

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:	Oral Sex , Intracural sex
Series:	Part 1 of Zeroed In
Stats:	Published: 2014-01-16 Words: 834

Misha's Thighs

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Read the title. That's it.

Notes

As Tumblr discussions are wont to do, I had one that led to Cockles sex.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1139051) at
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/1139051>.

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Jensen chewed on his lower lip as he put his hands to Misha's thighs. He turned his hands, fingers working their way between them, brushing against Misha's flaccid penis. The man lay

against the pillows at the head of the bed, one hand behind his head, the other hand raised so he

could bite at his thumb as he watched Jensen work.

Jensen put light pressure on Misha's thighs: tanned and muscled and soft skinned—so fucking

soft. He loved that Misha didn't have a tan line.

His fingers pressed gently into his flesh, but his arms pushed hard enough to part his thighs,

spreading him, opening him to Jensen's hot, hungry gaze. Misha's cock bobbed slightly now that

it was no longer nestled on his thighs. Not so flaccid anymore Jensen realized with a smirk.

He pushed Misha's thighs farther apart. He knew Misha could take it; he was flexible—so

wonderfully flexible. He dug his fingers into the muscle, loving the way his

fingers made patent

white marks on his tan skin. He eased his grip and watched the color return.

Jensen lightly ran his fingertips over the soft, silky insides of Misha's thighs. The man shifted,

just a bit, and his cock grew heavier between his legs.

"Like that, Mish?" Jensen breathed, his voice already gone hoarse.

He leaned down and kissed the right thigh. Misha shifted and his semi-hard cock nudged his

cheek. Jensen kissed his skin—so delicate on his lips—again and again, his tongue darting out

occasionally as he moved up and down, closer to his groin and back out.

Jensen lifted his head. Misha tossed his head with an impatient grunt. Jensen kissed the tip of

his fully hard cock and nosed it out of the way as he lowered his head to the left thigh. This one

received no gentle treatment. He gripped Misha's thighs tightly as he bit and sucked a large

mark onto his perfect skin, only an inch from his groin. Misha was thrashing against the pillows,

doing his best to hold still for Jensen.

Jensen sat back and looked at his handy work. The mark was red and bright, but he knew it

would fade into a beautiful dark bruise—the perfect twin to the one on his right thigh that Jensen

had put there the night before.

Misha was canting his hips up and down, his cock hard and leaking with neglect. Jensen put his

hands on Misha's thighs and made him go still. Misha whined and threw his head back as a

spurt of precome pulsed desperately from his slit.

Jensen slid down on the bed and lapped at Misha's cockhead, flicking his tongue against the

glans mercilessly and then sucking on just the very tip. Misha was keening and cursing him and

begging him to just give them what they both wanted.

Jensen swallowed him down. Misha cried out, arching against the bed, and bringing his thighs

together around Jensen's head. He hooked his legs over Jensen's shoulders and planted his feet

on the mattress. He used the leverage to fuck Jensen's mouth as Jensen held onto the outside of Misha's legs, wildly turned on by the thick, salty cock in his mouth and those damn silken thighs

clenching and quivering around his head.

Misha came with a harsh exhalation and clamped his thighs tightly around Jensen's head. Jensen

swallowed and ran his fingers through the fine hairs on Misha's thighs. He stayed put until

Misha's legs fell open in exhaustion. He sat up and looked down at his lover —sated, dazed,

beautiful, perfect.

Jensen used a hand to rub the inside of Misha's thigh; he'd come so fast he hadn't even had the

chance to sweat leaving his inner thighs dry and smooth.

Jensen got onto his knees quickly and grabbed Misha by the wrist, hauling him up. The man

protested weakly, but held onto Jensen's shoulders as he shoved his cock between Misha's

thighs.

"Come on, baby," Jensen prompted.

Misha pulled his legs together, and Jensen started fucking him—his huge, hard cock sliding

easily against the fine skin between his legs. Misha held on tighter and made soft gasping noises

in Jensen's ear as the man used his body.

Jensen grabbed his ass and moved faster. His head fell back in pure bliss. It wasn't like rutting

on dry skin—it was like slipping inside a warm, velvety cocoon. Jensen's speed increased

again, his motions becoming erratic.

"Do it," Misha groaned harshly.

Two more thrusts and Jensen was coating Misha's thighs with his warm come. Misha's arms

clutched at him even tighter.

“Feels so good, Je—Jen...sen.”

Jensen held on until his body stopped shuddering. Then he helped Misha ease back onto the

bed. He put his hands on Misha’ thighs, and pushed them apart. One final pulse spilled out of

him at the sight of Misha’s beautiful thighs covered in his seed. Misha shivered at his darkly

possessive expression.

“You like that, Mish?”

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

Document Outline

- [Preface](#)
- [Misha's Thighs](#)
- [Afterword](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/) at
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/1414522>.

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural RPF
Relationship:	Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins
Character:	Jensen Ackles , Misha Collins
Additional Tags:	Body Worship , Anal Sex , Cockles
Series:	Part 2 of Zeroed In
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-04 Words: 736

Jensen's Hands

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Read the title. That's it. Well, and sex.

Notes

For Cockles Week someone made a love pic set of all the focus on and close ups of Jensen's hands that occurred during Misha's directorial debut. I think Misha has a thing for Jensen's hands.

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Jensen's hands that occurred during Misha's directorial debut. I think Misha has a thing for

Jensen's hands.

Misha lay propped up on one arm as he watched Jensen's hand slide slowly down his own

chest. He could picture the shot in his mind: the frame completely encompassing Jensen's body,

holding steady as that strong, powerful hand moved gently and delicately over his skin, only

moving to follow the hand once it started to dip out of frame. Directing had been a lot of hard

work, but setting up those shots that zeroed in on Jensen's hands had been sheer joy. In order to

keep the schedule, he had rushed some wide shots and establishing shots, but the close ups on

Jensen's hands—he had definitely ensured that the angle, the lighting, the framing, everything—

had been perfect. Not that it was hard to make Jensen's hands look perfect.

He had big hands. They were strong and callused, long fingered with wide palms. They were

brutish and powerful in their size and strength, but the delicate arcs of his fingers, the elegant

way he moved them, made them beautiful, mesmerizing. The care with which he laid them on

people or objects he valued made them comforting. The skin was flawless (despite the minor

imperfections) and made his hands desirable. Desirable to hold, squeeze, kiss, suck, and, well,

other things.

Things like this: one hand cupping his balls and fondling them roughly while the other teasingly

fingered his cock. The head was dark and wet with precome, and Jensen used his fingertips to

draw some of the slippery fluid down his shaft. Misha ignored his own erection, enthralled with

the sight of Jensen's hands pleasuring himself.

He wasn't nearly done enjoying the scenery when Jensen sat up and grabbed one of his legs,

pulling it over his lap and spreading Misha wide. He was still slick and open from their earlier

lovemaking, so two of Jensen's fingers slid right into him. Misha moaned softly as Jensen kissed

his neck and pumped his fingers in and out of him. He guided Jensen's head to the other side of

his neck and allowed him to continue kissing and sucking bruises onto his skin so that he could

see the mirror across from the bed. In the reflection he could clearly see those long, tan fingers

disappearing inside his body, spreading his entrance when he scissored them. His hand looked

large and dominating between his legs, like it had utter control over him and could tear him apart

just as easily as it could bring him to ecstasy. Misha ran his bottom lip harshly through his teeth

at the mere thought. These hands, these beautiful, loving hands had the potential to be lethal—

and he was more than happy to give himself over to them.

Within a few more moments, Jensen had him on his back. He put himself between his legs, and

entered him in a tortuously slow push of his hips. As his cock sank into Misha's body, Jensen's

hands ran slowly up his arms. When their hips connected flush with a small thrust from Jensen,

putting him as deep as possible inside his lover, their hands met, fingers twining and clenching

tight. Jensen moved then. Misha could feel him: his hard member filling his needy hole, his full

lips devouring his kiss swollen lips. The sensation and the pleasure were all

there, but he

focused on Jensen's hands.

The man pressed Misha's hands into the mattress, and then eased. Their fingers untwined so

Jensen could stroke his fingertips down Misha's palms. The tingling sensation went straight to

his groin. Jensen's hands moved to his wrists and slid them up the mattress until his hands were

over their heads. He laced their fingers together again, this time holding tightly as his body

increased its pace and rhythm. Misha held onto Jensen's hands as tightly as possible, his orgasm

clouding his thoughts and making him lose track of everything in the world except his rapturous

release and Jensen's hands holding his.

He came back to himself only when he felt Jensen's hands pulling away from his. He let out a

small whimper of worry, but Jensen shushed him softly. He kissed him and cradled his face in

his hands. Misha moved his arms to put his hands over Jensen's, to hold them in place. Jensen

pulled back so he could smile down at him. He brushed his thumbs over Misha's cheekbones.

"Don't worry, Mish. I got you."

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

enjoyed their work!

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- [Preface](#)
- [Jensen's Hands](#)
- [Afterword](#)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1475224) at
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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural RPF
Relationship:	Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins
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Additional Tags:	Sentimental
Series:	Part 3 of Zeroed In
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-16 Words: 572

Misha's Eyes

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Jensen contemplates Misha's eyes while they make love.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](#) at

<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/1475224>.

Rating:

[Mature](#)

Archive Warning:

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Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[Supernatural RPF](#)

Relationship:

[Jensen Ackles/Misha Collins](#)

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[Sentimental](#)

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Misha's Eyes

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Jensen contemplates Misha's eyes while they make love.

He can only imagine what the fans must say about them, but none of the descriptions could even

possibly come close. He's sure deep oceans and clear skies and sapphire stars and azure waters

and universes and kaleidoscopes and souls and coldness and warmth and depth and clarity must

all be words used at one point or another. He supposes there are some out there who mention

his dark lashes, the low set brows, the round shape marred by the droopy corners, the bags he

gets under them sometimes that make him look tired and old. He knows they can see them, but

they can't see *him*.

Not like this.

His eyes struggling to stay open, that pretty blue masked with the lustful spread of his pupils,

filled with yearning because even when he has Jensen inside his body, like he is now, it's never

enough. Will never be enough. His eyelids squeeze closed for a moment, and then open to

reveal his irises, shiny with forming tears, rivulets of sweat falling into the corners from his

brow. And even though Misha is mostly gone, lost in euphoric pleasure and carnal physical

sensations, he's still there. He's right there, staring back at him with an intensity that's

frightening.

It's not casual. They both know that. But it's not an all encompassing devotion to the exclusion

of everything and everyone else. Of course it's not. Neither of them comes first with the other.

Their wives, their children, their families...they both know where they rank and it's not at the

top of the list.

But when they're like this—wrapped up in each other; the only sounds their panting breaths, soft

curses, and that titillating and obscene slap of flesh as their bodies join again and again; the only

smells the earthy tang of their mixed sweat and that heady scent of sex; all tastes concentrated to

the other's salt; urgent bliss building in their groins and seeping out to make every limb, cell, and

atom vibrate; the only sight the steady stare that wavers in and out of focus, but never off target.

It's hard not to imagine that there's no one else in all of existence that matters more. It's hard

to imagine anyone else exists at all. He feels Misha's nails dig painfully into his shoulder. He

feels Misha's release splash warm between their bodies. He feels his own release like a

blessing from a benevolent deity as he fills his lover.

But they never break eye contact. They keep their eyes open, looking at the other, daring him to

look away from this moment that makes them doubt—for just a second—that they haven't made a

mistake by not making each other the sole focus of their lives.

Then Misha relaxes and laughs softly as he closes his eyes. Jensen braces his forearms on the

mattress and uses his fingers to brush back some of Misha's sweat dampened curls. And he

opens his eyes again. Jensen smiles as he looks at them.

They're dark and fathomless like the cold, terrifying deep of the open ocean. They're warm and

bright like the perfect blue of a summer sky. They shine like stars and sparkle like sapphires and

he knows Misha's soul is laid bare within them.

He's knows what they look like. A lot of people do.

But no one knows what Misha's eyes look like when they're *his*.

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Additional Tags:	Sentimental
Series:	Part 4 of Zeroed In
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-16 Words: 639

Jensen's Voice

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Misha likes to hear Jensen's voice when they make love.

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Rating:

[Mature](#)

Archive Warning:

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[Jensen Ackles, Misha Collins](#)

Additional Tags:

[Sentimental](#)

Series:

Part 4 of [Zeroed In](#)

Stats:

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Jensen's Voice

by [emwebb17](#)

Summary

Misha likes to hear Jensen's voice when they make love.

Jensen learned a long time ago not to bite his lip. Too many makeup artists and directors

complaining about the odd indentations and chewed up flesh on what are supposed to be his

perfect, marketable lips taught him that lesson. So he learned to bite on his hand or arm.

Anything to keep himself quiet. He hates to hear himself groaning with abandon and grunting

with pleased effort. And most of all he hates hearing himself whimper in ecstasy and

desperately begging for more. It's not befitting of a man to lose himself so utterly to carnal joy.

So he bites his hands. He bites his arms. He buries his face in the sheets.

That's why sometimes Misha has to take a little initiative. Getting Jensen on his back is the easy

part. Even getting his ass up on Misha's lap so he can fuck into him at a nice downward angle

that kills his thighs but drills Jensen's prostate is pretty easy to finagle. Getting Jensen's hands

under his control is little more difficult, but once he's got their fingers threaded together, he can

slide them up the smooth sheets and pin them to the mattress just above Jensen's head. When he

leans forward to put his weight on Jensen's hands so he can't move them—he's got him.

Jensen struggles a little at first. He strains to pull his arms free, but quickly learns he can't. He

pushes back with his lower body, but all that accomplishes is firmly settling Misha balls deep in

his ass and eliciting a loud moan from them both. He immediately bites down on his lip to cut

off the next groan that comes from spreading his legs wider for Misha.

Misha leans down and kisses his abused lip. "Careful. Careful, Jensen." He licks the tender

line where his teeth dig into that beautiful, plush lip that's already swollen from Misha's kisses.

Jensen squeezes his eyes closed and turns his head to the side as he bites out a sharp, "Fuck."

Misha smiles and increases his pace, tightens his grip on Jensen's hands.

"Let me hear you."

It only takes another minute or so of hard thrusts, gentle rolling of his hips, and whispered

coaxing for Jensen to let go.

His voice pours out of him unrestrained and uncensored. It's rough and deep and primal. Every

time he growls an approving obscenity, Misha's cock throbs with the need to

come. And then it

changes. His voice becomes smoother, almost melodic, and Misha moves his body in his lover

to make him sing. Finally, his voice becomes a sweet, high pitched whimper. An incessant

appeal for more, for release, for love. He comes so close to crying when he gets like that. And

Jensen's voice, thick with tears and needy devotion, is Misha's undoing.

He bites his lip to stifle his own exultant cry (who would notice any damage on his chapped lips

anyway?) so he can better hear Jensen's voice as he shouts and hums and gasps and grunts

through his orgasm. Every sound he makes causes Misha's cock to twitch again inside him.

They still, only capable of focusing on evening out their breathing and heart rates. When

Misha's confident he won't pass out, he gingerly uncurls his fingers from Jensen's and they both

wince at the painful stiffness their orgasms induced. Jensen looks up at him, and then manages a

partial frown.

"You fucker," he grouses and looks away.

Misha laughs and gently pulls out so he can lie beside him. He nuzzles his nose against Jensen's

still flushed cheek.

“Sing for me.”

“Forget it.”

“Please.”

Jensen doesn't reply. They lie in silence as the house settles around them and dust motes dance

in the late evening sunlight.

Then softly, almost like it's a secret, Jensen's voice begins to sing.

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- [Preface](#)
- [Jensen's Voice](#)
- [Afterword](#)

VI. Jensens back

emwebb17

Jensen's Back
emwebb17

Summary:

Misha appreciates Jensen's beauty just as much as his oral sex skills.
Work Text:

Misha licks his lips and inhales deeply as he moves his hands on the soft skin rippling over the muscle of Jensen's shoulders. He is leaning in the corner of an uncomfortable hotel couch, one foot on the cushions, the other planted on the floor. His legs are spread wide and Jensen is between them, half on the couch, half kneeling on the floor. Jensen still wears his jeans, but his shirt is on the floor somewhere by the door, revealing the wide, smooth expanse of his back.

Misha squeezes Jensen's shoulders and bites gently at his own lip. Logically, he should be focused on Jensen's head—specifically his mouth which is sucking him off slowly and methodically, even more specifically his tongue teasing his glans and his lips stretched wide around his girth. But he's mesmerized by the roll of powerful muscles in Jensen's back as it arches into the forward movement of his head, and then bows when he pulls back, obscene slurping noises making each pass impossibly more arousing.

Jensen's back is flawless: symmetrical, hairless, completely unmarked. As much as Jensen hates his little tummy pudge that Misha thinks is really sexy but gets him a punch on the arm whenever he mentions it, Jensen from behind is like a sculpted Greek ideal of beauty. Misha raises his foot from the floor and hooks his big toe in the side of Jensen's jeans, loose because the fly is undone, and pushes them down just enough to see that nice dimple below the small of his back. Misha smiles. Commando. Of course.

He hums appreciatively at the sight and drops his foot to the floor again. Jensen's hand grips his thigh tighter and Misha slides one

hand from his shoulder and onto the back of his head. Jensen's pace increases a little, even the merest suggestion of being under Misha's control turning him on even more. But Misha does nothing to encourage him to hurry. He's enjoying the sinuous slide of Jensen's body as it moves between his legs.

Misha runs his nails lightly along Jensen's scalp and his breath hitches as the man's moan reverberates down his cock and into his body. He sits up slightly.

"Babe, you ready?"

Jensen nods minutely.

Misha sits up fully and smooths his hands down that beautiful plane of supple skin and hard muscle as he floats on the waves of a potent, yet gentle orgasm. Jensen does admirably as he swallows Misha's spend even with a large dick stuffed down his throat. When he finally pulls back, his face is a little red and there are the tiniest of tears in the corners of his eyes. Misha doesn't mention them, but kisses Jensen's swollen, salty lips. He pulls back and gives him a smile.

"On the bed, babe."

Jensen moves a little stiffly; he has been on his knees for a while and he's not a young buck anymore. He removes his jeans and turns to sit on the bed.

"Unh-uh," Misha says, eyes tracking every movement. "Face down."

Jensen quirks an eyebrow, but doesn't comment as he lies on his stomach on the mattress. Misha moves to stand at the foot bed, smiling at the inviting sweep of Jensen's back.