

In the Dark

Author: [splashpink](#) ~ **Rating:** Adult~ **Pairing:** J2 ~**Summary:** Prison fic.

Notes: The emo fic of doom. I bitched and bitched about the ending, wrote a happier version, then scrapped it. Emo fic is staying as emo fic, emo ending included. That said read the warnings first. Please.

Warnings: CHARACTER DEATH!!! Nasty things ahoy. There's violence and strongly implied non-con. The boys are not saints and nobody gets a happy ever after. Not even the puppy. So just to reiterate; THIS IS NOT A HAPPY FIC! IF YOU LIKE SUNSHINE AND SPARKLES AND GLITTER BACK AWAY FROM THE STORY NOW! I don't know where this came from and I sure as hell miss my sparkles. *whimpers and goes looking for sparkles*

Jared's old cellie got busted for selling crack to high-schoolers. The shit he'd fenced was less than thirty percent, mixed up with chalk, cheap penicillin and rat poison. He'd roughed up with the inside ring, hooking inmates up with black tar at a half the street price. He'd played the blacks against the Asians and come out of the shower one morning with his intestines in his hands. Jared's little sister was in highschool, and though he knew who'd held the skank, he said nothing when asked.

That was the first rule: Never see *anything*.

They shipped in someone new the same evening. Bunks were short, and there wasn't enough space on the inside to sling a cat. Nobody told him shit, he preferred it that way, but when the bars slid open and his new cellie stalked haughtily across the threshold he thought,

Huh. Pretty.

Pretty glared at him in disdain when he swung his legs over the edge of the bunk. Jared grinned his best serial killer smile and stepped down to the floor. He towered over Pretty and smirked.

Wide, clear green eyes went round and meek. Jared stared. He'd not seen sunlight, real, honest to god sunlight since they'd locked him in this underground hell. Pretty had eyes the color of Texan hills in the spring time. Those eyes alone would get him into a whole world of trouble down here.

There was a kid with eyes like a summer sky. They were still in his head, which was an improvement on form, but there wasn't much going on behind them. Not like these eyes. Pretty's eyes darted around all over, half scared bunny, half shrewd fox.

"You ain't gonna last a day." Jared told him straight up. "What' you do? Knock over Banana Republic?"

Pretty scowled and dropped down on to his bunk. Real talkative thing. That was one point in his favor.

Turns out Pretty - who was apparently called Jensen- did a little more than rob a store. He'd blown a man's brains out with a six shooter. Who'd have guessed. Apparently the poor bastard had come home to find his wife and Jensen doing the naughty, and got a bullet to the head for his luck.

Not real good at making friends with the males of the species, his new cellie. Two minutes on the yard and he'd pissed off a good seventy percent of the residents and given the rest a raging hard on.

Jared was exempt from those statistics, just for the record.

There was an unspoken rule in the joint, several actually, but right up near the top was one that said you don't look at another con's dick when you took a spray down. Unless he was meat. Or you were the biggest, meanest motherfucker in the room. Then you did what you damn well pleased.

Jensen practically had *rump steak* stamped on his ass.

And Jared really was a big son of a bitch.

So yeah, he looked.

Some of the cons, big, dumb fuckers like Mckillian, and shrewd, evil looking psychos like Briggs; they liked to pretend they were in the movies. Jared had done an entire crossword puzzle whilst Mckillian gave it to his latest bitch screaming 'squeal piggy, squeal'. No imagination, not a single goddamn one of them. All force no finesse.

Mckillian caught Jensen on the way out of the rec room. Had him up against the wall, squeezing his balls till he went red in the face.

"Gonna make you scream, hole." Mckillian promised.

Jensen knocked out one of his teeth with a head butt.

Jared grinned. He kinda liked his new cellie.

Jensen rocked in the corner of his bunk, crying all night.

Jared pretended to snore.

Jensen's face was pinched and white when he sat down, a wince chased quickly away by stubborn bravery. Jared didn't spare a glance as he shoveled lumpy mashed potato into his mouth. He washed the mouthfuls down with water and speared a limp carrot stick with his plastic fork. Jensen moved food around on his plate but didn't eat a thing.

Burping, Jared patted his belly. He'd doubled his crunches since the day they'd locked him up, and he could feel the ridges of his abs through the thin jumpsuit. Figured. He looked and felt better than he'd ever done before, and the only people to appreciate it were neo-Nazis and drug dealers.

And Jensen.

"Still playing hard to get?"

"Fuck you." Jensen said, his voice rough. Jared's eyes lingered on the way his swollen lips

twisted around the words. Prettiest damn mouth in the joint.

“Can’t hide forever.” Jared said sagely. “Gonna happen one way or another.” No two ways about that. If it wasn’t Mckillian it would just be someone else. Keeping Jensen behind bars was like dropping sirloin steak into a room full of starving lions.

“So you expect me to just bend over and accept it?” Jensen said, his voice shrill and his fingers wrapped around the plastic utensil in his hands. Jared shrugged his shoulders. He’d been inside long enough to know the way of it. Fighting the inevitable just made the process more painful.

“You gotta choose your fights.” He advised, watching Mckillian out of the corner of his eye. Half his face was red and puffy, and his knuckles were black.

That night, after twenty minutes of listening to Jensen toss and turn on the bunk below, Jared swung his legs over the side of the mattress and jumped the few feet to the concrete floor. The white of Jensen’s eyes were bright in the darkness and Jared stomped down on the bubbles in his gut.

“What are you doing?” He demanded, his voice a harsh whisper. Jared said nothing. He climbed on to Jensen’s bunk, his back scraping the underside of the bed frame. “Jared?” There was a tremor there that was new, the bravado slipping away to leave the pale, sickly fear behind. Jared caught Jensen’s wrists and forced them down to the mattress on either side of him.

“You need to scream.” Jared instructed, his fingers grinding the thin, fragile bones in Jensen’s wrists. Jensen sobbed and screwed his eyes up. “Scream.” Jared ordered again. He leaned forward and sank his teeth into the collar of Jensen’s throat.

He didn’t pull back until he tasted blood, and Jensen’s scream echoed around the cells around them.

The next day everything had changed. Jared sat, sprawled at his table, and watched the reaction as Jensen entered the lunch hall. The leers were twice as wide, the taunts twice as loud. Jensen cringed, hollow eyed and wearing the marks Jared had pressed into him. He waited until Jensen had his tray full of food, and smiled in satisfaction. No one had laid a hand on him.

Jensen tried to pass him by. He’d not said a word to Jared all morning, curled up in the corner of his bunk, rocking back and forth.

Jared reached out and grabbed him, and Jensen stumbled, his tray wobbling dangerously. Several crude suggestions were called out from the spectators around them, and Jensen seemed to shrink even more. Looping a lazy arm around Jensen's hip, Jared pulled him down onto the bench, tucked close to his side. His hand splayed possessively across the span of a slender waist, and he felt the minute tremors that ran under the jump suit.

"I'm not gonna hurt you." Jared said, his lips barely moving. He couldn't look at the bloody bruise on Jensen's throat, or the black circles that ringed both of his wrists. "Eat something."

Jensen looked like he wanted to protest, but for once his stubborn streak remained buried, and Jared was satisfied when two thirds of the food were slowly picked at.

"Hey Paddy?" One of the big skinheads from the lower block stepped up to the table, eying Jensen like he might a ten dollar whore. "If you ever feel like sharing..."

Jared looked back lazily, his thumb stroking Jensen's side possessively. "I won't." He said, smooth and calm.

Skinhead shrugged. "You're gonna want to keep a real close eye on your bitch."

Jared smiled. "I'll cut the cock off" a any man who touches my property."

The smile dropped off Skinhead's face, and Jensen relaxed against Jared's side.

Jensen threw a punch as soon as they were back under lockdown. Jared let him get in a hit for fairness sake then threw him face down on his bunk. Jensen hissed and snarled, as volatile and violent as an enraged alley cat. Jared held him down until the steam ran out, then sat back on his hunches, his back arched so he could cram his body into the small space. "You done?"

Jensen spat in his face. "You got no goddamn right. I ain't your fucking *bitch*." He slurred the word, the fire back in his eyes a welcome relief.

"Relax, sweetheart. Your virtue's still intact, ain't it?"

Jensen scowled, his wrists straining in Jared's grasp.

"I coulda fucked you last night; everyone thinks I did. Would have had the same outcome." Jared pointed out mildly. He released Jensen's arms and let him scoot back into the corner of the bunk. Jared swung his legs around and stood up, his back twanging.

Jensen shuffled up, the fire now simply embers in his eyes. "Why didn't you?" He asked, soft

and nervous.

Jared shrugged, easy as you please. It was obvious, wasn't it? "I ain't gay, dude." He shrugged. "And I ain't no rapist."

"I saw you staring at my ass." Jensen said flatly.

"It's a fucking good ass to look at." Jared shrugged, bored of the conversation. "Beats Yeatt's hairy crack."

Jensen looked small, curled in on himself like a kid. "So they won't bother me none?"

With a graceless shrug and a pointed frown. "Not until they put me in the ground." He mused, doing a set of pull ups from the overhead bars.

Jensen stared. "Aren't you worried?"

"Nah. Was gettin' boring around here."

That didn't stop him from doubling his reps.

He bit Jensen's lip bloody that night, then jerked off with soft snores in the background.

Mckillian made his move anyway.

Jared strolled into the laundry room to find Jensen choking on a rolled up pair of socks, his jumpsuit around his knees.

Jared's head was quiet when he crushed McMillan's balls beneath his heel, and when he dragged Jensen back to their cell. It wasn't so quiet when he kissed away Jensen's tears and mopped blood from the corner of his lips. He screamed for blood and misery, and the racket didn't stop until Jensen curled himself up under Jared's arm and hung on for dear life.

After that, everything changed.

They made a game of it. Every night after lights out, Jared pressed Jensen up against the wall

and sucked on his throat until there was a necklace of bruises in the pale skin. Jensen clutched at his shoulders, his ankle wrapped behind Jared's knee. "Please...please don't hurt me."

Jared muffled his laughter into Jensen's skin. He made sure he left bruises where everyone could see them. Jensen grinned as he thrashed in Jared's arms. They made a racket. Jensen screamed and begged, Jared called him every name under the sun. "Hold still damnit!" He tugged Jensen's jumpsuit to his ankles.

"Please...no..." Jensen whimpered, spreading his legs.

Jared opened him up with fingers and tongue, and the bunk squeaked with every snap of his hips. Jensen screamed and moaned like a bad porn star, and Jared left fingerprints in his hips for the world to see. He leaned down and licked the side of Jensen's throat. "They're all jerkin' off thinking about your tight ass. They wish it were them making you scream, making you cry. But I got ya. You're mine, and they ain't ever gonna lay a finger on you. I'll kill em if they do."

Jensen scrapped his nails down Jared's back and pulled him down for a kiss that was as soft and gentle as their fucking was brutal.

Jared came in Jensen's ass. When he moved to clean them up with the sheets from his bed, Jensen stopped him and shook his head. "Let them see it tomorrow. Let them see that I'm yours." He whispered.

"Christ. Filthy, ain't ya." Jared grinned, jerking Jensen off and spooning up behind him.

Jensen smirked and kicked Jared out of bed. "Your own bunk, you big oaf."

"Bitch." Jared pouted. That was the thanks he got for the best fuck of his life.

Smiling and fucked out, Jensen stuck out his tongue in response.

Jared made Jensen suck him off in the shower the next morning.

"Fucking slut." He grunted, thrusting into Jensen's mouth, ignoring the lustful stares of the other inmates.

Jensen gagged, his fingers clutching Jared's thighs.

"Yeah, that's it. Fuck that purdy mouth." Jensen's eyes darted toward the asshole that had tried to direct. Jared held his head tight and stroked his cheek surreptitiously.

He came on Jensen's face, and no one bothered either of them all day.

Two nights later, with Jared's come on his thighs, Jensen looked up at him and asked the inevitable question. "What are you in for?"

Jared shrugged. "I did some stupid stuff."

"You killed somebody?" He asked quietly.

"More than one somebody."

He was surprised when Jensen didn't tense up. "Oh."

"You let a murderer fuck you in the ass. That sits okay with you?"

Jensen looked back with honest eyes. "Could be a whole lot worse."

Jared's expression curdled. "Suppose so."

Jensen snored lightly, but Jared didn't sleep that night. He thought about each and every single person he'd killed, and gave them all Jensen's face.

Jared fucked it up for them. Cutting the Boss out of a piece of Jensen's ass turned out to be a bad idea. He woke up to a rattling door and a cold, piggish stare. "Might want to get a good go at your bitch this morning Paddy. He's relocating' after rec time."

Jensen watched from the bunk, his eyes black pits in his face. He was up on his feet before the guard left, fingers curled around the bars in the door. "Please." He begged, voice a fragile whisper. "Please, please..."

The guard brought his nightstick down on Jensen's fingers. He was one person Jared couldn't kill.

"Jensen..." Left alone, Jared crawled on the bunk and wrapped an arm around Jensen's hips. "It'll be okay."

Jared knew of only two bunks available to swap him to. One was with Finn. He'd beaten a man to death for his cell phone. The other was Mckillian. Minus a working dick, but no doubt able to be creative.

A rapid, hummingbird flutter of Jensen's heart under his fingertips, and he tried his best to hold off the storm.

Jensen hyperventilated until he slumped back against Jared's chest. "You said I was yours." He whispered accusingly.

"Y'are." Jared answered.

"You said you wouldn't let them touch me." He carried on, clutching at his sanity as it fell away like sand between his fingers.

"I won't." Jared promised, reaching up to stroke the back of Jensen's neck.

There was something dead when Jensen answered. "You lied." He accused.

Jared shook his head, and with a twist of his hand and a crunch of bone, he kept his promise.

"No I didn't."

END