Jared only shrugs and gives her a big smile. “That a crime?”

She mirrors his smile like it’s contagious. “No. Just. The only time people ever look the way you look is if they’re getting laid.”

Jared grins, keeps the secret to himself, doesn’t tell her how he can still feel Jensen’s body beneath his fingers. She just shakes her head when he doesn’t answer and continues to get the place ready to open.

Jared’s good mood lasts through the first few hours of his shift, and he finds himself behind the bar during the busiest part of the night, laughing with Ryan as they pour drinks, talking to the customers like it’s an episode of Cheers.

And his night only gets better when Jensen shows up.

“Hey! I didn’t know you were coming by.”

Jensen grins, eyes focused solely on Jared. “I hadn’t planned on it until I got home and had nothing to do but watch tv.”

“You want a drink?”

“Sure. Any beer would be good.”

Jared nods and grabs a glass, aware of Jensen’s eyes on him, moving a little more deliberately for that. When he slides the full beer across the counter to Jensen’s waiting hand, he’s rewarded with a wink and a drop dead gorgeous smile before Jensen heads to a table.

Jensen is too perfect.

Jared pours drinks until the rush dies down, then joins Jensen with his own beer, ready to watch the band they’ve booked for tonight.

“Ryan says these guys are supposed to be good,” he says, watching them set up the stage. “Better
Jensen takes a long drink of his beer and looks around. “Busy tonight. And it looks like the upstairs is really close.”

“Just a couple of weeks,” he nods.

Jensen reaches under the table to squeeze Jared’s thigh. “Have I ever told you how fucking impressive this is?”

Jared’s heart stutters under the praise. “I didn’t do it alone,” he says. “Ryan-”

“Ryan works for you,” Jensen says, fingers rubbing slow circles now. “This? This is all you. And it’s amazing.”

Jared leans forward on instinct, lips seeking Jensen’s, but Jensen pulls away abruptly, taking a sip of beer and clearing his throat.

Right. No one knows about them. And a kiss is much more public than a touch on the leg under the table, where no one can really see anyway. It’s not about Jared.

So why does it sting so much?

Jared leans back in his chair, tries to shake it off, but his good mood drains away when Ryan and Jenny join them, letting the rest of the staff take over for the night. Jensen laughs and talks and is as charming as ever. To them. He barely acts like Jared is there at all, carefully doesn’t look at him, even more carefully doesn’t touch him, and Jared feels his relaxed muscles tense up, feels himself start to think too much.

Eventually, he excuses himself for a minute and heads back to his office, where he shuts the door, shuts all the noise out with it. He sits down at his desk and puts his head in his hands, takes a few deep breaths and tries to calm his racing mind.

It doesn’t mean anything. This is still new. They’re dating, sure, but they haven’t talked about how serious it is yet. And Jensen has very valid reasons for wanting to keep this just between them for now.

But that’s all bullshit and Jared knows it. It was never casual, even when it technically was. He doesn’t know how to be anything other than serious when it comes to Jensen, and it’s fucking terrifying. He needs Jensen to feel it too, to want to kiss him in front of everyone, to want to tell everyone how excited he is that they’re together. Because that’s what Jared wants to do.

But he’s jumping the gun. If he wants this to work, he needs to calm down. Things are good. Jensen has given him no reason to doubt that he’s as into this as Jared is. Jared shouldn’t rush this and scare Jensen off.

A knock at the door interrupts his thoughts, and he barely has enough time to get his facial expression smoothed out before Jensen is poking his head in.

“Hey, what are you doing back here?”

Jared forces a smile that he hopes looks natural. “Just taking care of a few things so I can get out of here early tonight. I’m done now.”

Jensen grins and meets him in the middle of the office, cups Jared’s face and pulls him in for a kiss.
It’s all there in the way their lips touch. Jensen wants him, likes him, is willingly here in Jared’s arms. Jared kisses him back, remembers this morning and all those touches, all those sighs and looks that were too soft and too open to be anything other than everything Jared is looking for.

Yeah. Things are good.

“You okay?” Jensen breathes against his lips, pressing their foreheads together.

“Yeah,” Jared tells him. “I’m great.”

“Then let’s go watch that band. And then later, I want you to come over. Maybe we can mark something off my list tonight?”

“Whatever you want,” Jared agrees, holding onto Jensen’s hand as long as he can as they walk back to the crowd.

Holding onto Jensen’s hand until Jensen pulls away.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Jensen tells Jared the next item on his list, but Jared can’t go through with it.

Chapter Notes

Warning: angst

I’m sorry.

Jared gets to Jensen’s house a little after midnight, once he’s given the band their share of the night’s profits and made sure everyone else has settled in for a calm night. His radio is loud and he’s been singing along the whole way here, and his mood seems to have improved. All his serious, melodramatic thoughts are gone for the night, and it’s all he can do not to run into Jensen’s house to find out what kind of kinky fun is waiting for him.

Jensen lets him in and laughs into Jared’s eager kiss, letting himself be pushed back to the couch. Jared sinks right down on his lap and kisses him hard, feeling the way Jensen kisses back, reveling in how Jensen’s hands lock into the small of his back and pull him closer, feeling dizzy when Jensen growls into it like he can’t get enough. It’s the reassurance Jared needs, the comfort he didn’t get back at the bar, the certainty that Jensen wants him this much, that they are together in every sense of the word.

Jensen eventually pulls away, slides his lips down Jared’s jaw, biting a little here and there as their hips start to grind.

“Didn’t you—” Jared starts, pausing to gasp when Jensen sucks at his pulse. “Didn’t you say you wanted to cross something off your list?”

Jensen nods. “Just wanna make out for a minute first.”

Jared doesn’t know why that makes his stomach twist in the best way, why he suddenly feels like his chest is too small for his heart. Jensen’s hands run up Jared’s thighs around to his ass, and then Jared’s falling, Jensen’s strong arms guiding him down on the couch. He spreads his legs for Jensen to settle between them, but he doesn’t grind up, and Jensen doesn’t thrust against him.

They simply honest-to-God make out. Jensen cups Jared’s face and kisses him so tender and sweet that Jared can’t breathe. God, those lips. Jared sighs into them, so soft and full and perfect. Neither of them are in a hurry, and they grin as knees and elbows get in the way, as their lips go a little numb and the kisses turn sloppy.

“This is…” Jensen finally sighs, nuzzling into Jared’s neck.

Jared runs his hand up Jensen’s back and settles it in his hair, wishing it was long enough to really
pull. “This is what?”

“Perfect,” Jensen mumbles.

Jared lies there soaking it all in until Jensen leans up, the sweetness gone. Now he’s smirking, hot as hell with his arched eyebrow and curved lips, hips starting to shift a little. “I wanna film you.”

Jared’s cock reacts instantly. “What?”

“That’s what’s next on my list.” Jensen leans down and kisses his ear, starts scraping his teeth over the lobe. “I know you’ve done it before, but-”

“I haven’t.”

“What?” Jensen pulls back, brow furrowed. “But that first night, when we played that game. You said…”

“I’ve filmed little videos of myself to send. But I’ve never...not like this.”

Jared feels Jensen’s dick swell, sees his eyes darken a little as his pupils blow out wide.

“Let me?” Jensen asks, bending back down to pull Jared’s t-shirt to the side so he can bite his collarbone. “Want it so bad.”

“Yeah?” Jared asks, but it comes out more like a groan. He pushes his hips up into Jensen, sliding their bodies together and enjoying the friction. “Why?”

He isn’t sure what he expects Jensen to say. Something about watching it together later, about seeing it from new angles.

“It’s like we’re being watched,” Jensen says, still kissing at Jared’s skin and so caught up that he’s not guarding his words at all. “I wanna fuck you knowing that the camera is seeing the whole thing. I want it recorded.”

Jared’s stomach twists again, but it’s not right this time, there’s no pleasure in it.

Jensen wants to be seen. Just not by people.

Jared knows he’s being unreasonable. That’s not what Jensen meant. But he can’t shove it down this time. He can’t do this. He can still feel Jensen’s hand pulling away at the bar, can still see how he looked at everyone at the table but him.

“No,” he whispers, but Jensen freezes up so fast he might as well have shouted it.

“What?”

“No.” His voice is louder this time, and he knows he’s on the verge of crying. He swallows hard as Jensen sits up, close but carefully not touching him.

“Okay,” Jensen nods. “We won’t.”

Jared sits up, tries to calm down as he stares at the floor. “I’m sorry. I just…”

The hand on his shoulder comes slowly and carefully, like Jensen isn’t sure if he’s allowed to touch him right now. “Don’t be. And you don’t owe me an explanation. Just. Are you okay?”
Jared wishes he was. He wishes he could tell Jensen that filming just isn’t his thing. He wishes he could go through with it, could have that with Jensen. For Jensen.

But he’s not okay.

“No, I’m not.”

Jensen licks his lip and straightens his shoulders, like he’s bracing himself. “What’s wrong?”

Jared’s hands shake as he runs them through his hair. He wonders if this is too big a risk, if he’s making a huge mistake bringing this up. “I wanted to kiss you tonight.”

A heavy sigh, and he knows Jensen gets it, that he understands the problem.

“I wanted to kiss you tonight,” he continues, “and you pulled away. And I get it. I do. I know you said you needed time, and we needed to keep this private. But. But it feels like.” He can’t say anymore. He swallows around the lump in his throat and blinks furiously, trying to stop the tears.

Jensen doesn’t say anything for a long time, and the silence clenches Jared’s stomach knots even tighter. “I’m not ready,” he finally whispers.

“But why?” Jared asks. “Are you just scared? Or is it me?” He hates the insecurity in his voice, how small and scared it sounds.

Again, Jensen takes his time answering. “I’m just not ready.”

Jared feels the words like a punch to the gut.

That’s it. Jensen isn’t ready for a relationship with him. That’s what he means.

Jared huffs a breath and wipes his hand over his mouth. “Well. I don’t want to be a secret.”

It takes all the effort he’s got, but he stands up and heads to the door. He walks slow, gives Jensen a chance to stop him, to call out to him, to make this right. It wouldn’t take much. Jared knows that just a few reassuring words, even if they turned out to be empty tomorrow, would be enough to get him to stay the night. Because he wants Jensen. Needs Jensen.

But the words don’t come. Jensen stays on the couch, lets Jared leave and get in his car. Lets Jared drive home without calling or texting, without saying anything at all.

Jared falls into his own bed, cold and empty, and doesn’t cry like his body wants to. He just stares at his ceiling and torments himself with memories of each and every time they’ve touched, of Jensen’s laugh that shakes his whole body, of how soft he looks in the mornings. He’s still awake when the alarm on his phone goes off, and he shuffles to the shower just to have something to do.

When it’s time to leave for work and he still hasn’t heard a single word from Jensen, he makes the decision to forget about it for now. They’ll have to talk eventually. Even if it’s over (which is something Jared’s not ready to start processing), they still work together. Jared will wait him out. He has to.

The first day without Jensen is awful. Work drags on, despite Jared’s attempts to make the time pass quickly. He runs out of paperwork after just a few hours and spends the rest of his shift cleaning. He scrubs glasses, wipes down tables, sweeps in the corners that always get forgotten. When his shift is over and his phone still hasn’t buzzed with a message, he decides to work a double. The loud chatter of people and the mindless routine of pouring drink after drink gets him
through most of the night. If anyone is wondering what’s wrong with him, they don’t ask.

The second day without Jensen is worse. He’s got the day off, and he can find no good reason to go in. His phone is still silent. He binge watches Brooklyn Nine-Nine, but he can’t focus on it, can’t crack a smile. Eventually, he calls Megan.

“Oh, honey,” she sighs, after he tells her the whole story in a rush of emotion. “I’m so sorry.”

“It just feels so...unfinished. We didn’t even talk about it, you know? I just left.”

“Have you called him?”

“No.”

She snorts a laugh, but there’s no malice in it. “Of course not. But this is driving you crazy, so maybe you should.”

“Isn’t that a little desperate?”

“Isn’t that what you are?”

Jared almost smiles. She’s got him there. “I just.” He groans loudly, feeling the relief of getting the thoughts out, of having someone hear them. “I just don’t get it. Is he ashamed of me? Is he that worried about what his friends and family will think? Is he still not sure how serious he wants to be? Because I get that. If he wasn’t sure how much he liked me, it would make sense not to turn his whole world upside down. Just in case. But if that’s true, then-”

“Jared, you’re rambling.” He can hear the smile in her voice.

“God, I wish I could see you,” Jared says. “It’s been too long anyway, and you’re the only person who knows anything about this. Come stay with me for a few days.”

“I’ll be there soon for the bar opening. We’ll get in all the sibling bonding then, I promise.”

“And what do I do in the meantime?”

“What we all do. Eat ice cream and watch Netflix during the day when you aren’t at work. Drink at night. You’ll get through this.”

Jared takes a deep, shaky breath and nods. “Love you, sister.”

“Love you too, brother.”

The third day without Jensen is another day at work. Jared’s not feeling better, but he is a little more numb now. He gets under the bar, scrubbing the baseboard and listening to the construction crew upstairs. They’re wrapping things up. Only a couple more days, and it will be finished. Only another week, and it will be open for business. Jared’s been thinking about it all day, letting it cheer him up and give him something to look forward to.

Of course, he had envisioned Jensen there with him.

“You gonna deal with the order today?” Ryan snaps Jared out of his thoughts.

“What?”

“The beer order. Jensen’s coming by any minute now. You gonna deal with it? Or do you want me
Part of Jared wants to tell Ryan to deal with it. Part of him wants to lock himself in his office and hide. But the other part needs to know how this is going to end, needs to see Jensen even if it doesn’t go the way he wants it to.

Jared stands up and heads to one of the bar sinks to wash his hands. “I’ll deal with it.”

Ryan nods and heads back to whatever he was doing, and Jared waits for Jensen, his whole body tense and anxious.
Jared doesn’t have to wait very long for Jensen to show up. He’s right on time, as always, looking a little tired but otherwise like his normal self when he comes in. It does, however, take him a minute to look at Jared, and when he does, it’s with a deep breath, like he needs to brace himself. Jared doesn’t know what to make of that, except that he’s feeling awkward, too.

“Hey.”

“So. Um.” Jensen shifts his weight and sets his laptop down on the bar, no longer looking at Jared.

“We can just get to the work if you want,” Jared suggests. “We don’t have to talk about anything else if you don’t want to.”

God, he wants him to talk, wants him to say that Jared’s got it all wrong, that it’s all just a big misunderstanding, that he’s been miserable the last three days, too.

“Jared, I’m sorry.” It comes out on a broken breath, like maybe he didn’t mean to say it, or maybe he didn’t mean it to sound as intense as it did.

Jared’s heart pounds as his whole body floods with something almost like relief, like just knowing Jensen’s been thinking about this is enough to fix it.

“I’m sorry, too.”

“For what?” Jensen looks sincerely confused. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

Jared ducks his head, feels a little foolish now for how out of control this whole thing has gotten. “I shouldn’t have rushed you.”

Jensen rushes his hand out to grab Jared’s over the bar, to tangle their fingers together and squeeze hard. “You didn’t. At least, not on purpose. And you were right. I wasn’t being fair to you. You asked me to explain myself, and I didn’t.”

Jared feels the sting of tears in his eyes, blinks them back as best he can, but he can tell Jensen isn’t finished speaking yet.
“I just. This is really big, you know? I haven’t told anyone about you because I didn’t really know what to say, and I was absolutely terrified of how my family would react. I wasn’t trying to keep you a secret, I just needed to adjust. And I’m also…just. Just scared of you.”

Jared isn’t expecting that. “What?”

Jensen rubs their fingers together absently, like the motion is a comforting habit. “I didn’t think when I started this…I didn’t know I was going to…care about you so much. It’s a lot to process. Saying all this publicly meant that- I don’t know. What if you changed your mind?” Jensen’s eyes can’t look up, and his voice gets lower. “Have you changed your mind?”

Jared wants to laugh. Instead, he squeezes Jensen’s hand in both of his own and leans down to kiss at their entwined fingers. “I haven’t changed my mind,” he whispers. “But what made you change yours?”

“These last few days were...awful. I, um. I just missed you. I missed you so much that everything else just...felt like it wasn’t as big of a deal as I was making it out to be.” Jensen’s face mirrors the way Jared feels, letting his emotions play all over his face for once. He looks overwhelmed.

“Hey, Jared, can you-“ Ryan barrels in, loud and harsh in the quiet, fragile moment, though he doesn’t mean to be. He stops himself so quickly it’s almost comical, realizing he’s intruded on something more than beer orders.

Jared quickly yanks his arm back, trying to jerk his hand away from Jensen’s, but Jensen holds on tight. Too tight. Squeezes purposefully and looks at Jared with something burning in his eyes before he looks over at Ryan.

“Can you give us a minute?”

Ryan glances at their hands, Jensen still making sure Jared doesn’t pull away, and nods. “Of course. I’ll be in the back.”

“You didn’t have to do that,” Jared says as he watches Ryan disappear.

“I know. But it felt…it felt right.”

Jared grins, feeling wrung out and exhausted by the last three days, feeling like he might explode from all the hope swelling in his chest at this conversation. He sighs heavily and squeezes Jensen’s hand one more time. “You sure?”

“I’m sure. I’m not sure I’m ready to bring you home for Thanksgiving quite yet. But I’m sure that the next time you kiss me in public, I won’t pull away.”

Jared finally pulls his hand away to cup Jensen’s face, to pull him close over the bar and kiss him so soft and sweet that it makes his own heart ache with just how much he wants this, just how much he needs this. Jensen makes a little sobbing noise into the kiss and reaches out his hands like he wishes there wasn’t a counter between them.

“Take your time,” Jared murmurs. “I’ll do my best to be more patient.”

“How about we go on a date tonight?” Jensen asks. “Like, in a real restaurant, during the dinner rush, where people will see us.”

“I’m there.”
When they’ve talked a bit more and actually accomplished most of the work that Jensen originally came there to do, Jared says goodbye and heads to the back, where Ryan is sitting at Jared’s desk, playing on his laptop.

He looks up the second Jared’s shadow crosses the doorway. “Everything okay?” he asks, but there’s something more in his tone, something that’s dying to know the gossip but too nice to ask.

Jared smirks. “So, I guess our secret’s out.”

Ryan sighs dramatically. “Finally.”

“What?”

“I mean, it’s pretty obvious just from the few times I’ve seen you two talk that you’re into each other. We’ve all been taking bets on when it would become official.”

Jared should be offended at the very least, but he can’t bring himself to be anything other than amused. “Seriously?”

“I didn’t know he was gay,” Ryan shrugs, “but the two of you would work well together.”

“I think so, too,” Jared grins. Though the question of Jensen’s exact sexuality is up in the air, it’s not something that worries him, nor is it something he nor Ryan need to know. All he needs to know is that Jensen’s feeling the same way he is. “And if you don’t mind, I’m getting out of here early.”

Ryan chuckles. “Have fun!”

As Jared waits for Jensen, he’s actually nervous. He changed his shirt three times before he left his apartment, and he still isn’t sure that not shaving was a good idea. Maybe Jensen doesn’t like the three days of growth on his face. It’s not exactly as if they’re going on a first date, and Jared certainly doesn’t have to wonder whether he’s going to get lucky. But something about it feels official and like they’re making a statement, like the word couple really applies now.

There’s a lot that comes with that, a lot of unspoken promises and responsibilities, a lot of things that are big and scary, things that mean sharing parts of himself he hasn’t shared in a long time. But it doesn’t seem big and scary tonight. Tonight, it just has his stomach full of eager butterflies, of anticipation and hope that this date is as good as they both deserve.

Jensen gets to the restaurant just a few minutes after Jared’s seated and gives him a small wave as he heads toward the booth. He slides in on the opposite side, all perfect cologne and bright smile, his shirt pulling at his shoulders tight enough to show off how broad they are.

“So I was thinking,” he says, jumping in like they’ve been having a conversation, cheeks a tiny bit flushed as if he’s been working up to this. “It’s your turn to pick something off your list.”

There’s a question in his voice, nerves and hope and a little uncertainty, and Jared feels like he did when they were first having sex, when he needed to reassure Jensen, to make sure he knew how perfect he was. He nods, and Jensen’s smile is dazzling. It’s a truce. It’s better than a truce- it’s complete forgiveness from both of them. It’s moving on. Moving forward.

“Well,” Jared smirks, “next on my list is dirty talk.”
“I know you’ve done that before.”

“Of course I have. Doesn’t mean it isn’t fun. But we’re in public right now, so.”

“So?” Jensen licks his lips and raises a teasing eyebrow, only half-serious, but it gets Jared’s blood pumping a little faster just the same.

The server interrupts them, a cheerful old man who reminds Jared of Santa Claus, and takes their drink orders. Jared glances down at his menu, partially to decide what he wants and partially to decide if he wants to tease Jensen through dinner. By the time he’s decided he wants the cheesy pasta dish, he’s also decided that he’d rather just enjoy this night. There will be plenty of time for sex later.

The conversation comes easily like it always does, and this time there’s no hurry, no leading to anything else. They’ve done that before, but not quite this way, not like they were trying to get to know every detail. They talk about movies and music and books and traveling, they talk about the bar and the brewery, they talk about their families. They laugh a lot, and Jared wants to stand up and kiss Jensen every time he gets shy, every time Jared realizes he’s revealing something he doesn’t usually tell people.

When Santa Claus Server asks if they’d like separate checks, Jensen doesn’t hesitate to say “No, we’re together.” The man just smiles and nods, simple as that, and Jensen looks surprised as the server walks away.

“Don’t make that face,” Jared laughs. “Most of the time, people don’t give a shit who you’re with.”

Jensen blushes a little. “I’m not sure what I thought would happen,” he sheepishly admits.

St. Nick comes back quickly. Jared watches as Jensen signs the slip, and then stands up to slide his wallet back into his pocket. “Should we get out of here?”

Jared nods. “I walked. You wanna drive us back to my apartment?”

“Let’s walk,” Jensen grins. “I actually took a cab here. Didn’t wanna deal with city parking.”

They’re holding hands the second they hit the street. Jared isn’t sure which one of them initiates it, but it’s happening, right there on a busy street, people still crowded around as they head to restaurants and bars and wherever else they’re going. That’s when Jared decides it’s time to check the next thing off his list.

He tightens his grip on Jensen’s hand, strokes his thumb over warm skin as he takes a deep, loud breath. “You smell good,” he sighs.

Jensen smirks. “Thanks.”

“Good enough to eat,” Jared qualifies, leaning close enough that it’s almost whispering in Jensen’s ear. He senses the change in Jensen’s posture, knows he shivered a little even if he can’t feel it.

“Yeah?” Jensen’s voice is a little lower than usual, but the words are clear. “Is that what you want?”

“To eat you? Absolutely. Starting with that perfect ass of yours.”

There’s a few steps of silence, and Jared swears he can hear Jensen’s breaths. “Tell me exactly
what you would do,” he finally says.

So many delicious images come to mind that Jared has to sift through them to decide which he wants to talk about.

“I’d get you face down on the bed, make sure you were comfortable. And then I’d make you beg for it. I’d touch and kiss you everywhere, suck at the small of your back, dig my fingers into your thighs, make you push that pretty ass up in the air like you’re desperate for it. But I wouldn’t touch you yet.”

Jensen is practically cutting off the circulation in Jared’s hand now, walking slower as they turn a corner. Jared takes a couple of wide steps to make room for his cock, swollen now as he thinks about the words he’s saying. “What would you do?” Jensen asks, voice thick.

“What would you want me to do?”

Maybe he’s deciding what to say, or maybe he’s working up the courage to say it, but it takes Jensen a few minutes to answer. Jared waits patiently, loving the throb in his pants and the way their hands seem to be melting together now.

“I want…” Jensen starts, and Jared sees him slide his tongue over his lips out of the corner of his eye, “I want you to hold me down. I want you to hold my hands behind my back, or maybe straddle my legs so I can’t move them.”

“Yeah?”

Their sides are pressed together now, so close that holding hands seems pointless, though they don’t let go. Jared contemplates pushing Jensen into a dark doorway or maybe an alley, desperate to kiss him. But if he starts, he won’t be able to stop, and having sex on a busy street just isn’t on his list right now. He quickens his pace instead, Jensen following along eagerly, letting Jared lead him the last few minutes to his apartment building.

They get to the bedroom in record time, get undressed even faster, and fall into bed with their mouths pressed together, tongues seeking each other. Jensen’s so solid beneath him, and Jared takes a few minutes just to run his hands all over that broad chest, down the lines of his stomach, just like he said he would.

“Turn over,” he breathes into Jensen’s skin, moving only as much as he has to, letting Jensen’s body rub and press against his as he gets situated on his stomach. Jared’s cock nudges between those perky ass cheeks, the ones he just wants to bite into, but he doesn’t let his mind get too far ahead. Instead, he slides his hands over Jensen’s arms, clamping down on his wrists and holding them there. His legs tighten on the outside of Jensen’s, trapping him. “This what you wanted? To feel me on top of you while you can’t move?”

Jensen groans a yes into the pillow, but it’s more of a whine than a word. Jared’s cock twitches for that, but again, he puts that in the back of his mind.

“You want me to tease you?” He leans down and says the words against the back of Jensen’s neck, making sure his tongue licks over his skin as he speaks. “You sure you don’t want me just to eat your ass? Get my tongue up there and work you open so I can fuck you as hard as you can take it?”

“Fuck.” The groan is louder this time, still muffled by the pillow before Jensen turns his head to take a gasping breath. He visibly melts, all his muscles going loose and pliant like they can hear Jared’s words.
“You have to tell me. Say the words, Jensen.”

He squirms and whines and thrusts back against Jared, moving his hands a little just to feel the resistance as Jared tightens his hold. Jared sucks hard on the top notch of Jensen’s spine, biting a little, swirling his tongue around.

“Don’t tease,” Jensen finally manages. “Wanna feel your tongue. And then I want you to fuck me.”

Jared grins, knows that Jensen can feel his nod. “Whatever you want, Jackles. And I’m gonna talk you through every bit of it.”
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

This picks up right where the last one left off, while Jared and Jensen are trying out dirty talk. It's a little shorter, but I promise the next chapter will be long enough to make up for it!

Chapter Notes

Warning: top!Jared but Jared gets some fingers in his ass, dirty talk

This is where Jared wants to live forever. Buried inside Jensen, lying over his warm, solid body, thrusting as slow and teasing as he wants. It’s overwhelming, this hunger he feels, clawing at his insides like he can’t get close enough to Jensen, like he can’t give enough to Jensen. It’s bottomless and terrifying and Jared’s going to get lost in it.

His lips drag across Jensen’s shoulder blades again as he keeps up the stream of filthy words that have been pouring out of him. “You love this too, don’t you? Love my cock in you. Love when I pin you down.”

“Fuck, yes,” Jensen huffs, loose and pliant on the bed, all the tension fucked out of his muscles now.

Jared rolls his hips again. “You want me to jerk you off while I fuck you? Or is rubbing on the bed enough for you?”

Jensen can’t answer, just whines a noise and arches his back like a cat. Jared slowly pulls out, slides his hand under Jensen to stroke at his stomach. “Roll over. I want to look at your face while I fuck you.”

Jensen obeys, body sliding like liquid as he moves under Jared. There’s an electric current that flows between them when their eyes meet, both of them staring like they couldn’t look away if they tried, like something stronger than themselves is holding them there.

Jensen is so fucking beautiful.

“Let me back in,” Jared breathes, settling between Jensen’s legs and nudging against Jensen’s lube-slick and stretched out hole. “So fucking hot inside you. Burning up.”

He finally breaks the eye contact as he slides back where he belongs, balls deep inside of Jensen, dropping his forehead down to press against Jensen’s mouth. Jensen’s lips make an attempt at a kiss, but it’s more of a groan as Jared picks the pace up again.

“Harder,” Jensen tells him, and Jared grits his teeth not to come. Jensen just begged. That tone of voice, that pleading submission, pulses through Jared’s whole body, threatening to end this far too
“Like this?” Jared digs his knees in and starts pounding into him, loud slapping of their bodies echoing through the room.

“Yes,” Jensen shouts, hands clamping onto Jared’s forearms and digging in. “Fuck me. _Fuck me._”

“So good for me,” Jared praises. “Feel so fucking good.”

He reaches down and strokes Jensen’s cock a few times, rubbing his thumb over the head and pressing into the slit a little. He catches the drop of precome there on his finger, then lifts it to his mouth and sucks, making sure Jensen is watching him. “Taste so good, too.”

He drops his hands back down on either side of Jensen’s head and starts slamming into him again, the bed squeaking beneath them like it’s going to give out from the sheer force of their fucking. They kiss greedily, tongues rubbing and pushing together. Jared groans into Jensen’s mouth at the feel of his strong legs wrapping around his waist, locking his ankles in the small of Jared’s back.

“That’s right,” he growls into his ear. “You just hang on. I’m gonna fuck you so hard you’re gonna hit the headboard if you don’t.”

Jensen whimpers again and tightens the grip of his thighs as Jared somehow thrusts faster, throwing his whole body into it, driving in as deep and hard and quick as he can, like he’s trying to leave Jensen permanently stretched to the shape of his cock.

“Finger me.” Jared’s words surprise both of them, but both of their cocks jerk with how hot they are. “Finger my ass while I fuck you,” Jared tells him.

Jensen makes a low sound that’s almost feral, holds three fingers up to Jared’s mouth. Jared slows down his pace enough to suck at them, to get Jensen’s hand messy and dripping wet, teasing between Jensen’s fingers with his tongue.

“Stop moving,” Jensen says, his voice a little harder, more in control now.

Jared slams in as hard as he can and goes still with his cock pulsing in Jensen’s ass and Jensen’s dick smashed against his stomach. He can feel Jensen’s chest rising and falling against his, the slide of it fast and sweaty. Yeah, he could definitely stay right here forever and never regret that decision.

Jensen pulls at one of Jared’s ass cheeks with his dry hand, then pushes one wet finger straight into Jared’s hole, no teasing, nothing slow or gentle about it.

“Is that what you want?” he asks, and the growl of it shivers up Jared’s spine.

“More,” he grunts, trying his best to stay still, not to pull out of Jensen to press back into that finger.

Jensen slides a second finger in against the first, thrusts a little to stretch him open. “I bet that feels good, but it can’t feel as good as I feel right now, with your cock splitting me open.”

Jared moans for that, can’t help it because the words are too fucking hot.

He pulls out almost all the way, letting Jensen dig his two fingers a little deeper, then pushes back in just as slowly. It feels incredible.
“More,” he demands again.

Jensen works a third finger into Jared’s ass while Jared tenses his whole body. This time, when he pulls out, it’s Jensen that drives him back in, pushing with his fingers, hitting Jared’s prostate while he pushes his dick back into all that tight heat.

“Fuck,” Jared cries out. “That’s so...I’m so full, and you feel...Jesus Christ.”

The dirty talk stops then, because Jared has no words for this. Has no words for how fucking good it feels to be full while he’s fucking someone. Has no words for how hot Jensen’s skin is. Has no words for how sweet the grind and rhythm is as he pulls away over and over, only to be pushed back in by Jensen’s fingers.

Somehow, it’s brought all of Jensen’s words to the surface. When Jared can’t form a coherent dirty thought, Jensen takes over, delicious filth washing all over Jared’s face as Jensen breathes it out.

“That’s it,” he encourages. “Let me fuck you. Let me fuck us, let me fuck you into my ass. Oh, God, that’s...yes. You wanna come like this? With my fingers in you? Fuck, Jared, I wanna feel you come, wanna hear it, wanna watch your face. Come for me. Come on.”

Jared’s whole body seizes up for a second, and then he’s coming, coming hard, clenching around Jensen’s fingers and practically screaming into Jensen’s mouth. Jensen works him through it, squeezes around his cock, presses into his prostate, patiently licks into Jared’s mouth until Jared has enough clarity to kiss back.

Then his fingers are gone. Jared has never felt so relaxed, so boneless and limp in all the best ways. A short laugh bubbles out of him as he kisses Jensen deeper.

“God, you’re perfect,” he whispers against Jensen’s lips, and he feels the answering smile.

Slowly, he pulls out, slides down Jensen’s body to suck his rock hard cock down greedily, moaning around it as it pushes its way down his throat. Jensen cries out and tangles his fingers in Jared’s hair.

“Fuck.”

Jared can feel how close he is, trembling and squirming, balls drawn up tight, and he knows this won’t take long.

He’s right. Four or five bobs of his head and Jensen’s voice cracks, his hips thrust up on a loud groan and he pulses hot and thick streams down Jared’s eager throat. He’s as loud as Jared was, whole body convulsing with the tremors, and Jared holds on until the last one, then gently kitten licks Jensen’s dick clean before crawling back up to lie beside him.

“Jesus,” Jensen huffs, arm over his eyes.

“No kidding,” Jared grins, rubbing a hand over his chest, lightly brushing his nipples. “I knew that would be good, but fuck.”

“Any better and I would have passed out.” Jensen moves his arm to grin over at Jared, eyes sleepy but playful.

“I’ll make that a new goal,” Jared teases.

He forces himself to get up, knowing that if he doesn’t do it now, he’s going to fall asleep. He
makes short work of throwing away the condom and getting a towel in case Jensen wants to wipe himself down, then gets back in bed.

Jensen tosses the towel to the floor, apparently unconcerned about the slick lube in and on his ass. They slide closer together, limbs intertwining until they are practically one person. Jared falls asleep almost instantly.

He wakes up with the sun just past rising. He can sense that before he even opens his eyes, and it makes him smile. The heat of Jensen’s body still wrapped around him makes the smile even bigger.

He has the day off. Jensen is sleeping on top of him. His body is loose and pleasantly well-used. This is everything.

Jensen stirs at the change in Jared’s breathing and they blink their eyes open together, seeking each other in the soft morning glow of the bedroom.

“Mornin’,” he says, pressing a sleep-sour kiss to Jared’s mouth. Jared grabs the back of his head and holds him there when he tries to pull away, makes the kiss last a little longer. Jensen grins when he finally lets go, snuggles down onto Jared’s chest and sighs happily.

“You working today?” Jared asks.

“Nope.”

“So...can we just stay like this for the next twenty-four hours? Just lie here all warm and sleep all day?”

“We could,” Jensen nods, fingers trailing over the v of Jared’s hips. “Or I might have another idea.”

“Yeah?”

“Well. We have the whole day to ourselves, right? And it’s only—” he raises up to look at the bedside clock on Jared’s nightstand, “a little after seven. We’ve got a lot of time to maybe, uh. Do something off my list?”

Jared grins, cock waking up like it can hear Jensen’s voice. “Sure. What did you have in mind?”

“How do you feel about edging?”
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Jensen and Jared try edging. (This particular kink will have more than one part!)

Chapter Notes

Warning: top!Jensen, edging, blowjob, anal sex, butt plug, dry humping

As a bit of a disclaimer about those who have left me messages regarding this: I have each kink planned out for this fic, and have since I started writing it. I also planned who tops and who bottoms for each kink. And I am not going to change my plans. It didn't feel natural or realistic for me to have them switch back and forth every single kink. It was never my intent to mislead anyone by having several in a row where Jared tops, but I assure everyone this isn't a "bottom!Jensen only" fic. (As a side note, nasty or accusatory messages left anonymously are not the way to make a point.)

The bedroom is still softly glowing, the morning sun not completely making its way through the curtains yet. Jared’s been listening to Jensen babble for a good fifteen minutes, and as adorable as that it, he’s hard enough to cut diamonds.

“I’m sure, Jackles,” he grins. “Stop trying to convince me.” He pulls the sheets back and stretches, lets Jensen see just how sure he is about this. “Can we just get on with it?”

Jensen chuckles at himself, then licks his lips as he looks his fill of Jared’s body. “I just. I’ve never done this before. I wasn’t sure you’d be up for it. And you know you have to tell me if it’s too much. Or not enough.”

“I know. We’ll figure it out as we go, okay?”

Jensen nods, then leans down for a kiss.

It starts out slow and lazy, the kind of kiss mornings like this were created for. It’s all tangled hair and the sounds of their lips smacking. Jared closes his eyes and settles down into the bed, softly running his hands over every part of Jensen he can reach, not trying for anything more. Jensen is going to take his sweet time, and he needs to relax into that. That’s the whole point. An entire day and night of Jared being at Jensen’s mercy. Jared doesn’t get to rush things, doesn’t get to find any kind of release of relief until Jensen says he can.

Just like that, Jared’s whole body goes lax. He thinks about belonging to Jensen, and his muscles loosen, melt down into the bed like it’s an instinct. Jared’s played this particular game before, but he’s never felt this, this freedom of just completely letting go.

Jensen smiles into their kiss like he knows what just happened, like he can read Jared’s mind, then slides his lips down Jared’s jaw to his neck. It’s light, ticklish, and Jared twitches a little at the
contact. Jensen’s fingers crawl up his side the same way, barely touching his skin, making the touch feel like a literal electric current.

“So, what are your plans for me?” he breathes, arching up into Jensen’s hands, trying to feel more as Jensen gets closer to his nipples.

Jensen leans down and flicks his tongue over one of the hardened peaks as he grunts a no. “Not tellin’.”

Jared grins, wondering if it’s a secret or if Jensen is just making it up as he goes. Either way, it’s already perfect.

Jensen sucks and pinches at Jared’s nipples, starting out with that light, teasing pressure, but working his way up to hard bites that make Jared groan. The sharp sting settles down into his cock, making it jump and twitch, begging for attention. Jensen ignores it, waits until Jared’s sweating, clawing at his shoulders.

“Please,” he groans. “You gotta give me something more.”

Jensen nods and kisses lower on Jared’s stomach. “Okay. But you know we’re just getting started, right? We’re here for twenty-four hours.”

Jared pushes his hair out of his face and grins up at the ceiling as Jensen’s teeth scrape down the trail of hair below his belly button. “I know. I’m ready.”

God, Jensen knows how to use his tongue. Jared knew that from their first kiss, and it’s a fucking crime that Jensen hasn’t been giving blowjobs for longer than just the last few weeks. He should have been putting that tongue to good use. Then again, that would mean that someone other than Jared would know what this feels like, and that thought sends hot jealousy from deep in his gut to the tips of his fingers and toes. He’s glad he’s the only man who knows just how talented Jensen’s tongue is.

Jensen lazes around Jared’s cock, licking up and down, curling his tongue around the sensitive underside, kissing the tip. He never gives Jared any real pressure, just gentle, wet caresses with his mouth that leave Jared stretching into the warm bed like a satisfied cat. Something hot burns in his gut, but it’s easy to ignore it for now. Jensen’s moving so softly that Jared could fall asleep this way, his cock warming in Jensen’s mouth.

Just as he thinks he might do just that, Jensen sucks him down. Hard. Jared’s eyes fly open and his fingers dig into the bed as he gasps. “Shit.”

Jensen grins a little and hums a vibration into Jared’s cock as he starts bobbing up and down, one hand playing with Jared’s balls. Jared lifts his hips a little, thrusting into all that wet heat, and Jensen slides a hand underneath his ass, fingers ghosting over his hole.

Jared’s close to coming before he means to be, before he realizes it. Fortunately, Jensen’s paying attention, and he pulls away.

“Enough for now?”

Jared sighs and tries to catch his breath. “Never enough with you. But yeah, you should stop for a second.”

Jensen crawls up the bed to kiss Jared, then flop down next to him. “Can I ask you a personal sex question?”
“Of course.”

Jensen blushes, and Jared reaches out to stroke the pretty color as he waits for Jensen to spit it out. It’s still hilariously cute, the idea that there are still things between them that can make Jensen blush. “Do you own a, uh. A butt plug?”

Jared’s so surprised he laughs a little. “Yes, actually. Haven’t used it in a long time.”

“Well,” Jensen’s voice is a little stronger now that Jared isn’t making fun of him. “Could we? Use it today? Is that okay?”

Jared thinks about being stretched open all day, ready any time Jensen feels like fucking him. His cock is already aching, but that image makes it downright painful. “Yes, please,” he whispers, sounding much more submissive than he means to.

Getting out of bed is a struggle, and his cock twitches as Jensen watches him cross the room to his closet. The shoe box is hidden in the back, behind a lot of loose shoes and an old, empty gym bag. There are a few things inside, things Jared hasn’t seen in a long time, but he ignores everything except the plug.

“Here,” he says. “Let’s go wash this first.”

Jensen follows Jared into the bathroom, doesn’t say a word while Jared cleans the toy, then sets it on the edge of the sink and turns around. “Do you want to put it in me now?”

“No,” Jensen grins. “I want to take a shower with you. And then I want to fuck you, because I’m just as hard as you are and I need to come.”

Fuck. Jared’s hole clenches and flutters at the words, at the hard tone and the heat behind it. He can’t really form a response, so he nods his answer.

The water is hot and steamy, and it feels like heaven on Jared’s skin, almost luxurious with Jensen’s body pressed against his. They quickly wash their hair and scrub their bodies, a chore they have to get through to get to the good stuff. Jared tosses his washcloth to the shower floor the second he’s clean and reaches for Jensen, pulls him in for a hard kiss.

Almost instantly, Jensen is reaching around, spreading Jared’s ass open with one hand and sliding one finger into him, all the way to the second knuckle.

“Fuck,” Jared grunts, his kiss turning into just his open mouth resting against Jensen’s as he sucks in a breath.

Jensen fucks that finger into him quickly, makes it burn a little before adding a second and starting to stretch him open. Jared concentrates on not falling down, concentrates on the cold shower wall when he leans his side into it. Concentrates on anything other than the sensation of Jensen fucking him open on his fingers, while their dicks rub together between their bodies. Not that it works. He’s still throbbing, pulsing, aching for Jensen. He loves it, though. He knew he would. It’s why he agreed to this in the first place. He never expected Jensen to be the one to edge him, as this is still all fairly new for him, and it’s a nice surprise. But then, Jared probably shouldn’t have been surprised at all. Jensen might blush his way through some things, but he’s never been shy. And it never takes long for him to turn into one of the kinkiest people Jared’s ever been with.

“By the sink,” Jensen finally huffs, turning the water off and opening the shower curtain, letting the steam fill the whole bathroom.
Jared steps out of the tub and over to the sink, places his hands on the counter as water drips everywhere. He bends over just a little, his fingers resting next to the plug. Jensen leaves the bathroom without an explanation, the room oddly silent without him, but Jared isn’t worried or nervous. Just eager. He stares at the plug while he waits and imagines what it will feel like to wear it again. To wear it for Jensen.

This whole game, this edging, this submission for a day isn’t usually something Jared’s all that into. He’s tried it, he’s been in the mood a couple of times, but that’s it.

This, though? This is different. He’s still not sure it’s something he wants to do often, but fuck if he isn’t harder than he’s ever been right now. It’s Jensen. The way he smells and the way he sounds and the way he touches Jared when he knows he’s in charge. Every single thing they do together is fucking incredible, and this is no exception. They’ve barely done anything, and Jared already feels like he’s in the middle of an incredibly dirty, incredibly sexy game.

Jensen comes back into the bathroom with the bottle of lube, a condom already on his hard cock.

“I’m gonna fuck you,” he says. “And you aren’t gonna come.”

Jared looks into the mirror and sees Jensen standing behind him. Their eyes meet in the reflection, and Jared can’t resist taking the game up a notch. “Do it hard, Jensen. It’s not for me. It’s just for you. To take the edge off. So fuck my hole, hard and fast, until you come.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jensen hisses, stepping close and lining himself up. He pours a good amount of lube all over his cock, drizzles some right onto Jared’s hole, and pushes in.

Just like Jared asked, he’s not gentle. He doesn’t give Jared time to adjust, and he doesn’t angle himself to hit all the right spots. He completely ignores Jared’s dick. His fingers curl around Jared’s hips and dig in, hold him still while he fucks, driving in over and over.

Jared watches in the mirror as he bites his lip against the delicious burning stretch of it. He can’t look away from Jensen. He’s almost feral right now, eyes dark and focused, mouth almost snarling, hips pumping away in a brutal rhythm as he just uses Jared’s body. It’s too much, too hot, and Jared forces himself to look down at the sink, forces one hand to squeeze the base of his own cock before he comes.

It doesn’t take long for Jensen to come this way, for him to shove himself up into Jared as far as he can and grunt, breath hot on the back of Jared’s neck as he shudders through a deep orgasm, one that rumbles out of him like it started in the center of the earth.

“Fuuuuuck,” he groans, his whole body limp against Jared’s until he slides away and tosses the condom in the trash.

Jared doesn’t move his hands from the counter. He takes a few deep breaths, partially trying to calm himself down and partially enjoying how he feels right now, unsatisfied and a little empty, but well-used.

“That was…” Jensen’s voice trails off like he has no words for it, and Jared warms under the praise, gets himself under control for the moment. “You ready for this?”

Jared nods when Jensen’s long fingers delicately pick up the butt plug. He lets Jared see as he coats it in lube, then disappears behind him, sinking to his knees. Jared spreads his legs a little and forces himself to relax when the cool plug presses against his open hole. Jensen slides it in gently, fingers soothingly stroking the backs of Jared’s thighs, until it’s snug against him. It’s not nearly as good as
having Jensen inside him, but it’s enough to give him a little bit of friction when he moves, and enough to take away some of the empty feeling.

“How’s that?” Jensen asks.

“Good.”

Jensen stands and kisses Jared’s shoulder blade before spinning him around to look him in the eyes. “This is okay?”

Jared clenches around the plug and shivers. “Perfect.”

The answering grin is gorgeous. “Good. Let’s go have breakfast, then.”

They both pull on pairs of Jared’s sweatpants and nothing else, and Jared smirks at how his pants are a little snug around Jensen’s thighs, and how they’re just a little too long. So fucking perfect.

Walking around the apartment takes some adjustment now that Jared’s wearing the plug, and he can feel it with each movement, a little reminder of who he belongs to right now.

“Sit down,” Jensen tells him in the kitchen. “Let me cook for us.”

“I’m not sure what kind of groceries I have,” Jared laughs as he gingerly settles into a chair. “We might have to survive off pop tarts until the take-out restaurants open.”

Jensen rolls his eyes and bends down to inspect the contents of the refrigerator. Jared openly ogles his ass until he stands back up.

“I can fix us a couple of omelets to hold us over until lunch,” he decides, pulling out a carton of eggs.

He doesn’t ask Jared where the skillet is or which cabinet holds the spices. He just starts digging through things like he belongs here in this place. Jared watches him, savors it, realizes that this kitchen will always have Jensen’s presence in it now. It’s scary how much he wants that, how much he wants Jensen’s mark on all of his apartment. On all of his life.

Jensen makes quick work of the meal, chopping up some peppers and onions, digging out some shredded cheese, tossing it all in a skillet with the eggs and somehow creating a masterpiece. Jared realizes as Jensen sets the plate in front of him that he’s starving.

“This is amazing,” he moans around his fork.

Jensen laughs and shrugs. “Thanks.”

They eat in silence, destroying the food in just a few quick bites. Jared’s erection has finally eased, and he’s feeling almost normal again when Jensen dumps their plates in the sink.

“What now?” he asks.

“Wanna watch a movie?” Jensen suggests. His tone of voice is playful, and Jared knows he’s not going to make it through the first five minutes until Jensen is torturing him again.

“Absolutely,” Jared agrees, ready for whatever else Jensen has planned.

Jared is right. Before the opening sequence is finished, Jensen turns the volume down and turns to face Jared on the couch. “You know what I want?”
Jared reaches out and lets his fingers trail up Jensen’s inner thigh. “What?”

“It’s just another thing on my list. Someday, I want to wake up to you fucking me.”

Jared raises an eyebrow. “These just get better and better, don’t they?”

Jensen laughs. “Actually, this one is, uh. Inspired by a girl I dated for a couple of months in college. She got off on me waking her up with sex. Said that waking up in the middle of the night to a cock inside her was awesome. And now that I, uh—”

“Now that you know you love having a cock inside you, you’d like to try it?”

Jensen grins and nods, only a faint pink on his cheeks this time instead of a full blush. “Just. You know. If you ever wake up and feel like it.”

Jared leans forward and talks directly against Jensen’s lips. “Trust me. That will happen.”

The kiss becomes all hands when Jensen pushes back, forces Jared down on the couch and scrapes his nails over his stomach. “Watch the movie.”

Jared stares at Jensen for a minute, because he’s fucking nuts if he thinks Jared’s going to be doing anything other than watching him right now.

Jensen pulls his hands away and leans up, not touching Jared any longer. “Watch the damn movie.”

With a loud sigh and his cock starting to swell again, Jared turns his head and attempts to focus on the movie. It’s some pointless action story, two cops on screen pointing guns and screaming at two criminals who are clearly stupid and going to end up dead before the scene is over. Jared takes a breath and actually manages to shift his brain, but just as one of the cops opens his mouth, Jensen’s hands are back on his chest.

Jared doesn’t move, just like Jensen told him, but he can’t hear the actors, doesn’t see what’s happening. All he can focus on is the gentle kneading of Jensen’s fingers into his sides as he works his way down. Full lips close around a nipple as one hand toys with the hem of his sweatpants.

Jared’s eyes flick down to his chest.

Jensen playfully smacks his stomach, then softens the tiny sting with a kiss. “Watch the damn movie, Jared.”

Jared turns his eyes again, no intention of watching the movie, and bites his lip as he waits to see what else Jensen will do. His mouth stays on Jared’s stomach, kissing his way down to the sweatpants and hovering there for a while, mouthing at the hem until it’s soaking. Jared spreads his legs when Jensen palms him through the soft material, rubbing and squeezing while Jared fights to control his breathing, to pretend this isn’t affecting him as much as it is.

Like that’s a challenge, Jensen slides his hand inside the sweatpants, skin against skin as he continues to rain kisses all over Jared’s chest. Jared lifts his hips at that, and immediately feels the pressure of the plug, the fullness and friction of it. He can’t help his groan, desperate and needy now as the pressure in his gut grows. They’re barely past breakfast. It’s not even ten in the morning. And Jared’s already wishing he could come.

“You’re gonna fuckin’ kill me today, aren’t you?” he moans, closing his eyes now.

“That’s the plan,” Jensen chuckles. “How am I doing so far?” His hand slides around Jared’s raised
hip to his ass, presses against the plug a little.

“Fuck, Jensen. I don’t...please...”

“You want more? Or do you want a break?”

Jared needs more. He has to touch Jensen, has to feel him and taste him. He needs to know just how much he can take, how far he can take this with Jensen leading the way.

“More.”

“Okay, hold still.”

Jensen shoves Jared’s sweatpants down enough that his cock springs free. Jared can’t open his eyes and he can’t move. He is too tense, every nerve feeling every sensation now, so sensitive that he’s afraid to do anything other but lay there as rigid as possible.

“Jared,” Jensen whispers. “You’re doing so good. Relax for me.”

And just like in bed this morning, a switch flips in his brain and he melts. He isn’t in his own mind anymore. He isn’t in control of his own body. It’s all Jensen. Jensen pulling his own cock out and slotting it up against Jared’s. Jensen humping up against him, hot skin slick with Jensen’s spit. Jensen growling in his ear. Jensen groaning that he’s gonna come. Jensen spilling hot and thick all over his stomach.

It’s all Jensen’s. Every little bit of him belongs to Jensen.

Jared’s own cock is flushed darker than he’s ever seen it, and his blood feels like it’s boiling in his veins, but it’s all an afterthought now. The only thing that matters is Jensen and the power he has over Jared.

“Jared? Look at me, babe. You okay?”

Jared focuses on Jensen’s voice and lets it pull him back into the present. “I’m so, so good,” he breathes, reaching out to rub his thumb over Jensen’s lower lip.

Jensen smiles. “Me too. But I need a break, okay? Two orgasms before lunch is enough for me.”

Jared can hear what Jensen isn’t saying. You need a break. I’m taking care of you.

Jared nods and smiles. “Okay.”

“Let’s just lie here and watch this movie, and then we’ll decide how we want to spend the afternoon, okay? I’ll go get a washcloth to clean you up.”

Jared lazily looks down at Jensen’s come drying on his stomach, thinks about all the things still left to do today. “Leave it.”

Jensen smirks and adjusts their bodies so that they’re half-sitting, Jared’s back pressed to his chest, Jensen’s hand stroking through his hair. Jared turns back to the movie, and with Jensen’s warm weigh at his back and Jensen’s come drying on his stomach, he actually pays attention this time.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen continue their day of edging.

Chapter Notes

Warning: edging, top! Jensen, unprotected sex, use of a butt plug

“Blow me.”

Jensen says the words quietly. Flatly. Like they’re an afterthought. But Jared reacts instantly. He’s been waiting for Jensen to say something like that for a while now. The break was nice when they first started the movie, but about halfway through, the feel of Jensen’s warm body surrounding him—added to all the tension of the morning—got him hard again.

He didn’t say anything, knowing that he’s not allowed to right now, and fuck if that didn’t make it that much more fun, that much hotter. And it made his cock that much harder.

So now that he finally has permission, he scrambles down the couch to pull off Jensen’s sweatpants and swallow him down.

Jensen isn’t fully hard yet, and Jared coaxes him there gently, tongue swirling as Jensen swells and fills up his mouth. It’s so good, the taste of Jensen so salty and hot on his tongue, that he clenches around the plug still in his ass, wishing it was something bigger.

“Slow, babe,” Jensen sighs, and Jared suddenly wants to blush at the endearment, feels his blood flush in his cheeks at just how needy for Jensen he is right now. “Just like that.”

He doesn’t suck at Jensen like he wants to. He follows instructions and licks instead, swirling his tongue, gentle and easy like he’s going to make this last the rest of the day. Jensen lies back and gets comfortable, closes his eyes, strokes softly at Jared’s hair. Sweet little noises slide out of his mouth, and Jared leans up once to kiss him, to feel those full, soft lips against his own.

Jensen smiles into the kiss and holds him there for a minute, hand grazing down Jared’s back to rest at the swell of his ass. Jared can’t help but arch into Jensen’s fingers. He’s desperate and needy and his cock is so swollen it hurts and he just wants some contact, some friction. Some relief.

Jensen seems to read his mind, and slides his hand into Jared’s sweatpants, down over his ass to toy with the plug.

“Fuck,” Jared groans, unable to control his reactions now.

“You know,” Jensen smiles, “I don’t think I want you to suck me off. I think I want to fuck you. Go get the condoms. And the lube.”
Jared pulls back and glares at him, but Jensen keeps his calm, almost bored smile. Jared’s frustration bubbles over into a groan, an almost-snarl, but he pushes himself up off the couch and heads toward the bedroom while Jensen watches with an amused expression.

He holds onto his composure until he’s alone in his room, and then he all but doubles over. “Shit,” he gasps, half-laughing at himself for how wound up he is. The plug is shifting and stretching him with each step, and he isn’t sure he can make it back out to Jensen this way. What if he comes all over himself walking down the hallway?

He holds onto his cock, squeezing the base and trying to think cold, un-sexy thoughts, as he grabs the condoms and lube. He’s sweating by the time he gets back to the couch.

“You okay?” Jensen asks, smirking at Jared’s obvious distress.

“Fuck me,” Jared says, dropping the things he’s carrying and yanking down his sweatpants. “Get the condom on. Let me ride you.”

Jensen sucks in a breath and his expression darkens, like maybe he’s finally catching up with Jared. He’s already come twice today, so he can’t possibly be as worked up as Jared is, but maybe he’s done teasing.

“Turn around,” Jensen nods.

Jared bites his lip and does as he’s told, offers his backside to Jensen. Soft lips press a wet kiss at the base of his spine while Jensen carefully pulls the plug out.

“Jesus,” Jared cries out, body going rigid at how fucking empty he is now.

Jensen doesn’t get the condom on fast enough. Jared’s shaking by the time Jensen finally reaches for the lube, and Jared barely gives him enough time to slick himself up before he’s scrambling into his lap, wrapping his arms around Jensen’s neck and hanging on as he pushes himself down.

“Yes,” he moans, letting Jensen fill him up like he needs to be filled. He’s not gentle as he sinks down, and Jensen’s cock stretches and burns, but God he needs it like that.

“Easy,” Jensen soothes, voice low and steady in his ear. “Calm down for me.”

“Can’t,” Jared gasps. “Need to feel you.”

“Do you trust me?”

The words surprise Jared out of his haze enough to pull back, to stop rolling his hips. Sitting there, sweaty and desperate, sprawled out with Jensen’s cock in his ass, pushed to the brink of having zero shame and completely under Jensen’s control, he nods his head.

“I trust you.”

“Then let me keep going. Let me fuck you without letting you come.”

Jared drops his head down into Jensen’s neck. “Okay.”

It’s Jensen who moves then, pumping his hips up as he pushes Jared’s hips down, angling so that sparks explode behind Jared’s eyes with every movement. But as the pressure and heat inside Jared grows, he calms down.

He trusts Jensen. Jensen can do whatever he wants right now, and Jared can take it. He can feel his
blood roaring in his veins, can feel every nerve in his skin like it’s on fire, but he’s not frantic now, not worrying that he’s going to come. Because he trusts Jensen, and Jensen thinks he can handle this.

Eventually, Jensen pushes a hand between their bodies and starts stroking Jared’s cock. Jared bites down on Jensen’s shoulder, limp in his lap while Jensen continues to fuck up into him, holding on as the pleasure spikes even higher, as he starts to tingle and shake.

“You’re doing so good,” Jensen soothes, somehow a master at this despite having never done it before. “So perfect.”

“Come for me,” Jared murmurs. “I need to feel it.”

Jensen keeps his hand on Jared’s cock as Jared leans back and starts riding him again, their thighs rubbing together as he rocks back and forth, clenching around Jensen’s cock to feel every curve and ridge.

Jensen moans, wordless and a little broken, biting his lip as he squeezes his eyes shut. Jared moves faster, thrusts his hips, slams their bodies together until Jensen is moaning beneath him.

“Yeah, ride me just like that,” Jensen urges him. “Gonna make me come…”

Jared keeps his pace, ignores the absolute screaming pleasure in his own cock as Jensen keeps stroking him.

And then Jensen’s hand goes still, his whole body tensing up as he pushes his hips up into Jared.

Fuck, he can feel it, can feel Jensen’s cock pulsing and throbbing as he comes, can feel the release of it as Jensen’s muscles go liquid and limp. Jensen looks so gorgeous that Jared wishes he could take a picture, red skin and matted hair and absolutely nothing on his face but this moment and how he feels in it.

Eventually, Jensen opens his eyes and smiles. “I knew you could do it.”

Jared manages a grin through his own ragged breaths. “It’s not so hard right now,” he admits. “I just really wanted to watch you come.”

Jensen looks down at Jared’s dick and smirks. “Looks like it’s pretty hard to me.”

Jared rolls his eyes and pushes himself up. They walk to the bathroom together and clean up, Jared washing the plug while Jensen throws the condom away.

“You want to put it back in?”

Jared shakes his head. “No. I think I need a break.”

Jensen nods. “I think we both do. I don’t know if I’ll be able to get it up again today.”

Jared laughs. “Then I guess you’ll just have to focus on me.”

Jensen pulls Jared into his arms and grazes their lips together, so soft that Jared barely feels the contact. Something inside him still goes all warm and gooey. “I guess I will. But let’s order lunch first.”

It’s a little late for lunch, and they’re both starving by the time the Chinese food arrives. Jensen makes Jared stay naked as they eat in the living room, the television on in the background but
neither of them paying attention. Jared’s still half-hard, but he’s enjoying it now, leaning into the simmering inside himself and discovering a whole new threshold of pleasure, even as they just sit there and eat.

“You nervous? About the grand opening?”


“You said your sister is coming in for it?”

“Yeah, Megan.”

Jensen keeps his eyes on his food as he talks. “Can I meet her?”

Jared puts his fork down. “Do you want to?”

Jensen nods, still unable to meet Jared’s eyes, like he’s nervous. Jared’s heart beats a little faster as he thinks about Jensen meeting his sister, about taking that next step.

“Then of course you can,” Jared grins. “I’m glad you’re gonna be there, Jackles.”

“Me too.”

The rest of the afternoon passes in a slow haze. They clean up the remains of their lunch, and Jensen eats Jared’s ass out on the living room floor. They decide to take a shower together, and Jensen makes Jared watch as he fingers his own ass under the hot water. Jared’s cock is a deep purple now, constantly hard, constantly throbbing, and Jared wonders if this is actually healthy. But it feels too good to stop.

They fall into bed after their shower, dripping water and flushed from the steam, mouths sucking at each other’s lips and tongue. Jensen’s not playing this time, not dragging it out anymore.

“You had enough?”

Jared nods. “Yes. Make me come, Jensen.”

Strong hands stroke down Jared’s ribcage, down his hips and to his thighs, where they push his legs apart. Jensen’s tongue is back on his hole, warm and wet and more insistent this time, working him open. Jared gasps and pulls his legs back, bends himself almost in half to give Jensen better access, to make sure that he’s open for Jensen to do whatever the fuck he wants to do to him.

Jensen pulls away to get the lube, back in its spot on the nightstand. It’s only a few inches, but it might as well be miles to Jared, who’s instantly cold and alone without Jensen’s weight on top of him.

“Jensen…” he whimpers, hands searching, pulling him back.

Jensen drizzles lube over his fingers and works two into Jared’s ass. “Shh,” he soothes. “I got you.”

He bends down and sucks at the head of Jared’s cock just as his fingers press into Jared’s prostate. Jared screams, can’t help it, can’t stop the whole day’s worth of frustration from spilling out. He’s so close. So fucking close.

It’s a little scary, the sensations inside him now. He’s never felt anything so intense, never let anyone push him so far past what he thought his limits were. This orgasm might very well kill him, and he isn’t even sure he minds. He needs it. Needs Jensen.
“Fuck me,” he cries out.

Jensen only pushes his mouth deeper on Jared’s dick.

“Jensen. *Fuck me*. Need you to...need you inside me *now* ...”

Jensen lifts his head but keeps his fingers inside Jared. “Yeah? You ready? You ready for me to
fuck you? You ready to come on my cock?”

Jared nods frantically, makes some noise that isn’t actual words.

“You sure? You sure you don’t want me to tease you for the rest of the night?”

Jared’s dripping sweat, body writhing and thrashing around wherever Jensen’s mouth kisses,
wherever his free hand touches.

“*Jensen,*” he shouts again. “Please. Can’t...I can’t...you gotta fuck me.” Jared doesn’t mean to, but
words start falling out like a dam has been broken. “Gotta have your cock. I need it. Need you to
fuck me so hard I can’t walk tomorrow, please, need it. *I need it* .”

Jensen groans and slides up Jared’s body, kisses him even though Jared can’t stop talking long
enough to kiss back.

“Fuck, Jared, okay. Okay.”

Jensen is just as shaky as Jared when he lines himself up and sinks in, hips moving fast and
hungrily.

“Oh, *God* .”

Jared’s never heard that tone from Jensen before, that absolute delicious low growl as he buries his
head in Jared’s neck. Jared almost cries with relief to feel Jensen inside him, big enough to really
fill him up, hard and hot.

“I’m sorry,” Jensen groans, and Jared realizes he isn’t moving, isn’t thrusting. He’s just buried in
Jared, totally still, burning him up from the inside out.

Why is he so hot?

“I didn’t...I didn’t get a condom,” Jensen says. “I’m sorry. Hang on, I’ll-”

He starts to pull out, to pull away, but Jared grabs him without thinking, holds him right where he
is. “Wait,” he gasps. God, this feels good. He can feel *everything*, can feel how Jensen’s dick is
pulsing, and he needs it. “It’s okay with me. If you want to.”

“You sure?”

“I’m sure. Are you?”

Jensen closes his eyes and rolls his hips. “God, yes. That feels... *Jesus*, that feels incredible.”

For a few minutes, Jared forgets that he’s on the verge of dying from holding back his orgasm all
day, forgets that he’s almost in pain with it, and just *feels* Jensen. They go quiet, all the words and
desperate noises stuck in their throats as they breathe together, stare at each other, move together
like they’re dancing instead of fucking.
Jensen leans down and kisses him again, a soft and slow kiss that turns deeper, that ends with their tongues rubbing together dirty and wild, pushing their hips to do the same.

“Fuck,” Jared grunts, pulling his mouth away to take a deep breath as Jensen digs his feet in and starts fucking Jared harder.

“You ready to come?” Jensen asks. “You ready to come all over yourself?”

“Yes,” Jared groans.

“You’re gonna come without me touching your cock, okay? You’re gonna come just from me fucking you.”

Jared can feel it right at the surface, just waiting for Jensen to say the word. “Can I?” he asks.

“Yeah, babe. You can come.”

Jared locks his legs around Jensen’s hips, wraps his arms around Jensen’s shoulders, and holds on. He probably shouts, but he doesn’t know or care. The first wave hits him as soon as he closes his eyes and he’s gone. It slams through his body, through his veins, until he’s not in bed anymore, but flying instead, floating through some other place where nothing exists except the heat pulsing through him and pouring out of him.

It goes on, and on, and on, until his muscles hurt and he can’t breathe, until he’s gone from relaxed to rigid to relaxed again, until he can feel his stomach completely drenched in his own slick come. He eventually makes his way back into his body, eventually feels Jensen pressed against him, groaning loudly into his ear. He revels in the weight of it, of Jensen holding him down as he twitches through the aftershocks.

Jensen’s coming, too, he realizes. He can feel the pulses hot and thick in his ass, and he smiles, still too high to do anything else.

And then Jensen’s lips are on his, and they’re kissing and kissing and kissing, holding on long after the orgasm wears off, long after it becomes uncomfortable to stay in the position they’re in. They can’t seem to separate themselves.

“God, Jared,” Jensen murmurs, brushing his fingers through Jared’s hair and talking directly into his mouth. “I love... I love the way you look right now.”

Jared lets his head drop back on the pillow. There’s something in Jensen’s voice that’s a tiny bit off, a tiny bit hesitant. But when he looks up into those green eyes, all he sees is the same goofy happiness he’s feeling himself. “How do I look?” he whispers.

Again, the answer is hesitant, but Jensen doesn’t look away. “You look like. I don’t know. Mine.”

Jared answers with no hesitation at all. “I am.”

They kiss again, sweet and tender this time.

“Come on,” Jensen finally groans, pulling himself away as gently as possible. “Let’s get cleaned up.”

Jared lets Jensen take care of him, lets him clean him up, get him some water, and get him back in bed. He could do it all himself, but he’s so tired, so wrung out, that it’s nice to just lean into Jensen and let him do it. Jensen talks to him the whole time, tells him how perfect he is and how good he
was today.

He’s half-asleep the second Jensen spoons up behind him, wrapping an arm and a leg around Jared and burrowing both of them down under the covers. “How was today?” he asks, quiet in the dark.

“Perfect.”

“Not too intense?”

Jared gives a half-hearted shrug. “No. It’s not something I could handle doing on a regular basis, maybe. But today was perfect. Thank you.”

“Thank you for letting me. You sure you don’t want to eat something? We didn’t have dinner.”

“Not hungry,” Jared answers. “Just want to lie here with you and go to sleep.”

“Okay.” Jensen squeezes Jared tight and kisses the back of his neck, lets his lips stay there as they drift off.

Jared falls asleep as happy as he can ever remember being.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Megan comes to town, and the upstairs bar finally opens.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: gross fluff, a blow job

The alarm hasn’t gone off yet when Jared wakes up, eyes popping open as his arms instantly reach out for Jensen. They find cool sheets and an empty side of the mattress instead of a warm body, and Jared frowns, sits up and rubs a hand over his face in an attempt to wake up.

The sound of the running shower registers in his brain, and Jared grins a little as his sleep haze takes back over. He stretches a little, then stumbles into the bathroom.

“Morning,” he calls.

Jensen’s grumpy answering grunt makes him want to laugh and jump in the shower with him. But before he does anything, he needs to pee. He stands there for a moment, glancing from the closed shower curtain to the toilet, wondering if this is weird. Jensen probably wouldn’t even hear him over the rushing water. But what if he opens the curtain to say something, and Jared’s standing there peeing? Is that too intimate? Is it crossing a line?

Jared’s bladder decides that he doesn’t care. Jensen’s tongue has been up his ass. He can handle accidentally seeing Jared pee.

It turns out to be a nonissue, and the curtain stays closed while Jared takes care of business and flushes the toilet. If Jensen hears it, he doesn’t say anything. Jared quickly washes his hands, then steps into the hot shower, skin flushing immediately in the steam.

Jensen smiles a little and gives him a sweet, short kiss, then goes back to soaping up his chest.

“Let me do that,” Jared says, reaching out to get his hands on all that creamy skin.

Jensen smirks and steps back. “Hands off. I have to be at work soon, and you need to get to the airport to pick up your sister.”

Jared huffs through his nose and sounds legitimately whiny when he answers. “But I want to touch you.”

“You can touch me tonight, once the grand opening has gone perfectly.”

“Fine. You’re such a tease, Jackles.”

Jensen laughs. “I was just taking a shower. You’re the one who barged in.”
Jared splashes a little water in Jensen’s direction and grabs the shampoo.

Jensen’s right. There’s a lot to do today. While Jensen works, Jared’s going to pick Megan up, then head to the bar to make sure everything is set up properly.

Tonight’s the night, and now he’s a little nervous.

His brain has been on overdrive for the last week or so with all of the details (with the exception of yesterday, when Jensen edged him to the point of no brain function at all), and he knows it’s going to go well. But all the preparation and trust he has in his staff doesn’t stop his nerves. Especially when he thinks about the sign he’s revealing tonight.

Part of the marketing ploy to get people to attend the grand opening was to see the unveiling of the name. Jared hasn’t told anyone what he’s decided to call the new bar, and he gets a strange twist in his gut every time he thinks about it. It was a big decision, both professionally and personally, and he has a lot riding on it now.

If it doesn’t go well…

“You okay?” Jensen pulls him out of his thoughts with a bump of his shoulder, and Jared’s eyes snap back into focus.

“Yeah,” he nods. “Just thinking about everything I have to do today.”

Jensen is fully rinsed off now, but he grabs the sides of Jared’s face anyway and lets the shampoo from Jared's hair run down his arms. The kiss is firm and comforting, and Jensen stands right there with his lips against Jared’s until all the tension drains away.

“It’s gonna be great,” he murmurs.

Jared nods and chooses to believe him.

********

“Jared!”

He whips around at the familiar voice and is nearly knocked over by his tiny sister as she throws herself into his arms. He wraps his arms around her and straightens his back to his full height, lifting her off her feet.

“Hey, little sister.” The airport bustles around them, but they just hug for a few extra seconds. It’s been far too long since he’s seen her in person.

“You hungry?” he asks, setting her down on her feet.

She grins up at him. “Starved. Let’s go get my bag and get out of here.”

It doesn’t take long to drop her bag off at his apartment and grab lunch from a food truck. They take the food to Jared’s bar and hide in his office to eat while the staff sets up for the party.

“No I get to see the upstairs now? Or do I have to wait until tonight?”

Jared shrugs. “You can see it now.”

“You’re proud of it, aren’t you? I can tell.”
Jared grins and feels himself blush a little. “It looks great. Exactly what I pictured. But that’s all the work of the contractors and construction crew.”

“It’s your design. I’m so excited for you. Mom and Dad and Jeff are too. Mom’s super pissed that none of them could come tonight.”

He laughs. “They’ll get out here eventually. You know they never do anything on time.”

“When will Jensen be here?”

Jared rolls his eyes at how eager and teasing her voice sounds. “I don’t know. Whenever he gets off work, I guess. Before the party starts, anyway. He’s excited to meet you.”

“Tell me about him. Do people know about you? Are you two serious now?”

“Ryan knows, so I assume everyone else does too. And I dunno.”

“Jared.” Her voice is suddenly so scolding and irritated that he has to laugh.

“Yeah, I guess.” He throws a french fry at her and she ducks, letting it hit the floor and stay there. “We’re exclusive now, if that’s what you mean.”

“Oh, don’t give me that bullshit. Tell me the details.” She throws one of her own fries, and Jared doesn’t bother to move. It hits him in the shoulder and falls to his lap.

“I really like him,” Jared says quietly. Megan just patiently waits while Jared searches for the right words. “I think…I don’t know. I think I’m in love with him.”

“Like, when you were in love with Blaine, Star Quarterback of the High School Football Team? Or really in love?”

“Really in love.”

Megan sets her food on his desk and leans forward, giving him her full attention. “Oh.”

“Yeah. And I’m not sure, I could be totally making this up, but. The other night, it felt like…like he was trying to tell me he loved me.”

Her eyes go wide, and Jared suddenly feels like they’re gossiping teenagers. “What did he say?!?”

“Well, we were, uh. We were kind of in the middle of…”

“Oh my God, he almost said it while you were having sex?”

Jared laughs and covers his face with his hands. “I know. It’s ridiculous. But he said ‘I love’ and then he paused. He turned it into ‘I love the way you look right now’, but there was this… weird hesitation.”

“Please don’t give me any more details about the sex.” Megan makes a grossed out face that Jared knows to be fake, then nods. “But it sounds like he was. So, are you gonna be brave enough to say it first, then?”

Jared snorts. “Probably not. You know me.”

“I do know you. And I know that you’re just scared.”
“Okay. Let’s talk about something else.”

Megan rolls her eyes and hits him with another french fry. “Fine. Show me the upstairs.”

The rest of the afternoon is a blur. Megan helps Jared as he flies around, making sure everything looks right, that all the trays of catered appetizers are set up properly, that the tasting areas are stocked, and that the retractable roof is pulled back to reveal a clear sky that will show off the city lights when the sun sets. Jared feels better having her there, looking at everything with a sweet and bright smile on her face, like maybe this is as perfect a spot as Jared thinks it is.

“I love these couches,” she comments, dragging her hand over a leather cushion. “It’s so cozy up here. And the lights are perfect, all twinkly and soft.”

“It looks good, doesn’t it?” Jared sighs and stands near the stairwell, looking at the whole area and running his hands through his hair. “It’s finally ready.”

“What about that?” Megan points at the sign just above the entryway. It’s still covered with a sheet.

Jared grins, a nervous pulse making his hands shake as he shoves them in his pockets. “That is a surprise for tonight. Come on, let’s go back downstairs. I need to change clothes.”

Megan plops down on one of the couches and pulls her phone out of the pocket of the dress she’s wearing. “Nope. I’m gonna check my email. You go do whatever you need to do before people start showing up.”

Jared ruffles her hair, grins when she smacks at his hand, then heads to his office where he’s got his nicer clothes tucked away for this evening.

Jensen meets him in the hallway.

“Hey!” Jared picks up the pace so he can get to him, kiss him hello, and it’s like the whole evening clicks into place right then and there. It’s perfect before it even begins because Jensen’s here, and he’s wearing tight dark jeans that show off his legs, and he’s smiling at Jared like he’s proud of him, and he’s so fucking warm when he kisses back, wraps his arms around Jared and holds on longer than he has to.

“I was just going to change,” Jared murmurs, pushing Jensen back the few steps into his office and kicking the door shut. Jensen’s already leaning in for another kiss, hotter and deeper this time, tongues rubbing together as their hands explore.

Jensen’s on his knees before Jared is ready for it, and he blinks down confused for a second.

“What?” Jensen smirks. He reaches for Jared’s jeans, unbuttons them and edges the zipper down. “I thought you needed to change. That requires getting undressed, doesn’t it?”

Jared bites his lip and nods. “Just. I’m still a little sensitive from yesterday. I’m not sure I can handle any teasing.”

Jensen carefully pulls Jared’s cock free of his boxers and strokes it a couple of times as it hardens in his hands. “Then I won’t tease,” he says hungrily, licking his lips before swallowing Jared down as far as he can.

He moves slowly, but intentionally, not dragging it out or teasing, and not being more rough than Jared can take right now. It’s perfect, because of course it is, and Jared leans back on the closed
door of his office and breathing hard, trying his best not to moan as the shock waves start sparking up his spine.

It doesn’t take very long for him to come, and it’s a slow, lazy orgasm that makes him want to laugh a little for no reason at all. Jensen smiles when he finally pulls away, blinking up at Jared with swollen lips and such an innocent expression that Jared’s cock twitches like it wants to get hard all over again.

“That was a hell of a hello, Jackles. Come here,” Jared beckons, reaching down for Jensen, but he pulls away.

“Nope. We’ll take care of me later. You need to get dressed.” He sits down in Jared’s chair and leans back, calm and comfortable, and Jared rolls his eyes and fakes annoyance.

“You just want to watch me change clothes.”

“Pretty much.”

It takes a little longer than usual, but Jared eventually manages to change clothes. Jensen ogles him the whole time, makes Jared blush with the lust he can see all over Jensen’s face.

“You ready to go meet Megan?” he finally asks, knowing if they don’t leave now that he won’t be able to without fucking Jensen first, and he certainly doesn’t have time for that.

“Yes.” Jensen stands up and walks toward the door, but stops when he’s next to Jared, close enough for their chests to almost touch. “I, uh. In case I forget to say it later. This is amazing, Jared. I’m really happy I’m here tonight.”

Jared kisses him, lets his lips linger. “I am, too.”

********

Jensen and Megan have been together all night. Jared’s been watching as he walks around, making sure people have everything they want, making sure everyone is having a good time. They haven’t left each other’s sides. Every time he looks over, Jensen is laughing at something Megan has said, or Megan is listening to Jensen talk with wide, adoring eyes. They even dance a few times, and it dawns on Jared with a pang of jealousy that they’ve never actually danced. They will, he decides, some other time when Jared isn’t playing host. He mentally files it away on his To Do With/Jensen list.

“Oh my God, he’s gorgeous,” Megan gushes, pulling herself away long enough to remember Jared exists. “I mean, I know you sent me pictures, and I was prepared for him to be ridiculously attractive, but damn. Those lips. Those eyes.”

Jared laughs. “Back off, Megan. Those lips and eyes are for me.”

“Doesn’t mean I can’t appreciate them. But really, Jared, he’s perfect. And he’s in love with you.”

Jared pauses in the middle of wiping down a ring of water left by an empty glass on the bar. “What?”

“He didn’t say that or anything, but trust me. He’s in love. He’s asked me everything but the names of your elementary school teachers, and I would bet money that’s coming. Hasn’t shut up about you, or this bar, or how lucky he is that his brewery gets to be a part of it. Not to mention he’s listed off about a million things about you he can’t get enough of, like I’m keeping a list.”
Jared watches as Jensen laughs with Ryan on the other side of the room. Like he can feel Jared’s gaze, he turns and meets Jared’s eyes. They stare for just a second, and it’s as good as a kiss, as a real touch. “Really?”

“Really. Tell him you love him too. Don’t be scared this time.”

“What?”

“That’s why you haven’t told him. That’s why it took you guys so long to get to this point. You always run scared when things get intense. Don’t do that this time, okay?” Her voice is low and serious, full of familiar concern that makes Jared feel a little braver.

He winks at her. “I think it’s time for me to give the big speech.”

Megan nods and disappears back into the crowd. Jared pulls out his phone and sends a text to Jensen.

*I’m so thankful we played I Never that night. And I’m so thankful for every little thing that happened after that. This next bit is for you.*

He takes a deep breath and holds his breath while he hits send. It takes a few seconds, but Jensen feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. Jared holds his breath again as he watches. Just like he had hoped, Jensen’s face goes soft as he reads the text, and he looks up with warm, questioning eyes that sparkle so much Jared can see it across the bar.

That’s his cue. He walks over to the entryway and stands up on a chair. “Can I have everyone’s attention, please?”

He waits for the chatter to die down, for the clink of glasses to stop long enough for everyone to hear his speech.

“I just wanted to thank everyone for coming to our grand opening tonight. The San Jac staff and I are so excited to open our upstairs bar, and we’re so happy y’all could come out to celebrate with us. I hope everyone is having a good time.”

A few people cheer and whistle, but Jared can’t take it in, can’t enjoy it. He’s nervous now, and he has to focus on not stumbling over his words.

“So, I know everyone’s wondering what we named the bar.” He tilts his head back a little and straightens his shoulders, grinning as he exaggerates his formal tone. “So tonight, ladies and gentlemen, I give you…”

He reaches up and yanks at the sheet, revealing the carved and painted wooden sign beneath. “Jack’s.”

Everyone claps and holds up their glasses and does exactly what they’re expected to do. Jared doesn’t really hear or see any of it. He nods and waves a little like he’s supposed to before stepping down from the chair, and then his mind is only on finding Jensen.

He spots him behind the bar, staring up at the sign with a bemused look on his face. Jared practically runs to him, but stops just short of touching him with a sudden burst of insecurity and shyness.

Jensen looks over at him with an expression Jared hasn’t seen before. “Jack’s? Is that...is that for me?”
Jared nods and smiles a little, forces himself to be honest. “I couldn’t get away with naming it Jackles. I figured Jack’s would have to do.”

Jensen’s eyes float back to the sign.

“Is it. Should I have. Is it okay?” Jared stumbles over the words, looks at his shoes and wonders if he should be trying to disappear right now.

And then Jensen moves so fast Jared doesn’t even see him coming. He crashes their lips together, swallows down Jared’s surprised cry, and kisses him, deep and claiming, right there in the middle of the bar. In front of everyone. The kiss doesn’t last very long, but Jensen is blushing and grinning from ear to ear when he pulls away. Jared glances around, finds that no one is paying them any attention as far as he can tell.

“Yeah, the sign’s okay,” Jensen nods, breaking the intensity of the moment and making them both laugh.

The bar could catch fire right now, and this night would still be fucking perfect. Jared stares at him, feels the I love you bubble up in his throat, but it still can’t quite make its way out. But tonight, it doesn’t feel like a secret he’s keeping or something he’s afraid of. It doesn’t feel like a next step they have to take right now, doesn’t feel like either of them are stifling emotions. It just feels like a step they’ll get to. One that won’t mind if they enjoy the journey a little first.

The words slide back down Jared’s throat into his chest, warm and solid. It feels like he’s made a decision. Like something is different now. He smiles and grabs Jensen’s hand, links their fingers together as he heads back into the crowd to find Megan.

They don’t let go the rest of the night.

“God,” Megan says a few hours later. Everyone is gone and the bar has been closed down for the evening. “I’m exhausted. Jensen, give me a piggyback ride to Jared’s car.”

Jensen laughs and finally lets go of Jared to sweep her into his arms instead, cradling her against his chest. “You coming?” he asks Jared.

“I need to finish a few things. Thank Ryan and everyone else for doing so well tonight.” He pulls his keys out of his pocket and hands them to Megan. “Why don’t the two of you go ahead, and I’ll get Ryan to drop me off after we lock up?”

Jensen nods, Megan waves, and Jared watches them disappear down the stairs, Megan squealing and laughing when Jensen pretends to drop her. If Jared was any happier, it would physically hurt.

********

Megan is passed out on the couch when Jared finally gets in, wrapped up in one of his spare blankets. He creeps through the main living area as quietly as possible, using his phone screen as a light when he makes it to his dark bedroom.

Jensen is asleep in his bed, the blanket low enough on his hip for Jared to see that he’s naked.

He sheds his own clothes and dips into the bed as gently as he can, but Jensen wakes up, smiles a sleepy smile and throws an arm over Jared’s chest. “Hey.”

“Hey,” Jared whispers. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you up.”
“That’s okay. I tried to stay up for you. I have a promise to keep.”

Jared frowns in confusion. “What promise?”

“I told you that you could touch me tonight after we got home.”

Jared snorts quietly. “Yeah, but Megan is literally just a few feet away in the living room.”

Jensen props his head up on one arm and flashes Jared a dirty grin. “So? Silent sex is on my list.”
“You think you can stay quiet?” Jared makes his question a challenge, rolling into Jensen just to feel their skin rub together.

“I do,” Jensen nods, his whisper holding back the laughter Jared can see in his eyes.

Jared makes the most serious face he can muster with Jensen looking at him like that. “Challenge accepted.”

Jensen rolls to his back and throws the sheet off himself, offering his body up, clearly ready to make a real game out of this. Jared moves instantly, hands grabbing instinctually now, finding Jensen’s sensitive spots by memory. Jensen grins and makes a motion over his mouth like he’s zipping it up.

For some reason, that makes Jared desperate to hear him. He doesn’t want to wake his sister, and he certainly doesn’t want anyone else to have a front row ticket to their sex life, but he does want to know that Jensen has a hard time hiding his reactions, that he can make Jensen lose his careful control.

He starts at Jensen’s mouth. The kiss is hard and bruising, sucking at Jensen’s lips and tongue, holding the sides of his head so he can’t pull away until Jared lets him. Jensen kisses back for a while, then just goes loose beneath him, but he manages to keep his reaction to deep, shuddering breaths. No sounds.

Jared expected no less. Getting Jensen to give in is going to be a marathon, not a sprint, and Jared settles in against Jensen’s neck for the next leg of this race. He bites and sucks at Jensen’s earlobes, scrapes his teeth over Jensen’s collar bone, sucks at his throat, all while running his hands over Jensen’s bare chest, fingernails tickling over his skin.

Again, Jensen doesn’t make any noise other than his shallow and irregular breathing. Jared runs his hands down Jensen’s arms and is pleased to find him gripping the sheets, fingers curled tight enough that they’re white at the knuckles.

“Feel good yet?” Jared whispers.

“You always feel good,” Jensen whispers back. “Maybe I’m just better at this than you thought.”

Jared chuckles a little and dips his head to bite at one of Jensen’s nipples. That earns him a sharp
gasp, but that’s it, and Jensen is still silent as he digs his fingers into Jared’s shoulder.

“Do I get a chance?” Jensen asks.

“To what? Make me scream?” Jared rolls away and offers himself the same way Jensen had moments earlier. “Sure.”

“Close your eyes.” Jensen winks.

Jared does as he’s told and waits, holding his breath to brace himself against whatever Jensen’s about to do.

Seconds later, Jared finds his entire cock down Jensen’s throat.

“Cheater,” he hisses, arching off the bed, but it doesn’t count as a moan, and that’s all that matters.

Without Jared’s reaction to get in the way, all he can hear is the slick sounds of Jensen’s spit, the slide of his lips, the gagging of his throat when he takes Jared too deep. Jared bites the meaty part of his hand and squeezes his eyes shut, works at controlling his breathing in an effort to hold back the sensations inside him.

It’s difficult, but not impossible, and Jensen looks so disappointed when he pulls away that Jared has to laugh.

“Don’t feel bad,” he teases, running a hand down Jensen’s cheek. “You made that really hard for me.”

Jensen rolls his eyes and slides up to straddle Jared, slotting their dicks together and wrapping his hand around both of them. “I’ll make it harder,” he murmurs.

“I bet you will,” Jared nods, deadly serious in his agreement.

Jensen’s hand strokes both of them slowly, like he’s in no hurry at all, and Jared lies back to just enjoy it, to breathe through it and concentrate on the weight of Jensen sitting on his thighs, on the heat of their skin together, on how slick the movements get as Jensen smears their precome around.

He bites his lip just as a moan bubbles up, catches himself in the nick of time, and smiles up at Jensen.

“My turn again?”

Jensen’s eyes are still soft and playful when he answers. “Sure. How do you want me?”

“Every way possible.” Jared doesn’t plan the words, isn’t trying to sound so intense, but the words are true, so he leaves them there, doesn’t try to talk his way out of them. Jensen blushes a little and waits, fingers trailing over Jared’s hipbone.

“I want to taste you,” Jared tells him, pushing himself to sit up and kiss Jensen once before practically wrestling him down to the bed, tickling Jensen’s sides in the process.

Jensen gasps and squirms, tries to let his laughter out without being too loud, and it’s the most adorable thing Jared’s ever seen. He stops when Jensen pushes his hands away and kisses him again, lingering this time on the softness of those full, pink lips.

“Kissing? That’s all you got? I mean, I love kissing you, but it isn’t going to make me scream.”
Jared lets his lips curl into a smile. “Oh, when I said I wanted to taste you, I wasn’t talking about your mouth. I just got distracted for a second.”

Jensen raises his eyebrows, then swallows hard as Jared scoots down the bed and nudges Jensen’s legs apart. Jensen spreads easily for him, pulls his legs back and hooks his arms under his knees, lets Jared settle in and get his mouth right where he wants it. Right on Jensen’s perfect pink hole.

Hands are in his hair the second he licks, Jensen’s long fingers pulling hard as a way of letting out the tension in his body. Jared grins a little, lets his tongue flicker over his hole again, pushing in a little this time.

Jensen goes still.

Jared works his tongue as deep into Jensen as he can, probing deeper to taste the silken skin inside his body, wiggling back and forth to stretch him open a little. He sucks and kisses and makes out with Jensen’s hole, loving the way Jensen’s thighs go rigid on either side of his head.

But Jensen still doesn’t make a sound.

His chest is heaving, his fingernails are now digging into Jared’s shoulders, his face is screwed up into a full frown, but he doesn’t cry out, doesn’t moan or even sigh loudly.

Jared tries harder. He adds a finger, slick with spit, and gently curls it up into Jensen’s prostate while his tongue still teases his rim. Jensen thrashes around then, moves so much Jared has a hard time keeping his mouth where it should be on Jensen’s body.

But he still doesn’t break their vow of silence.

“Let me fuck you,” Jared whispers, pushing the words into Jensen’s stomach as he kisses his way back up to his face.

Jensen nods, sweat dripping down his face as he watches Jared grab the lube from the nightstand. It doesn’t take long for Jared to work him open, and though he isn’t trying to win their bet at this point, Jensen still bites his lip and turns his head away, like he’s still struggling not to make noise. Jared forces himself to be patient and make sure Jensen is ready for him, and he’s all but shaking with his own need when he crawls up over Jensen and looks down at him, his cock nudging against Jensen’s hole.

“Can I…can I do this without a condom?” he asks.

Jensen covers his face with his hands for a second, then nods yes.

“Are you sure?”

When Jensen pulls his hands away, Jared can see it there, the burning in his eyes, the hungry set of his jaw.

“Yes,” Jensen croaks, voice raw and broken and desperate in a way Jared’s never heard it before. Jared nods and lubes up his cock, trying to take deep breaths to calm himself down, knowing that stopped working right about the time he and Jensen first touched.

One of Jared’s hands finds one of Jensen’s, and he laces their fingers together as he pushes in.

Oh, fuck.
Jared’s forehead drops to rest against Jensen’s. It’s too much. Jensen is too tight and warm and this is too close and Jared’s going to scream from how good it feels.

Somehow, he doesn’t. Somehow, he just squeezes Jensen’s hand and holds in all the sounds he wants to make, his whole body trembling until he’s completely buried, their hips pressed together, Jensen’s cock leaking between their stomachs.

“Move,” Jensen whispers, shifting beneath him and letting out a breath that manages to sound like a silent sob. “Please.”

Jared can’t shout or groan, but he’s allowed to whisper. He’s allowed to let out everything he’s feeling in words.

“Is that what you want? You want me to move? Want me to fuck you hard, see how much you can take?”

Jensen nods, and once Jared starts, he can’t stop. His hips start to thrust as his mouth grazes Jensen’s ear with every quiet word.

“Fuck, you feel so good. So fucking good. Can’t believe I get to…can’t believe you’re mine.”

Jensen locks his legs around Jared’s waist.

“Gonna make you scream before I’m done, I swear to God,” Jared continues, arching back into the feel of Jensen’s hands digging into his back.

His hips move faster then, fucking into Jensen hard and fast, pushing him up the mattress. The bed lets out a loud squeak, and Jared stops instantly, holds his breaths and listens for any sign of movement from the living room. Jensen stares up at him with wide eyes, mouth open as he tries to catch his own breath as quietly as possible.

After a few silent seconds, Jared thrusts again, only to get another loud squeak from the bed.

“Here, get in the floor,” Jensen suggests, pushing at Jared’s shoulders.

Together, they roll to the side of the bed, then off the bed. Jared’s legs get tangled in the sheets on the way down, and they land with a thud, limbs smacking into each other as they try to untangle themselves.

Jensen is laughing, his whole body shaking with it as he tries to laugh silently, hand over his mouth and eyes sparkling as he lies there, watching Jared fight with the sheet still wrapped around his feet.

“You think this is funny?” Jared asks, raising an eyebrow.

Jensen just nods his head and squeezes his eyes shut as another wave of giggles hits him. It turns out to be contagious, and Jared has his mouth open, silently laughing through his own amusement as he sits back and pulls Jensen into his lap.

“Come here,” he whispers, running his hands up and down Jensen’s sides. He leans back, still chuckling, as Jensen sits down on his cock.

The laughter stops suddenly as the sensations of just a few moments ago take over again. Jared lets his head fall back so he can see Jensen rise and fall above him, hips rolling as he rides Jared slow
and smooth, rocking back and forth rather than moving up and down.

The friction is just enough for Jared to want more, and he only lets Jensen stay there a few moments before he grabs the backs of his muscular thighs and flips them back, putting Jensen on his back once again.

This time, when he pushes in, Jensen gives in and groans, the most gorgeous, needy sound Jared’s ever heard anyone make. Instantly, he slaps a hand over Jensen’s mouth to muffle him, smiling in spite of himself.

“Looks like I win.”

Jensen shakes his head yes, clearly not caring any longer, and fuck if that doesn’t make Jared’s dick throb in Jensen’s ass.

“Can you be quiet if I let go?”

Jensen shakes his head no and grabs Jared’s wrist, holds his hand over his mouth, looks up at Jared with so much trust and warmth that Jared has to stop for a second.

Love. He’s looking at Jared like he’s in love.

Jared is too. He’s so fucking in love he’s going to explode from it.

Again, his mouth takes over, and he’s looking down at Jensen, slamming into him, unable to make the sounds he wants to, but able to whisper every dirty thought in his mind.

“God, you’re fucking gorgeous. Just want to fuck you for the rest of the night. Don’t care if we wake up the whole city. Just want to stay right here and make you come so hard you can’t take it.”

Jensen moans hot and wet into Jared’s hand.

“Always wanna do this. Always wanna make you feel good.”

Jensen closes his eyes and clenches around Jared, a silent agreement.

Jared manages to shut his mouth then, angles his hips until Jensen is making high-pitched little whimpers into Jared’s hand still clamped over his mouth, and just moves.

It takes him by surprise when Jensen comes, totally untouched, cock jerking and making a mess of his stomach and chest as Jared watches greedily. The noise he makes is low and guttural this time, like the relief of release is just too much. Jared still doesn’t move his hand from Jensen’s mouth, even when he’s still and quiet.

“Jesus,” Jared hisses, watching the last weak pulses as Jensen’s cock moves on its own, just from Jared fucking his ass.

Jensen moves, shifts up and squeezes his ass around Jared’s dick, and it only takes a few more thrusts for Jared to find his own relief. He bites into Jensen’s shoulder and lets out one sharp, broken noise, fingers digging into the carpet now as he fills Jensen’s ass. Even that feels different without a condom, and his whole body feels wrung out when he’s finally able to pull away.

They stare at each other for a moment, words unnecessary right now, then both huff another laugh at themselves, sprawled out on the floor, flushed and sweaty.

“I’m never gonna get used to you,” Jensen says with a sweet, shy shake of his head. “I thought
maybe after we’d done this a few times it would start to feel like normal sex. But.”

“But I’m abnormal?” Jared teases.

Jensen laughs. “Definitely.”

Jared leans forward and kisses him, then pushes himself up. “I’ll be right back. I’m gonna sneak to the bathroom and get a washcloth for you.”

He wraps the sheet around his waist and peeks into the living room from around the corner of the hallway. Megan is still asleep somehow, mouth open and snoring softly, and Jared thankfully tiptoes back to the bathroom to clean up and grab a washcloth for Jensen.

Later, lying in bed with Jensen in his arms, he thinks about the whole perfect night and how lucky he is. Luckier than he deserves.

Jensen’s been in a deep sleep for a while now, so Jared takes the risk and lets the words float from his mouth out into the air, just to see how they feel.

“I love you.”
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Jared tries to take care of Jensen when he has a bad day, but Jensen doesn't seem to let him.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top!Jensen, sex as a coping mechanism, spit as lube, angst

“You sure you don’t want me to wait with you?” Jared asks.

Megan shakes her head and sets her bags down. “Nope. You can’t come with me through security anyway. Just give me a hug and tell me you already miss me, then get outta here.”

Jared grins and pulls her into his chest. “I’m so glad I got you for a whole week, little sister. Come back soon.”

“I promise.”

He kisses the top of her head and pulls away.

“And Jared?”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t fuck things up with Jensen. He’s too good for you, and you need to hold onto that.”

Jared laughs and holds his hands over his heart, pretending to be hurt. “You don’t think he’s lucky to have me, too?”

Megan rolls her eyes and grins. “Yes, Jared. He’s lucky to have you, too.”

Jared pulls his hands down and feels his smile turn a little sad as she starts to pick up her bags again. “Bye, Megan. Love you.”

“Love you, too.”

And then she’s gone.

They’ll talk on the phone when her plane lands, and it’s not like he isn’t used to her living in a different city. He’s used to being away from his entire family, not just his sister. But after everything that’s happened with Jensen, the stress of opening the bar, and how emotional he’s felt the last few weeks, it was nice to have her here.

Not that the last few weeks have been bad. They’ve had their low moments, but right now, thinking
about how he wants to pull his phone out and text Jensen, he feels better than he has in...well, ever. He feels grounded, somehow. Like his life makes sense.

*Just dropped Megan at the airport. Heading to work now. Wanna hang out after? Your place?*

He puts his phone back in his pocket, not expecting Jensen to answer right away. He’s busy at the brewery. In fact, Jensen’s been busy the last day and a half, and Jared’s starting to miss him. He’ll just have to make up for that tonight.

Maybe they can try something else off their lists.

In the meantime, Jared heads to San Jac’s and busies himself in his job. It’s only been a week since Jack’s opened, but it’s already breathed new life into Jared’s business. The crowds are bigger and happier, new musicians are contacting him every day asking for a spot on his stage, and everything is running smoothly. Jared feels as happy to be at work now as he used to when he first opened this business, like he did a few years after that when they drew a new crowd by partnering with Jensen and widening their beer selection.

When he takes a break, just before they open their doors for the evening, he checks his phone. It’s slightly disappointing that he has no message from Jensen.

*Would it convince you to let me come over tonight if I sent you some dirty pictures?*

He sends the teasing message, shaking his head at how silly he’s acting. But if Jensen acts at all interested, he’ll lock himself in his office and send him all the pictures he wants.

The bar opens before Jensen gives him a response, and he finds himself pouring drinks, swaying to the music of tonight’s band. Ryan’s with him, and they fall into their easy routine of joking, pouring, and cleaning, making the time fly by.

Jensen still hasn’t answered by nine o’clock, and Jared frowns as he looks down at his phone. There are plenty of servers around tonight, so he claps Ryan on the back and heads out, settling into his car and calling Jensen this time.

No answer.

But he does get a text seconds later.

*Still at the brewery. Long day, sorry. I’ll call as soon as I leave*

Jared’s heart squeezes in his chest wondering what could have been so terrible to keep Jensen in radio silence at the brewery all day and night. He taps out half a response, then abandons it, tosses his phone in the passenger seat and pulls out of the parking spot, steering his car toward the brewery.

Whatever it is, he’ll do his best to cheer Jensen up in person.

He worries the whole way, worries even more when he arrives and Jensen’s car is the only one there. He’s here alone? None of his partners stayed to help with whatever it is?

Jared lets himself in and heads through the front tasting rooms to the back offices. It’s strangely dark and quiet, with only Jensen’s office light on, a strange fluorescent triangle on the floor in the dark hallway. But it’s empty.

Jared wanders around for a bit, finally spotting the storage area doors open.
He finds Jensen sitting in a chair, a forgotten clipboard full of papers and an ink pen forgotten in the floor. He’s got his elbows on his knees, hands covering his face, and it absolutely breaks Jared’s heart.

“Jensen?” He says the words quietly, so he doesn’t scare Jensen in this dark, empty room.

Jensen jumps a little, but doesn’t move except to lift his head and look up. “Jared?”

“I thought I’d come try to cheer you up.” Jared walks over to stand right in front of Jensen, who still doesn’t move. “Are you okay? What’s wrong?”

Jensen shrugs. “Just. A really long day.”

“You wanna talk about it?”

Jensen leans back and looks up at Jared with an expression he can’t figure out. “Not really. I’m glad you’re here, though.”

He smiles a little, but it doesn’t quite reach his eyes. Still, he’s reaching out for Jared’s hand and pulling him close enough to wrap his arms around Jared’s waist, and that’s good enough for Jared. If this is what he needs to feel better, Jared will happily let him have it.

He leans down for a kiss, Jensen’s hands moving to grab his face and hold him there. It’s hard and bruising, urgent, like Jensen needs something more from Jared than just their lips moving together. Jared sinks down to his knees, so their faces are on the same level, and lets Jensen suck at his tongue, bite at his lips, lets him grab at his hair and his shoulders.

Jensen pulls back to catch his breath, something dark and burning in his eyes that makes Jared shiver.

“Can I fuck you? Right now?” Jensen breathes, chest heaving.

Jared’s cock starts to harden at the thought, heart slamming in his chest. He slides his hands up Jensen’s thighs, fingers working at the button and zipper. “You can do whatever you want to me,” he offers.

Jensen closes his eyes and huffs out a quiet groan, spreading his legs and lifting his hips for Jared to wiggle his jeans down to his thighs. His cock is hard, leaking, and Jared doesn’t hesitate. It’s velvety-soft as he licks at it, a little salty when he sucks the head, pressing his tongue into the slit. He squirms around to find a comfortable position and makes himself at home there, with Jensen’s hands in his hair and soft moans in his ear, while he bobs up and down, slow and easy like he has all the time in the world.

But he can feel the energy thrumming through Jensen, the tension beneath his skin.

So he pulls back and looks up, sits back on his heels. “Tell me what you need.”

Jensen stares at him for a second with that same blank expression. “If it’s okay with you, I’d really just like to fuck you.”

It’s more than okay with Jared. He should be more concerned about what’s happening, about why Jensen is so upset and why he wants to fuck the bad mood away. But they can (and they will) talk later. Right now, every part of Jared just wants to be touched, to feel Jensen’s body against his, to be fucked right here in the open storage room of the brewery.
He stands up and unbuckles his belt, lets his jeans fall down to his ankles. There’s a keg behind him that’s perfect for him to rest his hands on as he bends over, offers himself for Jensen to take whatever he wants.

Strong hands squeeze his ass, pull his cheeks apart, and then Jensen’s tongue is there, nose and chin pressed against Jared’s skin as his tongue probes at his hole. It’s wet and messy, wet enough that when he slides one finger in, Jared doesn’t feel the burn of it at all. Jensen keeps going, slides a second finger in, keeps his wet mouth right there as he works Jared open.

And then he pulls away.

Jared hears him spit a couple of times, and it’s surprisingly hot when he pushes his spit-slick dick against Jared’s hole. He drives in slowly, letting Jared open and stretch around him, but now Jared’s feeling some strange need now. He can’t be patient. He pushes back, letting it burn, and whimpers.

“Fuck me, Jensen,” he breathes.

A low growl rumbles out of Jensen. He spits one more time, right on Jared’s hole as he thrusts, and Jared feels the warmth of it when it hits. It’s raw and rough and fucking hot, especially now that Jensen is really moving, slamming in over and over, his hand in the small of Jared’s back, keeping him bent over the keg.

Jared reaches down and starts to stroke himself, knowing Jensen won’t last long, and it’s all he can do not to fall down, all he can do to keep himself holding onto the keg with his free hand. His knees want to buckle when Jensen hits his prostate, but he manages, holds on until Jensen is coming inside of him.

He holds on a few more seconds, just feeling Jensen’s dick throb inside his ass, feeling the liquid warmth as Jensen fills him up. And then Jensen’s hand replaces his own, reaching around to jerk him the few times it takes until he’s coming too, all over the concrete floor, gritting his teeth to hold back his scream.

Jensen pulls him up and turns him around then, their mouths meeting again as Jensen kisses him, and kisses him, and kisses him.

“I’m sorry,” he finally breathes. “I didn’t mean to…”

“It’s okay,” Jared assures him, keeping his face close, looking him in the eyes. “More than okay. That was fucking hot. But are you sure everything is alright?”

Jensen gives him a small smile. “I just need to finish up some things here. And clean up.” They both laugh a little as Jensen looks at the mess Jared left on the floor. “How about I take care of this while you go home and get yourself cleaned up? I’ll call you when I leave.”

“And you’ll stop by?”

“If it’s not too late.”

Jared nods. “It won’t be too late. I want to see you tonight.”

Jensen nods and pulls Jared into a tight hug, one hand sliding up to rest on the back of Jared’s head. “I’m glad you came tonight. And I’m sorry I’m in such a shitty mood.”

Jared holds on as long as Jensen will let him, burying his face in Jensen’s neck. “It’s no big deal.
Just don’t work all night, okay?”

They say goodbye and Jared heads out, concerned but not overly worried. Jensen will come over, tell him all about whatever happened at work that got him so bent out of shape, and they’ll wake up tomorrow in much better moods.

Bad days happen to everyone, and Jared has every intention of helping Jensen through his.

But Jensen never calls.

Jared wakes up with the sunrise, realizing with a start that he fell asleep on his couch, waiting for his phone to ring.

He grabs the cell phone quickly, checks for all the missed calls and texts he’s certain he has, but finds nothing.

Jensen never called.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Jensen shows up and tells Jared what's bothering him. It's not at all what Jared was expecting.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top!Jared, consensual waking someone up with sex, mentions of homophobic behavior. angst

Jared gets up, gets a drink of water and goes to the bathroom, mind racing the whole time about what could have happened and what he should do. He’s barely done washing his hands, ready to call Jensen, when there’s a loud knock at his door.

There’s only one person who would be here so early after what happened last night.

Jared practically runs down the small hallway and rips the door of its hinges, and there’s Jensen. Jared feels a huge wave of relief, like he’s been holding his breath all night and is allowed to breathe again.

And then Jared gets a good look at him. He’s still wearing last night’s clothes, arm half-raised to knock again. And he looks awful. He clearly hasn’t slept, hair disheveled like he’s been running his hands through it, eyes red and swollen like he’s been crying.

It takes about half a second for Jared to take all that in, and then he’s yanking him into the apartment, kicking the door shut and wrapping his arms around Jensen, pulling him close. He doesn’t say anything, and Jensen seems grateful for that, just melts into his arms and hugs him back hard, burying his face in Jared’s neck like he can hide there under his messy hair.

They stand like that until Jared’s arms ache and he has to relax a little. He shifts his weight and loosens his grip, but he doesn’t move away, makes sure to keep their chests pressed together.

“I told my parents about you.” The words are muffled in Jared’s neck when Jensen says them, and Jared isn’t sure he heard correctly.

“What?”

“Yesterday morning.” Jensen pulls way just enough to look Jared in the eyes. “My mom called, and I just…told her. And Dad.”

Jared’s heart sinks. Jensen’s bad mood, his broken, blank face, the need to feel Jared like he wasn’t going to get to do it again… “It didn’t go well,” Jared says quietly.

Jensen gives one bitter chuckle. “Not really, no.”
“Let’s go sit down.”

Jared can feel his body trembling as they walk to the couch. Is this it? Is Jensen about to tell him they need to go slower? Or break up with him? Jared is lucky to have the family he has. They’ve always loved him for exactly who he is and wanted nothing but happiness for him. If things were different, if they’d panicked and been hurt or scandalized, he isn’t sure how he would have handled that.

How is Jensen going to handle it?

“What happened?” Jared asks, mouth dry and brain a little fuzzy.

“Dad freaked out. Got angry, said some things that…some things I don’t really want to think about. Mom just got real quiet.”

“Are you okay?”

“Not really. But it isn’t anything I wasn’t prepared for.”

Jared isn’t sure what else to say. He can’t think of any comforting words that don’t sound like they’re from an after-school special, and he isn’t sure if he’s allowed to hold Jensen’s hand or hug him now.

“Mom came around by the end of the conversation. She just needs to get over the shock, I guess. But Dad…” Jensen's eyes fill with fresh tears that he blinks away before they can fall. "She said Dad would calm down and realize he was wrong. She thinks he’ll apologize and everything will be fine. But I just don’t know.”

“I wish you had told me this yesterday.”

“I’m sorry. I was…I don’t know. Scared and embarrassed, I guess.”

Jensen leans closer, and Jared throws an arm around him, ready to give him whatever he needs. This is bad. Jensen’s devastated, and there’s no way to fix this without a lot of time and support. But he’s here, and he doesn’t appear to be leaving. Jared feels guilty for how relieved and happy that thought makes him feel, when there’s no relief or happiness for Jensen.

“What do you need? What can I do?” Jared murmurs.

“Come home with me.”

That is the last thing Jared expects to hear, and he pulls back, turns his body a little so that he’s facing Jensen directly on the couch. “What?”

“Two weekends from now. For my mom’s birthday. I want you to come with me. Meet everyone.”

“Jensen, if your dad is pissed off, I’m not sure the solution is to shove me at him.”

“That’s not…I need you there, Jared. I can’t go and sit there with him glaring at me the whole time. Not alone. And I don’t want to shove you at him. I want him to get to know you. I think- and Mom actually agreed with me- that it might help. They’ll love you. He’ll see that…” Jensen ducks his head and his voice sounds smaller somehow, “that there’s nothing wrong with us.”

Jared cups Jensen’s chin and pulls his face up. “Of course there’s nothing wrong with us. Your mom really wants me to come?”
Jensen nods, hope in his eyes. “She’s trying. Please, Jared. I want to do this. I want them to know that you’re a part of my life.”

There’s absolutely no saying no to it when Jensen phrases it that way, not that Jared really wants to say no anyway. Jensen wants his family to meet him, wants everyone to know they’re together and happy and that it’s a permanent thing.

Jensen is hurting, and there’s no easy way to fix that. But this is good. This is important.

“Oh okay.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, Jackles, of course. I’ll go with you.”

Jensen smiles, a real smile despite how small it is, and Jared’s heart squeezes in his chest.

“You should sleep,” Jared says.

“Yeah,” he sighs, pulling away and rubbing a hand over his face. “I should.”

“I gotta work today. How about you go get in my bed, and get some sleep while I’m gone?”

Jensen leans forward and kisses him, lingering longer than necessary, lingering until Jared can feel the thank you I love you on Jensen’s lips, even if he can’t speak them.

“Will you wake me up when you get home?” he whispers.

“Of course.”

Jared’s mind isn’t on his work as he sits at his office computer, trying to focus on inventory and payroll. It’s with Jensen, with the idea of meeting Jensen’s family. He’s floating, ecstatic, fucking thrilled that things are still good between them, that Jensen actually wants to introduce him to his family, and that Jensen doesn’t seem to care what others think. But it’s an empty pleasure when he thinks about Jensen’s father, about whether meeting him will just make things worse, about how awful Jensen must be feeling right now.

And Jared is helpless. He can be there, he can listen and support. But he can’t fix this. He can’t make it better.

All he can do is survive his shift and get back to Jensen.

Not too long after he settles in and makes himself focus on work, he gets a text.

*Took a shower. Getting in bed now. Thanks for everything.*

As Jared is typing out his response, he gets a second text.

*I’m wearing your plug. So I’ll be ready when you get home.*

Instantly, Jared’s blood heats up. He remembers a conversation where Jensen told him he wanted to wake up with Jared inside him, wanted to be fucked out of his sleep.

Now, Jared has hotter things to distract him while he works, and he walks around all day half-hard, loving the burn of it in his gut, of the constant pressure he feels knowing Jensen is waiting.
If this is what Jensen needs right now, if this is what he wants, Jared won’t argue.

“Hey, boss.” Ryan appears in the doorway of Jared’s office. “Jenny just called from the dry cleaner and they messed up. Our linens won’t be ready until tomorrow, which means—”

“Which means we have no clean napkins or rags tonight,” Jared sighs. “Okay. I’ll take the company card and go to the supermarket or wherever. Get the cheapest rags and washcloths they have. We can clean with those tonight. And we’ll just have to use paper napkins for the appetizers and stuff.”

Ryan nods. “Also, the ice machine is acting up again. Can you do whatever magic thing you do to make it work before we open?”

“On it.”

Fuck. This is going to get him home much later than he planned.

While that’s annoying, he doesn’t text Jensen and risk waking him up. Hopefully he’ll sleep all day and won’t even notice.

********

Jared unlocks the door of his apartment hours later, back hurting from bending under and over and around the ice machine, a little grumpy from the long day. He moves as quietly as he possibly can, taking off his shoes at the door, carefully setting down his keys without jingling. He undresses just outside his cracked bedroom door, not wanting the movements to wake Jensen.

As he takes off each layer of clothing, it’s like taking off a piece of his bad mood. He’s so fucking lucky. He has a successful bar to take care of, he has a family that loves him, and he has Jensen. And Jensen wants him. Jensen chose him.

Jared pushes the door open enough to slip inside the dark room, blinds drawn to keep out the late afternoon sun. Jensen is curled on his side, breathing deep and even, as beautiful as he ever is. Jared gets close enough to see the long, dark eyelashes against Jensen’s creamy skin, and he holds back a sigh.

He’ll make Jensen happy, he promises himself. He’ll do his very best to make Jensen feel as lucky as he does.

The sheet is already sliding down Jensen’s hip. Jared walks to the other side of the bed, where he can see Jensen’s back, the galaxy of freckles there, the curve of his spine that dips and swells into that perfect ass.

As softly as he can, he reaches out and pulls the sheet down, careful not to touch the bed yet. Jensen doesn’t stir. As soon as the sheet is gone, Jared can see the edge of the plug. He stares for a second in the dim light, then as carefully as he can, pulls it out. It slides out easily, covered in lube.

Jensen really thought of everything.

The bed dips when Jared lowers himself beside Jensen, hard and aching now, and slides up against his back. He keeps his movements slow and rhythmic as possible, but wastes no time lining himself up and pushing in.

Oh, God, Jensen’s so soft and warm right now, so perfect as he stretches for Jared’s cock.
Jensen groans then, low and sleepy, arching back against Jared.

Before Jensen can wake up fully, Jared starts thrusting, deep and hard, grinding against Jensen’s ass. He drops his lips to the back of Jensen’s neck and lets them rest there as he moves, as he grunts and pushes in, over and over again.

When he drops his arm over Jensen’s waist to splay across his stomach, Jensen grabs it, twines their fingers together and squeezes, turns his head back until Jared leans forward to kiss him, their bodies going still for a moment.

Jensen still hasn’t opened his eyes, and Jared watches as he lies there, twisted back in Jared’s arms, mouth slack and muscles relaxed like he loves this, like he’s cozy and comfortable and wants Jared to just stay buried in his ass for the rest of the evening.

“I’m right here,” Jared whispers, grinning when Jensen squeezes his hand. “Gonna stay right here. No matter what.”

Jensen whimpers then, pushes their hands down to his hard cock and squeezes Jared’s fingers around it, showing Jared exactly how slow and lazy he wants to be stroked.

“You take as long as you want to come, babe. I’m not going anywhere.”

Jensen rolls back so that Jared’s spooning him properly again. He pushes back, meeting Jared thrust for slow thrust, whining a little every now and then. Jared lets him set the pace, doesn’t move faster until Jensen does, doesn’t squeeze his hand harder until Jensen reaches down and makes him. It goes on and on, until they’re sweaty and breathing hard, until Jared’s gritting his teeth and burying his face in Jensen’s short hair.

“Gonna...gonna come…” Jensen finally gasps.


Jensen nods and turns his head into the pillow as Jared thrusts one, twice, three times, then comes hard, filling Jensen up, pulsing into all that tight heat as it clenches around him.

He wants to stay right there, but this isn’t about him, so he quickly pulls out and rolls Jensen to his back, drags his tongue down Jensen’s chest, then sucks his cock down. Jensen gasps, then lets out a loud moan when Jared sinks two fingers into his ass and finds his prostate. He rubs and sucks until Jensen arches off the bed and grabs his hair, until he has the bitter, perfect taste of Jensen flowing hot and thick over his tongue, until he’s swallowed every drop.

Jensen has to reach down and push Jared away. Jared would be content to stay between Jensen’s legs all night, but he’s too sensitive now.

Besides, Jensen is looking down at him, soft and sweet and still a little sad, and there’s nothing for Jared to do but slide up and pull him into a full body hug.

“You want me to go get you a washcloth? Or we could take a shower?”

Jensen shakes his head and snuggles deeper. “Later.”

“You know you can talk about it, if you want. About what your dad said.”

“Is it okay if I don’t want to?”
“Of course. I just. I just want to be here for you.”

Jensen blinks up at him sleepily. “You are. You sure you wanna come home with me? I kind of begged earlier. I don’t want you to feel forced.”

“No, I want to.”

“Good.” Jensen leans up to kiss Jared. “Wake me up when you’re ready for dinner, okay?”

Once again, the *I love you* bubbles up in Jared’s throat, but he can’t say it now. He wants it to be perfect. He doesn’t want anything else on Jensen’s mind, doesn’t want anything hanging over them, doesn’t want Jensen to feel like he has to say it back.

So once again, he swallows it down and just squeezes Jensen a little tighter.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen spend a drunken evening together at Jensen’s house to relax before heading to Dallas.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top!Jensen, drunk sex

Jared takes another gulp of beer, sets the glass on Jensen’s coffee table, then lies back down. He wiggles his toes where they hang off the end of the couch, tilts his head back in Jensen’s lap, eyes drifting shut as the warmth of the drink settles in his chest.

“Don’t fall asleep,” Jensen warns, a smile in his voice.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Jared says without opening his eyes. “Just enjoying your beer. That one is delicious.”

“You’ve had that one a million times.”

“Because it’s delicious.”

They are both several beers in, a little buzzed, muscles loose as they watch television. They’re leaving for Dallas in two days, where Jared will meet Jensen’s family, support Jensen while his dad says whatever he’s going to say about their relationship, but they aren’t talking about it. Not tonight. Tonight is for doing nothing together, for relaxing in their sweatpants as the dinner dishes sit dirty in the sink, for not noticing when the sun goes down because they’ve got the blinds shut anyway, a blanket lightly pulled over Jared's legs on Jensen’s soft couch. Jared hums a little noise of pleasure when Jensen starts playing with his hair, twisting the strands around his fingers and brushing gently, scratching his nails into Jared’s scalp every now and then.

It doesn’t take much longer for them to finish another couple of beers and settle into the good kind of drunk, the kind that makes everything soft and funny, the kind that makes Jared want to turn his head and press a kiss into Jensen’s stomach every now and then. House Hunters plays in the background, and Jared remembers a conversation about this show at the conference they attended. It seems like a different lifetime now, though it wasn’t that long ago at all. So much has changed, but even then, Jared knew this wasn’t just some arrangement. That it was never just sex.

“Seriously? She has to have a house right on the beach because she’s afraid to use public restrooms? Do people actually make real estate decisions that way?” Jensen’s words pull Jared out of his memories, slurred and a little overly enthusiastic, making Jared smile.

“What way?”
“Based on how often they have to pee.”

“They’re never gonna agree anyway,” Jared giggles. “Her husband doesn’t want something that modern. But yeah, I guess.”

“Man, sometimes I get so irritated watching this show. I would do it so much better if I had their kind of budget.”

Jared snuggles his head deeper into Jensen’s lap, arches his back a bit just to feel the stretch of his spine. The room spins a little, makes Jared giggle even more. “What would you do?”

“Find a house with a pool. Always wanted a pool.”

Jensen’s house is nice, clean and cozy, small, but with a certain amount of charm and character in the molding and trim. Jared laughs at himself for thinking like the narrator of the show, then shrugs. “You could put a pool in your backyard if you wanted to.”

Jensen snorts. “Can’t afford it. And it’s not like it would add a ton of value to a tiny house like mine. Maybe when I win the lottery, though.”

Jared leans up then, without really meaning to, a little dizzy as he presses his lips to Jensen’s. The kiss is sloppy and slow, lips smashing together lazily, drunkenly pausing here and there while their hands explore a little, like they can’t do both at the same time right now.

“What was that for?” Jensen murmurs.

“’Cause I think you’re hot. And I think your house is perfect like it is.”

“You’re really drunk,” Jensen laughs, stroking his fingers down Jared’s cheek.

“So? You’re drunk too.”

Jensen laughs harder, pushes Jared up to sitting only to push him back down in the opposite direction, Jensen settling himself on top, their chests pressed together, their legs tangling. “I am.”

Jared tilts his head back and sighs as Jensen kisses down his throat, biting a little at his pulse. “You really think it’s perfect?”

It takes Jared a second to realize that Jensen’s asking him a question, another few seconds to realize he’s talking about his house.

“Mnhmm,” he nods, sliding his hands up underneath Jensen’s t-shirt to rub at his back, digging into the muscles.

“Needs some work.” Jensen curls his tongue around Jared’s ear, traces the shell until Jared shivers, cock hardening against the soft cotton of his sweatpants.

Jared decides right then that he’s never wearing underwear again, because fuck that feels amazing.

“If I was gonna live in this house for more than just the next few years, I’d like to renovate some stuff.”

Jared can’t for the life of him figure out why Jensen’s still talking about this now that their hips are still grinding together, now that he can feel Jensen’s cock on his through the thin material.
“Like the kitchen,” Jensen continues. “What should we do to the kitchen?”

We. What should we do.

Jared closes his eyes again and tries to concentrate through the alcohol. Shouldn’t he have said “What should I do to my kitchen?” But that’s not what he said at all.

Jared’s hearts slams in his rib cage, and he slowly places his fingers over Jensen’s chest, feels how fast Jensen’s own heart is beating. Jared feels like he’s floating, like the only thing that exists right now is the heat of Jensen’s body, the soft drag of his lips as he kisses back to Jared’s face, tongues at his jaw.

“We could paint.” A rush of electricity jolts through him when he says his own we, and he smiles into it, reaches up to trace the edge of Jensen’s face as he looks down at him. “We could get rid of the plain white and do something warmer.”

“We could,” Jensen smiles. “We could maybe change the floor, too.”

Jared is smiling so hard it should hurt, but the stretch of muscle doesn’t register. He just laughs a little and keeps tracing the lines of Jensen’s face.

Jensen humors him for a few moments, then pretends to bite at one of Jared’s fingers. “What are you even doing?”

“Dunno,” Jared shrugs, not the least bit embarrassed or apologetic. “Touching you.”

Jensen grinds his hips down again, pinning Jared to the couch. “Aren’t there better ways to touch?”

Maybe it’s because he’s drunk, or maybe it’s because of just how happy he feels right now, but Jared can’t help the happy sigh that turns into a moan halfway through. “Yeah,” he agrees. “You can touch me however you want to. Whenever you want to. Wherever you want to.”

Jensen chuckles low in his throat and kneels up between Jared’s legs, runs his hands down Jared’s thighs, the material of the sweatpants bunching in his hands. “Don’t make promises you don’t wanna keep.”

“Wanna keep it,” he assures him. “Want you to touch me all the time.”

Jensen grins. “I think I like you drunk. You’re real cute like this.”

Jared bats his eyelashes and pouts his lips. “Yeah?”

The touch of Jensen's lips is light, teasing, not nearly enough, and Jared pushes up to deepen it, chasing the kiss when Jensen pulls back until Jared’s sitting up too, arms wound around Jensen’s neck to keep him right there. As soon as their tongues meet, Jared pulls him back down on top of him, not wanting to sit up, not wanting to do anything but lie here, held down by Jensen’s weight.

Jared realizes eventually that their hips are rocking together, and now the sweatpants are just fucking annoying. He reaches down, shoves at the hem of his and kicks his legs like a little kid who doesn’t know how else to solve the problem.

Jensen laughs and grabs his wrists. “Calm down, I got it.”

First he peels off his own t-shirt, and Jared watches as all that muscle and skin is revealed, and that’s about the best idea Jensen’s ever had. Jared reaches out to touch, poking at his favorite
cluster of freckles, eyes drinking in how fucking broad Jensen’s shoulders are.

Jensen lets him stroke and caress for a moment, and then he’s sliding his hands underneath Jared’s shirt, pushing it up and kissing a trail along the way, grinning at how Jared raises his arms so dutifully and allows it to be pulled over his head. The pesky sweatpants are next, and Jared’s glad to be rid of them, even more glad when Jensen stands up long enough to get his off too.

Yes, this is how it’s supposed to be, skin on skin, damp slide because he’s already a little sweaty, a sudden shiver when Jensen’s cock bumps his own. Jensen seems to agree, moaning a little into Jared’s collarbone as he kisses it, nuzzling them both down into the couch and getting comfortable on top of Jared.

“Anything on your list you wanna try?” he asks, whispering in Jared’s ear.

“Not tonight. Just want you.” Jared knows there was a reason he wanted to relax tonight, that there was something stressful he wanted to forget, but he can’t remember what it was when Jensen sucks at his tongue.

Mission accomplished, he supposes, and lets his mind drift to that special place where he belongs to Jensen completely, where his body is moving and responding without any thought of his own, like Jensen’s hands and mouth are controlling it.

Their fingers wind together for just a moment as Jensen bites his way down to Jared’s nipples and works them until Jared is arching and groaning and sweating all over, movements slow and liquid, soaking it all in.

“Know what I want?” Jensen’s voice sounds like the beer in Jared’s veins, smooth and addictive and sexy as fuck.

“What?”

“I want to watch you come.”

Jensen sits up, too far away, but he doesn’t let Jared sit up too, pushes Jared’s chest back down instead when he tries to lean up for another kiss.

His annoyance at that is forgotten the second Jensen wraps a hand around his cock.

He moves slow. His fingers gently squeeze a little, thumb moving in small circles around the head of his cock and spreading the precome there, making everything a little slick. Jared stretches his legs out on either side of Jensen’s hips, still lying down but with his head craned up, wanting to watch everything Jensen does.

Jensen sits between his legs and just looks, lets his eyes roam up and down Jared’s body a few times before settling on his cock. He rolls his fingers up and down, trails them down over Jared’s balls, strokes a couple of times, teases the slit. The entire time, he watches, like he wants to memorize every inch of Jared’s cock, like he wants to know exactly how it looks when it pulses with need, like he wants to know the exact shade of pink it flushes under his gaze.

Jared is as mesmerized as Jensen. He can’t take his eyes off of Jensen’s long fingers, how graceful they are, how skillful, how Jensen’s chest rises and falls a little more quickly.

There’s still no hurry, so Jared lets his head fall back and closes his eyes, sighing as the sweet sensation of Jensen’s hand stroking him burns its way through him to his spine, settling into a simmering heat in his gut, pulsing to the beat of his own heart, of Jensen’s movements.
He loses track of time. His alcohol-laden brain can’t focus for longer than a few seconds at a time, and he gives up. Jared lets his mind go totally blank and just feels while Jensen moves. And Jensen, despite saying he wanted to watch Jared come, seems to be in no hurry to get there. He strokes Jared like that’s the only goal, just to touch and squeeze. He never speeds up, never urges Jared on. Jensen doesn’t move his own body much at all.

And it’s without a doubt the best hand job of Jared’s life, simply because of the way Jensen is staring, the way he looks like any second he’s about to lose his control and eat Jared alive.

What feels like hours later, Jensen finally speeds his hand up, squeezes harder as he presses into that sensitive spot under the head. “Come on. Show me. Wanna see it.”

Jared bucks up into his fist now, lets his mind start working again, concentrates on the burning in his gut and the sensation of Jensen’s warm, rough grip. He’s already much closer to an orgasm than he realized, body trembling the second he thinks about it, like it was just waiting, ready to go.

“Fuck, Jensen,” he breathes, toes curling into the couch.

“Come on,” Jensen encourages again. “Let me watch.”

Jared grits his teeth as the first wave hits, lets his shoulders press into the couch as he lifts his hips and arches his back, body bowing up into Jensen’s hand as he comes.

Somehow, he’s still relaxed enough to keep his eyes open, and he sees how Jensen is staring, how Jensen’s own cock is twitching and jerking in his lap while Jared shoots thick, white streams over his hand.

There’s a low, loud groan filling the air, and Jared’s surprised to realize it’s coming from him, that he’s breathing heavily and clutching at Jensen’s forearms, that the rush of feeling inside of him has found its way to the outside as well.

“Jesus,” Jensen murmurs. “So fucking beautiful. So fucking sexy.”

Jared should feel sated now, should feel tired and satisfied and wrung out.

But he just feels empty.

“Fuck me,” he says. “Please. Want you inside me.”

Jensen nods, trails his fingers down to Jared’s hole and presses one finger against him.

“No,” Jared shakes his head, pushes at Jensen’s arm as best he can. “Just your cock. Need your cock in me.”

Jensen looks at him for a few seconds, like his brain needs as much processing time as Jared’s does right now, then grins. “Fine. But I’m gonna go slow.”

Jared smiles back. “I hope that’s a promise.”

Jensen bites his lip for a second like he’s thinking, then runs his hand through the mess of Jared’s come on his stomach. He slicks up his own cock with it, and fuck if that isn’t the hottest thing Jared’s ever seen.

After that, everything just becomes a blur, becomes one long, slow, blazing push of Jensen’s cock at Jared’s hole, sliding in so desperately slowly that Jared doesn’t feel the actual movement of his
thrust. He only feels the constant, perfect stretch of his own hole opening up, only feels the contact, the skin against his own, the way Jensen is biting into his shoulder to keep from crying out.

And then he’s bottomed-out, their hips together, Jensen’s stomach trapping Jared’s spent cock between them.

And Jared sighs, finally satisfied.

Jensen starts to move, to gently roll his hips, kissing Jared senseless while he thrusts, until they are both panting for breath, smiling a little when they have to pull away for a gasp of air before locking their mouths together again.

Jensen comes like Jared did, hard but mellow, quiet waves washing over him and again as he buries himself in Jared until he’s given everything he has, until his sweat is dripping down on Jared’s skin, until Jared’s cock is twitching, trying to get hard again at just how fucking hot Jensen looks.

Gently, he pulls out, rolls them so that they are both on their sides, curled together on a couch that’s too small. Neither of them minds having to smash their bodies together, having to hook their legs through and over the other’s hip.

“We should probably get cleaned up,” Jensen tells him. “Go to bed.”

Jared giggles a little, can’t help himself as the continuing flood of chemicals makes him light-headed. “Not until we see which house this couple picks.”

Jensen laughs and hugs Jared closer to his chest. “You’re still drunk.”

“Yep. You love me when I’m drunk.” The words are out of his mouth without thinking, and only Jensen’s slight change in breathing makes him realize what he’s said.

He holds his breath and waits, hoping Jensen just ignores it, that it doesn’t turn awkward.

But Jensen doesn’t ignore it. He presses his mouth into Jared’s hair and speaks.

“Yeah, I do.”
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Jensen takes Jared home to celebrate his mother's birthday and meet the whole family.

Chapter Notes

Warning: No smut (what??), some family drama

“You ready?” Jared asks the question as calmly as he can, like it’s totally fine if Jensen says no. Like the fact that they’ve just parked, in front of the Ackles house, in a large paved driveway that can obviously be seen from the large picture window taking up most of the front of the house, doesn’t mean they can’t just turn around and leave.

“No,” Jensen sighs, leaning in a little bit when Jared brushes his fingers over the curve of his ear. “Let’s go.”

The house is big and well-kept, solid brick, classic design, exactly what Jared was expecting. There’s a seasonal wreath on the door that’s both formal and inviting, and Jared finds himself annoyed at it as Jensen stands there staring, readying himself to go inside. This place looks so nice, so inoffensive, and he’s angry all over again at Jensen’s father for saying whatever it was he said that Jensen still won’t talk about. He shoves it down as best he can. He isn’t here to be angry. He’s here to be with Jensen, to take this next step in their relationship.

Jensen finally nods, like he’s finished a conversation he was having with himself, then knocks quickly before pushing the door open.

“Anybody home?” he calls out, voice a little falsely cheerful.

“In here!”

The voice is feminine and young, and Jared follows Jensen down the entrance hall to a living room, all hardwood floors and neutral colors, where a woman several years younger than Jensen jumps up from the couch.

“Jensen!” she smiles, sliding into his arms for a hug.

“Hey, Mac,” he says, looking over her shoulder at Jared with nervous eyes. Jared just smiles like he’s not feeling the exact same nerves.

“And you must be Jared,” she says, pulling away and holding her hand out. “I’m Mackenzie, Jensen’s sister.”

“Hi, it’s nice to meet you,” Jared smiles, shaking her hand, wondering what it is about sisters. She seems just as sweet as his own sister, and if there’s any tension or disapproval in her, Jared doesn’t feel it.
“And that’s Josh,” she says, nodding her head toward a man on the couch, still sitting down. “Our brother.”

He can see Jensen in his face, not nearly as attractive of course, but the same shade of green in his eyes and the same kindness in the set of his mouth. “Hi,” Josh nods.

It’s a little awkward, a little stiff, but there’s no judgement or hate in his tone. Jared smiles a little as he nods. “Hey.”

“Where’s Mom?” Jensen asks.

“I dunno,” Mackenzie shrugs. “I guess she’s upstairs, getting ready for dinner.”

“I’m right here.” The voice floats down the staircase, and everyone glances over as she descends the stairs.

She’s exactly what Jared expected. Soft and pretty, comforting in the way all mothers are, the kind who look like they’re going to offer you a hot meal and do your laundry before sending you on your way with some sage advice. She quickly gets down the stairs and opens her arms, stretching up on tiptoes to kiss Jensen on the cheek before pulling him down into a tight hug.

“So good to see you, sweetie,” she says, patting him on the back.

Jensen’s shoulders are a little stiff, but he hugs back as long as she holds him, closing his eyes for a second and taking a deep breath.

“You too,” he murmurs, then looks over at Jared. “Mom, this is Jared.”

Jared steps forward, hoping his smile doesn’t look too plastered on, and holds out his hand, hoping for the best. “It’s nice to meet you, Mrs. Ackles.”

She takes her time looking at him for a moment, eyes searching his face like she’s looking for answers, trying to understand. The seconds tick by, and Jared’s smile starts to falter, but she eventually accepts his hand with a firm squeeze of her own. “Please, call me Donna.”


“Thank you. We’ll head out to the restaurant in a couple of hours.”

Jensen grins, something playful in the curve of his lips. “Hibachi?”

Josh snorts loudly and rolls his eyes. “Of course.”

“Mom loves Japanese food,” Jensen explains, turning to Jared. “It’s where we go every year for her birthday. Josh has...strong opinions about it.”

“Look,” Josh stands up, turning the television off and letting the remote fall back to the couch, “I’m all for the steak and rice. But that sushi shit she gets? It’s like looking at a raw tongue.”

Donna narrows her eyes and puts her hands on her hips, so stereotypically motherly that Jared bites back a laugh. “It’s sea urchin, Joshua, and it’s delicious. And watch your language or I’ll make you eat it tonight. We have a guest, for goodness sake.”

Jared does laugh then. “Well, I love sushi. I’ll help you eat some if Josh won’t.”
Jensen looks back and forth between them as Donna peers at Jared, face unreadable. Then, with very deliberate movements, she turns to Josh. “Well, look at that. I think you’ve been replaced.”

And just like that, Jared knows he’s won her over. She’s going to try. Jensen looks like he might fall over from the rush of relief, and Jared can practically see the tension draining out of his muscles.

Until footsteps sound from the hallway. Every damn one of them goes a little rigid, immediately looks at Jared, then looks down at the floor. Jensen’s shoulders draw in, and Jared has to resist the urge to step in front of him.

“Alan,” Donna calls, and he appears in the doorway. Just like his mother, Jensen’s father is exactly how Jared pictured him. Shorter than Jensen but still tall, he’s clearly a confident and powerful man. It’s in his straight shoulders and his direct gaze, in the understated clothes he’s wearing.

“Alan, look who’s here,” Donna’s voice still sounds relaxed, but Jared can see her watching closely, eyes flicking between her husband and her son, a little furrow in her brow.

“Jensen,” Alan nods.

Jensen steps forward and shakes his father’s hand. “Hey, Dad.”

Jared waits to be introduced, but Jensen doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t need to. Alan knows who Jared is, and the way he’s looking at him is stopping anyone else from speaking.

Coldly, Alan turns his eyes from Jared and focuses back on Jensen instead. “You’ll have to excuse me for a while. I’m putting some shelves up in your mother’s gardening shed. I’d like to finish before we go to dinner.”

And just like that, he’s gone, disappeared out the door without a word to or about Jared.

Jensen drops his head, and again, Jared has to resist the urge to touch him, to do something.

“I should go take a shower and get ready,” Mackenzie says, breaking the silence, then smiling awkwardly before heading to the hallway, opening a door and clomping down some steps that Jared assumes lead to a finished basement.

Josh clears his throat. “And I should, uh.” He doesn’t try to make an excuse, just looks at Jared apologetically and moves quickly down the hallway, disappearing into a room.

Donna ignores Jared, but steps forward and puts a hand on Jensen’s shoulder. “It’s okay,” she murmurs, and Jared knows he isn’t supposed to hear her. “He’ll come around. Don’t worry, okay? We’re both just. Surprised.”

Jensen nods and leans into her hand, circling on the width of his back, comforting and rhythmic. Jared watches, wishing he could do more than stand here with his hands in his pockets.

But then, why can’t he? Why can’t he do more?

“Hey, Jensen?” he says softly. “I’m gonna go get our stuff from the car.”

Jensen shrugs. “Maybe you shouldn’t. Maybe we should just plan on getting a hotel room tonight. Or just driving back after dinner.”

“Nonsense,” Donna says. “Your room has missed you. And Jared, you can sleep in Josh’s old
Jared nods, grateful for her show of support even if it means they have to sleep in separate rooms. It’s her house, and he can respect that rule.

“Are you sure?” Jensen asks.

“Yes, honey. Your dad’s being an ass. That doesn’t mean we don’t want you here.”

That pulls a laugh out of Jensen. “Josh isn’t the only one who should watch his language.”

They’re still laughing as Jared slips out, but he doesn’t head to the car. Instead, he walks around the house to the large backyard, follows the grass to a shed at what he assumes is the edge of the property.

Alan is attempting to hold a shelf up while he uses a drill to secure it to the wall. It’s obviously a two-person job, but he’s huffing and puffing like he’s angry enough that he can grow extra arms and do it on his own.

Jared walks to the opposite side of the shelf and lifts, holding it in the right position. Alan glares at him for a moment, then drills the screws into place before stepping back to look at it.

“Thank you,” he says, polite and icy.

“You’re welcome. I’m Jared,” he says, not bothering to hold out his hand, knowing Alan wouldn’t shake it.

“I know.”

“I just wanted to-”

“Look,” Alan cuts him off, “I’m sure you’re a nice guy, so you don’t need to butter me up. This isn’t about you.”

Jared ignores the condescension in his tone and decides to be as direct as Alan. “Then what is it about?”

“I know my son. And this…” Alan says this, but he means you, Jared can tell, “isn’t what he wants.”

Jared makes sure to keep his voice as calm and neutral as possible, doesn’t want to sound aggressive. “And what does he want?”

There’s so much pain in Alan’s face, carefully controlled but still there, when he answers. “He wants...he’s got the brewery, and a good, solid life in Austin. He’s got friends and a home, and it’s time for him to start thinking about settling down. Having kids eventually. I don’t want to see him all messed up over...over this.”

“With all due respect, sir,” Jared says carefully, still keeping his emotions out of his voice, “I don’t think I’m what’s messing him up.”

Alan looks at Jared like he’s shocked, like no one has ever disagreed with him before, and that might not be too far from the truth.

“Can I be honest with you, sir?”
Alan finds his first almost-smile, though it doesn’t change the cold look in his eyes. “As opposed to what you’ve been doing?”

Jared returns the small smile. “Jensen does have the brewery. And he does have a good life in Austin. He’s happy. I know you don’t approve, and nothing I say right now is going to change that. But please, for the sake of your son, don’t do anything you can’t take back.”

Alan stares out at nothing.

“He’s been so upset, so out of it since he told you. He feels like you hate him now.”

Alan pinches the bridge of his nose and lets out a shuddery breath. “Of course I don’t hate him.”

There. That’s what Jared needed to know. He needed to see that Jensen’s father wasn’t a complete asshole, that he was just scared and uncomfortable.

“Jensen probably needs to hear that.” Jared turns and leaves the shed, not wanting to push his luck. He has no idea how much good that conversation did, but it could have been a lot worse.

Jared’s feeling almost hopeful as he grabs their bags from the car and hurries inside, winking at Jensen when he raises his eyebrows to ask what took so long. He lets Donna show him the rooms, dropping the bags off in each of them, and doesn’t have time to think or analyze anything, because all too soon, it’s time for them to go to dinner.

The restaurant is bright and noisy, people laughing, grills shooting up large flames, glasses clinking. Mackenzie and Donna are teasing Josh about the sushi while Alan watches silently, a little sullen. Jared sits on the opposite end of the large grill, next to Jensen, holding his hand under the table where no one can see.

Jensen’s never clung to him so tightly. Not even the constant rubbing of Jared’s thumb against his palm can calm him down.

“Relax,” Jared whispers. “It’s going well.”

Jensen nods, turns and smiles at him while everyone else is focused on the chef, building a mini-volcano out of a sliced onion and oil that he lights with a cigarette lighter. “Mom likes you. And Dad...isn’t yelling. So that’s good.”

Jared gives Jensen’s hand another squeeze and tries to concentrate on the chef’s show, on Mackenzie’s laughter, on the delicious sushi that Donna shares with him. Everyone ignores the fact that Alan isn’t speaking, even when the servers sing Happy Birthday and bring a free dessert for Donna.

The Ackles, Jared decides, are sweet. Mackenzie falls into an easy friendship with Jared almost instantly, Josh warms up the more they talk, and Donna is clearly out of her comfort zone in an effort to please Jensen, asking Jared about his bar, telling stories about Jensen’s childhood when asked. Aside from Alan, Jared couldn’t ask for the meal to go better, and considering what he was prepared for, he’s so grateful he could cry. Jensen relaxes little by little, laughing along with the others, teasing Jared in a decidedly romantic manner once, right there in front of his family.

Alan finally speaks up at the end of the meal, after the check has been paid and they are finishing their drinks.
Jensen is talking about the brewery, discussing a possible expansion plan with Josh. “It may be a year or so before I can afford to do it, but I’m hoping no longer than that. Especially since I’m doing a lot of the work myself.”

Alan leans in and speaks like he’s been a part of the conversation the whole time. “Maybe Jared can help you with that. He came out to the shed today and helped me put a shelf up. Seems pretty handy with that kind of stuff.”

It’s a ridiculous statement. Holding a shelf up while someone attaches it to the wall is not remotely the same thing as real renovation. But it’s a compliment. It’s a friendly word.

Everyone’s heads turn to look at Jared and Jensen, and Jared looks at Jensen.

Jensen bows his head for a second, swallows hard. “Yeah. Maybe he can.”

It’s a small moment, but Jared can see in Jensen’s face that it’s not. Not at all.

Alan disappears the moment they arrive back at the Ackles’ house, and Jared isn’t surprised. Alan doesn’t approve, and there will probably be many, many bad days before there are good ones. But Jensen seems to have calmed down about it, his smile is reaching his eyes as he hugs Josh goodbye before he heads to his own home, as he tells Mackenzie and his parents goodnight when they all go to bed.

That’s all Jared can ask for.

Well, that, and for them to share a bed, but he knows that’s out of the question. They say goodnight and head to their separate rooms. Jared immediately gets in bed and closes his eyes, hoping he’ll fall asleep fast and sleep straight through until tomorrow, where they have a few more hours with Jensen’s family and then they can get back to Austin, back to their life, and he can really talk to Jensen about how he’s feeling about all of this.

But sleep doesn’t come.

Instead, about two hours after the house has gone dark and quiet and still, his phone lights up on the nightstand.

*You awake?*

*Yes, unfortunately. Miss having you next to me.*

*So come to my room.*

*Seriously, Jackles? This is your parents’ house.*

*And they’re asleep upstairs. Come on. Please?? Wanna see you.*

Jared sighs and swings his legs out of bed, the hardwood floor cold beneath his bare feet. As quietly as he can, he makes his way down the hall to Jensen’s teenage bedroom, not bothering to knock before he lets himself in.
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Jared sneaks into Jensen’s bedroom in the middle of the night.

Chapter Notes

Warning: blow job, hand job, a little bit of dirty talk

Jared pads down the hallway, feeling very much like a horny teenager, shaking his head at himself but unable to calm the butterflies in his stomach.

He lets himself into Jensen’s childhood bedroom, not looking around until the door is closed, as quietly as he can manage despite the fact that everyone else in the house is asleep on different floors.

And then he turns around, instantly curious about this place, instantly wanting to know every little thing about Jensen’s past. It’s not exactly as it was when Jensen lived here, Jared thinks. There are a couple boxes in a corner, and there are spots that feel empty, like whatever was there has moved on to Jensen’s house in Austin, or maybe the attic or the trash. But there is still a poster on the closet door (some rock band Jared will look up later), and there is a pile of trophies on top of the dresser.

In the dim light from his phone, Jared can’t make out what the trophies are for without getting closer, and he goes to the bed instead, where Jensen is snuggled under the covers, only his head and shoulders peeking out, looking up at Jared with wide eyes.

Jared sets his phone on the nightstand and pulls the blankets back enough to slide under them, against Jensen, warm and soft in his sweatpants and t-shirt. He makes room for Jared, but doesn’t go far, arms seeking as soon as Jared’s horizontal, pulling him close as he scoots down the bed and smashes his face in Jared’s chest.

Jared pulls the blankets all the way over their heads, snuggles Jensen right up against him and kisses the top of his head. “Baseball?” he guesses in a soft whisper.

“Mmm?” Jensen grunts.

“The trophies. Did you play baseball?”

Jensen pulls his head back enough to nod. “Pitcher. How did you know?”

Jared grins. “I know your body. You’re definitely a baseball player.”

“Am I?” There’s an answering grin in his voice, and Jared knows if he could see anything right now, Jensen’s cheeks would be pink.
Jared slides his arm down and squeezes Jensen’s ass, lets his fingers play with the muscles there for a few seconds. “Bet you looked like fuckin’ jailbait in that uniform.”

“I’m sure my mother has pictures somewhere. Maybe you could ask her for one.”

Jared bites back his laugh, keeps his hands moving over Jensen’s body. “Maybe I will. If we had gone to high school together, I would have been all over you. I can just picture you, all pretty and popular, girls hanging on you all the time.”

Jensen yawns and lazily rolls his hips into Jared’s. “I bet you were popular, too. Too cool for everyone.”

“Not for you,” Jared whispers against Jensen’s ear.

“It took me thirty years to entertain the idea that I might like a guy. What makes you think you would have been successful back then?”

Jared sucks at Jensen’s earlobe, hand squeezing Jensen’s hip. “Because I gave better blow jobs in high school that any girl I knew.”

Jensen gasps and lets out a low groan. “You’re killing me.”

“You’re the one who wanted me to come to your room,” Jared shrugs. “But tell me. You really never had a single thought about a guy in high school?”

Jared feels Jensen’s cock twitch between them. He can’t help but reach down, rub at it through the soft cotton of Jensen’s sweatpants.

“Jesus,” Jensen hisses. “Maybe...maybe a couple.”

“Tell me.”

Jensen stays silent, pushing into Jared’s hand, so Jared pulls away, goes rigid.

“Jared…”

“Not until you start telling me all your dirty teenage secrets.”

It’s so hot under the blankets, and he can smell Jensen’s scent, the faint sweat and salt and musk of being turned on. He wants to stay in this little world for the rest of his life.

Jensen takes a second, probably deciding whether or not this is a good idea. Then he wiggles as close as he can get, until he’s humping up against Jared’s own erection instead of his hand, the angle not nearly good enough, the contact soft and teasing. “It wasn’t one guy in particular,” Jensen whispers. “It was just...guys in general.”

“Keep going,” Jared encourages, sliding his hand down the back of Jensen’s sweatpants to find his ass bare. God, his skin is so soft, his ass is so tight and perfect. Jared grits his teeth and wonders if this was really such a good idea. He’s not getting out of this room until he’s made Jensen come.

“I’d been with girls, and it was always fun. I had no complaints. But sometimes, in the locker room shower, or in a hotel room when we had a game in another town, I’d just...wonder.”

“Wonder what?”

Jensen lets out a broken little noise as he leans up, hips still moving, lips against Jared’s as he
whispers again. His voice is strained and tight, right into Jared’s mouth. “I’d wonder about how different it would feel. Harder, you know? And how different a guy would sound.”

“Fuck,” Jared breathes, unable to catch his breath in all the heat they’ve created under the blankets. “Jensen…”

“And I wondered...I wondered if it would be better. Like, would a guy know what to do with my dick better than a girl? Since he has one of his own? But I never thought about it for too long.”

That’s it. That’s all Jared can take. He groans as quietly as he can into Jensen’s mouth as they kiss, catching Jensen’s tongue and sucking on it as he slides their hips together hard, making sure Jensen feels it.

“You know what I wish?” Jared pushes Jensen back so that he’s lying on top of him now. “I wish I had known you then. I would’ve come to every single baseball game. Watched you get all dirty and sweaty, muscles aching. And then I’d sneak into the locker room after everyone else was gone.”

Jensen’s fingers dig into Jared’s sides, pulling him down, desperate and greedy.

Jared smiles into the darkness, then finds Jensen’s pulse, sucks a little before he keeps talking against Jensen’s throat. “And then I’d get down on my knees and suck you off against the lockers, or in the showers. Both. Wherever you’d let me. As many times as you’d let me.”

“Jared.” Jensen’s voice is a warning whisper now, but Jared’s too far gone.

“Can you be quiet?” he asks, hands already pulling at Jensen’s sweatpants.

Jensen nods and shoves at Jared’s shoulders, pushing him lower. Jared kisses his way down Jensen’s chest, not caring that there’s a t-shirt in the way, stopping for just a moment to tongue at the line where it’s ridden up, revealing a flat strip of Jensen’s stomach.

Jensen stays silent, just squeezes at Jared’s shoulders before moving his hands to Jared’s hair, bracing himself as Jared pulls his sweatpants down to his thighs. Jared can’t see a thing under the blankets, but he’s happy to feel his way, to get his hands on Jensen’s hips and his mouth on Jensen’s stomach again, licking his way lower until he finds Jensen’s perfect cock.

Jared can taste his own sweat as well as Jensen’s, it’s like they’re in a furnace here, and every piece of skin he touches is burning up, salty and fucking perfect. Jared licks and sucks and strokes until Jensen’s thighs are shaking around his head, plays with Jensen’s balls, slides his tongue around his hole and back up to his cock again, over and over.

Jensen keeps his word and doesn’t make a single sound, but his whole body is wound tighter than Jared’s ever felt it. The back of Jared’s shoulders are burning with nail marks, his scalp tingling where Jensen tugged his hair. They’re lucky the bed is solid and doesn’t creak, because Jensen is in constant motion, twisting and turning as Jared pulls his orgasm out of him, quick and sharp and gasping.

When Jensen stops shaking, Jared crawls his way out of the cocoon they’ve created, takes a deep breath of the cool, fresh air. It’s still dark, but there’s enough light now for him to see most of Jensen’s face. He looks strung out, happy and loose and adorably flustered.

Jared leans down and kisses him, lets Jensen lick the taste of himself out of his mouth before pulling at Jensen’s hips.
“Come here,” he whispers.

Jensen follows Jared’s hands and lets himself be pulled up to sitting, straddling Jared’s lap. Jared looks up at him, tries to see what kind of look is in his eyes right now, but can only see the shadow of the soft smile on his face.

“You know what I would have done in high school? If you had been around?” Jensen’s whisper is thick and warm.

Jared squeezes his thighs, links their fingers together when Jensen places his hands over Jared’s, leans down and kisses him.

“Tell me.”

“I’d have let you come over one night, just like this. Told my parents you were gonna stay over so we could play video games or something. And then, when they were asleep, I would have climbed up in your lap just like this.”

Jesus Christ. Jared can’t speak, can only hold his breath and concentrate on not moaning when Jensen pulls his cock out of his shorts.

“And then I would have jacked you off, nice and slow.”

Jared bites his lip, finds himself as lost as Jensen had been a few minutes earlier. It’s too good to stay quiet, but somehow he manages. Even when Jensen starts to move his hand in a steady, I’m gonna make you come rhythm. Even when he rolls his thumb over the leaking head of Jared’s dick. Even when his other hand starts tugging at Jared’s balls.

Jared all but pulls the sheets off the bed, but he doesn’t cry out. It just makes his orgasm come that much faster, makes the build that much sweeter, every little sensation just hanging inside him, no escape and no release to lessen the impact.

Just as his cock starts to pulse, Jensen scoots back enough to lean down and catch it all on his tongue, licking up the mess as Jared makes it, and God, Jared wishes the lights were on, would give anything to see himself coming on Jensen’s lips, making a mess of his hand and his chin.

His whole body comes undone, settles back down into the bed with no energy left at all, every last bit of it spent not shouting while he came.

Jensen tucks him back in his shorts and slides up next to him, mouth close enough to kiss if Jared only had the strength to tilt his head forward.

“I can’t believe we just did that,” Jensen breathes.

“Well, what did you think was gonna happen when you invited me to your room?” Jared teases.

They lie there quietly for a few moments, and Jared decides he’s ready to get up, to go back to his own room for the night before he falls asleep here and they get caught.

“Thank you,” Jensen whispers, his voice so soft and vulnerable that it stops Jared in his tracks.

“For what?”

“For being here. For everything. I don’t- I wasn’t sure how my dad was going to handle any of this.”
Jared slides into Jensen, lets their bodies mold together like the puzzle pieces they seem to be. “I wouldn’t be anywhere else. And your dad isn’t so terrible. You okay, though? Tonight was tense.”

“I’m okay,” Jensen sighs. “I actually expected a lot worse. Still,” he snuggles closer, “I’m glad you’re here. Glad you got to meet all of them.”

“Me too.”

Jared stays there for as long as he dares, until he’s having trouble keeping himself awake. Jensen grunts in protest when he pulls himself away, but he kisses his forehead and pushes him back down onto the pillow.

“You know I can’t stay. I’ll see you in a few hours for coffee, though, okay? And Jensen?”

He waits until Jensen blinks his eyes open and looks at him.

“It’s all gonna be fine. You’re stronger than you think you are.”

Jensen leans up and kisses him one last time, and then Jared forces himself to move his legs, to tiptoe back to the spare room and collapse in the cold bed there.

Even just a few hours away from Jensen feels like too much now.

********

The next morning, they have a big breakfast courtesy of Donna and her southern cooking. Mackenzie yawns through it, rolling her eyes at Jared over her orange juice when Donna keeps up a constant stream of cheerful small talk, trying way too hard, but Jared can tell Jensen appreciates it. Alan stays silent, head buried in the newspaper, but he’s there, and that’s enough for Jared.

After breakfast, they have to get on the road, and Jared loads the bags in the car while Jensen says goodbye. Alan hugs him, then disappears into the house without a word to Jared. It stings a little, will always sting when someone doesn’t like him simply because he’s gay, but this is so much more complicated than that, and Jared can handle being snubbed as long as Jensen isn’t.

Mackenzie gives him a big hug, and Donna pats him on the shoulder affectionately as she shoves some containers of food in his arms.

“Some sandwiches for the road in case you boys get hungry,” she explains. There’s an awkward smile on her face, but she seems sincere when she says “It was nice to meet you, Jared.”

“You too. Thank you for having me.”

Jensen is quiet as they drive the few hours back to Austin, but he doesn’t seem sad or upset. Jared leaves him alone, lets him process his thoughts. He’s dying for Jensen to talk to him, to tell him everything he’s thinking so Jared can know what he needs, but that’s just not how Jensen works. He’ll tell Jared when he’s ready, when he’s had time to sift through things on his own.

In the meantime, Jared will just sit in the passenger seat, hand clasped in Jensen’s on his thigh, watching the lines on the road fly by.

He’ll sit there and be patient, so in love that it hurts.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Jensen buys a present for Jared, then takes him on a date.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: top! Jensen, cock rings, orgasm delay, semi-public foreplay (sort of)

*Let’s go on a date tonight.*

Jared smiles at Jensen’s text, imagines him at the brewery, stuck in an office very similar to the one Jared’s in right now, wishing they were together instead.

*Sounds perfect. I’m leaving my office in a few minutes, and it’s my last night off for the next week. Wanna spend it with you.*

Jensen’s reply comes almost instantly.

*Good. I got you a present.*

*Yeah?*

Jared smiles wider, face hurting with it as he waits for Jensen to tell him what it is. He’s glad Ryan isn’t around for his shift yet. He’s gotten in the habit of teasing Jared for acting like a lovestruck teenager lately, and Jared could do without Ryan’s fake kissing noises.

*Yeah. I just got the notification that it was delivered, so it should be waiting for you at your apartment when you get home.*

Jared honestly has no idea what it might be, but he is a little gooey inside at the thought of Jensen ordering something just for Jared, keeping it a surprise and everything.

Maybe Ryan has a point.

His phone buzzes again before he can answer.

*Wear it tonight.*

Well. That’s… interesting.

Jared sends a few texts while he walks the few blocks back to his apartment, trying to get clues about what it could possibly be, but Jensen refuses to give him any. He only gives Jared a time and the name of a restaurant and tells him not to be late.

Like there’s any chance of that. Jared greedily takes any amount of time with Jensen he can. He’s
not going to miss out on a single second.

When he gets to his apartment, there’s a small brown box on his welcome mat that he eagerly picks up. It’s too small to be clothing. Is it…jewelry of some sort? Did Jensen buy him a watch or something? Because that’s a nice present, and Jared isn’t sure what he did to deserve it. The return address is to some company whose name gives nothing away, and Jared gets inside as fast as he can to tear it open.

One torn box and a few layers of plastic wraping later, Jared is staring at his present, mouth open and mind fuzzy.

It’s a cock ring.

Jensen bought him a cock ring. And he wants him to wear it tonight.

It only takes about thirty seconds for the shock to wear off and the excitement to settle in, deep and hot in his gut. He wants to text Jensen, but resists the urge, knowing it’ll be better if he doesn’t, if he just shows up and lets Jensen do whatever he has planned.

Since he has a couple of hours to kill, he takes his time in the shower, making sure he’s clean, thinking about touching himself, then thinking about Jensen touching him, then turning the water cold until he calms down. Jensen probably wants him a little needy. No touching himself before the date.

When he’s out of the shower and toweled off, he gets the cock ring and goes to the full length mirror in his bedroom. He looks at it again, slides his fingers over the leather, and takes in the two metal studs that are actually snaps. It’s pretty basic, not at all intimidating, but Jared’s never worn one before. He’s breathing hard just looking at it.

Holy shit, the leather feels good on his dick, and he barely has to touch himself to get hard before he snaps it into place at the base of his cock, right above his balls. It’s a strange pressure, a burning restraint he can already feel as his cock flushes a little more. It’s all right there, the sensation, the normal need and instinct to give in, but it’s not nearly enough. The cock ring is stopping it from being enough, and Jared knows instantly he’ll be begging Jensen to let him come in an embarrassingly short amount of time.

The buzz from his phone startles him. He walks toward the dresser where he left it and ohhh, even walking feels different. He’s used to movement taking some of the intensity of an erection away, letting his body absorb the sensations in other ways, but it doesn’t work while he’s wearing the ring. All of his blood stays right there, hanging hard and heavy between his legs, unable to find any kind of relief.

*Send me a picture when you put it on. I want to see it.*

Jared smirks and goes back to the mirror, where he takes a full body picture, naked and hard with the ring around his dick. He takes another one from his own point of view, looking down, then sends them both.

Jensen doesn’t answer, but Jared didn’t really expect him to.

Jared gets to the restaurant a few minutes early, eagerly looks around and finds Jensen at the bar.

“Hey,” Jensen smiles, like nothing is unusual. “Our table isn’t ready yet. I ordered you a beer.”

Jared sits down and grins, feeling a little shy all of a sudden. “Thanks.”
“How was work?”

Is Jensen really going to act like nothing is going on? Jared’s got his cock trapped in his jeans with his belt to keep his erection from showing, and he knows his cheeks are flushed. And Jensen’s going to ignore it?

“How was work?” Jared says. “Calm compared to what the rest of the week will be. What about you?”

“I interviewed a couple of contractors today, but I didn’t like either of them.”

“I told you I could set you up with the company that did Jack’s. They were great.”

Jensen leans over and brushes his hand against Jared’s thigh. It’s a small touch, but Jared feels it everywhere. “I might take you up on that.”

Fuck.

They talk a little bit more about the brewery and what Jensen plans to do with it. Jared usually loves listening to Jensen talk about work. He’s got a brilliant business mind, and he’s more creative and passionate than most people know. But tonight, Jared can’t care less about Jensen’s job or the brewery expansion. He can’t think straight with all of his blood in his cock instead of his brain.

When their table is ready and they stand up, Jared feels his back stretch awkwardly, realizes he’s been leaning over toward Jensen, practically pressing up against him. Jensen only smirks and follows the host to their booth.

Fucking tease, Jared thinks, still throbbing in his jeans.

The second they’ve ordered, Jensen slides his legs against Jared’s under the table. “I just want you to know,” he says in a low voice, “the pictures you sent me? They got me off in less than a minute.”

A new surge of need sears through Jared and makes him shift uncomfortably as he pictures Jensen, breathing hard and fast as he fists his dick, staring at a picture of Jared’s trapped cock.

“So.” Jensen leans back conversationally, relaxed and open. “Do you want to go see a movie after dinner? Or we could go see a band somewhere.”

Jared lets out a huff of air, fingers digging into his own thighs as he tries to regain some control. “A movie would be good.”

Jensen nods, grins at Jared while he takes another sip of his beer.

By the time they get through dinner and get to the movie theater, Jared’s feeling better. Jensen didn’t tease him anymore, and though his cock is still hard, he’s gotten used to it. Once he really accepted that he wasn’t coming any time soon, his body relaxed a little, and now he’s enjoying the constant heat and pulse between his legs.

Like Jensen can sense that he’s finally calm, he pulls Jared into the bathroom at the theater the second they walk into the lobby, locking the door behind him.

“Let me see.”

Jared isn’t sure what’s hotter, what they are actually doing or Jensen’s tone of voice, all steel and
With shaky hands, Jared edges his zipper down and tilts his hips forward, offering himself to Jensen. Jensen reaches out and pulls his boxer-briefs out, away from his body, and bites his lips as he looks down.

“Jesus, Jay,” he gasps. “So fucking hot.”

His cock twitches and jerks under Jensen’s gaze, begging all on its own without Jared having to see a word. Jensen slowly trails one finger down the length, smearing a drop of precome from the tip down to the leather of the ring.

Jared moans, puts a hand over his mouth to muffle it. “Oh my God,” he groans. “Is this…this is on your list, right?”

Jensen nods. “I wanna wear one myself, too. But not tonight.”

Jared pushes his hips forward, trying to get more of Jensen’s hand touching him, but Jensen pulls up his underwear and zips his jeans. “Come on. We have a movie to watch.”

Fucking hell.

Jared lets Jensen leave the bathroom first, watches Jensen’s ass in his tight jeans as he walks.

“Get it together,” he whispers to himself, smiling a little at how far gone he is right now. He splashes a little cold water on his face before he follows Jensen out, grateful for the darkness of the theater they enter. He’s certain that anyone who looks at him will see what a wreck he is.

They settle into the backseat, away from anyone else, where the horny teenagers usually sit, and Jared knows Jensen picked this movie just because it’s been out for a few weeks and there aren’t many people seeing it tonight. Which is a good thing. Jared can’t really hide his erection while he’s sitting down, and if there was anyone in the same row as them, Jared’s certain they’d notice.

“I’m gonna die,” he whines, just as the lights go down. “You aren’t supposed to be hard for this long.”

Jensen laughs softly, reaches out to squeeze Jared’s thigh, then rest his palm there. “What’s the commercial say? Four hours? It hasn’t been four hours yet. Don’t worry.”

“Oh my God, you’re the worst,” Jared says, leaning over so that his shoulder and arm are pressed against Jensen’s over the armrest.

“You love it.”

I love you, Jared thinks, but just grins and scoots down a little, forcing Jensen’s hand higher on his thigh.

Halfway through the movie, Jared tries to figure out what the actors are doing. He has absolutely no idea what’s going on, and even when he tries to listen to what the people are saying, he doesn’t really hear it. The whole world has narrowed down to Jensen’s fingers, slowly moving back and forth on his thigh, tracing some random pattern, and never once doing anything more than that.

It’s driving Jared fucking crazy.

“Will you just touch me?” he finally hisses. “That, or move to a different row and leave me alone.”
Jensen leans in, brushes his lips over Jared’s ear as he noses underneath his hair. “You don’t really want me to move.” His hand moves just a tiny bit higher, fingers still circling slowly, brushing against the side of Jared’s dick now. “Do you?”

“No,” Jared says. “You know I don’t.”

Jensen’s tongue runs up and down the shell of Jared’s ear, traces the lobe, lips and teeth catching to bite and suck. It goes straight to his cock, and Jared stifles a moan, swallows it down and clenches his hands into fists.

He needs to come. If Jensen took the ring off and gave him just a couple good strokes, he’d come all over himself right here in the theater and be grateful for it. But Jensen seems content to just keep sucking on his ear, hand on his cock without actually giving him any promise of relief.

Ten minutes later, not only does Jared not have a clue what the movie is about, he’s forgotten which actors are even in it, and he can’t focus on their faces long enough to figure it out.

Jensen’s hand is palming him through his jeans now, carefully keeping an eye on the rest of the theater, making sure no one glances back, not that they would see much if they did. Jared is glad that one of them can pay attention, because it’s taking all of his energy to stay quiet and still. He’s squirming as little as possible, sweat running down his face now, cock so hard it almost hurts, but fuck he doesn’t want Jensen to stop, wants him to keep going until he’s begging.

And the begging starts as soon as the lights come back on and they have to stand up.

“Take me home,” Jared whispers, pushing his body against Jensen’s back as Jensen shuffles out of the aisle. “Take me home and fuck me.”

Jensen smirks. “Oh, I plan on it.”

It takes way too long to drop Jared’s car off at his apartment and then drive together to Jensen’s house, but Jensen insists, probably just to drag it out even more. Jared’s shaky and breathing hard and he can’t stay still. He drags one of Jensen’s hands from the steering wheel and sucks at his fingers, begs Jensen to jack him off while they drive, lets every dirty thought he’s having pour out of his mouth because he’s just so close, so fucking wound up that everything feels like the edge of an orgasm he just can’t get to.

“How are you not dying, too?” Jared asks. “Don’t you want to fuck me?”

Jensen glances over for just a second, and Jared sees it there in Jensen’s eyes, the dark hunger that makes Jared want to strip down and get on his hands and knees if only they weren’t in a car. “You have no idea.”

Jared manages not to combust, and they make it to Jensen’s, practically run inside and straight to the bedroom, Jared tearing off his clothes as he goes. Just like he wanted to in the car, he gets on the bed on his hands and knees, not an ounce of modesty or shame as he silently begs.

“Shit.” He can hear the rustle of clothes as Jensen undresses, and then Jensen’s hands are everywhere, running down his back in the dip of his spine, up the backs of his legs, over his ass.

“God, you’re perfect,” Jensen says, crawling up on the bed and pressing in behind Jared. Slick
sounds of Jensen lubing himself up, and then he’s nudging Jared. “Can I?”

“Fuck, yes, Jensen…need it, please…”

Jared needs to be opened up, he’s too tight, but he doesn’t care. And he doesn’t think he can handle anymore foreplay. Jensen goes slow, drizzling more lube over Jared’s hole as he slides in inch by inch, forcing Jared open on his cock. It stings so good, a delicious sharp burn that makes Jared wince and groan at the same time, and his cock surges forward, tries once again to come, and once again just throbs and pulses instead.

“Harder,” Jared demands. “Just do it.”

Jensen keeps inching forward slowly, letting Jared’s body adjust.

“Jensen, come on. Just fuck me.”

Jared pushes his hips back, clenches around Jensen in an effort to pull him deeper, and that’s all it takes. Jensen slaps his hands down on Jared’s hips, digs his fingers in, and drives home in one push, bottoming out as he folds himself over Jared’s body.

“Fuuuuuck,” he groans, breath hot on the back of Jared’s neck. “So goddamn tight.”

“Loosen me up,” Jared huffs, breath ragged as he claws at the sheets. “Want you to tear me up, Jensen.”

Finally, finally, Jensen is ready to give Jared what he wants. What he needs. He pushes himself up to his knees, adjusts his grip to hold Jared even tighter, then pounds into him.

He’s merciless. One hand digs into Jared’s waist, the other sinks into his hair and pulls his head back. Jensen’s hip bones hit Jared’s ass with every thrust, hard enough to bruise as he splits Jared open, slams into him so hard that Jared’s body jerks up the bed over and over, only to be held back by Jensen so he can do it again. It’s deep and brutal, and Jared is so fucking full, everything he’s wanted all night.

And he still can’t come.

Somehow, Jensen makes it last, grunts and groans and holds back his own orgasm to keep fucking into Jared, knowing Jared’s useless beneath him, that he can’t come until he’s allowed.

Jared’s going to die.

Jensen’s going to kill him.

Jensen keeps going until Jared stops making sounds, until his arms and legs give and he’s flat on his stomach, until all he can do is lie there and take it.

“You ready to come?” Jensen asks, and the words cut through Jared’s haze, make him start trembling harder.

He can’t answer, so he forces his ass up enough that Jensen can get a hand beneath him, rhythm faltering as he slams into Jared one last time before pulling at the snaps on the cock ring.

The very second it’s gone, Jared comes.

The orgasm rips through him, bone-jarring and violent tremors surging through his whole body. Without being touched at all, he pulses so hard his whole body moves with it, muscles convulsing
with every spasm as his vision goes dark. He gasps, and when his lungs are finally full of air, he feels himself scream, all of the pent up energy crashing out of him in the most intense orgasm he can remember having.

And then he collapses.

Jensen keeps fucking him, pounds into his ass a few more times until he comes too, biting into Jared’s shoulder and grunting his name like it’s a prayer.

When Jared finally starts to think real thoughts again, he’s still under Jensen, held down by his weight as Jensen kisses all over his neck, up and down his shoulder blades. “You okay?” he whispers, and the heat of his breath sends one last big shiver through Jared’s body.

“Okay isn’t the right word. They don’t have a word big enough for how good I am.” It takes all of his energy to say that, and he only grunts a little when Jensen rolls off of him.

They should get up and shower, or clean up at the very least, but Jared can’t be bothered to move a muscle, and Jensen doesn’t seem inclined to move very far away either. He pulls a sheet over them and rubs Jared’s back soothingly, body pressed against Jared’s side.

Jared lies there, soaking up the moment and how fucking good he feels.

He thinks Jensen might have said something, but he’s already slipping into a deep sleep, too far gone to ask.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Jensen hangs out at the bar while Jared works, and the night turns more eventful than they planned.

There are only three or four parts left, depending on how long one of the final kink chapters becomes. This has been such a wild ride, and I'm so excited for you guys to see how it ends! XOXO

Chapter Notes

Warning: blow jobs, the boys actually communicate

Jared wakes up sticky, both from the come that’s dried on his body, and the heat of Jensen sleeping almost completely on top of him. It pulls a disgruntled groan out of him as he stretches and rolls to his side.

Jensen blearily opens his eyes, then shuts them again, leaning forward to kiss Jared and snuggle right back down to sleep.

“Wake up,” Jared whispers, smiling.

Jensen grunts, but there’s a question mark at the end to signal that he’s asking why?

“Because I’m awake.”

“You’re a child,” he says, but he slides his hands up Jared’s back and kisses him again, long and slow this time.

It feels so good to just lie here, too worn out from last night to do more than kiss, warm and sleepy.

“Take off work and stay here in bed,” Jared murmurs. “I’ll even let you go back to sleep for a while.”

Jensen squeezes his fingers into Jared’s skin and moans. “You’re killing me. But I really can’t.”

Jared fakes a huge, dramatic sigh. “Fine. You wanna come to the bar when you get off then? I’m working tonight, but the band is really good. We can give Ryan some more reasons to make fun of us.”

“Sure. I gotta get in the shower now, though.”

Jared protests, starting a playful wrestling match that ends with both of them laughing, half-falling out of the bed when they finally get up.
While Jensen showers, Jared pads to his kitchen and starts a pot of coffee, then fries some bacon and scrambles some eggs, adding a little cheese to them before setting the counter with plates and two mugs.

Jensen sneaks up behind him and drops his chin on Jared’s shoulder as he’s scooping the eggs onto their plates. “Mmm, thank you. I could get used to mornings like this.”

“Me too.”

“And last night?” Jensen says quietly, grip tightening on Jared like he’s a little nervous. “Was that okay?”

Jared carefully sets the skillet down and faces Jensen, cups his face in both hands. “Last night was amazing. Are you okay?”

“With last night? Fuck yes.”

Jared grins. “With everything. You haven’t said much about your parents since we got back, which is fine. I just wanna check in.”

Jensen pulls Jared’s hands from his face and looks down at the floor, but he softens the blow by lacing their fingers together between their bodies. “I dunno. Part of me is happy that I told them, and happy that we aren’t hiding. I just. My dad’s never gonna be okay with this.”

“Not right away. But maybe you should give him some time.”

Jensen swallows, jaw clenching, and Jared can tell that he doesn’t want to talk about this.

“Oh then,” Jared says brightly. “Let’s eat before it gets cold.”

“Jay?”

“Yeah?” Jared sits down at the counter on the high stool, folds a piece of bacon into his mouth.

“I’m sorry I can’t talk about this stuff. It’s not that I don’t want to. I just, uh. I guess I got used to keeping stuff to myself.”

Jared chews and swallows, caught off guard. “It’s okay,” he says softly.

“No, it isn’t. And I’m not just talking about stuff with my dad.” He shifts his weight, grabs his coffee mug but doesn’t fill it, then sets it back down again. “Since you and I got together… actually, before that. Since you and I started having sex, there’s a lot of stuff I’ve dealt with that I haven’t talked about.”

“Like what?”

“Like finally admitting to myself I’m bisexual and being okay with that. Deciding that was important enough, and that you were important enough, for me to risk my parents disowning me. I feel like my life turned into a whole different one over the past few months. That I’m totally different now.”

“And?” There’s so much Jared wants to say, so much he wants to ask, but he wants Jensen to keep talking, wants him to get it all out.

“And I’m sorry that I didn’t let you see all of it. But it’s getting easier. You make it easier.” He clears his throat as if to say that’s it, I’m done, and Jared reaches out, grabs Jensen’s hips and pulls
him to stand between his legs.

“You know, I’ve changed too,” Jared says, voice a tiny bit shaky because he’s feeling suddenly shy.

“Yeah?”

“My life and the bar... I’m not a very calm person,” he smirks. “My mind never shuts up and I have too much energy. It’s fucking exhausting.”

Jensen laughs a little, runs his hand over Jared’s forearm.

Jared takes a deep breath and lets the words spill out. “But you’re so steady. Like the world isn’t so fragile and ready to crumble when you’re around. I feel kind of still when I’m with you.”

Jensen’s next breath is shuddery, whole body leaning into Jared’s, foreheads pressed together.

IloveyouIloveyouIloveyou

It’s more than Jared can stand to feel, and he’s sure Jensen can feel his heart slamming.

“Seriously,” he says then. “Breakfast. I do have one more question for you, though.”

“Yeah?”

“Last night with the cock ring. A few weeks ago with the edging. Have you always been such a kinky fucker? Or is that a new thing?”

Jensen laughs and leans over to plant a wet kiss on Jared’s cheek. “I guess you just do things to me.”

********

“And how are you enjoying your evening?” Jared says formally. “Anything I can get for you?”

Jensen grins up from his table, closer to the bar than the stage. “Have you ever spoken that seriously to any of your customers?”

“No,” Jared laughs. “But I’ll still get you another drink if you want one.”

“I’m good. And you were right about the band. They were great.”

Ryan slides a chair out and plops down next to Jensen, grabbing his drink and swallowing what’s left of it, sweat dripping down his face and a rag thrown over his shoulder. “How would you know? You haven’t paid attention to anything but our fearless leader all night.”

“I don’t know what you’re more jealous of,” Jared teases. “That I’m hotter than you or that I get out of wiping down tables when I’m running the floor.”

Ryan rolls his eyes, but a huge noise makes it impossible to hear his retort. Jared glances toward the stage, then is moving instantly, long legs carrying him across the room in just a few steps to pull apart the sudden fight happening right next to the front tables.
A few other men are already there, stopping the two guys who are tangled together, throwing punches that connect with a dull thud that makes Jared cringe a little. He instantly grabs what he can, hooks his arms under the shoulders of one of the men and pulls.

The guy whips around and out of Jared’s grasp, fist out, hitting Jared’s jaw before he can process what’s happening. The pain takes a second to register, and Jared’s so stunned that he doesn’t respond, just stumbles back a step.

Jensen’s there, out of nowhere, jumping in front of Jared and slamming into the man, arms wrapping around the guys waist as Jensen shoulders him almost off his feet before slamming him down to the ground.

Jared reacts on instinct then, pulls Jensen away and behind him, feels his presence right at his back, an instinct to stay that close.

Ryan’s already on the phone, undoubtedly with the police, and the other man is calmer now, standing by the bar and breathing heavily, glaring at the man sprawled out at Jared and Jensen’s feet.

“You’re lucky I won’t press charges,” Jared says. “Once the police get here and get your name, I don’t want you in my bar again.”

The man snorts and starts to stand up. “Like I’d want to come back. At least I know how to throw a punch. I don’t need my boyfriend to protect me.”

It’s not so much the words, but the sneer behind them. Jared’s vision turns red and he lunges without thinking, stopping only when he’s yanked back by Jensen, Ryan running over to push at his chest and get him back to his office.

“Stay here,” Ryan orders. “I’ll take care of all of this.”

Jared’s shaking, too much adrenaline rushing through him, his temper snapped, blood roaring in his ears. Jensen says something, but Jared can’t hear it, can only see that asshole and the hateful way he looked at Jensen when he said boyfriend.

So Jensen shuts and locks the office door, then gently brushes Jared’s hair back out of his face, trails his fingers down Jared’s stinging jaw. “Are you okay?”

“Fine.”

“Do you need some ice or-“

“I’m fine,” Jared says again, anger still pulsing through him. He takes a few deep breaths. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Jensen says, voice tight. He’s still angry, too. “I haven’t been in a fight in years.”

“It doesn’t happen very often here,” Jared tells him. “But that guy was a real asshole.”

“He hit you.” There’s something cold and dangerous in Jensen’s voice, and it finally pierces through the haze of Jared’s anger.

“I’m really fine. Just a bruise.”

“I wanted to hurt him,” Jensen says, still calm in a way that sends a shiver down Jared’s spine. His
hands slide down to Jared’s hips and squeeze. “Wanted to kill him for touching you.”

“I didn’t know you were so protective.” Jared smiles, trying to lighten the mood, but Jensen doesn’t smile back.

Instead, he drops to his knees and unzips Jared’s jeans, pulls his cock out and swallows it down.

All the anger and energy, all the burning heat inside of Jared, travels south. His cock swells in Jensen’s mouth, hits the back of his throat, but Jensen takes it, leans forward until his nose is pressed against Jared’s lower stomach and Jared’s hard cock is down his throat.

“Jesus Christ,” Jared hisses, body confused, unsure of how to handle the overload of chemicals.

Jensen bobs his head, sucking hard, like he can pull all the anger out of Jared, or like he can work hard enough to get all the anger out of himself. His fingers are greedy, digging into Jared’s hips and ass, possessively pulling him closer like he needs to assure himself that Jared’s fine.

Jared grabs Jensen’s hair and watches, watches those lips stretch around his cock, watches the string of spit when Jensen pulls away just to lick the full length of it before sucking at him again. It’s too hot, desperate and needy and like Jensen really fucking wants Jared’s cock stuffed as far down his throat as he can get it.

One hand leaves Jared’s hip to play with his balls while Jensen’s tongue does something magical to the head of his dick, and Jared surprises both of them when he comes right then, a strangled noise choking out of him as he struggles not to fall down.

It’s like all the tension and anger in him shoots out with each pulse in Jensen’s mouth, and when he’s done shaking, he just feels dizzy, a little high like he’s floating, like his mind can’t quite focus on any one thing.

Jensen stands up and kisses him hard, tongues rubbing together so Jared can taste himself there.

“You should probably get back out there. The police will be here soon.”

Jared knows Ryan and the rest of the staff can handle the crowd, that everyone has probably already gone back to their drinks by now. He really wishes he didn’t have to leave this office to talk to the cops. “Yeah. Are you sure you’re okay, though? That was, uh. And I didn’t get to-“

“I’m good. And I promise you can do whatever you want to me when we get back to your apartment. I just…” Jensen smiles like he’s embarrassed. “I just wanted to touch you. Got carried away.”

Jared laughs, big and loud as it bubbles out of his chest. He can’t help it. “A fight? Really? A fight got you that turned on.”

Jensen shrugs. “Not the fight. I just got mad, and he hit you…I just wanted to touch you.”

Jared laughs harder.

“What’s so funny?” Jensen’s voice is irritated, but his eyes are crinkling up around the corners as he tries to hold back his own smile.

“I almost put angry sex on my list.”

“You did not,” Jensen laughs, finally breaking.
“I did. It’s always really hot. But then I thought, well, we’d have to be in a fight to have angry sex, and I didn’t know how to plan that. And I also didn’t want to fight with you, so I left it off. But it looks like I got my angry sex anyway.”

Jensen gives him a stern look and forces his voice lower. “I’ll try to stay angry until we get home.”

Jared rolls his eyes and smacks Jensen on the ass before he fixes his pants and leaves the office.

“You do that,” he calls over his shoulder.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Jared wants to try a kink they didn’t quite get to the last time they tried.

(Only two more chapters left!)

Chapter Notes

Warning: top!Jared, blow job, rimming, anal sex, filming themselves having sex

“I want to film us.”

Jared drops the words as soon as he gets back to his apartment. It’s late, well after midnight, and he smells like the bar, but he doesn’t care. Jensen’s sprawled out on his couch, waiting for him to get home, looking at him like that was the last thing he expected him to say.

“Right now?”

Jared shrugs. “If you want. Or some other time. I was just thinking about it tonight. We never...we never did.”

Jensen’s face darkens just a little, remembering the fight they had when he brought this up before. It feels like a million years ago to Jared. “You’re sure?”

Jared drops his keys on the coffee table and lowers himself onto Jensen’s lap, not taking off his jacket or his shoes. Jensen slides his hands underneath the layers to get to the skin on Jared’s back and run his hands up, fingers playing at the dip of Jared’s spine. But he still looks concerned.

“I’m sure,” Jared assures him. “Remember what you said to me? That you wanted to know that the camera was watching? Seeing everything? I want that.”

Jensen’s lips part and a breath rushes out when Jared runs his hands down that broad chest.

“And then I want us to watch it. I want to see it that way.”

Jensen nods. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Okay,” Jensen says again, smiling this time and kneading Jared’s back.

They grin at each other, and that’s it. Jared’s gone, lost in Jensen, suddenly not remotely tired from his shift at the bar. All he can think about is getting back to the bedroom.

Jensen practically races him there when he gets up, dropping his jacket in the hallway, kicking off
his shoes, laughing when he stumbles over them as Jensen grabs his hand and pulls him into the room.

“Wait,” Jensen says, stopping Jared from pulling off his shirt. “We aren’t filming yet.”

Jared watches as Jensen grabs his own laptop that has spent all week on Jared’s dresser, opens it up and turns the camera on, positioning it to get a good view of the bed.

He starts recording, and Jared feels a thrill shoot up his spine. Whatever they are about to do, they’ll have a record of it. A permanent one, if they want it.

The whole room feels a little warmer, and Jared’s breathing a little faster when he sits down on the bed. “Come here.”

Jensen smirks and walks forward, hips loose and swinging, not stopping until he’s almost touching Jared’s knees with his legs.

“Take off your clothes,” Jared breathes. He meant to sound hot and in charge, and while it is a command, and Jensen immediately obeys, Jared’s tone is too airy.

Jensen pulls his t-shirt over his head, shrugs out of the sweatpants he’s been lounging in, and Jared can’t wait to watch the video, to see this from behind, to watch Jensen’s ass and back as the muscles ripple with his movements.

Jared reaches out and pulls Jensen down, rolls him to his back and hovers over him, making sure the laptop can see everything they’re doing.

All day long, he’s planned exactly this moment. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, how dirty he wanted to get, how hard he was gonna fuck Jensen. He had a perfect image in his mind of Jensen riding him, leaning back and letting his hips pump up and down as he straddled Jared’s hips, sinking down on Jared’s cock over and over again. He could even hear the whimpering sounds Jensen was going to make when he pinched his nipples, spanked his ass to make him fuck down onto Jared’s dick faster.

But now that he’s here, now that he’s got Jensen naked, pliant and loose beneath him and smiling like he’d let Jared do whatever the fuck he wanted, all he wants to do is kiss him.

So that’s what he does. He leans down and brushes his lips against Jensen’s once, then settles in for a deep, long kiss, one with slow tongues that dance together until they’re both panting, Jared’s hands grabbing Jensen’s face to keep him right there just a little longer.

“You still have your clothes on,” Jensen whispers, a teasing lilt in his voice that’s so fucking soft Jared wants to wrap it around himself.

Slowly, just like Jensen did, Jared stands up and takes off his clothes piece by piece, Jensen and the camera seeing the whole thing. Jared watches as Jensen looks at him, licks his lips and lets everything he’s thinking show in his expression. It’s the way Jensen always looks at him when they’re like this, and Jared will never get used to it. And now it’s permanently recorded.

When he gets back on the bed, Jensen immediately spreads his legs in invitation, pulls Jared between them and wiggles lower beneath him, sweet and warm and soft, maybe a little shy, and Jared shudders as he plants his arms on either side of Jensen’s head to kiss him one more time.

“I’m gonna make you feel so good,” he murmurs, right onto those pretty pink lips, quiet enough that the camera might not have heard, but that isn’t important.
“You always do,” Jensen breathes, still so relaxed, so fucking soft.

Jared closes his eyes for a minute to compose himself, then kisses his way down Jensen’s neck, sucking gently here and there, trailing his fingers everywhere his mouth can’t reach. He moves down, trailing the kisses over Jensen’s chest, tongue curling around each nipple before trailing down to his bellybutton. Jensen arches into every touch, every kiss, molds his body to Jared’s and gives as much as he takes, gives Jared every sigh and shiver that he’s trying to pull out of him.

By the time Jared gets to Jensen’s cock, hard and leaking onto his stomach, Jensen is flushed, sweat breaking on his skin, but he’s still watching with hooded eyes. Peaceful eyes.

Jared grins a little before leaning down, letting his tongue flick out and tease the slit of Jensen’s cock, carefully not touching it with his hands. He keeps his mouth warm and wet, not demanding, just languid like he has all the time in the world. And he does.

He kisses and licks, then sucks a little, teasing until he feels Jensen’s whole body tighten a little, breath coming a little faster now because he just can’t help it. It’s only then that Jared lets Jensen’s cock slide all the way into his mouth, rigid and hot against his tongue, bumping against the back of his throat before he seals his lips and sucks, dragging his mouth back up to the tip.

“Fuck,” Jensen whispers, and it’s pure heat, still no rush, just sheer pleasure as he watches Jared.

Jensen reaches out and brushes Jared’s hair back from his face, runs his fingers down Jared’s cheek until he tilts his head, giving the camera a good view.

“Hang on,” Jensen huffs. “My...my phone.”

“What?”

“Get my phone. It’s in the pocket of my pants.”

It’s the worst thing to pull away, even just for the few seconds it takes to find Jensen’s phone and hand it over. He goes right back to where he was before, mouth hovering over Jensen’s cock, ignoring when Jensen positions his phone, obviously recording what Jared’s doing from a closer angle.

That’s all the incentive Jared needs to put on a show. He gives Jensen the best blow job he has in himself to give, sucking and kissing, licking at his balls, looking at the phone and letting everything he’s feeling show on his face, letting both cameras see just how fucking much he loves Jensen’s cock in his mouth.

“Gonna make me come,” Jensen warns, not sounding too much like he would mind.

But Jared has bigger plans.

He drops from Jensen’s cock down to his hole, pushes Jensen’s thighs up over his shoulders and smiles against his skin when he hears the phone drop to the bed.

The laptop can’t see his face anymore, and it’s Jensen’s turn to give the camera something worth looking at. Jared makes sure he does, thrusting his tongue into Jensen’s hole with no preamble, fucking him open with it. Jensen writhes and twitches, arches and grabs at Jared’s hair, curls his toes into Jared’s back. It occurs to Jared that he’ll finally get to see this, to see what Jensen looks like when Jared’s buried between his ass cheeks. That thought makes him slide his hips against the bed a little, just to get some friction on his own erection.
“Jared…” Jensen finally says, just when Jared’s starting to lose feeling in his lips.

That’s what Jared was waiting for. He climbs back up the bed and slides Jensen over so he can lie down on his back. “Get the lube.”

Jensen nods, looking a little dazed and so fucking sexy, grabs the small bottle from the nightstand. Jared makes no move to take it from him, and he watches along with the camera as Jensen pours some in his hand.

The first touch is all cool, wet fire as Jensen wraps a hand around him, strokes gently, slicking him up. Jared bites his lip and forces his body to relax, to settle into the bed and breathe through Jensen’s touches, letting his body absorb every single sensation.

Jensen straddles his lap and Jared remembers his fantasies from earlier that night, but this isn’t them. This isn’t Jensen, strung out and desperate, bouncing on his cock.

This is better.

This is Jensen, focused and present, paying attention to every detail as he slowly sinks down on Jared. This is Jensen looking at him, really seeing him, leaning down to kiss him every now and then as their bodies connect.

Jensen rolls his hips and flattens his hands on Jared’s chest, controls his movements so he can clench around Jared with every thrust. It’s so, so good, so easy and natural.

Jared has fantasized all day about making a porn with Jensen. But as Jensen slides up and down, it’s nothing close to porn.

It’s just them.

There’s no holding back when Jensen reaches for his hands and laces their fingers together, picking up speed as he rides him, deep and grinding until Jared’s sweating and grunting back louder, embarrassing noises. Jensen never breaks their eye contact, not even when he makes Jared come, especially not when he makes Jared come, sinking down to completely envelop him in tight heat, muscles clenching and pulling out every drop of come Jared has to give. He grabs his own cock then, Jared watching through his orgasm haze as Jensen thrusts a few more times, pushing himself down on Jared’s dick and squeezing his cock until he’s coming too, emptying himself on Jared’s stomach.

They reach for each other at the same time, meeting in a sloppy, tired kiss, not caring about the sticky mess between them. They kiss until they’re soft again, until Jared’s cock slips out of Jensen’s ass, until they’re too tired to do much more but rest their lips together anyway.

Without a word, Jared forces himself out of bed long enough to stop the video and save the file, grab a towel from the clothes basket in the corner to wipe himself down, then get back in bed.

Jensen’s eyes are already closed, so Jared quickly wipes him off the best he can, then turns off the lamp, tangling their bodies together under the blanket.

Neither of them speak. There isn’t anything to say that wouldn’t sound way too cheesy or way too intense.

So they hold onto one another, and sleep.
The next morning, Jared wakes up alone. He pulls on yesterday’s boxers and pads to the living room, stopping mid-yawn when he sees Jensen. He’s wearing his own underwear, but the t-shirt is Jared’s, a little too long, rumpled from its night in the floor. He’s holding a cup of coffee, sitting at the counter that separates the living room from the kitchen, reading something on his phone and looking very much like he belongs there, like it’s his space, too.

“Mornin’,” he says. “Here.”

There’s already an empty mug waiting, and Jensen reaches over the counter and grabs the coffee pot, pours Jared a mug and dumps in just the right amount of creamer.

Jared says nothing, just walks over and sits, takes a sip.

“I just bought us tickets to that concert you were telling me about. I couldn’t bring myself to go for the general admission pit, but our seats are still pretty good.”

Jared’s sleepy, still feeling quiet and oddly still after last night.

But the words are firm and steady when he looks at Jensen over his coffee, waits until Jensen’s looking back at him.

“I love you.”
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Jared said I love you. What next?

The next chapter is the last! Thank you so much for sticking with me this long!

Chapter Notes

Warning: top!Jensen, tooth-rotting squishy fluff, rimming, anal sex

“I love you.”

The words come out easily. All of the times he’s wanted to say it, all of the intense moments they’ve shared, all of the life-altering sex, all of the times they’ve supported each other or vocalized their commitment, and he couldn’t say it. It didn’t feel like the right time.

But here, over coffee in their underwear, as Jensen scrolls through his phone still half-asleep, the words come out like he’s been saying them all along. Unapologetic. Unafraid.

Jensen freezes, then sets his phone down, eyes still on Jared’s.

“Don’t say anything,” Jared says then. “I don’t want you to feel like you have to. I didn’t say it for that. Just…I do. Love you. And I wanted to say it.”

Jensen looks stunned, but his eyes are warm and soft as he turns his stool and leans forward, presses his forehead against Jared’s.

Jared keeps talking, whispering now against Jensen’s lips. “I’ve loved you for a long time. Maybe longer than I even realize.”

Jensen kisses him, and it’s like the first time all over again. It feels new and intentional, careful so that their lips slot together in exactly the right way, pushing out slow to make it last, like they’re trying to create a memory, like their lips know this is a big moment and they’re going to remember it.

Jensen’s tongue is the first to slip out, soft and undemanding as it finds its way between Jared’s lips.

Jared could stay right here, doing just this, forever. His hands slide over to run up Jensen’s thighs. Jensen holds his face and kisses him harder.

Yeah. Forever would be nice.

Eventually, Jensen pulls away to take a breath, and Jared pants against his shoulder, lips tingling, heart racing.
“I have to get ready for work,” Jensen says, sounding legitimately distraught about it.

Jared nods, steals one more kiss that leaves Jensen smiling. “I know. And I work tonight. But I’ll come to your house when I get off.”

“You better.” Jensen grabs Jared’s hand and squeezes it, kisses the palm and sighs against it before he gets up and heads to the bathroom.

Jared’s floating all damn day. He can’t stop smiling, can’t stop bouncing around from one task to the next, can’t stop humming, can’t stop thinking about Jensen. He replays the morning over and over in his mind, every detail, every line of Jensen’s face.

Somehow, maybe because he’s spent so much time daydreaming, the day passes quickly, and he’s on his way to Jensen’s house in what seems like no time at all.

Jensen greets him at the door, pulling him into a kiss that lasts as they stumble their way into the bedroom, hands everywhere.

“Not that I don’t enjoy this welcome, but let me take off my shoes, at least,” Jared laughs.

Jensen grins back at him, hair mussed where he’s obviously been lying down, sweatpants soft and inviting. As Jared undresses, strips down to his underwear since it’s late and they’re just going to bed anyway, Jensen grabs his laptop and plops down on the bed.

“You wanna watch it?” he asks.

In his happy love-drunk haze, Jared had almost forgotten about the night before and the film they’d made. His body reacts as fast as his brain when he remembers, cock twitching as he nods and sits down by Jensen.

With the video pulled up, Jensen pushes play and sits back, making room for Jared to sit between his outstretched legs, his back to Jensen’s solid, warm chest. Jensen wraps his arms around him, presses a kiss to his neck, then rests his chin on Jared’s shoulder to watch.

It feels a little silly at first, awkward and self-conscious. But only a few seconds in, when Jensen undresses himself for Jared, it’s only hot. Jared watches and sees Jensen’s naked body from behind, just like he wanted to, miles of skin and muscle, thick, bowed thighs, that perfect ass…

“Fuck,” he breathes, already shifting his hips a little.

Jensen’s hands start wandering as they watch, down Jared’s bare chest to play over his nipples, to brush back and forth to his bellybutton and back.

“Oh my God, your mouth,” Jensen whispers, when Jared is giving him an on-screen blowjob.

“You can’t even see my mouth that well,” Jared says.

Jensen runs his thumb over Jared’s lips, sighing when Jared licks at sucks at it. “I remember it well,” he insists.

They continue to watch in silence, rubbing their bodies together every now and then, Jared turning his head to kiss Jensen once. He expected this to be naughty, for them to imitate what they were watching on screen, or for them to talk dirty about how hot it looked.

But this…this is more than just hot. It’s all the naughty things he wanted, of course, and he’s
throbbing at the sight of himself rimming Jensen, of Jensen sweating and clenching his jaw. Jared’s never seen the exact expression on Jensen’s face when he does this, has never known how he squeezes his eyes shut and how his mouth stays open the whole time, like he wants to constantly moan.

But he’s seeing more than just the good sex now.

He’s seeing how he chases Jensen’s moans without even thinking about it, how every move he makes is to make Jensen feel good, how desperate he is to give Jensen everything he wants and deserves. He’s seeing how Jensen’s hands are constantly reaching for him. Even when they get distracted and don’t quite make it, it’s never more than a few seconds before Jensen is touching his hair or squeezing his hands. He’s seeing how they look like they’re dancing, synchronized movements like their bodies are talking to each other even when their mouths aren’t.

Jared watches the laptop, the part where they separate for Jensen to get the lube, and Jensen sneaks a hand down Jared’s boxers, wraps it around him at the same time he lubes him up on screen.

Jared can barely breathe. Jensen strokes him slow, watching the video, keeping his hand moving at the same rhythm as his body. Every time his hips thrust in the video, fucking down on Jared’s cock, his hand does the same, moving up and down, and Jared can feel the heat of Jensen’s ass in the heat of his fingers, can remember every slick slide as Jensen rode him.

God, he’s beautiful, tight arches of his muscles as he works himself open on Jared’s dick. Jared watches hungrily, appreciating angles he’s never seen before.

“Look at you,” Jensen murmurs against his ear, hand still moving at just the right speed.

It occurs to Jared then that Jensen’s looking at him while they watch. He watches himself too, just for a moment, and sees how possessive he looks, how he’s staring at Jensen on his cock and practically growling a claim.

“Look at you,” Jared counters, not sure he can stand to watch himself that way, laid open and bare and letting anyone who might be watching every sacred feeling he has for Jensen.

Jensen’s hand speeds up, and he makes Jared come in time with himself in the video, makes him make a mess of his boxers as he makes a mess of Jensen’s ass, moans echoing the very same moans, and oh God, it’s so fucking hot, so intense that Jared shakes all the way through watching the recording of Jensen coming, shakes until the video is over.

Jensen holds him through all of it, his own cock hard and burning against Jared’s lower back.

The second the video ends, Jensen is moving them, sliding out from behind Jared and pushing him down to his back, covering Jared with his own perfectly heavy body.

“That? That was incredible.” He leans down and kisses Jared with his eyes open, swallowing Jared’s contented sigh.

He brushes Jared’s hair back, looks down at him with the softest eyes. “I love you too, you know. I didn’t say it this morning because you asked me not to. But I do. So damn much.”

Jared’s chest wants to burst, but he manages to just wrap his arms around Jensen and squeeze instead.

“And not just because of that video, or anything else we do like that. I love you, Jared. I didn’t mean to. But I do. And it’s probably the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”
Jared runs his hands up Jensen’s back, underneath the t-shirt, pushing it up until it’s caught around Jen sen’s neck and he has to lean up and take it off. He wiggles the hem of Jensen’s sweatpants until he gets the idea and rolls away, freeing Jared to get rid of his sticky boxers, too.

And then it’s just skin between them.

Jared gets as close as he can, every inch of him touching some part of Jensen, legs and arms tangling and encircling, hips fitting together, mouths finding each other.

Jensen eventually breaks free and pushes Jared until he rolls over, so that Jensen can get to his back, press feather-light kisses down the dip of his spine, sucking just enough for Jared to shiver with it.

And then he’s pushing Jared’s legs apart just enough to get his tongue against his hole, flat and wet and still gentle, not demanding anything other than for Jared to enjoy the sensation. He works Jared into a sweat as slow as he can, not because he’s teasing, but just because he wants to stay there. Jared can feel the praise in his tongue as it thrusts in and out, can feel the love in his hands as they glide over his hips, holding him still, pulling him closer. Jensen keeps his mouth there until Jared’s cock is twitching against the bed, slowly getting hard all over again.

“Jensen, c’mere,” he finally pants, knowing he can’t take much more before it kills him.

Jensen grabs the lube and gets right where he belongs, chest against Jared’s as he hovers over him. Jared lets his legs rub against Jensen’s on the bed, only pulling them up when Jensen taps his knee.

It doesn’t take long for Jensen to work him open with slick fingers that press against his prostate with every movement, and then it’s his cock, pushing and sliding inside, filling Jared up.

It’s a deep, settled grind, more rocking than thrusting, Jensen’s cock rubbing his prostate constantly as he only moves enough to get a little friction. It’s like he can’t stand the thought of pulling out, and Jared grabs his ass, pushes him deeper for the very same reason.

“I love you,” he breathes into Jensen’s mouth, just to hear the words again.

Jensen shudders and drops down on Jared’s body, sliding their hands together.

“I love you,” he murmurs again.

Jensen whimpers at that one, digs his feet in and pushes deeper somehow.

“I love you.” It’s like a chant now, and Jared can’t stop. Jensen drops his head in the crook of Jared’s shoulder and Jared can feel him lose control, can feel him come apart.

Jared gets a hand on his own cock between their bodies and comes a second time, sharp and gasping as Jensen pulses inside of him.

It takes a minute for either of them to have the energy to move. Jensen eventually groans, rolls them to their sides so he can pull Jared close without crushing him.

Jared can feel Jensen’s heart thudding.

“I love you, too,” Jensen says a few minutes later, when his breathing feels more regular.

Jared basks in those words in that voice, lets them soak into his skin like water, like oxygen that makes his whole body relax.
It feels different. Lying here feels permanent now. Like the I love yous carried deep promises with them that they both wanted to make, that they both intend to keep.

Maybe there are things they need to talk about now. Maybe there’s more to this discussion. But Jared can’t think of a single thing that needs to be said. Nothing left to figure out, nothing left to reveal, nothing left that he isn’t completely sure of.

Jared has always loved giving Jensen firsts. That’s why they started this whole thing in the first place.

But Jensen gave him one, too.

This is the first time Jared has ever loved someone and known, without a doubt, that he was going to love him forever.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

The final chapter! I cannot tell you how emotional I am about this, and how much fun I have had sharing this story. Thank you so much for sticking with it, and thank you for reading.

Chapter Notes

Warning: top! Jared, being tied up, body worship

SIX MONTHS LATER

“Dude. You have to move some of these boxes.”

Jared isn’t deterred by the grumpiness in Jensen’s voice. He stretches a little on the bed, barely looks up from his book. “I just moved in. Give me some time to get settled.”

“You moved in two weeks ago. Can you at least stack them in the corner if you aren’t gonna unpack?”

Jared grins. “Yes, sir.”

That takes all the bluster out of Jensen, and he licks his lips, eyes darker and flickering between Jared and the boxes like he can’t decide how he’s feeling now.

“You’re lucky I love you,” he finally huffs, leaning down to give Jared a lingering kiss.

“I really am,” Jared smiles, leaning forward when Jensen pulls away, just to make the kiss last just a little longer. “You all packed for tomorrow?”

“My clothes are in the dryer right now. Are you?”

“Mostly. Nervous?”

Jensen shakes his head. “Not really. I mean, you met them before and the world didn’t explode. And Mom really likes you, you know.”

Jared nods. “I like her, too. And your dad is coming around. Your mom said he was okay with it when she told him she wanted to invite me.”

“I just wish-“

“I keep telling you,” Jared says, pulling Jensen down to sit on the bed so he can rub up and down
his arm, “give it time. Weren’t things good when you were down there a couple of months ago?”

“Yeah, they were okay,” Jensen admits. “And like I said, I’m not nervous. I just wish we could fast
forward a couple of years to when he’s finally happy for us and not just tolerating us.”

“I don’t.”

Jensen raises his eyebrows.

Jared shrugs. “I don’t want to skip two years. I want every second.”

Jensen smiles and blushes a little, which makes Jared chest tighten like his heart’s too big.

“You know what I wanna do tonight?” Jared switches the subject abruptly, suddenly eager to tell
Jensen the brilliant idea he had earlier that day.

“What?”

“I want to pick something off our lists. We haven’t done that in months.”

Jensen’s face lights up. “Oh my God, I haven’t even thought about those lists in ages.”

“And that’s a damn shame. So what’s left? What do you wanna do tonight?”

Jensen opens his nightstand and digs around, pulls out a crumpled and old piece of paper from the
bottom. “I don’t even know what all is on here,” he says, mostly to himself as he unfolds the list.

Jared resists the urge to grab it and see everything written there. It’s better if he never knows, if
he’s surprised each time.

“What do you want?” he asks, watching as Jensen’s eyes skim over the paper. His voice is already
lower, a little scratchy just thinking about touching Jensen.

Jared folds the paper back up and tosses it on the nightstand. “I don’t even know what all is on here,”

“I want...would you be okay
with...tying me down?”

Jared’s blood all rushes south as he nods. “Yeah.” He swallows and shifts his hips. “Yeah, I can do
that.”

Jensen stands up and starts taking his clothes off, eyes lowered, movements careful and controlled.
Jared watches each piece of clothing fall off, stares at Jensen’s perfect body, the body Jared knows
as well as his own now.

“You know what I love?” Jared stands up and reaches out, runs a hand down Jensen’s bare chest.
“I love that right now, you are so willing to let me tie you up, to let me do whatever I want to you.
You’re gonna lie there and take whatever I give you so good, aren’t you?”

Jensen grins a little and nods. “Whatever you want.”

“But you also get off on doing that to me. Making me wear a cock ring all night before you
actually fuck me. I love that. Love that I get both. That I get everything.”

Jensen shivers a little. “Everything,” he agrees, and it sounds very much like a promise.

Jared can’t help kissing him then, just a short, sweet kiss before he straightens his shoulders and
really looks at him, lets his mind run wild with all the possibilities of tying Jensen up.
Jared pulls the sheets and blankets off the bed into the floor and gestures at the empty bed. “Lie down.”

It takes him a minute to decide exactly what to do, but he manages to use the sheet to tie Jensen’s hands to the sides of the headboard. It’s a little awkward and Jensen could get out of the knots if he wanted to, but he won’t. They both know it.

“Anything specific you want me to do to you?”

Jensen licks his lips, breathing already coming a little faster. “Just want you to touch me.”

“Then I’ll touch you,” Jared nods, smirking as an idea comes into his mind.

He kisses Jensen first, lets their noses smash together as he gets his tongue as deep as he can, running over Jensen’s teeth, the roof of his mouth, before pushing against Jensen’s tongue, sucking at it hard to hear the sound it pulls out of Jensen.

Jensen leans up into it as far as he can without being able to use his hands, whines a little deep in his throat when Jared stands back up and shakes his head no. He takes his clothes off slowly, lets Jensen watch as he strokes his own cock a few times, lazy fingers brushing over himself until he’s rock-hard and flushed, staring down at Jensen like he’s a blank canvas.

He starts with Jensen’s hands.

Leaning down to where they rest against the headboard, trapped with the sheets wrapped around them, he mouths over them, flicks his tongue between Jensen’s fingers before pulling one into his mouth and sucking like it’s his cock. Jensen moans for that, moans louder when Jared uses his teeth and scrapes hard up the length of it. He tortures Jensen that way for a moment, then licks his way down over the sheet to the inside of his arm, sucking marks to his elbow over the sensitive flesh.

“Love the taste of your skin,” he murmurs, biting the inside bend of Jensen’s elbow.

Jensen groans and squirms, but he doesn’t ask for anything. Jared’s determined to make him beg.

When he gets to Jensen’s shoulder, he stops and leans back, leaving Jensen with his head tilted, neck exposed and waiting.

Without a word, Jared moves to the other side of the bed, crawling over Jensen’s body while making sure they don’t touch. Again, he starts at Jensen’s fingers and works his way down.

This time, Jensen is louder, straining into each touch of Jared’s mouth to get more.

“That’s more like it,” Jared says. “Wanna hear you beg. Wanna know you’re desperate for it.”

“Always desperate for you,” Jensen says, but the words are steady, his eyes clear, and Jared knows that his work is only just starting.

He moves to the end of the bed, kneels there and lifts one of Jensen’s legs. Jensen’s eyes go a little wide and curious, but the second Jared scrapes his fingernails into the arch of his foot, he closes his eyes and clenches his hands into fists.

“Fuck,” he groans. “That’s...that’s...”

“Good?”
Jensen nods, so Jared does it again, then lets his tongue work on Jensen’s foot like it did his fingers, sucking and flicking until Jensen is practically writhing. He’s so gorgeous, all twisting muscle and hard breath, letting the sensations take over completely as he gives his body to Jared.

Jared uses his hands this time, massaging his way up Jensen’s leg, kneading deep into his muscles, all the way up to his thighs, where he spends a little extra time just because.

“Your thighs are so thick,” he says, the same tone he uses when he’s looking at a delicious meal laid out before him. “Wanna touch them all the time.”

Carefully, he straddles Jensen and rubs his cock against the muscle, moaning at the feel of it, warm and hard against his erection.

Jensen moans too, tries to turn his hips and get his own cock on Jared, but Jared pushes him down. “No. Lie still.”

He’s sure it takes Herculean effort, but Jensen does as he’s told, and fuck if that doesn’t make Jared want to give up and just fuck him.

But he has another leg to worship.

Again, Jensen is a little louder the second time around, a little more desperate as he tries to get more out of Jared.

But he still doesn’t beg.

Jared moves to his chest then, settling in on his knees next to Jensen, flattening his palms on Jensen’s stomach and sliding them up over all that skin, touching every inch. He bumps over each rib, traces over each collarbone, circles around his nipples before dragging his hands back down to his bellybutton, light pressure just for the pleasure of simple contact, of skin on skin. Jensen watches, excited enough now that even this makes his cock twitch against his lower stomach, makes him leak a drop of precome that Jared can’t help but lean down and carefully lick away.

“So fuckin’ sexy,” Jared says. “Wanna touch you all the time.”

Jensen makes a broken sound, almost like he’s in pain, when Jared leans down and traces the path of his hands with his mouth. He leaves a few red marks with his teeth, sucks in one spot hard enough to leave a bruise.

Just as he gets to Jensen’s nipples, he lets his fingers brush over Jensen’s cock, gives him one more sensation as he starts to suck, pulling with his lips until Jensen’s nipple is swollen in his mouth.

“Fuck,” Jensen cries, loud this time, back arching as much as it can with Jared holding him down. “Jared…”

“You love this, don’t you? Look at you, starting to sweat, biting your lip like that.”

Jensen’s arms flex, reaching for Jared out of instinct, and he feels Jensen’s cock swell a little under his fingers when the sheet holds him back.

“You love being tied up, too. Jesus, you’re so fucking hot the way you want it all so bad.”

“Come on, Jared... need you.”

Jared needs him, too. His own cock is throbbing painfully, and Jared is desperate to fuck him, to
spread him open and sink down into that perfect ass.

But he still wants to drag this out, wants to watch Jensen come completely undone first.

So he goes for the one spot he hasn’t touched yet. Slowly, he lets his tongue drift down the trail of hair under Jensen’s belly button, lower and lower until he’s mouthing at the base of his cock.

“You want me to suck you?” he asks. “Want me to get my mouth on you, take you all the way down my throat?”

Jensen nods, mouth open like he wants to speak but can’t.

“Want me to let you fuck my mouth?”

“God, yes, please …”

Jared positions himself over Jensen’s cock and inches his way down, letting his tongue swirl and lick, teasing along the way until he takes it all, until his nose is touching Jensen’s stomach and he can feel Jensen’s balls at his chin.

Jensen tightens up, every muscle of his body going rigid.

When he drags his mouth back up, he can’t help the groan that rumbles out of him. Jensen just tastes so good, is so velvety-hard against his tongue.

He stops with the head of Jensen’s cock in his mouth, and one tap on Jensen’s hip is all it takes for them to start moving, start thrusting up into Jared’s mouth. He keeps his throat open and his mouth soft, giving Jensen something good to fuck, and he gets one hand on Jensen’s balls, teasing them just to hear Jensen’s moans and grunts turn to cries.

But he stops before Jensen can’t get too close to coming, pulls back and lets Jensen see his mouth, wet with spit and Jensen’s precome, lips tingling.

“Fuck me,” Jensen begs, a real beg this time, voice weak and pleading. “Need your cock in my ass.”

“Not yet. There’s still one place I want to taste,” Jared says, nudging Jensen’s legs apart and getting between them, stretching out sideways at the foot of the bed to get his head lower.

Jensen spreads his legs and sinks into the bed, his whole body going loose the way it always does when Jared does this, like it feels so good Jensen can’t do anything but enjoy it.

Jared rims him slow and easy, murmuring filthy words between kisses, waiting until Jensen is rocking his ass against Jared’s mouth before he thrusts with his tongue, sliding it in as far as he can get, cock twitching at how open Jensen is, at how easily he opens for him.

That’s when his hands tighten on Jensen’s thighs and he stops teasing. He works Jensen open, adding two fingers next to his tongue, wet and messy, curling them to press into Jensen’s prostate.

“Yes,” Jensen cries, and Jared can hear the bed squeak as Jensen pulls against the sheets. He misses the feel of Jensen’s hands in his hair, tugging and pulling like he can’t get close enough, but fuck this is hot too, because Jensen is losing it. He’s dripping sweat now, muscles trembling, gasping for breath as he twists and pulls.

Jared gets up on his knees and crawls between Jensen’s legs, drapes Jensen’s thighs over his own,
lets his cock bump against Jensen’s whole. He spits in his hand, slicks himself up with it as Jensen pants, trying to catch his breath.

When he pushes in, it’s a slow slide, teasing both of them.

Jensen tries to push down and take him all in one thrust, but Jared doesn’t let him. He pushes Jensen’s hips down and holds him still, pushes hard enough to bruise, which only makes Jensen groan and toss his head back and forth, nothing else he can do.

Jared drives in inch by inch, taking the time to feel everything, how tight and hot Jensen is, how he clenches around him, how his body seems to pull Jared in deeper.

“Jesus,” he grunts. “Not gonna be able to go slow.”

Jensen whimpers. “Don’t. Want you to fuck me hard.”

Jared nods, ready to give in. He slides his hands under Jensen’s thighs, pulls them up until Jensen’s calves are resting on his shoulders. He leans down, bending Jensen almost completely in half, watching as his eyes go hazy.

And then he fucks him.

He slams in, over and over, ass muscles working with the effort of it, arms tensing to hold himself up as his feet dig in, pounding Jensen’s ass again and again. He goes fast and deep, and Jensen goes silent, eyes rolled back in his head and mouth hanging open, arms hanging limp from the sheets that bind him.

Jared holds out as long as he can, but a man can only take so much, and he’s had his hands and mouth on every part of Jensen long enough to need to come, to pump Jensen full.

“Jensen, look at me.”

His voice is commanding enough that Jensen manages to focus, to look up at him while Jared keeps his hips moving.

“I’m not going to touch you again. You’re gonna come on your own. You’re gonna come on my cock and only my cock.”

Jensen shouts the next time Jared drives in, pushing deeper, and then he comes, hard and gorgeous, thick streams all over his own stomach, shouting like the force of it surprised him, like it’s too much.

Jared gives in then and comes with his cock in Jensen’s ass and his eyes on Jensen’s dick, pulsing hard and emptying himself into Jensen’s ass, body shaking like an earthquake.

And they collapse.

Jared lets Jensen’s legs drop off his shoulders and they lie there for a long moment, breathing hard, sweaty chests sliding together with each inhale, Jared only slipping out of Jensen’s ass when his cock softens.

Eventually, Jensen squirms a little and Jared rushes to untie him, massages his arms for a while until Jensen looks almost high, eyes half-open as he grins up at Jared.

“I love you.”
“I love you, too.”

******

They wake up the next morning and have breakfast like they always do, talking about the next tasting at Jensen’s brewery.

“The opening of the tasting room was awesome,” Jared tells him. “Didn’t you get three more bar owners to sign contracts with you that night?”

Jensen nods. “Yeah, but with all this promotion, we’re gonna have to expand the actual brewery part of the brewery if we want to keep up with demand.”

“Maybe I could help with that.”

Jensen looks up from his plate, brow furrowed in confusion. “Yeah?”

“I’ve been thinking.” He sets his fork down and shifts forward in his chair. “Maybe I should step back from the bar.”

Jensen sputters a little. “B-but that’s your bar.”

“I know. And it wouldn’t be anytime soon. Just. Think about it. Your tasting room is basically a bar anyway, and if you’re going to expand, you’re going to need someone who can focus just on that while you focus on brewing. And Ryan could take over San Jac’s, no problem. And even then, it will always be my bar. Just something to think about.”

Jensen sits silent for a moment, considering, then nods slowly. “We’ve got months, if not a year or two, before we need to start thinking about that. We can definitely talk about it then.”

“And in the meantime,” Jared says, standing up and stretching his arms over his head. “We’re gonna renovate your kitchen.”

“That’s if we survive this trip to see my parents.”

“We will. We survived the last trip to see mine.”

Jensen rolls his eyes. “Not the same and you know it.”

“I know. I don’t flirt with your sister half as much as you flirt with Megan.”

“I can’t help that I’m irresistible,” Jensen shrugs, all sweet innocence and Jared has to lean down and kiss him.

“No, you can’t.”

As they wash the breakfast dishes and load their bags in the car, Jared thinks about working together, about renovating Jensen’s house, about all the future plans they have.

It wasn’t that long ago that Jensen wasn’t sure about anything, asking Jared to help him figure it out. It wasn’t that long ago they were stumbling along, unable to express themselves when things got too real between them.

Jared remembers every bit of it, and wouldn’t change a single thing.

Jensen slides into the driver’s seat and reaches across the console for Jared’s hand as soon as they
are on the open road.

Now Jared’s the one who can’t wait to see how this all plays out, who can’t wait to see what’s in store for them.

Now Jared is the one who’s curious, and no, he wouldn’t change a thing.

End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! Feedback is my lifeblood. XOXO

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!