

**Title:** Unplanned Developments

**Author:** Scribblesinink

**Rating:** General

**Characters:** Beck/Jake

**Warnings/labels:** Haircutting

**Spoilers:** None

**Word count:** 1,154

**Author notes:** Because I found an unfilled *Body(part) Love/Worship* on an old bingo card. Set in the *Unforeseen Consequences*-verse and follows on from Tanaqui's *Unexpected Outcomes*. Thanks to Tanaqui for betaing.

**Summary:** Shortly after their reunion, Beck and Jake share an intimate moment of a different kind.

## Unplanned Developments

Waking slowly, Beck was confused for a second about where he was. The bed was soft under him, while quiet breathing betrayed the presence of another person in the room. Then his memories came back.

Reassured, he stretched lazily, clenching and unclenching various hard-worked muscles, enjoying the pleasant ache in his body. Outside, beyond the curtain, a watery winter sun was climbing high, and he wondered when he'd become such a sluggard. He should get up, do something more productive with his time than lounging around in bed. He hadn't attended Mass in ages, he remembered guiltily, and there was an exhibition of new artists that had piqued his curiosity enough to use it as an excuse to finally return to Rochester.

But those plans had been made before he'd discovered who was waiting for him at the apartment.

Mouth curving in a private smile, Beck raised himself on one elbow, twisting slightly so he could look down at Jake.

He was still asleep, giving Beck every opportunity to drink in the sight of him, something he hadn't spared much time for last night.

Jake's head made a dip in the pillow, his brown hair contrasting sharply with the white cotton. Beck reached out with his free hand to brush away a few wayward strands that had gotten stuck to sweat-dampened skin.

The gentle touch woke Jake. His eyes fluttered open, focusing on Beck. "Mornin'." He smiled sleepily.

Beck grinned. "I think it's closer to afternoon." He kept on drawing his fingertips through Jake's hair, combing it out of Jake's eyes, while he wondered absently how Jake managed to fly those planes when he couldn't see properly.

Jake remained still under Beck's ministrations, amusement clear in the twinkle in his gaze. "You develop a hair fetish while you were gone?"

Beck chuckled. "You grew it out," he pointed out. "Makes you look like a bit of a rogue."

Jake yawned, shifting so he could stretch his legs. "If you want, I could ask Anita to cut it again. You remember, right?"

"I do, yes." Beck thought Jake's suggestion over. It was clear Jake wasn't bothered by the state of his hair, though he seemed willing enough to please Beck and have it cut. But they'd only just reunited, and Beck wasn't about to let Jake out of his sight any time soon. Not even to go across the hallway for a haircut. "Let

me?" The words made it out of his mouth before he fully realized what he was saying.

"What?" Jake blinked. "You wanna cut my hair?"

Beck nodded, determined now the concept had taken root. How hard could it be? "Indulge me." He pushed himself up, dragging the sheets off of Jake. He was momentarily distracted from his plan by the view. Swallowing, he added, "Please."

Jake hesitated a moment longer, scrubbing his own fingers through his hair as if to confirm Beck's assertion that it was unruly. "Well, okay, I guess." He still sounded dubious, though whether that was about getting his hair cut at all or about trusting Beck not to mess it up, Beck wasn't sure. "But I think you definitely got a hair fetish."

Grinning, not in the least perturbed by Jake's teasing, Beck scooted into his boxers and went around the apartment collecting the things he'd need: a stool from the living room, a pair of scissors from the kitchen, a towel. A few minutes later, he directed Jake, dressed only in a pair of faded jeans, to sit on the stool he'd planted in the middle of the bathroom. Draping the towel over Jake's bare shoulders, he was unable to keep himself from running his fingertips along the sleek line of Jake's neck and collar bone as he did so. Jake shivered in response.

Beck gave himself a mental shake, and fought to concentrate on what he was doing. Plenty of time for other things later.

But now that he had Jake where he wanted him, he found himself hesitating. What if he did botch it? Or worse, cut Jake with the scissors? He'd never done this before, and usually had his own hair cropped at the AAFES shop, where the barbers wielded trimmers.

He tried to decide how to proceed, imagining an army cut on Jake. "I guess a buzz cut is out...." At Beck's quiet words, Jake shot up from the stool as if bitten. He whirled around, giving Beck such a horror-filled look that Beck, uncharacteristically for him, laughed out loud. The fiery glare Jake directed at him changed into wry amusement as he realized he was being made fun of.

"Ha ha." Shaking his head, Jake gingerly sat back down on the stool. "You found a hair fetish *and* a sense of humor."

Beck grabbed a comb and ran it through Jake's hair, working out the tangles created by their earlier romping, before he started snipping carefully. He'd just shorten it a bit, neaten it up, he decided. He liked to run his hands through it during sex far too much to deny himself the pleasure entirely. Especially after he'd so recently regained it.

Ten minutes later, with the tiled floor covered in dark tufts, Beck stepped back to admire his handiwork. He wasn't unhappy with the result; it wasn't perfect, but it certainly looked better on Jake than the long, careless tangles of before had.

"Done?" Jake asked, barely concealed nervousness in his voice.

"Done," Beck confirmed. Though the cut was still a little uneven, he thought it best not to try and correct that any further. He reckoned if he tried, Jake would likely end up with that buzz cut after all.

Jake brushed the remaining loose hairs off and got to his feet, padding over to the mirror to eye himself critically. He tilted his head left and right. "Hm."

"Much better, right?" Beck prodded, concerned Jake would think he'd bungled it. "If you don't like it, we can still ask Anita—."

"No, no, it's fine." Jake turned around and grinned at Beck, rubbing a hand over his head, familiarizing himself with the new cut. "Thanks."

For a moment, neither spoke. Then, loud in the silence of the bathroom, Beck's stomach emitted a shameless growl. Jake laughed. "I guess that means I should get you breakfast next?"

Offering Jake a wry smile of embarrassment, Beck nodded. "I'll clean up here."

After he was done sweeping up the floor and disposing of the hair in the trash, and had put on some more clothes, Beck propped himself against the wall by the kitchen, from where he could watch Jake pattering around cooking breakfast.

Jake was whistling as he worked. After a moment Beck recognized it: the theme song from *Hair*. Chuckling to himself, Beck pushed away from the wall to start setting the table. He likely hadn't heard the last yet of wanting to cut Jake's hair.

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