

If You Talk Enough Sense, Then You'll Lose Your Mind

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If You Talk Enough Sense, Then You'll Lose Your Mind

by [Mafiosa](#)

Summary

The first night was like magic. Maybe that was a cliché way of putting it, but Jake never claimed to be a poet.

Notes

This is... deeply flawed, in many ways. I'm forcing myself to put this out there tonight, just to see if there are J&A shippers still kicking. I do have a lot more written, in draft form at least. In my sleep-deprived and impulsive state, I decided that this was a fine time to tease my first multi-chapter fic.

At the outset, this was inspired by "You Always Walk Away" by SHARKMARTINI, and a remix of the same, "Please Don't Leave Me" by LJ User TwasJamir. I'm not sure how much it resembles those fics now. In any case, I do them no justice. They're great fics, and you should read them.

The whole Jake's-internal-monologues-have-a-super-OOC-tone thing is addressed in a later chapter-- which is not to say it's immune to criticism, of course.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [You Always Walk Away](#) by [SHARKMARTINI](#)

Stars

The first night was like magic. Maybe that was a cliché way of putting it, but Jake never claimed to be a poet.

It was horrifying for an instant. He awoke in darkness as a shadowed figure pounced upon him. Jake was accustomed to intrusions, but his reaction was not without some degree of panic. Near instantly, however, he felt awash with comfort. Recognizing the man above him — and really, who else would it be? — was all the more satisfying for the fear that preceded it. Identifying the smell of his coworker's hair, Jake hugged Amir's head against his shoulder. That hair was soft against Jake's chest, warm beneath his fingers, and he clenched it with the utmost gentleness. If it wasn't for the hot breath against Jake's skin, the embrace may have felt almost maternal. As it stood, that breath quickened Jake's own breathing. The faster, louder, raspier Amir's breathing grew, the more Jake's cock swelled. In a futile attempt to catch himself, Jake spoke.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

He tried to move Amir's face towards his own, but he was met with resistance. Why wouldn't Amir look him in the eye? Why wouldn't he speak? Shame? Shyness? Jake knew he ought to feel at least a pinprick of resentment in that moment. He was normal, conventionally handsome, sane for the most part. Amir shouldn't be embarrassed to hook up with him — it should be the other way around. Amir should be thanking him, groveling even. And yet, Jake couldn't muster genuine emotion to that effect. He hadn't gotten laid for awhile. He wasn't bisexual per se, but he'd had enough gay fantasies to justify giving it a shot. And Amir was here, wasn't he? And were the little bites and licks he trailed down Jake's throat not electrifying? So, sure. Why not. They'd done weirder things.

This practical (if self-deceptive) line of thinking soon gave way to transcendence. Amir finally, finally, raised his head above Jake's. Nothing turned Jake on more than eye contact. On some level, he was aware that this preference came from a deeper place than sexual gratification. Amir's eyes opened for a mercilessly brief moment. The gaze he laid upon Jake was that of a seducer, on the face of it, but his affect did little to mask the currents beneath it. Amir was guarded, overwhelmed, lusty, and grateful, all at the same time. “*Why*,” Jake wondered, “*would someone capable of such rich subtlety ruin it with theatrics?*” Later, of course, he would berate himself over the obviousness of the answer. The theatrics were meant to conceal the subtlety. Amir intentionally used bombastic emotionality to obfuscate his true emotions in all their vulnerability.

But, that was later.

That night, flecks of light revolved around the ceiling. Looking back on it now, months after the fact, Jake couldn't remember why. There were novelty lights for that sort of thing, but Jake didn't have one. Did Amir bring one — weird, but not weird for him — and flick it on as he entered the room? Did Jake's phone flicker beside Amir's glasses on the nightstand,

refracting off of them in improbable curlicues? Perhaps the most likely cause was errant light from some neighbor's party, wandering through Jake's window to watch the emotionally complicated tryst.

In the moment, Jake didn't wonder about the source of the light. It enhanced the experience, to be sure, but pragmatic matters of angles and movements did not register in his mind. All he thought was "*the stars, they're so beautiful, he's so beautiful, beneath them, above me, Amir, my star...*" his internal monologue losing coherence as his physical thrill became more acute.

Jake could accept the idea of miracles, or at least the idea of lost causes. He couldn't piece together what had caused the phenomenon. It was too late now. But what one can accept logically is rarely what one can accept in practice, and so he kept musing over it as he lay awake.

Give Them an Inch

Chapter Summary

Amir presumably picked the lock each time he came over. Jake had to admit Amir was intelligent, though he hid it well enough. They barely spoke a word during their encounters— or rather, they spoke quite a lot, but on a very specific subject— yet Jake came to know Amir better through a series of indirect observations. For one thing, Amir's tall tales weren't so exaggerated after all. He would come by with dried blood still caked against his cheek, with mild road rash in discrete areas, and sometimes, of course, with a stench so potent Jake insisted they take it to the shower. And yes, if you dragged it out of him, Jake may have admitted he'd found a chicken nugget in his bed once or twice in the mornings after their trysts. Always conspicuously absent in the mornings, though, was Amir.

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The self-righteousness Jake couldn't bring himself to feel that first night came around every so often as the months passed. It seemed Amir had cooled to him. It had gotten to the point where Jake could actually get work done. As present and passionate as Amir was when in coitus, he didn't show signs of infatuation outside the sheets. It was simply unfair. Jake had given up any delusions about not wanting Amir. He wanted Amir fiercely, persistently, probably permanently. *"But let's just say for a moment,"* Jake thought to himself every few days, *"that we're equally good catches. I'll admit, from my point of view, we probably are. The fact remains that he has been obsessed with me for years. So why the fuck is he distancing himself from me now that I'm finally letting him in?"* Jake would often heave a sigh at this point in his internal monologue. *"That's what she said."*

Jake's self-consciousness was itching from inside of him. He needed to talk to someone. Sarah, thank god, reacted to the news as calmly as if they were discussing the weather.

"Maybe he's satiated," she said. If she was amused by Jake's admission, she did an excellent job keeping her composure. "He was nervous and desperate around you. Now that he knows the attraction is mutual, he doesn't have to try as hard."

“So... what, now that he’s got me as a booty call he can ignore me all day?”

Sarah nearly choked on her drink.

“Jesus, that’s the worst possible way to take what I said. I mean, think about a time you had a crush on someone. You were probably pretty anxious around them at first, right? And then, as you got more comfortable around them, you didn’t worry about impressing them as much. You could just be yourself.”

“No, I get that. I do. And you’re right, Amir plays up his craziness— out of nerves, or something. But I’ve spent years shadowed by this guy. He has his calm moments. He even has moments where he calls me out on shit. It’s different this time.”

“How’s it different?” Sarah looked at Jake with genuine concern in her eyes. Jake was grateful to have a caring friend. What’s more, he was grateful to have his experience legitimized. Until he told someone about it, the whole thing seemed like a series of fever dreams. Sarah reacted like it actually mattered. Like Jake wasn’t crazy for caring.

“Earth to Jake?” Sarah continued, snapping him back to the present.

“Right. Sorry. To be honest, I just kind of know with him. Is that crazy?”

“Not necessarily. You know him pretty well— better than you care to admit, usually.”

“It’s not that he’s acting... less crazy, exactly. If anything, he’s just talking to me less. It’s more like he’s... less attached to me. Like he could discard me at any time.” Sarah gave him a pointed look. “I get it. I know I’m self-conscious. But isn’t it possible that he wants me less now that I’m not so unattainable? Wanting what you can’t have, or whatever?”

Sarah acquiesced with a sad sigh.

“I mean... yeah. I love you, and I want everything to work out perfectly for you. But that is possible. Just try not to jump to conclusions, okay? You’ll make it so much worse. And no props, okay? No fucking *milk*.”

For a moment, Jake lost himself in laughter.

“How the fuck do you even *know* about that?”

Out, Damned Swamp!

Chapter Summary

When Jake was in high school, he went to a wilderness camp every summer. They would bus all up and down Massachusetts and Maine—whitewater rafting, hiking, rappelling, just roughing it. One day, the campers kayaked out to Dead Island. There was no electricity; it was nearly pitch black dark under the canopy of trees. He was walking to an outhouse with some friends when he suddenly fell a few feet. He couldn't move— for a moment, he thought he was in quicksand.

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“You fell in a swamp!” one of his friends called out. She seemed a lot more upset than he was.

He was disgusted by the thick fluid pressing against his legs, but he didn't feel panic. His eyes now adjusting to the dark, he began trudging slowly through the swamp towards the outhouse. No matter how forcefully he moved, the pace was irritatingly slow. But what else could he do? He just had to keep on walking forward until he cleared the swamp.

A few painstaking steps later, a counselor appeared at the side of the swamp.

“Jake, what are you doing?! You're in a swamp!”

“I stepped in accidentally. It was dark.”

“Yes, but why are you *still in it*?”

Jake was floored.

“What else am I going to do?”

The counselor, Laurie, laughed good-naturedly.

“Just walk to the side here! I'll pull you out!”

Out of the swamp, looking forward to changing pants, Jake experienced something very rare for him: the ability to laugh at himself. He didn't fault himself for getting discombobulated. How often does one accidentally step in a fucking swamp? Still— he would have dredged through ten times the distance he needed to, without a second thought, if someone hadn't come along and made a better suggestion. Jake was already a budding screenwriter at that point. He recognized the metaphor.

Determination wasn't such a bad thing. No one ever made it in show business by giving up easily. But commit to the wrong path, trudge forward without analyzing your options, and you're fucked.

More than a decade later, Jake often paused to ask himself if he was refusing to get out of a swamp. However, he almost never thought about it too deeply. He wasn't willing to risk giving up. Once he made up his mind, his path was settled. It's easy to judge, but that's the thing about real-life metaphors: they're messy. Not always *literally* messy, but in this case it was both.

Do You Agree To These Terms?

Chapter Summary

Now this is the part where things get smutty.

Chapter Notes

I wasn't planning on posting four chapters tonight, but that's what happened. More to come-- hopefully someone out there will read & enjoy this, ha!

Swamp or not, Jake had a clear objective: find out what the past four months meant to Amir. Jake wasn't exactly an optimist by nature. So, he could justify putting it off for a bit. He wanted to get in a few more doses of sex with Amir before he risked it all.

And god, was the sex incredible. The best times were the romantic lovemaking sessions. Each time felt like the culmination of years of friendship, complicated but true, the fruition of attraction buried for too long—as if they'd known from the beginning that this was where they'd end up, Jake's legs wrapped around Amir's back, open and vulnerable but trusting. Jake wondered if it was always like this—painless, serene, everything perfectly lubed and timed and softened to perfection. He doubted it. Maybe Amir was experienced, or maybe their bodies were naturally in sync. Either way, he was grateful.

While their romantic, vanilla sessions were unmatched—full of lengthy eye contact and gentle caresses—Jake quite enjoyed their kinkier encounters as well. Equally painless, and perhaps even more physically gratifying, these sessions had a lick of the sinister. Sometimes Jake would ask Amir to speak Hebrew. On some level, Jake's satisfaction may have come from the connection to Amir's Israeli roots. On a more apparent level, Amir sounded deliciously evil relaying unknowable demands, growling in a cadence wholly unlike his usual voice, pausing only to bite Jake's earlobe.

Other times, they agreed to wrestle before getting down to it. It was not unlike their office tiffs—clothes discarded, bitch slaps, muscles taught. The key difference was that they always found themselves making out before a clear winner emerged.

On rare but succulent occasions, Jake asked to bring their office dynamic to the bedroom. Amir would lie back, flushed and panting, as Jake berated him. He watched in wonder as his best friend wriggled and whined beneath him, bucking his hips with abandon, overcome with lust. An insult kink—no wonder. Jake supposed the natural progression would be for him to

top on such occasions, but he had no desire to do so. Instead, he'd roll unto his back, pull Amir on top of him, and end his rant with some slaggy invite— "now take what's yours," "let me know who's boss," "show your Jakey what you're really capable of." Amir, wound up by his favorite kink, would thrust faster than usual, moan louder, reach deeper. Jake was always elated in these moments, screaming with pleasure, grin fixed on his face. The transfer of control was so freeing. No wonder he'd stuck with Amir all this time. Sure, his affection ran deeper than sex—that was becoming clearer every day— but the sexual element was a huge perk.

End Notes

If you genuinely enjoy a story—mine or anyone else’s—please leave comments and kudos on it.

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