**Surprise!**

by **RebbekkahMorningstar**

Summary

When Jared get's sick it's never a small sickness, everything he does has to be super-sized. He never expected to find out that he was carrying a new life inside him. What happens next?

Notes

This is heavily influenced by things that have happened to me. I hope you enjoy it!
Jared was shocked staring at the doctor, “What did you say.”

“I said you are pregnant.”

“Doc did you miss the part about me being a man?”

“A carrier, didn't your parents have you tested when you hit puberty?”

“I guess not, how am I pregnant?”

After an hour-long explanation and diagrams explaining to Jared how he conceived, he left the doctors office with his new information. He was excited to be bringing new life into the world. He was also scared to tell Jensen.

It was Jensen that suggested that he go see the doctor in the first place. Jared had been sick for two weeks now, and not just food poisoning sick. He was getting up and throwing up, certain smells would send him running. He also had been sleeping a lot more than normal. It was to the point where he couldn't even get his workout in, which is what concerned his spouse the most.

He walked into the house, his husband sitting at his desk studying next weeks script. Jared walked up behind him.

"Hey, how did the doctor's appointment go?" He said without taking his eyes off the paper in front of him.

“Well, I'm not contagious, but uh, you may not believe this, but, um we are, uh, gonnahaveababy.”

Jensen set the papers down on the desk and turned to face Jared, "Excuse me," his brow furled with confusion.

“We are havingababy,” Jared repeated.

"Did you say you're having a baby?" his eyes wide with shock, "Cause I'm pretty sure your male or you were the last time I blew you."

“Yeah, I mean, I look like a man, I have a dick like a man, but on the inside, well..”

“This has got to be a joke, good one Jared,” Jensen smiled knowing that Jared was always joking around, and that he'd come off of the real reason for him being sick.

“No joke Jen, there is a baby growing inside me!”

“No, there isn't, there can't be, cause a baby would ruin everything.”

"Well, I'm sorry you feel that way. My first appointment with the OB is next week." Jared turned and walked away from his husband, tears starting to form in his eyes.

He walked to there room and shut the door, leaning his full weight against it and sinking to the floor. He didn't know what to do from here, but it was obvious that Jensen didn't want a child with him. He laid his hand on his belly.
“Don't worry little one, Daddy will come around, I love you more than anything.”

Jensen opened his laptop and did some research on male pregnancies. He had heard of carriers, but they were so rare, and every male was supposed to be tested at puberty, therefore they should have known that Jared was a carrier. He sighed standing up and walking to their room.

He pushed opened the door and found Jared laying on the floor sleeping. He crouched down beside him brushing his hair out of his eyes. He shook Jared gently to wake him up.

“Sweetheart, you need to get into bed and rest, when you wake up we need to talk about what we are going to do.”

Jared shook his head in understanding and made his way to bed. He knew a nap would do him good. His changing body needed it's rest, after all, he was growing a new life.

Apon waking up he made his way to the bathroom, taking a leak washing his hands before heading downstairs. He felt the nausea kick in before he ever made to the bag the doctor gave him with his medicine in it. He took the pills and sat down at the table with his glass of water.

Jensen made his way to the table a few minutes later, sitting down across from his husband. Jared looked up at him, pain and confusion in his eyes. He looked away quickly.

“Jare, we need to talk about this.”

“I know, but I want you to know that I'm having this baby. If you want to leave, then you can go, I won't ask you to stay. I know how you feel about kids.”

"And leave you to take care of my child, how would that make me look? My mother would castrate me for even considering it," Jensen lowered his head, "I think that you should consider an abortion," Jensen said coldly.

"Jen, I could never consider killing my child!" Jared snapped, pissed that Jensen would even suggest it.

"Jare, we really can't do the pregnancy, baby thing, it will ruin our career.”

“I don't care about any of that, I have a life growing inside of me, sure we didn't ask to get pregnant, hell I didn't even know I could get pregnant but here we are! You may not want this child and that's fine, but if you can't accept the fact that I am keeping this baby then it is best that you leave.” Jared said the last part as calmly as he could.

“Let's just see how things go next week at the doctor, maybe you aren't really pregnant and we can put the entire mess behind us. Be more careful.”

"Wouldn't you love that," Jared threw his glass of water against the wall, glass shattering covering the wood floor, "but have you even considered what I want! I want kids, a whole heard of them!" He stood from his chair walking to towards the staircase, "even if they aren't with you.” he mumbled the last part.

Jensen hung his head, he had never asked Jared if he wanted kids just flat out told him he didn't want kids, and right now he doesn't. He didn't mean to upset or hurt him, he was just being honest. He had to really think about if having kids with Jared would be as bad cause it seems his adorable husband is dead set on having them.

He stood from the table grabbing the broom and sweeping up the glass shards, disposing of them
carefully. He knew that Jared needed some time to cool off so he sat down in the living room and flipped on the TV.

Jared sat on the bed staring at their wedding picture, tears forming in his eyes, letting Jensen walk out the door will be the hardest thing he has ever had to do. Forcing Jensen to stay married to him though, would be the cruelest thing to do. He stood from the bed and grabbed his travel bag from the corner, walking to his closet he grabbed a few things out and went to the bathroom for some toiletries.

When he was finished packing his bag he walked downstairs, Jensen was napping on the couch. He didn't want to wake him so he quietly grabbed his keys and walked out to his Jeep. He tossed his bag in the passenger seat and slid in the driver's seat. He popped the clutch and let the Jeep roll out into the street before he turned the key, the engine humming to life.

The drive to set was only a fifteen-minute ride. The evening traffic had settled down the roads almost deserted. His tears stinging his eyes, his heart broken completely in two.

The guard at the gate had no problems letting Jared on the lot. Jared begged him not to let Jensen in, and there was no reason for him to be there other than to harass Jared, seeing as they were on their summer break.

He parked his Jeep behind his trailer where no one would see it from the road grabbed his bag, and made his way to his trailer. He laid down on his bed and cried until he passed out.

When Jensen woke up way past the sun setting, he groaned pulling his body from the couch, neck stiff from sitting too long. He made his way to the kitchen for a drink, he grabbed a glass from the cabinet and turned to the sink, filling his glass halfway and downing the cool liquid in one gulp. He placed the cup in the sink and made his way to the staircase. Taking a shaky breath he forced his way up the stairs to talk to his husband.

Reaching the bedroom door, he noticed the lights out and opened the door slowly as to not disturb Jared if he was sleeping. He stepped into the dark room, a strip of light showing from under the bathroom door alerted Jensen that Jared wasn't in their bed. He walked toward the bathroom door, pushing it open gently, only to discover his husband wasn't there. Panic sat in, he ran back downstairs looking into the bowl for Jared's keys, seeing them missing.

"Fuck!" He shouted at himself, at whatever the fuck was listening to him.

He walked to the couch and grabbed his phone, quickly dialing Jared's number. After five rings it went to voicemail.

"Oh fuck this!" He slid his phone into his pocket, laced up his boots, walked out to his car.

He knew where he would find Jared, the same place he always runs when things get tough. The night air was chilly on his bare arms but his rage was keeping him warm. He made his way to the lot and pulled up to the security gate.

"Good evening, Jensen," the guard greeted.

"Hey Paul, is Jared here?"

"Yes, but he asked me not to let you in, and he looked pretty upset, so I'm inclined not to let you in."

"Please, you have to let me speak to him, I need to see him," Jensen turned the charm on.
“If I let you in will you promise me that there won't be any reason for me to have to come in and remove you?”

“No sir, if Jared asks me to leave I will leave of my own accord.”

“Alright, don't make me regret this,” Paul said opening the gate allowing Jensen to pass through.

Jensen used his key to get inside his husband's trailer. Making his way to the bedroom and gently sitting on the bed. He laid his hand on Jared's back gently shaking him.

“Jared, babe wake up.”

Jared groaned at hearing his husband's voice, he was so getting Paul fired for this one. He sat up and got in the corner, drawing his knees to his chest. He hung his head.

“Just go home, I'm not in the mood to argue with you, and I won't change my mind about this baby.”

“Then I guess I have to change my mind then huh?” Jensen said sliding closer to his husband.

“What do you mean?” Jared lifted his head.

“What I mean is that I can't live without you, don't want to, I love you. I'm sorry I was an ass to you, that I didn't ask you how you felt. I can't say that this will be easy, but I won't abandon you, if this is what you really want to do then I will be there for you.”

"So you will go with me to my appointment next week?" He asked hopefully.

“Sure, I'd love to, just can you do one thing for me?”

“I'll try.”

“Can we not tell anyone just yet?”

“Yeah, I'm not ready to tell anyone, it was hard enough telling you.”

Jensen pulled Jared into his chest kissing the top of his head. He wasn't ready to be a parent, had never wanted to be one, but everything he has done with Jared was fun why should this be any different. He knew it was time to put his big boy pants on and be a man.

Jared laid his head on Jensen's shoulder letting the calm wash over him. Everyone has their happy spot, for some, it's a place on the beach, or a favorite bar or restaurant, his, was right here in Jensen's arms. The warmth and safety he found here better than anywhere else on the planet, he knew that this feeling would spread to their child. Despite what he thought or feared, Jared knew that Jensen would make a great father he'd just have to prove it to him.
The week passed without much communication between the two, they were both afraid of saying the wrong thing and hurting the other's feelings. They pretty much stayed busy with their own task, preparing for the upcoming doctor's appointment and filming to begin.

The morning of Jared's appointment he was scared and excited at the same time. He sat in the waiting room, filling out the paperwork they handed him. He sat in the far corner of the room, bottom lip rolled in between his teeth, he had a habit of doing that when he was nervous. He kept his head down, trying not to be seen, he really didn't need the press blasting his news before he could.

After ten minutes the nurse called him back. She walked them down a twisting bland corridor, coming to a stop outside an exam room, they stepped inside, she shut the door behind them.

"Here you are sir, put this take off all your clothes, put this on, and sit on the table. I'll be back in one minute to start the ultrasound," she said stepping out of the room.

Jared stripped out of his clothes, the room was even too cold for him, goose bumps popping up all over his skin. Jensen smirked from his chair, causing Jared to roll his eyes.

"I know what you are thinking, pervert," Jared smiled at him slipping the paper gown on and sitting on the table. He laid back taking a deep breath

"You know me too well Sweetheart," Jensen smiled sliding his chair closer to Jared.

"Thank you for coming with me Jen," Jared said looking down and away from his husband.

"I wouldn't let you do this by yourself Jare."

A few minutes later the young nurse stepped back into the room with a male. The older male walked over to Jared and offered his hand.

"Hi, I'm Dr. Patterson, I will be doing your ultrasound and exam today," the doctor grabbed gloves from a box on the wall.

"I need you to lay back and relax," The nurse said helping the doctor set up the ultrasound equipment.
Jared laid flat back and took a deep breath. The doctor covered his legs and groin lifting the gown to expose his stomach. He then placed a cold jelly on his belly, next came the transducer, which in moments displayed a bean like shape on the screen.

“That right there is your baby,” the doctor said sliding the transducer to the left, “Oh, there looks like there is a second one.”

"Wait, twins?” Jared was confused but excited.

"That's what it looks like, and the flashing speck you see here is the baby's heartbeat."

“Wow,” Jared smiled looking towards Jensen for a response. He stood there with an indifferent look on his face. Jared's smile faded.

"Well, everything looks good here, I'll get you a towel so you can clean up when you're done get dressed and we can talk in my office."

“OK,” Jared said accepting the towel and wiping the goo off of his stomach. He grabbed his clothes and quickly redressed. He stepped out into the hall.

“Oh, finished already, here let me show you to Dr. Patterson's office,” the nurse said leading the pair to the over decorated office.

“Have a seat,” Dr. Patterson gestured to the open chairs. After they sat down he continued, “For today everything looks great, you look to be about 8 weeks pregnant. I would like to see you back here in about a month, that will give the babies time to grow and we can really see what's going on. Do you have any questions for me?”

“No, I think you have covered everything, and we will see you next month.” Jared smiled reaching out to take his hand.

They stood and left the office heading to the check-out counter, “Jare, I am going to go wait in the truck.”

"OK, I shouldn't be too much longer."

Jared made his next appointment and walked out to the truck, the gaudy thing that Jensen insisted they needed for driving in the snow, his mistake, it's rear-wheel drive, so they are still stuck in the Jeep when it snows. He climbed into the passenger seat and looked out the window, disappointment written on Jensen's face.

“Jen, my offer still stands, if you don't want to do this I won't make you.”

“I'm sorry Jay, I'm so sorry.” were the only words that come out of Jensen's mouth.

Jared shook his head in understanding, his heart shattered, the pain like glass cutting through him. They made the rest of the trip home in silence.

As soon as they were parked Jared jumped out of the Jeep and ran to the house. He bounded up the stairs and locked their bedroom door behind him. He sat on the bed staring at the ultrasound pictures. He sat there staring for a long while before a knock at the door brought him back.

“Jen, please not now, just go away,” Jared said fighting back tears.

“OK Jay, I just want you to know that I love you, and I'll call you in a few days to check on you.”
"Sure Jen." Jared stared at the door for a few moments waiting for his husband to walk away. He heard the quiet footsteps and knew he was leaving.

Jared laid back on the bed stifling tears, he took a few shaky breaths, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

Jensen left their home and went to check himself into a hotel room. He quickly made his way up to his room. Closing the door behind him he walked to the mini fridge and grabbed a handful of mini bottles. He closed the distance to the couch and sat down, opening a bottle and downing its contents. He was three bottles in when he picked his phone up, he didn't know who to call, but he knew he needed advice. He looked through his contacts until he spotted the one person he knew wouldn't judge him. He hit the green button and waited for the call to connect.

“Hello?” a gruff voice answered.

“Hey Jeff, it's Jensen, sorry to bother you, but I really need advice right now.”

“It's not a problem, what's going on?”

“Well, we just found out that Jared is pregnant,” Jensen slurred out, opening the fifth bottle of whiskey and drinking the contents.

“Wait, did you say that Jared is pregnant? Did you know he was a carrier?”

“Yes, that's what I said, and no he didn't even know. He wants to keep them, and I wish he'd get an abortion,” Jensen stood from the couch wobbling a little. He corrected his balance holding the phone with his shoulder. He sat on the floor in front of the mini fridge.

"Jensen, I'm going to be honest with you, if Jared want's to keep the baby you are not going to change his mind. So you have to ask yourself, is it worth losing him over? Could you live the rest of your life without them?”

“I don't know, but I do know that I don't want kids right now, if he keeps them then we are canceled,” Jensen downed another bottle feeling quite drunk. The room was starting to spin.

"Why do you say that the writing team is very talented and can work around a pregnancy." Jeff said feeling a little annoyed with Jensen's self-centeredness.

“I just have a bad feeling about this Jeff, it's not the right time to have a baby, much less two.”

“Twins, are you sure?”

“That's what the doctor said today, and Jared was so excited. He seemed perfectly fine choosing them over me, why should I have to sacrifice!”

"You're not the only one who will be making a sacrifice, Jared will have to give up a lot of things in order to bring your children into this world. He will have to endure labor and delivery, give up many nights of sleep, and I'm sure he's having morning sickness. What do you have to give up? A few hours a day where you will be caring for your child, Jensen your a grown man, it's time to act like one. Make a choice, your family, or your lifestyle, no one can make you choose. I'm sorry but I have to cut this conversation short, I'll call you back in a few days and check in.”

“OK thanks for your time Jeff,” Jensen sighed as he hung up the phone.

He didn't know what to do, he knew that life without Jared would be miserable, he loved Jared with
every part of his soul. He couldn't imagine not hearing Jared laugh or sing. He knew he had to go back to his love, his other half and beg if he had to. He also knew he needed a few days to get his head on right.

Jared woke up the next morning alone, which is what he expected, but it still hurt. He rolled out of bed and made his way downstairs. He fixed himself something to eat and took his medicine. He needed some answers and the only place to get them was to call his mother. He picked his phone up and dial a number he could recall in a coma.

“Hey Jared,” her voice was cheerful.

“Hi Momma,” he said trying to hide the sadness behind his words.

“Baby, what's wrong?”

"You know me so well," He laughed, "Well, I have something to tell you and a few questions I need to be answered if you have the time."

“Oh for you, I have all the time in the world.”

“Well, first off I'm pregnant,” he shifted waiting for a response.

"Oh, wow, Jared, we knew you were a carrier, that's why we weren't shocked that you were gay, but, honey, when you were tested for fertility when you were younger the doctor told us you had the parts to carry a child, but no eggs. We never thought it to be a possibility that you would ever get pregnant, so we never told you.”

“How could you keep that from me! What if I hadn't turned out to be gay! What if I married a nice girl and we wanted to have kids! In case the nut job doctor forgot to tell you, my nuts don't work!” Jared was pissed that they knew and kept this information from him.

“I'm sorry we didn't tell you, but honestly, you being straight is a joke, I'm going to take a guess that Jensen didn't take this news well.”

“No he didn't, he left me, he didn't want kids, now that he knows I'm a freak, well, he doesn't want me either.”

“So what do you plan to do?”

“Well I am keeping them, what else would I do?”

“Did you say them?”

“Yes I did, and yes I know what I am giving up to be a parent, but really I have wanted kids for a while now.”

“Well, if you need to come home you know that you are always welcome here. Do you want me to tell your father?”

"Please, I'll figure out what to do. I need to go, Mom, I'll call you back, love you." Jared hung up the phone as a wave of nausea hit. He ran to the sink just in time to lose his breakfast.

Groaning he rinsed out the sink and grabbed a water bottle from the refrigerator. His full bladder directing him to the bathroom. On his way out the door he caught his reflection, he could tell that he needed rest. A nap would do him good, but he didn't want to go to their bed.
He walked to the couch and laid down grabbing Jensen's blanket and covering up. He missed him, but he wouldn't put this on Jensen, he loved him and only wanted to see him happy, even if happy wasn't with him.
The next morning Jensen woke up with the worst hangover in the history of hangovers. He stumbled out of bed, squinting to avoid the light, his head was pounding. He had one thought and it was getting home to Jared. Making his way around his hotel room searching for his pants, keys and shoes proved to be a task. He had been way past the point of making rational decisions when he disrobed.

After a twenty minute search, he found all he needed and made his way out of his room and to the checkout desk. He knew this was one mistake that was going to cost him a butt load of cash, he just hoped it wasn't too late to save his marriage.

He made his way to his vehicle locating his sunglasses and started the journey to the home he shared with his spouse. It was close to noon so there wasn't any traffic. Traffic would have made Jensen tense and he didn't need any more stress.

Jared was still passed out on the couch when he heard the squeak of the front door opening, he jumped at the sound, looking to see Jensen standing in the doorway. He groaned throwing the blanket

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you, thought you would be in the bed," Jensen closed the door behind him,

"Yeah and if you had oiled the hinges on that door last week like I asked I wouldn't be awake," Jared sat up slowly.

Jensen hung his head he didn't want to argue, "I didn't come here to fight, Jay."

"Then why are you here? If you needed to get some things you should have called me so that I could have left."

He rolled his eyes, "I know I said some things that we don't agree on but I honestly, I just want to talk."

"I'm not having an abortion Jen, I already called my mother, she'd be heartbroken."

"So you called your mother? I bet she's thrilled, so why didn't she tell you?"

"What that her son is a freak!" Jared said hardening his gaze.

"You're not a freak, but did she know?"

"I'm supposed to be sterile, that's all she knew. So she was just as surprised as me," he looked down to the floor, "Why are you so against having a baby with me?"

"Jared, it's not that I don't want to have a baby with you, I don't want to have a baby at all. I'm not parenting material."
“You know this how? Are there other children out there?”

Jensen was aghast at the question, “You know better than that!”

"Then what is it, Jen! What are you so afraid of that you won't even try! That you are willing to throw away our marriage to get out!” Jared was fighting back tears.

“I didn't have the best childhood, you know this, my father tried to disown me when he found out I was gay. I don't want to turn out like him. I don't want to screw up another kid.”

“That's weak Jen, dig deeper, why don't you want to have a family?”

"I told you, I love you, Jared, I'd give you the world, but I am not cut out to be anyone's parent. I don't want to leave you, I just don't know what to do," Jensen sat beside his husband wrapping his arms around him.

“You could try, all I'm asking is an honest attempt,” Jared laid his head on Jensen's shoulder.

“What happens when in five years I'm a terrible parent?” He ran his hand up Jared's arm.

“Then you leave, we divorce, and you have no more obligation to me.”

“but I love you.”

“Then we will make this work,” Jared nuzzled into Jensen's warmth.

“Do you think I can be a good father?”

“If I didn't do you think that I would be trying this hard?”

“Point taken. How are you feeling today?”

“Better than yesterday,” Jared smiled up at his spouse.

“I do love you,” Jensen leaned into Jared kissing the top of his head.

“I love you too,” Jared sat up. “Come home, I'm a mess without you.”

“I am home, and I'm not leaving you.”

“Good,” Jared pushed Jensen back on the couch and straddled his lap kissing along his jaw, “I have really missed you.”

"Jare I was only gone one night,” Jensen smiled grabbing Jared's slim hips.

"One night too many," Jared licked over Jensen's adam's apple eagerly sucking hickeys into his husband's flesh.

“God, babe, you know just how to turn me on,” he moaned reaching between them to rub the growing tent in Jared's sleep pants.

He groaned rocking his hips into the touch, feeling the rock hard length under him. He made quick waste of the buttons on Jensen's shirt, pushing the offending material off his husband's shoulders. He ran his hands down his chest pinching the hard nipples he found waiting. He found a needy pace rocking his hips against Jensen's.
“Babe, slow down or I'm going to blow my load like a teenager,” Jensen panted, “and I really want to be inside you right now.”

“Thank God, I didn't think you'd ever want to fuck me again,” he whispered into his husband neck.

“You're already knocked up babe,” Jensen smirked as he lifted Jared off his lap, pulling his pants down.

Jared wiggled his pants down his legs and onto the floor. Jensen licked his lips, quickly losing his own pants and boxers.

"Jare, you are beautiful," he pulls his massive husband into his chest, nipping at his neck. He worked his hand down his lover's chest, down his stomach where he swore he could feel the bulge of life. He stopped feeling the place his children would grow. All the changes that would happen to Jared's body to accommodate them. Jensen had never felt like a bigger asshole.

Jared turned his head looking at the floor embarrassed by how quickly his body had changed. The last time they made love, Jared was toned, ripped and fit, now he was pudgy at best. Undeniable proof he was pregnant right under Jensen's hand. He expected Jensen to be disgusted by his changing body.

“Don't do that, babe,” Jensen realized just how much his words and actions had hurt his beloved. He hung his head in shame. He had to make this right. Had to show Jared that he was willing to make changes too.

“I'm sorry Jen, I got carried away,” he reached for his pants but was stopped a firm hand on his wrist.

“I meant it, you are beautiful,” he placed his hand back on the growing bump, “This is beautiful, your body is doing something amazing,” He turned Jared and kissed him, “I'm sorry, I'm an asshole. A self-centered asshole.”

Jared held back tears at Jensen's words, “Thank you, that just made my day.”

“I bet an orgasm will make it better,” he smirked taking his lovers and placing it on his achingly hard cock.

"I don't think you've ever been this hard before," Jared lowered his gaze seductively, "You feel like your thicker."

Jared stroked the silky blood hot cock in his hand rubbing his thumb under the head watching as Jensen's eyes went into the back of his head. He let go of the throbbing member in favor for bending over the couch. Jensen opened his eyes to see Jared spread his ass cheeks with his hands, his asshole twitching with need. Jensen groaned grabbing the base of his cock to keep from cumming on the carpet.

“Eat me, Jen,” Jared begged the want in his voice clear.

“As you wish,” Jensen dropped to his knees in worship to the fantastic ass that was presented to him. He licked over the quivering muscle like he was a dying man after a drink of water. The puckered skin softening under his tongue, each fold bringing forth a new burst of flavor, of skin, sweat, and a ting of sweetness. He moaned, working his tongue faster, lapping up all the sweet nectar that was offered.

Jared reached around and grabbed Jensen by his hair holding him still as he worked his hips, riding his husband's face. Jensen's tongue pushed into his lover's velvety heat, his face covered in spit.
“Yes! Get me wet!” Jared moaned releasing his grip on Jensen's head using his now free hand to stroke his cock.

“So wet baby,” Jensen kissed his asshole before sliding two fingers inside searching out that perfect little bundle of nerves.

“Fuck!” Jared mewed letting Jensen know he had found the right spot.

“So tight, I can't wait to bury my cock deep inside you.”

“Then do it! I need to feel you inside me. I feel so empty.”

He pulled his fingers out of him and spit on his hand running it down his hard leaking cock, he lined himself up with Jared's waiting hole and sunk inside. Resting his head on Jared's back nipping at his shoulder, he was awaiting the order to move allowing the needed time for adjustment. He slowly rocked his hips teasing the man below him.

"Please, fuck me!" he begged as he pushed back on the cock that was buried inside him.

Jensen didn't need to be told twice, he rocked his hips back pulling his cock to the rim, watching as the tight muscle stretched to accommodate his girth, he wrapped his arms around Jared's waist and slammed inside him. He held the other man down as he pounded into him, chasing both their orgasms.

“God! Fuck! Gonna make me cum!” Jared arched his back allowing Jensen to penetrate him deeper hitting his prostate on every downward thrust.

“Perfect, your ass is perfect for milking my cock,” Jensen moaned feeling Jared's muscles start to tense knowing his orgasm was close.

Jensen rocked his hips into his husband four times before he clenched up like a vice, pulling him deeper into his heat. His quivering asshole pulled Jensen's cum straight from his balls and into the depts of the abused bowels of his lover. He wrapped his arms around Jared's waist and turned and sat on the couch. Jared rested his head on Jensen's neck.

“That was amazing.”

“It always is, Jare.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” Jensen kissed him gently, “Let's get you to bed.”

Jared nodded and lifted himself off of Jensen's lap. He walked upstairs looking behind him to make sure his husband was following him. He entered their bedroom and made his way to the bed collapsing on his side. Jensen snuggled up behind him holding him close to him. He placed his hand on the growing bump his husband was barely showing. Jared smiled pressing his body into Jensen's. They fell asleep cuddled close.

Two weeks passed and every day they became stronger together, while Jensen still had his doubts about being a father he never once mentioned them to Jared. Jared had faith in him and that's what was important. Jared had begun to show a little more, and the sight of him shirtless made him super horny for some strange reason, needless to say, they spent a lot of their time in their bed. They would make love and pass out, only to wake up and do it again.
Jared was sleeping peacefully until he shifted, feeling cold and wet. He sighed getting out of the bed making his way to the shower, he knew that they had a lot of sex today but the feeling cum seeping out of him made him feel anything but sexy. He turned on the light in the bathroom stepped inside as soon as the light hit his skin he saw the blood running down his legs.

“JEN!” he screamed grabbing the sink trying to keep from having a panic attack.

Jensen jumped from the bed hearing Jared’s distress call, he ran to the sound of his husband’s voice. He found Jared clutching the bathroom sink looking pale and sweating. He looked down and saw the blood on his legs.

“Jared, are you OK? Why are you bleeding?”

“I need to go to the hospital,” Jared whispered.

“Did I hurt you?” Jensen was concerned that he had hurt him while having sex.

“No, I think I am having a miscarriage.” Jared was fighting tears.

“I’m going to call an ambulance, please sit down,” Jensen ran back to there bedroom and grabbed the phone calling for help.

Jared could hear Jensen on the phone, he knew he was getting help. He tried to tell himself that he was wrong and that he was overreacting that nothing was wrong with there twins, he had to believe that right now. He couldn’t let that hope die. Jensen reappeared in the bathroom a few minutes later, assisting Jared into a clean pair of pajama pants and offering him a shirt. He helped him downstairs.

When the paramedics arrived they were quick to assess Jared and get him loaded into the ambulance.

“I’m going with him,” Jensen said jumping in the back with his husband.

“Good cause he looks like he is going into shock and we need his health information,” the young male paramedic said.

“OK what do you need to know.”

“Does he have any health problems, such as heart, kidney, liver?”

“No, he’s healthy, he’s pregnant, about eleven weeks, twins, he has depression.”

"I am going to start an IV line so that when we get to the hospital they won't have to do it. He will get faster treatment this way. When did the bleeding start?"

“I don’t know we were in bed, and he got up went to the bathroom and started screaming.”

“Well his vitals look stable,” he said making his way to the front, “What's our ETA?” he asked the man driving

“About three minutes.”

They arrived at the hospital and wheeled Jared into a room. The paramedics transferred him from their stretcher to the hospital bed. They gathered their equipment and looked at Jensen with sorrow.

“We wish you luck.”

“Thank you,” Jensen said taking the seat to the left of his husband’s bed.
“Do you think our babies are dead?” Jared asked in a monotone voice.

“I don’t know love, we have to wait to see what the doctor says.”

The door opened and a nurse stepped in, “Hi, I'm your nurse, Thelma, I need to check your bleeding, can you roll over and let me see?”

“Sure,” Jared rolled on his side pulling his sleep pants off.

“OK, let me go get your doctor.”

“Do you think I'm miscarrying?”

“I don’t know, I’m sorry,” was all she would say walking out of the room.

Time seemed to stop waiting for the doctor to come in, the ten minutes that elapsed seemed like an eternity. The doctor walked in the room wheeling an ultrasound machine.

“I am going to do an ultrasound and see what’s going on in there, please lie on your back for me.”

Jared complied laying flat on his back lowering the sheet to give the doctor access to his stomach. Just like weeks prior when his doctor did an ultrasound this doctor squeezed freezing cold jelly on his lower stomach, he held his breath. The doctor ran the transducer over him, but instead of seeing his babies inside him the screen was blank. The doctor shook his head and flipped the machine off.

“I'm so sorry, but the product of conception has been passed. You will need to see your doctor in a few days to be sure everything evacuates properly, but there is nothing more I can do for you.”

To say that Jared was devastated was an understatement. He curled in on himself and cried.
Jared has just suffered a miscarriage of their twins. Some other things come to light, poor Jared.

I am writing from personal experience, therapy writing, letting go of the biggest hurt in my life. These things really happened to me. Comments are love. Thanks for taking time to read this.

Jared turned his back on his dumbstruck husband. He curled in on himself crying onto his knees. The hospital blanket scratchy on his skin, everything hurt, nothing made sense. He was devastated. Crippling sadness gripped his heart, pain so exquisite, it felt as if his chest was being ripped open. The sobs causing his whole body to quake.

Jensen slid closer to Jared's bed resting his hand on his shoulder, feeling his muscles jerk under his touch. Jensen's heart hurt for Jared, he knew how much the twins meant to his beloved. He rubbed his hand down Jared's back trying to comfort him. Jared cried harder.

The nurse walked back in a few minutes later with his discharge papers. She showed them to the parking lot where Jensen could find them a cab. She apologized for their loss and walked back into the hospital.

Jensen hailed them a cab and helped his wrecked husband into the car. He slid into the seat beside him pulling him into a side hug.

"Jare, who knows, maybe that jerk doesn't know what he's talking about, maybe you just lost one," Jensen said trying to comfort him.

"You think there could still be life inside me?"

"Never give up hope," Jensen said kissing the side of Jared's head.

"Yeah sure, Jen," Jared snuggled in closer.

Jensen helped Jared to bed and settled in beside him. Sleep wasn't coming as pain kept Jared up most of the night; pain like he had never felt, burning across his back horrific pressure in his loins. He tossed and turned, he rolled himself up into a ball, he screamed and he cussed, but nothing seemed to ease his pain. Jensen slept peacefully beside him, which just pissed Jared off. He got out of bed and went downstairs to the office. He turned on the lamp and sat down laying his head on the desk and crying.

Mental pain was horrible, he had wanted those precious babies more than he wanted his next breath.
He wished that he didn't breathe anymore. He passed out finally from exhaustion.

Jensen awoke to a cold bed, he sat up and went to look for Jared. He checked the bathroom first, then made his way downstairs he a line of amber light emitting from the office. He walked to the door slowly opening it. Jared was asleep with his head on the desk, papers below his head soaked with shed tears. Jensen walked over to his spouse and placed a hand on his shoulder rubbing the tense muscles gently.

“Sweetheart, why don't you go up to bed, or at least lay on the couch?”

“I'm fine, Jen,” his voice weak from a night of tears.

“You'd be more comfortable if you laid down, here let me help you.”

Jared gave in too exhausted to fight. He really didn't care what happened to him. Jensen picked him up and moved him to the couch in the living room. He covered him with the quilt his mother had made them for there first anniversary. It was green, blue, and amber alternating patches of fabric. She had said it reminded her of the color of their eyes when they wed. Jensen had always enjoyed seeing Jared wrapped up in it, something so small meant so much to him.

In the kitchen coffee was brewed, thanks to the modern invention of automatic coffee pots, he fixed himself his normal cup. He grabbed a protein bar, noting that they were almost out, and he would need to go to the store later.

He walked back to the office and sat down at his laptop. He opened his email and went on about his day. He had a few things he needed to take care of, then he would dedicate all himself to taking care of Jared.

Around noon he stood up his back sore from sitting for a long period of time. He stretched muscles and joints popping. He walked out of the office, the sunlight coming through the window in the living room making Jared's natural highlights stand out against the paleness of his face. He walked over the cold hardwood floor and knelt down beside Jared. He brushed a stray strand of hair off his forehead kissing it lightly.

"I love you," he whispered standing back up and walking to the notepad on the refrigerator.

He left Jared a note letting him know that he went out to run some quick errands and he'd be home soon. If he needed anything to call. He took a last look at his sleeping beauty and walked out to his car.

The blinding noon sun was bright coming through the tan curtains that hung in there living room. The click of the front door closing alerted Jared that he was alone. He rolled over in a failed attempt to dodge mother natures harsh light. Annoyed he lifted himself from the couch and walked to the hall bathroom to take a piss.

He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror while he was washing his hands, his red-rimmed eyes and tear-streaked face were a haunting reminder of his body's latest betrayal. He threw a can of shaving cream at his reflection watching the glass shatter, fragmented distorted images of himself and the light behind him stared back at him. He quickly shut the light off and walked into the hall. He rested against the wall trying to regain some composer.

From the office, he heard a small ping alerting him that a new message had been received. He pulled himself upright and walked into the dimly lit room. The laptop was open, he sat down in the desk
chair and looked at the screen. It was an e-mail, but not his, Jensen must have forgotten to sign out before he left. Jared scrolled over the message opening it. He took a shaky breath reading the words before him.

**Hey Jen!**

*Hey Jen!*

*I really had a good time out with you last week, you really rocked my world. I almost didn't agree to meet with you the second time, but you are really hard to say no to. So to hear that you want to meet again thrills me. I can't wait to see you this afternoon.*

**Much Love,**

*Jessie.*

Jared could feel the burn of the bile coming up his throat, he dug deeper into his husband's E-Mail needed to know how long Jensen had been steeping out on him. His hands shook and his heart almost beat out of his chest. The pain shattering him, breaking him, mind, body, and soul.

After digging for forty-five minutes he found out that Jessie wasn't the only one Jensen had been with. There were two more, and that this had been going on for more than six months. The pain was replaced with red-hot rage. He grabbed the laptop off the desk and threw it across the room. He went into a blind rage grabbing anything in his path and destroying it. The more destructive he was the better he felt. He walked up to their bedroom and opened the window. He walked to the closet and pulled out all of Jensen's things tossing them out the window. Expensive suits, shoes tossed out like the trash they belonged to. He grabbed his record collection out from under the bed and a pen from the nightstand and carved through the groves before snapping them in half and tossing them out the window. He was laughing, crying, and hurting so much.

The sight that Jensen pulled up to was frightening, the front yard was littered with clothes, pictures, condoms, broken records, and his guitar laid broken in the bush under their bedroom window. He jumped out of his car and ran in the house to do damage control. He opened the front door and the rest of the house didn't look any better, their wedding album laid empty on the table, the pictures ripped apart and thrown around the living room like confetti. Their marriage licenses laid on the couch with one word written on it in bright red ink, *Cheater.* Jensen hung his head in shame. He knew that Jared knew everything, he didn't mean for him to find out like this. He was going to tell him, just the time wasn't ever right.

He walked slowly up the stairs dreading the confrontation with his very angry, very hurt husband. At the bedroom door he took a deep breath, he knew he had made a mess of his life. He slowly pushed opened the door. Jared sat, naked, Indian style, in the middle of what used to be their bed, now wasn't more than cotton, feathers, and torn cloth as far as the eye could see, he had a bottle of whiskey sat between his legs. He had his switchblade in his hand, blood running down his wrist.

He looked up at Jensen, "Hi, do you like the way I re-docorated? Seemed fitting, considering," words slurred with bitterness.

The once vibrant eyes showed nothing, they were cold, dead. Jensen took a cautious step toward Jared with the goal to disarm him. Jared jerked back.

"Now why didn't you just hang out with your little lover just a little bit longer today? Why do you alway's have to ruin everything, my darlin' husband?" Jared hissed his southern drawl peaked out. He took his knife and placing it on his neck. "With me gone, you'll be free," He laughed flatly, "Free of the freak you're married to, free from everything, but the guilt."
Jensen grabbed his hand pulling it away from his neck, terror caused his heart to race and his vision
to cloud over. He pinned Jared to what was left of the bed wrestling the knife and a very combative
Jared. In the process of unarming the clearly deranged man, he cut his shoulder, the pain of the thin
blade burning as it dug into his flesh. The bottle of whiskey spilled over the both of them.

“Jared, sweetheart, I'm sorry, I really didn't mean for any of this to happen. You need help, I think
we need to see about getting you into a treatment facility.”

“Sure, so you can get the sympathy for being married to the unstable nut job, and be free to dip your
dick inside any watering hole? I bet that would just make your day, just like how I know you are
celebrating the death of my children!” Jared spat the last part with as much hate and malice he could
muster.

“They were mine too, Jared! I'm sorry you had to find out that I had cheated on you like you did. I
was going to tell you, I was going to tell you the day that you came in and announced that you were
pregnant, but I couldn't it wasn't the right time. That's why I was so upset about it, it wasn't that I
didn't want the kids!”

"You didn't want me," Jared retorted solemnly.

"It's not that either, you were right there with me in body, but in mind, you were spaced out, it was
like being married to a goddamned robot! That's why I stepped out, I know it was wrong, and I know
that I was an idiot, I should have seen the signs that you were having a bout of depression, but to me,
it felt like you just didn't love me anymore." Jensen tore his sleeve off and wrapped it tight around
Jared's wrist to stop the bleeding. "I thought you needed space, that you'd bounce back, but you
didn't. Having sex with you felt like I was raping you. And now all this, babe you can't handle it all
on your own, I'm begging you to please get help. I'll go with you, please I don't want to lose you. I
know I haven't shown it really but I do love you."

"You sure do have a shitty way of showing it."

"Babe we need to get you to the hospital, you need stitches and a mental evaluation. Please don't
fight this, accept the help."

“Whatever,” Jared whispered.

Jensen really wanted to take care of Jared himself but he knew this was out of his wheelhouse. He
quickly found some clothes and dressed him. Getting him downstairs was another struggle. Jared's
drunken body not able to support his weight, Jensen had to carry him, that's when he really noticed
how much weight his spouse had lost. Guilt ate at him, while he was out cheating on the only person
he ever loved, Jared had wasted away. Finally, he managed to get Jared to the car and to the hospital.
He checked him in and watched as they took the love of his life behind closed doors.

"When can I see him?" He asked the nurse.

"The doctor will let you know something shortly."

He sat in the uncomfortable waiting room, staring at the ceiling praying to wake up from this
nightmare.
Confessions

Chapter Summary

Jared has to deal with the aftermath of his suicide attempt, while Jensen literally tries to piece their life back together.

Chapter Notes

Not beta read (once again I really need to fix this issue!) If I missed any tags please let me know. This is overwhelming for me to write, and I feel like I am not doing a good job with this. Please bear with me! Thanks for reading, love you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Six hours Jensen had sat in the lobby of the hospital, only to discover that he wouldn't be able to see Jared anytime soon. They would call him when he could see his spouse. Jensen wasn't happy, but really there wasn't anything he could do. He hung his head and walked out of the hospital defeated.

He pulled in their driveway and sat in his car, just looking at the mess all over the front yard. He was ashamed of himself and his selfless actions. He knew he needed to make things right with Jared cause if the past six months have taught him anything it was that he loved his husband more than anything in the world. He knew that the first time he touched another person. The orgasm wasn't even worth the effort that he had put into it. The guilt alone was horrible.

He stepped out of the car and started to pick up the pieces of his life, literally. Jared may have destroyed every material possession that he had, but Jensen had single-handedly destroyed his entire world. He knew he couldn't get this cleaned up on his own, he had to call in some re-enforcements. He didn't know who to call, or what to do. He cleaned the front lawn carrying everything to the end of the driveway and placing it inside the trash can. He didn't think he could stomach going into the house. He sat on the steps with his phone in his hand, steadying himself to make the one phone call he didn't want to make. He sighed and dialed the number.

"Hello?" a female voice came through.

"Dani, I need you, I have fucked up so bad, I need help."

"Jen what did you do?"

"How soon can you get here?" he asked rubbing his forehead. "I don't think I can talk about this on the phone."

"I can be there in a few hours, are you going to be ok?"

"I think so, I don't know, just get here ok?"

He had a long night and he was exhausted but wouldn't dare go inside their house by himself, the
reality of the situation would be too much for him to face. He walked back to his car sitting in the
driver's seat, reclining slightly to get more comfortable.

Two hours later a car pulling into the drive-way woke Jensen from his nap. He was thankful that he
had been able to clean up the yard, before calling in his best friend. He opened the car door and
stretched his achy back, lifting his arms as high as he could.

The firey red-head walked up beside him, “Please tell me that you didn't sleep in this car last night?”

“No, I spent the night at the hospital,” he hung his head.

"Why the hell were you at the hospital, is Jared alright?” her smile faded to concern.

“Well, I think you will understand a hell of a lot more once we get into the house,” he said palming
his keys and walking to the front door, “Just be warned, it's bad in there.”

“Do I need a hazmat suit? Are the cops gonna show up?” she was confused.

Jensen shook his head and opened the door. He stepped inside and found the light switch. He heard
her gasp behind him. His knees felt weak under his weight. The first ultrasound picture hung on the
refrigerator untouched by his husband's rage.

"What the fuck happened in here? Did you let a hurricane lose inside?” she looked to her friend for
answers.

“I fucked it all up Dani,” his back shook with the tears that were falling.

“What did you do?” She took a cautious step into the living room turning a lamp on.

“I let him down, he's never going to forgive me, he's never coming home.”

"Jensen! What did you do!” She demanded, starting to get scared.

"I cheated, I lied, I caused him to lose our babies!” He wailed letting his tears fall unrestrained. He
fell into the counter staring at the ultrasound photo.

“Oh, Jensen, you fucking idiot,” She said picking up the marriage license still laying on the couch.

“I know, he's never going to forgive me for this.”

“First we need to clean up this mess, then we will work on the rest of it, none of this will be easy, but
if you really love him, you have to make the effort Jensen. Marriage isn't easy, it's give and take, and
sometimes it's more give than take.”

"I do love him, I wished I wasn't a self-absorbed idiot."

Jared slept the entire first day he was committed. He didn't care if he ever woke up, at least his heart
didn't hurt when he was sleeping. On day two the nurses made him get up. They made him go to
breakfast, they made him feel, and he didn't like them one bit. He refused to eat, he refused the
medication he just wanted to be left alone.

By day three he was back to anger, he wanted to rage and take his aggressions out and couldn't. Day
three was also the first time he got to meet with a counselor.
He sat in the cold chair and waited for the young blonde to finish reading his intake paperwork. He fiddled with the string on the scrub pants he was wearing, chewing nervously at his bottom lip.

“Well, Jared, want to tell me in your own words what has brought you here?” she asked in a voice that was too peppy for him.

He rolled his eyes, “Didn't you just finish reading the file? Don't you know that I have ‘clinical depression' and a husband that thinks it's ok to fuck around, oh yeah let's not forget that I just had a miscarriage.”

“I understand that you are going through a lot right now, but can you tell me what you were feeling when you tried to commit suicide?”

"To be honest I am just ready to die, I just can't keep going on like this," he answered with a little less attitude this time.

“Do you still want to die, Jared?” she asked grabbing a pen from her desk.

“Do you see a reason left for me to live, my husband doesn't want me, which means I'm out of a home, a job, half my friends.”

“Did your husband tell you that he wanted a divorce?” she was making notes.

"Well, darlin' let me spell this out for you since your fancy college education didn't teach you this when a man finds a new place to get his cock wet, your marriage is done. When he tells you that he flat out doesn't want to have kids with you, he is done with you. When he leaves you when you are in the middle of a break down to have an afternoon fuck, you're pretty much yesterday's news. So no, he didn't tell me this with his own words, but we have been with each other for five years now I think I know him a little better than some Barbie shrink." Jared's words were laced with anger.

“Do you feel better now?” she made another note and turned the page in her book, “I think that sometimes in life people make mistakes, do you think that your husband maybe just made a mistake? He has to still care for you, he did bring you here to get help.”

“He only did that so that he could get some sympathy from whatever little twink he is fucking, from the studio, from our friends.”

“Jared I understand that you are very upset with your husband right now, but do you think that he ever loved you? Do you love him?”

“I was a fool to ever think that Jensen could love anyone but himself, I was even dumber to fall so in love with him that without him my life isn't worth living, and to be frank, my life with him isn't worth living either. So you know why he brought me here? Out of spite, he just wanted to hurt me more. Having me caged up here like some animal while he goes on about his life, knowing that I am here. That I'm just here, a shell, he made sure he destroyed any part of me that wasn't tied to him.”

“Jared I think that will be all for today, I am going to change your medication's and you will take them,” She said firmly closing her notebook.

“Your know where I will be,” he said getting up and leaving her office.

He walked back to his room and laid in his bed. He sobbed for the loss of himself, for the loss of his marriage, for failing to be what his husband needed, for the death of his babies. He cried until he exhausted himself.
Danneel and Jensen had just pushed the couch out the front door when his phone started to ring. He rushed back inside to answer it.

"Hello?" he questioned not recognizing the number.

“Hi this is Dr. Jena Landon, is this Jensen?”

“Yes, how is Jared doing?”

“To be honest, he isn't doing very well, he is very angry, irrationally so. I have made some changes to his medication, but I would really like to set up a session with the two of you. Would you be willing?”

"Yeah, when, I can be there anytime," he said leaning against the counter.

"Tomorrow morning, at ten, and please come in calm. If you're angry it will just make him worse."

“Yes ma'am, I will see y'all in the morning.” He smiled as he hung up the phone.

Three days without his other half had about killed him. He knew that this was the divine punishment, but he didn't want to be without Jared anymore. He had buried himself cleaning up the mess he caused. He had to buy new furniture, a new wardrobe. He couldn't even sleep in their bedroom. Crippling fear and pain gripped his heart and wouldn't let him sleep. He couldn't even eat, his stomach refusing to hold the food down. He had replaced the photos, remade the albums, he had cried himself well into dehydration. All he cared about was fixing the things he had managed to fuck up.

The next morning he woke up and got dressed, wearing Jared’s favorite shade of green, the one he said made his eyes stand out. He slipped a simple pair of jeans over his hips, laced his boots on, and brushed his hair and teeth. He grabbed his jacket off the couch and headed out the door.

Standing outside the psychiatric facility he took a deep breath steading himself before going in. He didn't know how Jared would take seeing him, or if he even knew he was coming. He walked up to the desk.

“Can I help you?” the male nurse sitting at the desk asked.

“I have a session with Dr. Landon at ten,” he said looking at the floor.

“Right this way,” he said leading Jensen down the hall and to an opened door.

The office was painted a bright green color, with ugly green carpet to match, made him sick to his stomach to look at. The blonde sat at her desk perched with a perfect sight of the door and the hall. Which Jensen guessed was for safety reasons. The backs of patients would be towards the door so that if they needed to be sedated it would come as a surprise.

“Good Morning Mr. Ackles, Jared will be with us shortly, have a seat please.”

“Thank you,” he sat in the chair furthest from the door knowing that Jared didn't like to be cornered.

“So, I would like to speak with you shortly before Jared gets here,” Dr. Landon said opening her notebook.

“Alright,” Jensen looked away from her.
"First off, I want to ask you how committed you are to assisting your husband through this, or are you just here for yourself?"

"I am not sure what you are asking me?"

"Are you planning on filing for divorce? Do you think your marriage is worth saving? Are you still in love with Jared?"

"No," he said looking up at her, "I'm not divorcing him, yes I think our marriage is worth working on, and I am still so in love with him. I get that you are concerned and you have every right to be, I have treated my husband very poorly, and I can admit that I am a jackass, but I am in this."

"Very good, remember how much you love him when he gets in here because I am going to be honest with you, he is angry and doesn't know you are here," she smiled at him.

The knock on the door alerted them to the guest at the door. Dr. Landon lifted her head in the direction of the knock. She smiled, welcoming in the newcomer.

"Come on in, Jared, I am so glad that you are here today."

"Thank you Doc," Jared said stepping into the room, the smile fell from his face when he saw Jensen sitting in the office, "What the fuck are you doing here! What is he doing here!"

"He cares about you and wants to be supportive, Jared, please have a seat."

"Why couldn't he be supportive when I really needed him to be! Why does he have to wait until shit gets deep before helping me!" Jared screamed at the doctor refusing to look at Jensen.

"Jared, please sit down, we have a lot of ground to cover,"

"Fine, but don't expect me to talk to him," Jared said taking the chair that was next to Jensen and moved it against the wall next to the door, crossing his arms over his chest.

"That's alright Jared, no one is going to make you talk to him. We will just do what we normally do and let him sit back and watch, is that OK?" her voice was soft and comforting.

"Whatever," he said cocking his head away from her.

"So Jared, do you want a divorce?" she asked gently

"Yes," he responded flatly.

"OK, so you don't think your marriage is fixable?"

"No," he kept his voice monotoned, emotionless.

"Do you still love Jensen?"

"No," he lied, "I never did."

Jared knew his words hurt his husband. Cut him to the quick, but he didn't care, he wanted to hurt Jensen, and since he knew that he couldn't get away with the physical violence he would attack his mind. He refused to look up at either one of them, fear that they would see the pain in his eyes, afraid if he saw the pain in Jensen's eyes his facade would crack.

Jensen felt his heart shatter at Jared's harsh words. His whole life just shattered in front of him. He
had no one to blame but himself. He couldn't even be mad at Jared.

"Jensen, how does it feel to hear Jared say these things?" Dr. Landon turned her attention from Jared.

"Honestly, it hurts, but I'm not shocked. I really wanted to work through this, but it seems that Jared has made up his mind, and I know that he isn't going to change it anytime soon, so I guess I'll be here when he needs me." Jensen was fighting the tears that threatened to spill over, fighting to maintain composure.

"It should hurt Jen! Why would I want to do this to myself again, huh? Why should I just open myself back up to you? If you cheated once you will do it again, and I will not be made a fool of! I will stay here as long as I need to, through the divorce, for the rest of my life if need be, but one thing, and you can mark my words, is I will never need you, Jensen! I never needed you! I wanted you, needing you was just something I said to get you off!" Jared spat at Jensen his eyes bright with rage.

"I'm sorry Jare, that's all I can say, I fucked up, I know I did, and I do love you," Jensen said staring a hole into the floor.

"You only love yourself! You have never loved me, and you have proved it to me. So how many, Jen, how many other men where there?" Jared's voice cracked raw emotion leaking through, the pain and hurt loud in his voice.

"Jared, please," Jensen begged him not to make him answer that question,

"How many?" Jared repeated his jaw squared gritting his teeth.

"Five, but I swear they didn't mean anything, Jared." he rested his head in his hands.

"Five, did you fuck them more than once? Where they so much better than the ass you had at home?"

"Do we have to talk about this here?"

"Seeing as I ain't getting out of here anytime soon, Yes, or would you rather we go out in the hall and make a show out of it! Maybe you can get one of the nurses to go home with you!"

"Goddamnit Jared! What do you want from me!" Jensen snapped standing up and walking closer to his husband, "I have nothing without you! Yeah I made a colossal fuck up of our marriage, and I am so fucking sorry, but what we are doing here, isn't going to do either of us any good!" He knelt down in front of Jared.

"I want to know, I have to know everything, the truth, please, all I ask is for you to be honest with me."

"OK, what do you want to know?" he tried to look Jared in the eye but there was too much pain for him to handle.

Dr. Landon sat quietly at her desk making notes and letting them work out their problems. If things got too intense she would be there to bring them back level. Being the mediator if need be.

"When did this start?" Jared asked voice shaking with fear and pain.

"The party, about eight months ago that you didn't go to, I uh um, had drinks with this guy who was at the bar, and he was funny, and he understood that we were in a rough spot. He didn't ask for it, I
did, I am so sorry, we went in the bathroom and I took him bare, with only spit for lube. I was so wasted, I slept in the car that night. Went to the nearest hospital the next morning told them that I had unprotected sex and they gave me some medication.” Jensen ran his hand down his face, “I didn't see him again, and we seemed to get back into our normal rhythm, but then about six months ago it seemed that you had just lost complete interest in sex, or any intimacy. You always had a different excuse, I thought that maybe you just didn't want to be with me anymore. Instead of asking you what was going on because I was scared that you were leaving me I got on a dating app, meet a few guys. I was only with the one more than once.” Jensen searched Jared’s face for his reaction.

“Were you planning on leaving me? Before I found out about the babies?” Jared's entire body was trembling.

“Yes, I was, but when you found out you were pregnant, I don't know, I took some time, but something in me finally clicked, you were back to being happy, and you, I fell in love with you all over again. I had already planned to end it with Jessie, just hadn't met up with him because you were more important. Baby, when you lost our babies I was devastated, my whole world was flipped, and I am sorry that you had to pay for my sins, ya know. I am so fucking sorry, Jare, I really am, and if you never want to see me again, fine, but I don't want to give up on us without a fight,” he lost control of the tears he was holding. The weight of the world off of his shoulder with his confession.

“I don't know if I can ever trust you again, I don't know. Do you want to have kids with me?”

“As many as you want, Baby.”

“So all that shit about not being father material?”

“You have enough faith in me, and I trust you. I love you, only you.”

“So where do we go from here?”

“Anywhere you want, Sweetheart,” Jensen smiled laying his hand on his husband's knee.

“Well, not anywhere just yet, he needs to complete his treatment. I think we made loads of progress today, Jensen same time next week?”

“Yes, ma'am,” Jensen answered her without taking his eyes off of Jared.

Chapter End Notes

So would you take Jensen back? Would you be able to trust your spouse? tune in next time, I am working on getting this updated faster, sorry the words are really hard to write.
Revelations

Chapter Summary

Therapy all the way around, things come to light that exposes a sinister childhood trauma. Can Jared and Jensen find a happy ending?

Chapter Notes

#$#$#$$Warning!!@*#&$&$*$*$($
This chapter contains a graphic depiction of child molestation... Please read with caution...

Same old Same, sorry it has taken me so long to get this typed up. a lot has been going on in my life. not beta read all the mistakes are mine!

comments feed me! (and coffee)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Jared, you can head back to your room, I'd like to have a few words with Jensen.” Dr. Landon said standing up and walking Jared out of the room.

Once the door was closed she walked back to her desk. She picked her pen and note pad up and flipped to a clean page. Jensen had taken his seat back next to the wall.

“So, I'd like to treat both of you, I think that you could benefit from some therapy as well,” She said as she began to write.

“OK, whatever I have to do to help Jared I will.”

“Jensen, do you think Jared is the only one here that needs my help?”

“I don't know what you mean by that?”

“I think that something pushed you to cheat on your spouse, and I would like to have twice a week meetings with you, as well as our session with Jared,” She said turning to her shelf and pulling off a stack of papers.

“Do you think there is any hope for my marriage?”

"I think with intensive therapy there is, but only if both of you cooperate. Inside this package there's paperwork I need you to fill out and bring back before our next appointment," she handed him the package.

"I will get it done as soon as possible. I know that I need to be here. I will do whatever you think I need too, I can't live without Jared."
“You could, but you don't want too, and that's progress, I will see you Thursday at two.” she smiled and stood from her desk.

Jared walked down the hall back to his room his head hung to hide tears as they rolled off his cheeks. Jensen had cheated on him, he had planned to leave him, Jared’s heart was broken. He didn't know if he could ever trust Jensen again, but he didn't know what he would do without him either.

He opened the door to his private room and stepped inside, closed the door before he collapsed against it. Shoulders heaved as pain rolled off of him in waves. He wished Jensen hadn’t come home in time, he honestly wished he had died in their home. He didn't want to go on like this. He didn't want to be with a man he didn't know if he could trust. He didn't want to be with anyone else, couldn’t imagine his life without Jensen in it.

He managed to make his way to his bed laid down across the too small mattress, clutched his pillow and willed his mind to think more positive. It was a lost cause, All he could think about was the man he had given his heart, his soul, and his virginity to had betrayed him. He had been abandoned when he needed the support the most.

He fell asleep finally hours of crying wore his body out. He slept through supper, he wouldn't have eaten anyway. Shaking himself awake he made his way to his ensuite bathroom. For once he was thankful that there wasn't a mirror in there. He finished his business and walked back to his bed. Where he laid awake until his medication was brought to him the next morning.

The nurse that brought him his medication also escorted him to his therapy session. He walked into Dr. Landon's office and sat down. He stared at the wall, he felt numb.

“Good morning, Jared,” She smiled at him pulling out her handy notepad.

"It's morning, I guess, don't see anything good about it," he murmured back.

“Alright, Jared, let's begin today's session. Today I would like to talk about your marriage.”

"What about it? How much of a joke is it? Or when it should end?"

“No, I'd like to focus on the beginning of your relationship with Jensen, could you tell me about how you first met?”

"Well, I was twenty-two, clueless, and so insecure. I had just landed the part on our show. We were shooting the pilot. He was so sweet and helped me get through the difficult scenes. After we shot the pilot we didn't see each other for a few months. Then we moved to Vancouver to film,” the words Jared spoke sounded rehearsed.

“Who asked whom out?”

"He asked me actually, we were filming the second episode and he pulled me to the side when we were at lunch. He asked me if he could take me someplace beautiful, I honestly thought he meant his bed but was shocked when he took me down to the waterfall for lunch. He said 'I hope this wasn’t a terrible first date, but just in case I would like to take you to dinner tonight.'," Jared smiled at the memory, "Then that night when filming wrapped he took me out to a steakhouse, it was an amazing date."

“Do you think Jensen is still in love with you?” She asked putting her pen down.

"I don't know, I would love to believe that he still loved me, but how could he if he had sex with those other men?” pain evident in Jared's voice.
"Those are questions better for our sessions together."

"I know that I loved him," he said with a sigh.

"You have an appointment this afternoon with the hospital's Obstetrician. We need to be sure that your miscarriage completed. Would you like to talk about that?"

"I don't know if I can, I have lost my whole world in just a few days. I feel like I have done something to deserve this," Jared picked at his fingernails.

"No, Jared, sometimes bad things just happen. Do you feel like you would want to try again?"

He lifted his head and tilted it to the side pondering her question, "I would love to have children, I was beyond thrilled to find out that I was pregnant. I would love it if Jensen where their father, but if that's not in the cards well, I am sure that someone out there would have me, right, I am not that bad of a person."

"Jared you are a great person, don't forget that. I think that we need to wrap up for today, you get ready for your appointment with the OB. I have called Jensen to inform him of this appointment, and he will be here if you want him to go with you."

"Thank you, yes I do want him to be there, what time is the appointment?" he asked shaking his leg nervously.

"You have two hours, please be ready to be escorted about thirty to forty-five minutes before."

"Can do, see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, I will see you in the morning."

Jared smiled and walked down to his room.

Jensen was frantically trying to fill out the paperwork, answering questions that made him have realizations about himself, that he was more than just a little fucked up. He knew that he needed help, and prayed that he could be the husband that Jared desired, and not the person he has been.

The alarm on his phone shook him from his thought he had to get ready to go, he had promised Dr. Landon that he would have this turned in today, and hopeful that Jared would let him accompany him to his OB appointment. He neatly put the paperwork in a folder, laid it on the table by the door, and went upstairs to get dressed.

Being at home without Jared has been the most trying thing that Jensen has had to do in his adult life. It's been a week since he has held his husband, a week since he seen his bright smile, and he was starting to get lonely. He was also starting to understand some of what Jared must have felt all the times he would just leave him. That hurt him the most, not noticing that Jared really just needed him, needed to know that he was still important to him. Jensen sat on the end of the bed and cried.

Finally willing himself down to the hospital, he stood by the desk, paperwork in hand. Dr. Landon stepped out of her office a few minutes later, asking Jensen to step inside for a moment.

"So I talked with Jared this morning, and I think he may have been misdiagnosed with clinical depression, I think he may actually be Bi-polar, which is manageable but will require me to change his medication. He is waiting for you to go up to the main hospital for his visit with the obstetrician."
“Wait, Bi-polar? What does this mean?” Jensen’s voice expressed the concern his heart was feeling. Had he caused Jared more harm?

"We will talk more about this Tuesday, for now, let's get him up to the main hospital and be sure everything is alright in that department."

“Have you told him this yet?”

“No, I haven't, but I will be talking to him about it tomorrow. I expect you to be here tomorrow as well so I will give you the update then,” she walked him back outside the door.

He walked back up the hall. Jared was waiting for him at the nurse's station, a security guard and a nursing assistant standing with him. The guard had handcuffs in his hand. Jensen stepped up beside him.

“Please tell me you aren't going to handcuff him?”

“Hospital policy sorry,” the guard said latching the cuffs around Jared's wrist in front of his waist.

Jensen’s blood boiled, he didn't like the implications of his husband in handcuffs. Jared wasn't a threat to anyone, he couldn't even kill a spider. He insisted that they are removed from the house and placed back in nature, but here he is in handcuffs like he's some dangerous criminal.

"Jensen, it's fine, let's just get this over with, OK?" Jared interjected feeling his husbands agitation.

“Fine, but I am still not happy about it.”

They walked Jared to the main hospital, and up to the sixth floor. Jensen cringed when he realized that they were going to have to walk past all the new babies. He wanted to cry for the pain he knew this was going to cause his spouse. He could feel Jared shutter beside him. He laced his fingers with Jared's in a silent offer of support. Jared squeezed his hand in response.

At the nurse's station, they checked Jared in and sat him down in the waiting room. The guard removed the cuffs but stood by the only exit. Knowing if Jared ran he could have the nurses lock the wing.

Jared was fighting tears as a new mom and baby were wheeled in front of them, Jensen wrapped his arms around him. Holding him close and it felt as if the weight of the world was lifted off of them.

“Jare, it's alright to cry, it's ok to express that pain. I am here for you babe, and I swear I am not leaving you.”

“Jen, please make the pain stop,” Jared begged.

“Baby boy, if we didn't hurt we could never feel joy, and one day, I promise you will hold our child, and all this pain will be forgotten. I promise.”

Jared clung to him tighter, soaking his shirt with tears as the older man just held him, and soaked up the pain. Jensen ran his hands up his back, thanking whatever God was listening for allowing him to have Jared in his life.

“Mr. Padalecki, we are ready for you,” a new nurse said holding his file in her hand.

Jared dried his tears and followed the nurse to a room. The had a single exam a chair, and an ultrasound machine. He sat on the bed waiting for instructions. The nurse pulled a gown out of the
cabinet and laid it on the bed behind him.

“I need you to strip down, put this gown on, the doctor will be with you shortly.”

He did as he was told taking his hospital issued scrubs off and slipping the gown on, he sat back down on the table. Jensen slipped his arm around him, rubbing his back.

"This nightmare is almost over, baby. I am so sorry for the pain I have caused you. I am so sorry for everything, I have been a shitty husband, but I swear I am going to be the man that you need. I love you."

“Jen, I don't know if I love you anymore, I don't know who I am right now,” Jared sighed, “I am sorry, but I can't lie to you.”

“That's fine, I wasn't expecting you to tell me you loved me, I just want you to know that I do love you, and I am ready to do whatever it takes to prove that to you. I want you to do whatever you feel is best for you. If that means we are done, then I understand that.”

“Thank you for that, I just need time to find out who I am.”

The knock on the door stopped their conversation. The doctor stepped into the room, "Hi, I am Dr. Gordon, I understand that you have had a miscarriage? Eleven weeks is what the paperwork said. I want to have a look and make sure that the miscarriage has completed. If not we will need to do a procedure to scrap the uterus and remove any remaining products of conception. Do you understand?"

“Yes sir,” Jared answered.

“Alrighty then, I need you to lie back, I am going to lift your gown and have a look with the ultrasound to see what's going on in there.”

Jared laid back on the table. The doctor squeezed the ultrasound jelly on his lower stomach and ran the inducer across. Jared closed his eyes, fear kept him from looking.

“Everything looks good here. Do you have any questions for me?”

"I do," Jensen spoke up, "what are the chances of him getting pregnant again, and what are the chances of a repeat miscarriage?"

"If he got pregnant once, I can assure you he can get pregnant again. Miscarriages happen in about one of three pregnancies, these things are no body's fault, they just happen. It sucks but it happens. I can assure you that if you two want a child, then you know how to get one. I would recommend letting your body finish healing, I'd recommend no sex for six weeks.”

“Oh trust me, we won't be having sex anytime soon,” Jared retorted.

"OK, if you don't have any more questions for me you may get dressed and I will get your escort."

“Nope I think we are good, thank you,” Jared stood up and redressed.

Jensen and Jared parted ways at the entrance to the mental health ward. Jared felt relieved and empty at the same time. It was easy for Jared to be mad, hurt, and hate Jensen when he wasn't near, but when he was close his heart wanted to love him. Jared didn't think his mind could handle the pain his
heart was causing him.

The next morning Jared took himself into his therapy session. He sat across from the doctor as she threw around words like Bi-Polar disorder with manic depression. He sat shocked at his new diagnosis, but he finally understood how his moods could shift so suddenly, and how when he was happy he was really happy, but when he was sad, he didn't feel like he could go on.

"We will need to change your medication, I would like to take you off the Prozac and try Lithium instead. It will take a few days to feel the effects of the medication change, so don't worry if you are still feeling blue. The bipolar disorder affects the way you perceive yourself and the world around you. The goal is to help you see that the world isn't such a bad place."

“OK, that's fine,” Jared said picking at the fabric of his pant leg.

“You will need to continue therapy, and if everything goes well the next few days I would like to see you return home.”

"I am nowhere near ready to go home," he protested lifting his eyes to meet hers.

“You can't stay in here forever, you have to go and face your problems. If you stay here it will hurt you in the long run,” she said firmly.

“I can't go home, it's too soon, I don't think I can handle it.”

“You can, because you are strong, and you will still see me twice a week,” she reassured.

“But what about Jen?”

“What about him?”

“I don't think I am ready to share space with him. I am not strong enough for that.”

“If you don't want him in your home, I am sure we can figure something out before we let you go.”

"But here if something is bothering me I can come to you, or one of the nurses, but at home, I will only have him. I am not capable of saying no to him, I am not able to stay away."

"Then don't Jared, you have to make a choice, either forgive your husband and move on with your marriage or dissolve it. You can't push him away, and then pull him back when you need him. It's all in or all out."

“What if I'm not ready to forgive him?”

“I think that is something you need to think long and hard about, weigh your options, and we can talk more about this with him Tuesday.”

“OK, I guess I will try, what's the worst thing that could happen, right?”

“Try to think more positive, what is the best thing that could happen?” she said arching her eyebrow.

"I guess we could live happily ever after," Jared smiled at the thought.

“That's the right attitude. Now I will see you Monday to see how you are doing, I won't be in tomorrow so if you need anything you will have to see the nurses, OK?”

“Can do, you have a good weekend,” Jared said standing to leave.
Jensen eased his way into the parking lot, his nerves were on fire with unease. He had never been to therapy, and he knew that there were a lot of things that needed to be addressed. He knew that he should have gotten help a long time ago, but better late than never. He parked the car and ran his hand through his head.

He walked through the automatic doors into the hospital. His hands were sweaty and he for once didn't feel in control. He checked in at the desk and sat down across from the office waiting on Dr. Landon.

“Jensen, you can come in now,” Dr. Landon said from the door to her office.

“Thank you,” he smiled walking into the office.

She closed the door behind him and walked to her desk, “I am glad that you are here today. I had time to go over your intake paperwork. I think that there's a number of issues we need to address,” she said opening her notebook.

“Where would you like to start?” He asked trying not to let his nervousness show.

“I'd like to start with your childhood abuse, from what I read, you have never had therapy?”

"No, I never realized how much I could benefit from it. Honestly, I just don't think about my childhood that much,” he said shifting in his seat.

“Well, that's not a great way to deal with it, but we are here now, so let's dive in. I would like you to tell me what your first memory is.”

“I was about three, my birth mother had left me at home to go get drugs, and I was trying to make me some toast in the oven. I got to watching cartoons and forgot all about the toast, well it caught on fire. I used my 'mother's' chocolate milk to put out the fire. When she got home she was so mad, she beat me, bashed my head into the floor. I eventually passed out.” speaking about the abuse was easier than Jensen thought it would be.

“You know that she was in the wrong right, that you were just doing what you had to in order to survive?” she said jotting down a note.

"Yes, I know this, it was about a month later that she had gotten reported to CPS for leaving me at home unattended. As my running through the apartment and loud TV kept the neighbors awake, they called the cops. When the cops arrived and discovered that I was home alone, they call CPS," Jensen looked at the floor taking a deep breath, "My mother had gotten back about five minutes before CPS did and she had a pizza, which she had no intention of sharing with me. She had explained to the officer that she laid me down for a nap and stepped downstairs to get the pizza. I knew that was a lie," he shifted in his seat shaking his head, "she had been gone for most of the day, but for some reason they bought it. I don't know if it was because my mother was so young, or if it was because she was just that good of a liar. When CPS got there they explained to her that they would be making random visits and if they found me home alone again they would remove me from her custody,” Jensen sighed.

“What happened then?” She asked looking up at him momentarily before returning her gaze to her notebook.

“She was forced to take me to her drug dealers, at first it wasn't so bad, the guy was nice and all,” Jensen blew out a breath preparing to tell her a part of his life story he had never told anyone, “but
one time she didn't have any money, and really wanted her drugs, I was sitting at the table coloring, beside me there was a stack of little baggies full of what I know now to be Crack Cocain, I was little, I didn't know any better, so while they were making other arrangements for payment, I slipped three baggies in my pocket. I figured it would keep her happy and we could stay at home more,” he shook his head, “I didn't know how much I would come to regret that choice. Once they were finished having sex in the bathroom we left. It was a couple hours after we got home that her dealer showed up with a gun, so angry. I had never seen anyone so mad in all my life. He cussed at her for stealing from him, when I was the one sitting on the floor with the drugs in my pocket. He hit her, repeatedly, tied her down on the table in our kitchen and cut her clothes off, she was begging him not to hurt her in front of me, and swearing that she didn't have his drugs,” Jensen stopped talking, fear and guilt gripping his tongue.

“I am sorry this happened Jensen, take a minute if you need to before we continue.”

"Thank you," he took a deep breath relaxing his body.

“Are you ready to continue?” she asked looking for signs of distress.

“Yes, so she's screaming and he gags her, and says 'if I kill the boy he won't see anything' and he walks over to me and jerks me up by my leg, the drugs fell out of my pocket. He threw me on the floor so fast, before I knew what was happening he drug me over to the table where he had her tied, and pushed my face,” Jensen's voice cracked and his whole body was shaking, “he pushed my face in between her legs, and put the gun against my back and told me to lick.” tears fell from Jensen's eyes he hung his head.

"You're doing great, take your time, let the emotions out," Dr. Landon said gently.

"I was so scared, and the taste was horrible, I didn't want to, I tried to fight and pull my head away but he was way bigger and stronger. He pulled my pants off and started to stroke me, called me a good slut, and that it was so nice to see me get hard while eating my mother's cunt." Jensen gagged on the words, "I know better now, but when she achieved orgasm I thought she had peed on me, and he didn't let go of my face just held me down, I thought I would drown. Once he finally let me up for air he sat me on her chest and made her perform oral on me while he had sex with her."

“And you have never told anyone about this, not even your adoptive parents?”

“No, I didn't want them to send me back into the system, I didn't want to be put back into foster homes.”

“And this wasn't the only time you were molested in her care?”

“No it wasn't, but that was the first time, and it's really the only time that I have a clear recollection of,” Jensen didn't want to discuss this anymore.

“Do you feel like this has impacted your adult life any?”

"I really didn't think anything else about it, until I was dating my first girlfriend," he sighed, "when we started to get into a physical relationship she wanted oral sex, and I just couldn't do it."

“Do you feel that you being molested has made you gay?” she asked bluntly.

“I don't know, part of me thinks that's a reason, but another part of me has always found the male body more attractive.”

“When did you start to notice that you were attracted to men?”
"I can't pinpoint that, I have always found men to be alluring, there's no date in my head where the bell went off and said your gay Jensen, it's something I have always known."

"Do you have a harder time with sex and intimacy?"

“Like what do you mean?”

“I noticed in your paperwork that you said that you needed to have an orgasm at least three times a day, and it doesn't matter to you how you get that orgasm, does that seem normal to you?”

"I mean for now it does, I am pretty sure my sex drive will dip off in my thirties."

"The average man has two to three orgasms a week, you are needing a week’s worth of sex a day. Has this caused problems in your marriage?"

"I mean sometimes Jared get's pissy when I ask him for a quicky at work, but we are the leads of our show, they can give us ten minutes to get off. Especially after filming an intense scene."

“Do you feel like you pressure Jared into sex with you?”

"No, if he says no then I handle it myself," Jensen said defensively,

“What do you mean by 'handle it yourself'?"

"I'll masturbate, watch porn, talk to guys online, whatever it takes to get off,” he sighed, “I figured that was better than begging for sex.”

"Jensen I am going, to be honest with you, you have a sexual addiction, and we are going to have to discuss this with Jared. You are going to have to go abstinent."

“Like no masturbation or nothing?”

"No orgasms at all for thirty days, you need to teach your body that sex isn't an instant gratification, and you need to learn to control yourself. We will talk more about this Tuesday in our couples session. I am afraid that we are out of time for today, but this weekend I really want you to think of any harm your sex habits could have caused Jared, and what it has done to your marriage, we will be talking about this next time. Make a journal and when you feel like masturbating write why. Bring it with you to Tuesday's session, ten o'clock be here."

Jensen hung his head, he didn't understand how if Jared didn't want sex it could hurt him to get off on his own. He wasn't sure why she wanted him to keep a journal, but he was willing to do whatever it took to save his marriage.

Chapter End Notes

Do you think Jared and Jensen can work it out?
I Must Be Stupid

Chapter Summary

Jared comes home and tries to put his life back together, or have it implode on him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jensen sat in therapy alone and for the first thirty minutes he believed that he needed to be there, but now not so much. He didn’t feel like a sex addict, he just made a mistake in his marriage. He made the choice that after this session he wouldn’t be back. He would just tell Jared that he was going to his groups and therapy. He just didn’t see that he had a problem. He wasn’t even listing to the therapist for the last half-hour instead he worked on his plan to keep Jared in the dark, and for him to keep his marriage without having to come to therapy.

“I’ll see you next week, Jensen?” Dr. Grisel asked.
“Yeah, see ya next week,” Jensen lied.

Jensen had started seeing a new therapist after Dr. Landon suggested it. Not that she couldn’t handle a sex addict she just wanted to stay focused on Jared. Jensen hated this guy. He told him that he was only with Jared because of his childhood abuse suggesting that Jensen was only gay because he was sexually abused as a child. He also said that he could cure of being gay if that’s what he wanted. Jensen, of course, didn’t want to see this quack again.

Jared had been out of the hospital now for two weeks. He had agreed to try and work things out with Jensen. He couldn’t bear the heartbreak of not being with his spouse. He didn’t know how to live without Jensen. He remembered what it was like living on his own, if you could call that living. He was always depressed. Some may call it co-dependant but he called it needing human companionship.

He didn’t know what to expect when he came home. He knew the way he left the house, and he was ashamed of his behavior. Jensen had assured him that given the circumstances he understood. That he would have probably done worse. That made him feel a little better. To see the work that Jensen had put into fixing everything that Jared had destroyed gave him hope of the future. It was like Jared had never had his breakdown. He thought it was a good thing because if he had to come home and see the mess that he had made of their home he probably would have melted down again.

Jensen had been working his best to be transparent with Jared about everything that he had been doing behind Jared’s back, but there were still things that he had such shame about. These things he kept to himself, shame too high, his therapist would say that not telling Jared these things was a way to protect the behavior to keep an open outlet to allow him to continue to be dishonest with his husband. Jensen would say that they were full of shit, that somethings he didn’t need to tell Jared the only thing that would accomplish is upsetting him, and that is the last thing he wanted to do, he couldn’t stand seeing Jared go back to a psychiatric facility.

Jensen went straight home after his therapy, although he knew that his husband would want the 411 when he got back, so he would have to think quickly to make something up. He couldn’t tell him that he wasn’t going back. That he could handle it on his own, or could he, the last thing he needed
was Jared finding out he was lying to him. He weighed his options and decided to try and talk to Jared, maybe he would see how crazy this guy seemed and maybe he would agree with him that therapy wasn’t going to be what would work for him. That this was something that he needed to handle on his own.

Jensen pulled into the driveway and parked his car. Knowing that Jared was right inside the door waiting on him. He gathered his courage and got out of his car. Jared was sitting at the kitchen table, writing in his journal as Dr. Landon had asked. He looked up.

“Hi Jensen, how was therapy?” Jared asked.

“I don’t think that you want to know, it was terrible Jay, the asshole told me that he could fix me being gay. Whatever that means. I don’t think me being gay has anything to do with it,” Jensen looked down at the floor shaking his head.

“What? He said that?” Jared looked shocked.

“Yeah, and after meeting with him I am not convinced that I need sex addiction therapy, Jay,” Jensen said not making eye contact with his spouse.

“What do you mean?” Jared asked the fear in his voice making his opinion known.

“I mean Jay I know that I messed up, and I know that you have no reason to believe me, but after talking to Dr. Landon and Dr. Grisel I don’t think that sex addiction is my problem. I haven’t had sex since before you, ya know.” Jensen looked at Jared trying to reassure him.

“I don’t know Jense, you should talk to someone.” Jared sighed.

“I know that you don’t trust me,” he started.

“That’s not it, I want this to work out, I don’t want to lose you.”

“And you won’t I promise, if I even think about any of that stuff I will come to you, and as a sign of good faith, I will log you into my email account on your phone. You will be able to see everything that I am doing anytime you want.”

“We can try it this way, but if you even so much as look at porn I am out. I will not play second fiddle to anything. Do you understand that?”

“Thank you, Jare, and I promise I will talk to you if I feel like I am sinking.”

“You better,” he said turning back to his journaling.

Jensen walked up the stairs to their bedroom to change clothes happy that Jared was willing to let him try to fix things on his own. He quickly changed and walked back downstairs. Jared was still where he had left him, pen tapping against his chin. He walked up behind him and kissed the top of his head.

“How was your day, babe?” He asked sitting down across from him.

“You know the same shit different day,” Jared said putting his pen down and closing his journal.

“I am sorry Jare, I should have asked if you were finished with your journaling for the day, if you need a few minutes I could go,” Jensen said sliding away from the table.

“No Jen I am done, but if you have a minute I would like to run a few things past ya.”
“What ya need, love,” he slid his chair back up to the table.

“Well I was thinking that well we haven’t done anything outside this house since I have come back home, and ya know I getting cabin fever,” he said looking at Jensen, “I mean if you want to, I understand if you don’t.”

“Jare if that is what you want to do and if you feel up to it, we can go anywhere you want,” Jensen smiled.

“It is what I want, I am tired of being cooped up in this house, and if it gets to be too much I promise i will tell you.”

“Alright then, where would you like to go?”

“I don’t know maybe out to eat, even if it’s just a drive thru and we eat in the car. I just need to get out of the house.”

“Well Jay we could go to your favorite spot get some barbecue, whatever you want to do we can do it.”

“That sounds nice if you are ready to be seen with me in public,” Jared sulked.

“As if i would ever not want to be seen with you. Are you sure you are alright?” Jensen was taken back by Jareds comment

He had never been one to hide what they were even when threatened by the hirer ups, even when everyone they knew said that tehn dating was a horrible idea he had taken them all on and stood his ground. He loved Jared and no man, woman, or god was going to stop them.

“Yeah Jensen I am fine just tired of being in this house, tired of seeing these four walls and it seems that you have gone out of your way to keep me in.” Jared said with a little venom in his voice.

Since he had been home Jensen had kept him in but only because he was afraid of the questions that everyone would have for him. was afraid of Jared getting overwhelmed, afraid of making himself look bad it had nothing to do with keeping Jared cooped up.

“I am sorry Jared, I didn’t realize that you were feeling that way. I wasn’t trying to hide you away, I was just trying to protect you from the prying questions that wait on the other side of this door. Whatever they ask I will tell them that what is our business isn’t theirs and that we are working on ourselves and each other. I am not afraid of the press. They don’t get under my skin. Jensen this is something that we are going to have to work on, you can’t think for me and you can’t keep doing things because you think that is what is best for me,” Jared said looking up at the ceiling.

“I am sorry. I just don’t want you getting hurt,” Jensen retorted defensively.

“Well you don’t get to make that choice for me. I am a grow man, and you are not my father!” Jared snapped.

“I am well aware that I am not your father, that doesn't keep me from wanting what is best for you. For wanting to protect you.”

“This, Jensen, isn’t protecting me, this is prison! I am your husband not your prisoner. Now I think that I will be leaving you home tonight!” Jared said storming form the table upstairs to their room.

“Jesus, fuck,” Jensen whispered lowering his head into his hands.
He knew better than to follow Jared, it would just make him more upset, but he couldn’t just let this die. he wasn’t just going to let Jared be angry he had to make it right with him.

Jared slung the closet door open and reached in to find him something to wear, he grabbed some jeans and a pink button down shirt. He was angry that was clear, but he was also hurt. Jensen didn’t trust him to make choices for himself, he was being treated like a child.

Jensen stood outside their door he took a deep breath before he opened it wondering if there was any talking his husband down. A wise man would leave well enough alone, but no one said that Jensen was a wise man now did they? He opened it and stepped inside. Jared was standing in their bathroom brushing his teeth, he looked good. His skin glowing under the bathroom light.

“Babe, I know that I have been a complete asshole and you have every right to be mad at me, but please understand that I wasn’t intending on hurting you. I never wanted that,” Jensen leaned into the door jam looking at Jared in the mirror.

“Whether you meant to or not isn’t the point Jen, you have hurt me. You continue to hurt me. Now I am going out tonight, alone, you can sit here and think about your actions,” Jared spat at Jensen as he pushed past him.

“Fine Jared, just promise me that you will be safe, and if you get into trouble you will call me?” Jensen knew he deserved the harshness.

“I will, I have people who will rescue me, I don’t need you. I can take care of myself,” he grabbed his wallet and the keys from the bedside table.

Jensen watched as Jared walked out the door. His footsteps echoing loudly. He sat on the bed defeated. He didn’t know what to do with himself.

Jared made his way downtown to a local bar. He sat himself down on a bar stool, and waited. It wasn’t long before the bartender noticed him and stepped to take his order.

“Hey Jared long time no see, how ya doing?” The bartender smiled at him.

“Hey Joey!” Jared smiled at the man.

Jared had always thought he was handsome, straight, but handsome. He had the bluest eyes, just as tall and built as himself, short blonde hair, and a tight little ass that would make any gay man drool.

“It’s been rough to be honest, but I am alive,” Jared said, “I would like a Jack and Coke please.”

“Sure thing,” Joey said turning to make his drink, “More Jack or more Coke?”

“Way more Jack, you know I need a good man in my life.”

“That bad huh, you and the old man on the outs?” He slid the drink to Jared.

“Just having some problems,” Jared downed the drink like a shot, “Another please.”

“Sure thing,” he made another drink, “Wanna talk about it?”

“What’s there to talk about, I am crazy and he can’t keep his dick in his pants,” Jared pounded back another drink.

“Ouch, ya know, what’s good for the goose and all,” Joey said handing Jared a fresh drink.
“Ya see I wished it were that easy, but ya know hell you may be right,” Jared said lifting his left hand and removing his wedding band, “Looks like I am single and ready to mingle.”

The bar was alive with horny men, someone would want to fuck him. He made his way around the bar getting drink after drink. he was almost sloshed.

“Hey there sweet thing,” a man purred in his ear.

Jared turned to face him. He was hot, strong build, chissled chest that looked like he was cut from stone, and the prettiest smile.

‘Hi yourself,” Jared smiled back, “Let’s cut to the chase, you wanna fuck, I wanna fuck, let’s do it.”

“Wow to the point huh?” He put his arm on Jared’s shoulder, “I got a condom, the bathroom alright with you?”

“Let’s go,” Jared turned and led them to the bathroom. the dim lights almost made this seem romantic. He walked into the handicap stall. The other man walked in behind him, and slid the lock into place. Jared quickly undid his belt, unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. He pushed them to the floor. He bent down sticking his ass high in the air.

“Hurry upp and fuck me already,” he slurred turning to see what was taking so long

The other man pulled his cock free from his pants, he wasn’t as long as Jensen but he was thick. Jared drooled. The man rolled a condom down his lenght.

“Bend over, slut,” he growled.

Jared followed his command, bending as far as he could. the blunt head of the cock forced its way inside his hole. He hadn’t been fucked in months, it burned as he was stretched around the thick rod.

“So tight, such a good boy,” he moaned slamming into Jared uncaring about the man, just chasing his orgasm.

Jared bucked back into the pain, writhed in it knowing that he deserved to feel no pleasure in this. he squeezed his ass muscles in an attempt to make the man cum faster.

“Pound me, take me,” Jared moaned as is prostate was pounded into.

The man grunted and slammed into him faster knowing that he had found the man’s sweet spot. It wasn’t long before Jared spilled his cum down the wall of the stall. Followed quickly by the man behind him.

“Thanks,” he said pulling out roughly. he discarded the condom in the trash and walked out leaving Jared on the floor of the bathroom.

Jared sobered up real quick and realized he had made a horrible mistake. He reached for his phone trying to think if anyone would be around and awake to come save him. He knew he couldn’t call Jensen, he wouldn’t even if he was the only one he could call. He looked at his contacts and decided that their friends didn’t need to be bothered by his stupidity.

He gathered himself off the floor and fixed his pants. He stumbled to the bar to settle his tab, then headed to his car. He didn’t want to go home and have to face his mistake, but he knew if he didn’t that Jensen would send a search party out after him. He cranked the car and headed in the direction of home.
He quietly stumbled through the kitchen, or at least he tried, he was hoping that Jensen had went to bed already. He would find himself out of luck when he saw the television on and his husband staring right at him.

“Jare, your drunk,” Jensen said standing up and walking towards his husband.

“Yeah so, your short,” Jared retorted.

As Jensen got closer Jared tried to step away, “Jared I just want to help you.”

“I don’t need your help,” Jared pushed him away.

“Jared, Please,” Jensen begged.

“I fucked someone tonight,” Jared blurted out.

Jensen’s face fell, “You did what?” He was sure he had misheard.

“I went to the bar to blow of steam, and decided you know what, I can fuck around so can I,” Jared said flatly.

“Oh, I’m just glad that you are home safe. Do you want a shower before bed?” Jensen asked nonchalantly.

“So you’re not pissed? Did you even hear me? I fucked some other dude in the bathroom of a bar, and you are just glad that I am ‘home safe’?” sarcasm and anger laced his words.

“Yes Jare, I don’t care who you fuck as long as you come home to me at the end of the day,” Jensen explained.

“So what am I like property to you? Do you wanna pass my ass around to all your little side pieces, how can you say you love me!” Jared screamed at him.

“Jare, it’s time for bed we will talk more about this later.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it is taking so long to write this. Mistakes are made. Can they fix it? find out.

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