Jared is ready to come out to his coworkers, but his dominant partner has some concerns about that. (Takes place in a light D/s type universe.)

Jensen wakes up to the feeling of his boyfriend’s ass rubbing against his morning wood. Normally he hates getting up when it isn’t necessary. Sleeping in is his reward for going to work all week. As far as he is concerned, the morning can just go bite itself. But for morning sex, he’ll make an exception.

It’s rare that Jared outright instigates anything. Both of them prefer it when Jensen is the pursuer. It fits who they are, and it works for them. Jensen doesn’t really care what uninformed, ignorant
assholes say about either of them. He likes being top dog, and Jared likes getting fucked doggy style.

That isn’t to say that Jensen plans on turning down such a blatant invitation for a good time.

Reaching out, he grabs the elastic waist of Jared’s boxers and shoves them down under the curve of his ass. He leaves them clinging to his lover’s thighs, enjoying the way that they hamper Jared’s movements. Jensen has been called a toppy bastard by a few lovers in his time, and he’s never denied it. Fortunately for him, Jared happens to enjoy that about him.

Jensen kicks his own underwear off, leaving them in a heap under the covers. The bedroom is chilly, and he has no intention of getting out from under his comforter unless absolutely necessary. As he grabs hold of Jared’s hips and yanks that pretty, tight bottom back against his bare cock, he hears the telltale crinkle of Jared opening a condom packet.

Restlessly, he rubs his shaft along Jared’s crack, enjoying the brief feeling of his cock being trapped against warm, bare skin before he accepts the latex from Jared and rolls it on. His fingers probe gently at Jared’s entrance, but he isn’t surprised to find a fresh coat of lube already inside of the loosened hole. He suppresses a smile as he guides the tip of his cock to the welcoming entrance and shoves in.

This isn’t the first time that Jared has prepped himself without taking the barrier of his clothes off. For so gregarious of a person, he can be shy about the strangest things. At least, they’re strange to Jensen. But he’s a dominant alpha male. The only things he knows about being shy about sex are lessons that toppy, misguided alpha male bastards tried to teach him.

Jared chokes out a moan and shoves his backside against Jensen’s pelvis, trying to deepen the penetration. It feels good, and Jensen can’t help but tighten his grip on Jared’s hips so that he can start fucking him harder. Jared starts panting and whining. Jensen wants to bite those noises out of his mouth, take them as his own like everything else about his boyfriend, but they’re in the wrong position for it.

Instead, Jensen rolls them so that Jared is on his stomach, and he is resting on that impossibly broad back. Jared’s legs are still confined by his underwear, so he can’t spread his legs like the needy little bottom that he is. But that doesn’t keep Jensen from spreading his own thighs a little wider, digging his knees into the mattress and boning Jared’s ass like a champ.

It doesn’t take either of them long to come after that. Limited as his movement is, Jared can still move enough to hump the mattress, and Jensen’s just plain easy.

Always the gentleman, even though he’s got a filthy mind and mouth on him, Jensen pulls out and disposes of the condom. Behind him, Jared stumbles out of the bed and starts stripping the fitted sheet off, hoping to keep the worst of his mess from soaking into the mattress. Jensen tried telling him to just leave it once. It only served to make Jared look at him like he just suggested killing innocent baby birds, so he has learned to just let Jared indulge in his attempts to save Jensen’s furniture.

Someday, Jared will learn that they’re having way too much sex to preserve any padded surface in Jensen’s home, but that day will likely not come for a long time. Jensen can afford to indulge him in his attempts to be civilized.

“Good morning,” Jensen whispers, when the urge to press up against his lover’s naked form becomes irresistible. Even soft and sensitive, his cock likes the feeling of Jared’s body against it. His arms like the sturdiness of Jared’s form. His ego likes how much bigger Jared is than him,
all that power curls against him submissively, seeking out his protection.

Put bluntly: Jensen really gets off on having Jared.

Under his hands, Jared’s body shakes a little as he laughs. “You’re never going to be a morning person, are you?”

Jensen answers that with a bite to his shoulder. Coherency is only achieved through coffee.

“Jensen?” Jared asks after a few moments of stand-cuddling.

“Yeah?” Jensen murmurs, trying to enjoy the warmth and comfort for as long as possible.

“I was wonder if maybe… Chris knows about us.”

Jensen frowns. Of course Chris knows about them. It was a little difficult to hide from the guy when Chris saw them together at the bar.

“Jay?” he asks softly. If Jared is being confusing, not rushing to over-explain himself, then something is bothering him.

“Your friends know about me. Your family and coworkers know about your preferences,” Jared says.

Jensen frowns as he tries to follow the train of thought. “But yours don’t know about you?”

He can tell that his guess is correct by the way that Jared’s shoulders sag. “I’ve got to go to the company picnic today. It’s supposed to be for me and my significant other, you know?”

“Jared, I keep telling you that picnics are not held in science centers on genetically engineered grass with fiber optic flowers for lighting,” Jensen teases, his heart pounding a little.

“You won’t get sunburned,” Jared says.

It’s probably the only argument that Jared can come up with, and that touches something protective inside of Jensen. Other people, ex-lovers would argue and pout, but not Jared. Jared will let it slide if Jensen doesn’t want to go.

“Do you promise that there’ll be good food there?” Jensen asks.

“No, but I can promise to stare at you adoringly,” Jared’s teasing back is strained, but Jensen knows that he means his words. When they’re out together, Jared can’t stop staring at him like he hung the moon in the sky.

Sometimes it makes Jensen feel uncomfortable, like he isn’t up to the faith that Jared has placed in him. Most times it makes Jensen feel ten feet tall.

It’s a lot of pressure to live up to, but that isn’t what concerns Jensen. He thrives under pressure. He’s a competitive bastard most days and just a plain old bastard on the others. It is Jared who doesn’t do well with negativity. If he goes to that picnic with Jensen, he isn’t going to be able to hide his nature from the people at work anymore.

They’re going to know. Jensen gives them fifteen minutes tops before they realize that Jared is not the hulking alpha male that they’ve been thinking he is. There isn’t any other way it can play out. He and Jared are too extreme in their personalities for them to pass when they’re with each other.
He knows that Jared wants to end his charade, and Jensen supports that decision. He knows exactly what it is like to hide your inner needs and desires so that you can conform and fit in. Jensen also knows how much better he felt when he finally cracked and quit playing that bullshit game.

But Jensen’s case was different. His father was thrilled to find out that his tall, Texan son was a growly alpha male. Jensen’s mother was worried that he was trying to hide himself because something horrible had happened, but she never tried to convince him that he was wrong. Jensen’s friends had already started to suspect that he wasn’t a submissive long before he broke and told them. His coworkers at the time hadn’t cared because they were a bunch of kids working for minimum wage in a pizza restaurant. Jensen had been in college at the time.

Jared has been hiding longer and doing a better job of it. He has a career that this could impact. Even though Jared is a computer geek and commands a department full of technical specialists and nerds, they’ve still got a certain perception of him. Jared isn’t just a gentle giant between the sheets. He’s a soft touch everywhere, and if corporate ladder climbers get wind of that, they’re going to try to make mincemeat out of him.

Then there is the matter of Jared’s advancements. He won’t get demoted from his current position, that would be illegal, but Jensen knows that there are plenty of ways to keep a guy like Jared from going any higher. All that his bosses have to do is stick him with all of the problem employees, and Jared’s performance scores will suffer all on their own.

Jensen has seen it happen to more than one of his colleagues, and he doesn’t think that Jared’s field of work will be any gentler. Techies are the backstabbing kind. They’re introverts and like to stare at computer screens and crack codes, but that doesn’t make them any less dangerous.

As far as Jensen is concerned, it makes them more dangerous. They have all the time to sit and plot and dream up evil machinations in their heads that they can use to take after Jensen’s sweet, submissive Jared. The mere thought makes Jensen want to go out and smash in every single pocket protector that he can find.

“You’re thinking stereotypical thoughts right now, aren’t you?” Jared asks, this time with a lighter and more genuine lilt to his voice.

“Shut up,” Jensen growls, absolutely not flushing.

“You look like you want to go take a magnet to my coworker’s hard drives,” Jared continues.

Now there is a thought. Jensen could just erase their reason for living. Maybe he could hire another, introverted schemer to give everybody that comes against his Jared a computer virus or something.

“Jensen, you can’t protect me from everything,” Jared whispers.

“I should try,” Jensen rebuts easily. Jared’s friends and family have been pushing him down the path of dominance for so long that Jared forgets that it was never the right path for him.

“Typical alpha male,” Jared muses, a tiny smile playing on his lips.

Jensen growls and licks that smile right off his boyfriend’s face.

Damned straight he is.
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