

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Castiel</a> , <a href="#">Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Sam Winchester</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">gun range scenario</a>
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-06-21 Words: 1070

## Right Between the Eyes

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Short ficlet inspired by the revelation of a gun range in the MoL Bunker.

### Notes

Originally posted on Tumblr about 3 hours after a gun range in the Batcave became canon.

“I know,” Cas mumbled, patience already worn thin.

“If you know then you’d be holding it right.”

“I am holding it exactly the way you told me to,” Cas said evenly as he resettled his grip on the small handgun he’d been “given permission” to use.

“I can see from here that you’re not,” Dean intoned from where he leaned against the wall behind him.

“You can’t even see my hands, Dean.”

“I can see your stance.”

“You mean you’re looking at my ass.”

Cas had no idea where that snarky retort had come from, and based on the silence from Dean, he

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was just as surprised.

“Then go ahead and fire,” Dean snapped, irritated.

Cas felt a smile tug at the corner of his lips. Now why was Dean being so defensive? He pulled the trigger and the bullet marked the paper just to the left of the target’s head.

“Told you,” Dean grumbled.

Cas lowered the gun and turned it sideways to look at it—as if that would reveal the reason for his inaccuracy.

“You have to hold it like this,” Dean said, standing beside him and using one hand to adjust Cas’

grip on the weapon.

“I was!” Cas said, feeling that riling impatience that had become so much more prominent after going mortal. “I was holding it just like—“

“Whoa! Shit! What did I tell you about watching where you point these things?!”

“I am being careful!”

“You pointed it right at me.”

“I did not. I pointed it at the wall beside you.”

“Yes, the wall that was behind my head.”

Cas dropped his arms and put the gun on the counter. “Maybe we should stop for today.”

Dean sighed dramatically. “Come on, man. Just, here...”

Dean put the gun back in his hands and moved to stand behind him as he made Cas raise the

weapon again.

“Now,” Dean said quietly, his voice and breath brushing against Cas’ cheek. “Strong arms,” he murmured, running his hands down Cas’ arms. “Vertical wrists.” He slid his fingers over the fine bones that protruded from under sensitive skin. “Tight grip left hand.” He circled his hand around Cas’ where it cupped the heel of the gun. “Loose right hand.” Dean’s hand covered Cas’

tense fingers, getting them to relax. Dean used his pointer finger to hook Cas' and pull it off the trigger. "Remember?" he asked gently.

"Keep your finger off the trigger until you're ready to fire," Cas replied, barely getting his voice to work.

"Good. Now. Square your shoulders."

Cas centered his torso, using the warm, solid guide of Dean's body.

"Find your center of gravity..."

Cas remembered it was around his sternum and closed his eyes, feeling that odd sensation of

pseudo-recognition as he found where his body felt the most balanced.

"Got it?" Dean said, his stubble scratching lightly along Cas' jaw line as he turned his head just a bit to ask his question.

Cas nodded.

"Now settle into it. And get off the balls of your feet."

Cas settled his weight, feeling where Dean's feet rested just outside of his, where their legs ran in close parallel, where their thighs pressed together, where their hips slotted together. Where Dean stood perfectly fitted to his body like they'd been designed that way.

Cas tried to speak, couldn't, so swallowed thickly and nodded indicating he was set.

"Alright. Look down the sight of the barrel. Keep both eyes open."

Cas let out a small breath that may have been a laugh as he opened his left eye.

"Find your target. Line it up."

Dean allowed Cas to move their arms slightly to sight the target.

“Got it?”

Cas nodded slightly again.

“Okay, put your finger on the trigger.” Dean once again guided Cas’ pointer finger with his, and then removed his, laying it along the barrel of the gun.

“Inhale,” Dean murmured.

Cas carefully expanded his chest, feeling the comforting cage of Dean’s body. Then Dean turned his head just enough that his lips brushed over Cas’ cheek as he spoke.

“Fire.”

The gunshot echoed deafeningly off the concrete walls. The bullet casing clinked several times before settling. The echoes slowly faded and left them in silence. The target had a hole right between the eyes.

“How did that feel?” Dean asked softly.

Cas swallowed to find his voice and said, “Good.”

Dean released his hold on Cas’ hands and ran his hands down Cas’ arms until he remembered

himself and dropped them to his sides. But he didn’t step away.

“Where’s the safety on this again?” Cas asked.

Dean reached forward and showed him the mechanism. Cas flicked it on, set the gun down, and spun around quickly, throwing his arms around Dean’s shoulders and planting a firm kiss on his lips.

They stayed pressed together a moment before Dean pulled back just enough to disengage their lips. His eyes were wide and his lips parted to speak but Cas beat him to it.

“Can we—just skip all the awkward parts?”

Dean blinked at him, and then looked up and shrugged his lips as he had a short, internal debate.

“Yeah, why not,” he agreed, leaning forward and kissing Cas’ lips open, his tongue taking full

advantage.

Cas moaned and pulled Dean closer, stepping back until he hit the counter. Dean reached down to grab his ass and haul him up to sit on the counter, pressing between his legs. Their harsh breaths and the desperate smacking of their lips as they came together again and again

reverberated incitingly around them, driving up the tension and making the room seem suddenly too warm.

“Hey guys?” Sam called from the top of the stairs leading down to the range.

“Not now, Sam,” Dean managed to get out before diving right back into a hot, wet, sloppy kiss.

“Guys, I need to show you something,” Sam’s voice was closer.

“Can we see you later, Sam—mm,” Cas pleaded.

“Guys, why aren’t you answering—OH!”

Dean and Cas turned their heads to glare at Sam.

“Go away, Sam!” they shouted as one.

Sam looked momentarily horrified, and then it quickly melted into long-suffering relief.

“Finally,” Sam sighed happily. “You two do what you need to do. I’m going to take a nap.”



Sam turned around to head back up the stairs. “Just be sure to wipe down everything when

you’re done.”

“Shut-up, Sam!”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Right Between the Eyes](#)

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## It Really is That Easy

by [cmwebb17](#)

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Sam has a crush on Gabriel. He also has a penchant for accidentally injuring him when trying to ask him out.

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Originally posted on Tumblr for a prompt from bentleyimpala (formerly221humblebbakerstreet).  
I'm not a Sabriel shipper myself, but I really hope I did the relationship justice.

Also, their ages have been compressed to facilitate the story. Sam - 15, Dean/Cas - 16, Gabriel - 18

Sam adjusted the straps of his backpack as he stood outside the doors of Clark M. Clifford High School. This was it. He'd finally made it. Lawrence utilized a junior high and high school system, so as a ninth grader he'd been stuck back with all the kids and suffered the indignity of extra strict rules and teachers that treated them all like emotional, hormonal time bombs. Now he was a sophomore. Now he had reached the level where he could really begin to explore his academic horizons and partake of the privileges offered to mature and responsible young adults.

"You'll never take me alive!" a boy screamed as he ran past Sam and was promptly followed by a barrage of spitballs.

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was a sophomore. Now he had reached the level where he could really begin to explore his

academic horizons and partake of the privileges offered to mature and responsible young adults.

“You’ll never take me alive!” a boy screamed as he ran past Sam and was promptly followed by a

barrage of spitballs.

Several more students ran past him screaming loudly and a teacher who had been stuck with bus monitor duty shouted once and gave up.

He felt someone stand beside him and carefully pick the spitballs out of his hair, and then brushed

them off his shoulders and backpack. Sam looked despairingly at his big brother, who was now

eye level with him after Sam’s growth spurt over the summer.

Dean grinned. “Welcome to high school, Sammy.”

He gave him a thwack on the back and walked through the double doors into the building. Sam

sighed. Awesome.

\*\*\*

So maybe high school wasn’t going to turn out to be the Mecca of cultured education he’d

envisioned it to be. Two out of his first three classes had been okay, and he’d already been

approached by two seniors and the coach about trying out for the basketball team. Sam had zero

interest in basketball as a spectator sport and had only ever played it with his brother using the

portable basketball hoop a neighbor had set up on their street. But he supposed it was the fate of

all six foot tall fifteen year olds to play basketball in high school. There was no doubt he was

going to get even taller, so by the time he was a senior he'd probably just have to stand under the

basket and drop the ball in.

Sam didn't tower over everyone in his school, not yet anyway, but he was self conscious about his

height. He was completely awkward and nothing seemed to fit together right. He couldn't

imagine what would happen if he got taller and had even longer limbs to try to keep under

control. Dean kept telling him if he put on some muscle it would help balance some of it out. But

how could he put on muscle when he couldn't even put on fat? He ate like a horse and was still

hungry when he went to bed sometimes. It wasn't fair. Dean had passed through his early

puberty with zero awkwardness, acne, or major adjustments necessary. Of course, he hated the

fact that he was so pretty, but Sam was sure he'd grow out of that. And besides, there were worse

things to be in high school than pretty.

But all of that was beside the point. Yes, high school was turning out to be a bit of a crumbling

illusion, but it had accomplished finally putting him back in close proximity to him.

Sam leaned against a row of lockers as a group of students laughed and chatted as they walked

down the hallway. Right in the middle was Gabriel Engel. A handsome face made even cuter by

the perpetual mischief gleaming in his golden eyes. He was at the top of his class, the ace of the

swimming team, and somehow made it cool for a guy to take Home Ec. To Sam, he was

beautiful, if perhaps a little shorter than he remembered.

Unfortunately Gabriel was also a senior which meant Sam was all but invisible to him. At best he

might be remembered as Gabriel's little brother's boyfriend's little brother. And there was no way

that was sexy.

Sam stiffened as the group veered and Gabriel was now coming straight for him. He looked

around to see if there was anywhere he could escape to without making it obvious that he was

bolting like a freak. He looked back to the group, and made eye contact with Gabriel. His mouth

went dry, his palms got sweaty, and he banged his elbow against the lockers behind him when he



stood up straight.

Gabriel stopped directly in front of him and cocked his head to the side as he smiled at him.

“Hi, Sam.”

Sam nodded dumbly.

“I didn’t know you’d be here this year. I thought you were a couple years younger than Dean.”

Sam shook his head. He opened his mouth to speak and a croak came out. Several people

chuckled and that made Sam aware that the group was still with Gabriel, watching this whole

exchange. He tried again.

“I’m fifteen. A sophomore.”

Gabriel nodded. “Well, that’s great. How’s your first day going?”

“Awesome!” Sam burst out with his giddiness. The group murmured and hid laughter as they

watched him. Sam shrank back against the lockers. Gabriel was still smiling politely.

“Well, that’s good. I suppose anything would be awesome compared to the junior high. I hated it

there.”

Sam nodded but didn’t trust himself to speak. He was still in awe that Gabriel had deemed him

worthy to come over and speak to him. There were a few moments of silence,

but Sam didn't

mind because he got to stare into those warm eyes.

"Uh, Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"You're um, kind of blocking my locker."

Sam blinked as he processed that sentence and then started violently.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!"

Sam darted away and pushed through the group, running down the hall.

"It's okay!" he thought he heard Gabriel call after him, but he was too mortified to care.

He was so stupid! Of course Gabriel hadn't come over to talk to him. He'd just been in his way!

He careened around a corner and slammed into another student, sending her books and papers

flying. He made sure she wasn't hurt and then helped her pick up her belongings before ducking

into the boys bathroom when the bell rang. He didn't even care that he would be late for his next

class.

The rest of the day he spent slinking through the hallways and peeking around corners so he

wouldn't accidentally run into Gabriel again. At last the final bell of the day rang and Sam made

his way dejectedly to his locker. He'd only been in high school one day and already he

understood why people called it hell. As he was working the combination on his locker a voice

said behind him, "Hiya, Sam!"

Sam glanced over his shoulder and then did a double take as he saw Gabriel. He spun so fast his

backpack didn't make it all the way behind him and he stumbled off balance. Gabriel put out a

hand to steady him, but Sam flinched back from it. A look of hurt confusion passed over

Gabriel's features as he drew his hand back, but then he was smiling again.

"So how did the first day go?"

Sam stared at him. "Of what?"

Gabriel's smile grew a little wider. "Of school, Sam. How was your first day of high school?"

Sam searched his brain for words in English. Nothing was coming to him except what he'd had

for lunch and he didn't think "egg salad" was an appropriate response to this question. The

silence was dragging out. Say something! he screamed at himself.

"Academic," Sam blurted out. "It was like learning."

Gabriel tilted his head again. Sam felt his face slowly heating up to the approximate temperature

of the surface of Mercury. Yes, that sentence had technically been grammatically correct, but the

context was not quite right. Dear lord what must Gabriel think of him?

Gabriel opened his mouth to speak, but he was called by one of his friends. He gave Sam another

smile and said, “Well, hopefully tomorrow will be just as—edifying.”

He grinned and walked away as Sam slowly turned toward his locker, and then repeatedly began

to bang his head against it.

“Tough day, little brother?” a familiar voice asked to his left.

Sam kept banging his head. “I am such a spaz.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being a spaz,” an equally familiar voice said.

Sam planted his forehead against the locker and turned just enough to see Cas standing to his right

looking sympathetic and amused all at once. He held a red lollipop in one hand and patted Sam’s

head with the other.

“We’ve all been there. It’s called adolescence. In fact, some of us are still there.”

“If I’m there, so are you,” Dean intoned over Sam’s head to his boyfriend.

Cas just smiled, put the lollipop to his lips and swirled his tongue around it before sucking it into his mouth—his eyes fixed on Dean. And Sam groaned and started banging his head against the

locker again because, gross.

Dean patted him on the back. "Come on, Sammy. Remember, if the practice is bad the next time

is better? Or something like that."

"It's if the dress rehearsal is a disaster opening night should be perfect," Cas said.

"Whatever. That's what I said."

Sam allowed himself to be pulled away from the lockers and shuffled despondently out of the school.

\*\*\*

Dean had been right, sort of. The next day and several weeks after that had been better. He

adjusted to his schedule and learned to completely avoid the hall with Gabriel's locker altogether.

Of course that didn't stop them from running into each other almost every other day. It was

almost like their "bumping into each other" was somehow planned. Weird. But the more he

interacted with Gabriel, the less nervous he got around him. Sort of. At least he got to the point where he knew it was pointless to pine from afar. Gabriel would be gone to college next year and

there was no sense in Sam wasting what little opportunity he had to be with him. Of course, first

he had to make sure Gabriel was clear of his intentions toward him. He didn't want to be viewed as just a friend, or worse, a little brother hanger on.

There was just one problem: Sam had never asked anybody out before. He'd never dated

anybody. It couldn't just be as simple as going up to someone and telling him that you liked

him. He needed a plan. He needed someone who had gone through the awkwardness of

stuttering out a confession and date request to a hot boy before. He needed Dean.

Having finally resolved himself to making his move—whatever that might be—on Gabriel, Sam

hopped out of his desk chair and walked down the hall to Dean's bedroom. He knew Cas was

over, but if the door was open that meant it was safe to come in. A shut door meant no entry or

knock if it was an emergency. Dean's bedroom door was open a crack and Sam went to push it

open further when he heard the soothing riffs of very old blues music wafting through the door.

Sam backed up slowly. An open door meant it should be safe to enter, but Robert Johnson meant

they were getting frisky.

Sam returned to his room and plopped down in his desk chair again, scowling. He needed advice

now, today, or he just knew he was going to lose his nerve for another month. So, he screwed up

his courage, picked up his cell phone, and dialed Jo Harvelle's number. She

answered halfway

through the second ring.

“So, have you asked him out yet?”

Sam’s scowl deepened. “No. I don’t know what to say! I mean, it’s like, you don’t just go up

and talk to a complete stranger and ask them out.”

“Isn’t he like, you brother’s boyfriend’s brother?”

“Yes.”

“So, you’ve met him before, right?”

“Of course, but it’s not like the four of us hang out. Neither Gabriel nor I could stomach being

around those two for very long.”

“Yeah, they are pretty gross. But, don’t you two, like, talk every day?”

“Not every day,” Sam said, but then he considered, it was nearly every day. How did that

happen?

“So, like, you already know him. Ice broken. Now you just have to woo him.”

“Woo him? Seriously, Jo?”

“Yeah, and with him it should be easy.”

“Do tell.”

“Well, what’s that old saying? ‘The way to a man’s heart is through his

stomach.' And everyone

knows he is a total sugar whore.”

“He’s not—” Sam paused as he realized Jo was right. He just objected to the use of the term

“whore.” “He’s a sugar aficionado.”

“Whatever. Point is he loves sweets, but he gets like gourmet stuff. So you can’t just buy him

something. You need to make it yourself.”

“I can’t bake, Jo!”

“Dude, baking is just chemistry, and you have an A in chemistry. I’ll help you out.”

\*\*\*

A week later Sam stood anxiously clutching a small, yellow paper bag that was folded at the top

and tied off with a bow. Jo had made it for him and she told him if he took the bow off she’d text

the pictures of him running buck ass nekid down to the lake by Uncle Bobby’s cabin to the entire

school. He was waiting by the hallway that led to the cafeteria as he had lunch next period.

Gabriel had calculus next, but they always seemed to run into each other here. Which was odd

because the math hall was upstairs on the other side of the building and this seemed like it would



be out of Gabriel's way for him to pass by here every day. Weird. Sam shrugged it off.

Right on time, Gabriel appeared around the corner and smiled as soon as he spotted Sam. Sam

almost melted into the floor.

"Hey, kiddo," Gabriel greeted him.

Sam just smiled back. Completely forgetting his purpose.

"So, uh, whatcha got there?" Gabriel asked.

Sam looked down at the bag in his hand. "Oh! Right. This is for you!" He thrust the package

forward.

Gabriel took it with a small smile. "For me?"

Sam panicked. "No. Well, I mean, yeah. But I mean, it's not like I made it specifically for you.

Like. I mean, you know, the band had a bake sale coming up. And Jo and I made these. And

we had some extra. And I thought you'd like some. Because you're a sugar who—"

Sam snapped his mouth shut and stared wide eyed at what he'd almost said.

"I'm—?"

"Nothing!"

"Okay," Gabriel chuckled and began to untie the bow. "So, you're a band geek, huh?"

Sam shrank in on himself a little. Why did he bring that up? He's such a loser anyway why point

that out to the coolest guy in school?

Gabriel suddenly looked up. "Oh! I don't mean like a band geek. I mean like, you know,

someone who's in the band."

Sam felt terrible for Gabriel. He was blushing; probably because he was so embarrassed to be

around him and he was so nice by trying to make Sam feel better about being a dork. Gabriel was

such a nice guy to disguise his distaste so well.

"Never mind," Gabriel said quickly and pulled out one of the brownies from the bag. "These look

great!"

He bit quickly into one and his eyes fluttered closed in what looked a little bit like ecstasy. "These are so good!" He chewed thoughtfully on another bite.

"They're really chocolaty, but there's

also this other flavor. It's—different. But really good. What is it?" he asked as he took another a

bite.

"Well, there's chocolate chips in there, but you're probably tasting the peanut butter."

Gabriel stopped chewing and looked Sam hard in the eyes. "There's peanut butter in these?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah, they're chocolate peanut butter brownies."

Gabriel spit the slobbery remain of his last bite out into the bag with the other brownies. Sam

stared horrified for a moment, totally embarrassed and then Gabriel started gasping, “EpiPen!

EpiPen! EpiPen! Backpack!”

Sam tilted his head then noticed that Gabriel’s face was getting redder and a little swollen.

“Are you allergic to peanuts?!” Sam shouted, reaching out a hand to Gabriel’s shoulder.

“EpiPen!”

\*\*\*

Sam stood on the sidewalk, watching Gabriel get loaded into the back of the ambulance. The

EpiPen had done its work and Gabriel was no longer in immediate danger, but he had to go to the

hospital anyway to get a high dose of antihistamines and to make sure the deadly legumes were

flushed from his system. The teachers began ushering the crowd of students back into the

building, but Sam stayed put, watching the ambulance drive off. He was surprised when he felt

an arm around his shoulder, but he was too despondent to react to it.

“So,” Dean said. “What’s this I hear about you trying to kill my boyfriend’s brother?”

Sam groaned. “I didn’t know he was allergic to peanuts,” he mumbled

miserably.

“You know,” Cas said coming up on his other side, “he’s usually really careful about that sort of

thing. Especially for homemade stuff. He just must have been really excited to try it. You

know?”

Sam frowned. “Or he was just so anxious to get away from me that he wanted to try it and be

gone.”

Cas sighed and Sam could tell he and his brother exchanged a look over his head. Whatever. He

didn’t care about them in their perfect little bubble of happiness. Gabriel would never talk to him again.

\*\*\*

As it turned out, Gabriel did talk to him again. The very next day in fact as he was well enough to

return to school. He thanked Sam for the thoughtful treat and apologized for not being able to eat

it. Sam was mortified and quietly accepted the thanks, but he knew he was going to have to put

his “wooing” plans on hold for awhile.

A while turned out to be after winter break, which had been good and bad. Good because he got

some time off school and got to play with friends in the snow (though they were sophomores, so

they didn't "play" they just "hung out"), and Christmas always meant good food and presents.

Bad because the Engels went to Barbados for vacation, and not only did that mean he couldn't see

Gabriel, but that Dean couldn't see Cas. And Dean had been a pain to live with for the first three

days of break. Then he'd suddenly gotten happy for a few days. And then their father stomped

upstairs from his basement office, waving a piece of paper in his hand demanding to know if Dean

really didn't think they'd find out about the hours long international calls being made. Dean had said he didn't think he'd find out about it that soon, to which their father replied that he'd found out because Mr. Engel had called complaining about the jacked up hotel bill they were getting for

the international calls being made on the hotel phone. He'd also pointed out the late night hour of these calls and declared that Dean would be working at Uncle Bobby's garage all summer to pay

off the nearly thousand dollar bill as he would not be paying for Dean's phone sex.

There had been red faces all around and Dean had once again been a pain to live with until the

Engels came back and he could have real sex again. And boy were they making up for lost time.

Every time Sam tried to get a hold of his brother to ask about how to approach Gabriel, he found

his brother's door shut and locked and Zeppelin turned up extra loud. Zeppelin was well known

by everyone to be Dean's favorite band to drive and have sex to.

Sam was so desperate he asked his chemistry lab partner for advice one day while they were

working on a project in Sam's room, trying to ignore the strains of "Whole Lotta Love" floating

down the hall.

"Garth, you seem to be good with people," Sam said. "How do you, you know, tell someone you

like them?"

"Well," the scrawny kid started, "I've never been very good with words. I find that showing

people how you feel works better. And humans are very tactile, you know? Everybody loves to

be hugged. You should just walk up and hug them. That makes me happy. Because it's an

honest expression of how you feel, you know? No possible hidden agenda like there could be

with words."

Sam considered that. It actually made a kind of sense. And Sam saw his opportunity to give it a

try when he walked Garth out of his house and waved goodbye. Gabriel was at the side of his

house throwing out the trash. Oh yeah, did he forget to mention the Engels were their next door

neighbors?

Sam walked quietly up behind Gabriel who had his back to him. Sam felt a little stupid, but if he

was gonna do this it would be better for it to be a sneak attack. Less chance of him losing his

nerve. So, he got right behind him and said, “Welcome back, Gabriel!” and threw his arms

around his crush. And it felt so good to feel Gabriel warm and solid against him. They fit

together so well, it was perfect.

And then Gabriel screamed. Sam immediately let go and stepped back. Gabriel let out some high

pitched whimpering noises and then turned slowly to look at who had accosted him.

“Hey, Sam,” he said weakly.

Sam stared at the approximate lobster-red shade of Gabriel’s face. It didn’t look like it was

because he was blushing.

“Are—are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Gabriel squeaked. “Just uh, got a little sunburned snorkeling our last day in Barbados.”

Sam felt his stomach drop down to his toes. “Oh, God, I am so sorry!”

“It’s okay. How would you know? Sneak hug attacks happen all the time.”

Sam closed his eyes and wished a hole would open up in the ground and swallow him up.

“No, really, Sam,” Gabriel said. “I appreciate—the sentiment.”

Sam groaned softly and peeked an eye open. Gabriel was smiling, but also grimacing.

“I’m, uh, going to go put some aloe on my back.”

“Okay,” Sam said and watched Gabriel shuffle uncomfortably into his house.

Later that night at dinner, Dean suddenly looked up from his distrusting glare at the green beans

on his fork and said, “So what’s this I hear about you trying to rip the skin off my boyfriend’s

brother?”

Sam shot Dean his dirtiest look, the one Dean like to call his “bitch face” and ignored the

questions from his parents. Instead he said, “I don’t know how you could have heard it over all

that Zeppelin playing this afternoon.”

Dean’s smug expression dropped and he shot Sam a disbelieving and pissed off look.

“Dean!” their father thundered. “I thought I told you that you and Cas needed to take a break!”

“We were just working on a project! We have history together. Zeppelin just happened to be in

the playlist.”

“Yeah right,” Sam snorted and saw their mother hide a smile.

Dean continued to glare at Sam for the rest of the meal as their father lectured



him on the

importance of responsibility and moderation.

\*\*\*

It was nearing spring break before Sam managed not to shrivel in abject humiliation whenever he

saw Gabriel around school. Which made it a very painful two and a half months for Sam since

they were now running into each other every single day, sometimes two or three times a day. It

was so weird. It was like Gabriel was intentionally seeking him out or something, but that idea

was stupid, of course.

After spring break had come and gone, Sam felt like he could try again. The Engels had gone to

Colorado to get some end of season skiing in for winter break, so there was a good chance Gabriel

wouldn't have any sunburn.

But he still needed some advice on what to do. He walked down the hall to Dean's room. Per

their father's instruction, if Cas was over, they were required to keep the door fully open at all

times. Sam peeked inside and saw Dean and Cas sitting on the floor on the other side of the bed

playing a video game. Their shoulders jerked as their hands worked the controllers. He lifted a

hand to knock against the door when he noticed that the characters on the TV screen weren't

moving. He looked back at Dean and Cas, their arms were still working furiously, but a quick

glance back at the screen showed Johnny Cage and Scorpion just moving back and forth in their

ready positions. Sam saw Dean's head drop back against the bed, his eyes closed, clearly not

paying attention to the game at all.

Sam covered his mouth to keep in his squeak and backpedaled hard. Oh, God. He did not need

to see that. He didn't even see anything and he did not need to see that. What the hell was wrong

with those two? Could they really not be in a room without touching each other? Sam wondered

if he and Gabriel could be like that. Constantly caressing...kissing...touching each other's—Sam

slammed into the doorframe of his bedroom as his fantasy took him someplace he was not ready

for yet. He wondered if Gabriel would want to be with someone so inexperienced. Maybe he'd

have fun teaching him. Sam blushed and sat down at his desk. He couldn't worry about that part

of it. He still had to tell the guy he liked him.

Sam logged on to World of Warcraft to see if anyone he knew was on. He saw Beerisgood von

Ashington hanging out in a tavern, so Sam put on his headset and approached. He'd been friends

with von Ashington for a while now, and the guy always had the ladies swarming around him.

Or at least the female avatars—who knew what they actually were.

“Hey, Ash,” Sam greeted the Level 55 Ogre.

“Sam-o-Sorcerer! What’s happening? You know—I would kill for some samosas right now.”

“They are good,” Sam said, thinking of the Girl Scout cookie Samoa.

“Yeah, I love that green sauce.”

Sam tilted his head. What?

“What can I do you for?” Ash asked.

“Well, this is going to sound stupid, but I’m getting desperate.”

“Desperation is my es-pi-ritu an-i-mal, compadre.

“O—okay. So, I need some advice on how to ask someone out. Like, in the real world. Not in

here. Have you ever—done that—in the real world?”

“Si, si, mi amigo. It’s real simple too. All you gotta do is walk in and show them how badass you

are. Announce to everyone you’re the best they’ll ever get, drop the microphone, and walk off.”

Sam bit his lip. “I’m not sure that would work—do you mean I need to ask the AV Club to

borrow some equipment?”

Ash laughed. “No, man. I mean be confident. Everyone is attracted to confidence. If you know

you’re worth it, your future honey bear will know it too.”

“Yeah, confidence. That makes sense.”

“Right on, right on.”

“Thanks, Ash.”

“Mi conocimiento es su conocimiento.”

“I take Latin, Ash, I have no idea what you’re saying.”

“That’s all right. Most Spanish speakers don’t know what I’m saying either.”

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Sam tried not to skip down the hall after the final bell rang, but he was excited. He always

bumped into Gabriel at the exit, and then he would walk with Sam over to the underclassmen

parking lot even though the senior parking lot was on the other side of the building. Gabriel really was a kind and thoughtful guy, but Sam had no idea why he would waste so much energy on him.

He saw Gabriel by the exit and waved as he approached.

“Hiya, kiddo! How did your math test go?”

“Oh, fine, it was easy.” Sam blushed a little as they walked outside. “I can’t believe you remembered that.”

Gabriel kind of ducked his head and shrugged. “Well, you know. Anyway,

since today is

Friday, I was wondering—”

“I mean that test was so easy,” Sam cut in, realizing now would be a good opportunity to enact his

confidence plan. If there was one thing he was confident about it was his academics and he knew

Gabriel thought school was important too.

“It was almost like, why do they even bother to test me? Like, they should give me an A and call

it a day, right?”

He laughed and twirled a pen, and then scrambled to catch it as he nearly dropped it. He saw

Gabriel looking at him funnily and knew he needed to recover quickly.

“And why stop at math, am I right? I’m like, a genius. I could probably be in college now, but I,

like, didn’t want to embarrass my brother or anything.”

Sam stopped talking. Where had that come from?

“Hey, Sam?”

“Yeah?”

“You feeling okay?”

They were nearing Dean’s Impala, but his brother and Cas weren’t there yet. They were probably

making out in a storage closet since they were more heavily monitored at

home now.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I’m just, you know, a guy who knows—what—who—he is when he’s—like—

done good work—?

Gabriel tilted his head, looking very concerned. He reached up to put a hand to Sam’s forehead

and Sam startled away, dropping his pen.

“Oh, I got it—” Gabriel started, but Sam had already bent over to pick it up. He stood up swiftly

and the back of his head connected solidly with Gabriel’s face. Their difference in height and

Sam’s quick actions sent Gabriel sprawling onto his back.

“Oh my God!” Sam cried out as Gabriel writhed on the ground and held his nose. Blood was

leaking around his fingers.

“Gabriel, I’m so sorry!”

Sam started to bend down, but someone shouted, “Gabe!” and got there before he did.

Cas knelt beside Gabriel and petted his hair.

“Hey, are you okay?” Cas asked his brother, and then looked at Sam.

“I accidentally...” Sam said dazedly, still in disbelief at what he'd just done. “We bumped heads,”

he finished lamely.

Cas raised an eyebrow. “You ‘bumped heads?’ He’s bleeding, dude.”

“It’s not his fault,” Gabriel said, sitting up. His voice sounded nasally and muffled as his hand partially covered his mouth as he held his nose. “It was mine. I got in his way.”

“No, you—” Sam started and trailed off. He didn’t know what to say.

Cas helped Gabriel to his feet. “Come on, I’ll walk you to your car and drive you to the doctor.

We better make sure it’s not broken.”

Sam felt a wave of nausea roll over him. What if he’d broken Gabriel’s nose?

“I’ll call you later,” Cas said.

At first Sam was confused, and then realized he was talking to Dean who was standing quietly to

the side. Cas put an arm around Gabriel’s shoulders and started to lead him away, but Gabriel

stopped him.

“Hey, Sam, it’s okay. I’m sure I’m fine. Are you okay?”

Sam nodded, feeling lower than he’d ever felt in his life. Cas and Gabriel left and Dean moved to

stand by his side.

“So, now you’re trying to break my boyfriend’s brother’s nose.”

“Dean,” Sam warned.

“I guess at least your attacks are technically getting less violent.”

“Dean, please!”

Dean ruffled Sam's hair and he ducked away from the brotherly gesture.

"What's the matter, Sammy? It was an accident, right? No big deal."

Sam didn't answer but walked around the Impala to get in the passenger seat.  
Thankfully Dean

didn't try to talk to him on the way home.

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Another two months passed and this time Sam was very successful at avoiding Gabriel in school.

He took different routes to class and went out the back doors of the school even though that meant

he had a long walk around the building to the parking lot. He always looked outside his house

first to make sure Gabriel wasn't around before he went out. And graduation was looming ever

closer. Soon Gabriel would be gone—but what did it matter? Sam couldn't be around him

without assaulting the guy, so maybe it was best if he never found out how Sam felt about him.

There was no way he could ever feel the same now anyway.

Sam was brooding and being generally moody as he lay face down on his bed listening to Ed

Sheeran croon his pain about the unfairness of the world. His bed shifted as someone sat next to

him on the mattress. He hoped it wasn't his mother. He couldn't deal with that right now.



“Hey, Sammy. What’s going on?”

Sam didn’t answer his brother and turned his head away from him.

“Come on, dude, you’ve been moping for weeks now. What’s up?”

“What do you think? I’ve made a complete ass of myself in front of Gabriel. More than once. I

know he hates me.”

“He doesn’t hate you, Sam.”

Sam whipped his head around at the voice. He saw Cas sitting in his desk chair. Of course. If

Dean was anywhere, Cas wasn’t far away. He wondered what that was like. To have someone

you loved so much and got along so well with that you could live practically on top of each other

and not get bored or annoyed with the other. He thought he could feel that way about Gabriel.

He always felt happier when he was around. When he wasn’t sending him into anaphylactic

shock that is.

“Sammy, tell me what’s wrong. You’ve been acting really weird. Like, all year.”

“I—I just—I don’t know,” he chickened out. Could he talk to his brother about this?

“You like Gabriel,” Cas said softly.

“Well, yes. He’s a nice guy.”

Cas gave him a look and Sam blushed as he hid his face again. He mumbled his confession into

the mattress.

“What?” Dean asked

Sam sat up with a groan and hit Dean with a pillow. “I like him, Dean! Like, I like him. The

way you like Cas!”

“Oh!” Dean thought for a moment. “You know, I think I knew that.”

Sam saw Cas roll his eyes exaggeratedly.

“So, why do you keep beating him up?” Dean asked with pseudo-puzzlement.

“Dean,” Cas admonished.

“What?”

“I’m not trying to beat him up!” Sam groaned, wittingly taking the bait and not even caring. “I was trying to ask him out!”

Dean choked on a laugh. Sam narrowed his eyes as his brother bit his lip and dug his nails into

his skin through his jeans to keep from falling on the floor in a fit of laughter.

“Your technique could use a little fine-tuning,” Dean snorted through his snickering.

“Dean, leave him alone,” Cas came to his defense, but Sam could tell he was trying not to laugh

too.

“Yeah, I know, Dean,” Sam griped.

Dean repressed a couple more laughs and then reached out a hand to Sam’s shoulder. “Why

didn’t you come to me for advice, bro?”

“I tried. But. You’re always busy.” His eyes slid to Cas. Cas sobered quickly and ducked his

head, his hands twisting in his lap. “No, Cas! I like, I don’t blame you. Or think you’re taking

my brother away or anything. But. Well. I used to be like the most important thing in his life. I know it’s stupid and unfair to feel jealous. And I’m not jealous. Not really. I’m just—”

“Sam,” Dean cut him off. “Hey, you still are the most important thing in my life, okay? You’re my baby brother. I’ve always looked out for you and I always will.”

“I’m only a year and a half younger,” Sam grumbled.

“It doesn’t matter. I’ve always taken care of you. And I’m sorry if you feel like I’ve been

ignoring you. I’m not gonna lie—Cas—Cas is—” Here his brother paused and looked at his

boyfriend for a long moment. Then he shook himself and looked back at Sam. “Cas is Cas. But

you’re you. And I will always make time for you. Always. You know that right?”

Sam nodded and half shrugged a shoulder.

“Hey, I mean it. Well, if you’re coming to talk to me about some geek boy thing and Cas is

giving me head—”

“Dean!” Cas hissed.

“—I might tell you to scram and come back later. But, if it’s important—heck, even if it’s not—

you come to me, okay? Promise me you’ll always come to me if you need me. Tell me you

know you can.”

Sam looked up at Dean, his brother's eyes were earnest in his need to know that Sam could rely

on him. He nodded and felt tears threatening to fall, so he hid them by hugging Dean and wiping

them on his shirt. Dean hugged him back and they embraced for a long moment. Sniffling made

them pull apart. Cas was wiping his eyes.

“That was so sweet, you guys,” he said, real tears running down his cheeks.

Dean threw a pillow at him. “Shut it. Alright, Sammy, what are we going to do about you? You

need to figure out how to seduce an Engel boy? You’ve come to the right guy.”

Cas snorted. “Oh, really. Tell me, what is your foolproof plan?”

“Well, I got you easily enough, didn’t I? I just swaggered up to you like a boss and swept you off

your feet.”

“Yeah, if by ‘swaggered’ you mean ‘stumbled’ and by ‘boss’ you mean

‘awkward fourteen year

old’ and by ‘swept me off my feet’ you mean ‘threw up on my shoes,’ then yeah, that does sound

about right.”

Dean made a face at him and turned back to Sam. “The point is, Engels love Winchesters.

You’re already in my brother.”

Dean raised a hand for a high five. Sam frowned at him. “That’s actually the worst advice I’ve

gotten from all the people I’ve asked.”

Dean deflated and glanced at Cas. “You got anything?”

“Yeah, I do,” Cas said. He leaned forward in the chair and put his forearms on legs. “Sam.”

Sam turned and looked at him, actually sitting up straighter at his authoritative tone.

“Gabriel has been stalking you all over school all year. He’s done his best to put himself in your

way at every opportunity he gets. He talks about how smart you are all the time and how you’re

not like other fifteen year olds. You’re special. He was so anxious to please you he ate

something without checking to see if it would kill him first. He keeps trash by the door so that if he sees you outside he has an excuse to run out and say hi to you. He bloodied his nose on the

back of your head and spent the whole time at the doctor’s office wondering

if we should call

Dean and make him take you to the doctor to make sure you didn't have a concussion."

Sam gaped at Cas.

"Gabriel is head over heels for you, man. And he's over at our house right now trying to pick

which university to send his acceptance to. Go over there and talk to him. And you know what

really works on Engel boys?"

"What?" Dean and Sam asked together. Sam spared an annoyed glance at his brother.

"Tell him you like him." Cas smiled. "That's it. Be honest with him. Just let him know that he's special to you too."

Sam sat back. Was it really that simple?

"You're special to me, Cas," Dean said.

"Shut up," Cas said with a laugh, but he was blushing.

Sam stood up. "Okay. I'm gonna do it!"

He bolted from his room, down the hall, down the stairs, and out the front door. But it was still

twenty minutes before he could work up the courage to ring the doorbell. Cas' and Gabriel's

sister, Anna, answered.

"Hi, Sam. What brings you here?"

“Um, is Gabriel home?”

“Yeah. He’s up in his room I think.”

Anna drew in a deep breath to yell for her brother, but Sam stopped her.

“Thanks, but you don’t need to call him downstairs. Would it—would it be okay if I went

upstairs?”

Anna shrugged. “Sure. He’s just picking a school. And he’s picking one a thousand miles

away!” Anna shouted indignantly up the stairs.

“It’s not a thousand miles away!” Gabriel shouted back. “It’s two thousand!”

Anna scowled and stomped off to the kitchen. Sam felt his heart sink. Gabriel was thinking about

going to a college that was two thousand miles away? Even with phones and the Internet, that

would totally suck. Sam walked up the staircase of the modest middle class home and wondered

why the Engels didn’t live in some big fancy mansion if they could afford to take all those

vacations. A question for another day.

Gabriel’s room was the first door on the right at the top of the stairs. Sam remembered from when

he used to come over and play with Anna when they were kids. Gabriel had always seemed so

much older and more mature. He wondered how it was possible Gabriel

could see him as

anything other than a kid.

He knocked lightly on the partially open door and was instructed to enter. He pushed the door

open all the way and took a couple of steps in. Gabriel was lying on his stomach on his bed with several brochures spread out in front of him. He looked over at Sam—and his face broke into a

bright smile.

“Hey, kiddo!” he said standing up. “I feel like I haven’t seen you in forever! You haven’t been

avoiding me, have you?” he said with a little wink that made Sam’s heart flutter.

The two of them approached each other until they stood about a foot apart in the middle of the

room.

“Hi, Gabriel.” Be honest. “I actually have been avoiding you.”

Gabriel’s smile faltered.

“Not because of you! But, you can understand why I’m a little embarrassed and wary about being

around you. I tend to break things—on you.”

Gabriel laughed and Sam’s stomach did a little flip flop. He loved it when Gabriel’s whole face lit up with glee and he swirled around doing a little happy dance when some prank of his went off

without a hitch.



“I like it when you laugh though,” Sam blurted out. Gabriel stopped laughing and raised an

eyebrow. “Like, I keep doing stupid things around you, but I can’t keep away. Because just

being near you makes me feel—good. You know? Like whatever bad is going on can’t be that

bad because you’re—near.” Sam took a deep breath. “I’ll stop rambling, Gabriel. I like you.

Like, so much that it makes it hard to breathe sometimes.”

Gabriel didn’t respond right away. He just blinked a couple of times. Then a small smile curled

his lips.

“Wowzers. That’s some confession, Sam.”

Sam flushed and started feeling a little queasy. Had Cas been wrong?

“You wanna know mine?”

Sam nodded and Gabriel took a step forward, bringing them even closer together.

“I always thought you were just Cas’ dopey boyfriend’s little brother. You’ve always been cute

and sweet and very smart. But when I saw you the first day of school last year—I actually walked

into a wall you were so hot.”

Sam’s eyes widened. “You did? I didn’t see that!”

“Oh, I made sure you didn’t. You seemed to think I was some super cool

popular kid. I didn't

want to ruin the illusion."

"It's not an illusion."

"It is, Sam." Gabriel took Sam's face in his hands. "Smoke and mirrors, hon. I'm a beautiful

loser, just like you."

Sam let out a small noise of surprise when Gabriel pushed up onto his toes and kissed him. It was

short and simple, but oh so sweet. Gabriel pulled back and waited for Sam to open his eyes to

grin at him.

"You know, I'm glad you came over."

Sam had to swallow and clear his throat before he could speak. "Y-yeah?"

"Yep. It helped me pick a school."

"Not the two thousand mile away one?" Sam heard himself ask before he could stop.

"More like Kansas State. How does a half an hour drive strike you?"

Sam grinned. "Very doable."

Gabriel got that mischievous glint in his eyes again. "Speaking of 'doable.'"

Gabriel slid a hand behind Sam's neck and pulled him down for a much less innocent kiss. Sam

wrapped his arms around Gabriel and held him close. Just tell the boy you like you like him.

Why hadn't he thought of it sooner?

\*\*\*

"Son of a bi—"

Cas clamped a hand around Dean's mouth and dropped his full weight onto him to keep him from

clambering the rest of the way up the stairs from the hiding spot they'd been using to spy on their

brothers.

"You know, Dean, I think you're right. We Engel boys just love us some Winchester boys."

"Mmph."

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# Document Outline

- [It Really is That Easy](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/851295) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/851295>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
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by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Cas tries to help out around the Motel Bunker.

### Notes

Originally posted on Tumblr

Sam looked warily at the three dishes the former angel had spread out on the table. In an effort to still be useful to the Winchesters, he was disastrously tackling one chore after another. He'd been banned from the laundry room after using dish soap in the washing machine and flooded the room with waist high piles of suds. He'd been politely asked not to clean the shower again after they caught him using the toilet brush to do it. Sam had been leery about allowing him in the kitchen with fire, but Dean had assured him he was just unfamiliar with everyday objects, not an incompetent imbecile. And true enough there had been no fire alarms, no severed fingers, just three odd looking dishes.

"What you got here, Cas?" Dean asked, picking up a blob of yellow and white precariously perched on a cracker. It was spotted with a brown powder.

"It's a themed meal. These are 'devil'd' eggs."

"Ohhhh..." the brothers said together, finally recognizing the demolished egg for what it was.

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"It's a themed meal. These are 'deviled' eggs."

"Ohhhh..." the brothers said together, finally recognizing the demolished egg for what it was.

Dean bravely took a bite while Sam sniffed his.

"What's on top?" Sam asked.

"The recipe said to garnish to your liking, but it didn't specify what was on

top. I picked a powder similar in color.”

Sam glanced at Dean who was putting down the uneaten half of his hors d’oeuvre and

swallowing with an expression on his face crossed between a smile and a grimace.

“It’s cinnamon,” Dean said.

Sam repressed a laugh. “What else did you make?”

Castiel seemed to notice Sam didn’t try his deviled egg, but didn’t comment. He just pointed to the beige lopsided lump and said, “This is ‘angel’ food cake.”

Dean smirked. “I am sensing a theme here.” He broke off a piece of the cake and popped it into his mouth. His face immediately screwed up. “Think you might have used salt for sugar,” he gagged. He spit his mouthful into a napkin.

Cas looked confused. “I was very careful. I read the labels.”

“Easy mistake,” he said, waving a dismissive hand. “Everyone does it at least once.”

“What’s the last thing?” Sam asked quickly, seeing their friend’s shoulders begin to slump.

“It’s called a ‘popover.’ I don’t know why. They didn’t pop like corn.”

Dean picked one up to take a bite as Sam looked on amusedly. If being willing to stick a third thing of Cas’ creation into his mouth wasn’t love, Sam didn’t know what was.

“So, how does this fit the theme?” Sam asked as Dean bit down.

“It’s made with ‘ghost’ chilies.”



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Castiel sat with his arms curled around his legs, chin tucked on his knees. He was behind a large shelf full of dusty books in the reference room. He miserably flicked at the loose spine on one of the books contemplating how once again in trying to do something good he'd hurt the person he cares about most. A lot of his brothers had thought he'd been favored by God, always being brought back and given second, third, even fourth chances. Castiel saw it as proof that their father delighted in watching him suffer.

Sam had assured him Dean was okay, but for a few tense minutes, things had been very bad.

Dean had turned red, sweat had broken out all over his body, and he'd wailed in agonizing pain as his tongue swelled. He'd knocked over his chair and stumbled into a wall before Sam had grabbed him and dragged him to the refrigerator. Dean had clutched at his chest for one

horrifying moment, eyes going wide, and then choked on a breath. Sam had pulled a gallon of milk from the fridge and forced his brother to hold mouthfuls of the liquid until at last Dean stopped squirming and sat whimpering on the floor.

As much as he hated Him sometimes, Cas had thanked God that Dean hadn't swallowed the

stupid thing.

"Hey, Castiel."

Cas didn't look up or acknowledge Sam.

"He's doing fine, you know. There won't be any permanent damage or anything."

Cas just scowled.

"He's not mad at you."

At this Castiel did look up and frowned at Sam.

“You don’t believe me? Go talk to him.”

Cas dropped his head again, remaining sullenly silent.

“Hey, don’t you think you owe it to him to make him feel better?”

Cas allowed his eyes to move enough to see Sam again.

“There’s an old trick humans use to make injuries better. Kids learn it from their moms.” Sam smiled with rueful amusement. “I learned it from Dean. If you do it for him, he’ll feel better.”

Castiel looked up.

“I promise,” Sam said with a grin.

\*\*\*

Dean lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, his tongue and palate throbbing with dull pain. At least the worst of it was over, but he knew it would be days if not weeks before his mouth felt normal again. The Ibuprofen was helping a little, but he was still ticked when Sam refused to steal some Vicodin from a pharmacy when he went out to buy more milk. He could have at least nicked some codeine.

There was a soft knock at his partially open door and Cas’ barely audible voice asked if he could come in.

“Yeah, cuh nn,” he said as best he could with his tender tongue.

Castiel peeked his head around the corner, looking concerned, apologetic, and a little afraid.

“‘Bout hime uu owed up, don uu hink? Uu goin’ ta cohmm nn ere an pologize or ot?”

Castiel hung his head in shame, but the admonishment did work to get him in the room. He slunk closer to the bed and Dean sat up.

“I’m sorry, Dean.” Castiel heaved in a distressed breath and said, “I’m sorry all I ever do is say

‘I’m sorry’ to you.”

Dean waved a hand. “It’s hine.” He gave Cas’ arm a couple of manly pats.

“Sam did convey to me a way to make you feel better. He’s says it’s an ancient custom.”

Dean raised an eyebrow. “Eah?”

“Yes. Show me your tongue.”

Dean frowned. “Aht?”

“Dean,” Cas said sternly, clearly determined to do something to correct his mistake.

Well, if it was something Sam told him and not something he’d learned on the Internet, it probably couldn’t be too dangerous. He rolled his eyes, but then gingerly stuck out his tongue. Cas leaned forward and kissed it. Dean started, and left his tongue sticking out as Cas drew back.

“Sam said that humans kiss injuries to make them feel better.”

Dean had a split second thought about killing Sam, but the rush of adrenaline and endorphins he’d gotten from the brief, bizarrely intimate contact had temporarily masked the pain. And when it did come back, it didn’t seem quite as bad as before.

Cas’ brow was furrowed. “Did it work?”

Dean repressed a smile. “Yeah, ii ork’d.”

“Should I try it again?”

Dean felt a little heat in his face that had nothing to do with the ghost chili.

“Mayhe la’er. Uu ould get ee sohm ore ilk.”

Finally, a small smile appeared on Cas’ lips. “I can do that.”

“Hanks, Cas.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Three Course Disaster](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/851277) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/851277>.

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Fandom:	Supernatural RPF
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	Jensen Ackles, Misha Collins
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Cockles</a>
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-06-21 Words: 3124

## Unwind

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Misha is exhausted after a hectic convention schedule. Jensen helps him unwind.

### Notes

Originally posted on Tumblr for a prompt from [livemishacollins](#) and [supermishamiga](#)

Also, totally got Jossed on Princess Ackles' birth date.

Thirty-six days, six countries, countless panels, and two crossings of the international date line—and he still wasn't home yet. It was no joke: LA had the worst traffic he'd ever had the misfortune of driving in. In fact, there were only two other cities in the entire frickin' world that were supposed to have it worse—but he wasn't sure he believed that at the moment. He didn't even have company to help him through it. Vicki and the kids hadn't gone to Australia, which was why he'd convinced Sasha to go, and they wouldn't be at home to greet him. Vicki had one more book launch to attend. He wasn't there because it was supposed to take place while he was in Brazil at Rising Con, and when that had been canceled—he'd guiltily felt relief.

When he'd agreed to the insane convention schedule for this summer, it had been out of genuine desire to see and interact with the fans. They made everything worthwhile. He enjoyed working on *Supernatural*—he had an issue or two with some of the themes and Castiel's occasional misuse—but they had so much fun on set it was barely like working at all. Long hours to be sure, but fun and comfortable—and homelike. The cliché was that the cast and crew felt like a big

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—but they had so much fun on set it was barely like working at all. Long hours to be sure, but

fun and comfortable—and homelike. The cliché was that the cast and crew felt like a big

extended family—the cliché was true. And he knew that if he left to work on other shows, it would be good for him to do something different and try new things—but he doubted it would be

anywhere near as fun. Even still, he knew he could leave it behind him. If he really had to, if he

started feeling caged, he knew he could walk away from it. But the fans made him not want to

walk away.

It was exciting to see the passion and fervor they felt for the show. It was humbling to see

hundreds of eyes—gazing adoringly at him. And...it was a little frightening to realize just how

much of an influence he had on some of their lives. The number of people who told him that they

found something to help them through their depression or that they had stopped cutting themselves

or even that they had chosen to keep living because of him—it was overwhelming at times. He

really didn't know what about himself warranted that kind of veneration, but he would never

throw it back in their faces just because he didn't think he was anything special. He was just a

guy with a few quirky ideas who had found a way to harness his small celebrity to do some good

in the world.

When he reflected on what he had become now—it was hard to reach back to who he was before

sometimes. He had fallen into acting by accident. It was just supposed to be a lark, a way to

make some money until he figured out what he really wanted to do with his life. Somehow, the

acting had stuck out of the countless jobs he'd had since graduating college—but he'd always

been unknown. He worked enough to make a living and to contribute his part to maintaining the

household, but no one had known his name. No one had ever squealed from fifty yards away and

then come charging down a sidewalk to tell him how awesome he was. Not more than a handful

of people had ever cared about his rambling musings. And of course, he'd never had people

openly tell him he was a horrible human being and had ruined their favorite

television show. And

he'd never had such violent backlashes thrown at him for inadvertently misspeaking. Sometimes

it was hard to reconcile the unconditional love with the irrational hate—he felt he deserved neither

and sometimes he just wanted to be unknown again. As laughable as the notion was because,

really, he was an unknown D-List celebrity, but there it was. He loved that he could inspire

people to do good in the world and he couldn't be more insanely proud of the work they had done

in Haiti—but at the same time sometimes he felt like the spirit behind his good intentions was

twisted and misused. Even by the fans themselves. Sometimes—

Misha gasped and slammed on the brakes as a car cut him off and the entire lane came to halt. He

breathed out slowly, calming his heartbeat and loosened his grip on the wheel. His skin made

tacky, sweaty noises as it peeled off the leather. He laughed giddily to himself and gave his head

a shake. This is what LA traffic did to him—it made him go all Kurt Cobain. Thank God he

hadn't gotten that famous that quickly—or he just might have come close to taking the same route

to get out of it. Though, he supposed he did have a little better of a support system than Cobain

had had.

For the rest of the drive home, Misha pushed all those maudlin thoughts aside and realized he was

just tired. The kind of tired that actually made your body ache and your mind feel like it was

sifting through mud to find coherent thoughts. At last—he was home. Well, home for now. As a

regular on the show now, long term home was going to be Vancouver. Maybe it would be easier

to get a spot on a show that filmed in LA—but that wouldn't be the same. Supernatural was

where he wanted to be and what he wanted to be doing. And besides, he couldn't imagine

another year like 2011—spending that much time away from—

His phone rang in his pocket just as he stepped onto his front porch, keys in hand. Misha smiled

as he pulled the device out and looked at the screen. Think of a gorgeous, green-eyed devil and

he will call you.

“Hey, Jensen,” Misha answered. “What's up?”

“Are you home? I checked to see that your flight got in on time, and judging by the traffic around here, you should be home by now, right?”

Misha stopped just short of stepping inside once he had the door open. He didn't want to give

Jensen's anus the satisfaction of its retentive nature.

“No, actually I’m not.”

“Liar. I just heard you open the door.”

“Fine. Your timing is impeccable. You’re amazing.” Misha struggled with his suitcase one

handed through the door and then kicked it shut behind him as he spoke.

“Oh! Are you calling

with news? Is she here yet? How is Danneel?”

“Well, her due date was two days ago and the kid is still in her. How do you think she’s doing?”

Misha chuckled—even though Jensen probably would have said giggled—and was about to make

a smart ass comment when it occurred to him he might be on speaker phone. And he did not want

a pissed off pregnant lady gunning for him. Been there, done that, had the literal scars to prove it.

“Well, you know estimates for that kind of thing are bullshit anyway,” he said instead. “Who

knows, maybe the kid is still incubating because she needs a few more days.”

“I think she’s had plenty quite frankly,” Jensen grumbled softly.

Okay, so not on speaker, but Danneel was in the room.

“How are you, Mish? That was a hectic schedule you had going on.”

“Yeah, I know. I think I need to buy some of that ZzzQuil stuff and just pass out for a couple of

days. Then I’ll be good as new.”

“Just in time for Comic Con.”

Misha groaned good naturedly. “Don’t remind me until I wake up in two days.”

“You’re alone, right? Need some company? I could...”

Misha waited, enjoying listening to Jensen struggle not to end that sentence in a “girly domestic”

sort of way. Finally he took pity on the man.

“No, babe, I’ll be fine. Besides Jenneel might decide today is her day.”

“Please stop calling her that.”

“I will as soon as you tell me her name.”

“We’re not telling anyone until she’s born!”

“Well, then, Jenneel it is. Anyway, tell Danneel I said hi. And I bought something for her in

Australia.”

“Will she beat you up when you give it to her?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Will she beat me up?”

Misha grinned. “Maybe.”

“Ass.”

Misha laughed. “Love you too, hon. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Okay—if you’re sure—”

“I’m sure. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Misha left his suitcase in the foyer; there weren’t any kids to hurt themselves on it. He made his

way into the kitchen, dropping his phone off on the kitchen table as he went. Advil, 20 year

Macallan, and then the couch. Yes, he needed all three of those things and he could tell it would

be a miracle if he made it to the couch because he had finally hit the proverbial wall. The Advil

and Scotch went down easily enough and just one—two—three steps—he flopped onto the

couch. He was on it enough that he knew he wasn’t going to fall off it, so he let himself fall

asleep.

Two seconds later a jarring sound filled his head, jolting him from his sleep, and making his brain

feel foggier and body even heavier than he had before. The clock told him an hour had actually

passed, not two seconds—but neither his brain nor his body trusted that wibbly-wobbly bullshit

known as time. The doorbell rang and he realized that that had been what had woke him up. God

he did not want any Girl Scout Cookies. He closed his eyes again. The doorbell rang again

followed by successive pounding on the door itself.

“For fuck’s sake,” Misha griped and pushed himself to his feet. He staggered down the hall to the

front door and threw it open not even bothering to check the scowl on his face.

Jensen stood on the stoop smiling at him—and his smile actually got wider as he took in Misha’s

disheveled appearance. Misha stared for about five seconds, and then he took two quick steps

forward, falling against Jensen and sighing when he felt those familiar arms wrap around him,

supporting him, loving him. Jensen spoke so much better with actions than words. Then Misha

suddenly straightened and pushed back a little.

“What are you doing here?”

“You sounded dead on the phone, Mish. I wanted to come check on you. See if I can’t make you

feel better.”

“Thank you, really, but Danneel—”

“Is fine. She’s not having any symptoms even close to resembling labor. Plus, her

mother and my mother are with her.”

Misha raised an eyebrow. “You left Danneel to fend for herself with your mother?”



Jensen tsked his displeasure. “They get along fine. And besides, her mother is there as a

buffer. Plus, Danneel wanted me to check on you too.”

“But what if she does go into labor?”

“Your house is actually closer to the hospital. I’ll probably beat her there.”

Misha felt his sudden burst of energy slipping away—and Jensen was right there looking so warm

and solid and with hands that he might be able to compel into giving him a foot massage.

“I’ll be sure to let Danneel know you lodged a formal protest and it was denied.”

Misha nodded. “Good enough.”

He leaned into Jensen, tilting his head up, but was denied his kiss until Jensen had shuffled them

inside and closed the door behind him. Paranoid little shit. But the kiss was soft, tender, and

completely undemanding.

“You’re perfect sometimes,” Misha breathed against his lips.

“Only sometimes?” Jensen murmured back.

“Couch,” he gave as a reply.

Jensen let out a huff of air that may have been a laugh or offense at being denied further

compliments. Jensen settled against one comfy corner of the couch and Misha was going to take

the other end to see if he could get his foot massage, but Jensen took him by the wrist and pulled

him into his lap. He situated him so that his legs extended the length of the couch and his head

was laying against the overstuffed arm, the rest of his body comfortably cradled by

Jensen's. Jensen began to pet his head with one hand, allowing his fingers to card through

Misha's slightly greasy hair and his fingertips to place just the right amount of pressure on his

scalp. Misha let out a small noise and turned into the sensation. Jensen's other hand came up to

gently cup his face, his thumb massaging his temple.

Misha felt his entire body go limp. He was comfortable, he was safe—God, this was home.

“Thank you, Jensen,” he said, his words slightly slurring. “I didn't realize how much I needed

this.”

“I did, baby. That's why I'm here. You do too much for other people. You need to take care of

yourself sometimes.”

Misha just smiled. “That's what you're here for.”

Jensen leaned over and placed a sweet kiss on his lips. “And I always will be.”

Jensen sat back up and watched Misha drift on the edge of consciousness. He

continued to comb

through Misha's hair with one hand, but the other he moved to his chest, rubbing soothing circles

on his skin through the worn out X-Men T-shirt. His hand moved lower, giving him a little belly

rub, and Misha stretched into it like a damn cat. He might have been going crazy, but he could

have sworn he heard a purr start in the back of Misha's throat. Then he trailed his fingers on the

soft skin peeking out where the T-shirt was pulled up from the top of his jeans. He ran his index

finger back and forth while his thumb flicked at the button on his jeans. Misha was still looking

half-dead to the world.

Jensen moved his hand a little lower. How long ago had Rome been? Three weeks? Four? An

eternity? His thumb found the outline he was looking for and ran down the length of it—not

briefs today.

"Jensen..." Misha murmured sleepily.

"Hmm?"

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

Misha hummed and stretched his body, pushing his hips up into Jensen's

hand, but then settled

back into his lap. Jensen used his whole hand to rub gently, slowly over the fly of Misha's

jeans. He used his fingertips to trace the gradually growing bulge. It probably took a good ten

minutes of soft, easy stroking to get him fully hard, but he remained pliant and tranquil

otherwise. Carefully, Jensen popped the button on his jeans and even more carefully pulled the

zipper down. He reached inside and under the boxer-briefs to pull Misha's erection free. In the

process he caught a glimpse of something.

"Is that a tiger?"

"Mm-hmm," Misha replied, nodding his head into Jensen's hand to remind him to keep petting his

hair.

Jensen resumed stroking with both hands, keeping the pace easy and pleasurable without being

overly stimulating. He kept his grip loose and pulled up along the soft skin, circling his thumb

over the head, spreading precome back down the underside. Misha made a noise and rolled his

hips at that, but Jensen once again returned to easy stroking and the man settled back

down. Jensen moved his other hand from Misha's hair (at which point he

mewled unhappily) and

used it to push Misha's jeans and underwear further down his legs. Then he carefully arranged

Misha so that he was more lying than sitting, his head still on the arm of the couch, his ass on

Jensen's thigh. Jensen switched the hand that was stroking Misha's cock, adding a little more

pressure and Misha undulated with the feeling, humming softly. Keeping an eye on Misha's face

and his closed eyes, Jensen stuck two fingers in his mouth and got them good and wet. Then he

reached down between Misha's legs and slid one finger down his perineum to his entrance.

Misha jerked softly, but didn't open his eyes as he said, "I thought you're supposed to be helping

me relax."

"Trust me, baby, you'll be relaxed."

Misha tilted his head back, letting out a small sigh as both of Jensen's fingers slicked up his

hole. He put his fingers back in his mouth one more time for a little extra wetness, and then

pushed one carefully inside. Misha arched his back and gripped Jensen's knee.

"Yeah..." he moaned.

Jensen smiled and almost laughed. "Yeah?" he questioned.

“Yes.” He spread his legs a little wider. “Yeah...yes.”

Jensen smiled fondly at him, circling his finger enough so that when the second slipped in there

wasn't too much resistance.

Misha's other hand came up to the back of Jensen's neck and his fingers began to play with the

short hairs at the nape. Jensen shivered and slid his fingers in a little deeper, but deliberately

avoided his prostate. He pushed them in and out of Misha's body, biting his lip to keep himself

from getting too aroused—but the feeling of Misha's body—no matter what part he was touching

it always made him go a little crazy. His other hand stroked evenly and gently over Misha's

erection. The man's breathing had quickened, but only a little. His hands kept their grip on

Jensen's knee and neck, fingers squeezing, and then releasing. His hips rolled, just a little, with

the movement of Jensen's hands. A few minutes of this and Misha let out a moaning sigh, arched

his back slightly, and came all over Jensen's hand. Jensen worked him through the orgasm,

drawing it out, comforting him as he came down. And when Misha settled down again, he was

completely lax and contented, mumbling softly, almost inaudibly.

“What’s that, babe?”

“Love you, love you...” Misha trailed off.

Jensen smiled and put his hands to Misha’s hips to gently lift him so he could get up but Misha

stopped him.

“Don’t. Don’t go.”

“I’m not going anywhere. Just going to get something to clean up with.”

“No. Stay here.”

Who was Jensen to argue? He maneuvered them enough so that they were lying on their sides on

the couch, Misha’s back to his chest, and had their heads pillowed on their arms. Jensen slung his

free arm over Misha’s stomach and pulled him close.

“Just a little nap,” Misha said sleepily.

“Just a short one,” Jensen agreed.

He nuzzled his nose into the back of Misha’s hair and gave him a kiss.

“Thanks,” Misha said, though he didn’t sound fully lucid. “For taking care of me.”

Jensen smiled. “I told you, baby. I always will.”

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- [Unwind](#)



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Series:	Part 6 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
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by [emwebb17](#)

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Well, there's ice cubes, whipped cream, chocolate syrup, spanking, and it's only a 1000 words...you do the math.

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Jensen sucked in a sharp breath as the biting cold on his nipple felt almost as good as Misha's

teeth. Jensen's eyes slid over to look at Misha's face. He was smiling to himself as he

delicately circled the tip of the ice cube around and around the hard, peaked nub. Misha's eyes

flicked to Jensen and he grinned as he raised the ice to his mouth and licked the dripping point.

Jensen squirmed.

"Ah ah!" Misha said mildly. "Hold still, now."

Jensen took in a shuddering breath and forced his body to remain as still as he possibly could

while Misha traced a cold, wet line down his body. The man leaned over and circled Jensen's

nipple with his tongue. He could feel it, and he couldn't feel it—it was an odd sensation that

had him clenching his teeth and curling his toes. As the flesh warmed up, he began to feel the

heat of Misha's mouth, the light nip of teeth, and then—

Jensen yelped and tensed as the forgotten ice cube pressed against his hole.

Misha lifted his head and leveled a long, hard look on Jensen. "You're not being very good

tonight," he said as he used his thumb to prod the ice cube against his entrance again and again.

Jensen bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut. And stopped moving. A groan was ripped out of

his throat as the ice cube was pushed inside him—but he didn't move. He exhaled harshly as he

felt cold liquid spread inside him. It felt good, but not nearly so good as the warm spend of

Misha's orgasm claiming him inside and out.

"Good boy," Misha praised him and Jensen breathed a little easier.

He should have known better.

There was a pop, then the sound of something being shaken in an aerosol can. Jensen opened his

eyes in just enough time to see Misha kneeling over him with a can of whipped cream at crotch

level. Then a white mess sprayed all over him. Jensen blinked and felt some of the whipped

cream cling to his eyelashes. He licked his lips and glared at his puerile lover.

“You’re an idiot,” he said.

Misha laughed, and then smacked his thigh. “Hey! You don’t have permission to talk. You

wanted whipped cream, I got you whipped cream. Now, for what I want.”

Misha tossed the can aside and popped the lid on a bottle of chocolate syrup. He allowed a

drop to fall on Jensen’s stomach and leaned over to suck it off. Jensen grunted at the ravenous

pull of Misha’s mouth and precome pulsed out of his throbbing dick. He closed his eyes and

silently hoped Misha would let him move one hand so he run his fingers through his hair.

“Now,” Misha said, “I want to suck each of these spots...” He dotted Jensen’s throat, chest,

stomach, and hips with the syrup. “But first...I wanna suck this.”

Misha tossed away the syrup bottle and slid back so that he could kiss the engorged head of

Jensen’s cock. He swept his tongue across the top, swallowing the salty evidence of Jensen’s

arousal.

“Now, Jensen, you better make sure not to let any of that chocolate get on the sheets.”

Jensen’s eyes flew open in a panic. Was he serious...?!

Jensen moaned as Misha went down on him and only the feel of the syrup in the hollow of his

throat moving kept him from bucking his hips up into that perfect wet heat. Misha new every

trick in the book when it came to sucking cock and it felt like he was using all of them at once.

He didn’t just suck, he swallowed; he used tongue and just the slightest graze of teeth; he used

one hand to tug gently on his balls while the other rubbed just behind them and occasionally ran

down to his clenching hole to circle the puckered ring.

Jensen realized this must be what dying felt like because he was seeing a white tunnel with a

beautiful light at the end of it...and then it all went away. Jensen gasped and almost demanded

to know why the fuck Misha had stopped—he’d literally been one flick of a tongue away from

coming—but remembered himself just in time. He couldn’t stop himself from letting out a

frustrated groan though.

“Hey, hey, don’t act like you’re the one with the problem here. Look what you did to my sheets.”

“Wha—?” Jensen moaned dazedly. He looked where Misha was pointing. A thin line of

chocolate trailed from around his hip bone, down his skin, to a small almost unnoticeable drop

on the dark colored sheets.

“Jensen,” Misha sighed, “you didn’t do what you were told.”

Jensen pulled in a desperate breath that almost sounded like a sob. “Misha, no...”

Misha pulled him up and turned him over with a strength that always surprised him no matter

how many times the smaller man manhandled him. Jensen was braced on his forearms, his torso

arched over Misha’s thigh, and his knees planted between Misha’s legs.

He didn’t even have time to anticipate the first sharp slap. He just cried out as the pain on his

ass cheek traveled like it was hardwired to the throbbing pleasure in his cock. Misha alternated

cheeks and placement and strength of each blow and Jensen buried his face in the sheets and did

his best to remember to breathe around his crying moans. The heat from his reddened buttocks

was palpable and Jensen turned his head and opened one eye. Misha met his gaze and leaned

over to lay a gentle kiss on the abused flesh of his ass. Jensen sucked in a breath and held it.

Then Misha got off his heels and laid into Jensen relentlessly—his hand landing each time right

in between his cheeks, cracking across his hole and Jensen screamed as they came faster and

faster and harder—and then his body locked up as every muscle drew tight to try to contain the

ecstasy spreading over every nerve in his body.

When Jensen came back to himself, he was being cradled by Misha who stroked his hair

lovingly and reverently. Jensen realized he'd come just from the spanking. He glanced beside

him and saw the wet spot on the sheets.

“I’m sorry, Mish, sorry—I didn’t mean to—”

“Shh,” Misha soothed him and kissed his forehead. “You’re perfect, baby. You’re so good to

me.”

Jensen shook his head minutely.

“You don’t believe me? Let me show you how proud I am of you. I’ll reward you. You want

some chocolate milk, baby?”

Jensen was conflictingly amused and aroused by the dirty, playful look Misha gave him.

“Yeah, Mish...I’d love that.”

He shifted to lay flat on his back when Misha moved to get on his knees. He



straddled Jensen's

chest and inched forward until his thick, full cock hovered over his face. Jensen rubbed Misha's

thighs and licked his lips greedily as he watched the other man's hand pull and massage his

cock. The head would disappear under a sweep of fingers and then reappear with a bitten off

moan as Misha worked himself. It took only a handful more strokes before Misha came with a

groan and Jensen lifted his head to wrap his lips around the tip, drinking in the thick fluid that

melted on his tongue.

Jensen lowered his head back to the mattress, holding his prize in his mouth. Misha shuffled

back and swiped a hand through the smeared chocolate on Jensen's body and then licked it off.

He bent down and met Jensen's lips, their tongues swirling together, mixing the chocolate and

semen in a strange sweet, salty, and bitter kiss. Misha pulled back and looked Jensen in the eyes

before giving him a little peck on the lips.

"Good boy."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [Chocolate Milk](#)
- [Afterword](#)

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Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
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Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a> , <a href="#">Danniel Ackles</a>
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Series:	Part 7 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
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## **Pound Cake is Not a Sexual Reference**

by [emwebb17](#)

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Misha and Jensen have differing methods for making a cake.

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Fandom:

[Supernatural RPF](#)

Relationship:

[Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins](#)

Character:

[Jensen Ackles](#), [Misha Collins](#), [Danneel Ackles](#)

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then it leads to sex in the kitchen and cake batter may or may not be involved. Please?

“I swear to God, I have never seen that much poop in one place at one time in my life.”

Misha turned to smile at Jensen over his shoulder as he rinsed off the last of the lunch dishes and

put it in the dish drain.

“I mean, three is not even something I can fathom. How on earth do you and Vicki do it with two

still in diapers?”

Misha brushed some crumbs off the white granite counter top and into the sink. The kitchen was

black, white, and stainless steel. Very modern; very Danneel.

“Well,” Misha said as he turned around to lean on the counter, “we flip a coin to decide which

child gets taken care of each morning. And then we only have to deal with one.”

“Funny,” Jensen said, leaning beside him close enough that their arms brushed together.

“Seriously though, you two are like superhuman or something. If we ever have another kid, it

will not be until this one is potty trained. Better yet, we’ll wait until JJ is old enough to babysit

for the new one.”

Misha just chuckled. Jensen didn’t like changing diapers. And he didn’t like getting spit up on.

And he didn’t like the fact that he couldn’t pick his daughter up when she was sleeping lest he

wake up a screaming, crying monster in her stead. But when he looked at her and held her, he

looked like he was holding the sun, the moon, and the stars in his arms. And this from the man

who had said for so long that they “weren’t interested in having a baby.” Misha hoped Danneel

would be able to take a somewhat firm hand with JJ because Jensen was already wrapped

around her teeny, tiny chubby little baby finger.

“So,” Misha said. “I was thinking we could bake a cake. For after their nap.”

“Only West is old enough to eat cake.”

“Who said it was for the kids?”

Jensen laughed and watched Misha walk over to the refrigerator, crossing his arms and smiling

lecherously as Misha bent over.

“I don’t know, dude, D is doing her best to get the baby weight off. If she finds cake in this

house she might de-ball you.”

Misha gave him a look as he returned to the counter with his supplies.

“And I like your balls where they are,” Jensen said with a waggle of eyebrows.

“Get the flour and sugar,” Misha said dryly, but gave Jensen a swat on the butt as he passed.

Jensen had to search through a couple of cabinets and the pantry before he found the dry

ingredients—so sue him, he didn’t do the cooking. Misha had pulled out the super duper

professional grade Kitchen Aid stand mixer they had received for a wedding gift from some

relative and watched in a little bit of awe as his at times technology-challenged lover managed

to set the thing up with no trouble at all.

“So what are we making?” Jensen asked, placing a hand on Misha’s hip.

“Pound cake,” Misha replied, stepping away from his touch to soften the butter in the

microwave. Jensen scowled and picked up a white container. He made a face.

“Sour cream? Why do you have sour cream out?”

“Because I’m making a sour cream pound cake.”

“That sounds gross.”

“It’s not.”

Misha returned with the butter. Jensen leaned close for a kiss and got Misha’s turned cheek.

“Can you look and see if you have any chopped nuts in the pantry?”

Jensen scowled again but dutifully went looking for nuts.

“Not peanuts, Jensen,” Misha called out.

“I *know*,” he said back like he wasn’t an idiot and discreetly put the can of Planters peanuts back

on a shelf. He saw a small bag with a blue top that looked like it had some crushed up nuts in it.

“Are diced pecans okay?” Jensen asked reading the label.

“You mean pee-cans?” Misha asked.

“No, I mean peh-cahns,” Jensen enunciated as he returned to Misha’s side—one of his favorite

places to be.

Misha gave him a look and snatched the bag away. “Whatever, hick.”

“Yank.”

Misha grinned. “I really am so far from being a Yankee.”

“I know.” Jensen leaned close and nuzzled the hair beside Misha’s ear.



“I need to find a Bundt pan. Can you add the sugar to the butter and make sure it gets blended

together? Don’t turn it up too high.”

Jensen stayed partially bent over where Misha had left him hanging. He picked up the measured

sugar and dumped the whole thing in the mixer with the softened butter. He cranked the machine

up two clicks. His mood improved a little when Misha had to bend over again to look in a

cabinet for whatever the hell a Bundt pan was. Jensen stalked across the kitchen and took

Misha’s hips in his hands. Misha stood up and their bodies were pressed flush together.

“Found it!” he said cheerfully holding up a pan with a bunch of curves in it. “Danneel really has

this kitchen well organized,” he continued, walking away from Jensen and his sad attempt at

generating an erection against Misha’s firm ass. “Maybe I should make her come over and

organize my kitchen.”

Misha hummed to himself as he added more ingredients to the mixer. Jensen decided to change

tactics. He walked back over to Misha and leaned on the counter, watching and waiting for the

opportune moment. Once all the ingredients were in and well mixed, Misha turned off the mixer

and lifted the top portion. Jensen reached out a hand and gathered some of the dripping batter

onto his finger. Misha couldn't help but to watch as he licked the digit clean, sucking the tip into

his mouth and then releasing it with a soft pop. Misha blinked and looked up at Jensen's eyes—

blown pupils and possessive hunger stared back at him.

“Un-uh,” Misha said, scraping the batter off the beater a little more aggressively than was

strictly necessary. “There are three very young impressionable minds in the next room over.

One of whom is old to understand—”

Misha cut off when Jensen presented a batter covered finger to him. Without further thought he

took Jensen's whole finger in his mouth and began to suck enthusiastically. Jensen repressed a

growl and stepped closer, his cock filling out his jeans and brushing teasingly along Misha's

hip. Misha let the finger slip from his mouth, and closed his eyes and swallowed. Jensen

moaned softly at the suggestive movement and swiped his finger through the batter on the rim of

the bowl. He smeared a bit on the bolt of Misha's jaw and bent down for a taste. Misha braced

his hands on the counter and tilted his head to give Jensen better access.

“Mm, Mish, you’re right. This sour cream whatever tastes great.”

“Pound cake,” Misha breathed, sliding a hand up into Jensen’s hair, holding him in place as he

kissed and sucked on his neck.

Jensen chuckled against his skin. Misha let go of him and used his hips to push him away.

“I swear if you make some sort of sexual joke involving pounding—”

“What?” Jensen murmured, moving back in and circling his arms around Misha’s waist. “You’ll

get jealous you didn’t think of it first?”

Jensen kissed behind Misha’s ear and cupped his groin with a hand pulling him back so he could

finally grind his needy cock against Misha’s sweet ass.

Misha hummed in surprised pleasure and then pawed unsuccessfully at the hand on his crotch.

“Come on, Jay, right here? Now?”

In reply, Jensen buried a hand in Misha’s hair and pulled, exposing more of his neck to Jensen’s

lips; his hips continued to work a steady rhythm where Misha’s ass cheeks cradled his hard

member; his other hand groped and fondled Misha’s dick until it was full and heavy in his hand.

Misha put a hand to Jensen’s wrist, but didn’t try to stop him as he worked open his fly. He

slipped his hand inside, forgoing the over the top underwear foreplay altogether and going

straight for skin to skin contact. Misha groaned loudly and then cut it off abruptly.

“Shit, Jensen, if we wake them up—oh, fuck, *there* babe—they will be cranky little shits.”

“Then you better be quiet, Mish.”

Jensen kept his lips sealed over Misha’s neck—no worrying about covering up hickeys in make-

up during hiatus—and reluctantly released his grip on Misha’s body to get his own pants open.

He hooked his thumbs in Misha’s jeans and underwear and pushed the garments down over his

perky ass to the backs of his thighs. Jensen ran his hands over the white cheeks and gave them a

squeeze.

“Could use some sun here, baby.”

“Shut-up. I’m sure they’ll be spray tanning us in a few weeks.”

Jensen made a face. He hated the spray tans. Using a foot he kicked Misha’s legs apart slightly

and then guided his throbbing cock between Misha’s thighs—licking the soft skin with

precome. Misha bit back a moan and threw his arms over his head to clutch at Jensen’s neck.

He wiggled his hips and felt Jensen glide along his perineum until he hit the

back of his balls—

and then poked out past them to the side a bit.

“Jesus Christ, babe—your cock is so fucking hot and thick, I feel like I’m straddling a fucking

summer sausage here.”

Jensen laughed. “Thanks for the comparison, I guess.”

“No, I mean it,” Misha moaned wantonly, undulating his hips. “You’ve turned me into a total

size queen.”

Misha reached a hand down and cupped Jensen’s cockhead, palming it as it poked in and out

between his legs as Jensen thrust lazily into the warm embrace of Misha’s thighs. Jensen

reached around Misha and began stroking his dick languidly, spreading precome down the shaft,

massaging his balls, and then gripping tighter on the upstroke. Misha let out a noise and tossed

his head to the side, using Jensen’s shoulder to hold it up.

“Jensen, baby, it feels so good. You make me feel...so fucking good—unh! Mm, do that again.”

Jensen complied and starting canting his hips up when he thrust forward so that his cockhead

dragged along Misha’s perineum on each pass. Misha’s breath began to come faster and he

pulled at the hair at the nape of Jensen's neck and opened and closed his fingers around the wrist

that pumped his cock.

"So, big, Jay...fuck I can almost feel you in me. It would be so good—so fat and thick, filling

me up—"

"Misha," Jensen growled a warning in his ear. They could not do that right now.

"Stretching me...so full—I'd be so tight for you, babe. Ready to feel your hot come paint my

insides, just fucking—mmph!"

Misha stopped talking as Jensen shoved two batter covered fingers into his mouth. He sucked

greedily at the digits and increased the rhythm of his hips. Jensen pumped Misha's dick faster

and felt himself teetering on the edge as his cock glided through the silky smooth skin of Misha's

thighs. He worked his hand furiously until he felt Misha tense and scream quietly around his

fingers, catching his come as best he could in his hand. And then he pulled back and angled up,

driving his cockhead into Misha's taint, his seed spurting up onto Misha, and then dripping back

down over his quivering cock.

They both panted raggedly as they came down from an almost mind numbing

high. Jensen pulled

his fingers out of Misha's mouth and caught him under the jaw, forcing him to turn his head up

and back so that he could kiss him. They were still too out of breath for a real kiss, but their lips

and tongues came together again and again with obscene smacking noises.

"What the hell do you two think you're doing?!"

Jensen and Misha started violently, pulling apart and trying to get their pants up. They looked

guiltily at where Danneel stood in the entryway, one hand on her hip, the other holding a

shopping bag. Jensen held his come covered hand behind his back. They glanced at each other.

"Um..." Jensen started.

"I can't believe you two are baking a cake! You *know* I'm on a diet!" She let out a frustrated

noise and turned to stomp out of the kitchen. "And you better not have psychologically scarred

my baby with any weird noises!"

Misha giggled and leaned against Jensen.

"Told you cake was a bad idea," Jensen said, still a little winded.

"I don't know," Misha said, dipping a fingertip into the bowl. He brought it up to Jensen's lips

and smiled when the man kissed the sweet batter off. "I bet we can bring her

around.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!



# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [Pound Cake is Not a Sexual Reference](#)
- [Afterword](#)

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Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
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Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	Supernatural
Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a>
Character:	Dean Winchester, Castiel
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe</a> , <a href="#">Bakery</a> , <a href="#">Food Sex</a> , <a href="#">Frottage</a> , <a href="#">Hand Jobs</a>
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
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## Unique Cakes by Castiel

by [emwebb17](#)

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Castiel runs a cake shop and persuades Dean to do a little late night taste testing.

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Written for a Tumblr prompt by fabricatedmistress: I really want a cockles fic where misha is baking a cake and jensen tells him how much he loves his sweets, seducing misha, and then it leads to sex in the kitchen and cake batter may or may not be involved. Please?

And...clearly this isn't Cockles. I half wrote an AU version before she told me she wanted a Canon Cockles version, so...I decided not to waste it and wrote it anyway. Figured I don't need two Cockles cake stories, so I made this one Dean/Cas. It's why there may be a touch of OOC...but, heck, it's an AU so I say they're characterized perfectly. ^\_^

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There's nothing special about the sign; it was white letters on a red awning, just like all the other shops in the strip mall. But there was also a sign on the door that said, "coffee/tea/whatever if the line at Starbucks is too long." That sign was the reason Dean had first walked into the bakery. The reason he now made nearly daily trips to the shop had nothing to do with the coffee or the line at Starbucks or the crazy cake flavors put out for sampling, and everything to do with a pair of blue eyes and a beautiful smile on full, kissable lips. Okay, and wicked cheekbones and dark wavy sex hair and biceps that could make angels fall and forearms that could put them right back

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wavy sex hair and biceps that could make angels fall and forearms that could put them right back

up in heaven and hands and fingers that he just knew could do sinful things and God fucking help him an ass that just would not quit.

“Dean?”

Dean shook himself and looked up at the man he had objectified to literal bits. “Yeah?”

Cas’ smile was quite amused and not in the least trying to hide that he knew exactly what had

Dean so distracted.

“The usual today?”

“Yeah. Usual. Usual is good.”

Cas just smiled at him for several moments, clearly enjoying watching him squirm. “Coming right

up.”

Dean exhaled softly, hoping Cas wouldn’t hear it as the embarrassed relief it was. Dean was a

stud. Had been all his life. How was it that some little pastry chef who made —Chocolate Bacon

Chip Cake—Dean did a double take as he read the placard under that cake

again—could turn him

into a babbling, incompetent fool?

Dean walked away from the counter and read the names on the other cakes in the display case.

And they were all cakes; Cas didn't do cupcakes. He wasn't entirely clear on the why, but he

knew the shrunk down version of cake caused irate, red-faced rants from the otherwise

unflappable man.

There was a dragon fruit cake that had bright magenta frosting and had been cut open to reveal the black speckled white inside. He wondered if it was actually dragon fruit flavored or just made to look like it—it was hard to tell with Cas. Next to that was a ham and cheddar cake. Dean had yet to work up the nerve to try Cas' "savory" cakes, but there was a new one every day so someone

must be eating them. Either that or Cas didn't know when to quit. Both a concerning and alluring trait. Most interesting was a lime-avocado number that was every bit the bright color one would

expect a cake of those flavors to be. He contemplated asking for a piece of it to go to have for lunch. He'd been branching out more and more by trying Cas' crazy combinations and he'd only

been burned once. But even Cas admitted that banana and feta should probably have never been

mixed—so the next day he'd tried it with goat cheese instead. Dean hadn't tried it but Cas had

claimed it was more on target to the flavor profile he'd been expecting.

"Hey, Dean!"

Dean moved back to the register to pay for his coffee. He never got anything fancy, but it sure did seem to take Cas a while to make it. Cas slid the medium coffee over in a protective paper slip

and grinned.

“See anything you like?”

His tone left little room for a “he’s talking about the cake” interpretation. Dean blushed and

shrugged a shoulder, mumbling something asinine he was sure, as he dug his credit card out of his wallet.

“Okay, then. Try today’s free sample.”

Cas nudged the plate of brown, fried cubes toward him on the counter. Dean used a toothpick to

snag one and lifted it up to inspect it closely.

“What the hell is this?”

“Fried cake.”

Dean moved his eyes to meet Cas’. “Fried cake?”

“Yep. I made a plain white cake with a butter cream filling and a plain chocolate cake with

chocolate filling. But I didn’t ice them. I dipped them in sweetened batter and deep fried the

suckers. Go on, give it a try.”

Cas leaned on his arms on the counter, still grinning. Dean looked back at the fried cake. Really, how could cake and fried food go wrong? Dean popped the cube into his mouth and bit down.

There was the nice crunch of the batter and then a burst of flavor and sweetness as he bit into

white cake and butter cream frosting. Cas would never tell him what the secret ingredient was,

but he put some sort of flavoring in his “plain” cakes to make them uniquely his and beyond

delicious. Dean chewed and swallowed and speared another.

“I don’t know, Cas, it’s a little weird. I might need to sample a few before I’m sure about it.”

He bit down on the next one and almost closed his eyes in ecstasy as he got fried chocolate

goodness.

“Well, I never knew you had such a discerning palate, Dean.”

“Mm-hmm,” Dean agreed, using his fingers to get two more cubes.

“Well, in that case, maybe I should ask you for some help on some of my new recipes.”

Dean nodded, chewing. “Mm-hmm.”

“But, you know, I mean taste testing before I try them out on an unsuspecting public.”

“You mean like your banana and feta experiment?”

Cas grinned. “That was actually more of a social experiment than a baking one.”

Dean scowled, not sure if he was being made fun of.

“Anyway, I would need you to try out some new things I’m working on. Give



me your honest

opinion.”

“Yeah, I could do that.”

“And you know, it would need to be, like, after hours...when everything is closed...and no one

could interrupt us...”

Dean swallowed.

“...while we’re tasting...the new flavors.”

Dean smiled awkwardly and nodded his head. “Y-yeah. That sounds. Good.”

“Yeah? Excellent. How about tonight? I close at eight.”

Dean stared. Cas waited him out.

“Yes! Tonight. Taste testing.” Dean picked up his coffee and started to back up toward the

door. “I will definitely be here. Because you need my expert taste bud help.”

He was almost out the door when Cas said, “Well, at the very least I’ll definitely need your

tongue.”

Dean walked into an entering customer and they stumbled together and apologized to each other

and Dean was amazed his coffee was still in his cup. He looked back at Cas who looked totally at ease. He nodded once, and then turned and fled.

\*\*\*

At 8:01pm Dean stood outside Unique Cakes by Castiel. He fidgeted with his tie and nearly

dropped his briefcase. He looked up to see if Cas was watching, laughing at him. And then he

noticed there were people still in the shop. Dean could see Cas standing behind the counter,

strumming his fingers next to an open white pastry box as he stared at his straggling customers.

The bells on the door chimed as Dean entered and Cas looked up, a broad smile spreading over

his face and nearly being the cause of Dean's death.

"I don't know," the woman customer said. "I like chocolate, but I'd like to try something new."

"For God's sake, Anne, just pick one."

"I'll tell you what," Cas said, pulling out a second white take away box. "I hate putting my cakes in the 'day old' case. So, why don't you take the last slice of pistachio cream cake, and I'll throw in the chocolate for free, just in case you don't like it."

"Oh, I couldn't—" the woman started.

"I insist!" Cas said, hurriedly putting the two slices of cake into the boxes. He already entered the price of one piece into the register and the tall man paid with an apologetic look. Cas just smiled and finished the transaction. He walked the couple to the front door, waved goodnight, and then

locked the door behind them. Dean turned the "closed" sign over so it was facing out.

"Perfect timing," Cas said. "I have something that's just about to come out of the oven."

Dean smiled, enjoying Cas' warmth and openness. And then suddenly he realized he was alone

with Cas. He straightened and nearly knocked over a display of cake decorating paraphernalia.

Cas helped him steady the shelf and Dean flushed with embarrassment. Tonight probably wasn't

going to go the way either of them expected. Cas started to walk around the front counter, giving a little head tilt and nod to Dean.

"This way, Dean. Let me show you where the magic happens."

He gave him a wink as he disappeared through the swinging door to the kitchen and Dean

blushed up to the tips of his ears. He paused as he considered what to do with his briefcase, if he should take his jacket off out here, if he should unlock the door and make a run for it before he embarrassed himself further. The swinging door opened again and Cas stuck his head out,

looking confused.

"Do you have X-Ray vision, Dean?"

"What? N-no. Of course not."

"Ah. Then, you'd better come on this side of the door."

He disappeared again and Dean closed his eyes. God this was humiliating. He set his briefcase

on the counter and shrugged out of his jacket, folding it neatly beside the briefcase. Then he took a deep breath as he loosened his tie and walked around to the kitchen door. When he entered he

saw the spotless stainless steel glory that was Cas' laboratory. And then Cas was there. He took Dean's face gently in his hands and kissed him chastely,

but insistently. Dean stood frozen for a moment, and then he relaxed. When Cas felt his tension drain away he pulled back with a soft smile.

“Better?” he asked.

Dean nodded and smiled, no longer feeling nervous now that he didn’t have to worry about

whether or not he was misinterpreting the situation. Well, less nervous anyway.

He leaned forward and pressed his lips to Cas’ again briefly, needing to feel how soft and plump

they were again.

“I’m feeling much better about my duties tonight.”

Cas laughed and reached beside him on the wall to grab something. That something was then

looped over his head and he put his hands out wide and tried not to have too many dirty thoughts

as Cas pressed against him bodily to reach around behind him. When Cas stepped back Dean

realized he was wearing a pink frilly apron that said, “Cake Princess” on it. Dean looked down at himself disapprovingly, and then looked up at Cas.

“I don’t even want to know why you own this.”

Cas grinned and his chuckle was closer to a giggle, but it was adorable. And, geez, with thoughts like that? He was a lost cause. But as Cas looked demurely over his shoulder at him where he

stood at a long counter with various bowls and ingredients on it, he knew that

he'd been a goner a long time ago. Probably around the time he'd noticed the soft pudge he'd put on around his belly, but it never once crossed his mind to stop getting his morning coffee at a cake store.

Dean moved to stand close by Cas at the counter.

"So, what have we got here?" he asked, leaning into him a little bit.

Cas dragged his teeth over his bottom lip and smiled at the butter and sugar creaming in the stand mixer. Then he said, "Um. I've got three new things. I'm just testing two new frostings on plain cake to get an idea of how they turned out. That's the cake that's in the oven right now. And the third I'm going to try mixing up a new batter. Could you do me a favor and get the cake out of

the oven and set it over there to cool?"

Dean didn't want to move away from the pleasant warmth of Cas' side, but he obeyed and found

an oven mitt to remove the single round cake pan from the oven and shut the door quickly so the

heat wouldn't escape. It was hot enough in the room as it was. He set the pan down on a raised

metal rack and turned back to Cas who was cracking eggs with one hand into the mixture and

scraping the sides of the bowl with a spatula with the other.

"How do you do that?" Dean asked, actually amazed by his dexterity. Dean had yet to make

scrambled eggs for himself that didn't at one point or another have a bit of shell in them.

Cas laughed and tossed the empty shell into the sink about two feet down the counter.

“Practice. Now, the first flavor I’m trying out is cactus.”

Dean couldn’t stop himself from making a face. “Cactus?”

“Yep. Cactus is actually really tasty. Have you ever had any?”

“No.”

“There’s a white bowl in the fridge with plastic wrap on top. Go try a piece. You can eat the seeds.”

Dean found the white bowl and peered inside. It just looked like a green, succulent fruit with

some large black seeds. Dean mentally shrugged and pulled back the plastic to pull out a piece.

He scrambled as the slippery thing nearly made a successful dash for the floor. Then he got it in his mouth and closed the refrigerator. He walked back to Cas, tasting it carefully. It was

definitely fruit tasting, though he couldn’t say what it might taste like. He guessed it tasted like cactus.

“I like it,” he said, licking the juice off his fingers. He looked up and saw Cas staring at him with a bottle of almond flavoring poised over a teaspoon. Dean smiled and made a show of cleaning

off his thumb. “So, is that your secret ingredient? Almond flavoring?”

Cas blinked and turned away. “It’s one of them. What do you think of cactus?”

“It’s good.”

“Okay, cut out a piece of the cake from the pan and try this with it. He nudged a green bowl with his elbow as he screwed the cap back on a bottle of

vanilla flavoring.

Dean carefully cut a piece of the hot cake out of the pan and put it on a napkin. He used a spoon to scoop up some of the plain-looking white frosting and put it on the cake. Cas was using was

looked like a giant nail file on a lemon and dumping the zest into the mixer. Dean took a bite of the cake, which was still a little on the too hot side, but soothed his tongue with the lush frosting.

He rolled it around in his mouth before swallowing.

“How is it?” Cas asked, giving him his full attention.

“It’s—sweet. But, there’s not a whole lot of flavor. Like, not like cactus flavor.”

“Hmm. That’s what I was afraid of.” He picked up the spoon Dean had discarded in the bowl

and got more icing on it. He held the spoon out to Dean and said, “Can you taste it when it’s by itself?”

Dean locked eyes with Cas and swiped his tongue over the spoon. Cas shifted his weight and his

pupils dilated slightly.

“A little better. Still not very strong.”

“Okay. I’ll work on that one. Try this one next.” Cas set a pink bowl in front of him and then began to add flour to the mix in small batches.

Dean used a clean spoon to get some of the frosting out and decided to taste it first without the cake. A bright, tart flavor burst over his tongue and Dean let out a humming noise.

“Grapefruit?” he asked with a smile.

Cas nodded. “Yeah. People like lemon cake, why not try grapefruit?”

“It’s a brilliant idea.” Dean cut himself a piece of cake and slathered it in the frosting. “Like, it’s got that nice citrusy flavor, but it’s also a little bit tarter—is that a word?”

“I think it’s a sauce.”

Dean laughed and then shoved the whole piece in his mouth. He wasn’t even embarrassed by the

noises he made.

“Thif if fo gud.” He swallowed. “I am totally ordering one of these for my birthday.”

Cas smiled a little shyly. “Or I could just make one for you.”

Dean felt heat bloom on his cheeks. “Yeah, yeah.” He laughed a little giddily, and then cleared his throat. His voice was a little deeper when he spoke next and that was totally not an

unconscious reaction to getting girly over cake. “So, um, we’ve definitely got a winner with

grapefruit. Cactus is good, but needs a little more punch. What’s the third thing you have going here?”

Cas turned off the mixer and removed the bowl from the stand. He stood in front of it, stirring the batter gently. “Come see,” he said.

So, Dean moved closer. He stood almost directly behind Cas, just a little to the left to give his right arm room to work, and pressed up against him so he could peer over his shoulder.

Cas tried to speak, and then had to clear his throat before trying again. “So. Um. The third one.

Right. It’s a bit unconventional—”



“I would expect nothing less from you,” Dean murmured in his ear, hand finding a place on Cas’

hip.

“—and um,” Cas paused as he pressed his hips back into Dean’s as he leaned forward to pick up a

bowl of red pieces that appeared to be covered in sugar. “I’m going on the idea that tomatoes are fruit too.”

Dean rubbed his crotch on Cas’ ass, a little irritated that the apron was in his way. “Tomatoes, Cas, really?”

“They’re, um, they’re, mmn. They’re candied.”

“Unh-huh. Tell me more.” Dean ran his hands up and down Cas’ arms and the baker stopped

stirring the sugared red fruit. He picked one up in his fingers and turned partially to face Dean, holding it out to him.

“Boiled in sugar water and cinnamon for an hour, and then covered with the sugar reduction. I

added more sugar on top because I like things sweet.”

He put the candy to Dean’s lips and he made a show of taking it into his mouth, licking and

sucking the sugar off Cas’ fingers in the process. Cas inhaled a deep, shaky breath. Dean smiled at him.

“It’s good,” he said.

Then Cas was on him. Hands in his hair, tongue in his mouth, and thigh between his legs. Dean

moaned and pushed Cas against the counter, rubbing his erection along Cas’

firm thigh. They

grappled with the annoying pink apron and got it out of the way just as Cas pushed forward and

turned Dean so that he was against the counter. He hissed as something dug into his side.

“Oh, whoops, sorry,” Cas said and moved him away from the offending oven knob.

“S’okay,” Dean breathed, plunging his tongue back into Cas’ mouth, which was probably the

sweetest thing he’d tasted all night. There was some clanging as bowls and utensils got scattered around on the counter. Cas pulled away just enough to yank Dean’s tie over his head and then

started to undo the buttons on his shirt while he alternated between sucking Dean’s tongue and

nibbling his lower lip.

When they broke apart again to pull the shirt off Dean’s shoulders, Dean took the opportunity to

rip the green Henley over Cas’ head and toss it onto the floor. Something on Cas’ skin caught

Dean’s eye as the baker’s low slung pants barely reached his fucking amazing hip bones.

“Is that a cupcake tattoo—?”

“Shut-up,” Cas said and brought their mouths together again.

Dean slid his hands over the wide, muscular expanse of Cas’ back as he brought their bodies

closer together.

“Fuck you feel so good,” Dean breathed against his lips.

“Taste even better,” Cas murmured cheekily.

“Don’t I know it.”

Their hands made mutual moves towards the other’s fly to get the buttons open and zippers

down. They rubbed their groins together, groaning simultaneously when they felt their hard,

straining erections make contact through the thin fabric of their underwear. Dean cupped Cas’ ass in both hands, the man letting out an appreciative whimper, and then he lifted him onto the

counter.

“Oh, wait! Watch out for the bowl!” Cas said as metal clanged on metal.

Dean took a step back to get a better look at what he was doing and slipped on the material of his dress shirt where it made a virtual banana peel of itself on the super clean tile floor. Both men let out undignified yelps as they crashed to the floor, gasping when the cold cake batter splattered

them head to chest. They waited unmoving, Cas on top of Dean, as the loud echoing rings of the

bowl clattering around on the floor diminished slowly. At last it came to a halt and they looked at each other in the quiet kitchen. Cas had batter covering one side of his head and running down

his neck to his chest. Dean had delicate batter drops clinging to his eyelashes and a good deal on his chin, neck, and collar bones. Dean swiped out his tongue to taste the batter.

“It’s good.”

Cas laughed and ran a hand over his partially covered eye to clear his vision. “At least you’re not one of those freaks who won’t eat cake batter because of the raw eggs.”

Dean smiled at that. His mother had chased him around with a wooden spoon as a child every

time he tried to sneak some batter while she was baking.

Cas shifted to sit up, and found himself in Dean’s lap. Dean clutched his hips and Cas’ fingers

dug into his pectoral muscles in answer. They were both still quite aroused and the change in

position had reminded them of that.

“Oh, fuck,” Cas said quietly, shifting his hips a little. “We really should clean this up.”

“Yeah,” Dean agreed and rolled his hips up. “Oh, Jesus, Cas you feel perfect, right there.”

“How about here?” Cas asked as he leaned forward and braced one hand on the floor by Dean’s

head. As a result of the change in position, their cocks were free to rub alongside each other.

Dean groaned and used his hold on Cas’ hips to grind him down into the upward motion of his

own.

“Even better.”

They began to move back and forth, grunting and panting with the mind blowing friction they

were generating. Dean removed a hand from Cas' hip and used it to pull down on the elastic of

his boxers. Cas' cock sprung free and he moaned approvingly when Dean grasped it firmly and

began stroking. Cas used his free hand to return the favor and Dean bucked up hard when he felt

a batter-sticky thumb swipe over his leaking cockhead.

"Oh, fuck, Cas, your hands are even better than I imagined," he said as his little head made him

forget to filter his thoughts with the big head.

Cas just laughed and began to rock his hips faster. "I find that hard to believe based on the

amount of drool you leave on my counter in the mornings."

"Fuck you."

"Later. Right now, I need..."

He trailed off as their hands worked faster and their hips ground together, catching their balls

between pumping hands and undulating hips. Their soft groans got louder, and a little higher

pitched, and then just turned into bursts of uncontrolled pleasure-filled noise.

"Dean!" Cas suddenly cried out and humped Dean's hand wildly as thick, white ropes of come

striped Dean's chest in hot bursts. The image that presented made Dean lose all control. A warm deluge spilled over Cas' hand and dribbled onto Dean's stomach. They both rocked their hips

gently, hands massaging the remnants of orgasm from each other's spent cocks, humming

pleasantly and then gasping sharply with the tug of oversensitive flesh. At last they stilled their movements, and Cas sat back in Dean's lap. They smiled at each other in complete satisfaction.

Then Cas tilted his head to the side.

"Hmm," he said contemplatively as he used a finger to swipe cake batter and come from Dean's

chest. He licked his finger and Dean made a face.

"Egh."

"Not bad," Cas said. "I wonder if it would still rise—probably wouldn't even need to add more

baking powder."

"Cas!" Dean said laughingly, but also in a little bit of alarm. "You can't make a Jizz Cake!"

"Not to sell, of course. Just to try."

"Oh my God," Dean muttered as he covered his face with a hand. Then he peeked out between

his fingers. "You are so weird."

"Mm," Cas agreed complacently. "You know, I'm gonna need you for one of the ingredients."

Dean turned pink, but sat up, bracing his hands behind him on the floor. "I guess I could help

with that."

Cas grinned. “I knew you would be the perfect assistant,” he said, and kissed him.

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# Document Outline

- [Unique Cakes by Castiel](#)



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Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
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by [enwebb17](#)

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Posted on Tumblr for the prompt fill from an anon: Hi! I want Cuckles with really badly jealous Jensen! I want it so much! Jensen suffering from being ignored ))) (I am not a sadist). Misha flirting with others, and Jensen to regain him has to at least kiss him in public. That's all I want from this life.

I don't think this is what the person asked for at all...but it's what came out of me.

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“Fine, Misha, have it your way. Just like always.”

Jensen sat back in a huff and slammed his foot against his suitcase, knocking it over. He refused

to look at Misha though. He knew he was being a jackass. He flinched when Misha laughed

coldly.

“Jensen, it has *never* been my way.” The hotel room door opened. “I’ll see you in Vancouver.”

Jensen waited too long to call him back. By the time he got his mouth to move, the door shut

with finality. He couldn’t go chasing him down the hall. And it’s not like it was *entirely* his

fault.

Jensen groaned and slumped down in his chair. How had their perfect weekend gotten so fucked

up? Jus in Bello was their playground. Rome was *their* city. They had been living on a high all

weekend. They’d made love more times than he could count. And just last night Misha had

handed him the reigns for once and laid back and asked for the fucking of his life. Jensen had

been more than thrilled to give it to him. He’d fucked him so thoroughly that the next morning

there had been no doubt about where Misha had been and what had been done to him. And

because of Sebastian the whole fucking world knew it.

Jensen’s teeth set on edge again when he remembered the photo Sebastian had tweeted of *his*

fucking—his what? That was another problem of course. Labeling Misha, who did not like

being labeled at all. And if Jensen could have just kept his mouth shut. Not brought up the

tweet, which then led to the complaint about dancing with Sebastian on stage—but they'd

practically grinded on each other!

It was one thing for Misha to flirt. It was one thing for him to make sexual innuendo. But Jensen

couldn't stand seeing someone else lay hands on his body. That body was *his*. And Vicki's. But

that was an entirely different situation altogether.

Jensen just didn't know how to express what he felt *to* Misha. He always came off as

possessive and jealous—because, well, he supposed he was possessive and jealous—but it's

not like he wanted some grand gesture indicating that they belonged to each other and should

therefore never look at anyone else. Except Danneel and Vicki. But, again, totally different

situations.

It's not like he actually *wanted* people to know he was in love with Misha. That would not help

with PR—open marriages were not something that gave good press—and fuck if he could ever

let his daddy know he sucked cock—and fucking loved it.

It's not like he wanted to put a second ring on Misha's finger and tell him

that he was important

and he only got jealous because he just loved him so much it was hard to think straight

sometimes.

But, fuck, maybe he did want those things.

Jensen thought for a moment. *Jensen, it has never been my way.* Then he just got angry again.

Misha had no right to take some sort of moral high ground in this. He didn't like having his

personal life broadcasted; he hadn't exactly wanted Vicki to publish her book, but he hadn't

forbidden it. So, it wasn't like they needed to be open and make it public. But the little fucker

could stop flirting with people.

### **AHBL – Sydney, Australia**

“Ha, ha!” Danneel actually said “ha ha” when she laughed and it was fucking adorable.

“What is it, babe?” Jensen asked.

“Look at this picture Sebastian tweeted from Australia.”

She handed him her phone and Jensen turned it sideways to make it expand. He smiled when he

saw Rob looking bored and eating cereal? while Richard and Matt slept cozily on the bench

behind him—Matt with his fucking perfect abs. And there was a shirtless

Sebastian—sitting on

Misha's lap.

Jensen got on his feet and handed Danneel her phone.

“Where you going, sweetie?” Danneel asked like she knew exactly where he was going and what

he was going to do when he got there.

Jensen pushed open the door to their bedroom and snatched his phone off the nightstand. It was

probably zero dark thirty in Australia now, but fuck him. He considered calling him, but maybe

impersonal texting was the way to do this. It might prevent angry yelling.

*What the fuck is that picture?*

There was a seven minute delay in which Jensen considered calling him at least eight times.

*Oh, hy J. What pic?*

*Fuck you Mish You know theone*

*Mm I've got my cock in hand now*

Jensen blinked and almost dropped the phone he was so startled by the change in subject.

*It's so hard J so fucking hot there's precum dripping from the tip pooling on my belly*

Jensen's fingers hovered over the keyboard. Literally a million and one responses flitted

through his mind.

*Question is, am I alone in the room?*

Jensen actually shouted out loud. He typed three messages and deleted them before finally just

growling and calling him. Fuck international rates.

The phone went directly to voicemail. The fucker had turned it off.

“Oh, yeah?” Jensen muttered to himself and started searching online for the information of the

hotel they were staying at. He’d call the hotel and have them call his room. Then he’d—

“Hey!” Jensen protested as Danneel took the phone out of his hand. She scrolled through the

messages.

“Jensen, he’s just fucking with you.”

“I know,” he snapped. And then looked at her with contrition. But she wasn’t angry or hurt by

his lunatic behavior.

“What did you do to piss him off?”

“What did *I* do?”

“Yes, what did you do?”

“He! He let Sebastian take a picture of him—and he danced with him—He...” Jensen knew

there was a better reason buried somewhere in all this.



“He danced with Sebastian on stage at a convention, right? Where you’ve done the same things

with the other guys. Where you guys put on a show for the audience. And I saw the picture

Sebastian took in Rome—Misha didn’t even know he was taking it.” Danneel smiled and

punched him lightly on the arm. “It’s nice to know he lets you top once in a while.”

Jensen blushed from ears to toes. “Danneel!”

“What?” she asked, smiling and leaning in to give him a kiss. “You know you married a perv.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, mother of my child,” Jensen muttered around another kiss.

## **H2H2 - Jacmel, Haiti**

*Hey, J! How’s fatherhood? I can’t wait to meet JJ!*

Jensen smiled at the text from Jason. It was awesome traveling with Jason to so many

conventions around the country and even the world, but that also meant he was gone from LA a

lot when Jensen skipped out toward the end of con season. Of course, this wasn’t a convention.

Jason was with Misha in Haiti helping out with his charity. Jensen scowled. Misha had only

ever asked him once if he wanted to go. When he’d turned him down that *one* time, he’d never

pestered him like he did for other things. And he didn't even ask him about it this year. Of

course, Misha knew he would be busy with Danneel and the baby, but he still could have *asked*.

Jensen shook himself and responded before his thoughts started wandering down that dark path

of possession he so often traveled when Misha was absent from his side. Hell, even when he

was lying in bed next to him it bothered him how far away he was.

*It's great! We were worried at first she would always look like a red faced monkey, but she's*

*very cute now. Most beautiful baby you've ever seen. Or not seen. I'll have to end a picture.*

*lol we knew you'd be the biggest sap daddy*

Jensen quirked an eyebrow and tapped his finger against his phone.

*We?*

*me and mish you got a photo now?*

Jensen had to close his eyes and actively tell himself not to throw his phone across the room.

*Me and Mish? **Mish?!***

*Is Misha with you now?*

There was a slight delay, and then a picture text came in. Misha was sitting on a chair on the

balcony of their hotel, T-shirt damp with sweat and clinging to his body.

*yup just got finished with work Misha sweated through like five shirts lol*

Jensen put his phone down on the changing table and walked over to the crib. JJ was asleep.

Her fist was up by her face, but she didn't suck on her thumb like some kind of baby. He knew

better than to pick her up. She would wake up and probably not be very happy about it. Looking

at her made him immediately calm. But his thoughts wandered.

Were Misha and Jason sharing a room? Everyone might be doubled up in order to reduce costs.

Two grown men could share a room and have nothing happen. He'd done the same with Jared

plenty of times. And Jason wasn't even into guys. Well, not really. Well, except for the part

where he kinda sorta was. But Misha wouldn't be into *him*. Well, maybe he would be, but he

wouldn't act on it, right?

Jensen ran a hand over his mouth. This was why they needed labels. Open marriages were one

thing, but not defining the relationship with the person you were doing the opening with—that

was foolish. His phone buzzed. He brushed the back of his index finger against JJ's super soft

cheek. God he loved this little squalling, bodily fluid spewing thing. Jensen walked back to the

changing table and picked up his phone. He clicked on a media message from Misha.

Jensen gasped when he saw the bottom half of Misha, apparently still sitting on the open

balcony, taken from Misha's point of view as he pointed the camera at the bulge in his shorts he

was rubbing with his free hand.

*Great view Wish you were here ;-)*

Jensen pulled the phone to his chest and glanced over his shoulder to make sure the baby hadn't

somehow developed the muscle power to pull herself out of the crib and then fly over to hover

behind him. Satisfied she was still asleep where she should be, Jensen clipped the baby monitor

to his hip and walked out of the nursery, leaving the door partially open. He texted Misha

furiously.

*Do not send me dirty pictures when I am with my child!*

A moment later came the response: *haven't even gotten to the dirty stuff yet baby*

Before his brain could tell his fingers not to they typed: *Is Jason still there?*

There was a long delay in which Jensen chewed on a thumbnail.

*Did you seriously just ask me that?*

Jensen frowned. It wasn't a completely unreasonable question.

*He just sent me a picture of you. I don't know.*

*He left the room J and so am I dinner talk later*

Jensen cursed and thumped his hand against the wall. They hadn't really resolved anything since

their fight in Rome. They hadn't even seen each other in person. And every time Misha tried to

reach out to him, he did something stupid and shut him down. Jensen banged his fist against the

wall again. JJ started crying.

"Fuck."

### **MoL Bunker Set – Vancouver, Canada**

Jensen turned his head slightly as he heard Misha's laugh from across the hair styling trailer. He

and Jared were reading over the pages of script they were going to be filming in about an hour or so. Jensen was currently working on getting his hiatus beard off for the second part of Guy's

video. Guy just might have too much time on his hands.

Misha laughed again and Jensen turned his head completely around and saw that Jared had a

large moose hoof-paw hybrid on Misha's arm. He chewed on the inside of his cheek as he

looked at them. Misha glanced in his direction. Then he rolled his eyes a little and returned his

attention to Jared. He casually removed Jared's hand from his arm and made some joke to make

the younger man think he was just teasing him.

Jensen continued his shave. He and Misha hadn't said more than a perfunctory greeting to each

other. They hadn't kissed hello or had a trailer quickie. Nothing.

It actually felt good to see Dean's face in the mirror again. It made him feel confident. Which

was ironic since Dean had the lowest self-esteem of pretty much every fictional character ever.

On his way out of the trailer, Misha brushed his fingers over his wrist and said, "Can I talk to

you before we go to make-up?"

Jensen felt a thrill. Pre-makeup rendezvous meant they could get a little frisky and maybe leave

a mark or two. Jensen grinned and followed Misha into his trailer. He reached out his hands,

eager to grab Misha's hips and get in some rutting—they'd hadn't touched in two months.

Before he could get a fingertip on him though Misha whirled around and planted a hand firmly in

the center of his chest—pushing him away.

"Seriously, Jensen? *Seriously?* Jared? You're fucking jealous of *Jared*? He doesn't even

remotely swing in the other direction and you're worried, what, he'll just forget himself, forget

Gen, and jump me?"

Jensen worked his jaw in surprise, and then crossed his arms over his chest in anger.

“I am *not* jealous of Jared. I’m not jealous of anybody. You’re the one...”

“I’m the one what, Jensen? *Please*, finish that sentence.”

“No, you know what? Fuck you. You started this.”

“*I* did?”

“Back in Rome.”

“Jesus. You’re still upset about Rome? About Sebastian? About Jason? And now Jared?”

Misha put a hand to his head and seemed to be counting to ten. Then he suddenly stepped

forward and took Jensen’s face in his hands.

“Jensen. I actually love that you’re possessive of me. I even enjoy riling you up by flirting with

other people. It’s a huge fucking turn on. But...this...this isn’t just jealousy.”

“Then what is it?” he asked, his eyes still hard.

Misha dropped his hands. “It’s about *respect*.”

“Respect?” Jensen scoffed.

Misha looked hurt. “Do you really think that I’ll just fall into the arms of anybody who catches

my fancy because I fell so easily into yours?”

Jensen quirked an eyebrow and looked to the side in thought. He would not describe their

relationship as falling into each other's arms. It had unfortunately, and mostly due to his own

hang-ups, been much more complicated than that.

"You don't trust me at all," Misha said. "You don't believe in me or my feelings. You're so

possessive not because you like me so much and desire me so much but because you're actually

worried you'll lose me to somebody else. Like I could ever—!" Misha cut off and took in a

deep breath. "Jensen. I fucking love you. Like I've never loved anyone in my life. Not even

Vicki. You are so— *different* from anything I've ever..." He tried to discreetly wipe a tear from

the corner of his eye. "Why can't you just—"

"Just what? Tell everyone in the world? Release a press statement?"

"No, Jensen, no," Misha sighed wearily. "You just need to tell *me*."

"I have told you I lo—"

Someone banged loudly on the trailer door. "Jensen, you're needed in makeup!" a PA called

through the door.

"Be right there," Jensen answered.

Misha pushed past him and walked out of the trailer.

"Misha, wait—"



The door shut in his face.

## **Comic Con – San Diego, California**

Jensen waited behind Jared at the bottom of the metal staircase. They could hear the extremely

large crowd stirring and whispering and buzzing with excitement. Normally he would feel his

own energy escalating with the crowd's. But right now all he could focus on was the man

standing behind him in line. He'd tried to talk to Misha after the fight they'd had in the trailer,

but the older man had simply told him they needed some time apart to think. Jensen was pretty

sure he correctly translated that to mean that *Jensen* needed to think about some things. And he'd

been thinking for over two weeks now.

Why was Misha so pissed at him? Okay, so he was crazy jealous and possessive sometimes, but

he said that was hot. And he'd definitely told him that he'd loved him before. He wasn't afraid

of those words. But there was still the whole mystery of *respect*.

"Please welcome your show runner and executive producer, Jeremy Carver!"

Jeremy walked up the stairs and the crowd cheered as he crossed the stage.

Respect. He respected Misha. He respected the fuck out of him. He was kind-hearted and

generous and hadn't lost his ability to find joy in the little things in life. But this had to do with

something else Misha had said, namely that he didn't think Jensen trusted him.

"And you might like this next guy, Jared Padalecki!"

Jared bounced up the stairs and the shrieks were earsplitting already.

Was that true? Did he act so possessive of Misha because he thought Misha would, what, cheat

on him? Or maybe Jensen just thought of himself as one of Misha's playthings that his wife said

he was allowed to take out of the box every now and then. That was bullshit of course.

"Another favorite, I think, Jensen Ackles!"

Jensen started at his name, but climbed the stairs and did his best to wave to the crowd while he

crossed the stage, but his mind was still whirring.

Misha wasn't just some benefit he got from having an open marriage. Their relationship wasn't

just for fun. Their relationship was a fucking *relationship*—they were as fully committed to

each other as they were to their wives. They weren't just lovers—they were...

Jensen turned his head when the audience screamed their lungs out. He hadn't heard the MC call

Misha's name, but he was jogging across the stage, huge grin plastered on his

face, waving both

hands at the crowd. Jensen hadn't sat down yet, and Misha raised his eyebrow at him when he

got to his chair. He pulled it back to sit and Jensen reached forward and cupped Misha's face in

his hands. He kissed him with all the feeling and passion he had—with apology—with the

promise that he understood what Misha wanted—he wanted to know that Jensen believed what

they had was *real*. That it was a part of them now. And that even with their own families

growing and filling their lives—they would never be complete without the other.

There was a roaring in Jensen's ears and he didn't think it was from the approximately six

thousand people gaping at him. He pulled back slightly and looked into a blue that was as

familiar to him as the green of his own eyes.

"You're a fucking idiot," Misha whispered. "Do you know where the fuck we are?"

Jensen didn't look away from the safety of Misha's eyes.

"But you get it, right?"

Misha smiled. "I always got it. I was just waiting on you."

Jensen felt the tension drain from his body, relief taking its place. But only momentarily. He

immediately stiffened as the laughing, whispering, cat calls, and screaming from the audience

finally registered in his brain.

“Oh, by the way Mr. I-Don’t-Like-Grand-Dramatic-Gestures, you can field the questions on this

one,” Misha said and slapped his back before sitting down in his chair.

Jensen turned slowly and faced the crowd.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [Waiting on You](#)
- [Afterword](#)

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## A Lesson in Inflection

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Misha heard Jensen's The Saint impersonation during the Nerd HQ interview; he thinks Jensen's accent could use a little improvement.

### Notes

This was supposed to be a prompt fill from Tumblr, but I got it wrong and just figured I would post this anyway.

If any Russians read this, please take it with a grain of salt and the spirit in which it was intended. One semester of Russian has left me woefully ignorant of your beautiful language.

"What are you searching for? I'm just a traveler. Searching for purity. What do you search for?"

Misha used the mouse to move the playback bar several seconds back. He pushed play again. Once again Jensen's Val Kilmer, The Saint impersonation played out of the computer.

"Jenseen, Jenseen, Jenseen... I eehnot lie. Your pyesoon accent deesappoints me. I know I taught yoo beetter zan zar."

Jensen let out a small choked sound.

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taught yoo beetter zan zat.”



Jensen let out a small choked sound.

“I do what I can make yoo learn speak right. Maybe, yoo are needing anozer leesson, da?”

Small, beautiful teardrops glistened at the corners of Jensen’s eyes.

“Maybe yoo need orral leesson. Learn how shape mouzh. Use tongue in right vay. Hm,

Jenska?”

Jensen nodded minutely, unable to move much with Misha’s tight grip in his hair and his fat,

heavy cock filling his mouth and flirting with the back of his throat. He swallowed around the

saliva and precome pooling in his mouth, some of it spilling over his lips and running down his

chin. He’d been naked on his knees with his nose buried in Misha’s crotch for nearly ten minutes

now, but he’d been unable to move. All he could do was just hold it, savor it, long for more...and

writhe helplessly as his own cock throbbed between his spread legs, bobbing against his belly

when he shifted, and pulsing precome every time Misha spoke...his accent making him sound

exotic, consummate, and a little dangerous. Jensen wanted more of him; he wanted all of him.

Misha tsked and pulled on his hair painfully. “Nyet, leetle boi. Yoo don’t move unteel I vant you

move, da?”

Jensen didn't move to acknowledge the command, but stayed put, doing his best not to rub his

tongue along the tangy, musky taste of Misha's fucking hot dick. He whimpered when he felt a

warm, salty spurt of precome hit the very back of his tongue. He felt it slide to the back of his

throat and swallowed impulsively. Misha's grip tightened again, but his voice was low and dark

when he spoke.

“Da, Jenska, joost liek zat.”

Misha pushed back in the desk chair, rolling away from the desk so Jensen wasn't crammed

against it anymore. He allowed the man on his knees to move forward and grasp his thighs as he

swallowed and sucked on the cock in his mouth. His jaw was aching, but the thought of stopping

never crossed his mind. He tried to pull back a bit and Misha pulled down on his head hard with

both hands. His cockhead hit the back of his throat. Jensen started to gag, but Misha was

relentless and the sensation passed as his throat relaxed and welcomed the intrusion.

“Yoo liek zis, Jenska?” Misha murmured, fingers combing through his hair.

“Yoo liek be on

knees forr me?”

“Ммн.”

“да, красавчик. So good.”

Misha leaned his head on the back of the chair and his lips parted in ecstasy as Jensen nursed on

his cock, fingers clenching convulsively on his naked thighs. The dark, curling hair at the base of

his cock was growing wet and sticky from the saliva running out of Jensen’s mouth, and his

breaths were coming in short, hot, desperate bursts against his skin. Misha held him in place for a

few more moments, and then he pushed gently on one shoulder and Jensen slid back obediently.

Misha fisted his cock as it sprung free, raw and screaming with the disappointment of losing the

wet heat of Jensen’s pretty mouth. Jensen’s eyes intently watched the flushed head disappear in

and out of Misha’s hand, licking his lips.

“Lay back floorr, preety. Do forr me.”

Jensen shifted his weight back onto his heels, and then sat down on the floor. He lay back and

spread his legs, exposing his leaking member, but kept his feet planted on the floor and his knees

bent. His arms he let fall back, putting his palms even with his head. He looked beautiful like

this: vulnerable, but trusting; submissive, but willing.

Misha remained leaning back in the chair, stroking his dick in long, languid movements—just

watching Jensen squirm and do his best not to mewl like a bitch in heat.

“Teel me, Jenska, hhow does yoor mouzh feel?”

“Empty,” he whispered.

“Hm. Yoo vant somezing from me?”

Jensen nodded.

“Vhat’s zat?”

“I need to work on...the feel of Russian in my mouth.”

“Da? Hhow cehn vee do zat?”

“I need a little Russian in me.”

“Leetle?” Misha asked with a quirked eyebrow.

Jensen smiled as he ran his teeth gently over his bottom lip. “I want your хуйя.”

Misha laughed. “Where yoo learn zat word, preety?”

“From a very bad man.”

“Da?” Misha stood up from the chair and stepped over Jensen.

Jensen nodded and shifted excitedly on the floor. “A man with a beautiful cock who knows when

to stop watching and when to start fucking my face.”

Misha stepped forward more and lowered himself to his knees, kneeling just above Jensen's

shoulders. His balls hung low and heavy, and Jensen licked and kissed and mouthed them while

Misha stroked himself, practically purring with the attention being lavished on him.

“Leetle bois zat hhave derry mouzhs need hhave zem vash out.”

Misha angled his dick down and Jensen opened his mouth and eagerly took in the flushed

cockhead, greedily swallowing the clear fluid that spilled over his tongue. Misha reached back

and laced his fingers with Jensen's, pulling his arms up until he could balance his weight on them

on the floor. He angled his body forward and then pushed his hips back—the line of his cock

sliding directly and completely down Jensen's mouth and into his throat. Jensen took it like a

champ and moaned wantonly around it, demanding more. Misha obliged.

He rocked back and forth and snapped his hips down, his dick lined up so perfectly it slid in and

out of Jensen's throat like he was fucking his hole. He tried to control his own desire, but every

movement became faster and faster and harder...and Jensen cried out around every thrust,

choking on the sounds he made and Misha's thick cock. He could feel the head stretching his

throat wider as it went in and out, and then it buried itself deep and forced him open as Misha

rutted ferociously against his face. Jensen wanted to pull his hands free and grasp Misha's hips,

force him to stay put so that he would shoot his come down his throat and coat him in the only

kind of White Russian he liked. But his hands were trapped under Misha's and he could do

nothing but groan with want when Misha pulled free. He straightened and began stripping his

cock with his right hand so quickly his hand blurred while his left tugged on his balls.

"Yoo learn so vell. So qweekly. So vet, Jenska. Hot. Fucking perfect for me, baby." Misha's

breathing grew erratic and Jensen could see he was all of three seconds away from shooting his

load. "I vant yoo, baby. Vant to fuck you unteel yoo fall to pieces and know you belong to me.

You're fucking mine, Jensen."

Jensen felt a jolt whip through his body at the words, his lips parted on a soundless cry as the first

splash of Misha's spend fell across his left eye, his nose, and onto his tongue. The second stripe

hit his hair and forehead and Jensen's body felt like it was shaking apart. The third shot was a

thick blurt of come that fell cross his parted lips and into his mouth. The

fourth managed to catch

his right cheek and Jensen quivered and keened. Misha pulled firmly on his dick, massaging the

last bit of come out until it fell to Jensen's chin and dribbled down his throat.

Misha was panting, cheeks flushed, his eyes bright and wild with amazement. Jensen had been so

beautiful. Rapture had overtaken his features and Misha found himself drunk on the devotion this

man gave to him so willingly. He scooped up the semen running down his throat on an index

finger and put it to Jensen's mouth. He immediately closed his lips around the digit and sucked,

swallowing Misha's seed and wishing he would clean all the come from his face and feed it to

him. Instead he pulled the finger from Jensen's mouth and brought it to his own, closing his lips

around it and pulling it from his mouth with a pleased hum.

"Zat vas good, Jenska. Yoo deserrve revard."

Misha kept his eyes on Jensen's but reached back with a hand, sliding down Jensen's chest to his

groin...but when he reached his belly, he stopped in surprise. He drew his hand forward and saw

it coated in Jensen's thick spend. Misha laughed and brought the hand to his lips, tongue flicking

out and tasting.

“I make yoo feel zat good, leetle boi? Yoo come forr me because I come on yoor preety face?”

Jensen’s cheeks flushed, but he was too enthralled with watching Misha’s pink tongue dart out

and lick thick, white gobs of jizz from his fingers to try to respond.

Misha used his free hand to brace himself on the floor so that he could shuffle back and sit on

Jensen’s thighs. He grabbed Jensen’s bicep and made him sit up. Misha cupped Jensen’s face

and ran his thumb over his sharp cheekbone. Then he brushed his hand up into his hair and petted

him a few times before drawing him close and kissing him tenderly. Jensen responded in kind,

lust temporarily sated, now just enjoying the teasing play of Misha’s tongue over his and the way

their lips came together and belonged together.

Misha pulled back and nuzzled their noses .

“Я люблю тебя,” Misha whispered.

Jensen smiled and pressed another kiss to his lips.

“I love you, too.”

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Series:	Part 11 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
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## Nothing If Not Observant

by [cmwebb17](#)

### Summary

Jensen seems to have interesting responses to Misha's Russian accent, and Misha is nothing if not observant.

### Notes

Written for the tumblr prompt from an anon: I would really love one where Misha finds out that when he's speaking with his russian accent and being kinda dominant and badass is one of Jensen's biggest kinks, even though he don't really want to admit it because he feels embarrassed or whatever. And then Misha, as the little shit that he is, teases him with the accent when no one else can hear him (maybe while filming or in some other public place) and then Jensen finally can't take it anymore when they get home :3

Not exactly the same, but close enough I guess.

Jensen was laughing so hard Misha could barely keep his grip on his slippery, sweat-covered skin. Jensen was on his back, but his hips were curled to the left and Misha had one of his legs up and hooked over his shoulder as he knelt on the mattress and fucked him—apparently silly.

"Why are you laughing?" Misha asked in his best Indian accent. "D's is very serious business."

Jensen covered his eyes with one hand and gasped for air around his laughter. Misha leaned

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Jensen covered his eyes with one hand and gasped for air around his laughter. Misha leaned

forward and laid into him, balls smacking playfully against his ass.

“Do not interrupt my flow,” he continued his impression. “Dis requires concentration.”

Jensen was having a fit and kept trying to tell him to shut-up, but couldn’t do it because of the

giggles that were making him unintelligible. Misha pulled the leg off his shoulder and pulled out

so he could turn him over. He used both hands to spread Jensen’s ass and was hard enough that

he didn’t need to use his hand to guide his cock back inside Jensen’s body. Jensen’s laughter

ceased for a moment as he hissed and clawed at the sheets when he was entered.

“Look at dis,” Misha said, switching to Indian-Russian. “It’s not the sex, is it?”

Jensen sniggered as he buried his face in his arms on the mattress.

“It’s the penetration. That is a freaky kink, my friend,” he said, laying the accent on extra thick.

Jensen laughed and then gasped when Misha popped the head of his cock out and then quickly

pushed it back in. He did it a second time just because the catch of Jensen's rim on his cockhead

felt so good. And it also made Jensen make that sound again.

"The Indian-Russian king is pleased," Misha said, sliding in to the hilt and gripping Jensen's hips

in both hands.

"Get a lot practice with those goat-sheep?" Jensen asked, wiggling his ass and biting his lip.

Misha reached forward and grabbed a handful of Jensen's hair. He gasp-groaned at the sensation

and Misha smiled, increasing the pace of his thrusts.

"Careful, leetle boy," he said, slipping into full Russian. "I no liek when you get insolent."

He felt Jensen's body tighten and his laughter had turned into moans that punched out of his lax,

panting mouth with each quick strike to his prostate. Misha leaned forward more and shoved

Jensen's face down into the mattress; his hands clenched the sheets.

"Zhere's my good boy. You take it so vell forr me, da?"

Jensen keened and screwed his eyes shut.

"So good, preety. So fucking open and vet forr me. Just forr me."

Misha really started to lay into him. The trailer filled with the sounds of their labored breathing

and flesh smacking flesh. And Jensen wasn't even trying to control his

yelping moans anymore.

Anyone who happened to pass by the trailer close enough could probably hear him.

Misha grabbed Jensen underneath one elbow and pulled the arm back as he pushed down on his

head and tightened his grip in his hair. Jensen full on screamed and Misha grinned manically.

“You like zhis, da? What zhey call ‘deep deeking?’ Feels good, no, Jenska?”

Jensen’s body suddenly seized up, his inner walls convulsing violently around Misha’s dick,

catching him completely off guard.

“Oh, fuck,” he said, dropping the accent and pulling his hands back to hold Jensen’s hips tightly

against his pelvis as he was surprised by a violent orgasm that made his vision go white. He

leaned back so that he could push his hips forward that much more, doing his best to get as fully

and completely buried inside Jensen’s body as possible. His seed pumped out of him, filling

Jensen’s ass, and covering his own member as he moved his hips in little figure eights.

Misha wasn’t sure how long it took to come down from his high, but it was long enough that he

was shivering a little from the cooling sweat on his body. Jensen was slumped on the bed, his

eyes closed, mouth slack as he breathed. Misha felt terrible; he'd always prided himself on taking

care of his lovers first.

"Sorry, babe," Misha said, reaching a hand around Jensen's waist, not even bothering to pull out.

"But you are fucking amazing, so it's not my fault—"

Misha cut off as he wrapped his hand around Jensen's cock—Jensen's spent, softening cock. He

pulled his hand back and saw that there was indeed come on his fingers, so Jensen hadn't just

gone limp. He'd had an orgasm. And Misha was shocked. He'd never been able to get Jensen

off untouched. And certainly not for lack of trying. So what had done it this time?

They had been going at it for awhile; according to the clock on the table built into the wall of the

trailer the foreplay alone must have lasted forty-five minutes, the fucking another good half hour.

But he and Jensen had tried tantric sex a couple times, succeeded once, and it had still required

something on his actual dick for Jensen to come.

He knew Jensen had a kink for being dominated, which admittedly he was trying to cultivate into

a full blown submissive persona in the bedroom, but he'd never gotten off on it before. Even the



time he'd had Jensen bound and begging—he'd still had to give him a helping hand.

It couldn't have been the dirty talk. Jensen was a slut for it, but he hadn't said anything out of the

ordinary. Perhaps it was the way he said it? He'd been doing accents to get Jensen laughing, but

there had been a shift. Jensen had stopped laughing at one point and started whimpering and

mewling like a bitch in heat. He'd just chalked it up to his masterful technique, but he'd also—a

light bulb went off over Misha's head. He'd switched to his full on, authentic Russian accent. He

knew Jensen had a thing for that particular accent, his pupils often dilating just a little as he licked

his lips when he heard it. But was it really enough to push him over the edge like that? Maybe

when combined with a little domineering bad-assery? Hunh. That was an interesting tidbit of

knowledge about Jensen.

“Mish.”

“Mm?” Misha was pulled out his thoughts by Jensen's voice. He was looking over his shoulder

at him expectantly and Misha realized he was completely soft, but still inside him.

“Oh, sorry.”

Misha pulled out easily and lay down on his side beside Jensen as he turned to face him.

Jensen shrugged a shoulder. “No, problem. I like it when—”

He cut off abruptly and Misha rubbed a hand on his arm. Jensen didn’t like to admit out loud

what he liked during sex. Well, not before or after; during he could be quite vocal about his

desires.

He cleared his throat. “What time is it?” he asked instead.

Misha leaned forward to look at the clock again and smiled when he felt Jensen’s lips press lightly

to his throat.

“It’s almost 4:30.”

Jensen groaned. “Damn. I have to get up now if I’m going to make it to wardrobe on time.”

Misha grinned. “But, this should be a fun scene, right?”

“Oh, a blast. Long waits and then struggling to deliver a line quickly while five handlers try to

keep five animals on their marks.”

Misha brushed a hand through Jensen’s damp hair. “It’s a funny scene though.”

“Yeah. You know, the fans are either going to love it or say that this is the episode where

Supernatural actually jumped the damn shark.”

Misha chuckled. “Well, even if they hate it the fans would never say it to you.” He nudged

Jensen’s forehead with his pointer finger. “And you don’t go on the Internet, so you’ll never

know.”

“True points all.” He closed his eyes and made a whining noise. Then opened them with a

frown. “I really have to get out of bed now.”

“Okay.”

They kissed and then Jensen forced himself to roll out of bed before they turned it into more than

just a kiss.

“So, are you going home?” Jensen asked from inside the tiny bathroom.

“Nah. I think I’ll stick around.”

Jensen stuck his head out to look at him with a smile on his lips. “Yeah?”

Misha shrugged. “Sure. I like watching you work.”

Jensen grinned and ducked back into the bathroom. Misha’s smile turned slowly wicked as his

brain whirled. Yeah, he would stick around.

\*\*\*

“Cut! Hold on,” the director called out as the squirrel was startled and ran across the set to its

handler.

“Sorry,” the handler called out, walking back to settle the squirrel on his mark.

Misha stood behind Brad Creaser to make sure he stayed out of the shot as he watched Jensen as

Dean dealing with a bunch of sassy, wisecracking animals. Fortunately there wasn’t much to the

scene reset so they would be able to start again soon. Beside him, Misha heard the set dresser

groaning and doing a little dance.

“You okay, Robin?” Misha asked.

“Yeah. I just—I really gotta pee!”

Misha laughed. “So go.”

“I can’t. I gotta read the lines for the animals so Jensen knows when to talk.”

“Ah.” Misha saw the perfect opportunity to be a nuisance. “I can do it.”

“Huh?”

“It’s just reading the lines on cue, right? I can do that. Go use the bathroom.”

“Oh! Thank you so much!”

Robin thrust the script pages into his hand and darted off the set.

“Okay, set?” the director called out.

There were thumbs up and voiced confirmations from various crew members around the set.

“Okay, rolling...” The filming alarm rang. “And...action!”

“Son of a bitch!” Dean cursed. “That really is you talking it, ain’t it?” he asked a German

Shepherd.

“Yah, stoopid. We’ve been saying zat all night,” Misha replied in a German accent.

Some of the crew sniggered, but Jensen, like a fucking pro, didn’t react.

“Well excuse me for thinking I might be hallucinating. It’s not exactly commonplace to have a

chat with Fido.”

“My name is Franz. Schwachkopf,” Misha added.

Some of the crew laughed at the word even if they didn’t know what it meant and some just gave

him funny looks. Jensen didn’t react.

“And I suppose you’re the one who’s been calling for help?” Dean asked of a pure white Persian

cat with a pink bow in, as it turned out, his hair.

“Of course it waz me,” Misha replied, going for a hoity-toity French accent since he wasn’t sure

what ancient Persians used to sound like. “I am a beau-ti-ful pussy in distress. I cannot leek

myself.”

Muffled giggles erupted from the crew and a corner of Jensen’s mouth twitched, but it could just

as easily be interpreted as annoyance at what the cat’s line was really

supposed to be.

“Well, to be honest,” Dean said testily, “I don’t know anything about what’s causing this.”

Misha looked at the script. All it said was, “Squirrel goes on tirade (TBD) while Dean makes faces.”

Okay then, Misha thought. Time for an experiment.

He slipped easily into his Russian accent.

“Why it no surprise me zat Amerikan not know vhat goes on?”

Jensen’s eyes widened, just slightly.

“Ve do vhat can make you do right. But ees hard, no? Maybe ve make you understand.”

Jensen was doing some pretty good Dean faces.

“Da, leetle boy?”

Jensen’s eyes darted away from where his eye line should be, but he managed to get them under

control before he actually looked at Misha. He licked his lips.

“Mm, maybe need bend over knee—spank zat vhte Amerikan ass unteel it ees red liek flag.”

The crew was bent over in stifled hysterics, but Jensen, poor Jensen...Misha could see the way he

kept shifting his weight. And because he was intimately familiar with it, he could see the line of

Jensen's growing erection flopping back and forth in the crotch of his jeans.

Bad day to go commando, babe, Misha thought pitilessly.

"Or maybe zat no work for punishment. Maybe you liek, da? Maybe ve make knees red instead.

Put zhose Commie-sucking lips to good use."

Everyone was laughing so hard now it would be nearly impossible to edit it out during post. The

director looked like he was going to call cut, so Misha decided to get in one last dig—enjoying the

way Jensen's hand, and for no discernable reason that Dean's should, had begun to stroke back

and forth on the railing he stood near.

"Vhat you say? Would you liek kielbasa for lunch today? Dean-sha?"

Jensen cracked.

He turned away from the crew as everyone burst out laughing past the point of no return. Misha

kept his eyes on Jensen and watched him, as discreetly as he could, adjust and push down on his

fat, hard cock. Misha bit his lip and was half-hard himself. A riled up, aroused Jensen was a

beautiful sight to behold.

"Cut, cut!" the director yelled. He wiped a tear from his eye. "Okay, let's reset one more time."

Something nudged Misha's side and he turned to see Robin had returned

from the restroom. She

was giving him a playful stink eye.

“You are so bad,” she said. “You two need to keep your kinks off set.”

Misha’s eyes widened in mock surprise, though maybe some of it was real.

“Whatever do you

mean?”

“Oh, please. Everyone could see poor Jensen was popping a chubby for you.

Keep it in the

trailer, weirdos.”

Misha laughed a little nervously and then glanced at Jensen. He had mostly shaken off Misha’s

effect and was listening to the bird handler about what not to do with his hands this time. The bird

had been quite antsy in the background of the last take. Misha handed the script back to Robin

and took his leave. He didn’t want to cause anymore delays. And he really didn’t want to think

about how careless they were getting on set lately. It wasn’t like everyone didn’t already know...

but...it wasn’t something they should be advertising.

Then Misha grinned. It had been worth it though.

\*\*\*

Misha licked his thumb and turned another page in the GQ magazine he wasn’t really reading. He



couldn't believe Jensen read this crap. Well, actually he could believe it. It wasn't just Danneel

who was trendy and fashion forward. They really were a good match.

The trailer door opened with a soft click and Misha tossed the magazine aside and scooted off the

bed like a kid on Christmas morning. He greeted Jensen with grabby hands and a tongue-filled

kiss before he'd even gotten the door all the way shut.

"Jesus," he sputtered around the kiss. "Like we haven't already fucked twice today."

"Hmm, too much for you, old man?"

"Who you calling old, Mr. Less Than A Year Away From Forty?"

He gave Misha's ass a firm smack that made him jump and his dick twitch in his pants. And that

had become inconvenient. Jensen was slowly developing a Pavlovian response in him. Before

long he would be one public ass slap away from coming in his pants. Jensen smirked knowingly

at him. Well. He knew how to fight fire with fire.

Misha shoved Jensen against the wall, startling him. "Easy, tigre. Ve have all night, da?"

Jensen's eyes immediately darkened.

"Mm, Jenska, you get naked, okay?"

Jensen nodded and leaned forward, capturing his lips. They kissed

awkwardly as they walked

toward the end of the trailer with the bed, shedding clothes as they went. Fortunately there

weren't many layers to get off Jensen as Dean had been shucked in the wardrobe trailer earlier.

Misha felt his legs hit the edge of the bed and he started to turn so he could maneuver Jensen

where he wanted him, but the man suddenly shot forward, sending Misha flying back onto the

bed. He bounced a couple of times, eyes wide, as Jensen smiled predatorily and crawled onto the

bed.

"So, my leetle boy wants to play beeg boy tonight. I liek."

Jensen smiled and moved closer, his crawling legs straddled one of Misha's, his cock so big and

long it bumped into Misha's knee. Misha sat up and put a hand in Jensen's hair.

"We can play." He tightened his grip and yanked Jensen's head back. Jensen gasped in ecstasy.

"Just don't forgeet who ees in charge. ты понимаешь? (Do you understand?)

Jensen nodded and shamelessly rutted against Misha's shin. Misha eased his grip and leaned back

to lie against the pillows. Jensen leaned down and began to worship Misha's body with lips and

tongue and occasionally a well placed bite. Misha hummed his pleasure,

voicing his approval as

Jensen moved up his body. Then he felt Jensen begin to push his arms up as he ran his fingers

lightly along the skin, eliciting a shiver and raising gooseflesh.

Jensen kissed him hard as he laced their fingers above their heads. Then he pulled back and

whispered, “May I?”

Misha nodded his consent having lost his words somewhere around the time Jensen had flicked

his left nipple into an oversensitive, hard nub with the tip of his tongue. It was the short work of a

minute and Misha found his arms crossed and bound at the wrist to the fastener they had installed

in the wall for just such occasions. In theory Misha was the one who was supposed to be steering

this evening’s activities, but this would make it more challenging and fun. Without the use of his

hands, he would really see if he could get Jensen to come just from a filth-talking Russian accent.

Jensen kissed his way back down Misha’s body and he settled more comfortably on the bed,

closing his eyes.

“Oh, zhis ees good, Jenska. I liek when you have fun too.”

“Mmm,” Jensen replied, lips closed around a hip bone.

“Oh, yessss. Put mouzh on me. Put those fucking lips on me...” Misha slipped a little at his own

game. But Jensen’s mouth really was talented. The lips disappeared and Misha waited with

trembling anticipation for them to return, his cock spurting precome in excitement.

Misha’s eyes flew open when he heard a loud sticky, tearing sound. He looked at Jensen who

held a roll of duct tape in one hand, the other holding out a strip of the tape to his mouth so he

could bite a break into it with his teeth.

“W-wait a minute!” Misha said, trying to pull his arms down, momentarily forgetting he was tied

up.

Jensen ripped the tape piece off and leaned down over Misha. He gave his protesting lips a sweet

kiss.

“Sorry, baby. But we’re putting that silver tongue away tonight.”

“No, wait, Jen—!”

Jensen stuck the tape over Misha’s mouth, quite effectively shutting him up. Misha watched with

wild, annoyed eyes as Jensen chuckled darkly and moved down between Misha’s legs. He kissed

the cockhead, lapping up another blurt of precome. Then he kissed and licked a trail down the

shaft, over Misha's balls, and onto his perineum. Misha pulled at his restraints and shouted

ineffectively through the tape. Jensen raised his eyes to look at him as he hooked one leg over his

shoulder. Misha's eyes widened at the first swipe of a tongue over his clenching hole. This was

very rarely explored territory for them.

He cursed behind the tape and glared at Jensen. He smiled back.

"I'm gonna see how difficult it really is to penetrate the Russian Front."

Jensen gave him a smirk and a wink and dipped his head. Misha moaned and succumbed.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Nothing If Not Observant](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/943484) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/943484>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Skype Sex</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Cockles</a>
Series:	Part 12 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-08-27 Words: 3433

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by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Jensen is not amused by Misha showing off his underwear at AHBL in Melbourne. But what can he do about it when he's halfway across the word?

### Notes

Written for the prompt: Because it would be awesome if anyone could write something about Jensen being in the same room while this [24.media.tumblr.com/e3d5b4ed2771b66699aa3b1872847466/tumblr\\_mpo6npY6XTI1qi9333o1\\_](http://24.media.tumblr.com/e3d5b4ed2771b66699aa3b1872847466/tumblr_mpo6npY6XTI1qi9333o1_) happened (he probably wasn't, but anyway) and then what happened afterwards :3

If you can't see it, it is the gif of Misha taking his pants off to show off his Supernatural underwear at AHBL in Melbourne this past June.

I decided to stay "canon" and since Jensen wasn't there, I made the "what happened afterwards" happen via Skype. And it got fluffy towards the ends.

Wives are mentioned and complicit in the Jensen/Misha relationship; just a head's up.

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afterwards" happen via Skype. And it got fluffy towards the ends.

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It occurred to Misha as he was unbuckling his belt and pulling down the fly of his jeans that perhaps this wasn't the most appropriate thing to be doing in public, in a room full of mostly

young females, but if John Barrowman could do it, why couldn't he? Besides the audience

sounded more excited than scandalized, so he figured they were onboard with it. Plus, it was

Australia; things were much more laid back here. At least he hoped he wasn't going to get hit

with a fine for public indecency later.

He worked his jeans over his butt, giving the audience a nice view of his black underwear with

Jensen's and Jared's faces on the cheeks. He was quite proud of this underwear and still a little

miffed Warner Brothers had zero sense of humor and had reprimanded him for handing out the

gift his first year on set. Warner Brothers was still a pain in his ass quite frankly; he hated

having to censor himself just because they were too focused on politics and money. But he

supposed since he was willing to tow the line so he wouldn't get fired meant he was a little bit

about the money too. He did have two kids to support after all. But that wasn't the only reason

why he stayed. Working on set was too much fun to give up; he wasn't really excited about going

back to a life of one shots on unfamiliar and at times unfriendly sets. As much as he liked change

and new adventures, he would miss the familiarity of the *Supernatural* set.

He would miss

Jensen for sure. He thought he would even miss Jared's foot on his balls.

But Misha didn't have time to contemplate all of that at this particular moment. His ass was

hanging out in front of the crowd. He threw out a few jokes and resituated his jeans and fastened

everything back safely inside. Everyone seemed awake and excited now. This should make for

a good panel.

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Misha had to concentrate very hard to get his card key in the lock on the hotel room door. He

didn't think he was drunk, but he was definitely at that point where it was best to not leave any

actions to chance. He got the door opened and walked inside on mostly steady feet. He was

certainly better off than Matt and Rob had been when he'd left them at the mercy of Sebastian,

Rich, and Sasha at the bar. They'd complained, loudly, about his "early" departure, but he

wasn't really all that much of a drinker anyway. At least not for beer. For some reason he'd

started to become a Scotch drinker. And that certainly had nothing to do with the fact that he

spent a lot of nights at a Scotch-drinking coworker's Vancouver apartment

who every now and

then still needed a little liquid encouragement to get past the mental block in his head of “Oh, I’m

sucking a dick! Maybe I shouldn’t?” Jensen had definitely gotten better about that, but

sometimes it was just more expeditious to get a couple of drinks in him, which Misha was not

shy about doing when he was horny and not in the mood for possibly having to talk Jensen

through a “gay freak out.” He liked Jensen’s father well enough as a general human being, but

sometimes he despised the man for the number he’d done on his son while he’d been growing up.

Misha scowled. Those kinds of thoughts were going to kill his buzz. He pulled out his phone

and saw that he had several texts from the other guys. He decided not to read them as they

would be infinitely funnier when he was sober in the morning. He sat at the desk across from the

bed, which was practically jammed up against it because the room was so small. So much for luxury accommodations for the not really rich and semi-famous.

He flipped up the laptop Vicki had forced him to take along to Australia. He preferred to do

everything on his phone, but she'd insisted he'd appreciate having a bigger screen to Skype with

when he talked with West while they were apart. She was right. It tore his heart more than

anything to be separated from his children, but the flight to Australia was just a little too long for

two babies. He wondered how much longer he could get away with referring to West as a baby.

After the computer came out of hibernation, he saw the Skype application was running, but none

of his contacts seemed to be active. What time was it in America? If it was two in the morning

here, then it was about one in the afternoon on the west coast. Or wait, was Vicki on the east

coast for a book launch right now?

It didn't matter. Nobody was on. Nobody was talking to him. He turned in the chair and pushed

it out of the way as he flopped onto the bed. He was lonely. So, why had he left his brother and

his friends? He ran his hands down his thighs and felt his groin stir immediately and shifted at

the pleasant pressure from the fly of his jeans as his cock started to fill.

Oh. He was horny. And he was pretty certain it was Jensen's fault. Rome had been...well,

Rome was always interesting for them. It held a special place in their hearts and this past year

was the first time they'd actually slept together there despite the ridiculous amount of flirting

done in the past. And sleep together was so innocuous. No, basically they had fucked for three

straight nights and Jensen had been more than a little rowdy and topped him more times that

weekend than he had all year. And that's what he was missing: he wanted a dick up his ass. It

was that simple.

"Well, shit," he laughed to himself. He wondered what the front desk would think of the request

for a late night dildo delivery. He contemplated calling just to see exactly what kind of reaction

he would get, but the phone was up toward the top of the bed on the nightstand and he was down

at the foot of the bed; that was a long way to travel for a prank phone call. Well, he supposed it

would only be a prank if they said they wouldn't get one for him.

Misha undid the buckle on his belt and then thumbed the button of his jeans open. He ran a

thumb down the length of his throbbing erection as he lowered the zipper. Shit. He was going to

explode as soon as his hand came in contact with it. This was a whole other level of horny. He

carefully worked his jeans and *Supernatural* underwear off and down his legs without touching

himself. He let the clothes fall to the floor and then drew his knees up to his chest before letting

his legs fall to the side. He could feel the cool air of the air conditioned room flowing over his

heated member and the hot, clenching entrance to his ass. He reached a hand down and circled it

with a finger. Sparks of pleasure and arousal shot straight up his body through every limb,

centering, of course, on his leaking cock.

“Oh, fuck,” he breathed. He might not even have to touch it at this rate. And now that he had a

challenge, he wanted to finger himself until he came. Jensen had gotten him to come just on his

fingers once or twice. In Rome he’d ridden his dick to completion several times. If his prostate

was stimulated who the fuck even needed a penis? Apparently not him. He giggled, clearly a little drunker than he thought he was, and rubbed and slapped his hole with one finger while he

sucked on the middle and index fingers of his other hand. When they were wet he switched

hands and rubbed and circled and prodded his entrance, jerking around in ecstasy, picturing

Jensen kneeling at the foot of the bed, prepping him for his monster cock.

“Jensen, Jensen,” Misha panted, swirling his fingertips roughly around the rim. “Jensennnnn,”

he whined breathily as he slid a finger in. God, he could see him. Those green eyes looking up

at him from between his legs as his finger thrust gently in and out, in and out,

in and—Misha

stiffened and felt his whole body tighten beautifully—

And then his laptop chirped at him. He let out the breath he'd been holding and was distracted

enough he didn't actually come, but he was still close. All he had to do was work his fingers

again, but damn he might need to grab his dick now—the laptop chirped again.

“Fuckin’ A,” Misha sighed, letting his hands fall away. It was probably Vicki. He would

happily get her to help him finish, but more than likely she was holding one or more of his

children in her lap and while they had had sex with West in the room when he'd been a very

small baby, he wasn't about to subject his two and a half year old son to *that*.

He sat up wondering what to do about his erection and looked at the flashing indicator on the

Skype window. It was not Vicki; it was Danneel. Hunh. That made his dilemma a little more

awkward and potentially dangerous. While Danneel would probably laugh hysterically at him

greeting her with an erection, he wasn't entirely sure how well Jensen would take it. Dude was

fucking possessive. He'd toyed with the positive results of that trait before: a little flirting with



the rest the guys at cons almost always guaranteed him a wild night in the sack later, but he'd

never been on the receiving end of one of the those scowls. Well, the lust-filled "you are going

to get it later" scowls, sure, but the "you're dead if you touch what is mine" scowl? Not something he was certain he wanted to deal with. Though, he was halfway around the world.

And all he had to do was sit in the chair at the desk and it would all be out of frame, but where

was the fun in that?

He was definitely drunk and not buzzed he determined as he leaned forward to answer the call

while he was sitting on the end of the bed with his legs spread and sporting a very healthy, stiff

piece of wood. The screen activated and Misha saw Jensen turn toward the screen. And then he

yelped and fell out of his seat, disappearing from Misha's view. He popped up again, looking

irate...and a little hungry as he licked his lips.

"Dude!"

"What?"

Misha stroked his cock. He'd forgotten Jensen had no online presence. Everything he did was

through Danneel's account. If his brain was less fuzzy he would have remembered that. As it

was, sitting up was too much of an effort, so he leaned back and continued to pull on his dick,

using his other hand to massage his balls fast and hard.

“Jensen, I was just thinking about you.”

“Fuck me, Mish. Is this how you answer all Skype calls?”

Misha’s laugh became a moan as his hand found his hole and a finger slipped in again. It was

dry and it burned, but Jensen was watching; it felt nothing but good.

“Jensen, I need you to fuck me.”

“Baby, I fucking can’t,” Jensen’s voice was thick with desire and barely more than a growl.

“I’m in fucking LA.”

“Then watch, sweetheart.”

“I’m watching, Mish. You’re fucking beautiful with your legs so wide apart and your pretty little

hole clenching like that. God I want to get my mouth on it.”

Misha mewled and twisted his finger, dropping the hand on his dick to his balls. He wouldn’t

need to touch himself now. He pushed the finger in further, wincing as it dragged against his

sensitive insides.

“Is it good, babe?” Misha gasped.

“Turn it back the other way...yes, good, just like that. Now push in a little

deeper...spread your

fingers, relax, let it slide in.” Misha shouted and jerked on the bed. “Fuck, Mish, there, you

found it. Get on it, babe. Fuck it with your finger.”

Misha obeyed and jack-hammered his hand, feeling his prostate flare with pleasure, pulsing

warm ecstasy through his body.

“Jensen, Jensen, Jensen!”

“I’m here, baby, good job, keep it up. Do it for me. Fuck, Mish—!”

Jensen’s voice hitched dangerously and Misha could hear the sound of his fist working his dick

through the speakers of the laptop. Maintaining his speed as best he could Misha raised his head

from the bed to look at the screen. Jensen’s eyes were bright with lust and his arm was working

furiously, but his lap was hidden from the camera.

“Le’me see!” Misha panted. “Please, Jensennnnnn...show me!”

Jensen stood up and tilted his laptop down and Misha had a perfect close up of Jensen’s

cockhead dripping precome and getting more flushed as his hand worked the shaft.

“God damn it, Mish—I’m—”

“Do it! Let me see!”

Jensen cut off a sharp groan and used his other hand to catch the explosion of white, thick come.

Misha could imagine it, feel it, shooting all over him, dripping down his ass and dribbling over

his hole. Misha screamed as that image pushed him over the edge, his hole clenching down hard

on his pumping finger. He could feel the warmth of his spend painting his abdomen and belly,

some getting as high as his neck. He let his head fall back onto the bed and struggled to catch his

breath. He could run fifty fucking miles at a time, and yet one short Internet quickie with Jensen

left him feeling spent and exhausted and like he would never breathe normally again.

“Baby...why are you in LA?”

“Better question, why the fuck aren’t you here in my lap?”

Misha hummed happily at the pleasant thought, finally allowing his legs to relax and fall off the

end of the bed as he pulled his hands back.

“Actually, a better question than that is why are you mooning convention audiences?”

“Hmm?”

Misha turned onto his side and pulled himself around so he could see the screen. Jensen was

using a baby wipe to clean off his hands.

“Up,” Misha said.

“What?”

“Tilt your screen back up.”

Jensen complied and now Misha could see his flushed face. Misha smiled and snuggled into the

mattress contently.

“Hey, baby.”

“Don’t ‘hey baby’ me. I go online to call you to tell you something and what do I find as a link in

Danneel’s inbox? A video of you pulling your pants down in front of crowd. And showing off

that stupid underwear.”

“Do you still have yours?”

“What?”

“Do you still have your pair?”

“No! Yes. Shut your mouth. I don’t like my—your ass waving all over the Internet.”

Misha chuckled. “It’s not like there’s isn’t footage of it already out there.”

Jensen’s eyes narrowed. “I don’t like it.”

Misha attempted a shrug and closed his eyes. "Is that why you were calling me? To complain

about my latest bad habits?”

“Actually, no. But I can’t talk to you about it now.”

“Why not?”

“Because! We just...” Jensen trailed off and blushed up to the tips of his ears. Misha smiled at

him. “It would be wrong.”

“What could possibly not pair well with a little mutual voyeuristic masturbation?”

Jensen frowned at him. “May 30th. That’s the day.”

Misha waited. Nothing else seemed to be forthcoming, so he prompted, “The day for what?”

Jensen sighed dramatically. “She’s here.”

Misha thought about that for a moment. “Oh!” He sat up grinning. “Danneel gave birth?

Jenneel is here?” he asked excitedly.

“That is the last fucking time you call her that.”

“Then tell me her name. Finally.”

Jensen scratched the side of his head and mumbled something.

“What?”

“Justice. Her name is Justice.”

Misha looked at him through the screen. The early afternoon sun was filtering in through the

window behind Jensen’s head and creating little flares on the screen.

“I’m sorry, I must be a lot drunker than I thought I was because I thought you just said you named

your kid Justice.”

“Fuck you! You named your kid a cardinal direction.”

“Oh, you’re serious. It’s a beautiful name. Full of power.”

“Shut-up,” Jensen grumbled.

“I mean it, babe, I love it.”

“Her middle name is Jay, for me. We’re gonna call her JJ.”

“JJ! Awww. JJ. I wanna see. Go get her.”

“No way!” Jensen said with an incredulous laugh.

“Why not?”

“I can’t pick her up when I just, you know.”

“Jensen. You’re thirty-five. You can use the big boy words now.” Jensen drew in a breath,

probably to yell at him, so he cut him off. “You cleaned your hands. You’re fine.”

“But, I won’t be able to stop thinking about what was just on them!”

“Jensen. What was on them is basically about half of what she is.”

“Oh, God, ew! Shut-up.”

“Go get her.”

“Fine! Put some pants on.”

Misha looked down. Oh right. He was naked from the waist down and covered in his own jizz.

He walked over to the bathroom and dampened a washcloth to clean off his skin. On his way

back to the desk he slipped on a pair of thin sweat pants. He twisted back and forth in the seat

for a few minutes in front of his laptop, staring at the empty office in Jensen's and Danneel's

house. Finally Jensen came back into the room and Misha sat up straight and leaned forward.

Jensen sat in his chair, holding a small little bundle of waving arms, big eyes, and a puckering

mouth.

Misha immediately felt heartsick for his own daughter.

"She's beautiful, Jensen."

"Of course she is. She looks like Danneel."

"Yeah." As with most newborn Caucasian children, her eyes were big and blue. "And she has

my eyes."

"Shut your mouth," Jensen said softly. "She's going to have Danneel's eyes."

"Yeah. And your cock-sucking lips."

Jensen looked extremely not amused as he sent a withering look through the webcam. Misha

held up a hand.



“I apologize. I am aware now that I am very drunk.”

“I’m never letting you near my daughter.”

Misha chuckled. “Yeah, you will. You love me too much.”

Jensen breathed in deeply and let it out slowly so he wouldn’t disturb the cooing baby in his

arms.

“I do, Mish.”

Misha smiled fondly at his lover. “How’s Danneel?”

“Good. Tired, but good.”

“So, I guess you pulled the night time feeding, huh?”

“Yup.”

“After you’re done, come talk to me again.”

“Will you be wearing clothes the next time I call you?” he asked smarmily.

“Do you want me to be?”

Jensen blushed. “No.”

Misha smiled again. “I can arrange that. Give Young Justice a kiss from me.”

“Okay.”

“No, do it, now.”

Jensen rolled his eyes but leaned down and kissed his daughter lightly on the head.

“Feel that, little girl? That’s your Uncle Misha saying hi.”

Jensen laughed and then froze as the baby was jostled. She just made gurgling sounds and

sucked on her fist.

“Congratulations, babe. To you both.”

“Thanks. You’ll be home soon?”

“Another couple weeks I think. We gotta hit Brazil.”

Jensen tried to repress his sigh. “Okay. I’ll see you in a few hours.”

“Yeah you will,” Misha leered.

Jensen blushed again. “Dude. And enough with the pants-dropping, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Love you.”

“Love you.”

Misha watched as Jensen carefully settled the baby in his lap so he could click the program

closed. He wondered how long it would be before he was willing to hold her one armed. It

was a necessary skill all parents had to acquire. His phone beeped behind him somewhere on

the bed and Misha stretched out lazily on the mattress to reach for it. It was probably more

drunk texting from the guys, but he figured it wouldn’t hurt to read them now.

He was surprised to see a text from Danneel: don’t keep him up too late 2nite

:P

Misha laughed. He texted back: wouldn't dream of it, Mama she's beautiful  
btw

Danneel responded: I know she looks like J

Misha smiled and shook his head. Lovey-dovey couples were so gross.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [Inappropriate Behavior](#)
- [Afterword](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/943508) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/943508>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hand Jobs</a> , <a href="#">jealousjensen</a> , <a href="#">Cockles</a>
Series:	Part 13 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-08-27 Words: 1249

## **Fifteen Seconds to Spare**

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Do you really think Jensen would let Misha get away with kissing Rob?

### Notes

Written as compensation for not really filling someone's prompt properly. Or in a timely manner. >\_

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manner. >\_

Jensen walked down the hall of the hotel. His handler was giving short little “unh-huhs” over and over again into his headset. He wondered if he could jump in and get his attention or if the headset was infinitely more important than he. They were getting closer and closer to the

elevators; he needed to make his move soon.

"Mr. Ackles?"

Jensen started at the handler's abrupt tone.

"Yes?"

"Your meet and greet is in fifteen minutes. I'll take you to the green room to wa—"

"Actually, I was thinking I would run up to my room and take a quick nap."

The handler blinked. "A nap?"

"Just a quick one. Five minutes."

"Okay, well, um—"

Jensen pushed the call button for the elevator and a chime went off as the doors opened.

"I'll meet you right here in ten minutes."

"But—"

Jensen hopped on the lift and did his best to make it seem like he wasn't strong arming the man out of the car, even though he was. He smiled politely and the doors slid shut. He checked his watch as the elevator arrived on the third floor: he was on the clock.

He walked swiftly down the hall to room 310 and rapped sharply on the door. Moments later

Misha opened the door wearing a rather shockingly pink shirt. His hair was damp and a slight

humidity pervaded the room. Misha smirked at him.

"If I'd known you were coming I would have held off on taking a shower."

Jensen pushed him back into the room and shut the door behind them. Misha reached for him and Jensen was sorely tempted to let him put that talented tongue to good use, but a meet and greet was too up close and personal to get away with having beard burn all over his face. So, he

planted a hand firmly on Misha's face and pushed him back.

"Shave," he ordered.

"Okay, I will. Gotta be clean shaven for work on Monday anyway."

Misha went in for a kiss and again Jensen blocked his face. He checked his watch as he did so; they'd wasted thirty seconds already.

"No, shave now. And quickly."

Jensen guided Misha toward the bathroom and positioned him in front of the



mirror. He took his razor out of the toiletry bag on the counter and handed the can of shaving foam to Misha.

"Lather up."

Misha made a face at him; he didn't particularly like being bossed around but there were certain people he made allowances for. Jensen rubbed the back of his hand against Misha's jaw,

enjoying how soft the hot water of his shower had made his beard. He moved his hand when

Misha smeared foam over the other side of his face. He rinsed his hands in the sink and held out his right hand for the razor. Jensen checked his watch.

"I'll do it."

Misha's eyes widened. "O-kay..."

He stood, a little stiffly, as Jensen turned him so he could begin to pull the razor gently but firmly down his cheek, rinsing the blades in the sink after each pass.

"So," Jensen murmured, "did anything exciting happen yesterday?"

"Well, I crumbled cookies in a girl's hair to celebrate her birthday."

"Unh-huh." Jensen tilted his head and started on the other cheek. "Anything else?"

"The Castiel costume contest was pretty cool. There was girl with a seven foot wing span and an actual male cosplayer who did a better job at playing Cas than I do."

"I see." Jensen ran the razor carefully over the skin above and below Misha's lips and he curled his lips in to help the process. "Anything else?" he asked rinsing off the razor.

"Well..."

Jensen tilted Misha's head back and put the razor to his throat. "Didja kiss anybody yesterday?"

Misha's Adam's apple bobbed precariously against the blades as he swallowed nervously.

Jensen pulled the razor slowly, deliberately down his throat.

"You, uh, heard about that, huh?"

"Yeah, I did."

"It was just pay back." Misha stopped talking as Jensen ran the razor over his jugular. Then he

said, "Rob jumped me earlier and kissed me in the autograph line as a joke. I was just getting him back."

Jensen dampened a towel and used it to wipe the excess foam off Misha's face.

"It wasn't even a real kiss," Misha said.

Jensen ran his hands down Misha's smooth cheeks and the man's eyes fluttered closed.

"I mostly got his chin," he breathed.

Jensen checked his watch. He had five minutes. He surged forward and stunned Misha with a

wild kiss, his tongue easily slipping between his parted lips. He walked them back out to the room and they fell onto the bed with a bounce. Jensen had complete control of the kiss, his

tongue and teeth abusing the fuck out of that ridiculously plush mouth. Their hands scrambled to undo flies and reach inside underwear. They must have gripped each other at the exact same

time because their mutual groans filled the other's mouth. They turned to the side and began

pumping their wrists desperately. Small sounds of pleasure and gasping breaths filled the gaps in between smacking lips and slapping fists. Jensen's toes curled inside his shoes and he felt strung out like some kind of addict who was finally getting a hit off his favorite drug. Misha's whimpering was getting higher pitched—he was close.

They turned a little more at the last second and groaned and panted against each other's lips as they came on the sheets, completely avoiding getting any incriminating evidence on their

clothes. They'd been practicing this maneuver for a while now. They worked their hands

slowly, drawing the pleasure out of each other, and making a valiant effort to turn little desperate licks into a real kiss. Misha flopped onto his back.

"Fuck, babe," he said.

"Yeah," Jensen agreed.

Jensen leaned over and pecked his lips, and then pushed himself off the bed. He walked into the bathroom and did a once over of himself in the mirror, fixing some errant hairs on his head.

"You need a washcloth?" he called out.

"Nope. I'm good."

Jensen noticed a can of something floating in some ice water in the ice bucket. He picked up the blue and silver can.

"Cass?" Jensen asked. He came out of the bathroom. "What the hell is this?"

"It's Korean. Cute, huh?"

Jensen stopped himself from rolling his eyes. "Yeah, cute." He handed him

the can.

"Where are you off to now?"

"Meet and greet."

"Hmm. Well, have fun answering twenty questions about JJ."

Jensen frowned. "I know. Geez. I'll see you tonight."

"Okay."

Jensen heard the pressurized top of the soda can pop. He turned back to look at Misha as he

opened the hotel room door. Misha had his phone out in one hand and was taking a sideways sip from the drink.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm gonna tweet this."

Jensen did roll his eyes this time.

"Alright, babe. Be good today, huh?"

Misha smiled at him and Jensen felt his heart leap, just like a school girl with a crush. Fuck.

"I will. At least until tonight."

Jensen smiled and shook his head, trying to ignore the fact that he might be blushing just a little.

He made his way back to the hallway where he'd left his handler. The man was already there, or possibly *still* there. Jensen checked his watch.

"Fifteen seconds to spare," he said smugly.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [Fifteen Seconds to Spare](#)
- [Afterword](#)

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Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a> , <a href="#">Jared Padalecki</a> , <a href="#">Genevieve Padalecki</a> , <a href="#">Danniel Ackles</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Cockles</a> , <a href="#">Frottage</a> , <a href="#">PCA</a>
Series:	Part 14 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
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## The Acceptance Speech

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Jensen and Misha have won Best Onscreen Chemistry at the People's Choice Awards. Boy do they ever.

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Written for a prompt to inspire people to elect best onscreen chemistry as a new category for the PCAs and then of course nominating Jensen and Misha for it.

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Relationship:

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[Jensen Ackles](#), [Misha Collins](#), [Jared Padalecki](#), [Genevieve Padalecki](#),

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Jensen raised his head, eyebrow cocked in alarm, when he heard the cackle coming from the next room over. He got up from the couch, pausing the Cowboys game (they were losing anyway)

and wandered into the kitchen. Danneel was standing at the stove, stirring a wooden spoon in a

pot with one hand and looking at her phone with the other. The terrifying laughter was coming

out of her beautiful mouth.

“Uh, D, you okay?”

She turned to look at him with a wicked gleam in her eye. Jensen felt his blood freeze.

“Oh, God, what is it?”

“There’s a new category for the People’s Choice Awards this year.”

“Yeah, so?” Jensen asked edging his way carefully into the room.

“It’s for best On Screen Chemistry. Guess who got nominated?”

Jensen let his eyes close in despair. “Please no.”

“Oh, yes, babe. You and Mish-Mish. And based on how the polls went for you guys all year, I’d

say you’re a shoe-in.”

Jensen groaned and tried to fight the smile pulling at the corner of his lips as he leaned against

the counter. He crossed his arms and looked at his wife where she was beaming at him as she

continued to stir her concoction.

“So what?” he grumped. “Jared and I have chemistry too. There’s nothing wrong with

acknowledging that two people get along very well.”

“Mm-hmm,” Danneel said as she placed the spoon on the stovetop and turned the pot down to

simmer. She walked over to her blushing husband. “And some people have the kind of

chemistry that screams ‘I want to fuck you up against a wall.’”

She patted his chest and laughed as she left the kitchen.

“You know,” Jensen called after her with his ears burning, “you really shouldn’t find this so

amusing.”

Danneel laughed harder.

“I’m going to tell him you call him Mish-Mish!”

\*\*\*

“For fuck’s sake, Jared,” Jensen grouched as he tied his tie for him. “You have a son. Do you want him to be as pathetic as you one day? Learn to tie a tie!”

Jared just laughed pleasantly, completely unaffected by Jensen’s less than thrilled mood. “What

crawled up your ass and made camp?”

“Me~!” Misha announced his arrival into the foyer of Jared’s house with a little leap and a

manic grin.

“Dude! What did I tell you two about details?”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Misha said, crowding Jensen’s side and watching the man finish the

knot on Jared’s green tie. “But how awesome is it that I get to attend the PCAs this year? For

once, *Supernatural* has three cast members, huh?”

“That’s not why *you’re* going,” Jared chuckled. “It’s because—”

“Shut your mouth,” Jensen warned him with a finger in his face.

Jared just laughed and Misha giggled his fucking adorable Misha giggle. He shot the man a look

that would have made saner men get their expressions under control. Misha

just smiled

challengingly at him. And Jensen had to haul in a deep breath as he took in what Misha was

wearing: a dark colored three piece tailored suit that showcased his body perfectly. And a

vibrant blue tie that was doing nothing but emphasizing the brilliant blue of his eyes.

Jared watched them with a smirk as Jensen and Misha stared at each other—and continued to

stare.

“So, what are you two going to do for your acceptance speech?” Jared said, breaking their

trance.

Misha opened his mouth but Jensen cut him off with, “Nothing. We’re gonna say thank you and

get the fuck off the stage.”

“Aww, but this will be our chance to really promote the show and get some new viewers,”

Misha complained.

“The last thing *you* need is more—minions. Or what the fuck ever.” Jensen was certainly in a mood if he was swearing this much.

“Hey, boys,” a voice said from up the stairs. All three turned to watch Gen glide down the stairs

wearing a dazzling red dress with a plunging neckline and scandalously high slit up the leg. She

smiled as the three men stared at her as she descended.

“It’s nice then?” she asked.

“Baby,” Jared said, looking a little shell-shocked, “you look amazing.”

“Thank you, honey.”

“Yeah, Gen,” Jensen stumbled over his words a little. “You look beautiful.”

Gen ducked her head and linked arms with her husband. Misha looked back and forth between

them.

“You look like Christmas!”

They looked down and noticed that the red of Gen’s dress and the green of Jared’s tie were

indeed of the holiday spirit.

Gen just laughed and shrugged a shoulder. “Well, we’ll just have to risk the comparison. The

limos are here.”

“Limo s?” Jensen questioned.

“Yeah,” Jared said, opening the door, “without Danneel and Vicki acting as buffers, we are so

not sharing the back of a limo with you two.”

“What—!”

But Jared was already out the door and walking down the steps to the circular drive where the

first of two limos was parked. Misha offered Jensen his arm and he made a disgusted noise

before stomping outside. Misha just laughed as he followed him to the second limo.

Vicki had been too nervous to go to the much publicized event and JJ had caught a sudden cold

making Danneel adamant about staying home with her even though the baby had already

recovered and was doing quite well. That left Misha and Jensen to be each other's dates.

Jensen had considered asking his mother if she wanted to go, but then the thought of the second

category he was going to have to accept an award for gave him pause. It was one thing to have

onscreen chemistry with an acting partner—but he was afraid the *kind* of chemistry they had

would be scrutinized. Not to mention the very off screen continuance it had would be harder to

hide.

Clif held the door of the limo open for them and told them he'd be right behind them in his own

car. Jensen nodded and slid onto the backseat. Misha was, of course, playing with the controls

for the lights and the moonroof and the dividing panel to the front seat. The driver looked back

over the partition as it stuttered up and down.

“All set?” he asked.

“Yes,” Jensen said, slapping a hand over Misha’s to make him stop playing with the control.

The driver nodded and pulled slowly out of the drive.

Misha pushed the button again and waited until the partition was completely up between the front

and back. He looked at Jensen.

“How long will it take to get there?”

“In LA traffic? Probably thirty minutes or so.”

“Mm-hmm,” Misha hummed, sliding closer.

Jensen pressed himself against the door. “W-what?”

“What *are* we going to say when we accept the award?”

“*Nothing*, Misha. We’re not...” he broke off when Misha slid across the seat and pressed

against him. “We’re not going to do anything weird. Just say...” he watched Misha’s hand trail

up his leg. “Thank you.”

“Thank you,” Misha murmured, leaning even closer, his fingers dipping down to caress Jensen’s

inner thigh. “That’s all?”

Jensen swallowed thickly. “Th-that’s all.”

Jensen wasn’t sure which one of them lunged forward first, but they were suddenly under the

assault of each other's lips and pawing hands. Jensen thrust his tongue into Misha's mouth,

holding him by the back of the neck so he couldn't get away. Misha wriggled his way onto

Jensen's lap and he pushed away from the door to allow him the room to do so.

Jensen groaned as both of Misha's hands grabbed fistfuls of his hair, yanking his head back so

that he could lean down and fuck his tongue slowly and methodically into Jensen's hot, panting

mouth. Jensen's hands moved of their own volition to Misha's hips, seeking out those fucking

ridiculous hip bones that made such excellent hand holds. He pulled Misha down into his lap

and the man cried out when he felt Jensen's hard cock grind against his ass.

"Jesus Christ," Jensen gasped. "Are you not wearing underwear?"

Misha shook his head and made little figure eights with his hips, riding Jensen's cock through the

fabric of their pants.

"You're such a freak," Jensen said with lustful affection as he grabbed his face and kissed him

hard.

"Like you're one—mm. To talk. Nnh. You're not wearing any—" Misha keened softly and

grabbed onto the back of the limo seat. "Either."



Jensen blushed because he certainly couldn't deny that truth. He opened his eyes and stared in

awe at how beautiful Misha looked with his hair wildly mussed, cheeks flushed, and full lips

parted on soft grunting moans each time their bodies rocked together. He arched his back and

Jensen felt something strangely primal roar through him. He surged off the seat and pinned

Misha to the floor of the limo. They were wedged pretty tightly between the benches and he

could really feel the vibrations from the road now, but all that was periphery information. All he

needed to know was that he now had the leverage to rut against Misha like the man was his to claim.

Misha tried to spread his legs as wide as possible and grasped Jensen's shoulders as his soft

moans turned into desperate groans.

"J-Jen—Jensen, fuck. Oh, God. Jensen, please, please...please," his voice trailed off weakly.

Jensen reached a hand between their bodies and yanked their zippers down. Both of their

members sprang free and the obscene moan they both let out when they finally touched skin to

skin was probably heard by the driver in the front seat.

"That's it, baby, just like that," Misha encouraged him with a hand on his ass, pulling him down

harder and faster. “Oh, fuck, Jennnnnn. Sen. So good, so right. Fuck, fuck... gonna come,

baby...”

Jensen was right there with him, feeling the pleasure spiking and centering on his groin, his

heavy balls drawing up tight to his body. He reached out a desperate hand and grabbed a stack

of napkins that were on the minibar. He reached down in just enough time to cover their

cockheads as Misha stifled his scream by biting Jensen’s shoulder. Jensen could feel his teeth

through the heavy material of his jacket and dress shirt and his orgasm hit him twice as hard.

There were a few moments of those embarrassing noises people make when feeling the intensity

of their pleasure roll through their bodies, and then the tension drained from their muscles and

they settled down on the floor of the limo, gasping for breath and running hands over each other

to prolong the intimacy.

It was several long minutes before Jensen could bring himself to sit up and see how well he’d

done protecting their suits from getting stained. As far as he could tell he might very well have

saved them from some serious embarrassment. He looked at Misha and the man ran his teeth

over his red, swollen lower lip, eyes wild and shining with satiation.

“You’re right,” he said, a little breathless. “All we need to say is thank you. Our chemistry speaks for itself.”

\*\*\*

Jensen and Misha gave each other one last once over as they stood backstage. Jensen

straightened Misha’s tie and Misha smoothed out the shoulders of Jensen’s jacket. Then both

discreetly looked down to make sure for the umpteenth time that their suits really were jizz free.

“So,” a voice drawled beside them. “What are you two going to do accept this award?”

They looked over and saw Ian Somerhalder smirking at them.

“Haven’t decided yet,” Misha said with a grin and Ian laughed.

“Better make it good,” he replied.

Jensen turned a glare on Misha, but he didn’t have time to really get in a good warning because their names had just been announced as the winners of the first ever Best On Screen Chemistry

Award at the PCAs. The two of them walked out onto the stage with the crowd clapping and

cheering, and with more than a little cat-calling and wolf-whistling. Jensen hadn’t even paid

attention to what the presenter had said about the couples in the category; he was pretty sure he

didn't want to know.

Selena Gomez, of all people, handed him the large crystal diamond-shaped award. There was

only one, but that was probably a good thing. He didn't think Misha should hold anything

breakable when he was overly excited. Like now.

The crowd quieted down for them to speak and Misha glanced at Jensen before saying, "Well,

what can we say other than thank you for noticing how well we get along?"

The crowd chuckled lightly.

"Yeah," Jensen heard himself saying, "it's nice to know that in a category full of couples, we

could win the chemistry award with a relationship that is completely platonic."

The words were right, but the tone was not. Jensen knew he sounded like he was being ironic.

Misha glanced at him and then decided to go with it.

"Exactly. Completely friends-only."

"Zero romance."

"None of that pesky sexual tension."

"Just two dudes."

"Hanging out."

They allowed the audience to take in their completely deadpanned faces for a

moment and then

they turned and smirked at each other. The crowd started laughing and cheering and cat-calling

again.

Jensen raised the award and said, “Thank you.”

Then he and Misha followed Selena off stage left. Just before they made it out of the spotlight,

Jensen gave that ass a slap. How could he not?

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

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Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a>
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## A Lesson in Linguistics

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Cas doesn't like Dean's misuse of a word. Dean shows him the proper usage.

### Notes

I read one of those "In Season 9 I want..." posts on Tumblr and all of a sudden I saw this scene in my head. Super short. Just wanted to get it out of my system.

"What's with the snar puss?" Dean grumbled as he helped Sam unload the groceries Cas had bought in the bunker's kitchen. He'd been happy just a split second before. How could Cas always make him go from one extreme to the other so quickly?

"I don't like when you use that word," Cas said, methodically lining up the boxes he pulled from a bag in order from tallest to shortest in one of the cabinets.

Dean made a face as he looked at the back of his head. What word? He cursed around Cas all the time and sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled, and sometimes he didn't react at all. He didn't think the guy cared one way or another about "bad words." And he hadn't even cursed just now.

"What word?" he asked when Cas turned around, ignoring the raised eyebrow Sam was sending him in warning about his tone.

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always make him go from one extreme to the other so quickly?

“I don’t like when you use that word,” Cas said, methodically lining up the boxes he pulled from a

bag in order from tallest to shortest in one of the cabinets.

Dean made a face as he looked at the back of his head. What word? He cursed around Cas all

the time and sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled, and sometimes he didn’t react at all.

He didn’t think the guy cared one way or another about “bad words.” And he hadn’t even cursed

just now.

“What word?” he asked when Cas turned around, ignoring the raised

eyebrow Sam was sending  
him in warning about his tone.

“Awesome,” Cas replied quietly, fingering a box of whole wheat pasta.

Dean did a double take to the brown pasta. And that was something they  
would have to discuss

later. Not even Sam tried to pull stealth healthy eating habits on him  
anymore. Or did he? Dean

glanced at Sam askance who looked surprised by the look.

Dean focused back on Cas. “What’s wrong with awesome?” he said, trying to  
use the “calm”

voice he’d been practicing since Cas had started living with them.

“You, and pretty much everyone else in the English speaking world, use it  
incorrectly.”

“Yeah, that’s nice coming from the illegal alien over there.” Cas looked up  
with a frown and Sam

had a hand on his hip now; Dean didn’t even want to see his face.

“I think I know how to speak my own human language in my own freakin’  
country.”

“Awesome,” Cas said, facing Dean and giving him the full brunt of his  
piercing blue eyes that had

not faded a wit with his lost grace, “means that something is terrifyingly  
amazing. It’s something

that one would feel in the presence of an ang—of God. It does not mean that  
cherry pie is a tasty

dessert.”

Dean had a variety of options for reactions: anger, annoyance, boredom at the linguistics lesson.

He decided to go with snarky.

“Clearly you’ve never had cherry pie.”

Cas huffed and turned away to put the pasta box in the cabinet. Sam stuck his head behind the

refrigerator door as he put something away, probably so Dean wouldn’t see his bitchface. Dean

crossed over to the counter with the pie and popped the plastic lid. He jerked open the drawer

with the utensils and snatched out a fork. After digging out a large, dripping piece of crust and

filling with the utensil, he marched over to Cas who was watching him approach with irritation

flickering in his eyes.

What happened next Dean would always claim was due to some sort of supernatural possession.

He stopped directly in front of Cas and rather than holding out the forkful for him to sample the

dessert for himself, he put it in his own mouth.

The fork clattered on the counter, drawing Sam’s attention. He started and didn’t know if he

should stay or go. Dean held Cas behind the neck and was giving him a messy, cherry filled kiss

that Sam was pretty certain involved two separate tongues. Sam was on the verge of edging out

of the kitchen, his ears burning with happy embarrassment, but then they broke the kiss.

Cas had his eyes shut and Dean was panting slightly. Cas licked his lips.

“How was that?” Dean asked.

“Awesome,” Cas breathed.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [A Lesson in Linguistics](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/1003629) at: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/1003629>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel &amp; Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Castiel</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Disney Songs</a>
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-10-14 Words: 609

## When Worlds Collide

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

A battle of Disney songs in the shower. Sort of.

### Notes

Written for a prompt fill on Tumblr—but showing the prompt would spoil the whole thing since it's only 600 words.

Dean walked towards the bunker's bathroom, placing a palm under his chin and pushing it hard to the left. The resulting pop was extremely satisfying. It was a shame Sam wasn't nearby to gag his disgust. The kid could sew up his own arm with dental floss, but if someone cracked a joint he got all prissy about it.

Dean pushed open the door to the bathroom; it was set up locker room style with a couple shower stalls at one end and commodes at the other with sinks in the middle. It was also tiled and became a broken neck waiting to happen if someone (him) took too long of a hot shower and steamed the place up like a car at the drive-in on a cold night.

He'd taken two steps to the left when behind him he heard such a frightful caterwauling he instinctively reached for his gun—which wasn't there. Damn it. He'd become too complacent thinking the bunker was safe. There must be some kind of creature—

"I'm ready to know what the people know!"

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instinctively reached for his gun—which wasn't there. Damn it. He'd become too complacent

thinking the bunker was safe. There must be some kind of creature—

"I'm ready to know what the people know!"

Dean quirked an eyebrow.

"Ask 'em my questions and get some answers~"

Dean crossed his arms over his chest and tilted his head a bit.

"What's a 401K—and why does it - what's the word?"

Dean bit his lip and closed his eyes as his shoulders shook with silent laughter.

"Earnnnnnnnn?"

Dean turned around and walked over to the small linen closet.

"When's it my turn?" Cas scream-sang as the water turned off.

Dean pulled out a blue towel.

"Wouldn't I love, love to explore that world...now on the same level as meeeeeee?"

Dean laid the towel out on the floor in a nice damp part of the tile, and then backed up several

paces.

"Out of the clouds..."

Cas reached outside the stall and grabbed a towel hanging on a nearby rack as Dean got a running

start.

"Wish I could be..."

Cas stepped out with the towel wrapped around his waist, finishing off quietly, "Part of that wor

—"

He let out a shriek as Dean slid on the towel across the bathroom toward him wailing, "A whole

new world~~~~!"

Dean wasn't going to take any shit for knowing Disney songs; he'd raised a big girl after all.

Dean started laughing, but Cas was startled so badly he dropped the towel. Dean's eyes had a

moment to sweep over Cas' body—holy fuck is that what had been under that trenchcoat?—

before he tripped on the bunched up towel and slammed into his friend bodily. They went down

with a whump and when Dean opened his eyes he had a good view of a pair of brilliant eyes that

looked like they could have come from a whole 'nother world.

Dean groaned at his own thought.

"Well, I'm so sorry you're hurt," Cas said crustily, "but I am the one on the bottom here."

Dean blushed. For no apparent fucking reason whatsoever.

There was some awkward shuffling as they attempted to get to their feet

without too many parts

brushing together. Dean looked away as he held out the towel for Cas to wrap around his waist

again.

"That's, uh, a nice set of pipes you got there, Cas."

"I take it that's not meant to be literal and you're referring to my singing."

Dean looked at him and gave him a small smile.

"Unless you're referring to my genitalia."

Dean started and then attempted to sputter a clarification, but Cas started to brush past him.

"Either way, thanks for the compliment."

There was a small smirk on his lips, and then he was out the door.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [When Worlds Collide](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/1010618) at: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/1010618>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	Supernatural
Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Castiel/Sam Winchester</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - College/University</a> , kind of
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-10-20 Words: 3510

## Luck May Be a Lady, But Fate is a Bitch

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

What happens when your soul mate is your boyfriend's brother.

### Notes

The mature rating is for scenes between Sam and Castiel. If you don't like reading that sort of thing, I would advise not reading this.

"Oh shit, oh shit, ohhhhhhhhh fuck!"

Castiel looked up at the first "oh," but that didn't prepare him for the hulking giant tripping over his backpack, desperately trying to keep his balance and the coffee in his uncovered cup from sloshing out. All he succeeded in doing was pitching so far forward that absolutely nothing could save him from crashing to the ground except Castiel's lap and legs. The steaming coffee splashed onto Castiel's chest, a few drops hitting his face. He yelped in pain and tried to get up, but the stranger had slid from his lap and was now tangled with his ankles. Castiel fell over him as he tried to keep his wet, hot shirt from sticking to his skin.

Castiel whined in the back of his throat as he ripped his T shirt off and flipped onto his backside, legs still entangled with those of the giraffe that had somehow gained entry to the coffee shop on their campus. He wadded up the shirt and used a dry section to clean off the still hot liquid on his torso and then used his biceps to wipe off the side of his face. He looked at his attacker and a pair of hazel puppy eyes stared back at him, absolutely mortified.

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[Mature](#)

Archive Warning:

[No Archive Warnings Apply](#)

Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[Supernatural](#)

Relationship:

[Castiel/Dean Winchester](#), [Castiel/Sam Winchester](#)

Additional Tags:

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by [emwebb17](#)

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torso and then used his biceps to wipe off the side of his face. He looked at his attacker and a pair

of hazel puppy eyes stared back at him, absolutely mortified.

Laughter and applause broke out around them, along with a few cat calls. Someone asked for

Castiel's number, but he ignored them as he pulled his legs out from underneath the tree stumps

that had him pinned to the floor. The freshman, because what else could this overeager baby face

be, struggled to sit up, stammering out an apology.

The behemoth got his feet under him first and held out a hand to Castiel, still babbling about how

sorry he was and asking if Castiel was okay. Castiel let him pull him to his feet and looked up to

tell him that he was fine—and then he had to look up further. Damn. Puppy was tall.

"Hi," Castiel said, feeling a little overwhelmed by his size, which unfortunately was also one of

his kinks.

"Dude, I am so sorry. Are you burned?"

"Hmm?"

The guy looked down at Castiel's chest and he looked down too. There was a light pink



discoloration on a small patch of his stomach, but other than that he looked unscathed.

"Yeah, no, I'm fine. I think my shirt absorbed most of it."

"Oh, man, your shirt. I'm sorry. Was it ruined?"

"It's just an old concert tee. No biggie. Are you okay? You went down pretty hard."

The guy laughed awkwardly. "Well, I went down on you."

A couple people nearby snickered and Castiel smiled, raising an eyebrow. The guy blushed

bright red.

"That came out—so wrong."

"Or so right depending on your point of view," Castiel said teasingly.

The guy's blush somehow got worse.

"My name is Castiel," he said, offering a hand.

"S-Sam," he replied, barely able to take his hand in a weak grasp.

"So, Sam, I live off campus so I won't be able to go back to my apartment for a new shirt before

my next class. Do you happen to live in Barrett Hall which is oh-so-conveniently nearby?"

"Y-yeah! How did you know?"

Castiel laughed at Sam's genuine surprise. "Well, it's the only freshman dorm on this side of

campus."

The color that had started to recede from his cheeks came back a little.  
"How'd you know I'm a

freshman?"

Castiel shrugged a shoulder. "Took a stab in the dark. Show me to your room, Sam?"

Three hours later Castiel was wearing a T-shirt that actually wasn't as big on him as he'd thought

it'd be, and settled back against the wall behind Sam's bed. He'd managed to sneak his way over

to sit pressed up beside the freshman and Sam was still laughing over the video of a redneck

accidentally blowing himself up by using what was essentially a Molotov cocktail as a flashlight

that was playing on his laptop. He leaned back against the wall too and turned his head to look at

Castiel. He froze when he realized how close they were together.

"Uh." Sam swallowed. "Um."

"Yeah?" Castiel asked, leaning forward just a little.

"Didn't you have class?"

"Two hours ago."

"Oh. I'm sorry I made you—"

Sam made a small noise of surprise and let Castiel kiss him, but he didn't kiss back. Castiel pulled

back and saw a look of shock on Sam's face, his eyes wide open.

"Oh. I'm sorry. I read this all wrong, didn't I?"

"Read what wrong?" Sam asked.

"You're not so much with the gay, are you?"

Sam's jaw dropped. "Wha—? Me? I—Do I come off as gay?"

Castiel almost rolled his eyes. Every straight guy's nightmare: people might mistake him for being

queer.

"No, not really. You just come off as hot."

Castiel grinned and Sam did so too in reflex. Castiel let his smile fade a little and pulled back.

"Sorry about that."

"No! Don't be sorry. I wasn't upset. Just surprised. I mean, I'm not gay. I know that much.

But, I could be bisexual or something."

Castiel laughed softly. "Yeah, for some reason I don't think you are. You'd know about it."

"Would I? I mean, you're taught to be something all your life, have it drilled into you over and

over again—who you are. Who you're supposed to be. Where you'll live your life and how you'll

live it. And maybe you don't know who the fuck you really are at all."

Castiel blinked at the sudden hard edge to Sam's voice and the stony mask his face had become.

Okay. So apparently Sam Winchester had some family issues.

"That's very true, Sam. But, you probably would have felt urges or something —"

"Not necessarily. Not until I was free from—maybe I'm feeling those urges now. Isn't college

where people, like, experiment?"

Castiel bit his lip to keep his smile in check. Sam was so cute. Like a little lost puppy dog. It was

wrong on so many levels to find him attractive, but even though he was clearly still growing into

his massive frame, he had muscle and a killer smile and floppy hair that looked like it would really

be fun to bury his fingers into while he fucked his mouth. Castiel shook himself to clear those

thoughts out his head and patted Sam's knee.

"Look, Sam, you're a sweet kid—"

"I'm three years younger than you," he said dryly.

"—but you seem to be going through some stuff. If I'm guessing correctly, this is your first time

really being away from your family."

Castiel waited for a reply and Sam shrugged reluctantly in answer.

"So, it looks like you really need to find yourself before you start worrying about the big 'what ifs,'

you know? And frankly, I don't want to be your experiment."

Sam was crestfallen. "Right. Right. Sorry! I hope I didn't insult you."

"No, not at all."

Castiel looked Sam over. He was so dejected. So earnest. So really, really fucking hot.

"Oh, who the fuck am I kidding? I would love to be your experiment."

Castiel wrapped a hand around the back of Sam's neck and pulled him close for another go at that

kiss. Sam froze again, but then relaxed as Castiel massaged the back of his neck. He put a hand

tentatively on Castiel's knee and then sighed in tingling pleasure, parting his lips under Castiel's

gentle coaxing. At the first swipe of Castiel's tongue in his mouth, Sam jumped and bit Castiel's

tongue, nearly falling off the bed as his body jerked wildly. He barely rescued his laptop from

crashing to the floor.

Castiel put a hand to his mouth, moaning softly as his tongue throbbed. He moved the muscle

around gently, and didn't taste any blood. That was a good sign.

"Holy fuck I am so sorry!" Sam cried out, putting a hand on Castiel's shoulder.

"Nah, it's o-kay," Castiel said around his tender tongue. "It's my fault."

Sam removed his hand from Castiel's shoulder and covered his face instead. "God. That wasn't

my first kiss or anything. I'm not really that much of a spaz."

Castiel laughed and patted his knee. It was such a friendly-uncle kind of gesture. Not the role he

wanted to play, but oh well. He flexed his tongue a couple of times; it already felt better.

"It's really okay, Sam. Looks like we're just meant to be friends."

Sam smiled at him from behind his hand. "Friends. Yeah, I could get behind that."

Three and a Half Years Later

"Oh, mother of God..." Castiel moaned, throwing his head back and bearing down on the huge

cock that was stretching his ass wide and filling him so completely. "Oh, fuck yes, Winchester.

Jesus Christ—oh, God, oh God, oh God!"

"For fuck's sake, Cas," Sam growled, holding onto Castiel's hips just to keep the man from

flinging himself off his dick altogether with his wild riding. "I could use a little less church speak when we fuck," he ground out.

"Mmm, I can't help it, puppy." Castiel sat firmly in Sam's lap and worked his hips in sharp figure

eights. "Your monster dick in my sweet, tight little hole is fucking Heaven. And I'm still hoping

my goddamned homophobic parents can hear me all the way in Connecticut."

"You are sick, my friend."

"Thank you," Castiel panted, picked up the pace again, ignoring the burning in his thighs.

Sam gave his ass a slap on an upstroke. "And your ass ain't that tight, you slut."

Castiel opened his eyes and looked down at Sam. "And whose fault is that with his giant moose

penis?"

"You fucker!" Sam laughed, planting his feet on the mattress and drilling into his snarky lover's

ass. "Crowley is an asshole and you shouldn't take his side!"

Castiel couldn't argue as his nails dug into Sam's stomach and he held still—letting Sam fuck him

hard. His moan got louder and then more desperate and then he was just basically screaming and

then he was coming untouched all over Sam's stomach, chest, and neck. He kept up his moaning

shouts, smile tugging at the corner of his lips as his orgasm flooded his whole body.

Sam used his remaining strength to leverage himself off the bed and flip them over. He pushed

Castiel's knees to his chest and pounded him as hard and fast as his overtaxed body could

manage. Just when he thought he wouldn't be able to keep going—he slammed into Castiel's

body, making his boyfriend cry out in pleased pain, and came blindingly hard, pumping Castiel

full of his hot come. They'd just stopped using condoms a few weeks ago and it really was like

getting a glimpse of God and his heavenly host when he spilled into Castiel's body.

They lay panting violently for a very long minute, and then panted a little quieter for several more

minutes, swallowing thickly as they both realized they really needed some water after that

workout. Sam had been soft for probably five minutes before he pulled out of Castiel, rolling over

onto his back. Castiel turned on his side and laid his head on Sam's chest.

"Jesus fuck, that never gets old," he murmured sleepily.

Sam wheezed out a laugh. "No, it does not. I'll be happy to do that when I'm seventy."

Castiel chuckled. "Seventy, huh? You still see us together at seventy?"

Sam thought about that for a moment. "Yeah, I do." He used a hand to tilt Castiel's head up so

they could look each other in the eye. "Do you see us together at seventy?"

Castiel looked hard into those beautiful eyes that he loved—that were never the same fricken color

twice—and realized he didn't just love the eyes. He sat up on his elbow and leaned down to kiss

Sam's lips gently. He pulled back with a smile.

"I'd like nothing better than to do this when we're seventy."



Sam grinned. "Did we just propose to each other?"

Castiel sat all the way up. "No way! Please don't be the guy that wants a commitment ceremony

on the beach."

"In this state, we can get legally married, hon."

Castiel grunted.

"And I definitely wouldn't want a beach wedding. I hate the beach; you know that. But maybe a

vineyard in the mountains—"

Sam let out a startled "mmph" as Castiel hit him in the face with a pillow.

"No wedding plans today. We have other things to worry about. Like, you won't actually

graduate unless you take your last final, and I need to get this place cleaned up and smelling less

like sex so your brother won't be grossed out.

Sam laughed and then groaned. "Oh, God. What if it does smell like sex in the whole place? It

will freak him out."

"Is he a virgin?"

"No, of course not. But, Cas...I haven't seen him since he was deployed four years ago. He

decided to do two tours back to back—and I've always wondered if that was because I told him

over satellite phone that I was dating a dude. I mean, when he left I was just his little brother. His

little brother who played computer games and wanted to be a veterinarian and liked girls. And

now I'm going to law school and banging dudes."

Castiel turned back to him as he was sliding off the bed. "Did you just pluralize dude?"

"Okay, fine, one dude."

"Damn straight," Castiel muttered and walked into the bathroom.

"I'm just saying, he's probably shocked. Maybe disgusted. What if he hates me?"

"Sahm," Castiel said around the toothbrush in his mouth as he leaned against the bathroom door.

"Y'or brah-her 'oes 'oht 'ate oo. He ga-have up 'is 'ife f-or oo." Castiel turned and spit into the

sink and rinsed out his mouth. "Isn't that the whole reason he joined the Army in the first place?

To get the money to pay for your college tuition?"

Sam frowned. "Yeah. Exactly. He gave everything up for me and I drop a bombshell like this

on him out of the blue."

"Was it really that big of a deal? Are you sure it's not in your head?"

"Well, we've been dating for over three years and I talk to him once a month and he never asks

about you. It's almost like he's trying to pretend you don't exist."

"I don't think that's it, hon. You guys get to talk, like, twenty minutes once a month. You've got

more important things to talk about."

"No, I don't. You're the most important thing in my life," Sam declared vehemently, standing up

and crossing the room. He circled his arms around Castiel's waist and leaned down to kiss him.

When he pulled back, there was a faint blush on Castiel's cheeks and a small smile on his lips.

"I'm that important, huh?"

"Of course."

"Well, if he never asks about me, do you ever bring me up?"

"Well, if he never asks about me, do you ever bring me up?"

"Yes, I—" Sam cut off and he thought about it. "Well, I mean, I always mean to. But, then

something comes up and suddenly our time is over..."

"Mm-hmm. See?" Castiel reached up to clasp his hands behind Sam's neck. "I wouldn't worry

about it. He's going to be here for two weeks on our god-awful pull out couch with the springs of

doom. We'll have plenty of time for him to get to know me, and me him, and him us." He kissed

the pout off Sam's lips. "You'll see. I bet your brother and I will get along

better than you think."

"I really hope so. The two of you are my family. I can't live without either of you."

"Well, that's super sweet and all, but you need to get to your exam. It's in an hour."

"I know, I know," Sam grumbled releasing Castiel and walking into the bathroom to turn on the

shower. "It sucks that he's going to get in early. I wanted to meet him at the airport."

"I know, hon, but this might be better, you know? He'll catch a cab here, I can let him in so he

won't have to sit out on the porch looking all lonely, and he'll probably be dead tired. So, he can

get cleaned up and maybe take a nap and then he'll be ready to go out to dinner with us tonight."

Sam stepped under the spray, but didn't close the curtain. "Do you think we should cook then?

Would it be rude to make him go out if he's so tired?"

Castiel groaned dramatically. "Sam, we already talked about this a thousand times! You said

eating out would be better!"

"I know, I know. But I didn't think about how tired he would be! Of course he'll be tired."

"Sam. He has two weeks to sleep on our couch if he needs to. He can go out to dinner tonight.

Now pull the stupid curtain closed before you get water all over the floor."

"Yes, sir."

Castiel laughed as Sam snapped the curtain closed. "Don't get me all excited for role play when

we're going to have to keep it down for two weeks."

"There's no 'keeping it down,' Cas. No sex while my brother's here. These walls are way too thin

and that would be way too gross."

"Well, then you can forget fucking me when I'm seventy. I'm not going two weeks without sex."

"God, you are so demanding."

"And that is one of the things that gets you hot, Winchester."

"You know you might want to stop calling me Winchester while he's here though. It's his last

name too."

"Yeah, I guess that's true."

Castiel leaned over the counter and looked at his teeth in the mirror. He swiped at the mirror with

a hand as it fogged up. Then he straightened and looked at the opaque blue curtain.

"Will you hurry? You have a test and I need to shower too unless you want your brother to smell

your sex on me."

"Shut your whiny mouth. I've been in here less than five minutes. Hold your horses."

Castiel scowled at the curtain. Then he flushed the toilet and walked out the bathroom, smiling at

Sam's wails as the water turned scalding hot.

An hour later Castiel surveyed the living room again. Everything was clean and tidy. The

window was open letting a warm, spring breeze waft inside. There was Sam's brother's favorite

beer (according to Sam) chilling in the refrigerator and a baseball game muted on the television

just in case conversation stalled while they awaited Sam's return. Castiel's eyes landed on a

picture frame on one of the couch's end tables. He picked it up and looked at the photograph of

Sam and his brother, Dean, standing in front of a large stack of demolished cars. Apparently

they'd grown up in some sort of junk yard, raised by a man who wasn't actually related to them.

Or, that's where they were dropped off on occasion? Castiel wasn't really sure. Sam never talked

about his childhood much other than to say how awesome Dean was. Castiel was curious to meet

the man who had had such a profound impact on his boyfriend's life. If for no other reason than to

find out how this soft, pretty boy looking twink had survived being in the

Army.

The doorbell rang followed by three sharp, loud raps on the door. Castiel put the picture back in

its place and surveyed the room quickly again. It looked good. He made his way to the front of

their small two bedroom home and opened the door. Castiel's lips parted in surprise.

The Army had definitely made Dean Winchester all he could be. He had filled out in the chest

and arms. His face had developed some angles and there was a light stubble with hints of ginger

across his strong jaw line. His blond hair had been buzzed short enough that it now looked light

brown and his skin was very tan against his desert beige fatigues. He held a large duffle over one

broad shoulder and bright, unrealistically green eyes jumped around as they swept over Castiel's

face.

For a moment Castiel couldn't breathe. For a moment Castiel's heart stopped. Then Dean smiled

and life poured into Castiel's body like he was truly alive for the first time.

"Fuck me," Castiel breathed.

Dean grinned. "I'm not saying no, but maybe we should know each other's names first."

Castiel snapped his mouth shut and then swallowed. "Castiel. My name is

Castiel."

The smile vanished instantly from Dean's face along with the sparkle in his eyes. "Castiel. As

in...my little brother's boyfriend, Castiel."

Castiel nodded.

Dean took in a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Fuck me," he muttered.

Castiel clenched a hand into a fist. There was no way this could end well.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!



# Document Outline

- [Luck May Be a Lady, But Fate is a Bitch](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1080869) at  
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/1080869>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Newspaper Columnists</a> , <a href="#">sex advice</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Light Bondage</a> , <a href="#">Switching</a> , <a href="#">Cockles</a>
Series:	Part 18 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
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## The Doctor (You Mean Guru) Is In

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Jensen and Misha are rival sex advice columnists who don't always see eye to eye, but don't hesitate to practice their techniques on each other.

### Notes

I posted this pic on Tumblr with the following dialogue:



"You have to put four fingers in, like this..."

"It does hurt, but only a little bit."



Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](#) at

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Relationship:

[Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins](#)

Character:

[Jensen Ackles, Misha Collins](#)

Additional Tags:

[Newspaper Columnists, sex advice, Anal Sex, Oral Sex, Light  
Bondage, Switching, Cockles](#)

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Summary

Jensen and Misha are rival sex advice columnists who don't always see eye to eye, but

don't hesitate to practice their techniques on each other.

Notes

I posted this pic on Tumblr with the following dialogue:

"You have to put four fingers in, like this..."

"It does hurt, but only a leetle bit."

Someone responded:

AU where Jensen and misha are rival sex advice columnist who constantly argue but

secretly fucking each other

I wrote this:

Dear Dr. Ackles,

I've been dating this guy for several months, and we have a lot in common and get along really well...except for one thing. We're not very sexually compatible. He's kind of vanilla and I'm into, let's say, alternative sexual scenarios. Is there anything I can do to make him more

adventurous? Or should I be happy that I found a decent guy I like and be satisfied with what I have?

Kinky in Kansas City

Dear Kinky (and I never thought I would type that),

Being compatible with your partner is the most important facet of a relationship, but it isn't everything. The Devout and the Agnostic can be happily married, Democrats and Republicans

can live together civilly, and Nerds and Jocks can enjoy each other's company without enjoying their hobbies. Compatibility is a relative term as some people are happy to agree on everything and others prescribe to the philosophy of opposites attract. However, when it comes to sex—

you both definitely have to be on the same page. If one person's sexual desires are not being met, that often leads to that person seeking satisfaction elsewhere, which in some cases leads to infidelity.

You and your partner need to sit down and have a frank discussion about your sexual needs and

wants. You shouldn't be embarrassed about voicing your desires. You may find that he is just as interested in exploring new territory as well, but was afraid to bring it up. If he's not interested in doing anything adventurous, you certainly can't force him to and it would be a bad idea to ask him to do something he's uncomfortable with by using emotional manipulation. If you can't find common ground in your sex lives, you might need to sit down and have a longer conversation

about the future of your relationship.

- J. Ackles

\*\*\*

Misha hoisted one of Jensen's legs up and hooked his knee over his shoulder.  
The man

underneath him choked on a groan and nearly tore his sheets as he gripped  
and twisted them in

white-knuckled hands.

"Do you really believe that, Dr. Ackles?" Misha asked calmly, undulating his  
hips in slow figure eights, his groin grinding against Jensen's as his cock  
stretched and filled him.

"B-b-believe what?"

"Why, your good advice, of course," Misha said as he got a good, solid grip  
on Jensen's ass

cheek and punched his hips forward.

Jensen fought back a scream, and then whimpered from the onslaught of  
pleasure.

"W-what ad-ad—oh, God, oh God, right fucking there, baby..."

Misha bit his lip and tipped his head back as he rolled his hips and slid in and  
out of Jensen's body. "You think people should split up if they don't agree on  
sexy times?" Misha tried to keep his cool, but panted out his question.

"You think—nn, nn—people should force others to do—oh, fuck yes—  
something they're

uncomfortable wi-haah..."

"No, but they can make them more amenable to the idea." Misha leaned forward, bending Jensen's leg up a little further, but he could take it, and snapped his hips forward in short, quick bursts. "All they gotta do is talk about what they like. Show how turned on it makes them. Let the idea sink into their mind and fester in their imaginations. You can turn your fantasy into theirs."

"You really think that would work—aaaahhhmmmn!"

Misha grinned as he felt Jensen's warm release spurt onto his stomach. "Got you into my bed, didn't it?"

\*\*\*

Sex Guru Mish,

My girlfriend and I are interested in attempting tantric sex, but she's a little on the bigger side. Is this something we need to have good stamina for?

Tempted in Topeka

Hello Tempted!

Tantric sex can be a wonderful way for two people to connect, and as a lot of it is mental, there's no need for either of you to be marathon ready. However! Tantric sex is more about

spiritualism than it is physical pleasure. It is an activity that is meant to elevate you to another plane of existence and it is an extremely intimate act, so make sure you and your partner are

prepared for something that intense. You might also want to look into getting a guide for your first time. If what you're looking for is more along the lines of simply extending your pleasure, look into trying out a cock ring on yourself (if applicable), and when you go down on your

girlfriend eat her out everywhere but her clit until you're ready to make her explode.

## The Love Guru

\*\*\*

"You feeling a spiritual connection?" Jensen snarked as he pressed Misha's hands to the wall, fucking him from behind so hard the slightly shorter man was up on his toes.

Misha laughed manically. "Feel like I'm seeing the face of God, Ackles."

Jensen pressed forward harder and sucked Misha's earlobe into his mouth. "How'd you like to feel God come in your ass?"

Misha keened and a spasm wracked his body.

Jensen chuckled darkly in his ear. "I'll take that as a yes."

He continued to hold Misha's wrists to the wall with one hand and used his other arm to wrap

around Misha's waist, hauling him up just another inch or two. Jensen pounded into the hot,

familiar vise of Misha's body, his mind going blank with white static and his body somehow

clenching and releasing at the same time in euphoric bliss.

When Jensen's vision cleared, both his hands were back on Misha's, pressed against the wall,

their fingers twining together. He was soaked with sweat and sliding gently along Misha's wet back as he panted slowly. His lips were pressed into the damp curls at the nape of Misha's

neck. His member was soft and sated, still cradled inside Misha.

"Amen," Misha mumbled.



\*\*\*

Dear Dr. Ackles,

I was wondering if you had any tips for fellatio.

Gagging in Great Bend

Dear Gagging (yet another odd greeting),

If you're unable to take a lot of your man during oral, there are some other things you can do to heighten his enjoyment during oral sex. First: Don't Forget the Boys. A lot men like having their balls fondled and sucked on. Give that a try while you stroke his shaft. Second: Get a Taste of the Meatus. The meatus is the slit at the tip of his penis; a lot of guys don't know it's sensitive and so if you apply moderate pressure there with your tongue it will come as a pleasant surprise to him. Finally, if you really want to give him the sensation of taking him all the way in, but you just can't manage it, put the tip of your tongue to the roof of your mouth. When his member hits the back of your tongue it will create the illusion of deep throating.

-J. Ackles

"That was some interesting advice this week, hon," Misha said as he ran a hand through Jensen's hair.

"Mmmn."

"Though for someone who advocates honesty and openness between partners as the most

important aspect of a relationship, it does seem a little deceptive." Misha's hand tightened on the back of Jensen's neck.

"Annmph."

"I wonder where you learned it though..." Misha fisted both hands in Jensen's hair and forced him forward, his cock hitting the back of Jensen's throat and tears glistening at the corner of his eyes. "It's certainly not a problem you

suffer from."

Jensen moaned around Misha's cock, his hands on the man's ass, pulling him fractionally closer, impossibly deeper.

"Oh, Jesus fuck, baby, I know you want it...ahmn...God I want to spill my seed into your body.

But..."

Misha used his grip on Jensen's hair to make him slide back. He pulled his cock out of his

drooling mouth and stroked it one, twice, three times—and painted Jensen's face in beautiful,

thick white stripes.

Misha heaved in deep breaths as he gathered up some of his come on his thumb, rubbed it against Jensen's plump lower lip, and smiled as Jensen sucked it into his mouth.

\*\*\*

Love Guru Mish,

My wife and I are looking into spicing up our sex life. We've talked about a threesome. Do you have any advice for how to go about finding a third?

One Person Short in Ottawa

Hello. I hear you're looking for a third. :)

Threesomes are awesome, but it can take some coordinating. First things first, you need to talk with your partner about whether this third person is being brought just into your bed or into the

relationship. You'll also need to make this clear to the third party so that there are no misunderstandings or hurt feelings down the road.

As for who to pick, personal advertisements in the paper and online are one way to go, but carry an inherent risk with them. Meet the person in a public place first and get to know them before inviting them to more private settings. You might also find someone willing from your already existing friends and acquaintances, but again, be careful when broaching the subject; not

everyone is comfortable being propositioned for casual sex with friends.

After you find someone, don't be afraid to do a little research into positions—threesome aren't quite as intuitive as you might think. Pick up a copy of my dear friend's book, *The Threesome Handbook*.

The Love Guru

"You have experience in threesomes, Mish?" Jensen asked through slightly clenched teeth as he slid the head of his cock in and out, in and out of Misha's pliant lips.

"I may have dabbllll—" Misha cut off as Jensen slammed into him.

Jensen pulled out quickly and let Mish suckle on just the tip again.

"You need a third, baby? Is one person not enough for you?"

Misha pulled at the restraints that kept his wrists immobile on the small of his back. He looked up at Jensen from under his eyelashes as he kissed the top of Jensen's prick.

"Depends on the one."

Jensen pushed back in with a grunt. "How about me, babe? Am I enough?"

Misha closed his eyes in bliss as Jensen fucked his mouth, only humming in reply.

"Got no room for another anyway, do you?"

Jensen rocked his hips forward, forward, pushing Misha down further and

further onto the large black dildo filling his hole.

"You want another, Misha?"

Misha gave a minute shake of his head and undulated desperately between Jensen's dick and the

dildo, his own cock hanging heavy and aching between his legs.

\*\*\*

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Jensen asked as he tugged his shirt down and wiped the thin sheen of sweat from his brow.

"Nervous, Ackles?" Misha asked with a smirk.

Jensen shot him an annoyed look, but gave his ass a firm, friendly slap.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the MC said into the mic on the stage, "Welcome to day two of Exploring Sex for Modern Lovers. If you're just now joining us today, don't forget to pick up your goody bag with free samples of condoms, lubes, and a mystery sex toy! Our first panelists of the day are well known for their sex advice columns that run in the *Kansas City Star* and the *Lawrence Herald*. First we have a specialist in eastern sexual practices and emphasizes the spiritual connection along with physical sensation, the Love Guru Misha, Misha Collins!"

Misha jogged out onto the stage to polite applause, followed by cat calls when people caught sight of him. He waved to the crowd and took a wireless mic from one of the stage hands.

"An expert in sexualities and sexual behavior, we have a doctor of sexology, a bonafide sex therapist, Dr. Jensen Ackles!"

The clapping was just as polite until they saw Jensen and the wolf whistles came out. Jensen

took his mic and tossed a wink at Misha before he faced the audience.

"Looks like we got a group of adults here ready to handle a mature discussion about sex," he said with a flirty smile for the audience.

The crowd laughed and yelled out a lewd comment or two.

"All right, let's get started with some questions," Misha said, "and remember to address which one of us you'd like advice from—we are keeping score."

The audience laughed again and Misha and Jensen smirked at each other. The panel went quite

well and was very lively. There was never a lack of hands going up wanting to ask a question.

The highlight of the hour was when a young man stood up and asked if prepping for anal sex was really necessary since sphincters were naturally designed to stretch. The audience laughed

uneasily and Jensen and Misha just stared at him for a moment.

Then Jensen said, "Yeah, that's how it works. Most people make the mistake of starting with one finger and working their way up, but you just gotta go whole hog right from the start. You have to put four fingers in, like this..." Jensen demonstrated with his hand.

The audience collectively cringed.

"It does hurt," Misha confirmed, and then put his index finger and thumb close together, "but only a leetle bit."

The audience stared in shocked horror and the questioner looked slightly confused.

"Of course you need prepping for anal sex!" Jensen said.

"Especially if it is the first time or something you don't do often," Misha added.

"Now people who indulge in the joys of anal sex frequently may find that

minimal prep work is needed after a while. It may be as simple as just adding lube to the tip of the inserting member to be able to comfortably slide in."

"But your partner may still like you to do it anyway as a form of foreplay."

"Look, lube never hurt anybody," Jensen said seriously.

"This goes for women as well. If it's a woman's first time and she's more nervous than aroused, it might be a good idea to help ease the process."

"It doesn't have to be restricted to virgins," Jensen said.

"Nope. Even old whores like a little warming lube."

"Remember kids, lube is your friend."

After the panel Misha and Jensen left the stage still chuckling about the last questioner who had just barely gathered enough courage to ask her question with a flaming red face and squeaking

voice. Jensen and Misha had given the poor thing pretty conflicting advice, but in the end, she left looking satisfied with her answer.

As soon as they were off stage and walking to the green room, Jensen slipped an arm around

Misha's waist, his hand settling low on his hip—intimate, affectionate. He turned his head to murmur in his ear.

"You wanna get out of here and head back to our hotel room?"

Misha smiled and hummed pleasantly as Jensen nuzzled his hair.

"That sounds nice, but Jensen..."

"Yes?"

"We know a lot about sex—"

Jensen laughed and dipped his hand into the back pocket of Misha's jeans and gave his ass a

squeeze. "Yeah we do."

"—but we also give advice on sex within the context of a relationship. Do we actually know anything about relationships?"

Jensen stopped walking and turned Misha to face him. "Do we know anything about relationships, or do we know anything about *our* relationship?"

"*Are* we in a relationship?" Misha asked, uncharacteristically timid with his eyes downcast.

Jensen put his finger under Misha's chin and tilted his head up. When they made eye contact he asked, "Do you want to be? In a relationship with me?"

It was hard to see through the deep tan of his skin, but Jensen could feel the heat of Misha's blush. He nodded.

"I do."

Jensen smiled and leaned down to place a sweet kiss on his lips.

"Good. That'll make it less awkward when I scream out that I love you when you fuck me into the mattress tonight."

Misha blinked, stunned. Then he threw his arms around Jensen's neck and tried to kiss him, but he was smiling too much.

"Let's go, Ackles. I feel like making love tonight."

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [The Doctor \(You Mean Guru\) Is In](#)
- [Afterword](#)



Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1129738) at  
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Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
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Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a> , <a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Danneel Ackles</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Danneel Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Jared Padalecki</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Bi-Curiosity</a> , <a href="#">Jealous Jensen</a> , <a href="#">Shades of Mishalecki</a>
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Stats:	Published: 2014-01-11 Words: 820

## An Objectionable Truth

by emwebb17

### Summary

Jensen finds out the fans theorize that Jared might be bicurious for Misha. He is not okay with that.

### Notes

Got this ask in my inbox:

Imagine Jensen coming across

[this post](#)

of yours, storming into Jared's trailer demanding him to please be curious about somebody else because "just no, Jay, okay? NO!"

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Fandom:

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Relationship:

[Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins, Jensen Ackles/Danneel Ackles](#)

Character:

[Jensen Ackles, Danneel Ackles, Jared Padalecki, Misha Collins](#)

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Wrote this:

Jensen flipped through his script, only half paying attention to it. In theory he was Skyping with Danneel, but she'd run off to check on something on the stove. She was still talking to him

though it was hard to understand her. Then he picked out a few words.

"...seen what they posted about Jared and Misha. These fans are hilarious. And scary. But

mostly awesome."

Jensen lifted his head. "Wait, what? Fans posted...Dee..." Jensen sighed. "What have I told

you about going on fan sites?"

"That they're an excellent source of amusement while I sit at home alone

with a baby?”

Jensen frowned. “You could come and stay here,” he mumbled.

“I know. But I like the sun. And I don’t want our daughter getting a Canadian accent.”

Jensen rolled his eyes. “Just don’t expose my daughter to all that crazy fandom stuff.”

“Oh no, Baby sits in Mommy’s lap while Mommy reads about Daddy getting plowed by the

crazy, beautiful man with amazing sky blue eyes.”

“Danneel!”

His wife laughed and leaned on the counter so she could look at him through the webcam. “They

give me some good ideas, babe.”

Jensen blushed. “I cannot stress how weird it is that you read fanfiction about your husband.”

Danneel shrugged a shoulder.

“And his eyes aren’t sky blue,” he muttered.

“What was that?”

“Nothing. What were you saying about Jared and Misha?”

“Oh, someone was talking about how cute they are together and how they’re such good friends.

And someone theorized that Jared is totally bicurious about Misha.”

“What?” Jensen scoffed. “That’s insane. Jared is totally straight. Trust me,”

Jensen said firmly with a vaguely unpleasant memory at the back of his mind.

“Oh, they think Jared is straight too. Except for Misha. They think Misha would be his “I would go gay for” exception. Like, for some reason Misha just brings something out of him that was

never there before.”

“I don’t think Jared would be interested in men just because Misha is... Misha.”

“Not men. Just Misha. And besides, didn’t you think you were through with men until you met

Misha?”

Jensen scowled. That little fucker **had** ruined that plan.

“Here, look at this.”

Danneel sent him a link in the chat. He clicked on it and frowned at the topic in the post. Why did they feel the need to poke and prod and find out the truth...and that was a lot pictures of

Jared and Misha. And why **did** Jared always fondle his balls? And what **was** that look on his face while he patted his ass? Oh, no. No, no, no.

“Danneel...”

“You’ve gotta run?” she asked dryly. “Go ahead. I gotta watch this pasta before it boils over.

Love you, babe.”

“Yeah, love you too.” Jensen wasn’t sure if she heard him because he already had the laptop

closed and was out the trailer door. He marched over to Jared’s trailer and knocked once before entering per their unspoken agreement. Jared was inside

at his mini fridge, getting out a couple of beers.

“Hey, Jensen. What’s up?”

He pondered how to broach the subject without coming off as a nutjob. Then he noticed the

number of beer bottles again.

“How’d you know I was coming?”

“Oh, I didn’t. I can get you one. This one if for Misha.”

“No!”

Jared paused on his way back to the fridge. “O-kay. You okay, buddy?”

“No, Jared, I forbid it.”

Jared looked perplexed. “Forbid what?”

“I understand the bicurious thing, I do.”

Jared raised an eyebrow.

“But no Misha. Okay?”

Jared blinked, and then maybe blushed...

“What are you talking about? Misha and I were just going to live tweet the show tonight. You

can join us...”

“Look, man, I get it. Obviously I get it because I’m gone on him, but, just no, Jay, okay? No.”

Jensen nodded, feeling like he had adequately delivered his message. He turned and left the

trailer. Misha was on his way in.

“Hey, babe, Jared and I were going to—aah!”

Misha let out an alarmed sound as Jensen grabbed him by the arm and started hauling him toward

his trailer.

“I know what you were going to do, Mish.”

Misha allowed himself to be dragged by Jensen and looked at Jared where he stood in the door

of his trailer. He shrugged in response to Misha’s confused face.

Jared watched Misha and Jensen disappear inside Jensen’s trailer. It would probably be best

not to disturb them for awhile. He shut the door of his trailer with a small laugh. Jensen was crazy. Was he implying that he had a crush on Misha? Or at least was curious enough about him

to actually go down the man on man hardcore lovin’ lane? Guy was crazy.

Jared laughed again as he sat on his couch in front of the TV. Although, now that he was thinking about it...

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Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	Supernatural
Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester/Sam Winchester</a>
Character:	Dean Winchester, Castiel, Sam Winchester
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Destiel</a> , <a href="#">Frodoform</a> , <a href="#">Wincestiel</a> , <a href="#">Frodoform</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Spitroasting</a> , <a href="#">Size Kink</a> , <a href="#">Five Sentence smut</a>
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2014-01-16 Words: 359

## Two Tales of Five Sentence Smut

by [cmwobb17](#)

### Summary

In honor of hitting 500 followers on my Tumblr and in memoriam of the wonderful Five Sentence Smut blog—I have written 5 pairings/groupings of 5 sentence smut. Pick what you like and enjoy. Oh, and the Wincestiel is non-Wincest, if that makes sense. EDIT: Removed the RPF.

### Destiel

Dean's eyes widened and he choked on a sharp intake of breath, his fingers clenching uselessly at the sheets, chest heaving, legs quivering, a fine sheen of sweat covering his whole body as Cas moved slowly—so fucking slowly—inside him. "I told you, Dean, I watched humanity for a very long time and while the sex may have been repetitive, I did pick up on a thing or two." Dean's lips were parted but he could form no words to tell the former angel to hurry up, to give him more, give him less, to just go ahead and kill him already. His whole body was vibrating, his nerves balancing on the edge of a knife as the orgasmic pleasure radiating throughout his whole body was centered on the smooth, tortuous glide of Cas' cock inside his body; his own cock twitched in desperate neglect, but it was better than anything else he had ever experienced in his life. Cas leaned down so that his lips just brushed Dean's as he whispered, "That's because it's me," and Dean fell over the edge, spinning and crashing in wave after wave of ecstasy.

### Wincestiel

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[Explicit](#)

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[Supernatural](#)

Relationship:

[Castiel/Dean Winchester](#), [Castiel/Dean Winchester/Sam Winchester](#)

Character:

[Dean Winchester](#), [Castiel](#), [Sam Winchester](#)

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Removed the RPF.

Destiel

Dean's eyes widened and he choked on a sharp intake of breath, his fingers clenching uselessly at

the sheets, chest heaving, legs quivering, a fine sheen of sweat covering his whole body as Cas

moved slowly—so fucking slowly—inside him. “I told you, Dean, I watched humanity for a very

long time and while the sex may have been repetitive, I did pick up on a thing or two.” Dean's

lips were parted but he could form no words to tell the former angel to hurry up, to give him more,

give him less, to just go ahead and kill him already. His whole body was vibrating, his nerves

balancing on the edge of a knife as the orgasmic pleasure radiating throughout his whole body

was centered on the smooth, tortuous glide of Cas' cock inside his body; his own cock twitched in

desperate neglect, but it was better than anything else he had ever experienced in his life. Cas

leaned down so that his lips just brushed Dean's as he whispered, "That's because it's me," and

Dean fell over the edge, spinning and crashing in wave after wave of ecstasy.

Wincestiel

Sam dropped his eyes, his cheeks burning, his dick straining in his boxers, and he barely kept his

breathing under control as Dean flipped Castiel onto his stomach and sank right back into his body

—smoothly, without resistance, to the hilt. "What's a matter, Sammy?" Dean panted, "thought

you wanted to see Cas moaning and desperate and out of control." He punctuated his sentence

with a vicious thrust of his hips and Cas cried out, making Sam's head snap up and make eye

contact with Cas whose eyes were glassy, lust-filled, pupils blown wide with greedy want.

"Sam," Cas groaned, his voice even rougher than usual and making Sam's cock twitch and pulse

out precome, "come here and let me," he trailed off, licking his lower lip. Sam was up in an

instant and pulling his dick out as he approached Cas and placed his cockhead against his lips;

Dean was smiling and fucking Cas harder as he watched his baby brother disappear inside his

angel.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Two Tales of Five Sentence Smut](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2126430) at  
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/2126430>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins</a> , <a href="#">Jared Padalecki</a> , <a href="#">Random SPN Crew</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hate to Love</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">"Canon" but no wives</a>
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Stats:	Published: 2014-08-12 Words: 6681

## Displacement

by [cmwebb17](#)

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Jensen doesn't like the new guy. He doesn't like his face or his personality or his stupid stories. And he really hates his fucking ugly sweaters.

But he's been wrong before.

### Notes

Written for a prompt about how Jensen and Jared used to make fun of Misha's unironically worn ugly sweaters. Well, they probably still make fun of him for that.

When I write "canon" Cackles, I don't like to exclude the wives, but in order to facilitate the quick nature of this story, it had to be done.

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keeled and patient and capable of staying professional even when he had to deal with a difficult

guest star. So, it was really saying something about what a douche wad Misha Collins had to be if

he was under Jensen's skin after only one week.

First he'd practically ruined their first scene together by doing some stupid Batman voice or

something. And he'd basically just stood in the scene staring at him the whole time. What kind of acting was that? Everyone else thought he'd done quite well, and upon reviewing the playback he

had to admit it wasn't as bad as he'd originally thought, but the guy had completely thrown him

off his game. On top of that he was a total freak. He stood around set with a small frown on his

face like he was constantly channeling his character. Jensen hated method actors.

He ate fucking yogurt and granola during lunch breaks, which in of itself wasn't so weird except it

made Jensen feel like a fat pig when he opted for a large Italian sandwich. Needless to say he'd

starved on salads all week. Granted he did wind up dropping five pounds and his jeans fit better,

but that was probably just because there was a lot of action in the episode and he'd exercised it

off.

The worst part was that every day he showed up to work wearing some sort of ugly 80's sweater

reject. He was only a couple of fuzzy lines away from wearing Cosby sweaters. He looked

ridiculous in them. His hair was always messy, his eyes too big, his lips too...

pink. Not that he

spent a lot of time looking at his lips. But the guy was weird already, why would he draw

attention to himself by wearing color block sweaters in clashing colors? And not even in a hipster

ironic way. He was just—wearing those sweaters like they were his everyday choice of clothing.

The next week wasn't much better. He didn't have a lot of screen time with the guy, but it was

always one on one. And the dude didn't know how to stay on his mark. He kept coming off it

and putting himself in Jensen's space, pressing close and looking at him with his stupid too blue

eyes. What kind of man had eyes that blue? Jensen felt his chest get tight and his heart thump

harder every time he had to stare down "Castiel" and Misha was right there. What a jerk. He was

giving Jensen a heart condition and he didn't even care. He was such an asshole.

That was a sentiment he shared with Jared loudly and frequently, so long as no one else was

around to hear him. Jensen had a reputation for being a nice guy; he wasn't going to have that

ruined because of one weirdo. Jared agreed amiably at first. The guy was weird, but it didn't

matter. He would be gone soon. Jensen felt immeasurable relief at the

reminder that "Cas" was going to be exploding in his sixth episode. He only had to spend a little more time with the guy,

and then everything would be good again.

He kept up his cool demeanor when he was around the guy, trying to make a point that he was not

interested in conversing with him. Unfortunately after the second week Misha didn't even try to

talk to him when they were on set. He responded pleasantly when Jensen addressed him, but

otherwise he left Jensen to himself. And that really was such an asshole, asocial thing to do. So it

was surprising when he heard the crew talking about how friendly Misha was and how funny he

was and how nice he was and how brilliantly blue his goddamn fucking eyes were.

He'd asked the hair and makeup girls about him once. They'd gushed over him like he was Justin

Beiber or some shit. He was sure to fill them in on how he really was kind of an invasive jackass

who got so immersed in his character that he never tried to engage Jensen in conversation. Sadie

had seemed surprised and disappointed by the news. Lauren had just snorted out a laugh and

tousled his hair more. He'd asked them if they'd seen his stupid sweaters. Lauren thought they

were cute. Jensen rolled his eyes.

Then one day he was betrayed. It was the first time Jared and Misha were going to be filming a

scene together. Jensen and Jared had spent the morning laughing over the hideous blue snowflake

design of Misha's latest sweater and Jensen promised him working with the guy would be a

nightmare. However, by late afternoon Jared and Misha were laughing and teasing each other,

and Robert, the actor playing Uriel, was joining in. He had a filthy sense of humor which was

apparently only rivaled by Misha's. Jensen was a little surprised. The guy had seemed so

withdrawn and prudish, but the things that were coming out of his mouth...

Jensen wasn't blushing. Definitely not blushing, but it was odd to see this "friendly" side of Misha. It had to be a façade. Some sort of front he was putting up for the group. He was so

fake. Jensen hated people who hid behind masks and acted the way they thought they were

supposed to act. And that had nothing to do with his own penchant for repressing some parts of

himself. He decided to use his anger to his advantage though and channeled it into Dean's

confrontation with Castiel. Misha stepped off his mark and into his space, fucking again, and

Jensen stared him down with a hard glare. When the scene was over he noticed that Jared had a

hand over his mouth and looked like he was fighting laughter. Jensen narrowed his eyes at him.

“What?” he growled.

“Nothing, nothing,” Jared said. “That was a good take. It was very...intense.”

Jensen was pleased his anger had read well on camera.

The next time Misha was on set, he was drawn into the large circle of cast and crew at the craft

services table during lunch. He was telling some story about hitchhiking through Canada with a

guy he was pretty certain was a serial killer and had everyone in stitches. Jared caught his eye

from where he sat next to Misha, and nodded his head for Jensen to come join them. Misha’s

gaze flicked to Jensen, and a small smile curled his lips as their eyes met. Jensen mumbled

something about needing to review his lines for the next scene and walked away. He took his

lunch to his trailer and ate it alone, sulking about the fact that Misha was bothering his friends. He got mayonnaise on his script. He blamed Misha.

The day Misha showed up in a hideous vertical striped sweater was the day they got the terrible

news. Apparently the fans liked this Castiel character and Eric had decided to keep him on for the

rest of the season. He’d never heard anything so stupid in his life. The fans also liked the idea of

Sam and Dean comforting each other with their dicks late at night. Did that mean he was going to

make him and Jared do a love scene? Jensen gagged a little at the very thought. It would be like

kissing his brother. In reality and fiction. He shuddered again.

The rest of the day he scowled and was short with everyone. Eventually everyone decided to just

leave him alone and let him work through his funk on his own. Of course that meant they were

more than happy to congregate around Misha and listen to more of his insane stories. Jensen had

listened to one or two or ten. They were so ridiculous they had to be made up. No one had lived

a life that crazy. It was kind of sad that he felt the need to make shit up just to get people to like him.

A knock on his trailer door made him nearly jump out of his skin as he realized he was imagining

how stupid Misha's face looked when he laughed and his gums were exposed and his eyes

crinkled and emphasized the sizable bags under them. Why did the fans think he was so hot? He

was frumpy and weird looking and spent most of his time staring in between people instead of

looking at them with that pensive little frown on his face. What an asshat.

Jared walked in without waiting for an answer. "Hey, dude, we're going to KM's for a drink

since we finished early. You wanna come?”

“Yeah, just let me get my coat.”

“Okay cool. Oh, hey, swing by Misha’s trailer and ask him to come too.”

“What? No way. He’ll just make everything awkward.”

Jared raised an eyebrow. “Yeah. He’ll make everything awkward.”

“Dude, I don’t want to go drinking if he’s going to be there.”

“Fine, fine. We won’t ask him. But dude, he’s gonna be here all season. You need to work out

exactly why it is that he, you know, gets you all riled up.”

Jensen narrowed his eyes in mild confusion. “He’s weird and stupid and annoying. Isn’t that

enough of a reason?”

Jared sighed softly and shook his head. “Yeah, I guess so. We’re leaving in ten.”

And that’s how the rest of the season went. Misha would be nice to everybody but him, showing

his true colors when they were on set alone together by keeping his distance from Jensen. He

would join the cast and crew for dinners and drinks and breaks, forcing Jensen to hole up in his

trailer like he was the outcast at high school lunch. The weeks Misha weren’t around were

supremely pleasant as Jensen felt his head clear enough that he could focus on his work and enjoy



being around Jared and the crew. Then there were the weeks when they had to work together and

their tension off set translated into tension on set.

That scene in the green room where Castiel grabbed Dean and threw him against the wall, the

more takes they did the harder Misha threw him. Eventually their bodies started colliding and they

had to be told back off a little bit. And one time when Misha had his warm, callused hand over

his mouth, the look he gave him actually scared Jensen a little bit and he'd barely managed to do

the nod he was supposed to do. Of course, that was the take they chose to print and use.

Every scene he did with Misha never came out the way he expected it to. When it came to Misha

nothing went as he expected. When he expected glares and attitude he got soft smiles and that

stupid giggle. When he was expecting a laugh and an approving nod he got cool glances and cold

shoulders. Jensen had never hated someone so much in his life like he did Misha Collins. He

couldn't have been more grateful when the season was finally over. Castiel had been exploded

into chunky soup and season five would be blissfully awkward angel-free and Misha would be

nothing but an annoying soon to be forgotten memory. He was so happy at

the prospect, he didn't

even mind that Misha was going to be at the wrap party too.

Jensen was three shots of tequila in by the time he found Jared talking with two of their regular

camera operators. He greeted them all with hugs partly induced by the fact that he was tipsy.

Jared just grinned and handed him a beer so they could toast and drink together.

"Hey, Jensen," Brad said, "have you seen Misha?"

Jensen choked as he swallowed his beer.

"What? No. Why? No. Why would I know where he is?"

"Because you two are always together."

Jensen felt his jaw drop. They most certainly were not always together. He avoided the guy like

he had Ebola. And sure when they had scenes together he sat next to him during breaks. He

wasn't going to be so childish as to move his chair away from him. And yeah he asked Clif that if

on the way to the car they walked Misha to his so he wouldn't have to cross the giant studio lot on

his own, but they only did that late at night. He'd only even eaten lunch with Misha once. Or

maybe twice. But they certainly were not "always together."

"Dude, I don't know where he is. He's probably trying to pick out what

sweater to wear.”

Jensen laughed at the mental image of Misha standing in front of a closet full of ugly sweaters and

trying to decide which one would look just right for the big party. “I mean what is with those

sweaters anyway? Like is he auditioning to be the uglier version of Where’s Waldo or

something?” Jensen noticed Jared widening his eyes and tilting his head at him slightly. Jared got

weird twitches all the time though. “Like that one he wore last week with the big stitches or

whatever? It looked homemade. And it was purple and some fucking pink color.” Jared’s lips

were thinned and the tendons in his neck were straining out. “What kind of man wears fucking

purple?”

“I don’t know,” a voice said from behind him. Jensen whipped around.

“What kind of man, in

your opinion, Jensen, wears purple?” Misha asked.

Jensen knew his brain was supposed to be processing something—embarrassment or maybe

shame—but his other head was too busy processing something else about Misha’s presence. He

was wearing a sweater, of course he was, but it was a little different from the others. It was still

stupidly ugly with a howling wolf on the front, but it was possible that it was maybe one or two

sizes too small for the man. The cotton pulled tight across broad shoulders and hugged his chest

and torso, highlighting well defined pectoral muscles and a flat stomach. The hem hit just below

the jeans he wore—jeans that rode low on his hips and encased his powerful thighs in soft denim.

God Jensen needed him to turn around; he needed to see his ass in those jeans.

His current appearance was so odd and discordant with his mental image of his coworker. For

months he'd seen Misha only in the oversized clothes of Castiel's wardrobe and those stupid

baggy sweaters he wore. He had no idea that this was under all those bulky layers. Well, he

supposed the one or two times Misha's body had slammed his against the set wall and he'd felt

those muscles manhandling him like he wasn't a tall solidly built Texas man should have been a

clue.

Jensen felt something jab him sharply in the back. He realized it was Jared's finger and suddenly

Jensen was aware of where he was again. The room was loud as the party was in full swing, but

the small group standing near Jensen and Misha were awkwardly quiet.

Misha's jaw flexed as he

appeared to be fighting back some emotion. The color was high in his cheeks and his lips were so

chapped...Jensen felt his body itching to lean forward and soothe them with his tongue. He was

distracted from those thoughts by the hard, cold, but hurt look in Misha's eyes—the blue so bright

they stood out even in the dim lighting of the room.

“Well,” Misha said, his voice had a slight tremor in it. “I guess I knew you hated me. I just didn't

know it was because of the way I dressed.”

Jensen felt a ball of nauseating shame slam into his chest and gut. He remembered now what he'd

been saying just before Misha arrived. And based on how long Jared had been making faces at

him, Misha must have heard most of it.

Jensen opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Misha kind of nodded his head

and then he looked at the people behind Jensen.

“It was nice working with you this season. Good luck with your show.”

Misha turned and the others only belatedly remembered to call after him that they had been happy

to work with him too. Jensen turned to look at Jared. The look on his face was more than enough

for Jensen to mutter out, “Okay, okay,” and begin to push his way through the crowd, following

in Misha’s wake.

If it had been him, Jensen would have gone to the bar for another drink. But Misha headed for the

door. He hurried after him and tried to catch him before he got outside. He was delayed as

people stopped him to congratulate him on a good season and he had to politely (though it was

probably rudely) brush them off and thread his way to the door.

Outside the bar, he spotted Misha getting into a taxi. Jensen ran down the sidewalk, but Misha had the door shut and the taxi pulled away from the curb before he could call out his name.

Jensen ran back to the line of taxis and jumped in front of a young couple who sounded very

displeased that he had cut in line.

“Can you follow that taxi please?” Jensen said, indicating the one Misha was in as it stopped at the

street corner before turning right.

“Are you serious?” the cabbie asked with a look on his face that clearly showed what a creep he

thought Jensen was.

Jensen pulled out his wallet and threw three hundred dollars over the divider and into the front

seat.

“Very serious.”

“Yes, sir.”

The driver took off and quickly caught up to Misha’s cab.

“Don’t follow too close,” Jensen said.

The cabbie gave him a look in the rearview mirror. After a fifteen minute ride they arrived at the

long-term housing Misha stayed at while he was filming. The driver stopped several yards back

and on the opposite side of the street from Misha’s cab. They both watched as Misha got out and

walked into the building. Jensen opened his car door.

“Hey,” the driver said, “you’re not going to like, kill him and eat his liver or something, right?”

Jensen let a small laugh. “No. Don’t worry. You didn’t facilitate a murder. Just an apology from

an asshole.”

“Apologize first.”

Jensen cocked his head. “What else would I do first?”

“I’m just saying if you try to kiss him before you apologize, he might deck you.”

Jensen spluttered for a moment. “I’m not going to kiss him. It’s not that kind of fight!”

“Oh. My mistake.”

The cabbie looked anything but like he thought he was wrong in his assessment. Jensen glared at

him as he got out of the car and slammed the door shut for good measure. He walked over to

Misha's building and groaned in frustration when he realized the door was locked. He had to wait

for a little over five minutes before someone came out. He held the door open for an elderly

woman and she thanked him for being such a nice man. He smiled at her and waited for her to

walk a ways down the sidewalk before he slipped inside. The mailboxes in the front hall were

labeled with handwritten names on white slips of paper because they were swapped out so

frequently. Collins was on 3E.

Jensen took the elevator even though it was only two flights of stairs because his heart was already

racing with nervousness. He walked down the hall to Misha's apartment and then turned away.

He paced the hall a few times and shook out his hands. He stopped and put his hands on his waist

as he inhaled deeply. He could do this. It was just an apology.

The sound of a door swinging open was quickly followed by Misha's distinctive voice saying,

"You gonna stay out here all night?"



Jensen started and was of half a mind to take off running down the emergency stairs. Then he

saw the guarded and weary expression on Misha's face. He straightened and approached the

man. Misha looked up at him from their slight height difference and Jensen sorted through which

words he should say and what exactly he should apologize for. The longer he waited the more

Misha's eyes narrowed in annoyance. His jaw clenched and his lips twitched, drawing Jensen's

attention to them. They really were roughly chapped, but they looked really fucking soft too.

Misha squeaked when Jensen grabbed him by the upper arms, but Jensen barely heard it as he was

in his own little world as he hauled the man in and slammed their lips together. He was right.

They were soft. And warm. Jensen swiped his tongue across the seam of those pretty, chapped

lips. Then he was shoved back. And he got decked.

Jensen shook his head, disoriented as he tried to reconcile his new position on the hallway floor.

His cheek hurt and Misha was kneeling beside him, worry written all over his features.

"Shit, fuck. Jensen, shit, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—you startled me!"

Jensen nodded, still a little woozy from the blow. "He did say not to kiss you before

apologizing.”

“What? Who? Why would you kiss me anyway?”

“Because...”

Jensen focused his eyes on Misha. Why had he kissed him? Just because he liked his lips?

Something told him it was more than that. Misha waved a dismissive hand.

“Never mind about that. Let’s focus on the apology.”

“Okay.”

“But first, come on, come inside. Let me get some ice for that.”

Jensen nodded and allowed Misha to help him to his feet. He shuffled inside Misha’s apartment

and was pleasantly surprised to find that the pre-furnished generic room felt quite homey as bits of

Misha’s life occupied the spaces in between. Misha led him to a couch and sat him down, and

then he walked into the kitchen and began filling a plastic baggie with ice. Jensen looked at the

kitchen table; there was a 5000 piece puzzle spread out on the surface about halfway completed.

Misha returned with the ice wrapped in a towel and sat beside him as he put the bundle to Jensen’s

left cheek. He winched a little as the sharp edges of the ice cubes poked the tender skin, but it

began to feel better almost immediately as the cold started to seep in. He

looked around the room

for a moment longer before finally turning to look at Misha who still sat on the couch next to him.

The wolf on his sweater was looking at him balefully.

“So,” Jensen started. “I owe you an apology.”

Misha shrugged. “Honestly, I don’t care if you think my clothes are ugly. My mother has sent me

to school in way worse, so I’m used to it. It’s really not a big deal. I overreacted.”

“Yeah, no, you didn’t. Because the apology isn’t for the comments about the sweaters.”

“Then what is it for?”

Jensen swallowed, feeling ashamed again. “Everything. The way I treat you on set. The way I exclude you from group activities. The way I make everything awkward for everybody when

we’re in the same place at the same time. For thinking really shitty things about you.”

“Like what?”

“It’s not important,” Jensen mumbled, dropping his eyes.

He waited for Misha to respond, but he remained silent. Perhaps he needed to actually say he was

sorry. Telling someone you owed them an apology and then actually saying it were two different

things. He looked up and made sure he made eye contact with Misha.

“I’m sorry. For being a dick.”

Misha nodded thoughtfully, that pensive look on his face that had somehow become familiar to

Jensen. He realized it was just Misha’s default face and he wasn’t now nor ever had been

frowning at and judging him. Then Misha’s expression changed into something decidedly

different. He looked...sly.

“Why do you think you were a dick to me, Jensen?”

“Hmm? Oh. Just, you know. I have trouble getting along with new people. It’s just a thing

about me.”

“I see. It’s funny though, every other guest star I’ve talked to always gushes about great the

Supernatural set is to work on because both you and Jared are so welcoming and friendly.”

“Yeah, well. You know. Like one person said that.”

“Everybody said that,” Misha said flatly.

Jensen cleared his throat and turned his head so he could hide behind the towel of ice.

“So...” he felt Misha shift on the couch and suddenly Jensen could feel the heat of his body all

down the length of his side even though they weren’t actually touching.

“What made me

different?”

Jensen snorted and shot him a look. “You say that like you act like you’re the most normal person

on the planet.”

“Oh, I think part of your problem is that I don’t act like a normal person.”

“That’s what I meant. You’re...odd, Misha. And that’s not meant to be an insult.”

“I don’t take it as one. But even if I am odd...” Misha shifted closer and Jensen dropped the arm

holding the ice up so that Misha could put their faces close together. “Why do I set you off?”

Misha placed a hand lightly on his thigh and Jensen choked on his next breath as he felt his cock

harden in his jeans.

“You’re...you’re everything I could never be.”

Misha tilted his head slightly, just like his character.

“You have lived a life that I am way too chicken shit to even consider trying. Throwing yourself

headlong into the unknown and living your life and not just letting it happen to you. I...admire

you. I have such respect for you. But you’re...”

you. I have such respect for you. But you’re...”

Misha shifted closer again and Jensen internally whimpered as his cock twitched against the zipper

of his jeans, asking him to let it do something fun and wild like Misha would do.

“I’m what?” Misha asked, voice soft and intimate.

“You’re...so fucking weird.”

Misha let out a small laugh and a half smile slid up the side of his mouth. Then he sat back.

“Weird. Right.”

“And beautiful.”

Misha blinked his eyes wide.

“You’re also beautiful.”

They stared at each other for a couple of seconds, and then they lunged forward at the same time,

arms wrapping around each other as they kissed wildly. The towel and ice fell to the floor and

Jensen groaned as he felt the hard muscles of Misha’s back under his hands as he smoothed them

over that damn sweater. Had he really been this ripped the whole time?

Misha slid off the couch and pulled Jensen with him, not allowing the kiss to end as he held his

face in his hands. They stumbled precariously around the furniture and toward the bedroom as

they kissed hard, biting lips and sucking tongues. Jensen’s T-shirt hit the floor at the threshold.

Misha’s pants were gone by the time they reached the bed. Misha let go of

Jensen and jumped

back onto the bed. He smiled at him with flushed cheeks and swollen lips as he pulled his sweater

over his head and tossed it aside. Jensen pushed his jeans down and fondled himself through his

underwear as he looked at Misha. Misha quirked an eyebrow at him and parted his thighs. Jensen

was on him in a second.

They rubbed their groins together and shared more wet, sloppy kisses, moaning and humming in

pleasure as they moved against each other. Jensen grabbed Misha by the hair and yanked his head

to the side so he could suck and bite marks onto his neck.

“Fuck, Mish...I’ve wanted to do this to you for so long.”

“Yeah?” Misha panted with a smile in his voice.

Jensen reached a hand down and roughly squeezed and massaged Misha’s cock through his

underwear. He gasped and arched into the touch.

“Yeah. Problem was I didn’t know it until now. Jesus. From day one. Day fucking one.”

Misha cried out as Jensen thrust his hips forward hard enough to move them up the bed. Misha

grabbed Jensen’s wrist and pulled it off his dick. He sat up and gave Jensen a quick kiss before he

wriggled over to the nightstand and pulled out lube and a condom. Jensen got on his knees and

pushed his underwear down his thighs. He pulled them off the back of his legs and tossed them

onto the floor. When he looked back up, Misha was no longer in front of him.

“Mish?”

He sucked in a sharp breath as Misha pressed up behind him, warm slick fingers sliding between

his ass cheeks. He felt a flash of panic. He’d sort of accepted a long time ago that he was into

dudes just as much as chicks, but he didn’t bottom. He bit back a small noise of surprised pleasure

as Misha’s fingers circled over his entrance. It felt good. Holy fuck, since when did having your ass touched feel good?

Jensen let out a soft cry and fell forward onto his hands. Misha moved between his legs and

pushed his knees apart. His fingers circled his hole a couple more times and then he slid a large,

hot finger into him all the way to the knuckle. Jensen tensed, but it didn’t hurt. There was enough

lube and Misha’s finger was slender enough that it slid right in. Misha pumped his finger in and

out and Jensen felt himself moving back into each forward thrust. Maybe he was going to bottom.

“You feel good, J.”



Jensen shivered as Misha's voice lowered and roughened to something closer to Castiel's. That

was kind of hot.

He circled his hand around, getting his finger to stretch the rim a bit. The second one slid in with

a barely there flash of pain. Then Misha was finger fucking him and Jensen bit his lip as he

spread his legs farther apart and really pushed back against it.

He let out a wild, keening noise and clenched the bed sheets in his hands when intense pleasure

suddenly exploded across every nerve ending. He heard Misha's low, dirty chuckle.

"There is it," he said lewdly.

Jensen groaned and fell forward onto his forearms as the overwhelming sensation spiked again

and again and he realized Misha was using his two fingers to punch relentlessly at his prostate.

"Ohhhh...shit, Misha...pleeeeeease. Stop, stop, please! I can't, I can't... fuuuuuuuuuuuck,

Misha!"

Misha just laughed. The fucker. And then there was a third finger inside him. He hardly noticed

except that it made him feel fuller. Misha put a hand on his hip and pulled him back onto his

hand.

“Come on, Jensen. Be good for me.”

Jensen buried his red race in arms, but rocked back against Misha’s hand. He pumped his thighs

and forced Misha’s fingers deep enough that he could feel the knuckles trying to slip in. Then

Misha removed his hand and Jensen panted on the mattress, thankful for the slight reprieve. He

heard the crinkle of a condom wrapper. He heard the slick sounds of Misha stroking his cock

with lube. Precome spurted out his slit at the sound. His cock hung tight and heavy between his

legs...throbbing with anticipatory ecstasy at the thought of what came next.

Jensen grunted and gritted his teeth as Misha’s cockhead breached him for the first time. He

expected Misha to continue to push in, but he pulled back out slowly and Jensen could feel his

stretched rim sliding off the wide head. And then it popped closed as he pulled free. Jensen

started to raise his head to ask what he was doing, but then Misha pushed in again. Jensen

hummed in mild pain, but this time it definitely felt better. Then the jerk pulled out slowly again.

“Misha,” Jensen hissed as the man pushed in and pulled out for the third time.

“You know what I thought from day one?” Misha asked. He prodded the head of his cock

against Jensen's hole and the puckered muscle fluttered, but he didn't enter him. "I thought you

were a stuck up prick. One of those actors who had a big head because he was the star of his own

TV show, no matter how bad the ratings."

Jensen felt a little ashamed as he remembered his behavior on the day they had met. How he had

pointed at him and whispered to Jared what a freak he was.

"It was very odd to hear other people talk about you. They said you were so friendly and

welcoming to new cast members and you were such a great—" Misha pushed his cockhead

inside Jensen again. "Guy." He thrust his hips forward until he was flush with Jensen's ass.

Jensen shouted at the unfamiliar intrusion. His jaw hung open as he breathed heavily and let out

soft, tiny grunts as he felt Misha's thick girth splitting him open.

"Holy fuck," Jensen breathed.

Misha worked his hips in a circle, rolling his cock around Jensen's tight cavern. Jensen's hands

were gripping the sheets so tightly his knuckles were white and his fingers were starting to hurt.

"Jesus, Misha..."

"Feel good, Jensen?"

“Yes!”

Jensen tried to push back against him, but Misha held him immobile.

“Nine months, Jensen. For the entire filming schedule I thought you hated my guts and were a

complete twat.”

“What changed?” Jensen asked, realizing he wasn’t going to get fucked until Misha had said his

piece.

“That last scene in the green room. When I was throwing you up against the wall.”

“What about it?” Jensen grunted as he circled his hips and smiled as he felt Misha’s cock move

inside him.

“That last time before they told us to tone it down a bit...I was right against you, J. And you were

hard.”

Jensen’s eyes flew open. “I was not!”

“You were, babe.”

Misha gave him a light thrust.

“And all of a sudden, everything made sense. Your unease around me, your irrational dislike,

your desperation to avoid me at all costs.” He laughed softly. “It’s because you wanted this—”

Misha pulled out and slammed into him roughly. Jensen screamed before he bit his arm to keep

quiet. “Didn’t you?”

Jensen squirmed and focused on breathing as the pleasure of being impaled on Misha’s cock only

got unbearably better each second he was filled by the infuriating man.

“If I say yes will you fuck me already?”

Misha draped himself over Jensen’s back and leaned down to talk softly in his ear. “Can we be

friends now? I’d like to be friends.”

Jensen turned his head slightly and looked at Misha’s soft expression. He felt something entirely

different from admiration or desire fill his chest with warmth. Being asked to be friends with

someone who was currently balls deep in your ass was definitely a departure from the norm, but

someone who was currently balls deep in your ass was definitely a departure from the norm, but he wouldn’t expect or want Misha to be anything less.

“Yeah, Mish. I’d like to be friends.”

Misha smiled at him and then leaned down to give him a slightly awkward kiss on the side of his

mouth. Then he sat back, gripped Jensen’s hips, and began to slowly fuck in and out of his hole.

Jensen hummed happily, ecstatic that he was now getting exactly what he wanted. His humming

turned to moans as Misha picked up the pace. Then Misha hooked his hands under his arms and

grabbed him by the shoulders, hauling him up so that he sat back in Misha's lap. He groaned at

the glorious change of angle and let his knees slide farther apart, settling more squarely on Misha's

dick. Misha humped up into his body and Jensen bit the smile on his lips as he felt the man's hard

length move inside him. His own cock was flopping in front of him to the rhythm of Misha's

thrusts and he wrapped a hand around the wet, slippery shaft. He'd never been this wet before—

not from his own precome. But Misha made him feel so good. And then the asshole grabbed his

wrist and pulled his hand away.

“Hey. What are you—”

Misha took his other wrist in hand as well and raised them above Jensen's head. He squirmed and

struggled to get free, but he didn't have much leverage in his current position. Misha continued to

drill steadily into him and he could feel his dick tingling and throbbing with arousal and the

pleasure shooting out from his groin every time Misha's cock brushed his prostate.

“Come on, Mish, don't leave me hanging.”

“You want it, Jensen? How badly do you want it?”

Jensen squirmed again and pushed his hips back into Misha’s thrusts. He hissed in surprise as the

ensuing pleasure almost made it feel like something had touched his cock.

“Come on, Jensen. Show me.”

Jensen began to work himself up and down on Misha’s cock, whining and grunting as his arousal

kept spiking even higher. Feeling Misha move in him, feeling utterly exposed with his legs spread

wide and his hands above his head, feeling the heated flesh of his cock bob in the cool air. He

was going to come. He was going to be able to come just from this. His fingers clenched around

something soft and pliant and he realized that he’d bent his arms at the elbow and was now

holding onto Misha’s hair. With his hands free, Misha moved them to Jensen's chest and began to

flick and rub mercilessly at his nipples. Jensen closed his throat around a loud groan and

increased his pace and thrashed in Misha’s arms. He felt it getting closer, closer and then he let

out a noise that he was not going to describe as a cry of ecstasy and shot his load straight up onto

himself. He struggled under the onslaught of over-stimulated pleasure as Misha continued to work

his nipples and fuck into his ass.

“Misha, Misha, please! Too much, it’s too much!”

Then Misha was grunting softly in his ear and groaning hotly as he came with several long strokes

before burying himself deep in Jensen’s ass and going still. The only movement came from their

heaving chests as they tried to catch their breath. Then Misha pulled out very carefully and helped

Jensen lay down on his back, straightening out his clenched legs. He moved off the bed to drop

the used condom in the trashcan in the en suite bathroom, and then he returned to the bed with a

dampened wash cloth. He lay down next to Jensen and was about to start cleaning him off when

he noticed that Jensen had picked up an article of clothing from the floor and wiped his jizz all

over it. His eyes went wide with rage. Jensen looked down at the item in his hand. It was

Misha’s wolf sweater. Jensen made a “whoops” face.

“Whoops.”

“You did that on purpose!” Misha cried.

“I did not, I swear!”

Misha flung the wash cloth onto his face. Jensen laughed as he pulled it off and reached over to



grab Misha before he could roll off the bed. He pulled the struggling man back until he was

holding him chest to back.

“Sorry, baby. I’ll buy you a new one.”

Misha sniffled indignantly. “Promise?”

Jensen kissed his shoulder. “Promise.”

Misha relaxed into his embrace.

“And you know, while we’re out shopping, maybe we can pick you up a nice button down or

something.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Displacement](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2130495) at  
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/2130495>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Jared Padalecki</a> , <a href="#">Clif Kosterman</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Jared finds out</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a>
Series:	Part 22 of <a href="#">Tumblr Fics</a>
Stats:	Published: 2014-08-13 Words: 2639

## "Him"

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Jared finds Misha's phone unattended and decides to mess with him a little bit. He finds something on his phone that he was not expecting, but actually isn't all that surprising.

### Notes

Written for the prompt: Jared nicks Misha's phone again. Only to find heart-wrenchingly cute but sort of disturbing photos of his best friend and the man he thinks of as a brother all over each other!

Please read the tags concerning characters--neither Jensen nor Misha are actually in this. Teen rating is only for implied sexual acts.

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Jared sauntered through the sound stage, bobbing slightly to his own internal soundtrack, as he

made his way to craft services. The rumor going around set was that there were meatball subs.

Jared paused to give a quick rump shake as he sang, "Meatball su~~b!"

His good cheer was not unfounded as he found the lunch tables spread out with quite a bit of

food still left on them even though his shoot had run late. And sure enough,

there were the

makings for a meatball sub. He took his time filling a foot long roll with as many meatballs that

could fit on it without falling off and extra marinara sauce. He laid several pieces of provolone

cheese on top and added more sauce to help it melt faster. His mouth was watering. This was

going to be the closest he got to sex until he went home for the weekend.

As he made his way over to the beverages, he passed the healthy options table and mentally

blew it a raspberry. He'd just past the end when he pulled up short. He took two steps back and

saw the black phone sitting on the table next to the chia seed protein bars. He glanced around.

There were a few crew members about but nobody was standing near the table like they had just

set down their phone for a moment. Although Jared was pretty certain he knew whose phone it

was; he'd stolen it enough times after all. Giving one more furtive look around he picked up the

phone and pushed the on button to light up the screen. He swiped the unlock bar and it turned

completely on, displaying an adorable photo of Maison and West as the wallpaper.

Jared grinned. Misha was such a fool. If he wasn't going to put a password on his phone

because he was worried he would never be able to remember what it was, then he had better

learn not to leave the thing lying around where anyone could find it. Jared casually slipped the

phone into his pocket, grabbed a soda from the cooler, and then scooted across the back lot to his

trailer.

Inside he sat at the little table that was slightly uncomfortable to stuff his legs under and put the

phone and his sandwich down side by side. He wasn't even sure which one was more tempting.

He turned on Misha's phone again and immediately pulled up the Twitter app. He took a large

bite of his sub as he contemplated what to write. It had to be suitably awful so that it would

shock but also be clear that it was a joke. He typed in "I like penises!" Then he deleted that.

That wasn't entirely outside the realm of possibility for Misha to say. Then he tried, "I'm

against equal rights for orange people!" Then he deleted that as he realized people might think

Misha was actually a spray-tan racist.

He took another bite of his sandwich and grimaced as a blob of marinara fell on the screen. He

picked up the phone and licked off the sauce, and then wiped the screen on his shirt. Good

enough. When he turned the phone back on he saw the app store icon. He remembered the app

Gen had told him about the other night when they'd be Skyping. He quickly downloaded "Photo

Booth" onto Misha's phone. And then he went to town.

By the time he was done with his sub there were probably over two hundred photos of his face

distorted into funny shapes clogging up Misha's memory. He giggled as he scrolled through

them. He was hilarious. He wondered if Misha would use any of these against him somehow by

publishing them, but that would be fine if he did. They were awesome. Then he wondered if

Misha had any other photos of him on his phone. They'd been drunk around each other often

enough that it wasn't impossible. Perhaps Misha had an embarrassing photo of him that he was

saving for a rainy day.

Jared opened the camera app and pulled up the gallery. He began swiping through the photos

and was disappointed to only find some random shots of rocks on the ground or a tree leaf along

a running trail. There were only ten or so and Jared wondered if those were just from his

morning run. He couldn't believe that those were the only photos he had on his phone. For one



thing, the picture he used for his wallpaper had to be stored somewhere.

Jared exited the camera app and scrolled through the pages of icons. He opened a couple, but

quickly realized it wasn't what he was looking for. Then he found the "files" icon. He opened it

and saw that there were several other files labeled with things like "GISH Favs," "Bug," "24-

31," "Wife," "Beautiful Wife," and "Sexy Wife." As unsurprising as Misha's filing system was,

the fact that he had a filing system at all was dumbfounding. Someone had to have set it up for

him. He touched the "Sexy Wife" folder out of curiosity and then quickly backtracked, blushing

hard. Well. That ought to teach him a lesson about snooping on somebody's phone. A lesson he

apparently decided to ignore as he tapped on the "Bug" folder, wondering if Misha kept pictures

of random bugs on his phone.

The file revealed dozens and dozens of photos of West. Jared hummed in understanding as he

remembered that Misha sometimes called his son Bug. He wasn't quite sure why and he hoped

it wouldn't give the kid a complex or stick with him when he got to school. Jared scrolled

through a few pages. That kid really was too cute.

He flicked back to the main page and looked at the other folders. He tapped on one labeled “JJ”

and as expected found a collection of pictures of Jensen’s daughter. Mostly she was being held

by either Danneel or Jensen, but in a few Misha held her close, strong affection clear on his

features. There was one of Misha holding a one year old JJ upside down and grinning as the

little girl had her face scrunched up in a smiling screech. Jared could practically hear the noise

coming out of her mouth. He tilted his head as he looked at the next picture.

Misha and Danneel were sitting on the couch in Jensen’s house with JJ in their laps. It really

was just a normal picture of two people with a baby, but Danneel was leaning against Misha in a

familiar way and Misha had his arm behind her, his fingers trailing on a bare shoulder revealed

by her tank top. Misha had one hand on JJ to hold her up while her mother cooed at her. It

looked like a normal picture because they looked like any other family. The only thing was,

Misha and Danneel weren’t family. At least...not in that way. Jared just assumed that the

picture had caught a moment between them that made it look more intimate than it was.

He left that file and scrolled to the next page. He saw folders that were

labeled with things like

“rocks,” “sky,” and “Padakids.” He smiled and opened that folder. There were quite a few

pictures of his kids together and with Gen. He scrolled through all of them to make sure there

wasn’t a picture of Misha snuggling up on the couch with his wife. Finding none he went back to

the main page and was going to turn off the phone—he didn’t need to snoop through the whole

thing—but then he saw a file labeled “Moosehole.” Jared tsked in dismay and opened it.

The file contained a collection of pictures of Jared making stupid poses and pulling duck faces.

A couple he definitely did look decidedly drunk and out of it—particularly the one where he was

peeing off the side of a balcony. He didn’t even recognize the balcony or where he was when

that happened. He deleted those photos. There were also a couple of nice photos of him and

Misha hanging out together. He smiled as he looked at them. He really did like Misha, so why

was he such a pain in the butt to him sometimes? Oh that’s right, because apparently he referred

to him as “Moosehole.”

He scanned the file folders again to see what Misha referred to Jensen as. He was just “J,”

which was a tad insulting that he got a normal nickname. He was vindicated by the fact that

mixed in with Jensen doing his blue steel and smiling with his arm around Misha's shoulders,

there were a few pictures of Jensen looking smashed and doing stupid things. At least Misha

was fair.

Jared exited back to the last page and saw that the last two slots for icons were blank, so that

must be the end of his files. Out of habit though, he swiped to the last page, expecting to get a

message asking if he wanted to create a new page. Instead there was a single file folder on the

otherwise empty screen. It was labeled simply, "Him."

Jared chewed on his bottom lip and felt his fingers twitch. He should put the phone away. He'd

already done enough. And seen some photos of Vicki that he definitely never should have seen.

Did he want to invade Misha's privacy even further? For some reason he knew that these photos

were not going to pictures of just a friend. But that was none of his business. But he wanted to

know who it was. Maybe it was Philip, Misha's personal assistant. They did spend a lot of

time together. Maybe he and John Barrowman were having some kind of fling. He reasoned that

he could just click on it once to see who was in the pictures, and then he would immediately

click out. He wouldn't scroll through them or anything. And if a face wasn't instantly

recognizable he wouldn't examine any photos to try to figure it out. Jared gave a nod his head.

Yeah, no big deal. One click and then he would be done.

Jared tapped the file folder.

He braced himself for some shocking, scandalously discovery, but then all he saw was a picture

of Jensen sitting in the green room at some con or another. He was laughing with his head

thrown back and Jared could see parts of Rob and Richard in the picture. Clearly there was

nothing scandalous here. Jared shook his head at his own sense of drama. He used his thumb to

scroll through some of the pictures.

They were all candid of Jensen and it seemed like Jensen wasn't aware he was being

photographed. He supposed that was a little creepy. He wondered if Misha had a crush on him.

Well, he supposed based on the way the two of them interacted and did the eye sex on set when

they were "in character" it did seem likely that they might both be crushing on each other a little

bit. And then there was a selfie style photo of Misha and Jensen. It only showed their faces, but

Jared got the impression that they were laying down. He scrolled through a few more pictures

and raised his eyebrows as he paused on one selfie that showed Jensen making his bland “I’m

not amused” face while Misha kissed the underside of his jaw. In the next picture though, Jensen

was laughing as Misha smiled against his neck.

Jared began to feel an odd squirming sensation in his gut, but he kept going.

The next picture was of them looking at each other. They were clearly lying down this time and

he was pretty certain they were shirtless even though he could only see just below their necks.

The look in their eyes as they gazed at each other...Jared quickly moved to the next picture.

Jensen was looking at the camera with a light blush on cheeks, nervously biting his lip. The next

picture was at a very odd angle. It was looking up at Jensen’s face, almost like the camera was

in his lap. His face was definitely flushed this time and he looked torn between embarrassment

and...well...arousal. The next picture...

Jared put the phone down and tried hard to close his gaping mouth. He couldn’t quite manage it

as he gawked at a picture looking down at Jensen that showed not only his face, but most of his

chest and stomach as well. His face was beatific with an expression of supreme relaxation. A

hand—clearly Misha’s, he knew Misha’s hands—was planted in the center of Jensen’s chest.

There were a few wet, shiny patches on his skin that kind of looked like water, but Jared knew

what it really was since he’d been familiar with the stuff since he was about twelve.

He stared at the picture even as it dimmed into the power saver mode, and then the screen went

black. He didn’t know what to do. He’d found something out that he would never be able to

pretend that he didn’t know. But how could he admit that he knew because he’d violated

Misha’s privacy? Jared chewed on a nail as he thought about what to do. He supposed as long

Jensen and Misha told him what was going on, he wouldn’t need to feel guilty about knowing.

But what could he do to get them to tell him? Honestly, probably all he had to do was confront

them about it directly citing various incidents that had seemed funny and maybe a little odd in the

past but now made perfect sense in hindsight. He didn’t think they would lie to him if he was

blunt about it.

Or...he could have a little fun with them first.

Jared grinned as he slipped Misha's phone back in his pocket and threw away his trash.

Knowing that his coworkers were secretly banging could be fun to exploit. He wouldn't do it

for that long. Just long enough to get a few panicked looks and pathetic, awkward excuses out of

them.

Jared left his trailer and made his way back to craft services to drop off the phone. He was

certain Misha was still on set, so he'd be able to put it back where he found it and it would

probably be a few days before Misha found all Jared's Photo Booth photos.

Jared wondered at the fact that he wasn't particularly freaked out by this information he now

knew. He supposed it wasn't really that big of a shock. Misha and Jensen had had some weird

attraction to each other from day one, although Jensen had bitched about him for over half a

year. Now Jared knew that was just because Jensen had probably been crushing on the guy from

the moment he'd laid eyes on him. It really was a cute love story. He wasn't even concerned

about their affair being an affair since he had a sneaking suspicion that both



Danneel and Vicki

already knew all about it.

When he walked back onto the soundstage he saw Clif poking around the salad end of the table.

“Yo, Cliffy! There’s meatball subs!”

“I’m trying to be good this week.”

“Why?”

Clif shrugged. “I don’t know.”

He walked over to the other table and started making a sandwich almost as big as Jared’s had

been. Glancing around a few times to make sure nobody was looking, Jared slid the phone back

on the table where he’d found it. He sauntered off with a huge grin on his face.

This was going to be so much fun.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

# Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- ["Him"](#)
- [Afterword](#)

Rating:

Mature

Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

Supernatural RPF

Relationships:

Jensen Ackles/Misha CollinsJensen Ackles/Danneel Harris

Characters:

Jensen AcklesMisha CollinsDanneel HarrisJared PadaleckiJeremy

CarverRobert SingerOriginal Characters

Additional Tags:

Cockles

Language:

English

Series:

« Part 23 of the Tumblr Fics series

Stats:

Published:2014-08-

14Words:9084Chapters:1/1Comments:52Kudos:437Bookmarks:52Hits

Negotiation

emwebb17

Summary:

Misha leaves Supernatural to do another show and clicks with the cast. Jensen sees how well Misha fits in with his new cast mates gets a little jealous and realizes exactly how much he misses him. He wants him back on Supernatural, and he's not willing to negotiate.

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Work Text:

“Are you sure you’re really okay with this?” Danneel asked as she wiggled her fingers at JJ, encouraging the little girl to let go of the coffee table and take a wobbling step toward her.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Jensen asked with a slight edge to his tone. He

zoomed in on JJ as he recorded her taking, well, probably her eighth or ninth steps by now. Of course her first steps had occurred when she'd been visiting grandma. He could tell she was going to be trouble all her life.

“Well, I’m just thinking about what happened in season seven when he was gone. You weren’t as happy on set, and you know it. Hell, you weren’t happy off set,” she added under her breath.

“That was a completely different situation. They railroaded Misha and he was forced to leave the show. Plus, we had some other issues around that time too. This is completely different. He’s leaving voluntarily and because he got a better offer. He’ll be the star of his own show. How can I not be happy for him?”

“You can be happy for him while still being sad for yourself.”

“The show films in Vancouver. I’ll still see him all the time. It’s not like —ah! There she goes! Go, JJ, go!”

Danneel squealed softly and the little girl laughed at the sound her mother made as she walked toward her. Danneel caught her just as she started to teeter forward and she and Jensen cooed over her.

She basked in their attention and Jensen glanced down at the recording on his phone, remembering the conversation they’d been having while JJ had been trying to walk.

“You realize we’ll never be able to show this video to anyone.”

Danneel waved a hand. “We’ll just set it to music or something.”

Jensen walked over to his wife and leaned down to kiss his daughter’s cheek. She giggled and scrunched up as his scruff tickled her. He petted her soft hair. She really was the greatest thing ever.

“Jensen...”

“What?” he asked flatly with a bit of a hangdog look.

“Don’t be too proud to tell him that you’ll miss him. Let him know how much you care.”

“Aw, D...” Jensen whined. “It’s different with men.”

“Okay, one: no it’s not. And two: you know that Misha isn’t anything like your idea of a ‘man.’”

Jensen made a face at her.

“Look, all I’m saying is that things are going to be different now. We don’t live near him in LA anymore. You’re not working on set together anymore. And even if you’re both in Vancouver, your filming schedules could be totally different. Just let him know that you’re happy for him, but that you’re going to miss him.”

Jensen conceded by not actually saying anything and scrolled through the dozens of pictures of his daughter on his phone.

“Tell him you love him.”

Jensen asked. “You know, most women wouldn’t encourage their husbands to profess their love to other people.”

“Most women have never had the pleasure of watching you and Misha make out.”

Jensen frowned at her. She shrugged a shoulder.

“What? It’s hot.”

Jensen took his daughter from his wife and walked away from her.

“Don’t listen to her, JJ. They don’t matter anyway. You’re my girl and I love you most of all.”

The baby gurgled her approval.

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“Oh, yeah,” Jensen said, a little out of breath, “Danneel wanted me to tell you something.”

“W-w-haaaa-ohhh, Jesus. Can it wait? I’m almost there. Oh, fuck...”

Jensen moved one knee up the mattress and spread Misha’s thighs a little farther apart. Misha dropped his head forward onto the pillow and clawed at the bed sheets.

“It’s kind of important,” Jensen said as he thrust into Misha’s tight ass.

“Really? More important than getting me off? Oh, wow. J, I love feeling your cock in me.”



“Yeah, baby?” Jensen asked with a grin and pumped his hips harder.

Misha moaned and arched his back so that his hips canted up into Jensen’s movements.

“It just feels so...real.”

Jensen attempted a laugh, but he was a little out of breath. He’d been fucking Misha for at least twenty minutes—and that was after foreplay.

It wasn’t even that Misha had good stamina or control; he just liked to come untouched, which usually meant a good but very long fuck. Not that Jensen was complaining. Misha was very vocal in bed and for some reason every whimper and moan and gasp he let out made Jensen’s groin throb with arousal.

“I feel real, huh? As opposed to all the dildos your wife shoves up your ass?”

Misha laughed and then cried out as Jensen put a hand to his hips and angled him up just a little bit more. Misha started keening and his body tightened—Jensen had gotten good at finding his prostate. For some reason though, he wasn’t ready for it to end, so he eased off.

Misha grunted in displeasure.

“Come on, Jensen.”

“Not yet,” Jensen breathed against his neck, hips working a little slower, but swiveling on every down stroke so he buried himself

deeper into Misha's body.

Misha sighed and rested his cheek on the mattress. There was a small smile on his face, so Jensen didn't think he was really upset by the delay.

"You're right," Misha murmured. "Not yet. Not until I can memorize the feel of you inside me. You're almost too much—but it's perfect, babe. You're a perfect fit."

Jensen huffed out a small laugh.

"The first time I saw your dick, I thought, 'No way is that thing gonna fit!' It actually kind of scared me."

Jensen snorted. "Is that why you shoved me down and fucked me instead?"

"It was one of the reasons. The other was that I just wanted to see you lose control. I wanted to break you down and take you apart and watch Jensen Ackles come completely undone."

Jensen stopped moving. Misha glanced back over his shoulder.

"What? You had such a stick up your ass about the whole thing."

Jensen rolled his eyes and resumed his thrusting, only harder. Misha hummed and his voice shook each time Jensen slammed into him.

"Oh, there we go, good boy, Jensen, so good, do it to me right there."

“As opposed to somewhere else?”

“Jensennnnnnn...J-Jen...a little more, just a little more, babe. Come on, fuck me.”

Jensen planted his palms on the bed and gave it—well, Misha—everything he had. Misha was moaning but also laughing. And then he was letting out a noise somewhere between a groan and scream and his hole spasmed and clenched around Jensen’s cock. Jensen gasped and put a hand on Misha’s belly to hold him up as his hips stuttered against him. He rode out his orgasm with the pleasant sensation of being balls deep inside Misha fucking Collins.

“Jesus fuck, Jensen. Did you just come in me?”

“S-sorry. Couldn’t pull out.”

“This is why I suggested the condom.”

“I know. Sorry.”

Jensen collapsed and Misha “oofed” as Jensen’s weight pushed him into the mattress. Jensen rubbed his hands over Misha’s arms and placed half-kisses on his back and shoulders as he reveled in the afterglow. After a few minutes he eased out of Misha’s thoroughly abused hole and moved a little to the side even though he was mostly still lying on top of the other man.

“So, what was so important that you wanted to tell me in the middle of sex?”

I’m going to miss you. I don’t want you to leave. I love you more than I think I’m supposed to.

“Nothing, really. Just...try not to let your weird out on the new set for at least a couple of weeks.”

Misha chuckled. “Okay. I certainly don’t want a repeat of the first few months on the Supernatural set. Although...” Misha turned his head the other way so that he was facing Jensen and their noses touched and eyes crossed. “It did turn out pretty well for me in the end.”

Jensen smiled and tilted his head just enough to kiss Misha’s lips.

Misha shifted a little so that it was more comfortable for them to continue the kiss. Their philosophy was basically if their lips didn’t need to be doing something else, they needed to be kissing. Jensen rubbed his hand over Misha’s back. He petted him tenderly as the hand moved lower down his body. Misha pulled Jensen’s bottom lip into his mouth and suckled it until he felt Jensen’s hand on his ass.

Then he giggled and Jensen pressed forward and kissed him again.

Jensen rubbed the round globe of one of Misha’s ass cheeks, and then dipped his hand between them so that he could slide his fingers

over Misha's hole and feel his come leaking out of him. Misha giggled again.

"You are such a pervert."

~~~

Misha looked around the table at the people who were going to be his new cast mates. They were in an interesting position because they had to refilm the pilot episode in conjunction with filming the rest of the season. Four out of six of the principles had made the original pilot, which had then been picked up by the SyFy network with an order of twelve episodes. However, they'd requested that two of the roles be recast since the chemistry hadn't been right in some scenes. Misha had been cast as the lead's trouble-causing second in command, and the villain had been recast as a woman. And she was beautiful.

Her name was Raina, and he wasn't sure if that was a stage name or not, but she had curly dark hair and tan skin that wasn't really any race in particular that he could identify. There was John, a large handsome man with skin so black he basically shined in any light. He was playing the part of an enforcer who accidentally gets stuck on the heroes' spaceship when it got sucked into a wormhole and shot halfway across the universe. There was a cute young girl who couldn't have been out of her teens yet who was going to play an alien

of some kind and be the lead's potential love interest. Her name was Mel and she was squinting at her script like she either needed glasses or didn't know what all those squiggly marks on the page were. The hero was a pretty typical handsome white male in his early thirties. Misha had had a screen test with the man in order to get the part and they had clicked really well. For some reason the man liked to call him Mi-SHA!, but that was fine because in return he called him JAY!-me.

The sixth member of their cast was a stunning, androgynous man with pale skin and green eyes and long dark hair who was going to be playing a hermaphroditic alien. He'd had a chemistry read with him and he couldn't deny things had gotten little...interesting. As it turned out, Andrew had been the first person to be cast, and everyone had to be compatible with him because apparently on the show everyone was going to at one point or another be "compatible" with him. Misha was actually excited for the uncharted territory the show was going to delve into even if the premise was a little clichéd and the plot of the season arc a little light. The show focused more on relationships among the characters than anything else. It was really going to be a departure from Supernatural.

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Misha eased onto his couch with a little wince, holding a bag of towel-wrapped ice to his shoulder. Why on earth had he let himself get tossed against a wall nine times before deciding the stunt guy should do it instead? He was a forty year old man. What the hell had he been thinking? He scooted over so he could lie down and rest his head on the arm of the couch. He sighed wearily. It had been a good, fun day on set, but he was looking forward to having tomorrow off. His cell phone trilled in his pocket. Misha made a face and let it ring twice before he dug it out of his pocket. He smiled when he saw Jensen's infamous Blue Steel looking at him from the screen. He swiped his thumb over the screen to answer.

"Hey, babe."

"Hey, Mish. What's up?"

"Ah, not much. Just resting my old man bones on the couch."

Jensen snorted. "Yeah, if you're an old man, so I am."

"Not really. You still got that tight cute little booty on you."

Jensen laughed and then his voice was a little muffled as he replied very softly, "Your booty's not so bad either."

"Ah. Are you still on set?"

Jensen sighed. “Yeah.”

Misha glanced at the clock; it was almost midnight. “That sucks.”

“It really does. Especially since I have a call time of seven am tomorrow.”

Misha slapped a palm to his forehead. “Shit. I forgot to tell you.”

“What?”

“The schedule got changed. My day off is tomorrow. I’ll be working the rest of the week.”

“Man, are you serious? I only have half a day on Thursday. I made reservations Hawksworth.”

“I know, I’m sorry, I—really? Hawksworth? That’s fancy.”

“Well,” Jensen grumbled, “I haven’t seen you in two fucking months.”

Misha quirked an eyebrow. He must be pretty upset if he was dropping F-bombs into his casual conversations.

“Yeah, well, we knew this might happen. But hey, there’s the Chicago convention in October. I already got permission to attend that one from the execs. And my cast mates and I were going to go out for a drink this weekend since none of us are going home because filming is starting on Sunday. And our season is going to wrap in another six or eight weeks, so I’ll have more free time. Though I probably need to go back to LA. Vicki and the kids haven’t had many opportunities to



come up here and I really miss them.”

“Yeah,” Jensen said, sounding a little forlorn.

“Well, hey, tomorrow’s my day off. Do you think you could get me a guest pass onto set?”

“Yeah!” Jensen said, suddenly sounding excited. “You probably don’t even need a guest pass. You could just walk on set. You know what would be funny? We should put you somewhere in the background as an extra and see if anyone notices.”

Misha chuckled. “You really don’t know anything about the Supernatural fandom, do you?”

“Whatever. Please come tomorrow.”

“I will. I look forward to seeing you.”

“Me too.”

~~~

The next morning Misha put on a light jacket as Vancouver was still feeling pretty balmy in late September. It was going to be an odd feeling leaving Canada in November with no plans to come back the next year. SyFy wasn’t even going to start airing *Adrift* until early January when most other shows were on hiatus. They wouldn’t even know if the show was a success or would be renewed until May or June. And if it was they would have to do last minute preparation for

Comic Con and jump right into filming again in August. But the scuttlebutt was that the show was going to be a huge cult hit. People were already building websites and making blogs around the few clips and synopses released. The fans were calling themselves Drifters. At least he was going into this show with a much better understanding of how fandoms worked than when he'd been tossed blindly into the muddy waters of the Supernatural "family."

Outside his building, he ran into one of his costars who was carrying two cups from the little coffee shop a couple of blocks over.

"Hey, Andrew."

The young man smiled timidly at him. It was hilarious how he could be a confident, clever, conniving being who oozed sex appeal on screen, but in real life he was painfully shy.

"Hi, Misha. Are you heading out?"

"Yeah. I was going to visit some friends at another studio."

Andrew deflated a little. "Oh, I see."

"Why? What's up?"

"Oh, I just thought. I mean. I shouldn't have made assumptions. But you looked like you were kind of worn out after all the, you know. Wall slamming." He licked his lips. "Yesterday. So, I thought you might

could use a pick me up. But, you're busy. I shouldn't have—"

"Wait, hang on," Misha called out, preventing the kid from darting away. "Is that for me?"

Andrew looked at the cups in his hands. He thrust one out toward Misha.

"It's tea. I know you like tea more than coffee. But I didn't know which kind. So I got Earl Grey. Because I liked the way it smells. I put some cream in it, but no sugar."

Misha took the cup and grinned at the blushing man. "Thanks. I love Earl Grey."

"Are you just saying that?"

Misha laughed. "No, I do. I don't drink it often because I'm always trying new things, but it's nice to go back to an old standard and remember that yeah, sometimes the usual is not so bad."

He smiled and then took a sip. And yeah, actually it was good. It had been a long time since he'd had Earl Grey and the cream gave it a nice touch. He tilted his head slightly as he noticed Andrew was looking at him with a thoughtful expression.

"But I thought the usual was something you didn't like. Like, 'death to normalcy' and all that."

Misha smiled. "Where did you hear that phrase?"

“I, uh, I might have looked you up online once and I saw the scavenger hunt thing, and I thought that was the motto. Or something.”

With skin as fair as his, Andrew’s face went bright red as he blushed. Misha bit his smile so he wouldn’t embarrass the kid further, but he was adorable.

“Hey, Andrew, would you like to go with me to the set? I’m sure they won’t mind since they know me and you’re an actor and know how to be quiet on set.”

Andrew perked up a bit and his blush faded a little. “Are you going to the Supernatural set?”

“Yep.”

“Yeah, I’d like to go.”

“Great. Come with me.”

~~~

Jensen felt a little nervous, excited energy thrumming through his body as he prepared for his scene. He should probably scale it back though. This scene didn’t require that Dean be amped up. But it was hard to calm down when he knew that Misha was going to be showing up any minute. It had been way too long since he’d seen him. On top of that they didn’t even talk on the phone or text that much. He

supposed that was just as much his fault as Misha's, but he hadn't expected their separation to be like this.

Misha had only filmed about half the episodes in any given season of Supernatural, but he'd at least been around. He'd been available. It seemed like if Misha wasn't filming his new series, he was hanging out with his new costars. He'd invited Jensen, on multiple occasions, but he didn't really want to go join a group of strangers and hang out on the outside. Besides, he really wanted to see Misha in much more private settings. For now though he would have to be content with a quick visit, but at least he was going to see him in person.

After a few initial hiccups because Jared was messing around, they managed to get the scene filmed pretty quickly. Jensen wasn't sure if Jared had figured out that he was anxious to get through the scene on his own, or if his annoyed bland looks to the younger man had been a clue. After verifying the afternoon's schedule with his PA he walked quickly off the soundstage and to craft services where he said he would meet Misha.

"Jensen! Wait up!"

Jensen slowed and felt a tish guilty for being annoyed that Jared was coming along. It wasn't like their meeting wasn't going to be out in the open with scores of crew members around. Jared being there

wouldn't make a difference. And he certainly wasn't going to herd Misha off to some secluded corner or his trailer for a more intimate greeting. For as long as they'd been together while working on Supernatural, they had never once fooled around on set. It had just been too risky. Well, they'd never seriously fooled around.

"Misha's here, right?" Jared asked as he fell into step beside Jensen.

"He should be."

"That's awesome that he's here. I haven't seen him since...shit. Like the wrap party. He was at Comic Con wasn't he? Promoting the new show? I never saw him."

"Yeah, it was kind of shitty that they wouldn't let him sit on the panel with us. Even if he's not in the next season he was—is—an integral part of the show. I mean, Dean is struggling without Cas."

"Yeah and Jensen is struggling without Misha."

"Shut up."

"Oh, there he is! Misha!"

Jensen's heart skittered around his chest as his eyes searched the area by the lunch tables. Then he saw him. He smiled broadly. He couldn't believe how good it felt to see Misha again. His smile faltered when he noticed that some pretty chick—or was that a dude?—was walking with Misha toward them. Jensen stopped a couple feet

away and Jared stepped forward and hugged Misha. Then he shook hands with the—dude probably since he was introduced as Andrew. Misha turned his infectious, gummy smile on Jensen. Jensen stayed firmly planted to the ground and didn't step forward to hug him or shake his hand.

“Hi,” he said.

Misha's smile wilted around the edges. “Hey, Jensen. This is Andrew Brindle. He works with me on Adrift.”

“Nice to meet you,” Jensen said tonelessly and shook the kid's hand.

He was so pale the blush on his cheeks was pretty obvious as he looked at Jared and Jensen.

“Wow. Misha said you guys were tall, but he didn't say you guys were tall.”

Jared laughed a big honking moose laugh and the kid looked a little startled by it and the heavy slap on the back he got. Misha was grinning with unabashed affection as the kid tried to recover with a smile. Jensen frowned. Then he quickly schooled his features when Misha looked back at him.

“So, how is everything going today?” Misha asked.

“Fine. Pretty normal. How did you get permission for him to come on

set anyway?”

Misha gave him a mild look and Andrew blushed harder.

“Because the security guys working the front desk rotate among the studios. We know the guy working today and after calling to ask Jim if he was okay with it, they let us in.”

“Oh. Well, we’ve got a full plate this afternoon. So, I guess we can eat a quick lunch but we can’t do a tour or anything.”

Jensen ignored the strange look Jared shot him. Misha wasn’t smiling at all now and Andrew looked very uncomfortable. Jensen felt a bit like a dick.

“Jensen. Can I talk to you for a moment?” Misha asked in a neutral tone.

Jensen crossed his arms and shifted his weight. Jared put a hand on Andrew’s shoulder.

“Hey, so, your show is new so you probably get the short end of the craft services stick. Come let me show you what ten years of privilege gets you. Our Pop-Tarts are name brand.”

Andrew laughed and was easily led away by Jared’s guiding hand.

Jared shot Jensen a warning look over his shoulder as he went.

Misha gave Jensen a questioning look, and waited until the other two were out of earshot.



“What’s up, Jensen? I thought you wanted me to come visit.”

“I did. I do. But. Why is he here?”

“Who? Andrew? I ran into him outside my building. He has the day off too. I thought he’d like to come visit the set. I talk all the time about what it was like working here with you guys. I was hoping to show him how ‘easy-going and fun’ everyone is.”

Jensen scuffed his toe. “I know, I’m sorry. I just. I was looking forward to seeing you.”

“You still are seeing me. Jensen, you weren’t expecting that we would like...um...do what we never did while I was actually still working here, did you?”

“No. But I did think we could spend some time alone and talk or something. I miss you, Mish.”

Misha’s face softened. “J...”

Jensen stiffened. “You don’t need to get all weepy about it. It’s no big deal. I’ll play nice now. Come on. I’m hungry.”

Jensen brushed past Misha and felt like a total asshat. Why was he taking his disappointment out on Misha? What had he been expecting anyway? That they would spot each other across the lot and run slow motion into each other’s arms? He needed to get a grip.

The afternoon turned out to be mostly pleasant. Andrew was a sweet

kid and he was so busy he wouldn't have been able to spend much time with Misha anyway. Knowing he was watching him while he did his scenes though made the somewhat bland denouement of the episode a little more tolerable to bear. This season really hadn't been very stimulating for him. He hoped the second half would pick up, but unlike in the past, Cas definitely wasn't coming back to help liven up the story. Jensen sighed as Misha waved goodbye around three o'clock. He still had hours of filming left to do, so he couldn't even go out to dinner with him. He narrowed his eyes as he saw Andrew look up at Misha with wide, admiring eyes. That little prick better watch himself.

~~~

Misha looked up at the nonexistent ceiling of the set and wondered if he would get home in time to call West before he went to bed. He strummed his fingers in thought, but then immediately stopped when he felt the warm, bare skin under his fingertips. He looked at Andrew, who was straddling his waist wearing nothing but a modesty sock, with an apologetic look.

"Sorry."

Andrew laughed. "It's fine. I'm not ticklish."

Misha started to shift, and then stopped. They were precariously

positioned together and it might be a while before the director got his lighting right. He didn't want to make things awkward. Or, more awkward.

"So, how do you feel about hair pulling?" Andrew mused.

"Me or you?"

"Oh definitely Keema," Andrew said indicating his character. "Ze's definitely the aggressive one here."

"I suppose. But it's not like Brand doesn't have a wild side."

"So, you're saying this scene should actually be really rough, super kinky sex?"

Misha shrugged a shoulder. "Kind of makes sense considering who these two characters are."

"Okay!" the director yelled. "Let's go again. And Misha, Andrew? Can you make it a little more...I don't know, sexy?"

Misha made a face. "I'm always sexy."

Andrew laughed and gave him a wink. "Yes, you are."

Misha would have had an "Oh, shit he's been flirting me for weeks" epiphany had he had the time. But the director called action and Andrew went wild. Misha couldn't deny that he didn't kind of enjoy it. He was a good kisser and his skin was really smooth under his

fingertips. They rolled around on the bed a few times, fighting for the top position, and when “cut” was finally called, Misha was on his back with his wrists pinned to the mattress and Andrew on top him—the hard line of his erection nudging the valley where his thigh met his abdomen. Andrew’s eyes went wide and his face started to turn red. “Shit. I am so sorry,” he whispered.

Misha shrugged as best he could in his position. “It’s okay. It happens to everyone.”

It had never happened to him or to anyone else he’d talked to about it before. Jared had said that he’d requested to be completely strapped down between his legs when he’d had his scene with Gen. But he’d had a huge crush on her at the time. Well, now that he thought about it, he guessed he did know that Andrew had a thing for him. It was just easier to pretend to be ignorant of it.

“Okay that was great guys,” the director said. “Can you move back to where you started and do it again? I want to get it from another angle.”

Andrew looked at Misha with worry on his face. Misha gave him a reassuring smile.

“We’re good, Andrew. Don’t worry. After all, we want this to be

believable, right?”

Andrew gave a small smile. “Thank you. I appreciate your professionalism.”

“Oh, it’s what I’m known for on set,” Misha said dryly.

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“Have you watched it yet?” Danneel asked, her voice much too distant over the phone.

“I saw, like, the pilot episode. It’s a little dull, don’t you think?” Jensen panned Misha’s new show.

“No, I liked it a lot. It’s really interesting the way they’re focusing so much on character development.”

“Yeah, but, it was like an hour and nothing happened except the getting sucked through the wormhole in the beginning. It’s just like Lost, but in space.”

Danneel chuckled. “You know there was a show called Lost in Space.”

“Exactly. It’s not a very original idea.”

“Well, I hope you had a little more tact when you talked to Misha about it.”

“Oh, I haven’t exactly, um...”

“Jensen! He had a brand new show debut and you couldn’t even call

him to congratulate him and tell him that if nothing else he was good in it?”

Jensen frowned as he picked at a sticky spot on the kitchen counter of his Vancouver apartment.

“I’ve been busy. The last three episodes of the season are essentially all the same story. We’re filming constantly to help with the continuity.”

“You’ve had time to call me. I swear, I’ve talked to Misha more than you have lately. He and Vicki came over the other day with the kids. JJ and Maison followed West around everywhere he went. He was so put out by the end of the day.” Danneel laughed. “And when Misha was watching them in the pool, Vicki sat me down and asked if anything was wrong between you two. I said not as far as I knew.”

“There is nothing wrong. We just have been busy and haven’t seen each other. It doesn’t mean we’re having...problems or something.”

“Hmm. Vicki speculated that he’s frustrated.”

“With what? Being on a show that only films for part of the year but still pays as well as he was getting on Supernatural?”

“So bitter,” she admonished. “And no, she meant sexually frustrated.”

“Misha? Sexually frustrated? Not with Vicki around.”

“Well, yeah, he’s getting sex, but it’s straight sex. It’s not the same as gay

sex. I think he misses you.”

Jensen made a face even though she couldn’t see it. “We do not have gay sex,” he grumbled.

“Right,” she said wryly. “Anyway. I’ve got to run. You should watch more of the show though. Especially this past week’s episode. Misha had a very...intense...scene.”

“Alright, I’ll check it out.”

“And call him or something. Maybe a little phone sex would help.”

“Danneel...”

“Sorry, sorry. Are you coming down this weekend?”

“Yeah, I’m taking the red eye Friday night.”

“Okay, see you then. Love you.”

“I love you too.”

Jensen rolled his eyes as he put the phone down. He didn’t need to watch Misha’s show and fawn over him. Misha wasn’t the kind of guy who cared about that. And he certainly wasn’t going to try phone sex again. He’d tweaked his back and been sore for three days after contorting to try to push two fingers into himself. He poured himself a glass of scotch and parked himself on the couch instead of calling Misha like he said he would.

He spent a couple of minutes flipping through the local channels, uninterested in what the latest hockey news was. He pulled up his DVR screen to see if he had any episodes of Mudcatters left to watch. In the queue were seven episodes of Adrift. He rolled his thumb over the select button. He didn't want to go back and watch from the beginning. He didn't really care about the show itself, so maybe he could check out Misha's scenes and fast-forward to when he was on screen.

Jensen decided to do just that and was surprised to find how much screen time Misha had. He was around enough that Jensen was actually able to pick up on the plot of the show. It actually wasn't that bad. He found himself watching scenes without Misha in them. He was determined to get to this "intense" scene though, so he scanned through the last couple of episodes more quickly. Until he had to go back and look for something because the scene with Misha talking with the alien girl was really confusing. He had to get the information from a scene between Alien Girl and Alien Boy, as he knew them as, and was a little surprised to see that this information had been divulged while the two had been getting quite frisky. Jensen noticed that the Alien Boy—Andrew who he'd met that one time—certainly did get around. He'd slept with basically every character and guest actor



that showed up. At least he'd never slept with Misha's character. Of course, Jensen discovered that their characters just hadn't slept together yet. It wasn't hard to figure out which scene Danneel had been talking about. He squeezed the remote control in his hand so hard his fingers started to hurt as he watch Misha and Andrew roll around on a bed together. It was extremely convincing. Odd how Misha had never mentioned filming a sex scene. He turned the TV off halfway through it. He definitely did not want to see the "climax." Jensen strummed his fingers on the couch as the room slowly got darker with the setting sun. His brain was a whirling flux of thoughts and half-formed ideas. Finally he turned on a lamp and walked over to the kitchen where he'd left his cell phone. He scrolled through his list of contacts and paused on Bob Singer, and then he went down further and called his lawyer.

"Hi, Jensen. It's rare to hear from you outside of contract time.

Though I guess that's coming up soon, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I'd like to talk you about my thoughts on signing onto Supernatural for another two years."

"Alright. Fire away."

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Misha felt very odd as he rode the elevator up to the floor that housed the offices of the Supernatural writers and executives. He hadn't been here in a very long time, and he was very curious as to why he was here now. He didn't work on the show anymore and he was only a few days away from signing a series regular contract for Adrift which would tie up his availability for the next several months. The show was a hit and they were expanding the second season to eighteen episodes. He wondered if maybe Supernatural was doing a meta episode or a flashback or alternate universe episode and they needed Castiel to make a cameo. Part of him was sorely tempted to don the trench coat again. He missed the little dweeb.

His stomach fluttered with butterflies as he stepped off the elevator and walked down the hall. He'd always been nervous in this place. Whenever he'd been called in it was usually because he was getting fired or having his promised number of episodes scaled back. Being called to the offices was usually a sign that they really didn't want him. Or at least it had felt that way. Jeremy had always been very friendly and definitely from season eight onwards he hadn't felt quite so unwanted.

He knocked on the door of the conference room and a voice called out

asking him to come in. He pushed the door open, but then froze as he saw who was present. Jeremy Carver, Bob Singer, two Warner Brothers executives, one of their lawyers, and Mark Pedowitz himself. Holy fuck. They must have found out he'd stolen an angel blade and one Dean's plaid shirts on his last day on set. The angel blade he could give back, but the shirt...well...it would need to be washed first for sure.

"Hi, Misha!" Jeremy said in his subdued cheerful kind of way. "Thank you for coming. Won't you please have a seat?"

Misha gave them all a forced smile and moved to sit in a seat that put him closer to Jeremy and farther away from Singer and the lawyer.

Once he was seated they all just kind of looked around the table at each other. Finally Misha couldn't take the silence anymore.

"So, my agent said you wanted to see me, but that the reason why was pretty cryptic."

Everyone looked at Jeremy. He apparently had been nominated as the spokesperson. His twitched a little nervously, but then he smiled genuinely as he looked at Misha.

"So. We want to bring Castiel back on the show."

Misha waited. No one said anything more. He looked directly at Jeremy. He just kind of smiled wanly at him. Misha opened his mouth

and then closed it. He tilted his head as he thought. Then he looked at the group. Everyone was staring at him a little anxiously. Was he really the one with the power here?

“But. I think you ended Castiel’s story line well at the end of season nine when the gates of Heaven were sealed. It left Dean and Sam to deal with demons and monsters again with no heavenly influence, but also gave them a sense of urgency in finding a way to reopen the gates so that when they die they can go there.”

He paused and looked around the room. No one objected to his summary. Then he understood.

“Oh. The show is ending next season. So, when Sam and Dean die for good, they have found a way into Heaven and you want Cas to show up at the very end to welcome them. Or something. Right?”

“Yes,” Jeremy said.

There was a quick, quiet grumbling from the rest of the room.

“I mean no,” Jeremy corrected. “I mean you’re partially right. Sam and Dean will figure out how to open the gates of Heaven and see Castiel again. It’s just, we don’t plan for the show to end next season. We have a plan at least through season twelve if not higher.”

Misha raised an eyebrow and considered asking these people if they’d

ever heard the expression “beating a dead horse.”

“Okay, so you need me to cameo when the gates open.”

“N-no.”

“Misha,” Pedowitz finally cut in, “we’d like to have you on full time again. Not only as a series regular, but as a principle. We’ll guarantee you at least twenty of twenty-three episodes.”

Misha felt his jaw drop and immediately snapped in shut. His eyes moved to Singer. He looked completely neutral which made Misha feel even more uneasy.

“I don’t understand. I thought you’d—we’d—all agreed that Castiel’s story had gone as far as it could go. That he wasn’t necessary for the progression of the show.”

“Well, he’s not,” Singer finally said what Misha knew he’d been thinking the whole time. “But the show can’t exist with only one brother. And right now, Jensen is not willing to sign on for further seasons.”

Everyone at the table tensed and their eyes shot over to Singer.

Misha felt a little surprise at the news. Jensen had said on multiple occasions that even though the show wasn’t as good as it used to be, he liked his sweet set up that got him money and minor adulation but

kept him under the paparazzi radar. He'd do the show for as long as a man past thirty could headline a show on a primarily teen audience oriented network.

"W-well," Misha said, wondering why Jensen hadn't mentioned to him that he had decided to leave the show. "If Jensen has decided that he no longer wishes to continue the series, I'm not sure what I'm doing here...because you're right. The show can't work with only one Winchester."

"It's not that he doesn't want to continue the show," Jeremy said. "It's that...he wants...um. He feels like the show is missing a certain...dynamic."

Misha tilted his head. Singer rolled his eyes.

"For crying out loud, Collins. Jensen said he won't do another season unless you're back on the show."

Everyone else at the table either gasped or hissed his name and the lawyer just about had a conniption.

Misha was shell-shocked. There was no way Jensen would make such an unreasonable—bratty—request. This had to be prank. That was it. Jared and Jensen had become so pent up from having no one on set to torment that they'd set this whole thing up. Only, no one was laughing.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Misha,” Pedowitz said. “We would like to continue the franchise.

Jensen is not opposed to the idea either. He just doesn’t want to do it without you.”

Well, that made more sense. “Oh, I see. Well, tell him I appreciate the gesture, but my new show just got picked up for a second season and I’ll be doing contract negotiations with them soon.” He laughed

softly. “He was probably just worried I would be out of a job or something. I’ll let him know you offered, but I declined. He’ll get back onboard.”

“No...” Jeremy said slowly. “I don’t think he will.”

Misha looked at Jeremy more closely. He slightly nodded his head showing how serious he was.

“You know Jensen as well if not better than any of us,” Singer said.

“You know what he’s like. He wouldn’t do something like this as just a stunt or a whim. He’s serious. He’s out.”

Misha laced his fingers together on top of the table as he contemplated this information.

“Well, then maybe he really does want out, but he doesn’t want anyone think he’s giving up on the show or doesn’t like it, so he just made a request for something he knew would never happen.”

“Misha,” Pedowitz said, drawing his full attention. “I had a talk with him. He’s committed to this show and this character and he’s actually not ready to leave it behind. But he wasn’t happy filming season ten. And he really felt that the show suffered from losing one of its main characters. The simple fact is that Supernatural isn’t Supernatural without Castiel. This show won’t work without two Winchesters? True. But it also doesn’t work very well without Castiel. Jensen may be the one who is drawing the line in the sand, but it turns out that we were all already on his side anyway. We all would like you back.”

Misha felt a little emotional at his words. Then he slid his eyes over to Singer. The man gave a little shrug as if to say he really didn’t mind if he came back too. Misha’s first instinct was to shout, “Yes!” But he

held back. Negotiating with Warner Brothers and the CW had never been a walk in the park. Cas’ character was inconsistent from season

to season and his story lines were, to be honest, not so great.

Especially the whole Bartholomew/Malachi story line that had been

fabricated for the sole purpose of keeping Cas away from the

Winchesters the entire season and had no real bearing on the myth

arc. He didn’t want to do another season like nine. It hadn’t been as

fun and he’d felt superfluous. He would show up for one scene per

episode for some Cas fan service and that was it. Plus, he liked his



new show. He loved the people he worked with. He loved the character of Brand who got to express a wider range of emotions and motivations than Castiel ever did. And it certainly wasn't his responsibility to keep Supernatural alive. He'd have a talk with Jensen and tell him not to be an ass and just sign on for season eleven.

"Well, I appreciate what you're saying, and I'm flattered. But...my show is going into season two and—"

"But you're not contracted yet, right?" the lawyer cut in. "I checked. They haven't obligated you to anything."

"No, not yet, but I do intend to sign on for season two. I'm more interested in that project, quite frankly. I can talk with Jensen. See if he'll change his mind."

"Is there nothing we can offer you at all that would make you want to be part of Supernatural again?"

Better treatment of minority characters, more interesting story lines, making Jared get beat up in every episode...

Misha felt a smile curl his lips. So Jensen wanted to lay down ultimatums? He could too.

"There is one thing," Misha said. "If you did it, I would happily sign on for this season and any subsequent seasons as well. Complete

commitment. No other projects.”

“What is it?” Jeremy asked.

“I believe the phrase is ‘make Destiel canon.’”

Bob Singer groaned and threw his arms in the air. Jeremy smiled.

“What...” one of the executives asked. “What does that mean?”

“He means,” Jeremy said, “that we would need to write an explicitly romantic relationship between Dean Winchester and Castiel onto the show.”

Pedowitz bobbed his head. “Yeah, sure, why not?”

Misha whipped his head around to him. “Say what?”

“It won’t work,” Singer grumbled. “He’s Catch-22ed us. Jensen won’t do the show without Castiel. Misha won’t do the show without Destiel.

But guess what? Jensen won’t do the show with Destiel.”

Misha smiled mildly. He’d been hoping someone else would figure that out so he wouldn’t have to say it.

“Are you sure?” Jeremy said. “He’d probably do it if we wrote it in a good, realistic way. And as long as it was never the focus of the show or an episode.”

Singer shook his head in uncertainty. “I don’t know. I guess we could ask.”

“I can save you the trouble,” Misha said. “He’ll say no.”

“Well,” the lawyer said, “would you be willing to sign a conditional contract stating that you will sign onto the show if this Des—whatever

can be included, and that you wouldn’t obligate yourself to any other projects until we can discuss these terms with the other actor?”

“Not indefinitely. I’m due to negotiate my contract for Adrift in three days. So, I guess I can give you two.”

“That’s not enough—”

“We’ll take it,” Jeremy said. He had a sly grin on his face. Misha wondered what was going on in his devious little mind.

He wound up having to stay for another two hours while the temporary agreement contract was drawn up. That at least allowed time for his agent to come down and look over the paperwork before he signed it. He didn’t want to get tricked into not being able to sign with Adrift in three days. Once everything was in order, he shook hands with everyone and wished them all good luck with a cheeky smile. Jeremy still had his mischievous smile in place.

On the drive home, Misha contemplated whether or not he would confront Jensen about the meeting, or just let him find out when they contacted him with the “terms.” He kind of wanted to be there to see Jensen’s face when he heard the news. In the end he decided that he

should probably give Jensen a heads up. And scold him slightly for making such a ridiculous demand. And then maybe offer to suck his brains out through his dick for being so sweet.

Misha was chuckling to himself as he unlocked the door to his house. He knew Jensen was in town, so he ought to call him up and ask to meet for drinks. Then he could enact Operation: Tease Jensen About His Diva Demands and then Get his Beautiful Monster Cock Down My Throat.

His cell phone buzzed in his pocket. Misha pulled it out and answered as he searched through the front rooms for his wife and children.

They appeared to be out.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Misha. It’s Jeremy.”

Misha stopped searching and stood up straight, getting a better grip on the phone.

“Uh, hi. Did I forget something at the office? Or forget to sign something...?”

“No. But we would like for you and your agent to come back down if you could to sign your new Supernatural contract.”

Misha pulled the phone away from his ear and looked at the screen. It looked normal and not like a cronut with wings which was what his

dream phones usually manifested as. He put the phone back to his ear.

“Pardon?”

“We talked with Jensen. He’s agreed to your terms. So, we’d like to get everyone signed today before anymore drama happens.”

Misha spluttered. “He said yes?! Did you all explain exactly what putting Destiel on the show means?”

“Oh, he’s aware. Actually, we will discuss that with you both when you get here. I think we probably need to let you know exactly how much it will entail for you as well. Although, considering the work you’ve done on Adrift, I think you’ll be fine with everything we’ll ask of you.”

Misha stood with his mouth open. Speechless.

“Oh. More good news. We got Edlund back.

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Danneel ran into the living room with her bowl of popcorn.

“You’re missing it!” someone shouted as “Then” flashed onto the screen followed by scenes from previous seasons of Supernatural, catching the viewers up on everything the Winchesters had done in recent years.

“I’m here, I’m here!” Danneel said as she stepped over a pair of legs

and then settled on the couch next to her brother.

Her living room was packed with Grauls and Ackles, along with a Vantoch, a Padalecki, and several children that refused to listen to their parents and go to bed. A couple were passed out on the floor sleeping anyway. Jared, Jensen, and Misha had all insisted that the season eleven premiere of Supernatural would be an unforgettable event that was not to be missed. Through almost accidental coordination, the extended families of the actors had decided to all watch together. Danneel passed the popcorn to her father-in-law. Alan Ackles dug his fingers into the bowl and then put one piece of popcorn into his mouth at a time. Danneel shoveled her handful into her mouth.

The screen flashed “Now.”

“Sammy!”

Danneel grinned when she heard Jensen’s Dean voice. She liked his Dean voice. She especially liked it when he used it in bed.

“Dean! Finish the spell now!”

There was some rumbling and light flashing, and then the scene resolved on the Winchesters standing in a large room, looking around.

“Did it work?” Dean asked.

Sam and Dean waited for a tense moment. Just as they began to relax, a horde of demons burst into the room. A fight scene started, but then there was a bright shining light followed by the demons' orange lights zapping out one by one in quick succession. Dean and Sam looked at each other, stunned.

"It worked," a rough voice said.

Dean and Sam whipped around. There stood Castiel with a small, pleased smile on his face with the gateway of Heaven open behind him.

"Cas!" Sam shouted happily.

The gateway slowly closed behind him and Castiel took a couple of steps forward.

"I knew if anyone would break Metatron's spell, it would be the Winchesters."

Sam grinned. Then Dean marched forward, a furious expression on his face. Cas tensed and looked like he was preparing to get punched. Then Dean grabbed the angel by the lapels roughly. They looked at each other for a moment.

Then Dean hauled the angel in and slammed their lips together.

Shouting and screaming and gasping erupted in the living room.

Danneel squealed and threw her hands up. The bowl went flying and a cascade of popcorn rained down around her. She hardly even noticed it as she watched her husband make out with his boyfriend on national television.

Dean still held the angel by the coat lapels and Castiel's arms were kind of frozen out to his sides, but they kissed like it was the most natural thing in the world. Danneel smirked. It was a little out of character quite frankly. It looked a hell of a lot more like Jensen and Misha kissing than Dean and Castiel. Then Dean pulled back and he was himself again. He glared at Cas.

"Okay?" he asked gruffly.

Cas blinked a couple of times, and then he gave a terse nod. "Okay." Dean let go of the angel and turned back to Sam who looked a little shocked, but not entirely surprised.

"Alright," Dean said. "Those sons of bitches are still planning on unleashing Goliath. Now that we've got some heavenly backup, what do you say we go kick a little demon ass?"

Cas and Sam confirmed their agreement with Dean's plan and Team

Free Will left on their latest mission together. The title card flashed on the screen—the word Supernatural imposed over a burst of green and blue fire.



“Oh my God,” Danneel heard her brother giggle. He leaned close to her. “How awkward would it have to be to kiss your best friend like that?” He nudged Danneel in the side. “Please tell me I can tease him about it later.”

Danneel just patted his leg and glanced over at Vicki. She smiled and gave a slight, amused shake of her head. She’d seen their boys breaking character too for a moment there. Danneel settled back into the cushions. She was ready for a long, amazing season of Supernatural.

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