

Give me the Song and I'll sing it

J2/RPS

Von moko-chan

Kapitel 4: Hungry Eyes

Hungry Eyes

I've been meaning to tell you ... I've got this feeling that won't subside ...

Jensen felt it as soon as he set foot into the kitchen.

The flicker of heat across the skin of his neck made his heartbeat accelerate.

It had been a few days since he first noticed, but now the feeling was permanent.

By now he had gotten quite used to the fact that Jared was a talker, never shut up except for sleeping and eating – and he did shut up while eating, he was a well mannered Texas-boy after all – and it was okay.

It really was.

The talking had become a part of Jensen's life just like Jared had, and he would possibly go as far and say he'd miss it if Jared suddenly stopped.

Not that Jared showed any intention of doing so.

He was talking right now, about what, Jensen wasn't entirely sure, but if Jared had wanted him to know, he would have waited for him to actually be in the same room with him before starting their conversation.

What Jensen hadn't gotten quite used to, what still felt strange, was the watching.

The intent gaze fixed on his every movement, like Jared feared he might miss something if he turned his eyes away.

I look at you and I fantasize ... You're mine tonight ...

Now I've got you in my sights ... with these ... hungry eyes ...

He felt Jared watch him, felt his eyes on him like he would the touch of his hands, and the thought send a sudden shiver through him.

Jensen liked Jared's hands, they were huge and strong and yet so very gentle that being touched by them had somehow become a sensation Jensen enjoyed more than he was ready to admit.

Still ... it was weird being watched by his best friend like that, while he talked a mile a minute about ... *unicorns?* ... Weird and yet somehow *right*, and Jensen had no idea if that combined with his craving for Jared's touch meant that he had the hots for Jared. Jared wasn't exactly his type.

*One look at you and I can't disguise ... I've got hungry eyes ...
I feel the magic between you and I ...*

Jensen didn't exactly remember the date, but last time he actually went out with someone, he liked girls.

He even had Danneel to prove it ... even if they only seemed to get together at public events nowadays.

Huh.

*I wanna hold you so hear me out ... I wanna show you what love's all about ...
Darlin' tonight ...
Now I've got you in my sights ...*

But that was not the point.

The point was that Jensen liked girls, and that Jared was a guy, and that this thing between them had therefore to be a misunderstanding.

Jared was the first guy-friend Jensen had ever had who was this touchy (maybe apart from Mike, but Mike went by a completely different set of laws anyway) who had a presence comparable to a gentle whirlwind – if there was such a thing like a gentle whirlwind.

There was always noise, where Jared was involved, noise and warmth and a feeling of home Jensen had never felt with one of his other buddies.

And that was absolutely explicable, given the fact how similar they were in certain aspects of their lives, from the initials and genders of their siblings to the happenstance they were both from Texas, and shared a not so secret love for cookie dough ice-cream.

Jensen nodded to himself and opened the fridge.

No need to freak out. Jared was his best friend. There had to be a completely logical reason that he watched him all the time ...

*With these ... hungry eyes ...
One look at you and I can't disguise I've got ... hungry eyes ...
I feel the magic between you and I ... I've got ... hungry eyes ...
Now I've got you in my sights with those ... hungry eyes ...
Now did I take you by surprise?*

Jensen blinked in surprise as a large warm hand placed itself over his on the door of the fridge, closed said door, and proceeded to wrap itself around his fingers.

He looked over his shoulder to find Jared there, a little too close to be without purpose, and Jensen swallowed audible.

He hadn't noticed the talking to stop.

Maybe Jared was upset that he hadn't paid attention to him, like, at all.

"Jay?" he asked, and Jared's eyes seemed to darken as he used the familiar nickname. Jared turned him around, all determined and self confident, and Jensen relaxed a little bit.

Jared would not be this calm if he had the intention to do something outrageously stupid – like ... hitting ... or ... or ... kissing him for example.

He would be flustered, his hair all over the place, not to speak of his freakishly long limbs, and –

Jared kissed Jensen.

He leaned in, pressed their lips together, and Jensen closed his eyes.

I need you to see ... this love was meant to be ...

Jared's arms closed around him, pressed him as close to his warm body as was humanly possible, and Jensen's head spun until he was perfectly sure the universe had just done a complete twist and turn, and now hung at a completely hazardous angle.

Jared couldn't kiss him!

Jared was a guy, was his best friend, his housemate, co-star, landlord ... and he had the softest lips Jensen had ever kissed.

He opened his mouth to feel them under his tongue, tasted them with a slow, tentative lick, and Jared opened them to moan pleadingly.

Jensen felt his body tremble against himself, and it was suddenly too hot in the room for him to think straight.

He opened his eyes as he continued to kiss Jared, licked his way into his mouth, kissed Jared with a determination previously unknown to himself, and watched him become putty in his hands.

I've got ... hungry eyes ...

One look at you and I can't disguise I've got ... hungry eyes ...

I feel the magic between you and I ... I've got ... hungry eyes ...

Now I've got you in my sights with those ... hungry eyes ...

Did I take you by surprise with my ... hungry eyes?

Jensen growled low in his throat and released Jared's mouth, his gaze fixed on the red, swollen lips that had tasted too good to resist them in the future, until it flicked upwards to meet Jared's eyes.

They seemed to glow in the dim light of the kitchen, their colour a blend between brown, green and gold, and Jensen felt himself getting lost in their depths.

It was true, Jensen liked girls, he really did, but it seemed that he liked Jared better.

And wasn't that a surprise?

Are these ... hungry eyes?

Now I've got you in my sights with these ... hungry eyes ...

"You kissed me," Jensen said, a little hoarse, and Jared nodded, the tips of his ears turning pink. Jensen smiled and, very contrary to the original nature of the situation, felt quite predatory.

"You happy with the outcome of that?"

Jared nodded again, his eyes darting down to rest on Jensen's lips for a second, and Jensen put his arm around his waist and pulled him closer until their groins met.

"It would have been polite to talk to me first, you know? – Ask for permission."

Jared's ears turned even pinker, and Jensen made the fabulous discovery that kissing him senseless was the one foolproof way to shut up Jared Padalecki.

Not that he minded the talking – he really didn't, he liked it – but he just loved the kissing.

The End