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## Precautionary Measures

by [emwebb17](#)

### Summary

Due to his well founded paranoia, Misha ensured that Jensen and Jared wouldn't be able to sneak into his apartment to mess with him while he was directing. The end result is a slightly needy Jensen.

"I can't believe you kept me locked out all week," Jensen grouched, his hands sliding up the soft, warm skin of Misha's sides, pushing his T-shirt out of the way.

"Really? You really can't believe I would take precautions not to get royally fucked by—mn—you and Jared?" Misha retorted, using the leverage he had with his foot against the door to push his hips up into Jensen's.

Jensen's groan was muffled due to the fact that his lips were pressed to Misha's neck, his teeth digging into his skin just on the right side of pain. He move his hands up to pin Misha's wrists to the floor and worked his hips in countermovement to Misha's, not giving one flying fuck they were on the hard, chilled tile just inside his apartment's entrance. Misha didn't mind either; he was just grateful he'd had the lucidity to push the door fully closed with his foot after Jensen had pretty much tackled him to the floor.

"Don't even suggest," Jensen kissed the bolt of Misha's jaw, "getting fucked," he rolled his hips, "by anyone but me," he finished with a possessive squeeze of Misha's wrists.

"Relax, cowboy. I slept alone in my bed all week." Misha shifted his hips so that his erection rubbed alongside Jensen's. His soft moan mirrored Jensen's.

"You should have been in my bed," Jensen breathed.

Misha pushed against the door again and Jensen planted a knee on the floor so he could grind down into Misha's upward thrusts. His cock throbbed with each soft, pleased grunt that passed Misha's beautiful lips. It occurred to him he should release Misha's wrists so that he could unzip their pants—but that just wasn't going to happen.

Misha tested the hold Jensen had on his wrists—he wasn't going to be able to pull free of him. Not while he could feel Jensen rutting between his legs, panting hungrily in his ear. Not when he could just writhe underneath him and rub his dick against his lover's still unbelievably huge cock. No matter how many times he saw it or sucked on it or got fucked by it, he'd probably never get over exactly how big Jensen was.

"That would have been unprofessional," Misha grasped at the thread of conversation threatening to get completely forgotten in the heat of Jensen's mouth. "A director sleeping with one of his actors...ah! Jensen, baby, just a little harder, come on now."

Jensen complied by thrusting down hard enough to make Misha's body rock against the floor.

"I can't believe," Jensen kissed his jaw, "that you told the building manager, " he kissed his chin, "to keep me out," he kissed his cheek. "You rat bastard," he kissed his mouth.

Talking ceased as they kissed, hot, panting breaths escaping when they broke apart to turn their heads, tongues finding better things to twist around than words. They moved faster, just a little bit harder, broke apart to gasp for air.

"Don't worry," Misha huffed. "I already—ah, nm, fuck Jensen *come on*—already told them to give you access again—nn—nnnnnn! Oh, fuck."

Misha went limp as he came with a fairly gentle crash of euphoric pleasure and let Jensen ride him until he stiffened and made a beautiful face as he shuddered through his orgasm on top of him.

"Fuck, Mish."

"Yeah, Jensen," Misha responded with a laugh.

"Didn't mean to..."

"You never do, baby," Misha murmured, kissing his cheek.

Jensen relaxed, but did his best not to crush Misha as he lowered himself on top of him. Jensen took a moment to recover his breath and appreciated the soothing touch of Misha's long fingers combing through his hair. Finally he raised himself up on one hand to look down at Misha, the man smiling at him with affection and a touch of sadistic satisfaction.

"I can't believe you used withholding sex as a tactic to make me behave."

"I didn't withhold sex, Jensen. I took a few preventative steps to avoid harassment from my coworkers. Now get off me. I'm tired. Unlike you, I had to work today. I want to shower and go to bed."

Jensen kissed his lips, loving how full they felt against his own. Even Danneel's lips were a little too thin to fully match his. Misha's were a perfect fit.

"Are you hungry?" Jensen asked. "I can make you something."

"Nah. It's too late. I just want some sleep. Besides, don't you have a flight to LA in the morning?"

“It’s at ten. Clif is picking me up at 8:30.”

“Well, it’s almost midnight, so we should go to bed then.”

Jensen sighed in slight exaggeration, but got to his feet and helped Misha to his. He wrapped his arms around Misha’s waist and kissed him easily, lazily. Misha ran his hands over Jensen’s broad shoulders and truly appreciated how far he had to reach to do it. Jensen, uncharacteristically, pulled back first.

“You did good, Mish. Everyone said so.”

Misha exhaled softly in relief. He was glad to hear it. He’d enjoyed the directing, but had also been terrified that the crew would hate him for fucking everything up.

“Thanks. I’m going to hop in the shower.”

“Okay. I gotta pack my suitcase, so I’ll go after you.”

“Okay.” Misha gave him a quick kiss, and then walked into the bedroom, doing a hilarious tip-toeing, wide-legged walk across the floor to avoid the feeling of drying come in his underwear.

Jensen chuckled and bit his lower lip gently as he watched him go. Guy was weird but he loved him. Half an hour later they were both showered and under the covers, settling into the familiar comfort of each other’s arms for much needed and deserved sleep. Jensen glanced at the clock on the nightstand. It was after midnight.

“Hey, Mish.” Jensen smoothed his hand up and down Misha’s arm.

“Hm?” Misha replied sleepily, snuggling his back against Jensen’s chest.

“You know it’s Valentine’s Day.” Jensen trailed his fingers over Misha’s hip.

“Is it?” Misha replied, a little less sleep in his voice as he tangled a foot in between Jensen’s ankles.

“Mm-hmm.” Jensen kissed the back of Misha’s neck, and then his shoulder, and then his cheek. “I could make love to both of my valentines today.”

“So you could. Did you make plans with Danneel?”

“I think she’s cooking.”

“Mm. I like her cooking. We should start a cooking show together. We could...”

Misha trailed off as Jensen’s hand found his cock and massaged it gently, but insistently. Misha raised a hand and put it behind Jensen’s head as he kissed his neck and shoulder.

“Jensen, I love you, babe, and you can tease and please me like no other, but I can’t wait tonight.”

Jensen pulled away, knowing immediately what Misha meant. He got the bottle of lube out of the nightstand and rolled back against Misha’s warm, comforting body. He hastily got some lube on his fingers and put his hands between Misha’s cheeks, rubbing over his entrance in quick, short prods. Misha tensed with the burst of pleasure, and then relaxed. Jensen slid a finger in and worked it quickly, adding a second in a matter of moments. Misha’s fingers curled into the sheets with ecstatic anticipation.

“I missed this,” Jensen mumbled against his shoulder sounding slightly embarrassed. “I missed how hot it is inside of you. How hard and soft you are in my arms. I missed having you beside me, tossing around and waking me up.”

“It wasn’t that long, babe. Give me another. Yeah...ow...no it’s okay, keep going. Keep going, never stop, Jensen...never...”

“It was long enough,” Jensen breathed using his whole arm to shove his fingers into Misha’s body and pull them out again. Misha arched against him with every rough thrust, his mouth open in a silent cry of ecstasy. Jensen was pushing into him so hard Misha was almost on his stomach. Jensen pulled his fingers out and grabbed his hip, pulling him back onto his side.

“Come on, Jensen.”

Jensen slid his slick fingers down Misha’s leg until he hooked his hand under his knee and pulled it up. He managed to sit up just enough to use his other hand to line himself up with Misha’s clenching hole and pushed himself inside. He leaned back down on his side and slid his arm under Misha’s neck so that Misha could rest his head on his bicep. Jensen wriggled closer and then pushed his hips forward until he was seated fully inside Misha’s body. He exhaled sharply and let out an obscene benediction. Misha whispered vulgar praise in reply.

“Never again, Misha,” Jensen emphasized his point with a rough thrust of his hips. “Never keep me away again. I don’t like sleeping alone.”

“You do it all the time when I’m not here,” Misha said, loose and pliant, letting Jensen take the lead for a change.

“Doesn’t mean I like it. I have Danneel and I have you. I should never be alone.”

“You’re not, babe. You know that. Oh, God...Jensen...you’re so deep tonight.”

Jensen slipped his arm under Misha’s knee and pulled it up to his chest so that he could wrap a hand around Misha’s cock, hot with arousal and wet with precome. He couldn’t do more than thrust shallowly into Misha, but they didn’t need more. They were already trembling with the relief of being joined; a squeeze of Jensen’s hand and a tightening of Misha’s body had them riding the edge of orgasm already. Misha felt like he was there, right there, and it felt so amazingly good and yet also frustrating, which just made it better.

“Mish, I didn’t put on a condom.”

“That’s okay.”

“I know. But, I wanna come inside you.”

“Okay. Okay. Oh-ohhhh...Jensen, I’m...”

Misha trailed off as he slipped off the edge and tumbled headlong into oblivion, his come hot and sticky on Jensen’s pumping hand. Jensen leaned forward, rolling Misha partway onto his front and thrust against the soft cushion of his ass as he spilled into him and spread his seed in his lover’s body.

After hours or days or minutes they stilled. Bodies cooling with sweat and shaking from pleasure, hearts thudding in their ears—and yet they felt calm and content from the sense of home and security they always felt with each other.

Jensen pulled out carefully and leaned back so that Misha could turn over onto his back. Jensen

lay on his side beside him and brushed Misha's slightly damp hair back from his forehead. Misha closed his eyes and leaned into the petting.

"So," Jensen said softly, not wanting to disturb the perfect, peaceful reverie they had created. "You think you'll ever want to direct again?"

Misha nodded. "It was fun, though challenging. But you know me. I don't run away from challenges."

Jensen laughed softly, but a little sadly. "I know. You never gave up on me."

Misha opened his eyes and raised an arm to run the back of his hand down Jensen's cheek.

"You're worth it."

Jensen hummed, not quite convinced. "So, you'll be here on Monday, right?"

"Yeah. I gotta film on location all day, but I'll come here after."

Jensen traced an idle pattern on Misha's chest. "Will you stay after that episode?"

"Mm, probably not. I'm off the next two episodes, you know."

Jensen frowned.

"It's alright. I think there's a convention somewhere in there so I'll see you there."

Jensen sighed. "I like it better when I have both you and Jared around when I have to work."

"Yeah, well, we can't always get what we want. But if you try sometimes—"

"Don't do it," Jensen warned.

Misha grinned. "Thought you liked the Stones."

Jensen settled down next to Misha and put his head next to Misha's on the pillow.

"I..." Jensen hesitated. "I understand we can't always be together." He chuckled. "Wouldn't want to anyway we'd probably kill each other." He heard Misha smile in the dark. "But... please...don't ever keep me out again."

Misha laced his fingers with Jensen's and rested their hands on his chest.

"I won't. Promise."

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