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Cockles for Two

by [emwebb17](#)

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Misha and Jensen discuss the etymology of "cockles" over dinner.

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Jensen surveyed downtown Vancouver through his floor to ceiling windows: arms crossed, feet shoulder width apart, chest out. Yes, all this would be his one day.

“Babe?”

Jensen turned and saw Misha poking his head out of the kitchen, stirring something in a pot.

“Uh, yeah?” Jensen asked, relaxing his pose and trying to look nonchalant.

Misha gave him a knowing grin. “I asked if you wanted beer or water with dinner.”

“Uh, water.” He patted his belly. “Still a few episodes left to film.”

“Mm-hmm.”

Misha disappeared back into the kitchen and Jensen crossed the hardwood floors of his condo in

his bare feet. He loved that the heating system kept the building warm enough that he didn’t need

to wear socks or slippers in the winter. Besides he would rather freeze his toes off—literally—

than wear the bunny slippers Misha had bought him for a gag gift a Christmas or two ago. At

least, he thought it was a gag gift.

He entered the kitchen and inhaled deeply, always loving the decadent smells of Misha's

cooking. Tonight it was garlicky, buttery—Jensen coughed. And fishy.

“Jesus. What is that?”

“Shellfish.”

“Ooo, mussels? I like mussels.

“Nope. Cockles.”

Jensen paused just before he leaned against the kitchen counter, then he settled on his hip and

crossed his arms over his chest.

“I feel like that means something else.”

“Do you?” Misha asked as he poured some white wine over his sautéed garlic—and some sort

of green thing.

Jensen chewed gently on his lower lip. “Doesn't it?”

“Does it?”

Misha began tearing up a kale leaf into small pieces. Jensen frowned at it.

“Again with the kale?”

“It's good for you.”

“Just don’t ask me to massage it again,” he grumbled.

Misha chuckled. “That’s only for when you eat it raw. Get a couple of glasses out. The bottle’s

already open,” he said indicating the wine bottle next to his elbow.

Jensen couldn’t argue with that logic and retrieved two crystal white wine glasses from the

cabinet—Danneel had definitely taught him the difference between red and white wines

glassware to the detriment of what should have been a relaxing Saturday afternoon but was

actually spent shopping at Crate & Barrel. He was pretty certain Misha wouldn’t mind drinking

the wine out of children’s sippy cups. He pressed a kiss to the back of the man’s neck as he

passed him.

“What was that for?” Misha asked with a small smile.

Jensen shrugged. “I dunno. For just being you.”

“Aww. You’re so sweet on me, Jay.”

“Shut your mouth,” Jensen mumbled as he poured the wine and used his brute man strength to

will away his blush.

Misha tossed the kale into the simmering pot and then picked up the colander of shellfish from

the sink. He shook off the excess water one more time, and then carefully

poured them into the

pot. He stirred the ingredients and then put a lid on it.

Jensen handed Misha his wine glass and raised a suggestive eyebrow at him.

“So, do we have a

while before that’s ready?”

“About six minutes.”

“Oh,” Jensen said disappointedly.

“Please. Like I need more than two to get you off.”

“That was **one** time!”

Misha laughed and took a sip of his wine, his eyes sparkling at Jensen over the rim.

Jensen laughed and looked away. “Man, shut up.” He took a large gulp of his wine. “Mm. This

is good.”

“Isn’t it? It’s Portuguese.”

“Is that fancy?”

“Fuck if I know.”

They stared at each other then, the conversation ending abruptly. It wasn’t an awkward silence,

but even now Jensen sometimes felt jittery around Misha. One would think that after knowing

someone for over five years and being intimately involved with him for almost three would

make the crush go away. But it hadn't at all.

"You, uh, want me to set the table?" Jensen asked, a little shyly.

"That'd be nice. Thanks, love."

Jensen blushed and turned away. He couldn't believe how much Misha could make him feel like

he was in junior high again. He concentrated on getting out the plates and flatware rather than

his slightly scampering heart. He carefully arranged the plates with the napkins and forks on the

left at the table that sat next to the large windows. He flicked on the overhead lights and

returned to the kitchen in time to see Misha dumping some linguine into a colander.

"I hope that's not the same one you used to rinse off the cock-kulls—whatevers."

Misha shrugged a shoulder. "It's a colander. All the crap went out the bottom."

Jensen rolled his eyes but refrained from comment.

"Open the lid on the cockles and pull out the ones that didn't open."

Jensen obeyed and began picking through the contents of the pot, which admittedly smelled very

good, with a wooden spoon.

"Why? What's wrong with the ones that don't open?"

"Well, they were probably dead before going in the pot, so they might have a

buildup of toxins in

them.”

Jensen made a face. “Ew. You mean they were still alive when you threw them in there?”

“Yes, Jensen, that’s how shellfish generally work.”

“Hunh.”

“You don’t feel sorry for them, do you, cowboy?” Misha asked with a teasing lilt to his voice.

“No.”

Well, maybe he did a little. He may eat steak but it wasn’t like he was *in the room* when they killed the cow. He found one shell that hadn’t opened and spooned it out, thinking that this one

got lucky as he placed it in the sink for later disposal.

“Is it ready?” Misha asked.

“Yep.”

Misha dumped the linguine into the pot and Jensen gave it a stir, coating the pasta in the sauce.

Jensen carried their dinner into the open living room and placed the heavy pot on the trivet

Misha just managed to slide in place before he thunked the thing down on his nice table. A

"bing" sounded from the oven and Misha ran back into the kitchen. Jensen arranged their wine glasses and used the tongs to serve their plates. Misha returned with a breadbasket with a red

checked cloth—he didn’t even know he owned one—and the smell of garlic bread made his

mouth water. He snagged one from the basket and crunched into it before Misha had even set it

on the table.

“Thanks, Mish,” he said around his mouthful. “It was really nice of you to cook.”

Misha shrugged that one shoulder again and sat down, placing his napkin in his lap.

“This was easy. Less than thirty minutes altogether.”

“I know, but you had to work all day today.”

“Yes, yes, I did. But so did you—well, no you didn’t. You were in your trailer for a good part

of it.”

Jensen chuckled. “Being director isn’t quite so fun is it?”

“No, it is. I loved being involved in everything. Having so much...control.”

Jensen swallowed his bread. He dragged his eyes away from Misha and took a calming gulp of

his wine. He knew how much Misha liked to be in control. He cleared his throat and used his

fork to spear a cockle or whatever and a piece of chorizo and swirled some pasta around it.

“So, how’s your face?” he asked, and then stuffed the bite into his mouth. He hummed

appreciatively at the burst of flavor.

“It’s fine. I feel delightfully moisturized.”

That got a surprised snort of laughter out of Jensen. Then he pointed the fork at him. “It looked

like Jared really put his back into it though.”

“Jesus Christ, he did. I’m lucky I turned the way I did or he might have broken my damn nose.”

Jensen smiled and shook his head.

“They pull any of this kind of shit when you directed?”

“A little bit, but nothing like that. I guess they had too much respect for me,” he smirked.

“Or they thought you were too much of a tight ass.”

Jensen frowned at him. “I’m not a tight ass.”

“You kinda are a little bit. But it’s one of your many charms.” Misha winked at him.

Jensen took a large bite of his garlic bread and chewed huffily.

“Do you like it?”

“Ike ut?”

Misha made a face as he talked with his mouth full.

“The pasta. And the cockles. And the **kale**.”

Jensen swallowed and took a sip of wine. “Yeah, it’s really good. They taste just like mussels

or clams. Just smaller.”

“They taste smaller?” Misha grinned at him.

Jensen kicked him lightly under the table. “You know what I mean.”

“Good. I’ve never cooked with cockles before, so I’m glad they turned out okay.”

Jensen ate a couple of more bites before he couldn't take it anymore. "Okay, but, cockles means

something, right?"

Misha raised his eyebrows. He chewed slowly. Then he swallowed and looked down at his

plate.

"It's a kind of shellfish, babe."

"It's something else."

"Mm. Maybe you're thinking of the saying, 'warms the cockles of my heart?' Something like

that?"

Jensen's brow creased. "Nn. Maybe. What does that even mean?"

"It means something made you feel good."

"But where does it come from?"

"Dunno."

Jensen pulled his phone out. Misha smiled as he took a sip of his wine.

"Don't even start," Jensen warned playfully as he pulled up the browser on

his phone. "You're the one who had to prove me wrong about the fucking Tylenol."

Misha laughed and rubbed his socked foot against Jensen's ankle.

"Well, that's bullshit," Jensen muttered.

"What?" Misha asked, leaving his foot outstretched so their legs pressed together.

"It says the etymology is unknown. The best guess is that cockles look like hearts or something."

Misha shrugged a shoulder.

Jensen took another bite of the pasta, not even minding the kale. He chewed thoughtfully, and

then shook his head.

"No, no. It's something else."

Misha concentrated on flaking off a slightly burned piece of crust on his bread. "Why don't you

do an image search for cockles?"

Jensen narrowed his eyes suspiciously, but complied. He sat back with a heavy sigh.

"What is it?" Misha asked, the corners of his mouth twitching with the need to smile.

"Well, it's a lot of pictures of shellfish."

"Unh-huh."

"But Google has also suggested some alternatives that are labeled, 'Supernatural,' 'Tumblr,'

'Ship,' and 'Misha Collins and Jensen Ackles.' With a selection of pictures of you and me."

Misha giggled and rubbed his foot against his ankle again.

"Oh my God is this like some Desti-essel thing?" Jensen moaned, putting a hand partially over his face.

"Kind of."

"Jesus. Do people think—**know**—we're..." Jensen trailed off and gulped.

"Jensen, they think everybody is fucking each other."

"Yeah, but in our case they're right!"

Misha shrugged a shoulder. Jensen laughed because otherwise he might cry. He sat back in his

chair and dropped his hands into his lap. He quirked an eyebrow when he saw Misha gazing at him with moon eyes as he rested his chin on his hands.

"What?" he asked warily.

"I love you."

"Wha—?" Jensen blushed. "Shut up," he murmured, dropping his eyes bashfully.

"You do that on purpose," Misha teased.

"Do what?" Jensen asked, looking at him from under his lashes.

Misha chuckled again. "You are so beautiful."

Jensen jumped out of his chair. "You're doing **that** on purpose!" he accused with a pointed finger and a face that felt like it might actually be on fire.

"Sit down," Misha said, nudging the chair with his toe. Jensen sat. "So what

does Jared have planned for me for tomorrow?"

Jensen rubbed the back of his neck with his hand. "I, uh, I don't know."

"Jensen," Misha warned gently. "Where do your loyalties lie?"

Jensen made a pained expression. "Baby...I..."

Misha sighed. "Never mind then. At least you'll try to make it up to me tonight, hmm?"

Jensen latched onto the chance to not have to betray either his best friend or his brother. "Sure.

What can I do? Back rub? I can do the dishes."

"Oh, you're definitely doing the dishes. But, while I was doing the tech scout, the guys showed

me how some of the steady cams and handheld ones work."

"Oh yeah?" he asked, not sure how this tied in to him making Misha feel better, but knowing

Misha, they would get there eventually.

"Mm-hmm. I got pretty familiar with the smaller handheld one. They even let me borrow one."

"What'd you do with it?"

"Well, nothing yet. But I thought you could help me with that tonight."

"Yeah, sure. What do you want to film? Dust motes in the air or something?" Jensen's laughter cut off abruptly as Misha raised a single eyebrow at him. "Oh."

Oh.

Jensen felt warm all over as Misha rubbed his ankle with his foot again.

"How would you like to be in the movies, kid?"

Cockles in Portuguese Wine Sauce (recipe courtesy of Emeril Lagasse)

3 tablespoons olive oil

Chorizo cut into 1/2 moons (about 2 cups)

1/4 cup chopped garlic

3 tablespoons freshly chopped parsley leaves

1 cup Portuguese white wine

1 leaf fresh kale, torn into 2-inch pieces

3 pounds cockles, scrubbed and cleaned

In a high sided pan over medium-high heat, add 2 to 3 tablespoons olive oil. Add the chorizo

and sauté for 2 minutes. Add the garlic and parsley and sauté for 1 minute. Add the wine and

stir. Add the kale and cockles and cover with tight fitting lid. Cook until the cockles have

opened, approximately 6 minutes. Discard any that do not open.

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

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- [Preface](#)
- [Cockles for Two](#)
- [Afterword](#)

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Misha gets a little revenge.

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Misha gets a little revenge.

"You little shit."

A smile broke out over Jensen's face when he heard Misha announce himself as he came into the

apartment. He stood up from the couch and muted yet another hockey game. If Canada wasn't

bad enough with all the hockey, the Olympics had multiplied it by a thousand. The open floor

plan of his Vancouver apartment gave a clear view of Misha dropping his bag by the front door

and toeing his shoes off.

"Hey, baby," Jensen said.

"Don't 'hey baby' me, you monster. That's why you wouldn't tell me what Jared was planning

— *you* were the one who was planning something!"

Jensen grinned, "Well, yeah! Did you really think we were going to let you get away with

bossing us around all week?"

Jensen checked his smile and inhaled sharply when Misha didn't stop walking and got right into

his personal space.

"And to think how kind I was to you when it was your first time directing."

"Aw, Mish..."

Misha put a finger to his lips and Jensen stopped talking, his eyes closing involuntarily as his body shivered from the light, teasing touch. He opened his eyes and found Misha *right there*—

his blue eyes dark in the low lighting and glinting with mischief.

"Time for a little payback," Misha said softly.

Jensen swayed forward, wanting to kiss him, but Misha pushed him back. Misha kept moving

forward and Jensen stepped backward having no choice but to obey the silent command.

"I, uh, I," Jensen stammered, "I was going to make you dinner."

"That sounds nice," Misha said, still guiding him backwards.

"Yeah, I bought, uh, pork chops. And I made Danneel tell me how she makes that sauce—"

"It sounds delicious," Misha said, voice still even as they passed through the doorway into the bedroom.

"Yeah, uh," Jensen laughed nervously. "You'll probably have to help me make it though. You know how I am with—mm."

Jensen shut up as Misha kissed him and then took Misha's face in his hands. He held the man

close as he parted his lips and brushed his tongue against Misha's. They stumbled the last couple of feet to the bed and Misha pushed him back onto it. He smiled at him as he unbuckled

Jensen's belt and unzipped his fly.

"Shirt," Misha commanded.

Jensen whipped his shirt over his head and lifted his hips so that Misha could drag his jeans

over his hips and down his legs. Of course he wasn't wearing any underwear so his half-hard

cock popped up in interest. Misha smirked at him.

"Excited there, honey?"

Jensen blushed. "Shut up. I can see you too."

Misha smiled as Jensen's eyes stayed glued to the bulge in Misha's pants.

"You wanna do more than just see it?"

Jensen licked his lips and nodded, eyes still fixated on his groin. Misha walked over to the

nightstand and took out the bottle of lube they kept there; it was starting to run low. Misha made a mental note to pick up some more the next time he was at the market.

"Lie back," Misha ordered and Jensen shimmied up the bed and laid out on his back.

Misha quickly stripped and kneeled on the bed. He walked on his knees over Jensen's body and

paused when he was near his now fully erect member.

"Hand."

Jensen obediently offered up his hand and Misha squirted some lube onto it.

"Get yourself nice and wet for me, baby."

Jensen grasped his cock and started stroking slowly, spreading the lube over the head and down

the shaft. His breathing increased as he watched Misha reach behind himself. He couldn't see

what he was doing, but he could imagine.

"Oh, fuck yeah...Misha, you sure you don't want me to do that?"

Misha smiled at him and bit his lip as he fingered his entrance and ran his slippery fingertips

around and around.

"What would you do, Jensen?"

"I'd spread that cute little ass of yours and use my tongue."

Misha hummed and pushed a finger inside. "You'd eat me out, baby?"

"Fuck yeah. Get my tongue and two fingers in you, work you open nice and slow."

Misha pushed in a second finger and pumped them in and out quickly.

"Do your best to make it up to me for today, hmm?"

"Give you a whole different kind of cream," Jensen growled playfully.

Misha laughed and removed his hand. They'd been having sex all week so he was pretty much

ready to go already. He scooted forward.

"Move your hand."

Jensen dropped his hand and squirmed in anticipation.

"Hold still."

Jensen stopped moving. Misha got his knees on either side of Jensen's hips. He reached back

and took Jensen in hand. Lining up his fat cockhead with his hole, he took a moment to relish the feel of Jensen's heated member circling around and occasionally catching on the rim. He felt

Jensen quake beneath him and took pity on the man. He held his cock steady and eased down

onto it. Jensen threw his head back and clenched the sheets while Misha let out small, breathy

moans as each inch sunk into him.

"Ah, Jensen...so good. You feel so good in me."

"Misha," Jensen breathed and raised his hands to grasp his hips.

"Hands at your sides."

Jensen groaned but obeyed and clenched the sheets again. Misha grasped the base of his own

cock to keep the urge to come under control as he seated himself in Jensen's lap. He rocked

slowly at first, circling his hips and working Jensen in as deeply as he could.

"Oh, there we go," Misha groaned and dropped his head back. "Raise your knees."

Jensen planted his feet on the mattress and raised his knees so that Misha could lean back and

brace himself on them with his hands.

"Touch me," Misha ordered.

Jensen reached up and began stroking Misha's cock. Misha rocked his hips, down onto Jensen's

cock and up into his hand.

"Jennn—ah-ah-sennn. Fuck, baby, so good, so good. Give it to me."

Jensen began bucking his hips up into Misha's delicious heat.

"Mish, Mish," he panted. "God, you're beautiful."

And he really was. Body tanned and toned and covered in a light sheen of sweat that gleamed in

the soft light from the bedside lamp.

"Misha, I can't—I can't—you're too tight. Too hot, baby."

"Hold off, Jensen. Don't come."

Jensen squeezed his eyes shut and concentrated on obeying the command. Misha bounced harder

in his lap, clenching his hole and driving Jensen crazy. He increased his pace and Jensen

matched him thrust for thrust. Misha dug his nails into Jensen's knees, arching his back so that each movement now resulted in a direct hit on his prostate.

"Oh, fuck there. There, there. Get it, Jensen!"

Jensen let out a groan that sounded suspiciously like a sob and pistoned his hips.

"Yes, yes, yes! Jen, Jensen—coming, coming, coming!"

Misha's moan was close to a scream and Jensen pumped his hand, drawing out his orgasm and

getting his come to shoot onto his chest in warm stripes. Misha slowed down the movement of

his hips and Jensen eased his grip on his cock, letting him work through the pleasure. His own

cock was still throbbing in the tight heat of Misha's body, but he allowed Misha to have his

afterglow. Then Misha let out a long, sated sigh. He looked down at Jensen and smiled lazily.

"Good boy. That was amazing."

Jensen smiled and felt his groin throb with pleasure at the praise. Misha leaned forward and

Jensen sucked in a sharp breath, knowing what was coming next. His eyes popped open when he

felt Misha standing up. He winced when the cold air of the room hit his aching cock. Maybe

Misha was going to change positions...but no he was getting off the bed and walking toward the

bathroom.

"Uh, Mish? Did you forget something here?" He indicated his engorged, twitching member.

"Nope," Misha said. "I told you revenge would be a dish best served with no frosting."

He winked and shut the bathroom door. Jensen stared in disbelief and dismay at the closed

door. Then he looked at his still optimistic dick, waving excitedly in the air. The poor thing.

"Well, shit."

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