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The Mightiest Monster...The Mightiest Melodrama of Them All!

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Upon learning that Misha is actually really into their impending nuptials, Jensen realizes he's been kind of a dick about the whole thing and decides to give Misha the wedding of his dreams. Much to the dismay, distress, and detriment of everyone in his path.

Notes

This was written for Cockles Week 2015. I chose the prompt about Jensen turning into a bridezilla. Since the Cockles-Week blog got deactivated again, I can't find the original prompt or who suggested it (all I remember is bridezilla!Jensen, NC-17, and bottom!Jensen), but whoever you are...this one's for you!

If anyone is curious about the title, it's the tagline from the 1956 Godzilla movie. ;)

One Month Until the Wedding

“I had no idea you were such a sap.”

Jensen paused as he was carrying dishes from the living room to the kitchen. Misha had cooked and Jared was a guest, so Jensen had volunteered to do the dishes. A decision he was regretting now as he saw that Misha had used every single utensil, mixing bowl, and pot they owned except for that really expensive one Jensen had bought him as a present but he didn't like to use because it was “too shiny.” Misha and Jared were on the half-built deck hanging off the back of the townhouse Jensen and Misha had bought together three years ago. The house had seen significant upgrades since then; the deck had remained woefully untouched. Misha was leaning back against the only section that had railing and looking up at the night sky with a small smile on his face.

He'd somehow moved himself out of the light from the housing unit and into moonlight. He looked beautiful. But then, he always did.

Jared continuing his thought snapped Jensen out of his reverie. “Well, that's not true. I knew you were a sap. I just didn't think the whole marriage thing was something that would get you all worked up.”

“To be honest I've kind of been obsessed with it since I was little. My parents' marriage was certainly not a positive example, and I think that's why I was determined to have my own marriage so that I could do it right. When I got older, I only saw marriage as a negative. I've had friends who were in long term relationships just completely fall apart after getting married. The church and the government has fought against me being able to marry the person I want and made the whole institution about exclusion rather than love. So I mean, it makes no sense that I'm even more determined than ever to be married, but...”

Jensen glanced at the two piles of dishes in his hands that were getting heavier and harder to hold with each passing second. He really should take them into the kitchen, but...

“Even though Jensen and I have been together for a decade, and living together for years, there's something about being able to call him *my husband* that just gives me this—this *joy* that I've never experienced the like of before.”

Jensen stared at Misha as the man closed his eyes and let his smile linger on his lips. The moment was ruined when Jared snorted.

“What a sap,” Jared teased.

Misha just laughed and turned around to lean on the railing. Jensen took the opportunity to pass the open sliding glass door and into the kitchen without being seen. After hearing such a beautiful confession, he should be elated, practically fucking floating. Instead he felt like shit. He set the dishes down in the sink with a clatter and roughly turned on the water and grabbed the sponge. He used the washing to get out his anger.

And he was furious. Furious with himself. He had been such a shit to Misha about the whole thing. Misha had been asking him to marry him since they were about six years old, but the proposals had turned serious after they'd finally started dating in their twenties. After they'd moved in together, Misha had told him he wasn't really asking anymore and Jensen had relented to having a wedding and making things “official.” However, once they'd gotten engaged, he'd told Misha there was no rush, and it was nearly two years later before Misha just started planning the wedding without him. He'd gone along with it, allowing Misha to do all the work and make all the decisions. If Misha asked his opinion, he'd grunt a response or tell him to pick the “least girly one.”

He'd been a complete and total dick about the whole thing. But this was their wedding. They were getting married. And even if he didn't care about the ceremony, he understood when Misha

said that there was a certain thrill and delight about the prospect of calling the man he loved his husband. And he did love him—he loved him so much it scared him sometimes when he thought about the possibility of losing him. So, if he loved him so much, wasn't the least he could do was let him have the dream wedding he'd been yearning for since they were children?

This wedding was important to Misha, which meant it should be important to Jensen. No, not *should*, *is* important. His thoughts were occupied with trying to remember what Misha had been up to the last several weeks, so he made for poor company the rest of the night. Jared and Misha must have noticed he was distracted because Jared left much earlier than he usually did when they all hung out together. He may have also left sooner to go spend some time with—shit, was he dating Gen or Danneel right now? He had no idea how the three of them remained friends with all the relationship shuffling they did. The obnoxious Texan in him was proud of his boy for gettin' it from two hot girls though.

Later, after they were snuggled in bed together and the lights were out, Misha tilted his head up from where it lay on Jensen's chest and kissed the underside of his jaw.

"Hey."

"Hey what?" Jensen asked, his fingers combing through Misha's hair.

"You okay? You seemed a little out of it after dinner."

"Yeah, I'm fine." Jensen kissed his forehead. "I was just thinking about some things."

Misha gave him an amused smile. "Well, don't hurt yourself with all that thinking."

"Shut your mouth," Jensen shot back, but he was smiling and Misha wasn't cowed for a moment.

Misha's arm tightened around Jensen's middle and he giggled as he threw a leg over Jensen's and wiggled against him.

"Stop that. You're the one who instated the 'no sex on the first clean night of sheets' rule."

"I know. But we put these sheets on yesterday."

"No, we didn't. You made me do laundry while you were at the grocery store and I had to put them on and make up the bed before Jared came over even though he didn't go upstairs, like I said he wouldn't."

"Look at the clock."

Jensen shuffled up to look over the wildness of Misha's hair at the clock on his nightstand. It glowed a red 12:03 back at him.

"Well, son of a gun. That *was* yesterday."

Misha's laugh turned into a yelp as Jensen rolled them over and went right for the under the boxers cock grab.

Misha woke to the smell of coffee wafting up the stairs. He smiled and stretched out like a cat, enjoying the light soreness in his thighs and abs from his workout last night. Who needed a gym when he could lie on his back and use his core muscles to fuck Jensen about a foot off the bed? Besides, at a gym he'd have to listen to a mix of boring songs on an iPod, but in his own bed he

had a glorious symphony of Jensen's whines, moans, grunts, gasps, and screams to motivate him through his workout.

He could hear Jensen's voice now as a matter of fact, which meant he must be talking pretty loudly. He wondered if he was yelling at the coffee machine or if a sound editor had called and asked him to redo a line over the phone. The first time Misha had walked in on Jensen talking in a low, rough sexy voice about how he was going to decapitate some motherfucker, he hadn't been sure if he'd been scared or turned on.

His fiancé worked as a voice actor primarily for video games and English dubs of anime, but sometimes he got roles in big budget films produced by Pixar or DreamWorks. Most of the recording he did in a studio, but if they needed something changed or rerecorded last minute, it was easier to simply do it over the phone. Of course that meant on occasion he had to listen to Jensen say some truly bizarre things into their landline phone.

Jensen also had pretty sporadic hours that it made it difficult to plan trips, or even time just to spend together, but he had given up his job as a background vocalist when they'd moved in together. Going on tour around the country—and sometimes the world—had been an exciting, glamorous career, but the strain it put on their relationship hadn't been worth it. At least, that's what Jensen had said, and Misha hoped every day that he had really meant it. Sometimes Misha wondered though. Jensen was so uninterested in their marriage that despite how much he knew they loved each other, he wondered if Jensen resented him for trying to domesticate him.

Shaking off those negatives thoughts (because Jensen wouldn't have said yes if he didn't want to really marry him), Misha made his way downstairs and entered the kitchen. Jensen was sitting at the table with his back to him. Misha crossed the small space to get a mug from the cabinet and paused with his hand mid-air as he looked back at his fiancé. He was frowning as he listened to somebody over the phone and the notebook Misha had been using to organize the wedding plans and keep receipts and phone numbers was open in front of him. Misha crossed to stand next to him, confused as to how he even knew where to find the book let alone was bothering to look through it. The notebook was open to the sheet protector that held the information for their caterer and the receipt for the down payment.

"Okay, I'm going to stop you there," Jensen said sharply.

Misha flinched, worried for one moment that had been directed at him, but Jensen continued to talk into the phone like he wasn't even aware Misha was in the room.

"When my fiancé spoke to you people two months ago, we were told that we could pick any three stations in addition to a sit down menu. Then you reneged on that offer after we'd made a down payment saying there are certain combinations you can't do. So here's the thing, either you give us a refund for breaking your contract, or you give my fiancé his damn kale and spinach salad bar."

Misha's eyebrows shot up. The fuuuuuuck...???

"No. We are still having the Tex-Mex bar for cocktail hour and the ice cream sundae bar for after dinner. During dinner we want the salad bar available in addition to the sit down menu. That's the third station we've ordered and paid for. You can do the pasta station and the pizza station during menu service, there's absolutely no reason the salad bar would make it impossible."

Misha smiled with bemusement and returned to his mission to seek out coffee. Jensen always made too much to guilt Misha into drinking it. It was part of his campaign to make Misha a coffee drinker instead of a tea drinker.

“No, I actually don’t understand. But let me tell you what I *do* understand. We paid for something you’re not following through on. So, either you give us what we agreed on, or you’re giving me a full refund and I’m finding a new caterer.”

Misha whipped around in alarm. There was barely a month until their wedding. They couldn’t possibly find a good enough caterer available the specific weekend they needed to make food for almost a hundred and fifty people on such short notice. Then Jensen smiled.

“Well, I’m glad that you understand me. Yes, that’s exactly right. The menu service offering steak, salmon, and a vegetarian option plus the Tex-Mex, ice cream sundae, and salad stations. Fantastic. You’ll be at the venue four hours before service begins for prep? Great. I’ll make sure the venue knows. Have a pleasant day.”

Jensen made a face as he hung up the phone. Then he scribbled something on a piece of paper and stuck it in the sleeve protector. Misha abandoned his half poured cup of coffee and walked over to Jensen. He pushed him and the chair back from the table so he had enough room to slide onto his lap. Jensen’s surprised greeting was cut off as Misha licked his lips, and then tilted his head to slip his tongue into Jensen’s mouth. Jensen’s arms wrapped tightly around him and he returned the kiss enthusiastically. When they pulled back, Misha used a hand to smooth out the unruly spikes in Jensen’s hair.

“What was that for?” Jensen asked.

“You got me kale,” Misha smiled.

Jensen laughed softly. “Anything for you, babe.”

“I appreciate it. Truly. It was impressive. I should sic you on the flower people.”

Jensen scowled. “What did *they* do?”

Misha chuckled. “Nothing I can’t live without.”

“Tell me,” Jensen insisted.

“Well, I wanted an uncommonly used flower, but they ‘suggested’ I stick to more traditional fare.” Misha let out a pretend sigh of dismay. “No catchfly flowers for me.”

“There’s a flower called catchfly?”

“Mm-hmm. It doesn’t matter though. We’re having an indoor wedding. Like you wanted,” he teased.

Misha tilted his head as Jensen’s face shuttered and he looked almost—angry? He wanted to see Jensen’s smile again, so he tapped his nose.

“Hey, you know what?”

“What?”

“Seeing you all tough and manly and in control—it’s almost as much of a turn on as seeing you desperate and begging and under *my* control.”

Jensen shifted slightly and Misha bit his lip as he could feel Jensen’s cock stirring to life under his ass.

“You’re a cocktease, Mish.”

“I am?” Misha asked, only slightly exaggerating his shock.

“Yeah, you.” Jensen rolled his hips up and Misha hummed as he felt Jensen’s cock grow harder and easily push the thin material of his boxer shorts between his cheeks. “Confuse my poor little cock with thinking it wants to fuck deep inside you when it *knows* it’s so much better the other way around.”

Misha laughed. “Sounds like the poor thing is just confused. It’s a phase. I’m sure it’ll grow out of it,” he said as he rocked his body on top of Jensen.

“Nn. Or maybe it just hasn’t met the right ass yet,” Jensen managed with a shaky voice as his hands forced Misha down, down, around...

“Don’t you dare even joke about that, Jensen Ackles. Don’t you...ah, ah...” Misha exhaled harshly as Jensen’s clothed cock pulled against his balls.

Misha put his hands on Jensen’s shoulders and used his increased leverage to rut in earnest on Jensen’s lap. They stopped their banter and the kitchen filled with their labored breathing and whispered moans of encouragement.

“Oh, God...yes, yes...Jensen, fuck yes I’m so close.”

Jensen increased his speed and leaned forward to close his teeth around Misha’s neck to steady himself. Misha started jerking in his arms, aching to just rub a little bit more, a little bit harder, a little bit...

Misha groaned long and loud and swiveled his hips wildly on Jensen’s lap as his orgasm pulsed and throbbed between his legs. Jensen bit down harder and Misha winced, but didn’t even feel the pain as he felt his fiancé come and continue to rut against him. They let themselves come down slowly, still working their hips until the motion naturally slowed and stopped. Misha opened his eyes and smiled as he saw the glassy look in Jensen’s green eyes that shone bright in the morning sunshine.

“I knew you liked kale, Mish, but *damn*.”

Misha laughed and kissed him. “Now that you’ve done your white knighting for the day, how about we get cleaned up and go catch a movie or something? Unless you’ve got a meeting today?”

“Nope all yours.”

“Mm-hmm. All mine.”

Two Weeks Before the Wedding

Misha entered his mother’s apartment using his own set of keys and called out to let her know he had arrived for their dinner date. He rounded the corner of the foyer and pulled up short when he saw the large collection of people in his mother’s retro styled living room. Both his and Jensen’s parents and siblings were there, as well as a few other relatives and friends who were in the wedding party. They all looked pretty put out with crossed arms and small, tense frowns on their

faces. He looked around the room feeling squirmy dread in his stomach.

“Uh, hey guys.”

“Misha,” his brother started, “you have got to do something about Jensen.”

“What?”

“I love my son dearly,” Donna said, “but that boy is off his rocker right now.”

Misha blinked at them. He’d been living with Jensen for three years now and he hadn’t really noticed a difference. Other than the fact that he seemed to always have the wedding planning notebook tucked under his arm, everything was the same as usual.

“I don’t understand. What’s this about?”

“It’s about that fact your fiancé has turned into a Bridezilla,” Misha’s father said.

“Hey,” Jensen’s father sent the man a warning look.

“Sorry, sorry. A Groom-zilla. Whatever.”

Misha laughed. An actual full laugh of amusement. “Are you joking? He doesn’t even care about the wedding. He’s barely involved.”

The withering and contradictory looks on the faces of all twelve people present told him another story. Misha let out a small disbelieving laugh.

“I mean come on, guys. It’s Jensen. What has he done?”

“He fired the florist,” Mackenzie said. “The one I recommended who did my wedding? I’m sure she’s pissed now and the only reason he gave was ‘if you can’t fulfill our order we’ll find someone who can.’”

“He’s paying almost double to change the venue last minute,” Alan huffed. “The country club wasn’t happy—especially after I asked for a favor to kick out a different wedding for that weekend!”

“He’s making us buy tuxes,” Jason said. “*Buy*, not rent. And we have to all go to alterations for them.”

“And he changed the color of our dresses so we had to cancel our orders and try to get what he wants last minute from the dress shop,” Misha’s half-sister griped.

“Also, the people who are—in theory—making your cake,” Jared said, “threatened to quit. He totally went off on them yesterday after we had met for lunch. They let him storm out and then told me I should tell the bride they’d quit if they ever got yelled at like that again.”

Misha could feel his jaw hanging open. That—did not sound like Jensen at all. Not the Jensen he knew anyway.

“I-I haven’t seen any of this. I didn’t even know he was trying to change anything.”

“*Everything*,” his mother clarified.

“I-I’m sorry. I’ll speak with him. I don’t know what’s gotten into him. Two weeks ago he couldn’t have cared less about any of this stuff.”

“Look,” Josh said, “we all love Jensen. And you too. We love you both and want you to have the wedding that you want. But, he’s going about it the wrong way.”

“I understand. I’ll take care of it. I promise.”

When Misha got home he was still very confused and actually wondering if his friends and family had been trying to pull a joke on him or something. Jensen ranting about the color of grooms-
maid dresses just didn’t sound like him at all. He found the man in their living room, staring at a large poster board propped on an easel that depicted their seating chart for the reception. Misha hadn’t even known they had a large scale format of the chart. He hadn’t known they owned an easel. He set his bag down by the door and crossed to stand beside Jensen’s chair as he looked contemplatively at the board with a furrowed brow. Misha gently combed his fingers through Jensen’s hair. Jensen didn’t react beyond a distracted grunt.

“Babe?”

“What?”

“You okay?”

“I would be if I could figure out how to seat our two families without the southwest conservatives and liberal New Englanders wanting to murder each other all night.”

“Let ‘em fight,” Misha advised with a shrug. “It’ll make for a good story.”

“I don’t want your day ruined,” Jensen said darkly.

“Hey,” Misha said gently, walking in front of Jensen and blocking his view of the board. Jensen looked up and met his eyes, the tension on his face easing. “It’s *our* day. It can’t be ruined so long as you’re there and I’m there and we get married.”

“But—”

“Seriously, Jensen. Bring on the hurricanes and the packs of wild dogs—if we’re together I’ll be satisfied.” He gave him a cheesy grin and wink. “So long as you satisfy me,” he said with a nudge to Jensen’s leg.

Jensen did manage to crack a smile at that. He raised a hand and Misha knew to lean down so that he could cup his cheek and kiss him. This Jensen seemed like the one he knew; there was nothing crazy or unusual about this guy.

“Let’s go to bed,” Misha murmured against his lips.

Jensen gave him one more smooch, and then a peck, and then he pulled back. “I’ll be right there. I just need to figure out where to put the Mason-Dixon Line.”

Misha masked his disappointment with a small laugh. “Okay. Just don’t keep me waiting.”

Misha kissed his forehead and wandered upstairs. He dawdled in the bathroom, he folded the socks and underwear that had been sitting in the laundry basket for two days, he read almost two chapters of his book. When he finally went to sleep, he was still alone in bed.

Three Days Before the Wedding

“Misha!”

Misha jumped and scratched a long red line through a student’s short answer essay on the symbolism used in Shelley’s “To the Moon.” He made a face and tried to figure out a good way to turn it into something positive. Her answer hadn’t been great, but it hadn’t been that bad either.

“Misha, look at me!” Jared demanded this time.

Misha looked up from the pile of papers on his desk and saw Jared closing in on him. He was technically Misha’s friend as they had met at the high school where they both worked as teachers, but as soon as Jared and Jensen had met they had clicked immediately. Misha had been a little jealous in the beginning. Not in a romantic sense as he’d never worried about Jensen straying (as arrogant as that may be), but the fact that someone else had such a strong, instant connection to him made Misha feel a little less special. But, he liked Jared, so he let it slide.

“What’s the matter now?” Misha asked, his tone indicating he wasn’t really interested.

People—his father, Jensen’s mother, their friends, businesses, *everyone*—had been telling him for two weeks now how unreasonable and demanding Jensen was being. He didn’t experience much of it himself as this all seemed to take place during school hours. When they were alone together, he just seemed really into the planning, not crazy about it. He was starting to think that people were exaggerating and just thought Jensen had entered Groom-zilla mode because it was such a departure from his usually laidback personality.

“You can’t possibly think that Jensen is just being ‘thorough’ anymore. He—”

“Yes, I know, he changed the color of the cummerbunds and ties. But he’s right, classic black is just...classier. I mean, there’s no way the tux rental place is out of black.”

“Yeah, but remember that we had to buy these tuxes. Including the blue cummerbunds and bowties.”

“Can’t you exchange them?”

“Maybe. But three days before the wedding? And you know what? That’s not even the worst of it. A week ago he went to the venue and asked them to move a hill. A hill. He asked them to bulldoze a fucking hill so your view would be better.”

Misha put an elbow on the desk and leaned his cheek on his hand. “And? I’m sure they said no. No harm in asking.”

Jared pursed his lips and looked at him like he was Benedict Arnold.

“Okay. He just fired the bakery that’s making your wedding cake.”

Misha sat up straight. “He did *what*!?”

Now Jared looked smug. “Now do you believe that’s he totally lost it? You can’t just let him run wild like this. You won’t have a wedding at all if no one will provide their services.”

“Shit,” Misha said softly and began packing up his papers. “When did you hear about the cake? I just talked to him about it last night and it was a go!”

“He texted me that he was going to be late to his own bachelor’s party because he has to hire a new bakery.”

Misha zipped his bag closed and looked up at Jared.

“What is going on, Jared?”

He shrugged helplessly. “If anybody would know I thought it’d be you.”

“I’ll take care of it,” Misha said. “Just—go have fun at the party and I’ll get him there on time.”

“Are you going to make it? Or are you going to be cleaning up his mess?”

Misha gave a shake of his head. “We’ll see.”

Misha was already texting Jensen as he walked out of his classroom: Where r u? Now.

Jensen replied with the name of a bakery and Misha didn’t need to map it. It was the first bakery they had gone to because of it’s reputation but had decided not to use because it was too expensive. It took about twenty minutes to get there, but Misha needn’t have worried that Jensen would be gone by the time he arrived. He and two shop owners looked very well entrenched on their sides of the counter.

“Jensen,” Misha called out to the man who was barely recognizable as a Cake Nazi. The two shop owners cast pleading eyes to him. He hoped he could be their salvation. Jensen’s expression went from hard and daunting to happy and smiling in the turn of his head.

“Hey, babe.”

“Don’t ‘hey babe’ me.”

Jensen’s smile faltered and the two shop owners discreetly backed away. If he had to guess, this wasn’t their first Bride-zilla rodeo.

“What’s the matter?”

“What’s the matter? Jared told me you fired the bakery that is making our wedding cake. The wedding cake we need for the *wedding* in *three days*.”

“Ours isn’t all that big or elaborate; they’re perfectly capable of making a cake in three days.”

“Not when we have other orders to fill!” one of the shop owners called out.

Jensen shot them a look. “I’m willing to pay you a lot of money to make it happen. I bet that would make it possible.”

Misha tugged on Jensen’s arm to get his attention. “Hey, how much money? We decided not to go with them in the first place because it was too expensive already. How much are you spending on this wedding?”

“Not that much. You were way under budget. There was room for me to upgrade a few things.”

“You did that with the venue. The venue pretty much pushed us over budget.”

“It was a conservative budget. We’re fine.” He turned a glare on the shop owners. “I just need these two to understand that—”

“Hey,” Misha grabbed Jensen’s jaw and turned his head to force him to look at him. “Why don’t you start with making me understand? Why are you here asking for a last minute, overpriced cake?”

There was a snort of offense from the other side of the counter.

“Because. This is the cake you wanted. They’re the only ones that make the pistachio cake and they can actually get buttercream frosting to look almost as smooth as fondant. That’s what you wanted: a cake that people would enjoy eating rather than one that just looks pretty.”

“I’m aware of that, Jensen, but we determined it was too expensive. So, why are you here now offering them what I can only assume is even more money for the same cake?”

“Because it’s what you wanted!” Jensen said exasperatedly.

Misha’s mouth fell open and he stepped back. “You’re blaming this on me?”

“What? No—”

“I have to get home. I have papers to grade. You just go to your fucking bachelor’s party.”

Misha turned on his heel and walked out the door.

Jensen watched, horrified, as his fiancé stormed out of the bakery looking like he was one straw away from calling off the wedding.

“Shit,” Jensen cursed under his breath. Misha had totally misunderstood him. He ran his hands over his face and then back through his hair. How had he made such a mess of this? Everything he’d done had been to make Misha happy, and now he’d fucked it up. And on top of that he was supposed to go to their bachelor’s party. *Their* bachelor’s party. That obviously wasn’t happening.

“So...”

Jensen looked at the shop keepers.

“Are you sure you still need a wedding cake?”

Jensen glared at them. The older of the two stepped forward.

“He needs it now more than ever. I’ll make this cake for you. At the originally stated price. It will be ready by Saturday.”

The younger shop keeper protested, but the older one shushed her.

“But you better do your part and fix it. I don’t want to make a cake for a called-off wedding.”

Jensen swallowed and nodded. “Thank you.”

“Thank me when you see the cake. Of course...I’ll need the payment in full up front. Today.”

“Of course,” Jensen sighed and pulled out his wallet.

When Jensen left the bakery, he still had five other places on his list: the venue, the harpist, the caterer, the florist, and the courthouse. He wanted to do last minute double checks that everything

was in order and set to go, and he wanted to get their marriage license early in case something happened and he couldn't get in on Friday. Of course what he really wanted was to go to Misha and explain the misunderstanding, but he had to make sure everything was in place first. If everything fell apart the day of the wedding, it would have made his efforts and hurting Misha pointless.

Around eight o'clock he texted Jared that he wasn't going to make it, but that the guys should still have a party anyway. Jared had called him, but he'd ignored the call. Then he got a single text from him, "Dick," and nothing else for the rest of the night.

Jensen didn't get home until after ten o'clock. The venue was an hour's drive away and he'd gotten there later than he'd anticipated due to traffic. When he entered the townhouse, it felt very still and quiet. His heart stuttered over its next beat as he wondered if Misha had decided to go spend the night at his mother's house. Then he walked into the kitchen and saw the plastic wrapped plate sitting on the stovetop. Misha had made chicken Alfredo with a side of roasted asparagus: one of Jensen's favorite meals. He nuked the plate for thirty seconds and then sat down at the table to eat quietly by himself. He could hear Misha moving around upstairs. Hopefully he wasn't too angry to let Jensen explain himself.

When he was done eating, he washed his dishes and then wiped down the table and counter. He was stalling. He shouldn't be stalling. He should be eager to go upstairs and explain that Misha had it wrong—that he didn't blame him for anything. He should have run out after him from the bakery. That was probably why he was too chicken shit to face him now: he'd let him go.

He climbed the stairs slowly and walked down the hallway to their bedroom like he was the protagonist in a horror film. He slowly pushed opened the door to their bedroom and saw Misha on their bed—knitting. He exhaled softly and entered the room.

"Hi."

"Hi," Misha responded, not looking up.

"What are you making?"

Misha held up his project and it looked like the web a spider jacked up on crack might make. Jensen smiled and met Misha's eyes. He smiled back, but it small and forced.

"You should get ready for bed," Misha said. "You have to be at the studio in the morning and I have to be at class, so..."

Jensen nodded and began to undress. He went into the bathroom and took care of his ablutions before returning to their bedroom. He usually slept in boxers or nothing at all, but tonight he pulled on a T-shirt as well, feeling a little awkward about getting into bed with Misha—who had already turned out the lamp on his nightstand and turned on his side so that his back was to Jensen.

Jensen went over the various ways he thought about starting his apology as he climbed into bed. He sat against a propped up pillow and fidgeted. He supposed direct was always the best course with Misha.

"I'm sorry," Jensen said. "I didn't mean what I said the way it sounded." He grimaced. That was almost worse than the explanation that had gotten him into this mess.

"I understand," Misha said without turning over. "We're both stressed."

"Yeah...two days. Now. Two days until the wedding."

Jensen tried to make it sound like a happy thing, and smiled at Misha's back. He didn't get a response. Sighing, Jensen adjusted himself so he could lay down and reached out to turn off the lamp. He put his back to Misha, guessing the man wasn't interested in spooning, and closed his eyes under the pain of failure. Less than twenty seconds passed before Misha's voice came out of the dark: soft, small, and broken.

"Do you even want to marry me?"

Jensen's eyes snapped open. He sat up and turned over. Then he reached back to turn on his lamp quickly. He stared at Misha's hunched shoulders.

"What? Misha! Yes, of course! Misha, goddamnit look at me!"

Misha turned over and sat up. His eyes were red and puffy and Jensen realized that Misha must have been crying for hours. He reached out and grabbed one of his hands, bringing it close to his face so that he could nuzzle it and kiss it.

"Fuck, Misha, yes, yes, I want to marry you. More than anything in this fucking world I want to marry you and be with you forever. How could you doubt that?"

"You don't resent me for pestering you about it? Forcing you into it? I know you weren't all that interested in it before. And we both know your parents—your father in particular—aren't exactly thrilled about—"

"*Misha.*" Jensen looked up at him with hard, implacable eyes. "You're not forcing me into anything. I want this too. You misunderstood what happened at the bakery."

"Did I? Because it looked like you were going crazy. Like everyone has said you've been lately. That you've been out of control and bossy and demanding because you've been trying to change things to be the way *I* want them. That you felt *obligated* to—"

"*Obligated?* Oh, Misha, love," Jensen kissed his hand again. "You have it so wrong."

"Then explain it to me."

"I just—finally realized how much this wedding meant to you."

"See?" Misha asked, attempting to pull away. "You think that—"

Jensen shuffled closer and pulled Misha into his side, shushing him gently.

"I overheard you and Jared talking on the deck about a month ago. At the time, I didn't care about the wedding. Marrying you is something I want, but the whole ceremony part—I just didn't think it mattered that much. But when I heard you telling Jared how important it was to you and how excited you were for it, I realized I'd been a colossal dick by not helping you. Or least giving you my opinion when you asked for it. I didn't get it then. But I do now. I understand that this is a really big deal because it's important to both of us. And then I wanted everything to be perfect. I needed it to be perfect for you."

"Jensen," Misha said softly, turning his head so they could look at each other. He leaned forward and placed a sweet, lingering kiss on his lips. He pulled back and smiled at him. "You colossal dope."

"W-what?"

“Babe, I was talking about the *marriage*. Our marriage. Being married. You being my husband and me being your husband. That’s what makes me excited and happy and joyful. The wedding...it’s just a ceremony. It didn’t have to be a big, lavish, perfect affair. Why do you think I picked my second and third choice for everything? Because it was cheaper. Because having more money saved for using as a down payment on a house where we’ll raise our children is much more important than one single day. A wedding is just a day. Our marriage will be for a lifetime.”

“Oh.” Jensen could feel himself blushing with embarrassment. He felt like an idiot. Not just for what he’d done to Misha, but for all the torture he’d inflicted on his friends, family, and the poor business owners who’d had to deal with him.

“But hey,” Misha said, taking Jensen’s face in his hands and kissing the corner of his mouth. “I get kale with my burrito.”

Jensen laughed softly, still feeling like a jackass. Misha kissed the other corner of his mouth.

“And I get to say my vows overlooking the gorgeous valley where we had our first date.”

“I don’t think a cub scout trip counts as a date, Mish.”

Jensen had to close his eye as Misha kissed him there.

“Shh. My cake will be elegant and match the color of your eyes.” He kissed the other eye. “Though it’ll possibly be lopsided since it is being made on such short notice.”

Jensen huffed softly and Misha kissed the tip of his nose.

“And I have catchfly flowers with clover sprigs which I know is really fucking bizarre for any occasion let alone a wedding, but it means you’re mine,” he finished around a smile and kissed Jensen full on the lips. “I’ve caught you at last,” he whispered and then deepened the kiss. Jensen chuckled and pulled back just enough to ask, “Is that what those mean together?”

Misha shrugged a shoulder. “It’s my interpretation.”

They kissed again, arms circling each other. Jensen pulled back and nuzzled Misha’s nose with his.

“Always been yours, you know. Always. Always...”

“Shh,” Misha shushed him again and kissed him deeply. He leaned forward and Jensen willingly went down onto the mattress, moaning soft and needy as he felt Misha’s weight settle on top of him. From there the fire smoldered as an ember, underneath the longing to simply hold and touch each other. Reverent fingertips traipsed along warm, smooth skin; their chests moved as one in shared breath; their lips kept them joined until they were both swollen and numb and dizzy with the touch, taste, scent, and feel of each other.

It was only when Misha raised his head to draw his first decent breath in neither knew how long when they both felt the amazing, sparking drag of their erections against each other. Hungry noises escaped them both and the next kiss was hard and wild, inviting teeth to join in the dance. Misha’s hands pushed Jensen’s shirt up, and then they broke away with anger and offense at the article of clothing for getting in their way as it was pulled over Jensen’s head. They took the opportunity to shimmy out of their boxers and toss them aside. Now naked, they fitted back together, more worked up than ever to be skin to skin. Their hands grasped and pulled at each other, their legs tangled and anchored them together.

Misha slid his hands up Jensen's arms, gasping for air as his fingers slid through warm perspiration. He found Jensen's wrists and pinned them to the mattress above Jensen's head. Then he leaned down and sucked his lower lip into his mouth. He suckled on it and then grasped it with his teeth so he could pant for breath. Jensen heard himself whine softly and watched with lust-glazed eyes as Misha opened his clear, blue focused eyes. Letting go of Jensen he sat up in his lap, straddling him.

"Don't move your arms. Don't move at all."

Then he slid down Jensen's body and got between his legs, roughly shoving his thighs apart and breathing in the heady scent of Jensen's sex. He tapped the side of his hip and Jensen knew to raise his ass off the bed. Misha fitted one of their thick foam pillows under him and then slid down a little farther, hooked Jensen's legs over his shoulders, and buried his face in the apex of his thighs.

Jensen let out a soft cry as Misha took his balls in his mouth, but then the man moved on, kissing over his perineum and down to his goal. His hands spread Jensen's ass cheeks wide and then his hot, flat tongue laved over his hole. Jensen jerked, but refrained from moving otherwise. He wrapped his fingers around the underside of the headboard to keep them in place. Jensen spread his legs as wide as he possibly could and Misha moved in closer. He kissed the pucker of his entrance, and then licked it repeatedly until it fluttered open. Misha pressed impossibly closer, kissing the ring again, tonguing inside it, and tilting his head when needed to get a better angle. Jensen raised his head, his abs straining with the effort, and felt his cock blurt out a large bead of precome as he watched Misha practically make out with his ass.

Jensen groaned with pleasure and frustration and let his head fall back on the mattress. He gripped the headboard even tighter and it protested with a wooden creak and groan. Misha slid his hands under Jensen's ass, lifted him up slightly, and delved in deeper.

"Jesus—Jesus—Misha, God, help...Fuck, Mish. I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come, I'm com—oh, fucuuuuuuck, you asshole!"

That last was in response to Misha's grinning face as he looked at him over his body and kept his hand firmly clamped around the base of his dick having successfully staved off his orgasm.

"Not yet. You're coming on my dick," Misha said.

He ducked back down and continued to eat Jensen out, occasionally giving his cock a few firm pulls, but always returning the tight pressure to the base. Jensen wasn't able to stay still. He managed to keep his hands above his head by hanging onto the headboard, but the rest of him was a roiling, writhing mess of ecstasy and need. At one point he was aware that Misha had started inserting fingers into him, but he was only aware that they'd worked all the way up to four when he raised his head to look at Misha and saw the man pumping his whole arm back and forth. It was then that he could feel the stretch of four fingers breaching him and molesting his prostate on every thrust.

Misha's free hand was smearing a copious amount of precome over his reddened cockhead and engorged shaft. Jensen looked at his own neglected dick, drooling precome as a long, sticky string from the head to his stomach. He looked back down when Misha's fingers disappeared. The man lined himself up at Jensen's entrance, lightly brushing the head against Jensen's swollen, clenching hole.

Even through the thick haze of lust and the raunchy manner of their coupling, Jensen was struck by how much he loved Misha. And then Misha pushed in and Jensen forgot his own name. He was stretched plenty so Misha slid right in. He gave Jensen no time to adjust and immediately

began to thrust into him again and again. Jensen's fingers tightened around the headboard even more, making his fingers ache with the pain. Then he felt Misha's hands at his wrists. He released the headboard and laced his fingers with Misha's instead. Misha drove his hands into the mattress and used the leverage to fuck Jensen to within an inch of his life. He knew he must have come at some point, but the pleasure had enveloped him so completely that he couldn't pinpoint a before, during, and after it had happened.

He was aware of Misha's orgasm though. The man shoved deep into his body and stilled. His seed pulsed into him with each throb of Misha's cock, warming him from the inside. Neither moved for a long minute as they caught their breath and tried to remember who and where they were. Jensen flexed his fingers around Misha's, and Misha returned the gesture. Then he pulled out gently and flopped beside Jensen. They swallowed around their thirst as they looked up at the ceiling. Jensen felt Misha's hand questing on the bed beside his thigh, so he used all the strength left in his body to move his arm down so that they could join hands. He must have fallen asleep shortly after that because the next thing he remembered was waking up curled around the most important person in his life the day before their wedding.

The Day of the Wedding

Misha stood just beyond the archway where the justice of the peace would stand when he performed the ceremony. The hill dipped gently down in front of him and then descended steeply into a wide green valley with a thin silver snake of a river shimmering through it. The temperature was a balmy seventy-eight and the sun was shining brightly. There were clouds to the west, but they were large, white, fluffy things that added to the picturesque view. The small catchfly and clover bouquets were attached to the aisle chairs, and a catchfly and clover boutonniere waited for him back in the dressing room for after he put on his tux. The caterers were on time, the reception hall was beautiful in crisp white and shades of green and pale reddish purple to match the flowers. The harpist was tuning up just inside the wide open doors of the country mansion veranda, the melodies floating on the soft breeze. The cake had turned out exquisite—except for one tiny imperfection in the back where Jensen had swiped a taste of the icing along the bottom tier.

Everything was perfect. Nothing had gone wrong. They had made it and neither his family nor Jensen's nor any of their friends had murdered Jensen in their efforts to get here. Today he was going to marry the man of his dreams at the wedding of his dreams and tonight—well, there probably wouldn't be enough sleep involved to get to any dreaming. Misha grinned as he contemplated what he might make Jensen do in front of that huge floor to ceiling window in their penthouse honeymoon suite.

The thunder rumbled menacingly again and the crowd glanced nervously at the sky. Misha darted his eyes over to the justice of the peace and gave him a nod to keep going. About thirty minutes before the start of the ceremony, the temperature had dropped by ten degrees. By the time Misha and Jensen were walking down the aisle together, the sky had darkened to an ominous slate grey. As Jensen slid the wedding band onto Misha's finger, the first drop of rain plopped on Misha's shoulder. The crowd was anxious and some had even edged out of their chairs. The harpist had long since ducked for cover to keep her instrument from getting ruined. Misha quickly repeated the vows the justice of the peace rattled out rapidly and slipped his ring onto Jensen's finger. Lightning flashed bright in the sky followed by a loud crash of thunder. Many in the audience yelped and some started up and ran inside.

“By the power vested in me by the state of—”

Lightning cracked again at the same time and the skies opened up. Everyone started yelling and running for the mansion. Employees tried to gather up chairs, but many were abandoned and the archway blew over in a sudden gust of wind. Everyone made it inside in less than a minute, but most everyone was soaked to the bone. There were loud murmurings and mutterings and some laughter as everyone crowded into the reception space and tried to ring the water out of their clothing. The staff closed the doors behind the last person, shutting out the storm, but the noise of it raging outside drowned out all attempts to hold a conversation.

Misha felt someone tug his wrist and turned to see the justice of the peace pulling him toward the stage where the DJ was set up. He had a hold of Jensen’s hand, so he had to go with him. Once they were on stage, the justice of the peace took the microphone from the DJ. He turned it on and the squealing feedback quieted everyone.

“Sorry about that. But may I have everyone’s attention?”

Everyone faced the stage and Misha turned to face Jensen with a rueful smile. Jensen still looked a little shell-shocked.

“I now pronounce you husbands!” the justice of the peace said into the microphone, picking up where he left off.

The audience cheered and clapped.

“You may seal the marriage with a kiss.”

Jensen grinned and took Misha’s face in both of his hands. He pulled him close and kissed him, although both were smiling too hard to make it a real kiss. The cheering got louder and few catcalls sounded in the room. They pulled apart and Misha was smiling so hard his face hurt.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, for the very first time—”

A sudden burst of lightning and thunder accompanied all the lights snapping out. People screamed in alarm and everyone held still for what felt like endless seconds. Then the emergency lights flickered on, bathing everyone in an orange glow. The storm raged on outside, not caring about the party that was supposed to be going on inside.

It took a while to get everyone sorted and into seats (the seating chart was forgotten). The staff for the venue told them that the generator had been knocked out as well and they had zero power to run anything. The caterers announced that the steaks and salmon hadn’t even been cooked yet, but the salad bar could be put out and the ice cream could be eaten before it melted. Jensen also managed to convince them to put out the Tex-Mex bar even though there was no meat for it. Their guests managed to make do with kale and guacamole and ice cream and cake. The venue couldn’t offer anyone but water and the red wine that had already been uncorked to aerate since the lock on the liquor vault was electronic.

At one point, Misha’s father had called everyone’s attention from their literal grazing of whatever food they could find and ordered Jensen and Misha onto the square of dance space in front of the DJ stand. He stood on the stage and sang Van Morrison’s “Have I Told You Lately.” Misha kind of danced to it with Jensen, hiding his flushed face against his husband’s shoulder when his mother joined his father. She didn’t exactly have what one would call a, well, “singing voice.”

After their first dance was over and the available food was picked clean, Misha took pity on the guests and told them they could call it a night. The storm had abated somewhat, at least enough

for it to be safe to drive home, and nobody really tried too hard to contradict him. In less than ten minutes the hall cleared out and Misha and Jensen sat down in a couple of chairs, starving and disbelieving, but happy. Five minutes later the lights turned on. Misha couldn't help but laugh and Jensen just looked annoyed and testy.

"Excuse me, Mr. Collins?"

Misha looked over as the head caterer approached them from the kitchen doors.

"We have electricity again so we can cook the food, but I see that your guests are...gone."

"Yeah, they are," Misha chuckled.

"What should we do with the food? Do you want to...take it home?"

"No, no. Do you guys have partnerships with local homeless shelters?"

"Yes, there is one to which we donate food that would otherwise be thrown away."

"I'd appreciate it if you would donate our food to them."

"Of course."

"Except," Jensen said, "two steaks. You think there's any chance somebody back there could cook us up a couple of steaks before you pack up and get out of dodge?"

"Of course. I'll prepare them myself. We did have a batch of mashed potatoes prepared before the power went out. They should still be in good shape. Would you like—"

"Yes," they said together.

"Coming right up."

Twenty minutes later Jensen and Misha were feasting on their wedding dinner and drinking warm champagne that a staff member had rescued from the now open liquor vault. Misha opened his mouth and let Jensen feed him a tiny broccoli crown. He sucked the butter and salt off Jensen's finger and then crunched into the perfectly steamed vegetable. Jensen watched him chew and licked some mashed potatoes off his fork.

"I think I'm ready to head to our honeymoon suite now."

Misha smiled. "I agree."

They had booked the penthouse suite in the luxury resort just up the road from the venue for the first night of their honeymoon. In anticipation of not leaving the reception until very late at night, they hadn't wanted to drive an hour back to the city before having to get up bright and early for their flight to Bora Bora. They checked in at half past five.

After divesting themselves of their wrinkly, stiff clothes, they showered and put on the fluffy white robes provided by the resort. Then they snuggled on the couch with the lights out in front of the large window that normally would overlook the same valley that they had been (mostly) married in front of. Now all they could see was grey darkness and the occasional tree limb lit up by lingering lightning. The rain was still pretty heavy and made a steady, soothing rhythm against the windows. Misha leaned his head on Jensen's shoulder and wiggled his fingers in Jensen's grasp; he knew to turn his hand so they could lace fingers.

“I hope our flight won’t get canceled for tomorrow,” Jensen murmured, his lips moving against Misha’s hair.

“Won’t matter,” Misha replied. “I have my husband.”

Jensen heaved a heavy sigh.

“What is it?”

“I still feel bad that the wedding was such a disaster.”

“Eh. It’ll make a good story.”

“When?” Jensen asked dryly.

“Five years maybe.”

“I’ll still be grumbling about the wasted money in five years.”

“Okay, ten years then.”

“Yeah. It’ll be funny in ten years.”

“So, we’ll have to stay married for at least that long to get the pay off.”

Jensen chuckled. “Yeah, at least that long.”

Misha turned his head and grinned up at him. Jensen leaned down to kiss him. They remained on the couch for a while, making out like they used to do as teenagers when they “totally weren’t dating; it’s just a friends with benefits sort of thing.” The belts on the robes loosened and hands began to wander. Misha sucked in a delighted gasp when Jensen’s thumb grazed his nipple.

“Maybe we should head into the bedroom,” Misha suggested around kisses.

“Good idea. Knew I married you for a reason.”

Jensen stood up and walked in front of the window. He turned back to look at Misha and a sly smile slid up the side of his face as he let the robe fall off his shoulders and slither to the floor. Misha sat transfixed by the image Jensen presented—his strong, lithe body silhouetted against the window, lightning casting dark and beautiful shadows over him.

“Do you like what you see, husband?” Jensen asked with an arrogant jut of his chin, but the slightest bit of uncertainty in his voice betrayed him.

In answer, Misha stood up, shrugged out of his robe, and walked over to him. Then he immediately sank to his knees. Jensen sucked in a sharp breath and leaned back against the window as Misha swallowed him down to the root and held him in his mouth and throat. Then he eased back and began bobbing his head quickly, pulling back completely to suck on the crown every fourth or fifth time. Jensen knotted both his hands in Misha’s hair and guided his head while Misha held his hips to keep him from having too much control. Jensen let out the most delicious sounding moans and whimpers above him, fueling his arousal and causing his erection to hang heavy and expectant between his legs.

“Mm, Mish, stop, babe.”

Misha pulled off with one last sucking twist to the head and looked up. Jensen tugged on his hair and he got to his feet. Lightning flashed bright in the window just as they kissed, but the thunder

was an easy rolling grumble that started about three seconds later.

Misha gasped when without warning Jensen grabbed him by the arm and spun him around to face the window. He pressed up behind him and slid his erection between his thighs. He rocked up against Misha, letting his cock sometimes glide up between his cheeks and sometimes along his perineum. Misha pressed his palms against the glass and pushed back against Jensen. He tilted his head back and panted through a grin as Jensen latched onto an earlobe.

“Well,” Misha said, struggling to catch his breath, “this is different for us.”

“We're married now,” Jensen said around sucking kisses to Misha's neck. “We should share the husbandly duties.”

Misha laughed. “I totally agree. Ohhh...oh, yes, touch me, Jensen.”

Jensen's large hand wrapped around Misha's cock and pumped in time to Jensen's slow thrusts between Misha's thighs. Misha squirmed and pressed his hands against the glass so hard his fingertips turned white. He wasn't used to not being the one in control of their lovemaking. It was kind of exhilarating.

“Oh, yes, oh yes, Jensen, make me come...”

Jensen tightened his grip and sped up his hand and his hips. Within a few seconds they were both spilling all over the glass and Misha's thighs.

“Oh, oh yes. Oh fuck yes. Shit we're going to have to clean the glass, oh God, but that was so worth it.”

Misha let his head fall back on Jensen's shoulder. Jensen kissed his cheek and then guided him to the bedroom where they flopped boneless onto the king sized bed. They lay together in the cool sheets, not touching other than where their hands were twined together. Misha raised his other hand over his face and twisted the ring there with his thumb.

“Hm. Mr. Misha Dmitri Tippens Krushnic Collins Ackles.” He looked over at Jensen. “Too much?”

Jensen smiled sweetly, probably not even aware how sappy he looked right now. He turned onto his side to put his face close to Misha's.

“Don't care what other people call you.” He nuzzled Misha's cheek with his nose. “So long as I can call you mine.”

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