

Give me the Song and I'll sing it

J2/RPS

Von moko-chan

Kapitel 2: Don't Go Breaking My Heart

Song: Elton John & Kiki Dee - Don't Go Breaking My Heart

Don't Go Breaking My Heart

Jared closed his eyes and took a deep breath. This was ridiculous. Jensen was stupid. Of course, Jensen was brilliant, a great actor, surprisingly smart even – apart from his sometimes quite idiotic choice of movies to take part in – but he was also, and Jared was gaining proof, very stupid.

*Don't go breaking my heart
I couldn't if I tried
Honey, if I get restless
Baby, you're not that kind
Don't go breaking my heart
You take the weight off of me
Honey when you knock on my door
I gave you my key*

Jared had thought he was being obvious, inviting his best friend and co-star to live with him, but obviously he hadn't been obvious enough to break through Jensen's brick wall of stupidity. They were living together for months and *nothing* had happened! Jared didn't know how Jensen had managed, but it seemed he hadn't noticed. Jesus, even *Chad* had noticed! And that wasn't as phenomenal as it sounded since it was pretty obvious Jared was in love with Jensen. And everyone had noticed but stupid Jensen, who danced around the house half naked every Sunday just to drive poor Jared crazy. Eric's constant remarks on set about their undoubtedly very pleasant and exhausting home-live did nothing to make Jared forget the Adonis he shared his house with, and the fact that everyone and his or her mother believed him and Jensen to be lovers was exasperating because it wasn't true. It wasn't even close to being true. They were closer than they'd been before, sure, Jared had seen much more of Jensen, Jensen's habits and of course his *body* since he lived under his roof, but there hadn't even been a *kiss* to ease his pain. And only because Jensen was

stupid.

*Nobody knows it
But when I was down
I was your clown
Nobody knows it
Nobody knows
But right from the start
I gave you my heart
I gave you my heart*

And here he was, in his kitchen, sitting at the dining table, and enduring Jensen's maddening Sunday ritual of rolling out of bed around midday, strolling into the kitchen in nothing but his pyjama bottoms, and raiding the fridge for something edible with half closed eyes. If Jared hadn't known better, he'd said Jensen did it on purpose. But Jared happened to know that Jensen thought quite low of his sex appeal, believed himself to be merely tolerable, and thus had no idea that the sight of him in low hanging tweed trousers was enough to bring Jared dangerously close to an aneurism. It became questionable whether Jensen had noticed Jared was in the room with him, when after deeming the contents of the fridge beneath him and closing the door of the refrigerator, Jensen proceeded to scratch his butt in a way that could be considered mildly indecent it being Jensen's butt and all. Jared's throat produced a gurgling sound, and Jensen turned around to present him with a surprised but thoroughly pleased smile. "Morning, Jay." Jared wanted to cry.

*So don't go breaking my heart
I won't go breaking your heart
Don't go breaking my heart*

But being a man bred in Texas and taught to act accordingly, Jared didn't cry. He returned the smile, used his dimples to hide the devastating agony in his eyes and offered Jensen to make him coffee and pancakes. Jensen took the offer with sleepy yet overflowing thankfulness, and Jared managed to stand up from the table and walk towards his housemate without doing anything stupid – like ... like ... jumping him for example. And Jared wanted to jump Jensen so bad it drove him nuts. He'd imagined about a million times what would happen. He would haul Jensen into his arms, or pin him against the fridge, or hold him down on the sofa ... and kiss him. Yes, maybe that was not quite as dashing and daring as one would wish, but Jared was a romantic, and he wanted to kiss Jensen before he proceeded to molest him.

*Nobody told us
Cause nobody showed us
Now it's up to us, babe
I think we can make it*

But there would be no kissing, because Jensen was stupid. Jared lost every doubt he might have had left concerning that fact when Jensen hopped on the counter to lend him company while he fixed him breakfast. He was still pretty sleepy, his eyes barely open from lack of coffee, but the smile on his features was warm, and all his half-

awake attention was fixed on Jared. Jared felt a gush of heat run down his spine and tried to keep his eyes on the bowl he was mixing the dough for the pancakes in, but Jensen was sitting right next to him, all pale skin and freckles, and he smelled like sleep and warmth and home, and Jared had to turn his back to the temptation and distract himself with making coffee and getting the frying pan out of the cupboard below the coffeemaker. When he turned back, frying pan in his right hand, Jensen hadn't moved a muscle, but his eyes had added a sudden gleam to the sleepiness, and as soon as Jared had retuned to him, he placed his hand on Jared's shoulder.

*So don't misunderstand me
You put the light in my life
You put the spark to the flame
I got your heart in my size*

"Jay, you idiot," he said with that wonderful growly voice of his he only used when he was very tired or very drunk, and Jared failed to suppress a shudder. He looked up to Jensen like a deer caught in the headlights of an approaching truck, and the hand on his shoulder moved closer towards his neck. Jensen's thumb brushed across his collarbone, and Jared had to bite his lip to hold back a moan. Either Jensen was remarkably stupid or he knew exactly what he was doing, and Jared prayed to God it was the latter. It scared Jared that even this simple touch had him as stirred up as he was, but since there was nothing he could do about it, he tried to hold still and let Jensen do whatever it was he had in store for him. "You could have said something, you know," Jensen whispered, his fingers gently stroking over Jared's neck, and the deer-in-headlights-expression deepened. Apparently, Jensen wasn't quite as stupid as Jared had thought him to be. "I thought you would say something, Jay. I thought I had read you all wrong when you invited me to move in. Did you seriously expect me to make the first move? How could I be sure that you wanted it as much as I did? You are so nice to everyone that I thought your behaviour towards me was ... friendly."

*Nobody knows it
But when I was down
I was your clown
Nobody knows it
Nobody knows
But right from the start
I gave you my heart
I gave you my heart*

Jared held his breath as the look in Jensen's eyes changed from sleepy to alert within seconds, and his hand came to rest on Jared's cheek. "But you want it, don't you? You want it as much as I do." Jared managed to nod, and Jensen smiled, leaned down and kissed him gently on the lips. It was over in seconds, and Jared watched Jensen's retreating mouth with badly disguised longing. "You want more?" Jensen asked purring, and the frying pan Jared had been holding fell clonking to the floor. Jared put his hands to Jensen's naked shoulders, stepped into the space between his spread thighs, and waited for Jensen to kiss him again. He wasn't used to being the passive one, the one who waited to be kissed, but it felt awesome, and Jensen was so gentle it made him feel all gushy inside.

*Don't go breaking my heart
I won't go breaking your heart
Don't go breaking my heart*

"God, don't look at me like that," Jensen muttered breathless, leaned forward and pressed his lips to Jared's mouth, and Jared groaned and let himself be kissed. Jensen's mouth felt different than any girl's mouth Jared had ever kissed, but his lips were soft, he knew what he was doing, and Jared found himself begging for more with tiny little kitten licks – something he had never done before. He was used to taking what he wanted, had never begged to be kissed deeper, but when Jensen did what he was asked for and took his mouth with soft but confident stokes of his tongue, Jared didn't mind so much. All coherent thought fled his mind, his hands fell from Jensen's shoulders down to his hips, pulled Jensen closer, and Jensen growled into his mouth, bit Jared's lip and mirrored the touch by putting his own hands to Jared's slender hips.

*Nobody knows it
But when I was down
I was your clown
And right from the start
I gave you my heart
I gave you my heart*

Their groins met, and Jared thought he would die from the sudden lack of blood in his head. He was kind of grateful Jensen interrupted the kissing and gave him some time to breathe and collect his wits, but his mouth instantly missed the warmth and wet of Jensen's, and it seemed to act on its own when Jared leaned forward and tried to rejoin them. Jensen let him, returned his desperate kisses with gentle patience, closed his arms around Jared when he pressed closer, and held him. It was then that Jared realized Jensen had loved him all along, had waited for him to make the first move because Jared *always* was the one to make the first move, always the one to take things into his hands and move closer. He had been the one to initiate the first handshake, the first hug ... how could he have been so stupid to wait for Jensen to initiate the first kiss? But Jensen had done it nevertheless, had overcome his fear of being too bold and kissed him, and Jared instinctively knew what that meant.

*Don't go breaking my heart
I won't go breaking your heart
Don't go breaking my
Don't go breaking my
Don't go breaking my heart
I won't go breaking your heart*

He broke the kiss, buried his face in Jensen's neck and murmured, "I love you" over and over and over again. Jensen started to stroke his back with his left, intertwined the fingers of his right hand with Jared's hair and finally whispered, "I love you, too."

Don't go breaking my heart

I won't go breaking your heart

The End