

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural RPF
Relationship:	Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins
Character:	Jensen Ackles , Misha Collins
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Prison , prisoner!misha , guard!jensen , top!Misha , bottom!Jensen , Hand Jobs , Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Praise Kink
Series:	Part 1 of Off the Reservation
Stats:	Published: 2013-07-08 Words: 24272

Po Lazarus

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Jensen is a young corrections officer on his first job at LA County's maximum security prison. Misha is an inmate with no sense of personal boundaries.

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Written for the Tumblr prompt: cockles prison AU Jensen, the good texas boy, is the guard, Misha's the cheeky criminal that become the boss in jail, Jensen becomes his good little bitch always begging for it

I'm not sure if it came out exactly the way the prompt suggests, but all the important bits are there.

"Po Lazarus" is an old prison work song--referencing a very dangerous man.

Jensen fidgeted nervously—but on the inside. Never let them see you sweat. His father had taught him that. Along with how to ride a horse and drink Scotch like a gentleman rather than shooting whisky like a redneck. He'd also taught him to always show a lady respect, but to also let her know her place—and that did not include following one fifteen hundred miles across the country to LA. The Land of Fruits and Nuts his father called it and after only four months of living there, Jensen was inclined to agree.

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living there, Jensen was inclined to agree.

He thought getting a job as a police officer would appease his father's desire to see him in a manly profession if he was going to live in a plastic town. And having a beautiful girlfriend who could potentially become a wife and give him grandbabies should make the man get off his case about

the “flakey, actress harlot” he had foolishly gotten tangled up with.

There were only a couple of kinks in those plans. While LA was a huge city with a lot of crime

and a massive police force, there were literally hundreds of applicants every year for only a few dozen spots. Jensen had scored high enough on the exam that he was bumped to the top of the

waitlist, but he was told it could take a year or longer to get into the police academy. He needed a job before then. And the harlot? Well, it had only taken four weeks for that to end when Jensen found out she'd been sleeping with producers in order to advance her budding acting career.

After several weeks of looking for a job and burning through his savings so quickly he was

terrified he was going to have to go crawling back to his parents in shame before the end of the

year, he finally got a break when a sergeant at the LAPD had given him a call on a depressing

Monday that the stupid perfect SoCal weather refused to let be gloomy. He'd been disappointed

when the sergeant hadn't been calling to let him know that a spot had opened up for him in the

academy, but the suggestion he apply to be a prison guard—excuse him, “corrections officer”—

had perked him up a little. The sergeant told him that he would get some good basic skills and

practical experience that he could use to update his application, which would in turn push him

closer to the top of the waitlist. All in all it sounded like a good idea.

Jensen had interviewed within three days of applying, been sent to a crash course in weapons

training (even though he wouldn't be carrying while on the job), self defense, and rudimentary

criminal law two days later, and then given a six week trial run at a minimum security women's

prison. He'd never been allowed to work alone since he was a male guard, but it had helped him

learn the routine and to no longer be surprised by some of the crazy shit that came out of these

people's mouths.

But today was his first day at California State Prison, Los Angeles County. He'd been hired so

quickly in order to help stop-loss the woefully understaffed guards in the maximum security wing.

And they figured he had enough training that they could throw him in the deep end and let him

sink or swim. He could already tell that a lot of the other guards were less than amused about

being saddled with a twenty year old pretty faced newbie, but Jensen was from Texas—that

already made up a lot of the difference from his older, California-raised coworkers. Jensen had

been doing manual labor since he was big enough to carry a bucket while they had been

skateboarding and lying out at the beach. Except for maybe Jose—the hard muscles and intricate

pattern of tattoos across his skin made it seem like he had grown up gangbanging in the ghetto.

Jose was the only one hadn't teased him yet for his pretty, pretty eyelashes and lady lips.

The teasing wasn't exactly a new thing, but it was a little annoying considering all the lessons that had been drilled into him about how this job was all about respect. If the inmates didn't respect you, you had no power. And if you had no power, you had no control. And if you lost control—

very bad things happened.

Jensen walked behind Marv—he couldn't believe people were actually named Marv in real life—

as they moved along the catwalk about twenty feet above the main floor of the cell block. Across from them on either side cells rose up in rows of ten eight stories high. All of them were booked, double occupancy: three hundred and twenty dangerous criminals crammed into a space no bigger

than the bare minimum requirement for the 10x10 cells. The doors on the bottom level were open

as those inmates were being returned from their morning exercise. A trail of men in blue shuffled slowly in line, not eager to return to their cells. He saw one man in a green jumpsuit being

escorted by two officers to a private cell. He was a child molester and therefore at high risk for being killed by the other inmates. He wasn't allowed to go anywhere alone.

"Hey, check out the new meat!" one of the inmates called out and several others laughed low and dark.

Jensen scoffed. "Is that cliché actually true?" he asked Marv.

"Yeah," Marv said. "Where a lot of routine gives some men peace, it drives other men crazy.

Anything new is worth getting excited over. And, until a guy's broken in and they know he's

worth his salt, he is nothing but meat."

"Hmm. So, which one is the new one?" Jensen asked, stopping to look over the rail.

Marv chuckled unpleasantly. "They're talking about you, sweetheart."

Jensen whipped his head around to look at Marv who was walking on toward the end of the

catwalk. Jensen fought against his angry flush and looked back down to see a lot of the inmates

looking up and whistling and puckering their lips at him. So much for having their respect. The guards on the floor yelled at them to move on, so they just laughed louder, but started moving.

Except one. Jensen's eyes caught on him and held. Even from twenty yards up his eyes were so

blue they shone like they had their own internal light source. Jensen could barely even register the wild dark hair and full, pink lips curled into a scheming smirk—he was like a mouse before the

cobra.

“Ackles!” Marv called from the end of the catwalk. “Let’s go!”

Jensen shook himself and hurried after his mentor, such as he was, tamping down his curiosity

about the blue-eyed stranger. He was getting the tour this morning, but this afternoon he would be helping to cover lunch service and he couldn’t afford to be distracted. Distraction was a loss of control. And loss of control meant very bad things happened.

By the time lunch rolled around, Jensen had given out so many bland, unnerved stares that the

catcalling had been all but abandoned. Marv had been impressed with Jensen’s will power,

especially after a rather enthusiastic pantomime by a couple of inmates on the third floor. Marv thought Jensen had been fighting back anger, but really he’d been trying not to laugh. What was

not funny about watching a scrawny meth head pretend to fuck a three hundred pound behemoth?

Things were already looking good on the first day; he was earning the respect of the inmates and

more than one had already reflexively called him “Boss.” Jensen was surprised how much he

liked that. He’d even started hooking his thumbs in his belt. It made him feel a little like an asshole, but that is kind of what the job required of him.

He was on the ground floor, taking up the post in the middle of the room

while two sets of guards stood at the entrances and Marv manned the electronic controls for the cell doors and locks.

Technically Jensen was supposed to have a partner with him but as he was still training under

Marv no one had been assigned to him yet. The cell doors on the left slid smoothly into place and the locks activated with a loud clank. Jensen turned his attention to the right side as a couple stragglers were dragging their feet getting past the “stand behind” line.

“Let’s go,” Jensen barked, “behind the line.”

Jensen wasn’t small by any means being over six feet tall, but the man that turned to look at him was more than a match for him. Jensen kept his features neutral and met his eyes calmly. The

man muttered under his breath, but obeyed. The inmate in the cell next to his threw out a racial slur and the man stepped back out.

“What’d you say mothafucka?”

“I said your nigger whore of a mother spread so—” He didn’t get out the rest of his sentence before the giant man was lunging for his throat.

“Hey, hey!” Jensen said, stepping forward and putting a hand on both of them. The guards at the

ends were sprinting down the corridor. The two inmates’ cell mates had joined the fray, but the

rest decided to stay out of it though all the occupants of the cavernous room had broken out into shouting.

Jensen put a hand on one meaty wrist that was choking the life out of the racist ass who had

started the whole thing. The large man threw his arm up and flung Jensen off like he was swatting a fly. Jensen stumbled back and hit the bars of the cell

behind him. The other guards had arrived and were grappling with the inmates. Marv stood by in the locked officers' room, hand poised over the alarm.

Jensen started to move to go back to help break up the fight, but he gasped as a hand grabbed his collar and then grunted when his head slammed back against the bars. The hand at his collar

twisted and pulled to the left, causing the fabric to pull tightly across his throat. Jensen struggled in a blind panic—he couldn't breathe. He put his hands over his head to try to reach his attacker, but he was far enough behind the bars that Jensen couldn't reach him and the position gave him

no strength to fend off the hands pulling on his shirt. The other guards were still preoccupied with the fight, and he didn't think Marv could see him.

Jensen gasped in a shallow breath, but the noise made his attacker pull harder, completely cutting off his air supply. Jensen's vision started to go black around the edges. And then suddenly the pressure released and he could breathe. He sucked in gulping breaths and didn't fight against the hand that reached through the bars and turned him to face the interior of the cell. Jensen coughed and saw the face of his attacker—a wild eyed man in his late twenties, bouncing anxiously on his

feet and nursing his right wrist with his left hand. Then Jensen's eyes slid to the man who held him by the back of the neck, his long, muscular arm reaching through the bars and pressing

Jensen's forehead to the cold metal.

Jensen went still, caught in the gaze of a pair of hard, cold blue eyes, glittering with intelligence and mischief. The man licked his lips and Jensen's eyes tracked the movement—mesmerized by

the drag of a pink tongue over chapped lips. He looked back up and was so close he actually saw

the man's pupils expand, swallowing some of that unearthly blue.

"Now, now," the man said, playfully chastising, "not on his first day, Jerry. It'll make all the other kids make fun of him in the clubhouse."

Jensen's brow creased in anger, and no small amount of humiliation. How dare this scum think he

could—Jensen sucked in a sharp breath when he felt the hand at his groin. The man cupped him

through the thick fabric of his uniform pants and squeezed and rubbed—hard—once, twice—

Jensen's eyes widened as on the third pass—his cock responded. It had to be the adrenaline

combined with a natural response to any kind of friction. It certainly wasn't the desire darkening those blue eyes that wouldn't let him go. Or the sharp angles of the man's face that somehow

came together in a bizarrely beautiful visage.

The man's low, dirty chuckle made Jensen's cock twitch against his hand. "Good boy," he said

darkly.

Something hard banged against the bars, scaring the shit out of Jensen and making his ears ring

with the clash of hard wood on metal. The inmate hadn't even flinched, but he'd released Jensen

when ordered to and stepped back to the middle of his cell. Jensen backpedaled from the bars and felt a steadying hand on his shoulder. One of the guards—whose name he couldn't recall at the

moment—stood beside him and held the nightstick he'd used to bang against

the bars. Jensen felt

a wave a dread flood through him at the thought that the officer had seen what the inmate had been doing—and Jensen’s response. He glanced down quickly and saw that the material of the

pants was too thick to give him away, but—he looked up when the guard yelled.

“Collins! How stupid do you have to be to attack an officer when you’re already skating on thin

ice this month?”

The man with the supernova eyes put his hands in the air slowly and smiled amiably.

“It wasn’t him,” Jensen heard himself saying. “The other one—he attacked me—and—and—he

—Collins—pulled him off.”

“Rogers! That’s it. I’m pulling your card!”

“But, Boss!” the wild-eyed man whined, “We were just playing!”

“Shut-up. Come on, Ackles, we’ve got the cell block secured. Just walk it off and then we’ll go pick up the second floor from their lunch.”

Jensen nodded, trying not to show how shaken he was. He glanced back inside the cell and

Collins had his arms crossed over his chest, a grin plastered on his face.

“Good boy,” he mouthed.

Jensen shuddered—because it wasn’t a shiver—and hurried after...
Michelson, that’s it,

Michelson.

The rest of the day Jensen just couldn't shake the feel of Collins' knowing gaze or strong, cool

hands. And it wasn't even the hand that had been groping his crotch; it was the feel of slim

fingers, gently grasping the hairs at the nape of his neck. He kept rubbing a hand against the skin there, but it didn't help.

Before his shift ended and he could escape to his cramped, depressing apartment, Jensen was

taught the procedure for installing an inmate in solitary confinement. Rogers, the man who had

attacked him, had been given three days in the hole. The "hole" was a small section of the prison that was divided into individual rooms that consisted of a 6x4 cell that contained a cot and a piss-pot. And that was it. A prisoner was walked into the room wearing both ankle restraints and

shackles binding his wrists behind his back. The solid metal door was opened to reveal a small

space in front of the sliding metal bars that made up the fourth wall of the solitary cell. The prisoner entered the space alone; the cell door was remotely activated to retract into the wall; the prisoner shuffled through; the cell door slid closed. Then the officer entered the space and

unlocked the prisoner's shackles through a thin slot just wide enough for a hand to reach through and long enough for a food tray to fit through welded into the bars.

Once Jensen stepped away with the shackles in hand, Marv told Rogers he could move. The first

thing he did was scream and grab the mattress off the cot and throw it on the floor. Then he

turned a look over his shoulder at the officers and smiled dopily.

“All right, Rogers. Have a good three days. We’ll have Daniels deliver your meals.”

Rogers’ smile disappeared. He started screaming obscenities and Marv shut the metal door. With

the eye level opening in the door shut tight, Rogers’ screams disappeared. Marv slapped Jensen

on the back as they walked down the hall that led back to the cell block.

“Come on, Ackles, in honor of not dying on your first day, me and the boys are buying your first

three rounds.”

Jensen smiled awkwardly. It was Wednesday and he had to be work at 7:00am tomorrow. He wasn’t sure how many rounds he would be able to handle, but he knew he couldn’t refuse to

make an appearance.

The bar the guards frequented was fortunately very low key with low lighting to hide the dirty

floors, music provided by a jukebox in the corner, and only one shelf of liquor. Jensen was made to drink, in quick succession, two shots of Jack (disgusting) chased by a spiced version of the

Captain (even more disgusting). The end result was that by the time he was on his second beer,

his brain was fuzzy enough not to filter his thoughts on the way to his mouth.

“So, Michelson,” Jensen said slowly, careful to pronounce each syllable.

“Yeah, buddy,” Michelson said, leaning on the bar so his eyes bored into Jensen’s with the level

of concentration only the truly intoxicated can attain.

“Who—is the guy in that cell?”

“Who, Rogers? Little chicken-fucker. Carjacker. Last time idiot drove off with a baby in the

back. Baby is fine, but he was hit with kidnapping charges. He doesn’t really belong in

maximum, except for the fact that he’s an asshole who does.”

“No, not that little ass polyp. The other one. The one with sapphire diamond eyes.”

Michelson blinked. “Are there sapphire diamonds? I hope not. My wife will want one.”

“Well, there are blue diamonds. Like, the hope diamond. And that Titanic bullshit.”

“Awww, fuck!” Michelson groaned. “She’ll want a blue diamond now!”

“Don’t tell her.”

“But she saw Titanic like fifty fucking times. Made me see it twice!”

“Twice? She must have a magical pussy.”

Michelson grinned and leaned forward, ruffling Jensen’s hair. “You have no idea.” They giggled

and then stopped. Michelson hiccupped. “What were we talking about?”

“Blue eyes. Guy in the cell.”

“Oh! Collins. What about him?”

“Who is he?”

“Oh. Misha Collins.”

“Misha?” Jensen asked, drawing out each letter individually. “Fuck kinda name is that?”

“Russian. Misha Collins aka Dmitri Krushnic aka the Bear’s Claws—which is not a pastry in

Russian, so it’s a little more intimidating. Dude’s in the Russian mafia.”

“Really?”

“Yup. Does their wet work.”

Jensen sobered just a tad. “And by wet work you mean...?”

“He’s a hit man.”

“Right.” Jensen tried really hard to process that. “Fuck isn’t he in federal prison?!”

Michelson shook his head. “We all know, but it can’t be proved. In fact, none of the bodies have ever been found. No body, no crime.”

Jensen’s eyes widened.

“He got busted for assault with a deadly weapon when he nearly beat two guys to death with a tire iron. Two fucking idiots picked the wrong guy to mug. It was the son of one of the leadership’s families. They’re, like, the dons or some shit.”

“Oh, so he’s a real family man,” Jensen said stupidly.

Michelson giggled. “You could say that. He’s also fucking nuts. Not a sociopath—this guy is a

true psychopath. Nothing going on in his head but his own weird philosophy. Sometimes he's

good, sometimes he's bad. I mean, he's practically a model inmate—until he becomes fixated on

someone. You're actually the replacement of the last guy he fixated on."

Jensen swallowed. "What happened to him?"

Michelson took a swig of his beer. "Still in a coma."

Day two had much less choking and crotch rubbings. Days three and four were even better. Day

five he left work sporting an ugly black eye because Bruno "Teddy Bear" Galindo had missed

slugging a Latin King when Jensen stepped in to break up the fight. Teddy had apologized, but

he'd been given three days in the hole for assaulting a guard. When Jensen returned to work two

days later on Wednesday (he was given the low man on the totem pole schedule of working

weekends), he'd learned that Teddy had never made it to the hole. He was in the infirmary with a separated shoulder and three broken fingers.

"What the hell happened to Teddy?" Jensen asked Michelson, who had been assigned to be his

rounds partner. They were walking along the elevated wall that overlooked the exercise yard;

seventh floor was out and they were by far the easiest to manage.

Michelson shrugged. "Collins got a hold of him."

That surprised Jensen into a full stop, his jaw falling open. Then he hurried to catch up.

"What do you mean? What happened?"

"Well, we don't really know. No one saw it. Well no one who's willing to talk. Not even Teddy

will talk. Which is not unusual because they tend to dole out their own punishments and revenge

here. But there hasn't been any retaliation. No hurt inmates. So, we know it had to be Collins."

"Why?"

"Because no one will cross him. And no one would try to take revenge for a punishment he metes out. He doesn't do things arbitrarily."

Jensen's brow creased in apprehensive confusion. Collins seemed to have an inordinate amount

of power in this prison. Mob guys usually did have a lot of power in prison because they had a lot of power outside of prison that could reach inside if necessary. But to have over three hundred

people just accept that if he decided they needed to be punished they were just going to let it

happen—that wasn't just respect for his position—that was fear and awe of the man.

"But, why would he hurt Teddy? He stays out of everyone's business. That thing with Salvatore

was because Salvatore started it."

Michelson shrugged and leaned over the wall. “Hey, Browning! Get off of Bringham’s head!”

He turned back to Jensen. “All I heard was that Teddy kept saying it was an accident. But I

didn’t get the feeling he was talking about his own injuries. Anyway, I don’t know, dude.

They’re criminals. Shit happens in prisons; you’ll get used to it.”

Jensen nodded wanly. He didn’t know why, but he had an uneasy feeling about the situation.

And that feeling was validated after the first round of dinner service. Jensen walked with

Michelson on the bottom floor, keeping a careful eye on the inmates as they murmured and

shuffled into their cells. The left side closed first, and then the right. They were all secure and Michelson stepped close to one of the cells when a prisoner called him over. He stayed far

enough away from the bars so he couldn’t be grabbed, but it looked like the inmate was just trying to get Michelson to agree to speak on his behalf in regards to having his visitation rights reinstated.

“How’s the eye?”

Jensen spun around and saw Misha fucking Collins leaning his forearms on a horizontal slat in the bars, his hands dangling over the side. Jensen’s eyes were drawn to the delicate-looking digits.

They looked so beautiful and harmless—and those hands had broken the meaty fingers of a man

nearly twice his size. Jensen forced his eyes up. Misha smiled when he had his attention.

“Evening, Boss.”

Jensen frowned at the use of the term. All the inmates referred to the corrections officers as Boss or Jefe—it was meant to be a constant reminder of who was really in charge in the prison no

matter what the pecking order was among the inmates themselves. But Jensen could tell that

Misha used the term because it amused him—because nobody could control him. Not really.

Why was he even in prison? How had he even gone to trial? It seemed like the Russian mafia

could make things like this go away—unless Misha was the sacrificial lamb for the mob boss’ son.

Jensen took a shallow breath and glanced behind him. Michelson was still talking with

Hernandez. Jensen took a couple steps closer to the cell, very careful to stay out of arm’s reach.

“What—the eye is fine. Why do you care?”

Misha grinned. “I’m a very cultured man. It hurts my soul when a beautiful piece of art is

damaged.”

Jensen almost rolled his eyes at the line. Were hit men allowed to be that cheesy? Then a thought occurred to him.

“Did you—did you hurt Teddy because he hit me?”

Misha’s smile faded a little and his eyes took on all the warmth of an arctic winter. “Did he say I was the one who attacked him?”

Jensen scoffed. “I think you already know the answer to that.”

Misha chuckled, smiling again. His eyes were glittering in the fluorescent lights of the hallway, but like a cold, weak sun on a field of snow.

“So, why are you accusing me of attacking people? I’ve been here for seven months and no one

has ever accused me of attacking anyone.”

“Is that so? How many?”

Misha cocked his head. “How many what?”

“How many people haven’t accused you of attacking them?”

Misha grinned. “I like you, Boss. You’re clever.”

Jensen crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow.

“Seventeen,” Misha said evenly. “Sixteen inmates, and one very ornery corrections officer.”

Jensen swallowed and uncrossed his arms, trying to appear less challenging.

“Why?”

“Why haven’t people accused me of attacking them?” he asked with a laugh.

“I imagine because

they had no charges to lay at my feet.”

“No. Why didn’t you attack them?”

“Ohhh. Various reasons. But usually I don’t attack people when they touch my belongings—

even though I don’t like when people mess with my things.”

Jensen sneered. “Is that all?”

Misha’s face closed off and he laced his fingers together. “It’s everything when you don’t have a lot.”

“Ackles!” Michelson called him, “we’re moving out.”

Jensen nodded and stepped back, keeping his eyes on Misha.

“Goodnight, Boss.”

Jensen turned and followed Michelson down the corridor to the officers’ room. It was only when

he was showering later that night that he made a very important connection. Misha said he hurt

people who messed with his possessions. Misha had attacked Teddy. Teddy had, however

accidentally, damaged Jensen’s face. Misha had hurt Teddy for touching his belongings, ie:

Jensen. Jensen’s hands clenched and the soap popped out of his hand. And even though he was

secure and alone in his own apartment, he didn’t want to bend over to pick it up.

Jensen all but avoided the bottom floor of the prison and did everything he could to get out of

being on escort duty for that level. It wasn’t possible to never have to work the bottom floor, but

he convinced Michelson to persuade Drake and Hicks to take the center position while he and Michelson took one of the ends. He kept this up for a

solid month, getting used to the routine and the long hours—he'd been put on his permanent schedule assignment and worked the swing shift

covering from 11:00am to 9:00pm. He did get overtime for it though and his first paycheck was a

pleasant surprise.

At length, Jensen relaxed and managed to put his strange first week behind him. He equated it all to new job jitters and some stupid rookie mistakes and some psychopath just having a bit of fun. It was no big deal. He'd learned a valuable lesson, he had a (heavily edited) story to share at

Thanksgiving, life moved on.

It was a Wednesday, the first day of his work week, when he was covering the lunch service for

floors ground, three, and six. Jensen steered away from the cafeteria line and paused by the exit doors. He really tried not to look, but his eyes were drawn to the figure exiting the line. The white T-shirt was snug across his chiseled torso and the blue cotton pants hung low on his hips.

The inmates in maximum weren't allowed to have pants with drawstrings or tight fitting elastic,

which often resulted in a whole lotta crack in the prison yard—and not the illegal variety. But on Misha, those pants barely clung to his sharp hip bones and the hard, graceful lines of his body

were put on display underneath the soft cotton.

Misha looked up and spotted him across the room. He smiled and promptly turned to Marv.

“Boss.”

“Yeah, Collins?”

“Your cheap shoes offend me.”

Marv raised a questioning eyebrow while Misha calmly picked up his glass of milk and upended it

over Marv’s shoes. To the officer’s credit, he didn’t jump back or scream or even seem much

affected by Misha’s unexplainable action. He just leaned forward, putting himself right in Misha’s face who didn’t pull back or have any other reaction to the invasion of his personal space.

“Three days in the hole, Collins,” Marv ground out.

The next day Jensen was walking down the metal staircase to the officers’ room outside the cell

block. He didn’t need to meet Michelson for another twenty minutes for their rounds, but he

figured being early wouldn’t kill him. Unless it did.

“Hey, Ackles,” Hicks stopped him just before he got inside the room, “can you take Collins his

dinner?”

Jensen blanched. “What? Why me?”

“Because I had to take his breakfast and lunch and his creepy stare is giving me the Willies!”

“Aw, you know, I wish I could, but I have rounds in like, five minutes, so...”

“I’ll cover it. Dude, come on, just drop off the tray and pick it up thirty minutes later. No big deal. Thanks, man!”

“If it’s no big deal why don’t you do it?” Jensen grumbled, but he was talking to himself. Hicks had high-tailed it like a coward. Jensen shook himself. If he was going to call Hicks a coward for not wanting to deal with Collins, then what did that make him? His father didn’t raise any

chickenshit crybabies.

Jensen walked down to the cafeteria and picked up the food tray set aside for the inmates in the

hole. Misha was currently the only occupant. Technically the officers weren’t supposed to enter the solitary wing solo, and they obeyed that rule for transfers, but they were too understaffed and busy to worry about that rule for simple things like food deliveries.

Jensen balanced the tray on one hand and activated the electronic lock on the door to the hole. He stepped through it while it buzzed, and then the noise cut out followed by the soft echo of the bolt sliding into place—locking Jensen inside. He walked down the hall, past three doors and stopped

at the fourth one on the right. He pulled his collection of keys on the retractable cord on his belt up to the door and struggled a little with the lock. The tray wobbled in his left hand and Jensen eyed it carefully to make sure it wasn’t about to go clattering to the ground. He got the door open, bringing the tray down to both hands, and then looked forward. And just about dropped the tray.

Misha stood at the bars, staring Jensen down from three feet away. Normally prisoners in solitary were lying on the cot, or pacing the very small space, or doing sit-up or push-ups. But here Misha stood, like he was at parade rest: feet shoulder width apart, hands clasped behind his back, chin up. Jensen stood frozen by the sight in front of him. The man was as beautiful and fearsome as

the Angel of Death himself—and Collins fucking well knew it.

Misha smiled. “Evening, Boss. I was hoping I would see you in here.”

Jensen paused as he placed the tray on the slot in the bars.

“You were hoping? Is that why you pulled the stunt with Marv’s shoes?”

Misha wrapped his hands around the other side of the tray and withdrew, taking it with him. He

set it on the cot and Jensen used the reprieve from Misha’s controlling stare to back up to the

door. All he had to do was slam it shut, lock it, and he would be safe—at least for another half hour.

“Hey, Boss...?”

Jensen paused shutting the door, and didn’t realize that one hesitation would change his life

forever.

“What’s your first name?”

Jensen knew better than to engage with the psychopathic murderer, but he was curious about

Misha. He wouldn’t admit it to anyone, but he’d looked him up online. There wasn’t a lot of

open source information on him though. He was (probably) thirty-two and a first generation

Russian American (which was why he didn’t have an accent) and had grown up in Chicago. And

that was it. That was all Google, Bing, and Yahoo could dig up on the guy. And that was

information that had been released to the LA Times when he’d been arrested. The man’s very

existence was completely dependent on the one incident that had landed him in prison.

“Why do you want to know?” Jensen asked.

“Civility.”

“Civility?” Jensen scoffed. “I think Officer Ackles and Boss are good enough terms of address

for civility.”

“Perhaps. Where are you from?”

Jensen gave him a biting smile. “Will this be quid pro quo?”

“If you like.”

“Will you lie?”

“Only if you do.”

Jensen shook his head. “Enjoy your dinner.”

“Texas,” Misha said.

Jensen turned back and took a step into the room. “What?”

“Northeast Texas near a big city, but not in Dallas. One of the surrounding suburbs, right?”

Jensen swallowed. He had been born and raised in Richardson, Texas, a suburb of Dallas.

“How did you know that?” A dozen scenarios involving Misha researching him online in the

inmate library and learning who his friends and family were skittered through his mind.

Misha tapped an ear with his finger. “I have a good ear.”

Jensen just stared, watching as the man moved closer to the bars, gripping two of them in his hands.

“Texas though,” Misha mused softly. “That’s still a pretty conservative state, even nowadays. I bet it was hard growing up there. Considering your sexuality.”

Jensen flushed and went rigid. “You—! That’s not—!” Jensen huffed in a breath. “It was

adrenaline and friction and it wasn’t a reaction to—”

Jensen cut off as Misha just chuckled and pulled his bottom lip between his teeth.

“That’s not what I was talking about at all, Boss. I’ve been watching you for awhile now, and

you keep your eyes on my hands.” He strummed his fingers once on the bars, and Jensen’s eyes

followed the movement.

“They’re dangerous hands,” Jensen explained weakly.

“And you ache for my lips.”

Jensen drew breath to protest, but it caught in his throat when Misha licked his lips slowly. Jensen raised his eyes to those large, luminescent orbs shining like a lure out his face.

“I don’t ache...” Jensen shifted his weight.

“No, maybe not...not yet. And you don’t look at Anderson, though most people attracted to men

would...so you only notice the ones you're interested in. And being a good Christian Texas boy,

it was easier to give that attention to the females that interested you. Hm, let's see, you're what, twenty, twenty-one? So you probably lost your virginity when you were sixteen because the

'guys on the team' encouraged you and that's just what real men do. Not the football team

though, not quite big enough for that, and your legs are too bowlegged to be the kicker—" Jensen

blushed. "So, baseball. Maybe lacrosse. And after you slept with her, a cheerleader or maybe the class vice president, you were able to brag that you had, but you didn't continue to do it. Not

while that senior was on the team. That senior who made you think and feel things your daddy

would never approve of." Jensen clenched his fists in anger. "But once he graduated, you were

free again. And who was it this time? Not the prom queen, certainly not. But some beautiful girl with an in your face personality: an actress. Or a singer. Someone who's dreams could only

happen in LA. And you followed her out here."

Jensen shifted his weight and tried not to panic.

"Hm, but you're not still together. I'm not sure if you ended it or if she did, but you're definitely single, Boss."

Jensen tried to laugh derisively, but it came out a little shaky. "What, can't figure out who

dumped who?"

“I’m not psychic. Though based on that response—you ended it. But because she cheated on

you.”

Jensen let out a small noise of dismay and looked away. “You just Googled me or something.”

“Is your bisexuality a fact I could have looked up online?”

Jensen whipped his head up and looked hard into Misha’s eyes. “I’m not—”

He froze when he felt the feather light touch of fingertips on the soft skin of his neck. He jolted back as he realized he had unknowingly gotten close enough to the bars that Misha could reach

through and touch him. He pointed a finger at Misha.

“Eat your dinner. I will be back for that in—” he checked his watch. “Exactly nineteen minutes.”

Misha laughed low in his throat. “Of the few things in this world I’m worried about, you coming

back to me is not one of them.”

Jensen swallowed a frustrated shout and slammed the door shut. He locked it tight and leaned

against the door, letting the cold of the metal seep into his bones, calming him. Well that had been ninety-nine shades of fucked up. He didn’t want to go back in there. He spent the next eighteen minutes in the officers’ room debating about the best way to ask someone else to go get the tray

from solitary without seeming like an irrational freak. Nothing came to mind, so he sucked it up and made his way back to the solitary wing, buzzed himself in, and marched down the hall to the

cell that held Misha. Even though he thought he’d prepared himself, he still

started when he saw Misha standing at the bars, tray in his hands.

“Everything okay, Boss?”

“Yeah, fine.” Jensen stepped forward and took a hold of the tray as Misha slid it through the slot.

“Think of anything else you’d like to tell me about myself?”

“One or two,” Misha murmured.

His hands shot through the bars and dragged Jensen forward by the shirt collar. Jensen dropped

the tray, plastic dishes and utensils clattering to the floor. He put his hands up in defense, but the delay was enough for Misha to get his arms and most of his hands back on his side of the bars.

One hand continued to hold him by the collar and the other reached through the bars to grasp his

throat. Jensen braced against the pull of Misha’s muscles, but he had a tight grip. He probably could struggle and fight his way free if he really needed to, and that was the only thing that kept

him from a full on panic attack.

“M-Misha—”

Misha tightened his grip on his throat and Jensen cut off with a cough.

“What’s your first name?”

Jensen swallowed and felt his Adam’s apple bob under the hard pressure of Misha’s hand.

Misha’s eyes were focused and had as solid a grip on him as his hands did.

“Jen-Jensen,” he forced out.

Misha smiled and relaxed his grip on Jensen's throat just a hair. "Jensen. Jensen," he rolled the name around on his tongue. "I like it. It's pretty. And unique. Just like you."

The hand at his collar moved away and Jensen knew he could pull away now. He would get

scratches on his throat for his trouble, but Misha couldn't hold him with a limited grip on his throat through the bars. But Jensen didn't pull away immediately, and then his eyes widened when he

felt a hand cup his groin. His brain screamed at him to move—struggle—push the hand away—

anything...but he was paralyzed.

Misha's hand gently, but firmly, massaged Jensen through his clothes until he was half hard.

Then he pulled on his belt, loosening the buckle. That was followed by the button on his pants

being popped and the zipper being pulled down. Misha thrust his hand in the opening and Jensen

whimpered when he felt those long fingers stroking him through the thin fabric of his briefs.

"Shh, Jensen, shh..." Misha soothed him.

He was fully erect in no time, but Misha left him trapped in his underwear. His hand disappeared for a moment and that made Jensen open his eyes. He was looking up into Misha's eyes because

the man held him in such a way that his knees were slightly bent. He still had his hand around

Jensen's throat, and then Jensen felt a hand on his wrist. Misha moved his arm and guided it

where he wanted it. Jensen exhaled brokenly when his hand was placed on the shaft of a thick,

warm cock. It wasn't his. He knew what his felt like. Jensen's fingers curled around it, which is why he believed Misha loosened his grip on his throat enough so that he could look down

between their bodies. Misha's cock was slotted between the bars: dark, fat, and uncut. Jensen felt a pulse of precome wet his underwear just at the sight of it. Misha moved Jensen's wrist a couple of times until he started moving his hand on his own, pulling the foreskin back so he could see the pretty, flushed cockhead peek out. The tip was wet and Jensen swept his thumb over it.

Misha grunted and then said, "Good boy. Keep going."

Jensen worked the shaft, entranced by the feel and sight of the foreskin sliding back and forth until Misha was hard and straining and fully unsheathed. Misha's hand grabbed Jensen's other hand

and pulled it through the bars to cup his balls. Jensen pressed against the bars as close as he could and massaged the heavy sac eagerly. His hand worked the shaft, occasionally stopping to tease

the head and press a thumbnail to the slit.

"Shit, boy, they teach you how to cocktease in Sunday school?"

Jensen gritted his teeth and didn't respond to the taunt. He worked the cock in his hand greedily, panting with his arousal and trying to ignore his neglected dick.

"You're so good, you know that? So obedient. Bet that's that Texas upbringing. Yes sir, no sir, right away sir, may I have another sir."

Jensen pumped him harder, annoyed by his impassive, steady tone. He wanted to make him lose his cool, even just a little bit.

"Let go, boy."

Jensen whined and paused, but didn't let go. The hand at his throat tightened. He released Misha and sucked in a needy breath when Misha pulled on the opening at his pants again, but he didn't

touch his throbbing member. The hand at his throat disappeared and Jensen was able to look

down. He saw Misha holding his pants open with one hand while the other pumped his own

cock. It took four or five strokes and then Misha shot his load onto Jensen. Jensen's mouth fell open in a silent cry as he felt the warm come soak through his briefs and into the skin of his

twitching dick. Dark wet spots blossomed on the grey material and Misha gave himself a few

more pulls until he was satisfied he had completely spent himself. He swiped a thumb over the

softening head, cleaning up a couple droplets that hadn't fallen off. He had to pull his arm back through the bars to raise it above the horizontal slat so he could thrust it back through and place his thumb at Jensen's lips. He didn't even have to give him the order; Jensen closed his eyes and

sucked the digit into his mouth, cleaning off the earthy, salty taste of Misha's seed. When Misha pulled his hand back, Jensen let his thumb slide slowly through his lips, and then opened his eyes as he bit lightly at the tip. Misha's eyes were dark and pleased and dangerous.

"Cover yourself up," he commanded as he tucked himself back into his uniform pants. "No one

needs to see my claim. You just need to know it's there."

When those words worked their way through the fog in Jensen's brain, he stepped back in shock

and looked down. His underwear was thoroughly wet, his cock still pulsing with want and need

—the cooling come not doing a thing to deter it. Jensen quickly zipped up his pants and buckled

his belt, his cheeks burning with shame. He knelt to pick up the tray and dishes that had scattered on the floor, fighting back tears.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Jensen.”

Jensen stopped and looked up at Misha, throwing as much disgust and hatred into his eyes and

expression as he felt. Misha just looked amused. Jensen fled. He couldn’t even remember if he

locked the outer door to Misha’s cell. He deposited the tray on the desk in the thankfully empty officers’ room and bee lined for the bathrooms. Both of the stalls were empty, so Jensen finally let out a strangled scream when he slammed the door shut behind him. He leaned against it heavily

and put a hand over face, feeling his features scrunch up as he tried to sob quietly. He sucked in several deep breaths; they weren’t helping to calm him. He dropped his hand and stared at the

dingy toilet in front of him. He sniffed loudly, and then looked down. He let out another short sob when he saw that he was still hard. With trembling hands he opened his fly. The evidence of Misha’ claim was still visible as it dried on his underwear. He gritted his teeth and pulled out his cock. He stroked it easily, breath hitching as pleasure spiked through his body. He dropped his head back and closed his eyes. His brain filled his mind with visions of smirking pink lips and

glinting blue eyes. Jensen moved his hand faster, biting his lip to muffle his moans. In his head he heard a warm, dark voice whisper, “Good boy. So good for me.”

Jensen leaned forward and came, trying to get as much of his come into the toilet as possible. He panted hard and worked through the orgasm wanting nothing more than for Misha to see him like

this. Those thoughts faded away with the ebbing pleasure. He stood unmoving, mind refusing to

function for a few moments, and then he flushed the toilet and tucked himself back in. He needed to get back to the officers' room so he could take over for Hick's on the second set of rounds.

He exited the stall and washed his hands, splashing cold water on his face when he was finished.

He braced his hands on the sink and looked at himself in the mirror. There was a faint pink blush

on his cheeks and his eyes were a little red. He hoped no one would comment on it, but that it would at least distract people from his still wide blown pupils.

The next day Jensen found himself outside the solitary wing, holding Misha's dinner tray. He

closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. He could do this. He needed to do this. He didn't

know what the fuck had come over him yesterday, but now he knew the kind of games Misha

played. And how far his slender arms could fit through the bars.

Last night he had been a mess. He'd barely made it through rounds and nearly hit three cars

driving home. And then he had taken a shower and scrubbed his skin raw. After he got out he

threw on some sweats and carried the uniform he'd worn that day and the offending piece of

underwear down to the Laundromat on the corner and spent three dollars and seventy-five cents to

wash and dry four articles of clothing.

The morning hadn't brought with it any sort of clarity or relief, but he had realized that he would have to face Misha again immediately or this would claw at him from the inside until it ripped him apart. He didn't quite work up the nerve to see him at breakfast or lunch, but at dinner he almost had it thrust on him again as Hick's begged for his help. He'd complained that Misha had been

giving him death glares all day. He could only imagine what Misha might do if Jensen didn't

show up for dinner. Misha had said he would see him tomorrow, but it had sounded an awful lot

like an order. Not that Jensen was obeying his orders. Fuck no. He was doing this for his own

sanity.

Jensen unlocked the metal door and even though he was expecting it, he was still a little surprised to see Misha standing at the bars, waiting for him.

"Evening, Boss."

Jensen steeled his nerves and refused to show an ounce of uncertainty. He strode into the room

and maintained eye contact. He wasn't going to try to say anything—this wasn't exactly the kind

of situation a person sat down and explained their feelings and then suggested a brainstorming

session for solutions to their dilemma. This was a simple matter of standing his ground and letting Misha know that his stupid game had been just that: a game and that Jensen wasn't playing

anymore.

Jensen set the tray in the slot and Misha took it.

"Thank you, Boss," he said demurely.

He walked away and sat on the edge of the cot. Jensen stood and waited. There were no

comments, no knowing sniggers. Misha just placed the tray in his lap and unrolled the plastic

utensils from his napkin. He looked up as he noticed Jensen was still standing at the bars.

"Did you want my Jell-O, Boss?" Misha asked, holding up the plastic cup of red cubes. "I prefer

the lime, really, so I don't mind."

Jensen realized the dude was trying to eat his dinner. He shook himself and said he would be

back in thirty minutes and then left the room. He was feeling pretty good about himself. Misha

must have realized that whatever mind game he'd been attempting to play with Jensen wasn't

going to work. He hadn't blushed or fidgeted or dropped his eyes. He had the control. And he

was going to keep the control. Or bad things would happen.

Exactly thirty minutes later, Jensen returned for the tray, feeling confident

that the power had

shifted back to him and he was going to be able to put this whole sick, twisted, bizarre incident behind him. He didn't even react when he saw that Misha was waiting for him at the bars. He

was feeling good, until he was two steps into the room and noticed the tray was sitting on the cot.

"The tray?" Jensen asked.

Misha smiled. "You're going to need your hands free."

Jensen let out a small laugh and got out the first sound of, "What?" before he realized what Misha thought he was getting again tonight. Then he felt a blush begin to creep under his cheeks, and

that just made him angry. "No way! Fucking forget it, you sick fuck! Yesterday was—yesterday

was—I don't know what the fuck yesterday was, but it sure as fuck isn't happening again!"

Misha put his hands on the waist band of his blue pants, and Jensen's eyes followed, intrigued

despite himself. Was he really going to—Misha reached into his pants and pulled out his flaccid, though still quite large, cock and balls. He hooked the waist band of his pants underneath his balls and let Jensen stare.

Jensen's fingers twitched at his sides and he licked his lips. No, no, no. He needed to leave, right fucking now. He leaned back on his heels, trying to will himself away. Misha reached through

the bars, taking one of his wrists firmly, and pulled Jensen closer, drawing his hand to his side of the cell. As soon as the back of his knuckles brushed the soft, warm skin of Misha's cock his

hand came alive. He grasped Misha's dick and started squeezing gently.

Jensen stared transfixed as his hand worked and encouraged the torpid flesh to thicken and fill. Misha reached through the bars again to grasp Jensen's shoulder, pulling him forward the last step. Jensen slid his other hand through the bars and fondled Misha's balls. He wondered what they would feel like in his mouth.

"Mm, that's good, Jensen. I'm getting hard just for you, sweet boy."

Jensen swallowed a moan at those words and refused to look up at Misha's face. He was

perfectly content to watch the pink tip of Misha's cockhead slip in and out of view as he worked

his pliant foreskin.

"Fuck yeah, baby boy," Misha moaned lewdly, causing Jensen's dick to throb in his pants. "I can

feel those calluses. Not in the suburbs then...but a little farther out. Enough land that your family kept horses."

Jensen rolled his lips in and pressed them tightly together so he wouldn't vocalize his desire. But he couldn't stop himself from pressing his erection between the bars, humping against the hard

steel that dragged against his large endowment.

"You weren't some spoiled little boy, hmm? Worked hard. Got your hands dirty. A real

cowboy."

Misha reached through the bars and palmed the back of Jensen head, pulling him tight against the

slotted wall between them. Jensen whined and shifted uncomfortably, erection pinned between

two bars, but his hands didn't stop working. And he eyes didn't looked away as Misha's cock got

shiny and slippery with precome, fully extended and pulsing in Jensen's hand.

"You know how to ride, boy?"

"Wh—" Jensen swallowed as Misha one handedly began pulling at his belt buckle. "What?"

"You're a proper cowboy, aren't you? That means you know how to ride—keep your thighs tight while a wild animal bucks under you."

Jensen moaned and tried to lean his head back, but Misha's hand held him in place against the

bars. His belt now hung loose and Misha started on his fly. Jensen loosened his grip on Misha's cock and began to trail his fingers up and down the heated flesh lightly, and then swiped a thumb over the head, and then gripped him tightly again and pumped fast and hard.

It may have been Jensen's imagination, but he thought he heard Misha's breath hitch. He didn't,

however, imagine the man's pleased, filthy grunt as he yanked on the elastic band of Jensen's

briefs. His dick popped up, but Misha tucked it back in.

"Let go," Misha ordered.

Jensen released his cock, but kept massaging his balls.

"Look up," he commanded.

Jensen raised his head slightly.

"Look at me, Jensen."

Jensen raised his eyes to meet Misha's and could feel when Misha started stroking himself. He

cupped the man's balls and rubbed a thumb over them. Misha's breaths got a little shorter and his body shook slightly as his hand sped up. And then Jensen felt him coming—he had angled his

cockhead into Jensen's underwear and spilled over Jensen's dick and lower abdomen. Jensen

gasped and felt a rolling wave of pleasure very similar to an orgasm wash over him as he stared

into Misha's eyes and felt his come dribble down his cock, over his balls, getting caught in the

dark hairs and soaking into his briefs.

Misha closed his eyes and let out a low, cocky noise of pure satisfaction. He lifted his hand and put two sticky fingers to Jensen's lips. He sucked them in without hesitation and thrust his tongue between the digits, cleaning them thoroughly. When Misha pulled back he released Jensen's head

and stepped away from the bars. He tucked himself into his pants and went to retrieve the tray

from the bed.

Jensen was still mostly in a daze, but did manage to fumble his fly closed and buckle his belt.

Misha set the tray in the slot.

“Try to get the lime Jell-O, tomorrow, hm, Jensen?”

Jensen nodded dumbly and took the tray. As he was leaving the room he heard Misha say,

“Goodnight, Boss.”

Jensen deposited the tray in the officers' room and once again headed straight for the bathroom.

This time he didn't breakdown or get flushed with shame. He actually felt a little numb. Until he pulled his dick out and began to stroke his cock, feeling the tacky pull of Misha's spend on his

skin. Jensen braced a hand against the stall wall and pumped faster, turning his head to bite his arm hard to keep from groaning wantonly at the raw feel of it. It actually hurt a little a bit, but masturbating had never felt better. He sighed in relief when he burst over his hand in wild spurts.

He wanted Misha to see this. Maybe next time he should just stay and jack off in front of him.

Jensen's eyes flew open and his hand stilled it's lazy, soothing pulls on his dick. Next time?

Jensen dropped his head back against the door.

"Fuck," he said with feeling.

Because he knew there was going to be a next time.

Jensen glared at the lime green Jell-O as it jiggled and taunted him while he walked down the

corridor to Misha's cell. He wasn't sure how a gelatinous dessert could make him feel like he had no spine, but he hadn't even waited for Hicks to ask the favor of him. He'd just told him he

would do it and gone to retrieve the tray. The tray he nearly dropped when he opened the door to Misha's cell. He wasn't standing at the bars; he was laying on the cot, full, erect cock slipping easily through his loose fist.

"M-Misha!"

Misha turned his head and smiled at Jensen as he set the wobbling tray on the floor before he spilt Misha's dinner everywhere.

"Evening, Boss."

Jensen pulled the door shut behind him, which he had never done before and felt his cheeks

burning with embarrassment and arousal.

"What if it hadn't been me who brought your dinner?"

Misha shrugged a shoulder. "You've worked here for a month, Jensen. You've never seen

inmates jack off before?"

And he had a point. In a place that had zero privacy, people lost their modesty really fast. He had seen more than a few self-service sessions after lights out on the days he worked late—and one

blow job that he wasn't entirely sure was done voluntarily. But that wasn't the point.

"You're okay with someone other than me seeing you like this?"

Misha cocked his head and tugged on his dick. "That's cute. You're going to be possessive of

me?"

"What?" Jensen blushed so hard he actually got a little dizzy. "That's not what I meant."

"You wanna put your claim on me like I did to you?"

The mental image of working his cock furiously until he covered Misha in thick, white stripes of

his come got his already twitching dick up to full mast. Jensen swallowed a sound and put his

hand to his groin, cupping and fondling himself as he watched Misha's long fingers play along his thick length.

"Hmm," Misha hummed pleasantly as he got off the cot and approached the bars. "But that's not

how this works."

Jensen stepped forward without prompting and wrapped a hand around the shaft, palm on the

underside. He pulled up until his fingers spread and got caught on the fat head. Then he ran his hand back down and repeated the movement.

"And how does it work?" Jensen ventured to ask, hypnotized by the fleshy catch of the head in between his fingers on each upstroke.

Jensen yelped when his hair was snatched violently and used to slam the side of his face against

the bars. But his hand didn't stop moving.

"Open your fly, pretty baby."

Misha hadn't told him to stop touching him, so he didn't dare let go and struggled one handedly to get his belt undone and pants open.

"Eager for it today, hmm?" Misha said rather nastily in his ear. "No crying today?"

Jensen bravely, or foolishly, shot him a defiant look. "I didn't cry yesterday."

"But you did the first time...you're such a good boy. You don't do stuff like this, do you?"

"No, I don't."

“No, you don’t for anyone but me.”

Jensen swallowed and kept up his glare. Misha tugged on his hair painfully.

“No, I don’t for anyone but you,” he said quietly, obediently.

The grip in his hair relaxed and Misha raised a hand to stroke a thumb over his lips.

“Good boy. So, so good.” He chewed on his lower lip as his eyes wandered over Jensen’s face.

“Now. Turn around.”

Jensen went rigid. Misha laughed and smiled.

“What, you think I’m going to fuck you? I’m not going to fuck you. Turn around.”

Jensen, not really believing him and feeling trepidation about what was about to happen, let go of Misha’s cock and turned around slowly. Having his back to the murderous convict suddenly

made him terrified. This was stupid. He could reach through and choke him out. Stab him in the neck with a handmade shiv.

“Lower your pants and bend over.”

Jensen glanced over his shoulder and then cried out when Misha snatched him by the hair again

and whacked his head against the bars.

“Don’t test my patience, boy,” he hissed.

Jensen swallowed a whimper and pushed his pants down over his ass, but left his underwear in

place. When the grip in his hair disappeared, he bent forward a little bit and

then sucked in a

breath and bent a little more. Misha grabbed his hips and pulled him back so that he felt the cold metal against his ass cheeks, and then made him shift a little to the left. He heard the slick, sliding slaps of Misha's fist working his cock, and he would be lying if he said it didn't reinforce the

slight flagging of his dick that had occurred when fear had managed to poke its drowning head out of the sea of arousal currently overtaking all his rational thoughts.

"So pretty like this, cowboy. So perfect. The way you belong," Misha panted the last words.

It was demeaning and degrading, but Jensen found himself pressing the heel of his hand to his

groin, trying to alleviate some of the raging lust those words incited in him. The sounds of Misha's moving fist grew faster and the tension ratcheted up in Jensen's body. His whole body

thrummed with anticipation. Then Misha yanked his underwear down and Jensen felt hot, slick

come running down his ass to his legs. Jensen keened in shocked pleasure and unconsciously

spread his feet to part his cheeks wider—the second pulse of come ran down his crack and Jensen

reached a hand back and grabbed a bar behind him when he felt it dribble over his hole. He

gasped and clenched and released—and felt some of it get caught by the rim.

Jensen let out a choked shout and pressed his hand mercilessly on his dick, but he was coming in

his underwear. Spurt after spurt of his own jizz spilling down into the crotch

and mixing with

Misha's.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck, yes," Jensen breathed. And got smacked on the ass for it.

"Watch your tongue, boy. I don't like to hear those filthy words coming out of that sweet, pretty mouth."

"S-sorry." Why the fuck was he apologizing?

"You can get dressed. And hand me my dinner."

Jensen really didn't think he had the mental capacity to accomplish any of that, but he didn't dare hesitate to try. It took a couple of attempts to get his belt on, but his hands only trembled a little when he picked up the tray. Misha took it from him, perfectly composed and unaffected. The

psychopathic asshole.

"Goodnight, Boss."

Jensen turned and left and didn't know what to do with himself. He didn't need to jerk off in the bathroom. Should he try to clean himself off? He debated long enough that he ran out of time.

He walked nervously down the corridor to Misha's cell. What the hell would he have planned for

after dinner tonight considering what they had done beforehand?

Inside the room the tray was balanced on the slot in the bars and Misha was face down on the cot.

He appeared to be sleeping. As quietly as he could Jensen picked up the tray and shut the door

behind him.

The next day was excruciating. Misha was back in general population, and seeing him amongst

the familiar faces of his charges while he stood next to his coworkers made the shame and

confusion come rushing back tenfold. What had possessed him to be careless and stupid those

three days? Was he really so relieved that someone knew he was bisexual that he threw all

caution to the wind just to please the man that had accepted it without a second thought?

Accepted him. But that's not what Misha had done; he had used him. He spent the whole day

angry and bitter, yelling at the inmates and snapping at his friends. Everyone could tell this was not his usual personality, so they let it slide. But Jensen knew he was going to have to have it under control tomorrow because his reprieve would be over. And if he kept taking his anger out

on the inmates, they would lose respect for him. And then he would lose the power—he would

lose control. And bad things would happen.

Jensen rolled his eyes as he kicked open the door to his apartment. Bad things had already

happened. He dropped his keys off on a small table by the door and put his bag of mini-mart groceries in the kitchen. He banged cabinets and containers slid on the shelves precariously as he yanked the refrigerator door open and shut.

His mood was not improved by a microwavable dinner or a viewing of The

Daily Show and

Colbert Report. He just needed to shower and go to bed. The warm water had soothed him a

little, and not having to wash Misha's dried come off his genitals was a nice change. But then that made him think of him.

"Shit," Jensen said softly as he flopped naked onto his bed. He didn't need this bullshit in his life.

He wondered how long Misha fucking Collins was going to be in prison. Aggravated assault

with a deadly weapon and attempted murder? Probably a good ten to fifteen years if not longer.

So much for waiting him out.

Jensen turned his head and saw his laundry basket poking halfway out of his closet. On top of the pile was a pair of light blue briefs. What were those doing there? Hadn't he buried them under

the pile? Jensen got up to do just that and found himself hesitating when he picked them up in his hand. This pair was very stiff in the crotch—thick with Misha's and Jensen's mixed come.

Before he knew what was happening, Jensen backed up to his bed and fell back onto it. He put

the underwear to his mouth and breathed in the heady, cloying scent of their shared release. A

pleasant throb started between his legs and he could feel his cock fill and lengthen. Jensen moved the underwear to keep part of it over his nose and the rest pressed against his mouth as he turned over. His hips began to rock, the sheets giving his cock a nice soft friction to work against.

Jensen began to hump the mattress in earnest and breathed through his

mouth, tasting Misha as the scent dragged over his tongue. He moaned brokenly as he sucked part of the fabric into his mouth and shot his load into the warm drag of the sheets. He settled down slowly, drifting on a strange high. He pulled the underwear away from his face.

“The fuck is wrong with me?”

Jensen made sure to wash all his clothing the next day and went about his business over the next

several weeks as detachedly and professionally as possible. He joined the guys for a few beers

after work one night and flirted with the semi-attractive waitress. She joined them when her shift was over and she seemed to enjoy watching the five men in uniform fall all over themselves for

her attention, never mind that only two were single. They did tequila shots, taking turns licking the salt from various body parts. When Minnie’s turn came to pick a spot to get her salt, she chose Jensen’s neck and sucked the salt off more than licked. Jensen had giggled and let her do it, but made sure to encourage Drake to make his willingness to take her home was out and on the table

because Jensen just wasn’t feeling it.

The next day at work had him feeling almost like things were back to normal. He didn’t blush

when Misha passed by him—well, not every time. He could poke fun at Marv’s and Daniels’

complete inability to deal with hangovers anymore and laughed with Michelson and Hicks when

Drake described a very interesting night with Minnie. All in all he was having a good day.

Lunch service was calmer than usual. Nobody was posturing or throwing thinly veiled threats

around. He didn't relax his guard at all in the room full of dangerous men, but he felt confident in himself as he stood among them. He didn't even stiffen or get particularly nervous when Misha

walked right up to him—two cups of lime Jell-O on his tray when he should only be allowed one.

Misha smiled at him and suddenly there were butterflies in his stomach—butterflies getting eaten

by giant monster worm-snakes.

“Where did you get that mark on your neck, Boss?”

Jensen automatically raised a hand to where he remembered Minnie sucking on him the previous

night. Misha's eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly.

“Yes, that one,” he said just on the wrong side of pleasant.

“A-a waitress. We were doing tequila shots. That's all.”

“That's all?”

Jensen nodded.

Misha smiled again and turned away. He crossed the room to stand in front of Michelson. Jensen

couldn't hear what he said, but Michelson's entire head turned bright red.

“Collins! You're going in the hole! Three days!”

Two of the day shift guards came forward and took Misha by the arms after

he set his tray down.

They marched him out of the lunch room and as he passed Jensen he said,
“See you at dinner,

Boss.”

“No. I won’t do it,” Jensen said. “I’ve got to fill out the incident report about what happened with Biggs and Ramirez and I don’t have time to do your duties as well.”

“Come onnnn,” Hicks whined. “This will help you if you do this for me.”

“How?”

“Because then I’ll have to do your rounds, which is an hour. All you have to do is drop off the

tray and pick it up later. That leaves at least forty-five minutes for you to work on your report before the second set of rounds.”

Jensen had no argument for that. Well, he did, but he couldn’t very well tell Hicks that he would probably only have fifteen minutes to work on the report since he was inevitably going to spend

thirty minutes apologizing to Misha for letting a woman put a hickey on him. Most likely on his

knees. Jensen waved a hand in defeat because he really couldn’t tell Hicks that and found himself standing outside Misha’s cell at dinner time. It was Misha’s usual spot—fourth door on the right.

Apparently he always requested this cell. With a devious mind like Misha’s he wondered why no

one had ever questioned that.

Misha stood at the bars tonight and immediately signaled for Jensen to put down the tray. Jensen obeyed and stepped closer to the man with the bright, glittering eyes that gave the illusion of

turning slowly and fading lighter and darker like stars. Now Jensen understood the term

“kaleidoscope eyes.” He wondered if Lucy had been psychotic as well.

Misha lowered his pants and revealed a half-erect cock. Jensen felt a little satisfaction in knowing the man might have gotten excited while anticipating him. He reached a hand out and Misha

slapped his wrist.

“No. Bad boys don’t get to use their hands.”

Jensen met Misha’s eyes and parted his lips in surprise. Misha smirked.

“Exactly,” he said, reaching through the slats and taking Jensen’s chin in his hand. His thumb

played with Jensen’s full lower lip. “Hands behind your back.”

Jensen clasped his left wrist in his right hand and felt his mouth go dry. He’d only been taunting himself when he’d had the thought that he would have to get on his knees for Misha. Hadn’t

he...?

Misha made a soft noise in the back of his throat and Jensen’s dick responded to the needy sound.

“You’re fucking good, baby boy. You know that?”

Jensen nodded. Because he was good.

“Down you go,” Misha said, and let go of his chin.

Jensen sank straight down and worked his tongue in his mouth to generate some saliva. He didn't

want Misha to feel his cottonmouth. Jensen frowned a little. Why did he care what Misha

thought of him, his body, or his oral sex skills?

"What's the matter, little cowboy?" Misha asked patronizingly. He ran his fingers through

Jensen's hair and the young man looked up at him.

Everything. "Nothing's wrong."

The grip in his hair tightened. "I don't like it when you lie to me. Let me tell you story." He jerked Jensen's head forward and he parted his lips to accept the tip of Misha's cock in his mouth.

His lips stretched wide around the fat head—fuck he was big. And his precome was a little

bitterer than his jizz, but Jensen had already acquired a taste for it.

"When I was...thirteen or fourteen," Misha began as Jensen suckled his cockhead, laving his

tongue flat over the slit. "I was on the skinny side. I had long hair that I wore in a ponytail. And it was blonde. Can you believe that, sweet boy?"

Jensen shook his head and shuffled forward on his knees to take more of Misha's cock into his

mouth, but the man shuffled back too so that he could only get the head in his mouth. He sucked

harder and swallowed the dollop of precome that fell on his tongue.

"Oh, I was a sight. Anyway, I had a good friend named Ryan. Now Ryan was

a bit of a

pyrophile, which I was fine with because when done correctly, arson can be a thing of beauty.”

Jensen closed his lips around the head and looked up at Misha with a raised eyebrow. Misha

chuckled and stroked a hand through Jensen’s hair. Jensen went back to sucking.

“One day we were going to light up an abandoned trailer in a field outside the city, but Ryan told me he couldn’t go that day because his mother had made him a dentist appointment. The dentist

—ah!” Misha pulled on Jensen’s hair viciously and tears sprang to his eyes. “Easy with the teeth, boy.”

Jensen pressed forward to try to take more in, but again Misha moved back. Jensen’s face pressed against the bars and no matter how much he strained forward he couldn’t get more than the tip in

his mouth. He wrapped his lips and tongue around it desperately.

“I decided I was going to set the trailer on fire anyway. I didn’t have anything else to do that day.

So, I went out to the field with a gallon of gasoline and a Bic lighter—and I lit it up like

Christmas. Uhn—fuck, baby boy, your tongue is wicked.”

Jensen hummed at the praise and Misha rewarded him with another half inch. Jensen worked his

jaw, doing his best to pull another groan from Misha’s lips.

“You see though, my sweet boy, Ryan had lied to me. He didn’t have a dentist appointment.

Mm, Jensen, you suck cock so well. Was I wrong about your sexual experience? You suck off

slutty bartenders in back alleys on your nights off?”

Jensen looked up at Misha from under his lashes and teased the slit with the tip of his tongue.

Misha’s eyes were hooded and his lips parted as he took deep breaths in through his mouth.

“Do you, pretty boy?”

Jensen shook his head and pushed his forehead against the bars, whining when they prevented

him from swallowing the man down. He sucked rapidly at the tip and Misha’s fingers clenched

and unclenched in his hair.

“Ryan was in that trailer, you see. He’d lied so he could sneak off with a girl. And I set it on fire.”

Jensen’s eyes flew open and Misha groaned loudly as his come pulsed in four strong bursts into

Jensen’s mouth. Jensen sealed his lips around the tip and swallowed, sucking gently at the warm, quivering head.

“Oh, fuck yes, baby. You’re fucking perfect, you know that?”

Jensen felt warmth spread in his chest and his cock painfully reminded him it was still around and still hard. Jensen sat back on his heels and Misha let him go by releasing his hair. He grimaced as his knees protested being on the hard concrete for so long. He kept his hands behind his back, just in case, and looked up at Misha wondering if there was a skewed moral to this story. Misha

laughed at his expression.

“Don’t worry, sweet boy, they lived. The trailer didn’t burn well and put itself out. They just suffered a little smoke inhalation. But you see, bad things happen when you lie.”

Jensen ran his tongue over his teeth, the lingering taste of Misha making his mouth water.

“But did you know they were in the trailer before you set it on fire?”

Misha laughed as he tucked himself away. “Bring me my dinner. You’ve already had yours, but

I’m still hungry.”

Jensen obeyed and Misha gave him a wink as he took the tray and sat on the cot.

“Go jerk off in the bathroom, Jensen. Come in your panties, and bring them back to me.”

Jensen blushed. “I don’t wear panties.”

Misha raised an eyebrow. “Maybe you should.”

Jensen spun around and left before Misha turned that “maybe” into an order. He was not going to spend his days off trying to figure out what size he wore in panties on the Victoria’s Secret

webpage. But he did what he was told and jacked himself quick and hard in the bathroom,

making sure to spill his come in a concentrated puddle in the crotch of his briefs. It felt weird as fuck to walk around in his uniform without underwear, but Misha had been so pleased when he

traded the dinner tray for Jensen’s used briefs. He wadded them up in his hand and brought them

to his face to inhale deeply. Jensen had whimpered softly and felt his dick try to come alive again.

“That’s my good boy,” Misha murmured softly. Then louder he said, “Goodnight, Boss.”

The second night found Jensen on his knees again, this time padded with Misha’s pillow that he

had squeezed through the bars without comment. Jensen had both hands wrapped tightly around

the bars, where Misha said he had to keep them. And he was crying and moaning and bucking

his hips uselessly against the bars as Misha had at least six of his seven and a half inches crammed to the back of Jensen’s throat. Misha put his hands through the bars and held Jensen’s hair, using the grip to fuck himself into Jensen’s face. The bars were a menace—a constant reminder that

there was something separating them, that Misha wasn’t as deep as he could be. And Jensen

couldn’t even imagine taking in more. His lips were stretched wide and his jaw ached and spit

and precome drooled out of his mouth and down his chin. And Misha was relentless. His usual

sweet nothings turned into growling profanities. And Jensen had never been harder in his life,

never felt his body so desperate for release—his or Misha’s, he didn’t care.

Misha smashed Jensen’s face against the bars and held him still as he came hot and deep in

Jensen's throat. Jensen squeezed his eyes shut and held his breath so the jizz wouldn't trickle

down the wrong pipe. He felt his gag reflex trying to activate, but he relaxed his throat and fought through it. At last, with a sated moan, Misha pulled back, his cock slipping easily from between Jensen's numb lips. Jensen gasped in a breath and leaned against the bars, but he hadn't let go yet with his hands.

"Fuck me," Misha mumbled. "Never had it so good as you, baby boy."

Jensen smiled at the compliment and tried not to think about his aching cock.

"Take it out, little cowboy. Let me see what you got."

Jensen peeled his hands off the bars, wincing when his fingers protested the movement after being clenched so tightly for so long. He flexed them a bit to get the blood flowing again and then he hurried to open his fly lest Misha think he was stalling. He pulled his cock out unable to help

feeling a little proud of the fact that he was no slouch in this department either. Misha sighed and leaned against the bars.

"Show me, sweet boy. Show me how you do it when you're alone and thinking about me."

Jensen made a fist and used his hips to fuck in and out of it. His other hand pulled and tugged at his balls just the right side of pain. He bit his lip and looked up at Misha. This was what he'd wanted: to have Misha see what he did to him, how hard he made him, and how desperate he was

for this connection. The reality exceeded the fantasy. Misha's eyes were dark and focused

unwaveringly on his groin. He licked his lips and squeezed the bars tightly.

"That's it, that's it. Good boy. Now over the head. Yeah, smear that precome down the shaft, get it nice and wet. Now a little tighter, baby. Easy, easy, don't make it hurt. There you go.

Now faster, a little more. So, good. You're perfect, do you know that? Now get ready, feel it

build deep in your balls—yeah, do that again—harder, baby. Fuck, I love the sounds you make.”

Peripherally Jensen saw Misha move and then the man was at the bars, kneeling in front of him.

He reached through and forced Jensen's dick to angle downwards.

“Come, baby boy. Come for me.”

Jensen blacked out—for just a moment—but there was definitely some time missing between

when the intense orgasm hit and now as he slumped against the bars, chest heaving, whimpering

through the aftershocks that still rolled through his body.

Misha was petting his hair and murmuring nonsense to him, but he only let him wallow for a few

moments before giving a sharp tug at his hair.

“Come on now. Up. Get your clothes back on. You've been in here too long as it is.”

Jensen obeyed in a daze, his legs still shaky from the intensity of their activities. Once he was more or less put back together, he walked to the bars and took the dinner tray from Misha's hands, but he kept his eyes down and he could feel the flush on his cheeks.

Misha laughed. “Look at you. Not two minutes ago you had the sluttiest moans coming out of

your mouth and now you're blushing like a virgin.” Jensen's cheeks burned

hotter. “Fucking

perfect. Don’t forget this,” he added before Jensen could turn away.

He tilted his cup carefully as he pushed it through the slot. It was sealed when Jensen picked it up for dinner so it could lie flat on the tray when passing through the slot. Misha was always good about finishing his beverage so that the cup could lie flat on its way back out since it was just a little too big around at the top to squeeze through the bars. Tonight though there was about an

inch of milk left in the bottom. And then Jensen suddenly realized there wasn’t just milk in the cup. He hadn’t thought to wonder what Misha had done with his jizz—he’d been too blissed out.

“Jesus,” Jensen muttered embarrassedly and Misha’s laughter followed him out the door.

Jensen sat on the floor with his back against the concrete wall. His feet easily touched the

opposite wall, even with his knees bent. He was watching Misha eat because he’d been told not

to leave. The officers’ room was always empty this time of night, so no one would be wondering

where he was or worried that he hadn’t returned from delivering a prisoner his meal in solitary.

They weren’t talking, but that was okay because Jensen was absorbed with watching Misha’s

fingers hold his fork and the way his jaw line moved when he chewed. Misha noticed after a

moment and quirked a smile on one side of his mouth.

“Tell me about your mother,” he said in an Austrian accent.

Jensen laughed. Misha raised an eyebrow at him. Oh. He was being serious.

“Um, well, she’s...she’s what you’d expect of a good Christian Texan woman from an affluent family.”

Misha snorted. “Is that meant to be flattering?”

“I guess it depends on what you like. She’s gentle and generous and charitable. She’s polite and lives for etiquette.” Jensen smiled fondly. “But she can turn into a raging, spitting wild cat if someone messes with her babies.”

“And your father?”

Jensen looked at his hands. He did not want to discuss his father with a man who made him

commit such depraved acts. Makes you? Jensen’s subconscious chided cruelly.

“He’s a great man.”

“Ooo, not just a good man, but a great man.”

Jensen turned a hard look on Misha. “He is a great man.”

“Mm. Loves God, his country, and his mama, I’m sure.”

“Fuck you. You don’t know him.”

Misha stopped eating and put his tray aside. Jensen tried to hide his squirm.

“Don’t I?” Misha asked. “Do you know him?”

“Of course I—”

“Take off your clothes, Jensen.”

Jensen’s jaw dropped, and then he scoffed harshly. “No way! Are you joking? I mean, there’s

no way I could possibly explain what was going on in here if we got walked in on any other time,

but I can’t just get naked and stand around when anyone could come in here at any time.”

Misha stood up and approached the cell door. And even though Misha was the one trapped in a

cage, Jensen felt fearful for his life.

“Take off your clothes, Jensen.”

Jensen shivered at Misha’s cold, unhappy expression. He used the wall for support as he got his

feet under him and began unbuttoning his shirt. It was hard to push the small buttons through the holes with the way his fingers were trembling, but he managed to make slow progress.

“Come on, Jensen, the longer you take the more likely someone will come looking for you.”

That got Jensen’s hands working again. He pulled the button down shirt off his shoulders,

carefully placing it on the floor so he didn’t break the radio attached to the shoulder. Then he stripped off the undershirt. He hooked a toe onto the back of a heel and worked his boots off as he undid his pants. He pushed the pants and his briefs off in one go, just to get it over with and then kicked the items into the corner with his shirts. Lastly he pulled off his socks and balled them up before tossing them into the corner. He stood beneath Misha’s scrutiny and refrained from

covering his groin with his hands, but just barely.

“Not very familiar with strip teases are you?” Misha said disappointedly.

Jensen rolled his eyes and didn’t dignify that with a response. Misha’s face grew serious again as

his eyes swept over his body.

“Get on the floor,” he said.

Jensen sat down gingerly on the cold concrete facing Misha.

“Put your feet in the corners.”

Jensen hesitated for a just a moment. The cell was only four feet wide, so he could manage it, but it would leave him spread pretty wide. He moved his legs before Misha had to repeat himself.

Once his feet were in position Misha gave the command, “Lie back.”

Jensen huffed out a miserable breath, but lay back on the floor trying mostly unsuccessfully to find a comfortable spot on the hard, unforgiving concrete.

“Now scoot your ass up to the bars.”

Jensen lifted his head. Misha stood at the bars with his arms crossed over his chest. Jensen

thought about protesting—he wasn’t sure he could actually get himself into that position, but he

figured in for a penny in for a pound. He carefully worked himself forward letting his knees fall to the side in order to get as much flexibility out of his body as possible. He couldn’t quite get all the way to the bars, but he was as close as he was able to still lie more or less comfortably, but his legs were splayed wide open and he was completely exposed to Misha. He was pretty sure that

was exactly how Misha liked him.

“Now, tell me about your father again.”

“What?!” Jensen raised his head and almost snapped his legs shut, but Misha’s expression was

about serious as he’d ever seen him—which was saying something. “N—why?”

“I’m curious why you think he’s so great. Tell me, what kinds of things did he used to say about people like you?”

Jensen’s brow creased in confusion. “He—he always said he was proud of me. But, he didn’t

baby me. He didn’t believe in all kids get a ‘participation trophy.’ He felt that people had to earn their rewards in life and that applied to his children. He was tough on me, but it was only to make me stronger. To make me better.”

“I see. I guess your father could treat you that way because he didn’t know the real you though, did he?”

Jensen snapped his mouth shut and lowered his head to the ground. It was starting to strain his

muscles to keep it up...and he didn’t want to look at Misha.

“Who I am—is a fuck load more than just my sexuality.”

“That’s true. That’s very true. But would any of that have mattered if he had known about that

one tiny little thing?”

Jensen chewed on the inside of his lip and turned his head away. He loved his father. He was a

good man who loved his family and took care of them and always made time

for his children even

though he was a busy and important person at work and in their community.
But Jensen had

always known that his father couldn't find out about his occasional attraction to boys. It wouldn't matter if he also liked girls and wanted to date them and have sex with them—if he admitted to

even having a passing thought about another guy he would be a faggot. A wimpy fairy that liked

shoe shopping and only watched football to see the players in their tights pants.

“Nothing to say, Jensen?”

“Alright, fine. My father is a homophobic asshole who wouldn't even let me drink out of a straw

as a kid because it might look like I was sucking a dick!”

Jensen turned his head and opened his eyes to glare at Misha, but then felt his face slacken in

surprise. Misha had his cock out and was stroking it slowly in one hand. Jensen became even

more aware of his vulnerable position and knew he was blushing from the tips of his ears down

onto his chest.

“That's not fair, is it, Jensen?”

Jensen clenched his hands into fists at his sides. “Life isn't fair. I'm sure there are a lot of people who've crossed your path who have learned that lesson.”

Misha ignored the jab and kept up his steady pace with his hand. “How did you feel when you

would look at a man and feel attracted to him?”

Jensen closed his eyes. He didn’t want to do this.

“Answer the question, Jensen,” Misha said lowly, darkly.

“It felt...wrong,” he admitted.

“How did you feel when you felt aroused by a man?”

Jensen opened his mouth and Misha said, “Look at me.”

Jensen opened his eyes and watched Misha look down on him, coldness—but no judgment—in

his eyes even though he was spread before him like a desperate whore. His hand still slid over his beautiful cock.

“I felt wrong. I felt bad.”

“Why?”

“Because. Real men—real men don’t—”

“Don’t what?”

“They don’t cry. And they don’t complain about having their feelings hurt over not being allowed to join drama club. And they don’t think about another guy’s cock!”

Misha’s hand sped up just a little. “What do real men do?” he asked evenly.

“They stay strong when bad things happen. They protect their family. They provide for their

family. They don’t follow their whore of a girlfriend across the country and

let a psychotic hit man come all over him!”

“So, you think you’re not a real man, Jensen?”

“I’m not! I’m a fucking fag who lets you use me like a come dumpster because that’s what

faggots do! We’re just depraved, horny sluts who can’t ever get enough so we take it from

whoever is willing to bend us over and give it to us!”

“Not a real man then,” Misha mused, cockhead flushed red as it disappeared and reappeared under

his hand. Jensen almost cried because the sight of it made his dick stir—only confirming his self-deprecating accusations. “Are you a good man, though?”

“How can I be?” he asked on a choked off sob.

“Do you love your family, Jensen?”

“Yes.”

“Would you do anything for them?”

“Yes.”

“Give them all your money if they needed it?”

“Of course.”

“So, you would protect them and provide for them. Stay strong for them if they needed you?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Jensen moaned; he wanted this to stop.

“Well, then doesn’t that make you a real man? A good man who would do his duty to his

family?”

“N-no...”

“Why not?”

“Because...I’m not...I’m not...”

Jensen unclenched his hands and let the tears he’d been trying to hold back slide from his eyes.

“I’m not bad,” he whispered.

“What was that, baby?”

Jensen felt some of the tightness loosen in his chest at the endearment.

“I’m not bad. I’ve never hurt anybody. I always work hard. I always follow the rules.”

“You are very obedient, sweet boy.”

Jensen bit his lip and shifted his pelvis at Misha’s words. “I am. I do what I’m told. Because I’m

—”

“You’re what, baby boy? What are you?”

“I’m good,” Jensen moaned softly, cock twitching against his thigh.

“That’s right, pretty. And what are you to me?”

“Mm,” Jensen bit off a moan and lifted his hips. “I’m...”

“Yeah, baby, say it.”

“I’m perfect. I’m perfect for you.”

“That’s right. The way you obey me. The way you try so hard to please me.
The way you give

everything for me. You’re good, my sweet baby boy. You’re so good.”

Jensen gasped and continued to buck his hips up, staring at Misha as the
words poured from his

mouth—completely true, completely honest. His hand worked faster over his
cock and he gripped

one of the bars with his free hand.

“I don’t deserve you, baby. You’re much too good for me.”

“N-no!” Jensen gasped clawing his thighs desperately. “Don’t say that!”

A pleased, possessive smile curled one side of Misha’s mouth.

“You’re fucking perfect, Jensen. And you’re mine. You know that, don’t
you?”

Jensen nodded, frantic with the hot arousal dancing over his skin.

“Y-y—” Jensen swallowed and tried again. “I’m yours.”

Misha bared his teeth in a feral grin as he shoved his cock through the bars
and came in long,

scalding ribbons over Jensen’s chest and stomach, his abdomen and thighs—
he even felt a drop

catch on his chin. Jensen slapped his hands flat against the floor, pitching his
hips up—and let out several broken cries as he lost all control and an orgasm
flooded his senses.

Jensen sucked in a shaky breath and stared at the bleak concrete ceiling
overhead. His legs ached from being spread unnaturally wide. He could feel
semen growing cold and sticky on his torso.

Dried tear tracks ran from the corners of his eyes over his temples. He could tell that his skin was flushed, his nose was running, and his back was stiff and rapidly approaching sore.

He hadn't felt so free and clean and...good...since he had been a child. A child unaware of sex

and attraction and the seemingly baseless hatred some people could have for him just because he

was attracted to people they didn't approve of. It felt good to have someone see him for what he was and still accept him—it made him feel safe.

"Jensen."

And then it was gone.

Jensen started when Misha grasped his leg.

"Jensen, get up, hurry. You've been here too long. Come on now."

Jensen winced as he drew his legs together and grunted as every muscle in his body let him know

he had been clenched tighter than the asshole on a priest in a whorehouse.

"Little faster there, Boss," Misha said dryly.

Jensen immediately got to his feet and turned his back on Misha. The illusion was completely

shattered now. Misha had never called him "Boss" while they'd been—whatever it was they did together. He'd always allowed Jensen to maintain that delusion that he had some speck of

control. Now he was just mocking him. Flaunting the power he had over him—and Jensen

couldn't understand why he gave him that power. Because Misha had nothing

without Jensen's

consent to the proceedings. So why was he letting himself be degraded and used like this? For a fleeting ten seconds of feeling like someone accepted him for who he was including all his

grotesque flaws?

Jensen shook his head with a bitter laugh as he tucked his shirt into his pants and then zipped

them.

"What is it?" Misha asked.

Jensen turned as he was buckling his belt. Misha stood at the bars, holding the dinner tray, and looking completely put together and detached.

"What is what?" Jensen asked, pretending he needed to look at his belt to finish buckling it.

"What was that laugh?"

Jensen walked over and grasped the tray, but Misha held onto his end. Jensen looked up and met

his eyes. He shrugged and gave a slight shake of his head.

"What about this whole thing isn't just a funny joke?" Jensen asked with a hard edge to his voice.

"I told you, I don't lie. You are good for—"

"No," Jensen cut him off. "We're out of that now. You ended it already."

Misha's eyes hardened, but he released the tray. Then he smiled so pleasantly it was disturbing.

"Whatever you say, Boss. You're the one in charge."

Jensen took the tray and turned, trying not to roll his eyes. That's it. He was done with this

bullshit. If Misha ever wound up in solitary again, he was not bringing him any of his meals.

Jensen was the one in charge. He had control over his actions. At least he did when he wasn't

around Misha, so all he had to do was stay away from him. And this time he knew he could do

it. That asshole had used his fears against him. He had figured out Jensen's vulnerabilities and had made him feel like he gave a shit or two about him. The man was good; he was very good.

And Jensen had, just for a moment, fallen for it. But now, away from Misha, he was clearheaded

and could see it for what it was. Jensen was Misha's entertainment. He enjoyed seeing how far

down he could drag Jensen into the mud. And today he had gotten him about as low as possible.

Michelson seemed to notice something was off with him the rest of their shift together, but he

didn't comment. And when Jensen begged off going out for beers, he didn't put up more than a

token protest. Jensen knew he was going to have to be more careful. It wouldn't take much for

them to figure out he got weird and distant on the nights he visited Misha in solitary. Not that it would matter anymore because he was not going to go in there ever again. It may be the coward's

way of handling the situation, rather than refusing to participate in Misha's

games anymore by

seeing him in person and resisting him. Jensen wasn't sure he could resist him. So, just not

putting himself in the position where he had to try was the best solution.

He was so ready to enact this plan; to put distance between them both physically and

psychologically. He wanted to wash Misha's influence away—and he could do so both literally

and symbolically. Jensen stood in his bathroom, outside the running shower. All he had to do

was step in and he could rinse Misha's dried come from his body. Let it run down the drain and

leave him clean and free.

Jensen turned the water off and shuffled back into his bedroom. He fell onto the bed and curled

up, feeling the tight, itchy pull on his skin. He turned his face into his pillow and tried to not remember the sound of Misha's voice praising him. He tried not to remember Misha's eyes

looking down on him with satisfaction and appreciation. It was all an act, just a game. He

couldn't let himself believe what he felt around Misha was anything other than a temporary high.

It wasn't real.

It wasn't real.

The next morning Jensen scrubbed his skin red and raw, almost drawing blood in some places.

He could barely look himself in the mirror with the knowledge that he had slept so deeply and so

well, peacefully, because of feeling like a part of Misha was with him. It had to stop and he had to get back to himself.

It was easy to enact his ignore Misha fucking Collins plan when the convict was back in general

population. He blended in amongst the other sociopaths and degenerates and Jensen gave him no

more than a fleeting thought. During work. At home, alone in his apartment at night, he was

going through lube and Kleenex like he owned stock in them. But that was okay. Because it was

a fantasy. And fantasies never hurt anyone. As long as it didn't stray into reality, he was fine.

And he even enjoyed it. Having the memory of Misha's voice in his ear while he jerked off

certainly made the sessions more enjoyable. And if he popped a chubby during lunch service one

day when Misha said to Marv how well Jensen had picked up being a corrections officer and

praised him for his quick learning, well that was something he could work on.

It had been nearly a month with Misha being on his best behavior, keeping himself out of solitary, when he paused by Jensen during dinner service. He had his tray in his hands and Jensen noticed

he'd managed to talk the servers into giving him two cups of lime Jell-O again.

"Move along, Collins, find your seat," Jensen said, like he would say to any other inmate.

"There's no one I want to sit next to though. Dinner just isn't fun in here."

Jensen gave him a bland look. He was not amused.

"Well, it is more sanitary."

Misha laughed, and then seemed surprised by it. Jensen felt an inane sense of pride at the thought that he'd managed to pull a real laugh out of the man.

"Even so, I'm feeling clumsy today. I might spill my tray all over some poor unsuspecting guard.

Maybe Hicks. Little fucker makes my skin crawl."

Jensen turned an incredulous look on the psychopath. "Hicks makes your skin crawl? That's

rich."

Misha shrugged a shoulder.

"Well, you go right ahead and do what you need to do, but I won't let him talk me into taking over his duties."

"Yeah, okay," Misha said in an annoying tone that basically said what a load of crap he thought that was.

"I mean it, Mi—Collins. And what made you decide you needed to do it now anyway? You on

some sort of monthly cycle that sends you into heat?"

He turned to Misha with a smirk, and then quickly dropped the look when he

caught sight of the

murderous look the killer was giving him. He cleared his throat and looked away.

"I was waiting for the hole to clear out. Don't want any pervy eavesdroppers, do we?"

Jensen shifted his stance. Tonight was Biggs' last night in the hole, and then the wing would be empty. Unless some inmate did something stupid in the interim. Like dumping his tray all over

Hicks. Jensen turned to look at Misha with as much cool indifference as he could muster.

"Take a seat, Collins."

For one terrible moment Jensen thought Misha was going to defy him. Maybe even demand he

get down on his knees in apology. But before Misha revealed what his response would be,

shouting and a loud crash erupted from the center of the lunch room. Jensen turned and saw two

rival gang members grappling in the middle of the room. Most of the other inmates were watching

and goading them on, but a couple were looking like they were about to join in the fray. This

absolutely couldn't escalate into a full blown riot.

Jensen rushed toward the fight and Michelson, Hicks, and Drake were closing in with him. There

was a violent struggle as the guards tried to separate and subdue the inmates. There was blood on the floor; one of them must have a shiv of some kind.

Jensen got a hold of the arm of one of the instigators and wrenched it behind his back. Something hit the back of his leg and he went down

on his knee, losing his grip on the inmate struggling against him. The man turned around and

backhanded him hard across the face. Jensen fell back onto his hands and looked up as Gonzalez

raised the sharpened end of a toothbrush over his head. Jensen struggled to move out of the way, but felt himself blocked and trapped by the legs of the ring of spectators. Gonzalez started to bring the shiv down and then the edge of a dinner tray caught him under the jaw in the soft, vulnerable flesh. The room immediately went silent as Gonzalez fell to the floor, unmoving. It was clear that his jaw had been dislocated if not broken and he was out cold.

Misha stood partway in front of Jensen, the tray held loosely in one hand. He glanced back over

his shoulder at Jensen and he looked up into his perfectly calm, blue eyes. Misha Collins had just saved his life. Again.

The doors to the cafeteria burst open as a dozen guards poured into the room shouting orders and

circling the inmates. All the prisoners began dropping to their knees and putting their hands

behind their heads. Misha was one of the last ones to do so, but he complied with orders and got on his knees. Jensen stared at him for a few long moments and then forced himself to his feet.

"Here! Over here! We need the doctor and a stretcher!"

Jensen sat on the examining table in the prison's infirmary as Dr. Myles cleaned the wound on his cheekbone. Gonzalez had hit him so hard he'd split the skin. Gonzalez himself hadn't fared so

well. After setting his jaw and thirty minutes of attempting to wake him, he'd been sent under

heavy guard to the closest hospital. There was a knock on the open door to the room, and Marv

poked his head in.

"Hey, Jensen, how are you feeling?"

"I'm okay. I mean, my face hurts. But, at least I'm not getting a knife wound stitched up."

"Yeah," Marv said thoughtfully. "Yeah, that is a good thing."

Jensen winced when the doctor taped a bandage over the cut; the skin around the cut was really

tender and he knew he was going to have a huge bruise on his cheek. He wouldn't be able to

Skype call his parents for a week at least otherwise his mother might have a meltdown and

demand he come home immediately. The doctor patted his shoulder and left to go check on the

other inmates who had received minor injuries.

Jensen looked up at where Marv still stood in the infirmary door. "What's up, Marv? Is

something wrong?"

"No, no. Well, yes. I'm sorry you were put in that position. We've gotten complacent with our bunk checks. That shiv never should have—"

"Hey, Marv, it's okay. I mean, no matter how thorough or careful we are, shit

still happens."

"I know. But, Jensen, you were on your own over there. You should be in the hospital possibly dying from a fatal stab wound."

Jensen raised a concerned eyebrow. "O...kay?"

"No, I mean, I don't wish that you were. I'm grateful that you're not. But no one else was near you. Not one of us anyway. These guys...these criminals...they don't step in on our behalf."

"Oh," Jensen said, trying to sound as neutral as possible. "I wonder what got into Collins then?"

"Probably trying to curry favor. He takes advantage of every opportunity he can."

"I'm sure he does," Jensen muttered. "So, what's going to happen to him? Will he get in trouble for hurting Gonzalez? Will he get charged?"

Marv shrugged. "We don't know what to with him right now. He's in the hole for now."

"Why? Are you worried Gonzalez's crew will try to take revenge?"

"Well, there's that. But mostly we're keeping him isolated in case he decides to go after the rest of Gonzalez's crew."

Jensen raised his eyebrows. Oh, yeah. Misha was the dangerous one.

"And if Gonzalez wakes up and gets sent back here, there's no way we can let them reside in the same cell block. Even if we make sure to keep them on separate meal and exercise schedules. I

guess we can keep Collins in solitary permanently, which would probably solve a lot of problems,

but that's not what his sentence is. And it's hard to justify indefinite solitary unless his crime was considered to be worthy of such a harsh punishment. I

think our best bet is to just make a case for him to be sent to federal prison. It'll make all our lives easier to be rid of him."

Jensen nodded but didn't otherwise respond. It would be easier if Misha was sent away. Then he

would definitely be able to just let all of this go and forget about it.

Marv pulled him out of his thoughts with a pat on the shoulder. "It's okay, Ackles. You did good today. I'm proud of you for keeping your head when the fight broke out."

Jensen smiled weakly. "Thanks, Marv."

"You need tomorrow off?"

Jensen shook his head. "Nah. I'm fine."

"Okay then. Get some rest tonight."

"Will do."

Jensen watched Marv leave and then dropped his head. It had felt good when his boss had

praised him, congratulated him on a job well done. But it wasn't the same. Jensen closed his eyes and exhaled wearily. It wasn't the same as when Misha told him he was good in and of himself.

Jensen wondered if Misha really believed that. He had to find out before he was gone from his

life permanently.

The very next morning, Jensen relieved Hicks of his breakfast service to the solitary confinement wing and received a very uncomfortable hug for his troubles. He didn't even allow himself the

time to feel nervous or to get anxious. He walked from the kitchen to the hole and through the

door with no hesitation. If the keys shook a little bit as he opened the door to Misha's cell that was just because he was out of practice with balancing the tray in one hand.

Sure, he patronized himself as he got the door open with a little laugh.

"Laughing again?"

Jensen started at Misha's question. He was even more surprised to see the man not only standing

at the bars, but gripping two of them in his hands. Unless he was going crazy, Jensen would

swear Misha looked a little anxious.

"Just laughing at myself," Jensen replied.

He carried the tray over to the slot, but Misha made no move to take it. He waited a few

moments, but Misha just kept staring at him. He repressed a sigh and sat the tray on the floor.

When he stood back up Misha was twisting his hands on the bars.

"What have they decided to do with me?" he asked straight off the bat.

Jensen shrugged a shoulder. "It depends on what happens with Gonzalez. He's in a coma right now."

"That wasn't my intention."

"No?" Jensen asked skeptically.

"My intention was to kill him."

Jensen felt a chill pass through him and what little humor he had been feeling disappeared.

"Misha..."

"He was going to hurt you, Jensen."

Misha reached out through the bars and he instinctively took a step back. Misha left his arm

outstretched, stuck at the elbow, and Jensen told himself to just ask what he needed to ask and

leave. He could still get out of this with some sort of dignity. Now that was a real laugh.

Jensen felt himself inching closer, he bit his lip and told himself to stop, but before he knew it he felt Misha's nails picking at the tape holding the bandage over his cheek. Misha peeled it off

carefully and dropped the gauze to the floor. Then he very gently trailed his fingertips over the cut and bruise. It was a barely there touch, but his skin was so tender he couldn't stop himself from reacting to it a little bit. Misha's other hand slipped through the bars and grabbed his wrist, pulling him flush against the cell door.

"I don't like seeing you with bruises I didn't put on you, boy. You need to be more careful around such dangerous criminals."

Jensen scoffed and met his eye. "Well, maybe you shouldn't teach me to be so submissive to

them."

Misha smiled and touched his cheek again. "I'm not dangerous, baby boy. Not to you."

"You're the most dangerous of all, you—"

Jensen's insult was cut off when Misha pushed two fingers into his mouth. Jensen closed his eyes and sucked them down, desperately happy to taste the salt of Misha's skin again. He moaned

around the digits when he felt a hand on his groin, massaging and working him to an erection. He knew there was something he was supposed to be doing, or maybe not doing, but his brain was on

standby mode.

"That's it, pretty, get 'em nice and wet."

Jensen took hold of Misha's wrist and lessened the suction and increased the licking, obeying

Misha's order to get his fingers completely slick and wet. Misha's other hand was busy opening

Jensen's fly and he didn't reprimand him when Jensen helped the process along. When his pants

were open and loose, Misha plunged a hand in, under his underwear, and gripped his cock.

Jensen let out a startled shout and almost bit down on Misha's fingers. He'd never felt Misha's

bare hand on him before. It was hot and callused and felt divine as it pulled him out and jacked him slowly.

Then Misha pulled back both hands and said, "Lower your pants and underwear and turned

around."

Jensen stared at him a little stupefied, but he knew what he was telling him to do. And he knew

what Misha was going to do to him.

"Misha..."

"Do it, Jensen."

"Do you mean it? Do you mean any of it?"

Jensen knew he sounded pathetic, and Misha couldn't be bothered to care as he pulled on his

wrist, getting him to start to turn. Jensen allowed himself to be pulled, and then turned around as he lowered his pants and underwear to the backs of his thighs. He gasped when he felt one of

Misha's hands grab his hips and the other push on his back to make him bend forward. Jensen

closed his eyes. Why wasn't he stopping this? He felt Misha's wet fingers circle his entrance and he sucked in a sharp breath at the touch—he'd never even done this to himself. Misha didn't have time to waste on foreplay though. He pushed one finger in and then the second and Jensen barely

kept in his cry of pain. Misha's grip on his hip was bruising tight and he worked his fingers fast and hard, scissoring them to spread Jensen open.

"Good boy," whispered Misha, his fingers flexing and then tightening on Jensen's hip. "You're taking this so well. It's your first time, right?"

Jensen nodded and reached a hand back to grip the bars behind him.

Misha moaned softly. "I'm your first, baby boy? You're all mine?"

Jensen nodded again and then shouted when Misha shoved his fingers violently inside him.

"Say it," Misha ordered.

"Y-yours, Misha. No one but you." He heard Misha spit behind him. "Only one. Just—"

Jensen keened when Misha forced a third finger into him. He pushed back against the bars and

Misha laughed as he buried his fingers deeper.

"Fuck, sweet boy, you know what you want, don't you?"

Jensen opened his mouth but only a moan came out. He couldn't form any coherent thoughts let

alone words. Not with Misha's long, slender fingers filling him, spreading him. It was pain and pleasure and it was overtaking all his senses. The only thing he was aware of was where his body was connected with Misha's. Then Misha pulled away. Jensen started to protest, but Misha

hushed him.

"Shh, baby, shh. You think I'm going to leave you like that? I take care of you, you know that."

He heard Misha spit again and then the sound of flesh rapidly stroking flesh. A moment later the large, blunt head of Misha's cock prodded his entrance. Jensen tensed with both longing and

trepidation.

"Hey now, baby, easy, easy." Misha rubbed his lower back soothingly. "It's gonna hurt if you tense up on me."

Jensen nodded and tried to get his body to relax, but it wasn't really working.

"Hey, Jensen," Misha said coyly, lightly thrusting against his hole with his cockhead. "You're my good boy, right?"

Jensen moaned and felt his dick pulsate at the words, precome spurting out of him.

"Yeah, you are. Always so good for me. You want me, don't you, baby?"

Jensen gasped in another breath but managed to relax just a bit.

"Perfect, that's it, Jensen," Misha said as he pushed in. "Oh, this is it, that's fucking perfect, my good, sweet boy."

Jensen actually felt himself relaxing even more despite feeling Misha's thick, throbbing cock push into him, stretching him and filling him—filling an emptiness he hadn't known was there. Jensen

gripped the bar behind him tighter as he felt the burn of their nearly dry skin pulling on each

other. But it felt good...it felt real. And then too soon Misha was sliding back out. He pushed back in again and the movement was easier this time, but again, it didn't fill him completely.

Misha put both hands on Jensen hips and thrust into his clenching heat again and again, but Jensen was nearly crying with deprivation. The bars were in the way. Misha could only get about four

inches in before they were blocked and he had to pull out. It was driving Jensen insane—that

promise of being filled by Misha's fat cock given to him swift and hard with each thrust of Misha's hips, and then taken away when he was forced to pull back, leaving Jensen bereft. It wasn't

enough. It was killing him.

"Misha!" Jensen sobbed. "Please!"

"Oh, fuck, baby, you feel so good. You're taking me so well. I just wish I could really get in you. Would you like that? Feel all of me stuffing you full?"

"Yes! Misha, please, stop!"

"What?"

"Stop!"

Misha stilled his movements, his hands tightening painfully on Jensen's hips.

"You don't want me, boy?"

"No, I do, I do." Jensen drew in a shaky breath. "But I can't—not like this. It's not enough.

You're not—it's not enough, Mish...sha." Jensen hung his head, body quivering with need and disappointment.

"Stand up."

Jensen straightened and Misha pulled him close, slipping in another scant inch, but nowhere near

filling him up. Jensen still squirmed with the intrusion, his dick bouncing happily in front of him, wanting more. Misha put a hand to Jensen throat.

"You can have me, sweet boy. You can have all of me."

"How? Sign up for conjugal visits? Wait fifteen years?"

"You can have me now."

Jensen heard the keys at his waist rattle when Misha flicked them. He started at the noise. He

wasn't worried about Misha taking them off his belt, if he was going to do that he had had plenty of opportunities already. Besides, the keys on his belt couldn't unlock the cell door. Only the electronic mechanism by the metal door could do that.

Jensen shook his head. "No. No, I'm crazy and I'm desperate and I'm twisted, but I'm not stupid."

"You think I would hurt you, baby boy?"

It was on the tip of Jensen's tongue to answer, but he hesitated. Misha jerked him back and slid impossibly a little deeper in him. Jensen cried out and then grunted in frustration. He could feel him inside, hot and hard and leaking, marking him as truly his. But he couldn't get what he really wanted, what he needed—not like this.

"Misha..." Jensen whispered weakly.

"Jensen. Do it. Now."

Jensen choked back a sob and leaned forward, but didn't move to obey the order.

"Now, Jensen!"

Jensen stepped forward and nearly died when he felt Misha slip free. All he wanted to do was back up and force him back in. But he could have something better. All he had to do was...

Jensen crossed the small distance to the metal door. He leaned against the frame, hand on the

electronic lock. He didn't dare look back at Misha. Misha stayed quiet. Jensen clenched his hand at his side and put his forehead to the wall. What was he doing? Was he really about to take

away the only barrier between himself and a dangerous psychopath that was borderline obsessed

with him?

His eyes flew open when he heard the grating sound of the bars retracting into the wall. He

looked at his right hand. His fingers had depressed the button that activated the lock. He froze, unable to turn around. And then a hand on his shoulder spun him until he locked eyes with Misha

Collins aka Dmitri Krushnic aka the Russian mafia's number one hit man. It

wasn't like he'd never been face to face with the man before without bars between them, but they'd never faced each

other when his treacherous blue eyes were dark with lust and possession.

"Misha..."

Misha reached forward and slammed the metal door closed. Then he pushed down on Jensen's

pants and underwear, dipping enough to force one of Jensen's legs up so that the garments slipped over one foot. Then with a strength that was hidden by the slenderness of his body, Misha hoisted him, lined up their bodies again, and plunged all the way in.

Jensen howled at the intrusion and Misha let him scream. It was too much, too big, and with not

enough saliva to ease the way. Jensen moaned and writhed in his grasp, but Misha held firm and

made sure he was completely balls deep in Jensen's ass.

"That what you wanted, Jensen? Is this what you need?"

Jensen nodded, tears falling from his fluttering lashes. "Yes. You."

Misha growled at that answer. "Fuck, baby boy, you really are mine, aren't you? Don't worry.

I'll take care of you. I'll always take care of you."

Misha began to thrust up into him, using the door to hold most of Jensen's weight, and his thighs to drill him fast, hard, deep. So deep inside of him—Jensen felt nothing but the high of being

filled, owned, possessed. His body ached with the sweetness of his surrender and he felt like he was floating, only tied to reality by the brutal pounding of his ass and prostate, the bite of Misha's nails under his thighs, the sharp sting

of Misha's teeth at his throat.

Jensen panted Misha's name on every breath, spiraling higher and higher, and then Misha pressed

forward, catching Jensen's dick between their bodies. There were a few more moments of clarity

as Misha increased his pace to a desperate frenzy, and then Jensen screamed again as he came—

shooting warm come all over his and Misha's uniforms. He cried out again as a second wave hit

him when he felt Misha flood his insides. He put his hands in Misha's hair and worked his hips to feel it hot and slick inside of him.

"J-Jen..."

Misha broke off and Jensen was surprised to hear him out of breath.

"That good, huh?" Jensen heard himself murmur, like he had a death wish. And maybe he did.

Misha took his face in his hands and Jensen winced as his sore cheek was squeezed much too

tightly. But he quickly forgot about the pain as he blinked into Misha's wild eyes. Oh fuck. He was probably about to die.

Misha surged forward and Jensen's noise of alarm was muffled by Misha's lips. Jensen didn't even question it, just tightened his grip in Misha's hair and opened his mouth, kissing him as best he could in his blissed out state.

Misha's tongue fucked his mouth as ruthlessly as his dick had taken Jensen's virginity. Jensen sucked at it, pulling it in deeper and not wanting Misha to ever pull away. He thought he might get his wish as he started to get dizzy from an acute lack of

oxygen, but then Misha pulled back. He slid his soft member out of Jensen's

body and slowly

lowered his legs. Jensen was grateful the door was behind him because otherwise he was pretty

certain he would have fallen on his ass.

"Jensen, my sweet, pretty boy. You were so good for me."

Jensen breathed in deeply as he basked in the praise. He leaned his head back to look at Misha.

The man pulled him by the elbow, made him stand up straight, and step away from the door.

Misha tilted his head to the side as he brushed his knuckles over Jensen's uninjured cheek.

"I know I promised I would never hurt you, baby, but I've got to make this believable."

Jensen's brow creased in confusion and he parted his lips to ask a question. And the last thing he saw was Misha's fist.

Jensen groaned and struggled against the pull of unconsciousness. His head hurt, his ass hurt, and he knew there was a good reason for him not to try to wake up.

"Officer Ackles, thank goodness. Hey, Jensen, come on now, don't let it pull you back under."

Jensen opened his eyes and was confused by the green glow of fluorescent lights and white drop

tile ceiling above him. He turned his head, wincing as his neck protested the movement, and saw

Dr. Myles standing beside him. That was the piece of the puzzle he needed to put it all together.

He was in the prison infirmary in one of the beds reserved for the officers in case one of them was injured on the job. It was why the walls and ceilings weren't made out of concrete and there were no bars on the windows.

"Dr. Myles, what happened?" Jensen croaked.

"Well, that's what a lot of people would like to ask you. But first, follow my finger."

Jensen tracked Dr. Myles' finger with his eyes. Then the doctor flashed a penlight in his eyes.

"Well, I don't think you have a concussion, but you're going to have to get a CAT scan at the hospital before I'll clear you for duty again."

"Do I still have a job?" Jensen asked, still with a bad case of cottonmouth.

"I don't see why you wouldn't. Though I'm not going to lie. There will be a lot of questions about how Collins got the drop on you." Jensen's heart leapt to his throat. "And escaped." Then it plummeted right back to his stomach and he felt so nauseated he was certain he was going to

vomit.

Jensen leaned over the bed and Dr. Myles got him a bedpan just in time so he didn't puke all over

the floor. Dr. Myles rubbed his back through the thin cotton of his hospital gown until he was finished and then helped him lay back in the bed.

"Easy, Jensen, it's okay. They're out looking for him now. They'll get him. He can't have that much of a head start on them. And this isn't your fault."

Jensen's panic took a little breather at those words. It wasn't his fault? He was definitely missing some information. Dr. Myles handed him a glass of water to rinse out his mouth.

"Um, the warden wanted to talk with you as soon as you woke up. But, I don't have to tell him for another couple of hours if you need some time to rest."

"What time is it?"

"It's almost noon."

"Of the same day?"

"Yes."

Jensen nodded. "No, I'm okay. You can send him in."

Dr. Myles pursed his lips. "Okay, but only for twenty minutes. I'm going to make an

appointment for you at the hospital and you will be keeping it."

"Okay. Thank you, Dr. Myles."

"Any time, Jensen. Though hopefully, never again, okay?"

Jensen smiled, and then winced when both his cheeks flared with pain. He wasn't sure if he

should be happy or not that Misha had decked him on the opposite side of his original injury.

Then his stomach twisted into knots again at the thought of Misha. Before he could either scream or vomit again, two men entered his room. Jensen felt fear grip his throat. Dr. Myles just didn't know. They didn't tell him because he didn't need to know how fucked up Jensen was. He'd find

out when he was led out in handcuffs.

Jensen recognized the warden from the one time he'd met him on his first day on the job. The

other man he didn't know. They both pulled up chairs and sat next to the bed after asking after

Jensen's health and shaking his hand.

"This is Mr. Dawson," the warden said. "He's our legal counsel."

Jensen was on the verge of throwing up again. How would his parents react when they found out

their son had helped a deranged murderer escape prison and was found unconscious and covered

in jizz? His mother would never recover. And his father would probably disown him.

"Now, Officer Ackles, I know you just woke up and have sustained two traumatic blows in two

days, but do your best to remember what you can," the lawyer said. "If you need to take a break, let us know."

Jensen nodded.

"Okay," the warden said, "can you tell us how the cell door was unlocked and opened?"

"I-I did it," Jensen admitted. He knew lying would only make things worse, but he wondered if there would be any way he might be able to get them to believe that maybe Misha raped him or

just jacked off on him while he was still unconscious. "Um, can I ask how he got out of the building?" Jensen stalled as he thought furiously about how to lie without actually lying.

The warden cleared his throat and looked embarrassed. "Well, as it turns out, there was a reason he always wanted to be in the same solitary cell. He'd discovered that there was a vent in the wall under the cot. I would swear on my life it's not big enough for a grown man to fit through, but

apparently Collins was a fucking contortionist or something."

"And that led outside?" Jensen wondered why he'd waited to escape then. And why'd he'd felt the need to leave Jensen in such a wretched state before he did.

"No, it only led to the ducts that service the whole damn prison. He found the way that led to the receiving room. He used his multiple trips to solitary to file away the bars covering the vent on that end. He must have been working on them the entire ten months he was here. Today he went

through the opening and then walked out through receiving and into the front office. And then he walked out the front door."

Jensen's brows drew together. "I don't understand, he walked out the front door?"

"Yep. You see, when the receptionist in the front room saw him come out of receiving, all she saw was an officer. And then when he unlocked the door to get into the front room, she definitely thought he was just another corrections officer. And then he walked right out."

Jensen took all this in. Misha must have worn his uniform, which meant they hadn't found him

covered in semen. That was the up side. The down side... Shame and humiliation washed over

him. If he ever needed proof that Misha had been playing him from the very beginning, this was

it. Hicks' and Drake's uniforms would have been too small on him; Michelson was way too tall;

Marv was way too big. Jensen and Misha were about the same size. Jensen was a little broader in the shoulders, but otherwise they were a perfect match. With Jensen's uniform and keys, he had

the final component he needed to make his escape. And Jensen had spread his

legs and let him

have it all.

Mortified, he felt tears prick his eyes. Now he knew why he was bad. Why he was wrong. His

desires had enabled a killer to escape prison. If he were normal, if he were right, he never would have felt such a sick temptation and Misha would still be in prison.

"Officer Ackles?" Mr. Dawson interrupted his slow descent into hell.

"Ye-Yes?" Jensen asked, forcing back the tears and looking at him.

"You've been employed here for three months, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"You entered the solitary wing alone this morning, is that also correct?"

"Yes."

"You are aware of the rule requiring two officers to be present at all times when in solitary?"

"Yes, sir. And we obey that for transfers, but for quick things like meal deliveries, we can't spare two officers from their duties."

"So, this wasn't the first time this has happened?"

"Well—"

"I mean going in by yourself."

"I've done it several times." Jensen noticed the warden squirm in his seat, but continued. "Not just with Collins, but with other inmates when they were in the hole—in solitary."

"Have other guards gone alone too?"

"Yes. Like I said, we can't spare two officers for meal deliveries."

"So, the prisoners would be familiar with the fact that only one officer delivers their meals."

"Y-yes," Jensen noticed the warden's discomfort again.

"Tell us what happened, Officer Ackles. As well as you can remember."

Jensen had a split second to decide what to do. The sex didn't need to come up. There was no

evidence of it, unless Dr. Myles had done a very thorough exam of his body, which was a

possibility. But, he hadn't said anything about doing a rape kit. Maybe they all just assumed

Misha had punched Jensen, stolen his clothes, and escaped. They just needed to know how the

cell door got open. And he had told them how, but they needed the why. And he certainly

couldn't tell them the truth about that. So, he lied.

"When I came into the room I saw Collins on the floor. I told him to get up, but he didn't

respond. I nudged him with a foot through the bars, but he was still unresponsive. I set the

breakfast tray down and tried to rouse him, but he appeared to be unconscious. I went for the

radio button and the cell lock button at the same time. I thought I might need to begin to

administer CPR before help arrived. I was about to radio for backup when I sensed movement

behind me. I turned around and Collins was on his feet, coming at me. I realized a little too late that he was faking. And I don't remember anything after that. There wasn't even a fight. I'm

sorry—"

"Don't apologize, Officer Ackles, you never should have been put in that position."

The warden was scowling and watching the lawyer scribble things down on his notepad.

"Just a couple more questions. In the times you delivered Collins his meals, did he ever talk to you? Maybe ask questions about the local transportation or the surrounding area—trees, houses,

highways. Anything like that?"

Jensen shook his head. "No, never," he answered honestly.

Mr. Dawson finished writing and clicked his pen closed. "Okay. Thank you for seeing us so

soon. We appreciate it."

"No problem."

"Someone will be around to take your official statement later today or tomorrow. You just get some rest."

The warden and the lawyer stood up and shook Jensen's hand again. He just sat there confused.

Dr. Myles came back in.

"Do you know what's going on?" Jensen asked him. "Why wasn't that my

official statement?"

"Because they're trying to do damage control."

"About what? Other than Collins I mean."

"Well, there's the fact that the solitary wing has never had cameras installed. And the fact that a continual breach of rules and safety regulations has taken place by sending officers in to deliver meals alone. They're just worried you're going to sue the pants off them and the entire county of LA."

Jensen gaped. How on earth had he come out of this not only unscathed, but possibly in the

right? He felt guilt rip and claw at his insides. Part of him wanted to call them back and admit to everything, but a larger part that didn't want to spend the rest of his life in jail or live with the disappointment of his parents held him back. He already felt like a big enough fool for allowing Misha to get under his skin—to allow himself to feel worthiness from a man who wasn't fit to lick the dirt off his father's boots. He would have to carry this around with him for the rest of his life.

He would also have the blood of any people Misha killed on his hands. He did deserve to be in

prison. But he was a coward. He knew that. So he kept his mouth shut.

Jensen dropped his keys on the table next to the door of his apartment. His one year lease was

nearly up and he was going to have to decide whether or not to keep the place. After the whole

Collins escape debacle (and the convict was still in the wind) Jensen had not sued the prison or the county of LA because he knew who was truly in the wrong, but he'd also been unable to continue

his duties. He couldn't stay in a place that constantly reminded him of the worst thing he had ever done in his life. He'd resigned, but been given a good severance package that he shouldn't have

been entitled to at all since he terminated the employment. But the warden was still worried he

might sue and the truth of how a Russian mob hit man escaped his prison would come out.

Jensen also withdrew his application from the LAPD. He was certain law enforcement was not a

good career for him. He'd managed to survive on temp jobs for the last five months, but he

couldn't do this forever. Maybe he just needed to go home like his mother kept asking him to do

and apply to college. His parents had even agreed to pay for it and support him while he was in

school if he would just come home. But he didn't know if he could look his parents in the eye

anymore. He'd made excuses for not being able to make it home for Thanksgiving and Christmas

—and he still didn't think he was ready to face them.

And piling on to the self-loathing and guilt was that every time he thought about how disappointed his parents were in him and how they would look at him if they ever knew the truth, his mind

filled with memories of dark blue eyes. And he would remember how someone had thought he

was worth more than the facade he presented to the world. That there was a person who had

known him, known the worst of him, and had still thought he was good.
Called him perfect. And

Jensen would have to fight back tears because the one time he had felt
acceptance had all been a

lie. But he just couldn't forget the feeling—even if it hadn't been true.

But worst of all were the nights when the memory of those eyes didn't cause
tears. There were the nights when he remembered that intense, consuming
gaze on his skin like a tangible thing. He

remembered when a voice that was usually moderate and flat would drop
down low and growl his

praises. And then Jensen would find himself on his back, cock gripped tightly
in his hand, large dildo in the other thrusting in and out of his hole. He would
come with a name on his lips that he didn't dare speak when he was in his
right mind.

Jensen put a hand to his head. He had a feeling he knew what kind of night
tonight was going to

be. If thinking of Misha Collins didn't make him feel nauseated, it made him
check to make sure he still had enough lube in his nightstand. Maybe he
should just get drunk tonight.

Jensen was on his way to the kitchen for some tequila when someone
knocked at his door. That

in and of itself was strange since Jensen hadn't made any friends in LA, but
the fact that the person had covered the peephole with his hand was just
fucking weird.

"Who is it?" Jensen called out through the door.

He got no response.

"Seriously, dude, answer or go away. I'm not opening the door blind. I'm not

a moron. Well, not a complete moron," he muttered to himself.

"Come on, Jensen. Be a good boy and open the door."

Jensen froze—shock, panic, and irritatingly enough, arousal coursing through his veins and

making his whole body vibrate. It couldn't be possible. It just couldn't be—

Before he could have a rational conversation with himself, his hands were throwing open the

deadbolts and pulling back the chain on the door. He flung it open and on the other side stood

Misha fucking Collins.

"Evening, Boss."

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

Document Outline

- [Po Lazarus](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1000694) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1000694>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural RPF
Relationship:	Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins
Character:	Jensen Ackles , Misha Collins
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Russian Mafia , top Misha , bottom Jensen , Hand Jobs , Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Rimming , Praise Kink , Dom/sub Undertones , Mildly Dubious Consent
Series:	Part 2 of Off the Reservation
Stats:	Published: 2013-10-12 Words: 32090

Dark Eyes

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

After unwittingly helping a hit man for the Russian Mafia escape prison, Jensen is utterly lost until Misha comes back for him. And living with a contract killer is every bit as complicated as one might expect.

Notes

Sequel to Po Lazarus. I guess technically you don't have to have read it--but it will make this one make a lot more sense.

The title comes from a Russian folk song about loving and fearing a person with dark and burning eyes.

Jensen rounded the corner into what used to be an office and was now a burned out husk with shattered glass covering the ground. It had one tiny window which allowed some light from the streetlamp outside to trickle into the otherwise dark space. That small amount of light was better than nothing as the rest of the former office building was all but pitch black.

Jensen threw himself against the wall by the door and slid down beneath the open space where an interior window had been. Glass crackled under his weight, but he ignored the possibility of it puncturing his clothing as he went completely still to make the noise stop. He was too close to

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interior window had been. Glass crackled under his weight, but he ignored the possibility of it

puncturing his clothing as he went completely still to make the noise stop. He was too close to

panicking to get his breathing under quiet control, but at least he wasn't gasping loudly for air like he had been when he'd been running down the corridor. He put his hand to his arm where he felt

a sharp pain on his triceps. He immediately felt something warm, wet, and sticky on his fingers.

He pulled his hand back in shock, and even though he couldn't really see anything, he could tell

his fingers were darker than his hand. His eyes widened. He'd been shot! He'd been fucking

shot. With a gun. Granted it must have barely grazed him because it felt like a cut instead of a

hole in his arm, but still! He'd been shot! With a gun.

Jensen remained stupidly fixated on that fact and squeezed the hand of his injured arm into a fist—

only he couldn't because he was holding a gun. Jensen flinched and almost dropped the weapon.

He leaned his head back against the wall, closing his eyes, and doing his best not to just start

crying and screaming.

What was he doing here? How had he gotten himself into this lunatic

situation? No, how had he

gotten him here. This was all Misha fucking Collins' fault. And he could trace it all back to the blind obedience to take a ride to a little meeting. No, that hadn't been it. It had been when he'd stood up for the fucking psychopath in front of a gathering of Russian mafia lords. Wait, no, he

never would have met them if he hadn't gone with Misha to Chicago. No, he hadn't really had a

choice in going to Chicago, but if he'd just not opened his door when the freak came back for him

in LA. Actually, if he'd not been an idiot and become infatuated with him when they first met

while he was a guard at the prison Misha was incarcerated in absolutely none of this would have

happened. But how he met Misha and got sucked into a truly bizarre relationship with him was

another story. The story of how he wound up hiding in an abandoned building bleeding from a

gunshot wound started eight months ago in his crappy LA apartment.

~~~

"Evening, Boss."

Jensen stared at the man in front of him. It was him. An escaped prisoner with Russian mafia

connections who everyone knew, but was unable to prove, was a murderer. A man he had

however unwittingly helped escape prison. A man he had submitted himself to and allowed to be

used in a sick, depraved game of sexual manipulation. A man he had become dependent on to

feel any sort of self-worth. A man with eyes and a smile and a body that made his blood scream

out to fall to his knees and let him do what he pleased with him.

Jensen made a face and slammed the door shut.

“Hey!”

Misha stuck himself partway through the opening and Jensen leaned against the door trying to

push him back out.

“Go away!” Jensen said. “I’m calling the cops.”

“Shut-up, no you’re not.”

“I will! As soon as I get this door shut and locked, I’m calling the cops, so you’d better just leave now.”

Jensen planted his feet and shoved harder, but Misha had most of his torso in the way and pushed

back.

“Come on, Jensen, I’ve been traveling for thirty-six hours on no sleep just to see you.”

“I don’t care! You’re going to get me arrested!”

“No, I won’t. Jensen, come on, baby, don’t be like that.”

Jensen momentarily forgot to push on the door. “Don’t be like what?”

Misha surged forward and Jensen stumbled as the door pushed him back.



Misha entered and

slammed the door behind him. Jensen's eyes darted around the room, looking for another exit.

He was gripped with cold fear. He was positive Misha was here to kill him. But why? He hadn't

done anything that might get him caught or revealed anything about him, which considering he

knew next to nothing about him was not really that hard to do.

Misha stalked forward and Jensen backpedaled until he hit a wall. Misha didn't stop walking until

he had an arm over Jensen's head on the wall and their bodies were pressed together. Jensen

swallowed and was able to keep himself from reacting too much to the proximity. Misha tilted his

head and waited until Jensen made eye contact; he barely repressed a sigh when he was once

again staring into that brilliant, inhuman blue of his irises.

"Hey, baby boy."

Jensen closed his eyes and groaned. So much for self-control. His dick was rapidly filling and the resulting erection was nudging Misha's groin, letting him know that he still had the same effect on him. Misha hummed his approval, rocking his hips forward just enough that Jensen's lips parted

on a silent cry as he felt his cock gently encouraged to continue hardening until he was straining

and already leaking from the slit after less than sixty seconds of contact.

“M-Misha,” Jensen breathed.

Misha chuckled and nosed under Jensen’s jaw. “I thought I was just imagining how good you

were while I was stuck in there, but you really are perfect, sweet boy. So hard, so fast—and

because it’s me...right?”

Jensen let out a small, weak noise of confirmation.

Misha pressed his lips to the underside of Jensen’s jaw and he threw his head back, cursing the

wall for being in his way and reaching up to grab Misha’s shoulder with his left hand.

“Good boy,” Misha sighed. “Now. Take off your clothes.”

Jensen waited for Misha to step back, but he remained in place.

“Are you ignoring me, boy?”

Jensen’s eyes flew open at his sharp tone. “N-no. I just—you’re—”

“Take off your clothes,” Misha repeated, eyes gone hard and cold at having to repeat himself.

Jensen immediately reached his fingers between their chests to start working frantically at the

buttons on his dress shirt. Misha shushed him softly, telling him to relax. He did, but only

minutely. It was hard getting the buttons undone with no space between their bodies, but at last he got the final one free and managed to pull the fabric out and off his shoulders. Fortunately he

wasn't wearing an undershirt or tie. He shimmied a little to get the shirt to drop from his arms. He looked up to Misha's eyes for approval.

"Keep going," Misha said quietly, his eyes locked on Jensen's.

Jensen didn't dare look away as he reached for the belt around his waist. It was harder to get the

clasp of the belt undone than it had the buttons of his shirt, and his hand kept bumping the top of his twitching cock, making him grunt pleurably. And every time he did, Misha's smile grew

wider. At last he was able to start on the button and zipper of his pants and he bit his lip to hold back a moan as the movement pulled and dragged on his erection. But as he pulled the zipper

down, the back of his hand rubbed against the answering bulge in Misha's pants. He could see

Misha's eyes go dark with satisfaction at the touch and Jensen whimpered and ran his hand back

up, and then turned it over to cup him. Misha rolled his hips into his hand a couple of times before saying, "Continue."

Jensen immediately hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his pants and underwear and pushed

down, but he could only get it down a few inches because he was still pressed upright against the

wall by Misha's body. He reached back and managed to get the fabric mostly over his ass, and

then he had to kick his shoes off and step on the end of his socks to pull them off so that his toes were free to grab the pants legs and pull them down. The small movements made him shift and

rub against Misha, the friction from his T-shirt and jeans resulting in minor

torture of his nipples and throbbing dick. Just to be thorough, once his pants were around his ankles, he stepped out of

them and kicked them away.

Misha laughed and petted a hand through his hair. “Jensen, how did I get so lucky?”

“Lucky?”

He leaned forward and stopped just short of kissing him. “Show me your bedroom, little

cowboy. It’s time you showed you me how well you can ride.”

Jensen sucked in a sharp breath and leaned forward to kiss him, but Misha pulled back. And then

smacked the side of his ass—hard.

“Move.”

Jensen gritted his teeth and was careful to keep his eyes down so that his irritation wouldn’t show.

He walked to his bedroom, feeling exposed and embarrassed. He couldn’t even hear Misha’s

shoed feet on the wooden floors. Was it the soles of the shoes or Misha’s talent? Or maybe he

wasn’t even following him. Jensen knew that wasn’t true; he could…sense him just behind him.

Once in the bedroom Jensen started feeling a little less aroused. He still wasn’t sure if Misha was here for a quick fuck down memory lane or if he was planning on killing him. He stopped at the

foot of the bed and gasped softly when he felt a feather-light touch of

fingertips on one shoulder.

His hair stood on end and his skin tingled just like when a building storm made the very air

crackle with electricity. It snapped through his whole body and instantly fortified his flagging

erection.

“Jesus,” he breathed.

“Not even close,” Misha whispered right in his ear.

Jensen yelped as he was shoved forward onto the bed. He bounced a couple of times and dared to

turn over onto his back. Misha was walking around the foot of the bed, staring at him. Jensen

started trembling slightly, his brain screaming with fear and warring with his fight or flight

response...but his body...fuck. His feet were flat on the bed, knees bent, and he let his legs fall

open. He leaned back on his elbows and let Misha look at him.

“Touch it, baby boy. What have you been doing for five months without me?”

“N-nothing like that.”

Misha stopped moving and turned his eyes on him. Jensen shivered from the cold anger burning in them.

“What did I tell you about lying to me, Jensen?”

Jensen felt his chin quiver as tears threatened. He closed his eyes and took in

a deep breath to

force down the tears. And then he spoke.

“Some nights I’m angry. I drink and I throw things. Some nights I cry because...But most

nights...” Jensen inhaled deeply, and keeping his eyes closed, reached a hand down to loosely

circle his dick. He moved his hand up and down a few times, biting his lip as the usual pleasure

was increased a hundred fold because Misha wasn’t just in his head. He was actually here

watching him.

“That all, pretty?”

Jensen shook his head and stopped moving his hand up and down. He just squeezed his shaft

over and over again.

“Some nights...” He opened his eyes and looked at his nightstand.

Misha followed his eye line and walked over to the small table. He opened the drawer and

chuckled softly.

“Let’s see, lube, tissues, and oh my! What have we here?” Misha pulled the massive dildo out

and hefted it in his hand. He was grinning. “Either you have romanticized your memory of me or

you found me quite inadequate.”

He raised an eyebrow at Jensen, but Jensen couldn't smile or laugh at his evident humor at the

monster toy.

"I had to keep buying them bigger and bigger. They never satisfied me."

Misha's smile faded a little as Jensen forced himself to maintain eye contact. He could feel his

chest heaving just a little with his nervous breathing. Misha tossed the lube at him.

"Show me."

Jensen's face crumpled into pleading. "Misha, please don't make me..."

"Shh, baby, shh. Don't be upset. You want to be good for me, don't you?"

Jensen closed his eyes and turned his head away.

"Ah-ah, none of that. Eyes open, head forward."

Jensen complied and found Misha standing at the foot of the bed, still holding the dildo, and

looking expectantly at him. Jensen took a moment to take in the man in front of him. He looked

the same, but different. He wasn't bigger or thinner; he had the same slim but toned muscle

visible through the clinging fabric of his black long-sleeved T-shirt. His hips were hidden beneath the thicker fabric of denim when Jensen was used to seeing him in thin cotton, but that same

denim clad his thighs and calves tightly, showing off powerful, muscular legs. His hair wasn't

longer or shorter, though away from the sickly fluorescents of the prison it seemed a little darker.

His face was that same strange mix of angles and planes that came together in a unique beauty that

was still utterly masculine. And his eyes...that's what was different Jensen realized. They were

the same deep ocean blue, still hard, still glittering with intelligence and schemes...but outside of

his cage there was a wildness to them. Jensen realized now Misha had been tamed while he'd been in prison.

His lips parted on a soft cry of pleasure as that thought correlated with the upstroke of his wrist.

He hadn't even realized he'd been slowly pumping his cock as he'd examined Misha, but now he

was aware of his body again. His knees were splayed wide, hiding nothing from Misha's gaze

and his fingertips collected the steady stream of precome leaking out of him and spread it down his shaft. More noises poured out of his throat and he licked his lips on a gasp. Misha shifted his

weight. Jensen looked down to his groin...he was hard. Jensen smiled and pulled harder. Misha

wanted him. Because he was doing a good job. He raised his eyes to Misha's and felt a small

smile on his lips. Misha raised an eyebrow.

"Gotten cocky, little boy. Use the lube. Let me see how you got yourself ready for this." He



wiggled the toy in his hand.

Jensen picked up the lube with his free hand, giving his abs a workout as he remained sitting

partway up with only one elbow providing partial support. He flicked the cap open one handed

and squeezed out a large blob onto his palm. He dropped the tube and moved his hand quickly

between his legs before the gel could slide off his skin. He put his hand to his hole and rubbed

over the entrance with three fingers, getting them wet as he stimulated himself. He wanted to drop his head back and give into the pleasurable sensations, but he didn't want to break eye contact. A small part of him was terrified this was a dream. As afraid as he was of what Misha's intentions

might be after their reunion was over, the thought of him being a projection of his subconscious

was unimaginably worse.

Jensen rolled his fingers, getting them slicked up all over and grunting with excitement when his

knuckles caught on the rim. He scrunched himself up a little and turned his hand to insert his

middle finger. It slid right in and Jensen pumped it in and out in time with the hand on his cock.

Misha remained quiet and implacable—except Jensen saw that his hand had tightened around the

dildo—his knuckles going just white at the tips.

“Second one,” Misha said calmly, though his voice was a little strained.

Jensen pulled his finger out and paired his index and middle fingers together. He pushed them in,

not even trying to be careful. He twitched and groaned harshly at the abrupt intrusion, but it

hadn't been so bad. He'd been stretching himself on the dildo for weeks now; two slippery

fingers weren't anything to get delicate about. He circled them and scissored them and spread

them as wide as possible as he pulled them almost out. He was certain Misha had a good view of

his stretched entrance and the pink of his inner walls.

“Shit, baby. You’ve learned a lot in five months.”

Jensen moved his ring finger to join the other two and shoved them all inside, crying out and

arching off the bed. That had hurt. But it reminded him of when Misha had taken him—taken his

virginity—too big, not enough lube, too fast—and nothing had felt better. He kept hoping that if

he found the right pain again it would be like having Misha back, but nothing even came close.

He shoved his fingers in to the last knuckle, reaching awkwardly with his arm to make it happen.

He had to stop moving his hand on his dick, but it didn't make a difference. All three fingers were rubbing his prostate and Jensen squirmed and writhed on the bed.

“M-Misha!”

Misha let out a small sound and then ruthlessly cut himself off. He tossed the dildo onto the bed

and then crossed his arms.

“Fuck yourself, sweet boy. No more lube.”

Jensen sobbed out a moan and picked up the toy. He pulled his fingers out and immediately

replaced them with the wide head of the dildo, repressing a cry of pain as he pushed it into him.

He’d never tried to get the thing in him without lube, and now it was dragging and stretching and

burning. Jensen finally let his head fall back on the mattress, crying out as he continued to push it in, feeling the silicone veins rubbing against his insides. The head of the toy dragged across his prostate and he pumped it back and forth rapidly, feeling the lip catch on the bundle of nerves

again and again. The pain was all but gone now and sparking pleasure was all that was left.

“Fuck! Misha!”

“More, Jensen,” Misha’s voice sounded tense. “In and out, baby. Fast. Hard.”

Jensen complied.

“Good, now twist. Yes, just like that. Twist in, and twist back out. Faster, Jensen. Hand off

your dick. That’s mine. No one, not even you, touches it unless I say so.”

Jensen was keening wildly, his voice rising and turning into full-bodied yelling.

“Use that hand to feel your hole. That’s right; slide your fingers around it.

Keep pumping, baby.

Do you feel it?”

Jensen couldn't keep his voice under control as he nodded his head. He ran his fingers over the

top of his entrance, feeling his index and middle fingers sliding wetly around the large, hard shape of his hole the fake dick had stretched it into.

“Harder, sweetheart. You're doing so well. You're fucking beautiful, you know that? Shove it

in you, Jensen. Just like that...oh fuck...just like that. Work your hips. Stop biting your lip.

Scream. Scream for me, Jensen.”

Jensen could feel each ecstasy filled shout as it left his throat, but he couldn't hear it for all the crackling static and electricity filling his ears. Even with his eyes closed he could see white

creeping around the edges of his vision.

“Perfect,” Misha breathed. “Never seen anything like you...come. Now. Come for me.”

Jensen clenched his jaw and kept moving his hand but shook his head back and forth twice, doing

his best to ignore his body's demand that he obey.

“No!”

“No?” Misha's voice suddenly lacked all signs of pleased arousal. “What did you—”

Jensen opened his eyes and pulled the dildo out. He flung it across the room and he could tell

Misha was surprised, but he recovered quickly. Jensen met his gaze, chest heaving with exertion

and arousal, his hole clenching achingly.

“Not on that.”

Misha narrowed his eyes. “Don’t disappoint me, Jensen,” he said coldly.

“Don’t make my

coming here a mistake. I don’t make mistakes.”

Jensen shivered, seeing the end of his life in Misha’s eyes. He swallowed thickly and felt his

brows crease in begging desperation.

“Don’t you want me?” he whimpered softly.

Misha’s arms dropped to his sides as his lips parted. His eyes darkened, but not with anger or

dangerous intent. Jensen panted in response to Misha’s desire.

“Take what’s yours,” Jensen whispered.

Misha’s hands darted to his groin. His fly was open in a matter of seconds and he wasn’t wearing

any underwear. Jensen’s mouth watered at the sight of Misha’s huge, uncut cock as it sprung free,

thick and heavy and bigger than he remembered it. The toy was actually only slightly bigger. He

squeaked when Misha grabbed him behind the knees and yanked him to the edge of the bed. He

pushed up on his legs and practically bent Jensen in half, leaving his hole

open and perfectly

positioned for Misha to sink right into him. Except, without lube, his hot skin pushed painfully at his rim and dragged a burning path inside his body. Jensen relaxed to allow him entry and soon

felt the man's balls nestled snugly against his ass.

Jensen's whole body was vibrating. He was filled and complete and crying for an absolution he

hadn't even known he'd been craving. Then Misha moved and Jensen could feel every inch

moving in his body. He felt it pull away, but then slide back home. There was no pain, no

pleasure, just the sensation that his body was fulfilling its purpose—holding Misha.

Then Jensen returned to the physical realm when Misha gripped his dick. And suddenly there

was pleasure again. Ecstasy rocketing through every limb and just the perfect amount of pain as a

back note keeping the pleasure from becoming unbearable.

“Fuck, baby boy, I've wanted this. I didn't want to leave you behind—I didn't want to be without

such a good, sweet, obedient—” he fucked in hard on the last word and Jensen screamed—“boy.

So, good. So, fucking good. Jensen, you take it so well. I bet I could...” he trailed off and put his hands behind Jensen's thighs, spreading him wider and started pounding his ass so hard and

fast Jensen could do nothing but let out a steady, desperate moan, the sound

wavering with

Misha's movements like in a bad porno. Or a good one. This would definitely be a good one.

Misha spread Jensen's legs wider and lowered his body just enough so that as he kept up his

relentless pace, Jensen's prostate was getting drilled.

Jensen screamed louder and louder, clawing at the sheets, feeling his balls tighten and his dick

quiver and suddenly he was lost in rapture—endorphins flooding his body and soaking every

nerve ending and resulting in a violent frisson. His body was drawn tight as a bow, jerking with

each new wave of orgasmic aftershocks. He was like an exposed nerve—everything was

stimulating and even the gentle brush of air from the air conditioning was making him shiver and

attempt to come again.

When he opened his eyes, they were slightly out of focus, but he saw what he needed to see:

Misha was over him, close, still buried inside. He raised a hand and touched his cheek, feeling the light scuff under his fingers—it was soft and almost downy. He weakly raised his head, wanting

nothing more than to kiss Misha.

Misha jerked back. "That was very pretty, sweet boy. You did well."

Jensen lowered his head to the bed, confused by the flatness of Misha's

voice. He winced and

gasped in shocked pain when Misha suddenly pulled out of him. He was still hard. Why didn't

he...?

Misha flipped him roughly onto his stomach and used his grip on his hips to put him on his elbows

and knees, ass presented up in the air. Misha pushed back in and Jensen grunted at the roughness

of it. His jaw dropped open in surprise at how good it still felt to be fucked even after he'd

orgasmed. But he could tell it was perfunctory for Misha. He was rutting like an animal and it wasn't long before he shot warm, creamy loads of his jizz into Jensen's ass. Jensen felt an echo of an orgasm flare from his groin and collapsed onto his arms, face against the mattress, panting.

Misha rocked his hips a little, working his seed into Jensen's body. And then he slipped free.

Jensen clenched his ass; he didn't want any of Misha's essence to escape. Without Misha's

steadying hands on his hips, he slumped to the side and focused on breathing.

He wasn't sure how long it took for cognitive functioning to return, but he knew Misha had left

the room. He could hear sounds coming from the kitchen, so he knew he hadn't left his

apartment. Jensen turned onto his back and stared at the ceiling. He put a hand to his forehead.

What was he doing? He'd been petrified after their last encounter in prison



and had gotten tested

for every STD known to man every two weeks for two months.  
Unsurprisingly he'd come back

clean; he didn't think a man as careful and calculating as Misha Collins  
would put himself at risk

like that. But still, it had been a possibility, and here he was doing his best to  
not let any of the hit man's spend slip from his body. And all he could think  
about was getting Misha hard again,

getting on his knees, and blowing him until he spilled his salty release onto  
Jensen's tongue,

splattering onto his inner cheeks and teeth. Jensen swallowed the saliva  
building up in his mouth

at the thought.

He ran his hands down his thighs and spread his legs, feeling his groin stir.  
He wanted Misha's

cock in his mouth. As good as it felt to get fucked by him, he needed to taste  
him. He wondered

if he was allowed to get up. Misha hadn't said he couldn't, but he also hadn't  
said that he could.

Anger flared bright in Jensen's vision. He didn't need his permission to move  
around in his own

home. And if he was going to kill him, he sure as fuck wasn't just going to  
lay here and wait for

it.

Jensen got to his feet still feeling loose and pliant and pleasantly sore from  
their activities.

Tomorrow he'd be lucky if he could walk, but for now he was still swimming in enough

adrenaline he could probably do back flips and not feel a thing. He walked into his bathroom and

used a wash cloth to clean his chest and stomach of his own semen. At least that part was

familiar. He frowned as he felt the warm dribble of Misha's come wetting between his thighs and

running down his leg. He didn't want to wipe it away, but it would get sticky and just be itchy

later. He ran the cloth over his legs and then looked at himself in the mirror. His hair was a wild mess and his cheeks had a pink glow. He looked sated and fucked out—and kind of happy.

“Shit.”

“What are you doing?”

Jensen started violently and turned to find Misha standing in the frame of the door to the

bathroom, a tumbler in his hand with about two fingers of what was probably the Scotch his father

had given him when he'd moved out to L.A.

“J-Just cleaning up.”

“Well, hurry. You've got to pack.”

Jensen blinked as Misha walked away. “Pack?” He followed the man out into the hall. “Am I

going somewhere?”

“Chicago,” Misha said as he settled gingerly on Jensen’s dilapidated couch. He brushed off some

crumbs from the arm with a displeased expression on his face.

“Why am I going to Chicago?”

“That’s where I live.”

Jensen stared at him and waited for some more information. Misha just stared back at him and

took a sip from his glass.

“What’s that got to do with me?”

“You’re going with me to Chicago.”

“I am?”

“Well, you’ve seen me. I obviously can’t just leave you here.”

The “alive” was implicitly understood.

Jensen clenched a hand into a fist. “You can’t just—”

Jensen broke off realizing telling Misha he couldn’t do something was a ridiculous thing to do.

The man obviously didn’t think any rules applied to him. So, he decided to change tactics.

“Why?”

“Asked and answered,” Misha sighed. “You really should start packing. I’m leaving as soon as

my drink is finished and you’ll come with whatever you have. That includes anything you are or

are not wearing.”

Jensen opened his mouth to voice some kind of protest or displeasure at least, but then decided it

might be smarter to yell at the psychopath while he was getting dressed. Just in case. He ran into his bedroom and opened his underwear drawer as he called out, “You answered why I was going

to Chicago.” He hopped into a clean pair of jeans and turned to his closet to pull out a shirt.

“You never said why you want me to go—”

Jensen started with a shout and dropped the T-shirt in his hands when he saw Misha had moved to

lean against the doorjamb of his bedroom.

“Jesus, fuck, Misha.” He glanced at the tumbler. There was only one finger of amber liquid left.

He quickly donned the T-shirt he’d dropped and then pulled a duffle bag from the bottom of his

closet and began to dump clothes and underwear inside.

“I did answer that,” Misha replied to his question. “You’ve seen me. I can’t risk you growing a

conscience and turning me in.”

“Growing a—!” Jensen turned to glare at the man. His eyes were focused and trained on

Jensen’s face. Jensen turned away from his scrutiny and continued packing.

“I have a

conscience. I also have a strong sense of self-preservation. And besides, there

was nothing for

me to tell when you escaped anyway. It's not like I fucking knew what you were planning, did

I?"

Jensen glanced at Misha and the man was swirling the Scotch in his glass. Eyes still focused on

him. Jensen turned away and began to tuck extra shoes and socks into the duffle's side pockets.

"You didn't have to come here. You came here knowing that you'd force me to go with you.

Why bother? Because I can't possibly be that good of a lay."

"Good enough," Misha murmured. "And I'm not forcing you to do anything."

Jensen tossed his duffle onto the bed and wondered what else one would pack when being spirited away in the middle of the night by a Russian mafia hit man.

"Not forcing me? You said I have to leave when you finish your drink. With the ridiculous 'or

else' implied."

"Yes. And that is a choice, is it not?"

"Leave or die? No, that's not really a choice, Misha."

"I'm going to be frank, Jensen. I don't like your tone."

"Then I'll return the favor and be frank as well. I don't like your psychosis!"

Jensen gulped nervously as the full stupidity of his attitude and statements

started to sink in. But Misha merely smiled.

“I love it when you get riled up. Your cheeks get flushed and your eyes tear up. It’s cute.”

“I’m not crying, you fuckwad.”

Misha arched an eyebrow.

“What the fuck are you going to do with me in Chicago? Have you thought about this at all? I

mean, I can’t just take off on no notice. People will ask questions. My family will definitely

notice if I suddenly disappear. Do you really want a police investigation started? My picture

flashed all over the news? There’s a pretty good chance someone in Chicago will recognize me

and that will draw attention to you and your...employers.”

“Not if you don’t go outside.” Misha took a sip of his drink.

Jensen gaped. And then flapped his jaw. And then sputtered, “I’m not going to live in some

basement cage and be your idea of a joke of a kept man! I would rather be dead!”

Jensen sucked in a sharp breath as soon as the words left his mouth. This was not a normal

argument with a normal human being. This was a situation where the other person would fulfill

his desire to be dead. Misha stepped into the room and Jensen took a couple of reflexive steps

back. Then he held his ground as Misha got closer. He started to tremble, terrified that Misha was going to kill him now. He wasn't amusing him anymore, he was giving him attitude, he was

being defiant and not obedient. Misha walked right into his personal space and set his glass down

on the dresser behind Jensen. He reached a hand up and stroked gentle fingers down Jensen's

cheek. Jensen closed his eyes and felt a tear fall down his cheek, soaking into Misha's skin.

"Do you mean that?" Misha asked quietly. "Would you rather die than be with me?"

Jensen swallowed thickly and kept his eyes closed as he answered. "That's not what you're

giving me a choice between. You're asking if I want to die quickly or slowly."

"Hunh."

Jensen started as Misha gave him a quick peck on the lips. He opened his eyes and saw the man

picking up his glass and draining the last of the liquid.

"Then we'll do this on the up. Tell everyone you moved to Chicago for a great job opportunity.

No one worries, no one calls the police. Happy?"

"But—"

"Get your bag. The meter is about to run out on my car."

"The parking is unlimited after eight o'clock. What job?"

“Move Jensen.”

Jensen grabbed his bag off the bed and followed Misha’s retreating back out of the room. He

ducked into the bathroom and threw in his toothbrush, toothpaste, and deodorant.

“Faster, Jensen. You can buy toiletries in literally thousands of stores across America.”

That was true. What couldn’t he replace? In the living room Misha was waiting by the front

door, holding it open. Jensen dashed across the room and grabbed the framed picture of his family

that for the better part of eight months had been turned toward the wall. He froze as he looked at the image of his perfectly composed, smiling family dressed all in white. His brother and sister

and even he had real smiles that reached their eyes. His mother looked elegant, but also at ease

and self-confident. His father had a friendly smile on his face, but his expression, especially in his eyes, was the no nonsense, self-possessed surety that was the result of his fanatical adherence to

his personal beliefs.

What was he doing? Was he fleeing with a wanted murderer to go live some place where he had

no friends or family just so that he could be a source of amusement to said murderer? What if

Misha grew tired of him? What if Misha was killed on one of his jobs? Would his life be forfeit if Misha’s employers thought he knew too much? And he knew he would never be able to see his



family again. Maybe he could send some e-mails, call once or twice a year. They would

probably think he'd joined a cult. And he supposed he sort of had—he'd been brainwashed after

all.

"Jensen," Misha hissed in his ear and yanked his head back by gripping the hair on the top of his

head. Jensen cried out, but kept his hold on the picture and arched his body forward when he felt

the sharp prick at his spine at the small of his back. Misha pushed the knife a little harder and it cut through his shirt and his skin. Jensen winced but didn't fight back or try to pull away.

"Why are you disobeying me?"

"I-I'm not. I just need this. We can go."

Misha pushed harder and Jensen sucked in a sharp breath. At least an inch of the blade had gone

in. He was probably one more bad answer away from paralysis. Swiftly followed by death.

"I'm sorry, Misha. I am. I can't pretend that I haven't wanted this." The pressure eased slightly.

"I've dreamed it and imagined it a thousand ways. You coming for me. Me finding you. I've

always felt like such a fraud. I put on such an ugly mask for everyone around me because they

like it better than my real face."

“Stow the metaphors, boy.”

“I’m scared, Misha. I’m scared there’s something wrong with me that the only person who

accepts me for who I am has to be a murderous psychopath. I—”

Jensen cut off, fully expecting to feel the knife plunge in to the hilt. Instead Misha withdrew it completely. He released his grip on his hair and pushed lightly on Jensen’s shoulder to make him

turn around and face him. Misha tapped the bloody point of the knife on the glass frame of the

picture, smearing red across his father’s face.

“You would feel better if you had their acceptance?”

“Doesn’t everyone want to feel accepted by the people they love?”

“I accept you.”

“But—you don’t love me.”

“No. But you love me.”

Jensen made a face. “I do fucking—mmf!”

Jensen squirmed as Misha pulled him close and kissed him—placing his hand over the open

wound at his back and digging his fingers into it. His moans of pain were stifled by Misha’s lips

and the more he writhed to get away from the pain, the closer he drove himself to Misha.

Misha stopped kissing him and removed his fingers from the wound at the same time. Jensen

hissed in a breath and tried to adjust the picture frame so it wasn't digging into his abdomen quite so painfully. Misha either didn't notice or didn't care about the sharp corner that was digging in just below his ribs. Jensen heaved in a few deep breaths and looked into Misha's eyes. The deep,

dark depths threatened to swallow him whole and Jensen swayed forward, brushing his lips

against Misha's.

"I love you, Misha."

The man laughed softly. "I know, baby boy. I'll take care of you. Come on."

It wasn't until they were on the freeway, driving nearly a hundred miles an hour in some illegal

sports car that Jensen came out of his trance. He fingered the picture of his family he still held in his hands and then looked out the window at the scenery that was blowing by impossibly fast. He

looked at Misha who was driving with one hand on the wheel, the other tapping out a pattern on

his thigh.

"Why, Misha? Why me?"

Misha changed lanes. And actually fucking signaled.

"I weighed the pros and cons of taking you back with me. There were more pros than cons."

"What could possibly be on the pros list? Other than my willingness to open wide at either end."

Misha's lips curled up at the corners. "One of your finer qualities, pretty."

Jensen blushed at his expression and the hand that moved from his thigh to

Jensen's, rubbing

lightly, fingers dipping inside and brushing up against his fly.

"You're the first person in a long time that has—been a person."

"I don't know what that means."

Misha turned his head to grin at him. "Neither do I."

Jensen knew they were going way too fast for Misha not to be paying attention to the road every

second, but he couldn't even pull his own eyes from that magnetic stare to look out the

windshield. It was probably better if he didn't see his death coming anyway. If he was going to

die, he could probably go happily with his last sight on earth being the cold promise of possession

flashing in crazed blue eyes.

Then Misha snapped his head forward and swerved around a motorcycle and in between two cars

that honked and jerked sideways at the sudden disruption to the pattern of traffic. But then they

were already miles ahead of them, nothing but a trail of taillights.

Jensen sat back in his seat and felt his heart thudding wildly. He glanced down to his lap and saw that Misha was cupping and massaging his erection. He moaned softly and leaned back,

spreading his legs. He licked his lips and gripped the leather covered handle in the door.

“This car’s a little flashy for a wanted man, don’t you think?” Jensen asked breathily.

Misha just chuckled and floored it.

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Somehow every new experience with Misha became the best and worst experience of Jensen’s

life. The two thousand mile drive from LA to Chicago had been pleasurable torture. Every time

they had to stop to refuel, which was often in the gas guzzler they were flying down the highway

in, Misha found a cheap, seedy motel that rented rooms by the hour. They were always in and out

within the hour, and Jensen still hadn’t gotten what he really wanted: Misha coming down his

throat. He’d been fucked six ways to Sunday, covered from neck to thigh in Misha’s and his own

warm, thick come. Misha had shot a couple loads into Jensen’s underwear and made him wear

the pair even as it became stiff and uncomfortable. Not that having Misha’s seed leak out of his

ass had helped matters. On one occasion Misha had pulled off the highway after locating a sex

shop and bought a dildo that was at least as big as the one Jensen had been using and watched

while Jensen got himself off on it.

Every time Misha pulled off on an exit, arousal warred with anxiety. Jensen still wasn't sure

about Misha's long term plans for him, and his back definitely hurt where he had a frickin knife

wound in it. There hadn't been much conversation in between stops. Not that there was much

conversation during stops outside of inquiries over food and drink and of course a few "You're so

beautiful when you take my cock, sweet boy."

As such, Jensen had had some time to think. He'd been instructed by Misha during their third

stop, when it wasn't too early, to call his parents and inform them of his new, exciting job

opportunity in Chicago. It had been difficult to come up with something plausible since he had no

college education and had only a brief stint as a corrections officer as a legitimate form of

employment, but he'd settled on an entry level job at an advertising agency that he vaguely

remembered hearing someone he went to high school with worked for. He was reasonably certain

his parents were unacquainted with the parents of the guy he mentioned, so more than likely they

wouldn't cross paths nor would his mother just randomly call the mother up and ask about it. His

parents had been surprised, but not overly so. Considering the circumstances

of his end of

employment at the prison, they had been expecting him to move away from LA eventually to get a

fresh start. However, they'd been expecting him to return to Dallas, and not run off to another

dangerous city far away from home. Though Chicago was about five hundred miles closer than

LA, so it was technically a step in the right direction. There had been a lot of questions of course, about what the job was and what it paid and where he was going to live until he found an

apartment. Jensen couldn't even remember what he'd answered because at the time, Misha had

been tracing patterns on the skin of his inner thighs with a knife. He hadn't broken the skin, but he could always tell by the pressure whether or not Misha was satisfied with his answers.

The answers must have at least somewhat satisfied his parents as well because they had accepted

his decision with minimal yelling and sighs of disappointment. After that phone call had ended,

Jensen had been even more submissive to Misha, doing his best to be obedient and please him so

that he could hear that beautiful voice growl his praises in his ear while he milked Misha's cock with his ass. That stop had been the best one. Misha had fucked him face to face, affirming with

every thrust just how happy he was to have Jensen back again. The ride after that had been

horrible. He'd felt guilty for lying to his parents and depraved for talking to

them while a

psychotic murderer had been lying between his legs. So at the next stop, he'd been willful and

insolent. And Misha had made him pay. Jensen had burn marks from the ligatures that had been

tied around his wrists—and he hadn't been allowed to come.

Some of the stops had been heaven and others had been hell. But they had all been exactly what

Jensen had wanted. He placed his forehead on the cool glass of the passenger side window as he

watched the nighttime streets of Chicago zip past him. It had taken nearly forty-eight hours with

all their stops to reach the city and Jensen couldn't bring himself to be excited enough to look

around on his first trip to the metropolis. Possibly that was because this may be his last trip

anywhere. He might get locked away in an attic somewhere and never let out. He could be

chained up in Misha's sex torture dungeon for all eternity. One faked news story about a tragic

shooting and his parents wouldn't even know they should be looking for him.

He wondered what his ex-girlfriend was doing now—the one he had gone to LA for in the first

place. Had she slept her way to the top yet? Or was she was working the porn circuit already.

He wondered what she would think if she knew she was indirectly responsible for him becoming

a psychopath's sex slave. Okay fine, completely willing and complicit sex toy. And isn't that

what was eating him? The fact that he was an object of amusement to Misha and he was

—Careful, Jensen warned himself. Did he really want to own up to what he'd confessed to while

under Misha's thrall? Certainly not that. Maybe he was enamored with the madman? No, that

had that word in it. Obsessed? Yes, that seemed fair. He was definitely obsessed. Infatuated.

Besotted. In love.

“Shit,” Jensen mumbled as his brain ignored all the carefully constructed walls he'd placed around

his feelings towards Misha, if not necessarily for him. Then the tension drained from his

shoulders and he relaxed into the seat when he felt a hand on his leg. And that was the worst part of all. A reminder that Misha was here, was very near, was not terrifying but soothing. He raised his head from the glass and turned to look at Misha. He was startled to find the man staring at

him.

“The road,” Jensen said hoarsely.

“We're here,” Misha replied and made a sharp left turn in the narrow space between two cars

traveling over thirty miles an hour onto the driveway of an underground

parking garage. The man

used an unmarked card to activate the electronic gatekeeper and a large, metal door slowly began

to rise. Misha drove down into the bowels of the garage, circling several levels before finally

parking in a corner that had several other expensive looking vintage cars. And a two decade old

Toyota Tercel. Interesting.

Jensen carried his duffle bag toward the elevator and Misha carried a large shopping bag from

Booty, Balls, and Beyond. It contained the dildo and the ropes and the plug Misha had used on

him on their journey as well as a variety of other mystery items. He knew there was more in the

bag because Misha had told him he hadn't earned everything yet. The thought alone made him

shiver as he followed Misha's shoulders onto the lift. Jensen kept walking and crowded the man

when he turned around to push the button for his floor. Misha allowed it and Jensen buried his

face in his neck, inhaling his scent.

In prison that was the one thing he'd been denied during their encounters. That incredibly

intoxicating scent of Misha himself. He'd gotten a taste of it concentrated when the man would

leave him covered in his seed, and when he'd had his nose buried between his legs when he

sucked him off, even with the bars in the way, but it wasn't the same thing as the smell of his skin. It was contradictorily light and airy and reminiscent of the salty breath of the ocean in

comparison to his hard nature and earthy musk.

Misha didn't pull him close or push him away, so Jensen parted his lips and gave his neck a

tentative swipe with his tongue. Then the elevator stopped with a "bing" signaling their arrival at their destination. Jensen had been expecting a much longer ride, possibly to the penthouse of the

skyscraper of condominiums, but they were getting off on the second floor. He supposed a hit

man wouldn't want to trap himself on a high floor.

Misha gently pushed him back and guided him off the car just before the doors closed on them.

He led them down to the end of the hall to the unit closest to the stairwell exit. Jensen felt nervous energy rolling off his body; he was curious what a professional killer's home looked like. The

door swung open after Misha unlocked three deadbolts in addition to the lock on the door. Before

he could stick his head in, Misha pushed him back and reached a hand around the corner of the

wall and manipulated something. Then he bent down and investigated something in the hinge of

the door. Finally he stood up and nodded his head for Jensen to follow him inside. Did he keep

his apartment booby trapped?

Jensen looked around Misha and caught a glimpse of a brown leather couch and then yelped as he

was pushed back against the door. Misha was in his space, in his face, and Jensen's heart was

thundering. But he licked his lips and strained forward against the hold Misha had on his

shoulders. The man allowed his arms to bend and Jensen put his lips against the skin of Misha's

neck again. He kissed the spot, and then again lower. He started to bend his knees so he could

work his way down Misha's body—down to where he'd been dying to taste for two days—hell,

five months—now. Misha stopped his progress and made him stand back up.

“Not now. We have an appointment.”

“We do? With whom?”

Misha smiled as he turned and walked away. “With whom?”

“It's grammatically correct,” Jensen said, irritated that he was blushing a little. He followed Misha as he led him through the large, though modest apartment. The kitchen looked modern and

pristine—untouched. The living room at least had some signs of use but was very minimalistic

with no decorations and no TV as far as Jensen could ascertain. He couldn't see the rooms that

branched off the hallway Misha led him down, but he was pretty certain there

wasn't going to be

decoration of any kind anywhere. It wasn't that Misha couldn't be bothered or thought such

things would be frivolous, but Jensen suspected he just didn't—notice that things beyond the

necessary existed. He'd notice such things when he was on a job in case they could be useful or a

hindrance, but in his own space—Jensen wondered what Misha saw when he looked at the world.

At the end of the hall, Misha opened a door and stepped to the side to allow Jensen to enter. He

took a couple of steps inside and looked around the room. It was large with a queen sized bed

stripped of bedding in the middle of the far wall. An empty desk and rolling office chair were on

the wall with one of the two windows. There was a closed door Jensen presumed was a closet

and another that led into a private bath. Jensen turned to look at Misha.

“This is your space. Your room. I'm not saying I won't ever enter it, but you can do what you

like in here. I'll give you some money to buy what you need to make it comfortable.”

Jensen nodded and dropped his duffle bag on the floor with a loud thump. He turned to face

Misha and clenched his hands into fists at his sides.

“My room. You mean my cage. Where I can putter around until you call me to your bedroom to service you.”

Misha smiled again and it was starting to unnerve Jensen how calm the man was acting. Maybe

being home made him less edgy.

“I imagine that if I'd led you to my room and told you you would be staying with me that you

would have complained that I was keeping you like a pet to keep the bed warm until I got home

so you could service me.”

Jensen took a moment to consider that scenario. “Maybe.”

“Hn. I'm giving you your own room because I keep odd hours and it might disrupt your sleep.”

“That's very considerate of you,” Jensen sneered half-heartedly.

“It is. And that's fairly odd.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I still don't know why I came back for you. I was here for months, working, returning to

normal patterns. But...something made me want to see you again. So, I figured one more good

fuck with that beautiful body of yours would get me set. And killing you would be cathartic.”

Jensen swallowed and took half a step back.

“But I didn't kill you. And it's a little curious.”

Jensen rubbed his forehead with a hand to hide the trembling in his fingers.
“Can you just

promise me to let me know you’re going to kill me before you do it? I don’t
want to just wake up
dead.”

“Would you really want to know?”

“I’d want you to look me in the eyes when you do it.”

Misha scowled. “That’s cheating.”

“How so?”

“Because...” Misha stepped forward and took Jensen’s face in his hands.
“How could I ever kill

my sweet boy when he’s looking at me with these malachite promises of
salvation?”

Jensen’s breath caught in his throat. And then his brow creased and he
grunted, “Huh?”

Misha shrugged a shoulder. “I don’t know. I think I read it somewhere.
Malachite is green, isn’t it?”

Jensen closed his eyes. “I don’t know.”

“Jensen.”

Jensen opened his eyes. Misha held his gaze as firmly as his hands gripped
his face.

“I take care of what’s mine.”

Jensen felt his lips part on a shaky breath. “I’m yours.”

“That’s right, baby boy. Never forget it.”

Jensen swayed forward, seeking more contact with the man, but he kept them apart with his arms.

“Take a shower. Put on some clean clothes, the nicest you have with you. We have an

appointment.”

“With who—m.”

Jensen dropped his gaze and blushed again. He was rewarded with a feather light kiss on his

heated cheek.

“With my ‘employers,’ as you call them.”

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Jensen chewed on a nail until Misha slapped his hand down. He repressed an annoyed grunt and

leaned against the wall instead, pressing his fingers into the drywall to keep them still. They were in a large house—fuck, mansion—on the outskirts of Chicago that probably should have been

farmland but was instead a heavily patrolled well manicured lawn surrounding the house of the

chief don—or what the fuck ever terms the Russian mafia used. They had been ushered through

large rooms done in blue and silver, eccru and salmon, and one monstrosity that was gold and

brass. There were men in dark suits everywhere and as they moved through the house they were



handed off to a new pair.

After making their way up to the second level, they had been shown into a small parlor with dark

mahogany furniture and black accents. Misha had chosen not to sit on the uncomfortable looking

red velvet settee, the only real color in the room, and Jensen had opted to stand against the wall

beside him. They were left alone without an escort, but by this point they probably weren't too

concerned about the duo trying to pull anything. Jensen had been frisked twice—once involving

some serious ball fondling—and had had a gloved finger poking around inside his mouth. Misha

hadn't been touched. In fact, it seemed like people were going out of their way just to make sure

they didn't accidentally bump into the guy. And all he wanted was to bump and grind—

“Jesus Christ,” Jensen murmured

Misha looked at him. “What?”

“Nothing. I am sleep deprived. And there is something wrong with my head.”

Misha smiled. “I know, pretty. It's why I chose you.”

“Fuck you,” Jensen grunted with a frown, and then jerked his eyes in Misha's direction to gauge

his reaction. He shifted his weight when he saw Misha's eyes darken. Oh Jensen had learned the

difference between when Misha's eyes went black with murderous anger and when they were

midnight blue with wicked plans. Jensen inhaled slowly. Would he really do something here and

now? There were probably cameras in the room. And they'd been left alone for thirty minutes

already; did they have another thirty to go? What if someone walked in while Jensen was on his

knees with his face buried in Misha's crotch? Well, they'd get a hell of a show.

Jensen had actually partially turned toward the man ready, finally, to get his mouth on Misha's

cock. Why was he punishing him like this? Misha just watched him with a small smile and

curious eyes.

He knows what I want and now he just wants to know if I'll actually go through with it.

Jensen turned away to face the wall opposite them and pressed back against the waist high crown molding circumventing the room, balling his hands into fists. Misha's soft chuckle made him

shiver and close his eyes.

The doors suddenly banged open and Jensen started, half ready to run, half-ready to hide behind

Misha. Until he saw that it was just some kid. Which was an ironic thought to have because he

was pretty sure the "kid" was probably only a couple of years younger than

himself. He was

wearing jeans over skinny legs and a T-shirt with some ironic phrase on it that showed off his

skinny arms and chest. The kid needed some protein. But he was good looking with dark hair

and dark brown doe eyes.

“Misha!”

The kid dashed across the room and threw himself into Misha’s arms. Well, he threw his arms

around Misha and the man didn’t immediately snap his neck. Jensen watched the scene with

amusement because, really, kids with crushes on serial killers? What could be funnier? Self-

hating men in their early twenties with obsessions with hit men? He said funnier, not sadder.

“Misha! I heard you got out! I wanted to come back so I could thank you in person but they

wouldn’t let me leave until school was over! I can’t believe you did that for me!”

Jensen raised an eyebrow. This was the kid Misha had nearly killed some muggers for with a tire

iron in LA?

“Hello, Alexei. Have you been taking care of yourself?”

“Of course!” He pulled back but left his hands twined together behind Misha’s neck. He was a

few inches shorter than him so he was practically standing on tiptoe to keep their eyes almost

level. “I’m not a baby, Misha. I’m sorry for what happened in LA, but that could happen to

anyone.”

“You’re lucky I was there.”

“Lucky?” Alexei smiled and Jensen felt the first ugly stirrings of black jealousy. “It wasn’t luck that had you at my side. Don’t think I don’t know why you’re always close by.”

Alexei pulled himself closer, big brown eyes going into full innocent-vixen mode. Jensen’s jaw

clenched.

“Yes. Your father pays me a lot of money.”

Jensen smirked when the kid deflated.

“Yeah. That. Okay, fine. So, how was prison?”

Misha smiled. “Three of the best months of my life.”

Alexei frowned, perplexed. “I thought you were in prison for ten months.”

“It was only good for the last three.”

Jensen felt a wave of warmth tinged with nausea roll gently over him. He hadn’t worked at the

prison until the last three months of Misha’s incarceration. God, did this fucker have to take every opportunity to make fun of him?

“Well, I’m glad you’re out now. But, I’m sorry it got you so high profile. Will it make your work

harder?”

“No.”

Jensen was happy Misha wasn't responding with any sort of interest to the kid, but he really

wished he would push him away or something. He shuffled his feet and looked at his hand,

mostly out of boredom. The movement alerted Alexei to his presence.

“Who the fuck is that?” he asked with ice in his voice and a pretty intimidating glare.

“A project,” Misha responded.

Jensen wasn't sure how to react to that, so fortunately that defaulted to him not reacting at all.

Alexei on the other hand seemed pleased with the response.

“At least he's better looking than the last one.”

Jensen's entire body went rigid and his eyes flicked to Misha's face. The man still stood

impassively in Alexei's embrace and didn't seem to be bothered by the kid's slip—if indeed it had

been unintentional for him to learn this.

Jensen felt heavy and a little sick. It's not like he hadn't known that he'd just been convenient for Misha's escape. The right body size with just the perfect amount of daddy issues to be

manipulated. Jensen knew that, hadn't yet learned to live with it, but he'd been on his way to

getting there. And then Misha had shown up at his door and said he just wanted one last fuck out

of him before he had to kill him. But he hadn't killed him. And the reason he'd given was that

Jensen was a "person" to him. What the fuck did that mean? And why had he thought it actually

meant something? Of course he was a tool, a toy, a "project." And of course he wasn't the first.

Misha was around thirty-five now. There had probably been a whole slew of men and maybe

even women who had lived in the room Jensen was now going to occupy. And after Misha was

done with them, he stripped the room and let the next person pick out a new design. Of course he

was just one fuck in a long line of suckers.

"He's more than just pretty," Misha said flatly, "he's damaged. And he's not a protégé. Different kind of project."

This made Alexei frown, which made Jensen's frown lessen slightly. But he was still irritated.

"I'm standing right here," he muttered.

The kid pulled away from Misha and swung a bony fist at him. It was slow enough that Jensen

was able to pull away so that it didn't connect like a true punch, but it still sent him stumbling back into the wall with sharp, stinging pain dancing along his cheek.

"Don't talk," Alexei said, looking perfectly in control, but half-crazed.

Misha looked on apathetically.

Two men in black suits appeared in the door and clasped their hands in front of themselves. They

almost completely filled up the double-wide frame of the door.

“Alexei, your father insists you wait downstairs until the meeting is over. Mr. Collins, they can

see you now.”

Alexei kept his hard gaze on Jensen for a couple more seconds and then turned and walked out of

the room. Jensen had a hand to his face and glanced at Misha. Was he going to be left alone in

here? He was starting to feel panic claw at his throat.

“I’ll follow directly,” Misha said and the men left.

Misha turned to Jensen and grasped his wrist gently, pulling his hand away from his face. The

psychopath frowned—was he upset that Jensen had been hit?

“This is pathetic. I taught him how to punch better than that.”

Apparently not.

“He hit hard enough,” Jensen grumbled.

Misha stepped closer. “Please. I know how hard my baby boy can take it.”

Jensen repressed a groan and clenched his teeth. He glowered in return of Misha’s leer.

“Go on. Have your meeting.”

“You’re going too.”

“I am?”

“The meeting is about you.”

“It is?” Jensen squeaked.

“Besides. If I left you alone here, Alexei might have you killed.”

Jensen’s jaw dropped. Was he joking? Did Misha ever joke?

“What the fuck, Misha!” he hissed following the man out of the room.

“I would suggest you use more civil language when addressing my ‘employers.’ Actually, I

would suggest not speaking at all.”

“Done.”

They followed the suits down the corridor to another set of double doors. These doors, however,

opened into a room that was larger than Jensen’s entire apartment in L.A. The ceilings were at

least twenty feet high, the windows on two walls were floor to ceiling, and there were three

fucking chandeliers made of glass and crystal and prisms. Rainbows danced all over the white

carpets, walls, and furniture. In a way it was kind of beautiful, but it was also just bizarre

considering who owned the room.

They sat at a light birch colored table in the center-back of the room. Three



men: all at least in their late forties if not older. They wore designer label suits of different cuts and colors and had hair color varying from black to almost grey—but it was impossible to tell them apart because of

the similar sour expressions on their faces. Jensen wondered if they were not happy about this

meeting in particular or if they were always like that. Or maybe they were just unhappy about

being interrupted at breakfast.

Several steaming dishes filled the table with what looked pretty much like an American style

breakfast: eggs, bacon, sausage, pancakes, and hash browns. As soon as the smell hit Jensen's

nose, his stomach growled. Misha glanced over at him and Jensen discreetly raised one shoulder

in a shrug.

"We haven't eaten since that last stop in Pontiac," he mumbled under his breath.

Misha nodded thoughtfully. "Now that you mention it, I'm hungry too." He frowned at Jensen.

"Why did you mention it?"

Jensen rolled his eyes and looked away.

"Are you two just going to stand there like fucking retards or are you going to come in the room?"

Jensen felt his body getting even tenser than it already was. It could never be a good thing to have the leaders of organized crime rings displeased with you. Misha grasped him firmly at the elbow

and walked him toward the table. One of the men was chewing on a sausage link and looking

Jensen up and down with ill-disguised interest. The man who had yelled at them was glowering

at them as he took a sip of his coffee. The third man turned a page of the newspaper that was next to his plate. He was the one who looked at them with something approaching the normal

expression of a man in a business meeting.

“Have a seat,” he said to them, gesturing to two chairs on the opposite side of the table.

“That one can stand,” the skeevy one said, indicating Jensen with a nod of his chin.

Misha sat at the table and Jensen didn’t know what to do. It seemed like the newspaper guy was

who was in charge, and Jensen was inclined to defer to Misha’s lead, but he had been told not to

sit down by one of the three men he presumed were technically more powerful than Misha.

Though Jensen had little doubt the hit man could kill everyone in the room and escape without

breaking a sweat.

Jensen remained standing and Scowly McScowlerson plopped a large spoonful of scrambled eggs

onto a plate and slid it across the table to Misha. He began eating slowly and Jensen’s mouth

watered pitifully.

“Misha,” the leader started, “did you speak with our business colleagues in San Diego?”

“I did. They refused your offer a third time.”

“I take it that means they won’t be able to refuse a fourth?”

“No, they won’t.”

Jensen’s eyes went a little wide as he looked at Misha. What had he done to these business

colleagues? Persuaded them? Tortured them? Murdered them?

“And we’ve been informed that you conducted a little side business while you were out of town.”

The man who was still working on his sausage raised his eyebrows suggestively at Jensen. Jensen

looked away and focused on the back of Misha’s head, hoping that by sheer force of will his blush

wasn’t noticeable.

“I retrieved something I left behind when I escaped prison.”

“I see.”

“Come here,” the man with grey hair and a sausage fetish said to Jensen.

“You look hungry.”

Jensen shook his head slightly. “Thank you, sir, I’m not.”

“Come here anyway.”

“Come here anyway.”

Jensen relaxed the muscles in his face so his disgust wouldn’t show and

walked closer to the

table. Just before he walked around it, he realized the man had indicated he could come to the

table to eat. So he swiftly pulled out the chair next to Misha and sat down. Sausage Man

frowned.

“I meant come over here.”

“Shut-up, Dave,” Mr. Scowl said.

And, Dave? Jensen was not well versed with the Russian mafia, but ‘Dave’ was hardly a name

that he would associate with either term. It made him less scary, though he was still skeevy.

“Misha,” the leader said, “you have been an exemplary employee. And the trust my father had in

you has been time and again earned with me.”

Jensen raised an eyebrow. How long had Misha been working for them?

“But, I have to say, bringing in an outsider is disconcerting. Letting him know secrets you won’t

even share with us is troubling for us.”

“He’s told me nothing,” Jensen blurted out. He shrank back as he got the attention of all three

men and an annoyed glance from Misha. “I mean. I’m just saying I’m not a threat. I literally

know no secrets.” He stopped talking as he realized the four people glaring at

him didn't really

want him to be talking.

"Is that so?" the leader asked. "You know where he lives, do you not?"

Jensen opened his mouth but then closed it. He wasn't sure if that was true. He'd been to

Misha's condo but he certainly couldn't pinpoint where it was in the unfamiliar city.

"Misha won't even let us know where he lives. So, if he trusts you with that, what else does he

trust you with?"

No one answered and Sausage Man pushed the plate full of breakfast meats toward him.

"Have something," he said, rubbing his thumb up and down his fork.

Jensen ignored the sausage and chose a piece of bacon and crunched into it hard with his teeth.

The man laughed and took a sip of his orange juice.

"Mr. Sokolov," Misha said, finally giving a name to the leader, "do you think what I like to stick

my dick into will affect my abilities? If you're dissatisfied with my services I will tender my

resignation immediately."

Jensen's head was spinning. Forget that he was embarrassed as fuck for being called a dick

warmer, but had Misha just threatened to quit because of him? Could you

quit the mafia? He

kind of figured there was only one way out of that life. But then, who did you send to kill the guy you used to kill people?

Sokolov smiled. “Put your dick where you like. Men, women, my wife—yes, I know about that

—my son—if it will get him to finally shut up about you—some pretty twink prison guard you

picked up. I don’t care. But—the pretty twink prison guard doesn’t need to know our business.”

“He won’t. I’m not training him as a protégé—”

“That’s good to hear,” snorted Mr. Scowl, “we’ve got enough bodies piling up as it is without another one of your failed students.”

“—he’s just here because having him in Chicago is more convenient for me. He’ll probably get a

job. Or maybe he should go to college.”

Misha glanced at him and Jensen narrowed his eyes. The last thing he needed was his parents and

Misha agreeing on anything.

“So you’re not asking for him to receive protection from us?” Sokolov asked.

“I hardly think he needs it.”

“So why are you telling us about him?”

“Full disclosure is one of my contract stipulations.”

“Ah. Well. I appreciate the gesture of good faith then.”

Jensen felt something nudge his foot under the table. He quickly tucked both of his feet under his chair. Mr. Skeeve chuckled.

“So, I guess we don’t even need to know this young man’s name.”

“You don’t,” Misha said flatly.

Sokolov put his hands in the air. “Easy. That wasn’t a threat.”

Jensen looked back and forth between them. What on earth about either of their sentences had

indicated to the other that one might be threatening the other?

“Keep your pet, then,” Sokolov said and Jensen’s lips twitched down. “But, while I have you

here, I do have a matter I would discuss with you.”

Jensen figured he was about to be dismissed and wondered how bad it would look if he grabbed a

handful of bacon off the plate before he left. However, the man launched right into his

discussion. It was in Russian so Jensen couldn’t even pick out a single word here and there like

he could do with Spanish, so he soon let his mind glaze over and picked up another piece of

bacon. Misha nudged his plate of half eaten eggs toward Jensen and he finished them. All three

men were talking now, sometimes one at a time and sometimes all at once, sometimes calm and

other times definitely not. Misha listened and occasionally picked a hash brown cube out of a

serving dish and popped it into his mouth. Jensen wondered if he didn't understand what was

being said either.

Then Sokolov said something that sounded like a question based on the inflection and all three

men looked intently at Misha. The psychopath ignored them to pick up another piece of potato

and turned to Jensen. He placed it at his lips and Jensen opened his mouth to accept the bite. It was delicious with some kind of seasoning on it, but he was flushing hard with angered

embarrassment. Sokolov had called him a pet and Misha was treating him like a pet—and god

damn it if he wasn't acting like one.

Misha turned back to the men and answered them. In Russian. Jensen perked up a bit and stared

at the man as the foreign words tumbled smoothly from his mouth. His voice had actually

lowered a bit with the change in language and the cadence of the language was oddly sexual on

Misha's tongue. Of course, Jensen found most things Misha did with his tongue to be sexual.

The heat in his cheeks was no longer from embarrassment and he squeezed his thighs together,

trying to discourage the tingling in his groin.

The discussion went on for some time and every time Misha spoke, Jensen grew harder and hotter



and it was nearly impossible not to squirm in his seat. He probably looked as aroused as he felt,

but he kept his eyes on Misha so he had no idea if the others were acknowledging if they had

noticed.

“It’s settled then,” Misha said in English, jolting Jensen from some pretty vivid fantasies.

He picked up another cube of potato and turned to Jensen. “Ready to go?”

Jensen took the food and a good bit of Misha’s finger into his mouth. He nodded at Misha.

Misha smiled and stood up.

“You know how to contact me if you need to reach me before I come back with a job report.”

“Misha,” The Skeeve said, as Jensen allowed himself to be pulled to his feet by Misha’ strong

hand. “What offer could I make you to find some other pet for yourself?”

Jensen tensed up. It was completely within the realm of possibility that Misha would sell him to

this man.

“I’ll have to think about it,” Misha replied.

Jensen’s heart sank.

“Please do,” the man said meaningfully.

Misha led Jensen out of the room and Jensen was surprised to see the annoyed disgust on his

features once his back was turned to his employers. Jensen exhaled the breath he had been

holding. Misha would never sell him to that skeevy asshole. He wouldn't. As long as he kept

him happy.

Misha marched him down the corridor to the room they had waited in earlier and then shut the

doors. He sat on the velvet settee and spread his legs. Jensen watched him carefully. Misha

crooked a finger at him and Jensen obediently walked over to him.

“Something about meetings you can't understand that turn you on, sweetheart?”

Jensen shifted his weight, his hard on painfully evident through his tight jeans.

“I don't like it, Jensen.”

Jensen's eyes snapped up to meet Misha's. They were hard and cold and not happy. Jensen

swallowed.

“I don't like anyone seeing my baby boy with his cheeks flushed such a pretty pink. Tell me, did

my employers really get you that excited? Would you like for Kuznetsov to take you for a test

drive?”

Jensen figured out Kuznetsov was The Skeeve.

“No,” Jensen breathed. “God, no.”

“Then what had you panting so hard just now?”

Jensen half-smiled and looked away. “You, Misha, who else?”

“This is different, my sweet boy. Why?”

Jensen crossed his arms over his chest and mumbled something.

“Speak clearer,” Misha said softly with a dangerous edge to his voice.

“When you spoke in Russian...” Jensen blushed and just remembering the glide of Misha’s voice

in his head made him lick his lips and shift his weight again as his cock twitched.

Misha laughed and Jensen’s eyes snapped up in surprise.

“Really, Jensen? On top of all the kinks you already have, we’re adding xenoglossophilia?”

Jensen wasn’t sure what that meant exactly, but he knew Misha was amused, which was better

than him being angry. And possibly jealous, which was all kinds of interesting.

Misha rubbed his hands along his thighs. “Come here, baby. You can have it now.”

Jensen did hesitate. They were in a room that was probably monitored in the house of a Russian

mafia lord. Here and now was not the time for this. But the hesitation was almost negligible.

Jensen dropped to his knees and ran his hands up Misha’s legs, looking up to

meet his eyes as he

tangled his fingers with Misha's and pushed his hands away. He immediately opened Misha's fly

and leaned forward to bury his nose in the thatch of hair at the base of Misha's penis. He inhaled deeply and was rewarded with that earthy scent of his sex. Jensen lifted his head and smelled the

skin of his abdomen—and there was that lighter scent that was just Misha.

“Come on, pretty, we don't have all morning.”

Jensen pulled Misha's soft cock out. Apparently he was a big fan of underwear being optional.

Jensen might have been insulted that his aroused state hadn't immediately triggered the same

reaction in Misha, but maybe his petty jealousy had prevented it. Jensen flicked his tongue against the almost hidden tip.

“What are you laughing at, Tex?”

Jensen laughed at that nickname and kissed and sucked the tip once before pulling back and

stroking the warm flesh in his hand.

“I like it when you're possessive.”

Jensen was rewarded with a hand in his hair and the distinct feel of Misha's dick having a

favorable response. Jensen pointed his tongue and ran it along the inside of Misha's foreskin, and then he pulled it back and closed his lips around the sensitive, pink tip. He let out a sighing moan

—this was so good. He'd wanted this taste in his mouth for so long. Even

after their one and a

half long day trip of sexcapades, Misha had never let him have even one lick of all the spunk that

had covered him from head to toe. Just a little bit more and he could probably pull some precome

out of him.

Jensen pressed closer between his legs and swallowed more down, massaging Misha's shaft and

trying to get him to fully unsheathe as quickly as possible. He pulled back and flicked his tongue rapidly along the underside of the head, finally getting a reaction out of Misha: his thigh muscles tightened. Jensen hummed his pleasure as he took Misha in again and the man's hand clenched

tightly in his hair.

"You been practicing on someone else while I was away?"

Jensen shook his head and forced himself further between Misha's legs, trying to relax his throat

as he attempted to take all of him while he was still small enough that he might actually be able to do it. Two hands brushed through his hair and then held him in place. Jensen didn't move as he

let Misha wallow in the wet heat of his mouth. He could feel him growing. Jensen closed his

eyes and grasped Misha's thighs. He took in a deep breath and swallowed, pulling the head of

Misha's cock to the very back of his throat. Misha sucked in a sharp breath and jerked his hips.

The sudden thrust forward made Jensen gag and Misha allowed him to pull

off and cough a

couple of times. He looked up to Misha for approval; for permission to continue.

“You’re doing very well, Jensen. Show me what you can do without bars in the way.”

Jensen grasped his cocked and pumped it quickly several times until Misha was fully hard and his

foreskin was completely drawn back. The first bead of precome appeared at the slit and Jensen

leaned forward and gathered it delicately on the tip of his tongue. There was a faint bitter taste on the back of his tongue. He needed more than that. Jensen took Misha in as far as he could

manage, which was about two thirds of the way down and wasn’t too bad in Jensen’s estimation

considering he was out of practice—and not forcefully having his face fucked.

As much as he loved the taste, the heat was actually the best part. Misha was so hot and that

warmth filled his mouth and pushed down his throat. Jensen did his best to work his tongue as he

hollowed his cheeks and sucked hard, but he’d never been able to do that whole rub your belly

and pat your head thing. He decided maybe he could make up for lack of technique with sheer

brute force, but Misha threaded his fingers through Jensen’s hair and murmured, “Easy, easy,

baby.”

Jensen eased up and went pliant under Misha’s hands.

“Take a breath, good. Now, pull off and run your tongue down the underside. That’s it, follow it

down. Kiss me, pretty, there you go. Now back up. Flatten your tongue and lick the tip. Yes...

there...again. Now underneath. Kiss, again, down you go.”

Misha reached inside his pants and pulled out his balls, Jensen latched onto one and sucked it into his mouth. He rolled it around with his tongue while Misha grunted above him and pulled harshly

at his hair.

“Fuck, you’re perfect. Can read my fucking mind. Back up.”

Jensen returned to licking Misha’s cockhead, thrilled that it was leaking continuously and

overwhelming his senses.

“Open wide, baby boy. Take it in. That’s it, more, stop—take a breath, exhale, relax, go. Oh,

fuck yes! There you go, just breathe—swallow, baby. Shit! Oh fuck, Jensen—back off,

back off! Fuck, angel, you want it that badly?”

Jensen yelped as he was shoved back and fell onto his ass. Misha was immediately on him,

forcing him onto his back on the floor and then angling his dick down his throat. Jensen jerked at the sudden intrusion and at the awkward angle, but managed to hold on to Misha’s hips and the

man pounded his face like he fucking owned it. And fuck, he did.

Jensen moaned and put a hand on his own dick through his jeans, massaging it harshly three or

four times before remembering that Misha said he wasn't allowed to touch himself without

permission. He put his hand back to Misha's hip instead and the man laughed manically, but

didn't falter in his rhythm.

"So good, baby boy. You remembered. God, you're beautiful like this. I love when you cry.

Fuck, fuck...baby...I'm gonna give you something good, okay?"

Misha pulled out and Jensen's eyes flew open. He let out a noise of protest, but it was cut off as Misha yanked him forward by his wrist. Misha sat on the floor with the settee at his back and

vaulted Jensen all the way forward until his face was buried in his crotch again. Jensen

immediately open his mouth and took him in, but Misha kept a hand on his shoulder and held him

back. Jensen could only get the head between his lips, but he didn't care. He sealed his lips and sucked hard and Misha used his fingertips to roughly pump the base of his dick. And then Jensen

let out a scream that was completely muffled by keeping his lips wrapped solidly around Misha's

cock. The man was coming in his mouth and finally, finally, there was that salty, bitter flavor

splashing across his tongue, pooling in his mouth, mixing with his saliva, and



coating his cheeks.

Jensen swallowed and swallowed again; waiting to make sure Misha had finished before pulling

off with a loud pop and running his tongue over his teeth and swallowing down the last of it.

He looked at Misha, panting harshly, and was ecstatic to see Misha's eyes glazed with pleasure,

his lips parted in a tiny concession of being out of breath himself. Misha reached forward and

harshly opened Jensen's fly, pulling the elastic of his briefs down so he could confirm that Jensen had come all over himself from no other stimulation than the hot spill of Misha's seed into his

mouth.

"Good boy. Fucking perfect."

Jensen pressed forward and kissed Misha on the mouth, demanding that he either respond or push

him away. Misha gave him a few seconds of a hot tongue fucking into his mouth before he

pushed him back.

"Come on, baby. I've got a new toy for you to try out."

~~~

Living with Misha was surprisingly easy. Living without him was the hard part. Well, no, living

with him wasn't exactly a picnic either.

The man was obsessive compulsive in all the worst ways. He didn't have to turn the lights on and

off three times every time he left a room or unlock and lock and unlock a door again before

entering, but everything in his home had a place. And he noticed when it was a quarter centimeter

turned in the wrong direction. He would never say anything about it, just correct the placement of a glass on the counter or the position of the fucking soap on the holder in the half bath—and then

take it out on Jensen's ass in bed. And if Jensen ever intentionally left something out of place

every now and then, well, that was okay too.

Jensen only slept in his own bed on nights when Misha was gone, which wasn't as often as he'd

feared it might be. He had no idea what the man got up to during the day. He left at seven in the morning, every morning including weekends, and would return by seven o'clock that night if he

didn't have any other business to attend to. Generally he would return by dawn, but he had on

occasion been absent for up to three days. And of course he never left a note or gave him a call.

Jensen would always just have to wait and see if he would come back.

There were a few other things about living with Misha that were disconcerting. There was the

locked room he was not allowed inside, but Jensen actually had zero curiosity about it. He was

certain he did not want to know. There was the fact that when Misha cooked spaghetti he used

way too much garlic and they both wound up smelling like the stuff for two or three days later.

There was the fact that Misha fucking Collins cooked. How fucking weird was that? There was

that one night Jensen had been scared half to death when the sheets had been ripped off his body

as he'd slept in his own room. His fear-filled adrenaline rush got him awake and alert right away, but he was defenseless as his shorts had been yanked down and a body had crawled on top of

him. There had been a wild struggle of hands and teeth and something warm and wet and Jensen

had screamed and screamed as Misha had taken him dry and unprepared. Misha had worked him

through it though and even with the killer's desperation flickering in his eyes and over his skin he had held out long enough to get Jensen hard and make him come. When at last Jensen had been

rewarded with the warm lubrication of Misha's spend in his hole, he had writhed under him and

canted his hips up—wanting to get fucked again. But Misha had pulled out and left the room. It

had taken a long time for Jensen to recover enough to get to his feet and stumble through the dark

to his bathroom. He normally didn't like to clean the traces of Misha off him until he had to—like if he had to go out into public—but he'd figured he might need to check to make sure Misha

hadn't done him too much damage. He'd flicked on the lights, shutting his eyes against the

sudden brightness. Then slowly he'd opened eyes—and backed into the wall with a weak shout.

His sleeping shirt and abdomen were covered in blood. A red handprint was clear as day on his

neck. Bloody smears ran up his arms and into his hair. Jensen had stared, and then just managed

to get to the toilet seat up before he vomited what felt like every meal he'd ever eaten in his life.

Misha also had a bad habit of taking his shoes off at the front door for Jensen to trip over when he came in—the one thing he wasn't freaking OCD about.

But, you know, it was just little things like that that made living with him a unique experience.

For the most part it was just lonely. He had no friends in Chicago and he barely spoke to his

parents. What could he say to them? He did nothing all day but watch TV and read books and

wait for his psycho-killer sugar daddy to come home so he could bend over and grab his ankles

for him. Among other things. He did his best to hide his discontent from Misha, concerned the

man might take it as an insult that Jensen wasn't just pleased as punch with his decision to join

Misha in Chicago. He probably would remind him that Jensen had pretty much said he'd rather

be dead than a kept man, but he was finding that that last part wasn't entirely true. He wasn't a

prisoner. He could come and go as he pleased, and at first he'd taken advantage of his free time to do the tourist thing. Once he ran out of sightseeing locations he started looking for interesting

mom and pop and shops and hole in the wall diners. But since he had no one to share his finds

with—his conversations with Misha were usually of the “God, yes, harder!” or “Do we have to

talk about my parents again?” variety—the daily trips soon lost their shine.

Jensen suspected that was why one evening while he was sprawled on the couch reading a book

of which he couldn't remember the last ten pages, Misha took a break from his cooking and

dropped something off on the coffee table. He didn't say anything, just wandered back into the

kitchen, so Jensen took that to mean that the items would explain themselves. There were five

pamphlets for nearby colleges and universities, and the classifieds of the newspaper opened up to

the Help Wanted section. Apparently Misha was giving him the choice of college or a job—and

he was pretty sure there wasn't a third option. There was also a coupon clipping for fifty cents off two packets of Jell-O mix.

Jensen bought the orange flavor out of spite and had cried and moaned his way through a

deliciously brutal fucking with a giant dildo with nothing but orange Jell-O for lubrication.

Needless to say every time he saw Misha eating Jell-O now, he got hard.

In the end Jensen opted for taking classes at a community college and working a part time job at a

Diesel clothing store. He knew he'd only been hired for his looks and the pay was shit, but they'd been willing to be flexible with his hours.

The days were more tolerable now and Jensen found that six months had passed since he'd moved

to Chicago—and it had been a year and half since he'd seen his parents or siblings. All of his

former friends had stopped e-mailing him He hadn't attempted to make any friends at school as

his classes were mostly populated with single parents in their thirties or forties trying to get a

degree that would hopefully find them more gainful employment. He'd gone out to lunch with a couple of coworkers during work hours, but he declined all invitations for weekend activities. He

was still just as isolated and reclusive as ever during the day.

But the nights made up for it. The time he spent in Misha's presence, had his attention to himself, was awesome in the truest sense of the word. It was amazing and rapturous and utterly terrifying.

Feeling Misha move inside him was like a religious experience. Hearing Misha tell him he was

good and beautiful and perfect was like being healed of the deep wounds he had always just

assumed were part of who he was.

But then Misha would pull away and either get up or fall asleep. Jensen had zero delusions that

he was in a relationship with a hit man who had no concept of empathy, but he was a human with

actual human emotions and it hurt to mean nothing to the man he had somehow fallen in love

with. He might be able to live with being a kept man, but he wasn't sure he could survive that.

Perhaps that was why he kept doing things to force a reaction out of him. Like now. The night

had begun like many others. Jensen was shaken awake in his own bed, and then he shuffled

down the hall to Misha's room rubbing his eyes like a child. From there he either got fucked or

cuddled. And no, he was not going to think about a psychopath using him as a snuggle bunny

after a good kill.

On rare occasions Misha would pull him into bed and not instigate any sort of physical contact,

but he didn't immediately try to go to sleep either. Jensen had figured out those were the nights

when things hadn't gone perfectly smoothly and he was sore from either a tussle or having to

make a getaway that involved strenuous use of his muscles. The first time Jensen had put his

hands on Misha to massage his shoulders he'd wound up upside down on the floor in a dizzying

blur. After a brief interrogation that involved a small knife and a lot of glaring, Misha realized that he had in fact not been trying to choke out a man who could one handedly throw him bodily

upside down off a bed. Jensen had figured that meant he would be sent back to his own room, but

Misha had flopped on his stomach and told him to get to work.

Twice he had given the man a back massage and twice Misha had fallen asleep during it. The fact

that he stayed awake the third time is what made Jensen want to try to get Misha to react to him.

After giving him a thirty minute massage from shoulders to rump, he leaned close and kissed

Misha's hips and strummed his fingers lightly on the sides of his body.

"What?" Misha grunted into a pillow.

"Do you want to turn over?"

Jensen phrased everything like question. It kept Misha calm when he felt like he had choices.

The man shuffled around until he was on his side, but then made a pillow of his arm and settled

in. That was fine; that was all Jensen needed. He was pleased to find that Misha was half-hard

from the massage already. He slid over Misha's body and settled on his side directly in front of

his groin. Jensen licked the shaft with short, soft flicks of his tongue. He gripped Misha's thigh in one hand and buried his face in his crotch, mouthing at his balls. He used his free hand to pump

Misha's cock as best he could at the awkward angle and soon had the man fully hard and

uncharacteristically quiet. Usually about this point in the process Misha was petting his hair and telling him how well he sucked cock and how pretty he looked while doing it. Tonight he was

auspiciously quiet. Jensen wondered if maybe the fucker had fallen asleep.

He lifted his head to check and sucked in a sharp breath when he saw Misha wide awake and with

his coldly glittering blue eyes watching him with laser focus. For some reason that made Jensen

braver. He ducked his head back down, suckling Misha's ball sac and lifted Misha's thigh to

maneuver it over his shoulder. Misha didn't have to move from his side and the weight of his leg rested entirely on Jensen's body. Jensen shuffled over and kissed and licked Misha's perineum as

he jacked him slowly in one hand. Jensen kept moving back and when he saw his goal, swiftly

reached his neck forward and swiped his tongue firmly over Misha's pink, puckered hole. He

thought he might only get the one taste which was why he'd strained for it and done it quickly, but Misha didn't pull away or sit up or throw him off the bed. Or stab him.

Jensen stayed put, moving his left hand and feeling Misha's foreskin slip back and forth over his

warm, solid cock and waited for a reaction. When he got none, he wiggled forward just a little bit more and licked Misha's hole again. And then again. He kissed it and then moved his right hand

to pull Misha's cheek back a bit. Jensen licked around the ring of muscle, and then lapped at the

entrance, feeling a thrill when he finally felt Misha's body tense in response. He pointed his

tongue and thrust it in just past the entrance. Misha was so tight—Jensen wondered if Misha had

ever had anything back here.

Not that he cared one way or the other; he was in fucking heaven. Misha's cock was wet and

needy in his hand, his scent was strong and concentrated between his legs where Jensen's head

was currently buried, and his hole was cute and sensitive—and he would take that particular

information to his grave. Jensen hummed and kissed and licked at Misha's entrance again and

again, thrusting just the tip of his tongue in when he could. He could feel Misha starting to squirm a little, but the man did nothing to stop him—or encourage him. Jensen wished Misha would talk

to him.

He turned the hand that was planted on Misha's ass cheek and dipped a finger down into the

crevice. He circled the wet ring with his tongue and finger. He placed the pad of his finger

directly over the clenching muscle and then felt a hand on his chin. Misha didn't saying anything

or grab him, but Jensen got the message. He moved the finger away and replaced it with his

tongue. He delved in as deep as he could manage and jacked Misha hard and fast—getting

outrageously turned on as Misha writhed against him. Then there was a soft gasp and Jensen felt

warm, thick come covering his fist and falling to his bicep. He worked Misha through the orgasm,

laving at Misha's hole, trying to memorize the feel and taste of it.

Misha rolled onto his back and Jensen ducked his head under his leg, letting him go. He sat up

and brought his hand to his lips, licking Misha's come off as he stared into his eyes. Misha patted the tops of his thighs and Jensen moved to straddle his lap. His erection was quite prominent

where it stood up toward his belly—dark, leaking, and almost quivering with excited need. Misha

ran his hands up and down Jensen's legs, letting his fingers comb through the fine, barely-there

hair. He raised an eyebrow.

Jensen took himself in hand, using the remaining semen on his hand as a kind of lubrication,

though it was starting to get a bit tacky. His precome helped ease the process and soon he was

rocking gently in Misha's lap, hand gliding tantalizingly up and down his

cock, eyes locked with

Misha's. Jensen licked his lips and pulled a little harder, getting off more on Misha's undivided

attention than any physical sensation.

"You look so beautiful, Jensen," Misha said softly, the first words he'd spoken almost all night.

Jensen whimpered and moved frantically. The pleasure that had been slowly building was now

dancing and shimmering over his whole body.

"M-Misha! I—"

"Come, baby."

Jensen clamped his thighs tightly around Misha's hips and screamed with his head thrown back as

he obeyed.

Panting and trembling on an orgasmic high, Jensen opened his eyes and nearly died at the sight of

Misha's stomach and chest covered in his seed. In awe, he reached a hand forward and rubbed his

spend into Misha's tan skin.

Misha suddenly grabbed his wrist in a bone crushing hold and Jensen winced and cried out softly

in pain. He lifted his eyes to Misha's face and watched as the man slowly sat up.

"Marking your claim, boy?"

Jensen either didn't hear his dangerous tone or ignored it. He swayed forward and kissed Misha,

amazed like every other time he did at just how soft his lips were. Misha kissed him back, sliding a hand through his hair and holding him possessively. Jensen wasn't sure how long the kiss lasted

or who eventually ended it, but he did know that he fell asleep curled into Misha's side with his

head resting on his chest. And he woke up the next morning in the same position.

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The song blaring from the stores' speakers was a hard, driving rock song with a bass line that

could give a person arrhythmia. Jensen wasn't sure if he would have liked it or not in his old life.

In his new one he had no opinion. He barely heard, saw, felt, tasted, or smelled anything that

didn't relate directly to Misha. Jensen knew there was something wrong with that, but he didn't

know what he could do about it. Or if he even wanted to. He did know that it was strange that he

was twenty-one years old and he could divide his life story into the "old one" and the "new one."

And even worse, he felt old.

"Hey Jensen," Leo called out to him. "That's good enough. We're heading out now."

"Okay."

Jensen put down the T-shirt he'd just folded and checked his back pocket for his wallet: still

there. He was ready to go. The store closed at nine on weekdays, but those employees who

worked until closing were expected to stay another hour straightening the shelves and cleaning up

the fitting rooms for the morning staff. Whenever Leo was left in charge as assistant manager

though, they all got to leave about half an hour early.

He politely waited with Leo by the front doors for Vanessa and Cameron to get their purses from

the break room, but he didn't know why. He was just going to separate from them immediately

upon leaving the store. The girls came out laughing about the clueless guy who had gotten

himself dumped in the fitting rooms earlier by an irate girlfriend who really couldn't fit into size four jeans. Jensen heard them telling the story for a fourth time, with even more embellishments

than before, but he didn't register the story as funny or the girls' shrieking laughter as annoying.

He could barely feel the nipping bite of the November night air.

"Jensen!"

Jensen focused his eyes and looked up. Leo was looking at him expectantly. Vanessa and

Cameron were a few steps ahead, arms wrapped tightly around themselves as they shivered

against the wind.

“What?” Jensen asked.

“Are you coming?”

“Of course he’s not,” Vanessa said. “He never does.”

“Doesn’t mean I have to stop asking. Come on, dude, it’s cold. Come with us to Bernie’s. I’m telling you, they make this stuffed French toast that will make you orgasm corn syrup.”

“Leo!”

“Gross!”

Jensen didn’t really hear the girls’ complaints against Leo’s simile. He was realizing that he really couldn’t feel the cold. And that he hadn’t felt an emotion outside of Misha’s presence in months.

“Yeah,” Jensen heard himself saying. “I’ll come.”

The girls stopped complaining and Leo’s eyebrows shot up.

“You will?”

“Yeah. Maybe if I try Bernie’s out I can get you to stop talking about it.” He gave a small smile and the other three stared at him openly for a moment, making him instantly regret agreeing to go.

Then Leo broke into a broad grin and clapped him on the shoulder.

“Awesome! Let’s go. Two studs going out with two hot ladies to the grossest dive in Chicago.

Could your life possibly get better?”

Jensen had no idea how to answer that question.

Going out for a late dinner with three coworkers his own age felt remarkably normal. Jensen was

worried that he would feel out of place or disconnected from them. Or that perhaps a crazed hit

man would barge into the diner and drag him out forcibly by the hair. He didn't know why he

thought Misha would care if he started making friends and building a life for himself in Chicago.

The man certainly didn't keep tabs on him—that he knew of. Jensen didn't check in when he

decided to run errands or take a detour home after class. Misha never asked him where he'd been

all day or reprimanded him if he thought he'd been gone too long. He did notice sometimes

Misha was a little more aggressive in bed, but Jensen chalked that up to the man being horny and

having to wait for Jensen to get back made him ornery. And that brought up the frightening and

thrilling idea that whatever kind of relationship he and Misha had—it was monogamous.

Jensen did occasionally wonder if Misha's lack of questions concerning his whereabouts stemmed

from trust or apathy. Perhaps he had mafia goons tailing him all the time, keeping track of where

he was and who he was with. But Misha had told his employers that he wasn't going to put



Jensen under their “protection.” Something Jensen would be eternally grateful for; he didn’t want

to be in the Russian mafia’s debt for any reason.

But everything turned out to be fine. He actually enjoyed listening to Leo’s crazy chatter and

even joined in when he could. He found that Vanessa wasn’t nearly as vapid as he’d unfairly

pegged her to be. Cameron was a lot shyer than he’d seen her act around customers, so he took

that to mean that she had a crush on either him or Leo. It had all been rather pleasant, and the

stuffed French toast had been ridiculously decadent. It turned out not to be a big deal at all. It was just the little stone tossed into the pool that started the ripples that became the big deal.

Jensen caught a train that was heading in the direction of Misha’s—their, he supposed—

apartment, but it wasn’t the line he normally took. When he got off at a stop he thought was

vaguely close to his neighborhood, he was a little disoriented by the different way the buildings

and streets looked at night. Aside from the direct routes he took to and from work, all of Jensen’s

exploring had been done in the daytime. He looked around for a street sign to try to figure out where exactly he was. As he approached the corner he saw a beat up looking Tercel parked along

the curb to his left.

Jensen cocked his head as he looked at the vehicle. It kind of looked like the one that was parked near all of Misha's fancy cars in the garage. He'd always wondered if that was Misha's car or just some clunker left behind when a tenant was evicted. Though Misha's building didn't house the

kind of people who had money problems. Jensen paused outside the car and bent over to peer in

the window. He'd never paid enough attention to the car in the garage to tell if that dancing hula girl on the dash of this one was indicative of them being the same car.

"Is this your car?"

Jensen spun around, alarmed by the deep, growling voice. And with good reason. The man

addressing him was several inches taller and outweighed him by a good fifty pounds of muscles.

And he did not look happy.

"Uh. No, it's not. I'm sorry, is it yours? I wasn't going to do anything to—"

Jensen choked on a terrified squeak as the man's hand circled his throat and squeezed. He

slammed Jensen down onto the hood of the car and hovered low over his face.

"You know who owns this car, punk? Maybe if I smear your face all over it he'll learn not to

mess with—"

Jensen sucked in a lungful of desperately needed air when the weight of the man and his hand

disappeared. He heard a crack and a shout and sat up to see what had

happened. The large man

was on the ground, gritting his teeth against the pain of three snapped fingers. They weren't just broken—they were at the kind of angles that made Jensen's stomach churn dangerously. He

looked up at the person standing over the injured thug. Misha looked dispassionately back at him.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

Jensen rubbed his throat. “Yeah. I'm fine.”

“Get in the car.”

Jensen was too scared to question or be confused by the request, so he pulled open the passenger

side door and slid in while Misha walked around to the driver's side.

“I knew you knew him!” the man spat. Then his face suddenly went pale as he jarred the hand

with the broken fingers.

Jensen slammed the door shut and Misha started the car. Then he casually pulled away from the

curb, running over the man's legs as he did so. Jensen flinched and muffled a freaked out sound

as his stomach lurched yet again. He turned around to look at the thug and saw him writhing on

the ground. He would probably live, but something didn't look right with his left leg...Jensen

faced front, unable to continue looking.

“Jesus Christ, Misha!”

“What?”

“What is wrong with you? Why did you do that?”

Misha’s brow creased in annoyance. “Jensen. When I hurt that gang banger in LA and told you

I’d really meant to kill him, you got upset.”

Jensen gaped at him. “Uh, yeah, so?”

“So, this time I deliberately didn’t try to kill him. And you’re still upset. I think I’m going to stop trying to please you.”

Jensen’s brain whirled around as violently as his late night dinner did. All this time he’d been in Chicago, Misha had been trying to make life pleasant for him? Part of him felt a little terrified by Misha’s definition of “pleasant.” Part of him thought it was really kind of sweet—a part he told to shut the fuck up.

“Misha, you’re a sociopath, not stupid. I’m sure even if you don’t empathize with why I get upset

at any kind of violence, you understand why I am.”

“No, actually, I don’t,” Misha said, turning onto the street that their building was on. “You watch violent movies. You are very blasé about the ‘horrors’ that you see on the news.”

“That’s a completely different situation. It’s not right there in front of me. It’s no one I actually know.”

“You didn’t know that man. And he was going to beat your face concave on the car. Why do

you care if he got hurt? And he only received injuries that he will survive whereas he would not

have shown you the same courtesy.”

“I...” Jensen trailed off. The psychopath had a point. Why did he care if a brutal murderer—his

own attempted murderer—got his bones broken and run over by a car? Was it just because he had

to witness it? Jensen settled down in his seat and watched Misha as he leaned out through the

window to activate the garage door to their building. There was blood on his wrist.

Jensen leaned over and grabbed his arm, forcing Misha to drive awkwardly with hand down the

ramp with his arm pulled across his body. Jensen ran his thumb over his wrist, feeling the sticky, drying blood pull at his skin. Misha’s own skin was unbroken; it wasn’t his blood. He let go of

Misha and slunk down in his seat until Misha had parked the Tercel in its spot next to the Aston

Martin. Misha turned off the car and looked at him.

“It’s not that I care what happens to him,” Jensen murmured in the dimness, barely audible over

the ticking of the cooling vehicle. “I don’t like seeing that side of you.”

“Why?”

Jensen turned to look at Misha. He was completely embraced in shadow except for a bar of light

that happened to fall directly across his eyes making them shine blue and fathomless.

“You frighten me,” Jensen whispered.

“But are you frightened of me?”

Jensen sucked in a breath. The cold calculation with which Misha lived his life and the complete

lack of conscience made Jensen aware that he was capable of anything. The things this man could

do to other human beings without the tiniest flicker of remorse or doubt made him a monster. And

Jensen didn’t think that he would be safe from Misha if he did something to truly upset him,

pushed him too far, betrayed him—but he didn’t live in fear of the man. Not for himself. Maybe

he should, but he didn’t.

Jensen shook his head. Misha ran a hand along his upper thigh.

“That’s my boy.”

~~~

Two days later the ripples widened as Jensen found himself sitting on the red velvet settee in the

same tiny receiving room of the mafia mansion he had been in on his first night in Chicago. A

little over six months he had been here and not once had any dealings with Misha’s employers.

Now they were summoned to meet with the head honchos again after running over a man on a

very public street—that couldn't be a coincidence.

The doors to the room opened and Jensen stiffened, but Misha sat still and unnerved. Jensen

couldn't help but stare at the man who came in. One side of his face and neck were rippling with

old, shiny burn scars that disappeared underneath the collar of his shirt. Hair only grew on half his head and one eye was milky and faded. Jensen forced his eyes down as the man drew closer.

“Hello, Misha,” the man said, his voice sounding normal, average. “I hear you're continuing your

tradition of being a bee in the bonnet of someone who's not stupid enough to be afraid of you.”

Jensen glanced at Misha looking for a reaction: nothing.

“Jensen,” Misha said, “this is Ryan. You remember, I told you about Ryan? He was a childhood

friend.”

Misha did not talk about himself at all. When on earth would he have told him about—then

Jensen remembered hearing a disturbing story about a friend getting trapped in a trailer Misha had

set on fire when he was fourteen. Unsurprisingly, what stuck with him about the story was not the

story itself, but the fact that Jensen had been on his knees whimpering pitifully because Misha

wouldn't give him more than a couple of inches of his cock to suck on. Jensen flushed at the

memory and nodded stiffly.

“You’ve talked about me? That’s sweet,” Ryan said. “I swear sometimes you imitate a human so well.”

“I am human. It’s the rest of the world that likes to pretend I’m not.”

Jensen swallowed thickly. Fuck him if that weren’t true. People—himself included—liked to call

people like Misha monsters because surely no one human could do such sick and depraved acts

against other humans. But then, there was Misha. Technically human and fully capable of setting

his “friend” on fire.

“Come on, Misha, let us have our illusion. I mean, I can look in a mirror everyday and not hold

that against you.”

Jensen didn’t like the cold glint in Ryan’s eyes as he looked at Misha, who was still implacable.

Jensen decided he didn’t like Ryan much, so he didn’t mind saying aloud, “I thought you said he

got out of the trailer with only a little smoke inhalation.”

“He did. But that wasn’t the only time he’s been in a box that was set on fire. Was it, Ryan?”

“It does seem to be a running theme in my life,” Ryan said with a laugh. He turned his eyes on

Jensen. “This one is different, isn’t he?”

“They’re all different.”

“No, not really. They’re meat. Holes. Experiments. Projects. This one is...”

“A decision.”

Jensen’s eyes narrowed. He knew they were talking about him but he was not following the

conversation at all.

“Why are you here, Ryan?” Misha asked after a short silence.

“Here in this room?”

“No, here in Chicago.”

“I was called in.”

Misha raised an eyebrow; Jensen knew that look. It was his “that’s bullshit but I’m going to

humor you by not calling you out on it” look. Jensen had seen it a couple of times, usually

proceeding a good ass pounding.

“I needed—” Ryan started, but Misha interrupted him abruptly.

“Leave the room, Ryan.”

There was no argument or hesitation, only a momentarily shocked look before Ryan turned on his

heel and left the room. Jensen shivered at Misha’s display of fear-inducing power. Misha glanced

at him.

“Cold?”

Jensen shook his head.

“Afraid?”

Jensen bit his lip and shook his head.

A small smile curved Misha’s lips. “Now is not the time for that, baby boy.”

Jensen whined softly and leaned against Misha’s hot body. Misha turned just enough to put his

arm behind Jensen’s back and reached across his body to begin massaging the growing bulge in

Jensen’s jeans.

“You remembering what we did the last time we were in here, pretty?”

Jensen nodded his head, spreading his legs. Misha’s hand cupped and grabbed and rubbed his

groin and Jensen kept his teeth buried in his lower lip as he watched himself grow and harden in

that beautifully slender hand. Jensen let his head fall back and it thumped lightly against the wall.

“Misha...you’re so good...”

Misha laughed and leaned closer. “Isn’t that my line, sweet boy?”

Jensen turned his head so he could press his face to Misha’s neck. “Your line, your body,

yours...”

Misha hummed appreciatively and gave Jensen a good, hard tug on his cock.

“Yours,” Jensen groaned again, arching up into Misha’s hand.

Misha lifted his arm from the back of settee and grabbed Jensen by the hair.
He jerked his head

back, exposing his throat, and then closed lips and teeth on his skin. He bit
and sucked at the same spot over and over as his hand yanked Jensen’s zipper
open with a flick of his wrist and

dove inside, taking him in hand through his briefs. His hand worked faster
and Jensen wasn’t

even squirming or bucking up into the friction. He remained nearly
motionless—back arched,

head pulled back, gasping breaths falling from his parted lips. The first spike
of orgasmic pleasure actually radiated out from the large bruise being sucked
onto his neck, and the rest of his body

followed shortly after.

Jensen panted softly as he slumped against Misha’s side, his eyes closed,
body relaxed. He was

vaguely aware of Misha tugging his zipper back up and turning back to his
original sitting

position, but leaving his arm behind Jensen so he could lean more
comfortably against him.

“Misha.”

Jensen had changed: he wasn’t even startled by the voice calling Misha’s
name. He felt safe near

Misha, so he needn’t worry about being snuck up on. He would have
continued happily leaning

against Misha's side blissfully unaware of who the intruder was, but Jensen recognized that voice.

He'd only heard it once, but it was ingrained in his memory.

Jensen opened his eyes and found Alexei—bratty Russian mafia prince—standing in front of them

with his arms crossed, looking down on them like he had a right to an explanation of what they

had just been doing.

“Hello, Alexei,” Misha said evenly. “Why are you not back in school?”

“It's winter break.”

“Oh.”

“Why is he still alive?” Alexei asked bluntly.

Jensen, rather than burrowing further into the safety of Misha's side, sat up straighter and Misha

let his arm fall back on the settee.

“Because he wants me,” Jensen said, not knowing why he felt the need to get into a pissing match

with a spoiled little fucker.

Alexei sneered at him. “You pathetic cunt. You think he wants you for anything other than your

ability to squeeze jizz out of his dick?’

Jensen smiled unpleasantly. “It's more than what he wants you for.”

Alexei's arms dropped to his sides as his face twisted to something

frighteningly ugly. He took a

step forward and drew breath to scream something when the double doors were opened and two

large men in suits appeared in the frame. Alexei was distracted enough that Misha was able to get

swiftly to his feet and push Alexei gently toward the exit.

“Looks like your father is ready for me. Tell him I’ll be there shortly.”

Alexei threw a murderous look in Jensen’s direction and he wagged his fingers at him in reply.

Alexei stomped out of the room and Misha turned back to look at Jensen.

“Was that necessary?” he asked.

Jensen shrugged a shoulder. Misha turned and left the room with the suits and the doors were shut

again, leaving Jensen alone in the room.

Jensen sat on the uncomfortable settee for about thirty minutes, staring at the walls, the floor, the ceiling, the thick velvet cover of the seat. He had his phone on him, but the thought of playing

Fruit Ninja in a mob bosses’ mansion seemed a little too lackadaisical. He did get a text from his mother reminding him that she and his father wanted to come visit him in his new home in

Chicago. He hadn’t responded. That was something he hadn’t discussed with Misha yet. Saying

no to them wouldn’t work forever, and he was certain Misha would never agree to just disappear

for a few days while they visited. Jensen was fairly certain Misha would love

to meet his father in person. He shuddered at the very thought.

He shifted in his seat, a little grossed out as his underwear pulled damp and sticky against his

skin. It made no sense. Misha would sometimes catch him on his way to class or work, shove

him against the door and masturbate while Jensen writhed and panted against the door. Then

Misha would open Jensen's pants and come inside his underwear, zip him up, and send him on his

way. It was almost like a sick parody of a mother giving her son his lunch bag on his way to

school. And all during class or his shift he'd have to deal with drying semen crusting up his briefs

—but it always felt good. Feeling it made his skin tingle and his brain buzz like he was high. But sitting here in his own jizz—and the sensation was technically the same—was just kind of nasty.

The doors to the room opened and two big men in suits—were these always the same two guys or

did that many security personnel work here—stood in the frame and indicated he should follow

them. He was led down the hall to the double doors that led into the grand room. It was still a

beautiful and luxurious room, but not quite as striking as it had been the first time; the late evening light didn't create the same brilliance and the prisms hung darkened from the chandeliers.

There were a lot more people in the room this time as well. The three bosses sat at their table with what looked like the remnants of dinner spread before

them. It smelled pretty good, but

fortunately he and Misha had eaten before they'd come this time. There were several large,

intimidating men in suits standing around the corners, windows, and doors, answering Jensen's

earlier pondering of whether they were all the same two guys. Several other men and a couple

women were seated in chairs in a large, broken semi-circle in front of the table. Alexei was one of them and he glared like a four year in time out at Jensen when he came in.

Misha stood in the middle of the semi circle in front of the table, and Jensen was directed toward

the break in the chairs to join him. Once he arrived at Misha's side his sudden and nearly

debilitating anxiety began to dissipate and he took in a deep breath through his nose. He had

nothing to be afraid of as long as Misha was with him.

"Not Protégé," Sokolov addressed Jensen with a mild smile—it was neither pleasant nor upset.

"I'm afraid we never learned your name."

"Jensen," Misha responded for him. And Jensen was perfectly content to let Misha do all the

talking.

"Jensen? That's a unique name. Does it have special significance?"

Jensen opened his mouth to give the usual rigmarole about how his parents

just didn't want

something common like Jason or Justin, but then just said, "No."

"Okay then. To the point. Can you tell me about yesterday night?"

Jensen glanced at Misha for guidance. Misha stared blankly ahead. Jensen faced the three men

again and noticed Kuznetsov—The Skeeve—was staring at him very intently. Jensen shifted

uncomfortably.

"Last night I went to work at a clothing store in Wicker Park, and then after we closed, I joined

three coworkers for a late dinner at Bernie's." Jensen glanced at Misha to see if he was upset that Jensen had gone out with other people; he just stared blankly ahead.

"Bernie's?" someone, Alexei by the sound of the grating, whiny voice, scoffed to his left. "That

place is a shithole."

"And after dinner?" Sokolov asked.

"I took the L home. Or, I took it to a stop I thought was close by. It was a different train than I'm used to taking. So, when I got on the street, I walked to a corner to read the street signs to try to figure out where I was."

Jensen glanced at Misha again. He was getting nothing from him.

"Then?" Sokolov prompted.

"I saw a car that looked a little familiar. Like one that is in the garage of our building. I went over to look at it and was attacked from behind. I was thrown against the car and a man tried to choke

me.”

“Dear me,” Mr. Scowl said sarcastically. “Were you hurt?”

Jensen swallowed his ire. “Not really. Misha...” Jensen stopped. Should he not admit Misha

had been there? Were they trying to catch him in a lie?

“Misha what?” Sokolov asked evenly.

“He—”

“I stopped him,” Misha said.

“Yes,” Kuznetsov said sharply. “And drew attention to yourself and the job you were doing.”

“The job was done,” Misha replied. “Nothing was compromised.”

“Except the police were called in. The man was taken to a hospital. They’re looking for his

assailant. What do you think will happen when the surveillance footage picks up Misha Collins,

wanted fugitive on them?!”

Kuznetsov had to huff in a few breaths—the shouting had winded him.

“I parked that car out of view of any surveillance cameras, of which there were very few in that

area. I’ve been in Chicago for over a year now—I’ve yet to be detected or even had a red flag

raised anywhere. It’s one of the skills you pay me for.”

“That’s true,” Sokolov said smoothly, “but you can understand our concern th

—”

“I can’t, actually,” Misha interrupted. “Aside from my arrest, which I willfully allowed to happen to save your son, when have I ever done anything that would be a cause of concern for you or

your people or brought unwanted attention down on you?”

“You never have,” Mr. Scowl said. “Until now. Until you got a pet.”

“Mr. Golubev, what adverse effects have resulted from my actions last night? The authorities

don’t know who Banger is, and Banger’s employers are already aware—and fearful—of my

existence. What has changed?”

“You’re getting sloppy,” Golubev snarled.

Sokolov put out a hand to quiet him. “Everything turned out fine this time, but what if something

had gone wrong? What if Banger has figured out what was happening last night because he saw

you there and has reported that to his people?”

“If Banger had figured that out and reported it, we would know about it by now.”

“True. So, he didn’t. But what if he had? What if—”

“I’m sorry,” Misha interrupted again and Jensen chewed on the inside of his lip. He sure hoped

Misha knew what he was doing. “I don’t do hypotheticals in the past tense. They are useful for

predicting outcomes and developing contingency plans, but ‘what ifs’ of events that have already

come to pass are not worth the come stain on your wife’s skirt.”

A woman sitting to Jensen’s left started and looked down at her skirt. It looked clean, but the

movement had betrayed her into revealing she was concerned something might actually be there.

Sokolov’s eyes moved to the woman and then slowly returned to Misha.

“You know, Dmitri,” Golubev said angrily. “You’ve become a little arrogant.”

“A little?” Misha asked with a smile.

Golubev got to his feet. “You little shit,” he hissed. “We let you get away with a lot of crap

because you’re good at what you do, but you’re still nothing but a hired thug. You work for us!

You should respect us! We keep you from being just a psychopathic serial killer hiding out in a

cabin in the woods! Do you really think you’re irreplaceable?! Do you think we couldn’t send

someone to take care of you if you become too obnoxious to deal with?!”

“Are you joking?”

The room went deadly silent. The soft whoosh of the central AC was clearly audible in the still

room. Jensen couldn’t believe some idiot had interrupted the Russian mob bosses’ tirade. And he

really couldn't believe that idiot had been him. All eyes were focused on him.

"What?" Golubev bit out sharply.

Jensen swallowed and dropped his eyes.

"No! You had something to say." Jensen jumped as a wine glass shattered near his feet. "Say

it!"

Jensen glanced at Misha—he was still facing forward, but his eyes had taken on the cool clarity

that indicated he was amused.

"Don't look at him, you little bitch! If you're going to try to pretend you're something other than a come repository, go ahead! Speak!"

Jensen felt his body vibrating with anger and trepidation, and lost control of his common sense.

"I asked if you were joking," Jensen said, trying to sound calm and mostly coming off like a

person shaking with fear and trying to sound calm. "If you think there's anyone out there that

could take Misha out, you're fooling yourself. And if you even think you could order all these

guards in the room to kill him right now and that would result in anything less than the deaths of

everyone in this room, including yourself, right before Misha strolled out of here with a jaunty

skip in his step—you're dumber than you look. And you look awfully stupid with that ascot."

Someone snorted a laugh behind their hand, but everyone else stayed quiet and unmoving. Jensen knew part of it was the shock from his audacity, but a good part was also from being reminded of

who—what—they were all trapped in a room with. The silence stretched out and Golubev

remained on his feet, but did nothing in response. Sokolov had his elbows on the table, fingers

laced together in front of his mouth—but Jensen could see the amusement in his eyes. Kuznetsov

stood up from his chair and walked around the table.

“He’s got a mouth on him, doesn’t he, Misha?” Kuznetsov asked, eyes locked on Jensen’s body.

“Like you wouldn’t believe,” Misha replied pleasantly.

“You haven’t been training him too well. Doesn’t seem like he respects his elders.”

“He respects who is deserving of it.”

Kuznetsov’s eyes hardened. “Then maybe he needs some new conditioning. Come here,” he

ground out harshly. “I’ll teach you something to do with that mouth other than insult people more

powerful than you.”

Jensen looked at Misha. He was finally looking back at him: blankly.

Jensen, and about three quarters of the other people in the room, started violently at the

deafeningly loud gun blast that shattered the still of the room. The bullet had

hit the ground where the shards of wine glass lay glittering under the lights. Jensen raised his eyes and saw Kuznetsov aiming a large barreled pistol at his chest.

“I said come here, boy. Consider yourself lucky I want to see those pretty lips of yours wrapped

around my cock. We don’t often give warning shots. The next one goes in your head.”

Jensen started to turn to look at Misha for help, advice, permission, anything—but he saw

Kuznetsov’s trigger finger start to move, so he immediately walked forward. When he was within

arm’s reach of the man, Kuznetsov grabbed him roughly by the shoulder and shoved him to his

knees. Jensen winced as his kneecaps jammed up into his femurs as they collided with the hard

floor under the thin Persian rug.

“Make it good, you fucking cunt, or you’ll die anyway.”

Jensen’s mouth went dry and he stared at the man’s crotch, centimeters from his face and bulging

with a hefty erection. Jensen slowly raised his hands as his mind raced.

Why wasn’t Misha doing anything? Surely he wouldn’t stand by and watch him get skull fucked

by this disgusting pig. He wouldn’t stand for Jensen to be sullied, so that would mean he would

discard Jensen after he was used and violated. And there was only one way Misha discarded

people.

Jensen chanced a look behind him. Misha was looking at him with cold, dead eyes. He wasn't

going to stop this—and Jensen suddenly realized, Misha wanted Jensen to stop it. But he must

know what that would mean—if Jensen refused he would be shot. Would Misha really prefer a

bullet in Jensen's head to watching him touch another man? Stupid question. Of course he

would. But maybe Misha was watching to see if he was strong enough to stand up for himself.

Or at the very least that loyal to Misha. Willing to die for Misha's dignity. Would he then step up and do something? Would he be willing to chance both of them getting shot just because he

didn't like other people to play with his toys?

As Kuznetsov fisted a hand roughly in his hair and Jensen felt the hard line of his penis through

the soft cotton of his now exposed underwear against his cheek, he realized none of that mattered.

All that mattered was that he would rather have a bullet in his brain than have Misha see him

touch another man.

Kuznetsov was using his other hand to reach inside his underwear to pull out his dick, so he must

have put the gun down somewhere. That bit of knowledge gave Jensen the courage he needed to

rock back onto the balls of his feet and yank his head from the man's grasp. He stood up and

walked backwards until he was next to Misha. He looked at him in his fathomless, unreadable

blue eyes.

"I won't touch him or anyone else who isn't you."

Misha smiled and whispered, "Good boy."

Jensen's lips parted on a short, quiet exhalation of bliss.

"Then you won't touch anybody!" Kuznetsov shouted, reaching for his gun which was laying on

the table.

Sokolov stood up and reached over enough to pull the gun away. Kuznetsov looked absolutely

livid, but his shouts were preempted by Misha speaking.

"Gentleman, I need to know if I've ever let you down."

Everyone in the room looked at the three men as they looked at Misha.

"Has there ever been a job I haven't completed in its entirety with absolute discretion and

efficiency? I have worked for this organization for close to twenty years, making you all rich and powerful. Is all the thanks I am to receive to be insults, doubts, and being forced to watch you

rape Jensen? Is that really the best way you can repay me for two decades of service with a

perfect record?"

Kuznetsov and Golubev exchanged looks, but Sokolov kept his eyes on Misha as if too wary to

look away for even a moment.

“Furthermore, as the three of you should be intimately familiar with, my loyalty is not an absolute.

I have consistently worked for this organization over the years, but you all know it’s not because I consider it my family or my duty. The three of you have the power you do now because I

betrayed some of the men I used to work for. You all are very aware that my loyalty lies with the

ones who pay me and provide me with whatever I request in order to complete my job. It also lies

with those people who don’t piss me off.”

His voice took on a harsh, violent edge at the end and goosebumps broke out over Jensen’s arms

at the dangerous tone. Everyone in the room seemed suddenly on edge: feet shifted, throats

swallowed, eyes darted around looking for exits.

Golubev put up a calming hand, “There’s no need to get upset,” he said. “You’re absolutely

right. We’ve been out of line tonight, Misha. You are our greatest asset and we’ve insulted you.

Please, accept our deepest apologies.”

Misha stared at him, showing no outward signs of either accepting or rejecting the plea.

“Misha,” Sokolov began, “may we have a word with you? In private?”

At those words, the suits moved away from the walls and began to collect the groups and

individuals they had escorted in, and Jensen was flanked by the two he was pretty sure had led

him here. He was walked backed to the waiting room and left alone with the doors closed.

Jensen’s heart pounded and his chest squeezed tight with each breath. He gnawed on his thumb

as he paced the room. He was fairly certain that those men, and even all their guards, wouldn’t be able to hurt Misha and he would be able to escape easily. But probably only if he left Jensen

behind. So, the question remained: would he just be killed or would he be handed over to

Kuznetsov? Locked in a basement, force fed drugs until he lived in a world consisting of the hazy

cycle of mind and personality erasing highs followed by willingly allowing himself to be raped

over and over just to get more drugs to end the pain of withdrawal. He would rather be dead.

Maybe Misha would take pity on him and would put him out of his misery before he skipped

town.

The doors to the room opened and Jensen whirled around, his shout of Misha’s name dying on his

lips. Alexei entered the room and shut the door behind him. Jensen drew

himself up to his full

height, which made him several inches taller than the brat. The kid walked right up to him

though, fearless.

“I gotta hand it to you,” Alexei said, “I don’t like you, but that was pretty ballsy. Refusing a man who could order Misha to kill you just out of spite.”

“I would rather die at Misha’s hands than his.”

“And you probably will,” Alexei murmured. “They all do. Which is why I can tolerate you for

now. It won’t be long before Misha gets bored of you or decides you’re more trouble than you’re

worth. I can wait you out.”

A few dozen snide responses ran through Jensen’s head, but he stayed quiet. And he had guessed

right: no response at all upset the arrogant little shit more than any retort would.

“You think you’re special?” he sneered. “Do you have any idea of the sheer number of fucks

Misha has paraded around here before? You’re one of many in a very long line, Jensen. You’re

a new toy that hasn’t quite lost its shine yet. But you will. And he’ll kill you. And what will it all have been for?”

Jensen thought about that—what had all his poor decisions and impulsive choices regarding Misha

gotten him? A true sense of self-worth. Absolution from his self-loathing.

Fantastic sex.

Jensen reeled back when Alexei slapped him. He was more shocked than hurt and rubbed his

cheek as he looked at the fuming teenager.

“Do you think this is a joke?” he asked harshly.

Jensen realized he had started smiling as he’d thought about what he’d gotten from his relationship with Misha. And fuck—did they have a relationship? Yeah, they kind of did.

“You piece of—” Alexei hauled back for a punch, but the doors opened.

Alexei turned and went rigid when he saw Misha.

“We’re leaving,” Misha said.

Jensen nodded and started to step around Alexei, but the kid darted forward and grabbed Misha

by the cloth of his button down shirt.

“Misha! Why are you—”

Misha gripped his wrists and Alexei immediately released him; the first smart thing he’d done that day.

“Alexei, you promised me when I went to prison that you would work extra hard at getting your

degree and making the most of the life I’d saved.”

Alexei nodded weakly.

“Are you going to break that promise?”

“Of course not!”

“Do that for me if you want to make me happy.”

Alexei’s lip quivered as he tried to hold back tears. “And then what?”

“I’ll look forward to serving you as leader of this organization.”

“And I’ll be your boss?”

“Yes.”

“And I can order you to do anything?”

“Anything.”

Jensen crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow in bemusement. Had Alexei not

been awake during the little meeting that had just happened? Misha didn’t take orders from

anybody.

Alexei nodded and tried to smile. “Okay. I promise I’ll work hard and turn myself into someone

you’d be proud to work for.”

Misha let go of his wrists and there were stark white impressions of Misha’s fingers in his skin that slowly bled back to pink. Alexei rubbed one gingerly and then left without looking back at

Jensen. Misha met Jensen’s eyes and they stood in silence for several long moments. Then Misha

turned and walked out the doors. Jensen followed.

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Jensen’s shoulders didn’t fully relax until they were back at their apartment

and the door was

firmly shut and locked behind them. But they tensed again when he felt Misha's hand at the back

of his neck. Jensen turned his head and looked at Misha who had moved to stand beside him. His

eyes were clear, almost bright—completely unlike anything Jensen had ever seen before. Then

they darkened slightly.

“Go wash up,” Misha said softly, and then walked away.

Jensen exhaled shakily, but not with nervousness or relief. He was already growing hard and

trembling with anticipation. When Misha wanted him clean—he had plans for him.

Jensen walked into his room and flipped on the light. He paused to look around at the space. It

had changed a lot from its stripped down, barren state when he had first moved in. He'd picked

out a blue comforter for the bed and matching curtains for the windows—because his mother

would be scandalized if he left nothing but the blinds in the frames. The closet door was open and revealed a pretty full wardrobe considering how little he'd left LA with. Of course most of his

clothing consisted of the trendy, sometimes obnoxiously so, fashions he bought with his discount at Diesel, but it was all his. The picture frame with his family had been meticulously cleaned of

blood and given a place of honor on the desk next to the laptop Misha had

bought him. A

bookshelf sat opposite the desk, half full with books. He didn't place a new one on the shelves

until he was finished with it—so it was actually quite amazing to see how much he'd read in such

a short time. He'd never been a big reader, finding it tedious and a waste of time. That was until he had no friends and no life and suddenly reading became an escape. Even though he now had

school and work and dare he say it—acquaintances—to keep him busy, he decided he wasn't

going to give up his newfound hobby.

Of course, hobbies and work and school and new relationships all had to take a backseat to what

was really important. Jensen stripped and dropped his clothes in the laundry basket before

entering his private bath and starting the shower. When the water was warm, he used bar soap to

wash every inch of his body. Then he shampooed and conditioned his hair with the brand Misha

had given his reluctant approval to. He'd been upset when Jensen didn't smell the way he used to

in LA, but Jensen had used the generic store brand from Fresh & Easy—a store found only in

California. Unable to find a decent replica, Misha had settled for something that smelled sweet

and vaguely of citrus. Sometimes he wondered if Misha thought it made him

smell like lime Jell-

O.

Finally, he detached the showerhead from the stall and adjusted the spray to a single, steady but

gentle stream of water. He reached back and used the device as a makeshift douche. He tried to

make it perfunctory and get himself cleaned out, but the anticipation of what was to come made

the warm pulse of water inside him pleasurable, arousing and he found himself leaning against the

cold tile of the shower wall and pulling gently on his filling cock. His eyes flew open. What on

earth was he doing getting off on this when he could have Misha doing it for him?

He straightened and turned the shower off, returning the showerhead to its proper place. He

stepped out of the shower and dried himself quickly with a towel, pausing to look in the mirror as

he hung it back up. He supposed he had a nice body, but he felt like the promise of his good

looks was a little misleading. His body wasn't quite as perfect as the flawless symmetry of his

face. He was a little soft in places, but certainly not overweight anywhere. He frowned as he

looked at his right pectoral muscle—it always seemed a little smaller than the left. He let his eyes drift down to the soft thatch of hair between his legs. It



was dark, of course, but not nearly as dark as what was between Misha's legs. Hell, even his "blonde" girlfriend had been darker down there

than he was. Fortunately, a rather impressively large cock bobbed gently at half mast above a set

of heavy, well-proportioned balls. It may be juvenile, but he was rather proud of his endowment

and had often forgone underwear in order to feel it move against his leg and rub maddeningly

against the texture of his jeans. Once he'd gotten a job at the prison though, he'd thought it would be unprofessional to walk around free balling it. And now of course there was the potential

everyday for Misha to send him out into the world with his seed coating him and held in place

with his briefs. He would never give up that opportunity, so underwear everyday had become

mandatory.

Jensen flicked off the light in the bathroom and didn't bother to get dressed as he left his

bedroom. He walked down to Misha's room and stood in the doorway, waiting to be invited in.

The room looked empty, but Misha had a private bath as well. He jumped slightly when he felt

hands at his waist. Misha pressed against him from behind, totally nude, and nudged him into the

room. Jensen walked to the bed and with only slight pressure on one shoulder, knew to crawl

onto the mattress and lay down on his stomach.

Misha crawled up after him, spreading his legs and kneeling between them. Jensen closed his

eyes and clenched the sheets tightly with his fingers. It was impossible to know what Misha had

plans to do or what sort of mood he was in until it started to happen. All he could do was shiver

in anticipation and try to shift his hips against the bed to get some friction on his fully hard cock.

Misha's hands splayed over his hips and pulled up slightly. Jensen followed his silent request and got his knees under him, raising his ass and leaving him completely open and exposed to the man

who still knelt between his legs. Misha palmed his ass cheeks apart and Jensen's eyes flew open

and he gasped at the gentle, playful lick over his hole. Misha licked him again and again,

flattening his tongue to completely cover the pucker, and then teasing the rim with little flicks of just the tip. Jensen's moans were stifled behind his bitten lips and he tried so hard to stay still, but he was hot all over and his skin tingled and the pleasure radiating out from Misha's attentions

were doubling back and making everything concentrate right between his legs. The pleasure was

almost becoming unbearable. He started letting out a steady desperate moan that he had no hope

of controlling. He clenched and released every muscle in his body compulsively, sometimes

clamping around the tip of Misha's tongue. Jensen's breathing hitched and

his legs tried to spread wider and he felt his cock tense and throb and he groaned into the sheets as he was certain he was

going to come just from Misha eating out his ass.

Then Misha pulled back and gave one cheek a sharp slap. Jensen grunted and flinched, but it

staved off an orgasm. Misha grabbed his ass with both hands and massaged it gently. Jensen's

hole flexed on its own, seeking out the missing warmth and wetness of Misha's mouth.

"You were so good today, baby boy," Misha said in a satisfied voice. "You wouldn't let that fat

fuck touch you. You were so strong and brave and loyal."

Jensen swallowed and then sighed breathily.

Misha traced his entrance with a feather light touch of his fingertip.

"Do you remember when you thought you were nothing but a desperate slut, willing to suck any

cock just because that's what fags do?"

Jensen shifted and turned his face slightly away from Misha.

"I asked you a question, boy. Are you going to ignore me?"

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"I mean, no, I'm not going to ignore you, but yes, I remember."

Misha chuckled and pushed his finger inside, forcing it all the way in. Jensen

wincing. It didn't

really hurt too badly, his body was relaxed and there was quite a bit of saliva inside him, but

Misha's finger had been completely dry. Misha prodded at his prostate and Jensen groaned

brokenly and pushed back onto the digit.

"You made me happy today, sweet boy. You showed everyone in that room that you're mine."

"Yesss," Jensen hissed as Misha crooked his finger and spread him wide enough to add a second

finger. "Yours."

"Hmm," Misha hummed. "Did you want him?"

"No!"

"Would you want Sokolov...he's powerful and attractive, isn't he?"

"I didn't notice."

Misha growled softly. "Are you lying to me?"

"No, never, Misha, you know that. Oh, fuck, yes...more. Please."

Misha spread his fingers wide and Jensen heard him spit. He felt the warm wetness fall directly

inside him and his body tightened with excitement. If he was using his saliva, he wasn't going to

use any other kind of lube. That meant it would be nothing but Misha inside him—the way it

should always be.

“Alexei is pretty, surely you noticed that.”

“His personality offsets it nicely.”

Misha laughed and pumped his fingers in and out of Jensen’s heat.

“Ohhh...oh, God. Please, Misha...stop teasing. Take me.”

“But you’re just a slutty fag, right, Jensen? Why don’t you want Alexei?”

“Because I’m not a slutty fag,” Jensen said defiantly, grinding back against Misha’s hand. “I’m

your good boy.”

Misha pulled his fingers out and flipped Jensen onto his back so fast he stared up at the ceiling in shock—not sure what had happened. Then Misha was above him, filling his vision with the dark

glinting blue of a hungry ocean.

“You are,” Misha said. “Do you really understand that?” Jensen felt his fat cockhead nudge his

hole. “You are perfect for me.”

Jensen grabbed Misha’s arm and raised his hips when the man put hand at the small of his back.

“Perfect for you...I want to be. Am I? Really?”

“You obey so well,” Misha said as he pushed in—Jensen threw his head back against the mattress

and his vision exploded with stars. “But you’re not broken, baby. You’re not a mindless slave.

You know what you want and what you don't." Misha pushed in deeper and Jensen was finding

it hard to breathe. "You obey me because you want to, not because you have to." He bottomed

out and Jensen heard himself moaning and crying and begging and pleading. Misha shushed him

with a soft kiss.

"Open your eyes, baby boy."

Jensen obeyed, and Misha started to move.

It was nothing but a slow thrust of his hips, again and again, deep into his body. Jensen wrapped

his arms around Misha's shoulders and kept his eyes locked on Misha's as their bodies slowly

rocked together. It was the most intimate thing Jensen had ever done in his life—feeling their

bodies come together again and again, their gaze never wavering, their breathing in synch.

Jensen's lips parted as he stuttered out his breaths, the inhalations catching with each pulse of

pleasure as he came in a slow, intense wave of ecstasy. He kept his eyes open, focused on the

wild, lustful look in Misha's eyes—and he felt him come inside him—buried to the hilt, his seed

filling him deeper than it ever had before.

They remained locked together, chests pressing tightly together as they

breathed deeply. Jensen slid one hand up Misha's back, onto his neck, and into his hair. He ran his fingers through the

sweat-dampened locks and licked his lips.

"I love you, Misha. I do. I probably shouldn't and you probably don't care. But I love you. I

love you. I lo—"

Misha pressed their lips together and the words were lost in the kiss. And this was enough.

Jensen didn't need anything more.

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Jensen wasn't sure what he'd been expecting after that night, but nothing really changed between

them. Misha still disappeared to wherever it was he went and Jensen went to work and finished

up his first semester of college. They cohabitated, they sometimes had meals together, and they

still had some of the kinkiest fucking sex that rivaled the dirtiest pornos Jensen had ever seen.

And one day Jensen caught himself whistling as he poured lime Jell-O mix into boiling water. He

stopped stirring and looked around the kitchen. He was alone. He had another month before

classes started again and he was going to meet Leo and Vanessa for lunch tomorrow before their

shift. He was making green Jell-O for his psychopathic lover who had just

that very morning

made Jensen suck him off as he cooked scrambled eggs.

And he was happy.

Jensen laughed incredulously. He was happy. He was enjoying his life. Maybe now was the

time to have that discussion with Misha regarding his parents' increasing demands for a visit—

either them to Chicago or Jensen to Dallas. Maybe Misha would let him leave if he knew that not

only would Jensen come back to him, he would want to.

Jensen finished mixing the gelatin and popped a lid on the container before putting it in the

refrigerator to chill. He decided he would go to the building's gym and work off some his sudden

giddy energy with a long, hard run on the treadmill. Misha didn't like it when he wore himself out too much at the gym, he liked tiring him out in bed instead, but Jensen needed an outlet. And

there was no telling when Misha would be back. It could be a few hours or it could be a few

days. And that was okay. Because he would come back. He always did.

After an hour in the gym, Jensen took a long, lukewarm shower and contemplated what he would

make for lunch. It was technically too late for lunch and too early for dinner, but he was hungry.

Maybe just a sandwich...Jensen yelped and dropped the towel he was using

to dry his hair as he

came out of the bathroom and saw Misha sitting on his bed.

“Uh—hey, Misha. You’re home.”

“I am.”

Jensen stared at him. He didn’t seem any different or like he was angry or upset—though

sometimes that was worse.

“Are you...upset?”

“Upset? No. Why?”

Jensen just shrugged and bent over to retrieve his towel. “You are just rarely home in the middle

of the day. And you never come in here unless—”

Jensen paused. It had only happened twice and both times he had hated it even as he’d begged for

him not to stop—Misha had been violent and cruel and distant. He’d left him covered in blood both times, terrified and distraught. Jensen pulled the towel close, trying to shield himself from the memories.

“Don’t cover yourself, pretty.”

Jensen dropped the towel and rubbed his arm nervously. Misha looked put together, calm, and

most importantly, blood-free.

“Is something wrong?”

“No. Why do you think I’m upset or something is wrong? I was just waiting

for you to get out of

the shower.”

“Why didn’t you join me?” Jensen asked on impulse. Of all the crazy sex they’d had, they’d

never had shower sex.

“It’s dangerous. We could slip.”

Jensen let out a small laugh. Misha’s brow creased in confused annoyance.

“I’m sorry,” Jensen said. “I’m not laughing at you. It’s just—no, you’re right. It is slippery.”

Misha nodded, like he was happy Jensen had seen the inherent dangers of horseplay in

bathrooms. Exactly how good of a hit man was Misha that he went around murdering dangerous

people with connections to even more dangerous and powerful people and considered that less

risky than rubbing one out with his boyfriend in the shower?

Then Jensen wondered, would Misha consider him his boyfriend? He was still pretty sure fuck

toy was a more apt description.

“So, do you need to ask me something? Or do you need me too...”

Jensen trailed off and looked at Misha’s crotch. His jeans were flat and showing no signs of

needing any attention.

“I wanted to go for a ride. I want you to come with me.”

“O—” Jensen glanced around the room. “Okay.”

“Yes, I’m aware it is an unusual request. Don’t make a big deal out of it.”

Jensen smiled. “Okay. Let’s go then. Can I cover up now though?”

Misha frowned. “I prefer you naked. In fact, I would prefer you to be naked all the time.”

“Sure,” Jensen replied flippantly. “I can do that. We’re just going to need to adjust the thermostat up a little bit.”

“Okay. We can do that.”

Jensen dropped his smile. Shit. Did he really have to walk around the condo buck ass naked all

the time now?

“But in public, I think you better wear clothes.”

“Oh, you think?” Jensen said, unable to hold back the sarcasm. Misha didn’t like it when he was

sarcastic.

“Other people shouldn’t see you naked. Just me.”

Jensen started to laugh and then realized Misha wasn’t joking or being ironic.

“God you are so weird sometimes.”

“Just get dressed, boy. I’m ready to leave now.”

“Okay, okay.”

They took the old Toyota Tercel with its stained seats and dented exterior.

The tires were

practically new and the engine purred with the hum a well cared for machine. Jensen realized this

car was meant to look like a junker, but it still had to be able to perform when Misha needed it to.

Jensen watched the hula dancer bob back and forth on the dash as they drove out of the city and a

few miles into the suburbs. They came across a small town just on the edge of suburbia and the

countryside, and Misha drove them to a rundown neighborhood covered in graffiti and gang-

marked territories. He stopped the car in front of a group of row houses that were beyond

dilapidated and approaching condemned.

Jensen watched several young children playing on the cracked stoop even though it was ten

o'clock on a Wednesday and they were of school age. He glanced over at Misha who was

looking past him out the window at the houses.

"I grew up in that one," Misha said. "The third one from the left."

Jensen turned back to look at the house. There were cracks in the siding and one window was

covered with plastic taped into place. There were no children on the stoop and it had a hollow,

empty look about it.

Jensen didn't know what to say. He wasn't even sure Misha wanted a response or a reaction from

him.

"My brother is buried under the floorboards."

Jensen's eyes widened.

"I didn't kill him, in case you were wondering."

"I didn't say anything."

"But I am the one who hid his body. I thought the house would make a nice headstone."

Jensen bobbed his head. "Yeah, it's...very mausoleum-like."

Misha let out a soft chuckle. "Shut-up, Jensen."

Jensen turned to look at him as he put the car in gear and pulled away from the curb. He drove

west for another hour, taking them way out into farmland and open spaces. After they hadn't

passed another car for over fifteen minutes, Misha pulled over on the side of the road and parked.

He got out and walked around to the back of the car. As Misha disappeared from view when he

opened the trunk, Jensen had a small panic attack. Did Misha bring him out here to help him bury

a body? The trunk slammed closed and Jensen shut his eyes. He did not want to see what Misha

had in the trunk. He started when something tapped against the glass of his

window. He started

again when he saw that it was the barrel of a gun.

“Come on, Jensen.”

Jensen’s hands were shaking as he took off his seatbelt and fumbled with the door handle. He got

out on unsteady feet and followed Misha’s lithe, trim figure as he walked out into an empty field.

When he got to his side, Misha was sliding the magazine out of the weapon. He handed the

unloaded gun to Jensen. He held it awkwardly and Misha began to point out the pieces as he

named them.

“Muzzle, barrel, front sight, slide. Ejection port. Hammer, slide catch lever, rear sight. Safety catch. Do you see this? Safety catch. Trigger, trigger guard. Magazine release. Pull, not push.

Grip and...” Misha waved the magazine in his hand. “Magazine.”

He took the gun back and inserted the magazine. He pulled the slide, loading a bullet into the

chamber. He turned to face a line of trees.

“Both hands on the grip, both eyes open. Square feet, square shoulders. Line up the sights...

inhale. Fire.” Jensen jumped as the gun went off and bark flew on one the distance trees.

“Exhale.” Misha handed him the gun. “Give it a try.”

Jensen exhaled slowly, holding the heavy weapon in his hand as he realized Misha had brought

him out here for weapons training. He looked Misha in the eyes, quirked an eyebrow, and then

turned and fired three times. Bark flew up three times in almost the exact same spot. Jensen

ejected the magazine and pulled on the slide, forcing the round currently in the chamber to pop out of the ejection port. He caught it with one hand in midair and handed the unloaded gun back to

Misha. Misha narrowed his eyes.

“I grew up in Texas, baby. I probably handled a gun before you did.”

Misha glared for a moment longer and then he broke out in a grin and laughed. He moved to

stand right in Jensen’s personal space and Jensen placed his hands lightly on his hips.

“How could I possibly forget where my little cowboy came from? I’ll take you to a friend of mine

tomorrow and let you pick out your own.”

“You have friends?” Jensen asked.

“I have people I let think are my friends.”

Jensen laughed softly and tilted his head as he leaned in. They kissed—almost like two normal

people do after sharing a joke. Misha wrapped his arms around his waist and kissed him deeper,

thrusting his tongue inside his mouth and making his claim. He pulled back

after a couple

minutes, leaving Jensen breathless.

“I’m going to fuck you in the middle of this field now.”

“Okay.”

~~~

The next time Jensen went for a ride with Misha, he wasn’t sure what to expect. Misha had

received a phone call while they were in the middle of dinner, and after it had ended he’d

instructed Jensen to finish eating and left the table. When he'd returned he was dressed all in black and ordered Jensen to leave his last bite of mashed potatoes on the plate. Jensen had followed him wordlessly to the garage and gotten into the passenger seat of the Tercel. Misha had driven them

to the part of Chicago that even a coldblooded mafia hit man should be a little nervous about being in. He parked in front of an old abandoned office building that looked like it suffered more from

the residents of the neighborhood than it had from the fire that had gutted it.

Misha sat back in his seat and put his cell phone next to the hula girl. Jensen strummed his fingers on his legs and glanced around outside. No one seemed to be around. He waited for Misha to

explain. He didn’t.

“So, um, can I ask why we’re here?”

“I’m supposed to interrupt a meeting.”

Jensen bobbed his head. “Kay. Why am I here?”



“It’s safer for you to be near me until this is taken care of.”

“Kay.”

Jensen stopped asking questions and patted a beat on his thighs as they sat and waited.

“Stop that.”

Jensen stopped moving his hands. He heaved in a deep breath and let it out slowly, and kind of

loudly. He looked over at Misha. He looked annoyed.

“Sorry,” he whispered and tried to make himself smaller in his seat.

“Unzip your fly.”

“What?”

Misha’s eyes hardened instantly. Jensen immediately began to work the button and zipper of his

jeans open. Misha was not in one of the moods when Jensen could test the boundaries of their

relationship; he was in an “obey me or get cut” kind of mood. Those had gotten increasingly

rarer, but they hadn’t disappeared.

“Pull it out,” Misha commanded as he looked out Jensen’s window.

Jensen obeyed feeling perilously exposed in the dangerous neighborhood.

“Get it hard.”

Jensen gaped. Was he serious? What the fuck was his problem? The people who lived around

here would not be okay with one dude watching another dude jack himself in a car on their

streets. They would shoot first and not even ask questions later. He didn't think he was even

capable of getting hard in this kind of tenuous situation. But, he dutifully began to move his hand over the soft flesh, willing it to respond to his desire to obey Misha if not any actual desire. After a few minutes of nothing, Jensen gnawed on his lip nervously and glanced at Misha. The man

was staring at his lifeless crotch.

"Hold this," Misha said and handed him a nine millimeter handgun.

Jensen took the gun and stared in amazement as Misha bent over and kissed his cockhead. A

tingle started where his lips had made contact and danced up into his body. Misha gripped his

shaft hard in one hand and Jensen sucked in a sharp breath as his dick responded. One quick

visual of Misha's pink tongue darting out from between his full lips to lick around the crown and

Jensen was gone. Blood rushed to his groin so fast he felt dizzy and had to flop his head back against the headrest.

He was raging hard and precome began to pulse out of him. Misha carefully took the head in his

mouth and gave it an experimental suck. Jensen was almost certain this was the first time Misha

had ever given a blowjob in his life. Just like he was certain voicing that thought out loud would bring a swift conclusion to his life.

Misha bobbed his head lower. His technique was pretty terrible considering how many blowjobs

he'd received in his life, but to Jensen it felt like Satan's idea of heaven. He raised a hand and almost put it on the back of Misha's head, thought better of it, and just ran his fingers lightly,

loosely through the dark waves of hair on the top of his head. Misha sucked on the crown and

then let his teeth lightly graze the tip before he went back down, taking in just a little bit more.

Jensen's head was exploding with fireworks.

"That's it," he sighed. "You're a fucking natural, Mish."

Misha pulled off and looked him in the eyes. Jensen stared at him, lips parted as he panted with

lust-blown eyes. Misha leaned forward and kissed his lips, and then he bent his head and took

Jensen in the perfect wet heat of his mouth again. It technically wasn't the best blowjob Jensen

had ever had, but he wasn't going to last long—not with the levels of adrenaline pumping through

every vein and artery in his body.

Misha's cell phone buzzed on the dash. He used the hand not stroking Jensen's shaft to pick it up

and bring it to his ear.

"Yeah?" he said, pulling off long enough to get the word out. He tongued Jensen's slit while he

listened to the person on the other end. Jensen's bit his lip to keep from whimpering. His toes

curled in his shoes and he gripped Misha's hair harder than he meant to.

"Okay," Misha said and hung up the phone. He circled his lips around the head again, giving

another suck and Jensen stammered out a warning. He came with blinding force making weird,

unsexy choking sounds as he pumped load after load of his come into Misha's waiting mouth. He

swallowed without issue and then sat up, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. Jensen panted

harshly and stared at him, terrified that he was about to get shanked.

"Zip up. We gotta go in."

Misha pocketed his cell phone and got out of the car. Jensen stared straight ahead, his brain trying to process what had just happened. He jumped when Misha tapped the passenger window with

the barrel of a gun. Then he quickly tucked himself back in his underwear and jeans and zipped

up. He got out of the car, awkwardly holding the weapon Misha had handed to him.

"I don't anticipate you needing to use that," Misha said, "but I'd rather you have it. I'm going to leave you on the second floor. Just stay there and shoot anything that moves."

"What if I shoot you?"

Misha laughed. Really loudly. "You're not going to shoot me, baby boy."

They crossed the street and entered the office building. When the door closed behind them it was

black as pitch. Jensen grabbed onto the back of Misha's jacket and practically walked on the back

of his heels as they shuffled through the interior and up a flight of stairs. He had no idea how

Misha knew where he was going or if he could even see anything. When they reached the

landing, Misha led him down a corridor and dropped him off at a corner.

“Wait here. I've got a meeting to attend. They should all be there, so you really shouldn't come across anyone here. I'll be back in like ten minutes. Fifteen tops.”

Jensen was surprised when Misha kissed him because he hadn't seen it coming. He opened his

mouth and Misha's tongue plunged into him, tasting of his own semen. Jensen grabbed the sides

of Misha's face and sucked on his tongue. Misha didn't pull away and they let the kiss get sloppy

and wet. They broke apart and Misha laughed softly. He put a finger to Jensen's lips.

“Shh now, baby. I'll be right back.”

Misha stepped away from him and for a few more seconds Jensen could sense where he was in

the darkness—and then there was nothing. He didn't know if Misha was still nearby or had

disappeared to another dimension. He risked the small light from the Day-

Glo function on his

watch to check the time. It glowed for ten seconds and then went out, leaving him in the

blackness again. He was now able to make out the walls in the gloom, but other than that there

was nothing.

Jensen waited and waited, his heart pounding faster and his breathing getting harder to regulate as his body's flight response curled in his gut and made his legs itch to run. He knew more than

fifteen minutes had passed. He checked his watch again and almost burst out in hysterical

laughter. It had been about three minutes. He was going to die of a heart attack waiting for Misha to come back. He leaned against the wall and forced himself to take in a deep breath. And then

another. On the third exhalation, he felt his chest loosen and was able to breathe more or less

normally.

He saw something move at the end of the hall. It was on the tip of his tongue to call out Misha's

name, but then he remembered his order. Jensen raised the gun and heard the soft, muffled sound

of gun with a silencer being shot. He fired back and nearly jumped out of his skin at the noise it made. His gun did not have a silencer. Jensen turned tail and ran. He slammed into the wall at

the end of the corridor having missed the fact that he'd just reached a T intersection. He took off to his left and saw a faint trickle of light a few yards down the hall. He made for the light and

ducked inside the room, slamming back against the wall and sliding down to the glass strewn

floor.

Jensen tried to catch his breath; he couldn't have run more than thirty yards total but he felt like he'd just run a marathon underwater. He focused his senses, trying to hear if he was being

pursued. By allowing himself to become aware of his body again, he felt a burning sensation on

his arm. He lifted his hand to inspect the site of the pain, and felt the warm wetness of blood at the same time the metallic bite hit his nose. He pulled his hand back and saw in the faint light the

nearly black smear on his skin. He'd been shot! And he was holding a gun! And he was hiding

from a man trying to kill him because Misha fucking Collins had brought him here because he'd

thought it'd be safer! The fuck was he doing with his life? How had he thought he was happy

with this man?

Jensen drew his hand to his chest in a clenched fist as he pressed against the wall when he heard

footsteps in the hallway. He willed his stupid heart to shut up—it was so fucking loud. The steps got louder—paused in front of the door of the office he was hiding in—began to move away—

turned back. Jensen clutched the gun in his hand tighter. Don't look. Don't hesitate. Just shoot.

He tensed his body, ready to spring into action.

The person flew across the room with a frightening velocity and collided with the wall with a

sickening crunch. Jensen squeaked.

“Jensen?”

Jensen looked up at the shadow in the doorway. He jumped to his feet and threw his arms around Misha’s neck.

“Oh, Jesus, fuck, Misha. I wanna go. Can we go? Please. I wanna go.”

“Yes, of course, sweet boy. Whatever you like. I have a present for you first though.”

He pulled back and rubbed Jensen’s arm and he winced as his hand brushed over his wound.

“What is that?”

“It’s nothing. Barely grazed me.”

“He shot you?” Misha asked, voice slightly raised and sounding—like he’d just been told that pigs

had always been able to fly.

He walked over to the man on the floor and turned him over roughly with a foot. The man

groaned.

“You shot him?” Misha asked the man.

He didn’t wait for a response and shot out his knee cap. The man screamed in pain and Jensen

flinched. Misha shot through his left hand. The man screamed again. Misha shot between the



man's legs and he began wailing loudly and endlessly. Misha aimed at his right arm and Jensen

leapt forward, wrapping his arms around Misha's waist.

"Just kill him, please. Stop this."

Misha adjusted his aim and shot the man in the head. He went still and quiet. Jensen sighed in

relief and placed his forehead against the back of Misha's neck. They stood for a moment or two,

and then Misha turned and ushered Jensen out of the room with a hand at the small of his back.

Jensen walked blindly, trusting Misha to lead him safely outside. But they had one stop to make

before they could leave.

Misha took him upstairs and led him to a medium sized room in the heart of the building. It had

no windows and was completely shielded from the outer walls by the inner walls of hallways. In

this room the lights were on. Jensen had to squint against the brightness, but he knew what he

would see when he could open his eyes again. Fifteen to twenty men lay on the floor, sprawled in

chairs, or slumped against walls: all dead. Jensen recognized a couple of the suits from the

mansion. And Golubev had a bullet in his back—he was halfway out the door.

On a conference table at the center of the room, one person was still alive, squirming against the

knives that pinned his wrists to the wood. The knives had been driven in with such force that the

hilts were digging into his fat wrists, the blades buried almost halfway into the table. Kuznetsov turned his head when he heard them approach. His eyes widened.

“No, no. Misha. Dmitri. I knew your father. I helped mold you, shape you! Sokolov is going to

destroy this business! Spare me, work for me. Kill Sokolov. You know I’d run this better than

he would. And you know I’d be too terrified of you to turn against you. Mutually assured

destruction. Come on, Misha, please. You have more sense than this.”

Jensen stood partially behind Misha and reluctantly got closer to the man as Misha approached

him. He wasn’t willing to hang out in the doorway by himself. He doubted it, but what if Misha

hadn’t gotten all the guards?

Misha pulled out another large knife from a sheath inside his jacket.

“You’re right,” Misha said calmly. “Sokolov is probably going to struggle trying to manage this all on his own. You would make a much better sole successor.”

Kuznetsov let out a soft, scared breathy laugh. “See. Yes. You’re smart enough to think for

yourself. Do what’s best for you, Misha.”

“The problem though,” Misha said, tapping Kuznetsov’s chest with the flat of the blade, “is that

you touched something that belongs to me. And I don’t like it when people touch my things.”

Kuznetsov’s eyes flicked over to Jensen.

“That’s right,” Misha said, and plunged the knife into his neck. He twisted his wrist and yanked

the blade out hard, tearing a large chunk of flesh from his throat. The carotid artery immediately began to gush blood and Misha lifted up the man’s feet, causing more blood to spurt and spray out

of him in a dark, shiny pool on the table. He died in less than thirty seconds. Misha tugged out

the blades holding his wrists to the table, and then pulled his corpse until it fell onto the floor like the dead meat it was.

Jensen stared in shock for a moment and then gasped when Misha grabbed him. He cried out

when his back collided with the table, warm thick blood soaking through his thin T-shirt and onto

his skin. He felt it in his hair and Misha slid him forward, covering him in the dead man’s

lifeblood. And then Misha was on top of him, thick, hard erection pressing between his legs.

Misha’s eyes were glazed with excitement and lust and he rutted between Jensen’s legs, keeping

his wrists pinned to the table in a macabre parody of the way Kuznetsov had been.

“No, no, no...”

Misha silenced him with a kiss and then bit his lip hard. He reached a hand between their bodies,

pulling down Jensen’s zipper. His body slid again in the smear of blood that was quickly cooling.

“No, stop—Misha, please—don’t! Stop!”

Misha stopped moving and looked down at him. His eyes were still a little unfocused and his hips

were making small, unconscious humping motions into Jensen’s heat.

“Stop? You don’t want me?”

“Not here,” Jensen sobbed. “Please. Not like this.”

Misha’s eyes went cold and dark. His grip on Jensen’s wrist increased to the point of pain and his other hand traveled up to Jensen’s throat.

“I did this for you.”

“I know, Misha, I know. But, don’t do this to me.”

“Do this to you?” Misha’s face closed off and his hand tightened around his throat. “This was the choice you made, Jensen. You chose me. This is my world.”

“I know, baby, I know.” Jensen raised his free hand and stroked his fingers down Misha’s cheek,

leaving a trail of red. “But it’s not your whole world.”

Misha stared down at him, and slowly released the pressure on Jensen’s throat and wrist. He slid

off the table and stood unmoving for endless minutes. Then he reached out a

hand to Jensen. He

accepted the hand and allowed Misha to pull him off the table and to his feet. Jensen stepped

close and cupped Misha's face with his clean hand. He leaned forward and kissed him chastely.

When he pulled back he was rewarded with the deep blue of Misha's eyes, clear and calm.

"Will you take me home?"

Misha nodded. "Yes."

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Jensen gagged as he peeled the blood soaked shirt from his body. He heaved again as the jeans

clung to his backside when he tried to pull them down. He barely kept his dinner down as he

slipped off his underwear and dumped the three garments into the trash bag Misha was holding up

for him. He was frowning, displeased.

"We're going to have to do something about your squeamish stomach. Really, this is kind of

embarrassing. It's just a little blood."

Jensen shot him a nasty look that could have killed kudzu. He ignored the flash of white teeth as

Misha smiled and stalked into his bathroom, turning on the shower and setting it to as hot as he

could tolerate it. Let Misha handle getting rid of their bloody clothing and the soiled upholstery in the car. He was going to have to wash his hair at least ten times before he felt clean again.

After a very long time of scrubbing and pounding hot water, the swirls around his feet ran clear

down the drain. Jensen leaned against the tile and sighed heavily as the water bounced off his

chest and up onto his face.

He'd known, of course. He had seen the cold detachment with which Misha lived his life. He'd

seen him attack men and the devastating injuries that resulted. But this was the first time he'd ever actually seen him kill a man. He wondered if this changed anything. If it changed everything.

The door to the shower opened and Jensen opened his eyes in alarm. Misha stepped in and closed

the door behind him. He moved under the spray and the water began to run pink, and then red.

Jensen stared at him for a moment—seeing that the monster and the man were indeed one and the

same. He would always have blood on his hands. He would always need it to be a part of his

life.

Jensen reached out slowly and picked up the soap. He worked up a lather in his hands and began

to clean Misha's body. Misha stood motionless and quiet as Jensen worked at removing the stains

and the taint from his skin.

Soon, the water ran clear again.

Jensen brushed his thumb over Misha's cheekbone. He gave him a small smile. Misha wrapped

his arms around him and leaned forward, capturing his lips in a kiss. Jensen leaned into it, circling his arms around Misha's neck and letting the soap drop to the floor with a thud.

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"So, shower sex isn't so dangerous after all, hmm?" Jensen asked as he watched Misha dress in a

black suit with a red tie.

"I nearly slipped three times."

"Worth it though, huh?"

"I doubt my thighs will agree with that sentiment in the morning."

Jensen chuckled and leaned against the doorframe as Misha sat on the bed to put on his socks and shoes. He had no idea why watching a hit man do such mundane things was so fascinating.

"Well, my dick thanks them for their sacrifice."

"Don't get cocky, boy. I don't like cocky on you."

Jensen tempered his mirth and remained silent while Misha finished getting ready. He walked him

to the front door and tugged on his hand to keep him from just walking straight out.

"I do like you needy and desperate though," Misha murmured as he allowed

himself to be pulled

back for a kiss. “Why don’t you find a nice toy to play with while I’m gone?  
This meeting

shouldn’t take long. I just need to tell Sokolov everything is taken care of and  
help convince the other members of the family to accept his sole succession.  
When I get back, I want to be able to

sink straight into my sweet boy.”

Jensen hummed and kissed him. “Yes, I’ll be good while you’re gone.”

Misha smiled and cupped an ass cheek in one hand, giving it a good squeeze.

“That’s my boy.”

There was one more lingering kiss that more closely resembled a good  
tongue fucking, and then

Misha was out the door. Jensen let his hand linger on the metal. There was  
still a small war going on between his conscience and his devotion to Misha,  
but Misha was right: he had made his

choice. And even after everything—he didn’t regret it. And that was  
something he would have to

learn to live with.

Jensen walked into the kitchen and frowned when he saw their dinner dishes  
were still on the

table. He was tired and wanted to leave them until morning, but the OCD part  
of Misha might

murder him. For real. He began clearing the table and hummed tunelessly to  
himself. After he

put the leftovers in a Tupperware container, he opened the French style doors



of the refrigerator

and searched for a place to put it on the full shelves. He tucked the dish in behind a bottle of the weird kale and blueberry juice drink Misha liked and shut the door. He started when he saw the

barrel of a gun three inches from his face. He raised his eyes and his gaze traveled down the

length of the arm holding the gun to the smugly smiling face of the person it belonged to. Alexei's smile turned even crueler.

“Evening, Jensen.”

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

# Document Outline

- [Dark Eyes](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1250044) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1250044>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</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="#">Brenna O'Brien</a>                                                                                                                |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Femdom</a> , <a href="#">Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Light Bondage</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub Undertones</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm Denial</a> |
| Series:          | Part 3 of <a href="#">Off the Reservation</a>                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Stats:           | Published: 2014-03-01 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 70152                                                                                                                                                              |

## Deep in the Heart of Texas

by [cmwebb17](#)

### Summary

There's no way to summarize this without spoiling the beginning! Ha.

### Notes

The title comes from an American folk song.

There are NOT two chapters in this story. Only two different versions of it. The first is told from Misha's POV and was my original intention to finish the series. But then I thought that some people might prefer to stay in Jensen's head for the entirety of the story. Both tell the same story, just from different perspectives. There are some scenes that exist in Misha's version that do not in Jensen's and vice versa. However, the bulk of the fic is pretty redundant as they are together for most of it, and in some cases the text is identical between the two.

You can choose to read both, just one, or just one and skim the other for the differences, but you'll reach the same ending. If you decide to read both, choose carefully who you read first because it might make the other one a little boring for you.

Otherwise, please enjoy! This series was really fun to write and this is why I love receiving prompts as I never know what will come out of them. ^\_^

(The proofreading was a little spotty on these, and I hope I can get rid of this line in a few more days after I have a chance to go back over it all. -\_-)

Oh, bonus! I commissioned this lovely

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[Explicit](#)

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[Undertones](#), [Orgasm Denial](#)

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Oh, bonus! I commissioned this lovely

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from

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Isn't it nice?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Misha's POV

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As Misha took the stairs down into the parking garage under the building in which he lived, he did

a mental inventory of the weapons on his body by feeling them or their weight against his skin:

his favorite .45 Glock 36 holstered under his left arm, his second favorite Glock 20 holstered on

his right hip, the inelegant but convenient Springfield XD-S 9mm holstered on his left ankle, the

Colt Mustang XSP tucked into the back of the waistband of his pants, a flat handled knife

strapped to his left forearm, a push blade in the inside breast pocket of his jacket, a garotte wire in his collar, and two color-coded hypodermic needles strapped to his right ankle—green for

unconsciousness, red for death.

He never carried this much firepower under normal circumstances. For one thing, if an assassin

needed this much weaponry to get the job done or ensure a safe entry and exit, he or she was not a

very good assassin. And he knew he was a fucking amazing assassin. Tonight he carried this

much for the possibility of needing the volume of bullets. It was entirely possible the family

would not take kindly to Sokolov's little coup d'etat and Misha would need to shoot his way out.

At any given time there were about twenty or thirty suits on the grounds, which didn't include all

the family members that would be armed. He really hoped it wouldn't come to that as he exited

the stairwell into the concrete parking structure. It never made much financial sense to kill your

employers, no matter how obnoxious or handsy they got.

A mother with her young son almost bumped into him as he made his way to

the corner where he

kept his cars. She would have slammed fully into any other person she was so engrossed with

trying to understand the kid's babbling, but Misha turned, leaned, increased his pace, and was past

them without incident. But it was a near thing. In the dimness of the garage with its

monochromatic grey walls and floors, it was hard to see bodies sometimes—they just blended in.

Grey, flat things that moved and made noise and danced along the periphery of his vision most of

the time. Sometimes they got in the way. Sometimes animals and plants and rocks got in the way

too. He did the same with the bodies as he would a troublesome branch—he moved it in the most

efficient manner.

He'd explained it to his brother once—the one under the floorboards of their old house—that of

course he could tell the difference between a human body and a rock. He just didn't see what the

difference was in kicking a body and kicking a rock. What fundamental difference was there in

breaking a stick and breaking an arm? Neither the rock nor the body mattered to him. Neither the

branch nor the arm was a thing he cared about. Why did it matter that the body parts mattered to



others? What did that have to do with him?

He wouldn't have broken his brother's arm though. He hadn't been a black and white object

taking up space like so much of the other things in the world. His brother had been in sharp focus

and full color. One of only three or four people who had ever been so. Misha's first employer,

the man who had brought him into the family, had been one of the few. The first Kuznetsov had

been the smartest man Misha had ever known. Crueler than was probably necessary, but also a

bleeding heart when it came to his granddaughter and puppies. Misha didn't care about the

puppies, but the granddaughter had been one of those swirling collections of color—those people

who were people and stood out from the things and objects—but still a mess and complicated and

not worth much of his time. Her colors had always been weak though, and as Misha had

suspected were only there because she meant something to Kuznetsov, because her colors had

faded completely away after the man's death.

Kuznetsov had taught him to be ruthless and to be very grudging when doling out mercy. He'd also taught him that sex wasn't just a weapon or a way to get rid of horniness. He'd been fifteen

the first time Kuznetsov had watched him fuck his granddaughter. He'd been

seventeen when

Kuznetsov had decided to try to fuck Misha—it hadn't ended well for the mafia boss. It also

hadn't ended well for Misha's mentor who had taken the fall for it. Misha didn't regret framing

the man at all. He couldn't even remember his name at this point, but Misha knew after only a

few months under his tutelage when he'd been thirteen that the man was doing everything wrong.

His colors bled everywhere; he wasn't worthy. Four years was a long time to put up with his

incompetence. It hadn't even been fun hunting him down and killing him on behalf of the family.

It had been too easy. He hated the man for that—for not giving him a challenge. Misha deserved

a challenge and it was annoying to feel anything so strongly for a man who wasn't worth the

effort. How much better could he be if he'd had a real mentor? He'd only met one or two other

hit men who would be equal to the task—both of whom came in full color. He wondered what

they were up to as he unlocked the door to the Aston Martin. He felt like being ostentatious

tonight.

Out on the streets the sidewalks were crawling with grey objects blocking his car, getting in his

way. But he knew they couldn't be driven over. Apparently that was an offense that warranted

incarceration. He may not understand the reasoning behind the rules, but he knew how to follow

them. When he wanted to.

One of the grey objects suddenly developed a swirl of color—Misha recognized the lump of a gun

under his jacket. Not a cop, just a civilian. Gun enthusiast or criminal, it didn't matter. Whatever he was doing wouldn't affect him as he turned the corner at the end of the block. His eyes

scanned the streets, windows, sidewalks, fire escapes—nothing was registering as worthy of his

attention. He turned his thoughts to the meeting. Hopefully Sokolov had figured out a cleverer

way of handling the whole situation than just saying, "I'm in charge now, deal with it!" Maybe

that would work though. Whatever would make it possible for him to not have to say a word and

be able to leave and go home and try out the cock cage on Jensen. He'd never used one before,

and he had a feeling it wouldn't be as exciting as the box promised, but he liked the look in

Jensen's eyes when he told him he wanted to try something new: equal parts terror and arousal.

Misha chuckled as he thought about Jensen. He was a beautiful swirl of color—always had been.

It was why he'd noticed him that day, a burst of color up on the catwalk that made him come to a

full stop. Marv stood beside him, his colors murky and messy, but he was the one in charge most

of the time, which made him important. A couple other guards were in color depending on

whether they were useful or dangerous, just like the inmates. Misha had studied Jensen intently,

trying to figure out why he was in color—very bright, spiraling messy colors—since he didn't

have any apparent usefulness nor was he even a remote danger. The thought had crossed his

mind that he'd just thought he was pretty, but a lot of the black and white objects were very

attractive. That didn't mean they deserved colors. Though Jensen was very pretty. And

ultimately useful. Perhaps Misha had figured that out right from the start. His colors had faded

since then. Not into black and white, but away from the false brightness he had been to more

reasonable and easy to live with colors. They swirled a lot less now too.

Misha gunned the engine and made a hard turn, yanking up on the emergency brake to force the

car to spin across the lane of oncoming traffic and into a parking space along the curb. There was

a surprised honk, but it had happened so fast the other driver wasn't entirely

sure what had

happened. Misha got out of the car and walked toward the vehicle that had caught his attention.

A quick check verified that this was Alexei's car. He glanced around the area, wondering if there

was any reason for him to be parked three blocks from Misha's building that didn't have

something to do with Misha himself. Unlikely. He touched the hood of the car. Stone cold. It

had been off awhile, which meant if Alexei had come to see him, he would have made it to the

apartment before Misha had left. Of course, Alexei shouldn't know where he lived. The only

way he could have found out was to follow someone. He certainly hadn't stalked Misha without him knowing, but Jensen was blind as a bat when it came to his surroundings. Maybe he should

have taught him a little something about looking for dangers and tails. Certainly after the incident with Banger it would have made sense to give him a couple of pointers along with the new gun.

Ah, well, hindsight.

Misha sighed as he looked over at his car. He was going to be late, but he better go check on the

situation. If Alexei was waiting for an opportunity to get Jensen alone, it probably wouldn't be for a social call. Misha jogged across the street and back toward his building. Dozens of scenarios

flashed through his mind, the possibilities of what he would find and how he would react, creating

a chaotic tree of options in his mind's eye.

He couldn't kill Alexei. Even if the kid was raping Jensen with a pine cone all he could do was

give him a slap on the wrist. But Alexei probably wouldn't be interested in punishing Jensen

sexually. He'd want it to be brutal violence administered with hard, lethal objects. Misha had

been impressed with the amount of damage the kid had done to his muggers with that tire iron in

such a short amount of time. He hadn't wanted to stop—eyes glazed with bloodlust and body hot

with adrenaline and energy. Misha had had to waste too much time calming him down and

convincing him to give up the weapon. The cops had shown up and Misha could do nothing

about the bodies. All he knew was that the security camera was at such an angle that it wouldn't

be able to capture who exactly had done the beating. It's what had enabled Misha to take the fall

for him. He wouldn't have done it for any of the other family's spoiled children. He would have

disappeared and let them hang. Of course, none of the other children would have beaten three

men to a bloody pulp because they'd tried to take their wallet.

Alexei was in color. He had been in color for a long time, since he was a preadolescent child.

Misha recognized something in him that would make him a good boss, a clever, ruthless leader

like the first Kuznetsov. Over the years his colors had sharpened or muddied depending on

whether or not he had control over his emotions and thoughts. Sometimes Misha knew he would

be the best person to succeed the reigning triumvirate, and at other times he suspected he would

have to kill him. Now though, with only Sokolov at the helm, killing his only son would not be a

feasible option until the other families had a chance to consolidate their power again. No matter

how it played out, Alexei couldn't be trusted. Misha frowned as he opened the door to his

building. He didn't want to move. That meant Jensen had to go. Or maybe he could just keep

him locked up in his room. Jensen said that would kill him slowly; Misha doubted it. Food, air,

sunlight, and sex should be enough to keep him going. Then again, Jensen was so odd.

Misha cursed silently when he heard the gunshot. Most people might mistake it for a car

backfiring or some other easy to explain away sound. One or two might recognize it as a

gunshot. Even with the echo from the stairwell and the walls and the distance Misha could tell it

was a large caliber handgun. Jensen's gun was a 9mm. That did not bode well for Jensen. As

Misha yanked open the door to the second floor, he tried to remember if he had enough plastic and

duct tape to complete the dismemberment or if he'd have to go out and buy some. Maybe he'd

send Alexei to Home Depot, the little shit. Or what if Alexei was dead? He definitely knew he

didn't have enough for two bodies. If Alexei was dead—he'd have to kill Jensen before going to

Home Depot. Or, he could send Jensen to the store and kill him when he got back. Maybe there

was some way to tell Sokolov it had been an accident? Would he care about self-defense? Would

he have time to stage a carjacking? Maybe he should be positive—maybe neither were dead and

the couple in the apartment across the hall was having a domestic dispute.

Misha turned the unlocked doorknob—had Jensen really not locked it after he'd left? Maybe he

wasn't worth the effort after all—carefully and entered the apartment with no sound; he knew

exactly where and how to step to conceal his approach. He saw Alexei standing with a gun

drawn on Jensen who had his hands in the air and an angry expression on his face. He was

clearly scared shitless, but he was angry about it, not sniveling and



pathetically desperate to live.

He was such a good boy.

Misha crossed the room and neither of them heard him. Jensen's eyes flicked to him as he finally

caught Misha's movements when he raised the gun he had drawn from his shoulder holster.

Alexei's face just started to register that he noticed Jensen was looking at something and not just

for a way out. Before he could turn his head or even get his eyes to start moving in that split

second since Jensen's eyes had moved, Misha put a bullet through his brain and he dropped to the

floor like a rock. Jensen flinched back and Misha stared down at Alexei's body. Hunh. He'd

intended to put the barrel against his temple and get him to surrender his weapon, but then he'd

seen Alexei's trigger finger twitch. His gun had been up and firing before Alexei had been able to

shoot his own gun and blow Jensen's face off. Of course, he may have just been flexing his

fingers—that was a bad habit of his that Misha had tried to break him of—how ironic that it had

come back to haunt him.

Misha dropped the arm that held the gun. "Well, shit."

"M-Misha, I didn't—"

“Pack a bag.”

“W-what?”

“Pack a bag. Just the essentials. Two minutes.”

Misha stepped over Alexei’s body; it was grey now. He walked into his bedroom and pulled out

the small black duffle from the closet shelf. He kept it around in case of—well, not shit like this.

This scenario had never crossed his mind. But the bag would accommodate it anyway. He left

the room and could hear Jensen tearing around in his. He probably should have also told Jensen

to keep a bag packed and ready to go. Why was he so lax when it came to Jensen? Probably

because if he ever needed to use his black emergency bag, he’d never intended to take Jensen with

him. He probably shouldn’t now. But the reason he had to leave was because he’d done

something so that Jensen wouldn’t be dead—he might as well reap the benefits of Jensen still

being alive.

Jensen ran into the living room with a backpack over his shoulder and his laptop under his arm.

He looked a little vacant in the eyes. Misha wondered what was wrong with him.

“Can I take this?” Jensen asked, indicating the laptop. “Or can they track it?”

“They wouldn’t know what to track. Keep it.”

Jensen slung the backpack around to his front and opened the back compartment to slip the laptop

in. Misha caught a glimpse of the picture frame with Jensen’s family in it. That again? Jensen

zipped it up and threw it back on. He looked down at Alexei’s body and swallowed hard.

“Do we—do we have to—should we...”

“Did you pack your gun?”

Jensen’s head snapped up. “What?”

Misha felt that stiff cold feeling that came with disappointment and exasperation. “Get the gun I

gave you tonight.”

Jensen darted back down the hall and Misha glanced around the room. Alexei’s blood and brains

were staining the hard wood floors. That whole section would probably have to be completely torn up and replaced; the wood was ruined.

Jensen returned, breathing hard and clutching the gun in his hand.

“Jensen, in the bag.”

As he fumbled with the backpack to store the weapon, Misha walked toward the door.

“Are we leaving?” Jensen asked, following him into the hallway.

“Yes. Did you put on the safety?”

“What, now? And, yes, of course.”

Misha glanced back at him with a small smile as he opened the door to the stairwell. As upset as

he was, Jensen still had the wherewithal to be careful with the gun and indignant that Misha

thought he wouldn't be. He was so amusing sometimes.

“But the body,” Jensen started again, stumbling slightly on the stairs.

“What about it?”

“Should we hide it?”

“Jensen, two gunshots were fired within the space of two minutes. While this is Chicago, that is

still cause for some alarm. Especially in this neighborhood. We probably have two to twenty

minutes before the cops arrive and we need to be gone before then.”

“Right.”

Misha stepped out onto the ground floor rather than continuing to the garage. He assumed Jensen

was behind him. He thought about his closet full of carefully collected weapons and concoctions.

He wished he had the time to pull out a few of the rarer items, but he really couldn't risk getting

caught or trying to shoot his way out of this. Being in prison had put him in the fucking system,

and his prints were everywhere in that apartment. So were Jensen's.

Fortunately he'd had the

foresight to ask the same hacker who had replaced his prints with someone else's to do the same

for Jensen shortly after bringing him home. Kyle Eggers and Ryan Howard were about to have a

very bad night.

Misha walked the five blocks to where he'd last parked the Hyundai Genesis he kept around for

when he needed to blend in. All of the objects along the way stayed black and white except for a

German Shepherd that popped out in a burst of brown and black. Misha quickly determined it

was a pet being taken for a walk, but its colors didn't fade completely. Dogs and other animals

were often unpredictable variables that needed to be kept track of.

Using the key fob, Misha popped the trunk and threw his bag in. Jensen dumped his backpack in

as well and Misha turned to look at him. He was pale and ashen and his colors were dull and

muted with shock and fear. But at least he was still obeying instructions.

"In the car, baby," he said soothingly, knowing it would get Jensen to move the fastest. Jensen

responded to threats and shouting just like anybody else, but calm commands made it easier for

him to obey without mentally questioning the order.

Misha got in the driver's seat, started the car, and drove away from his life in Chicago. He wasn't

going to miss anything. Well, maybe that Remington pump action shotgun in the closet. And

also...he turned his head. Jensen was in the passenger seat. Well, he wouldn't have to miss him after all if he'd brought him with him. He wondered how Jensen would have handled being

caught with Alexei's body by the police. He probably would have been smart and told them

everything about Misha and insisted he'd been kidnapped from L.A. His boy was clever like that.

He might have even gotten away with it. He hadn't killed Alexei after all and if hooked up to a

polygraph he certainly wouldn't be lying if he said he'd left L.A. under duress.

Now here was the question Misha had to ponder as he maneuvered through the late night

weekend traffic of Chicago toward the highway: Did he need to get rid of Jensen? Killing him

seemed ridiculous at this point. If he was going to let him die, why not just let Alexei do it? He'd probably be able to get back to Texas and reunite with his family. The problem was not knowing

how much Sokolov and his network knew about Jensen. Possibly they knew enough to find him

and his family. And while Misha wouldn't risk his life for someone who had been a nice lay and

a source of entertainment, he wasn't about to let the family have the satisfaction of "using Jensen

to hurt him.” It was a point of pride—not that he cared about pride much. It’s what had kept him

alive this long, but the thought of one of Sokolov’s lesser hit men killing Jensen to "get to him"

was galling. Mainly because they would think Misha had enough of an attachment to him to give

two shits about whether he lived or died and that was just insulting.

Misha glanced at Jensen—he was staring at him. His eyes were wide and his hands were

clenched into fists. Sometimes he did wonder what went on in that head of his. Now was not one

of those times. He faced front again as he entered the highway and kept his speed at about five

miles per hour over the speed limit.

He was going to have to eliminate Sokolov and the threat he posed before he set Jensen loose. It

would only be for a few days, maybe a week tops, and then Jensen could go home. Maybe he

could try to forget any of this had ever happened. Unlikely, but then he’d seen people’s brains

trick themselves into believing any number of lies to help cope with trauma. He remembered a

woman in Spokane who had made herself believe that the only baby she’d ever had was her pet

dog. Her son had been viciously raped and murdered when he was seven or eight and she’d

preferred to believe he'd never existed. Probably because she'd allowed it to happen because she

didn't want to stand up to her boyfriend. A man who was a sadistic murderer who had been hired

to go after one of the second Kuznetsov's cousins. Misha had had fun killing him. It seemed like

the popular opinion was that it didn't matter if bad guys suffered—"the people" were usually all

for it. Misha had heard of Dexter. It had been one of his protégé's favorite shows. So he'd

played the man alive. And then poked the woman full of holes until she'd succumbed. He and his

third protégé had fucked in the puddle of blood as the heat steamed away into the cool night air.

That had been a good night.

Misha looked at Jensen again. He had his hands clasped tightly together and his jaw looked to be

clenched painfully hard. Jensen would never have agreed to have sex in her warm, thick, slick

blood—Misha inhaled as he felt his groin tingle—especially not with her still gasping beside

them. And yet—he would have already killed that third protégé by now if he (or had it been a

she?) had been in the same situation with Alexei. Misha frowned. He wanted to speed and he

wanted understand why he was taking such a big risk for something that



made his dick feel good.

A lot of things made his dick feel good. Misha lifted one hand from the wheel and rubbed his

head. Well, for starters, Jensen wasn't a thing. He was a person. He had to actually put thought

into whether or not a person should be killed. And well, he hadn't thought about killing Jensen.

Not lately anyway. He'd been caught a little off guard.

Misha slammed his hand down on top of the gearshift. When was the last fucking time he'd ever

been caught off guard by something? About sixteen years ago and his brother had died as a

result. He'd thought that Jensen defying Kuznetsov and his own threats against the family would

be enough to keep him immune from their desires—either to use his flesh or use him as a

bargaining chip. Why had it not occurred to him that Alexei would see that as a challenge? As an insult? Because he thought the kid was worth something. He realized now, his colors had faded

so much even before he'd shot him. Just like his brother's. Wanting an out, wanting a wife and

children. Misha had been so upset by the news he'd driven directly to his brother's home to

confront him. He'd been appalled to find his brother's colors faded and starting to blur around the

edges. His mentor had followed him. The man had murdered his brother and

his brother's

pregnant wife. Misha had gone to the original Kuznetsov, asking for permission to kill the

incompetent bastard. He'd been refused. Misha wasn't an idiot—he knew Kuznetsov desired

him, so he let him think he was vulnerable enough to be taken. He wanted to test the man to see if

he was actually worthy of his admiration. As Kuznetsov had rutted against him, Misha realized

the man had no vision. Not outside what would get him his own desires. Just as the man had

flipped him onto his back and shoved his knees up, exposing him—completely dry, unprepared,

and virginal—Misha had easily sliced off his erect cock with the knife he kept in his jacket.

Kuznetsov had screamed. Of course he'd screamed, and Misha had sat beside him and stuck him,

shallowly, with the knife until he bled out.

Misha put a hand to his groin. He loved that memory. Watching Kuznetsov—the man who was

probably behind the hit on his brother, the man who had made Misha fuck his granddaughter for

his amusement, the man who thought he owned Misha rather than just employed him—die with a

wild, betrayed look in his eyes had been a good feeling. Misha's hand had become slick with his

blood; it made a good lubricant as he jacked himself in front of the dying man. Let him have his

last fantasy before he died, Misha could give him that much. He wondered if that's why he found

blood so arousing.

Misha recycled his thoughts in his head for hours, waiting for them to sift out like most things

usually did. The Jensen thing was unfortunately not sorting itself out no matter how much he

thought about it. That was annoying. By now the sun was just starting to appear on the horizon

in front of him. He must have been driving for no less than five hours. He would need to stop in

another hour or so for gas and food. He wondered if they could find a place that served Jell-O...

He turned his head, remembering the problem was still in the car with him. Jensen was slumped

in the passenger seat with his head tilted at an odd angle as it rested half on the seat and half on the window. He looked to be asleep. Misha reached out and rubbed his thigh. The kid snorted

awake and looked at him, blinking bleary eyes. Then he made a pained face and rubbed his neck

as he straightened.

"What is it?" Jensen asked.

"I'll need to stop soon, but we can stop now if you need to."

Jensen shook his head. “I’m fine until you’re ready.”

Misha examined him closely, wondering if he was just trying to placate him. He spoke too

casually and distractedly. He meant it. Then his body tensed and he closed his eyes. He didn’t

look well.

“What’s wrong?” Misha asked.

“Noth—“ Jensen clammed up. He knew better than to lie. Misha was pleased with him.

“Nothing that matters right now,” Jensen said instead.

“Is it the killing or the running?” Misha asked.

Jensen laughed humorlessly. “Both.”

“You didn’t kill him,” Misha pointed out.

“No. But I wanted to. God, Misha, I wanted to fucking murder him. What he said—fuck. I know you’re not mine, but I would bash his head in with that stupid dolphin paperweight you kept

in the kitchen to keep him from having you.”

Misha had never experienced so many reactions at once. Pride and surprise that Jensen had truly

felt murderous; annoyance that Jensen didn’t like his paperweight—that had been a gift from his

brother; displeasure at Jensen even thinking about having ownership of him; amusement at his

jealousy; arousal at his perfection.

Misha jerked the car onto the shoulder and parked beneath an underpass. It was still mostly dark

out, but the sun was rising quickly. They couldn't afford to be picked up by the police right now,

so this was going to have to be fast. He turned the car off and opened the door, instructing Jensen

to get out. He obeyed immediately. Fuck, he was amazing. He ordered Jensen back in the car as

he opened the driver's side backdoor. Jensen got in on the other side and let himself be pulled

across the seat by his legs, laying him out flat on his back. They pulled the doors shut with hard

thunks and Misha kissed him as he rutted between his legs. Jensen liked kissing. Misha could do

without it, but it made Jensen more pliant. And it wasn't terrible. Jensen liked to nibble on his

lower lip and Misha found that that wasn't a bad stimulus.

Misha made quick work of Jensen's jeans and underwear, shoving them to his ankles. He sat up

and hooked Jensen's legs over his head so he could slide back against his body. He rubbed the

soft, smooth fabric of his dress pants over Jensen's forming erection. His boy moaned at the

sensation.

"Shirt," Misha ordered and Jensen's hands fumbled with the hem of his T-shirt as he worked on

undoing the fly of his pants.

Misha grabbed the fabric of Jensen's T-shirt where it had gathered around his hands above his

head and made quick work of securing him to the door handle. Jensen hummed and shifted

against him. Misha sat on one bent leg, the other braced on the floor as he took their cocks in one

hand and began stroking them slowly, but firmly. Jensen opened his eyes and watched Misha's

hand move. He raised his eyes and looked up at Misha. A small smile formed on his lips.

"Look at you, pretty. Accessory to murder, on the run from the cops and the Russian mafia, and

here you are happily spreading for me like the good, obedient boy you are."

Jensen closed his eyes and turned his head. Misha yanked violently on their cocks and said,

"Look at me." Jensen gasped in pain, but turned his head back and opened his eyes.

"Would you change anything, Jensen?"

"I would have killed Alexei. I would have done it quietly. I know you know how to get rid of

bodies. We wouldn't have had to leave. I'm sorry I ruined everything for you."

Misha laughed; like Jensen had any influence on the proceedings. Misha spread Jensen's legs

farther apart, lifting one above his head. He put two fingers to Jensen's mouth and watched as he

sucked on them enthusiastically. He brought them back and immediately began circling Jensen's

hole and pressing them inside. Jensen's body easily accepted the intrusion. His rim had gotten

used to the daily stretching, but his hole still stayed nice and tight around him when he fucked

him. He'd stopped using dildos bigger than himself on the kid; no sense ruining a good thing.

"Lift your hips, baby boy."

Jensen obeyed and Misha spit into his palm. He slicked up his cock a little and then pressed

inside. This was it—the only moment he completely forgot his meticulous attention to detail and

ignored his surroundings—sinking into Jensen's body. Even during orgasm he could keep his focus; he liked to watch other people come. Controlling someone's orgasm could be very

entertaining, but watching their reactions to him coming in them or on them never ceased to be

amusing. But this brief moment of feeling Jensen's body taking him in—it was something

different; it was something that belonged only to him. No one had ever been inside him before

Misha, and no one ever would be again. Misha owned this and he allowed himself the indulgence

no matter how often he partook of it.

He circled his hips, making sure he got in good and deep. Jensen arched off the seat, pulling at his bonds. He let out a string of obscenities, but Misha let it slide. He'd meant it when he said he

didn't like foul language coming from his pretty lips, but he liked the way Jensen's voice sounded

when he growled out his profanities. He was still quite young and had some growing to do yet,

and that growl was proof that one day Jensen's voice would be deeper and grittier. It was a shame

he wouldn't be around to hear it.

Misha slowed his movements as he felt Jensen kicking his feet around behind him. He glanced

over his shoulder and saw that he'd removed one shoe so that he could pull his leg out of his pants

and underwear and plant it against the side of the car near the roof. It spread him wider and gave

him the leverage to grind back against Misha's body. Eventually Misha stopped moving

altogether and just watched Jensen fuck himself on his dick. He chuckled and rubbed his hands

along Jensen's thighs.

"Fuck, baby boy. Lift your hips...now lower them, slowly! Slowly. Good boy. Back up, down

again. Now grind against me, baby. Hard, Jensen, take me fucking deep."



Jensen cried out and jammed his body against Misha's. Misha hissed and grabbed onto his thigh

to keep his balance. For fuck's sake this kid was incredible. It wasn't just his beauty or his

obedience or his damage. Misha understood now as he watched Jensen's face. He'd had a lot of

sex with a lot of people and some objects. They had all enjoyed it. Except when he'd intended

for them not to enjoy it. They had been in it for the pleasure and the pain and in an effort to be in his good graces or impress him somehow. Jensen might be the first and only one that actually

liked having sex with him.

The morning sun broke the horizon and an orange beam of light lanced into the car. Misha leaned

forward and put his hand on Jensen's shoulder. He moved inside him slowly and deliberately.

Jensen undulated with him.

"Good boy, keep it up," Misha said and Jensen pulled at his bonds again.

"Misha, please!"

"What is it, sweet boy? Is this not enough for you?"

"Never." He fucked down hard on Misha. "Try harder."

Misha's hand was at Jensen's throat before he could decide if he wanted to hurt him or just scare

him. He went for hurt and pressed down hard. Jensen choked and his body jerked in response.

Misha let up. Sometimes those jerking movements felt incredibly good—knowing the body was

simply trying to stay alive, which had nothing to do with trying to please him. He didn't like that

movement in Jensen. He liked it better when Jensen moved with purpose. Jensen coughed as he

tried to laugh.

“What’s the matter, Misha? Never been criticized before?”

Misha leaned down and threaded the fingers of both hands in Jensen’s hair. He pulled hard, but

not as hard as he could. He snapped his hips forward again and again. Jensen yanked desperately at the T-shirt, ripping it partially, but his hands remained tied. His leg worked hard to push against the car, meeting Misha thrust for thrust. The car rocked on its suspension and Misha tilted

Jensen’s head back, exposing his throat, making his chest arch, and his hips angle down. Misha

knew it was uncomfortable for him, but it made the angle perfect for himself.

He fucked Jensen hard, fast, relentlessly, and growled out his claim.

“Y-yes!” Jensen managed to get out. “Yours, Misha, yours. Fuck, just—oh my fucking God!

Misha! Misha!”

Misha grinned as he watched Jensen’s whole body spasm and his cock ejaculate thick white

stripes of come almost straight up. Jensen’s chest and stomach were covered in his spend and

Misha swiped a hand through the mess. He licked off a glob from his palm and then shoved his

fingers into Jensen's mouth. His boy cleaned them dutifully.

"Good boy." Misha started rocking his hips again. "Where do you want me to come, sweet

boy?"

"I—unn. In me. Inside me."

"Well, I knew that much, you little cumslut. How do you want it?"

Misha smirked as Jensen's features made it clear how much of a dilemma this decision was for

him. He wasn't sure he'd ever met any person or object that liked the taste of jizz as much as

Jensen did.

"Stay where you are," Jensen finally said. "Come inside me."

Misha leaned forward and again began a slow, rolling rhythm into his boy's body. He kissed his

lips and allowed Jensen to thrust his tongue inside his mouth. He liked the way Jensen tasted

when he'd be fed his own come. He pulled back and made his thrusts a little harder. He

wondered if he could pull a new kink out of Jensen.

"You want me to come inside you, baby boy?"

Jensen moaned in response.

“You want me to put my seed in you, deep in your cunt, and breed you like you belong to me?”

Jensen opened his eyes and did not look happy with that suggestion. Misha chuckled and

increased his pace. So maybe Jensen wasn't into feminization, but he was more fun when he was

riled up.

“You want that, Misha? You miss pussy that much? Seems odd seeing as how much you liked

sucking my dick.”

Misha's hips snapped forward so hard he actually hurt himself. Jensen gritted his teeth against a

scream of pain. Misha dug his fingers into Jensen's pectoral muscles. Jensen threw his head back

and arched his body.

“Oh, God, Misha...”

Misha moved again, easier, but faster. The car rocked harder. Jensen opened his eyes and met

Misha's. His mouth fell open and he grunted with each thrust of Misha's hips.

“Is it good, Misha? Am I good enough for you?”

“You're fucking perfect, baby,” Misha responded automatically.

Jensen screamed again, but not in pain, as he arched up, pulled at his bonds, and came again. His

dick pulsed out one clear burst of come and his ass tightened like a vise.  
Misha cursed as Jensen's

second orgasm took him by surprise and made him shoot inside his body.  
How was it possible?

This kid had just come two minutes ago. Fuck, he hadn't been ready for that.  
He slowly opened

his eyes and realized he'd completely zoned out for a moment. Jensen was  
looking at him with

desperation and longing. He pulled at the shirt. It tore, but held.

"Misha, please!"

He leaned forward and unwounded Jensen's hands. The kid immediately sat  
up and kissed him,

and then wrapped his arms around his neck and hugged him. Misha sat still,  
his dick softening

inside his boy's come drenched hole. His breathing was slightly irregular and  
he could hear his

own heartbeat. He put a hand to Jensen's trembling shoulder and turned his  
head to look at the

sun that was now fully above the horizon. He hadn't seen it. He hadn't seen  
the sunrise at all.

Misha pushed Jensen back and he fell onto the seat weakly. Misha stared at  
him. His colors—

were solid. They had stopped swirling; they had stopped being too bright;  
they had stopped being

the wrong colors. He saw Jensen the way he saw himself in mirrors.

Misha pulled out and Jensen made a soft noise of protest. He opened the car door and backed out,

pulling his pants up and fastening them.

“Get dressed quickly. We need to get moving.”

Jensen obeyed. Of course he obeyed. Misha got in the driver’s seat and started the car. He

waited for Jensen to scramble into his clothes and then get into the front seat. Misha turned to

look at him. He was still solid colors.

“What?” Jensen asked anxiously as he fastened his seatbelt.

“I’ve never seen you before now,” Misha replied.

Understandably, Jensen looked confused.

“Why? Never looked at my face before? Just the holes that could be filled?”

The edges smudged, blurred, and released his colors. They swirled out around him, back to

normal.

Misha frowned. “Careful, boy. I have little enough reason as it is to keep you alive right now.”

Jensen shrank back against his side of the car. Misha pulled back onto the empty highway and

decided to skip the next town on the sign and wait for something bigger.

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Six hours out from Chicago, Misha had stopped for gas and to buy them

breakfast. Jensen had

suggested Chick-fil-A. Misha hated standing in lines with all the other objects, so he'd made

Jensen do it. They were back on the road again shortly and Misha wished they had time to make

this road trip like the one from LA to Chicago, stopping every two or three hours so that he could

try out a new toy or kink or position with Jensen, but unfortunately he had somewhere he needed

to be. He wondered if when Jensen had started rubbing his thigh he'd been thinking about the

same thing. He'd gotten an answer when Jensen had started palming his groin, and then

unbuckled his seatbelt to lean over and blow him.

It had been slow and methodical; clearly the kid hadn't been in any rush, so Misha had held off,

wondering how long he could go for. After thirty minutes he knew Jensen's neck and back and

especially jaw must be killing him, but he made him go a little longer. Forty-five minutes after

Jensen had started he'd spilled down his throat and hummed his pleasure at how proud he was of

his good boy. Then he'd made Jensen recline his chair back, pull out his cock, and jerk off for

him. He'd watched him for almost another twenty minutes as Jensen had touched himself and

writhed in his seat and panted and moaned and breathed Misha's name. He'd nearly driven off

the road when Jensen had finally come. The kid could really be distracting.

For the remaining hour they had left to drive though, Jensen had been withdrawn and sullen,

staring out the passenger side window. Misha had asked him two questions and he had answered

dutifully, but dully. He just didn't understand him. His mood swings were always a little

confusing for him. Despite not understanding why people felt the way they did, he was usually

pretty good at predicting when and how people would react to situations. He had about a

fifty/fifty shot of getting it right with Jensen. He didn't like that.

When they arrived in a northern Virginia suburb of Washington, DC, he got them a room at a

Quality Inn and made sure it was on the first floor. Jensen followed him inside, clutching his bag

of Jimmy Johns as Misha did a quick overview of the room for his own comfort—checking for

blind spots, entrances and exits, possible weapons, and hiding places. He opened his black duffle

bag and pulled out a plain wristwatch. He turned to give it to Jensen, wondering why the kid was

following him around the room and was standing right on his ass, and discovered the answer to



that when Jensen kissed him. Jensen put his arms behind his neck, but kept his grip loose; he had

learned not to tighten his arms around Misha's neck the hard way.

"How do you want me?" Jensen whispered against his lips.

He undulated in a serpentine glide against Misha's body and Misha pondered that question. There

were so many options to consider as Jensen sucked on his tongue. Then he suddenly pulled back.

"Oh, no, that's not why we stopped." Misha chuckled. "You are amazing, baby boy." Jensen

preened in his arms and he was beautiful. "I appreciate you knowing your purpose and looking to

be proactive here, but I've got somewhere I need to be."

He pushed Jensen away and set the timer on the wristwatch for twenty-five hours. He pushed the

button to activate the countdown and then fastened the watch around Jensen's wrist. The kid

looked at it, so Misha put a finger under his chin and bumped his head up to look at him.

"If I'm not back by the time this goes off, take the keys to the Genesis and drive to Texas. Back

to your family, okay?"

Jensen's expression was difficult to interpret, so he shrugged it off. He zipped up his black duffle and started for the door.

"Then what?"

Misha turned back. He tilted his head. Fuck it, this kid was impossible to understand. He looked

positively stricken.

“Then what, what?”

“What do I do when I get to Texas?”

Misha put out a confused hand with an air of I don’t give a shit attached to it. “I don’t know.

Whatever it is people do in Texas. Live your life.”

He turned back to the door, got it open, and damn it he turned back to look at his boy. He was

sitting on the bed, large, fat tears rolling down his cheeks. He paused. He did not have time for

this. He hated it when people cried. He didn’t understand the point of tears, outside of the

desperate need to be allowed to come. And pain. He supposed he understand why people cried

when their fingernails were ripped off. But this? He’d shot people for less than this. He was

consternated to find that not only did he not want to shoot Jensen for crying, but he wanted to

know why he was. He’d never cared why people cried before, why should he waste time on

this? He should just leave. Then again, he was curious. He liked to know the answer to things

he was curious about. So he’d never been interested in why people cried

before, who cared that

he did now in this particular situation? No sense in cutting his nose off to spite his own face. His brother used to say that all the time.

Misha shut the door and faced Jensen. “Why are you crying?”

Jensen’s head jerked up, clearly surprised to find Misha still in the room. He immediately wiped

the tears off his cheeks and shook his head. He looked scared.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’m—“

“You’re sorry, I get that. Why are you crying?”

Jensen forced a smile. “Don’t worry about it. You have somewhere to be. I’ll get over it.”

The color drained from Jensen’s face. Apparently his own expression must have changed.

People had told him before that he sometimes got these looks in his eyes that could make even the

blood of a snake run cold. He never felt or noticed a change; well, he supposed he could feel his

patience running thin.

“I just...” Jensen started and looked away. Misha could tell he was gathering his thoughts. “It’s

just I thought I was happy in Chicago. I know now that was an illusion, but I thought we—“

“Why do you think it was an illusion?” Misha interrupted. “If you felt happy, you were happy.”

“I—I guess. But it’s only because I was fooling myself.”

“About what?”

“About your feelings for me. I mean, I always told myself that you didn’t care about me, but I

think I must have stopped believing that.”

Misha pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger.

“Jensen. I really have to

go somewhere. Can you please start making sense?”

Misha’s eyes snapped open. Had he just used the word please?

Jensen’s face was a scrunched up mess of anger and sadness. “Why do I have to wait twenty-five

hours? If you want to get rid of me and send me home, why can’t I just leave now?!”

Misha stared at him. Jensen shrank in on himself. He wasn’t a small person, but somehow he

managed to look like a child on that queen bed.

“Jensen. I said if I’m not back in twenty-five hours, go home to your family.”

Jensen’s features suddenly cleared and he looked a little surprised. “You’re coming back for me?”

“That’s my intention.”

Jensen’s face broke into a beatific smile.

“Starting to question that decision now.”

Jensen tried to hide a laugh. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I misunderstood you and

held you up. You've  
got somewhere you need to be."

"That's what I—"

Misha stopped and turned away to open the door. He walked through it and slammed it shut.

Strangest person on the planet without a doubt. As Misha broke into an older model Honda he

wondered what to do with the fact that he wasn't angry or upset that Jensen had delayed him with

his nonsense. He supposed it had been a long time since a person or object or even a job had

really interested him. Hold a gun to his head and he would never be able to explain why Jensen

interested him, but at least it broke up the monotony.

By the time he made the turn into Langley, Jensen was gone from his mind. He received a visitor

parking pass and made the long walk from the visitor lot to the main doors. He gave a false name

at the security desk and stated who he was there to see, and then sat down and waited. Almost an

hour later Brenna O'Brien appeared in the lobby and started to approach the security desk. She

stopped dead in her tracks when she saw Misha. She skipped going to the security desk since she

clearly knew who was here to see her. She crossed the tile floor, looking

smart in her knee-length

grey pencil skirt and waist length suit jacket. The undershirt was a pop of light blue color and

made her blue-grey eyes a little less grey. Brenna was in color—almost solid colors too. Only the

very edges of her outline swirled gently and enticingly.

Her heels clacked sharply on the floor and she stopped in front of him, looking wildly displeased

to see him. Her eyes still raked over his body with appreciation, however. Misha waited for her

to make a decision. Brenna got him an escort-required visitor badge and led him inside the

building and to an elevator. They went down instead of up.

“I would have come for you sooner if I’d known it was you,” Brenna said. “I didn’t recognize the

name.”

“I’m not surprised you didn’t.”

After getting off several floors beneath ground level, Brenna led them to a small room with no

windows or two-way mirrors and only a metal table with three chairs. Misha took a seat and

waited for Brenna to finish fidgeting nervously and take a seat as well. She laced her fingers on

the table, and then sat up straight, then leaned back in her chair, and then leaned back on the

table. Misha sat still with his legs crossed.

“It’s been a while, Dmitri.”

“Not that long, Brenna.”

Brenna pursed her lips. “What do you want?”

“I’m here to roll on the Sokolovs.”

Brenna sneered. “Still loyal to the Kuznetsovs?”

“The Kuznetsovs and Golubevs are dead. Sokolov is solely in charge of the syndicate. At the

moment.”

Brenna looked a little stunned. “I assume you had something to do with that?”

Misha shrugged.

“Okay. I’m thrilled, really. I mean I assume it will be limited to—“

“It’s not. I’ll give you everything.”

Brenna stared at him. And then blinked. “Everything?”

“And everyone.”

Brenna sat back and looked at Misha with narrowed eyes. “What’s the catch?”

“Well, obviously, I want something in return.”

“Clearly. But why aren’t you at the FBI? The information you’re giving is their territory if you’re disrupting the spy network.”

“The Sokolovs don’t have one. They have no ties with the motherland. They

consider

themselves Americans first and foremost.”

“Well, isn’t that patriotic. Why are you here and not at the FBI?”

“I wanted to see you, Brenna.”

“Dmitri—I will shoot you in the face even if I know you’ll kill me first. Don’t be an ass. What do

you want?”

Misha smiled. Oh, yes, he remembered how much fun Brenna could be. And if the way she

shifted in her seat and re-crossed her legs were any indication, she remembered how much fun he

could be.

“I’m not at the FBI because they would only offer me immunity. I’m here because I want a job.”

Brenna sat back and put her hands in the air. “No. No, no, no. Absolutely not. What else do

you want?”

“When have my terms ever been negotiable?”

“Dmitri! We don’t—do that anymore.”

Misha raised an eyebrow.

“Okay, we do, but officially we don’t do that anymore.”

“Which is exactly why you need me. No one will ever catch me.”



“You’re too difficult to control. You can’t be trusted.”

“I can be trusted to do a job I get paid to do. You know I don’t ask questions. You know I don’t

have my own ideology. I’ll never care if what you’re doing is wrong or right.”

“Then why are the Kuznetsovs and Golubevs dead?”

“That was—“ Misha trailed off. It was hard to argue he would never take sides or matters into his

own hands when he had done just that with his last employers. “They messed with one of my belongings. If you promise not to mess with my belongings, my loyalty is absolute so long as the

checks don’t bounce. And I do things my way.”

“Yes, your way is the problem. And this ‘belonging’ of yours...pray tell, what is the unlucky

dupe’s name?”

“Jensen.”

“Odd name.”

Misha involuntarily let out a small laugh. “Then it does fit him.”

Brenna tilted her head in thought. She smiled at him and Misha wondered why he hadn’t already

proffered to take her over the table. Why wasn’t he currently fucking her? That was how they

usually had these conversations.

“I’m not so stupid as to point out to you that you’ve changed, so let’s pretend

for a moment that

you can be trusted to work for us. You have to know that this is a federal government agency.

While we are fortunate enough to always have our fair share of funding, we obviously can't pay

you as well as a crime syndicate."

"I'm not asking for this job for the money. I'm asking for the opportunity to have something to

do. Something to keep me busy. And I'm sure you won't mind if I freelance every now and

then."

Brenna suddenly looked a little angry. "All of this for...this Jensen, whatever?"

"Not for him. As a result of him."

"Why is he worth the effort?"

"He gives good head."

"I give good head," Brenna griped.

"He's better."

Brenna narrowed her eyes at him. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

Brenna stood up and straightened her jacket as she walked to the door.

"Brenna?"

"What?"

“I do hope you mean ‘right back.’ I have somewhere I need to be.”

Brenna nodded and swallowed. “I promise it’ll be quick.

Misha nodded and she was out the door. He made a face. He hated dealing with the government,

but this was the easiest way to solve all his problems. He’d have something to keep him

preoccupied, the Sokolov syndicate would be wiped out saving Jensen from any potential

retaliation, and his status as one of America’s Most Wanted would disappear overnight. Wins all

around.

Less than fifteen minutes later Brenna returned with an object. Misha had a vague memory of the

male as he extended his hand. Misha ignored it. The object pulled at his shirt collar a little nervously and then he and Brenna sat down.

“You used to work for Henry Branson,” Misha said.

“I did,” the object nodded its grey head. “He retired a few years ago. I inherited his cases and his resources. My name is Dan Stenberg. Your file has been an interesting read despite how scarily

short it is. Brenna has explained that you’d like to give us the Sokolovs in exchange for a job.”

Stenberg smiled. “You mean you want us to take care of the Sokolovs for you and give you a

job.”

Dan Stenberg suddenly swirled into color.

“That’s correct.” Brenna looked startled by those words. “I’ll give you the information you’ll

need. The witnesses, the bodies, the written communications, the money trails. And I want a

job.”

“I agree to your terms. Such as they are. I will work with the FBI to get this moving faster, but

we’ll need a couple of months, maybe three or four before we can make the arrests and confiscate

their assets and properties.”

“I can accept four months maximum. What job do you have for me?”

“How is your Russian? Native, or with an American accent?”

“Either.”

“I’m going to need you to find out some information for me before I can tell you who to kill. Can

you do that? I know your specialty is killing, but I need to know if you’re capable of a little spy

work as well.”

Dan must feel pretty confident that there were no recording devices in this room if he was

speaking so brazenly.

“If you need information, I can get you information.”

“And then I will decide who needs to be taken out. Then you will do it? Regardless of what the

information says?”

“Unless the information says I need to be killed, I don’t care.”

“What if my order is clearly asking you to kill the wrong man? What if he’s doing the right thing

and killing him protects an enemy of the US?”

“You seem to think that such a distinction would be ‘clear’ to me. A hit is a hit. If you make the

wrong decision and it begins a shitstorm, it really is no skin off my nose.”

Brenna smiled. “And what if that wrong decision brings about the demise of our great country?”

Would you still do it?”

“It doesn’t matter who is in charge. Leaders are always in need of my kind of services.”

“How unpatriotic,” she said with a smirk.

“Perfect!” Dan said. “The only thing is, for this first job, I will need you to go to Russia. Would that be a problem?”

Misha hesitated. For a moment. “No, that’s fine.”

“Okay. You give us everything on the Sokolovs and we’ll hand it over to the FBI. Then you lay

low for a few months and once that’s under control, you can find some information for me. All

we need is an account to deposit your paychecks in. Unless there’s anything else you need?”

“Autonomy. I won’t come in to work here. I’ll provide you with a way to

contact me, but I'll

answer it when it's convenient for me. I kill the way I want to kill and requests for 'accidents'

must be very rare. I don't leave bodies behind unless it is absolutely necessary."

"Understood."

"I'll want proof that the Sokolovs and the Kuznetsovs and the Golubevs have been utterly routed

before I begin my first mission."

Brenna cocked her head and Dan raised his eyebrows.

"Are you afraid of them?" Dan asked. Brenna looked at him like he was crazy for asking even

though she was clearly thinking the same thing.

"No. But I don't want to have to keep tabs on them."

"Why would you? Surely you could disappear if you wanted to."

"But Jensen can't," Brenna said, stunned. "Good lord, what I wouldn't give to meet the man who

tamed you."

Misha laughed. "Tamed me? It's not quite that dramatic, Brenna. I just like him better alive than

dead."

"Do you like me alive better than dead?"

"I'm not sure I've ever taken the time to consider you either way."

She frowned at him. “How disappointing. Here I thought you’d developed actual feelings for

someone. Turns out it’s only thoughts.”

“More than you ever got though, isn’t it?” Dan cut in.

Brenna glared at him. Dan stood up and extended his hand again. Misha stood as well and this

time shook his hand. Then he handed him a small white business card.

“This is how you can reach me, and where you can deposit my salary.”

Dan looked at the card. “It’s a pleasure to have you on board, Mr. Novak. Brenna, can you

escort him back out?”

“Of course,” she said, her tone letting them both know exactly what she thought about being

Stenberg’s errand girl.

In the elevator, Brenna pressed Misha up against the wall and kissed him. Again with the

kissing? Why did people seem to think it mattered so much? And she didn’t kiss like Jensen did.

He pushed her back.

“Brenna, is there anything I can do for you?”

“No, he’s already dead.”

“Glad to hear it.”

He checked his watch as the elevator door opened and then followed Brenna

back to the lobby.

He exchanged his visitor badge for his fake driver's license and then turned to face Brenna.

"Do you think there's any credibility in Kuznetsov's claim that you're my brother?" she asked.

He shrugged a shoulder. "I don't know where my father went after he left."

"Hm. But that's not why you left me."

"Brenna, I didn't leave you."

"You didn't?" she asked, voice hopeful.

"I was never with you," he replied, a little confused about where this line of questioning was

going and why it had anything to do with him.

Her face fell. "I see." She looked up at him with a half smile. "Is it okay if I hate this Jensen

person?"

"So long as you don't try to do anything about it."

She put her hands in the air. "Oh, no! You know I would never cross you, right?"

"I would never make that assumption. But that's why I'm still alive."

She rolled her eyes, but she was smiling. She crossed her arms and said softly, "Goodbye,

Dmitri."

"Goodbye, Brenna. And keep an eye on Dan Stenberg. Don't turn your back



on him.”

“Oh, I know it. Soon, you’ll be my resource and not his.”

Misha laughed. “I’ll look forward to it...if you haven’t lost your touch.”

Her eyes hardened. “Would you like to find out?”

“Not today. But, that could make for an interesting encounter between you and me one day.”

“The one I’ve been looking forward to since the day I met the real you.”

“Until then.”

Misha left the building and retrieved the Honda from the visitor lot. Based on when the owner

had arrived at the motel and how long Misha’s meeting had lasted, he could probably take the car

back and park it where he’d left it and the owner would be none the wiser. In fact, he probably

had time to make a stop first. He’d gotten lucky that Branson had retired and that his successor

was an arrogant little prick—it had made the negotiations quick and one-sided. He wondered how

many months it would be before Brenna made her move. She’d probably let him handle the

Sokolovs and the FBI, and then some little scandal would ruin his career and he would “commit

suicide” shortly thereafter. She really was a piece of work. Maybe she was his sister.

Misha returned to the motel less than seven hours after he'd left. He parked the Honda where

he'd found it and walked a slightly zig-zag pattern to keep his face off of the security cameras in

the area. When he entered the motel room, he found Jensen standing tensely in the center of it,

one arm across his stomach, his elbow resting on it so he could chew on a thumbnail. He turned at the sound of the door opening. His eyes widened. He glanced at the stopwatch on his wrist.

Then he took five long strides across the room and crashed into Misha. He kissed him and

wrapped his arms around his waist and Misha's brow creased in annoyance. He was not going to

get away from the kissing today.

Jensen pried Misha's lips open with his tongue and slipped inside. He probed into his mouth

while rubbing his obvious erection against Misha's thigh. Misha put his hands on Jensen's

shoulders and traced the lines of his shoulder blades through his thin T-shirt. Then he moved his

hands down his sides, over his back, and down to his ass. He gripped him with both hands and

felt himself growing hard at the thought of being inside Jensen's body—sinking into him, fucking

him slowly, coming inside him, and then spreading his legs so he could watch his seed drip back

out of him. He clenched his hands tighter and Jensen let out a small, eager noise into his mouth,

but didn't break the kiss. The movement also reminded Misha he had a bag in his hand. He was

going to have to put that fantasy on hold—he had other plans.

He pulled back from Jensen's lips just enough to say, "Take your clothes off, sweet boy."

His boy shivered and then obediently began to pull off every article of clothing. While he was

doing that, Misha removed the bedspread and pillows from the bed. He pulled the blanket and

sheet off, leaving only the fitted sheet on the mattress—a perfect blank canvass on which he could

work on Jensen. He began tearing the flat sheet into strips.

"On your back, baby boy."

Jensen obeyed immediately and put himself spread eagle, already anticipating what Misha was

going to do. He tied each wrist and ankle to the bottom of the bed and then stepped back to

admire his boy—beautiful, flawless skin that had lost some of its tan due to the dark Chicago

winter and more time spent indoors; large, cut cock bobbing straight up and bending slightly

toward his belly; bright green eyes glazed with lust and disquiet. He was tall and long limbed, so

the queen sized bed didn't stretch him too much, but it was enough for what Misha wanted to do.

He wondered what Jensen would look like when he finally gained the muscle he really needed to

fill out that frame. It really was a shame he would never see it. He wondered if Jensen would be

willing to be celibate the rest of his life if Misha asked him to. He'd probably resort to massive

dildos again, but Misha could certainly deal with that rather than another man or woman touching

his boy.

Misha took his clothes off slowly and placed his weapons in strategic locations around the room,

just in case. Then he placed the bag from the sex shop on the bed next to Jensen. He sat between

his legs and looked at him. Jensen licked his lips and tilted his head slightly.

"Is everything okay?" he asked.

"Yes."

Misha reached out and took Jensen's cock in his hand. The kid bit off a moan and jerked against

his bonds.

"What did you do while I was gone?" Misha asked, stroking the shaft lightly.

"Um. I, um. I ate my lunch. And I paced. And then I showered. And paced some more. Oh,

yesss...” Jensen smiled and shifted his hips. “Mish...sha.”

“Yes?”

“I cleaned myself for you. In the shower.”

Misha felt heat flare through him. “Good boy,” he growled. “You’re so good to think of me like

that.”

“I want to—“ Jensen cut off with a sharp cry as Misha lowered his head between his legs and

began licking at his perineum. He trailed down and used the barely there slack in Jensen’s bonds

to bend his leg just enough to get his face close enough to lap at his hole. He was sweet and fresh

and clean, just like he’d promised. Misha forgot his toys for a moment and lifted Jensen’s hips so

that he could comfortably put his lips to Jensen’s hole and lick and suck and tongue his entrance.

The pucker fluttered open and Misha fucked his tongue into him. Jensen was doing his best to

hold still, but he was groaning and swearing loud enough to be heard through the walls.

Holding him tightly to his face, Misha inserted his tongue into Jensen and left it there, licking his inner walls and teasing the sensitive flesh until Jensen’s body was shaking and trembling. He was

crying already. Misha hadn’t even gotten to the fun part yet—he was just doing this for his own

amusement. He pulled out and sat up. Jensen cried out and looked at him, eyes glassy like he had

a fever.

“I got you something,” Misha said.

Jensen hummed excitedly and shifted his hips again, pumping them up toward Misha.

“And I got something for me as well.”

Jensen’s eyes went wide and he pulled at his bonds. He knew that when Misha said he got

something for himself, it wasn’t actually to be used on him, but on Jensen. But whatever it was

usually resulted in Jensen being refused orgasm for hours while Misha explored all of its uses.

“I take it whatever you did went well,” Jensen said, squirming in anticipation.

“Hold still.” Jensen stopped moving. “It did go well. Though it will still be a couple of months

before I know if I have to take matters into my own hands.” He reached into his shopping bag

and began extracting a bottle of lube from its packaging. “Which I do not like doing.”

“Waiting? Yeah, I’m aware of that.”

Misha shot him a look and Jensen rolled his lips in to hide his smile. He popped the lid on the

lube and poured some onto his fingers.

“So, why are you waiting?”

“Well, you know the federal government’s policy: hurry up and wait.”

“Why are you—oh!”

Jensen bit his lip and did his best not to move his hips as Misha slid a finger into him. He twisted it around quickly to deposit some of the extra lube on his finger, and then quickly added a second

finger followed just as swiftly by a third.

“Jesus,” Jensen breathed and worked his hips in a circle. Misha decided to let him; he was tied

down after all.

Misha dragged his fingertips along the smooth walls of Jensen’s hole, turning his hand and

making sure he stroked every inch he could reach. He fingered his prostate and watched Jensen

compulsively lick his lips and his breathing get shallower and his pretty cock bounce stiffly against

his abdomen, smearing precome on his belly and leaving a sticky trail from the head. Misha ran a finger of his free hand through the trail and brought it to his lips. He licked the bitter liquid and smiled at the soft groan that spilled from Jensen’s lips. He looked up at those lips. They were full and plump and prettily shaped. They were currently swollen from all the biting Jensen was

doing. He pulled his hand out of Jensen and moved so that he hovered over his boy. He lowered

himself enough to brush his lips over Jensen’s. The kid went still. Misha licked Jensen’s lips and

then kissed them lightly.

“Open,” he said softly.

Jensen’s lips parted and Misha sealed their mouths, kissing him gently, and then harder, and then

eased off again. He flicked his tongue into Jensen’s mouth, teasing at his tongue. Jensen

responded hesitantly, and Misha pulled back. When Jensen opened his eyes, the green was clear

and bright and curious. Misha sat back between his legs and pulled out another package from his

bag. Maybe he needed to stop lying to himself that the only reason he kissed Jensen was because

Jensen liked it. He frowned at the thought and distracted himself by tearing cardboard and pulling

at plastic.

Once the short dildo was free from its sterile cage, he gave it a sniff. It smelled like processed

packaging. He rooted through the bag and found his other surprise, hiding it from Jensen as he

stood up. He walked into the bathroom to wash both with soap and water. He heard Jensen

squirm on the bed. When the toys smelled mostly like new silicone he returned to the bedroom

and found Jensen pulling at his restraints.

“Problem?” Misha asked.

“No,” Jensen replied petulantly.



Jensen was lucky he was in a good mood. He plopped back between his legs and pulled out the

pack of batteries he'd also purchased. Why couldn't these things come with batteries included?

Once the batteries were installed he shoved the dildo into Jensen's hole. Jensen grunted harshly,

but he was stretched and lubed enough and the dildo was small enough that he was fairly certain it

hadn't hurt him, just surprised him. Though if it had hurt him it served him right for being such a

brat. He flicked on the switch and watched as the dildo, instead of vibrating, began an uneven

circular motion as the large ball bearings inside moved around and around.

Jensen's instinct to pull his legs up was of course stopped short by the bonds and he jerked at the

stimulation caused by the dildo and the restraints. He hummed, and he sounded pleased.

"This is new," Jensen said.

"What do you think?"

"It's...it's nice. It's not overly stimulating, but it still makes you..." he trailed off and worked his hips.

Misha smiled and watched him for a few moments, enjoying the sight of Jensen basking in

pleasure—and tied up so he couldn't get away. He didn't know why he still thought Jensen was

going to leave him somehow. For the first several weeks after returning to Chicago, he'd

expected to find Jensen dead by his own hand. Once he was fairly certain the kid had no plans to

off himself, he kept expecting him to just leave. He supposed he'd eventually stopped worrying

about that because it was pretty apparent Jensen thought Misha would hunt him down and kill him

—and he probably would have. So it had been strange to hear Jensen say he had been happy in

Chicago. People had told him before they would never leave him, but none of them had said they

would be happy to stay with him.

“What do you have planned?”

Misha looked up, not expecting Jensen to speak. The kid was glaring at him.

“What do you mean?” Misha asked, putting a finger to the dildo and pushing on it gently.

“This feels too nice. Too gentle.”

“You think I can't be nice and gentle?”

“No, you can. But not when you have that glint in your eyes.”

“What glint?”

“We should rent a motel room with mirrors on the ceiling. Then I could show you.”

“Mirrors...I would love to watch myself fuck you.”

“So why not video tape it?”

Misha thought that was a good idea. He stood up and retrieved his phone. He set it up to record

and placed it on the desk opposite the bed, aimed between Jensen’s legs.

“I’ll have to buy a real video camera,” Misha mused as he sat back down between Jensen’s legs

and bent over to lick his inner thighs.

“It was not my intention to give you any ideas. Oh, yes, fuck, Mish...sha. I love it best when you

touch me, you know that? I like the toys and I like how you play with me, but I prefer you. You

know?”

Misha kissed his thigh and bent down further to lick his ball sac.

“Mmn, Misha. You’re gonna fuck me, right? We can play but promise me you’ll fuck me.”

Jensen’s voice was desperate, borderline whiny. Misha caressed his thighs and then sat up to look

down at him.

“Are you giving me an order?”

Jensen’s body tensed, but he tried to eke out a smile. “Strong request?”

Misha put his thumb on the end of the dildo and pushed and released and pushed and released.

The electronic noise dampened and grew louder with each counter movement. Jensen pulled at

his bonds again and grunted in frustration.

“You don’t actually like being tied up, do you?” Misha asked.

Jensen looked nervous to answer, which was answer enough. Interesting. He leaned forward and

licked the hot, hard shaft of Jensen’s cock. Aside from one short-lived blowjob he’d given to a

fellow hit man he’d lost a bet to—and subsequently bit off his dick when he decided he didn’t

want to pay up—Jensen’s was the only penis he’d ever put in his mouth. It wasn’t something he

found particularly arousing, but for some reason he’d just grown too curious about Jensen’s dick.

He’d kissed and licked and sucked just about every other part of Jensen’s body—he liked having

his ears, nipples, hip bones, anus, and knee pits licked; he did not like having his eyelids, chin,

spaces between his fingers, and bellybutton licked; he appeared indifferent to toe licking—he

figured he might as well give his cock a suck or two. That night in the car had been fun. The

noises Jensen had made had been intoxicating. He’d already discovered he liked the way Jensen tasted from the many times of sucking on his tongue after feeding Jensen his own semen, so he’d

decided to try to get the taste direct from the source. He loved it. He had no idea why his second

protégé had complained about swallowing so much. Maybe Jensen tasted

special.

Misha wrapped his lips around the side of the shaft and bit gently at the turgid flesh. He ran his

tongue along a very prominent vein and felt Jensen twitch. The kid exhaled sharply again. He

really didn't want to be tied down. Misha grinned and fondled his balls with one hand and began

massaging the base of his dick with the other. He sat up just enough to begin lavaging at the head of

his penis. Jensen pulled at his bonds and tossed his head. Misha licked repeatedly at the glans,

over and over and Jensen groaned and bucked his hips up as much as he could. Without stopping

the movement of his hands, Misha sat up and looked down at Jensen's face. Delicate features

were now sharp with frustration and desire. The dildo buzzed in the relative silence.

"What was your first time like, baby boy?" Misha asked.

Jensen blinked his eyes several times. "Um. What?"

"The first time you had sex." His hands and the dildo worked away at him.

"Um. I, it was fine. Jesus, Misha, come on, you—"

Jensen cut off whatever he was about to say. Misha had a feeling it wasn't a compliment to his

character.

“Tell me about it, little cowboy. Did you ride your first cowgirl good and hard? Tell me about

your adolescent fumbling. In graphic detail.”

“Why? Jesus. Can’t we t-talk about—oh, you bastard. Oh that’s so fucking good.”

Misha bent down and sucked on the tip of his cock. The noise that came out of Jensen made him

fully hard and dripping precome onto the sheets.

“I suppose we could always talk about your father,” Misha said, swirling his tongue over the

crown.

“Her name was Adrian.”

Misha sat up and smiled. He pumped Jensen’s dick slowly and began tugging gently on his balls.

“She was a cheerleader. One year younger than me.”

“How old were you?”

“You know. Sixteen. Like you guessed. Or knew or whatever.”

Misha smiled at his annoyed expression. He reached a hand down to increase the speed of the

rotation of the dildo. As expected, Jensen’s expressed transformed with a beautiful wash of

pleasure.

“So, you deflowered a little fifteen year old girl?”

“Hardly. I wasn’t her first. Mmn. Yeah...”

Misha chuckled. “Isn’t it funny how the states that preach abstinence the hardest are the ones with

the highest rate of teen sex and pregnancies?”

“Hilarious. God, Misha, your hands. Shit. Her hands weren’t like yours. They were small and soft and didn’t know how to touch a man right.”

“She gave you a hand job? That’s not sex, Jensen. How messed up was your sexual education?”

“She gave me a hand job to get me hard because she said she wasn’t going to put her mouth on

me.”

“Her loss,” Misha said, right before he wrapped his lips around Jensen’s cock and sucked. Jensen

arched off the bed and pulled viciously on his bonds. He cursed and cried as Misha went lower,

took more of him, but slowly, slowly. Misha pulled back and marveled at the phantom feeling of

Jensen still in his mouth.

“Then what?” Misha asked.

“Then she fingered herself until she was wet, told me where to stick it, and then there was some

awkward rocking and voila: virginity gone.”

Misha laughed. “At least the loss of your other virginity was more enjoyable than that.”

“Oh, yes, best fucking of my life followed up by getting punched unconscious.”

“First fucking, certainly not your best. Or are you saying it’s been downhill since then?”

“Fuck you, Misha. Don’t I stroke your ego enough?”

Misha squeezed his cock and Jensen winced. Well, he supposed the kid had a point, so he eased

his grip. He turned the dildo up higher though. Jensen moaned like he was surrendering.

“Tell me about the first time you ate a girl out.”

“I was a senior in high school. The girl I followed to LA—she’d broken up with me to go to

prom with someone from the football team. Lacrosse wasn’t good enough for prom photos. I

suppose that should have been my first clue that we weren’t meant to be together.”

Misha picked up his second toy—a thin cylinder of silicone with a small bulb on the end. He ran

it up the side of Jensen’s dick, but he had his eyes closed and didn’t see it.

“Anyway, in retaliation, I took her little sister to prom. And I couldn’t quite bring myself to have sex with her—she was fourteen and I was almost eighteen, so I just went down on her.”

Misha raised an eyebrow. “So you molested a child to get back at her sister. And people say I’m

sick.”



“You are sick.”

Misha shrugged a shoulder. He supposed he was.

“And again that depends on your definition of ‘child.’ She wasn’t a virgin by the time I got my hands on her.”

“I bet your father would have been proud of you though—eating pussy like a real man.”

“Oh, fuck you. And please don’t make me associate my father with being sexually aroused.”

Misha grasped Jensen’s dick and angled it straight up. He teased the tip with the bulb. Jensen

opened his eyes, and then they went wider.

“What’s that?”

“Tell me about the first time you jacked off thinking about me.”

“I—I…” Jensen swallowed and tugged at his right wrist. “I was in the bathroom just off the guard

room. You had just made me jerk you off, and you’d come on me. On my underwear. When I

was in the bathroom stall, I wanted to scream. I felt violated and sick and disgusting—I hated

myself for what I’d done. What I’d allowed you to do to me. But I couldn’t ignore that I was

hard. And when I opened my fly and saw the damp spots on my underwear—your jizz on me—I

pulled it out and jacked myself slow and easy. Thinking about you watching me. And I came

hard. And I felt sick afterward and hated myself even more.”

“But you came back to me the next day.” Misha rolled the cylinder over Jensen’s slit and he

grunted and yanked on his bonds. The tension was building in his body. “Tell me about the first

time you touched yourself that wasn’t after I made you touch me.”

“I was in my apartment—God, Misha, that feels so weird! Fuck, it feels good.” Misha nudged

the opening with the bulb. “Fuck, fuck! I was in my apartment and I saw the underwear you had

come on. And I took it out and put it over my face and jacked off with the smell of you filling my

senses. Oh, oh, shit! Misha, don’t! Don’t! You can’t—“

Jensen threw his head back against the mattress as Misha circled the top of the bulb around the

inside of his slit. He yanked violently at his bonds, his muscles seizing and clenching with his

desperation. Misha felt his groin throbbing in response, his body was flushed—he’d gotten off on

people’s pain before. But this was Jensen’s pleasure. He nudged the bulb in a little bit.

“Misha!” Jensen yelped his name and the bed rocked with his attempt to get free.

“Tell me about the first time you knew you loved me,” Misha said, bending over.

Jensen cracked his eyes open and saw Misha’s tongue lapping at the underside of his cockhead as

he pushed the bulb completely in.

Jensen screamed and pulled so hard at his bonds the fabric tore in several places. Misha sat up

and pulled the toy out, alarmed that he might have actually hurt him, but Jensen was coming.

Huge, thick globs of come exploded out of him and he writhed on the bed like a mad man, his

screams only disrupted as he raked in breaths to sustain the screaming. Misha massaged his dick

to help him through the intense pleasure-pain. When he went limp on the bed, Misha turned off

and removed the dildo. It was nearly ten minutes before Jensen seemed to be lucid again. His

eyelashes fluttered against his cheeks as he managed to get his eyes part way open. He looked at

Misha with awe, and Misha was pleased to have reduced Jensen to such a complete mess.

Misha leaned over the side of the bed to retrieve the knife he’d placed in the bed frame to have a

weapon handy. He moved swiftly and cut the bond on Jensen’s left wrist. The kid’s arm circled

weakly around his back as he moved on to the right. Jensen was mumbling

incoherently and

Misha moved to cut his legs free. Then he quickly slicked up his dick with some lube and lay

down on the mattress. He pulled Jensen's lax body on top of him and planted his feet on the bed

so he could push into Jensen's hole. He was balls deep with an almost frictionless glide and

fucked Jensen gently as the kid remained dazed and pliant, his head resting on Misha's chest.

Misha stared up at the ceiling as he moved inside Jensen. He didn't want to find something new

to fuck. He liked Jensen's body too much. But the kid couldn't go with him to Russia; that was a

given. He was certain Jensen would wait months, even years for him to return. But if he was

gone for years, would he still want to come back for Jensen? He'd gone back for him after

months of being apart after escaping prison.

That had been a hellish period of his life. Misha was intelligent and he knew it. He understood

how people worked if not always why, and he also understood how to balance partial differential

equations. If he didn't know something, he made a point to learn about it. Five months of not

understanding why he couldn't stop thinking about some gullible, emotionally damaged prison

guard back in LA had driven him batty. His kills had been violent and messy. He'd fucked

anything that breathed in his direction, including Sokolov's wife, but he'd been doing that before

he went to prison too.

He'd come to the conclusion that he was hung up on Jensen because he hadn't killed him. Misha

didn't have a one hundred percent kill policy; waste not, want not was one of his favorite

expressions that his brother used to say. But maybe it stuck with him because even though he'd

been knocked unconscious, Jensen might somehow be able to explain how he got away or give

some clue to how he thought and operated. He'd spent a lot of time reading news articles out of

LA after his escape. A few mentioned a prison guard had been injured during the escape, but

none said anything about a disgraced guard being in on it. Apparently Jensen had found some

way to talk himself out of that one. That's how he knew the kid was cleverer than he'd initially

given him credit for. Maybe that's what bothered him. There was someone out there, someone

smart, who knew more about him than he should. Not that he knew much.

It was simple really: Jensen had to die. An assignment to San Diego presented him with the

opportunity to tie up loose ends. After he'd taken care of some of Golubev's distant relations who

probably weren't a threat to anyone or anything, but Golubev had been a paranoid moron, he

drove up to L.A. He'd gotten off on the thought of surprising Jensen, slitting his throat, and

fucking his dying body. That was a fitting end. One last fuck, blood, and the end of a

troublesome gnat in his brain. Of course when he'd finally seen Jensen again, it seemed like it

might be more fun to get one last fuck with him while he was still alive first. Then the throat

slitting and resolving of unfinished business. But fuck—Jensen had been glorious. Beautiful,

desperate, aching for him for months, fucking himself on giant dildos just to remember the feel of

him. It was flattering. Jensen was strange and perfect and wanted to please him. Killing him

would be a waste.

Misha cursed softly and wrapped an arm around Jensen's shoulders as he rutted in him a little

harder. Jensen moaned softly.

That's what he'd told himself at the time: killing him would be a waste. The truth was he hadn't

wanted to kill him. Not then. Not now. He wondered what Jensen would do if he knew that he

didn't live under the constant threat of murder? He'd never tell him. Little brat was cheeky

enough as it was. Fuck. Maybe he should make different arrangements with Stenberg and

O'Brien. He'd been happy at the thought of going to Russia. He hadn't been in a while and he

definitely needed a change of pace. Being a mafia hit man just wasn't as fun as it used to be. But

now...Jensen would stand out like a sore thumb. He would draw attention to both of them.

Although...perhaps no one would suspect the native Russian bringing home his hot American

boyfriend as being a murderous spy. But then, all those stupid new laws would make it very

difficult to use that cover story without drawing unwanted attention. No, Jensen had to stay in

America.

Misha hissed his aggravation and rolled over on top of Jensen. The kid was more cognizant of

what was going on now, but he allowed his head to loll languidly on the mattress as his body

rocked with Misha's increasing movements. Misha planted his hands on the mattress and locked

his arms as he thrust his hips forward, doing his best to get as deep as he possibly could.

"Ah, aah, un, mmn...fuck...Mish...Misha...I love you, I love you..."

Misha stilled, buried to the hilt, and groaned with displeasure as he came inside of Jensen. How was he supposed to enjoy this knowing every time he did would bring him closer to the last time?

Fuck that. When did he not get his way? Only when he screwed himself over. He collapsed on

top of Jensen with a frown that was bordering on a smirk. He had certainly screwed himself over

on more than one occasion. The secret was never letting anybody know that.

“Misha...?” Jensen mumbled.

“What is it, baby?”

“Was it good?” he slurred lethargically.

“It was perfect, sweet boy. Go to sleep.”

As if waiting for the command, or permission, Jensen’s eyes closed completely and his breathing

evened out. Out like a light was the expression Misha thought. He eased to the side so he wasn’t

smothering his boy, slipping out of him regretfully. Misha stared at the wall. If he was going to

leave Jensen with his family for a few years, he was going to have to make sure his family

deserved to have him back. He and Jensen were going to have to go on a little road trip.

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Misha awoke to the sound of a wristwatch alarm beeping in his ear. He wasn’t confused by the



sound per se—he knew what it was and where it came from, but he wasn't quite sure why it was

going off. Or why it was directly in his ear.

He sat up with a frown, rubbing his ear with a finger. He was on the stripped down mattress in

the Quality Inn—buck naked. Never a smart idea to sleep naked in an unfamiliar location, but

fighting, killing, and running in the nude were things he had done before and could easily do

again. He looked down and saw Jensen snuffling around the mattress, his brow furrowed in

displeasure as he sought out the missing heat of Misha's body. Apparently the kid had flung an

arm over him and his wrist had wound up right by Misha's ear. He reached down and turned the

alarm on the watch off. How on earth was Jensen still asleep? He didn't understand people who

were heavy sleepers. Though that did make him wonder exactly how long he could fuck Jensen

before he finally woke up. Somnophilia wasn't really something he got off on, but it would be

funny to see Jensen's reaction.

Misha stretched his arms, shoulders, and back slowly and methodically, checking for any changes

to his body. He still felt normal, no sore muscles or tightness in his limbs. He wondered what

would happen on the day when he started noticing a difference that didn't come with an

explanation like a fight or a work out. It would mean his age was finally catching up to him.

He'd probably have to kill himself. He glanced down at Jensen. Unless the kid wanted to play

nursemaid to him. But how awful would life be if he had to take up retirement as a Wal-Mart

greeter? Hopefully he would get killed on the job one day. One day far in the future of course; he

didn't have a death wish.

He'd met hit men who lived and worked like each moment might be their last breath. It made

them dangerous and good at their jobs, but it also made them weak. When they were suddenly

faced with their mortality, they were paralyzed for that one split second when they had to decide if

they really wanted to live or not. More often than not, they wanted to live. Of course by the time

that thought processed they were already dying or dead as Misha had not hesitated and taken them

out. Many others in his profession viewed his strong desire to stay alive as a lack of discipline or commitment to the lifestyle. They all assumed he would sooner abandon a job than risk his own

life. It wasn't that he wouldn't risk his life, he would and he had, but he had decided a long time

ago that by training himself and honing his skills he would minimize the risk that the others found a thrill in. One hit man might complete a job because they were crazy enough to do anything to

get it done. Misha completed his jobs because he was that good. That was why he'd only met

one or two other hit men who were in normal color like himself. Most of them were morons.

Misha wiggled his toes and then turned to look at Jensen again as the kid began curling himself

around his waist. That reminded him of the watch alarm. Why had it gone off? It must have

been the alarm he'd set before he left to go to his meeting—the twenty-five hour limit he'd set on

leaving Jensen alone and stationary without his protection. He rubbed his eyes. He'd come back

after about seven hours, fooled around with Jensen for over an hour—had he been asleep for

sixteen hours? He supposed he must have felt safe. After all, Sokolov wouldn't have sent

someone looking for him yet. He might still be thinking that he was off disposing of Jensen's

body somewhere after having learned about Alexei's death and his and Jensen's disappearance.

Also, Sokolov wouldn't have anyone to send after him. Not for awhile anyway. He'd have to

wait until he had a new employee, someone who had never met Misha and would take the stories

told about him as a challenge. He knew the police wouldn't be looking for him—they'd be

looking for the "owner" of the condo. They would also be dismayed to find that some of the

security cameras in the building didn't work the way they were supposed to. He had no fear of

Brenna or Stenberg—they both thought he was useful and too dangerous to cross. It had been a

long time since he'd felt this kind of security. He didn't like it.

Misha nudged Jensen. "Wake up."

Jensen grumbled in his sleep and flopped over onto his other side. Misha smacked his ass and he

woke with a yelp.

"What?!"

He turned around, glaring at Misha. He also didn't like when Jensen looked too comfortable

around him. That meant he'd been too nice to him and he was getting complacent. Jensen should

never feel safe around him—that might get him killed.

"We need to leave," Misha said. "Go shower and get dressed."

Jensen sighed but moved immediately, ever obedient, but paused to throw his legs over the side of

the bed and stretch. Misha watched the muscles ripple in his back. He reached out a hand and ran

his fingertips over his soft, unblemished skin. Jensen shivered and waited until Misha removed his

hand before standing up and walking toward the bathroom. He winced and stopped moving, and

then stretched out his leg before walking slower and limping slightly. Misha wasn't concerned;

considering how hard he'd been pulling at his bonds yesterday it was no surprise he was sore.

"You want to join me?" Jensen asked as he rounded the corner.

"No more shower sex until we have one with a bench or something. It's too dangerous."

Jensen laughed uproariously and Misha had no idea why. Slippery surfaces were a hit man's

worst nightmare. No matter how coolheaded and dexterous and skilled a person was, everyone

looked like an idiot when they slipped and pulled one of those stupid faces. He remembered

watching his brother slip on ice once. It had been the first time he'd realized the guy was human.

The water started in the shower and Misha stood up. He dressed quickly and triple checked the

contents of his black duffle. He washed the toys he'd used on Jensen in the sink and tried not to

get distracted by the shadow on the other side of the shower curtain. Once those were packed

away he picked up his cell phone and muttered a curse as he realized the

battery was almost dead.

He'd never turned the camera off. He plugged the device into the wall and pulled up the most

recent video. He frowned as he started watching.

This was why he'd never recorded his other sessions with Jensen or anyone else he'd ever

fucked. Everything was in color. Cameras didn't have as discerning an eye as he did. It all

looked the same—just like when everything was in black and white. It all just blended together.

And Jensen's voice didn't sound right coming from the tiny speakers. It just wasn't the same. He

used his finger to scroll through the video to Jensen's orgasm. Even with all the colors in the way, it was pretty arousing watching Jensen yank at his bonds and twist and contort his body in a vain

effort to escape the overly stimulating pleasure Misha was inflicting on him. He scrolled a little

further ahead and watched himself fuck Jensen's lax body. The kid looked totally at ease and

oblivious to everything but Misha. Ordinarily Misha would like that, but again here was evidence

that Jensen felt secure with him. Was that really what bothered him though? Of course he should

feel secure with Misha—Misha was without a doubt the most dangerous man in the room no

matter whom else might be in the room. Why would he be concerned that

someone would be able

to hurt him? So, perhaps he didn't like that Jensen felt safe with him. He didn't fear Misha

anymore. Well, maybe that wasn't entirely true, but something had changed. He scrolled further

in the video and here was the reason why: they were both asleep, curled around each other like

lovers. Equals. He should go strangle Jensen in the shower and just leave his body here. He

didn't have the time or the temperament to deal with a situation like this.

"Oh, God, are you looking at that video? You're such a pervert."

Misha looked up and saw Jensen toweling off his hair. He raised a hand to his collar and fingered

the slit in the fabric that gave him access to his garotte. Jensen dropped the towel and dug out a

clean pair of underwear from his backpack. He slid them on and then looked up at Misha with a

smile. Whatever he saw in Misha's expression made him stop smiling. He went pale and took a

step back while putting one hand partially up, almost if readying to fend off an attack.

"What happened?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Misha dropped his hand. He was pleased to find that Jensen wasn't taking anything for granted.

"Nothing. Get dressed."

Misha turned his back and let his finger hover over the delete button on the phone's screen. He

looked at the two of them sleeping—Jensen sprawled inelegantly on top of him—his own hand

laid gently on Jensen's hip. Misha felt something he hadn't felt in a very, very long time. He felt uncertainty. Was he even capable of killing Jensen at this point? Could he go through with it if

he decided it had to be done? He wasn't sure. He turned around and found Jensen back in the

(now ripped) T-shirt and jeans he'd worn the day before.

“Get on the bed.”

Jensen looked up from zipping his backpack closed. He looked surprised by the command, but

only hesitated a moment before he laid himself out on the mattress. Misha walked over and

quickly straddled him. He put his hands to Jensen's throat and started choking him. One of

Jensen's hands flew to his throat and his fingers curled around one of Misha's hands, but he did

nothing more to fight him. After several moments, Misha realized Jensen wasn't kicking his legs

or twisting his body in an attempt to escape. Because he could still breathe. He'd put pressure on

his windpipe—a lot, but not enough to completely cut off his air. Nor was he cutting off any of

the arteries to his brain which would make him pass out. He let go and sat up.



Jensen coughed

and rubbed his throat. He looked curiously up at Misha, but didn't ask any questions. Misha

pulled out a knife, saw Jensen's eyes widen, and then immediately set it aside. Stabbing Jensen

would never work. He pulled out his gun and put it to Jensen's forehead, decided against marring

his features and put it to his heart instead. He let out an annoyed huff and put the gun to his

shoulder—it would be a clean shot and not damage anything important. He probably wouldn't even bleed that much.

Misha jumped off the bed and holstered his gun. He put the knife back in its holder on his left

forearm. He walked back over to his phone and looked at the paused video. He deleted it. He

didn't need the keepsake. Clearly Jensen wasn't going anywhere. Would his brother be

disappointed in his lack of resolve? Or would he be happy thinking that like his own wife Misha

had found something to invest his interest in. Was it such a bad thing to have a weakness now?

Misha yanked the cell phone plug out the wall. Yes, of course it was. He was so annoyed he

didn't even ask Jensen to follow him or give him permission to get off the bed. He just left the

motel room and carefully (anger and annoyance were no reason for

carelessness) put his duffle in

the trunk. He left it open and walked around to the driver's side. It took Jensen a couple of

minutes before he ran out after him and tossed his backpack in the trunk, shutting it with a solid

slam before joining Misha in the car. As he put on his seatbelt, he looked at Misha with an odd

expression. Misha was sure he was wondering what the hell had just happened, and possibly that

amazed look was because Misha hadn't just driven off and left him. Well, if he wasn't going to

kill him he certainly wasn't going to leave him behind.

Misha paused after starting the car. But he was going to have to leave Jensen behind. For

however long he was in Russia. Misha used his index and middle fingers to massage his right

temple. His head hurt and he didn't know why.

"You okay?" Jensen asked, voice soft with concern.

"Not anymore," he answered.

Jensen grasped his wrist and gently pulled his hand away from his temple. He turned his face and

began massaging both his temples with his fingers. It made his headache begin to ease.

"What can I do?" Jensen asked.

“Tell me how to get to Dallas.”

Jensen’s hands paused, and then he sat back on his side of the car. “Um. Why are you going to

Dallas?”

“That’s where I’m taking you.”

Jensen slumped back in his seat, something making his features scrunch up, and then he turned

and looked out the window.

“Drive southwest,” he said flatly.

Misha felt like punching him. Instead he put the car in gear and left the parking lot.

“It’s a long drive, I guess,” Misha mused, mostly to himself. “I don’t even think there’s a direct

route there, so we’ll have to weave a bit. Stop often. Could take weeks.”

“Weeks,” Jensen muttered. “Should I restart the countdown on the watch?”

“Jensen, I’m not sure what you’re thinking about in that ridiculous head of yours, but I’m taking

you to your family.”

“No, I got it, Misha. I understand.”

“Do you? Well, if you have any advice for me when I meet your father—“

As expected, Jensen flipped the fuck out. He sat up and flailed his arms, his voice squeaked when

he managed to get a word or two out around choking on his own spit. Misha

smiled and kept his

eyes focused on the road. Jensen caught his expression and settled down.

“You fucker. That is not funny.”

“It is from where I’m sitting.”

“You’re not seriously going to like, try to meet my family, are you? Have you gotten so bored

that you need a new way to torment me?”

“Torment you? When do I torment you? I treat you quite well.”

“Yeah, being told to lie still while you contemplate ways to kill me is a delight. Why did you do

that anyway? What have I done? If you’re going to kill me, you should just do it!”

Jensen’s tone sounded strange. He glanced at him.

“Why do you think I’m planning to kill you?”

“Uh, were you present in the motel room just a minute ago? Because I was! And now you’re

taking me to my family so they can what, have some closure and bury me?”

Misha sighed. He was so much less annoying when he was sucking his cock.

“Jensen, I just quit my last job.” Jensen snorted. “I’m newly employed but in a grace period until

I can begin working again.”

“The federal government hired you?!”

“I’m taking a little vacation before I have to start working again.”

“So let’s go to Hawaii or something. Jesus.”

“No, we’re going to Texas.”

Jensen twitched next to him. “But, uh, I get to pick the route?”

Misha shrugged a shoulder. “Sure.”

Jensen pulled out his phone and began doing something with the map app.

“This route will not be taking us through Nova Scotia though, Jensen. Make it within reason or I

will not be happy.”

“I get it,” Jensen said, not responding with the usual fear and unease in his voice when Misha used

that tone.

Misha glanced at him. He was still busy with his phone. That little...he reached for the push

knife in his suit coat, fully intending to stab Jensen in the thigh, but then he turned to him.

“Can I pick the motels too? I wanna try to find one with a mirrored ceiling.” Jensen gave him a

wink and turned back to his phone.

Misha faced the road. Well, fuck. If his sweet boy was going to do his best to make the pit stops

fun, he couldn’t mess up his leg now. Jensen was going to need to be in good health to survive the plans Misha had for him.

“How are we on gas?”

“Fine.”

“But we can stop more than just when we need gas, right?”

“Sure.”

“Oh, and not undermining your control issues or anything, but if you need to we can take turns

driving.”

Misha looked at him in consternation; he did not have control issues. He was always in control.

There was a difference. He slammed on the brakes and Jensen jolted forward and was yanked

back into his seat by his seatbelt. His phone fell to the floor. He looked up and around. Upon not seeing anything in the road he turned to look at Misha.

“What’s wrong?”

Misha stared at him. He was in normal color. No brightness, no swirls. Jensen had never been

an object, and now he was no longer just a person. He was an equal. Which was ludicrous. He

was in no way his equal. He couldn't hold his own in a fight against him. He couldn't be useful

to him on a job. He couldn't strategize and plan for every contingency. Well, probably not the

last one, but definitely not the first two.

When had this happened? When did the colors change again? He didn't

remember. Had he

changed before he left for his meeting? Was it when he'd come back? Had it been the sex? The

decision not to kill him? The realization he didn't want to kill him? The horrifying thought that

he might not be capable of killing him?

"Misha, seriously, what's wrong? You look ill."

Misha shook his head. Jensen's colors didn't change.

"Say something," Misha said. "Tell me what you think you are to me."

Jensen looked confused and he looked around as he scrambled for words.

"I'm—a source of entertainment? Your good, obedient boy?"

Jensen looked him in the eyes and Misha frowned at that answer. It wasn't wrong, but it also

wasn't the whole of it. Jensen's colors didn't bleed though.

"Is that all?"

Jensen let out a soft, harsh laugh. "You have to be the one to answer that."

A car honked behind them. Misha considered getting out and shooting the obnoxious twat in the

face.

"Take 66 West," Jensen said as he bent over to retrieve his phone from the floor. "Over there.

It'll take us to the highway and I'll look for some place to stop."

Misha looked at him.

“If that’s okay with you,” Jensen quickly amended.

Misha drove to the road Jensen indicated and strummed his hands on the steering wheel. He

needed to shoot something. Preferably stab someone and feel the blood run out over his hands.

He knew there were some relatives of Sokolov in southern Illinois somewhere.

“Find us a route that passes through Bellville, Illinois.”

“Okay.” Jensen messed with his phone. “Oh.” He sounded disappointed.

“What?”

“Nothing. We’ll just have to bypass the Luray Caverns.”

“Who the fuck cares about that?”

“Well, they’re supposed to be pretty. A natural wonder or something. Plus nearby is the Moonlit

Inn which has a mirrored ceiling. And a Jacuzzi tub.”

Misha considered which would make him feel better: killing some unimportant objects or fucking

Jensen.

Misha sighed. “How do we get to these caverns?”

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The twenty hour trip from northern Virginia to the suburbs of Dallas, which should have taken



them maybe two days at most, wound up lasting almost three weeks. Misha allowed the winding

path across the south because he did have time to kill and after their first stop in Luray, he figured it would be an entertaining experience for himself.

They'd arrived too late in Luray to visit the caverns that night, so they had checked into the

Moonlit Inn—the one with the mirrored ceiling and Jacuzzi tub—and Misha had realized that a

Jensen desperate not to go home was a man who was willing to do just about anything to keep

Misha happy. He hadn't even touched Jensen that first night—just made him jack off three times

while he had laid comfortably on the bed and watched him in the mirror. He'd also made him

hold his groin over one of the Jacuzzi's jets and wouldn't let him get out until the jettisoned water had been enough to get him off.

The next day they had visited the caverns. Misha liked nature. It was just about the only thing

that was more powerful than he was. The only thing he couldn't predict and certainly never

control. He liked seeing proof of the ancientness of the world; it further affirmed his notion that a single human life was meaningless, worthless in the greater timeline of the universe. What did it

matter if he killed a few (hundred) people in his lifetime? In a thousand years, probably less, no

one would care about those people or him.

That night they had returned to the Moonlit Inn rather than continuing on because he wanted to

watch himself fuck Jensen in the large mirror hanging on the wall. That was much more

interesting than the ceiling mirrors. Well, maybe Jensen had enjoyed those as he'd been on his

back most of the night.

The next day Jensen hadn't taken them south, but at least they went west, so Misha allowed it.

They wound up in Ansted, West Virginia to visit the Mystery Hole. It had been an atrocious

tourist trap built underneath an old bus or something and Misha had been displeased by the hokey

gimmicks used to make the place appear affected by paranormal influences. That night he had

made Jensen deal with another “mystery hole” as he had bought him a fleshlight. It had been

more amusing than arousing watching the kid try to figure the thing out.

Afterward he'd tied him up, inserted a vibrator into his ass, and left him there so he could

experience some of the torment Misha had gone through that day. He'd gone outside and

practiced throwing knives in the woods behind the motel. After a couple hours he'd come in and

found Jensen shaking on the bed. His cock was an angry red, nearly purple at the head—he'd

been unable to turn over and put any friction on it and the vibrator hadn't been enough stimulation

to push him over the edge. His eyes were red from crying and his wrists and ankles were raw

from where he'd twisted to try to get free.

Misha had cut him loose and stopped the vibrator. The first touch of his hand on Jensen's dick

made him erupt like a geyser—screaming and gushing come all over Misha's hand and clothes.

He'd sighed and disrobed. They were going to need to stop at a mall and get some new clothes

anyway. Jensen had called to him weakly and he'd returned to the bed, a little impressed the kid

had had enough strength to pull himself into Misha's lap. He'd unceremoniously lined up Misha's

cock with his hole and seated himself fully in one easy push of his hips. Then he'd rocked gently

in Misha's lap, head resting tiredly on his shoulder. It wasn't long before Misha was pretty certain the kid was asleep, so, he'd allowed his erection to fade and then pulled out. He'd let Jensen

sleep.

Of course the next morning he'd woken him up with a slap in the face. He'd startled awake and

yet still managed to take Misha's cock down his throat without choking. After a satisfying orgasm

for Misha, they got breakfast and drove the four and one quarter hours to Fort

Mitchell, Kentucky.

Jensen had taken them to the Vent Haven Museum—a museum about ventriloquism. It had taken

less than an hour for both of them to be creeped out, though Misha had enough self-control to not

let on that he was unnerved. They'd had sex in the car in the museum parking lot, and then driven

to Louisville. They'd gotten dinner at the Colonel Sanders Museum—Misha wasn't a big fan of

fried foods, but Jensen promised to make him some Jell-O since they would be staying at a motel

with a mini fridge. They'd also driven by the World's Largest Baseball Bat, which Jensen insisted

they stop at so he could get a picture. By keeping his mind focused on Jell-O and only letting

Jensen take two pictures, he'd stopped himself from braining the kid with one of the souvenir bats

for sell. He'd nearly forgotten all about the giant bat a few hours later as he'd slurped lime Jell-O

cubes off Jensen's body. He wondered if there was a Jell-O museum somewhere in the world.

The next day had been a short drive to Cave City, Kentucky. Apparently there was nothing there

but the Wigwam Village Motel, which was essentially teepees turned into a campy motel. Jensen

had intended for them to only stay there overnight the previous night, but

Misha had taken his Jell-

O activities too long into the night. But it didn't matter to Misha if it was day or night, he could fuck Jensen just about any hour of the day, repeatedly, unendingly, and he still wasn't bored with

him. He wasn't into role play though—he didn't like the idea of playing parts. He didn't

understand acting as a general rule of thumb and was generally perplexed by the objects'

obsession with TV and movies. Jensen had seemed relieved that Misha didn't want him to dress

up as an Indian, but Misha had been in a subdued mood that day anyway. He'd taken Jensen in

the missionary position and the kid had clung to his shoulders and moaned his name and how

much he loved him the entire time. A couple of his protégés had told him they loved him; Jensen

was the first person he really believed. Not that it mattered where the devotion came from so long

as it was there.

They had left the next day well rested and refreshed—five days into their road trip—and Misha

had begun to feel restless. They didn't drive far enough to settle his impatience, only to Nashville, and after lunch Misha had let Jensen go alone to the Country Music Hall of Fame. He had stalked

the seedier parts of the city, gathering information about the area and the disappointing gang-

related crime. Apparently the Nashville police weren't the most understanding police force on the

planet either. None of it was useful and he couldn't even find a connection to make the investigation worthwhile. Barely anyone showed any sort of flash or swirl of color.

He had followed a John down an alley after he'd seen him double check a cord in his pocket as

he'd pushed a prostitute ahead of him. Misha had watched as the man had strangled the woman

mid-coitus, but he hadn't stopped and continued to rut in her after she was dead. Misha

understood the appeal of a dying body, but a dead one? That was just gross. He'd cut the man

up: slowly, tortuously, and his clothes had been ruined with the warm, thick, metallic-smelling

blood. It had been a pleasure to end that object's existence.

He returned to the motel late, but Jensen was waiting for him. His eyes had gone wide when he'd

seen the blood, but once he'd established none of it was Misha's, he calmed down a little bit. Of

course it wasn't his; Misha couldn't even remember the last time he'd broken his skin.

He'd crowded Jensen against the wall, rubbed his erection against his leg. He had run his hands

through Jensen's hair, the clotting blood sticking in the strands. Jensen had asked him if he felt

better now. So he had noticed Misha was off. Misha had confirmed he was and kissed him, put

him on the sink counter and pushed between his legs. He'd been angry when Jensen hadn't been

responsive. He'd let him know under no uncertain circumstances that he was fucking Jensen

whether he was a willing participant or not. Jensen had nodded and reached out a hand to start the

shower. He'd let Misha do as he pleased until the water was warm, and then he'd gotten him

inside, clothes and all. Slowly the clothes had come off. And then all of the blood. When Misha

had been clean, Jensen had kissed him and then turned around, bending over at the waist, arms

propped up on the wall. Misha had taken him hard, but without the frenzy of the kill still buzzing

through him.

Later as Jensen had slept naked, curled up next to him on the bed, Misha had waited for the

dissatisfaction to overtake him. His high from the kill and the blood had been ruined by Jensen

making him get clean before he let him have him. It should have been an unsatisfactory night.

He'd been confused to find that he was content. He'd had his kill and he'd had his boy. Maybe

Jensen was right—his two worlds didn't need to overlap. Another reason why

Jensen had to stay

in Texas while he was in Russia.

The next day had been another short drive, two hours, to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Misha had let

Jensen drive out of the sheer amusement it brought him to see Jensen so tense and nervous and

constantly looking at Misha to see if he was going to get in trouble for doing something Misha had

given him permission to do. By the time they'd reached the International Towing and Recovery

Museum Jensen's nerves had been shot, so they had checked into the motel early and Misha had

fucked Jensen determinedly from behind until he was a pliant, lax puddle of calmed human being

on the mattress. That evening Misha had taken Jensen to a secluded field and taught him some

basic offense and defense when fighting in close quarters with knives. It had devolved into sex on

the dusty ground, but most things with them tended to end with sex.

The following day they had visited the museum—all about towing—and Misha had been

convinced that Jensen was taking him not where he wanted to go, but to any place that was where

he didn't want to go, ie: home. He wasn't bored yet, so he allowed it. That same day they had



taken a short hour ride to Scottsboro, Alabama to shop at the Unclaimed Baggage Center. Misha

wasn't impressed with many manmade things that weren't instruments of death—or Jell-O—but

he'd been amused by the warehouse-sized store consisting of nothing but the crap found in lost

luggage. They had yet to make that stop at a mall for new clothes, so it was actually fortuitous

that they could buy clothes in good condition for dirt cheap. At least Jensen had thought so;

Misha wondered if Jensen hadn't figured out yet that “being on the run” didn't mean that Misha's

access to his bank accounts hadn't been disrupted.

Misha had sent Jensen on an errand to find them both some clothes and then taken himself into the electronics department. The store owners claimed that they erased all personal data from the

devices before selling them, but Misha knew how to get around that. He found a couple of

laptops and a tablet that he could tell had belonged to businessmen and bought them, hoping to

find something blackmail worthy on them for later use. When he'd found Jensen, the kid was in

the fitting rooms, trying on some clothes. He'd pointed to a pile on the stool and told Misha those

were for him to try on. Misha was perplexed. He had a size and when he bought clothes he

bought that size and they fit. There was no need to try on clothes. Jensen hadn't pressed the

issue, but hadn't quite turned around enough to hide the fact that he rolled his eyes. Misha didn't

appreciate the little brat thinking he was being ridiculous when he was only being practical.

He'd sat on the bench and watched Jensen try on clothes. He'd vetoed a couple of button down

shirts because he liked Jensen in easy to remove T-shirts. He'd also vetoed a shirt with a Batman

logo. Batman didn't like guns, so really, fuck him. He'd thumbs-upped a pair of designer jeans

that hugged Jensen's ass like a second skin. He'd made Jensen sit in his lap while wearing them

and rub against him until he was relaxed and ready to orgasm—then Jensen had suggested he

could finish him off with a blowjob. Misha hadn't minded, and he hadn't fought with the kid as

he'd actually struggled to get his jeans all the way to his ankles—completely unnecessary—while

he'd blown him. When he had finished, Jensen had licked his lips and said that as long as his

pants were off he might as well try on the pants Jensen had picked out for him. If he'd had his

silencer with him he would have shot Jensen right there and then. But he'd left it in the car. So

he'd tried on a couple of pairs of pants. They'd left the store doing about three hundred dollars

worth of damage, which was actually a shitload of clothing and several books Jensen had picked

out for himself.

That night he'd rimmed Jensen until he came just from getting eaten out. He'd also allowed

Jensen to touch him there again. The kid did admirably with his self-control, but eventually his

fingers did begin prodding where they shouldn't. He'd given a warning by touching the top of his

head. He'd stopped and used his tongue instead, jacking him with his hand until Misha felt that

awesome wash of pleasure that felt so similar to the high he got when he killed.

Hypersexualized—a court appointed therapist had used that word to describe him when he'd been

fourteen and arrested for aggravated assault and rape. He'd been acquitted as there had been no

witnesses and Kuznetsov's granddaughter had testified that it had been someone else. No one

believed her, but they had to let him go. The night he was released from jail, he'd taken her to the basement of the abandoned building where he'd stashed the man who had actually attacked and

raped her. He'd watched with delight as she'd used a knife to cut open his belly and then literally

ripped out his insides with her bare hands. She'd been twelve at the time and she burst into full

color that night that had never dimmed. She'd asked to go live with her mother—who was

divorced from her father and not in the family—and been granted that wish. Misha hadn't seen

her again until almost twelve years later when Brenna had attempted to seduce him in a bar prior

to a hit. He'd been surprised by her hatred for her former family, and she'd been thrilled to find

out just how painful her grandfather's death had been. Kuznetsov had never made him have sex

with Brenna—though she'd gone by a different name back then—but he supposed that didn't

mean he hadn't made someone else do it. It was a shame his brilliance had been controlled by his

perversion. Misha had no delusions about himself—he was also brilliant and perverted—but he

didn't allow the latter to interfere with business.

That night was the first time he'd ever wondered why he didn't allow anyone to fuck him. He

supposed it had to do with control. And the anger he still felt at being so utterly let down by

Kuznetsov upon realizing all the man wanted was to turn him into just another hole to use for his

amusement. He'd watched Jensen sleep that night—looking for signs that his

colors were

muddying or breaking free from the confines of the lines of his near perfect form. Days he'd been

like this. It bothered Misha because he couldn't figure out why. He couldn't figure out what

purpose he served other than to pleasure him—and that wasn't necessarily a useful function as a scratchy towel, his hand, and countless objects had managed the same thing before. So, if Jensen

was useful for more than just pleasure and an occasional source of amusement...what was it?

He still hadn't figured it out by the time they hit Anniston, Alabama for the apparent sole purpose

of seeing the World's Largest Office Chair. Misha had tied Jensen to a chair that night and had let

him know exactly how unhappy he was with a stop at a truly asinine tourist attraction. Misha

wasn't entirely sure Jensen had taken the night as punishment.

From there it had been a three hour drive to Tupelo, Mississippi and the birth place of somebody

who used to be famous but wasn't anymore. Misha didn't care because it was uninteresting to

him. He liked music that spoke and the selection Jensen had played for him—after getting over

being flabbergasted that Misha seemed unfamiliar with the singer—had been peppy noise. He

disliked peppy noise even more than sappy noise. And if Jensen tuned the

radio to a country

music station one more time he was going to open the car door while they were at highway speeds

and kick him out onto the road.

In retaliation for the assault on his ears he'd had plans to fuck Jensen so hard that night he literally wouldn't be able to walk the next day, but for dinner the kid had introduced him to the fried pickle

chip. So, he'd gotten an order to go and ate them slowly while he watched Jensen get himself off

with a glass dildo. When they'd both finished, he'd been able to pull Jensen close and slide right

into him. It had felt good to rock slowly in his boy, not pulling out once, until he'd spilled inside of him. Jensen had broken down into his "I love you," mantra again. Misha had quieted him with

a kiss and woke up the next morning with his morning wood already halfway inside him and

ranch dressing smeared on one ass cheek. Misha had lived what many might consider a strange

life—but that had been one of his odder moments personally.

That morning had been a five hour drive to Natchez, Mississippi. They'd stood at the edge of the

Mississippi River and Misha might have explained his fascination with nature to Jensen. The kid

hadn't said anything, just smiled softly. It had been one of those moments when he had wanted to

know what was going on in Jensen's head, but he hadn't asked. They'd had

lunch at Mammy's

Cupboard, a restaurant that even Misha—who really had no working concept of race—found

extremely racist. There was nothing going in Natchez so they drove almost three hours to New

Orleans. They'd stayed for a week.

Misha had never been to New Orleans before. Few cities made impressions on him, but he liked

New Orleans. He liked staying at that hotel with the balcony that overlooked Bourbon Street with

the French doors that opened wide enough to push the divan partially outside. He'd had Jensen in

just about every position; morning, noon, evening, midnight; with the sound of the bustling

nightlife, the quiet murmurs of early morning, and the pounding of an unseasonably heavy rain.

He'd been confounded after one session that had been especially pleasurable when Jensen had let

out a winded sounding laugh and murmured something about cheesy movies and making love in

the rain. They hadn't been in the rain; they'd been under an awning.

During the week they had gone to a voodoo museum, some old cemeteries—which Jensen had

preempted him by declaring he would not be having sex with him in one at night—and enough

restaurants and bars to write their own visitor's guide to the city. It was the first time Misha had ever seen Jensen drunk. He'd been fun right up until he'd confessed that he hated loving Misha

because he knew he was a killer. Not just one who got to paid to do it—that at least could make

some sense to him—but a man who enjoyed taking another's life. Misha hadn't refuted him; he

hadn't been wrong. Jensen had cried and asked Misha to tell him what was wrong with him—

why did he love someone who was incapable of love? Misha hadn't answered him; he certainly

didn't know the answer. Jensen had stared at him until the tear tracks had dried on his cheeks.

Then he'd lain back on the bed, limp with dull eyes. He'd told Misha to just go ahead and fuck

him since that's what he was waiting for after all. Misha had waited for his colors to start to bleed. When nothing happened, he'd left the room in frustration.

He'd wandered the streets of old New Orleans, trying to figure out why, how, Jensen was his

equal. He'd come across a mugging. After receiving the couple's valuables, Misha could tell the

man was going to shoot them anyway. He'd grabbed him around the throat just before he finished

applying pressure to the trigger. The couple had fled. Misha had choked the man into

unconsciousness, and then used a knife to bleed him slowly. He'd awoken in



just enough time to

feel the effects of his blood loss before he had succumbed. Misha had stayed out of the pool of

warm blood. He hadn't gotten a drop on him. He wasn't aroused.

He'd returned to the hotel the next morning to find Jensen nursing a terrible hangover. He'd asked

what had happened and if he'd done anything stupid. He'd blacked out the night before. Misha

hadn't filled him in on the details. The only one who cared that Jensen felt bad about being with a

murderer was Jensen—and that wasn't a conversation he wanted to have with a sober Jensen. So,

he'd let the kid think he was keeping his secrets. He'd made his boy ride him that morning though

—slowly, very slowly. Jensen's body had been covered in sweat, his hair soaked, his jaw slack,

eyes glazed with lust before either of them had come. It had been a good way to spend their last

morning in New Orleans.

Jensen had directed them an hour west to Thibodaux, Louisiana. He wanted to go on a swamp

tour, but Misha certainly wasn't going to trap himself on an airboat in the middle of a swamp, so he'd

sent him off on his own. Misha had used the time to touch base with Stenberg. The information

Misha had provided them was proving to be very useful to the FBI. They predicted that they

would begin making their arrests within a couple of weeks. That was sooner than Misha had

anticipated, but that probably wouldn't alter his timeline for leaving for Russia.

Out of curiosity he'd contacted Sokolov. His former boss—though the man hadn't actually figured

that part out yet—had told him that the syndicate had accepted his overthrow and grasp for power

with little resistance. Misha knew that meant Sokolov would be killed by his own people if the

Feds didn't get to him first. Sokolov had also wanted to make sure Misha was hunting down his

"boy toy" for killing Alexei. It was almost embarrassing that he'd come so close to actually working for a man who was so deluded by his own megalomania. It seemed like Alexei's crazed

attack on Jensen was the best thing that could have happened to him. He didn't like it when he

couldn't predict outcomes, but he supposed he could live with this one.

That night he's made Jensen blow him while wearing his souvenir alligator hat. He'd laughed the

whole time watching the alligator eyes stare him down and the faux teeth bob up and down over

his cock. The last time he'd laughed so much he'd been watching a warehouse filled with

Colombian drug cartel members burn to the ground.

The following day they spent five hours in the car together. Jensen had talked, unprompted, about

what life had been like growing up in Richardson. Nothing was a surprise; Misha had figured out

that part of Jensen when he'd still been in prison. It was interesting to hear the spin Jensen put on his childhood with the help of nostalgia and the selective memory most people employed when

thinking of their pasts. He was certain Jensen's teen years hadn't been quite as charmed as the kid

was painting them to be, but he'd probably lived a happier existence than most other teenagers.

They'd arrived in Gibsland, Louisiana in the early afternoon. Plenty of time to take a short tour of the Bonnie and Clyde Museum. Misha had found the whole experience annoying because all he

could see were all the mistakes the couple had made. The whole gang actually. It was a mistake

to work in groups or pairs for anything beyond a job that required it. Living and traveling and

planning and working indefinitely with another person or persons was just asking for disaster and

dissention. Even when the job had required it, Misha had never played very well with others.

Most people didn't how to be quiet and still or if they did they didn't know when to speak and to fight. Jensen was the first person he'd ever kept around for any length of time. And he supposed

that had caused trouble for him: the incident with Banger, agreeing to back

Sokolov when he

didn't believe in him, killing Alexei on impulse. He was ignoring his own rules and acting against

his instincts. But then, if nature had taught him anything, change and evolution were not only

inevitable, but necessary for survival.

Misha had decided against staying in a motel that night and had driven them out along a secluded

stretch of highway lined with a dense forest. In the dying light of the day they had practiced

shooting at pine cones and stray leaves and in Misha's case one bird until Jensen had kicked him

in the shins. He had loved watching Jensen handle the weapon, the way his long fingers

competently loaded the magazine, cleared a jam, and caressed the trigger. He was a better shot

than Misha had thought and he'd actually had to put effort into beating him at sharpshooting.

And Misha saw it. Jensen was in color because he could be his partner. His business partner. He

was smart enough and strong enough and talented enough that with some serious training he could

be a hit man of Misha's caliber. If only he had the disposition for it. But he didn't. So, he wasn't really useful after all. He wasn't an equal. But Jensen's colors still refused to fade or break back into swirling chaos.

He'd taken Jensen's face in his hands, startling him a little bit, but he wasn't

worried about what

was going on in his head because he'd kissed him. He'd licked and nibbled gently at Jensen's

lower lip. He'd kissed his boy's lips—those lips that belonged to him—and couldn't help but think

how much better it would be if Jensen had just a little more darkness in him. He'd pulled back and

sighed. Then he'd taken him up against a tree. Easy, lazily and with Jensen groaning and

moaning and sounding nothing like the broken drunk in New Orleans. He'd asked Jensen if he

loved him. He'd answered yes, of course. He always did. And for once it made Misha not only

happy because of the power it gave him over Jensen, but just because he liked the timbre of his

boy's voice as he hummed the words softly into his ear.

Three hours of driving in the morning had brought them to Hot Springs, Arkansas. It had been

another obnoxious amalgamation of tourist traps like a Tesla coil and a freeze-dried merman. But

there had been the hot springs. It would have been more interesting if they could have gone

directly into the springs themselves, but he supposed a private bath large enough for two filled

with the warm spring water was a good alternative. His good mood had been partially ruined by

Jensen cackling over the fact that the "big bad hit man liked to take bubble baths." There had been no bubbles. But there had been an obnoxious brat who'd been given an impromptu enema.

The next day they had driven two hours to Fouke, Arkansas. There had been something about a

Boggy Monster and Bigfoot. After ten minutes and a picture that even Misha was actually

possibly feeling what might be embarrassment over, he forced Jensen back into the car. They

drove almost four hours to Decatur, Texas. There was a Texaco covered in petrified wood. And

that was all. He'd turned to Jensen and told him he was getting a little too desperate. Jensen had

been anxious, but subdued. He hadn't replied and hadn't protested when Misha had put him back

in the car. An hour later they had been checking into an extended stay hotel just outside

Richardson, Texas.

Jensen was home.

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Misha checked his voicemail service for messages. There were two from Stenberg that weren't

anything he felt a pressing need to address. So he returned his focus to Jensen. The kid was

pacing and talking to himself. Well, Misha supposed he was technically talking to him, but he'd

stopped paying attention about half an hour ago. They'd been in Richardson for three days and it

was time for him to go talk to his parents.

"Jensen," Misha cut him off mid-sentence. "It's not that hard. Just tell them the job you moved out there for didn't work out, and that's why you came home. You don't have to give any details.

Tell them you started community college. They'll probably be so thrilled about that they won't

care about the job. I'm sure they'll try to get you to go to school here."

"Right. And how do I tell them no?"

"Why would you tell them no?"

"Because—" Jensen's brow creased. "Are you leaving me here?"

Misha leaned back against the wall at the head of the bed. He hadn't told Jensen yet that he would

be leaving him for a few years. Perhaps he should since he was certain Jensen was about to

assume the worst.

"I'm not leaving you. I'm putting you somewhere that you'll have familiarity and comfort when I can't be around. My new job will keep me away for longer periods than my old one did."

"Oh." Jensen was still frowning.

"What?" Misha asked. He disliked it when people didn't automatically accept his plans as the best and only way to do something.

"Nothing. Just—I'm not sure familiarity is what I want. How can I look my parents in the eye

after I, well—" he waffled a hand in the air in Misha's general direction. "You know. You."

Jensen took a step back and gulped loudly. Good. He must have put on the expression that

reflected his mood.

"I don't give two fucks if you won't tell your family you've had sex with a man, but I will not put up with your bullshit notion that you can't tell them because it will show you to be less than a

man."

"No, no. Not that. Well, kind of that. What I meant was that you're—" Jensen looked at him like he was crazy. "Misha!"

"What?"

"You're a hit man! You're a murderer. A murderer who gets off on killing. A murderer who

doesn't understand why murder is wrong. You can't explain how you're friends with—in love

with—someone like that to anyone! Not without people locking you up in a padded room

forever."

"So, don't tell them that."

"I won't, but...it's all I'll be able to think about when I'm with them. Look, I know it's an act of futility, but I'm trying to explain things to you from my perspective, which to be fair to me, is the perspective of the majority of the people on the planet."

Misha crossed his arms. He didn't care what the majority of the people on the planet thought



because he knew almost all of them were idiots. But Jensen was an equal. He frowned. He

didn't like his boy being his equal, not really.

"Okay. Explain it."

Jensen drew in a breath.

"While you strip."

Jensen made a face at him. "Is it okay if I use the chair since we don't have a pole?"

"Not, stripper-strip. Just take off your clothes."

"Oh." Jensen whipped his shirt over his head and balled it up. Misha could see the split second

indecision, and then he threw it at Misha. He caught it easily and Jensen bit on his lip to hide his smile as he began to undo the fly of his jeans.

"Most people never kill anything bigger than a spider in their lives. We might say, 'I could kill

him,' or have murderous thoughts, but if we ever actually acted on them, most people would be

horrified. Or least feel a little guilt or remorse or regret. Point is we would feel something."

"I feel something when I kill."

"Arousal doesn't count!" Jensen said with a pointed finger. "That is not a normal response."

Misha slightly rolled his eyes.

"I mean, I really wanted to kill Alexei in that moment, and if the opportunity

arose I probably

would have. But, even knowing it was self-defense, I probably would have felt bad about it.”

“Why?”

“Just because, Misha.”

“I thought you were trying to explain this to me. ‘Just because’ is not a reason.”

Jensen shimmied out of his jeans and underwear and Misha watched his soft cock swing slightly

between his legs with his agitated movement.

“So maybe it’s not explainable. Maybe it is an innately human feeling.”

“I am human.”

“You’re not a normal one.”

“People kill people all the time. Every day. ‘Normal people’ like you call them. They do it on a

large scale in wars, and individually to get money or revenge. Governments do it as punishment.”

“I’m not talking about the morality of killing, Misha. I’m talking about what it does to you. While reprehensible, killing someone for money makes a cerebral kind of sense. But that’s not why you

kill, is it? You’ve managed to harness your need to kill into a lucrative business that keeps you

out of FBI profilers' text books. But you don’t kill for money; you kill because you need to. Like

when we were in Nashville. Were you paid to kill whoever it was you killed?”

Misha shook his head.

“So, then why did you do it?”

“Because I felt restless and missed the feeling of blood on my hands.”

Jensen stepped up onto the bed and then kneeled over Misha’s legs. “And that is why you aren’t

normal and I can’t explain why I love you to anyone. Not even to myself.”

“Try.”

“Try what?”

“Try to explain why you love me. And turn around.”

Jensen turned and Misha maneuvered him until he was on all fours, pert ass only a few inches

from his face. Misha took out a bottle of lube and slicked up his fingers. He began circling

Jensen’s hole as the kid started talking, his voice quavering only a little.

“I love you because...I feel good around you.”

Misha pushed two fingers inside him easily and Jensen hummed and arched his back.

“A dildo can make you feel good, pretty. Do you love all those dildos I bought you?”

“Actually I do,” Jensen replied with a laugh as he pressed his hips back onto Misha’s hand.

Misha smacked his butt with his free hand and Jensen yelped softly.

“Okay, no, I don’t love them like I love you. And when I said I feel good around you, I didn’t

mean you make me feel good, like this.” He spread his knees a little more and Misha thumbed at

where his fingers were sunk up to the last knuckle in his boy. “Ohhh, yes... this feels good,

Mish...a...you can make me feel so...so good. Another, add another,” Jensen breathed.

That was way too close to a command for Misha’s liking, but he’d already planned on adding a

third finger anyway, and pushed it inside him easily. Jensen grunted and snapped his hips down.

“Fuck yes.”

Misha slapped his ass again. “Language, baby boy. Talk pretty for me. Why do you love me?”

“I told you. I-I—God, Misha...”

Misha pumped his fingers quickly in and out, almost transfixed by the way Jensen’s rim expanded

and contracted around him so smoothly. He added a fourth finger.

“Fuh—nn—Misha. Misha. I love that I can be who I am with you. With my bad thoughts and

egotistical actions. Ah, ahn. With my insecurities and attitude and—oh Jesus, there—and my

faults and flaws and my strengths and my selfish desires annnnnnd—oh, God,

do it, do it,” Jensen

hissed when he felt Misha’s thumb flirting with his hole.

Misha was tempted. He’d never fisted him before and he was curious if he could really take it.

Instead he worked the fly of his pants down with one hand.

“Keep going, sweet boy.”

“I’m just a—a man. Who makes mistakes like everybody else.” Jensen’s breath hitched when

Misha took his cock in hand. “Who doesn’t always make the right decisions or feel like I’m good

enough to make the people I love proud of me. But to you—you...oh God, oh God,

MishaI’mso close...”

Misha slowed the hand in his ass and let go of his cock. His boy shuddered, and then collected

himself. He started speaking again in a hoarse voice after swallowing thickly.

“You wouldn’t change me. Wouldn’t want to. You like me as the total fuck up I am because for

you—that’s perfect. I’m what you need. You love that I’m perfect for you—your good,” Jensen rocked his hips down onto Misha’s hand, “sweet,” again he made the movement, “obedient boy—

ah, shit!”

Jensen cried out as on the third time he pushed back onto Misha’s hand, he met him with a thrust

of his arm. Jensen rolled his hips.

“Gonna put it all in?” he asked breathlessly.

“No. Move forward.”

Jensen mostly repressed his huff of disappointment and shuffled forward until Misha stopped him.

Misha lay back, slightly propped up by the pillows. He’d pulled his cock out of his pants and

guided Jensen back toward it with the hand that was still buried inside him. He easily traded his

hand for his dick and the lube inside Jensen was enough for him to sink down until his ass was

flush with Misha’s hips.

“Come on, little cowboy, we’re in Texas now.”

Jensen sat up and began riding him, bracing his hands on Misha’s shins. Misha pushed him

forward a little so that he had a clear shot of his cock sliding in and out of his boy’s pretty hole.

That was his favorite part after all.

“So, you’re in love with me because I don’t mind the fact that you like cock?”

Jensen sighed. “Either you’re fucking with me or you weren’t listening.”

Misha let out a small laugh. “I was listening, baby boy. You were saying that you’re mine.”

Jensen groaned long and loud. “Yes, yes...Mish...I’m yours. Whenever,

however, just fucking

take me with you.”

Misha started, surprised by his words. Then he realized Jensen had meant it figuratively.

Probably. At the very least he certainly didn’t know about Russia. He relaxed again and rubbed

his hands over Jensen’s back as the kid worked his hips in a series of figure eights.

“Up and down, baby,” Misha ordered softly.

Jensen began using his thighs to lift up slightly and then snap his hips down. Their flesh made

beautiful, rhythmic slapping noises when they came together. Misha put his hands to Jensen’s ass

cheeks and spread him slightly so he had a better view and Jensen increased his pace.

“You’re going to go see your family today,” Misha said.

“O-okay...”

Misha stared, transfixed as Jensen’s body enveloped him again and again.

“You won’t talk about

me, but you won’t let them, not even your father, make you feel bad for any of your choices.”

“N-no...if I’m perfect for you that’s more than good enough. M-Misha, you feel so fuh—uh—so

good...”

“And to help you, I’m going to give you a little liquid courage,” Misha said calmly.

“I don’t think being drunk will help. Jesus Christ, have I ever told you that you’re fucking

perfect? Fuck me, Misha! Fuck—ahn!”

“Not alcohol, baby boy. I want you to come, Jensen; use your hand if you need to.”

Jensen shortened his thrusts and fucked onto his dick even faster. He moved one hand to grab his

cock and within three strokes he was gasping around a guttural shout and shooting his load out

onto the mattress. Misha grabbed his hips and pulled him back so that he was seated deep inside

his boy. He leaned his head back and sighed as he felt the calm pleasure or orgasm soothe his

mind. He could feel himself filling his boy with warm, thick come. Jensen was keening and

grinding his hips down, wanting to feel more of him.

Misha pushed him off and forced him onto his stomach in a series of quick movements. The air

rushed out of Jensen’s lungs at the surprise, and Misha quickly picked up the plug he’d left on the

nightstand after washing it from the previous night. It slipped easily into Jensen’s clenching hole, and his rim clamped onto the base. It wasn’t a big plug, not really meant for stretching, but for

being worn all day. He patted Jensen’s butt.



“You wear that when you go. And any time your father starts giving you shit, you shift your

weight and feel me inside you and know that you have my approval.”

“So I don’t need his.”

“Exactly.”

Jensen sighed tiredly. He turned his head slightly so he could look at Misha. “Is it okay if I still want his approval though?”

“I suppose. I guess your father is your Kuznetsov.”

Jensen made a face. “What? That guy was a disgusting—“

“Not him. The original Kuznetsov. I always wanted his approval. Until I figured out that the

only person’s whose approval I really needed was my own.”

Jensen stared at him and then kind of giggled. He put a hand to his forehead.

“Oh my God. If I weren’t lying in a puddle of my own come with a butt plug holding a load of

jizz in my ass, I would think this is a scene straight out of an after school special.”

Misha turned his head slightly. “I don’t—I don’t know what that means.”

Jensen laughed and turned onto his back. He moved his legs so that they were on either side of

Misha’s waist.

“And what are you going to do while I’m gone? Sit here and jerk off thinking about how my

good ol' boy daddy will be talking to me with your come in my ass?"

"No. I have work to do."

"Oh, so sorry."

"Careful," Misha said and the kid immediately dropped his cocky smile.

"What if they ask me to stay the night?"

"You will be sleeping here tonight," Misha responded automatically.

Jensen nodded and smiled softly.

"Okay."

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Two months after arriving in Richardson, Misha met him. Quite by accident. He'd studied the

city enough to learn it's layout, but he wasn't as familiar with it as he probably should have been.

The time he had spent in Texas had been a learning experience. He'd learned that he did not like

the weather, the people, and most of the food. He also learned that Jensen picked up a slight

twang in his voice when he was around other people who had a Texas drawl. He didn't like it.

He wasn't sure what Jensen did when he left the motel. He assumed he spent time with his family

and some of his old friends. At least, when he talked about what he did each day when he came

back he included information about some of those things. Misha didn't feel the need to log it as

anything which was worth taking note. He did remember that Jensen's parents had been ecstatic

that Jensen had started community college in Chicago and offered to help him pay for school if he

applied to a four year university (in Texas). Misha had given him permission to do so; it would

be best if he had something to keep him occupied while he was away.

Jensen had mentioned something about his parents wondering why he wouldn't move back in

with them and how they couldn't understand why he was staying in a hotel. So, Misha had told

him to start condo hunting and he would buy him whatever he liked. Jensen had asked him how

he would explain having enough money to buy a condo that wouldn't involve mentioning he had

a sugar daddy. Misha didn't like that term nor was he happy that Jensen wouldn't think for

himself.

So, he'd tied him up, put a cock ring on him, and wouldn't let him come until he'd figured it out

on his own. After the kid had spent the first twenty minutes whining that he couldn't think like

this and there was no viable explanation, he'd finally started thinking once he'd realized Misha

was serious and wouldn't let him go until he solved his own problem. Misha knew he was smart.

He wanted Jensen to realize it too. If he was going to leave him on his own, he had to trust that

the kid could take care of himself.

He'd done his best to distract his boy, mainly because it was pleasing to watch him squirm, but

also to make him learn how to work through distractions. It was similar to some of the training

Misha had undergone, although he'd been forced to work through pain rather than pleasure. He

supposed he could have beaten Jensen and broken a few bones to achieve the same result, but

Jensen's voice sounded so much better when he was screaming in pleasure than pain. It was as he

was coming inside Jensen for the third time that he realized he'd never heard Jensen scream in

pain before. How could he know he preferred one to the other?

He'd ignored the question and stroked Jensen's dangerously engorged cock. His boy had cried

beautiful tears and pleaded with him and even cursed him some. He'd come up with a few ideas,

but Misha had rejected them. At last, just shy of two hours from when he'd had the cock ring put

on him, Jensen hit on it: he would tell his parents he had been given a generous settlement from

the LA County Department of Corrections for his unfortunate involvement in the escape of a

dangerous prisoner. He would tell them he hadn't told them about it before because he'd signed a

nondisclosure. All of which was technically true, except the severance pay he had received

wasn't nearly enough to cover the four bedroom condo Misha said he would prefer.

Then Misha had let him come, but it was so fast and violent that it had hardly been pleasurable

except as sheer relief. Misha had stayed next to him, massaging his tense muscles and whispering

in his ear—telling him that from then on he needed to start thinking rather than letting a situation

overwhelm him; he needed to find solutions to his problems rather than give in to them. Jensen

had nodded and promised to be better. Misha was pleased with his resolve.

The weeks since their arrival had been a little slow for Misha. He hadn't noticed it too much though because he'd just devoted his downtime to fucking Jensen. When he was on his own he

kept in contact with Stenberg, and then would contact Brenna to find out what was really going

on. The takedown of the Krov Syndicate had made national news and Misha had glanced down

at his hand in surprise when Jensen had gripped it tightly as he'd seen Sokolov led away in

handcuffs on the nightly news. The Feds had done their work well and had found connections to

people and businesses that Misha hadn't even bothered to provide them with. Seventeen missing

persons cases became homicides as the bodies were found. None of Misha's hits of course, he

never left a body. The grand jury was hearing testimony currently to determine if the case would

need to go to court. Misha was certain there would be a trial. And it wouldn't be until the trial

started that Sokolov would realize that none of his usual tactics to avoid conviction—jury

tampering, buying off the police, letting someone else take the fall—weren't going to work. They

were all going down and they had no allies on the outside.

Misha had made sure to reorganize his off shore accounts and disconnect them from any money

trails that would lead back to the syndicate or any of its affiliates. He was probably going to need to set up an account in Jensen's name that he would have access to while he was gone. He wasn't

just going to leave his boy high and dry.

He'd been busy enough that the itch in his fingers was almost negligible while he got his affairs in

order. And while he had Jensen to distract to him. But the need was there. The pull, the want.

He'd gone out a couple of times to satisfy the need. One night he'd returned

to the hotel and

Jensen had nearly fainted. As he'd caught his boy by the arm and slapped his face to snap him out

of it, he'd felt the pull of the dried blood on his face. He'd realized he was literally covered in

blood, from almost head to toe. Perhaps he had gone a little overboard, but that's what happened

when he didn't kill regularly.

He'd pulled Jensen into his arms and could see the terror and disgust flitting in his eyes. He hadn't resisted him, but Misha could tell that if he kissed him with his bloody lips, Jensen wouldn't be

happy. He'd paused, and waited. Jensen had pulled him into the bathroom and started the

shower. He washed him thoroughly with soap and shampoo, twice, and not only washed the

blood away, but did his best to soothe the boiling energy that roiled under his skin when he killed.

He'd avoided Misha's hands and lips and managed to get him out of the shower and dried him

off. Then they had fallen onto the bed and Jensen had let Misha take him however he wanted.

But it hadn't been crazed or rushed. He'd been in enough to control to prep his boy enough that

he could enter him without hurting him.

It should have been terrible. Not getting his completion with the high of the kill still riding him, but sex with Jensen was never disappointing. This

fucking kid had ruined him. He needed his

sex and violence—that's just how it worked. Misha had pulled out a knife, determined to get his

blood and his orgasm from Jensen—the kid owed him. But he hadn't been able to make a

decision on where to cut him. Where would he bleed that wouldn't leave scar on his perfect

body? After a few moments, Jensen had taken the knife from him and shallowly sliced open the

palm of his non-dominant hand. He grasped Misha's shoulder and ran his hand down his arm,

letting Misha feel the hot slickness of his blood, smell the sharp, metallic bite. Misha had thrust

into him and kissed him, and then pulled Jensen's hand away. He'd wrapped a sheet around it to

stave the bleeding and fucked Jensen hard, but slow. He wasn't sure but he thought he might

have told Jensen not to do it again. He didn't want his blood.

He'd awoken the next morning with a smeared, bloody handprint dried onto his arm and his boy

asleep at his side. He'd let him sleep and walked into the bathroom, turning on the faucet and

cleaning off his arm. He'd braced his hands on the sink and met his own eyes in the mirror. He

knew he wouldn't stop killing, but he wouldn't make Jensen clean him anymore. He would wash



himself free of blood before he returned to him. Jensen was his equal and had made his choice—

he'd rather Misha use his blood than a stranger's. That was never going to happen; he never wanted to see Jensen's blood again. He finally understood what Jensen had meant about his "two

worlds."

Since then, he'd pretty much kept to his decision. As he sipped a cup of black coffee in a small

café in downtown Dallas, he watched the news on the TV in the corner of the room. The police

chief was talking about a serial killer in the area who was targeting young college women.

Apparently he was a sick bastard who tortured and raped his victims before allowing them to

slowly bleed out. The police chief swore they would find the monster and bring him to justice.

Misha just smiled. The police would have a very long and fruitless search for that serial killer.

Misha had killed him about a week and a half ago.

Misha's eyes flicked to the door as the bells chimed. He had his back to a wall, but was near two

easily accessible exits. The man that entered was in his late fifties with a touch of distinguished

grey in his light brown hair. And if Jensen hadn't insisted on toting that picture frame around with him everywhere he went, Misha wouldn't have recognized him. The man bought a cup of coffee

and a scone and searched the crowded café for a place to sit. Misha waved a hand and got his

attention.

“You can sit here,” he said, smiling pleasantly, using the tone he had learned made people feel like

he was just a nice, friendly guy. “I just have one more sip of coffee and I’m done.”

“Oh, thank you,” Jensen’s father replied and sat down across from him.

Misha gathered his papers to make like he was getting ready to leave, and then he stopped. He

looked the man in his pale eyes. They weren’t very much like Jensen’s at all.

“I’m sorry, I hope I’m not bothering you,” Misha began, “but are you a local?”

The man nodded around a sip of coffee. “Yep. Born and raised. Lived here all my life. Well,

just outside Dallas, but close enough.”

The man laughed and Misha quickly imitated him to give him a proper reaction. Then he said,

“Ah, that’s nice. I just moved to the area and I’m still trying to get the lay of the land.”

“Oh, it’s pretty easy to grasp. We’re a simple folk here. Just living the American dream.”

“I see. A shared dream, I take it? Where no one is different, and no one stands out. The nail that sticks up gets hammered down, yes?”

Jensen’s father frowned slightly. “I don’t know if I would put it quite like

that. We all do share a lot of the same beliefs and values, yes, but we are all individuals with our own minds.”

“Hmm. And who decides which values and beliefs are the acceptable ones?”

The man’s lips thinned. “I’m not sure what you’re getting at.”

Misha laughed pleasantly and some of the lines in the man’s face relaxed.

“I was just wondering how hard I was going to get thumped with the Bible around here.”

Jensen’s father’s scowl returned two fold. “I think I’ve disturbed your morning break. I’ll find

somewhere else to sit.”

Misha waved a dismissive hand and stood up. “No, stay. I’m leaving.” He gathered his

documents and his empty coffee cup. He paused as he stood right next to Jensen’s father and

looked down at him. He could see the color drain from the man’s face and a slight tremor began in his hand as he met Misha’s eyes.

“He’s so much more than you let him be,” Misha said.

The man’s brow creased in confusion, but he couldn’t speak or move. Not under Misha’s

scrutiny. By the time he found his voice and turned in his chair to yell after him, Misha was

mostly out the door. But he clearly heard, “Who are—! I’ve never held him back!”

Misha wondered if he was thinking of Jensen or if he thought he’d screwed his other son over as

well. Jensen's sister was probably too young for him to be concerned about what he was doing to

her. The man was an object. He had no colors, he had no depth. He wasn't even worth the effort

of killing. All killing him would do is leave Jensen morose. Misha wasn't even sure why he felt

dislike for an object. The man had been a convenient way to manipulate Jensen while he'd been

seducing him in prison, and it was fun to watch Jensen get huffy when he brought him up during

sex, but he'd never given any thought to the man himself. The sensation was odd. He could tell it

stemmed from thoughts of Jensen—it was similar to the self-preservation he felt when on a job.

He shook off the feeling. No matter. Once seeing that Jensen's father was just a grey object, he

decided to put him out of his mind. He wouldn't need to bring him up to Jensen anymore. Jensen

was so far beyond the scope of his father that any comparison or connection was ludicrous.

Jensen would probably still obsess over him, but everyone needed a hobby.

That evening Misha stopped a small child from getting run over by a car. It had been an accident,

and the child's mother bawled obnoxiously as she thanked him. In order to keep calm and not

smash her face into the ground, he just imagined what it would be like to cut

out her heart in a

basement somewhere while she talked. Eventually he just walked away while she was still

talking. Why did objects think they deserved to take up his time? He didn't expect he should

matter in their day to day affairs, why should they matter to him?

The image the woman had painted for him made him restless. He found a young prostitute at the

back entrance of a gay bar. He'd taken him to a motel room, gagged him, and bled him

unconscious. He tied off his wounds to keep him alive. He wanted to see how far he could get

with the cutting out of his heart before he died, but seeing the bowls of warm blood he'd collected,

he couldn't help himself. He pulled out his cock and wanted nothing more than to dip his hands

in the cooling, clotting mess and touch himself until he mixed his release with the man's lifeblood.

He hesitated though. The guy was a pro; he was probably diseased. That was one of the

downsides to being uncut, it would be a bitch to get himself completely clean and he didn't want

to risk giving anything to Jensen. He went with Plan B which was to jack off with one hand

while he dipped the other hand in the blood, clenching his fingers and rubbing them around the

smooth sides of the bowl. It was a very satisfying orgasm.

While he was cleaning the bowl and washing his hands, his phone beeped. He dried his hands

and checked the message. Jensen had gotten a job at a vintage record store as a way to prove to

his parents he intended to stick around since he wouldn't be able to start university until the spring semester of the following year. Apparently he got off work early and would be having dinner at

his parents' before returning to the hotel. That of course in no way meant Jensen was expecting

Misha to be there when he got back. Misha kept his own hours and Jensen never complained or

even commented on them. He could spend all night taking the prostitute in the bed apart sinew by

sinew.

The need was gone though. He'd gotten his blood, he'd gotten his high, and he'd, however

unintentionally, gone through the cleansing process. He glanced at the man on the bed. He'd

approached him from behind and knocked him out with etorphine. He'd tied him with his head at

the foot of the bed so he could bleed him without ever being seen—it induced more terror and was

more satisfying to watch. Then of course the guy had slipped into unconsciousness. Misha took a thin piece of toilet paper and tickled the inside of the man's ear—no response. He was still

unconscious and not faking. He had never seen his face. Or heard his voice.

Misha had worn gloves, except during the masturbation of course, and had wiped down the sink.

He could just leave. He sliced through the sheet tying the guy's left arm to the bed. He should be

able to free himself from the rest of the restraints with one arm. Or maybe he'd die from the blood

loss; there was no guarantee he was ever going to wake up again. Misha did two more checks of

the room, dropped a couple hundred dollar bills on the man's chest as an afterthought, and left the

motel.

He beat Jensen back to the hotel and sat on the bed and imagined what he was going to do to his

boy first. About fifteen minutes later the door opened and Jensen called out for him as he entered.

"I'm in the bedroom," Misha replied.

A few moments later Jensen popped his head around the corner. He smiled.

"Hunh. And here I thought you'd be naked or something."

"Why?"

Jensen shrugged. "I don't know. Expediency? But, I'm glad you're not."

"Why?"

"Don't pout," Jensen teased. And then made a face. "Seriously, don't pout. That's fucking

weird on you. Anyway.” Jensen kicked his shoes off and stepped up onto the bed. He sat cross-

legged beside Misha’s hip and arched a brow at him.

“What?”

“I had an interesting day,” Jensen said. “Let’s see, what happened?” He tapped his chin as if

trying to remember something. He was lucky Misha had satisfied his need for blood with the

prostitute because otherwise he might have punched him in the nose for this kind of obnoxious

pageantry. “Oh, yes! We got a new employee at the store. A cute little—well, he’s not little—

but a cute high school kid who is as hyper as a puppy on a speedball. And... my little sister had

her dance recital; she had a solo. And...oh, yeah. My dad told some crazy ass story at dinner

about how some psycho freak had harassed him at breakfast.”

Misha crossed his arms.

“You didn’t happen to intimidate any random men today, did you?”

“No.” Jensen had been playing it like he was having a laugh at the situation, but the tension in his body visibly eased with Misha’s answer. “It wasn’t random.”

Jensen’s entire body went rigid, all mirth gone from his features. He swallowed. “Did you—did

you, um, talk to my father today?”



“I did.”

“Did you tell him—um.” Jensen gulped again. “Did you—what did you say to him?”

“I honestly don’t remember. He’s uninteresting.” Jensen frowned. “But I didn’t tell him I was

butt fucking his son if that’s what has you worried.”

“I-I didn’t really think you had. I feel like he might have mentioned that. But...whatever you said, it stuck with him. He was still upset about it.”

Misha had no response so he just kept his eyes level with Jensen’s. The kid held his gaze for a

few moments, and then tipped forward to rock onto his knees. He put his hands on Misha’s

shoulders and kissed his lips with something that might have been tenderness.

“How do you want me?” Jensen asked quietly, the words falling into Misha’s mouth as he parted

his lips.

“Lie down,” Misha replied.

Jensen got on his back and Misha rolled on top of him. He kissed him and worked a thigh

between Jensen’s legs, rubbing over his growing erection in an easy, pleasurable rhythm. Jensen

raised his left leg, just slightly, enough to make their bodies fit together.

“Good boy,” Misha said, maybe moaned.

Jensen moved in counter rhythm to Misha’s shallow rutting. “Is it going to be

gentle tonight,

Misha?”

“Yeah, baby. You’ve been good for me. I’m gonna take care of my baby boy tonight.”

Jensen hummed excitedly and wrapped his arms around Misha’s shoulders.

“M-Mish—sha?”

“Yes, baby?” Misha definitely moaned this time as Jensen’s nails dug into his skin through his

shirt.

“Can I—would you mind—um…”

“What is it, sweet boy?” Misha kissed him, thrust his tongue into his mouth and imitated the easy

rocking of their lower bodies against Jensen’s tongue for a long minute. He pulled back. “What

do you want, Jensen?”

“Can I pretend we’re making love tonight?”

Misha shifted and got completely between Jensen’s legs, bringing their groins together. Jensen

gasped and Misha caught his boy’s lower lip between his teeth. He worried the tender flesh for a

moment and then let go. He dropped a soothing kiss onto his swollen lip.

“Whatever you want,” Misha breathed and began removing Jensen’s clothes.

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Five weeks later, and four months to the day of Alexei's death, Misha was turning his phone over

and over in his hand. Stenberg had left him a message two days ago. Misha had answered it

yesterday and had been quite annoyed when Stenberg hadn't immediately answered. Or called

him back within a couple of minutes. Misha began to suspect something was amiss when

Stenberg hadn't called by noon the following day. It was three o'clock now and he turned the

phone over in his hand as he contemplated calling Brenna.

The door to the hotel room opened and Misha turned, mildly surprised to see Jensen. He wasn't

supposed to be back until after five, but Misha didn't even care what the reason was for him being

back early because he could use sex to take his mind off Stenberg.

"Hey, Misha, I had a half day at work so I went to visit the Summit Condominiums," Jensen announced as he dropped his book bag off on the small sleeper sofa and began toeing his shoes

off. "They do have one available on the second floor, but it's a three bedroom instead of four.

However, it has like a little den thing which is kind of like a fourth room and a ton of closet

space. Do you want to look at the website or do you need to see it in person?"

Misha silenced Jensen with a kiss and hauled him in with a two-handed ass

grab. Jensen's arms

went around his neck and he kissed him back, legs parting slightly as Misha pulled him even

closer. Misha bent his knees slightly, and Jensen knew to hop up and wrap his legs around

Misha's waist as he got a hold of him under his ass. Without breaking the kiss Misha carried his

boy to the bedroom and then dumped him unceremoniously onto the bed. Jensen started talking

rapidly to get as much of his news out as possible while Misha slowly removed his clothes. Once

Misha was naked, Jensen wouldn't be thinking coherently for awhile.

"I know it's not exactly what you wanted so we can stay here until what you want becomes

available, but I think you'll like it. It's a corner unit and the garage does allow you to buy spaces, so you don't only have an assigned two or whatever. And the location is good. It's right by a

Picadilly's. That's a cafeteria style restaurant."

"So?" Misha asked, shirt already gone, hands working on the fly of his jeans.

"They serve Jell-O every day."

"Oh. Maybe I could check it out."

Jensen smiled. "Oh, also, I have a little problem regarding school..."

Misha stopped undressing and sat on the bed. "What? Did you not get your materials in on

time?"

"No. I mean, yes, I did. But that's not the problem. I got in to the University of North Texas.

Didn't I tell you? I thought I had."

Misha shrugged a shoulder. He wondered if Jensen knew that he talked a lot. How was he

supposed to remember everything he said?

"Anyway, I got in, which is great, but now that I have this great windfall payout that's enough to

buy a two and a half million dollar condo right in downtown Dallas, I feel like I should pay for my

own tuition."

Misha had been pulling at Jensen's zipper and now had his hand down his pants.

"But you don't have a great windfall."

"I know. Do see my dilemma now? I mean, if I asked I'm sure my parents would pay without too

many questions, but I wouldn't feel right taking money from them."

"You have no problem taking money from me."

"Because it's not really taking. It's for services rendered."

Misha raised his eyebrows and massaged Jensen's balls. "You consider yourself a prostitute?"

"No. The money is for putting up with your shit." Jensen leaned close and grinned. "The sex you get for free." He kissed him and Misha pulled back.

"You know I don't like it when you're cocky."

"I do." Jensen lay back on the bed and undulated provocatively, spreading his legs, and biting his lip. "Is this better?"

"You are a little shit," Misha muttered, but he hadn't let go of Jensen's balls and he could feel his boy's cock filling against his forearm.

"No, Misha, I'm your perfect boy, remember?"

Misha leaned over him and saw that flicker of fear in Jensen's eyes that never failed to get him

hard. He released Jensen's groin and moved his hand up to caress his neck. Jensen lifted his chin

and exposed his throat, if not trusting Misha, at least offering himself to whatever Misha had

planned for him. His submission calmed the flash of anger he'd felt at losing momentary control

over Jensen. He swiped his thumb over Jensen's Adam's apple, applying light pressure, but

decided not to press the issue at the moment. He leaned down and kissed him, moving his hand

just enough to feel the sharp angle of his jaw. It fit the curve of his hand perfectly. He pulled

back and Jensen's eyes fluttered open, his long eyelashes exaggerating the movement and

accentuating the bright green of his irises. He looked a little dazed and all Misha had done was

give him a fairly tame kiss.

"I like your jaw," Misha said.

Jensen's vision cleared a little and he focused on Misha's face.

"Um. Thank you."

"I like your body."

Jensen smiled softly. "It's yours."

"Hm. I can't wait for you to be grown."

Jensen cocked his head to the side. "I'm almost twenty-two; I am grown."

"No, not yet. You've got some filling out to do. Just wait until you're thirty. You'll be gorgeous."

Jensen quirked an eyebrow. "Will you still want me when I'm thirty?"

"Will you want me?" Misha countered. "I'll be..." He paused as he tried to remember his birthday. He guesstimated, "...forty-two."

"That's still pretty young," Jensen said.

"I suppose. But just think, when you're still 'pretty young' at forty-eight, you'll be fucking a sixty year old man."

Jensen's nose wrinkled. "Ew."

Misha tilted his head toward Jensen, resting his forehead against his temple. Sixty years old.

Today might be the first day of his life that he even contemplated reaching that age. Jensen raised

a hand and trailed his index finger down the line of Misha's jaw.

"Do you think you'll still be alive at sixty?" he asked very, very quietly.

"Well, most hit men don't make it to thirty unless they are very good at what they do."

"No, I know you're good, but..." he dropped his hand and curled his fingers against Misha's chest instead. "But what about when...your body fails you. When you don't move as fast or hear as well."

Well those were certainly things Misha didn't concern himself with because he'd never been

concerned with his future. He took a moment to actually contemplate what Jensen had said. All

he could muster was a little apathy, but the kid looked quite concerned.

"I guess I'll just have to retire," he said flippantly, but going by Jensen's expression he hadn't quite changed the inflection in his voice the way he had meant.

"Do hit men retire?" Jensen asked, much too seriously for where Misha thought the conversation was.

Then he remembered a man who had taught him how to aim between the bones and ligament in

the wrist in order to get a knife easily all the way through in one stab. He'd been nearly fifty when he had taught him that and Misha had heard that he'd retired to Fiji a couple years later.

"Some do," Misha replied. "I'll probably need to take up a hobby though."

Jensen let out a soft laugh. "What, like bird watching or stamp collecting?"

"I was thinking more along the lines of serial killing. Even if you lose your edge, it's still pretty easy to take out someone who is untrained and unaware that you're there."



He looked down at Jensen and the kid had a displeased and perhaps slightly ticked off expression

on his face.

"What?" He ran a hand through Jensen's hair. "I would only kill bad guys." Well, probably.

Shit happened.

"Could you at least give bird watching a shot first?"

"You know, there are actually some species of fish that's life span is so short that by changing its environment you can actually see evolution taking place."

Jensen's lips twitched and Misha could tell he was fighting back a smile, but he wasn't sure why.

"You're going to study evolution?" he asked, trying to mask laughter in his voice that again Misha didn't understand what he found so amusing.

"What's wrong with that?" Misha demanded.

"Nothing, nothing. Except that you'll just be looking at fish all day."

"You want me to watch birds all day."

"Good point. Okay, watch fish then. And when you come home..." Jensen reached up and

tugged very gently on Misha's shoulder to get him to roll on top of him. "You just tell me how

you want it."

Misha kissed Jensen's smile and put a hand to his slim waist, his thumb settling comfortably on his

hip bone. He was looking forward to seeing Jensen as a man, but he would miss this delicate

body too. Misha slipped his hand under Jensen's clothes and rubbed his hip, loving how smooth

his skin was. His boy was unblemished and untouched by anyone but him. From what he had

gleaned of Jensen's sex life prior to him, the kid had barely been an active participant. Misha

suspected that his girlfriend in LA might have cheated on him for more than just career advancement. He wondered if Jensen might actually be more gay than he was bisexual, but he

was saving that little mind fuck for a day when Jensen really deserved it. For now though he just

appreciated that basically all of Jensen's firsts were his.

"Baby," Misha said into mouth.

"Y-Yeah?" Jensen panted.

"Will you ever let anyone else touch you?" He slid his lips over Jensen's cheekbone to allow him

to speak.

"You're so smart, Misha. You don't know the answer to that?"

"I want to hear you say it."

"Never. I'd rather die than be touched by anyone but you."

Misha kissed him. "Good." He settled his weight completely on top of Jensen, riding him into the

mattress. “You’ve gotten used to having a steady diet of sex though.”

“So?”

“So, like I said, my new job will take me away for longer. Will you be able to wait it out?”

“I might deplete dildos.com’s inventory, but yeah, I can wait it out.”

Misha smiled. “Good boy.”

“I am, Misha. Whatever you want.”

“What if I died, baby boy? Would you be able to survive off dildos for the rest of your life?”

“If you died the rest of my life would be very short.”

“You’d kill yourself for me?”

“Possibly.”

Misha liked that answer. It was more honest than saying yes to please him.

“What if you didn’t

know I had died?”

“I would wait until you came back or I had proof.”

“Hm.” Misha dipped his head and kissed along Jensen’s neck. He pushed his head to the side,

making a large tendon jump underneath his skin. Misha bit onto it and Jensen winced, but didn’t

pull away. He released his hold and licked his skin, warming it and stimulating it, bringing the

blood to the surface.

“What if I told you to have sex with someone else?” Misha mused, not suggesting it seriously, but

Jensen seemed to think he was.

Jensen went rigid and Misha was utterly shocked at the extremely foreign sensation of having a

hand grip his hair and yank his head up. His scalp tingled. It had hurt. Jensen made eye contact

and he looked murderous. Maybe there was darkness in his boy after all.

“You would never,” Jensen said, his voice low and rough with rage.

Misha felt that shifting calm that overcame him when he was about to make a kill. Jensen’s hand released his hair, but he tried to hold onto his hard, fearless expression. He failed. He looked

terrified. And with good reason.

Misha grabbed his wrist and rolled off him just enough to yank him over by his arm, nearly tearing

it out of its socket and pulling it up behind Jensen’s back at an unnatural and dangerous angle.

Jensen’s scream was muffled as his face was shoved into the mattress. Misha paused. Just the

slightest bit more pressure would break Jensen’s humerus and elbow joint and probably his ulna.

“You want to try that reply again?” Misha asked calmly.

Jensen turned his head carefully so he could talk, but the movement clearly put strain on his arm

and made him whimper in agony.

“No. I have no other response,” Jensen said, voice laced with pain. “So you go right on ahead

and react to that however you like.”

Misha tensed his muscles, ready to push down and snap the bones in Jensen’s arms. He hesitated

again. He wasn’t angry. He hadn’t liked Jensen’s display of control, but the fact that he told him

he would do it again knowing the consequences—Misha was rock hard. He wanted fuck to

Jensen, like now. And while he could do it with Jensen’s arm broken, it would limit their

positions and Jensen’s ability to participate. Possibly if he was in enough pain, he wouldn’t even

get hard. And there was no fun in that.

He released his hold and Jensen’s arm snapped back to his side. He gasped in a couple of ragged

breaths as he gingerly folded it back to a normal position and tucked it protectively against his

body. Misha leaned over Jensen, nudging his ass with his erection and placed a soft kiss on the

back of his neck.

“I don’t understand you,” Misha confessed.

“Well,” Jensen said, voice still a little strained, “at least in that regard we are equal.”

Misha put his hand on Jensen’s arm and he didn’t even flinch though he had

no idea what Misha

might do to him. Or maybe he did know what he wouldn't do to him. Misha rubbed his arm and

settled his weight on Jensen's body, his cock pushing through the opening of his fly and rubbing

maddeningly against the denim of Jensen's jeans.

"I want to fuck you, Jensen."

Jensen nodded. "I want you to."

His boy pushed his hips up and he thrust down into the movement. Misha put a hand under his

chin and forced him to turn his head awkwardly back so he could kiss him as he rutted against

him.

"M-Mish-Misha?"

"What?" he asked distractedly as he tried to make Jensen stop talking by filling his mouth with his

tongue.

"Ahm-um-did you-mmm-leave a—" he cut off as they kissed loud, sloppy, smacking kisses.

Maybe there was some merit in kissing. "Is there a vibrator in your pocket?" Jensen forced out

when Misha pulled back so he could angle his hips better against Jensen's ass.

The question made him pause, and in so doing he felt his phone vibrating in

his front pocket. He growled unhappily as he dug it out of his pocket. Any other time he would have ignored it, but

he'd been waiting to hear back from Stenburg. He was going to cut off the man's balls the next

time he saw him. He brought the phone to his ear.

"Where the hell have you been?" he asked by way of greeting. His tone made Jensen raise his

head curiously.

"Busy," Brenna's voice said.

Misha raised an eyebrow and rolled off Jensen and onto his side. "I wasn't expecting you."

"No, and I apologize for the sudden notice. Especially since I have bad news."

"How bad?" Misha asked, voice flat.

"Oh! Not that bad. God. If it were that bad I would never inform you and go into hiding for the

rest of my life."

She laughed pleasantly and Misha wondered if this conversation was going to last longer than

thirty seconds. He signaled to Jensen to turn over and the kid obeyed immediately, rolling onto

his back and fitting his body snugly against Misha's body. Misha moved the phone to his right

ear and held it in place with his hand as he used his elbow to prop himself up. The other hand he

moved to Jensen's open fly and plunged right in underneath his underwear.  
Jensen arched slightly

and hummed softly as Misha's hand began stroking him slowly.

"So why are you calling then?"

"Stenberg is dead."

"Already?" Misha swiped his thumb through the precome at the head of  
Jensen's cock and spread

it back down the shaft. "I thought you were going to wait."

"Circumstances forced my hand."

"Anything that affects me?" He used his wrist and forearm to push Jensen's  
briefs back so that he

could pull his cock free of his pants.

"No. Only that you now work for me instead of Stenberg."

"Try not to let the power go to your head," Misha said dryly, reaching down  
to cup Jensen's balls.

"I won't. But that's not the bad news. Although, maybe it's not bad news. It's  
just that I'm

going to need you to leave for Russia on Thursday."

Misha's hand stilled. And then he resumed stroking Jensen's shaft.

"You can still go, right? You haven't changed your mind?" Brenna asked,  
sounding unsure when

he didn't respond.

"Yeah, I can go." He rubbed his thumb over and over Jensen's glans and the



kid put his hand to

his mouth to try to stay quiet. “Just overnight the documentation to the address on the card.”

“Will do. There’s also one other slight change. We do still need you to do a little snooping

around before we make any decisions about who needs more specialized attention from you.”

Misha snorted softly and increased the pressure of his grip, twisting his hand around the head on

Misha snorted softly and increased the pressure of his grip, twisting his hand around the head on the upstrokes. Jensen’s knuckles were white where they gripped the bedspread and Misha was

concerned he might break the skin on the hand between his teeth.

“We need you to do a hit as soon as possible after your arrival.”

Misha released Jensen’s cock and pulled his hand from his mouth. He returned to jacking him and

Jensen couldn’t repress his moans completely anymore, though he kept them as quiet as possible.

“That’s fine. I don’t really like flying, so that will be a good way to relax when I get there.”

“Excellent. We want you to kill Edmund Rainen.”

Misha was a little surprised by the request. He pumped his hand faster and Jensen’s humming got

louder and more urgent.

“I’m not saying he doesn’t deserve it, but why? Isn’t he a little high profile?”

“He’s a traitor, Dmitri. What did you do to traitors in your other organization?”

“Well, usually, beat them first. Then broke their bones in increasing size of bone. Then a little

flaying. The employers usually wanted fingernails and toenails ripped off, but that’s not really my

favorite thing to do. And then there would be the cutting and the pricking and the stabbing and

the blood letting—“

He cut off as he realized he no longer heard Jensen. He looked down and saw the kid looking at

him with pursed lips and annoyed eyes. He stopped his descriptions and increased the pace of his

hand. Jensen’s jaw dropped and his eyes closed and there was that pretty moan of pleasure again.

“Well, all of that won’t be necessary,” Brenna said. “You just need to shoot him in the face.

Well, not the face. We need to be able to positively identify him for the public.”

“I can do that.” He laid into Jensen and the kid jerked on the bed and groaned more than loudly

enough to be heard in the next room over.

“What is that?” Brenna asked.

“Jensen,” Misha said.

Brenna made some sort of noise on her end.

“Oh, fuck, fuck—Misha, Misha—“ Jensen cried out. “I’m coming, I’m coming!”

Misha stroked him through the orgasm and Brenna said, “Well. I can tell you’re busy.”

“Just finished actually,” Misha responded with a smirk.

“You’re such an ass. Let me know if you have any issues with the documentation. There will be

instructions on how to contact me once you reach Moscow.”

“I’ll call you on Friday then.” Misha smiled as Jensen pulled Misha’s hand from his cock so that

he could take his fingers into his mouth and start cleaning his come off of them.

“Excellent. Thank you, Dmitri. I’ve always been able to count on you.”

“Goodbye, Brenna.”

He ended the call and dropped the phone so he could concentrate on Jensen’s mouth and tongue

sliding over his fingers.

“Good boy,” Misha praised him. “But that’s enough for now. We’ve got to go to the bank before

it closes.”

Jensen looked confused. “But…” he trailed off and put a hand over Misha’s erection. “I thought

you wanted to fuck me.”

“Honestly, when do I not want to fuck you? But sometimes business has to

come first.”

“The bank will be open tomorrow,” Jensen grouched.

Today was Monday. If they went to the bank tomorrow he would probably still have time to

prepare everything else before his departure on Wednesday. He would need to travel to his PO

Box in Indiana before he could leave for Russia on Thursday. He had time. Especially if he only

had a couple more days to have his boy before he had to give him up for the next several years.

He nodded and Jensen eagerly began kicking his pants off to the floor.

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“Oh. My. God. What are you wearing?” Jensen asked around giggles as he looked at Misha.

Misha scowled at him. “It’s a hat.”

“Yeah, but...” Jensen trailed off and rolled his lips in to keep himself quiet.

Misha didn’t understand why he was so amused. It was just a baseball cap, like the kind that

millions of other people wore.

“I won’t have control over our placement in the bank, Jensen, and there are security cameras

everywhere. My new employers have wiped me from the Most Wanted list, but it still won’t do

me any good if I get recognized and picked up by the locals. I don’t have

time for any delays.”

“Okay, sorry.”

“Just get out of the car,” Misha said and opened his own car door.

He walked up to the bank and kept his head angled so that it didn’t look like he was looking down

and trying to hide his face, but still kept the bill where it needed to be to obscure his features from the cameras. Jensen trailed along behind him. There had been clear surprise on his features earlier in the morning when Misha had told him he was coming with him. He hadn’t questioned it

though and had gotten ready in the time Misha allotted him. In fact, Jensen had been quite

submissive since his moment of insanity yesterday. He’d been completely compliant all night

long, no matter what Misha wanted to do to him, no matter how long he refused him orgasm, no

matter where Misha decided to bend him over—and he’d tested him by taking him out into public.

It was nice, but he knew it wouldn’t last. Jensen had a slightly submissive personality, but he also had a rebellious streak in him that wouldn’t stay dormant forever. He was also quite good at

knowing when and where to display which of his traits that would be most useful to the situation.

It was quite manipulative. Jensen would make such a good sociopath. If only he could

understand that most “people” were just objects and it didn’t matter if they shattered and broke.

The business at the bank went smoothly. While Jensen filled out paperwork, Misha made

arrangements to transfer some money from one of his accounts into Jensen's new one. He

debated whether or not it should be a joint account; not so that he could keep tabs on Jensen,

though that was an idea, but in case something happened and Jensen would need more money

transferred in. In the end he just decided to increase how much he was giving him and keep the account completely independent. If something were to happen to him, at least Jensen would be set

for awhile. He'd tell Brenna not to inform Jensen if he died. If he could live happily in denial

forever, Misha figured he would like that for him better than some maudlin, pathetic suicide

attempt.

As they left the bank, Misha handed Jensen the receipt for his account. His credit and check cards

would be mailed in a couple of days to his parents' house since he didn't have a permanent

address and he'd never changed his driver's license when he had moved to L.A. Jensen took the

slip of paper, looked at it, and then stumbled off the curb and would have crashed to the ground if

Misha hadn't caught his arm.

"Holy fuck, Misha!"

“Part of that is to cover the new condo. So don’t freak out.”

“But still! This is—“ Jensen glanced around furtively. “It’s ten million dollars!” he whisper-

hissed.

“I know.”

“How much money do hit men make, sheesh. It can’t just be that.”

“I do have other investments and ways to make money.”

“No shit.” Jensen seemed to be both concerned and impressed with this new information. “But

still, the condo is only two point five mil. This is still a lot of money.”

“I just don’t want you to run out while I’m gone,” he said.

Misha got into the car and started it. He noticed Jensen was still standing outside, but before he

could roll down the window and yell at him to get in, he opened the door and sat down. Misha

noticed that his expression had changed to something he couldn’t quite identify. Jensen turned his

head toward him, his eyes downcast.

“Exactly how long are you going to be gone?” he asked softly.

Now would be a good time to tell him.

Misha put the car in gear and drove to the downtown real estate office that was handling their

sale. After giving her a cashier’s check for the down payment and telling her

Jensen would be

paying the rest off in full within the month, Violet smiled brilliantly and told them they were

officially in escrow.

At the hotel Misha wrote down very specifically what bed Jensen was to purchase for him. He

didn't care about any of the other furniture in terms style or color or whatever it was objects

concerned themselves with, but the bed had to be exactly what he wanted.

“Should I get two?”

“Two what?” Misha asked, sticking his note in the front pocket of Jensen's backpack.

“Two beds. Like we had in Chicago.”

“If you'd like your own room still, it doesn't matter to me.”

“Would you be bothered if I just—um...I mean, would it be a problem for you if I kept my stuff in a room with yours? And stayed there.”

“We can share a bedroom. It doesn't make a difference to me. It's up to you if you think my

hours will bother you.”

“But, if my stuff is suddenly mixed in with your stuff—“

“Doesn't the master bedroom have two separate closets?”

“Y-yes.”

“Then that won't happen. Jensen. Why do you think I would care if your life



became entwined

with mine?”

Jensen stared at him. And then shook his head. “Um, because one you’re a control freak and

can’t stand it when I don’t put the mugs in the cabinets with the handles facing out at a forty-five

degree angle—“

“It’s easier to pick them up that way.”

“—and two what did you just say?”

“What? When?”

“Our lives become entwined? Please don’t tell me you’re harboring some sort of secret desire to

get married and you fantasize about me in wedding dresses.”

And apparently the submissive Jensen had clocked out for the day. He looked at him and Jensen

immediately dropped the attitude.

“Okay, let me put it to you this way, Jensen. I don’t care if you get your shit in my stuff because

the stuff I really would care if you got into it you won’t have access to anyway.”

“Ah. I see.”

Misha sighed wearily. He had some calls to make and a supply run to go on and a black market

weapons dealer to see, but instead he circled a finger in the air indicating that Jensen should turn

around. He obeyed and Misha pressed against him and pushed him forward until he hit the wall.

Misha made quick work of their pants and underwear, getting them down to about mid-thigh, and

then he put his fingers in Jensen’s mouth. His boy sucked on them, getting them slick and Misha

licked the palm of his other hand and got his cock a little wet. Within a

couple of minutes Jensen

was moaning softly as he rocked back on three of Misha's fingers. Misha knew it would hurt a

little, but Jensen could take it, so he pulled his fingers out and thrust inside of his boy. He dropped his forehead to the back of his head and guided his arms up on the wall. Then Misha laced his

fingers with Jensen's so he could keep him pinned to the wall. He rocked onto the balls of his feet

and Jensen was pushed up onto his toes as Misha fucked into him.

"That's my good boy. Nice and quiet and taking my cock."

"Feels so good, Mish," Jensen sighed.

Misha finally noticed that calling him "Mish" wasn't just him incapable of finishing his name

because he was lust drunk. He'd given him a pet name. Strange kid. He rocked into him again

and Jensen moaned and dropped his head back onto Misha's shoulder.

"I have to leave for a little while, baby boy."

"I don't want you to, but I understand. I'll get the cond-oh! Oh, Misha, mm, Misha, I hope I die

coming on your cock one day."

Misha let out a huff of amusement. "You know that can be arranged?"

"Don't ruin the mood."

"The mood? I'm fucking you up against a wall."

“Mmm, I know. And it feels good, but you know you could be deeper...”

“I could. But I like you right here.”

“Fine. Do you know how long you’ll be gone?”

“No—not specifically.”

“Okay. Well, like I said, I’ll get the condo set up so it will be ready for you when you get back.

I’ll leave all of the closet space empty so that you can pick what you want.”

“You’re such a sweet boy.”

“Aren’t I? I taste so good, Mish. You could eat me out before I go...”

“I’m starting to think you’re not enjoying this,” Misha said dryly.

“No, I am—really—I don’t know if you’re doing it on purpose but the ridge where your foreskin

is pulled back is directly on my prostate.”

Jensen shivered as Misha moved again.

“Of course I knew that. Almost a year I’ve been fucking you and you think I don’t know what

I’m doing?”

Jensen sort of hummed a laugh. “Liar. You said you would never lie to me.”

Misha tightened his grip on his hands. “What makes you think I haven’t lied to you every day?”

“Oh, plot twist, hmm? Ahn—there, fuck yeah. It turns out you’ve been in love me all along,

huh?”

There was humor in his voice, but also a desperate note of hope. Misha put his tongue to Jensen’s

neck and licked up a trail of salty sweat. Then he put his lips by his boy’s ear.

“I can give you this much, my sweet boy, I don’t mind if you want to believe that.”

“Oh, God!”

Jensen twitched and his ass clamped around Misha’s cock and he shot his load all over the wall.

Misha fucked him through it, and then pulled out. He maneuvered Jensen to the couch and sat

down, pushing his pants to his ankles. Jensen stepped out of his jeans and straddled Misha’s legs,

already knowing what he wanted. He easily took Misha back inside and languidly fucked himself

on Misha’s dick. Misha let his head fall against the back of the couch. Jensen was incredible as

he moved, making beautiful noises and knowing how to clench tight as he rose up, and then relax

to slide back down. He really didn’t want to give this up.

He licked his lips and Jensen’s pace increased. He was almost there, about to fill his perfect boy with his seed for the last time in months, fucking years. He supposed the least he could do was

give Jensen a heads up of exactly how long he planned to be gone.

Misha gripped Jensen’s hips tight and pulled him down hard, preventing him

from lifting back up.

He spilled into him and Jensen's hands twisted in his shirt as a litany of prayers and filth fell from his beautiful lips. He opened his eyes and saw Jensen shivering with pleasure in his lap. His

boy's eyelids opened slowly, revealing clear green eyes. Jensen smiled at him and brushed a hand

through Misha's hair.

"Hey, Jensen..."

"Yes, Misha?"

"Would you like to go to Russia?"

Chapter End Notes

This is not cliffhanger. This is the end. Thanks for reading. ^\_^ <3

Jensen's POV

Chapter Notes

The title comes from an American folk song.

There are NOT two chapters in this story. Only two different versions of it. The first

is told from Misha's POV and was my original intention to finish the series. But then I

thought that some people might prefer to stay in Jensen's head for the entirety of the

story. Both tell the same story, just from different perspectives. There are some scenes

that exist in Misha's version that do not in Jensen's and vice versa. However, the bulk

of the fic is pretty redundant as they are together for most it, and in some cases the

text is identical between the two.

You can choose to read both, just one, or just one and skim the other for the differences, but you'll reach the same ending. If you decide to read both, choose

carefully who you read first because it might make the other one a little boring for

you.

Otherwise, please enjoy! This series was really fun to write and this is why I love

receiving prompts as I never know what will come out of them. ^\_^

(The proofreading was a little spotty on these, and I hope I can get rid of this line in a

few more days after I have a chance to go back over it all. -\_-)

Oh, bonus! I commissioned this lovely

[piece of art](#)

from

[castielnovak](#)

Isn't it nice?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jensen's brain wasn't actually allowing him to process what was happening. All he could think

was, this is not happening, this is not happening, this is not happening...

That line of thought would not help with this situation. He had little doubt in his mind that Alexei was here to kill him. He wasn't going to threaten him or hurt him as a warning or kidnap him to

use him against Misha. He was just going to kill him. The question was if he wanted to just make

him dead or if he really wanted to make him suffer first. The latter didn't sound fun at all, but it would buy him some time.

Time for what? The mansion was a forty-five minute drive outside the city and who knew how

long the meeting would last? Misha could be gone for hours. Did he really want to talk Alexei

into torturing him for hours on the off chance Misha would make it back before he was killed or

permanently maimed?

Suddenly, Jensen was pissed. He had been happy with Misha. He had found a life that while unconventional and maybe not something to be proud of per se, he'd been happy. Not everybody

could say that about their own lives. How dare this little shit come in here and—

Jensen sucked in a sharp breath as Alexei put the barrel of the gun to his forehead and his finger

curled around the trigger. Jensen shut his eyes, his mind frozen. He wouldn't even have any



meaningful thoughts before he died. It was kind of pathetic. He wasn't worthy of—

"Ow!" Jensen flinched and put hand to the top of his throbbing head. He opened his eyes and found Alexei looking at him with such disdain; the little fucker had hit him on the head with the

butt of the gun.

"Please. You think you're going to get off so easily? I'm going to beat you with a sock full of rocks. Because that will probably hurt and take a while for you to limp into death."

Jensen felt his lips start to pull back in a snarl, but he forced himself to stay still and not show too much emotion. It would only provoke Alexei into doing something impulsive and to Jensen's

great detriment.

"But I've got to figure out a way to keep you quiet without making you unconscious. I could cut out your tongue, but you could still scream. I suppose I could gag you but that's not fun. Oh!"

Alexei's face lit up with glee. "I could cut off your dick and shove it down your throat.

Yeah...Misha will probably think it's funny. He appreciates cleverness. And he likes blood—so

I'll let you bleed out a little before I cauterize it. Wouldn't want you to die too fast." He

chuckled. "Who knows? Maybe coming home to find your blood all over the floor will be a huge

turn on for him. How fun would that be? Me carving you up like a turkey while he fucks me on

a high from watching you die."

Alexei laughed like he'd just told the cleverest joke in the world. Jensen could feel that he was

angry, but it was a cold anger—not heated or burning like rage. It was clenched tight in the pit of

his stomach and he could feel the desire—the need—to slice Alexei's throat open. It wasn't

because Alexei had brought up that Misha had an unhealthy and disturbing blood kink that Jensen

preferred not to think about. And it wasn't even the fact that Alexei thought he knew Misha so

well but clearly knew nothing about him if he thought he would be pleased with Alexei for doing

this. It was simply the idea of Misha touching Alexei, or rather, Alexei touching Misha. Clearly

Misha didn't belong to anybody, least of all Jensen—but he was currently having a fantasy of

sinking his bare fingers into Alexei's throat and squeezing until the skin broke and his nails pierced muscles and blood gushed up and poured over his wrists. If he was dying today, he was taking

this idiotic fuckhead with him.

Alexei's face split into a terrifying grin and he laughed manically. "Look at you! That's some real hate in your eyes, isn't it? Nice to know you at least have something in you other than an ability to open wide, you fucking cunt." Alexei sneered and shoved the gun against Jensen's head again,

pushing it to the side. "Don't look at me like you are even remotely my equal! You're a fucking hole, Jensen! A cum depository! He's not training you, he's not even using you for anything.

You're just a thing that facilitates orgasm.

"You're not worthy!" Alexei continued, practically shouting now. "You're an eyesore. You're a liability. He respects me. He knows what I'm capable of and he sees my potential. He keeps toys

like you around because he doesn't want to distract me while I'm still learning the business and

developing my contacts. As soon as I'm ready, he'll kill you if you're lucky. If you're not, he'll let you return to whatever shitty life you had before him."

Quite involuntarily, Jensen let out a small huff of laughter. It was just so pathetic.

"Who are you trying to convince?" Jensen asked with sweet venom in his voice. "You or me?"

He had told himself not to provoke him, but it was too late as the kid's face contorted into the

fearsome mask of the truly psychotic. He raised his hand to pistol whip Jensen, but Jensen threw

an arm up and caught his wrist. They struggled. Alexei was skinny and Jensen had been

spending a lot of his downtime at the gym. He easily controlled Alexei's flailing arm and barely

even felt it when the kid threw his weight on him. But then he kicked out a leg and set them

stumbling. What Alexei lacked in physical strength, he made up for in crazed aggression. For a

split second Jensen felt the cool steel of the gun on his fingertips. He surged forward to grab it.

The gun went off. They both froze, tangled with each other.

Jensen took stock of his body. He didn't feel any pain anywhere. He looked at Alexei; he was

looking at him. They both realized at the same time that the bullet hadn't hit either of them.

Alexei's reflexes were better though. He pulled back, retained possession of the weapon, and

backhanded Jensen. Hard. Jensen took a couple of steps back, his head spinning a little. He

pulled himself together and started moving forward, but Alexei had the gun raised.

"Stop!" he hissed through gritted teeth.

Jensen stopped moving and slowly raised his hands. That had been his only chance. He knew

that now. Alexei wasn't going to make a mistake again. He was going to torture him and he was

going to kill him and suddenly Jensen's brain was back online. He was scared. He didn't want to

die. And God damn it was he furious.

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye. By the time he got his eyes up and he

processed that he was seeing Misha, the gun was going off and Alexei was dropping like a stone.

Jensen flinched away from the sound. When he opened his eyes, Misha had lowered the gun and

was staring down at the body with a bemused expression on his face.

"Well, shit," Misha said flatly.

Jensen felt fear curl into nausea in his stomach. Did Misha think Jensen had done something to

bring Alexei here or that he had somehow arranged this?

"M-Misha, I didn't—"

"Pack a bag."

"W-what?"

"Pack a bag. Just the essentials. Two minutes."

Misha stepped over the body and walked into his bedroom. Jensen stared after him for a couple of

moments. He wondered if—he stopped that train of thought. Think while you pack, idiot. Jensen

darted down the hall to his bedroom. He pulled out his backpack and found himself paralyzed.

His brain was overloaded with what he should pack versus wondering what Misha was going to

do. Perhaps what Misha was going to do to him. It was possible he might kill him. If he blamed

Jensen for Alexei's death, he might avoid punishment from Sokolov. He shoved some underwear

and a couple of T-shirts into his bag. Maybe Misha had sent him in here to "pack a bag" to get him out of the way while he prepared something to silence him. He shoved in a few toiletries, the

iPod he had bought with his own money from working at Diesel, and the Tag Heur watch Misha

had bought him for no apparent reason. But why would he need to send him away in order to

find a way to kill him? He had a gun, he had his hands. So, maybe he was planning something

else?

Jensen stood in the center of his room, quite certain he would never see it again. It had been kind of like home for a while there. What if Misha was simply kicking him out? His stomach turned

and he nearly threw up. He braced his hands on his desk and looked up into the smiling faces of

his family. He grabbed the picture frame and shoved it into the bag along with the cord for his

laptop. He picked up the computer and carried it with him as he left the room. He had no idea

how long it had been, but he knew if he took longer than two minutes to get ready Misha wouldn't

be happy. He certainly couldn't afford to make Misha even angrier right now.

But was he angry at all? He hadn't seemed particularly upset. And he had shot Alexei, it wasn't

like Jensen had. God, he just wanted to know what the fuck was going on. When he got back to

the living room, Misha was already there holding a black duffle bag and looking down at Alexei's

body. Jensen stopped as he took in the scene. Alexei's eyes were dull and his

mouth gaped wide

open. Blood formed a large pool around his head. He'd been perfectly alive one minute and dead

the next. Was it really so easy? He looked up at Misha, feeling numb and not knowing what to

say or do. He felt the laptop in his hand and said the first thing that came to his mind.

“Can I take this? Or can they track it?”

“They wouldn’t know what to track. Keep it.”

Jensen disguised his surprise by bringing the backpack forward to shove the laptop inside. That

exchange seemed to indicate that he might be alive later to use it. The question was where would

he be and would Misha still be with him? He tried to look up at Misha, but his eyes got hung up

on Alexei's body again. He swallowed back a sudden surge of bile as he remembered that Misha

"never left a body." Was he going to have to help dispose of it?

“Do we—do we have to—should we...” Jensen faltered.

“Did you pack your gun?” Misha asked, still perfectly fucking calm.

Jensen’s head snapped up as the words registered. “What?”

He began to shiver when he saw the dark, detached look in Misha's eyes.

“Get the gun I gave you tonight,” Misha said, his voice just too quiet and way too fucking calm.

Jensen darted back down the hall, adrenaline pushing through the fog in his brain. He kind of

wished it hadn't. He didn't want to think about the dead body in the other room. Or the possibility that Misha wanted him to get the gun so that he could kill him with it. God. What if he made

Jensen shoot himself with it? Jensen checked that the safety was engaged and stared down at the

weapon. Could he hold this to his own head and pull the trigger? Forget that. If Misha wanted

him dead he should do it himself. The possibility that he might get Jensen in gear and he ran back

down the hall to the living room. He skidded to halt and felt his heart leap to his throat as he

almost ran over the body.

“Jensen, in the bag.”

Jensen's head snapped up when Misha spoke; he was going to get whiplash at this rate. He

fumbled putting the gun in the backpack as he saw Misha start to walk for the door.

“Are we leaving?” Jensen asked, following the unfairly calm man into the hallway.

“Yes. Did you put on the safety?”

“What, now?” Jensen asked surprised that he didn't seem to have any plans to deal with the body.

And then added, slightly irked, "And, yes, of course," in response to the question about the



safety. Did Misha think he was an idiot?

Misha glanced back at him with a small smile as he opened the door to the stairwell. Jensen didn't

know what to make of that smile and he was still too preoccupied with the dead body bleeding out

on their nice wood floors.

"But the body," Jensen tried to get something out of the man as he took the stairs at alarming

speed and Jensen struggled to keep up.

"What about it?"

"Should we hide it?"

"Jensen, two gunshots were fired within the space of two minutes. While this is Chicago, that is

still cause for some alarm. Especially in this neighborhood. We probably have two to twenty

minutes before the cops arrive and we need to be gone before then."

"Right."

He supposed that made sense, but the cops would come and they would find the body. And it's

not like it would be a secret who owned the apartment. Or perhaps it would. Jensen had never

met the building manager, but more than likely the apartment was not in Misha's name. They

exited the stairwell into the lobby and Misha pushed out through the glass

front door. As he

followed, Jensen saw the brief evidence of their fingerprints as they pushed on the glass. Their

fingerprints would be all over the apartment. How did Misha think he was going to get away with

this? His prints were definitely in the system since he had been arrested. Jensen's prints were in

the system since he'd taken a job as a prison guard.

As he trailed behind Misha on the sidewalk he supposed he was just going to have to trust him.

He dropped his eyes and focused on Misha's heels. He tried to feel something—fear, disgust,

unease, hell he would have even taken elation or guilt or confusion. But he just felt numb.

It wasn't like he could even say that up until a few minutes ago everything had been fine and

routine because earlier that day he'd been shot (grazed, fine) and watched his boyfriend? partner?

roommate? cut out the throat of a man who had made a pass at him. Okay and threatened to kill

him. But even stranger, Misha had given him a blowjob in a car in a very unsavory part of the

city. Nothing about this day had been routine and as they crept closer to midnight Jensen was

certain nothing would be normal about tomorrow. They were abandoning their home and there

was no way Misha was going to be able to keep his job after killing Alexei—especially since he'd

already killed the other people who could have employed him if he killed Sokolov. Jensen's head

was spinning and he felt nauseated. That wasn't the feeling he'd been going for, but he supposed

it was better than nothing.

He pulled up short as he noticed Misha using a key fob to unlock an unremarkable, but sensible

four door sedan. He owned another car? And why wasn't this one kept in the garage? He

supposed Misha needed to have contingency plans for everything. He put his backpack in the

trunk along with Misha's duffle bag and could do nothing as his vision blurred and he stared into

empty space. Every time he tried to think about what was happening, his brain refused to

acknowledge it. He swallowed an urge to vomit and raised his head. He caught Misha's eyes and

focused on the intensely bright blue color. It made the nausea go away, but he recognized the

numbness now. He was scared.

“In the car, baby,” Misha said softly.

Jensen latched onto those soothing words and the endearment. Misha was going to take care of

him, right? He said he always took care of what was his, and if there one thing Jensen was sure of anymore, it was that he was absolutely Misha's. He got into the passenger seat.

Misha started the car and pulled away from the curb without a word. Jensen decided it would be

best to let Misha decide when he wanted to start a conversation. He looked deep in thought

anyway. Possibly he was debating the merits of Jensen's continued existence—there was more

than one to take care of him after all. If that were the case, he certainly didn't want to do anything to tick him off. But he couldn't stop staring at him. As if he would be able to get a read on the

man and would have time to jump out of the speeding car if he suddenly showed signs of

contemplating murder. Then Jensen noticed they weren't really speeding at all, which was odd

because Misha always went at least fifteen or twenty miles over the speed limit—especially on the

highway which they were now on.

Misha turned his head and glanced at him. His gaze lingered for just a moment without a flicker

of emotion on his face, and then he faced forward again. Jensen let out the breath he hadn't even

realized he'd been holding. But he still felt tense and his fingers ached from being balled into

fists. He'd never been so uncertain of what was going to happen to him in his life—and

considering the shit he'd been through in the past fourteen months that was really saying

something. He flexed his fingers, but still felt the need to clench something. He put his hands

together rather than into fists. He'd probably do less damage that way.

Several mile markers flew past them, and Misha again turned his head to look at him. Jensen tried

to pretend like he didn't notice the scrutiny. Misha was thinking, and he was probably thinking

about him. Oh, this was only going to end one of two ways and one of those ways would really,

really suck for Jensen.

Jensen flinched when Misha raised his arm, but all he did was scratch the back of his head.

Jensen relaxed slightly. Then he nearly jumped right out of his seatbelt when Misha slammed his

hand down on the gearshift. He held his breath and stared wide-eyed at the man. He waited, but

Misha didn't look at him or say anything. He didn't attack the gearshift again. Eventually he

moved his hand to his groin and palmed himself even though he didn't appear to be hard. Jensen

waited some more to see if he was going to work himself to an erection or ask him to do it.

Nothing happened. Keeping his eyes on Misha, Jensen leaned back against the window and felt

the loss of adrenaline suddenly and achingly. His temple hurt from where Alexei had backhanded

him and his body was fatigued. His eyelids drooped and he struggled to stay awake, but darkness

and oblivion descended quickly.

Jensen started awake, trying to figure out what had woken him. He felt the vibration of a moving

car and a hand on his thigh. He turned to look at Misha. The man was facing the road, but left his

hand on Jensen's leg. Jensen rubbed his eyes and sat up, and then winced as his neck protested

the movement. He gingerly rubbed the crick as he vowed never to sleep at that angle again. He

knew Misha wouldn't have woken him unless he needed him for something.

"What is it?" he asked voice thick with sleep.

"I'll need to stop soon, but we can stop now if you need to."

Jensen took a moment to sense his bladder; he was good. He shook his head. "I'm fine until

you're ready." He stretched his limbs as best he could in the restricting space of the front seat and covered a yawn. Out of nowhere Alexei's snarling face popped into his head. Followed by his

lifeless eyes and bloody puddle of brains on the floor. Jensen's body tensed and he closed his

eyes. Would he never be able to stop seeing it?

"What's wrong?" Misha asked.

“Noth—“ Jensen started and then clamped his mouth shut. It wouldn’t be an intentional lie, just a usually expected social lie, but Misha probably didn’t differentiate between the two. He amended

his answer to, “Nothing that matters right now.”

“Is it the killing or the running?” Misha asked.

Jensen laughed humorlessly at how well Misha seemed to know him though he knew absolutely

nothing about Misha. “Both,” he replied because now that Misha bought it up, being on the run

from the Russian mafia was probably more critical than his guilt. And why did he feel guilty? He

hadn’t killed Alexei.

“You didn’t kill him,” Misha pointed out like he was reading his fucking mind.

“No,” Jensen agreed. He decided to tell Misha everything; it was the closest he was going to get

to therapy anyway. “But I wanted to. God, Misha, I wanted to fucking murder him. What he

said—fuck. I know you’re not mine, but I would bash his head in with that stupid dolphin

paperweight you kept in the kitchen to keep him from having you.”

Jensen glanced at Misha for his reaction expecting either no reaction or some sort of sick pleasure

at the fact that Jensen had had violent thoughts, but he looked kind of miffed. Which was, to say

the least, odd. Then his expression changed to one of contemplation. Then his features evened

out to nothing—but his eyes had darkened. Jensen shivered. He knew that look. He knew it so

well. Misha's intensity had two settings: murder and sex. Jensen swallowed in anticipation of the

latter.

Jensen grabbed onto the car handle as Misha jerked the car onto the side of the road and skidded

to a halt underneath an overpass. It was still dark out even though the dash clock said it was

nearly six in the morning. Misha turned the car off and opened the door, instructing Jensen to get

out. He obeyed immediately. Misha ordered him back in the car and he got in the backseat on the

passenger's side. He anticipated Misha and went in legs first across the seat, unable to repress the smile that formed on his lips when Misha grabbed him by an ankle and pulled him across the seat

until he was laying flat. He closed the door behind him right as Misha shut his door. Jensen

barely had time to get his legs parted enough for Misha to fit between them. The man rutted

between his legs and kissed him, and as good as the friction felt on his groin, the kissing was even

better. Jensen loved kissing Misha. His mouth was always hot. And he'd never tell him but his



lips were so pretty and plush and just felt so good to nibble on. Sometimes, like now, Misha

actually let him do it.

Jensen would have been happy to take things slow and kiss Misha until he couldn't breathe, but

Misha clearly had other plans as in less than a minute he had undone the fly of Jensen's jeans and

pushed his pants and underwear down to his ankles. He sat up and hooked Jensen's legs over his

head so he could slide back against his body. Jensen moaned at the tantalizing sensation of the

soft, smooth fabric of Misha's dress pants rubbing over his forming erection.

"Shirt," Misha ordered and Jensen fumbled with the hem of his T-shirt, getting it tangled on his

wrists above his head.

Misha, now with his fly open and his gorgeous cock hanging out, grabbed the fabric of Jensen's

T-shirt where it had gathered around his hands above his head and quickly tied him to the door

handle. Jensen hummed as a spike of pleasure shot through him when he tugged on his bound

wrists. There was a part of him that liked being completely under Misha's control—like none of

this was by his choice. It was a disconcerting feeling and he didn't like to think about it, but he

sure did enjoy the heightened pleasure that resulted from it. Misha took their cocks in one hand

and began stroking them slowly, but firmly. Jensen opened his eyes and saw that the man sat on

one bent leg, the other braced on the floor of the car. He watched Misha's hand move,

mesmerized by the sight of Misha's beautiful cock pressed right up against his own dick. He managed to raise his eyes and look up at Misha. Jensen felt a small smile form on his lips.

"Look at you, pretty," Misha said with just a hint of mocking in his tone. "Accessory to murder,

on the run from the cops and the Russian mafia, and here you are happily spreading for me like

the good, obedient boy you are."

Jensen closed his eyes and turned his head, a little ashamed that he could forget all that just

because Misha had touched him. Misha yanked violently on their cocks and said, "Look at me."

Jensen gasped in pain, but turned his head back and opened his eyes.

"Would you change anything, Jensen?"

"I would have killed Alexei," he blurted out. And it was true. He realized now most of the guilt

wasn't over the fact that Alexei had died, but that Jensen had inconvenienced Misha. "I would

have done it quietly. I know you know how to get rid of bodies. We wouldn't have had to leave.

I'm sorry I ruined everything for you."

Misha laughed. Jensen couldn't tell if it was because he found the idea of Jensen killing anyone

laughable or if he was amused by his sudden change in attitude toward killing people. Misha

spread Jensen's legs farther apart, lifting one above his head. He put two fingers to Jensen's lips

and he immediately pulled them into his mouth and sucked at the warm, salty digits

enthusiastically. He loved Misha's fingers and let out a soft gasp of complaint when Misha pulled

his hand back. He could forgive the action though because Misha used his fingers to circle his

hole once, twice, and then pressed them both inside. Jensen bit his lip, but they went easily. His

body was used to taking in Misha's cock multiple times a day almost every day. What was a

couple of fingers?

"Lift your hips, baby boy."

Jensen obeyed and relished the feeling of euphoria the term induced in him. He was Misha's

boy. Misha was going to take care of him. His cock spurted precome when he heard and saw

Misha spit into his palm. No lube; just Misha. Fucking perfect. Misha slicked up his cock just

enough and then pressed inside. Jensen gritted his teeth as Misha went slowly—the fucker—and

almost cried as he could feel each and every inch of Misha entering his body. Then the man

circled his hips, making sure he got in good and deep. Jensen arched off the seat and tried to

reach for Misha, but the T-shirt held him fast. He cursed as he was denied touching Misha.

Surprisingly, Misha didn't reprimand him for the obscenities.

Jensen tried to spread his legs farther apart, but the pants around his ankle stopped him. He put a

heel on the window ledge and pulled off one shoe. Then he wiggled his leg around until he could

pull his foot free from his jeans and underwear. Misha glanced over his shoulder to see what he

was doing, but Jensen showed him by spreading his legs and planting a foot against the side of the

car near the roof. He used the leverage to grind back against Misha's body and grunted

pleasurably when he felt Misha slip just a little bit deeper inside him. He rocked his hips, loving

the feel of Misha's hard, unyielding cock in him as he fucked himself on it. Misha showed his

appreciation for Jensen's initiative by massaging his thighs. Jensen licked his lips when he heard

Misha's throaty chuckle.

“Fuck, baby boy. Lift your hips...now lower them, slowly! Slowly. Good boy. Back up, down

again. Now grind against me, baby. Hard, Jensen, take me fucking deep.”

Jensen cried out and jammed his body against Misha’s. Misha hissed and grabbed onto his thigh

and Jensen nearly lost it at the thought that’d been able to please Misha. He tossed his head and

pulled at his restraints. Fuck, he was so close knowing that he was making Misha feel good. It

made him feel good. God, sex with Misha was so fucking good.

Misha leaned forward and put his hand on Jensen’s shoulder, forcing his movements to still

somewhat. Then he moved inside him slowly and deliberately. Jensen matched his movements

and the ecstasy spiraled out from where their bodies were joined and created a burning warmth

that rushed through his limbs and buzzed just under his skin.

“Good boy, keep it up,” Misha said and Jensen pulled at his bonds as he felt right on the brink of

orgasm again because of the whispered praise.

“Misha, please!” Jensen cried out, needing just a little bit more to push him over the edge.

“What is it, sweet boy? Is this not enough for you?”

“Never.” Jensen thrust against Misha as hard as he was able. “Try harder.”

Misha's hand was at Jensen's throat at about the same time Jensen realized his mistake. He had

been attempting to rile the man up, but as Misha pressed down on his windpipe, choking him, he

realized he might have gone a little too far. However, Misha let up almost immediately and

Jensen, probably crazy from the momentary oxygen deprivation, decided to push his buttons

again.

He laughed, or maybe coughed, and asked, "What's the matter, Misha? Never been criticized

before?"

Jensen's entire body sang with fear and excitement at not knowing even remotely how Misha

might react to that. He panted harshly as Misha leaned down and threaded the fingers of both

hands in Jensen's hair. He pulled hard, but not past the point of pleasurable pain. Apparently he

was just using that as the grip he needed to give Jensen his punishment. He snapped his hips

forward again and again and Jensen yanked desperately at the T-shirt, ripping it partially, as he

tried to squirm away from the overly stimulating pleasure. Or was he contributing to it? His leg

worked hard to push against the car, meeting Misha thrust for thrust. The car rocked on its

suspension and Misha tilted Jensen's head back, exposing his throat, making his chest arch, and

his hips angle down. It was uncomfortable, but damn it all if it didn't just make the angle perfect

for his prostate.

Misha fucked him hard, fast, relentlessly...Jensen felt his mind floating off in a fog of pleasure.

Until he heard Misha growl out his claim. Suddenly Jensen was back and right where he

belonged.

"Y-yes!" Jensen managed to get out. "Yours, Misha, yours. Fuck, just—oh my fucking God!

Misha! Misha!"

Jensen squeezed his eyes shut as he let out a high whining noise and came so hard he felt it in his

toes. Jensen felt his come land on his stomach and chest in warm stripes and he panted

desperately trying to catch his breath. He felt Misha swipe a hand through the mess and his lips

were already parting in anticipation. Sure enough, a moment later, Misha's fingers were in his

mouth and he sucked off his own spend. He liked Misha's better, but he knew Misha liked to kiss

him after he's swallowed his own come.

"Good boy." Misha started rocking his hips again. "Where do you want me to

come, sweet

boy?”

“I—unn. In me. Inside me.”

“Well, I knew that much, you little cumslut. How do you want it?”

Jensen was a little surprised that Misha was giving him a choice. He could get Misha’s cock in his mouth and drink him down all he liked. But then that would mean he would have to pull out.

Jensen didn’t want to feel empty.

“Stay where you are,” Jensen decided. “Come inside me.”

Misha leaned forward and again began that slow, rolling rhythm into his body. Misha kissed him

open mouthed, but allowed Jensen to be the one to thrust his tongue inside his mouth. Jensen

smiled as he fucked Misha the only way he was allowed. Misha pulled back too soon, but made

his thrusts a little harder. Jensen wondered how long Misha was going to draw out his own

orgasm. He’d once stayed hard long enough to fuck Jensen through three erections—almost two

hours. Jensen didn’t even want to try to see if he could go that long.

“You want me to come inside you, baby boy?”

Jensen moaned as he felt an orgasmic pulse from his groin at that one question. If Misha wasn’t

coming in his ass or his mouth it was a fucking crime against humanity. And



that term. That one.

That's the one that really got him off. He knew it really shouldn't considering the connotation

behind it, but then that probably stemmed from his plethora of daddy issues. And God, now was

really not the time for that thought.

"You want me to put my seed in you, deep in your cunt, and breed you like you belong to me?"

Jensen opened his eyes and glared at Misha, completely off put by the sudden turn in dirty talk.

Where the fuck had that come from? Then he saw the humor in Misha's eyes and realized Misha

was just fucking with him. So, he decided to push back.

"You want that, Misha? You miss pussy that much? Seems odd seeing as how much you liked

sucking my dick."

Misha's hips snapped forward so hard Jensen was worried he might have actually punched

through to the other side. He gritted his teeth against a scream of pain. He wasn't a true

masochist so that was actually fairly unpleasant. Then the man dug his fingers into Jensen's

pectoral muscles and he was forced to reevaluate his position as a true masochist as he threw his

head back and arched his body as he was hit with another wave of burning

pleasure.

“Oh, God, Misha...”

Misha moved again, easier, but faster. The car rocked harder. Jensen opened his eyes and met

Misha's. His mouth fell open and he grunted with each thrust of Misha's hips. Misha maintained

the eye contact, but his face was irritatingly devoid of emotion.

“Is it good, Misha?” he demanded. He needed to know he affected him in some way. “Am I

good enough for you?”

“You're fucking perfect, baby,” Misha responded automatically.

Jensen screamed as he came again. Actually had another orgasm and felt his softening dick

attempt to ejaculate. He arched his back as the second wave of pleasure was unbearable.

Absolutely fucking unbearable. He heard Misha curse and then nearly died when he felt Misha

release inside his body; hot and thick, coating his insides. Jensen opened his eyes and saw,

possibly for the first time, what Misha's O-face looked like. His eyes were closed and his jaw

slack, lips parted slightly. Jensen was filled with an overwhelming sense of need. He pulled at his bonds. Misha slowly opened his eyes and looked down him. Jensen needed him. Right now.

He pulled at the shirt and it tore, but held.

“Misha, please!” Jensen cried out in desperation.

Misha leaned forward and unwound Jensen’s hands. Jensen immediately sat up and kissed him,

but then decided what he really wanted was to wrap his arms around him and just hold him close

as he tried to relearn how to breathe. He could feel that Misha’s breathing was slightly off as well, and he held onto him tighter when the man put an absentminded hand to his trembling shoulder.

Of course Misha only allowed it all to last a moment and pushed him back. Jensen let himself fall

back onto the seat. He watched Misha watch him, and then tilted his head slightly in confusion.

Misha looked—not scared, but...startled? Before Jensen could really get a good look at this very

new expression, Misha pulled out and Jensen made a token protest. Misha opened the car door

and backed out, pulling his pants up and fastening them.

“Get dressed quickly,” he ordered. “We need to get moving.”

Jensen obeyed without question. Misha’s mood was very strange. Jensen didn’t think he’d ever

seen him quite like this before. He got out of the car before attempting to right his clothes, and

then quickly got into the passenger seat next to Misha. He waited anxiously to see if the strange

mood would make Misha do or say something. But all he did was turn and stare at him again like,

like...

“What?” Jensen asked, unnerved and trying to hide that fact by fastening his seatbelt.

“I’ve never seen you before now,” Misha replied.

Jensen turned to look him, not sure he’d heard him properly. For some reason the comment made

him bitter and he voiced his worst fear, masked with sarcasm.

“Why? Never looked at my face before? Just the holes that could be filled?”

Misha frowned and his eyes hardened. “Careful, boy. I have little enough reason as it is to keep

you alive right now.”

Jensen shrank back against his side of the car. Fuck, he shouldn’t have said that. Misha pulled

back onto the empty highway and didn’t look at him once until they stopped an hour later at a

rundown gas station.

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About an hour after their first stop, Jensen was feeling rejected as Misha still wouldn’t look at

him. Had what he said really been so bad? Was it because it was true? Or because it was so far

from the truth? That last one was of course wishful thinking on Jensen’s part. But he wanted to

show to Misha that he hadn’t meant to sound so bitter when he’d made his

comment. After all,

even if that were the case, Jensen had come to accept his lack of value in Misha's eyes. He didn't

care, so long as he still had Misha. Misha must get something from him if he kept him around and

it didn't matter if it was not something that would be expected in a normal, healthy relationship.

Jensen got what he needed from Misha. In that regard they were equals in their relationship. And

how many people got to say that about their relationships?

He started his campaign to make it up to Misha by gently, hesitantly placing his hand on Misha's

thigh, giving the man plenty of time to warn him off. He did nothing to deter him and Jensen

started rubbing his thigh, giving it a squeeze on every third stroke. Then he dipped his hand down

between his legs and massaged his crotch. Misha got hard fast; it was one of his best qualities.

Jensen raised his eyes after a few moments and waited until Misha turned and made eye contact.

Jensen unbuckled his seatbelt and Misha dropped his right arm in anticipation of what Jensen had

planned. Seconds later he had Misha's fly undone and his cock out. He went down on him, easily taking in his entire length. He had a lot of practice, but he was still striving to get it perfect.

He wasn't sure how long of a drive they still had to go, but he assumed it was

a while, so he took

his time. Savored the taste and the feel of Misha fucking Collins in his mouth, on his tongue,

down his throat. It was slow and a little messy, and he knew Misha was enjoying himself. His

right hand absently petted his head, occasionally brushing down to scratch his nails lightly on the

nape of his neck. Jensen was unbearably hard, but he ignored it. Most telling that Misha was

appreciating the impromptu blowjob was that about thirty minutes in when Jensen recognized all

the signs of Misha being ready to come, he pulled gently on the back of his head to make him

pause, and then let him resume. It took another fifteen minutes to finally get him off, but his

aching jaw and sore throat were small enough price to pay to know that he had thoroughly

pleasured Misha.

Plus Misha had told him he was proud of him. That had almost been enough to make him come

in his pants, but fortunately he didn't because Misha asked him to recline his seat back and jack off for him. It had been nice and relaxing. Right up until his stomach had flip-flopped when Misha

had slipped off the road right as he had come. It had kind of dampened the high, but Jensen was

beyond pleased with himself that he had actually affected Misha like that.

But the high didn't last. He knew Misha's feelings for him, such as they were, were as fleeting as

his orgasms. All that left Jensen with was the hope that he would be able to please him again the

next time and the sickening unease that came with not knowing if Misha was biding his time until

he killed him. Or worse—abandoned him.

He wallowed in his doubts and insecurities and guilt. It was better than thinking about Alexei's

empty eyes, which at times could look so similar to Misha's when he looked at him. Misha asked

him a couple of questions as they drove, and he answered, but he didn't remember what he'd said

or even what he'd been asked. He was so certain that when they reached the end of this drive,

one way or another it would be Jensen's final destination in regards to Misha.

And wouldn't that be a good thing? If Misha was willing to let him go and return to a normal life,

shouldn't he jump at the opportunity? He'd learned a lot about himself from the man whether that

had been his intention or not. He'd become stronger and he'd become more sure of himself. He

was pretty certain he could look his father in the eyes and tell him he was bisexual. His father's

face couldn't possibly be worse than the barrel of a gun, could it? Jensen winced as he pictured it

in his mind's eye. Well, maybe it could. Who cared if his life was ninety-nine shades of fucked

up so long as he was with Misha? Unrequited love was supposed to hurt, but Jensen didn't mind

it that much. He'd rather have a one sided love affair with Misha than a perfect, happy marriage

with someone else. Because the latter couldn't possibly exist. He'd never be able to love anyone

else if he had to give up Misha.

Jensen repressed an annoyed grunt and slumped lower in his seat. He sounded like a pathetic

teenager who was certain there would never be a greater love than the dickhead he dated for three

months in tenth grade. He had to wonder if what he felt for Misha was even love. He'd had this

discussion with himself a thousand times and he was never satisfied with the answer because it

was always "yes."

Not too long after he had descended into his funk, Misha pulled into a shopping center and told

him to pick something up for lunch. Jensen got a sandwich from Jimmy John's and returned to

the car. Within five minutes they were pulling into the parking lot of a Quality Inn. Jensen had no clue where they were. He waited in the car while Misha booked a room and raised an eyebrow as

the man walked an irregular path to and from the lobby. He retrieved his



backpack from the trunk

of the car when Misha opened it with the key fob and motioned for Jensen to come inside. He

had gotten a room on the first floor and he was inspecting corners and windows when Jensen dropped off his bag onto the table and turned the welcome book around. Apparently they were in

McLean, Virginia. Wherever the hell that was.

He placed his uneaten lunch on the desk and turned to go stand by Misha. Like a horse it was

unwise to approach Misha from behind, but he wasn't thinking. Fortunately the lapse in judgment

didn't cause him a broken bone; Misha just narrowed his eyes slightly. Jensen hadn't even known

what he was going to do when he'd approached Misha, but now he wanted only one thing: to

show that he was worth keeping around.

Jensen leaned into Misha and kissed him, opening up to allow Misha all the control. He didn't

respond right away, so Jensen put his arms behind his neck, but kept his grip loose; he had learned

not to tighten his arms around Misha's neck the hard way.

"How do you want me?" Jensen whispered against his lips.

He rubbed his body against Misha's in a manner that was way past suggestive and was rewarded

with Misha palming his ass. Misha brushed his tongue against Jensen's and

he decided to take the

initiative and suck on it. Misha's grip on his ass tightened, and then he suddenly pulled back.

"Oh, no, that's not why we stopped." Misha chuckled. "You are amazing, baby boy." Jensen

preened in his arms, a kind of desperate relief washing through him. "I appreciate you knowing

your purpose and looking to be proactive here, but I've got somewhere I need to be."

He pushed Jensen away and set the timer on a wristwatch he must have gotten out of the duffle

bag. Jensen was a little miffed that Misha had basically said what he's always assumed: that his

purpose was solely as Misha's fuck toy, but that thought was pushed aside by confusion when the

man pushed the button to activate the countdown on the watch and then fastened it around

Jensen's wrist. Jensen looked at the watch face to see how much time was on it: twenty five

hours. Misha put a finger under his chin and bumped it gently to make him look up.

"If I'm not back by the time this goes off, take the keys to the Genesis and drive to Texas. Back

to your family, okay?"

Jensen felt like he'd been punched in the chest. He couldn't breathe, he couldn't think. All he

knew was that Misha was sending him away and making sure there was enough time between

them that he'd never be able to follow him. It had crossed his mind that Misha would abandon

him to his own devices after the debacle in Chicago, but now that it was happening...Jensen knew

Misha wouldn't care what happened to him, but he did have to wonder if the man had even put

any thought into what might happen to him. Or what he might do to himself as a result of the

rejection.

"Then what?" Jensen asked, trying to sound bitter but mostly just sounding sad.

Misha turned back. He tilted his head and pursed his lips, looking completely consternated.

"Then what, what?"

"What do I do when I get to Texas?"

Misha put out a confused hand with an air of I don't give a shit attached to it. "I don't know.

Whatever it is people do in Texas. Live your life."

Jensen's knees wobbled and he was lucky the bed was behind him. He'd never felt anything like

this before. How could emotions hurt so much physically? He felt hot tears on his cheeks, but at

least Misha would never see them because the door had already closed. He'd

walked out on him

forever.

“Why are you crying?”

Jensen’s head jerked up. His jaw dropped when he saw that Misha had shut the door, but stayed

inside the motel room. He looked more than a little annoyed, but also curious. Jensen

immediately wiped the tears off his cheeks and shook his head. He better get his shit under

control or Misha would just kill him before he left him. But wouldn’t that be better? He told

himself to shut up.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’m—“

“You’re sorry, I get that. Why are you crying?”

Jensen forced a smile. “Don’t worry about it. You have somewhere to be. I’ll get over it.”

Misha’s expression turned cold and impatient, anger glittered in his eyes. Jensen felt the blood

drain from his face and was worried he might pass out. It was the same look he’d given the man

who had shot Jensen in the burned out warehouse...had that really been just yesterday?

“I just...” Jensen began and looked away. If this was the end, he might as well be honest with

Misha and himself. What could Misha possibly do to him that was worse than what was about to

happen anyway? “It’s just I thought I was happy in Chicago. I know now that was an illusion,

but I thought we—“

“Why do you think it was an illusion?” Misha interrupted. “If you felt happy, you were happy.”

“I—I guess. But it’s only because I was fooling myself.”

“About what?”

“About your feelings for me. I mean, I always told myself that you didn’t care about me, but I

think I must have stopped believing that.”

Misha pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger.

“Jensen. I really have to

go somewhere. Can you please start making sense?”

Jensen lifted his head. Had Misha just used the word please?

Jensen could tell that he’d lost his tenuous control, and his anger and sadness and bitterness filled him completely. “Why do I have to wait twenty-five hours?” he burst out. “If you want to get rid

of me and send me home, why can’t I just leave now?!”

Misha stared at him. Jensen shrank in on himself. He wished he had something to hide behind

because that look on Misha’s face was not the last thing he wanted to see before he died.

“Jensen. I said if I’m not back in twenty-five hours, go home to your family.”

Jensen absorbed the meaning of that conjunction immediately. “You’re coming back for me?” he

asked, surprise and hope leaking into his voice.

“That’s my intention.”

Jensen felt his face break into a grin.

“Starting to question that decision now,” Misha griped.

Jensen tried to hide a laugh. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I misunderstood you and held you up. You’ve got somewhere you need to be.”

“That’s what I—“

Misha stopped and turned away to open the door. He walked through it and slammed it shut.

Jensen flopped back onto the bed and laughed. He put his hands to his head and threaded his

fingers through his hair as he alternated between laughing and breathing in deep, calming breaths.

Misha wasn’t going to leave him. He was going to come back for him. Why had he thought he

wouldn’t? He’d come back for him in LA, hadn’t he? Of course at that point in time he hadn’t,

however inadvertently, been responsible for the death of the son of his boss.

Jensen fought back a smile and wash of satisfaction as he remembered the moment Alexei’s body

hit the floor. He shouldn’t be okay with it let alone happy about it. But

knowing Misha hadn't

even fucking hesitated when he'd chosen him over Alexei—it was intoxicatingly pleasing. Then

again, Misha could have been standing just outside the door listening to the whole thing before

finally deciding to come in and do something about it for all Jensen knew, but he was going to

choose to believe that it had been second nature to choose him. Because if there was one thing

he'd learned about his relationship with Misha it was that ignorance and a little delusion certainly

wasn't hurting him.

He ate his lunch while watching TV and sent off an e-mail to Leo saying he had to quit his job.

He didn't have to worry about school since he hadn't officially signed up for the next semester.

He didn't need to say anything to his parents since they wouldn't know the difference if he e-

mailed them from Chicago or Virginia.

With the idea of pleasing Misha he took a shower and did his best to clean out all the important

parts, which was difficult since the motel's showerhead didn't detach from the wall. He'd really

gotten spoiled in Chicago. He wondered if they would have as nice a place where ever it was

they ended up. He ignored the part of him that questioned whether Misha would be willing to set

up camp and play house with him again. He was out of a job as far as Jensen could figure. He

wondered if hit men could just swap who they worked for without many questions asked. Misha

had indicated a hit man's loyalty went where the money was, just like a mercenary. He supposed

somebody would probably want to hire him for his services. Probably not a direct rival, that

seemed too risky, but some other organized crime unit perhaps? He didn't know what group

might be set up in Virginia though.

It wasn't until he was out of the shower and getting dressed that he really looked at the wristwatch

again. He watched it count down. It was below twenty hours, indicating a significant change in

time. If Misha was coming back for him, why did he give Jensen a time frame for him to get

away? Was he worried that he was going somewhere so dangerous he might not make it back?

That was ridiculous. Who or what possibly had the power to kill Misha?

Absolutely nothing. But Jensen couldn't shake the idea once it started gnawing at his brain.

Misha didn't do anything arbitrarily. He had given Jensen the twenty-five hour window because



he really did think there was a possibility that he would not make it back in time. He turned

around and walked over to the window as if he could leave those kinds of thoughts behind him.

But they followed him. So he turned around and walked back the other way. He'd made three

trips before he realized he was pacing and his theories about what could happen to Misha, and to

himself, just kept getting worse and bloodier and more disturbing than the last.

Every few minutes Jensen forced himself to stop pacing, but all that did was make his body tense.

So, he would start pacing again and then stop again a few minutes later. He was in the stopped

portion of his anxious pattern, one arm across his stomach, his elbow resting on it so he could

chew on a thumbnail, when the door opened. Jensen spun around, half expecting it to be the police or another hit man sent by Sokolov. It was Misha. He glanced at the stopwatch on his

wrist—it had only been seven hours. God, it had felt like a fucking eternity.

He took five long strides across the room and crashed into Misha. He kissed him and wrapped his

arms around his waist and didn't care if Misha had decided they needed to leave right now, he

was having this now. He pried Misha's lips open with his tongue and slipped inside. He probed

into his mouth while rubbing his obvious erection against Misha's thigh. Misha put his hands on

Jensen's shoulders and traced the lines of his shoulder blades through his thin T-shirt. Then he

moved his hands down his sides, over his back, and down to his ass. He gripped him with both

hands and Jensen felt him growing hard. Misha's hands clenched tighter on his ass and Jensen let

out a small, eager noise into his mouth, but didn't break the kiss. Jensen was thrilled, elated—

Misha was finally going to give him what he needed.

Misha pulled back from his lips just enough to say, "Take your clothes off, sweet boy."

Jensen shivered and then obediently began to pull off every article of clothing. He watched Misha

remove the bedspread and pillows from the bed. Then he pulled the blanket and sheet off, leaving

only the fitted sheet on the mattress and began tearing the flat sheet into strips.

"On your back, baby boy."

Jensen obeyed immediately, his cock hard and leaking against his belly. He lay down and put his

limbs spread eagle, already knowing what Misha was going to do. The man tied each wrist and

ankle to the bottom of the bed and then stepped back to take in his work. Jensen pulled lightly at

his bonds, biting his lips and twisting his hips slightly at the scrutiny. He was so fucking turned

on, he might come just from Misha looking at him.

Then the fucker decided to give him a god damned strip tease as he slowly, very slowly, removed

his clothing. Jensen was pulled a little bit out of his fog of lust as he watched gun after knife after hypodermic needle? get taken off his person and placed in various places around the room. He'd

had no idea the man had been carrying that much weaponry. Jensen eyed the knife in his hand as

he bent over and placed it out of view somewhere near the bed. When he returned his eyes to

Misha's face, the man was looking inside a plain, unmarked but opaque shopping bag. So Misha

had taken time to stop at a sex shop. Fantastic. He'd been having a nervous breakdown and

Misha had been shopping for dildos. The man placed the bag on the bed next to Jensen's hip and

then sat between his legs and looked at him. Jensen licked his lips and tilted his head slightly. If Misha was willing to start what looked like might be a prolonged sex romp, he must not be

concerned that anyone was going to be coming after them. He had no idea where the man had

gone, but clearly it hadn't resulted in anything bad. But, he'd thought he'd check, just in case he

might answer him for once.

“Is everything okay?” he asked.

“Yes.”

Misha reached out and took Jensen’s cock in his hand. Jensen bit off a moan and jerked against

his bonds, figuring that’s what he got for asking a yes or no question.

“What did you do while I was gone?” Misha asked, stroking his shaft lightly.

“Um. I, um.” Jensen willed his brain to function. “I ate my lunch. And I paced. And then I

showered. And paced some more. Oh, yesss...” Jensen smiled and shifted his hips. “Mish...

sha.”

Ah, who fucking cared where Misha had been or what was going to happen to them as a result of Alexei being a total asshat. Misha was about to fuck him senseless.

“Yes?” Misha asked, in a mockingly calm voice.

“I cleaned myself for you. In the shower.”

Jensen’s lips twitched when he saw Misha’s eyes darken. Misha was a master manipulator, but

Jensen had learned a thing or two in their time together.

“Good boy,” Misha growled. “You’re so good to think of me like that.”

“I want to—“ Jensen cut off with a sharp cry as Misha lowered his head between his legs and

began licking at his perineum.

Jensen lost the ability to concentrate on anything but the feel of his tongue sliding down, down...

Misha used the barely there slack in Jensen's bonds to bend his leg just enough to get his face

close enough to lap at his hole. The pleasure was so sudden and unexpected it almost felt like an

orgasm as Misha lifted Jensen's hips so that he could comfortably but his lips to Jensen's hole and

lick and suck and tongue his entrance. The pucker fluttered open and Misha fucked his tongue

into him. Jensen was doing his best to hold still, but he was groaning and swearing loud enough

to be heard through the walls.

Holding him tightly to his face, Misha inserted his tongue into Jensen and left it there, licking his inner walls and teasing the sensitive flesh until Jensen's body was shaking and trembling. Jensen

felt tears at the corners of his eyes. His cock was throbbing and he could do nothing to quell the

rush of ecstasy that was threatening to push him over the edge. Misha would be furious, but his

bonds prevented him from pulling away and giving himself some relief. Oh, fuck he was gonna

come just from Misha's tongue in his ass—it wouldn't be the first time... Misha pulled his tongue

out and sat up. Jensen cried out and looked at him, irritation helping to soothe his trembling

nerves because of the amused smirk on Misha's face.

"I got you something," Misha said.

And Misha was instantly forgiven. Jensen hummed excitedly and shifted his hips, pumping them

up toward Misha.

"And I got something for me as well."

Jensen pulled at his bonds in an involuntary movement to somehow make things move along

faster. He knew that when Misha said he got something for himself, it wasn't actually to be used

on him, but on Jensen. But whatever it was usually resulted in Jensen being refused orgasm for

hours while Misha explored all of its uses. It was torture really, and Jensen loved it almost as

much as Misha did. He must be in a good mood.

"I take it whatever you did went well," Jensen said, squirming in anticipation.

"Hold still." Jensen stopped moving. "It did go well. Though it will still be a couple of months

before I know if I have to take matters into my own hands." He reached into his shopping bag

and began extracting a bottle of lube from its packaging. "Which I do not like doing."

"Waiting? Yeah, I'm aware of that."

Misha shot him a look and Jensen rolled his lips in to hide his smile. Misha

popped the lid on the

lube and poured some onto his fingers.

“So, why are you waiting?” Jensen asked.

“Well, you know the federal government’s policy: hurry up and wait.”

“Why are you—oh!”

Jensen bit his lip and completely forgot what he’d been about to ask as Misha slid a finger into

him. He twisted it around and then quickly added a second finger, followed just as swiftly by a

third.

“Jesus,” Jensen breathed and worked his hips in a circle, stretching himself on Misha’s hand and

working through the momentary, barely there pain the third finger had caused.

And within moments all pain was gone. There was just the slightly odd sensation of Misha

dragging his fingertips along the smooth muscles of his inner walls, turning his hand and stroking

every inch he could reach. Then odd was replaced with pleasurable as the man fingered his

prostate. Jensen compulsively licked his lips and his breathing got shallower. Misha ran a finger

of his free hand through the trail of precome that had smeared on his belly from his twitching

cockhead. Misha raised the finger to his lips and Jensen groaned as he licked it clean. It never

failed to get him even more aroused when he saw proof that he made Misha really want him.

Misha pulled his hand out of his hole, but before Jensen could form a protest, he had moved to

hover over him, his hands braced beside his head on the mattress. He lowered himself enough to

brush his lips over Jensen's. Jensen went still; Misha didn't do—sweet. Misha licked Jensen's

lips and then kissed them lightly.

“Open,” he ordered softly.

Jensen's lips parted and Misha sealed their mouths, kissing him gently, and then harder, and then

eased off again. He flicked his tongue into Jensen's mouth, teasing at his tongue. Jensen

responded hesitantly, and Misha pulled back. When Jensen opened his eyes, he met the deep,

unfathomable blue of Misha's eyes. He loved those eyes. They were far more expressive than

probably Misha even knew—but fuck if Jensen ever recognized what those expressions might

mean if he wasn't thinking about sex or murder. The look in his eyes now wasn't sex or murder.

What could Misha possibly be thinking about after a kiss that intimate?



Misha broke eye contact and sat back between Jensen's and pulled out another package from his

bag. He frowned and Jensen would have given almost anything to know what he was thinking in

that moment. Well, maybe he was just frowning because the packaging on the toy was giving him

some difficulties.

Jensen couldn't exactly see what Misha was holding, but he gave it a sniff. Jensen would have

laughed, but the bonds on his wrists and ankles reminded him to keep his sass in check. Misha

rooted through the bag and pulled out something else Jensen couldn't see and then stood up and

went into the bathroom. Jensen could hear water running and assumed Misha must be washing

the toys. He really was a considerate lover, all things considered.

Jensen moved a hand to scratch his nose, but was pulled up short by the bonds. He grumbled

softly and squirmed on the bed, tugging at all four. He wasn't sure he'd be able to get out of these if he had hours to pull on them. Misha walked back into the room and raised an eyebrow at him.

"Problem?" Misha asked.

"No," Jensen replied grumpily. He needed Misha to start with the touching again; it was the only

thing that would distract him from his itchy nose.

Misha got back between his legs and Jensen heard him messing with more packaging as he stared at the ceiling and concentrated on ignoring his nose. Out of nowhere Misha shoved a dildo into

his hole. Jensen grunted harshly, but he was stretched and lubed enough and the dildo was small

enough that the pain didn't hurt so much as it made him forget about his stupid nose. A quick

flick of his thumb and Misha had the vibrator turned on—only it wasn't vibrating is was moving

in an uneven circular motion, the textured sides reminiscent of Misha's probing fingers. It pressed

against his prostate as it went around and around and around...Jensen's instinct to pull his legs up

was of course stopped short by the bonds and he jerked at the stimulation caused by the dildo and

the restraints. He hummed, enjoying it very much, but at the same time incredibly frustrated.

"This is new," Jensen said, trying to distract himself a little bit.

"What do you think?"

"It's...it's nice. It's not overly stimulating, but it still makes you..." he trailed off and worked his hips. God, it was just on the wrong side of perfect. It was stimulating, but not nearly fucking

enough. Damn it. Misha was going to make him beg before this was all over.

"What do you have planned?" Jensen asked with a glare, knowing that he had to have something

else up his sleeve.

“What do you mean?” Misha asked, putting a finger to the dildo and pushing on it gently.

“This feels too nice. Too gentle.”

“You think I can’t be nice and gentle?”

“No, you can. But not when you have that glint in your eyes.”

“What glint?”

“We should rent a motel room with mirrors on the ceiling. Then I could show you.”

“Mirrors...I would love to watch myself fuck you.”

“So why not video tape it?”

Misha looked thoughtful for a moment and then stood up and retrieved his phone. Jensen gaped.

Was he actually going to fucking record this?

“I’ll have to buy a real video camera,” Misha mused as he sat back down between Jensen’s legs

and bent over to lick his inner thighs.

“It was not my intention to give you any ideas. Oh, yes, fuck, Mish...sha. I love it best when you

touch me, you know that? I like the toys and I like how you play with me, but I prefer you. You

know?”

Misha kissed his thigh and bent down further to lick his balls.

“Mmn, Misha. You’re gonna fuck me, right? We can play but promise me

you'll fuck me,”

Jensen whined softly. He was fighting a losing battle against the dildo, but it was nothing

compared to the thick, hot, hard length of Misha. Nothing felt as good as Misha inside of him.

Misha caressed his thighs and then sat up to look down at him.

“Are you giving me an order?” Misha’s voice was dangerously calm.

Jensen tensed, but he tried to eke out a smile. “Strong request?” he said in a desperate attempt to not set Misha off.

Misha put his thumb on the end of the dildo and pushed against it in a slow pattern. The

electronic noise dampened and grew louder as it pushed into him and then came back out. Jensen

pulled at his bonds again and grunted in frustration when he couldn’t move and was forced to bear

the stimulus.

“You don’t actually like being tied up, do you?” Misha asked.

Jensen wasn’t sure how to answer that. He did prefer to have his hands and limbs free so that he

could touch Misha, so that he could have some modicum of control, but would Misha take that as

an act of defiance? Before he could scrounge up a neutral answer that wasn’t a lie, Misha leaned

forward and licked his cock. His brain immediately short circuited, just like it had the day before

in Misha's POS car. Was this really happening? Again?

Misha wrapped his lips around the side of the shaft and bit gently at the turgid flesh. It was

happening and a million fireworks were erupting all over his body. He raised his head, desperate

to watch and he panted greedily as he wished he could return the favor. Misha ran his tongue

along a very prominent vein and Jensen threw his head back onto the bed. He wanted to watch so

badly, but that just wasn't going to happen and he exhaled sharply in disappointment. Though he

supposed he didn't need to see anything when he could feel Misha fondling his balls with one

hand and massaging the base of his dick with the other. He laved at the head of his penis and

Jensen pulled at his bonds and tossed his head. Misha licked repeatedly at the glans, over and

over and Jensen groaned and bucked his hips up as much as he could. Without stopping the

movement of his hands, Misha pulled away for some reason. Jensen could feel his face scrunched

up in growing frustration as the dildo continued to roll around inside him, hitting his prostate again and again and again...

"What was your first time like, baby boy?" Misha asked.

Jensen blinked his eyes several times, completely thrown by the question. "Um. What?"

“The first time you had sex.” His hands and the dildo worked away at him.

“Um. I, it was fine. Jesus, Misha, come on, you—“

Jensen cut off before he called Misha an asshole. That certainly wouldn’t get him what he

wanted.

“Tell me about it, little cowboy. Did you ride your first cowgirl good and hard? Tell me about

your adolescent fumbling. In graphic detail.”

“Why? Jesus. Can’t we t-talk about—oh, you bastard. Oh that’s so fucking good.”

Misha bent down and sucked on the tip of his cock. Jensen made some kind of wild, inhuman

noise and inwardly cursed the fucking restraints and the dildo and Misha’s goddamned perfect

fucking tongue.

“I suppose we could always talk about your father,” Misha said, swirling his tongue over the

cockhead, his words more than enough to stave off orgasm.

“Her name was Adrian,” Jensen said immediately, hoping to shut Misha up.

Misha sat up and smiled—the rat bastard. He pumped Jensen’s dick slowly and began tugging

gently on his balls.

“She was a cheerleader. One year younger than me.”

“How old were you?”

“You know. Sixteen. Like you guessed. Or knew or whatever.”

Misha smiled and that just annoyed him even more. Perhaps he should have kept his expression

in check because he reached down with a hand to increase the speed of the dildo. Jensen’s mouth

fell open on a voiceless cry. Fuck, that was his prostate—that was his prostate getting worked

over and over and over...

“So, you deflowered a little fifteen year old girl?”

Jensen was going to kill Misha when this was over. He gritted his teeth and replied, “Hardly. I

wasn’t her first. Mmn. Yeah...”

Misha chuckled. “Isn’t it funny how the states that preach abstinence the hardest are the ones with

the highest rate of teen sex and pregnancies?”

“Hilarious. God, Misha, your hands. Shit. Her hands weren’t like yours. They were small and

soft and didn’t know how to touch a man right.”

“She gave you a hand job? That’s not sex, Jensen. How messed up was your sexual education?”

“She gave me a hand job to get me hard because she said she wasn’t going to put her mouth on

me.”

“Her loss,” Misha said, right before he wrapped his lips around Jensen’s cock and sucked. Jensen

arched off the bed and pulled viciously on his bonds. He cursed and cried as Misha went lower,

took more of him, but slowly, slowly. Misha pulled back and Jensen half-moaned, half-sobbed as

he was denied release again.

“Then what?” Misha prompted.

Jensen concentrated on his memories because that was the only way to stand the wicked pleasure

holding him hostage. “Then she fingered herself until she was wet, told me where to stick it, and

then there was some awkward rocking and voila: virginity gone.”

Misha laughed. “At least the loss of your other virginity was more enjoyable than that.”

“Oh, yes, best dicking of my life followed up by getting punched unconscious.”

“First dicking, certainly not your best. Or are you saying it’s been downhill since then?”

“Fuck you, Misha. Don’t I stroke your ego enough?”

Misha squeezed his cock and Jensen winced. Well, he couldn’t keep his mouth in check forever!

Misha was driving him to insanity. Surprisingly, he eased his grip on Jensen’s dick, but he turned

the dildo up higher. Jensen moaned and gave up. He couldn’t take it



anymore. He was just

going to lay here and cry until Misha was through with him.

“Tell me about the first time you ate a girl out.”

Jensen wanted to refuse to answer and wallow in the pleasure that was surely poisoning him. But

the last thing he wanted was for Misha to bring up his father again.

“I was a senior in high school. The girl I followed to LA—she’d broken up with me to go to prom with someone from the football team. Lacrosse wasn’t good enough for prom photos. I

suppose that should have been my first clue that we weren’t meant to be together.”

Jensen felt something, just on the side of his shaft, but he was drowning in so many other

sensations he couldn’t focus on it. He knew he needed to keep going, but he was having such a

hard time concentrating...oh, yes, he remembered now. God senior prom had been embarrassing.

“Anyway, in retaliation, I took her little sister to prom. And I couldn’t quite bring myself to have sex with her—she was fourteen and I was almost eighteen, so I just went down on her.”

Misha raised an eyebrow. “So you molested a child to get back at her sister. And people say I’m

sick.”

“You are sick.”

Misha shrugged a shoulder.

“And again that depends on your definition of ‘child.’ She wasn’t a virgin by the time I got my

hands on her.”

“I bet your father would have been proud of you though—eating pussy like a real man.”

“Oh, fuck you. And please don’t make me associate my father with being sexually aroused.”

Misha grasped Jensen’s dick and angled it straight up. Something stimulated the slit at the head of

his penis. It sent a jolt of white hot pleasure straight through his dick and spiking out along his

whole body. He raised his head and opened his eyes. His jaw dropped. Misha held something in

his hand: a thin piece of silicone with a small bulb at the tip. He was nudging his slit with the

bulb.

“What’s that?”

“Tell me about the first time you jacked off thinking about me.”

“I—I...” Jensen swallowed and tugged at his right wrist, keeping his eyes on the innocuous

looking toy. “I was in the bathroom just off the guard room. You had just made me jerk you off,

and you’d come on me. On my underwear. When I was in the bathroom stall, I wanted to

scream. I felt violated and sick and disgusting—I hated myself for what I’d

done. What I'd

allowed you to do to me. But I couldn't ignore that I was hard. And when I opened my fly and

saw the damp spots on my underwear—your jizz on me—I pulled it out and jacked myself slow

and easy. Thinking about you watching me. And I came hard. And I felt sick afterward and

hated myself even more.”

“But you came back to me the next day.” Misha rolled the cylinder over Jensen's slit and he

grunted and yanked on his bonds. The tension was building in his body. “Tell me about the first

time you touched yourself that wasn't after I made you touch me.”

“I was in my apartment—God, Misha, that feels so weird! Fuck, it feels good.” Misha nudged

the opening with the bulb. “Fuck, fuck! I was in my apartment and I saw the underwear you had

come on. And I took it out and put it over my face and jacked off with the smell of you filling my

senses. Oh, oh, shit! Misha, don't! Don't! You can't—“

Jensen threw his head back against the mattress as Misha circled the top of the bulb around the

inside of his slit. He yanked violently at his bonds, his muscles seizing and clenching with his

desperation. It felt so weird, he'd never had his slit teased so much before.

But fuck it felt

amazing—the feeling was so concentrated and that goddamned fucking dildo was right there on his prostate, around and around and around...

“Misha!” Jensen yelled his name and the bed rocked with his attempt to get free.

“Tell me about the first time you knew you loved me,” Misha said, bending over.

Jensen cracked his eyes open and saw Misha’s tongue lapping at the underside of his cockhead as

he pushed the bulb completely in.

Jensen screamed and pulled so hard at his bonds he heard fabric ripping. Huge, thick globs of

come exploded out of him and he writhed on the bed like a mad man, his screams only disrupted

as he raked in breaths to sustain the screaming. Misha massaged his dick to help him through the

intense pleasure-pain. When he went limp on the bed, he was vaguely aware of Misha turning off

and removing the dildo. After that Jensen floated in an endorphin soaked fog. He had no idea

how long he was out of it for, but when he finally managed to get his eyes open he saw Misha

sitting calmly beside him, watching him. He was terrible in his beauty and Jensen understood

why fear and love were so similar.

Misha leaned over the side of the bed, and when he sat up he held a knife.  
Jensen was too blissed

out to be concerned about such trivialities and was barely aware as Misha cut  
his him loose. He

did try to hold him at one point, but his limbs were like Jell-O. He thought he  
might have

mumbled something about how Misha should eat his arms because they  
might be lime flavored,

but Misha didn't respond so maybe he didn't understand him. Jensen's head  
spun as Misha turned

him over and pulled him on top of him. And then Misha was inside him.  
Jensen sighed in relief

and went boneless, his head resting on Misha's chest. After all of that, the  
mind melting orgasm,

this was heaven. Misha inside him, joined with him. This was what made  
loving him

worthwhile. He knew Misha would scoff at the notion, or stare blankly  
probably, but Jensen

loved his fantasies almost as much as the man himself.

He could feel Misha moving inside him and hear the shallow though  
unlabored breaths he made in

his ear, but he wasn't entirely sure that he was fully conscious. He felt like he  
was walking in a

waking dream, or well, laying down and getting a nice fucking. He wondered  
what went through

Misha's mind in moments like these. But then, he probably didn't want to

know.

After several glorious minutes in which Jensen was nearly lulled to sleep, he heard Misha curse

softly. Then he wrapped an arm around Jensen's shoulders and rutted in him a little harder.

Jensen moaned softly, his tired cock twitching with interest at the new pace and increased friction

on his prostate. After a couple more minutes, Jensen was worried he might actually get hard

again, but he was way too exhausted for that. Fortunately for his overtaxed penis, Misha seemed

to be fed up with his own lackadaisical fucking and hissed softly. He rolled over on top of him

and Jensen hummed pleasantly as his lax body made the perfect receptacle for Misha as he rocked

into him with increasing movements. Misha planted his hands on the mattress and locked his arms

as he thrust his hips forward, doing an amazing job of getting as deep as he possibly could.

“Ah, aah, un, mmn...fuck...Mish...Misha...I love you, I love you...”

Misha stilled, buried to the hilt, and groaned loudly as he came inside of Jensen. Jensen's eyes

flew open for a moment and he cherished the rare glimpse of Misha lost in his pleasure. It was

gone as he collapsed on top of him. Misha was heavy and smelled like sex and salt and his release

was warm and comforting inside of him. He was completely overtaken by Misha's essence and it

was good. He wondered if Misha felt the same.

“Misha...?” Jensen mumbled.

“What is it, baby?”

“Was it good?” he asked with sleep in his voice.

“It was perfect, sweet boy. Go to sleep.”

Jensen wanted to stay awake and continue to feel and smell and taste Misha—take and have all of

him while he still could. But as if Misha's words had been a spell, he slipped away into sleep.

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Jensen became aware that he was cold. One entire half of his body was suddenly missing the

comforting warmth he had been snuggled with. He snuffled around on the mattress trying to find

either the original or a replacement heat source. After a moment he felt skin. He turned and

began curling around a familiar body, though the shape or position wasn't right for some reason.

He didn't care though and settled back into sleep. Then he was nudged and heard someone say

something to him about getting up. Fuck that. Jensen turned away from the commanding voice

and settled on his other side. He could generate his own heat.

He yelped and sat up straight as something smacked his ass. Really fucking hard. He looked over

his shoulder and shouted, “What?!” in sleepy irritation.

He saw Misha staring blandly back at him. An unpleasant worm of panic niggled through his

belly as he just realized that he’d ignored a command from Misha, grumbled at him, and then

yelled at him on top of that. But Misha’s expression didn’t shift to anger or irritation—his “danger settings” as Jensen thought of them. But the neutral, blank stare was pretty unnerving.

“We need to leave,” Misha said flatly. “Go shower and get dressed.”

Jensen sighed but moved immediately to try to counterbalance that insolence. He knew he was

already treading on thin ice as it was, but last night had been so good. Misha had been so—

present. He’d been so pleased with Jensen it had been easy to pretend like the man enjoyed more

than just the sex and that he’d enjoyed the sex specifically with him. He knew the body didn’t

matter much to Misha, but sometimes it felt nice to think that he could give Misha a better

experience than the other people he’d been with.

Last night had also been one of the most memorable of his life as he’d gotten up in the middle of



the night to use the bathroom and returned to find Misha still asleep. He'd never seen Misha. Not

really anyway. He'd sat on the side of the bed and stared at him. He knew better than to try to

touch him even gently as he would wake instantly, but he was pretty sure he spent over an hour

watching the man breathe. When he'd finally slid back into place beside him, Misha had barely

managed to raise an arm to allow him to settle back in at his side. Jensen had lain awake for

another hour or so, he might have even cried a little though whether the tears were happy or sad

he wasn't entirely sure, before he finally drifted off to sleep.

Jensen paused with his legs hanging off the side of the bed—he was understandably incredibly

sore—and froze when he felt the gentle press of Misha's fingers to his shoulder blade. He

shivered as the man trailed his fingertips lightly down his back and tried not to disturb him; he

didn't want him to stop. He did all too soon and Jensen repressed a sigh before standing up and

walking toward the bathroom. He winced and stopped moving. Okay, so maybe he was really

incredibly fucking sore. He stretched out a particularly stiff muscle in his thigh before deciding to favor the leg and walk a little bit slower.

"You want to join me?" Jensen asked flippantly as he rounded the corner.

“No more shower sex until we have one with a bench or something. It’s too dangerous.”

Jensen burst out laughing. He could not get over the fact that Misha Collins—most dangerous

fucking thing on the planet—was scared of a low friction environment. It was cute was what it

was. Not that he would ever say that to Misha.

Jensen turned the shower on and brushed his teeth while the water heated. He set it to be almost

unbearably hot, but the heat and the steam helped soothe his muscles and his raw throat. The

injury on his arm from the gunshot had a thick, ugly scab on it, but at least that meant he hadn’t

needed the stitches Misha hadn’t even offered to get him. He pressed his fingers lightly against his temple. It wasn’t nearly as sore as he thought it would be, and in fact the bruise was so light he

wasn’t sure Misha had even noticed it. At least that meant the odds that he’d been concussed

were pretty low. Of course, Alexei really had been weak with those scrawny arms.

He stepped out of the shower and toweled off his body, wrapping his hair up in the towel to keep

it from dripping as he carried his toiletries in his hands back to the main room. He dumped them

into his backpack and then began toweling off his hair. He heard some very—inappropriate--

noises though they sounded tinny and far away. He looked up and saw Misha staring at his cell

phone.

“Oh, God, are you looking at that video? You’re such a pervert.”

Jensen dropped the towel and dug out a clean pair of underwear from his backpack, secretly

pleased that Misha was interested enough to watch back their rather interesting session from the

day before. Who knew his slit was that sensitive? He stepped into his underwear and then looked

up at Misha—and his smile froze on his face. Something was wrong. Misha’s eyes were dark—

with murder, not sex—and his body was tense, poised. Jensen realized he was actually seeing his

death in Misha’s eyes at that exact moment. He took a step back, raising his hand as if that might

help to ward off an attack from a skilled hit man.

“What happened?” he asked in a hoarse voice, unsure if he had done something to anger the man

or if he’d received some unfortunate news.

For a moment longer, Misha stared at him, his left arm raised and fingering his collar. Then Misha

dropped his hand to his side and his eyes lost their intensity.

“Nothing. Get dressed.”

Misha turned his back and Jensen, very quietly, drew in a shaky breath and released it. He

hurriedly pulled on the jeans and T-shirt he'd worn the day before even though the shirt was

ripped in places, and zipped up his backpack.

“Get on the bed.”

The command came out of nowhere and Jensen was surprised by it. Even though the same

frightening intent hadn't returned to Misha's eyes, he knew better than to even hesitate when

given an order considering the mood Misha appeared to be in. He laid himself out on the mattress

and sucked in a breath as Misha quickly crossed the room and straddled his hips. Jensen wasn't

feeling any arousal though and the possibility that this might be leading to that evaporated entirely when Misha put his hands to his throat and started choking him. One of Jensen's hands flew to

his throat and his fingers curled around one of Misha's hands, but he did nothing more to fight

him. Jensen was tense, waiting to start struggling for air, but even though Misha was pushing on

his windpipe and restricting his air flow, he hadn't cut it off completely. So, he lay still and

waited to see if he got dizzy or lightheaded, but it didn't seem like he was cutting off the blood

supply to his brain either. He just stared up into those bright, dark blue eyes

and waited for

whatever might come next. Life, death, sex—he couldn't even begin to guess which it might be.

What happened was that Misha let go of his throat and sat up. Jensen coughed and rubbed his

neck—now his throat hurt both inside and out. He wished he hadn't screamed so loud or so long

yesterday. He stared at the man above him, and waited. Misha pulled out a knife and Jensen

stiffened—he knew how crazy Misha got with knives. He'd prefer to be strangled to death. But

before he could really start to panic, Misha set the weapon aside. His reprieve was short lived as

the man then pulled out a gun from the waistband of his pants. He put the barrel directly against

Jensen's forehead, and before he could have a visceral reaction to that, the barrel was pressed

against his chest, right over his heart. There was a sickening rush of adrenaline coursing through

his veins and a loud buzzing in his ears. The psychopath moved the gun to the fleshy part of his

shoulder. Then Misha moved off of him and stood up.

Jensen stared up at the ceiling, quite certain he was going to throw up. He could hear Misha

moving around the room, but he dared't move without permission. He heard the motel room door

open, and then nothing. It didn't close and Misha didn't say anything. Jensen swallowed

nervously and worked up all the courage he could muster to move his eyes from the ceiling. He

didn't see Misha immediately. He swept his eyes around the room; it appeared to be empty. Very

slowly, he sat up to confirm that no one was in the room. The door was still open and Jensen

realized Misha's duffle bag and all of his belongings were gone. Instead of killing him, had he

just decided to leave him here? Why had he come back if he was just going to leave him?

Jensen jumped off the bed and ran to the door, knowing he'd have to see his abandonment with

his own eyes to believe it. Instead of seeing the Genesis' taillights disappearing out of the parking lot, he saw the trunk popped and left open. That was a good enough invitation. He grabbed his

backpack, pulled the door closed after him, and jogged over to the car. He put his bag in the trunk

and slammed the lid, his nerves still too raw for anything gentler. He pulled on the passenger side

car door half expecting it to be locked, and exhaled raggedly when it opened. He sat down and

pulled the door shut behind, putting on his seatbelt in a show of defiance that he didn't want to be

anywhere else. He looked at Misha, scared and angry and hurt and not sure if he even had any

right to be feeling any of those things considering the ephemeral natural of their relationship. He

tried to ignore his heart as it fluttered with happiness that Misha hadn't left him. Or killed him.

Both were very good.

Misha started the car, but rather than putting it in gear he used his index and middle fingers to

massage his right temple. Jensen was stunned to see this display, however miniscule, of

weakness.

"You okay?" Jensen asked, very concerned.

"Not anymore," the man replied cryptically.

Jensen raised a hand, hesitated, and then swallowed nervously as he grasped Misha's wrist and

gently pulled his hand away from his temple. He turned his head so that they were facing each

other and began massaging both of his temples with his fingers. The crease in Misha's forehead

lessened.

"What can I do?" Jensen asked.

"Tell me how to get to Dallas."

Jensen stopped moving—not just his hands, but his heart, his lungs, his being. He was going to

be abandoned after all. But no, he'd been wrong before. He shouldn't just

assume. He sat back

on his side of the car.

“Um. Why are you going to Dallas?” he asked, intentionally not saying “we.”

“That’s where I’m taking you.”

Jensen slumped back in his seat, heart breaking and will to live seeping out of him into a miserable

puddle on the floor. It didn’t matter if he pissed Misha off now. He’d rather die by Misha’s hand

than return to his family sullied and disgraced. He turned away from Misha and looked out the

window.

“Drive southwest,” he said flatly.

He actually heard Misha’s teeth squeak as he clenched his jaw hard. Would he use the gun? Or

was he angry enough to kill him with his bare hands? He didn’t do anything to him though, just

drove out of the parking lot.

“It’s a long drive, I guess,” Misha said in a weird tone. Unless he was going crazy, which was

entirely possible, it sounded like Misha was trying to entice him out of his funk like a parent

would do for a sullen child. “I don’t even think there’s a direct route there, so we’ll have to weave a bit. Stop often. Could take weeks.”

“Weeks,” Jensen muttered, realizing the man was telling him how much



longer they had left

together. How uncharacteristically and cruelly kind of him. “Should I restart the countdown on

the watch?”

“Jensen, I’m not sure what you’re thinking about in that ridiculous head of yours, but I’m taking

you to your family.”

“No, I got it, Misha. I understand.”

“Do you? Well, if you have any advice for me when I meet your father—“

Jensen sat up and flailed his arms, his voice squeaking as he attempted to get out his questions and

protests. His brain was screaming in terror. What kind of sick version of Guess Who’s Coming to

Dinner did this sick, psychotic fuckhead have in mind? Then, to his amazement, he saw the small

smile form on Misha’s lips as he managed to get a word or two out around choking on his own

spit. Misha kept his eyes unusually focused on the road.

“You fucker,” Jensen huffed, his breathing still irregular. “That is not funny.”

“It is from where I’m sitting.”

“You’re not seriously going to like, try to meet my family, are you? Have you gotten so bored

that you need a new way to torment me?”

“Torment you? When do I torment you? I treat you quite well.”

“Yeah, being told to lie still while you contemplate ways to kill me is a delight. Why did you do

that anyway? What have I done? If you’re going to kill me, you should just do it!”

Jensen’s voice had gone shrill and he held his breath as Misha turned to look at him.

“Why do you think I’m planning to kill you?”

Jensen felt like punching him. “Uh, were you present in the motel room just a minute ago?

Because I was! And now you’re taking me to my family so they can what, have some closure and

bury me?”

Misha sighed, but Jensen was too angry to be scared now.

“Jensen, I just quit my last job.”

Jensen snorted in unwanted amusement. That was an interesting way of putting it. Instead of a

resignation letter he’d left behind a corpse.

“I’m newly employed but in a grace period until I can begin working again.”

The conversation they’d briefly had yesterday snapped to the forefront on his mind. He’d thought

it had been odd at the time that Misha had mentioned the federal government...

"The federal government hired you?!"

“I’m taking a little vacation before I have to start working again.”

Vacation? Jensen was so confused. But he knew there were better places to go than Texas.

“So let’s go to Hawaii or something. Jesus.”

“No, we’re going to Texas.”

Jensen twitched. So he wasn’t getting out of this. But Misha had implied they could take their

sweet time getting there. “But, uh, I get to pick the route?”

Misha shrugged a shoulder. “Sure.”

Jensen pulled out his phone and pulled up his mapping app. He started looking up if it was

physically possible to drive to South Africa.

“This route will not be taking us through Nova Scotia though, Jensen. Make it within reason or I

will not be happy.”

“I get it,” Jensen said, disappointedly changing his search. He supposed he knew that wasn’t

going to fly anyway, but there was no reason why he couldn’t make this road trip fun for both of

them. “Can I pick the motels too? I wanna try to find one with a mirrored ceiling.”

Jensen glanced up and gave him a wink before looking back at his phone.

“How are we on gas?” Jensen asked, making plans for the first stop.

“Fine.”

“But we can stop more than just when we need gas, right?”

“Sure.”

“Oh, and not undermining your control issues or anything, but if you need to we can take turns

driving.”

Jensen raised his eyebrows as he saw that there was a lovely motel featuring mirrored ceilings not

too far from the Luray Caverns. He’d heard of those. Perhaps it would be fun to—Jensen gasped

and his heart jumped into his throat as Misha slammed on the brakes. Car horns blared behind

them and tires squealed. The seatbelt had kept him from going through the windshield, but he’d

dropped his cell phone. He looked up, trying to see if they had nearly hit a car or pedestrian or

animal. He saw nothing in front of them but empty road. He turned to Misha. Misha was staring

at him. And not in a creepy focused serial killer kind of way—his usual way of staring—he looked...surprised, concerned, appalled.

“What’s wrong?” Jensen asked quietly, afraid to startle him.

The man didn’t respond. He just stared as a parade of emotion made its way across his features,

though Jensen couldn’t even begin to interpret them. His color looked a little off though.

Underneath his tan he was ashen.

“Misha, seriously, what’s wrong? You look ill.”

Misha shook his head.

“Say something,” Misha demanded. “Tell me what you think you are to me.”

Jensen scrambled for words as he tried to understand what he was being asked. He decided to go

with what possible use he might serve.

“I’m—a source of entertainment? Your good, obedient boy?”

Jensen looked into his eyes, they were brighter than usual in the sunlight and looked like perfectly

formed marbles.

“Is that all?”

Jensen let out a soft, harsh laugh. “You have to be the one to answer that.”

A car honked behind them. Misha's eyes turned dark—murder. Before Misha decided to get out

of the car and kill the man behind them in broad daylight Jensen said, “Take 66 West.”

He bent over to retrieve his phone from the floor and verify his directions.

“Over there. It’ll take us to the highway and I’ll look for some place to stop.”

Misha looked at him.

“If that’s okay with you,” Jensen quickly amended.

Misha drove to the road Jensen indicated and strummed his hands on the steering wheel. Jensen

watched him out of the corner of his eye. He seriously had no idea what was going on with him

lately. Maybe he actually was upset that Alexei was dead. From what he could tell he'd known

him since he was very young.

"Find us a route that passes through Bellville, Illinois," he said apropos of nothing.

"Okay." Jensen quickly inserted the city name into the app, and was disappointed when the

necessary route would take them away from where Jensen had wanted to go.

"What?" Misha asked sharply.

Apparently Jensen must have made some sort of noise indicating his disappointment. He brushed

off the feeling.

"Nothing. We'll just have to bypass the Luray Caverns."

"Who the fuck cares about that?"

"Well, they're supposed to be pretty. A natural wonder or something. Plus nearby is the Moonlit

Inn which has a mirrored ceiling. And a Jacuzzi tub."

Jensen raised his eyebrows as he could tell that Misha was actually considering what he'd said.

Misha sighed. "How do we get to these caverns?"

Jensen did his best to repress his grin and relayed the instructions to him.

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The twenty hour trip from northern Virginia to the suburbs of Dallas, which should have taken

them maybe two days at most, wound up lasting almost three weeks. Misha had allowed Jensen

to pick their winding path across the south for reasons he never cared to share with him. And

Jensen hadn't cared what those reasons were because after their first stop at Luray, he'd known

the trip was going to be amazing.

They'd arrived too late in Luray to visit the caverns that night, so they had checked into the

Moonlit Inn—the one with the mirrored ceiling and Jacuzzi tub—and Jensen, desperate to

encourage Misha into taking the longest route possible to Texas, had made it clear he was willing

to do just about anything to keep Misha happy. He should have known the bastard would take

full advantage of that and wouldn't even touch him that first night—he'd just made him jack off

three times while he had laid comfortably on the bed and watched him in the mirror. He'd also

made Jensen hold his groin over one of the Jacuzzi's jets and wouldn't let him get out until the

jettisoned water had been enough to get him off.

The next day they had visited the caverns. Jensen had nearly died of shock when Misha elected to

take the guided tour and read through the pamphlets and asked the tour guide questions. He

would never, ever understand Misha fucking Collins that was for damn sure.

That night they had returned to the Moonlit Inn rather than continuing on because Misha had

wanted to watch himself fuck Jensen in the large mirror hanging on the wall. Jensen was fine

with that because he'd been able to spend most of the night watching Misha's powerful back and

thigh muscles ripple as they fucked him into the mattress.

The next day Jensen had taken a risk by not taking them further south, but they had gone west and

Misha hadn't objected. They had wound up in Ansted, West Virginia to visit the Mystery Hole.

It had been an awesomely bad tourist trap built underneath an old bus or something and Jensen

had gotten a kick out of the hokey gimmicks used to make the place appear affected by

paranormal influences. That night Jensen learned that Misha hadn't been quite so amused by the

place. He'd left Jensen alone for a couple hours and then had returned with a bag from a sex

shop. Jensen had been confounded when he'd seen, what he now knew was a fleshlight, and had



been absolutely humiliated as Misha just sat back and watched him try to figure the damn thing

out for his amusement.

It hadn't been that bad, so he should have known that that wouldn't be enough punishment for

ticking Misha off. The man had tied him up, inserted a vibrator into his ass, and then just left him again. He hadn't known where Misha had gone or for how long—all he knew was that he had

been buzzing on the sharp edge of unending orgasm denial and the pleasure was nothing but

unbearable torment. When Misha had finally returned he had cut him loose and stopped the

vibrator. The first touch of his hand on Jensen's dick made him erupt like a geyser—screaming

and gushing come all over Misha's hand and clothes. The orgasm hadn't even been enjoyable, it

had just been relief. His eyes were dry from crying so much and his wrists and ankles hurt from

where he'd rubbed the skin off against his bonds.

He'd felt hurt and abandoned, but even still he'd called out weakly for Misha. The man had come

to him and he'd forced his tired, aching muscles to cooperate as he had pulled himself into Misha's lap and seated himself fully on his cock in one easy push of his hips. Then he'd rocked gently in

Misha's lap, head resting tiredly on his shoulder. He unfortunately didn't remember much about

what had happened after that, he had no idea if Misha got off or not, but he had slept very well

that night.

Right up until he'd been awoken by a slap in the face the next morning. He'd startled awake and

relied on his many months of practice to accept the large, fat dripping cock down his throat

without gagging. Even with the slap, Jensen couldn't imagine anything better to wake up to in the

morning. After Jensen had had one satisfying breakfast of Misha's warm, salty come, they'd

gotten real breakfast and then drove the four and one quarter hours to Fort Mitchell, Kentucky.

Jensen had taken them to the Vent Haven Museum—a museum about ventriloquism. It had taken

about fifteen minutes before Jensen was creeped out, but he hadn't said anything as he made

Misha be the one to finally say they needed to get the fuck out. It had taken less than an hour.

They'd had sex in the car in the museum parking lot, and then driven to Louisville. They'd gotten

dinner at the Colonel Sanders Museum—Misha wasn't a big fan of fried foods, but Jensen had

promised to make him some Jell-O since they would be staying at a motel with a mini fridge.

They'd also driven by the World's Largest Baseball Bat, which Jensen

insisted they stop at so he

could get a picture. After taking two pictures Jensen had glanced at Misha and had seen the same

expression on his face he'd had at the Mystery Hole. Jensen had definitely not wanted a repeat of

that night and had ushered Misha back to the car with promises of Jell-O. Making sure he had

really placated the man, he'd served up the cubes of lime flavored gelatin on his body. He'd

alternated between giggling at the ticklish sensation and moaning in delight as Misha had slurped

the Jell-O off of him. Jensen had looked up if there was a Jell-O museum somewhere, and

disturbingly enough there was one in LeRoy, New York, but he decided not to tell Misha about it

since they probably couldn't go to it. At least, not without completely obliterating Misha's plans.

The next day had been a short drive to Cave City, Kentucky. Apparently there was nothing there

but the Wigwam Village Motel, which was essentially teepees turned into a campy motel. Jensen

had intended for them to only stay there overnight the previous night, but Misha had taken his Jell-

O activities too long into the night. Jensen had been mildly surprised by Misha's amusement at

the teepee rooms, and been immensely relieved that he hadn't wanted him to

dress up as an

Indian. Out of the myriad of kinks they had explored together, dressing up and role play had

never come up. He wasn't sure if Misha just wasn't into them or if he was saving them for later.

In any case, that afternoon hadn't been about any sort of kink. Misha had been in a subdued

mood and taken Jensen in the missionary position hard, but slow. And Jensen had clung to his

shoulders and moaned his name and how much he loved him and had come on a blissful high

compounded by Misha's rare display of attentiveness.

They had left the next day well rested and refreshed—five days into their road trip—but Jensen

could tell Misha was restless. There had been just the slightest tremor in his movements, like he

was jonesing for something. Jensen's ass had been pretty sure it wasn't sex, and he hadn't wanted

to think about what other needs Misha had. So, he hadn't questioned it when Misha had told him

to go alone to the Country Music Hall of Fame after they'd arrived in Nashville. Jensen had tried

to enjoy himself—he was a big country music fan despite the many frowns Misha sent in his

direction whenever he heard it—but he couldn't concentrate on anything but wondering where

Misha had gone. He'd never known where Misha had gone before, but he'd always known—or

assumed at least—that it had been for work. This time, had Misha just gone out looking for

blood? Anyone's blood?

Jensen had paced their motel room late into the night, wondering if the man intended to come back

at all. When he had Jensen had been horrified when he'd seen the blood on his clothes. Stupidly,

his first thought had been that Misha had been hurt. Once he'd figured out that, of course, that

wasn't the case, he'd done his best not to let his stomach turn as Misha had crowded him against a wall and rubbed his prominent erection against his thigh.

Misha had run his hands through Jensen's hair, the clotting blood sticking in the strands. Jensen

had asked him if he felt better now, a little bitterly, but also wanting to know if this kill had been enough to slake his bloodlust for a while. Misha, perhaps out of meanness, had confirmed he was

feeling better, and then he had kissed him. He'd picked him up and placed him on the sink

counter and then pushed between his legs. Jensen hadn't pushed him away though he felt

nauseated every time he felt the sticky pull of blood on his hair or skin, but his lack of response

had angered Misha. The man had let him know under no uncertain circumstances that he was

going to fuck Jensen whether he was a willing participant or not. Jensen had nodded and reached

out a hand to start the shower. He'd let Misha do as he pleased until the water was warm, and

then he'd gotten him inside, clothes and all. Slowly the clothes had come off. And then all of the

blood. When Misha was clean, Jensen had kissed him and then turned around, bending over at

the waist, arms propped up on the wall. Misha had taken him hard, but without the brutal frenzy

that had previously accompanied the fuckings Jensen had received when Misha was on one of his

killing highs.

Jensen had fallen asleep around the second time Misha was coming inside of him as they had

moved to the bed. It had probably been the endorphins clouding his judgment, but he'd thought

he might have actually gotten Misha to understand that sex could still be good without the blood.

The next day had been another short drive, two hours, to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Misha, for no

other discernable reason than to watch Jensen sweat, had let him drive. By the time they'd

reached the International Towing and Recovery Museum Jensen's nerves had been shot, so they

had checked into the motel early and Misha had fucked Jensen determinedly

from behind until he

was a pliant, lax puddle of calmed human being on the mattress. That evening Misha had taken

Jensen to a secluded field and taught him some basic offense and defense when fighting in close

quarters with knives. Jensen had done his best to tell himself to not get excited by the lesson. It hadn't meant anything except as a diversion for Misha. It certainly hadn't meant he'd been

training him because he planned on keeping him around...right? He'd been about three seconds

away from asking Misha if the lesson was so that he wouldn't be a burden to the man in the long

run, but then they'd somehow wound up having sex on the dusty ground. Which with them

honestly wasn't that surprising of an ending to their lesson.

The following day they had visited the museum—all about towing—and Jensen knew he had

been really starting to test the limits of Misha's patience regarding his stalling tactics. That same day they had taken a short hour ride to Scottsboro, Alabama to shop at the Unclaimed Baggage

Center. Jensen had been incredibly grateful that even someone like Misha understood you

couldn't live in the same pair of jeans forever.

Jensen had stood in awe of the gigantic warehouse full of all the crap people never claimed when

luggage went missing. He was excited at the chance to buy designer clothes

in good condition for

dirt cheap. He knew Misha had money out the wazoo, but who didn't get a little thrill at getting a

pair of two hundred dollars jeans for thirty bucks?

Misha had sent Jensen off on his own and he'd happily scoured the men's section for clothes that

would fit both him and Misha. He'd never actually looked at the tags on Misha's clothes, but he

assumed they were about the same waist size. After half an hour and Misha still hadn't come

looking for him, he decided to try on some of the clothes and stepped into a fitting room. The

"doors" were only curtains, but they were thick, heavy drapes that fell all the way to the floor.

Not long after he had entered, Misha had found him. He'd told Misha to try on the clothes he had

found for him and the man had merely frowned at him and sat down on the bench, giving his

unsolicited opinion on the clothes Jensen had picked out for himself. He'd approved only of T-

shirts, which Jensen didn't understand, but he'd also liked the Prada jeans. He'd liked them so much in fact he'd made Jensen sit in his lap while wearing them and rub against him until his huge

cock was about to punch through both their pants. Then Jensen had come up with a plan. A

stupid, foolish plan, but he might get his way.



Jensen had suggested to Misha that he could finish him off with a blowjob. Misha had,

unsurprisingly, been amenable to the idea, and hadn't stopped him from working the man's jeans

down and off his legs as he'd sucked him off. When he'd finished and was licking the come off

his chin, he casually suggested that since his pants were already off, Misha should try on the pants

Jensen had picked out for him. Jensen had gotten a momentary flash of murder sent in his

direction, but Misha must have figured out that the fitting room of a crowded store with limited

exits was not a good place to go around killing people no matter how annoying he found them.

Jensen had hidden his smirk as Misha had tried on a couple of pairs of pants. They'd left the store

doing about three hundred dollars worth of damage, which was actually a shitload of clothing and

several books Jensen had picked out for himself.

That night Misha had rimmed Jensen until he came just from getting eaten out and he wasn't sure

if that was a punishment or a reward for his antics that afternoon. What had definitely been a

reward was that Misha had allowed Jensen to touch him there again. He'd done his best to only

use his tongue and lips as he knew as soon as he did more his fun would be

over, but eventually

he felt this overwhelming need to be inside Misha and had teased his hole with a finger. Misha

had given him a warning by touching the top of his head. He'd stopped and used his tongue

instead, jacking him with his hand until Misha had come with a muffled cry and a gasp that

sounded suspiciously like Jensen's name. Jensen had felt powerful that night, though he'd known

it was only an illusion.

Illusion or not, that power had gone to his head and Jensen had taken them to Anniston, Alabama

for the sole purpose of seeing the World's Largest Office Chair. Exactly the kind of tourist traps

Misha apparently despised. Misha had tied Jensen to a chair that night and had let him know

exactly how unhappy he was with the stop and Jensen had done his best to act like he was being

taught a lesson, but fuck did Misha know exactly what to do with a man tied to a chair.

From there it had been a three hour drive to Tupelo, Mississippi and the birth place of Elvis

Presley. Jensen had been flabbergasted that Misha actually seemed not to have any idea of who

the legend was. He'd played Misha a selection of his songs as they'd gotten closer to the town,

but he'd only listened to two and a half before turning the radio off entirely. He'd been in quite a bad mood after that and Jensen was concerned he was going to be treated to another night like the

one after visiting the Mystery Hole. He contemplated finding a grocery store and making some

lime Jell-O as a peace offering, but he'd accidentally stumbled across another food that Misha had

an usual affinity for.

At dinner he'd offered Misha one of his fried pickle chips, even though supposedly the man didn't

like fried foods, and Misha had polished off his order and the second one he'd put in for himself.

Then he'd gotten an order of pickle chips to go and taken Jensen directly back to their motel.

He'd settled himself on the bed, opened his bag of pickle chips, popped the lid on his container of

ranch dressing, and told Jensen to look in the red shopping bag on the floor by his duffle bag.

Inside had been a brand new glass dildo. It had been big, but no bigger than Misha. Misha had

waved a hand at the bed and then proceeded to eat his pickle chips. Jensen had done some weird

shit with Misha, but fucking himself with a dildo while Misha ate pickle chips and watched was

definitely at the top of the Did That Really Just Happen? list.

When Misha had finished his snack, he'd pulled Jensen close and slid right

into him. Misha had

rocked against him slow and easy, never once actually pulling out, and it had felt so good. He'd

come a second time without ejaculating when he'd felt Misha spill inside of him. He'd been

delirious from lust and knew he was babbling something about much he loved Misha. He hadn't responded, of course, but he kissed him to quiet him and they'd fallen asleep tangled together.

Jensen had woken up the next morning with the spectacular feeling of Misha half-hard and

already inside of him. He'd wondered if he'd ever even pulled completely out before they'd fallen

asleep. Jensen had preferred to believe he hadn't.

That morning had been a five hour drive to Natchez, Mississippi. They'd stood at the edge of the

Mississippi River and Jensen had stood in stunned silence as Misha had explained why he liked

nature. He'd said that it was just about the only thing that was more powerful than he was. The

only thing he couldn't predict and certainly never control. He liked seeing proof of the

ancientness of the world; it further affirmed his notion that a single human life was meaningless,

worthless in the greater timeline of the universe. What did it matter if he killed a few people in his lifetime? In a thousand years, probably less, no one would care about those people or him.

Jensen certainly didn't have argument against that line of thinking. At least not one that would

make sense to Misha. But it had been elucidating to get a glimpse inside that head of his.

Unfortunately, none of that explained why blood played such a major role in his life. Regardless,

it had been nice to know that Misha did have other interests than blood and sex. On occasion.

They'd had lunch at an appallingly racist-themed restaurant, Mammy's Cupboard, and the food

hadn't even been that good. There had been nothing going on in Natchez so they had driven

almost three hours to New Orleans. They'd stayed for a week.

Jensen had been to New Orleans once before when he had been very young on a family trip for

Mardi Gras. He barely remembered it though, so he'd treated his visit with Misha like it was his

first time. They had splurged on a large hotel room that was loft style with a balcony that

overlooked Bourbon Street. The French doors had opened wide enough to push a divan partially

outside and Jensen had enjoyed the decadent experience. Misha must have enjoyed it too because

he'd had Jensen in just about every position; morning, noon, evening, midnight; with the sound of

the bustling nightlife, the quiet murmurs of early morning, and the pounding

of an unseasonably

heavy rain. That afternoon had been particularly invigorating and painful. Misha had pushed into

him gently from behind while the rain had poured around them, bouncing over the balcony rail

and mingling with their sweat. Their fingers had been entwined and Misha had breathed sweet

and sometimes vulgar praise in his ear. It had felt like they'd been making love, like in some

horribly cheesy movie. And it had hurt because he'd known that Misha wouldn't and couldn't

understand.

During the week they had spent in New Orleans, they had gone to a voodoo museum, some old

cemeteries—which Jensen had preempted Misha by declaring he would not be having sex with

him in one at night—and enough restaurants and bars to write their own visitor's guide to the city.

It was the first time in a very long time that Jensen had gotten drunk. Not since his horrible senior prom night. And oh yeah, a dozen or so drunken stupors after Misha's escape from prison; Jensen

didn't like to think about that time in his life. Unfortunately he'd gotten so drunk he hadn't been able to remember anything about it the next morning. He had a vague feeling of sadness, but that

could have been his head and stomach protesting the alcohol via a splitting headache and heaving

into a toilet bowl the next morning. He'd asked Misha if he had done or said anything colossally

stupid or embarrassing, but the man had just told him to get cleaned up. Then he'd made Jensen

ride him—slowly, very slowly. Jensen's body had been covered in sweat, his hair soaked, his jaw

slack, mind hazy with lust, and he'd thrown his head back and screamed with unreserved abandon

when Misha's orgasm had triggered his. It had been a good way to spend their last morning in

New Orleans.

Next Jensen had directed them an hour west to Thibodaux, Louisiana. He wanted to go on a

swamp tour, but Misha had insisted he wasn't going trap himself on an airboat in the middle of a

swamp, so he'd had to go by himself. It had been a fun experience even without Misha. Well,

probably because Misha wasn't there. Everyone on the boat screamed like little girls when the tour guides tugged on the tails of large alligators to get them to raise their heads. Had Misha been there, no one would have been afraid of the killers in the water.

It had been fun to do the tourist thing and he even bought himself a souvenir hat in the shape of an

alligator head. Misha had certainly found it amusing when he'd come back to the motel. He'd

made Jensen blow him while wearing it and had giggled—fucking giggled—the whole time.

Jensen had wondered if he'd been hit in the head while he'd been gone and forgotten all about the

fact that he was a scary as fuck professional hit man, but Misha had declared that nothing of the

sort had happened and that he was fine. In fact, he'd received good news that day. He hadn't told

Jensen what it was except for the fact that they'd probably make it out of the whole Alexei thing

with no problems. Jensen's mood had soured as he'd been reminded of Alexei and Sokolov and

the Russian mafia that by now must know Misha had betrayed them. And he still had no idea

how Misha had supposedly gotten a job with the federal government, but he didn't question him

about it. And not just because he knew it would tick Misha off and he wouldn't answer anyway,

but because he trusted Misha to take care of him. Like he had promised.

The following day they spent five hours in the car together. Jensen had talked, unprompted, about

what life had been like growing up in Richardson. He didn't know why he had decided to tell

Misha pointless stories about his childhood. Maybe it was because he wanted to remind himself

how good his parents had been to him and how much they loved him before he had to face them

again, or maybe it was because he couldn't take the silence anymore after



Misha had disabled the

radio. Misha only asked one or two questions the entire time he had talked, and that was the only

indication Jensen had that he was listening and not tuning him out.

They'd arrived in Gibsland, Louisiana in the early afternoon. Plenty of time to take a short tour of the Bonnie and Clyde Museum. Jensen had found it fascinating, but Misha had just complained

about how sloppy they had been. Jensen had been afraid that the visit to the museum had upset

him, but he hadn't seemed particularly agitated when they'd left. He had, however, driven them

out of town along a secluded stretch of highway lined with a dense forest. In the fading light of

the day they had practiced shooting at pine cones and stray leaves and in Misha's case one bird

until Jensen had kicked him in the shins. Jensen didn't know why they were having an

impromptu shooting session, but he couldn't deny that he was ecstatic that he held his own when

it came to sharpshooting against Misha. That fact had not been lost on Misha as he'd had a little

frown on his face whenever he'd inspected Jensen's marksmanship.

There had been moment that night when Jensen had completely forgotten about who Misha was

and what he did and that he just wasn't like other people. For a moment they had just been two

friends, lovers, enjoying a common interest. And in the dying light Misha had taken Jensen's face

in his hands, and Jensen had seen the whole of who Misha was in the steady, calm, accepting blue

of his eyes. He'd kissed him like a lover, licking and nibbling at his lower lip.

Then Misha had pulled back and sighed, breaking the spell. Then he'd taken Jensen up against a

tree. Easy, lazily and with Jensen groaning and moaning wantonly—which had been

embarrassing in hindsight. Misha had asked Jensen if he loved him. He'd answered yes, of

course. Of course he'd told the truth.

Three hours of driving in the morning had brought them to Hot Springs, Arkansas. It had been

another obnoxious amalgamation of tourist traps like a Tesla coil and a freeze-dried merman. But

Jensen thought perhaps Misha wouldn't mind all that because of the hot springs. It would have

been more interesting if they could have gone directly into the springs themselves, but Jensen had

been happy enough with a private bath large enough for two filled with the warm spring water.

Twice Jensen had tried to initiate sex while in the tub, but Misha had been slumped down until the

water was just under his nose, his toes peeking out of the water at the far end. He'd looked like a

little kid, or some housewife enjoying her bubble baths. He might have mentioned the comparisons and the result was an annoyed psychopath determined to give him an enema with the

bath water. It had been warm and tingly and actually quite pleasant. And of course that had left

him nice and clean, which was basically impossible for Misha to ignore. He loved getting eaten

out and rimmed and finger fucked. And then of course he'd spread like a good boy for Misha's

hard, uncut cock. He knew he might annoy Misha every now and then, but he also knew that he

made it worth his while. There was nothing so ego-boosting as knowing you were the best

someone had ever had. And even though Misha had never actually told him that, he fucking

knew it.

The next day they had driven two hours to Fouke, Arkansas. There had been a truly dismal

tourist shop touting the elusive Boggy Monster and Bigfoot that were rumored to be in the area.

Through some sort of act of God, or maybe the devil, he'd gotten Misha to look through the hole

carved into a pretty pathetic rendition of some sort of Yeti and taken a picture. Misha had scowled

when he'd seen the final product and Jensen couldn't help but wonder if the slight color on his

cheeks was from embarrassment and not the heat of the midday summer sun.  
Misha had hauled

him back to the car and refused to speak for him for the first hour of the  
almost four hours they

had to drive to get to Decatur, Texas.

In Decatur there had been a Texaco gas station covered in petrified wood.  
And that was all.

Misha had turned to Jensen and told him he was getting a little too desperate.  
Jensen had realized

his stalling had come to an end. He was both scared and relieved with the  
knowledge. He hadn't

replied and hadn't protested when Misha had put him back in the car. An hour  
later they had been

checking into an extended stay hotel just outside Richardson, Texas.

Jensen was home.

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Three days he'd had to think about this, but he was only just now forcing  
himself to do so. Today

was the day Jensen was going to see his parents after a year and a half away  
from them. They

were going to ask about LA and the girl that had cheated on him. What  
working in the prison had

been like. What it had been like facing down a dangerous criminal as he'd  
made his escape.

Wondering what he had been doing in Chicago all this time. Why he had

suddenly decided to

come home now. He didn't know how to answer any of those questions. He'd been going over

possible stories and explanations with Misha for about half an hour now. Well, he had been

talking while Misha had mostly ignored him and played with his phone. But that was no matter as

he'd mostly just needed to get out his nervous energy and hear his concerns out loud. Though a

little advice or even a slap in the face wouldn't be unwelcome at this point.

"Jensen," Misha finally inserted himself into the one-sided conversation, cutting him off

midsentence. "It's not that hard. Just tell them the job you moved out there for didn't work out, and that's why you came home. You don't have to give any details. Tell them you started

community college. They'll probably be so thrilled about that they won't care about the job. I'm

sure they'll try to get you to go to school here."

"Right. And how do I tell them no?"

"Why would you tell them no?"

"Because—" Jensen felt his brow crease, but tried to hide the ache he felt in his chest. "Are you leaving me here?"

Misha leaned back against the wall at the head of the bed.

"I'm not leaving you. I'm putting you somewhere that you'll have familiarity and comfort when I can't be around. My new job will keep me away for

longer periods than my old one did."

"Oh." Jensen supposed that was better than being abandoned outright.

"What?" Misha asked, sounding a little peeved.

"Nothing. Just—I'm not sure familiarity is what I want. How can I look my parents in the eye

after I, well—" he waffled a hand in the air in Misha's general direction. "You know. You."

Jensen took a step back and swallowed thickly at Misha's dark expression.

"I don't give two fucks if you won't tell your family you've had sex with a man, but I will not put up with your bullshit notion that you can't tell them because it will show you to be less than a

man."

"No, no. Not that. Well, kind of that. What I meant was that you're—" Jensen was at a

complete loss. How on earth did he explain to the man with no notion of normal human and

social constructs that he was decidedly not normal? "Misha!" he shouted in frustration.

"What?"

"You're a hit man! You're a murderer. A murderer who gets off on killing. A murderer who

doesn't understand why murder is wrong. You can't explain how you're friends with—in love

with—someone like that to anyone! Not without people locking you up in a padded room

forever."

"So, don't tell them that."

"I won't, but...it's all I'll be able to think about when I'm with them. Look, I know it's an act of futility, but I'm trying to explain things to you from my perspective, which to be fair to me, is the perspective of the majority of the people on the planet."

Misha crossed his arms. He didn't look like he much cared what the majority of the people on the

planet thought. Probably because he thought they were all idiots.

With a look of long suffering firmly in place he said grudgingly, "Okay. Explain it."

Jensen drew in a breath as he organized his thoughts.

"While you strip."

Jensen made a face; of course he wouldn't take any of Jensen's problems seriously. "Is it okay if I

use the chair since we don't have a pole?" he asked snidely.

"Not, stripper-strip. Just take off your clothes."

"Oh." Jensen could get on board with that. After all they hadn't had sex in, oh, must be nearly

three hours now. He whipped his shirt over his head and balled it up. He considered throwing it

at Misha, considered that he better not, and then threw it at him anyway. He caught it easily and

Jensen bit on his lip to hide his smile as he began to undo the fly of his jeans. He decided to begin his argument from a place Misha might understand:

killing things.

“Most people never kill anything bigger than a spider in their lives. We might say, ‘I could kill

him,’ or have murderous thoughts, but if we ever actually acted on them, most people would be

horrified. Or least feel a little guilt or remorse or regret. Point is we would feel something.”

“I feel something when I kill.”

“Arousal doesn’t count!” Jensen said with a pointed finger. “That is not a normal response.”

Misha slightly rolled his eyes.

“I mean, I really wanted to kill Alexei in that moment, and if the opportunity arose I probably

would have. But, even knowing it was self-defense, I probably would have felt bad about it.”

“Why?”

“Just because, Misha.”

“I thought you were trying to explain this to me. ‘Just because’ is not a reason.”

Jensen shimmied out of his jeans and underwear and decided that was a fair point. So how was

he supposed to explain it? Misha's eyes had dropped to his groin. Maybe the distraction would

prevent him from hearing how weak his response would be.



“So maybe it’s not explainable. Maybe it is an innately human feeling.”

“I am human.”

Well, that didn't work. “You’re not a normal one.”

“People kill people all the time. Every day. ‘Normal people’ like you call them. They do it on a

large scale in wars, and individually to get money or revenge. Governments do it as punishment.”

“I’m not talking about the morality of killing, Misha. I’m talking about what it does to you. While reprehensible, killing someone for money makes a cerebral kind of sense. But that’s not why you

kill, is it? You’ve managed to harness your need to kill into a lucrative business that keeps you

out of FBI profilers' text books. But you don’t kill for money; you kill because you need to. Like

when we were in Nashville. Were you paid to kill whoever it was you killed?”

Misha shook his head.

“So, then why did you do it?”

“Because I felt restless and missed the feeling of blood on my hands.”

Jensen just barely stopped himself from flinching at his words, but the important thing was that he

had and Misha would never need to know. He stepped up onto the bed and then kneeled over

Misha’s legs. “And that is why you aren’t normal and I can’t explain why I love you to anyone.

Not even to myself.”

“Try.”

“Try what?”

“Try to explain why you love me. And turn around.”

Jensen turned around to give himself some time to think. Hadn't he just said he couldn't even

explain his feelings to himself? How was he supposed to explain it to Misha? Before he could

begin, Misha maneuvered him until he was on all fours, his ass only a few inches from Misha's

face if the warm breath on his skin was any indication. His cock twitched excitedly. He heard the

cap on the bottle of lube click open, and his groin responded with Pavlovian conditioning. Misha

began circling Jensen's hole and Jensen began talking as a way to keep the pleasure from building too quickly. Misha had begun to complain that his self-control was becoming nonexistent. But

really, it's not like if Jensen orgasmed that Misha couldn't still have his own fun. He was such a

control freak.

“I love you because...I feel good around you,” he said, proud that his voice only cracked a little.

Misha pushed two fingers inside him easily and Jensen hummed and arched his back.

“A dildo can make you feel good, pretty. Do you love all those dildos I

bought you?”

“Actually I do,” Jensen replied with a laugh as he pressed his hips back onto Misha’s hand.

Misha smacked his butt with his free hand and Jensen yelped softly.

“Okay, no, I don’t love them like I love you. And when I said I feel good around you, I didn’t

mean you make me feel good, like this.” He spread his knees a little more and Misha thumbed at

where his fingers were pressed in to the last knuckle. “Ohhh, yes...this feels good, Mish...a...

you can make me feel so...so good. Another, add another,” Jensen breathed.

Jensen had been expecting some sort of snippy reply about how Misha didn't take orders from

him, but he added a third finger silently, pushing it inside him easily. Jensen grunted and snapped

his hips down.

“Fuck yes.”

Misha slapped his ass again. “Language, baby boy. Talk pretty for me. Why do you love me?”

“I told you. I-I—God, Misha...”

Misha pumped his fingers quickly in and out, and Jensen could have come just from the feeling of

Misha's knuckles catching on his rim on every pass, but he held it together. That is until Misha

added a fourth finger.

“Fuh—nn—Misha. Misha. I love that I can be who I am with you. With my bad thoughts and

egotistical actions. Ah, ahn. With my insecurities and attitude and—oh Jesus, there—and my

faults and flaws and my strengths and my selfish desires annnnnnd—oh, God, do it, do it,” Jensen

hissed when he felt Misha’s thumb flirting with his hole. Misha had never fisted him before; he’d

never known he’d wanted it so badly before. But Misha just teased him with four fingers and

Jensen heard him unzip the fly of his pants. The promise that he would soon have Misha’s cock in

him soothed the disappointment.

“Keep going, sweet boy.”

“I’m just a—a man. Who makes mistakes like everybody else.” Jensen’s breath hitched when

Misha took his cock in hand. “Who doesn’t always make the right decisions or feel like I’m good

enough to make the people I love proud of me. But to you—you...oh God, oh God,

MishaI’mso close...”

Misha slowed the hand in his ass and let go of his cock. Jensen shuddered and the rising tide

ebbed back. He exhaled slowly and collected himself. He started speaking

again in a hoarse

voice after swallowing thickly.

“You wouldn’t change me. Wouldn’t want to. You like me as the total fuck up I am because for

you—that’s perfect. I’m what you need. You love that I’m perfect for you—your good,” Jensen

rocked his hips down onto Misha’s hand, “sweet,” again he made the movement, “obedient boy—

ah, shit!”

Jensen cried out as on the third time he pushed back onto Misha’s hand, he met him with a thrust

of his arm. Jensen rolled his hips.

“Gonna put it all in?” he asked breathlessly, hoping Misha had changed his mind.

“No. Move forward.”

Jensen mostly repressed his huff of disappointment and shuffled forward until Misha stopped him.

He heard the man lay back against the pillows, and then allowed himself to be pulled back by the

hand still in his ass. Misha easily traded his fingers for his dick and the lube inside Jensen was

enough for him to sink down until his ass was flush with Misha’s hips.

“Come on, little cowboy, we’re in Texas now.”

His cock twitched again and precome spurted out of him. Fuck yeah he was

Misha's cowboy. He

sat up and began riding him, bracing his hands on Misha's shins. Misha pushed him forward a

little, but it didn't disrupt his rhythm.

"So, you're in love with me because I don't mind the fact that you like cock?"

Jensen sighed. "Either you're fucking with me or you weren't listening."

Misha let out a small laugh. "I was listening, baby boy. You were saying that you're mine."

Jensen groaned long and loud. "Yes, yes...Mish...I'm yours. Whenever, however, just fucking

take me with you."

There was silence instead of the usual mocking laughter after Jensen surrendered himself so

completely to Misha's will. Misha rubbed his hands over Jensen's back as he worked his hips in a

series of figure eights, getting a nice, steady hit on his prostate with each iteration.

"Up and down, baby," Misha ordered softly.

Jensen began using his thighs to lift up slightly and then snap his hips down. Their flesh made

beautiful, rhythmic slapping noises when they came together. Misha put his hands to Jensen's ass

cheeks and spread him slightly; Jensen felt a rush of pleasure-filled pride in knowing that the man

was enjoying the view. Jensen increased his pace to really give him a show.

“You’re going to go see your family today,” Misha commanded.

“O-okay...”

Jensen bit his lip and tried not to think of his family at this particular moment.

“You won’t talk about me, but you won’t let them, not even your father, make you feel bad for

any of your choices.”

“N-no...if I’m perfect for you that’s more than good enough. M-Misha, you feel so fuh—uh—so

good...”

“And to help you, I’m going to give you a little liquid courage,” Misha said calmly.

“I don’t think being drunk will help. Jesus Christ, have I ever told you that you’re fucking

perfect? Fuck me, Misha! Fuck—ahn!”

“Not alcohol, baby boy. I want you to come, Jensen; use your hand if you need to.”

Jensen shortened his thrusts and fucked onto his dick even faster. He moved one hand to grab his

cock and within three strokes he was gasping around a guttural shout and shooting his load out

onto the mattress. Misha grabbed his hips and pulled him back so that he was buried completely

inside him. Jensen's lips parted in a blissful smile as he felt Misha fill him. And then he felt him come: hot, thick and it was all his. He was vaguely aware that he was making a kind of desperate

keening noise as he grinded his hips down, wanting to feel more of him.

Misha pushed him off and forced him onto his stomach in a series of quick movements. The air

rushed out of Jensen's lungs at the surprise, and he only twitched a little when Misha quickly

slipped a plug into his clenching hole, his rim clamping onto the base. It wasn't a big plug, not

really meant for stretching, but for being worn all day. Misha patted Jensen's butt.

"You wear that when you go. And any time your father starts giving you shit, you shift your

weight and feel me inside you and know that you have my approval."

"So I don't need his."

"Exactly."

Jensen sighed tiredly. He turned his head slightly so he could look at Misha. "Is it okay if I still want his approval though?"

"I suppose. I guess your father is your Kuznetsov."

Jensen felt truly horrified. Misha had seen The Skeeve as a father figure? "What? That guy was

a disgusting—"

"Not him. The original Kuznetsov. I always wanted his approval. Until I figured out that the



only person's who approval I really needed was my own."

Jensen stared at him and then kind of giggled. He put a hand to his forehead.

"Oh my God. If I weren't lying in a puddle of my own come with a butt plug holding a load of

jizz in my ass, I would think this is a scene straight out of an after school special."

Misha tilted his head and it was disturbingly adorable. "I don't—I don't know what that means."

Jensen laughed and turned onto his back. He moved his legs so that they were on either side of

Misha's waist.

"And what are you going to do while I'm gone? Sit here and jerk off thinking about how my

good ol' boy daddy will be talking to me with your come in my ass?"

"No. I have work to do."

"Oh, so sorry."

"Careful," Misha said, his tone clearly indicating he was not in a mood for any of Jensen's attitude.

Jensen immediately dropped his cocky smile.

"What if they ask me to stay the night?" he asked, knowing that his mother was going to insist he

stay the night.

"You will be sleeping here tonight." Misha's tone brooked no argument.

“You will be sleeping here tonight.” Misha's tone brooked no argument.

Jensen nodded and smiled softly.

“Okay.”

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Jensen felt weird ringing the doorbell of his childhood home, but the butt plug felt even weirder.

He'd never actually worn one for any length of time before and certainly not when he was about

to...

"Hi, Mom!" he said a little too loudly when the door swung open.

His mother started crying immediately.

"Uh, Mom, please don't..."

"Jensen," his father's voice boomed from the hallway. "What kind of man makes his mother cry?"

It was the same commanding voice and critical tone and assuming words that Jensen had always

revered and dreaded, but for some reason (and that reason may or may not have been sitting in a

hotel room three miles away) it just didn't have the same clout. Nor did it have the kind of impact

on him that it used to. He stood up straight and pulled his mother into his arms. She hugged him

back.

"Hi, Mom."

"Jensen, I'm so glad you're here!"

"So am I," he said, and was pleased to find that he meant it.

"Jensen!"

Jensen released his mother and she stepped to the side so that his fourteen year old sister could

throw herself into his arms. He hugged her tightly and then stepped back to take a look at her. He

was slightly horrified. His cute baby sister had grown a couple of inches. And a couple of

boobs. This was terrible.

"Mackenzie, you look beautiful."

His sister beamed at him and he looked at his father. He was surprised to find that they were the

same height. Jensen knew he hadn't grown since he'd left, so that must have meant they'd been

the same height for quite some time. So how come all his memories were of looking up to the

man? Jensen offered his hand, and his father shook it with a strong grip. Then he smiled and

pulled Jensen in for a hug. They gave each other a couple of manly claps on the back and then

pulled apart.

"Oh, come inside!" his mother said, still fighting back her tears. "We're not

trying to air condition all of Dallas."

Jensen laughed softly at the familiar joke. He took a step forward and pulled up short as he felt

the plug move. Oh, this was going to be awkward.

"Are you okay, Jensen?" Mackenzie asked, voice tinted with concern.

"Yep, yep. Just a charlie horse."

"Probably because you haven't been getting enough potassium," his mother said. "Have you been eating properly? Come have a banana."

"Uh, that's okay, I'm not—"

"So, where's all your luggage?" his father asked. "And is that a rental car? I hope you didn't make a an expensive purchase like a car when you don't have a steady job."

"Oh, hush, Alan," his mother admonished him gently. "Let him get settled in before you start in on him."

"I'm not starting in on anything."

His parents continued their soft discussion as they disappeared into the kitchen and he exchanged

looks with his sister.

"Well. I see they haven't changed."

"Nope. Not one bit." She paused and crossed her arms over her chest as she looked him over.

"You have though."

"Wha—" Jensen cut off his panicked response and said calmly, "Why do you think that?"

She shrugged. "I dunno. You just seem—more confident. Maybe even kind of happy."

"You think I wasn't happy before I left?"

"Were you?" she countered.

Jensen frowned. He missed his effervescent and naive little sister. He wasn't sure he was too

fond on this mature, perceptive young lady she had become.

"I was happy as far as I knew."

"And now you know better?"

"Well, that's complicated."

"I bet. Oh, I should warn you. Dad's a little ticked at Josh right now because he didn't take his advice about which house to buy. So, maybe wait until tomorrow if you have any bombshells to

drop on him. Like if you knocked up that stupid bitch."

"Mackenzie!"

"What? She's horrible. Only an idiot would toss you aside."

Jensen smiled wanly as he considered sharing his sister's assessment with Misha.

"Don't worry. I have zero bombshells. In fact, my life has actually been pretty boring since I left home."

Mackenzie looked him up and down. Then she smiled and shook her head.

"Bullshit," she scoffed as she turned and walked into the kitchen.

\*\*\*

Two months after arriving in Richardson, Jensen had a very interesting family dinner. It had occurred after they had all attended his sister's dance recital, which Jensen went to straight from

his job at the vintage record store in downtown Dallas. The job he had gotten when he decided he

needed something to fill his time since he couldn't very well hang out in a hotel with Misha all day

lest his family come looking for him. The job he also needed as an extracurricular activity for his

applications as he'd promised his parents that he would apply to (an in state) university. Misha

had been strangely supportive of Jensen's decision to enroll in a four year college. He assumed it

was because he wanted Jensen to keep himself busy and out of the way while Misha did whatever

his mysterious new job was that would keep him away for days, possibly weeks at a time. The

idea of going weeks without seeing Misha was almost too much to bear, but he did find that

having a job and plans for the future and his family and reconnecting with some old friends was

actually not a bad way to make it sort of bearable.

One little snafu had occurred when his parents had questioned why he wasn't moving in with

them and wasting money on a hotel. He'd relayed his parents' concerns to Misha and the man had

suggested he go condominium shopping for their new place. Of course Misha would want a place

as luxurious as the apartment he'd had in Chicago, but how would Jensen explain to his family

and friends how he could afford a quarter million dollar condo in downtown Dallas? He'd made

the mistake of asking Misha what he should do. Apparently Misha thought he needed to start

solving his own problems.

Misha had tied him up, put a cock ring on him, and wouldn't let him come until he'd figured it out

on his own. After Jensen had spent the first twenty minutes complaining that he couldn't think

like this and there was no viable explanation, he'd finally started thinking once he'd realized Misha was serious and wouldn't let him go until he solved his own problem.

It had been absolute torture. And Misha had not helped matters by doing his best to distract him.

How was he possibly supposed to concentrate when he had a throbbing, unrelenting cock

between his legs? Not to mention his own neglected penis. He was pretty sure Misha had come

inside him at least three times in the intervening hours. The constant changes in his rhythm and

pressure and angles and position had made it impossible to get used to any one stimulation long

enough to begin to ignore it. Misha had stroked Jensen's dangerously engorged cock. He knew

he was crying and he'd long since lost coherency as his vocabulary had narrowed down to pleas

and curses. He'd somehow managed to come up with a few ideas, but Misha had rejected them

out of hand. At last, just shy of three hours from when he'd had the cock ring put on him, Jensen

hit on it: he would tell his parents he had been given a generous settlement from the LA County

Department of Corrections for his unfortunate involvement in the escape of a dangerous prisoner.

He would tell them he hadn't told them about it before because he'd signed a nondisclosure. All

of which was technically true, except the severance pay he had received wasn't nearly enough to

cover the four bedroom condo Misha said he would prefer.

Then Misha had let him come, but it was so fast and violent that it had hardly been pleasurable

except as sheer relief. Misha had stayed next to him, massaging his tense muscles and whispering

in his ear—telling him that from then on he needed to start thinking rather than letting a situation

overwhelm him; he needed to find solutions to his problems rather than give in to them. Jensen

had nodded and promised to be better though part of him wasn't even sure



what he had agreed to.

His parents had believed the story, of course they had, and Jensen settled into a nice routine. He

spent time with his family and worked at the record store and followed all the advice he could get

about applying to college after taking a couple years off after high school. He had a lot of good

sex with Misha and had been overwhelmingly relieved when he'd seen on the news that a Russian

crime syndicate in Chicago had been taken down by the FBI. He wondered if that's what Misha

had done to get them out of their mess: rolled on his former employees to the feds. Maybe his

new job was getting paid to snitch. It had been quite satisfying to see Sokolov being lead away in

handcuffs.

Jensen was starting to feel kind of happy again. Because he didn't notice when Misha began to

get that needy look in his eyes again. He'd missed it, until it had been shoved in his face. One

night Misha had returned to the hotel and Jensen had nearly fainted. The man had caught him by

the arm and kept him upright, but Jensen had been terrified by the mask of blood of his face. He

was almost literally covered from head to foot in blood. That couldn't have been from just one

person. And how on earth had no one seen a man covered in blood walking through the corridors

of the hotel? The police were probably on their way.

Misha had pulled him into his arms and it had been impossible to hide his terror and disgust. He

knew Misha could see it in his eyes, but he couldn't think straight as that ghastly face of black and rust colored skin cracked and peeled in front of him. He hadn't resisted when Misha had pulled

him close, but he knew he was going to pass out or throw up if Misha tried to kiss him. Then the

man had stopped moving. He'd just stood there. Finally he had tentatively and nervously pulled

Misha into the bathroom and started the shower. He had washed him thoroughly with soap and

shampoo, twice, and not only washed the blood away, but did his best to soothe the boiling

energy he could sense just underneath the killer's skin. He'd avoided Misha's hands and lips as he

had washed him and managed to get him out of the shower and dried off. Then they had fallen

onto the bed and Jensen had let Misha take him however he wanted. But it hadn't been crazed or

rushed. He'd been in enough to control to prep Jensen so that he could enter him without hurting

him.

Jensen had thought the man was under control as he'd gripped the mattress

and come on Misha's

cock, happy with the smell of Misha's clean skin filling his senses. And then Misha had pulled out

a knife. Jensen waited for the panic or the fear to overtake him as Misha stared down at him,

turning the knife over and over in his hand, his dick still hard and hot inside of him, but it never

came. He could see Misha's eyes roaming over his face, assessing him, but he didn't move to cut

him. And Jensen finally understood. He'd thought a good kill made him horny and sometimes he

didn't think to wash the blood off first before he went looking for sex. Yes, he understood now.

It was the blood. It was the blood itself that was Misha's driving force behind the killing. He

liked the blood and the sex to go together and Jensen had been denying him that. He didn't think

he'd ever be okay with having a stranger's blood on him, but he surely he could do this one small

thing for the man he loved after all that Misha had one for him. Jensen had taken the knife from

him and shallowly sliced open the palm of his non-dominant hand. He grasped Misha's shoulder

and ran his hand down his arm, letting Misha feel the hot slickness of his blood, smell the sharp,

metallic bite. Misha had thrust into him wildly and kissed him, and Jensen's

whole being vibrated

with the intoxicating knowledge that he had finally done something for Misha. But then the man

had pulled Jensen's hand away from his arm and wrapped a sheet around it to stave the bleeding.

He'd fucked Jensen hard, but slow. And after he'd come, he'd growled an order into Jensen's ear:

he'd demanded that he never cut himself again. He didn't want his blood. Jensen had wrapped

his arms around Misha's trembling, sweaty shoulders and cried. Not because he felt he'd been

rejected, but because he knew, somehow, that Misha valued his blood and his life.

Since that day Jensen had watched Misha carefully for any signs of the need and restlessness to

come upon him. He never saw it again. He wasn't so naive as to believe that he'd somehow

cured Misha of his affliction, he was quite certain he was still killing, but he never came back to

Jensen ever again with so much as a speck of blood.

The day of the odd family dinner he'd had a half day at work. He'd been training the new hire: a

very tall seventeen year old high school senior. He wore his hair just a little too long and it made him look very boyish. His positivity and energy were infectious rather than obnoxious and Jensen

was looking forward to spending his weekday afternoons with Jared.

The manager had let him go early so he could attend his sister's dance recital, and Mackenzie had insisted he come back to the house with them for dinner since Josh and his wife would be coming

as well. He was under no specific instructions from Misha that day, so he'd texted him with his

plans to have dinner with his family and that he would be a little late returning to the hotel. If

Misha objected to the idea, he would let him know.

They were all sitting at the large table in the dining room, serving steaming piles of mashed

potatoes and broccoli to go with their perfectly grilled steaks, and waxing poetic about

Mackenzie's brilliant solo. She'd feigned humility for as long as she could and then acknowledged

that she was indeed wonderful. They had gone around the table, asking after each other's days.

And when it had come time for his father to speak, the man had gotten an odd look on his face.

"Well, I had a strange encounter today."

"Really?" his mother asked. "Oh, don't tell me. You ran into that Peterson woman again."

"No, no, not her. It was some completely random stranger. He was odd, and I know you will all

tease me for using this word—I would make fun of myself for using such a hippie-dippie word—

but he gave off a very strange...vibe."

Josh choked on his iced tea. "You getting vibes from strange men, Dad?"

Everyone laughed. Except Jensen.

"What'd he look like?" Jensen asked softly. He didn't really believe it was Misha. After all, if someone had an encounter with Misha, they didn't typically live to tell about it.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't notice men."

Jensen barely repressed an eye roll.

"He seemed nice enough at first. Offered me a seat in a crowded cafe so I could drink my coffee and he said he was new in town. He asked me about getting the lay of the land or something.

And then he went into this whole spiel about people forcing their beliefs on others and making

insulting comments about Christians."

Jensen sighed a little in relief. That definitely did not sound like Misha. It had probably just been some crazy nut.

"He sounds like he was just a troublemaker who likes to stir up trouble," his mother said gently, patting his father's hand.

"Oh, I'm sure that's all he was. But...he said something strange when he left. I have no idea what he meant or what he was referring to..."

"What'd he say?" Josh's wife asked.

His father looked at his plate for a moment, though his eyes seemed unfocused. Then he cut off a

large portion of his steak and looked up with a laugh.

"He said, 'He's so much more than you let him be,'" he said with a slightly scoffing laugh.

Everyone either chuckled or made a contemplative noise. Except Jensen. He felt a warm blush

settle over his body.

"What an odd thing to say," his mother said. "What do you think he meant?"

"Or who do you think he meant?" Mackenzie asked.

His father made eye contact with him.

"I'm not sure," he said softly. Then he stuck the large piece of steak on his fork into his mouth.

He moaned approvingly. "This is so delicious."

"Even if the cook does say so himself," Josh teased him.

Everyone laughed and the topic of conversation moved on from Jensen's father and his odd

encounter. Jensen tried to appear like he was listening and laughed when everyone else did, but

his mind was far away. He just kept hearing those words over and over again: He's so much

more than you let him be. Eventually it no longer sounded like his father's voice saying them, but

another voice he knew, a voice he loved.

When Jensen returned to the hotel, the lights were on. He called out to see if Misha was in—a

sixty/forty probability lately.

"I'm in the bedroom," Misha's voice drifted from the back room.

A few moments later Jensen popped his head around the corner. He smiled.

“Hunh. And here I thought you’d be naked or something.”

“Why?”

Jensen shrugged. “I don’t know. Expediency? But, I’m glad you’re not.”

“Why?”

“Don’t pout,” Jensen teased. And then made a face. “Seriously, don’t pout. That’s fucking

weird on you. Anyway.” Jensen kicked his shoes off and stepped up onto the bed. He sat cross-

legged beside Misha’s hip and arched a brow at him.

“What?”

“I had an interesting day,” Jensen said. “Let’s see, what happened?” He tapped his chin as if

trying to remember something. He could tell it annoyed the shit out of Misha. “Oh, yes! We got

a new employee at the store. A cute little—well, he’s not little—but a cute high school kid who is

as hyper as a puppy on a speedball. And...my little sister had her dance recital; she had a solo.

And...oh, yeah. My dad told some crazy ass story at dinner about how some psycho freak had

harassed him at breakfast.”

Misha crossed his arms.



“You didn’t happen to intimidate any random men today, did you?”

“No.”

Jensen exhaled softly, the tension draining from his body. So, he had been reading into it.

There’s no way Misha would have run into his father in a city as big as Dallas.

“It wasn’t random.”

Jensen’s entire body went rigid. Had Misha intentionally tracked down his father? Why would

he? He swallowed. “Did you—did you, um, talk to my father today?”

“I did.”

“Did you tell him—um.” Jensen gulped again. “Did you—what did you say to him?”

“I honestly don’t remember. He’s uninteresting.” Jensen frowned. “But I didn’t tell him I was

butt fucking his son if that’s what has you worried.”

“I-I didn’t really think you had. I feel like he might have mentioned that. But...whatever you

said, it stuck with him. He was still upset about it.”

Misha made no response and just kept his eyes level with Jensen’s. Jensen realized he probably

didn't have any recollection of the content of their discussion. It really hadn't meant anything to

Misha. But Jensen knew what he had said; he was certain his father

remembered correctly.

He's so much more than you let him be.

Jensen held his gaze for a few moments, knowing he shouldn't be feeling warm and fuzzy about

what some psychopath had said to his father that had probably been meant as an insult. But Misha

didn't lie. And Jensen was going to take those words as being what he really felt about him; that

he had stood up for him to his father. It was...kind of sweet. He tipped forward to rock onto his

knees. He put his hands on Misha's shoulders and kissed his lips tenderly.

"How do you want me?" Jensen asked quietly, the words falling into Misha's mouth as he parted

his lips.

"Lie down," Misha replied.

Jensen got on his back and Misha rolled on top of him. He kissed him and worked a thigh

between Jensen's legs, rubbing over his growing erection in an easy, pleasurable rhythm. Jensen

raised his left leg, just slightly, enough to make their bodies fit together.

"Good boy," Misha said, maybe moaned.

Jensen moved in counter rhythm to Misha's shallow rutting. "Is it going to be gentle tonight,

Misha?"

“Yeah, baby. You’ve been good for me. I’m gonna take care of my baby boy tonight.”

Jensen hummed excitedly and wrapped his arms around Misha’s shoulders.

“M-Mish—sha?”

“Yes, baby?” Misha definitely moaned this time and Jensen tightened the grip of his nails on his

skin through his shirt.

“Can I—would you mind—um…”

“What is it, sweet boy?” Misha kissed him, thrust his tongue into his mouth and imitated the easy

rocking of their lower bodies against Jensen’s tongue for a long minute. He pulled back. “What

do you want, Jensen?”

“Can I pretend we’re making love tonight?”

Misha shifted and got completely between Jensen’s legs, bringing their groins together. Jensen

gasped and Misha caught his lower lip between his teeth. He worried the tender flesh for a

moment and then let go. He dropped a soothing kiss onto his swollen lip.

“Whatever you want,” Misha breathed and began removing Jensen’s clothes.

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Five weeks later, and four months to the day of Alexei's death, which Jensen definitely wasn't

thinking about, found Jensen excited about the prospect of his new life in Texas. He'd been

accepted to the spring semester at the University of North Texas that's campus was about a forty-

five minute commute away from what would probably be his new home at a totally swanky condo

in downtown Dallas. He'd just come from visiting the condo after getting off work and was eager

to tell Misha about it. When he entered the motel, Misha was standing by the couch, looking

unhappily at his cell phone. He looked up when he heard Jensen enter and Jensen walked over

toward him, dropping off his bag onto the couch.

"Hey, Misha, I had a half day at work so I went to visit the Summit Condominiums," Jensen

started as he toed his shoes off. "They do have one available on the second floor, but it's a three bedroom instead of four. However, it has like a little den thing which is kind of like a fourth room and a ton of closet space. Do you want to look at the website or do you need to see it in per—

mm!"

Misha silenced Jensen with a kiss and hauled him in with a two-handed ass grab. Really, Jensen

should have known better than to not check Misha's mood for warning signs. He was clearly in a

mood for sex and there would be no deterring him. So, Jensen wrapped his arms around Misha's

neck and kissed him back, legs parting slightly as the man pulled him even closer. Misha bent his

knees slightly, and Jensen knew to hop up and wrap his legs around Misha's waist as he got a hold

of him under his ass. Without breaking the kiss Misha carried him to the bedroom and then

dumped him unceremoniously onto the bed. Jensen knew he had about one minute or less to get

his news out while Misha undressed. Once Misha was naked, Jensen wouldn't be thinking

coherently for awhile.

"I know it's not exactly what you wanted so we can stay here until what you want becomes

available, but I think you'll like it. It's a corner unit and the garage does allow you to buy spaces, so you don't only have an assigned two or whatever. And the location is good. It's right by a

Picadilly's. That's a cafeteria style restaurant."

"So?" Misha asked, shirt already gone, hands working on the fly of his jeans.

"They serve Jell-O every day."

"Oh. Maybe I could check it out."

Jensen smiled. "Oh, also, I have a little problem regarding school..."

Misha stopped undressing and sat on the bed. "What? Did you not get your materials in on

time?"

"No. I mean, yes, I did. But that's not the problem. I got in to the University of North Texas.

Didn't I tell you? I thought I had."

Misha shrugged a shoulder.

"Anyway, I got in, which is great, but now that I have this great windfall payout that's enough to

buy a two and a half million dollar condo right in downtown Dallas, I feel like I should pay for my

own tuition."

Misha had been pulling at Jensen's zipper and now had his hand down his pants.

"But you don't have a great windfall."

"I know. Do see my dilemma now? I mean, if I asked I'm sure my parents would pay without too

many questions, but I wouldn't feel right taking money from them."

"You have no problem taking money from me."

"Because it's not really taking. It's for services rendered."

Misha raised his eyebrows and massaged Jensen's balls. "You consider yourself a prostitute?"

"No. The money is for putting up with your shit." Jensen leaned close and grinned. "The sex you get for free." He kissed him and Misha pulled back.

"You know I don't like it when you're cocky."

"I do." Jensen lay back on the bed and undulated provocatively, spreading his legs, and biting his lip. "Is this better?"

"You are a little shit," Misha muttered, but he hadn't let go of Jensen's balls. And he had the barest hint of a smile on his lips.

"No, Misha, I'm your perfect boy, remember?"

Misha leaned over him and Jensen's heart sped up just a little, like he knew it always would when

faced with something dangerous and unpredictable no matter how familiar it might be. Misha

released his hardening cock and moved his hand up to caress his neck. Jensen lifted his chin and

exposed his throat. Not really out of trust. He didn't think he was going to kill him, not at the

moment anyway, but he didn't know if he was going to have one of his inexplicable needs to

choke him. He offered his throat because he didn't care what Misha wanted to do with him, so

long as he wanted to do it with him. His display of submission softened the severe look that had

overtaken Misha's eyes. He swiped his thumb over Jensen's Adam's apple, applying light

pressure, but did nothing more. He leaned down and kissed him, moving his hand to hold his

jaw. He pulled back and Jensen blinked, a little dazed, which was ridiculous because all Misha

had done was give him a fairly tame kiss.

"I like your jaw," Misha said.

Jensen's vision cleared a little and he focused on Misha's face.

"Um. Thank you."

"I like your body."

Jensen smiled softly. "It's yours."

"Hm. I can't wait for you to be grown."

Jensen cocked his head to the side. "I'm almost twenty-two; I am grown."

"No, not yet. You've got some filling out to do. Just wait until you're thirty. You'll be gorgeous."

Jensen quirked an eyebrow. "Will you still want me when I'm thirty?"

"Will you want me?" Misha countered. "I'll be..." He paused and Jensen had to wonder if the man even knew his own birthday. "Forty-two," Misha finished, though he didn't sound

completely certain.

completely certain.

"That's still pretty young," Jensen said.

"I suppose. But just think, when you're still 'pretty young' at forty-eight, you'll be fucking a sixty year old man."

Jensen's nose wrinkled. "Ew."

Misha tilted his head toward Jensen, resting his forehead against his temple. Jensen raised a hand

and trailed his index finger down the line of Misha's jaw. His chest tightened a little with the

thought that more than likely, people like Misha never got anywhere near



sixty years old.

"Do you think you'll still be alive at sixty?" he asked very, very quietly.

"Well, most hit men don't make it to thirty unless they are very good at what they do."

"No, I know you're good, but..." he dropped his hand and curled his fingers against Misha's chest instead. "But what about when...your body fails you. When you don't move as fast or hear as

well."

Misha didn't reply right away, but his expression was blank. Jensen had no idea if he was

thinking about what he had asked or the shit he'd taken that morning.

"I guess I'll just have to retire," he said flatly.

"Do hit men retire?" Jensen asked, honestly curious if that was an option in that profession. Was there some kind of professional killer 401K plan out there?

"Some do," Misha replied. "I'll probably need to take up a hobby though."

Jensen let out a soft laugh. "What, like bird watching or stamp collecting?"

"I was thinking more along the lines of serial killing. Even if you lose your edge, it's still pretty easy to take out someone who is untrained and unaware that you're there."

Misha looked down at him and Jensen really hoped his expression was conveying exactly how

displeased he was with that answer and exactly how unfunny he found it.

"What?" Misha ran a hand through Jensen's hair. "I would only kill bad guys."

Jensen could almost see the mental addition of “Probably” to that thought.

"Could you at least give bird watching a shot first?"

"You know, there are actually some species of fish that's life span is so short that by changing its environment you can actually see evolution taking place."

Jensen's lips twitched as he fought back a smile. It was cute, but extremely disconcerting to know

that his psychopath boyfriend was a bit of a science nerd.

"You're going to study evolution?" he asked, trying to mask the laughter in his voice.

"What's wrong with that?" Misha demanded.

"Nothing, nothing. Except that you'll just be looking at fish all day."

"You want me to watch birds all day."

"Good point. Okay, watch fish then. And when you come home..." Jensen reached up and tugged very gently on Misha's shoulder to get him to roll on top of him. "You just tell me how

you want it."

Misha kissed Jensen's smile and put a hand to his waist, his thumb settling on his hip bone before

slipping his entire hand under Jensen's clothes and caressing his skin. Jensen ran a hand up

Misha's spine and gave a little suck to Misha's tongue every time it thrust into his mouth.

"Baby," Misha said, not pulling away from his lips.

“Y-Yeah?” Jensen panted.

“Will you ever let anyone else touch you?” He slid his lips over Jensen’s cheekbone to allow him

to speak.

“You’re so smart, Misha. You don’t know the answer to that?”

“I want to hear you say it.”

“Never. I’d rather die than be touched by anyone but you.”

Misha kissed him. “Good.” He settled his weight completely on top of Jensen, riding him into the

mattress. “You’ve gotten used to having a steady diet of sex though.”

“So?”

“So, like I said, my new job will take me away for longer. Will you be able to wait it out?”

“I might deplete dildos.com’s inventory, but yeah, I can wait it out.”

Misha smiled. “Good boy.”

“I am, Misha. Whatever you want.”

“What if I died, baby boy? Would you be able to survive off dildos for the rest of your life?”

Jensen didn’t like where this line of questioning was going, but he answered dutifully. “If you

died the rest of my life would be very short.”

“You’d kill yourself for me?”

“Possibly.”

Jensen had considered saying yes, but it would have been a lie. He would die for Misha, but he

wasn't entirely sure he would kill himself for him.

“What if you didn't know I had died?”

“I would wait until you came back or I had proof.”

“Hm.” Misha dipped his head and kissed along Jensen's neck. Jensen clutched his shoulder with

one hand, trying to enjoy Misha's attention, but there had to be a reason he was asking about what

Jensen would do without him. Nothing Misha did was arbitrary. He was successfully diverted

from those thoughts, however, when Misha bit his neck. He winced, but didn't pull away. Then

Misha released his grip and soothed the bite with his tongue.

“What if I told you to have sex with someone else?” Misha asked, quite cruelly.

Jensen went rigid and felt anger like he'd never felt before. Not even at Alexei. Quite

independently of his common sense, Jensen raised an arm, grabbed Misha by his hair, and yanked

his head back. Misha looked stunned—like he couldn't quite comprehend what had just

happened.

“You would never,” Jensen said, his voice low and rough with rage.

Then the darkness in Misha’s eyes turned from lust to kill as he figured out that Jensen had just

assaulted him. Jensen released his hair, and he did his very best not to look like he was about to

piss his pants.

Misha grabbed his wrist and rolled off him just enough to yank him over by his arm, nearly tearing

it out of its socket and pulling it up behind his back at an unnatural and dangerous angle. Jensen’s scream was muffled as his face was shoved into the mattress. It hurt. God it hurt. White hot,

searing pain lanced through his arm and elbow and wouldn’t ease. Something was going to

break. Any second now.

“You want to try that reply again?” Misha asked calmly.

Jensen turned his head carefully so he could talk, but the pain made a sick, dizzy feeling wash

over him. He whimpered in agony, but managed to hold onto his coherency.

“No. I have no other response,” Jensen said, voice shaking with pain. “So you go right on ahead

and react to that however you like.”

Jensen felt Misha’s muscles tense and closed his eyes tightly, waiting for the crack and the pain.

Hopefully it would be enough to make him pass out. He waited, hating that part of Misha that

enjoyed torturing his victims instead of just getting the job done.

But then the man released his hold and Jensen's arm snapped back to his side. He gasped in a

couple of ragged breaths as he gingerly folded it back to a normal position and tucked it

protectively against his body. Misha leaned over Jensen and placed a soft kiss on the back of his

neck.

"I don't understand you," Misha confessed.

"Well," Jensen said, voice still a little strained, "at least in that regard we are equal."

Misha put his hand on Jensen's arm, but he didn't flinch. If he hadn't already broken it, he wasn't

going to now. Probably. Though he had no idea why he had stopped in the first place. He felt

like he should be angry, or perhaps have come to his senses and realized he couldn't possibly be

in love with such a violent, crazed man. But...he hadn't broken his arm. He was actually

rubbing it soothingly. And unless he was mistaken, that was definitely Misha's erect cock

pushing through the opening of his fly and rubbing against his ass. And he liked it. His own

cock, which had flagged under the pain, was starting to fill again. Maybe Misha liked him

because he was just as fucked in the head as he was.

“I want to fuck you, Jensen.”

Jensen nodded. “I want you to.”

He pushed his hips up and Misha thrust down into the movement. Misha put a hand under his

chin and forced him to turn his head awkwardly back so he could kiss him as he rutted against

him. Jensen felt something vibrating against one ass cheek. It had an odd pattern and it was

distracting and not arousing.

“M-Mish-Misha?”

“What?” he asked distractedly as he tried to make Jensen stop talking by filling his mouth with his

tongue.

“Ahm-um-did you-mmm-leave a—“ he cut off as they kissed loud, sloppy, smacking kisses.

Misha was getting better at kissing, if that were possible. “Is there a vibrator in your pocket?”

Jensen forced out when Misha pulled back so he could angle his hips better against Jensen’s ass.

Misha paused and Jensen felt that vibrating pattern against his ass again. Misha growled

unhappily and Jensen glanced over his shoulder to see him dig his cell phone out of his pocket.

He brought the phone to his ear.

“Where the hell have you been?” he asked by way of greeting.

His tone made Jensen raise his head curiously. Misha quirked an eyebrow and rolled off Jensen

onto his side.

“I wasn’t expecting you.”

Jensen frowned. Who was “you” and why wouldn’t Misha expect whoever it was?

“How bad?” Misha asked, voice very unhappy.

Jensen tensed a little. What was bad? Were they in trouble?

As Misha listened to the other person explain whatever was bad, he signaled to Jensen to turn

over. He obeyed immediately, even though he was curious as fuck about what was going on, and

rolled onto his back. He snuggled up next to Misha since the man seemed distracted by the call.

Misha moved the phone to his right ear and held it in place with his hand as he used his elbow to

prop himself up. The other hand he moved to Jensen’s open fly and plunged right in underneath

his underwear. Jensen arched slightly and hummed softly as Misha’s hand began stroking him

slowly.

“So why are you calling then?”



God, he was already fully hard and leaking.

“Already?” Misha swiped his thumb through the precome at the head of Jensen’s cock and spread

it back down the shaft. “I thought you were going to wait.”

Jensen tried to make sense of his side of the conversation, but he couldn’t think when Misha’s

finger nudged against his slit just like that.

“Anything that affects me?” Misha used his wrist and forearm to push Jensen’s briefs back so that

he could pull his cock free of his pants.

Jensen licked his lips as the cool air made his heated member throb in Misha’s grip, pulsing more

precome from the slit.

“Try not to let the power go to your head,” Misha said dryly, reaching down to cup Jensen’s balls.

Jensen’s brow creased in minor disappointment. It felt good to feel Misha fondle his balls, but

he’d rather have his hand on his shaft. And then the fucker’s hand stilled. Jensen opened his

eyes, about to voice a complaint, but he saw the look on Misha’s face. He looked...almost...sad?

Misha resumed stroking and Jensen’s train of thought jumped the rails.

“Yeah, I can go.”

He rubbed his thumb over and over Jensen’s glans and he put his hand to his

mouth to try to stay

quiet—he didn't want to shout at the feeling or tell Misha he couldn't go anywhere. That certainly

wouldn't go over well.

“Just overnight the documentation to the address on the card.”

What address? What card? Fuck he felt like he was high.

Misha snorted softly and increased the pressure of his grip, twisting his hand around the head on

the upstrokes. Jensen bit harder on his fingers, trying so hard to stay quiet but seriously afraid he might bite right through the bone.

Misha released Jensen's cock and pulled his hand from his mouth. He returned to jacking him and

Jensen wondered if this was some kind of test. He couldn't hold back his moans, but he kept

them as quiet as he could manage.

“That's fine. I don't really like flying, so that will be a good way to relax when I get there.”

Flying? How far away was he going? Misha pumped his hand faster and Jensen got louder

trying to impress upon Misha how fucking close he was to exploding.

“I'm not saying he doesn't deserve it, but why? Isn't he a little high profile?”

Jensen spread his legs just a little bit. Oh, fuck, yes. He was so close now. So close.

“Well, usually, beat them first.”

Jensen's brain tamped down the arousal just a bit and his ears perked up.

"Then broke their bones in increasing size of bone. Then a little flaying."

Jensen opened his eyes and looked at Misha. He looked like he was mulling over a gum

purchase.

"The employers usually wanted fingernails and toenails ripped off, but that's not really my favorite

thing to do."

Jensen's toes curled, but so not in the good way.

"And then there would be the cutting and the pricking and the stabbing and the blood letting—"

Misha cut off as he glanced down at him. Jensen could feel that his face was imparting some

serious judgment on the psycho. He seemed unimpressed with Jensen's displeasure and increased

the pace of his hand. Jensen's jaw dropped and his eyes closed and fuck he couldn't think again.

The building orgasm hadn't gone anywhere—it was still right there and this time Jensen's toes did

curl for the right reasons.

"I can do that."

He really put his back into it now and Jensen jerked on the bed and groaned more than loudly

enough to be heard in the next room over.

“Jensen,” Misha said.

Hearing Misha say his name was all he needed. “Oh, fuck, fuck—Misha, Misha—“ Jensen

screamed. “I’m coming, I’m coming!”

Misha stroked him through the orgasm and he missed the next thing Misha said. Was he still on

the damn phone? And how much had the other person heard?

“I’ll call you on Friday then.”

Jensen languidly pulled Misha’s hand from his cock so that he could take his fingers into his

mouth and start cleaning his come off of them.

“Goodbye, Brenna.”

He finally hung up the damn phone and Jensen felt an instant flash of jealousy. Who the fuck was

Brenna?

“Good boy,” Misha praised him, and Jensen realized he really didn’t care who Brenna was. “But

that’s enough for now. We’ve got to go to the bank before it closes.”

Out of all the things Misha could have said, that was one of the last things Jensen would have

expected at the moment. It ranked right up there with “I’ve decided to give up killing and become

a painter,” and “My favorite color is lavender-blue.” Plus, he could tell Misha was still hard.

When did Misha ever put errands ahead of sex?

“But...” he trailed off and put a hand over Misha’s erection. “I thought you wanted to fuck me.”

“Honestly, when do I not want to fuck you? But sometimes business has to come first.”

“The bank will be open tomorrow,” Jensen grouched.

Jensen held his breath as Misha appeared to be contemplating that information. Then he nodded

acquiescence and Jensen eagerly began kicking his pants off to the floor.

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“Oh. My. God. What are you wearing?” Jensen asked around giggles as he looked at Misha.

They had driven to a Bank of America three towns over and just before Jensen had moved to get

out the car, he saw Misha put something on. When he’d looked at him, the man was wearing a

Texas Rangers baseball cap. He looked—cute and completely harmless. And not because that’s

the look he thought Misha was going for.

Misha scowled at him. “It’s a hat.”

“Yeah, but...” Jensen trailed off and rolled his lips in to keep himself quiet.

Misha looked annoyed.

“I won’t have control over our placement in the bank, Jensen, and there are security cameras

everywhere. My new employers have wiped me from the Most Wanted list, but it still won't do

me any good if I get recognized and picked up by the locals. I don't have time for any delays."

"Okay, sorry."

"Just get out of the car," Misha said and opened his own car door.

They walked up to the bank, Jensen trailing a step or two behind him. He still wasn't sure why he was even here. If Misha had business to do, it certainly didn't involve him, but Misha had insisted

he come along. He had decided against questioning him even a little since he was probably

skating on thin ice from his little stunt the night before. Something that had clearly bothered

Misha as he had tested him over and over again--refusing him orgasm, fucking him on every flat,

curved, and everything in between surface he could find, including some outside. But Jensen

hadn't voiced a single protest. He knew he'd be able to let some of his snark out again

eventually. For some unfathomable reason—Misha seemed incapable of staying mad with him.

The business at the bank went relatively quickly, for a bank. Misha had done most of the talking

while Jensen had filled out paperwork. Apparently he was opening a bank account in his true

name. He wondered if that was such a good idea, but then he wasn't exactly

hiding who he was

here and a lot of people knew him.

As they left the bank, Misha handed Jensen the receipt for his account. His credit and check cards

would be mailed in a couple of days to his parents' house since he didn't have a permanent

address and he'd never changed his driver's license when he had moved to LA. Jensen took the

slip of paper, looked at it, and then stumbled off the curb and would have crashed to the ground if

Misha hadn't caught his arm.

"Holy fuck, Misha!"

"Part of that is to cover the new condo. So don't freak out."

"But still! This is—" Jensen glanced around furtively. "It's ten million dollars!" he whisper-

hissed.

"I know."

"How much money do hit men make, sheesh. It can't just be that."

"I do have other investments and ways to make money."

"No shit." Jensen was both concerned and impressed with this new information. "But still, the

condo is only two point five mil. This is still a lot of money."

"I just don't want you to run out while I'm gone," he said.

Misha got into the car and started it, but Jensen remained frozen on the sidewalk. Misha's words

had hit him like a ton of bricks. Numbly, he opened the car door and got inside. He turned

toward Misha, but couldn't meet his eyes.

"Exactly how long are you going to be gone?" he asked softly.

Misha didn't answer him and suddenly Jensen started to think that there had been a lot going on

that Misha had never told him about. Things that involved him. And more importantly...things

that didn't involve him at all.

Misha put the car in gear and drove to the downtown real estate office that was handling their

sale. After giving her a cashier's check for the down payment and telling her Jensen would be

paying the rest off in full within the month, Violet smiled brilliantly and told them they were

officially in escrow.

At the hotel Jensen sat on the couch and fidgeted. Misha was writing down very specifically what

kind of bed Jensen was to purchase for him. That was a good sign. It seemed to indicate that

Misha expected he would be staying there enough that he wanted his very own bed. He had no other requests in terms of furniture, but Jensen wondered if he could pull some more information



out of him.

“Should I get two?” he asked, trying for nonchalance.

“Two what?” Misha asked, sticking his note in the front pocket of Jensen’s backpack.

“Two beds. Like we had in Chicago.”

“If you’d like your own room still, it doesn’t matter to me.”

“Would you be bothered if I just—um...I mean, would it be a problem for you if I kept my stuff in

a room with yours? And stayed there.”

“We can share a bedroom. It doesn’t make a difference to me. It’s up to you if you think my

hours will bother you.”

“But, if my stuff is suddenly mixed in with your stuff—“

“Doesn’t the master bedroom have two separate closets?”

“Y-yes.”

“Then that won’t happen. Jensen. Why do you think I would care if your life became entwined

with mine?”

Jensen stared at him. The fuck did he just say? He shook his head. “Um, because one you’re a

control freak and can’t stand it when I don’t put the mugs in the cabinets with the handles facing

out at a forty-five degree angle—“

“It’s easier to pick them up that way.”

“—and two what did you just say?”

“What? When?”

“Our lives become entwined? Please don’t tell me you’re harboring some sort of secret desire to

get married and you fantasize about me in wedding dresses.”

And that certainly wasn’t a fantasy of Jensen’s. One weird dream didn’t mean anything. Misha

shot him the look he’d given his former employers right before he’d told them to go fuck

themselves. Jensen immediately dropped the attitude.

“Okay, let me put it to you this way, Jensen. I don’t care if you get your shit in my stuff because

the stuff I really would care if you got into it you won’t have access to anyway.”

“Ah. I see.”

Misha sighed wearily and Jensen wondered if his shine had finally started to wear off. But then

Misha circled a finger in the air indicating that Jensen should turn around. He obeyed and Misha

pressed against him and pushed him forward until he hit the wall. Misha made quick work of their

pants and underwear, getting them down to about mid-thigh, and then he put his fingers in

Jensen's mouth. He sucked on them, getting them slick and he heard Misha lick the palm of his

other hand. Within a couple of minutes Jensen was moaning softly as he rocked back on three of

Misha's fingers. It was a little dry, but Jensen didn't ask for anything more when he felt Misha

pull his fingers out. He quickly thrust inside him and Jensen bit his lip to stifle his grunt of discomfort. Misha dropped his forehead to the back of his head and guided his arms up on the

wall. Then Misha laced his fingers with Jensen's and pinned his hands to the wall. He rocked

forward and up and Jensen was pushed up onto his toes as Misha fucked into him.

"That's my good boy. Nice and quiet and taking my cock."

"Feels so good, Mish," Jensen sighed.

For once he didn't try to correct his use of the nickname. Misha didn't seem to care, hell he

probably didn't even notice, and he liked the faux intimacy the term evoked. The man rocked

into him again and Jensen moaned and dropped his head back onto Misha's shoulder.

"I have to leave for a little while, baby boy."

Jensen's heart thumped weakly as his chest tightened. He'd been expecting this conversation ever

since they had left the bank. Of course Misha would want to have it while they were having sex

and Jensen wouldn't have a chance at thinking straight.

"I don't want you to, but I understand. I'll get the cond-oh! Oh, Misha, mm, Misha, I hope I die

coming on your cock one day."

Misha let out a huff of amusement. "You know that can be arranged?"

"Don't ruin the mood."

"The mood? I'm fucking you up against a wall."

"Mmm, I know. And it feels good, but you know you could be deeper..."

"I could. But I like you right here."

"Fine. Do you know how long you'll be gone?"

"No—not specifically."

"Okay. Well, like I said, I'll get the condo set up so it will be ready for you when you get back.

I'll leave all of the closet space empty so that you can pick what you want."

"You're such a sweet boy."

"Aren't I? I taste so good, Mish. You could eat me out before I go..."

"I'm starting to think you're not enjoying this," Misha said dryly.

"No, I am—really—I don't know if you're doing it on purpose but the ridge where your foreskin

is pulled back is directly on my prostate."

Jensen shivered as Misha moved again.

“Of course I knew that. Almost a year I’ve been fucking you and you think I don’t know what

I’m doing?”

Jensen sort of hummed a laugh. “Liar. You said you would never lie to me.”

Misha tightened his grip on his hands. “What makes you think I haven’t lied to you every day?”

“Oh, plot twist, hmm? Ahn—there, fuck yeah. It turns out you’ve been in love me all along, huh?”

Jensen tried for humor otherwise he would die crying. But heck, if he’d been lying all along,

maybe he really was capable of love? Misha put his tongue to Jensen’s neck and licked a trail up

to his hairline. Then he put his lips by Jensen’s ear.

“I can give you this much, my sweet boy, I don’t mind if you want to believe that.”

“Oh, God!”

Jensen felt a spasm rack his body as an orgasm descended from nowhere and swept him away on

a high that wasn’t even close to the one he had gotten from hearing those words. His body

tightened and he was aware that he’d ejaculated, but he wasn’t much cognizant of anything except

that Misha had kindly fucked him through it. Then he pulled out and maneuvered Jensen to the

couch. He sat down, pushing his pants to his ankles as Jensen had enough

wherewithal to step

out of his jeans. He walked forward and then and straddled Misha's legs, already knowing what

he wanted. He easily took Misha back inside and languidly fucked himself on Misha's dick.

Misha let his head fall against the back of the couch. Jensen watched him, enjoying a rare look at

Misha's relaxed face and closed eyes. He licked his lips and Jensen increased his pace.

Misha's eyelids opened slowly, and he looked at him with those deep, dark eyes. He gripped

Jensen's hips tight and pulled him down hard, preventing him from lifting back up. He spilled

into him and Jensen's hands twisted in his shirt as a litany of prayers and filth fell from his lips as he felt a second wave of orgasmic pleasure rush through him. God what this man could do to

him.

Jensen opened his eyes slowly and smiled as he brushed a hand through Misha's hair.

"Hey, Jensen..."

"Yes, Misha?"

"Would you like to go to Russia?"

Jensen raised an eyebrow. Russia? Where the fuck had that come from? Well, quite frankly, he

didn't care. He leaned forward and hugged Misha.

“Sure.”

## Chapter End Notes

This is not a cliffhanger. This is the end. Thanks for reading. ^\_^ <3

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# Document Outline

- [Deep in the Heart of Texas](#)
  - [Misha's POV](#)
  - [Jensen's POV](#)