

It's Not Like I'm Trying to Watch That or Anything...  
emwebb17

Summary:

Cockles lap sex. That's it.

Notes:

Originally posted on Tumblr in answer to an anon Cockles fic prompt.  
Work Text:

Jensen settled down on the couch and used the remote control to change the channel to Comedy Central. The opening credits for The Daily Show were just starting to run.

“Jennnnnsennnn~”

Jensen froze at the eerie call of his name. Then two warm, solid arms (definitely not ghost arms because he totally didn’t believe in that shit) circled his shoulders from behind.

“Problem, Misha?” Jensen asked, turning the volume up on the TV and giving Misha’s arm a perfunctory pat with his hand.

“You’ve been ignoring me all day.”

Jensen laughed. “I’ve been working all day. While you got to sleep in and goof off all day.”

“I texted you. You never texted back.”

“Sending me a picture of your dick is not ‘texting’ me and definitely does not warrant a response.”

The arms disappeared as Misha stood up with another whining,  
“Jennnsennnn~”

“Whaa-at?” Jensen mimicked him.

Misha walked around the couch to glare at him and Jensen leaned to the left to keep the screen in view.

“You really find that more interesting than me?” Misha questioned.  
“It’s not even Jon Stewart. Oliver is hosting it.”

Jensen didn’t quite catch the dangerous lilt to Misha’s voice and replied, “At least it changes from day to day. It’s always the same thing with you.” Which was, of course, complete bullshit and they both knew it. But Jensen enjoyed teasing him. Except when he was in one of those moods. Jensen realized his mistake as Misha sat in his lap, facing the TV—Misha was currently in one of those moods.

“Fine,” Misha said evenly. “Watch your show.”

Jensen remained tense up until the first commercial break, but then he began to relax incrementally. Misha wasn’t doing anything. Just sitting in his lap, watching the program too, and playing with Jensen’s fingers. Maybe he’d read him wrong after all. It was so hard to get a read on Misha’s moods and thoughts—maybe he was in a mood to just snuggle.

When the show returned, Misha moved his thumb to lightly stroke the sensitive skin on the underside of Jensen’s wrist. His other hand fell to Jensen’s thigh and began to caress it gently. It felt good and Jensen hummed and kissed the side of his neck. Misha had already been sprawled pretty boneless on top of him, his head resting on Jensen’s shoulder, but with the kiss he turned his head to the side, exposing the long, perfect line of his neck. Jensen missed the punch line of a joke as he stared at that neck and thought about doing all kinds of things to it that would drive the make-up girls crazy. Jensen settled for kissing it again; Misha was scheduled to be on set tomorrow.

Misha's fingers tightened around his wrist and leg, and then relaxed. And then tightened and relaxed again. The third time, Jensen realized the clenching was in time with the small rolling movements of his hips.

"Mish, you watching the show?" Jensen asked.

In response, Misha pushed his hips down into Jensen's lap. Jensen sucked in a breath and involuntarily spread his legs a little wider so that Misha's ass sat more firmly on his growing erection. God, it really didn't take much with them.

Misha rolled his head on Jensen's shoulder so that his face was pressed to the underside of Jensen's jaw. He undulated his hips and let out a heated moan as Jensen's cock did its best to press through the layers of clothes blocking it from the warm, tight promise of Misha's ass. Jensen's hands flew to Misha's hips and held him in place as he rocked up into him. Misha gasped and then bit off a moan as their hips worked together in concert.

Jensen slid his hands off Misha's hips and pressed them against his inner thighs, spreading his legs further. He pushed up on the balls of his feet so that he could really grind against Misha and pulled out several desperate sounding mewls from his throat.

"Fu-fuck yeah, baby. M-more—uhn," Misha cut off as one of Jensen's hands covered the bulge in his jeans and began to rub and press down on it even as his hips pressed Misha up into it.

Misha's hands were behind Jensen's head, clinging urgently to his neck and hair, giving it a sharp tug when Jensen's dick pushed the fabric of his jeans that much further into his ass--of course, he wasn't wearing any underwear. Misha squirmed, unable to stop the embarrassing whimpering sounds he made as the fabric pulled tight around him in all the wrong ways in all the right places.

“Jen-Jen-sen...please, I—fuck!”

Misha cried out as Jensen wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him down hard onto his cock, circling their bodies in counterpoint.

“Shit-shit-shit! Jensennnnnnnnnnn!”

Jensen laughed and eased up a little. He was doing his best to tease Misha but damn if it wasn't also making him strain uncomfortably in the confines of his underwear. He could feel the wet patch growing with each throb of his dick.

“What?” Jensen asked, a little breathless. “You started it.”

“And are you going to finish it?” Misha complained, wriggling around in his lap.

“Sure, baby. Bet you could come with all your clothes still on, huh?”

“I would rather not.”

Jensen grinned and unbuttoned and unzipped Misha's jeans. Misha lifted his body enough to allow the garment to be pushed down to mid-thigh. It would hinder what Jensen had plans to do, but he couldn't be bothered taking the time to get them completely out of the way. Not when he had his own dick to release. Jensen worked Misha's cock lazily with one hand, smiling at how slippery it already was from the copious precome that pulsed out of the slit. He managed to jerk the zipper down on his pants and carefully worked his cock out over the top of his boxer-briefs. He pulled Misha back against him firmly and they both groaned when Jensen's thick cock slid in between his cheeks.

Misha arched his back against Jensen and pressed down with his hips, forcing Jensen's dick a little deeper as he slid back and forth on

it.

“Oh, that’s it. That’s so close to it.”

Jensen wrapped his arms Misha’s chest, latching onto his earlobe as he thumbed Misha’s already hard nipples.

“Yesss,” Misha hissed, using his abs to bounce himself harder in Jensen’s lap. “Oh fuck, yes. Shit, babe, it’s not enough, open the stupid button on your jeans!”

Jensen pulled back and bit on his own lip, but immediately had to stop in order to draw in a ragged breath. He was panting from pure arousal. Misha desperate and aching for him was the biggest kink he had. He reached a hand behind Misha’s back and fought a desperate battle with the button until it popped open. The opening of his jeans widened, allowing Jensen’s cock to spring completely free. He worked the elastic of his underwear underneath his balls and rutted up into Misha’s ass. Misha moaned and pressed down harder. Jensen cursed quietly and grabbed his hips when he felt his shaft rubbing back and forth against Misha’s hole.

“There, there, there...” Misha panted and rocked his hips harder. “Do it, Jensen, fucking do it!”

Jensen bit down hard on Misha’s shoulder through his T-shirt and groaned in frustration. He lifted his head to speak.

“I want it too, baby, but not dry. Not gonna hurt you.”

“P-pocket. Jeans pocket.”

Jensen leaned forward, temporarily forgetting why he had as Misha began to bounce and grind on his lap again. He was talking, but it wasn’t coherent; just begging, frenzied noises. Jensen came back to himself when the audience on TV burst out laughing. He shook his

head and reached into Misha's back left pocket. Empty. He reached with the other hand into the right pocket. Yahtzee.

"You make a lot of assumptions about our relationship by carrying this around," Jensen teased softly as he spread some lube on his fingers.

"What, you mean like assuming instead of watching political satire you would rather sink into me inch by inch until I can fucking feel you in—" Misha cut off with a pleasure filled cry as Jensen bucked sharply up into him.

"Yes, that. Now, hold still."

Jensen hooked a hand behind Misha's knee and pulled up. Both of his feet were practically over their heads as his knees nearly touched his shoulders. And it gave Jensen all the access he needed. He slid his wet fingers around Misha's entrance, occasionally catching and pulling on the rim. Misha jerked and mewled with each insubstantial breach. Jensen drummed his index and middle fingers over the puckered ring, making it clench in response.

"Jensen, please!" Misha gasped.

With a smile and a kiss to Misha's jaw, Jensen slid a finger in and pumped it three times before adding the second. He slid his fingers forward until he found Misha's prostate and then worked them back and forth in a quick, driving rhythm...making the humming in Misha's throat get louder and more high pitched and until it finally resolved in a scream as he flung his arms out in desperation to find something to hold onto—he found the back of the couch and Jensen's pumping arm.

"Enough, enough!" he sobbed. "Jensen, please, I need it. I need you. Please, baby, I'm past begging here."

"Hang on, babe, just a little longer. Let me get you open for me."

“I am, I am! I can take it! I’ve been fingering myself all day!”

Jensen’s dick throbbed lustily at the image that painted in his mind. He pulled his fingers out and used his hand to guide the head of his cock to Misha’s entrance. He circled the fat head around the rim, once, twice, and then pushed in. Misha keened and arched back, but couldn’t push down because of the position he was in. Jensen clenched his teeth in order to keep his shit together. He took a couple of deep, calming breaths, and then released his cock to wrap an arm around Misha’s waist. He slowly lowered Misha’s legs and used his hold on Misha’s waist to lift him up so that he could slide down onto Jensen’s cock.

Misha kept one hand braced on the back of the couch to help take some of his weight off Jensen so they could get Misha properly settled. Misha’s ass landed on his thighs and Jensen grasped his hips, nuzzling his sweat dampened hair.

“Fucking tight, baby. Always fucking perfect.”

Misha shifted and sat down firmly, taking in the last inch. He gasped as the feeling of being utterly filled sparked heat through his whole body and ended in another spurt of precome from his dripping cockhead. He wriggled his hips.

“Come on, bask in the glow of my perfection later. Fuck me. Now.”

Jensen had no counterargument for that. He got a good, tight grip on Misha’s hips and began to thrust up into him. He used his feet for strength, his thighs for leverage, and the spring in the couch cushions to slam repeatedly into that delicious heat. Misha just let out a steady stream of moans and curses and braced his arms on the edge of the couch between his legs to keep from being thrown off.

If the wet drag of Misha’s hole against his cock wasn’t stimulating

enough, Jensen's ears were assaulted with the driving slaps of their bodies coming together and Misha's stuttering cries which got shorter and sharper as Jensen managed to get deeper with each thrust.

"Jen-Jen-Jen—!" each syllable came out with the hard pounding he was receiving—and taking beautifully. "There-there-there!"

"Oh, wait, baby, hold on, just a bit, I'm—"

Misha let out a wild sound as his body locked up and his hole convulsed and quivered around Jensen's cock. Jensen slammed forward and had to force himself to stay still for a moment. Misha was clenching so tightly around him he couldn't move his cock without hurting him. Then Misha sat up and fell back against Jensen's chest, forcing them to lean back into the couch. He was breathing like he'd just finished a marathon, eyes closed, head lolling back and forth on Jensen's shoulder.

"Fuck me," he gasped out. "That was good."

Jensen rolled his eyes fondly. "You're such a brat, you know that? Fucking useless once you've come."

"No, I'm no—ah!"

Misha flailed for a moment as he was tipped forward, and then found himself braced on the coffee table. Jensen slid off the couch to his knees and started drilling Misha's ass. Misha cried out and leaned forward, clinging to the table for dear life.

"Oh, fu-fu-fu—fuck! I can't even get the word out! Do it, baby! Come on, you can do it harder than that. Don't you want it? Wanna come in me? You're not even trying—heeee!"

Misha let out a sound that would have been funny if Jensen had the wherewithal to think about it. All he could feel was the sweet glide of



Misha's ass around his cock, made wetter by his own precome and loose with Misha's orgasm. Each thrust was accompanied by a slick squelch as Jensen forced himself inside. It only took a few more thrusts and then he was coming with an unconstrained groan and leaning over to cover Misha's body with his own. His hands slid down Misha's arms until he reached his hands and they laced their fingers together. Jensen took in a deep breath and then lifted his head enough to place a kiss on the back of Misha's neck.

On the screen, Stephen Colbert was giving them a Wag of His Finger.