Heart for Ransom

by non_tiembo_mala

Summary

Jensen Ackles is a world-class international spy, tasked with tracking down civilian thief Jared Padalecki to enlist his help for a mission.

Notes

I want to make WAY too many movies into J2 love stories, okay? Okay. Just. All of them, really.

This summer hubs and I were rewatching all the Mission Impossible movies to get excited for the new one, and when we watched this one (which I owned on DVD as a young person which meant I watched it A LOT) I knew I had to do it. I really wanted to tackle the whole film because the potential for rich angst and glorious reunion, etc, is too tempting but rewriting the whole movie would need another 50k and I just don't have the time. This will have to do for now, and maybe... maybe I will come back to these two in the new year!

Beta'd by the darling gluedwithgold <3

Based on Mission Impossible:II.

Title from Bruce Springsteen's I'm A Rocker.

Enjoy! <3
There’s a particular chime from the open laptop on the table in the dining room and Jensen knows exactly what it means.

A new mission.

He finishes pouring his whiskey and puts the bottle down on the counter before leaving the kitchen. He pauses behind his chair and takes a sip, his other hand reaching for the keyboard to open the encrypted correspondence.

“‘Evening, Jensen,’” Mr. Singer’s voice is soft over the laptop speakers. Jensen sits down and turns up the volume just a touch. “Hope you’ve been enjoying your vacation. Sorry to interrupt, but time is of the essence. You’ll need to assemble a team, as usual. You may pick any two agents to join you, but it’s imperative that the third member be one Jared Tristan Padalecki.”

A file window opens on the screen, brief bio on the left, a few random photographs – from ID cards and the like – and some shoddy security cam footage playing through on the right.

“Mr. Padalecki is a civilian and highly capable professional thief. He possesses certain skills that are of the utmost importance to your mission. You have forty-eight hours to recruit Mr. Padalecki and meet me in Los Angeles for briefing. See you soon, Mr. Ackles.”

Jensen hums with interest as he reads over Jared’s information. He’s surprisingly young, a fresh twenty-two, and Jensen wonders what kind of life the kid has led that he has skills like he does at his age. He’s also surprisingly tall for someone who’s profession thrives on discretion, which Jensen finds amusing.

He takes another sip of his whiskey and checks the time before delving into the Agency’s more in-depth file on his recruitment prospect. Forty-seven hours fifty-six minutes to go.

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Jensen finds Jared in San Diego. It appears as though the Agency has been keeping Person of Interest tabs on the kid for some time, and while the frozen food tycoon DJ Qualls and his uninspired security staff have seemingly not noticed Jared casing his La Jolla summer home, it was relatively easy for Jensen to not only track him down but assume enough details about his plan to wind up there in plenty of time to enact some scheming of his own.

Jensen freely wanders the immaculately kept and beautifully dressed up courtyard of the coastal mansion. As it turns out, Mr. Qualls is having quite the party this evening – invite only – but for a thief of Jared’s considerable talent, getting in wouldn’t pose a problem. The party would likely serve as exactly the kind of distraction he would need to steal the outrageous and ostentatious Hublot watch valued at a cool five million dollars that Jensen knows is stashed in a custom built safe upstairs.

Jensen gives the waitress offering him a fancy looking drink from her tray a small head shake with a smile and she keeps walking past him while he keeps looking. He’s genuinely curious to see how Jared has chosen to play his way into the party, and he doesn’t have to wait long to know, as it turns out.

Jensen shoulders his way through the throng of people milling about and finds him immediately, standing in profile across the courtyard. He’s standing alone, but he obviously managed to get an
invite somehow, dressed as guest. He’s in an expensive, tailored suit that clings to him in all the right places. Jensen’s eyes shamelessly roam up and down the long, lean length of him. He’s easily the tallest person here, but somehow he manages to look soft and small, blending in. A lifetime of practice, Jensen muses with appreciation.

Jared turns at just that moment and catches Jensen looking. He raises one eyebrow and his lips pull into a knowing smile. He’s more beautiful in person than Jensen anticipated, and maybe it’s the glow from the many soft lanterns hanging above them or the way the music happens to break at just the right time, but Jensen is struck. Jared doesn’t look away and Jensen lets himself grin back at him, bold, and finally Jared laughs, shaking his head and maybe even blushing a little. Jensen is captivated by the sight of it.

He’s about to start to make his way over, his plan evolving as he goes, when a crowd of people pass between them. When they clear, Jared is gone. Well, alright then. Back to plan A.

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Jared carefully times his mad dash for upstairs. His position in the courtyard was a strategic one, watching the single, easily-distracted guard pace at the bottom of the staircase. He casually makes his way down the hall and darts silently up the stairs while the man’s back is to him.

He pauses around a corner on the second floor to catch his breath and take his gloves out of his pocket, pulling them on. They’re custom made leather, incredibly thin and snug. He tugs them into place and takes his out his compass from his right breast pocket. He flips it open and follows the tiny needle as it directs him not north, but towards the unique electrical signature put out by the hardware used in Qualls’ one of kind Brown built safe.

Jared pads silently into the bathroom, of all places, to find a massive Jacuzzi tub, easily large enough for more than even two people, tiled and with an adjacent mini bar. Jared scoffs aloud to himself, shaking his head as he follows the needle, hopping right into the tub.

“Guy sure likes to party…” he mumbles to himself, tucking away the compass and taking out his letter-thin tool case, opening it on the edge of the tub. There’s grouting absent between two of the tiles on the wall, something subtle enough to miss if it’s not looked for, but Jared slips a chipped key card into the barely-there crack and there’s a quiet pop-hiss as tiles retract around the edge of the tub to reveal several small, individual safe faces, all locked with different keys.

Jared contemplates them a moment and smiles. This will be a piece of cake.

He reaches for his tool kit and--

“So you found it,” the voice is jarring, loud and unexpected in the silence of the room in which Jared thought he was alone. He startles earnestly, jumping where he kneels in the tub, and then spins to face the source of it.

The man from downstairs.

“You!” Jared exclaims before he can shut his mouth. “What are you--”

The man grins, smug, and shrugs. “Think you’re the only one who can pick a lock?”

Jared huffs out a breath. Of course. Typical. His fucking luck somebody else is here for the goddamn Hublot, too. And it would be this guy. God, he’s gorgeous, the bastard.

“Not looking for a good time after all,” Jared says a little dryly, mock disappointment for
misinterpreting the guy’s blatantly lingering gaze earlier.

He opens his mouth to answer but there’s the sound of approaching footsteps in the hall. Jared thinks fast, grabs the guy’s shoulder and pulls him into the tub, both of them laying flat and hoping to God this thing is deep enough for them not to be seen.

They’re both immediately still and silent, listening as Qualls enters the adjoining bedroom, and for a moment Jared is caught staring into his competition’s incredible green eyes, swallowing hard and trying to ignore the all too pleasant weight of the man trapping him against the floor of the tub from head to toe.

There’s the sound of wardrobe doors opening and rummaging on the other side of the wall, and the man on top of him is wearing that smug as shit grin again.

“If it’ll help, you’re welcome to be on top,” the guy offers in a whisper, with a flash of impeccably straight, white teeth and then a wink.

Jared’s cheeks pink up despite his irritation and he shoots back his best glare.

“Shut up,” he hisses. Not his best or wittiest retort, but he starts wiggling his was way out from under him nonetheless. The guy goes easily enough, and it says a lot about how giant this tub is that they’re not only able to fit like this, but with less difficulty than Jared anticipated, he now finds himself straddling the guy’s waist and—oh, this is definitely worse.

Jared is positive he can feel the line of the guy’s dick against his stomach, not that he seems to mind, stretched out underneath Jared with his hands behind his head like he’s got nowhere else to be and isn’t about to get caught trying to steal a five million dollar watch.

Jared tries to look anywhere but the guy’s face, even if he can taste the wintergreen on his breath while they’re trapped there, and when they hear Qualls exit the bedroom and his footsteps recede down the hallway, Jared is only too relieved to lift himself off the guy. He sits upright and rises up on his knees, but figures he might as well keep the unexpected problem he still has to deal with right where he is. Jared reaches for his tool kit again and grabs his picks, then tosses a quick glance down to check on him.

The guy still looks smug, a closed-mouth smile from ear to ear as he is once again blatantly looking Jared up and down, this time at point blank range. Jared feels his body start to respond to the attention even if it’s the absolute worst time, and this guy is definitely not getting any—doesn’t matter how insanely beautiful he is.

Jared huffs and gives him a swift knee to the stomach before shuffling forward to straddle his stomach, closer to the safe. The guy grunts and curls up a bit, but doesn’t lose the grin for long nor make any attempt to extricate himself from under Jared.

“Ugh,” Jared rolls his eyes and then surveys the four locked units in front of him. He has no idea which contains the watch, so eventually he makes a move toward the far right.

The guy below him makes a noise like a incorrect buzzer on a game show and Jared jumps. Goddammit.

“What?!” he snaps.

“Wrong box,” the guy answers coolly, as if that wasn’t already apparent.

“No shit,” Jared huffs. “If that’s not where it is, are you going to tell me or keep letting me waste
time until Qualls comes back?”

“Bottom left,” he offers with a nod in that direction, and Jared sighs. Bastard.

“Just– get up,” Jared shakes his head and, resigned, lifts a knee and leans away, letting the guy get out from under him and sit behind him in the tub instead.

Jared hates an audience but he does his best to ignore the fact he’s being watched and sets to it. It takes little time to pick the lock, and then he pulls out the jewelry box contained within. The watch is inside, outrageous as it is, glittering ridiculously in the low light for all the 1,282 diamonds that make up the elaborate timepiece. He holds it in his hands and takes a moment to marvel at it, completely absurd creation that’s about to make Jared very comfortable for the foreseeable future.

He tucks it away in his right breast pocket and shuts the now empty jewelry box, looking back at the guy over his shoulder.

“Alright. Who are you and what’s it gonna cost me?” he asks dryly, blindly lining up the watch case with it’s slot in the safe.

“I wouldn’t do that,” is the answer he gets, and Jared glares again.

“What?” he asks but he already knows it’s too late. Hands on autopilot, he slides the case back into the safe and shuts the door – the alarm sounds. “Fuck!”

In the seconds that follow, amidst the flurry of approaching footsteps and shouts, the guy quickly collects all of Jared’s equipment and slides it off the edge of the bath and into his lap. The safe retracts into its hiding place behind the tile and the man is standing up in the tub as a group of armed guards bust in, guns first.

Jared discreetly tucks everything away into his jacket, gloves, too, and then looks up at the man, his arms raised in the universal sign for don’t shoot.

“Relax, fellas,” he says. “Just hold on a minute.”

The man reaches a hand down for Jared to take, and he blinks up at him but takes it, not sure what other option they have right now. He stands next to him, facing the guards, and in the next moment, Qualls comes careening through the doorway.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” he says when he sees the guns. “Chill! This is Mr. Hunt, our head of security. Don’t be pointing those at him!”

Qualls waves his arms dramatically, shooing the guards who are currently holstering their weapons wearing confused faces. Jared is feeling mighty fucking confused, too.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Hunt. All these extra staff for the party,” he shakes his head.

“Not at all, Mr. Qualls,” Mr. Hunt replies graciously. “Now my associate does have your watch in a safe place, but we feel the alarm really should have gone off much sooner.”

Mr. Hunt guides Jared out of the tub with a gentle hand on his back, and Jared allows himself to be steered alongside him while they walk out of the room with Mr. Qualls.

“Don’t you agree, Mr. Padalecki?” he turns towards him, and Mr. Qualls does as well.

Jared blinks again, his throat tight. How does this guy– who the hell–?
Mr. Hunt hums in question and Jared snaps out of it.

“Well, um, yes. Much sooner,” he echoes vaguely.

Mr. Qualls nods and they all continue walking, Mr. Hunt’s hand still resting in the small of Jared’s back.

“I’m thinking we’re going to set it to respond to a much lighter weight, for the future,” Mr. Hunt explains. “Sorry to have disturbed your party, Mr. Qualls.”

“No at all,” he smiles back. “It’s what I pay you for after all.”

“Indeed,” Mr. Hunt looks back at Jared. “And the watch?”

Jared is seething, but he’s completely trapped. All that work – weeks! – for nothing. He grins and bears it, reaching inside his jacket and taking out the watch. Mr. Qualls’ face lights up.

“You might want to put that back,” Mr. Hunt suggests with a wink.

“On it,” Mr. Qualls answers, giving Mr. Hunt a goofy salute as he walks back to the bathroom with Jared’s five million dollar watch.

As soon as they’re alone, Jared shakes off Mr. Hunt’s – or whoever he is – hand and starts for the exit. The guy follows him, not that Jared is surprised. It takes nearly everything Jared has not to cause a scene, and wait to lash out until they’re away from the party, approaching the valet.

“What the fuck was all that?” he rounds on him.

The guy looks taken aback. “You’re welcome!”

“I’m welcome? – fuck you.”

“Hey, I just saved your ass,” he argues quietly, stepping closer. Jared is positive he could’ve made it out on his own, and with the watch, thank you very much. Well, nearly positive. He huffs and turns away, then bristles as he thinks about it all again.

“If you knew I was going to trip the alarm, why did you let me go through with it at all?” Jared all but growls.

“I wanted to see you do it,” he says plainly, but he reaches for Jared’s arm to make him face him, and he’s wearing a serious expression. “I was hoping we could work together.”

Jared baulks. “Un-fucking-believable.”

So probably not Mr. Hunt after all, this guy– just no, no way. Jared works alone now. He’s learned that lesson already.

“Thanks, but no thanks,” he walks away and hands his ticket to the valet, prays they’re quick so he doesn’t have to listen to this jackass any longer.

“Just– hear me out,” he presses, and Jared sighs. “Please?”

There’s something in his voice that feels dangerously earnest, and for the briefest moment Jared considers turning around – only to listen. And maybe to look at his stupidly handsome face, but then his car mercifully rolls up alongside him. The valet steps out and Jared gets in without acknowledging the guy. He pulls the door shut, but rolls down the window.
“Sorry, but I work alone,” Jared says, with as much finality as he can muster, and then he drives away, the beautiful stranger shrinking in his rear view.

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Jensen doesn’t give Jared too much of a head start before he tries again. He had tagged Jared’s car while it was parked for the party, so when he returns to his hotel after the botched heist, Jensen does the same, and gets a few hours shut eye before an alert goes off to tell him Jared is once again on the move.

Jensen tries not to think about how his brief respite was plagued by dreams of his intended recruit. Jared is… beautiful, to say the least. He’s quick and highly skilled, obviously thrives on risk – something Jensen is quite familiar with himself. He’d be lying if he said he hadn’t thoroughly enjoyed ending up in such close quarters last night, and while finding himself so drawn in by his mark isn’t exactly ideal as far as professionalism goes, Jensen finds himself willing to bend the rules should he be successful in winning Jared over, both for the Agency and himself, though it might be better if left until after they’ve completed this mission together.

It’s easy to forget how young Jared is, between his height and his noteworthy criminal talents, the expensive car and fancy taste in clothes. He had kept his head despite all the wrenches Jensen threw in his plans, and Jensen knows if it weren’t for him the kid would be a cool five million richer. He can’t blame him for being pissed. But Jensen has something besides money to offer, if he would just hear him out.

Jensen catches up to Jared on a windy coastal highway. The bright red Porshe convertible isn’t exactly hard to spot. Jensen’s driving with the top down, too, his rental, a BMW M6, was inspired after Jared slipped into his 911 last night. The sky is clear and blue, the sun is hot on his skin, and the warm breeze is more than welcome. It’s a beautiful day for a chase.

He waits until the space between their vehicles is quickly disappearing before calling Jared’s cell phone, the number provided to him in the Agency’s file. He guesses that Jared will answer, his curiosity getting the better of him, since the number is unlisted and he only shares it for business. Jared doesn’t disappoint. He picks up on the fourth ring.

“How did you get this number?” Comes accusingly through the line, and Jensen smiles.

“I’d be happy to tell you if you want to pull over and chat.” Jensen can see when Jared checks the rear view, sees him, then looks back over his shoulder to be sure. He can practically see the eye roll that comes next, too.

“You don’t take a hint, do you?” Jared says, but with enough of a laugh to betray his amusement. “What do you want?”

“I told you, I want to work with you. We need each other,” Jensen offers, intentionally vague, and yeah, maybe intentionally working both angles.

Jared laughs outright at that. “What could I possibly need from you?”

“I can make all your problems go away. FBI, CIA, Interpol–”

“Jesus Christ. You’re a spy!” Jared cuts him off. He sounds less pleased than Jensen had hoped.

“You got a thing against spies?” Jensen asks in earnest, and Jared scoffs.

“They don’t exactly give you much choice,” is what he says, and he sounds defeated. He surprises
Jensen then, adding, “fine. But if you want me, you gotta catch me.”

The line goes dead as Jared hangs up the phone, and he meets Jensen’s eyes in the rear view with a challenging look, and then he puts his foot to the floor.

Jensen grins and does the same, tearing after Jared down the winding road. It’s here Jensen is reminded of Jared’s youth, the over-the-top risks and impulsive choices he makes behind the wheel in bold contrast to Jensen’s experience at this speed. Jared deliberately weaves in and out of the thankfully sparse oncoming traffic, horns honking and people shouting as they narrowly avoid being hit. Jensen winces a little with each close call, shouting back sorry! as he goes past.

He has no intention of letting this go on much longer.

He gains on Jared quickly, pulling up beside him in the passing lane, but Jared surprises him again, not hesitating to swing wide and then angle back to smash into Jensen’s car like they’ve got bumpers. Jensen startles at the hit and he can hear Jared laugh, but Jensen easily keeps control of the vehicle, mindful of the steep drop into the ocean on the other side of the guard rail.

“C’mon, pull over!” He shouts, nodding at the shoulder, but Jared just smiles at him and shakes his head. Jensen looks up and sees a car coming right at him, quickly taps the brakes and swerves back into the proper lane behind Jared.

They continue to weave in and out of traffic, and Jensen tries again to pull up alongside Jared, only to get his car smashed into again for his efforts. He backs off, and he can see Jared looking back at him in the rear view looking smug, but now Jared has drifted into the oncoming lane and there’s a car coming.

“Eyes on the road,” Jensen cautions, even though Jared can’t hear, willing him to look, and he does – just in time. He swerves to avoid being hit, but it takes him off the pavement and up the edge of the embankment. Coming back down, he loses control of the vehicle and is heading for the guard rail at a dangerous speed. Jensen steps on it and purposefully hits the front passenger side of Jared’s vehicle to knock it off course, but the collision sends him spinning, too.

They’re spinning out together, cars pushed together by the force of it, and they’re picking up speed as they circle closer and closer to the edge.

In the thick of it, time almost seems to slow, the seconds before their potential doom somehow drawn out so Jensen can lock eyes with Jared despite the insanity around them. Jared’s face is white and his eyes wide with fear, but Jensen is ready.

The impact is jarring but Jensen was bracing for it. Jared’s car hits the guardrail but keeps going right through it, and Jensen’s along with it. The crash does slow them down, but not enough. Jared’s car slides to an abrupt stop just over the edge, his door thrown open and Jared thrown out of it.

Jensen’s undone his seatbelt and leapt from his seat in the next breath, into Jared’s car and– Jesus Christ Jared is hanging onto his door, dangling a few hundred feet up a cliff face over the ocean.

Jensen doesn’t hesitate, grabbing the edge of the car with one hand and reaching for Jared with the other.

Jared swings his free hand up and grabs on, looking up at Jensen with those same, scared eyes.

“I got you,” Jensen promises, and Jared nods sharply, then lets go of the car door to reach for Jensen with both hands. Jensen catches him and pulls him up into the car, collapsing awkwardly in the passenger seat with a lapful of Jared, who’s clinging to him as much as would be expected.
considering he was just in danger of plummeting to his death.

Jared takes in harsh gasps of air as they sit there, both catching their breaths, and Jensen just holds him, tight enough he knows he’s there, and he’s okay.

Jared is tall and fit at 6’5 and 200lbs, but with his face buried in Jensen’s neck and his fists white-knuckling Jensen’s shirt, he somehow feels small, and every bit as young as he really is. Jensen is struck by him again, and how desperately he doesn’t want to let go of him is another revelation.

Jensen can feel when the tension finally bleeds out of Jared’s body, and he eases up on his own grip in kind. Jared leans back just enough to look at him, eyes shining, and Jensen can’t resist – he reaches out and tucks back some of Jared’s wild, windswept hair behind his ear. Jared’s eyes don’t leave his, but he chases Jensen’s hand with his cheek, so Jensen lets him press into it, cradling his face against his palm.

“What’s your name?” Jared asks, barely a whisper in the small space between them.

“Jensen,” he answers, just as quietly.

“Well then, Jensen,” Jared offers him a shaky, relieved smile. “I guess you got me.”

Jensen barely has time to smile back before Jared is kissing him. The kiss is intense, and desperate – maybe grateful – but Jensen finds he can’t hold back either. He’s felt drawn to Jared from the moment he first laid eyes on him, and he finds himself hoping this means Jared has felt the same. He slides his fingers into Jared’s hair, takes control of the kiss, angling Jared better so he can kiss him more deeply. Jared’s hands rest on Jensen’s shoulders, pulling at him a little as if trying to get them closer. Jensen understands. There’s something about him – Jensen wants more, wants it all, and he wants it now.

When he makes himself break the kiss and they’re both panting. Jared looks up at him and he seems thoroughly pleased, playfully nudging Jensen’s nose before quickly kissing the corner of Jensen’s mouth.

Jensen can’t quit smiling.

He checks his watch – they still have time. “Let’s get off the road, okay?”

“Okay,” Jared agrees, and then they begin the process of climbing out of Jared’s car.

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The drive to Jensen’s hotel is a blur. Jared is, truthfully, shaken up after his close call on the road, and whether the adrenaline has something to do with it or not, he’s forcibly shut down all the parts of his brain that are trying to tell him slow down, wait, think about this a second. He’s a little light headed, a little dizzy, a lot desperate – and he doesn’t care.

Jared is in a fog for all of it – from leaving his wreck in their rearview to pulling up to the valet. Jared only starts to feel a bit more present as the elevator doors close, leaving them alone in the small, fully mirrored space. Jensen hasn’t said much, only kept a firm hold on Jared’s hand, and that’s been okay, too. Jared isn’t ready for words. He doesn’t want to hear what work Jensen has for him, what job they’re meant to pull together – he just wants to take, and be taken. There’s something about Jensen, fuck. He’s so much more than just that stunning face that stood out in the crowd at Qualls’. Maybe Jared is crazy – maybe it’s the adrenaline again – but he swears there was something tangible in the way Jensen looked at him. Jared wants to find out what it is.
He moves closer to Jensen in the elevator, crowding him where their hands are still clasped together at Jensen’s side. Jensen brushes his thumb over Jared’s hand, tilts his head towards him, and Jared leans in. They’re sharing air, close and like a promise, when the doors open with a ding and Jensen hesitates for just one more breath before walking out with Jared in tow.

The anticipation reaches new heights as Jensen has to let go of Jared’s hand to fish the key card out of his wallet. Jared’s throat is tight and he’s at least half hard already, his breath coming in thickly. The lock flashes green and clicks open. Jensen swings open the door to his suite, holding it open like a goddamn gentleman, like Jared isn’t already two seconds away from dropping to his knees.

Jared goes inside but enough is enough. The tension is threatening to suffocate him, but in the brief moment after Jensen closes the door, Jared revels when it seems as though Jensen feels the same way.

They meet in the middle, bodies hitting a little harder than likely intended, but it doesn’t deter Jared at all. Jensen grabs for Jared’s face while Jared goes for Jensen’s waist. It’s a relief, just getting both hands on him, and he groans hungrily into Jensen’s mouth.

There’s too much energy, too much between them, and being in the middle of the room is too unsteady. Jared can’t even decide what he wants to do, he just knows he felt safe pressed in close to Jensen in the front seat of his car, safe like he can’t remember feeling in a long time, and they’ve been too far apart ever since.

He tries not to break their kiss when he does it, but it’s tricky, kissing and pulling Jensen as he walks back towards the wall. Luckily, Jensen gets the idea, and before Jared even gets all the way there Jensen is pushing him. His body connects with the wall hard, knocking the breath out of him, but then Jensen is there, too, devouring his mouth as he slots one thick thigh between Jared’s legs. Jared moans at the press of it, something tangible to rub against, though he can’t move much for the way Jensen has him pinned.

He fucking loves it.

“Jensen,” Jared keens, gasping for air when Jensen lets up, giving him just enough room to breathe, even if he’s still pulling at Jared’s hips with a fierce grip, forcing him up-down, just enough friction on his dick to drive him mad.

“This okay?” Jensen pants against his mouth, momentarily glancing up to meet Jared’s eyes. His gaze is dark and intense but concerned and Jared can’t believe he has to ask. He actually laughs. Jensen pulls back then, easing up everywhere they’re touching, and Jared’s expression falls. So does his stomach.

“What?” He bites out. He means it to be harsher, frustrated, anything but anxious, but it comes out too breathy to be convincing.

“You—” Jensen sighs, shakes his head. “I don’t usually— I gotta know. That you want this. Tell me it’s okay. Tell me… you won’t take off after.”

Jared’s instinct is to snap back at him, like his dick digging into Jensen’s thigh isn’t proof enough, but then Jensen is asking him to stick around, and fixes him with such a look that it forces Jared to stop and think.

“You saying that because you’re already counting on round two or because of the job?” Jared asks, and it surprises him how much he wants to know the answer, that it matters at all.
Jensen’s expression is unwavering.

“Both,” he answers seriously, and Jared nods while his stomach jumps. He supposes that’s fair, and it still means maybe this thing between them… is really a thing.

“Oh, okay,” he finally says. “I’m not gonna run out on you.”

Jensen’s mouth turns up at the corners and he nods, but looks expectant, still waiting on the rest. Jared can’t resist. He starts grinning before he even starts talking again, and Jensen’s eyebrows go up.

“One condition though,” Jared starts, and Jensen tilts his head as if to say he’s all ears. “Fuck me like you mean it.”

Jensen’s eyes go wide. “The mouth on you, Jesus.”

Jensen is barely done cursing when he’s kissing Jared again, finally, and Jared moans into it, sliding his hands along Jensen’s shoulders to reach up into his hair, nails dragging on the back of his neck. Jensen’s hands squeeze his hips again and he changes the angle a little, gives Jared more room to move with him, rubbing off on his thigh. It feels so good, Jared groans and lets his head fall back, hitting the wall.

Jared just holds on while Jensen’s hands move from his hips to fumble blindly with Jared’s belt. Jared’s pants are undone in the next instant, hanging open as Jensen grabs for Jared’s cock, still clothed by his underwear.

“Already so wet for me, baby,” Jensen sighs into their kiss, rubbing his hand roughly along Jared’s length, making him suck in a breath, mouth going slack as he gets distracted by Jensen’s touch. The moniker has always irked him before, but instead of irritation, hearing it in Jensen’s husky voice makes his pulse jump.

“Jensen,” Jared whines, wanting more, wanting to feel him, and Jensen chuckles against his lips.

He gets both hands inside the waistband of Jared’s underwear and yanks them down, forcing his pants, too, just enough to free his cock. He takes it in his hand, his thumb swiping over the tip to gather up the precum there and spreading it down the shaft before giving him an easy tug.

“Jensen.” Jared’s hips buck up into the fist Jensen makes around him. The pull of Jensen’s skilled hand on him is delicious relief after the tension that’s been sparking between them since last night, but Jared’s feeling a new kind of fire now, warm and sharp, pouring over him in waves that echo Jensen’s movements. His whole body is alive with it, trapped by Jensen against the wall, his free hand pinning Jared’s hip in place while the air between them gets hot. Jared is noisy as Jensen jacks him off, unhinged by the very near-death experience earlier, and returning to Jensen’s hands now.

The thought puts him back there for a moment, his stomach twisting hard at the memory, dangling from the goddamn car door, and Jared surges up against Jensen, digging his nails in where he holds on to Jensen’s neck and going for Jensen’s mouth again, desperate. He was so fucking reckless – he can be so stupid sometimes, he knows, okay – and Jensen– Jensen saved his fucking life. He was going to fall– was going to die– if it wasn’t for Jensen–

He cries brokenly into Jensen’s mouth as he comes, taken by surprise at the intensity of it, spilling over Jensen’s fist and making a mess of Jensen’s shirt and pants.

“Oh, fuck, Jared–” Jensen sounds surprised, too, and breaks their kiss to look down between them while he milks Jared through it.
It’s so much more than anything Jared can remember experiencing before – maybe it has something
to do with the adrenaline after all, Jared figures dumbly – and as his body relaxes, finally, Jensen’s
hand slowing, Jared heaves a big, shaky sigh.

“J-Jensen,” he whispers, and his voice shakes like the rest of him, his body heavy and weak.

“Baby,” Jensen answers, quiet, awed, and then lets him go, presses him flush to wall with his whole
body and kisses him. Jared can barely keep his head up, so foggy and floating after coming, but
Jensen seems happy to kiss at his lips, his face, and nuzzle in against his jaw, nose along his ear.

“So good, Jared, God, look at you,” Jensen murmurs, and Jared’s heart flutters. “You okay?”

“Almost died,” Jared barely breathes, and his voice breaks at the end, a sob threatening to take over.

“Jared,” Jensen sounds wrecked, and he buries his face in Jared’s neck, holding him up on the wall,
 chests pressed together tight, Jared’s softening, sticky cock trapped between them and further
messing up Jensen’s pants.

“I would never let that happen,” Jensen continues, and while it’s muffled by Jared’s neck, the fierce
honesty of it rings clear. “I’ve got you. I’ve got you now.”

It feels so startlingly true that Jared does cry then. He’s been alone the last couple years and it’s better
than where he was before, but it– he had no idea how lonely he was, how much he needed to know
that someone has his back. He just fucking met Jensen but he feels like Jensen does have his back –
he has him.

Jared clings to him as he cries, and Jensen just lets him, even though Jared is still distantly aware of
Jensen’s half hard dick, and thinking about it and all the things he wants to do about it helps him get
a grip, sniffing.

“Okay?” Jensen punctuates the question with a kiss to Jared’s cheek, easing back just enough to look
at him.

Jared can’t help but grin at him, even if he must look like a hot mess. He feels so many times better
than okay, and they’ve barely started. It feels like the accident is properly behind him now, and Jared
is ready for more.

“Maybe,” he smirks. “You still haven’t fucked me.”

Jensen scoffs, but his eyes are playful with the understanding that Jared is, in fact, okay and he starts
to shake his head as he grins back at him.

“You’re a brat,” he chides, and Jared shrugs.

“Turn around,” Jensen directs, a new edge to his voice that makes Jared shiver.

Jensen backs off just enough so that Jared can gracelessly spin to face the wall, brushing and
bumping him all the while. As soon as he’s got his back to Jensen, Jared finds himself pushed flat
against it, Jensen’s body a hot, hard blanket behind him. Jensen’s dick is well on its way back to full
hardness, digging into Jared’s ass, and Jared’s own cock starts to get interested again, too.

“Okay?” Jensen asks again, his breath hot on Jared’s skin before he bites Jared’s ear.

Jared hums and nods.
“Good.” Jensen sucks the bitten lobe into his mouth a moment, arranging Jared’s arms so his hands are open-palms to the wall at chest level. “Now stay.”

Then he’s gone, though not far. He pushes Jared’s pants all the way down his legs, leaving them in a pool around his ankles, and then pulls Jared’s shirt up under his armpits so it’s effectively pinned there between his chest and the wall. Jared’s face is turned to the left, and he tries to keep an eye on Jensen in his periphery.

Jensen is taking in the sight of him, shaking his head again but it’s different now, his eyes dark and hungry, and he rubs himself through his pants with the heel of hand. With the other, he reaches for Jared’s ass, smoothing a palm over the right cheek and then—smack!

It’s not very hard, tentative really, but even the threat of what Jensen could do with those hands has Jared groaning and squirming, dick hard again as he arches his back to ask for more.

“Mmm,” Jensen hums approvingly. “I thought so.”

He smacks him again, in the same spot, noticeably harder, and the stinging twinge simmers over Jared’s skin and makes his cock jump, then ooze from the tip. He moans again, wanton.

“So pretty, baby,” Jensen praises, breathy, and Jared would hate how much he loves it except for how good it makes him ache.

Jared is expecting another slap, or maybe to hear the clink of Jensen’s belt buckle, but the next thing he hears is the double thud of each of Jensen’s knees on the floor, and then Jensen’s grabbing a fistful of his ass with each hand and squeezing hard.

“Oh God,” Jared almost whimpers, because those hands knead into his flesh one more moment before they’re pulling his cheeks apart, and Jared did not expect this. It feels filthy, the cool air on his asshole, knowing Jensen is looking, but Jared loves it. He shuffles his feet apart as much as he can within the trap of his pants still at his ankles, presses his chest hard into the wall and pops his ass out wantonly, doesn’t even care if it makes him seem desperate.

“Fuck, Jared.” Jensen’s voice is rough. “Look at you, Jesus. You’re killing me.”

Jared would be smug about it but he just wants Jensen to shut up and quit teasing. He opens his mouth to say as much but Jensen is on it, dragging the wide, flat of his tongue up Jared’s crack.

“Oh god yes,” Jared full body shudders.

Jensen doesn’t tease now. He goes at Jared’s hole like he kisses, nipping gently at the puckered rim before soothing it with presses of tongue and the suck of his mouth. He gets the tip of his tongue inside and then it all gets a little fuzzy for Jared. Jensen’s stubble burns pleasantly against all the sensitive skin as he eat him out, fucking into him with his tongue as deep as he can get. It feels unreal. It feels like it was a lifetime ago when someone last did this to him, and they were never this enthusiastic. Jensen is making as many hungry noises as the broken whimpers he’s coaxing from Jared, and Jared’s dick throbs with each one, overwhelmed by how much Jensen wants him.

Jared’s body is starting to ache from this position, and while he can’t bring himself to care too much, when one of Jensen’s hands disappear from his ass and there’s the telltale sound of him undoing his belt, Jared keens. Yes yes yes finally.

Jensen places on last kiss right on Jared’s hole, completely coated in Jensen’s spit, and then he stands
up, and Jared relaxes just to give his body a quick break while Jensen digs in his nearby bag.

“Yeah, c’mon, Jensen, please please please,” Jared begs mindlessly, waving his hips side-to-side as he sighs against the wall.

“Yeah, baby, I’m coming, hold on.” Jensen turns back towards him as he finishes rolling on a condom, then pops the cap on a bottle of lube and pours a generous amount into his hand and slicks himself up.

He takes the two steps back towards Jared and with his dry hand gives Jared a solid smack on the ass. “Stand still.”

Jared freezes at the touch, moaning at the heat of Jensen’s hand, and just arches into it when Jensen pulls his cheeks apart again. He lines up the head of his dick at Jared’s hole and Jared fights not to hold his breath, pushes it out through his nose and makes himself relax. Jensen pushes in then, and he’s so deliciously thick. It burns but not unbearably, and Jensen eases in slowly.

“Fuck, you feel amazing,” Jensen groans. “Breathe, baby. So good, that’s it.”

He bottoms out, panting hotly at Jared’s ear, and Jared claws uselessly at the wall as he adjusts around him, burning until it doesn’t quite burn anymore, giving way to that hot, blissful fullness.

“Move,” Jared whines, his hips twitching, pinned and without the leverage to move at all himself.

Jensen sighs and nips at Jared’s neck, then finds Jared’s hands with his own, lacing their fingers together and holding them to the wall. He can’t pull out far this way, but he starts to rock his hips, long, slow, drags against Jared’s ass.

It’s intense, maintaining the depth this way, Jensen's shallow movements carving a space for himself, leaving marks Jared is going to feel later, and he loves it – but he also needs more.

Jensen must feel the same because – as if reading his mind or somehow being able to make sense of the incoherent sounds that are all Jared is capable of making right now – he unlaces their sweaty fingers and slides his hands down Jared's sides, pulling his hips away from the wall and angling him out. He presses gently with one hand in the centre of Jared’s back to get him to bend, and Jared folds his arms against the wall and rests his forehead on them.

Jensen holds on then with both hands and pulls almost all the way out before pushing back in, punching a groan out of them both.

"You good?" he asks, checking in once back in deep, voice barely there, strained.

Jared shuffles his feet to test the give of the pants at his ankles; they’re as far as they can go.

"Yeah, c’mon already," Jared says, knowing full well it will get a reaction from Jensen.

He's not disappointed. There's a choked off laugh from behind him and then – smack! – a hard swat to his right cheek.

Jared cries out at the pain-pleasure of it, heat shimmering as it moves across his nerves, lighting them up even as Jensen starts to slam into him. Jensen's fingers dig into his his hips to steady them, and Jared can feel the bruises already, can't wait to run his own fingers over the shadows of his touch tomorrow.

"Fuck, Jared, babe," Jensen mutters between thrusts. There's a desperate tone in his voice and then
his hand reaches around to grab Jared's dick.

"Oh god," Jared moans at the touch. Jensen's hips are still going, relentless, forcing him back and forth as he fucks into Jensen's fists.

"You gonna come, Jensen?" Jared manages to ask, husky. He wishes he could turn around and see his face.

Jensen responds with a broken sound and increased pressure on Jared's cock.

"You first," he grits out, determined.

Jared is close. Jensen fucks like a beast, just as he suspected, savage attack of his hips and still the dull ache on his ass from the flat of his hand. Jared doesn't remember if anyone has ever really given a damn about him coming first, or twice, or at all. Then Jensen comes out of nowhere to give him a goddamn job but he seems like he actually fucking cares about him. Jared really believes that–

He comes then, crying out Jensen's name as he paints the wall and spills over Jensen's fist.

"Yeah, that's it, fuck, Jared--" Jensen shouts out his name as he comes, too, his rhythm breaking, hips stuttering, burying himself deep as he pulses inside him.

Jared's orgasm fades into something soft and heavy, warm and loose. His knees go weak and he shifts clumsily to better brace himself against the wall but Jensen lets go of his hips and wraps an arm around his chest. His other arm pushes against the wall and he supports most of Jared's weight as he pants, gasping for air at Jared's ear, his cock still hard and deep in Jared's body.

Once he gets his breath back, Jensen starts lazily kissing at Jared's neck. Jared melts into him, relaxing into his hold, safe and supported, and drops his head to Jensen's shoulder.

"Jesus, that..." Jared starts in a whisper, then laughs at the lack of appropriate words. "Fuck."

"Guess I know how to shut you up now," Jensen grins against his skin, playfully dragging his teeth along it before kissing him.

Jared chuckles. He's not going to deny it. He lets go of the wall to blanket Jensen's arm across his chest with his own, and his body trembles at the effort. He gets his hand over Jensen's and holds on tight.


He tilts his hips back and slides out of him, then walks them over to the bed, essentially carrying Jared there, though Jared does move his legs in an attempt to help. He sits Jared on the bed then tugs off his shirt and tosses it aside. He kneels and takes off each of Jared's shoes, and socks, and finally his pants, then eases Jared back to lie on the bed, leaning down to kiss him.

"I'm gonna clean up and get something to look after you, too, okay? Be right back." Jensen walks away while still looking at him, like he doesn't want to let Jared out of his sight, and Jared relaxes into his gaze, stretching out on the bed as he looks back.

Jensen is a beautiful disaster, still pink in the face, hair sticking up wildly, his pants hanging open, condom-covered dick cradled in the mess, dark stains drying across his thighs, his shirt wrinkled to shit. It's basically unbearably hot, and Jensen takes a deep breath as he disappears into the bathroom. The water runs amidst the sounds of Jensen's shoes being kicked off, his clothes hitting the floor. When he returns, he's naked, and cleaned up, and he's got a warm, damp cloth in his hand...
that he uses to clean up Jared's dick, then gently wipes at his entrance after rolling Jared onto his side.

It feels ridiculous, letting Jensen do this, but also it's tender, and Jared is dangerously gone for this man who came barreling uninvited into his life. If this is an angle, it's a hell of an angle, and it's going to hurt – bad.

Jared's stomach turns at the thought, and it scares him how much he wants this already, wants Jensen, but then Jensen is running his fingertips over the red of Jared's smacked ass, trailing them over the fingerprint patches of skin that are blooming darkly across Jared's hip.

"I did a number on you," he exhales, reverent, and Jared's heart flutters.

"Yeah," is all Jared can come up with, equally awed, and then Jensen is discarding the towel, climbing into the bed without breaking eye contact, looking just as overwhelmed as Jared feels. He pulls the covers over them, tugs Jared in close, and kisses him.

As he lets the exhaustion lead him to sleep, Jared can't bring himself to be too worried.

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Jensen’s watch wakes him up. It buzzes, a reminder that he’s closing in on the deadline to meet Singer for the briefing. For the mission.

Fuck.

He groans internally, silent, taking stock of the warm, heavy body at his side, the beautiful mess of hair pillowed on his shoulder. This crosses so many lines, both professionally and personally – Jensen keeps himself to a certain standard – but Jared… is irresistible. Jensen should’ve known better, should’ve called it right after their encounter at Qualls’, but there was something about him… Jensen needed this to play out.

And he doesn’t regret it. How can he? Jared is full of life and fire, and Jensen just wants to burn. Whatever it is, Jared agreed he’d still work the mission, and then… they’ll figure it out.

Jared shifts against him, a small, sleepy sound muffled by Jensen’s body, and then Jared’s long fingers are grabbing him consciously, pulling them closer, and Jensen hums, smiling.

“Morning,” he says gently, then leans down to kiss the top of Jared’s head.

Jared hums in echo and then moves, propping himself up on one arm and looking down at him. His eyes are bright, his hair everywhere, and his perfect, pink mouth is smiling in such a way that Jensen can only shake his head.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he whispers, completely and honestly taken.

Jared scoffs but keeps smiling, even blushing, and then he dips down to quickly kiss him.

Jensen couldn’t care less about the stale taste of their mouths, parting his lips to let Jared in. Jared moans as he deepens the kiss, his tongue teasing Jensen’s. He moves again, easing his leg over Jensen’s waist, brushing against his cock, which was morning-hard and now getting harder as Jared settles. Jared’s cock is a rigid line alongside Jensen’s own, and as they touch together it’s Jensen’s turn to moan.

His hands slide down the length of Jared’s back, grabbing onto his hips, and he means to gently push Jared away, something about somewhere to be, but Jared’s already moving, rocking back and forth,
rubbing them together and grinding down. It’s rough without anything to ease the way and Jensen 
gasps as Jared finds a rhythm, but it’s too good already. Jensen digs into Jared’s flesh with his fingers 
but not to stop him, instead egging him on, pulling and pushing until their kisses are sloppy, 
uncoordinated and nippy, little more than shared air as they both race to the finish.

The sounds Jared makes get drawn out, long and broken by gasping breaths, and Jensen is high on it, 
the hot coil of want winding tighter in his belly.

“Jared,” Jensen huffs out, still pushing and pulling, his hips canted up to catch the friction. “Jay, 
you–?”

Jared starts nodding frantically before Jensen can find the air to make the words. “Uh huh, gonna–”

“Yeah, baby, that’s it. Come for me,” Jensen urges against Jared’s mouth, catching his lip in his teeth 
with a teasing drag before licking inside, only to have Jared cry out and spill between them.

The growing mess is warm and slick, and Jared slows under Jensen’s hands as his dick pulses 
against Jensen’s stomach. Jared gets heavy with his release, and Jensen eases up on his grip knowing 
full well he’s left marks on Jared’s hips by now. Jared sighs, looks at him with a lazy, sated grin, 
looking good enough to damn well eat. Jensen’s own cock is still rock hard and aching, and the sight 
of Jared’s blissed-out face makes it twitch where it’s still trapped, covered in Jared’s come. Jensen 
grins, kisses him, and then flips them in one smooth move so sudden that Jared starts laughing 
underneath him, even as Jensen is pinning him down with his body.

“Fuck, Jensen, yes,” Jared gets his arms out from under Jensen and reaches them back above his 
head, tilting his head back as if to give himself up, relaxed and easy as ever. “Get back in me. I can 
take it. Want it, Jensen. Come on.”

“Jesus,” Jensen bites out as Jared spreads his legs wide, dropping Jensen into the space between his 
knees, and Jensen swears he can feel himself leak at Jared’s words. He scrambles to sit back on his 
heels, reaching for the lube and a condom from the nightstand while Jared just keeps stretching out 
on the bed like a goddamn offering.

Jensen tears open the package and puts it on quickly, the cool, clear jelly mixing with a splattering of 
Jared’s come, and then reaches for Jared with a lube-covered finger just to make sure when Jared 
grabs his wrist.

“Just do it,” Jared insists. “You’re not gonna to break me. Not after last night.”

He grins, provocative with the memory and his unabashed desperation to get Jensen’s dick back 
inside him.


He knees his way up closer and Jared slides his knees away, opening himself to Jensen completely. 
The sight of it – Jared reaching to pull back his legs, his pink hole winking at him as its exposed and 
stretched – is enough that Jensen has to squeeze the base of his dick and breathe hard through his 
nose.

“Fuck,” Jensen says again, at a loss for words. “You are tryin’ to kill me, Christ.”

Jared seems pleased by that assessment, but while Jensen composes himself he takes the opportunity 
to pass his thumb, slick with lube, over Jared’s hole, and that wipes the smug look off his face real 
quick.
Jared keens, cants his hips as if to chase Jensen’s finger. Jensen circles the ring of muscle once before edging inside, and while Jared’s body does give way easily enough, it’s definitely going to be tight.

“Jensen, please,” Jared whines, and when Jensen looks up at him, he’s wearing an expression that says he knows exactly what he’s doing to Jensen.

Jensen isn’t going to make him say it again. He slicks himself up generously – trying to make up for Jared’s impatience – then lines up, pressing his head against his hole. Jared sighs and Jensen slips inside, the hot clutch of Jared’s body begging him in. He pushes further slowly but steady, both of them groaning by the time he’s as far as he can get.

“Fuck, Jay,” Jensen bites out, gasping. “You feel so good.”

Jared sighs, nosing alongside Jensen’s ear, big hands sliding down his back. “Move already, c’mon.” Jensen scoffs and shakes his head, pulling back to look at Jared. Unbelievable.

“You’re unbelievable,” he says, just to make sure Jared knows.

“Uh huh,” Jared admits smugly. “What’re you gonna do about it?”

Jared tips his chin up like a challenge, and Jensen is doomed. The kid is insatiable, and Jensen can’t get enough of him. He kisses him, hard, bites his lip and then lets go as he picks up the pace with his hips.

Jared is loose under him, moved with every thrust, a soft breath punched out of him an echo to the slap of skin-on-skin.

Jensen is working hard, relentless, sweat dripping down his temples. Jared is taking him so easy, looks almost relaxed, and it just makes Jensen want to make him break. He snaps his hips harder, and finally Jared is groaning, his fingers digging into the meat of Jensen’s shoulders.

“Yeah, Jensen, that’s it, fuck. Fill me up, come on, come on, come on.”

Jensen cries out as he comes, dropping his forehead to Jared’s shoulder and falling to one elbow, hips stuttering. He sucks in a huge, shuddering breath as it subsides, panting against Jared’s chest, still braced on that one elbow in attempt not to collapse on Jared completely.

Jared nuzzles in against the side of his head, humming contentedly, kissing his temple, and just holds on, arms around him and his feet crossed at the ankles resting on the small of his back.

“Okay,” Jensen finally says. “Gotta move.”

Jared pouts audibly but lets Jensen go, dropping his legs only to whine when Jensen pulls out.

Jensen gives him a knowing look as he steps off the bed, taking off the condom as he walks to the bathroom. He catches a glimpse of himself in the wall of hotel mirrors and shakes his head again. There are marks all along the base of his neck and across his one shoulder from last night, deep purples edged with red from Jared’s teeth. His hair is sticking up in every direction, tugged that way by Jared’s hands. He’s still flushed and glistening with sweat, definitely in need of a quick shower before the briefing, but the sight of the mouth-shaped bruises bright on his skin make his still half-hard cock twitch. He sighs, and for the millionth time in the last twelve hours, wonders what he’s gotten himself into.
Jensen cleans himself off and then goes back to the bed with a warm cloth. Jared is still stretched out on top of the mess of sheets, watching him with half-lidded eyes and a smug, satisfied smile that widens as Jensen knees onto the bed towards him.

“You’re trouble,” Jensen murmurs as he wipes Jared’s stomach.

“Mhm,” Jared doesn’t argue, sighing again as Jensen gently takes the cloth lower. “I think you like trouble.”

Finished, Jensen looks up at him. He tosses the cloth aside and climbs back up the bed, serious.

“I like you,” Jensen states plainly, earnest, and Jared’s expression changes into something serious, too, softer.

“I like you, too,” he whispers, reaching for Jensen’s face, just to play on the skin with the tips of his fingers. Jensen leans into the touch.

“Okay,” Jensen smiles, a tiny knot in his stomach loosening. “I have to meet my boss, get the details for our mission.”

“Our mission,” Jared echoes, amused. The knot tightens again.

“Is this going to be a problem?” Jensen makes himself ask, but Jared is shaking his head right away, leaning up to kiss Jensen quickly.

“No, it’s just… not something I ever imagined myself saying.”

“Okay,” Jensen kisses him back, appeased, and retreats from the bed, heading for the shower.

“Jensen?”

He stops in the doorway and turns around. Jared’s expression is different again, a brief show of vulnerability that makes Jensen’s heart ache.

“What is it, Jay?” Jensen prompts, gentle. He can see the colour rise in Jared’s cheeks all the way from here.

“And after?” He asks, swallowing thickly. “The mission, I mean.”

Jared’s eyes are big and bright and he looks so young in this moment it takes all of Jensen’s willpower to not climb right back into the bed with him; if he did, he knows he wouldn’t be able to leave him again.

“We’ll figure it out. Together though. I promise,” Jensen answers, and he means it, so much so that it might be frightening, except for the tangible relief he sees bloom on Jared’s face. Jensen’s a goner.

Jared smiles back at him, beautiful and brilliant, and echoes him again, sounding happy. “Together.”

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Comments and kudos are love <3
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!