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**It Started Out With a Kiss**

by AnchorsOutAtSea

Summary

Jensen knew the fans were pressing for Destiel, and had been for years. He just didn't think it would actually happen.

A slight au in which there are no wives, and Jensen and Misha find love where they shouldn’t... right in front of them.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

First, there are some things you should know. I try not to ship real people, only characters. I always feel guilty when I ship actual people, I always have. And so I told myself that I would never ship two real people together.

But then I became a fan of Supernatural, and I was introduced to Destiel. Shortly after, I was introduced to Cockles. Now my life has been forever ruined. I still feel a little guilty about shipping it, because they’re real people with real lives, and I often feel like I’m doing them a disservice by dismissing the very real lives they have outside our twisted heads (I say that with all of the fondness in the world, trust me). So just know, this is entirely a work of fiction. No wives are a part of the fic. I debated on this for awhile, feeling like excluding them was slightly rude... but having someone cheat on their significant other would be twice as bad (even though I know with Misha and Vicki, it might not necessarily be cheating due to polyamory). It was just easier for me to write this story as an au without the wives with it being my first rpf fic. So let me repeat no wives.

And one last thing... You know how I said I would never ship two real, live people? I also said I would never write smut.

But I’ve never been one to follow any sort of rules.

(If you ever see an entire sentence in italics, that just means it's what Jensen is thinking.)

Jensen closed his eyes and took a slow, calming breath. When he opened them, he looked directly at Bob Singer, ignoring everyone else in the board room. “Are you sure you want to do this?” He asked. “I know the fans have been pushing it for years... but are you sure that you want to go in the direction of Deastiel? Once we do it, there’s no going back.”

“I’m pretty sure the fans refer to it at Destiel.” Misha said coolly. Jensen glanced over at him. He was flipping through the script calmly, not a care in the world. His lips were turned up slightly, and Jensen was able to pick up on the amusement that was in his voice. Jensen honestly didn’t expect Misha to have any other reaction. Between his support of the LGBT community, and the kick the fans got out of how he reacted to ‘Destiel’, he knew Misha would be pleased with the show finally going in that direction. Misha took his eyes off the scrip long enough to look up at Jensen, his too-blue eyes encouraging him.

“Listen, Jen. We’ve discussed this. We don’t have to go in this direction.” Bob said. “This is just some ideas that we’re throwing around right now.” Jensen made a mental note that that was the reason Jared probably hadn’t been invited to the meeting. “But we know that it’s something the fans are looking for. You have another three years left on your contract, but we’re not going to make you do anything you’re uncomfortable doing.”

Jensen bit his lower lip, looking down at the script again. He hadn’t made it past the second page, the page where Dean and Castiel kissed. Did it make him a homophobic asshole if kissing another man
made him uncomfortable? But maybe it wasn’t because it was another man, maybe it was because it was Misha. That made Jensen uncomfortable. Because, yeah, all of this was just acting. Just part of the job. But this was Misha they were talking about.

Worrying his lip, Jensen also couldn’t help but think about the fact that if he said no to all of this, and it somehow got out, a ton of fans would be heart broken. And he had tried to convince himself for years that he didn’t care what the fans thought, but he did. In fact, he cared about it more than anything. He had the fans to thank for everything. His life wouldn’t be half as amazing as it was without the show, and without the fans, there would be no show. That was another thing that had Jensen worried. He may have a contract lined up for another three years, another three seasons, but without the Destiel plot, there was a chance that there wouldn’t be another three seasons. The ratings had plummeted when they had tried to kill Castiel off, and now the word ‘queer baiting’ was being thrown around the fandom quite a bit. Jensen wasn’t one hundred percent sure what that meant, but after going to Google, he grasped it essentially meant that the fans felt like Supernatural intentionally made the relationship between Dean and Cas really gay, without making it gay. Or something. Maybe Misha would be able to clear that up for him.

Bob leaned forward, causing Jensen’s attention to snap back to reality. He looked back and forth between Misha and Jensen before speaking. “I know this could be a difficult decision. It’ll change the show forever. I’m not expecting either of you to make a decision right now. Just sleep on it. Oh, and try not to tell anyone. We’re trying to keep this as quiet as possible.”

“That means ‘Don’t tell Jared’ doesn’t it?” Misha said, throwing his head back and laughing. “That’s basically like telling everyone.”

“Yeah, and I can already imagine the gay jokes.” Jensen’s tone was a little more apprehensive than he intended it to be. Misha gave him a sad side glance.

“I don’t have a problem with it. I think that it’ll really please the fans. But I agree, we should at least sleep on it.” Misha directed this comment at Bob, but waited a moment before taking his eyes off of Jensen. Jensen dropped his eyes back to the script. Yeah, ‘sleep on it’. He had a feeling that if anything, he was going to lose sleep over this.

Later that night, Jensen finished reading the last line of the script in his trailer. He closed the script, pinching the bridge of his nose between his index finger and thumb. It was late, and he would much rather be home right now. But they were doing a few reshoots for the final episode of this season, and needed him to stick around for at least one more hour while they fussed over whether or not one more scene needed to be reshot.

Jensen rubbed his hand across his face, and debated on whether or not to take a nap when he heard a knock at his trailer door. He immediately stood up to answer it, hoping that they had decided the scene was good enough and that he could go home. To his surprise, Misha was on the other side of the door. Jensen had to stop himself from rolling his eyes. Misha was clearly done with his reshoots and was getting ready to go home because he was no longer in a suit and trench coat, instead he was sporting one of his flamboyant, yet somehow charming, ugly sweaters. Jensen immediately stepped back, motioning for him to come inside.

“They still got you waiting?” Misha said, coming inside and rubbing his hands together slightly to warm them from the cold night air. He immediately walked over to the couch, plopping down like the trailer was his own.
“Unfortunately. I’m just ready to go home, man. It’s... been a long day.” There was a lot more that Jensen could have added to that statement. But he knew that Misha had no problem with the script, and he honestly didn’t feel like talking about it. Misha gave him a knowing look anyway.

“Listen… Don’t feel pressured to make any decisions about the script, Jensen. You gotta do what makes you happy, and you can’t let others decide that for you.”

“Don’t give me any of that hippy-dippy crap.” Jensen replied, rolling his eyes. But he smiled at Misha fondly. At least he knew that the man standing before him would not judge him either way, and would accept his decision without hesitation. When Misha didn’t say anything, he spoke up again. “I… I’m not sure why I’m having such a hard time deciding on it.” He leaned against the small table in front of the couch Misha was sitting on.

Misha just shrugged. “Me either, to be honest. I haven’t had a hard time deciding at all.”

“Because this isn’t out of your element, Mish. Of course this is no big deal to you.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?!” Misha was pretending to be offended, and Jensen couldn’t help but laugh at him.

“You’ll fuck anything that moves, Misha. Kissing someone isn’t going to push you out of your comfort zone.” Misha tossed his head back laughing, and giving Jensen that stupid, adorable grin that was all gums and squinted eyes.

“Okay, that’s not quite true. It’s really the kiss that has you troubled?”

“What else would it be?” Jensen furrowed his eyebrows together in confusion.

“I just figured it had something to do with how you see Dean’s character. Like maybe the scene was out of character for him.” Misha shrugged. Jensen couldn’t help but notice a strange look in his too big, too blue eyes. Jensen bit his lip. No man should be allowed to have eyes that pretty.

“Listen, it’s nothing to do with you, Misha. It’s just… I don’t know. Is this really how we built up the characters? Did all of that tension really come across as sexual tension?”

“I guess so. To the fans at least.”

“Did you intentionally project it that way?”

Misha thought for a moment. “I… I’m not sure. I wanted to play Castiel in a very particular way, you know that by now.”

“Yeah, I thought you were the weirdest fucker ever when I first met you. Between the voice and the staring, I didn’t know what the hell was wrong with you.” Jensen’s voice was much too fond for Misha to take any offense. “That’s probably what it was. You insisted on eye fucking me in every scene, so the fans came up with that Destiel or whatever.”

Misha laughed again. “Well apparently, eye fucking isn’t the only fucking that’s going to be going on between Dean and Cas.” Just a few minutes ago, that joke would have made Jensen uncomfortable. But Misha was so lighthearted about all of it that Jensen just laughed. His first real laugh all day, his eyes crinkled as Misha winked at him.

“What do you think, Misha? Do you think the script is accurately represented Dean and Castiel? Do you think they really have… a thing for each other?”
Misha scrunched up his nose, thinking. His eyes dropped to his feet as he pondered the question. “I
think…. I think that Castiel definitely loves Dean.” He looked up at Jensen, with those fucking eyes
of his. “I think… that Cas has never seen anything like Dean. He didn’t know what love was, and
then one day he literally went to hell and back and found someone who taught him how to love.” He
smiled at that. Misha had always been fond of his character, especially since they allowed him to
play it exactly how he wanted to.

“And what about Dean? Do you think he loves Cas?”

“I can’t answer that question, Jen. It’s the character that you play. What do you think?”

That was a difficult question for Jensen to answer. He had always felt like Dean loved the angel, but
much in the same way that he loved his brother, Sam. Jensen shuttered slightly, thinking of how the
fans had also read too much into that relationship. He breathed in deeply, rubbing the back of his
neck.

“I…” Misha looked at him expectantly. He licked his lips slightly, distracting Jensen for a moment.
Those might be lips he would have to kiss pretty soon. “I… do. I think Dean loves him.” As the
words came out of his mouth, he knew them to be true. He could run from the topic as much as he
wanted, the fact still stood that Dean looked at Cas more passionately than he had ever looked at
anyone. Including both Cassie and Lisa. He felt like a weight drop upon his shoulders when he
realized that a part of that was his own doing. Sure, lots of staring was a part of the script. But some
of it wasn’t. Like the times that Dean’s eyes would flicked down to Castiel’s lips after a particularly
passionate stare off. That had been all Jensen. It wasn’t intentionally, but it was kind of hard to stand
a few inches away from someone with lips like Misha and not get momentarily distracted. His tongue
suddenly felt too large for his mouth, and he swallowed thickly. “Misha, you don’t think I’m
homophobic, do you?”

Misha immediately laughed loudly, his whole body shaking. “No, Jensen. I don’t think you’re
homophobic.” He licked his lips, choosing his words carefully. “But… I do feel like maybe there’s
this part of you that… that feels like if you were associated with that lifestyle, then you wouldn’t feel
quite as masculine.”

Jensen was shocked at how much that comment hurt him. Was that how Misha really felt? And if
that was the case, how did Misha think that Jensen felt about him, when he knew that Misha had sex
with other men before? He swallowed hard. Misha thinking like that was the last thing he wanted.
He didn’t look at him differently because of it. He loved everything about Misha. Not only was the
man selfless and funny, but he was completely and unapologetically himself… and Jensen was
honestly incredibly jealous of that.

“Do you uh, wanna run lines? Maybe it would help me decide?” The words hesitated on Jensen’s
lips, but he trusted Misha not to make this weird. Misha smiled at him and shrugged.

“I don’t have my script. I’ll have to mooch off of yours.”

Jensen rolled his eyes. “It’s not like you’re not already going to be in my personal space for this
scene.” Misha stood up as Jensen grabbed the script off of the table. He leaned over Jensen’s
shoulder, looking for his line, already knowing he was the first to speak during this scene. He wet his
lips and cleared his throat.

“Dean…it can wait. What I need to tell you is of great import.” Misha’s voice came out in the
gravely, rough voice that was Castiel’s.

Jensen took a breath, and suddenly he was Dean. “You know, that’s the problem with you, Cas.
You think that everything you have to say is of ‘great import’.” Misha tinted his eyebrows in that all too familiar confused puppy look that he was always giving Dean. Misha grabbed Jensen’s shirt, bunching it up in his fists and shoving Jensen against the wall. Jensen gasped slightly, not realizing that Misha was going to get so much into character.

“This is important, Dean!”

Jensen licked his lips and swallowed. “Alright…alright. Just spill it then.” Misha released him, his blue eyes searching Jensen’s like they held every answer to every question in the world.

“For a long time I didn’t think it was possible. You are just a human, and I an angel… but as time passed, I knew it to be true. You taught me how to feel things that I didn’t know I was capable of feeling. I’ve tried to justify it for far too long now. I’ve done countless hours of research with no answers, no relief. I’ve meditated. I’ve even prayed to God about it. But I can’t fight this anymore, Dean. I love you.” Jensen’s face paled, which was part of the script, but unintentional. He tried to form words, also part of the script… but his heart was pounding in his chest too hard, the blood rushing in his ears too loud.

“Cas… I… I don’t think you realize what that means.” Misha’s hands were on him again, shoving him against the wall harder. They were so close that their hips were touching, Misha’s legs between his own.

“This is your problem, Dean! I raised you from perdition and you didn’t think you deserve to be saved. I tell you how I feel, and you think you don’t deserve to be loved. I love you, Dean Winchester. Whether or not you believe that will not change how I feel.” Misha leaned forward, just inches from Jensen’s face. Jensen couldn’t remember his next line, but he knew that at this point Castiel leaned in and kissed him. But he didn’t give Misha the opportunity to. Before he knew it, his hands were knotted in Misha’s thick, dark hair, and he was pulling him forward. There was a brief, confused look on Misha’s face before their lips were crashing together. The most exquisite, pleased whine escaped his throat, and Jensen moaned against his mouth.

It was nothing like Jensen expected, and somehow it was so much more. Misha’s lips were chapped, but soft and urgent. His five o clock shadow brushed against Jensen’s own face roughly, which was a much bigger turn on than Jensen was expecting. He knew this was the part in the script where Dean was supposed to push Castiel away in disbelief, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it just yet. He sucked Misha’s lower lip in his own mouth and tugged at it slightly, causing Misha to push against him harder.

He finally managed to reluctantly shove Misha away gently. It wasn’t Castiel that stepped back, it was Misha. His eyes were wide, with a slight hint of fear that nearly broke Jensen’s heart. They were both breathing raggedly, staring at each other. Jensen could feel the heat in his face, it spread all the way to the tips of his ears. Misha suddenly relaxed, a smirk playing across his lips.

“Okay… so I know we were standing too close to read the script. But all of that definitely wasn’t part of it.” He ran his fingers through his sexed-out looking hair, and Jensen had to bite his lip to keep from groaning. His face grew hot again. Misha smiled, his eyes shining brightly. “Your freckles stand out more when you blush, Jensen.”

“I’m not… I’m not blushing!” Jensen snapped, finally finding words.

Misha quirked an eyebrow at him. “I suppose you also don’t have a boner.”

Jensen’s face was now impossibly hot as he struggled for words. Of course Misha had been able to feel it, they had been standing way too close. And he felt like a horny preteen, getting a hard on from
a kiss that had only lasted a few moments… a kiss from another guy.

“I… I… uh, I have somewhere I have to be.” The words tumbled out of Jensen’s mouth slurred and hurried, as he darted past Misha, heading for the trailer door. Before Misha could even respond, Jensen had slammed the trailer door behind him, leaving Misha completely alone.

Chapter End Notes

(Yes, the title of this fic is a reference to The Killers. For some reason "Mr. Brightside" was stuck in my head the entire god damn time I was writing the first chapter.)
“You alright, man?” Jared couldn’t hide his quizzical expression as he questioned Jensen. Jensen ignored him for a moment, and continued to absentmindedly pull at the label on his beer bottle. He took a swig, finally answering him.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just feeling a little overworked, you know?”

Jared had no reason to question this response. He didn’t know about the Destiel script, and he certainly didn’t know how the ‘rehearsal’ with Misha had went. And Jensen planned to keep it that way.

“I hear you, loud and clear.” Jared took a sip of his own beer. “I think we’re just getting old. I didn’t feel like this a couple of seasons ago, you know?” He laughed, pushing his hair out of the way as it fell forward. If there was one thing about Dean that Jensen could relate to, it was irresistible urge to cut that hair at times. Jensen forced a small chuckle, motioning for the waitress to bring him another beer.

The ‘incident’ in his trailer had happened a few hours earlier. Jensen was beyond relieved when Bob told him that he was good for the rest of the night, and didn’t need to bother with any reshoots. He has immediately high tailed it off of set, dialing Jared’s number and suggesting a bar. He had really needed a drink. And five drinks later, he still found himself needing one.

“What direction do you see Supernatural going in, Jared?” He mumbled thanks to the waitress when she sat down a fresh brew.

“What do you mean?”

_He’s such an innocent, goddamn puppy sometimes._ Jensen thought. _Absolutely perfect to play baby brother Sammy._ “I don’t know… where do you see the plot going? The characters? Do you see any romance in their lives? Or do you think they’ve learned their lesson about loving people?” Jensen shoved the beer bottle against his lips and drank half the bottle, realizing his questioning was getting to close to the topic he wanted to avoid.

Jared shrugged. ‘I’m just along for the ride, Jen. We work with a ton of amazing people. They’ve never disappointed me with a script or the way they’ve carried an episode out. I’m just lucky to be a part of something I love doing, where I can just sit back and put my faith in the writers.”

Jensen struggled to keep his eyes from rolling. Jared was one of the sweetest human beings on the planet. It was damn near sickening sometimes, but Jensen couldn’t help but love the guy. He was about to open his mouth to say something to the oversized teddy bear when he felt his phone vibrate. It was a text from Misha.
I think we should talk, Jensen.

Of fucking course he wanted to talk. Because he was Misha fucking Collins, and he believed that communication could solve 90% of the world’s problems. Why couldn’t he just be like a ‘normal’ human being and ignore uncomfortable subjects until they just went away?

Jensen locked his phone, ignoring the text. He was starting to feel a little drunk. It was probably best if they didn’t discuss this right now. He downed the rest of his beer, which didn’t go unnoticed by Jared.

“Whoa there, buddy. Are we celebrating the little break we get from filming?”

Jensen hadn’t even been thinking about the few weeks they had off from filming, in between seasons. Generally, they had much longer off, but the crew had admitted to wanting to experiment with this season a bit, and to avoid potentially having to set the release date back, they were starting earlier. Jensen just nodded, Jared’s excuse was a good one, and he wasn’t going to argue or bother coming up with an excuse for his slightly excessive drinking tonight. But now he couldn’t help but remember that he didn’t have long before he had to give Bob his answer on a particular script that may be a part of next season.

Jared could sense how distracted he was, and was growing bored with a conversation that he was beginning to feel was one sided. “You know; you could’ve invited Misha. He would’ve came out and drank with us.”

“He already had plans.” Jensen said, almost too quickly. This little outing with Jared wasn’t helping distract him nearly as much as he had been hoping it would. “How about a couple of shots before calling it a night?” He said, changing the subject and flagging a waitress down.

Jared helped Jensen stumble into the cab, shaking his head. His eyebrows were tented slightly, a little worried.

“Make sure this guy gets home safe, all right?” He said to the cab driver, who chuckled and nodded in response. Jared gave Jensen an awkward pat on the shoulder and closed the cab door.

“Where to?” The cab driver’s voice was pleasant despite the late hour and drunken passenger.

Jensen broke out in a fit of drunken giggles. Misha wanted to talk? Fine, they could talk. In person. At a little past three in the morning. With liquid courage now pumping through Jensen’s body. He slurred the address to Misha’s apartment, a triumphant grin on his face. The cab driver looked at him in the review mirror, questioning his strange confidence with his expression, but just nodded and pulled off.

The trip took longer than expected. In Jensen’s drunken stupor, he completely forgot about this amazing invention called an elevator, and had stumbled up the stairs. He stood in front of Misha’s door. A more sober version of himself would have realized that this was a bad idea. But he was currently feeling great, and Misha had said he wanted to talk. Hours ago. When it was a decent time.
He pressed his forehead against the door, it’s cool surface feeling amazing against his too hot skin. He knocked, rapping some beat that sounded cool in his head, but was really just a few uncoordinated, too loud knocks. *Shit, Misha is gonna know I’m plastered. Get it together, Ackles.* He thought, straightening his posture and trying to wait patiently.

The door finally opened. Misha was rubbing his eyes sleepily, his hair sticking up in every direction. Jensen gulped, remembering that his fingers were the last thing to make his hair look that way. Misha was shirtless, wearing a pair of plaid pajama pants that hung low on his hips. *Stop looking at his fucking hipbones Jensen, fuck.*

“Jensen? Do you have any idea what hour it is?”

“What? ‘Course I do.” Jensen stumbled past Misha, into his apartment. Misha could immediately smell the liquor and beer coming off of him.

“You’re drunk.”

“Am not.”

“Oh really? Tell the time then.” Misha pointed at a clock on his wall above his coat rack. “I’m not drunk, time.” Jensen said confidently.

Misha immediately burst into a fit of laughter. “I meant tell me the time, Jen.” Misha’s grin was all gums, and Jensen felt like he wanted to crawl in a hole suddenly. Misha guided Jensen over to the couch, helping him sit down. “What are you doing here? Are you okay?” He sat down next to Jensen, his expression just as worried as Jared’s had been earlier. When Jensen didn’t reply, Misha just waited patiently, his eyes searching his drunken friend’s face.

“Fuuuuck. Your eyes are so goddamn pretty, Misha. It’s not fair. It gives you a clear advantage. You win this round.”

“What are you talking about?” Misha shook his head in disbelief. Jensen was suddenly leaning in. Misha could feel his breath hot against his lips, but the smell of alcohol was almost too much to handle. Jensen’s unfocused eyes shot to Misha’s hair, soaking in the mess of untamed locks. His eyes wandered down to the creases on Misha’s forehead, where his worried expression was still displayed clearly. They traveled to his eyes, giant blue saucers, and Jensen felt personally offended by their shade of blue. Finally, his eyes landed on Misha’s welcoming, full lips.

“Fuck talking.” Jensen muttered, wrapping his hand around the back of Misha’s neck and pulling him in.

At first Misha didn’t kiss him back, but after a pitiful, disappointed noise escaped Jensen’s throat, he found his lips moving against Jensen’s. He felt a pleased hum against his mouth. In one swift, fluid movement, Jensen had Misha pinned underneath him on the couch, suddenly licking into his coworker’s mouth hungrily. Misha’s fingers carded through the short hair on the back of Jensen’s head, and he moaned slightly as Jensen slotted himself between his thighs, immediately rutting at the sound of Misha moaning.

“Fuck.” Jensen breathed, pulling his mouth away from Misha’s and working his lips along his jaw. The stubble scraped against his mouth, sending a shiver down his spine. Jensen’s hands wandered Misha’s torso while he worked his way down, licking a strip of Misha’s neck before sucking it into his mouth with every intention of leaving a mark that wouldn’t go away for days. He pulled back, sitting up to rip off his own shirt. He stared down at the man before him. Misha’s pupils were
completely blown, and if that didn’t give his arousal away, the growing bulge in his thin pajamas did.

Jensen groaned. He put his hand to Misha’s chest, and trailed his fingers down with feather-light touches until his hand reached the patch of hair just below Misha’s belly button, his eyes following the movement. Momentarily distracted by Misha’s hipbones (fuck, why are his hips the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen), Jensen paused for a moment. He bit his lower lip and slid his hand into Misha’s pajama pants, a pleased, guttural moan escaping his lips when he realized Misha wasn’t wearing any underwear. Misha gasped when Jensen finally wrapped his hand around his hardening cock. He thrust into Jensen’s fist shamelessly, unable to take his eyes off of Jensen who was unable to take his eyes off of his cock. Trying to say that he had never thought about Jensen like this was a lie fit to send him to hell, because he had a million times over. He was now fully hard, pre come dripping from his slit. Jensen didn’t hesitate to take advantage of this, using his thumb to smear it over the head of Misha’s cock, causing him to squirm at the added pleasure from the slick.

Misha was panting and writhing underneath Jensen, a part of him still unable to believe this was happening. But then Jensen’s hand slid up and down his length with added pressure, and that thought flew out the window. Heat began to unfurl within him, and he knew he was close to coming, and the thought of Jensen being the one to cause that almost made him unravel.

“WAIT. NO. STOP.” He panted, shooting up on the couch. Jensen immediately stopped, flinching at Misha’s outburst. Misha fell back against the couch, running his hands through his hair in frustration. “We can’t do this, Jen.”

“What? Why not?” Jensen’s voice was deep and wrecked from arousal.

“You’re drunk. Really drunk. I can’t take advantage of you like that. I just can’t.” Jensen furrowed his eyebrows, his eyes full of relief and adoration at Misha’s reasoning. He bent down, snuggling into the crook between Misha’s neck and shoulder, leaving feather-light kisses there.

“I want this, Mish. I want you.” He breathed in between kisses. Misha groaned and felt Jensen smile against his skin as his reaction. He wove kisses up Misha’s neck, trailing back across his jaw, to his lips. “I do. I want you.” Misha whined, but pushed him away gently.

“Let’s wait and see if you feel that way when you wake up.” Misha’s voice was earnest, though slightly regretful. Jensen sighed in frustration, but nodded, a smile flickering across his lips.

“Okay, okay. I probably would’ve judged you for putting out on the first ‘date’ anyway.” Jensen planted one last kiss on Misha’s lips, and when he pulled away, Misha’s smile was bigger than he had seen it in a long time. “But can we stay here? On the couch?” Jensen was already sinking into the very small space between Misha and the back of the couch, the earlier exertion, early morning hours, and alcohol causing him to crash. “I’m too tired.” He hummed, closing his eyes. Misha kissed his temple.

“Of course. And Jensen?”

“Hmm?”

“I just want to make sure you feel the same way in the morning.”

“I will, Misha. I will...” Jensen trailed off sleepily. Misha smiled and closed his eyes peacefully, letting sleep take him as well.
Misha would have asked Jensen if he felt the same way that next morning.

But when he woke up, Jensen was gone.
Jensen unlocked his apartment. He felt like shit, and he knew he couldn’t blame it entirely on the hangover that was currently having its way with his entire body. He had been really shocked by how easy it had been able to sneak out of Misha’s apartment. The dude slept like a rock, snoring and all. Jensen had been able to untangle their limbs and crawl over him, and all Misha had done was mumble something in his sleep, turn over, and continue snoring.

Throwing his keys and cell phone on the kitchen counter, Jensen immediately searched for something to relieve his migraine. Thinking about Misha was making it worse. Not to mention, there was this overwhelming guilt that was washing over him. He should have stayed, at least until Misha woke up. But he just couldn’t. Misha would understand, right? He had just been drunk. Drunk and stupid. He was just going to crawl in bed and sleep this disaster off while praying that Misha would just pretend like it didn’t happen. That wasn’t Jensen back there.

Two weeks had passed and Jensen found himself completely ignoring his phone. He still carried it around with him to check the time, and in case he needed it for an emergency, but calls went unanswered and texts went unread. Catching up with the outside world was long overdue. He unlocked the screen, his heart pounding in his chest.

He honestly hadn’t missed much. There were two missed calls from Jared. A couple of missed calls from family. A missed call from Bob (fuck, we probably wants my final thoughts on the script.). His unread texts were a bit livelier. A couple of woman he had been chatting up and shot him some texts, one of which was a very naked picture, causing Jensen to laugh. His brother had sent him some links for funny youtube videos. There were a few texts here and there from friends asking to hangout, but none seemed urgent. He also had an unread text from Jared, which instantly made him feel awful.

**Hey man. U know what’s up with Misha? Tried to get him to hangout but he’s being weird.**

The text also included a very confused looking emoji. Jensen sighed, and ran a hand over the stubble on his jaw. He finished going through the texts. There was nothing from Misha. No call, no text, nothing. He groaned at how disappointed, and even hurt, that it left him. Of course it made more sense for him to contact Misha first after what happened. But Misha obviously didn’t want to talk to him…right? He was growing increasingly frustrated, because whether he admitted it or not, he missed Misha. He missed those offensively blue eyes, that gummy grin, those stupid, tacky sweaters. And more than anything he missed the way Misha made him laugh. Because NO one could make him laugh like Misha Collins.

Walking over to his computer desk, Jensen opened his laptop and sat down. He pulled up his email, selecting Bob Singer’s email address. He would just tell him that he had been having issues with his phone, and had felt under the weather so he couldn’t get it fixed. His fingers scanned over the keyboard, knowing that his response on the script was long overdue. A lot of things were long overdue, like the apology he needed to give Misha. But he would deal with that later, work needed to come first. After typing up a quick, fake explanation of why he had been MIA lately, Jensen stared at the screen, biting his lip. He took a deep breath that shuddered through his body.

**As far as the script is concerned, I’ll do it, Bob.**

He typed it out and hit send before he could think too much about it. After reading the notes on the
script, he knew that Destiel wouldn’t become a thing until the last episode of the new season. Which gave him plenty of time to prepare himself for this career decision. Or regret it. One of the two.

Being back on set wasn’t nearly as uncomfortable as Jensen was expecting. Everyone was in a good mood, and there was no talk of Destiel, so obviously Bob was going to keep it quiet until he deemed appropriate. Jensen’s thumb padded at his phone while two woman crowded around him, doing final touches to his hair and makeup.

Jensen felt a sharp slap to his ass, immediately followed by Jared’s loud laugher. “Oh, you got your phone fixed! I would have been worried about you had Bob not sent out that email about it. Are you feeling better?”

“Well other than my ass burning—” Jensen shot Jared a dirty look “—I’m doing fine now. I think I just came down with something. Hey, have you seen Misha?”

Jared shrugged. “Probably getting ready. I think he was looking for you earlier.”

Jensen’s heart leapt into his throat. He hadn’t seen Misha, or even spoke to him since that night. Granted, he hadn’t really seen or talked to anyone, and the broken phone and falling ill charade had worked beautifully. Not one had asked any questions, and only said they were glad he was feeling better.

And honestly, Jensen was feeling much better. Over their filming break, he had been doing a lot of thinking, and decided he was just going to be up front with Misha. Let him know that it had all been a drunken mistake, and assure him it wouldn’t happen again. The more he played the scenario in his head, the better he felt. If there was one thing Misha was, it was understanding.

Jensen was on the sidelines of the set, watching Jared perform a solo scene where Sam asked some chick if she had seen or felt anything suspicious. He really wanted to start messing with him like he always did with Jensen and Misha, but Jensen decided that since it was the first day back, he would cut the guy a break. He heard a quiet, familiar rustling to his right, and knew immediately that rustle belonged to a trench coat.

Misha’s eyes were on Jared. His eyebrows were furrowed, concentrating like Jared’s acting was the most fascinating thing in the world.

“Hey, Mish.” Jensen said softly. God it’s so good to see him. So fucking good. Jensen couldn’t help noticing how tired Misha looked. When the fellow actor finally looked over at him, Jensen’s breath caught in his chest. Those eyes would be the death of him.

“Hello, Jensen. I’m glad to see you’re… feeling better.” Misha saw right through Jensen. He always did, like he was transparent. It was both exhilarating and terrifying how he managed to do that.

“Thanks.” He muttered.

“Bob told me about you wanting to go forward with the script. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t surprised.”

“Yeah, well, we’re actors.” Jensen shrugged. “It’s what we do…act.”

“Well, if there’s one thing you’re good at, it’s acting, Jensen.” Misha’s voice was odd, almost accusing, and Jensen could barely breathe. Misha was too close, and Jensen felt like he was going to
crawl out of his skin because of the urge to card his fingers through those dark, tousled locks. He licked his lips, searching Misha’s beautiful, blue eyes.

“Listen, Misha, about uh, your apartment.” Misha leaned closer, hanging on Jensen’s every word. “I was drunk. Really drunk. In fact, I barely remember what happened.” That was a lie. He remembered all of it, in filthy, longing, detail. It had been the only thing on his mind whenever he found his hand around his cock ever since. “But I… I didn’t mean anything by it, okay? I was just being drunk and stupid. It was a mistake.” A hurt expression flitted across Misha’s face, and Jensen immediately felt like he received a blow to the chest. If we weren’t on set, I would kiss that goddamn look off his face.

“You’re up, Misha!” a voice said, prompting Misha to get on his marker for the next scene which involved him and Jared.

Misha cleared his throat. The hurt expression had lifted, and now he had a smile on his face, though it didn’t quite meet his eyes. “I would believe that if I didn’t know that you agreeing with the script was an easy excuse to kiss me again.” With that, he walked over to his marker, leaving Jensen completely speechless.

Jensen paced in Misha’s trailer. The dumb, lovable goof still hadn’t gotten in the habit of locking it, despite how often Jensen and Jared fucked with him. Jensen wasn’t sure what he doing there. Misha would be here any minute to grab his god awful sweater, and other belongings so he could turn in for the night. The day’s filming had gone by excruciatingly slow. Jensen hadn’t had a lot of lines with Misha, and Misha had steered clear of him, shooting him sly smirks and knowing looks. And it was driving Jensen up the fucking wall. The pacing stopped as Jensen looked around the trailer. Misha’s trailer was so… Misha. Jensen knew the fridge was full of kale and yogurt, and wanted to gag at the thought of it. The place was spastic and messy, and Jensen somehow found that comforting. There was yarn on the couch from where Misha had been crocheting (or attempting to, it’s not like Jensen knew shit about that type of thing). There were even fresh flowers in the vase on the table. Before Jensen could observe anything more of the room, he heard the door open.

Misha froze, definitely not expecting Jensen to be in his trailer. He slowly stepped into the trailer, unblinking. Jensen immediately stepped forward, only a few inches separating the two of them.

“What is…” He motioned between them “this?” Jensen’s voice was barely above a whisper. He knew his face was bewildered, his green eyes terrified. He swallowed hard, hoping he didn’t need to explain himself. But he was talking to Misha, and he never had to explain himself to Misha.

“I’m trying to figure that out myself.”

Jensen suddenly had his hands on Misha’s hips, pulling him in. Their lips hovered dangerously close together, but didn’t touch. Jensen inhaled his scent deeply, and it was intoxicating. He smelled of watermelon and cinnamon and Jensen was getting drunk on it. Time seemed to stand still as Misha bit his lower lip, having questions that neither of them had the answers to. Jensen removed one of his hands from Misha’s hips, and brought it up to stroke his cheek.

“Whatever it is, I like it.” He muttered.

“Which is why you keeping running, right?” Misha’s voice was apprehensive as he looked down, afraid to look Jensen in the eyes. Jensen coaxed his eyes back by tilting his head slightly.

“I won’t run anymore, Mish. I won’t.” Misha looked like he was about to lean in and bring their lips
“I don’t believe that. I know you, Jensen Ackles. That’s why it didn’t even surprise me when you weren’t there the next morning, and it really didn’t surprise me when you didn’t call and—“

Jensen had his lips on Misha’s before Misha could even finish the sentence. Misha melted against him immediately, his hands wrapping around the back of his neck. Jensen moaned, hot and needy, his tongue tracing Misha’s bottom lip teasingly before sliding into his mouth. Their tongues wrestled for dominance and their hands wandered and groped before Jensen abruptly pulled back.

“I missed you. I missed the way you taste. I missed your too loud laugh, and your stupid jokes and your obnoxious sweaters, and your blue eyes…and fuck, I just really missed you, Misha. I’m sorry I left. I’m sorry I didn’t call.”

“Just shut up. I can think of much better things you could be doing with your mouth right now.” Misha said, smirking. Jensen groaned, nuzzling against Misha’s neck before sucking at a spot gently.

“That better be gone tomorrow.” Misha hissed in response to the hickie, even though he arched his neck to give Jensen better access.

“Take your clothes off.” Jensen panted, crashing his lips to Misha’s before the other man could respond. Their tongues fought some more as Jensen began to shamelessly thrust his hips against Misha’s, his already hard cock looking for friction. Misha did an absolutely sinful sigh as Jensen kissed away from his lips, tracing his jawline instead as he waited for Misha to undress. When Misha didn’t move, he pulled away with a frustrated groan to stare at him.

“I’m still mad at you.” Misha pouted playfully, but there was some truth in his words.

“Then I’ll make it up to you. I don’t care how long it takes, okay? I’m an idiot. And I’ll make it up to you.” Jensen tried to catch the words, but they tumbled out anyway. He’s fucking ruined me. He thought. He’s fucking ruined me and I don’t want anyone else.
Every thought in Jensen’s head that didn’t involve Misha were just dull hums in the back of his mind. Misha had insisted that they go back to his apartment where there was an actual bed and not just a makeshift cot that the trailer had. In the elevator ride up, they stood close, elbows touching and hands bumping together. Jensen grabbed Misha’s hand and snuck a delicate kiss on his cheek before the doors opened, letting another gentleman in their personal space. Misha couldn’t help but note Jensen’s immediate slip into tension, releasing his hand and stepping away slightly to put some space in between them. Misha frowned at him, but Jensen wouldn’t meet his eyes.

“Come onnnn, hurry uppp.” Jensen whined as Misha fumbled with the keys, trying to unlock his apartment door. Misha rolled his eyes but grinned, pleased with Jensen’s enthusiasm. Other than the small bit of tension in the elevator, Jensen seemed 110% sure of himself, sure of what they were about to do. And he wasn’t even drunk.

That wasn’t entirely true. Jensen was drunk, just not on alcohol. There was something about being around Misha that completely intoxicated him. He felt like he had no control over his actions, and his thought process was so one track. Misha’s lips. Misha’s eyes. Misha’s laugh. Misha’s scent. Misha’s sinfully distracting hips. Misha, Misha, Misha.

When Misha finally got the door open, Jensen practically shoved him inside, immediately spinning him around and locking their lips as he kicked the door closed behind them. He loved the way Misha melted into him, completely pliant as though their bodies were created just to fit together. One hand was tangled in Misha’s soft chaos of locks, and another hand had slid under the stupid sweater (This one has a wolf on it... really, Misha?) and was rubbing up and down his side. Misha’s skin was hot, causing Jensen to hum contently against his lips. He pulled away, ripping the sweater over Misha’s head (Okay, maybe his sweaters are kinda cute.), and immediately drawing his lips to his costar’s bare chest. Misha was a lot more fit than many people gave him credit for.

The suit and trench coat on set never really did him justice. Sure, he wasn’t nearly as ripped as Jared, and Jensen floated somewhere in between the two... but Jensen could feel his muscles ripple under his skin as he reached up to run his fingers through Jensen’s hair. Jensen kissed his way to Misha’s neck, and god did he love how Misha just melted whenever his neck was kissed. Or licked. Or sucked. A growl escaped Jensen’s throat as he involuntarily thrust against Misha.

“Bed.” Misha panted, unable to form full sentences because it felt like all of his blood was rushing south. Jensen whined, and the Misha-sober him would have been disgusted by how needy he was currently feeling. He needed his skin against Misha’s. He needed to hear Misha pant and call out his name. He needed to make Misha come. Misha must have been thinking the same thing, because he broke apart, grabbing Jensen’s hand and leading him to the bedroom.

Clothes began to litter the hallway leading to Misha’s bedroom. Shirts, socks, boots. When they finally reached the room, they were both only in their jeans, both feeling the denim restricting their throbbing, needy cocks. They stood there for a moment, basking in each other’s presence, a slight, sudden bought of nerves washing over them. Jensen had never been with another man, and Misha knew this. He wanted to take thing slow, he didn’t want Jensen running out on him again.

Misha unbuttoned his pants, skipping the zipper and pulling them down along with his boxers. Jensen watched him, his eyes searching Misha’s face before tracing down his body and resting on his
cock. His own member twitched at the sight of it as a list of all of the filthy things he could do with it ran through his mind. Misha approached him slowly, sliding his finger behind the waistband of Jensen’s pants, pulling him forward. Jensen immediately thrusted towards him, wanting any sort of relief. Even though he was incredibly glad Misha was taking this slow, it was excruciating. His body shuddered slightly, unsure of which direction all of this was going to take. But as he stared into Misha’s blue eyes, he realized he didn’t care. Misha could have him completely, in any way he wanted him.

Misha kissed him softly as he began unzipping Jensen’s pants and pulling them down along with his boxers. “Lie on the bed.” He muttered, sneaking in another kiss before shoving Jensen playfully. Jensen immediately followed his orders, his knees bent at the edge of the bed with his legs dangling over. He propped himself up with his elbows, not wanting to take his eyes off of Misha for even a second. “We’re going to take this slow, really slow. Okay, Jen?” Jenson just nodded, mesmerized and unable to speak. At this very moment, Misha could tell him to kill a man and he would do so without hesitation. Misha put his hands on both of Jensen’s knees, slowly spreading his legs as he got down on his knees. Jensen’s cock throbbed almost painfully, thinking back to all of the times he had fantasized about Misha sucking him off.

Kissing at the soft hair right below Jensen’s bellybutton, he hummed pleasantly. He had fantasized about this just as many times as Jensen had. Misha kissed his way down, giving every inch of Jensen’s hips and thighs attention, and quite deliberately ignoring his cock. He worked his way back up, sucking a soft patch of skin just a mere inch from the shaft, and Jensen whimpered. Misha rubbed his hands up and down Jensen’s thighs soothingly and cooed a “shhh.” Frustrated, Jensen shoved his hips upward, hissing at the sensation of his cock scraping against the stubble on Misha’s cheek. Misha dug his fingertips into Jensen’s thighs. “Behave.” He muttered, and Jensen sank back into the bed. Misha slowly licked a strip up Jensen’s cock from base to head, gazing at him from under a curtain of thick, dark lashes. Jensen groaned, feeling pre come ooze out of his slit.

“You’re such a fucking tease.” Jensen’s voice was husky and low, causing Misha’s own cock to twitch. Misha smirked and took Jensen into his mouth. Jensen’s immediate reaction was the trust, but Misha dug his fingers into his thighs again. “Please.” Jensen begged, watching Misha, feeling him pay special attention to the head of his cock without sliding down any further. Misha ignored him, padding his tongue along the delicate underneath of the head, thoroughly enjoying watching his costar squirm. Misha’s mouth slid down Jensen’s cock slightly, only to slide up again. “Misha, please!” Jensen panted. Misha chuckled, his mouth vibrating around Jensen, causing him to jerk. Finally, Misha slid all the way down. The noise that escaped Jensen’s throat almost made Misha come immediately, completely untouched. Misha removed his hands from Jensen thighs, one fondled Jensen’s sack while the other wrapped around his own cock. He began to bob his head, pulling moan after moan from Jensen’s lips. Misha pulled back for a moment, nuzzling Jensen’s cock while still jerking his own.

“You taste so good, Jensen. I want you to come in my mouth.” Misha’s voice was deep and laced with lust. Jensen’s hips twitched, his pupils completely blown as he searched Misha’s eyes, unable to form a single coherent thought that didn’t involve him spilling into Misha’s mouth. Misha slid Jensen’s cock between his lips again, a new urgency in how he bobbed up and down with skill.

“Oh baby, I’m going to come in your mouth.” Jensen grunted, causing Misha to moan hot and wet around his cock. Jensen finally gave his elbows a break, lifting off of them so that he could entangle his fingers in Misha’s hair. He began to thrust in time with Misha’s skill, holding him in place by his hair. He felt the head of his cock hit the back of Misha’s throat, and he looked down. Misha’s eyes were watering slightly, but he was moaning around him, allowing him to fuck into his mouth with pleasure. Misha moaning around Jensen’s cock was too much for Jensen to handle, and his body felt as tight as a coil as the heat began to unfurl within him. “So close…” He murmured. Misha didn’t
last quite that long, and he came, sprays of white painting the carpet next to the bed. Misha’s entire
body shuddered as he moaned deep, long and needy around Jensen, and that’s all he needed. He was
coming in Misha’s mouth, crying out his name as he did so. Misha swallowed around him, his lips
slightly upturned in the only smile he could muster with his mouth so full. He pulled back, licking
Jensen’s cock clean. Jensen fell back against the bed, panting and shaking as he felt sweat trickle
down his body.

Misha stood up, grabbing a tissue off the nightstand and cleaning himself off. He lied down on his
side next to Jensen, his own chest heaving as the waves of post orgasm ecstasy washed over him.

“I don’t really cuddle.” Jensen muttered, not taking his eyes off of Misha. But even as he said it, he
was rolling on his own side, wrapping an arm around Misha’s waist and pulling him closer. It was so
unexpected that a small gasp escaped Misha’s mouth. Misha snuggled against him, breathing in the
scents of sweat, sex, and Jensen’s own personal fragrance. Jensen’s thumb caressed Misha’s hipbone,
and he realized he couldn’t wait to kiss every inch of the man before him. He pulled away just far
enough to plant a tender kiss on Misha’s lips. He sucked Misha’s bottom lip into his mouth, and he
could taste himself. He hummed. I was not expecting that to turn me on. He released Misha’s lip,
smiling at him. “Not bad, Collins.”

“You’re not so bad yourself, Ackles.” Misha’s big blue eyes were looking at him almost shyly. He
could hear Jensen’s breathing deepen and slow, and knew they were going to fall asleep like this.
“You’d better be here in the morning.” Misha sighed, trying to keep his voice even and not pleading.

“There’s no other place I’d rather be…” Jensen replied sleepily.

Jensen’s skin was too hot. Entangled in another person’s body heat too hot. His eyes fluttered
slightly, but he kept them firmly closed, not ready wake up just yet. Suddenly the memory of last
night filled his foggy, sleepy head, and his eyes shot open. Misha was asleep in his arms, his
shoulders rising and falling peacefully. Jensen was entirely shocked that he wasn’t snoring.
Swallowing thickly, Jensen attempted to slowly unknot himself from the other man’s body. Panic
was slowly beginning to wash over him. I let another dude suck me off. Holy shit, I let another dude
suck me off. He ran his fingers through his hair in panic and frustration, looking for his clothes. He
pulled on his boxers and pants, flinching when the button of his jeans rattled a little too loudly. When
he was buttoned and zipped, he looked back down at Misha. Even though his hair was an absolute
mess, his lips chapped, and his body angled awkwardly from the lack of Jensen’s body, he still
looked absolutely beautiful sleeping. Jensen reached his hand out to run his fingers through the
sleeping man’s hair, but he stopped himself.

I can’t do this. I can’t, I can’t, I can’t. He pulled back,
heading for the door. One of his socks was just outside the doorway in the hall, and he bent over to
pick it up.

“You know, you bent over in my room would be a great way to wake up. But I’m pretty sure the
fact that you have pants on isn’t an invite, it’s a sign that you’re skipping out on me.” Misha voice
was still thick with sleep, but the sadness in it was all too clear. When Jensen turned around, Misha
stretched, looking for his own clothes. His mouth was pressed into a thick line, and Jensen was pretty
sure it was because his lips were trembling slightly.

“I was… I was just going to grab a shower.” Jensen lied lamely.

Misha slid on his boxers. “Okay.” He replied in a small voice. He knew it was a lie. But he wanted
to believe it.
Jensen dropped the sock in his hand. “What are you doing to me, Misha?”

“Making you happy, I hope.”

“You are. But we can’t keep doing this.”

Chapter End Notes

I know tomorrow is Christmas, but I’m still going to try and get a chapter out tomorrow. I don’t know how yall’s families are, but on most days, I would personally rather read fluff and smut that have to deal with my mother’s insistent nagging.
Sorry I couldn't get another chapter out last night, guys. Things got really hectic, and I'm feeling under the weather. But thank you so much to all of the people that have left kudos and comments, and all of you who have bookmarked this fic. Y'all are the bee's knees.

Misha just stared at Jensen. “What’s stopping us? Why can’t we do this?”

Jensen was avoiding his eyes now. “Because… we work together.” He muttered at the ground. He could feel Misha’s eyes boring into him. He knew Misha deserved a better excuse. In fact, he deserved the truth. But Jensen was still trying to figure out the truth. Why couldn’t they do this?

“…Because we work together?”

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?”

“Jen, when has that ever stopped anyone who wants to be together?” Jensen didn’t answer him, but he did finally look up. Misha’s expression changed very suddenly, and it caused his heart to shatter into a million pieces. “You… you don’t want to be with me…”

Jensen was across the room, cradling Misha’s face in his hands in a split second. “No, no, no baby. It’s not that.” He said softly. He kissed Misha tenderly, but Misha didn’t kiss him back. *I deserve that.* "Don’t think that for a second."

Misha jerked away from him. “I think you should leave.”

Jensen felt his face fall, but he couldn’t argue. *I’m all over the fucking place, giving him mixed signals. It’s not like I can expect him to keep up.* Jensen nodded curtly, and turned for the door. He reached for his sock again. He liked his clothes a lot better like this, scattered across Misha’s apartment because passion got in the way of any orderliness. But he just couldn’t do this.

Jensen was incredibly late getting to set. Misha didn’t have to film again until tomorrow, and he found himself pondering that it was probably for the best so that they could distance themselves. Take a step back and look at the situation more clearly.

“Where have you been, man?!” Jared’s voice rang out as soon as he spotted Jensen.

“Sorry, I overslept. No one wants my head on a stake just yet, I’m hoping?""}

“Nah. I mean, Bob is a little irritated. But we just filmed around your scenes. It’s not like you to sleep in…” Jared was giving him that particular eyebrow raise, the one that was both accusing him and asking him if he got laid the night before. Jensen felt his face quickly reddening.

“I forgot to set my alarm. I’d better get to my post before someone kills me.” Jensen had already
turned and began walking away.

“Jensen-“

“Later, Padalecki.” Jensen called over his shoulder.

Filming for the day wrapped up a lot earlier than it usually did. Jared has sensed the weirdness coming off of Jensen, and stayed as professional as Jared Padalecki was capable of. Jensen sighed a relief, taking a gulp out of his water bottle. Filming going so smoothly was a much needed distraction. He went for another drink, but a hand colliding with his shoulder caused him to spit it everywhere. He wiped his mouth and turned to see Jared.

“You gotta learn to control those paws of yours better, Jared.”

Jared laughed, pulling a beanie on as he did so many times after filming. “Are you going to the benefit tonight?”

“…benefit?”

“Seriously, Jensen? I swear, sometimes I wonder how you even have friends. You know how much it means to Misha.” Jensen just stared at him, trying to make an excuse up. “You know? The art auction for Random Acts of Kindness? He’s been talking about it for weeks.”

“Yeah, um, I don’t think I’m going to be able to make it.” Jenson couldn’t quite recall Jared ever looking so disappointed in him.

“Well… I guess you probably have plans with the same girl that kept you out all night. But you should at least try to make an appearance. You know this is important to him.” Jared shrugged, walking off.

_I hate when he does that shit. ‘Oh, I’m mad at you, so I’m going to walk off like some huge, angry teddy bear.’ Seriously, Padalecki?_

But Jensen knew he was right. The art auction meant a ton to Misha, and he felt awful that he had temporarily forgotten about it. But he had tried not to think about Misha as much as he could all day. Not that it stopped his brain whatsoever. In between takes, all he could think of was Misha’s stupid, contagious, too-loud laugh. Or Misha’s goofy fucking _adorable_ grin that was far too gummy. Or how Misha smelled of watermelon and cinnamon, and he knew he would never find that scent in a bottle even if he spent the rest of his life looking for it. Or how Misha peered at him through thick lashes last night…Jensen’s cock twitched and he shook his head. _I need to go home. Fuck the benefit. And fuck Misha._

Jensen kept shooting himself grumpy, frustrated looks in the mirror as he fumbled with his tie. After a shower he had somehow convinced himself to go to the benefit. And that was after jerking off in the shower, so he knew he wasn’t just thinking with his dick. He just couldn’t help but wonder if he was even still invited. _He doesn’t want to see you. He doesn’t want to talk to you. You’re an asshole, and you’re only making this harder by showing up out of the blue._ Jensen straightened his tie.

“This is as good as it’s going to get.” He muttered to his reflection. He was wearing black slacks and a black tie with a red button up. He knew this thing was supposed to be fancy, and he couldn’t help
but wonder how Misha would dress. A part of him felt like he would dress just as goofy as ever, but Jensen knew how seriously he took Random Acts and figured he would be at least halfway presentable tonight. Jensen grabbed his keys and phone, and headed for the door, his nerves a bundled knot in his stomach.

When Jensen got to the art gallery, his eyes immediately scanned the room for Misha. *What’s that saying, ‘in a crowded room, my eyes will always search for you’? Stop being such a sap, Ackles.* This wasn’t exactly Misha’s scene at all. Of course he was always spending a ton of money and time on Random Acts of Kindness, but it was usually just that… random. Not some fancy gig with a bunch of pretentious rich folk. He grabbed a flute of champagne from the tray of a waiter walking by, and continued looking around the place. A voice pulled Jensen away from his scan of the room.

“That’s *what* saying, ‘in a crowded room, my eyes will always search for you’? Stop being such a sap, Ackles.” Jensen’s big, long arms were embracing him before he could even react. He hugged him back, laughing. “Did you convince your lady friend to come, or did she just release your balls long enough for you to get away?” Jared’s voice was playful, but still had that accusatory tone from earlier.

“I’m here by myself, Jared.” Jensen said rolling his eyes. He would play along with the ‘mystery woman’ skit. Even though he knew Jared had NO idea about the thing going on between him and Misha, it still made him feel better to allow Jared to keep thinking he was seeing someone.

“Well, at least someone is.”

“Huh?”

“Dude, you should see the knock out that Misha is with tonight.” Jensen almost dropped his champagne flute, and readjusted his grip, but then realized he was one clench away from shattering it. He quickly downed the drink, and sat the empty glass on another waiter’s tray as he passed. “I mean, I think she’s the chick that runs the joint. But still, they’ve been attached at the hip all night. I’ve even seen Misha sneak his arm around her waist a few times. Suave bastard.”

Jensen’s mouth was uncomfortable dry. “Good for Misha.” He said, trying to keep his tone even. Jared didn’t pick up on just how bitter it was. “Why is Misha doing this anyway? Doesn’t seem like his kind of thing.” His voice was too high, and he swallowed thickly, thanking god that Jared didn’t seem to notice.

“The owner of the joint found out about Random Acts and approached Misha about it. It’s not really his thing, but it’s going to make the organization a lot of money tonight.” Jared motioned to the paintings on the wall. “Apparently, super rich people actually want to buy this shit.”

“And apparently, actors have poor taste.” Jared and Jensen both turned at the sound of a low, sexy female voice.

“I’m Alexandra. And I already know who you two are. Misha hasn’t shut up about you all night!” She threw her head back and laughed, her curls bouncing. Jensen felt himself blush, and he looked to Misha, who immediately looked away when their eyes connected.
“It’s nice to meet you, Alexandra.” Jared said, holding out his hand. Jensen muttered the same thing he said, and held out his hand too. Jensen’s eyes fell to her small waist. Misha was still holding her. Misha shot him a smirk before looking at Jared.

“Alexandra and I really should be getting back. The auction will be starting soon.” Misha smiled warmly at Jared. When he glanced over at Jensen, the smile wasn’t quite as warm, but it remained intact.

Jensen watched them go, jealousy rearing its ugly head and clawing at his insides like a trapped animal.

“Dude, I know she’s hot, but pick your jaw up off the ground.” Jared commented, laughing. Jensen immediately closed his mouth nervously. If only she was the one that had left him gaping like that.

The auction was over, and the crowd had thinned out immensely. Jared had already left, but he was right. Random Acts of Kindness had earned a ton of money, and the entire event had left Misha all smiles. Jensen kept glancing at him from across the gallery, partially livid that he wasn’t the one putting that smile on his face. *Am I really so jealous that the damn dude can’t grin without me feeling like I need to be the cause of it?*

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It got to be a bit much for Jensen, and he had taken to staring at a painting on the wall. It was one that belonged to the gallery, and wasn’t for sale. Jensen didn’t know much about art, but he guessed he would consider the painting abstract. It had a lot of dark greys and black, with the random occasional splotch of red. *This is stupid. I could make this. Art is stupid. This whole benefit is stupid.*

Jensen almost snorted because of how much he looked like Castiel.

“I was thinking about how this painting is stupid.”

“Yeah… or some shit.” He was surprised that Misha actually grinned at him, and seemed to be on the verge of laughing. Jensen melted completely. *See, I can make him smile just as easily as Alexandra’s stupid art thing. He found himself inching closer to Misha, completely uninterested in everything else in the room. “What are you really thinking, Jensen?” Their faces were just far enough apart for Jensen to know it wouldn’t draw any attention to them. He found himself inching closer to Misha, completely uninterested in everything else in the room. “What are you really thinking, Jensen?” Their faces were just far enough apart for Jensen to know it wouldn’t draw any attention to them.*

“I’m thinking about how I should pin you against one of these walls, because you’re a fucking work of art.” Jensen’s voice was low and seductive and he watched as a delicate shade of pink crawled up Misha’s cheeks. “You’re more beautiful than any god damn painting in this place.” He thought for a moment that Misha was going to kiss him, right in front of all of these people. And he thought that
maybe, just maybe, he would be okay with that if it meant Misha leaving here with him instead of Alexandra. But Misha just took a step back, putting more space between them.

“I want to tell you that that was the single hottest thing that anyone has ever said to me. And tell you that I want to take you back to my place, and describe all of the positively filthy things I want to do to you. But, you know…” He shrugged. “I won’t. Because we work together. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to find Alexandra.” Misha gave Jensen one last cold glance before walking off.

And Jensen had never felt more heartbroken in his entire life.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

This chapter ended up being a little longer than the others. Ah, oh well.

Jensen sat on the edge of his bed, locking and unlocking his phone over and over. He finally threw the phone on his bed, undoing his tie. Every fiber of his being wanted to call Misha. He wanted to interrupt whatever it was that he and Alexandra were doing, and tell Misha that they should be the ones together right now, not him and her. He grabbed his phone again, texting out a message he knew was a waste of time.

I'm sorry, Mish.

He knew Misha wouldn’t text back. He was probably in the middle of undressing Alexandra, kissing her lips, touching her body. Jensen shuddered, that feeling in the pit of his stomach once again trying to claw its way out. He wanted to text Misha again. Just a simple ‘I miss you’. Jesus Jensen, could you be any more of a fucking girl. He locked his phone again, and threw it in the drawer to his nightstand so that he wouldn’t stare at it all night.

He replaced staring at his phone with staring at his ceiling that night, and wishing that Misha was next to him on his cold, lonely bed.

Taking a sip of his coffee, Jensen knew he was ridiculously early to set the next day. But Misha was also filming, and he was really hoping he would run into him. He hadn’t really slept, and was tired of losing his mind in his apartment bedroom. When he finally crawled out of bed, he had had half a mind to drive to Misha’s apartment. But the last thing he wanted was to run into Alexandra and confirm his fears, so early arrival on set it was.

On the way to his own trailer, Jensen had to pass Misha’s trailer, and debated on whether or not to knock on his door, when something caught his eye higher up.

“Uh…Misha? What are on doing on top of your trailer?” Regardless of everything that had happened, Jensen couldn’t help but laugh a little. Misha was sitting with his legs crossed on top of the trailer, eating yogurt and granola. He had a pair of sunglasses on, but looked so casual, like sitting on top of the roof of something was completely normal.

“The view is better up here.” His voice was still icy, and Jensen was kind of shocked that he even bothered replying. Jensen laughed awkwardly, unsure of how to respond at first.

“Um, do you want some company?” Jensen asked hopefully.

Misha removed his sunglasses. He was staring daggers through Jensen, like what he said was the most offensive thing in the world. He studied Jensen’s face for a moment before sighing deeply. “Sure.” He muttered so quietly that Jensen barely heard him.

Their trailers weren’t very high. Jensen stood on the tips of his toes to place his coffee on the roof,
and then placed a foot on the hand rail to help haul himself up. Misha completely ignored him and continued eating his yogurt. Jensen shimmied over to Misha, his coffee in hand.

“You’re right. The view is better up here.” He breathed, not taking his eyes off of Misha. Even though he had sunglasses on, Jensen could tell Misha rolled his eyes by how his eyebrows wiggled. Jensen laughed softly, his heart aching as he looked at the man before him. “Did you… did you get my text?”

“Yes.” Misha answered casually, shrugging slightly. He sat his yogurt down and took his sunglasses off again so that he could look at Jensen.

“Oh… I thought maybe you didn’t get it because you didn’t reply…”

“I didn’t reply because it would be a waste of my time. You’ve already apologized once, and claimed you were going to make it up to me. I’m not going to waste my time on you anymore, Jensen.”

Jensen felt his chest tighten, and his breath caught in his chest. He bit his lip to keep it from trembling as Misha studied him. “I can’t blame you.” He said softly. His eyes were stinging and he blinked hard.

Misha lost some of his composure. “I don’t know what you want from me, Jen. In fact, I’m pretty sure you have no idea what you want from yourself. This back and forth bullshit isn’t good for either of us. It’s killing me. You were right, we work together. We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Okay, the whole working together thing was just a really shitty excuse, Misha. You caught me in the act of trying to walk out on you and I panicked, all right?”

“Why were you trying to leave?”

Jensen thought for a moment. He sighed deeply and ran his fingers through his hair. He looked off in the distance. Misha was right, the view up here was amazing. It was too late to enjoy the sunrise, but still early enough for the sky to be painted with pinks and golds that streaked through the blue that was slowly taking over. He couldn’t look at Misha when he answered. “You realize I’m not gay, right?” He snuck a quick glance over.

Misha cockpit his head to the side, staring at him with his eyebrows tented in confusion. But then, very abruptly, he snorted and erupted into laughter. His whole body shook as he threw his head back, teeth and gums exposed. He was laughing so hard that he had to put his hand down to steady himself, nearly toppling over the top of the trailer. Jensen shot him a very annoyed look.

“I’m glad my sexuality is so fucking hilarious.” Misha wiped his eyes and looked at Jensen fondly.

“Yeah? Well I’m not gay either.” Jensen went tried to respond, but Misha spoke over him. “Yeah, yeah, yeah. I’ve been with other men before. So what? Sexuality isn’t black and white for everyone, Jen. There’s a lot of grey area. It doesn’t necessarily make you gay just because you like dick.”

Jensen felt himself blush a deep shade of red, and watched as Misha’s eyes scanned over his face. He knew Misha was admiring his freckles, and he blushed deeper.

“I…I’m not so sure I like dick.” As Jensen said it, Misha raised his eyebrows accusingly. Jensen smirked at him. “Maybe it’s just that I like you.”

“I like you too, Jensen.” Misha’s eyes were shining brightly, and Jensen felt his heartbeat speed up and a feeling in his stomach flutter. Is he giving me fucking butterflies? “But you know… when it comes to sex, you shouldn’t knock it until you try it.” Misha winked at him.
Jensen couldn’t take it anymore. Using his coffee free hand, he cupped Misha’s face and pulled him in for a kiss. He was shocked when Misha actually kissed him back. He deepened the kiss. Misha tasted like strawberries because of the yogurt, and he smiled against his lips.

“Do you know what you want? I’m not playing some game anymore.” Misha asked, pulling away, searching Jensen’s face.

“I want you.” Jensen nearly purred, pressing his forehead against Misha’s. Misha opened his mouth, but Jensen wasn’t done talking. “I get it. I fucked up. I’m a screwed up person, Mish. And I’m still trying to figure all of this out. This is all really new to me. It… it’s a lot to take in.”

“And you’re scared.”

Jensen bit his lip and nodded. “I am. You’re one of my best friends. I don’t want to fuck this up. And so far, that’s all I’ve done.” He kissed Misha again, slow and lovingly. When he pulled away, he laughed. “Stupid Destiel script, complicating everything.”

Misha smiled, grabbing Jensen’s hand and lacing their fingers together. “I think I can handle complicated.”

Jensen’s face dropped, and he immediately got very serious. “You say that now. What if I freak out again?”

“Just promise me that you’ll talk it out with me, and I’ll promise you that I won’t get mad about it.”

“I promise.” Jensen squeezed his hand. His heart was going to beat out of his chest any second now, he just knew it would. He released Misha’s hand, and ran his own hand through the other man’s messy, dark hair. Smiling, he tossed his coffee off the side of the trailer.

“What?” Misha whispered.

“Nothing.” Jensen muttered, leaning down to kiss him. Misha’s mouth completely opened up with the kiss, and Jensen licked his way inside. *Fuck, fuck, fuck. I love him.* Jensen pulled back for a moment. “Can we… can we just take this slow? I really don’t want to mess up again, Misha. I’m going to make you happy, okay? Really happy. We just need to take things slow.” His words were too urgent, too quick, and too nervous. Misha grinned at him.

“Okay, we’ll take it as slow as you want, Jen. Just lead the way and I’ll follow, okay?”

Jensen bit his lip nervously. “You do realize that means… keeping this quiet for a little while?”

Misha looked a little hurt, but nodded. “I get it. You said this is a lot to take in right now. And I believe you. Just… just don’t run off again. Please, Jensen.” Jensen’s heart broke. Misha’s tone was pleading, begging.

Jensen nuzzled their noses together. “Never again, baby. Never again.” Jensen kissed him. “I’m going to make all of this up to you.” He kissed him again. “I promise.” Another kiss. “I’m going to make you so fucking happy that you’re not going to know what to do with yourself, Misha.” Misha
laughed, and tickled Jensen’s sides a little, smiling at how he squirmed.

“Okay, Romeo. But everyone else is going to start showing up soon. We’d better get down and at least pretend to be productive adults.” Jensen rolled his eyes but nodded. “And Jensen?”

“Yeah?”

“Pick your coffee cup up.”

Jensen fell back on his apartment bed, dragging Misha with him. He kissed the other man deeply, his fingers wandering his body hungrily.

“I thought you wanted to take things slow?” Misha pulled back and asked, laughing.

“Yeah, well I blame you. You’ve been eye fucking me the entire day on set.”

“Hey! In my defense, that was part of the script, okay?”

Jensen just shook his head, smiling lovingly. “Maybe you’re right. I should slow down.”

“Just because I said that doesn’t mean I want you to slow down…” Misha muttered sheepishly.

Jensen immediately thought about how he had promised to make everything up to Misha. He had meant that too. He worried his bottom lip, deciding that tonight was just going to be about that. In one swift movement, he had them both rolled over and was the one on top. He rucked Misha’s shirt up, kissing his stomach and working his way down slowly. He could hear Misha breathing harder, and smiled against his skin as he unbuttoned Misha’s belt, unbuttoned his pants, and pulled down his zipper. Misha’s cock was hard, and Jensen worked his way out of his boxers. Jensen slid one hand under the waist band as his other hand worked the boxers and jeans down. When he looked up, Misha was watching him with big blue eyes, chewing on his bottom lip.

“Uh, so listen, okay?” Jensen’s voice was wrecked with his own arousal, and he mentally reminded himself that this was all about Misha. “I’ve, uh… I’ve never given a blowjob before. So this might be really bad.”

“I’m sure you won’t suck too bad. Well, actually, I hope you do. That’s kind of the point.” Misha said, his own voice laced with lust. Jensen rolled his eyes at the pun.

Jensen brought his attention back to Misha’s cock. He rubbed his thumb over the slit, collecting the pre come and smoothing the slick over the head. Misha squirmed a little and he smiled. After teasing the delicate spot underneath the head with his thumb for a while, Jensen finally leaned forward. He took a deep breath and opened his mouth, slowly taking in Misha’s cock.

To Jensen’s complete shock, he liked the taste. But he couldn’t help but think it was maybe just the taste of Misha that he liked. He sucked on the head gently, fucking his fist around the rest of Misha’s cock and trying to remember everything he liked about every blowjob he had ever received personally. Misha let out a pleased sigh, and Jensen fought to keep from smiling around his cock. His tongue danced around the head as he took more of Misha’s cock into his mouth, and was painfully aware of his gag reflex. Okay, that’s definitely something we’ll have to work on. Misha’s hips were thrusting the slightest bit, and Jensen knew he was fighting to keep his first blowjob as easy as possible. What Jensen didn’t know was that something about being on the receiving end of Jensen’s first blowjob was sending Misha quickly spiraling downward.
“Oh god, Jensen. That’s so good.” He moaned. Jensen hummed around his cock, pleased. The vibration had more pre come oozing from his cock, and Jensen lapped it up with zero hesitation. “Look at me.” Misha panted. Jensen hadn’t realized his eyes were closed until Misha asked this of him. When their eyes met, Misha whimpered, so close to release. “I’m close. You don’t have to—” Jensen shook his head the best he could, and Misha smiled down at him. Jensen continued to lick and suck as his hand pumped up and down. He felt Misha’s cock grow impossibly hard in his mouth, the tell-tale sign that he was about to come, and Jensen moaned loudly. That’s all it took for Misha, and he called out Jensen’s name, coming into his mouth.

It wasn’t nearly as bad as Jensen thought it would be, and he swallowed with ease as Misha twitched and sighed. He licked Misha clean. *He tastes so fucking good.*

“Still think you don’t like dick?” Misha teased. Jensen readjusted his position on the bed and kissed him.

“I like your dick, Misha. But I think my opinion is biased… I’m starting to find myself liking everything about you.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

There's a gif at the end of this chapter! I figured out how to use technology and the internet, y'all!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Waking up a few hours later, Jensen was pleased to feel the heat of another person in bed beside him. It took a few minutes for his groggy, half-asleep brain to register that it was Misha. His heartbeat sped up and the familiar wave of panic swallowed him whole as he remembered the night before. Not only did I suck his dick, but I liked it.

“Misha…Misha! Wake up.” He muttered, shaking the other man gently. He was shocked that Misha actually began to stir, seeing as the man was capable of sleeping through just about anything.

“What’s wrong, babe?” Misha yawned. It was late, and there was almost no light in Jensen’s bedroom. But somehow, Misha’s eyes still pierced through the darkness, helping calm Jensen.

“It’s just… I, uh….” I’m freaking out because I love you and I’ve never loved another man.

Misha wrapped an arm around Jensen’s waist, pulling him close. Jensen knew that he didn’t need to finish his sentence, because Misha somehow understood completely. Misha’s stubble scraped against Jensen’s skin gently as he kissed his shoulder, sending goosebumps spreading over his skin like wildfire. Jensen relaxed a little. He nuzzled against Misha, his scent engulfing him like a familiar blanket. His heartbeat didn’t slow, in fact, it was beating even harder. But he was significantly calmer, and there was nowhere else in the world he would rather be.

“Go back to sleep, Jensen.” Misha muttered sleepily, leaving a trail of kisses across Jensen’s shoulder and down his arm.

And Jensen did just that.

Jensen placed the cup of coffee on the nightstand next to Misha’s side of the bed. He’s already got his own side to the bed, oh fuck me running. He looked down at his sleeping lover with dismay. He needed to wake up. They were going to be late getting to the set. Jensen sat on the little area on the edge of the bed that Misha wasn’t sprawled out on. He took a sip from his own cup, and ran his fingers through Misha’s messy hair. As grumpy as he was feeling, he sighed contently.

“Wake up, Mish.” He leaned down and hummed in his ear. Misha stirred slightly, but then his body went still again. Jensen nibbled at his earlobe slightly, smiling. Misha stirred again, and swatted at him in his sleep. Jensen wasn’t a morning person, not in the least bit. But mornings with Misha aren’t so bad.

After a few minutes of trying to wake Misha, Jensen started getting annoyed. We’re going to be late. And what if someone sees us get out of the same cab and they start asking questions? “Seriously, Misha. Wake the fuck up.” Jensen said grumpily, shaking him.
“You’re too grumpy in the mornings, Jensen.” Misha muttered, still not opening his eyes.

“How long have you been awake?”

“Long enough to see how long it would take you to get mad at me.” Misha smiled and opened his eyes. They focused on Jensen, and he completely melted, all of his frustration falling away.

“We’re going to be late, jerk.” Jensen said, leaning down to kiss him. Misha kissed him back, and tried pulling him down.

“Come on, we can be late. I want to repay you for last night.” Misha’s voice was suddenly deeper and alluring, causing Jensen’s face to grow hot. Okay, so mornings with Misha REALLY aren’t so bad. Jensen placed his own coffee next to Misha’s, on the verge of spilling it everywhere.

“Seriously, Mish. As amazing as that sounds, I’ve already been late once this week. Bob and Eric are going to kill me off.” Misha pouted and Jensen just smiled at him fondly. “I brought you some coffee.”

Misha grabbed for his own cup, taking a frustrated gulp. His eyes immediately shot up to Jensen’s, and the look in them made Jensen’s heart so full he felt as though it would burst. “One cream, two sugars. You remember how I take my coffee.” Misha murmured, looking at Jensen like he was a gift from God himself.

“Of course I did.” Jensen replied, leaning down and kissing Misha on the forehead. He couldn’t wipe the smile from his lips. Misha stared at him, his blue eyes wide and searching. “What?”

“Nothing.” Misha smiled, his voice shy. Jensen thought he saw a little pink creeping up his cheeks. I love him. I should just go ahead and tell him, I fucking love him. But Jensen didn’t tell him. Instead, he just leaned down for another kiss, muttering something about them being late again.

“Is it just me…. Or do Cas and Dean seem, er, ‘closer’ this season?” Jared asked Jensen, his eyes scanning over the script with his eyebrows furrowed.

“What do you mean?” Jensen said, playing stupid. He and Misha had been told to keep their lips sealed about Destiel. No one trusted Jared to be able to handle the situation without starting a full on prank war, so Jensen, Misha, and only a few others were still the only ones to know about it.

“I don’t know, man. All those fans at Comic Con mention all the time about how they think there’s something romantic there. If they keep up scripts like these, I’m going to have to agree with them.” Jensen had his back to Jared and smirked as he talked, but suddenly got an idea, turning around.

“What if that’s what Bob and Eric are building up to? Would that be weird to you?”

“What, like if you had to kiss Misha or something?” Jensen nodded. “I would be jealous. Who doesn’t want to kiss Misha? Have you seen the man?” Jensen knew Jared was just being goofy, but jealousy reared its ugly head anyway.

“It’s both a blessing and a curse.” They both turned to Misha’s voice as he approached them, a silly grin on his face. He was wearing his suit and trench coat, ready for the next scene. “Everyone just wants a piece of this. I can’t help it.” He shot Jensen a very quick look before looking over at Jared.

“It’s because of your lips, Misha. I can’t help but wonder what that mouth do.” Jared said, bursting into a fit of laughter, along with Misha. Jensen forced a laugh but felt his face grow a little hot.
“By the way, when is the next convention, Jared?” Jensen asked, trying to smoothly redirect the conversation.

“Uh, in a couple of weeks actually. It’s a good thing we started filming this season early. Do either of you knew what they meant by wanting to ‘experiment’ with this season?”

“No.” Jensen and Misha blurted at the same time, shooting each other small smiles that went unnoticed by Jared.

“We’re ready for you guys.” One of the assistants approached them, ushering them over to the set.

“You can’t find God because he doesn’t give a damn about us, Cas.” Jensen growled, as Dean Winchester.

“Don’t say that, Dean. God would never abandon his creations.” Misha said as Castiel, his voice almost a snarl.

“Yeah? Well where the hell is he? Because for years, all I’ve seen is disaster and death and crap. If he hasn’t stepped in yet, he ain’t stepping in any time soon.”

“Dean, stop.” Jared was pulling off the puppy version of Sam flawlessly, like usual. “The last thing we need right now is to be turning against one another.”

“Sam is right. Just because we’ve derailed the apocalypse it does not mean that the threat is gone. We can’t turn against each other.” Castiel took a step closer to Dean, and Jensen struggled slightly to remain in character as he stared into Misha’s eyes. “You just have to trust me, Dean.”

“I do trust you, Cas. I trust you with everything I have.” Dean’s voice broke slightly. Those weren’t the exact words on the script, but Jensen got away with improvising quite a bit when it came to scenes between Dean and Cas. He saw something flicker in Misha’s eyes.

“Cut! Great job, guys!” Richard Speight Jr. was directing this episode, and he couldn’t hide how pleased he was. “A+ acting in that scene. You guys are making me look bad.”

“Jensen, you really killed it.” Jared said, patting him on the back and grinning. “Way to go on switching up the lines. I could feel the raw emotion coming off you and Misha.” Jensen muttered a thanks, grinning from ear to ear. Jared walked over to Dick, just out of earshot. Misha leaned in closer to Jensen.

“I have to agree, the new line suits the scene better.” Misha said, his big, blue eyes encouraging. Jensen wanted to kiss him right then and there.

“Yeah, well, I had someone kind of inspire me.” His heart fluttered at the way Misha’s eyes lit up.

“Misha, do you believe in God?” Jensen was lying next to him in bed. They were in Misha’s apartment. They had both agreed not to spend every night together in fear of wearing out the honeymoon phase, but Jensen had found himself unable to stay away, and found himself at Misha’s apartment before he had even realized what he was doing. Misha had no problem letting him in and pulling him in for a kiss.
Now they were lying in bed. Jensen was tracing a finger up Misha’s spine, completely at peace with how content and relaxed it was making them. Misha’s head was turned away from him, soaking in his touch. Jensen kissed his shoulder, knowing that the other man was on the verge of sleep. “Well, do you?” Misha hummed for a second.

“That question is a loaded gun, Jen. What makes you ask?”

“I’ve just been thinking about the script. And how Dean is so faithless, even though Castiel and Sam still have faith in God. It just has me curious.”

Misha rolled over on his side, facing Jensen. “Most of the time, when someone asks another person a question, it’s because they have this urge to talk about their own answer. Do you believe in God, Jensen?”

“I do…”

“But…?”

“But, it’s weird. I’ve always believed in God, but I guess I never really felt his presence, you know? So I get why Dean is struggling so hard with faith. I think he wants to believe, but he’s just afraid to. He’s afraid that there might actually be some good out there, and if he actually experiences some of it, he won’t even know what to do with himself.”

“And you relate to that?” Misha questioned softly, suddenly stroking Jensen’s cheek.

“I do,” Jensen replied in a small voice, gulping hard.

Misha leaned in to him a quick, chaste kiss. “You know you don’t have anything to worry about with me, right? You don’t have to be so afraid.”

“But I do, Mish. I wish I could explain it all to you… but I just can’t. If we’re being honest here, I’m no good for you. You’d be better off running for the hills.” Jensen wouldn’t meet his eyes.

Misha scrunched his nose, annoyed. “I think I’m old enough to be able to make my own decisions. Maybe you’re good for me, maybe you’re not. I don’t really give a shit right now. I’m having fun. And as frustrating as you are, Jensen Ackles, I like being with you.” Jensen kissed him, deeply and meaningful.

“Yeah, yeah. I like being with you too. Always have. I was just too dumb to do anything about it.”

“Always?”

“Well, after I got over how weird you were at first.” Jensen tickled Misha’s sides to assure him he meant it endearingly. “There was just… there was just something about you, Misha. I started out thinking that maybe I was just gaining a new best friend like I did with Jared. But with you… it was different. I started thinking that every little thing you did was charming. Every joke you told was funny. And when I finally realized I found you attractive? Talk about a state of denial.”

Misha leaned back with a grin on his face, his head hitting the pillow. Jensen stared at him accusingly. “You knew, didn’t you?” he demanded.

“I wouldn’t say I knew. But I definitely had an idea. That’s why I flirted with you like crazy.”

“You flirt with everyone.” Jensen tried to keep his voice even.
“…True. But you also let me get away with it, a little further than I was expecting you to. Remember that time you let me kiss you on the cheek in front of that entire convention?”

Jensen laughed. “Of course I do. I didn’t even react to it really… it just, I don’t know. Immediately cheered me up.” Misha rolled back over, his face only inches away from Jensen’s. *I love you, Misha Collins.* “Hey, Misha?”

“Yeah?”

“Can I tell you something?”

“Of course you can.”

“I believe in God and all. And I’ve read the bible. Maybe not exactly cover to cover, but I’ve read it. So I get what the afterlife and all is supposed to be like.” Jensen paused, having a hard time finding his words. “And I know heaven is supposed to be more amazing and awesome than we could ever imagine. But I’m pretty sure being with you is a lot like heaven.”

It wasn’t quite an ‘I love you’. But Misha knew exactly what he meant.

Chapter End Notes

This is the gif from the convention I was referring to in this chapter. <3
My, oh my, these two make my heart so full.

(It also took me FOREVER to figure out how to post this gif, and I'm honestly really proud of myself.)
Misha dug through his fridge, groaning. “Jensen, did you eat all of my hummus… again?” He called to the living room, annoyed.

“I cannot confirm, nor deny that statement.” Jensen called back from the couch, laughing. Misha entered the living room, clearly upset. But when Jensen shot him a toothy, innocent grin, he melted.

“I thought you didn’t even like hummus.” Misha grumped, flopping down on the couch next to him. Jensen immediately shifted so that he could lie his head on Misha’s lap. Misha’s fingers immediately started combing through his lover’s hair, and Jensen hummed contently.

“You’ll make a gross hippie out of me yet, Mish.”

“Oh, so now I’m gross?”

“It wouldn’t hurt you to shower.” Jensen teased, grinning from ear to ear.

Misha leaned down, kissing Jensen on the forehead. “How about this… you go to the grocery store and buy me more hummus, and when you get back, we can shower together.” His voice was low, and he licked his lips.

“On it.” Jensen said, immediately shooting up off the couch. He grabbed his keys off of the key hook and opened the door, blowing Misha a kiss before closing the door behind him.

Jensen couldn’t actually believe he was in a grocery store, staring at a variety of hummus. *Stupid blue eyed son of a bitch has me whipped.* He grabbed the tub that Misha normally bought, and headed for the checkout when something caught his eye. There was a cooler of fresh flowers to his right, and he couldn’t help but remember that Misha kept fresh flowers in his trailer, and he wondered if maybe he would want some for his apartment. Some cheesy love song played through the grocery store, making him painfully aware of his current thought process. The song sounded familiar, but the voice didn’t.

Some guy ran into Jensen as he stared at the cooler. “Hey, watch it, buddy.” He snapped, even though he was standing in the middle of the aisle and it was his fault.

“Yeah, yeah, just pick out your flowers, ya nancy.” The guy muttered, walking off. Jensen’s face immediately grew hot and he whipped around to say something else to him, but stopped himself, taking a deep breath. *Nancy? Do people even use that term anymore?* He shook his head, turning back to the flowers. *Could that guy really know I was buying these for another dude?* His hand reached for the cooler door, but he dropped it, now thinking that maybe the flowers were a bad idea. *No, fuck that. These would make Misha really happy, and that’s all that matters. Fuck that guy.* Jensen smiled to himself. It was all slowly but surely getting easier. There were still nights when he felt like running, but he was beginning to realize that running from Misha, and leaving him hanging wasn’t going to change how he felt about him.

Jensen decided on a colorful bouquet of daisies, laughing because he currently felt like a total pansy.
The only time he had ever bought flowers for anyone was for his mother, and once for his sister on her birthday. And here he was, standing in line, hummus in one hand, flowers in the other. Because I love him.

“Touched you long enough!” Misha called from the couch, all smiles when he heard the apartment door open. Jensen stood in the doorway, the hummus in a bag in one hand, and his other hand holding the flowers behind his back.

“You shouldn’t leave your door unlocked all of the time.” Jensen lectured, biding himself some time, suddenly shy about the flowers.

“Hey, you’re the one who didn’t lock it on your way out. But you’re right. I need to get a key made for you.” Jensen’s heart skipped a beat. Misha looked at him lovingly, blushing slightly. “Your eyebrows do this really cute thing where they furrow and then jump whenever I say certain things to you.” With that, it was Jensen’s turn to blush. It’s when you say things that make me realize just how hopelessly in love with you I am. “Whatcha got there?” Misha finally asked, eyeing the fact that Jensen’s hand was behind his back.

“I… uh. I got you something.”

“What, condoms?” Misha joked and Jensen blanched. Uh, do we need those? Is that what he meant by showering together? Are we finally going to go THAT far? “Ugh, don’t give me that look, Jen. I’m joking. What is it?” Jensen finally shimmied the rest of the way in the apartment, making sure that the flowers were completely hidden behind him. He kicked the door shut behind him. Misha was standing now, slowly inching forward, his eyes both curious and suspicious.

Jensen bit his lip shyly and finally pulled the bouquet out from behind his back. “I got you flowers.” He said softly. The look on Misha’s face was a wonderful, overwhelming reminder of why the jerk in the grocery store didn’t matter. Misha didn’t say anything, but surged forward and wrapped his hands around the back of Jensen’s neck and pulled him in for a long, deep kiss. Jensen dropped the hummus, snaking his arm around Misha’s waist to pull him closer. Before he realized it, Misha was licking his way into his mouth, their tongues dancing. Misha pulled away, his eyes were misty and he looked like the one random act of receiving flowers was the greatest thing that ever happened to him.

Since when are you such a hopeless romantic?” He teased, running his hands down Jensen’s chest. Jensen rolled his eyes. “You’re not just a romantic, but a grumpy one. Fuck, that’s cute.”

“Shut up.” Jensen muttered fondly, kissing Misha again. Misha smiled at up him. I swear to god I would burn entire cities to the ground to keep that smile on his face.

Misha peeled his body away from Jensen’s, grabbing the flowers and bringing them to his nose. Jensen leaned in to kiss him on the cheek, unable to keep his lips away. Misha pushed him playfully “Can you at least let me get these in a vase and get the hummus in the fridge?” He asked, pretending to be annoyed. Jensen smirked at the dopey, love drunk smile that was still on his face.

The moment the flowers were in a vase and the hummus was in the fridge, Jensen looped his fingers in the belt loops of Misha’s jeans, pulling him close. “I think you mentioned something about a shower?” he breathed against Misha’s neck, feeling goosebumps ghost across the skin there.

“You bought me flowers just to get in my pants? You sly dog.” Misha muttered, blood beginning to rush south.
“I’m pretty sure you agreed to let me into your pants before I bought you flowers. I just bought the flowers because, well, you’re okay I guess. I think it would be all right if you stuck around.” Misha rolled his eyes, laughing. But he was almost immediately distracted because Jensen’s lips were on his neck. He bit down playfully, causing Misha to whimper and thrust forward. “Shower. Now.” Jensen demanded, spinning him around and slapping his ass. Misha shot him a look, and Jensen noticed that his pupils were already blown, his iris’ just a thin blue ring. Well, well, well, someone gets off on being ordered around.

On the way to the bathroom, Misha had begun stripping his clothes, throwing them behind him haphazardly and giggling when they hit Jensen in the face. Jensen followed his lead, throwing the clothes behind him. When they got to the shower, Jensen’s dick was already slowly growing hard at the sight of Misha completely naked, shivering in anticipation. Jensen’s eyes swept down Misha’s body, stopping on his ass. Jensen bit his lip, thinking about the condom joke from earlier.

As soon as the water was warm enough, Misha stepped in the shower, pulling Jensen with him. They both exhaled a sigh as the hot water ran over their bodies. The water saturated Misha’s hair, causing it to fall in his eyes. Jensen smiled, pushing the wet, stray hairs out of the way.

“Thank you for the flowers.” Misha muttered, smiling shyly. Jensen loved this part. A shy, nervous side of Misha always came out right before they fooled around, and something about it was incredibly innocent and sweet.

“Mmm. You’re welcome, baby.” Jensen leaned in to kiss Misha, their wet foreheads touching. After seeing how Misha reacted to him being so demanding, Jensen had planned on pinning him against the shower wall and completely ravishing his body. But something about this moment was so tender and innocent, that Jensen instead found himself nipping quick, teasing kisses at Misha’s lips. With each one, Misha smiled bigger until he finally pushed Jensen away, playfully frustrated. He reached for the shampoo, pouring some in his hand and lathering it through his hair. Jensen inhaled the scent of the shampoo deeply. “Lemme do it.” He murmured, grabbing Misha by the wrists and running his own fingers through Misha’s lathered hair.

Misha closed his eyes and sighed pleasantly, allowing Jensen to gently massage his scalp. Jensen kissed along his jawline as he continued to work the shampoo through his hair. “This is nice.” Misha hummed. “But, you know, I can wash my own hair, babe.”

“I know.” Jensen replied, still kissing along Misha’s jaw. “I just like taking care of you.” Misha’s eyes were still closed, but he grinned, all gums. “What?”

“Nothing. I’m just… happy. And I never thought I would have this with you. But I’m glad I do.” He replied, opening his eyes.

Jensen worked his lips down to Misha’s neck. He tangled his fingers in Misha’s hair and pulled back gently, tilting his lover’s head back, exposing his neck and causing the shower’s pressure to slowly wash the shampoo away. Jensen sucked a mark onto Misha’s neck, and Misha hissed, always warning Jensen that eventually people were going to notice and start asking where he was getting all of these ‘love marks’ that had been painted across his neck and throat lately. One of Jensen’s hands helped the water wash away the shampoo, while the other tenderly caressed up and down Misha’s side. Misha felt the water running down the back of his neck and spine, noting that it no longer felt foamy.

“Your turn.” He whispered sweetly, squeezing shampoo directly from the bottle onto Jensen’s head. He mirrored Jensen’s earlier actions while Jensen closed his eyes.

Jensen had had plenty of sex before. From relationships to one-night stands, basic positions to
positions with yoga teachers that blew his mind. He had gone on elaborate dates, and ‘dates’ that
grew from the bar straight to the bedroom. He had been around the block, there was no denying that.
But this? This was the most intimate thing he had ever experienced, and he was soaking in every bit
of it. His cock, which had softened completely after getting lost in Misha’s locks, was slowly
beginning to harden again, and he could feel it pressing against Misha’s thigh. He jutted his hips
slightly, and he heard Misha’s breath hitch quietly.

With Jensen’s hair being shorter, it didn’t take nearly as long to shampoo. Misha suddenly laughed.
“I just realized I forgot to grab any towels. Or a wash cloth.” Jensen opened his eyes.

“Just use your hands.” He didn’t want Misha to stop touching him for even a second. Misha
shrugged, grabbing the body wash. He poured some on Jensen and then himself, and Jensen laughed
because he looked like a psycho dousing himself in gasoline. Misha’s own cock began to harden as
he washed over Jensen’s tight shoulder muscles and down his arms. Jensen was fully hard, and
rocked his hips, moaning when his own cock slid against Misha’s. Misha bit his lip, trying very hard
to focus on the actual showering part of their shower. “Fuck this, we can take another shower later.”
Jensen growled. He pinned Misha to the shower wall, holding him in place with his hips. His tongue
was in Misha’s mouth before he could even protest, falling into place in Jensen’s hold. Jensen thrust
his hips again, completely melting at the sound of Misha moaning his name. Jensen’s fingers caught
in Misha’s hair as Misha pawed at every inch of Jensen that he could reach.

With every thrust that Jensen made, Misha was falling apart. Their cocks dragged together
agonizingly slow, the slick from the body wash only adding to their pleasure. Jensen was quickly
falling apart along with Misha. A whine escaped his lips.

“I got you, Jen.” Misha husked. He slid a hand between their hips, curling his fingers around both of
them. Jensen gasped at the pressure, rock hard over the fact that not only was Misha’s hand touching
him, but so was his dick. Misha brought their lips together and began to stroke the both of them,
moaning guiltlessly against Jensen’s mouth. Jensen thrusted, fucking himself into Misha’s hand
faster, the feeling of their cocks rubbing together quickly causing him to unravel.

“I’m gonna come, Mish.”

“Come for me baby.”

Jensen came, the sound of Misha’s voice tangled with his own moans in his ears. Not seconds later,
Misha was coming with him. He stroked the both of them through the orgasm, not stopping until he
had worked out every last drop of come. He removed his hand, allowing the shower’s stream to
clean it off. Jensen collapsed against Misha, trying to regain the feeling in his legs.

“Wow.” He muttered. “Just wow.” Misha kissed his neck and nuzzled behind his ear. “I… uh, I
have to admit. There’s something really sexy about feeling your cock throbbing against mine.” When
he pulled away, Misha was grinning. Misha leaned in to kiss him, and something about this particular
kiss felt different than all the others to Jensen.

Misha looked up at him, his eyes big and blue, his lips red and swollen, and Jensen was completely
smitten. “I love you.” Misha whispered. The words made Jensen freeze, and a panicked look
flickered in Misha’s eyes. “You… you don’t have to say it back. I just wanted you to know that I
do.”

Jensen pulled Misha into a hug that was so tight it was as if the hug itself was keeping both of them
from falling apart. He kissed the top of Misha’s head, and nuzzled against him.

But he didn’t say it back.
Now that I've figured out how to post pictures and gifs, I can post beautiful creations such as this.
Meanwhile, I can't draw stick figures with even arms.
Filming had been pure hell for the past week. Jensen, Misha, and Jared had all been staying in their trailers at night, because there was no point in driving home so late, only to have to turn around and be back in so early in the morning. This was making it incredibly difficult for Misha and Jensen to get any alone time. Whenever they tried to sneak into each other’s trailers, Jared would catch them and invite himself in, thinking it was just the guys hanging out.

They couldn’t blame him, and they weren’t mad at him for it. In fact, Jensen had been with Misha so much lately that he hadn’t thought about just how much he missed hanging out with Jared. Jared only brought it up once, teasing him about spending too much time with his ‘lady friend’. Misha had shot him a quizzical look before it dawned on him, and he had to quickly take a sip of his beer to keep himself from laughing.

But Misha had finally managed to sneak into Jensen’s trailer unnoticed, and they weren’t about to waste any time.

“I’ve missed you so much.” Jensen breathed, pulling away from a heated session of connected lips and tangled tongues.

“I’ve missed you too, Jen… but you do realize we’ve still seen each other every day, right?” Misha responded, laughing and kissing along Jensen’s jaw.

“You know what I mean.” Jensen growled, starting to unbutton Misha’s shirt.

Misha shoved Jensen back, his eyes shining playfully. “You’re only in this for the sex? Excuse me, but what kind of girl do you think I am?” Jensen threw his head back and laughed.

“You’ve gotta be the cutest weirdo I’ve ever met.” He said adoringly, his fingers going back to the buttons on Misha’s shirt. He stopped, realizing that they really didn’t have time to get fully undressed. His hands went for Misha’s belt instead. He unbuckled it and used both sides to pull Misha in closer, causing a small moan to escape his lips.

Jensen’s hand was down Misha’s pants before he could even react. Misha moaned as soon as Jensen’s fingers curled around his hard cock. “Shhhh.” Jensen hushed him. “You know the walls to this trailer are paper thin.” Misha nodded, licking his lips. Jensen started to fuck his fist around Misha’s cock, causing him to whimper. His mouth went to Jensen’s neck, kissing, licking, biting, and sucking to distract his mouth from letting anymore sound slip out.

There was a loud banging on the trailer door, causing the both of them to nearly jump out of their skin. They both shot each other worried glances as Misha buckled his belt and Jensen wiped Misha’s saliva off of his neck.

“JENSEN I KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE. OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR.” Jared boomed from outside the trailer. Jensen shot Misha another look, and Misha shrugged. Jensen made his way over to the door, his heart about to beat clear out of his chest. This is it. This is the part where I have to explain to Jared that I’ve been practically fucking Misha. Jensen was not ready for this, but he still reached for the door handle with a shaking hand.

Jared was livid. His hair was sticking up all over the place and his shirt was disheveled and looked
slightly wet. “Really? Butter on my fucking trailer floor? I nearly broke my neck!” Jensen stared at him for a moment in pure confusion, but then it struck him. Oh yeah, the prank war is back on.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Jensen replied, smiling innocently.

“Yeah, I’m sure you don’t. And I’m going to have no idea what you’re talking about when I get you back. Now give me a fucking beer, I know you have some in here.”

Jensen bit his lip to stop himself for laughing, and walked over to his mini fridge as Jared entered the trailer. Misha had taken a seat on the couch and crossed his legs, still painfully aware of the fact that he was hard. He tried to look as innocent as possible.

“Were you in on this?” Jared demanded.

Misha threw up his hands. “Hey, I had no idea. I am NOT getting involved in one of your prank wars.”

“Wow, thanks for having my back, Mish.” Jensen faked being upset. “Calm down, big guy. No one got hurt.” He said, handing Jared a beer.

Jared sighed deeply and took a swig. “I can’t wait to get you back.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Jensen flopped down on the couch next to Misha.

“What were you guys even doing in here?” Jared asked, noticing the television was off.

“Just hanging out.” Jensen replied casually, his voice calmer than he was expecting it to be.

Jared’s eyebrow tented, but he shrugged. “So I wanted to talk to you guys about something.”

Jesen blanched, so Misha cleared his throat and said “We’re all ears, Jared.”

Jared leaned against the table in front of the couch, pushing his hair out of his face. “Okay, so we all know they’ve mentioned that this season of Supernatural is going to be experimental, and that’s why we haven’t received the scripts for all of the episodes yet. So I’ve been trying to figure out what they meant by experimental.” He took a sip from his beer. “Guys… I think Dean and Cas are going to be a thing.”

Jensen played stupid. “What? No way, man. Yeah, they like pleasing the fans. But they’re not going to bend over backwards for them or anything.” Jensen saw Misha smirking out of the corner of his eyes.

“No, I’m being serious. I don’t know, I just have this feeling. I didn’t really think about it until recently… and they’re just really close this season.” Jensen didn’t know what else to say, and Misha just made a point to force a facial expression like he thought Jared was completely off his rocker. “What if it’s canon, or whatever, guys? You do know what that means, right?”

Jensen rolled his eyes. “You don’t think we can handle it? It’s just an act, Jared.” Jensen glanced over at Misha, and Misha immediately looked down. Jensen was still able to catch how sad he looked.

“If you guys say so. Hey, props to the both of you for taking this so smoothly.” Jared raised his beer to the two of them, and then turned to Jensen. “Especially you. Shit, I thought you would freak out.”

Jensen shrugged. “It’s not ideal. But hey, I’m an actor. If you’re right, I’m just glad they’re going
with Destiel and not Wincest. I would rather carve out my eyes than kiss you.” Jared threw a bottle cap at him.

“So, uh, I couldn’t help but notice that giant ass hickie on your neck.” Jared said, smirking. Jensen froze, and felt Misha tense next to him. “When are you gonna bring her around, man? Misha and I aren’t that bad. We won’t scare her off, or try to steal her.”

“Speak for yourself. I might try to steal her.” Misha quipped, grinning. Jared just shook his head, finishing his beer.

“I’m gonna turn in for the night. I’m going to have to freakin’ crawl across my floor in order to get to my bed. You’re not getting away with this one, Jensen.” Jared headed for the door.

“I’ll hold you to that.” Jensen called after him. When Jared closed the door behind him, Jensen immediately turned to Misha. “Whoa, close call, huh?” He leaned over to kiss Misha. Misha kissed him back, but there was no real feeling behind it. “What’s wrong?” Jensen asked immediately, stroking Misha’s cheek.

“If anything is an act, it’s what just went down, baby.” Jensen reassured him. “I had to play dumb for poor Jared’s sake.”

“You know he would be okay with it, right? Okay with us?”

“Yeah, so?”

Misha narrowed his eyes, clearly annoyed. “Do you ever plan on anyone other than us knowing about us, Jensen?” Jensen quickly took a gulp of his own beer, having no idea how to answer him. “I guess that answers my question.” Misha muttered, standing up.

“Hey! Wait. Didn’t we make a deal that you’re not allowed to get mad at me as long as I talk to you about this kind of thing? Well, I’m talking. Cut me a freakin’ break, man.” Misha bit his lip, stopping himself from saying what was on his mind.

“Would you ever be okay with people knowing? Just be honest with me.”

“I… I hope so. But I’m honestly not sure, Misha. I mean, I hate to say that. I really do. Because when I’m with you, I feel like I’m in heaven, and I have no idea what I did so right to deserve you. But when I think of actually going public with this…”

“We don’t have to go public. There’s a lot of area to cover in between telling Jared and going public with it.” Jensen didn’t say anything. “I love you.” Misha added. His voice was small, almost pleading. And there it was again, the three little words that caused Jensen’s heart to soar, but choked him up at the same time.

“I know, Misha.” He replied lamely. Misha stared at the ground, clearly chewing the inside of his cheek. Jensen stood up, sitting his beer on the table. He took Misha’s face in his hands, his thumbs caressing over the stubble forming on his cheeks. He kissed Misha’s forehead, and then his nose, and then his lips. Misha didn’t kiss him back. “Don’t be mad at me. Please, baby.”

“I’m not mad at you. I told you that you didn’t have to say it back, and I meant that. It’s just… I’m not sure we want the same thing here. I don’t want this to be purely sexual.”

“Who said it’s just purely sexual?”

“Jensen… yeah, you remembered how I take my coffee. But what else do you really know about
me? Even when we were just friends, our friendship was pretty much built on the fact that we could make each other laugh. Do you even know what my favorite color is?” Jensen bit his lip, he didn’t know. “My point exactly.” Misha said, trying to pull away. Jensen caught his face again.

“Okay, so I don’t know your favorite color. But you know what my favorite color is? The color of your eyes. And your lips?” He leaned to kiss him. “They’re my favorite lips. And your laugh is my favorite laugh, and your bed is my favorite bed. Your hands are my favorite hands. Your love is my favorite love. You’re my favorite.” Jensen could almost visibly see Misha melting before him. “I’m still figuring this out, Mish. And I know that’s gotta be frustrating for you. But just know that I do care about you. And I don’t want to lose you. Hell, I don’t know what I would do without you.” Misha smiled at him weakly. When Jensen went to kiss him, he kissed back.

“I’m sorry.”

“HEY! No. Don’t you dare apologize. You haven’t done a damn thing wrong. You’ve been perfect. Don’t you dare let me here you say ‘sorry’, you got that?” Misha’s eyes lit up a little, and he nodded. “What can I do to get you to cheer up? You’re not going to be upset. Not on my fucking watch.” Misha opened his mouth, but then closed it. He wants to hear you tell him you love him, you jackass.

“Kiss me.” Misha whispered.

So Jensen did just that. He kissed him like his life depended on it, like Misha was the air that his lungs needed to keep him alive. He pulled back, running a hand through Misha’s hair. “So I don’t know your favorite color. But I want to know. I want to know everything about you, baby. Seriously. We can play 20 questions like a bunch of kids in high school. I’m going to go ahead and tell you the answer to your first question though, no. I am not a virgin.” Misha laughed and Jensen’s heart lifted. As long as I can keep him happy. That’s the most important thing. That’s all that matters. “I have no idea why you like me, Misha. I’m total trash.”

Misha thought for a moment. “Well, as someone who cares deeply about the environment, I feel like it’s my obligation to pick you up. Is 8:00 good?” Jensen stared at him for a moment before bursting into a fit of laughter.

“You smooth bastard.” He muttered, pulling Misha in for another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

I'm only leaving this gif here because I lose sleep over it, and I think y'all should have to share my pain. Why does it make me lose sleep? Because let's face it, it definitely looks like Misha is saying "I love you". If you need me, I'll be in the dumpster where I belong.
Chapter 10

Guys, I’m really bad at this. But I just wanted to take the time to thank every single one of you. Your comments and compliments on my writing literally leave me a blushing mess. Your support of this fic means the absolute world to me. I have the worst time committing to my writing. I normally end up getting bored with it, thinking it sucks, or being disappointed in the direction I took. But with your encouragement, I’ve been able to continue adding to this fic without a second thought. So THANK YOU. You’re the bee’s knees. I hope y’all have an amazing 2016!!!

Just a heads up, this chapter is quite a bit longer than all the other chapters. In fact, it's about 1,200 words longer than the ones before it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

With each passing day, Jensen was beginning to realize just how completely effortless it was being in love with Misha. Maybe it was because they were friends first. Maybe it was because the universe had thought that their relationship was long overdue. Whatever it was, Jensen had never loved life more.

Misha brought out the absolute best in him. He was so much more willing to try new things, and ‘embrace his weird’. Misha taught him how to be completely and unapologetically himself. And Jensen felt forever in his debt because of that. So he decided it was time to give Misha a little surprise after shooting today. He wasn’t doing anything anyway, just relaxing in his trailer in between shoots. He unlocked his phone, messing the text up multiple times due to his nervousness. He smiled down at the text.

Be ready at 7 tonight. Dress super nice. I'll pick you up. ;)

Jensen hit send, butterflies dancing in his stomach. He tried to wipe the love drunk smile off his face, but failed miserably. You know, if you don’t tell him you love him, he’s going to end up leaving you. The thought immediately caused the smile to drop. Jensen licked his lips nervously. Would Misha really leave him?

The elevator ride to Misha’s floor felt impossibly long. Jensen checked himself out in the metallic reflection of the elevator doors, quite pleased with himself. His hair was getting longer. He hadn’t cut it yet, remembering the compliment Misha had given him back when his hair was like this when Dean was a demon. He now realized just how flirtatious the compliment was, and smirked. He blushed slightly because I’m wearing my hair this way because Misha likes it.

Jensen adjusted his tie, and slid his own key in the lock, opening the door. Misha was standing just to his left, looking in the little mirror above the key hooks. Jensen had half expected Misha to be dressed ridiculously, seeing as the both of them had completely different definitions of ‘super nice’. But surprisingly, Misha was dressed exactly how he needed to be. And he was wearing all black, his button up, his jacket, his tie, everything. And that did things to Jensen.
Jensen immediately grabbed Misha, pulling him in for a kiss and completely melting at how delicious his lover smelled. “Hi.” Misha whispered shyly when Jensen finally pulled out of the kiss.

“Hey, handsome.” Jensen replied, grinning from ear to ear.

“So what’s this-” Misha gestured to their suits “-all about?”

“Just a little surprise for you.” Misha narrowed his eyes suspiciously, but a playful smile spread across his lips. Jensen grabbed his hand, lacing their fingers together. “Well come on, baby. We don’t have all night.”

In the car, Misha kept trying to get Jensen to tell him where they were going, but he always managed to steer the conversation in a different direction. Misha leaned forward to get a better look out of the windshield, and Jensen nearly had a heart attack.

“Are you kidding me? Put your fucking seatbelt on, Misha.” He growled, realizing that this entire time Misha hadn’t been strapped in. Jensen’s immediate thought was What if we got in a wreck, what if something happens to him? Misha just sat back, pulling his seatbelt over him and clicking it into place. Jensen swallowed roughly, trying to calm his heartbeat. When they passed under a traffic light, the green glow illuminated Misha’s face and Jensen realized he was smirking. “If I didn’t know any better, I would say you enjoyed being bossed around.” Jensen’s voiced lightened up, but was still stern.

Misha shrugged. “It gets my dick hard from time to time.” He said laughing. Jensen’s face grew hot, and he prayed to god that he could make it through the night without forcing Misha into a bathroom stall and having his way with him. Misha put his hand on Jensen’s knee and Jensen grabbed it, lacing their fingers together. Jensen cleared his throat and bit his lip. “What?” Misha asked.

“Nothing.” Jensen muttered, shaking his head. I love you and I can’t for the life of me figure out why I can’t say it.

“Can we stop at a gas station? I want some gum.”

“…really, Mish?” Jensen narrowed his eyes at the man next to him.

“Hey! Don’t give me that look. You won’t tell me where we’re going and it’s annoying. At least let me go buy some gum.” Jensen rolled his eyes and pulled into the closest gas station. Misha shot him a quick wink before hopping out of the car.

Jensen strummed a beat on his steering wheel with his thumbs as he waited for Misha. He was pleased he hadn’t caved and told Misha where they were going yet. He blushed, realizing this was probably their first official ‘date’, if that’s what it was. I should’ve bought him flowers again. He worried his lip, trying to figure out why he was having such a hard time telling Misha how he felt.

It wasn’t that Jensen didn’t want to say it. He did, he just couldn’t. He had tried to tell Misha on numerous occasions, but the words always fell short or got caught in his throat on their way out. Something about exchanging ‘I love yous’ made this real, too real, and that terrified Jensen. He still had no idea what ‘this’ was, he certainly didn’t want to make it so real, so permanent. But he also didn’t want to lose Misha, ever. And didn’t that mean things would be permanent?

Jensen jumped at the sound of the car door opening. Misha jumped in, cramming a pink piece of bubblegum in his mouth. “Ready?” He asked, his blue eyes searching Jensen’s green ones. When
Jensen didn’t answer, Misha tilted his head slightly. “So, where are we going?”

This moment between them was simple. It wasn’t out of the ordinary at all, and for some reason, Misha completely captivated Jensen. He very abruptly pulled him in for a deep, long kiss, not bothering to take in consideration that they were technically in public, and the gas station parking lot was crowded. “I would go anywhere with you.” He muttered, pressing his forehead against Misha’s. Misha laughed.

“That’s really sweet, babe.” Misha had a goofy grin on his face, and Jensen knew it was because he had just kissed him in public. “But seriously, what’s this all about?” Jensen kissed him again before replying.

“So, I was thinking about the fact that I’ve never actually taken you on a date… and so I wanted to take you on one. But a really nice one. Some French restaurant. And they have a dress code. So that’s what the monkey suits are about.”

In that moment, Misha gave him a look that no one else had ever given Jensen. It was so full adoration, so full of love, that it almost made him whimper helplessly. And Jensen never wanted another human being to ever look at him like that, only Misha. Misha pulled Jensen closer by his tie, and Jensen knew he was using their lips coming together as a way to keep in the little ‘I love you’ that had shone in Misha’s eyes. Misha pulled away, and for a moment Jensen thought he was about to tear up. But there was a gummy, huge grin on his face.

“Why are you doing all of this, Jensen?”

“Because you’re amazing. But do I really need a reason? Hell, that look on your face is reason enough to do shit like this.”

Misha was beaming, and Jensen’s heart was so full that it ached.

“Charging this much for food should be illegal.” Jensen grumped, his eyes skimming over the menu. When Misha didn’t respond, Jensen gently nudged their legs together under the table.

“Complaining about the prices, but then playing footsies with me…. Grumpy romantic.” Misha teased, his eyes shining under the dim lighting above the table. “You know, that’s how I imagine Dean being. With Cas, I mean. Super grumpy, but super romantic. Sometimes you remind me of Dean a lot.”

“I would think so. That is the character I’ve been playing for years.”

“Oh, you know what I mean.”

“Well, is that a good thing or a bad thing?”

“I would say good. That Dean Winchester fella is pretty hot.”

Jensen smirked at him mischievously. “Really? Dean? Wow, you have terrible taste. Now that Castiel guy… he gets my engine revving.”

“Oh, really?”

“Oh, yeah. I can think of quite a few things I would like to do to him involving that tie of his.”
Jensen had never seen Misha blush harder in his entire life, and he couldn’t help but feel accomplished. But right now, he was hungry. In fact, he was completely ravenous. But his hunger wasn’t for anything the restaurant offered, and he licked his lips, his eyes soaking in every detail of Misha.

“I think we’re both lying to ourselves.” Misha quipped. “We both know that Sam is the sexiest of the trio.” They both stared at each other for a moment, then completely lost it. They were laughing so hard that the people at the tables around them were shooting them disgusted looks, which only made them laugh harder. Misha wiped the tears from his eyes, still grinning widely. “You do realize that the people in here are clever enough to realize that this is a date between us, right?”

Jensen shrugged and smiled. “Yeah. I guess.” The truth was that it could go either way. No one at the restaurant seemed to recognize them, so this could just be a business meeting for all they knew. And even if someone did recognize them, they were always together. It’s not like he couldn’t play it off if he had to. He felt his stomach turn. I shouldn’t be worried about ‘playing it off’, I should be worried about dealing with this like an adult. Jensen shook his head.

“What?” Misha asked.

“You’ve completely turned my life upside down. Did you know that, baby?”

Clothes were coming off before Jensen and Misha even made it out of the elevator.

Despite the fact that the restaurant was overpriced, the food was delicious. And with their stomachs full, and their hearts even fuller, the two of them now had a craving for something else. Jensen was moaning dirtily in Misha’s ear as Misha sucked a new hickie on his neck when the elevator pinged, announcing their arrival on his floor. Jensen immediately grabbed his hand, dragging him out of the elevator and down the hallway, his key already in hand to unlock the door. Misha grinned, this was a long way from shy kisses and putting distance in between them in the elevator.

Making their way to the bedroom was a blur. All Misha could think about was how good Jensen looked in a suit, and how bad he wanted him out of it. They were both naked and panting when Jensen pushed Misha onto the bed forcefully, the action turning them both on wildly. When Jensen leaned down to kiss Misha, Misha’s fingers immediately fisted in his hair, pulling him closer and moaning into his mouth. Jensen pulled back abruptly.


“Because I want to enjoy you.” Jensen replied, kissing his way down Misha’s neck, to his chest. “Every last inch of you.” He continued to kiss down even lower. Misha squirmed, too hot, too on to deal with Jensen’s teasing. “Stop squirming, or I’m going to tie you down.” Jensen ordered, and he smirked when the command not only made Misha comply completely, but made his dick throb noticeably. Jensen kissed down Misha’s stomach, and he let out a pleased moan when his lips finally reached Misha’s hipbones. He sucked the skin there into his mouth, branding what was his with a hot, wet hickie. “I just want to enjoy what’s mine. You’re all mine, right?”

Misha nodded frantically, wetting his lips. “All yours.” He whispered hoarsely. “Jensen. I want to taste you.” He panted, his hand reaching for Jensen’s cock. There wasn’t a single argumentative bone in Jensen’s body after hearing that, and he let Misha take control as he lied down on the bed. Misha immediately took Jensen’s cock in his mouth, moaning as the taste of pre cum teased his taste
buds.

“Fuck, you’re on tonight, Mish.” Jensen hissed, his fingers in Misha’s hair, his back arching against the mattress. Misha ignored him, too focused on the blowjob. He was completely skipping any sort of teasing, and was already fucking his fist over the base of Jensen’s cock rapidly while his tongue swirled and his mouth sucked. “If you keep this up, I’m going to come way too soon.” Jensen halfheartedly complained.

Misha pulled his mouth away with an obscene popping noise, and took his hand off of Jensen. His lips were swollen, red, and wet. His hair was a mess. His eyes were wide, pupils blown. And Jensen’s dick had never been harder. “Don’t come yet.” Misha said, his tone almost begging. Jensen furrowed his eyebrows confused.

“Uh? You don’t think I would leave you hanging, do you? I’ll return the favor, Mish.” He smirked, licking his lips. “It would be my pleasure.” Misha ran a hand through his hair in frustration. He bit his lip, his eyes darting around the room nervously. Jensen sat up immediately, taking Misha’s face in his hands. He nuzzled their noses together until Misha finally met his eyes. “What’s on your mind, baby?” Misha pulled away, rubbing his eyes as a nervous tick. He looked down, unable to meet Jensen’s gaze.

“I… I was thinking about how you surprised me tonight. And I kinda wanted to surprise you. But…. I don’t know if you’re ready for it.” Their eyes met. “I have condoms and lube in the top drawer of the nightstand… if, you know, you wanted to fuck me…” Jensen immediately felt pre come ooze from his slit and a needy moan escaped his throat.

But God I fucking love him and God I want to be inside him as I make him come and call my name.

Misha worried his bottom lip nervously. “I’m sure if you are. Just… take it slow. It’s been awhile.”

The overwhelming panic threatening to work its way out of Jensen’s body was quickly being beat down by his arousal. Unable to form words, he just licked his lips and nodded. Misha smiled at him sweetly, and Jensen kissed him. He kissed him like their lips were the only thing that would keep him from falling apart. Misha sucked Jensen’s tongue into his mouth, a dirty reminder of just how skilled that mouth is. Jensen whimpered, feeling on the verge of exploding.

“Lie on the bed.” Jensen ordered, his gruff voice barely above a whisper. Misha immediately complied. His big, blue eyes were wide, but the way they were looking at Jensen was enough to give him a heart attack. “I, um…” Jensen was shaking all over, nerves and arousal waging a war inside of him.

“Don’t be nervous, Jensen. Just take it slow.” Misha whispered encouragingly. He spread his knees apart, and wrapped a hand around the back of Jensen’s head, pulling him between his legs and in for a kiss. “And we don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

“I want to. You have no fucking clue how bad I want to.” Their lips came together again, and Jensen blindly felt around at the nightstand for the lube. Misha opened his mouth more and Jensen licked into it, rutting his hips shamelessly against Misha’s, and moaning when their cocks dragged against each other
The rest came surprisingly natural for Jensen. Arousal had finally won the internal war, and Jensen’s natural instinct to come had taken over completely. He popped the cap of the lube open, not removing his lips from Misha for even a moment. Jensen thrusted against Misha one last time, relishing in the friction, before pulling away and putting a little space between them. Misha was whimpering with need by the time he felt Jensen’s knuckles brush against one of the thighs. He automatically spread his legs further apart. A breathy moan escaped Misha’s lips as a finger traced against his rim, the lube cool. Jensen bit his lip nervously, his eyes searching Misha’s. There was just a little resistance, and then Jensen’s finger slid inside him with ease. Jensen pumped his finger in and out a few times, earning a moan from Misha that sounded absolutely filthy. Jensen’s own guttural moan escaped his throat as he slid another finger inside of Misha. Jensen began to scissor his fingers, curling them and pumping them in and out as Misha writhed beneath him, moaning hot and long, his fingernails digging into Jensen’s back.

“Oh god, Jensen… I want you to fuck me…” Misha moaned. His voice was completely wrecked, and Jensen’s cock twitched in an eager response. He slowly pulled his fingers out and reached for the drawer again, pulling out a condom and ripping it open with his teeth. He rolled the condom on and poured a hefty amount of lube on his cock, hissing at the cool sensation. Misha was looking up at him, his eyes full of love and adoration, and Jensen was completely captivated.

He slowly eased himself between Misha’s legs, directing his cock to Misha’s rim. Jensen was shaking again, and surged forward to put their lips together as he gently eased himself in. Misha breathed out a sinful moan in response, and Jensen reveled in the sound. He exhaled a shaky breath, intoxicated by the warm, tight fit around his dick. They stayed like that for a moment, licking into each other’s mouths. Then Misha clenched around him, and Jensen lost all of his composure. Without removing his lips from Misha’s he began to thrust in earnest, being careful not to hurt Misha.

“Harder.” Misha panted, breaking away and falling apart beneath Jensen.

A stream of words came out of Misha’s mouth, and they were all composed of declarations of love mixed with Jensen’s name. Jensen’s skin was on fire, and his brain couldn’t comprehend anything other than Misha. His eyelashes. His blue, longing eyes. The way the hair at the base of his neck is curling from the sweat. His swollen, wet lips, and the noises escaping them. All Jensen could think about was Misha, and the way he was unraveling beneath him. Misha’s nails were biting into the skin on Jensen’s shoulders and back, scratching bright, red lines down them.

Neither of them can believe that they’ve danced around this for so long. Trying to force back the sexual chemistry, trying to stay in denial. Trying to pretend that they haven’t thought about this a million times, in a million different ways.

Jensen curled one hand around Misha’s cock, fucking his fist around it in time to his own thrusting. His other hand went to the headboard, trying to stop it from smacking the wall anymore. “Come for me, baby.” He groaned, knowing that he’s close himself. Misha comes so hard that his moan breaks, cracking into a whimper, shooting a stream of white between their stomachs. Jensen quickly follows him, his own moan more like a yell. His muscles clenched and jerked for a second, and he collapsed on Misha, feeling completely boneless. Jensen’s chest heaved, the sweat on his skin beginning to cool. “Holy shit, Misha.” He breathed, his entire body shaking. Misha kissed his temple and nuzzled against it lovingly, and it nearly overwhelmed him. Jensen slowly eased out of him, flopping on the
other side of the bed. “C’mere.” He commanded, pulling Misha close to him. Misha snuggled up against him. DAMMIT ACKLES, FUCKING TELL HIM YOU LOVE HIM.

There was a sudden, loud banging on the other side of the apartment wall. “Are you two finally done fucking? I’m trying to watch How I Met Your Mother, for fucks sake.” Jensen and Misha exchanged looks, and then broke out in laughter.

Chapter End Notes

Let's play a game called "Where is Misha's Mouth?"
Also, this would explain Jensen's obsession with Misha's hips. This is obscenely distracting.
Jensen wasn’t expecting having sex with Misha to change things, but it did.

Something about Misha giving himself completely over to the man that he loved had made Jensen fall even harder, even faster. The stupid love song that he had heard in the grocery store all of that time ago suddenly made sense, and Jensen found himself humming it regularly.

The reason the song sounded so familiar was because it was an Elvis song, ‘Can’t Help Falling in Love’. The reason the voice had been so unfamiliar was because it was some cover playing through the speakers at the store. Jensen didn’t care which version it was, and neither did Misha. Misha knew the song as well, and the first time he had ever heard Jensen humming it, his heart was so full that it ached. And every time he had heard it hummed since then had the same exact effect.

Tonight was one of those nights of Jensen’s calming, love struck humming. They were both in his kitchen cooking, intentionally bumping elbows and brushing shoulders. It was both their attempt at being coy, trying to get through cooking dinner without Jensen bending Misha over the dining room table. Because that was another thing that had changed since having sex. They weren’t able to keep their hands off of each other.

Neither of them cared for wine too much, but they had already worked their way through one bottle, and Jensen was actually shocked by how much he liked it. It had left him feeling giggly and light, and he found himself flirting with Misha like he was a grade school crush that he was getting alone for the first time.

“I told you that not all wine was bad. It just depends on what you like.” Misha hummed. He was scrounging around in the kitchen cabinet looking for Jensen’s set of herbs and spices. Jensen was surprisingly remarkably good in the kitchen, and if Misha wasn’t already in love with him, a few meals would change that.

“Yes, yeah. You were right. But in my defense, that was really good wine. It kind of tasted like strawberries. It reminded me of how you taste after you eat that stupid yogurt of yours.” Jensen responded, moving the chicken around in the pan. Misha looked over his shoulder to shoot Jensen a loving smile before turning his attention back to the cabinet. “How’d you know that wine would be good? I didn’t really think of you as the wine connoisseur type.”

Misha’s hand finally caught the small spice rack and pulled it off of the shelf, closing the cabinet door. Jensen smiled at how cute he found it that Misha had to stand on his tip toes, even though there was only a few inches’ difference between them. “I didn’t know it was going to be good, I didn’t buy it. It was a gift from Alexandra for teaming up with her for the benefit.”

Jensen stiffened, trying to hide his discomfort from Misha. Alexandra… I forgot all about her.

“Oh…” Jensen muttered lamely. He knew Misha was staring at him, he could feel it. But he ignored it, grabbing one of the spices and sprinkling some on the chicken. Misha came up behind him, wrapping his arms around Jensen’s waist and planting a kiss on the back of his neck. “Do you still talk to her?” Jensen asked, forcing his voice to remain casual.

“Eh, from time to time. She actually wants to team up again for another benefit. It ended up being really successful for the both of us. Random Acts made a ton of money, and because I tweeted about
it, a lot of people now know about the gallery, and the art is flying off the walls. So I’ll probably be hearing from her a little bit more now. She wants to do the benefit before we fly out for the convention.”

Jensen grinded his teeth. It bothered him that they talked period, because he had seen the way that Alexandra had looked at Misha. But I have no right to be jealous. I can’t tell Misha who he can and can’t talk to, even if they do want to get in his pants. And this is helping Random Acts. He spun around, grabbing Misha’s hips and pulling him in close. “You love me, right?” He whispered, pressing their foreheads together and gazing into Misha’s impossibly blue eyes. Misha smiled sweetly, and Jensen melted.

“Of course I do, babe.” Misha replied, his eyes sparkling. Jensen kissed him chastely, but long and loving. He felt horrible asking Misha that, when he couldn’t even say he loved him back. But Jensen was selfish, and he needed to hear it. “You’re not worried about Alexandra, are you?” Misha asked, frowning as soon as Jensen pulled away.

“Of course not.” Jensen mumbled briskly, turning his attention back to the chicken so that it wouldn’t burn. Misha wasn’t convinced, but he didn’t press the matter.

Instead, he gave Jensen a quick kiss on the cheek and murmured. “I love you, Jensen Ackles.” Jensen practically purred, and nuzzled against Misha.

Misha’s patience with Jensen was something that Jensen would never take for granted. Even though Misha had said he wasn’t bothered that Jensen didn’t say he loved him, Jensen knew that it couldn’t be entirely true. He spent a lot of time thinking about it, and it would absolutely break his heart if he had been the one to say it but Misha wasn’t saying it back. But the words still didn’t come out.

He tried to relay the message in the way that he acted, and he hoped that Misha was an ‘actions louder than words’ kind of guy. Jensen spent all of his time trying to spoil Misha in the best ways he knew how, which was a wide range of displays of affection that he was working on broadening every single day. Jensen really was becoming a ‘grumpy romantic’.

“Do you want more wine? I have another bottle.” Misha asked, running his hand along Jensen’s arm.

“She got you two bottles?” Jensen asked, once again forcing his voice to remain calm.

“Yeah. It was like this gift set thing. It came in this fancy basket and had two bottles with a bottle opener.” Misha chuckled, the already consumed wine making him giggly. Jensen noticed the delicate shade of pink painted across Misha’s cheeks, and he really hoped it was there because of the wine and not because he was thinking about Alexandra. He’s here, with me. Sharing the wine, with me. Quit being a jealous dick, Jensen.

“I’m going to end up getting so fat if I keep letting you cook.” Misha whined, pushing the rest of his chicken alfredo away and reaching for his glass of wine.

“You live on rabbit food half the time, Misha. I’m pretty sure the only thing in your fridge right now is kale and yogurt.”

Misha grinned, because Jensen wasn’t exactly wrong, he had been too lazy to cook lately. “I hope you never get sick of me.” Misha was all lazy smiles and sparkling eyes, and Jensen had to admit that there was a certain charm about him once a couple of glasses of wine were involved.
“Well, that’s something you’ll never, ever have to worry about, baby.” Jensen reached across the table, caressing Misha’s cheek. Misha smiled, his eyes a little unfocused from the alcohol. “Let’s head to bed.” Jensen could hear the adoration in his own voice.

“There is no way I’m having sex right now. I’m too full.” Misha whined.

“I didn’t say anything about sex, Mish.” Jensen teased, laughing that Misha immediately looked a little disappointed. “Go lie down, baby. I’ll put away the rest of the food.” Misha eyed Jensen suspiciously, but stood up. He gave Jensen a quick peck on the cheek, and headed for the bedroom.

Jensen had never packed up leftovers so quickly in his life. He would’ve just thrown the rest out, but he knew that Misha hated when he did that kind of thing. He grabbed the wine, half tempted to pour it down the drain because he didn’t want the reminder of Alexandra. He sighed in frustration, and shoved the bottle in the fridge.

Making his way towards the bedroom, Jensen’s heart felt heavy, and if someone were to ask him why, he wouldn’t even know where to begin. He should be happy. His life was amazing. He loved his job. He loved how he got to work with his best friends. Even though he wanted a house, he loved his apartment. He loved that he and Misha shared their apartments. And most importantly of all, he loved Misha.

But the fact that he couldn’t tell Misha that was eating away at him. And now, suddenly thoughts of Alexandra were eating away at him too. He couldn’t help but think if she were in his position, she would have no problem saying ‘I love you’. She would have no problem making their relationship public. And Jensen envied that.

Jensen froze in the doorway. The moment he saw Misha, all of his doubt melted away. Misha was already asleep, his chest heaving peacefully. His body was draped awkwardly across the bed, showing that he had had no intention of falling asleep while waiting. His hair was messy, and god I love It when his hair is messed up like that. He was still fully clothed, shoes included.

Lying down next to him, Jensen wasn’t shocked when he didn’t stir. He was snoring slightly, which used to be one of Jensen’s biggest pet peeves, but had quickly become music to his ears. “Baaabyyy.” Jensen sang in Misha’s ear quietly. Misha’s response was to roll over, draping his arm across Jensen’s waist. “Wake up, sleepyhead.” Jensen shook him slightly. Tired, blue eyes met his, followed by a sleepy smile.

“Hi.” Misha mumbled.

“Hi. How about we get you out of these clothes?” Jensen asked, and Misha nodded slowly. Jensen stood up and held out his hand. Misha took it lazily, allowing Jensen to haul him to his feet.

Misha was wearing his blue button up. The one that drove Jensen absolutely crazy because of how blue it made his eyes. Jensen started to unbutton it slowly. He could feel Misha’s eyes on him, but he kept his eyes on the buttons. He unbuttoned the last button at the bottom of the shirt, and slid his hands underneath it. His hands ran up Misha’s stomach to his chest, and then to his shoulders, pushing the shirt off. He finally met Misha’s eyes, noticing that they were full of curiosity. I love you. Jensen thought so hard that it was as if he were trying to telepathically communicate the words. He leaned down, kissing Misha’s chest. His lips wandered, kissing feather light kisses on every inch of available skin before finally coming to Misha’s lips. Misha kissed back groggily.

And Jensen was glad that Misha was too tired. Because this wasn’t about sex. This was about love and adoration. This was about worshiping Misha’s body the same way that he worshipped his soul. This was about showing Misha he loved him, because he couldn’t say it.
Jensen pushed Misha back until he was sitting on the bed. Misha didn’t say anything, he just continued to watch him. Jensen kneeled down, taking Misha’s shoes and socks off. He unbuttoned Misha’s jeans and unzipped them, beginning to work them off. He gently pushed Misha back in a lying position (despite Misha groaning) in order to get them off. Jensen threw them to the ground, and began to kiss all of the newly exposed skin.

“What’s this about?” Misha asked playfully. Jensen didn’t say anything. *I love you. I love you so fucking much, Misha. But I’m scared, and I’m stupid, and I’m selfish, and I can’t say it. Please understand. Please.*

Jensen stripped his own clothes off down to the boxers, not taking his eyes off of Misha. “Bed.” He commanded. Misha pulled back the covers without hesitation, crawling inside them. Jensen slid in next to him, immediately snaking his hand to Misha’s hips and pulling him closer. He ran his fingers through Misha’s hair, watching the strands tousle under his touch. He kissed Misha’s nose playfully, and Misha ran his hand up Jensen’s side, barely breathing. Jensen finally brought their lips together, and he kissed Misha like he had never kissed anyone. There was no tongue involved, no urgency. He didn’t want or expect anything out of it. It was just lips molding together for pure, innocent declaration of love. *Please understand, Misha. Please know that I love you. More than I’ve ever loved anyone. Please.*

When Misha pulled away, his eyes were misty. He bit his lip, running a thumb along Jensen’s bottom lip. “What did I do to deserve you?” His voice was a whisper. Jensen just smiled, lost for words. *Something really awful, because you deserve better.* Misha kissed him, slow and long. “I love you too, Jensen.”

Jensen exhaled a sigh of relief. Misha understood. He always did.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter is a bit blah, guys. It's real purpose is to basically be a stepping stone for the next chapter, which is going to have a LOT more going on in it. Take this and please forgive me.
Are you going to the benefit?

Jared’s text didn’t get a response from Jensen just yet. *Of fucking course I’m going to the benefit; I’ll be damned if I leave Misha alone with Alexandra.* It wasn’t that Jensen didn’t trust Misha. He did. In fact, he trusted Misha more than he had ever trusted another human being. But he didn’t trust Alexandra to keep her hands off of him, and it had been driving Jensen crazy all fucking day.

Misha had been able to tell too. Jensen had been grumpy since the moment he woke up. He was being short, and was clearly frustrated or angry about something. But Misha didn’t push the subject. He knew this was about Alexandra. But he also knew that Jensen was man enough to be able to handle the benefit, even if it meant him acting like a pouty toddler over the whole situation.

Jensen was fixing his tie in the mirror when Misha said it. “Be my date.” Misha was sitting on the bed, watching Jensen check himself out in the full length mirror.

“How-what?” Jensen turned around slowly.

“Be my date to the benefit.” Misha clarified. Jensen opened his mouth by Misha continued. “No one has to know. But we’ll know. I want you to be my date.” Misha’s face lit up when he saw Jensen visibly relax.

“Of course I’ll be your date, baby.” Jensen made his way over to the bed, all smiles. He leaned down and kissed Misha, a bit more possessively than he had intended.

“I’m going to tell Alexandra that I’m seeing someone tonight.” Jensen kept his voice calm and cool, trying to remain casual and not accuse Jensen of his jealousy.

Misha’s heart nearly beat out of his chest. *I love you, Misha.* “You’re seeing someone? Well damn, she’s gonna be a bit upset when she finds out about us.” Jensen joked, but it was only to cover up the fact that his eyes were stinging and there was a lump in throat, and he couldn’t understand why he was so emotional.

Misha did a smile that was all gums, and Jensen reminded himself that he was the reason that smile was there. Maybe he would be able to make it through the night after all. He grabbed his phone out of his pocket to text Jared back.

I’ll be there.
The gallery was already packed when Jensen and Misha arrived. It was twice as crowded as the first benefit, and Jensen tried to focus on how great this turn out would be for Random Acts of Kindness. Jared, being taller than most, immediately spotted them when they entered the room, and made his way towards them. They moved out of the way of the door, turning to meet him.

“I’m glad you’re both here… I don’t know any of these people.” Jared muttered, chuckling.

“I don’t know, man. I noticed you didn’t have a problem talking to that girl you were with before you came over here.” Jensen winked at him, and Jared rolled his eyes.

“Speaking of which, where’s your gal at?”

Jensen blanked. He had been playing along with this for so long, but he still had no idea how to respond when Jared brought ‘her’ up.

“She couldn’t make it tonight.” Misha answered for him. Jensen shot him a grateful look, and Misha touched his arm lightly. Jared either didn’t notice, or didn’t seem to care.

“Ah, that’s a bummer. But great turn out, Mish! You can barely walk in here. I don’t know what your next plans are for Random Acts, but you’re going to have plenty of money to do it with.”

“Thanks, Jared.” Misha smiled at him warmly. “I should really go find Alexandra before it gets too crowded. I’ll see you guys in a bit.” As Misha walked off, he very intentionally brushed his hand against Jensen’s reassuringly, but Jensen still tensed at the thought of Alexandra.

Jared watched Misha walk off, but then turned to Jensen. “So why couldn’t your girl make it? And what’s her name?”

“Mis- Michelle. Her name is Michelle. And our schedules are just both really hectic I guess.” Jensen shrugged and grabbed two glasses of champagne from a waiter walking by. He handed one to Jared, and immediately downed his, handing it back to the waiter. The waiter gave him an annoyed look, but handed him another glass.

“Dude, I can’t believe our first convention of the season is in a few days.” Jared changed the subject and Jensen relaxed a little.

“Yeah, me either. I can’t wait.”

“Really? You don’t get sick of fans asking about Destiel?”

“It was a little… uncomfortable at first. But I’m used to it now. And the fans are really cute and creative, you know? It’s really sweet, honestly.”

“Since when are you such a sap?” Jared teased.

Jensen felt heat crawl up his face. *Since I fell in love with Misha.* He didn’t have time to think of something snarky, or make up an excuse because Jared spoke up again.

“I guess Misha found Alexandra.” Jensen immediately whipped around, almost causing his champagne to slosh out of the flute. They were standing on the other side of the gallery. Jensen turned around in just enough time to see Alexandra lean in, wrapping her arms around Misha and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

She once again looked stunning. Her hair was down in a cascade of beautiful dark curls. She was once again wearing a dress that hugged every curve and revealed her stunning legs. This one was
red, and looked even more beautiful against her olive skin. Jensen felt like he was going to puke.

“If I didn’t know better, I would say you look jealous, Jen.” Jared observed. Jensen blanched. “I mean yeah, Alexandra is a knock out. But let Misha have his fun. There are plenty of girls here for you to flirt with. And besides, what about Michelle?” Jensen sighed in relief, realizing that Jared thought he was jealous of Misha, not jealous because of Misha.

“You’re right.” He tried to hide the bitterness in his voice. He glanced back over to Alexandra and Misha, who had begun to work their way through the crowd towards them.

To Jensen’s utter dismay, Alexandra insisted on giving him a hug and a kiss to greet him once they arrived. Jensen looked over at Misha, he looked completely relaxed. When Misha met his eyes, his blue eyes sparkled lovingly, and Jensen tried to calm down.

“I’m so glad everyone is here!” Alexandra exclaimed, seeming genuinely thrilled. *I’m sure you’re especially glad that Misha’s here.*

Alexandra started talking about the benefit, and Jensen was trying really hard to focus on what she was saying, but he couldn’t. All he could focus on was how beautiful she was. She was in all honesty one of the most stunning women he had ever seen, and from the bits and pieces he was grasping of her conversation, she also seemed very intelligent and funny. She had both Misha and Jared’s full attention, and Jensen glanced at Misha. Misha was listening intently, and jealousy was slowly attempting to claw its way out of the pit of Jensen’s stomach again.

Jensen’s zoned back in on the conversation again, and Alexandra was talking about how incredible Misha was. *Like I don’t already know that.* She mentioned how impressed she was with Random Acts of Kindness, and how Misha worked, and Misha actually blushed a little bit. She touched his arm endearingly, and Jensen felt like screaming. *Get your fucking hands off of my boyfriend.* Jensen choked a little. Jared shot him a look, thinking he was being rude, and Jensen cleared his throat. *Boyfriend?*

It was at that moment that Jensen wished that Jared knew about his and Misha’s relationship. He felt like his whole world was caving in on him, and he didn’t know why, or what he was supposed to do about it.

Misha mentioned that they really needed to check on some paintings, and he and Alexandra headed off after Misha shot Jensen a quick, reassuring look. Jensen immediately turned to Jared, his eyes pleading. Jared gave him a worried look.

“Uh, could I get some advice, Jared?”

“Of course, dude.” Jared was concerned and sincere. One thing Jensen loved about him was how kind he was, and how he was willing to drop everything to help a friend, it didn’t matter what he had to do. Jensen made a mental note that he really needed to start making plans with Jared off of set. Maybe some time away from Misha would do him some good, and he really missed Jared.

“Um, well, Michelle and I aren’t exactly… official. But I’m pretty sure she wants us to be. And there’s this part of me that wants the same thing… I just don’t think I’m ready for it yet. I guess what I’m trying to get at is that I’m really afraid that if I don’t make things official, I’m going to lose her to someone who won’t hesitate when it comes to making a relationship official.”

Jared exhaled a whistle. “Wow. That’s really heavy stuff, man.” He pushed his long hair back. “How serious are you about her?”
“So serious, Jared. I…I love her.”

“Does she know that?”

“I haven’t exactly told her, but yes, she knows.”

“Why haven’t you told her?”

“I…I…um…”

Jared held up his hand to stop him, and nodded. Jensen exhaled, relieved that Jared just automatically understood. Jared thought hard, his eyebrows furrowed together.

“Well… the first thing I want to say is that I’m happy for you. I’ve never seen you like this, Jensen. A flustered, love struck Jensen Ackles? I didn’t think I would ever see that shit.” He nudged Jensen playfully and laughed, trying to lighten the mood. “You just need to tell her how you feel, man. I get it, that can be a lot easier said than done. But she deserves to know, because both of you need to be on the same page to get this to work. I mean, don’t tell her you love her if you don’t mean it. Never do something like that. So don’t rush it. But you also can’t keep leading her along on this thin rope while you figure yourself out. Maybe she’s the one that could help you figure things out all along… I feel like I’m rambling. I hope that makes sense.” Jared patted Jensen on the arm supportively.

“Yeah… that actually makes perfect sense.” If Jensen didn’t know better, he would think that Jared had been talking about Misha the entire time. To Jared’s surprise, Jensen abruptly hugged him.

“Thanks, Jared.” He said, patting him on the back.

“No problem, Jen. And uh, I think girls like it when we’re spontaneous and romantic. That’s what every rom com has ever taught me.” Jensen threw back his head and laughed, feeling a lot better than he had all night.

The benefit was an even bigger success than the last one. Jensen couldn’t wipe the grin off of his face because of how child-like and thrilled it made Misha. He was spouting off all these different ideas he had about what the organization could do with the money, and it took everything Jensen had to keep from grabbing him and kissing him in front of everyone.

Alexandra was all smiles too, but Jensen was trying not to think about her. After talking to Jared, he also accepted the fact that none of this was her fault. In fact, at the last benefit, Misha had completely led her on. So of course she was interested in him, she thought something was there. Jensen wondered if Misha had had the opportunity to tell her he was seeing someone.

When the benefit was completely over, Jensen and Misha said their goodbyes to Jared, and started looking for Alexandra to say goodbye to her. They finally spotted her, and Jensen gave her a hug, being a lot more mature about the whole situation after thinking it over. Alexandra then turned to Misha, thanking him for teaming up with her again for the benefit.

“As always, it’s been an absolute pleasure, Misha. I hope I see you again soon…very soon.” She grabbed his tie and pulled him close to her, bringing their lips together.

Jensen stood there, gaping at the two of them. Misha pulled away, looking both bewildered and slightly angry. Alexandra winked at him and walked away, all long legs and sashaying hips. Misha immediately turned to Jensen, his eyes wide and a little afraid.
The entire car ride was quiet. Every time Misha tried to say something, Jensen would just hold up his hand to silence him. He didn’t even want to deal with this until they got back to Misha’s apartment. The original plan had been to stay the night at Jensen’s apartment, but Jensen wasn’t so sure he would want to spend the night with Misha once they discussed what happened at the gallery. Jensen saw Misha visibly gulp when he noticed they were heading back to his apartment and not Jensen’s.

As soon as they were behind closed doors, Jensen ignored Misha and headed for the bedroom, with every intention to pack his things. Misha followed him shyly, unsure of whether or not Jensen would try to silence him again if he tried to speak.

“Babe? Let’s talk about this.” Misha finally whimpered, following Jensen into the bedroom. Jensen spun around so fast that Misha ran into him.

“What the fuck was that, Misha?” He growled. “I thought you were going to tell her that you were seeing someone.”

Misha sat down on the edge of the bed, his face dropping to his hands. He rubbed his eyes and ran his fingers through his hair, causing it to stick up in random spots. “I… I did. I guess she didn’t care. Or she thought she could change my mind or something.” He looked up at Jensen, his eyes nervous and sad. Jensen’s anger faltered. This wasn’t Misha’s fault. Especially if he had told Alexandra. This was her fault. I knew there was a reason I didn’t like that bitch.

Even though Jensen was no longer as angry, there was something that was keeping him from calming down completely. Some thought that was in the back of his head, trying to scratch its way to the surface. A question. A question that Jensen wanted the answer to, but was afraid of what the answer might be.

“Did you fuck her?”

“Jensen-“

“It’s a yes or no question, Misha. Did you fuck her?”

Misha stared at him, his eyes sad, afraid, and tired. He tilted his head slightly and took a deep breath. “Yes.” Misha whimpered.

Jensen felt dizzy and angry and hurt and frustrated, and so much more that he just turned his back to Misha for a moment. He ran his fingers through his hair, pulling at it as he bit his lower lip. He took a shaky breath, turning back to Misha. “When?” His voice was almost too quiet to hear.

“After the last benefit.”

Jensen was taking one deep breath after another, his shoulders heaving as he tried to calm himself. We weren’t together then… I can’t be mad at him. It’s not like he was cheating. Hell, are we even together now?

“Please say something, Jensen.” Jensen looked at Misha. He was shaking slightly, knotting his hands in his lap over and over.
“Do you still want to fuck her?”

“What? No! You’re the only person I want to be with, Jensen. For the rest—” Misha didn’t finish the sentence, but his cheeks turned red. His eyes were misty and he kept swallowing. “You’re the only person I want Jensen. For as long as you want me.” His voice cracked, and he bit his lip to keep it from trembling. And that’s when Jensen realized that Misha was on the verge of tears, and the reason he was so afraid was because he was scared that Jensen was going to leave him.

A part of Jensen wanted to grab Misha’s face, and kiss him until the tears that were threatening to topple from his eyes went away. But he was still angry. He knew he had no real right to be, but fuck was he angry. His fingers reached for his tie, undoing it aggressively, causing a new curiosity to appear in Misha’s eyes.

“Babe, what are you doing?” He asked, his voice still nervous, but no longer breaking.

“Did you come?” Jensen demanded, throwing his tie to the floor. He stripped his jacket, and began to unbutton his shirt.

“What? I-“

“Answer the question, Misha. Did she make you come?”

“Y-yes.” Misha shifted on the bed, and Jensen smirked haughtily as Misha’s hands went back to his lap. “W-what are you doing?” He asked again.

Jensen unbuttoned the last button of his shirt, and approached Misha slowly. Misha’s eyes couldn’t help but flicker to Jensen’s abs peeking through the gap in the shirt, and he licked his lips. Jensen placed a hand on either side of Misha, leaning over him, forcing Misha to lean back a little. “What am I doing? I think what I’m about to do is what’s important.”

“And what are you going to do?”

Jensen gazed into Misha’s eyes, unblinking. “I’m going to make you come so hard that you completely forget who Alexandra is.”

Chapter End Notes

Here’s Misha looking up at Jensen nervously from the bed.
And here's Jensen, aggressively ripping off his tie.

Fuck, forgive me Father, for I have sinned.

And no, I'm not trying to skip out on the sex scene. It'll be in the next chapter. It was the entire reason that this chapter was waaay too long. I'll post the next chapter very soon, probably tomorrow.
Honestly... I’m not sure if this chapter is going to make you guys love me, or want to kill me. I guess we’ll find out, eh?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jensen smirked as a shudder ran up Misha’s body. Misha bit his lip as Jensen’s lips went to his throat, kissing roughly, and sucking skin into his mouth possessively.

“I thought we agreed on the no hickie policy.” Misha whimpered, already squirming under Jensen’s touch. Jensen pulled away, looking down at Misha’s crotch and smiling when he noticed the fabric was already pulled tighter there.

“Yeah, well, apparently my boyfriend doesn’t know how to behave.” Misha whined at Jensen calling him his boyfriend. “So now I’m going to have to make sure everyone knows he’s mine.” Jensen stood up, his own pants growing tighter. He stepped back a little, his hands going to his belt. Misha watched hungrily. “Take your clothes off, Misha. Now.” Misha didn’t hesitate, he stood up and immediately began to strip his clothes from his body until he was completely nude. “On the bed.” Jensen commanded, licking his lips and dropping his pants and boxers. Misha immediately sat on the edge of the bed, and Jensen’s shirt fell to the floor. “All the way on the bed.” Jensen corrected. Misha scrambled up on the bed clumsily, all of his blood coursing towards his already hard cock.

Jensen was no longer mad about Alexandra. But he’s mine, all mine, and I’m going to make sure he knows it. He crawled on to the bed, slowly inching towards Misha, who was already trying to rummage in the drawer for the lube and condoms. “Nope. Put it back.” Misha shot Jensen a confused look, dropping back on the bed. “I’m not going to let you off that easy, Dmitri.” Jensen cooed, and smiled as he watched goosebumps spread across Misha’s skin. He had never called Misha by his real name in bed, and he quite liked the effect it had. Jensen stopped between Misha’s legs, leaning down to nuzzle between his thighs. Misha was squirming again. “I will tie you down.” Jensen threatened. He looked up at Misha. Misha was biting his lip, his iris’ just barely blue from how dilated his pupils were.

“I… uh… if you keep talking like that, I’m not going to last long, Jensen.” Misha whimpered, and Jensen could see him physically fighting the urge to squirm, the urge to thrust, the urge to get some sort of friction against his throbbing, hard cock.

“I know, baby. I know.” Jensen soothed, rubbing his hands up and down Misha’s thighs, and kissing his lower stomach. “That’s why I’m done talking.”

Misha moaned in relief when Jensen’s mouth swallowed his dick. His fingers immediately went to Jensen’s hair, carding through them as Jensen bobbed up and down. Jensen may have never given a blowjob before Misha, but at this point in their relationship, he had had plenty of practice. He took Misha’s entire cock in his mouth, sliding up agonizingly slowly. Misha whined, watching him play with the head, tonguing at the sensitive area underneath with expertise. Jensen looked up at him through a thick veil of lashes, feeling his own cock throb at the sight of Misha looking back at him, unraveling because of his mouth.
Misha wasn’t joking about not being able to last, and it wasn’t long before he was trying to hold
Jensen’s head in place and thrust into his mouth. But Jensen knew every inch of Misha like the back
of his hand. He knew Misha’s tell-tale signs that revealed when he was about to come, and right
before they arrived, he pulled Misha’s hands off of the back of his head and slid his mouth off of
Misha’s dick. Misha whined pathetically, his eyes looking downright offended.

“I thought you were going to make me come.” He grumped, his hands falling to his sides.

“I am. But I also said that you weren’t going to get off that easily.” Jensen smirked, licking at
Misha’s cock like he had never tasted anything more delicious.

“I’m about two seconds away from kicking you out of my apartment.” Misha smarted. Jensen
shrugged, and went to crawl off of the bed. “Don’t you fucking DARE.” Misha said, grabbing him.
Jensen smirked again, Misha was right where he wanted him. His fingers curled around Misha’s dick
slowly, his thumb stroking the head.

“Well, I’m not sure what you want from me, baby.” Jensen’s own voice was low and wrecked, but
he wasn’t going to let his own arousal get in the way of this game he was playing with Misha.

“You know what I want.” Misha growled, thrusting into Jensen’s hand. Jensen tightened his grip
around Misha’s dick, pumping up and down with the intention of building him up again.

“Do I? I’m not so sure about that.” Misha was thrusting in time with Jensen’s hand, and he felt Misha
growing close against his palm. He removed his hand, causing Misha to let out a frustrated yell.
Jensen crawled closer to him, leaning down to kiss him. His tongue slid along Misha’s bottom lip,
and he could taste the coppery flavor from where Misha had bit it so hard that it was on the verge of
bleeding. He allowed their tongues to play together for a moment before pulling back, taking Misha’s
face in his hands. “Tell me what you want, Misha.”

Misha looked completely defeated. He tried to push forward to bring their lips together again, but
Jensen leaned back. Jensen wanted him to beg, something completely out of character for someone
like Misha Collins. Misha just stared at him, his eyes full of frustration and lust. Jensen grabbed
Misha’s hands in his, lacing them together and pinning them to the bed. He slowly thrusted against
him, watching his eyelids flutter shut at the sensation of their cocks grinding together. “Tell me,
baby.” Jensen leaned down and whispered in his ear.

“I want you to fuck me.” Misha’s voice was small, but hoarse and pleading.

“Is that so?” Jensen teased, kissing along Misha’s neck and collarbone.

“Jensen…” Jensen sucked another hickie onto Misha’s neck, his tongue lapping against the skin
hungrily. “Jensen, please…”

“What are you?”

“All yours.” Misha whispered, immediately knowing what Jensen was getting at.

“And no one else’s?”

“Never.”

“Do you want me to make you come?”

“Yes… please…” There it was, that begging tone that Jensen had been looking for.
And Jensen wanted to tell Misha that he loved him. He wanted to all of the time, but having Misha wrapped around his finger like this was so honest, so intimate. He knew that Misha wasn’t talking out of arousal or desperation or frustration. He knew that Misha meant every word of it, and Jensen was so in love that he didn’t know what to do with himself. He released Misha’s hands, his own hands knotting into Misha’s dark, messy locks as their lips collided. I love you, Misha. I love you, I love you, I love you. Please know that I love you. If Misha didn’t know, he certainly didn’t give it away in the way that he kissed Jensen back. One of Jensen’s hands left Misha’s hair just long enough to reach in the nightstand, and he felt Misha quiver underneath him at the sound of the lube’s cap opening up. Jensen skipped the pleasantries of teasing, and before Misha could react, two of Jensen’s fingers were inside him as Jensen separated their lips.

“Misha, I-“ Jensen was so close. The words were there, dancing on the tip of his tongue, threatening to spill over his lips. Misha stared up at him, unblinking, his eyes expectant and smitten, but his body writhing and thrusting against Jensen’s touch. “I’ve never felt like this. About anyone.”

It wasn’t ‘I love you’, and Jensen couldn’t even hide the disappointment in his own voice. But he was working on it, and he was getting close. And Misha loved him, and had the patience of a saint.

While it wasn’t the exact words that Misha wanted to hear, they were still music to his ears. He kissed Jensen lovingly, as Jensen kissed him back and curled his fingers inside of him. Something about the angle was perfect, and Misha let out the most blissful moan that Jensen had ever heard. Misha’s entire body quivered. “There. Right there.” He panted, grinding himself down on Jensen’s fingers.

Jensen could feel the pre come dripping from his cock, pleased and proud that he had found that sweet spot inside of Misha for the first time. And he was going to keep his promise, he was going to make Misha come so hard that he would forget about Alexandra. He was going to forget about anything that wasn’t Jensen.

Slowly removing his fingers, Jensen reached for the condom that he had placed on the bed. He licked his licks nervously, rolling it on, focusing on exactly where his fingers had been when he made Misha moan like that. After lubing himself up, Jensen gingerly directed his throbbing cock to Misha’s rim, circling it, teasing him.

“Jensen…” Misha moaned, and Jensen couldn’t tease him anymore after hearing him moan his name. He eased into him slowly, a hiss escaping his open lips.

“Oh god, Misha. You’re so tight.” He groaned, his head hanging in pleasure. Misha pulled him in, kissing and nipping at his lips and moving his hips, taking in more of Jensen.

Jensen couldn’t take it anymore, and began to thrust inside of Misha. As always, he took in slow, always afraid that he might accidentally hurt him. Jensen slid his hands underneath Misha’s ass, hauling him up slightly to slide into him deeper with each thrust.

And it worked. That one particular moan escaped Misha’s mouth, and Jensen knew he was hitting the same spot that his fingers had caressed earlier. Jensen felt the heat coil inside of his core, but he forced it down, because this was about Misha. He watched Misha’s hand snake around his cock, and Jensen wasn’t having it. Using one hand to keep Misha at the angle he wanted him, Jensen used his other hand to grab both of Misha’s wrists and pin them above his head. “No.” Jensen growled, plowing into him.

“But Jensen, please…” Misha gasped, his whole body shuddering and falling apart. Jensen had never seen him like this before, and it took every ounce of his focus to keep himself from coming. Misha’s eyes had begun to water. He was too aroused, his skin was too hot and he was crawling out
of it, and Jensen knew he was close.

“Oh, Misha…” Jensen moaned out, unable to fight off the urge to come anymore. He thrusted into Misha again, and Misha came in thick, white streaks between them, his dick completely untouched. The moan that came out of Misha had Jensen coming immediately after him. His plan was the make Misha come harder than he ever had before, he wasn’t expecting the same to happen for him.

“Fuck… Jesus Christ. You’re going to kill me, baby.” Jensen muttered leaning down to kiss him. Misha was unable to form coherent words just yet, and kissed him back lazily, post orgasm ecstasy washing over him in waves. When Jensen pulled away, he gingerly eased out of Misha. He went to pull the condom off, but a look in Misha’s eyes caught his own. He ripped the condom off quickly, tossing it in the general area of the trashcan and hoping it landed in its mark.

Misha was crying.

Jensen grabbed Misha’s face in his hands, his wide worried eyes searching Misha’s in panic. *Fuck, fuck, fuck. What did I do? Did I hurt him? “Misha, what’s wrong? Tell me, baby. What’s wrong?”*

“That’s never happened before… not like that.” Misha muttered, trying to avoid Jensen’s eyes. Jensen tilted his head, forcing their eyes to meet.

“Is that a bad thing??? I thought it was supposed to be a good thing, aren’t orgasms stimulated like that really intense? Fuck Misha, I’m so sorry-“

“It… it’s not that…” Misha sniffed.

“No… why…. why won’t you tell me that you love me?”

The words filled Jensen’s ears, but ripped through his entire body. His tongue felt too heavy, and his mouth felt too dry. His chest felt too tight, and he could barely breath. He didn’t know how to answer the question.

“Please tell me you love me. Even… even if you don’t mean it. Please just let me hear it. Just once.” Misha was begging, and suddenly the appeal to make him beg earlier felt filthy and tainted, and Jensen hated himself. He lied down next to Misha, scooping him up and pulling him closer than he had ever held anyone.

“God dammit, I’m a fucking idiot.” He snarled to himself angrily. It made Misha flinch, and Jensen could feel tears hitting his chest. He pulled back slightly, stroking Misha’s cheek with his thumb. He kissed him, unlike he had ever kissed anyone before. Each kiss came with an intention of piecing Misha back together; each one came with a promise to make this right. Misha’s lip was still quivering, and Jensen felt like he deserved for God to strike him down where he was.

“Misha… I do love you. I love you more than anything or anyone, and I have longer than you could ever imagine. I don’t know what a fuck up like me did to deserve someone as incredible as you. Someone so loving, and smart, and caring, and supportive, and selfless, and patient, and fucking perfect. But I do. I love you. And I’ll never love another person like I love you. I hope I never even have to try to. I… I hope this, us… lasts forever.”

Misha bit his lip and sniffed. “Do you really mean that?”

“More than anything.” Jensen smiled at him sweetly, a giant weight feeling like it had lifted off of his shoulders. “I love you, Misha.”
I am so sorry for this chapter. I'm going to leave you guys with some gifs of these two dorks looking at each other like they're the center of each other's universes in hopes that you'll forgive me.

In fact, even Jared is getting tired of their shit.
On a different note, if I gave a warning about it before the chapter, how would you guys feel about some, uh, NSFW gifs? They would obviously be pretty subtle since they would be manips, but I'm still not sure how I feel about posting them, because they'll be NSFW regardless.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Unfortunately, the posting of new chapters is going to be slowing down a bit after this chapter. My classes are starting on Monday, and I take my grades very seriously because I'm hoping to get a scholarship so that I can transfer to a different college that I can't afford right now. Also, the next chapter is going to be the first chapter involving the convention. I really want to take my time with it, and make it a believable experience for my readers, so I've been trying to watch as many YouTube clips from conventions that I can. AND there's my job, so I have to take that into consideration. But I promise to try and still post fairly regularly. Love you guys. <3 This chapter is another one that's a bit longer though, so yay for that!

ALSO, I've been forgetting to mention this for like the past ten chapters. Y'all should listen to the song "I Found" by Amber Run. It's the ultimate otp song for my fic, if I do say so myself. And it makes me want to bawl my eyes out when I think about it in reference to Cockles.

Jensen woke up to Misha snoring softly in his arms. Jensen smiled down at him, and kissed the tip of his nose sweetly. Misha didn’t even stir. But when Jensen tried to untangle their bodies and get out of bed, he immediately snuggled up closer to him. Jensen tried to pull away carefully, without waking Misha. He managed to sneak away with every intention of surprising Misha with breakfast. He grabbed a pair of Misha’s pajamas from the dresser, and tip toed to the kitchen quietly.

Halfway through cooking the bacon, the entire apartment smelled like it and awoke Misha from his slumber. He came into the kitchen, yawning dramatically. Jensen immediately frowned, noticing that his eyes were still a little red and swollen from last night. There was also a very awkward vibe coming from Misha, and it only made Jensen’s frown deepen. He took his hand off of the pan, abandoning the sizzling meat, so that he could pull Misha into his arms and kiss the top of his head.

“Morning, baby.” He hummed, running his fingers through Misha’s hair. Misha muttered a ‘good morning’ back, but it was distracted and sad. Jensen tilted his chin up, allowing himself to get lost in those blue eyes. “I love you.” He said softly. Misha’s eyes immediately dropped, looking anywhere but at Jensen.

“Listen, about last night, Jen-“

“I meant every word of it.” Jensen interrupted defensively.

“I…um, well, maybe that’s true. But I… I practically forced you to say it. And… and that’s not fair. I promised you that we would take everything at your pace. Guilt tripping you into telling me you love me… that’s not taking things at your pace.”

“You’re an idiot sometimes, Mish. I swear. Justify it the way you want, but I still meant every word of it. Do you know how long I’ve wanted to tell you I love you? I was just… I don’t know, being a baby about it. I was being selfish and awful. I really do love you.” Misha still wouldn’t meet Jensen’s eyes. “Dmitri!” Jensen barked, causing Misha to jump and look up at him. “I love you. Okay?”
Misha shrugged gently.

“I love you too, Jensen.” Misha’s voice was still unsure, completely laced with doubt. And Jensen was fully aware that it would have to be something they worked on, together. Maybe Misha was in the wrong for the begging last night, but that didn’t make it any less wrong that Jensen waited so long to tell him when he should’ve told him ages ago. They weren’t perfect. But they loved each other, and that was all that mattered. Jensen kissed Misha softly, and was disappointed to find that it took Misha a moment to kiss him back. “You’re burning the bacon.” Misha mumbled as soon as Jensen pulled away.

“Shit!” Jensen let go of Misha and ran over to the stove, causing him to chuckle.

“What’s with you cooking breakfast?” Misha said, sitting down at the table and rubbing his eyes sleepily. “I didn’t even know I had bacon in the fridge.”

“You didn’t until I went to the grocery store a few days ago. I was actually planning on making you breakfast in bed… but you kinda woke up.”

“Well… it smells good. And I’m hungry.” Misha smiled sheepishly, and Jensen grinned at him lovingly, happy that he was starting to relax a little. “Why are you doing all of this?”

Jensen sighed in frustration. Is he going to start questioning everything I do now? A few reasons, I guess. A) I like to cook. And tomorrow we have to leave for the convention, which means no homemade meals for a while. B) I thought it would be a nice surprise. And C) I love you, and I know sappy shit makes you happy. Hell, doing sappy shit for you makes me happy.” Jensen felt like the adoration in Misha’s eyes could create world peace, and he couldn’t wait to finish cooking so he could shower Misha with affection.

Jensen was doing everything he could to get Misha out of the weird funk he was in. Whenever he looked at Misha, guilty, sad, blue eyes met his determined green ones. But nothing seemed to be working. Even after breakfast, a sweet, romantic shower together, and Jensen spending most of the day covering Misha in kisses, Misha was still moping around the apartment.

It’s not supposed to be like this. Everything was supposed to fall in place perfectly once I told him I loved him. Jensen knew there was no such thing as a perfect relationship… or so everyone else in the world thought. But he would be damned, he was going to prove to everyone that he and Misha were perfect for each other…he just had to convince Misha of that first.

“We’re going to have to go back to your place at some point today or tonight.” Misha said, folding another one of his shirts to put it in his suitcase. “A lot of my stuff that I want to pack is over there.”

“You know, maybe we should just get a place…together.” Jensen’s voice was quiet and nervous, and Misha froze.

“W-what?”

Jensen shrugged. “I… I just think it would be a good idea. I mean, I know you want your personal space. And I want mine. But it makes more sense. Half my stuff is here, and half of your stuff is at my place. Why not just move in together?”

The neatly folded shirt Misha was holding slipped out of his hand, crumpling on the floor. “You
can’t possibly mean that.”

Jensen’s face was hot with embarrassment. *Maybe you’re moving too fast. Maybe he’s not ready for that yet.* “I-It’s cool if you don’t want to make that kind of step, Mish. Just tell me. But I do mean it. I don’t know… it just sounds really nice.”

“There’s no way you could put up with that. Living with me? I don’t think *you’re* ready for that.”

Jensen had been sitting on the edge of the bed, watching Misha pack, but he was quickly on his feet. He grabbed Misha by the hips, hauling him close. He stroked Misha’s cheek and then nuzzled his nose, smiling when he saw pink creep up Misha’s cheeks. “We need to set some things straight, okay, baby? *I do* love you. And I’m not going to stop saying that until you realize it’s true. I don’t care if that means having to tell you every second of everyday. In fact, you deserve to hear it every second of every day.” He could feel Misha melting against him. “I also need you to realize, I’m ready for this if you are. We practically live together anyway. Is making that official really that big of a step?”

“Moving in together is a *huge* step, Jensen. Do you realize how official that makes… this?”

Jensen frowned at Misha. Not that long ago, it was Jensen wanting to run for the hills at the thought of making their relationship official. Now Misha was flinching away at the idea. Panic started to spread through Jensen’s body. *What if everything that happened last night was only in the heat of the moment? What if he only loved me because I didn’t love him, and it was this fun game to him?* Jensen dropped his arms to his side, worrying his bottom lip, and blinking the sting from his burning eyes. *Don’t you fucking cry, you sappy son of a bitch.* Misha gave him a worried look.

“…you… don’t want things to be official?” Jensen asked carefully. Misha looked completely lost, like he would be screwing himself regardless of how he answered the question. “Baby, I’m not talking about coming out to all the fans at the convention. I’m not talking about demanding a press conference so we can tell the whole world. I want your stupid kale in my fridge and your silly sweaters in my closet. I want my sheets to *always* smell like you, not just some of the time. I want sit on my couch and have something stab my ass cheek, only to find out it’s the shit you use to crochet.” Misha couldn’t help his self, and he was giggling. “I just want to be with you, always. Yeah, it’s a big step. But I can handle it if you can.”

“I think I can handle that.” Misha said, his voice completely smitten.

“Good. So, uh, it’s official. You’re like, *officially* my boyfriend now. You poor, stupid son of a bitch… I feel so sorry for you.”

Misha threw his head back and laughed, his grin all gums and his eyes all sparkles. *That’s better.* “Let’s just wait until after the convention to discuss living arrangements, deal?”

“Deal.” Jensen kissed Misha lovingly, and almost jumped when he felt Misha’s tongue glide across his bottom lip.

“So, uh, despite me being a needy loser… last night was amazing.” Misha husked, his eyes looking hungry.

“Yes…it was…” Jensen licked his lips. Misha’s hands went to his belt, and it took every ounce of will to stop him. “You have NO idea how fucking it hard it is to say no to this, but I have to make a run somewhere. Meet me at my apartment in two hours?”

“Uh, sure?” Misha looked disappointed and slightly hurt, and Jensen kissed him long and loving.
“I promise what I have planned for you is worth the wait.”

Jensen exited the shop, realizing he was almost out of time to set things up for Misha. He shoved the small package in his coat pocket, making sure it was deep enough not to fall out, as he began to walk over to where he parked. He had never been more nervous in his life. He laughed, thinking about how not that long ago, the thought of giving Misha flowers was enough to make his heart race and his palms sweat. But this? This had him on the verge of a heart attack.

When he got into his car, he checked his phone and was surprised that he had a text from Misha.

I already miss you. :(  

Jensen grinned. I miss you too baby. Jensen sent the text, but his phone pinged again, too quickly for Misha to have already received his response.

& I’m horny. Another text But you’re not here. Before Jensen could hit reply, another text came in. Guess I’ll have to deal with it myself.

It takes that fucker twenty minutes to type up a tweet, but can send me three texts in a row before I can reply just because he’s horny. Jensen thought, laughing.

Don’t you DARE handle it yourself. I’m omw. :*

Jensen sat on the edge of his bed, his heart threatening to beat clean out of his chest. He wiped his sweaty hands against his jeans before grabbing his guitar and making sure it was tuned. He heard the muffled sound of his apartment door opening and closing, Misha using the key he had. We already have keys to each other’s apartments, why would we not live together?

“Honey, I’m home!” Misha sing saged, causing Jensen to laugh.

“I’m in the bedroom!” He called back. He thought he heard Misha mutter a ‘fuck yes!’ from further down the hallway.

Misha opened the door, freezing the moment he saw Jensen. A curious smile flitted across his lips. “What’s this?”

“Well… I don’t want you thinking that I said ‘I love you’ because you ‘made me’, or because you feel like you were able to guilt trip me. So…” Jensen knew his face was bright red, but Misha’s smile coaxed him into continuing with his plan.

He began to strum his guitar, and Misha almost immediately recognized the melody. The same song that he would always catch Jensen humming…”Can’t Help Falling In Love”.

Jensen cleared his throat, and began to sing nervously, keeping his eyes on where his fingers were on the strings. “Wise men say, only fools rush in. But I can’t help falling in love with you. Shall I stay? Would it be a sin if I can’t help falling in love with you? Like a river flows surely to the sea, darling so it goes, some things are just meant to be. Take my hand. Take my whole life too, for I can’t help falling in love with you. Like a river flows surely to the sea, darling so it goes, some things are just meant to be. Take my hand. Take my whole life too, for I can’t help falling in love with you. For I
can’t help falling in love with you. For I can’t help falling in love with you.”

When Jensen finally looked up, Misha’s smile was the only thing in the entire world that mattered. He didn’t care if his voice had been shaking too much for him to sing well. He didn’t care that his hands were so sweaty that his fingers slipped a few times. He didn’t care if what he had just done made him a complete sap, or if it even made him ‘whipped’. He didn’t care how nervous he was. All that mattered was that there was a huge smile on Misha’s face, and he was the one that put it there.

“Jensen… I-“

“Wait a second, I’m not done just yet, baby.” Jensen interrupted him, placing his guitar on the floor. He stood up, making his way to Misha almost shyly. “So, uh, I got this idea earlier today. And I felt like if we’re going to be officially official, there should be something to represent that, you know?” He reached a shaking hand in his jacket pocket, pulling out the package from earlier. He opened the small box, dumping the contents in his other hand. Two matching rings fell into his palm, and Misha’s blue eyes were huge. “Don’t worry, they’re not that kind of ring. I don’t think either of us are ready for that. But… I just wanted you to always have a reminder that I’m yours, and you’re mine. And I thought that maybe this would be a good idea and-“ Misha kissed him, stopping his nervous rambling. Jensen kissed him back without hesitation, smiling against his lips. When he pulled away, he hands Misha’s ring to him, grinning from ear to ear when it fit him perfectly. He slid his own on his finger, and wrapped his arms around Misha, who was looking at him like Jensen was his entire universe.

“You do realize our fans are probably going to notice matching rings, right?” Misha said, a love drunk grin on his lips.

“Let them.” Jensen said simply, pulling Misha in for a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

I had planned on using the song ”Can’t Help Falling in Love” in this fic when it was just this small little idea that was just floating around in my head. Then I actually started writing this fic, and I tossed around a lot of different songs that I wanted to use. But then... then I read Twist and Shout (more like Twist and Rip My Fucking Heart Out) and I just KNEW it was the song I wanted to use. I love Elvis, but the version that Jensen hears at the grocery store when he's buying flowers for Misha is a cover by Haley Reinhart. ANYWAY, gif time.

Jensen playing guitar for Misha. *heart eyes*
And Misha falling more and more in love with him because of it. <3

Also, just know that I didn't pull the whole ring idea out of thin air, or out of my sick, twisted, Cockles obsessed head. I'm basing it off of the fact that MISHA DOES HAVE A RING THAT HE SPECIFICALLY STATED THAT JENSEN GAVE TO HIM. (Featured below)

I swear to God, they want me to have a heart attack.
On a side note, some chapters will now feature gifs that are NSFW based on the feedback that you guys have given me. Just to be safe, I will warn you in the notes at the beginning of the chapter, in case you need to be careful of how far you scroll. ☺️
Chapter Notes

Okay, so I have a LOT to cover really quick, so bare with me!
1) This chapter ended up being a lot longer than I had intended. I do believe it's the longest one I've written for this fic so far.
2) This chapter made me very emotional. Like actual tears. I'm a total wuss, but still. I'm particularly proud of this chapter?
3) I am very pleased to say that there is going to be some fanart at the end of this chapter. But not just for Cockles, but fanart that was made specifically for this fic. And I seriously just feel so honored to be able to say something like that. <3
4) AFTER the fanart, after a few page breaks, there's going to be some NSFW gifs. I keep my promises, and I'm here to deliver. >;) But you have been warned.
5) Okay, so I'm gonna take a guess and say that since you're here for a Cockles fic, you're also a fan a Destiel. Since Castiel has been SO absent in the current season of Supernatural, the fandom has devised a plan! On January 20th, use the hashtag #DestielReunited along with the hashtag #Supernatural on all platforms of social media (especially twitter) to bring attention to the fact that we miss Cas, and we miss the Destiel moments that have been so very absent this season. This is also a good idea, because whether we want to believe it or not, they really can kill Cas off whenever they feel like it. So we, as a fandom, need them to realize we love that dorky angel in a trench coat. <3

Anyways, I hope you guys enjoy. I know a lot of you are probably waiting for actual panel moments at the convention, but it'll all happen in good time, my loves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, I can only imagine why these two pricks are late.” Sebastian Roché said to Jared, intentionally making his voice loud enough so that Misha and Jensen could hear him as they approached.

“Wait, who even invited you to the convention, Seb? When was the last time Balthazar was even in an episode?” Jensen replied, laughing with everyone else.

“I’m an angel, I’m always there. Dean is just too stupid to realize it.”

Jensen shoved Sebastian playfully. “I really didn’t know you were coming to the convention, man. It’s good to see you.”

“The reason you didn’t know he was going to be there is because you never read your emails. This convention is huge, Jensen.” Misha said, his voice very matter of fact. Jensen just rolled his eyes, but shot Misha a smile.

“It’s going to be us, Richard, Felicia, and Mark Sheppard. There’s a lot of different panels this year. The crowd is going to go nuts.” Jared was unable to hide the excitement in his voice.

The truth is that Jensen was excited too. His hand was shoved in his pocket, and his thumb fingered the new ring on his finger, having already developed that habit despite the fact that he had been wearing it for less than a day. He glanced over at Misha, who was all smiles, listening to Sebastian.
and Jared talking about how they had a prank they were planning for Mark. His eyes immediately
flicked down to Misha’s hand, feeling butterflies in his stomach when he spotted the Misha’s own
ring. Things were just so official for them now, and Jensen really couldn’t be happier.

“You coming? The flight is boarding.” Jared’s voice snapped Jensen back to reality, and he shook
his head, clearing his thoughts.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m coming.”

*****

Jensen drummed his fingers against one of his knees in boredom. Surprisingly, he, Misha, Jared, and
Sebastian were the only ones sitting in first class…and Jensen was the only one still awake.
Sebastian was sprawled out over multiple seats (awkwardly) on the other side of the aisle, after
pretending to be a diva and demanding that he got an entire row of seats to himself. Jared was on his
right, snoring loudly. And Misha was leaned against the window, snoring softly, his hair sticking up
in every direction.

Misha had practically pleaded to get to sit next to the window, and Jensen didn’t object. He didn’t
care about the view, sitting next to Misha was the only view he was interested in. Jensen glanced
over at Jared and Sebastian to confirm that they were still asleep, and he tousled Misha’s dark hair,
making it look even messier. This was the longest Misha’s hair had been since he was first
introduced to the show, and Jensen secretly hoped that they planned on leaving Cas’ hair this long.
Jensen leaned over, closer to Misha.

“Miishaaa. I’m bored. Wake up.” He whined, just loud enough for Misha to hear him. Misha batted
him away sleepily. “Fine.” Jensen growled quietly. “I was going to ask you if you wanted to join the
mile-high club. But I guess sleep is more important.” Misha opened his eyes and rubbed them,
blinking hard, a smirk on his face. “Now that I’ve got your attention…talk to me. I’m so bored.”

“And needy.” Misha joked, yawning. Jensen pouted, causing Misha to laugh. “You should try to get
some sleep, babe. This convention is going to be killer.” Jensen quickly glanced at their fellow
passengers before lacing his fingers with Misha’s. He leaned in, kissing Misha on the cheek.

“I can’t sleep! Do we have a panel together at the convention?”

“You would know if you read your email…” Jensen rolled his eyes. “We do. Well, we have one
with Jared. Then I have one with Sebastian, and you and Jared have one together. Not in that
particular order…” Jensen laughed. Misha was still groggy, and it was too cute. He smirked, noticing
the hickies popping up under the collar of Misha’s shirt. Misha caught him eyeing them. “So was the
mile-high thing a joke, or…?”

“Mish… Seb and Jared are right there. How would we explain both of us going to the bathroom if
one of them woke up?”

“Uh…I lost one of my contacts in the bathroom, and needed your help finding it?”

Jensen laughed. “I’m pretty sure they know that you don’t wear contacts.”

“Eh, it was worth a shot. Don’t say I didn’t offer… you’re no fun.” Misha teased. “Live a little.”
Jensen felt his face grow hot, spreading all the way to the tips of his ears. Misha was notorious for
being this problem free, free spirit, and he often envied it. And if it were just Jared in first class with
them, he would have Misha pinned to the bathroom wall at this very moment. But with Sebastian, it
was a little different.
“It’s okay, babe.” Misha said, kissing him quickly, as though he knew exactly what’s was on
Jensen’s mind. Jensen muttered something, and Misha didn’t catch it. “What was that?”

“I said, when we get to the hotel, I’m going to make sure you can’t walk straight for a week.” Jensen
smirked, seeing the pink crawl up Misha’s cheeks. He leaned his head back, and closed his eyes,
pleased with himself.

*****

“Wow, this is like the nicest hotel I’ve ever stayed at!” Jared was practically jumping up and down
like a little kid, super excited. He was already on the floor they were supposed to be on, running
around. He had the door to his room wide open, and was shouting down the hallway. Jensen and
Misha took their time, laughing at him the entire way. “THERE’S A MINIBAR BUILT INTO THE
RECLINER!” Jared screamed from out of sight, in his room. Misha and Jensen laughed.

“It’s a shame we’re not in the same room.” Misha muttered, looking down at his room number on his
key.

“We’re literally right next to each other, Mish. And even if we weren’t…psh, did you expect that to
stop me?” Jensen shot him a loving look. As they approached closer to Jared’s room, he lowered his
voice a little more. “But Jared is right across the hall, so uh, we might want to keep it down.” Misha
winked at him as a response, and Jensen pecked him on the cheek quickly before Jared ran out of the
room.

“Dude. You have to see your rooms.” Jared was waving his hands dramatically, and had already ran
back into his own room before either of them had time to respond.

“He’s like a spastic fucking puppy.” Jensen muttered fondly, placing his bag on the ground to unlock
his own door as Misha did the same.

With the way the top floor of the hotel was set up, Misha, Jensen, and Jared were the only ones with
a room on to the left of the elevator. Sebastian, Mark, and Felicia were on the other side, and further
down the hall. The only person they would really have to worry about was Jared, but if his room
kept him this distracted, he wasn’t a threat to privacy at all.

*****

Jensen opened the door to his hotel room, quickly scanning the hallway before walking out and
closing the door behind him. He smiled, knocking on Misha’s door. Jared, Sebastian, Mark and
Felicia had all went out for drinks, and had asked Jensen and Misha to join them. But Jensen had
pretended to be jetlagged, and Misha had pretended to be asleep already.

Misha immediately opened the door as though he had been waiting for Jensen, and Jensen pushed
him inside, pulling him in for a kiss and kicking the door shut behind them.

“You do realize that’s the only time we’re going to be able to use that excuse, and we’ve already
used it up, right?” Misha said, laughing as Jensen nuzzled his neck.

“I know, baby. But fuck, it feels like I haven’t seen you all day. I know we’ve been with each other
this whole time, but…”

“But you don’t know how to keep your hands to yourself, and you’ve had to all day.” Misha stuck
his tongue out playfully, and Jensen rolled his eyes, but smiled fondly. “Well, you’re going to have
to wait a little longer. I want to hop in the shower.” Jensen whined, but Misha shook his head. “You
were the reason we were late this morning. I had planned on taking a shower before heading to the
airport. But you spend way too long on your hair.”

Jensen smiled sheepishly. “I did spend like 15 minutes on my hair today…” He laughed, tickling Misha and smiling at him squirming.

“And it looks really nice, babe.” Misha’s eyes scanned over Jensen’s hair. “But I just really want to take a shower. Ten minutes tops.” Jensen sighed in frustration, but kissed Misha on the top of the head and pushed him towards the bathroom.

“Hurry up.” He muttered hungrily, slapping him on the ass.

Jensen had half a mind to join Misha in the shower, but give the guy some alone time, damn Ackles.He ripped his shirt off, noticing that Misha’s room was a lot stuffier than his. He turned on the AC and plopped down on Misha’s hotel bed, noticing Misha’s phone on the nightstand. He bit his lips nervously. Don’t fucking do it. Don’t be one of those boyfriends. That’s a total invasion of privacy. Just leave it. His hand reached for the phone, but he pulled it back. He worried his lips, resisting the urge to run his hands through his hair in frustration. He glanced over at the bathroom, hearing the curtain being pulled back in place as Misha climbed in. I could just look. It would only take a second. He picked the phone up, his hand shaking. Don’t fucking do it, Jensen. That’s such an unhealthy step to take in a relationship. But before he knew it, his thumb was swiping across the screen, unlocking the phone. It’s not that he wanted to go through Misha’s phone entirely. Literally the only thing he cared about was figuring out whether or not Misha and Alexandra had been talking. Jensen’s heart thrummed against his chest so hard it was nearly painful. He trusted Misha, and didn’t understand why he was doing this. I may trust him, but I don’t trust her.

Misha’s call log was clear of Alexandra’s name, and Jensen breathed a sigh of relief. The tightness in his chest relaxed a little, and he took a deep breath, trying to calm the beating of his heart. But who even makes calls anymore? It’s the texts you should be worried about. Jensen couldn’t resist the urge, and opened Misha’s inbox.

Jensen didn’t bother with a single other name as he skimmed for Alexandra’s name. He smiled, noting that next to his name in Misha’s phone, there was the heart eyes emoji. What an adorable dork. He finally found Alexandra’s name and his stomach dropped. He took a few calming breaths, reminding himself that they had to have had contact to schedule the last benefit. But the date listed on the chat was after the benefit, and Jensen found himself opening the text. The first thing that Jensen noticed was that a few of Alexandra’s texts to Misha had went completely ignored, and a triumphant smile spread across his face. I knew I could trust him. But then his eyes scanned to the last text Alexandra had texted him.

Hoping to see you soon, hot stuff. ❤️

The text was a caption under a full frontal, naked picture of Alexandra.

Jensen nearly threw the phone. A distressed noise threatened to escape his throat, but he swallowed hard, forcing it down. He stared down at the phone, looking over the picture. She was so fucking hot. Jensen had thought she looked good in a tight dress, but she was absolutely stunning with nothing at all on. And there’s no way he’s going to keep saying no to that, especially when she’s throwing herself at him.

But then Jensen realized that Misha had actually responded to this text, and Jensen read it frantically.

Alexandra, I told you at the benefit. I’m seeing someone & I’m not interested. Disrespecting me is one thing, but I will not allow you to disrespect my relationship. Don’t make this harder
Jensen blinked the stinging from his eyes. He swallowed thickly, feeling tears threatening to form. The truth was that he had no idea what he had expected. But that? He hadn’t expected that at all. And his heart was fit to burst with the amount of love he was feeling towards Misha, for how Misha had defended what they had. He locked the phone, placing it carefully back on the nightstand exactly how it had been earlier. He stood up, heading for the bathroom, but the door opened before he got close. Steam billowed out, and the room was immediately filled with the delicious scent of Misha’s shampoo and body wash. Misha appeared seconds later, wearing nothing but a smile.

“What is it, babe?” Misha asked, almost shyly.

“I… I just really love you, Misha.” The words tumbled out as Jensen looked at Misha, unblinking. Misha approached him, tossing his towel carelessly to the ground.

“Is that so? What a coincidence, because I love you.” Misha leaned in to kiss him, and goosebumps crawled over his skin as he felt Misha’s damp chest against his.

And Jensen didn’t want to, but he couldn’t help but wonder if Misha found him as attractive as he had to have found Alexandra. Because Jensen was no idiot, and Alexandra was an absolute knockout. But nothing Jensen ever did went unnoticed by Misha, and there were times when Jensen couldn’t help but think that Misha could read his mind.

“I really like your hair like this. It really suits you.” Misha very carefully carded his hand through Jensen’s hair, making sure not to cause a single strand to stray away from its placement.

“Thanks…” Jensen muttered, suddenly finding himself feeling nervous and shy.

“It’s a shame that it’s about to get messed up…” Misha voice was low and seductive, and it went straight to Jensen’s dick. Maybe Misha could sense something was off about Jensen, but when their lips touched, there was something sweet and reassuring about it. Misha backed up a little, admiring his shirtless boyfriend. A pleased hum came from his lips. “Have I ever took the time to tell you how attractive you are, Jen?” Jensen felt his whole face grow hot, and he inhaled deeply, wondering where this nervous schoolgirl act of his was coming from. He shrugged. I swear it’s like he can read my fucking mind. Misha reached out, his fingers running down Jensen’s abs lightly, a precious smile on his lips. “Well you are. God… you are. It honestly leaves me breathless sometimes. I… I’m just so in awe by it. I’ve never, ever been so attracted to someone.

Jensen could feel the shade of red creeping across his entire face. “Yeah right, Mish.”

Misha’s fingers traced down Jensen’s abs again. “No, really. I mean it. And the best part? You don’t see just how attractive you are. So when I compliment you, you blush. And the way that makes your freckles stand out… god, it’s one of my favorite things in the entire world. I want to kiss every single one of those freckles.” Jensen didn’t mean to, but he whimpered. He was just so overwhelmed. Loving Misha was one thing. But feeling loved because of Misha was the most wonderful, indescribable thing that he had ever felt. And somehow, like always, Misha understood. He kissed Jensen tenderly, delicately, like he was this work of art that he was afraid of breaking. “You know I mean it when I say that, right babe?”

Jensen bit his lip, nodding shakily. Misha unbuttoned Jensen’s pants, shoving them off in one
movement. He pushed Jensen on the bed playfully, and suddenly his vocal chords decided to work again. “Misha, I-“

“Jensen, I want you to feel as beautiful as I know you are.” Misha interrupted, crawling on the bed. If the circumstances had been different, Jensen would have made a comment about how that was just Misha’s inner hippie coming out. But Jensen was biting his lip even harder, fighting the stinging in his eyes. *What did I do to deserve you, Misha?*

Jensen lied there in awe, unable to take his eyes off of Misha as he delicately made a trail of kisses over every inch of skin that his lips could touch. There was no pulling of flesh into his mouth, no tongue lapping against skin. There was only, soft, sweet, innocent kisses, and Jensen could feel Misha’s lips curl into a smile with each one he planted. Each kiss left Jensen’s skin tingling and loved, something Jensen had never experienced before. It felt like each kiss was a dose of some drug, and he couldn’t get enough of it. He whimpered again, and Misha, who had worked his way to Jensen’s stomach, looked up at him and smiled. “I love you, Jensen.” The way that Misha said his name vibrated through his entire being. Misha made his name sound like it had to power to answer every question he had ever asked. And everything was different. Jensen didn’t just feel love, but he felt *worthy* of love for the first time in his life.

“I love you too, Misha.” Jensen was aware of his voice cracking. He was aware of the fact that he had tears in his eyes that were dangerously close to toppling over. He loved Misha. He loved him with every piece of his soul and every fiber of his being.

Misha reached for the waistband of Jensen’s boxers, pulling them off. The movement wasn’t sexual. None of this was. But Jensen was suddenly aware of the fact that he was painfully hard. Misha kissed him softly, and Jensen couldn’t take it anymore. He grabbed Misha, flipping him over and pinning him to the bed. He gazed into Misha’s gorgeous, blue eyes lovingly as he combed his fingers through those still damp locks of dark hair. “I’m going to marry you one day, baby.” He said softly.

Misha swallowed hard. “Jensen, please don’t say things you don’t me-“

“Don’t you dare think I don’t mean that.” Jensen voice was a defensive growl. “I love you, Dmitri Tippens Krushnic. Ridiculous name and all. And I *will* marry you one day.” Misha melted underneath him, a huge, gummy grin on his face. “As long as that’s something you want…” Jensen added softly, doubt still attempting to work its way to the surface.

“More than anything.” Misha’s voice was a whisper, but it oozed love and affection.

Jensen kissed him, and he knew that every word exchanged between them was true. He was going to marry Misha one day. He was going to spend all of his time repaying Misha for the things he had taught him, and the love he had made him feel. He was going to be the happiest man in the world.

Misha, always thinking ahead, had already put condoms and lube in the nightstand of his hotel room. He reached for the drawer with one hand as his other hand pulled Jensen into the kiss even deeper. Jensen pulled away. “I’m gonna take this nice and slow, okay?” He said reassuringly, nuzzling Misha’s neck. Jensen skipped the foreplay of fingers, and unrolled the condom onto his hard cock. He lubed himself up, repositioned himself, and very slowly slid into Misha as their lips came together again. He thrusted very shallowly, keeping his promise of keeping things slow.

And even though he was always slightly worried that he’d might hurt Misha, that wasn’t what it was about. It wasn’t just about sex. It wasn’t about making Misha come, or getting himself to come. For the first time, Jensen wasn’t focused on an orgasm when it came to sex. He was focused on making this much more than sex. For the first time… Jensen wanted to make love to someone. And he was overjoyed that it was with Misha.
Jensen leaned back, his hands on Misha’s thighs, finally sinking all of the way into him, biting his lip over how Misha’s eyebrows tented as he moaned. And Misha had to have known it was different this time around, because there was a sparkle in his eyes that Jensen had never seen before, and he felt like his heart was going to burst from the overwhelming love and connection he felt between the two of them. “I’m going to marry you, Misha.” Jensen repeated himself, because he needed to hear it again just as much as Misha wanted to hear it again. Misha leaned up, bringing their lips together again. And while there was something ridiculously sexy about the times their tongues licked into each other’s mouths, and teeth nipped while lips were sucked, there was something about this particular kind of kiss that Jensen was losing himself in. Each kiss was long and tender, soft and slightly urgent. And even though they were both moaning and whimpering, their lips would only slightly give, but never fully separate.

Involuntarily, Jensen’s thrusting began to pick up speed and become more urgent. He honestly didn’t even care if he came, because he could stay like this forever. Kissing Misha. Showing him how much he loved him. Making him moan. But the familiar tight, coiled feeling was making an appearance within him. He broke their lips apart, kissing Misha’s neck, as he repositioned himself again. And there it was, that exquisite whine that came from Misha’s lips, that made him writhe and pant, and even though he knew Misha was going to be able to come untouched, he still reached beneath them to wrap his fingers around Misha’s throbbing, hard cock. Because Misha deserved to know he was loved, and he deserved a mind blowing orgasm from the man that loved him.

“I love you, Misha. I love you so much.” Jensen breathed against his neck, and he felt Misha arch beneath him, and felt the stream of come hit his stomach as Misha’s clenched around him as he cried out. The clenching around Jensen’s cock had him thrusting harder. Misha pulled his face closer to him, kissing him. He pulled away, nuzzling their noses together as Jensen was about to unravel.

“I love you the most.” Misha whispered, and Jensen came, getting lost in those blue eyes and wonderful words.

Chapter End Notes

Here’s the amazing fanart I promised. <3

Courtesy of the AO3 user theimpossibleimpala, whose blog can be found [here](https://theimpossibleimpala.tumblr.com)!
(Can we talk about the fact that not that long ago, I couldn't even figure out how to post gifs/pictures, and now I know how to post a freakin click through link? *pats self on back*)
I'm just casually internally screaming because the Cockles feels are just too strong. Kill me now. Put me out of my misery.
(Credit for gif goes to this tumblr!)
Chapter 16

Sigh... remember when I actually tried to keep the word count the same on all the chapters? Yeah, about that... that idea went out the window. I've decided to just let the chapters flow organically. So they'll probably start getting longer. This chapter, yet again, is the longest I've written so far. Whoops!

I'm also going to try and remind myself not to let my inbox get so full again, because I know it took me forever to reply back to all of you. :/ And I really hope that all of my replies went through, because they're looking pretty funky on my computer. So if you didn't get a reply from me, please let me know!

ALSO, I wanted to share a quick, embarrassing story with you guys. So I was sitting in my math course. And of course I wasn't doing math, because, well, FUCK math. Anyways, I was on my laptop, so naturally I was on AO3. The girl sitting next to me decided to be nosey, and was glancing at my screen, and she started snickering. I turned to her and she just said "Archive of Our Own? NICE." and I started laughing, thinking Nice, maybe I've made a new friend. But then she leans forward, sees my account name, and goes SO pale. I just raised an eyebrow at her, and she finally says "Uh... your account name... I've... I've read your work..." and my awkward ass literally had no idea what to say, so we just sat there awkwardly, trying to decide if I should be more embarrassed because of what I've wrote, or if she should be more embarrassed because she's read it. Needless to say, neither of us have said anything to each other since, and we both turn a million shades of red anytime we make eye contact. Welcome to my life, ladies and gentlemen lmao. So to the girl that sits next to me in math... uh... what's good?

ANYWAY, I hope you guys enjoy!

When Jensen woke up the next day, he was disappointed that Misha wasn’t in his bed, but the next room over, in his own. But he still had a smile on his face because fuck, I’m going to marry that dork one day. It had really surprised him that he had told Misha that, but he was glad he did because he meant it, and he had never felt this way about another person. And he knew he never would. It was Misha. It would always be him. Misha was the only one that mattered.

The confusing part of it all was that Jensen was still having trouble coming out to people about this. He knew that the people that mattered wouldn’t care, in fact, they would be happy for the both of them. But it would be a shock for most. Jensen rolled over in bed and rolled his eyes, knowing there would be at least one person that claimed they knew the entire time. But none of that mattered. For the first time, Jensen was actually thinking about how he was going to tell people. He knew it would be a long process, and still take him a long time to build up to it. Jared would be the easiest person to tell. Jared was supportive no matter what. The next easiest person to tell would be his brother, Josh. Josh absolutely loved Misha, and never judged Jensen, even when he probably deserved it. Jensen’s
entire family would probably take it pretty well, though he wasn’t sure how his father would take it. Jensen reluctantly crawled out of bed, thankful that he had slept pretty well the night before. Today was the first day of the con, and he would need it. According to Misha (he still hadn’t checked his email), today was the day that he and Jared had a panel. He grinned, trying to think up ways that he could embarrass the guy. He headed for the shower, ready to start his day, and especially ready to see Misha.

Checking his phone, Jensen found that everyone else was already in the lobby, taking advantage of the hotel’s free breakfast. He took the elevator, butterflies in his stomach. Despite the tons of different conventions he had been to, he still got nervous every time. But the Supernatural fandom was amazing, and the fans were so supportive. And he couldn’t help but remind himself that they were just as nervous as he was, especially when it came to photo ops.

Jensen’s eyes immediately found Misha. He and Felicia were making funny faces at each other, laughing so hard that other guests in the lobby café were shooting them odd looks. Jensen and Misha both loved Felicia. She was a quirky, strange weirdo, in the very best way possible. So naturally, Misha got along with her great. Sitting further down the table, Seb and Mark were having a little half-assed argument, making Jared laugh at their sassiness. Jensen smiled as he approached them, pleased that everyone had left a seat for him in between Jared and Misha.

“Allways late!” Jared exclaimed, pulling Jensen’s seat out for him. Jared was beaming. If he ever got nervous at cons, he definitely didn’t show it. He was always excited and bouncing off the walls before heading to a panel. Jensen just smiled at him warmly and stuck his tongue out. Oh boy, Misha is rubbing off on me. “Misha ordered you some food.”

“I ordered waffles.” Misha said, turning his attention from Felicia and smiling at Jensen.

“I was going to get you oatmeal.” Jared smirked, shrugging.

“I hate oatmeal.” Jensen replied, staring at Jared blankly.

“Yeah, that’s exactly why I was going to order it.” Jared tossed his head back, laughing.

Felicia leaned forward, grabbing some fruit off of Misha’s plate and popping it into her mouth. “So I was looking at the size of the convention center online, and this convention is huge!” She stated excitedly. Jensen felt his stomach turn, his nerves getting worse. Jared was always fun to be with on stage, but he always really enjoyed being on stage with Misha because he knew he visibly relaxed when Misha was there.

“Hello! Earth to Jensen!” It was just then that he realized Jared had been talking to him. If Jared had paid enough attention, he would definitely be able to tell where Jensen’s hand was, and Jensen found himself a little shocked that he didn’t really mind.

“What?” Jensen asked through a mouthful of waffle.
“Our panel is the first one today. Kind of a weird change of pace. We’re usually the last.” Jensen shrugged at him. Of course Jared was right, they were normally the last panel to show. Which was what Jensen always preferred, it gave him more time to relax and calm down before having to get up in front of all of those people. His grip on Misha’s knee tightened, and Misha’s placed his own hand on top of Jensen’s. “Hey man, you got this!” Jared patted him on the shoulder. “It’s just like any other convention.”

“Yeah…” Jensen took the last bite of his waffles. “Thanks, man. We better head out soon. I’m just gonna run to the bathroom right quick.” Jensen gripped Misha’s knee tightly for a moment, and stood up.

Both of Jensen’s hands were on the side of the bathroom sink as he tried to even out his breathing. He looked up at his own nervous expression, and shook his head. It’s not going to be that bad. It never is. Jensen always felt a lot better once he was on stage, but the anxiety that came before that was almost crippling. He heard the bathroom door start to open, and turned the sink on to splash some cool water in his face. As he wiped the water from his eyes, he felt a pair of arms wrap around his waist, and felt someone plant a kiss on the back of his neck. Misha… He immediately turned around, opening his eyes and pulling Misha in for a kiss.

“I love you.” The words came out of Misha’s mouth as soon as their lips parted. Jensen ran his fingers through Misha’s hair carefully, trying not to mess it up. He kissed Misha again.

“I love you too.”

“You’ll do fine, babe. Just take a few deep breaths. You’re amazing. I know that. Everyone out in the lobby knows that. Everyone in the crowd knows that. There’s no need to be nervous.”

Jensen pulled Misha into his arms tightly, breathing a sigh of relief. Misha held him back, chuckling softly. “What would I do without you?” Jensen asked, pulling back and looking at Misha adoringly.

Misha shrugged playfully. “Oh, you know. Your life would be meaningless and all of that jazz.” A playful smirk spread across Misha’s face, and Jensen felt a tug at his belt.

“Misha…what are you doing?”

“Oh nothing… I just figured I would give you a little something to calm your nerves…”

Jensen’s eyes darted to the bathroom door, but he felt his dick twitch in response. “Someone could walk in-“

“Everyone else is already down at the convention center. And I locked the door as a precaution.” Deft fingers were unbuckling Jensen’s belt and unbuttoning his jeans. Misha leaned in, kissing Jensen’s neck, and Jensen felt goosebumps scatter as Misha’s stubble scraped against his skin gently. Jensen sighed, his cock already hardening. His eyes darted to the door, and Misha had locked it… no one could walk in… “Stop overthinking it.” Misha muttered against his skin. “You gotta live a little, Jen.” Before Jensen could reply, Misha was sliding to his knees, and there was no way that he was objecting.

Misha pulled Jensen’s zipper down, and shimmied his jeans down slightly. He kissed Jensen’s growing hard-on through his boxers teasingly. “On your knees in a public bathroom? Wow, you’re a real classy lady.” Jensen teased, biting his lip. Misha shot him a fake annoyed look, but then smiled, sliding his hand into Jensen’s boxers. Jensen hissed as soon as he felt Misha’s fingers curl around his
cock, pulling it out of its cloth prison. “The panel starts soon… really soon…” Jensen objected halfheartedly.

The convention was honestly the last thing on his mind. Looking down at Misha, who was all blue eyes, messy hair and lust, was more than enough of a distraction for him. Misha ignored his comment, opening his mouth and slowly taking in Jensen’s cock. His eyes flitted closed for a moment, and a pleased hum worked its way up his throat, vibrating around Jensen, and that’s all it took for Jensen to feel himself become fully hard. There was something about Misha that always pushed him over the edge. Sucking me off turns him on as much as it turns me on, holy shit that’s fucking hot. Misha looked up at him with his blue, pupil-blown eyes, and his lips turned up slightly around Jensen’s hard dick.

Misha took in his entire length needily, his tongue circling expertly with the intent to make Jensen come as quickly as possible. Jensen was fighting the urge to run his fingers through Misha’s hair. “We gotta make this quick, baby.” He groaned, his head leaning back. He thrust into Misha’s mouth, causing Misha to moan around him, and he couldn’t take it anymore. He carded his fingers through Misha’s hair, because he knew that there would be someone backstage who would fix it… and he just really needed to touch him right now. Of course the blowjob was amazing, but it was Misha that comforted him, not his mouth. “You feel so good…” he sighed, to which Misha hummed around him. Jensen slid his fingers through Misha’s hair again, and rested his hands on either side of his head. Holding his head still, Jensen began to fuck into his mouth, panting and moaning at the feeling of his cock hitting the back of Misha’s throat. “I’m gonna come-” The words were barely out of Jensen’s mouth as he poured into Misha’s mouth, his cock twitching as Misha swallowed around him.

Misha pulled back, smiling up at Jensen. Jensen helped him up, immediately kissing him as soon as he was standing. “Wow, that was embarrassingly quick… Panel, what panel?” He said laughing, tucking himself back into his boxers and pulling his pants up to fasten them.

“I wish I had time to return the favor.” Jensen muttered sincerely, pulling their lips together again.

“There’s always tonight.” Misha nuzzled against Jensen’s hands, completely smitten. “Now go on, get outta here. I’ll be out in a bit. I wanna find a good spot to see the panel from.” Misha pushed him playfully toward the door.

“Love you, baby!” Jensen called over his shoulder, unlocking the door.

“Love you the most.” Misha responded, all smiles and sparkling eyes.

The lights on stage were blinding, and Jensen couldn’t see a damn thing as he stepped out from behind the curtain when the announcer said his name. But there was something comforting about Jared’s laughter, and Jensen went towards the sound as his eyes adjusted. Right around the time that he reached his chair next to Jared, his eyes were finally able to focus, and his jaw dropped. The crowd was absolutely massive, and every single person was clapping and cheering. A smile couldn’t help but spread over his face. Like always, he was in complete awe with the Supernatural fandom, and it was a pleasant reminder of just how blessed he was to be a part of the show.

Taking his seat next to Jared, he beamed at his costar who returned the action brightly. “This is ridiculous!” Jensen yelled, leaning close to Jared and hoping he could actually hear him.
“I know, right?!” Jared said excitedly, adjusting his beanie and looking out at the crowd.

After a few minutes, the crowd finally died down a little, excluding the last few people screaming. An “I LOVE YOU!” floated out from somewhere in the crowd, and Jensen put the mic close to his lips. “Oh, shut it. I bet you tell all of the actors that.” The crowd laughed, and Jensen relaxed a little.

“How are all y’all doing today?!” Jared boomed into his mic, grinning when the crowd roared to life again. He waited for the crowd to quiet down again, his eyes scanning the room in amazement.

“Wow, this is incredible. I can’t believe all of you are here to see us-“

“They’re actually just here to see me.” Jensen interrupted, grinning. Jared rolled his eyes as the crowd laughed.

“Okay, well I guess we should get this show on the road before y’all fuel Jensen’s already too big ego.” Jared looked to the right, ready for the first fan to ask their question.

A very young, shy boy held the mic so hard that his knuckles were turning white. Jensen and Jared looked on encouragingly as he took a deep breath. “Hi, my name is James. And I, uh, I just wanted to know… is there ever going to be a Supernatural movie?”

“That’s a good question, James. Way to start the panel off right!” Jensen responded, beaming at the nervous kid. “I can’t say for sure if there will ever be a movie. I really hope there is though, I feel like it could be really interesting.”

“The only reason Jared wants a movie is so that he can say big boy words.” Jensen added, laughing.

“You have a point. ‘Son of a bitch!’ just doesn’t cut it sometimes. I hope Dean gets to tell Sam to fuck off.”

“Oh yeah?” Jared replied, smirking. “Well I hope it’s Dean telling Cas that he’s going to fuck him.”

Jensen felt his face grow bright red as the crowd completely erupted in applause and catcalls. Jensen licked his lips nervously, trying to think of something clever to say to redirect the audience, knowing this was going to bring up a Destiel question.

“Don’t objectify me!” Jensen said in Dean’s voice, making the crowd laugh. “Alright, alright, calm down. Next question?” He pulled the mic away from his mouth, shooting Jared a dirty look, and muttering “Jerk” at him. Jared just grinned and winked at him, causing Jensen’s stomach to do a cartwheel. Had Bob and Eric maybe finally told him about Destiel? Did he somehow know that there was something going on between him and Misha?

A girl brought the mic to her mouth confidently, licking her lips looking at Jensen and Jared hungrily. *Calm down kid, you look young enough to be my daughter.* Jensen laughed to himself. “I’m Juliet. As a fan, when I’m watching a horror movie, I can’t help but think ‘If Sam and Dean were here, this wouldn’t be happening.’ As actors in the show, do you ever find that happening?”

“All the damn time.” Jensen said immediately, laughing. “But it’s a good thing that Sam and Dean are never there, because then we wouldn’t have any horror movies. It would just be like five minutes of people dying, followed by the Winchesters kicking ass and taking names, with maybe a few minutes of salting and burning bodies.”

“It would be really bad for the film industry.” Jared added, laughing as well. “Eventually we would
just kill everything. Which is the plan anyway. Sam and Dean have to retire eventually, right?” The crowd booed, and Jared forced a shocked and offended look on his face. “You guys are awful! You don’t want them to be happy?!” A voice in the crowd yelled out something about ‘happy hunting’ and Jensen and Jared both burst into a fit of laughter.

“Because that’s worked so well for them so far, right?” Jensen muttered into the mic, shaking his head.

Misha leaned against the door frame to the room that Jared and Jensen’s panel was going on in. He smiled, looking up at the two of them. Jensen was doing so well. Of course he was making the lame jokes he always had the tendency to make when he was nervous, but he was still handling the crowd like a champ. Even the comment Jared had made about Cas and Dean was something he was able to brush off. Misha had been able to pick up on Jensen turning red, and butterflies danced in his stomach at the sight of those precious freckles, but Jensen had still been able to brush it off in a funny manner so that the audience didn’t notice.

Misha was actually really glad that Jared was on stage with Jensen. With Jensen’s anxiety, he wasn’t so sure that he would be able to handle a panel entirely by himself. But he was able to feed off of Jared’s energy and open up and be more comfortable on stage.

That was when Misha got an idea. He grinned mischievously, pulling out his phone. The reason why he had waited before following Jensen out of the bathroom was because he had been painfully hard, and had planned on taking care of himself instead of having to walk around the con with a raging hard-on. Once Jensen had left, an idea occurred to him. He and Jensen would occasionally text each other pictures when they were apart, usually pictures from when they were in between scenes on set. But when Misha had gone into the bathroom stall and whipped out his throbbing cock, he realized that he had never sent any ‘below the belt’ pictures to Jensen, and took the opportunity to snap a few shots.

Misha selected Jensen’s name in his inbox, hoping that he had remembered to silence his phone.

**You’re doing amazing up there.** Misha hit send, but that wasn’t the only text he had in mind. **And I’m so proud of you.** He hit send again, and then texted out ‘I-love-you’, all in separate messages, sending them all. He grinned typing up one more message.**Did I mention how fucking hot you are?** Misha attached one of the pictures from earlier, and finally hit send on the last text. “Oh boy, he’s going to kill me.” He muttered to himself.

Jensen was trying to focus on what the fan was asking, but his phone was going crazy in his pocket. He squirmed at the vibrations, and was thankful that his ringtone wasn’t loud… but it didn’t go unnoticed by Jared. Jared shot Jensen a quick look and then drew his attention to the fan, interrupting her. “I am so sorry to interrupt you, sweetie.” He said, holding up a hand. He turned back to Jensen. “It’s just that Mr. Popular over here forget to silence his phone.” He looked at the fans on the first row. “Are you guys hearing this shit?” They all laughed, nodding.

Jensen rolled his eyes playfully and shimmed his phone out of his pocket with the intention of silencing it. He looked down and saw the messages were from Misha, and curiosity got the better of him. He opened the messages, getting an eyeful of Misha’s dick pic before Jared jerked the phone out of his hand. Jensen immediately lurched for it, almost falling out of his chair. Jared stood up
giggling, and when Jensen ran after him, he held the phone out of his reach.

The crowd was laughing and clapping, but Jensen looked at Jared like he was going to kill him, his face bright red. “All you have to do is reach it, and I’ll give it back to you.” Jared teased, a huge grin on his face, his mic still in his hand.

“Give me the fucking phone, Jared.” Jensen growled, thankful that he had left his mic behind because his voice sounded positively vicious. Jared shot him a confused look at how serious he had become, but tried to play it off.

“What do you guys think?” He asked the crowd. “Should I give it back to him?” Jensen, also trying to play it off pouted at the crowd. His heart was about to beat out of his chest. When Jared had grabbed the phone, someone’s finger had swiped across the screen, and it was free of the very private picture. But Jared was literally only one swipe away from being able to see it.

The pout worked, and the crowd agreed that Jared should give the phone back. He shrugged, and tossed it to Jensen. Jensen caught it, silenced it, and punched Jared in the arm… hard. Jared shot him another confused look, but Jensen shrugged, returning to his seat.

Misha bit his lip nervously, Jensen really was going to kill him. But Jensen had played it off beautifully, and the red was slowly starting to drain from his face as he took a few deep breaths, and returned his attention back to the fan that never got to finish her question. Misha smiled. Jensen couldn’t be too mad at him… right? Even if he was, Misha was pretty sure he could handle it. He admired Jensen, sighing happily. There was literally no one else in the world he could even imagine being with, and he often felt himself completely overwhelmed by how much he truly loved him.

Misha was perfectly aware of how lovestruck he probably looked while looking up at his boyfriend, but he didn’t care. He was so proud of Jensen. He had come such a long way since they had first met, and had come even further since that fateful day when they had both received the Destiel script. He knew that Jensen still had a long way to go before he was comfortable in his own skin, and completely comfortable with their relationship. But he could wait. He would wait forever if that’s what it took. As long as Jensen was happy, and meant all of the things he said.

Something brushed against Misha’s elbow, and he turned to find Felicia nudging him playfully. “Bored too?” She asked, smiling.

“I wouldn’t exactly say ‘bored’. Those two are pretty amusing.” Misha replied, nodding towards the stage, and returning his eyes to Jensen. Out of the corner of his eyes, he noticed Felicia observing him carefully, and he turned back to her. There was a mischievous grin on her face. “What?” He asked, perplexed.

“Nothing…” She smiled at him sweetly, and he raised his eyebrows at her. Felicia crossed her arms and sighed contently. “It’s just… I really hope someone looks at me like that one day.” Misha blanched, his eyes immediately shooting back to Felicia.

“What…what do you mean?” He forced his voice to remain even. Felicia shook her head and shook a finger at him disapprovingly.

“Don’t you try to play stupid with me, Collins. I’ve always noticed a little something in the way that you two look at each other. But I haven’t seen you guys in a long while, and now…now I really see how you look at each other.”
Misha didn’t know what to say. He swallowed hard, his throat absolutely refusing to allow words to escape. He rubbed his now sweaty hands against his jeans nervously. “Are you talking about on set-?”

“Misha!” Felicia couldn’t hide the impatience in her voice. Misha had agreed to keep things quiet for as long as Jensen wanted. And Jensen still hadn’t told a single soul. But Misha was between a rock and a hard place, and it seemed like Felicia had managed to put two and two together. She sighed, putting her hands on her hips. “I get it, okay? But just know… I’m really happy for the two of you. I figured maybe there was something going on, but you’re both amazing actors, and thought maybe it just had something to do with all of the time you spent together on set… anyway, you two are really cute together.” Misha felt himself blush, but he couldn’t hide the grin on his face. He looked at the ground shyly before his eyes found their way back to Jensen. “Just promise me that I’ll be the first person you call when you’re ready to talk about it, okay? I want all of the juicy details.” Felicia winked at him encouragingly, and he pulled her into hug abruptly. She giggled, not expecting the movement, but she hugged him back.

“Thanks, Felicia.” He let go of her, and she kissed him on the cheek.

“No problem, Cassanova.” She replied, beaming. She glanced down at her watch and bit her lip. “Whoops. I gotta get outta here. I was supposed to be getting ready for my photo op like ten minutes ago.” She gave Misha a sweet wave, and headed out the door.

“Wait! Can you, uh, keep this between us?”

“My lips are sealed!” She called over her shoulder, giggling happily.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, I wanted to give a special thanks to BeginningAnew and Yusha for contacting me with both ideas and support. <3 I was hella nervous about writing anything involving panels at a convention, but they helped me out alot.

Also, if any of you would like to contact me, about my story, ideas you have, things you would like to see, or even just to chat, you can find my tumblr here. I generally check it pretty often, and it's the easiest way to contact me. Just a quick heads up, my tumblr is sometimes NSFW, and includes to very rare, occasional selfie. Now on to the gifs!

This is just too precious for words.
And I also want to bring THIS GIF TO EVERYONE’S ATTENTION.

Why is this gif so important to me? Oh boy, strap on your Cockles tinfoil hats and prepares yourselves. 1) Look at how close Jensen and Misha’s face gets. LOOK. AT. IT. 2) Misha subconsciously tilting his head when their lips get that close. 3) THE BEST PART IS RUTH’S (Rowena) REACTION!!! Look at how to looks at them with this huge grin on her face, and then she just points this accusing finger at them?? I did not ask for this?? This is especially significant for me, because when she congratulated them on winning the PCA for Destiel’s chemistry, she made sure to mention that she had seen the chemistry in real life. Please put Cockles as the cause of death in my obituary. If you're having trouble seeing the gif, here's a closer version, though it does get blurry when brought up closer.
And here's an added bonus! Jared keeping Jensen's phone from him.
Just a heads up! I really want to discuss last nights episode of Supernatural after the chapter. I'm gonna mention a few things about it at the end of the chapter after some page breaks so nothing gets spoiled for anyone. :) Also, a special thanks to Yusha for making the new page break for this fic!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t think so.” Jensen said, grabbing Misha’s hand as he tried to slide it down his pants. He brought Misha’s hand to his lips, kissing it softly as Misha gave him a puzzled look.

“We definitely have time to fool around. Jared’s taking a nap, Felicia and Seb are down at the convention center, and Mark…” Misha honestly had no idea where Mark was.

“That’s not why I’m telling you no.” Jensen let go off Misha’s hand after kissing the ring on it, a mischievous grin on his lips. Misha narrowed his eyes at him. “You’re on probation.”

“…probation?” Misha laughed. “You’re kidding, right?”

Jensen raised an eyebrow at him, his grin dropping. “Do I look like I’m kidding? You’re on thin ice after the dick pic.”

Misha smiled sheepishly, averting his eyes. “Oh, you know you liked it.”

“That I did.” Jensen pulled Misha into his arms, planting a kiss on top of his head. “But there’s a time and place for everything… your timing and placement sucked.” Misha huffed, nuzzling against Jensen chest. He made the most pitiful noise he could muster.

“Come onnn. How is that fair? It punishes you too.” He whined.

Jensen shrugged, the grin returning to his face. “If you say so… I’ll be just fine without sex for a little while. You got me off this morning.”

Misha pushed Jensen back. The act was playful, but Jensen was able to pick up on the clear annoyance plastered on Misha’s face. “I don’t see what the big deal is.” He grumped, crossing his arms. Jensen had to bite his lip to keep from chuckling at him.

“Oh, really? Jared was one swipe or click away from getting an eyeful, that’s why.” Misha’s arms fell to his sides, and he suddenly looked sadder than Jensen had seen him in a long time, and Jensen knew that this just couldn’t be about sex. “What’s wrong?” He asked, reaching his hand out. Misha jerked away from it. Jensen frowned. “Tell me, baby.”

“I figured…. I figured Jared would be the first person you would tell about us, when uh, the time was right. But you don’t seem to be close to telling him at all. You looked like you were about to have a heart attack when he grabbed your phone.” Misha’s mind traveled to his and Felicia’s conversation from earlier. “Would it really be that bad if someone knew?”

Jensen laughed. It wasn’t that Misha’s concern was funny, but that’s not why he was upset about the
picture at all. “Mish…” Jensen stepped toward him, and this time Misha didn’t pull away. He ran a
hand through Misha’s messy locks, stopping at the back of his head and using it to pull him closer.
Misha didn’t object. Jensen leaned in and kissed him on the forehead softly, his lips curling into a
smile before he pulled away. “That’s not why I’m upset. I wasn’t upset because I thought Jared
might find out about us.” Misha looked up at him, his blue eyes wide and confused.

“Then…. Why am I on ‘probation’?”

Jensen huffed a frustrating sigh. “It’s… complicated. It wasn’t that I was worried about Jared seeing
a picture of a dick on my phone… but I didn’t want him seeing yours.” He pulled Misha against his
chest again to hide the fact that his cheeks were growing red. “Because you’re mine.” Jensen’s voice
was possessive, but Misha loved it. He pulled Jensen in for a kiss that was immediately too rough
and urgent, and Jensen’s body reacted before his brain could, licking into Misha mouth. He nipped at
Misha’s bottom lip, and a pleased, needy moan escaped his mouth. Misha thrust his hips against
Jensen’s, moaning hungrily. Jensen pulled back abruptly. “Probation.” He panted, trying to ignore
how tight his pants were starting to feel.

Misha groaned loudly. “You’re lucky I love you.”

“Yes… I am.” Jensen replied, all smiles. He stroked Misha’s cheek, staring into his eyes adoringly.
“I’m the luckiest person in the entire world.” Misha couldn’t help but smile.

“Oh, bullocks,” Mark said, shaking his head and taking a sip of his beer. “Crowley could definitely
take on Castiel.” Misha rolled his eyes.

“No…He’s too busy trying to do something else to Dean’s ass.” Mark smarted, and he, Felicia,
Jared, and Seb all burst into laughter while Misha just smirked and Jensen felt his face turn red.

They had all decided to go out drinking, which they were probably going to regret come tomorrow.
The bill was steadily crawling higher, but everyone was having a great time and couldn’t really be
bothered to remind themselves that more of the convention was going on tomorrow.

“You know what… I can drink to that.” Misha smiled and shrugged, taking a swig of his own drink
and causing everyone to laugh again. Felicia stood up to waltz over to the jukebox, and Misha
decided to follow her. Mark and Seb immediately started arguing on if Balthazar or Crowley would
win in a fight.

“So, uh, dude. I think I made you a little mad earlier…” Jared muttered to Jensen. His eyebrows
were furrowed and his eyes apologetic. “I’m sorry, I didn’t think it would be such a big deal.”

“It’s okay, man.” Jensen clinked his beer against Jared’s. He was already drunk, and had been for a
while. “Just be careful next time. You might see a picture of something you don’t want to see.”

“Oh, really? Been exchanging pictures with Michelle?”

“I guess you could say that.”

“Wow, dude. I think she’s got you whipped. Now when are you actually going to bring her
around?”

Jensen thought for a moment, taking the question very seriously. “Maybe I am whipped… and… and
I think you’ll meet the lovely person behind that soon. I hope.” Jensen finished off his beer, a huge smile spreading across his face. Maybe it was the alcohol, but he really did want to tell Jared soon. Of course Jared was going to kill him for keeping it quiet, but Jensen felt like he was bursting at the seams. He had to tell someone. He had to tell someone that he was in love, and he was the happiest he had ever been, and it was all thanks to Misha.

Jared was beaming. “That’s what I’m talking about! Seriously dude, you’ve been like a completely different person lately. I even noticed it during the convention. You’re just so much… happier now. Like happier with life, and with yourself. I don’t know… I guess what I’m trying to say is that I’m really happy for you, and I hope things stay like that.”

“Yeah, me too.” Jensen said, smirking and ordering another drink.

“So, how did your photo op go?” Misha asked Felicia, leaning against the jukebox.

“It went great!” She replied “The fans are just too cute. And it’s sweet that they were all telling me that they hope I’m in another episode soon.” She pressed the button on the jukebox, flipping through the different albums.

“I hope you’re in another episode soon too. It’s always nice having you on set.” Misha smiled at her warmly when her face lit up from hearing him say that.

“Oh I don’t know… I think you probably prefer when it’s just you and Jensen on set.” She winked at him knowingly, and he rolled his eyes playfully.

“Not gonna let that go are you, Felicia?”

“Absolutely not! I’m dying to know how this happened!”

How it happened is… complicated. I can’t really talk about it.”

Felicia pouted and started batting her eyelashes jokingly. “Pleeease?”

It wasn’t that Misha didn’t trust Felicia, but he really didn’t want to tell anyone about Destiel becoming canon just yet. “Sorry, my hands are tied!”

“Your hands are tied? I didn’t really expect Jensen to be into that kinky stuff…” Misha laughed at her. He had really missed having Felicia around.

Well then you might want to slow down.” Jensen raised an eyebrow at him.

“Oh shit. That’s right. Misha and I have our panel tomorrow. You know, I’ve tried to embarrass him literally every time we’ve had a panel together. He just doesn’t embarrass. It’s impossible to even get him to blush.”

“Oh, come on. It’s not that hard.” Jensen hid his pleased smile behind his mug. His eyes immediately
Jensen bit his lip. Misha just looked so good. He was wearing a leather jacket, and something about that, his messy hair, and leaning against the jukebox was really doing something for Jensen. It was like a scene from a terribly cliché movie, and Jensen would be lying if he said it didn’t make him want to jump Misha’s bones. Nope. He’s on probation, remember? Misha glanced up, catching Jensen staring. Jensen smiled at him shyly, and Misha smirked. He went back to talking to Felicia, but his disposition had changed. He deliberately licked his lips as Felicia talked, and ran a hand through his messy, dark hair. He would occasionally send a short sinful glance Jensen’s way and bite his lip, then turn back to Felicia like nothing happened. That son of a bitch is trying to tease me… and it was working, because it really didn’t take much for Jensen when it came to Misha.

Misha smirked at him, clearly aware of this unspoken game they were playing. Jensen took a couple of steps forward, standing much too close to Misha, but he didn’t care. He was drunk. And horny. And Misha was teasing him.

“If you keep it up, I’m fucking you in the bathroom.” He growled, leaning in so that his lips were dangerously close to Misha’s.

“I thought I was on probation?”

“I can think of better ways to punish you.” Jensen watched his favorite shade of delicate pink creep up Misha’s cheeks. He was one drink and one bad decision away from pushing Misha up against the wall and completely ravishing him in front of everyone.

“This sounds like a punishment I’d might enjoy…” Misha’s voice was barely audible over the music, causing Jensen to lean in a little closer.

“Oh I can promise you that you’ll enjoy it.” Jensen bit his lip, struggling even harder to control himself.

“Babe. You’re really drunk.” Misha said, laughing. “And we’re in public. Cool down.” Jensen ignored him, sliding his fingers underneath Misha’s belt and pulling him closer. “Jensen!” He whined, looking around to see if anyone had noticed. But everyone in the bar seemed to be preoccupied. Jensen leaned in, kissing Misha’s neck, groaning at the taste of his skin when his tongue ran over it. Within seconds, Misha was panting, completely forgetting about being in public. Jensen planted another kiss on Misha’s neck, and then abruptly let go of his belt, stepping away and looking at the jukebox. Misha gaped at him.

“Don’t be a tease. I’m a better one.” Jensen husked. Misha continued to just stare at him, his mouth open in shock.

“You’re a dick. Do you know how hard I am right now?” He finally whimpered. Jensen grinned at him lovingly and winked. “You know what? I can go handle this problem myself…” Misha squinted, trying to scope out where the bathroom was. But the moment he took a step towards it,
Jensen grabbed his arm.

“Don’t you dare.” Misha shot him a pathetic, annoyed look. “Come on, baby.” Jensen started using that velvety tone with Misha, the one he knew turned Misha into a puddle. “Just wait.” He was standing too close to Misha again, and could feel him trembling slightly. “Think about how amazing it’s going to be when we have sex again.”

“How long are you going to keep this up? What have you done to me? I can’t even last a fucking day, Jensen-“

Jensen abruptly kissed him. Misha was so shocked that he didn’t even kiss him back at first. When he pulled away, Jensen searched around with unfocused eyes, but no one seemed to have noticed.

“Did you just… kiss me? In public?” Misha was so quiet that Jensen pretty much had to just read his lips. His shocked blue eyes searched Jensen’s unfocused green ones, and Jensen really wanted to kiss him again.

“Yeah.” He said softly, giving Misha his sweetest smile. “I love you. You know that right?”

“I know. I love you too.” Misha hummed, a huge gummy grin on his face.

“How about we head back to the bar?” Jensen suggested, his hand gliding over Misha’s arm affectionately. Misha nodded, still love struck. They turned around to head to the bar, and Misha accidentally collided with a guy, causing his beer to slosh all over the both of them.

“Hey! Watch where you’re fucking going!” The man snarled angrily, wiping beer off of his arm.

“Oh! I’m sorry!” Misha apologized. “Let me buy you another beer.”

“Another beer? You need to buy me another fucking watch.” The guy shouted, noticing that his watch was wet.

Jensen stepped in angrily. “Hey buddy, he said he was sorry and offered to buy you another drink. Calm the fuck down.” Alcohol and anger were coursing through his veins, and he will not fucking talk to Misha like that.

“And who the fuck do you think you are?” He turned to Misha again. “Is this your boyfriend?”

Jensen shoved past Misha, getting in the guy’s face. “What if I am? Is that a problem?” The man’s faltered a little bit, staring up at Jensen who was just a little taller than he was. But then he turned back to Misha, a smirk on his face.

“So that’s why you can’t watch where you’re going. You’re too busy fantasizing about having a dick up your ass-“

Jensen didn’t think, or even hesitate, he just swung at the guy, hitting him squarely in the jaw. The man stumbled backwards, more of his beer spilling over onto him as he held his jaw. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was the anger, but Jensen did not care. He grabbed the dude, bunching up his shirt in his fists angrily. “Don’t you dare fucking talk to him like that, you son of bitch.”

“Jensen-“ Misha grabbed at Jensen’s shoulder nervously, trying to get him to stop. “it’s okay. Please stop.”

“It’s not okay.” Jensen snarled, mere inches from the now terrified man’s face.
“Hey, is there a problem here?” Jared’s voice came from behind them, and Jensen let go of the man’s shirt.

“I don’t know, ask this fucker.” Jensen spat, still furious.

The guy sized up Jensen and immediately waved his hands nervously and dismissively. “No, there’s no problem, man. I was just on my way out.” He scurried off without taking a second glance at any of them.


“Dude was talking shit to Misha.” Jensen muttered, rubbing his knuckles that were starting to grow sore. Jared just shook his head, mumbling something about needing another beer before walking off.

Jensen turned to Misha, who was staring at him warily. “You okay?” He asked softly. Jensen nodded. “You’re lucky we went to a bar far away from the convention… there is an entire line of people willing to kick your ass if someone would’ve recognized you and you got bad publicity.” He teased, trying to lighten the mood. Jensen suddenly grabbed Misha by the arm, dragging him towards the exit. When they were outside, he shoved Misha against the outside of the bar, kissing him forcefully and shamelessly.

“Babe.” Misha whimpered, trying to pull away as Jensen hands rucked up his shirt, wandering hungrily. “Slow down. What’s gotten into you?”

Jensen’s head dropped against Misha’s shoulder, and Misha realized he was shaking. Misha grabbed his face, pulling it up so that their eyes were even. Jensen was blinking back stinging in his eyes, his lips pressed together in a thin line to keep them from quivering. “I love you, Misha… I love you so much that it scares me.”

Chapter End Notes

I just wanted to give y'all a little insight on what's ahead. The next chapter is going to be about to panel with Seb and Misha, and as I've been mapping it out in my head, I think it's safe to say the chapter is going to be pretty long. But then... the following chapter... comes with a surprise!

Anyway, I don't really have too many gifs, because there are quite a few that I'm saving the the J2M panel chapter. ;p But I do have this gif that inspired the whole Jensen gliding his hand down Misha's arm thing.
NOPE. That wasn't flirtatious. Not at all.

And I do have these two gifs because they're both precious. I mean, just look at them. In the first one, Misha does a double take and his entire face lights up when he realizes that he made Jensen laugh. And then the second one comes with unnecessary touching. Ugh. SLAY ME.

And as an added bonus, this gif. I know I mention Jensen being completely captivated by Misha quite a few times throughout my fic. And like I said, I try to base certain things off of little things I've noticed between the two of them. So here's an example of that.
Okay, Supernatural spoilers below! Proceed with caution if you haven't seen the new episode yet!

OKAY SO CAN WE TALK ABOUT THIS EPISODE?! Can we talk about how Cas is the most selfless individual in all of God's creation. Oh god. Oh god, kill me. I was CRYING last night because of this episode. I'm super fucking worried about Cas. Where is he? Is he dead? In the cage? Trapped in Jimmy's vessel WITH Lucifer? Where is he?! It honestly broke my heart to see him say yes. BUT, I think this is a really amazing opportunity, and I really hope the writer's don't fuck up. Not only does this a huge career opportunity for Misha (HIS ACTING AS LUCIFER WAS FUCKING PHENOMENAL A++) but it also could easily set up for some VERY Destiel moments in upcoming episodes. I mean, think about it. The most likely case would be that Cas is trapped in the vessel with Luci. Which means Lucifer knows all of his thoughts. Can you imagine Lucifer taunting Dean with how Castiel feels about him? Or in the very least, guilt tripping him by letting him know that the reason Cas said yes was because he felt unimportant, unloved, completely disposable. AND YOU KNOW WE'RE GOING TO GET SOME HELLA EMOTIONAL SCENES FROM JENSEN! I would bet money that the scene from the promo where he looks like he's been crying has to do with finding out about Cas. What do you guys think?! Also, I'm leaving this here because I find it funny that Dean's new catchphrase is "keep grinding" and Misha's chest says "I am coming" lmao.
Jensen stirred in his sleep. His eyelids threatened to flutter and open, but he squeezed them shut firmly, causing a pain to shoot through his head. He knew he shouldn’t have drunk so much the night before, but he didn’t have a panel today, just some autograph signings. He rolled over in his hotel bed, trying to fall back to sleep. His alarm wasn’t going off, so he figured he had a few more hours to sleep. But then he heard something rustling next to his nightstand, and his eyes shot open.

It was mostly dark in the room, but there was light coming from the cracked bathroom door that sent another lash of pain through his skull. He took a moment, allowing his eyes to adjust as he shielded them from the bathroom light. His vision was still blurry because he hadn’t been asleep for long, and he was still pretty drunk. But his eyes slowly focused on the person standing next to his nightstand.

“Mishaaa?” He slurred, sleep and drunkenness holding on to his speech.

Misha leaned down, kissing him on the forehead gently. “You should take this, babe.” Misha handed him something for his head, followed by a glass of water. Jensen mumbled a thanks, holding his head. Turns out that he hadn’t been asleep for long at all.

“What are you doing in here?” He asked quietly. It’s not that he didn’t remember going out drinking, or even coming back to the hotel. But he didn’t exactly remember Misha following him into his hotel room.

“Everyone else had already went into their rooms, and were presumably asleep…but I went out to get some ice, and you were still trying to get your door open. You kept trying to put the card key in backwards. You were about to break it.” Misha chuckled. He sat down next the Jensen on the bed, carding his fingers through his hair lovingly. “Are you okay? You don’t feel like you’re going to be sick, do you?”

“No, I’m fine.” Jensen replied, nuzzling against Misha’s touch. He didn’t have the spins, and his headache was already ebbing away. He abruptly grabbed Misha, pulling him down so that he was lying against his chest. “You’re an angel, baby.”

“Nah, I just play one on tv.” Misha snickered.

“No, really.” The gears in Jensen’s head were slowly starting to grind, causing more detail from the night to pop in his mind. Misha teasing him. Kissing Misha in public. Punching some douchebag at the bar. His eyes flickered down to his bruised knuckles. But the memory that really got him was from outside of the bar. He must’ve tensed up slightly, because Misha draped an arm around him, snuggling against him soothingly. “Um, about what happened outside the bar. I’m sorry, Mish. I was kinda all over the place.”
Misha looked up at him, his eyes impossibly blue, even in the dim light of the room. “You don’t have to apologize. But… did you really mean that?” Jensen looked down at him. Worrying his lip, he nodded. Misha sat up, crawling on top of Jensen so that his knees were on either side of his hips. He took Jensen’s face in his hands delicately, stroking his stubble covered cheeks. “You don’t have anything to be afraid of.” His voice was barely above a whisper.

Jensen swallowed hard. You’re wrong. I do have something to be afraid of. I’m always afraid of losing you. Misha waited for him to respond in some way, but Jensen just averted his eyes.

“You love me, right?” Misha asked, tilting Jensen’s head, coaxing his eyes to meet his own.

“More than anything.” Jensen croaked.

“Well, I love you too. That’s all that matters. You don’t have to worry about anything, Jensen. Love is always enough.” Jensen grabbed Misha and pulled him in for a kiss. “What’s your deal lately?” Misha asked, pulling away after a moment.

“Misha… I love you more than anything. And it scares the hell out of me. I’ve never felt this way… not about anyone. I mean… I never thought I would get this far. Last night I kissed you… in public. And even though no one saw it, I found myself not caring if they did or not. Not to mention I hit that guy… and admitted to him that I was your boyfriend. I keep finding myself not caring what anyone else thinks, as long as you’re happy. Because as long as you’re happy, I’m the happiest I’ve ever been. And I just know I’m going to fuck it up somehow. Because I don’t deserve someone as good as you. Especially not after all the shit I pulled on you early on.”

Misha sighed. “Yeah, you were a little wishy washy starting out. But it hasn’t been that way in… well, a really long time. You’ve been amazing, babe. I’m so proud of how far you’ve come, it’s more than I could ever ask for. And the best part? I’ve never felt this way before either. Things aren’t going to be perfect, but I know that together we’re capable of overcoming anything.” It was cheesy, but it had Jensen grinning like a moron and he loved it. “I miss sleeping next to you. And uh, with you…” Misha added, blushing slightly.

“I know, baby.” Jensen muttered, his thumb skating over Misha’s bottom lip tenderly. “We should start looking at places together as soon as we get back from the convention…what do you say?” Misha’s face lit up, a gummy grin spreading across his lips.

“Oh okay.” He mumbled shyly, looking at Jensen through dark lashes. Jensen looked over at the clock on the hotel’s night stand, noticing just how late it was.

“You have your panel today, Mish. Get your ass to bed.”

Misha took a sip from his water bottle backstage, sleepily waiting for Sebastian to find him. Their panel was about to start, and Misha had gotten very, very little sleep. He smiled to himself, the loss of sleep was well worth the wait when he got to experience Jensen being lovey dovey and saying sweet things like he did last night.

Seb stumbled out of nowhere, with sunglasses on, a clear sign that he was most definitely miserably hungover from the night before. “Well I’m ready as I’ll ever be.” He mumbled. Suddenly the announcer said their names.

“Good timing.” Misha said laughing, stepping out from behind the curtain. The bright light had him squinting immediately, but Seb pushed him out of the way trying to get on stage. He stumbled
slightly, laughing, and heading over to the chairs that had their mics on them.

Seb immediately picked his mic up, speaking into it. “I just want you to know, it’s too bloody early and I’m hungover.” The crowd erupted into cheers, clapping, and laughter.

“Don’t encourage him!” Misha said, shooting the audience a dramatic, concerned look that only made them laugh harder. “But yeah, we didn’t go to sleep until early this morning.”

“Misha kept me up night.” Seb added flirtatiously, taking his sunglasses off so that the audience could see him wiggle his eyebrows. The crowd immediately responded with some catcalls.

“SHHH!” Misha hushed him dramatically. “You can’t tell them things like that, it’ll be all over tumblr as soon as the panel is over.”

“I’m not sure what tumblr is, but I reeeeally hope it’s a porno site.”

“Okay, enough of this! It’s too fucking early, Seb.” Misha was laughing so hard that his entire body was shaking. “That’s enough about us. I think you guys had some questions?” He searched the crowd eagerly.

The first fan wasn’t nervous at all, which Misha loved. He wanted every single one of them to be able to embrace weird, and be comfortable and confident, and he grinned brightly as she spoke up.

“This question is for both of you…I can’t remember what episode it is, but it talks about how at one point in heaven, Castiel and Balthazar were close, close enough for Cas to mourn Balthazar’s death. Why do you think they were so close in heaven, especially when Cas seemed a bit antisocial starting out?”

“Oh, that answer is obvious.” Seb immediately spoke up. “They were clearly fucking.” The crowd completely erupted, as Sebastian and Misha laughed. Seb motioned towards Misha. “I mean, have you seen the guy? There’s something about that trench coat that’s sexy enough to make even an angel sin.” The fan laughed, but seemed a little disappointed that she didn’t receive a serious answer, and it prompted Misha to step in.

“I think because Balthazar was so laid back, Cas was able to actually bond with him. All the other angels clearly had a stick up their ass, making it hard for him to have anything but a professional relationship with them. Balthy isn’t like that at all. He’s a lot like Cas in the sense that he realizes that you can be an angel and still have a little fun…” he paused dramatically. “…and they were totally fucking.” He winked at the crowd, making them completely lose it.

“I tried to tell you guys.” Seb said, shrugging. “Next question?”

“What’s the best part about getting to work with each other?” The kid said, speaking into the microphone so quickly that both Seb and Misha almost missed what he said.

“The sex.” Misha immediately quipped.

“I am appalled and offended that you would use me like that, Misha.” Seb responded shaking his head. “No guys, really. I’m so lucky to get to work with Misha. He’s such a sweet guy. When I work with Jared and Jensen, I constantly have to worry about what’s going to happen to me in case I get caught in one of their prank wars. Misha is normally a total blessing to work with compared to them.” A bunch of “Awws!” came from the crowd, and Misha held his hand to his chest like what Seb had said meant the world to him. Seb shot up out of his chair, causing it to fall to the ground. He hugged Misha and then crawled into his lap, clinging to him for dear life while the audience laughed. Misha pushed him off playfully.
“As you can probably tell, Sebastian is a blast to work with. And he has a point, just about anyone is better than Jensen and Jared… but don’t tell them I said that. No one tweet this! Hurry, someone ask the next question!”

“Sebastian, I know you’ve mentioned at other conventions that one of your favorite things to do is to hit the club and go dancing. Have you been able to hit any clubs around here while you’re here for the panel?” The fan asked.

“I haven’t!” Sebastian pouted. “I’m actually really sad about it too.”

“Seb’s sad, can we get some music?” Misha shouted to the tech guy. The tech gave him a thumbs up, and moments later, a very raunchy club beat was playing.

“I’ll only dance if you will, darling.” Seb said, batting his eyelashes.

Misha hopped off his chair, knowing he was about to make a total idiot out of himself. But he didn’t mind, playing around with Sebastian on stage was always fun, and always made the both of them laugh along with the audience.

Jensen grinded his teeth, his knuckles turning white from how hard his fists were clinched. He had been standing back, watching Misha and Sebastian’s panel from the start… and he was furious. _Misha isn’t really flirting… he’s just doing this for the crowd’s amusement…_ Jensen repeated the words over and over again in his head, but it was all driving him up the fucking wall. That was _his_ boyfriend up there, flirting and being flirted with. Jensen knew that Misha didn’t mean anything by this, and neither did Sebastian. It was harmless fun. But it didn’t stop jealousy from completely consuming him, clawing at his insides like a caged animal.

As the music played, Misha and Seb goofed off on stage, attempting to dance, and Jensen relaxed a little, hoping that their little game of flirting was over, and it had just been a way to warm up the crowd. But then Seb grabbed Misha’s hips, grinding against him, and Jensen lost his shit.

“God fucking dammit.” He snarled to himself. _That’s the last straw. That is NOT okay. It’s time to crash this panel._ Jensen looked around, trying to pinpoint the line of people who had been chosen to ask their questions. He found the line closest to him, and started weaving his way in and out of fans, keeping his head low and putting a finger to his lips and shushing them if they looked like they were about to say something.

Keeping himself hidden, he made his way just far away from the front of the line so that Misha and Seb wouldn’t see him. He tapped the fans shoulder, and she turned around, almost screaming.

“Shhh. I’m hiding.” He hushed her. “I need a favor. When it’s time for you to ask your question, can I have the mic? Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you get to ask your question.” The girl nodded, completely star struck. “Thank you, sweetheart.” He winked at her, and laughed when her face turned bright red.

The music stopped, and Misha and Sebastian bowed dramatically for the fans, grinning from ear to ear. “Now I’m all sweaty.” Seb complained, fanning himself while Misha rolled his eyes. “Now where were we?”
The next few questions were simple, mostly fans trying to get as much information out of the new season as they possibly could. Misha and Sebastian continued to give flirty responses, followed by a half serious answer in order to give the fans what they wanted. Jensen was grinding his teeth so hard that he would be shocked if the fan he was crouched down behind couldn’t hear him.

Finally, the mic was passed to the girl, and she immediately turned around, handing it to him. He convinced a few fans to step in front of him, hiding him further, and his heart beat in his chest furiously when Misha asked for the next question.

Jensen cleared his throat, doing a silly accent to try and mask his voice. “Yes, this question is for Misha. What’s the best part about getting to work with Jensen Ackles?” Jensen peered through his wall of fans, watching Misha’s facial expression turn from thinking, to realizing, and then the color draining from it. He knows he’s in trouble now. But then a smirk flashed across Misha’s face.

“Jensen, you know I think that working with you is shit.” Misha responded, rolling his eyes. Jensen stood up straight, and Misha’s eyes finally found him. He quirked his eyebrow at his boyfriend, and Misha shrugged. Jensen handed the mic back to the fan, and thanked her before making his way through the rest of the crowd, and hopping on stage.

“Oh no, not this prick.” Seb said, laughing.

Jensen approached Misha to give him a hug, eyeing him angrily, and feeling oddly pleased when Misha looked nervous. Misha leaned in to hug him back, dropping the mic to his side because Jensen clearly had something to say. “It looks like I’m going to have to remind you who you belong to.” Jensen growled into his ear. When Jensen pulled back, he noticed the goosebumps on Misha’s skin and how his pupils were slightly dilated, and he made his way over to give Sebastian a hug, reminding himself that Seb hadn’t done anything wrong knowingly.

He stood between the two of them, suddenly jerking the mic out of Misha’s hand. Misha reached for it, and Jensen put it behind his back, causing Misha to have to reach around him. He was mad, but he wasn’t that mad, and if Seb got to flirt with him on stage, then he should be allowed to. Misha finally gave up trying to grab the mic, but smiled at Jensen, looking at him through thick lashes, and Jensen wanted to kiss him right then and there.

He raised the mic to his lips, not yet taking his eyes off of Misha. But then he turned to the crowd, giving them a sheepish “hi”. The crowd clapped and cheered. “I decided to crash this panel, because I’m pretty sure these two were about three seconds away from fucking, and I’m pretty sure there are young ones in the audience. For those of you old enough, I’m sorry to disappoint you. I know you paid good money for your tickets, but none of us are that cheap.” When Jensen shot a look at Misha, he was giving him a very apologetic look.

There wasn’t too much of the panel left, and the rest of it went pretty smoothly. Maybe it was because three is a crowd, but Seb cut down on the flirting quite a bit, and Misha stopped entirely, unless it was with Jensen. They wrapped up, saying their goodbyes to the screaming crowd, and walked back stage, out of view.

“Well, I don’t know about you gentlemen, but I’m definitely going to find myself a drink.” Seb muttered, putting his sunglasses on.

“Aren’t you hungover?” Jensen asked him, suddenly immensely glad that Misha had given him something for his headache earlier so that he wasn’t in nearly the same shape.

“The best cure to a hangover is more alcohol, love.” Seb responded, lowering his sunglasses just enough to wink before walking off. Jensen turned to Misha.
“Jensen, I—“

“I have to go sign some autographs. But when I’m done…” He moved incredibly close to Misha, running his fingers through his hair. He curled his fingers in the messy locks at the back of Misha’s head, pulling his head back, exposing his throat. He brought his lips to the exposed skin, sucking a fresh hickie to replace the ones that had faded since the beginning of the convention, and he didn’t care who asked about it. “When I’m done, you and I are going to have a little ‘talk’.”

Misha sat on the edge of Jensen’s hotel bed nervously as Jensen paced in front of him. He had no idea how mad Jensen was over the panel, or if it had all just been a joke. But he was always good at reading Jensen’s body language, and his shoulders were squared and his stride confident, and something about it just reeked of dominance. And Misha should probably feel a little bad if the panel sincerely upset Jensen, but something about Jensen like this turned him on so much, that he couldn’t find enough blood near his brain to care.

It was late. They had waited to have this conversation once they knew everyone else was in their beds asleep. Since tomorrow was strictly just photo ops, it had taken everyone quite a while to wind down and get to bed. Jensen stopped pacing in front of Misha, approaching him slowly like a wild animal would stalk towards its prey.

“So do you want to tell me what that was all about, down at the panel?” He growled, inches from Misha’s face. Misha bit his lip and whimpered. When Jensen was like this, he could ask anything of Misha and he would do it. He leaned in to kiss him, but Jensen pulled back. “Answer the question, Misha.” Misha bit his lip again.

“Babe, you know I didn’t mean anything by that, right? That’s just how Seb and I always were on stage, the crowd loves-”

“I know it didn’t mean anything.” Jensen caressed his cheek, but there was still that icy look of dominance sparkling in his eyes. “Misha, who do you belong to?”

“You.” Misha breathed.

“For how long?”

“Forever.”

Jensen froze for a moment. The last time he had asked Misha this, Misha had responded with ‘for as long as you’ll have me’, and something about the change in those words made Jensen’s heart feel so full that he was sure it would burst any second. “Forever.” He repeated, his eyes crinkling from the huge smile on his face.

“So, uh, you said you were going to have to remind me of who I belonged to… can we please have sex tonight?” Misha asked nervously, but his tongue flicked over his lips hungrily, and his blown pupils gave him away completely.

Jensen stood back a little, smirking. “Probation has been officially lifted.” He growled, his fingers unbuckling his belt.
Once again, I try to base little things off of things that I already know about Misha and Jensen. So the whole Misha liking when Jensen is dominant isn’t entirely a work of fiction from my own head. It’s based off of some things I read in Vicki’s (Misha’s wife) book, "The Threesome Handbook", that definitely led me to believe that Misha gets off on light domination. You guys should read it! It’s incredibly interesting and witty. Vicki is hilarious and blunt throughout the entire book. If you’re having trouble finding it, or you’re worried about having a physical copy of it, you can find it on the app called Scribd. I’m not sure if the app exists for iPhones, but I know it does for androids. Anyway, picture/gif time!

Can you just imagine these fucking cuties lying in bed, getting all lovey dovey? *heart eyes*

Then of course there's Misha and Sebastian dancing together...

Which Jensen is TOTALLY okay with...(god, the "jaw thing" kills me)
But hey, it's all good, because they made things work.

I mean, it's not like there's always a calm before the storm or anything... *cough*

And as an added bonus, here's a gif of Jensen drawing attention to his crotch during a panel, and it COMPLETELY distracting Misha even though he was in the middle of story.
Okay, so the surprise for this chapter isn't really major or anything, but I do want to give you a heads up for it. In this chapter, Jared is the focal point. So instead of following Jensen around, it follows Jared! I figured it would be a nice change of pace, especially since it allows you guys to see things from someone else's perspective. Enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jared reached in his pocket, snickering as he grabbed the key card. He was almost a little shocked at just how easy it had been to get the key to Jensen’s hotel room. The young woman in the lobby seemed completely disinterested in her job, and had been idly flipping through her magazine when he approached her complaining that he had misplaced the key to ‘his’ room. She had immediately shut the magazine, not taking her eyes off of him. She put on her most flirtatious smile, handing him another key card without looking his name up, and even mentioned what time she got off of work in case he wanted company in that lonely hotel room.

And now here he was, key card in one hand, air horn in the other. It was late, and he was sure that Jensen would be asleep… so why not wake him up with an air horn? Jared definitely hadn’t forgotten about the butter incident; he had just been keeping a low profile in hopes that Jensen thought he had forgotten about it.

He also had to return Jensen’s credit card, because he had nabbed it and used it to cover everyone’s tab the other night when they were all out drinking. Even with two sides to the prank, Jared wasn’t sure if it made them even when he had nearly broken his neck. Butter was also the most difficult thing he had ever had to clean out of his trailer, and that was saying a lot.

Jared very carefully positioned his finger over the button to the air horn, bracing himself as he slid the key card in its slot and waited for the slot to light up green. He placed the card back in his pocket, carefully and quietly opening the hotel room door, leaving it open for a quick getaway.

The room was mostly dark except for the faint glow of a bedside lamp. But it was more than enough light for Jared to make out Jensen, and he definitely wasn’t sleeping.

Jensen’s back was turned to Jared, and he was facing the edge of the bed. His shirt was off and thrown to the floor, and his jeans and boxers were around his ankles unceremoniously. Jared immediately started backing out of the room, but not before he realized why Jensen was practically naked.

Misha was sitting on the bed, completely naked, one hand on Jensen’s hip, the other wrapped around Jensen’s cock as he bobbed his mouth up and down on the head.

And Jared panicked. He backed out of the room so quickly that he nearly tripped, and shut the door back as quietly as he could. His chest heaved along with his breathing, and he immediately made a beeline for his own hotel room.

As soon as he was in his own room, he tossed the key and air horn on the small kitchen counter and went into the bathroom. He looked up at his own bewildered expression in the mirror. His eyes were
wider than he had ever seen them, and his eyebrows were so tented that they were on the verge of disappearing into his hairline. He turned the faucet on to splash some cold water in his face.

“There is no way I just saw that. He thought to himself, toweling off his face. He went over the fridge, counting how many beers he had had that night. Okay, so I’m definitely not drunk… of course I’m not drunk. He rolled his eyes at his own pathetic excuse for justification before collapsing on his hotel bed. I just saw Jensen and Misha… He couldn’t bring his brain to finish the sentence. He suddenly sat up rage coursing through him. “What about Michelle?! How could he do this to her?!””

He said out loud, more disappointed in Jensen than he had ever been. But then the gears started turning and he dropped his face into his hands. Little things slowly started making sense. Jensen’s jealousy at the art benefit. Misha and Jensen always hanging out in each other’s trailers alone when filming had gotten too hectic. Jensen punching a guy for talking shit to Misha. And all the times Jared had asked him to hangout, and Jensen had told him he was too busy… There is no ‘Michelle’. THERE WAS NEVER A MICHELLE!

Jared took a deep breath, rubbing his eyes. Suddenly, he was tired. Really tired. And though he didn’t want to admit it, he was even a little hurt. Jensen had been his best friend for years. Since the first day on set, they immediately clicked and became close. And Jared really didn’t understand why Jensen had felt the need to keep this from him. Jared pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to pin point when this all could have happened. He groaned in frustration, because it was impossible to pinpoint. I just really wish Jen would’ve told me… he doesn’t think I’ll judge him for it, does he?”

Jared kicked off his boots, and stood up to undress. He couldn’t bring it up to Jensen. If Jensen wanted him to know, he would simply tell him. He would just have to keep it to himself, and pretend that he hadn’t seen anything. He would just have to play stupid.

You okay, man?” Jensen asked him, his mouth full of bacon.

“Yeah, I’m okay. I’m just a little tired. I didn’t sleep well last night.”

Misha shook his head at the two of them, laughing. “I’m gonna grab some more juice. You guys want any?”

Jared shook his head, but Jensen handed his cup to Misha. “The good stuff.”

“Grape?” Misha asked, raising his eyebrows.

“You know me too well.” Jensen said sweetly, smiling up at Misha. 

_Oh god. Get a room, you two!_ Jared couldn’t help but think. He picked up his muffin, shoving almost the entire thing in his mouth to keep from laughing. He wasn’t sure how long he would be able to keep this ridiculous charade up.

The juice bar was only a few feet away. Misha seemed to be having difficulty figuring out how the juice was dispensed, and Jensen was laughing at him. Misha had left his phone on the table, and it started to ring and vibrate loudly. Jared couldn’t help but steal a glance at the screen, noticing that it was Alexandra calling.

“Could you answer that for me?” Misha called in his sweetest voice from over at the juice bar.

Without hesitation, Jensen reached for his phone, but when he saw the screen, his entire face dropped into a frown. He tossed the phone back on the table a little too harshly grumbling a “I would rather not.” Misha made his way back over, sitting Jensen’s grape juice in front of him with a confused look. “It’s Alexandra calling.” Jensen downright snarled.

“Oh….” Misha muttered, swiping on his phone to ignore the call.

If this would have happened yesterday, Jared wouldn’t have been able to pick up on any of it. He would’ve just thought that Jensen didn’t want to pick up because Alexandra and Misha were seeing each other. And honestly, up until this point, that’s exactly what Jared thought was going on. He hadn’t even bothered teasing Misha about the hickies on his neck because he had just assumed they were from her.

Misha was giving Jensen a pathetic look, but Jensen was ignoring him, stabbing a piece of bacon onto his fork with excessive force. And suddenly the quiet seemed deafening to Jared.

“Hey! Um, we have a panel tomorrow. Are you guys as psyched as I am?” Jared attempted to keep his tone light and happy.

“It’s gonna be fun.” Misha agreed. He glanced over at Jensen. “But I can’t wait to get home.”

Jensen knew what Misha was referring to, but took the conversation in a different route “I’m sure you can’t. I’m sure Alexandra is waiting for you to tell her all about the convention.”

The amount of second hand embarrassment Jared was feeling was almost overwhelming. And he stood up to empty his plate. Over at the trashcan, he could just make out the sound of them arguing in hushed voices, and he rolled his eyes. He loved Jensen to death, but of course his stupid jealousy would get in the way of a good thing. Jared shook his head, trying to focus on the long line of autographs that they were all getting ready to do.

Jensen shoved past Misha on the way to his seat, and Jared caught the hurt look on Misha’s face. He opened his mouth to speak, treading very carefully. “Hey, uh, are you okay, Misha?”
Misha forced a smile. “Yeah, I’m fine. Just feels like it’s already been a long day, you know?” Jared accepted the answer, but he really wished that Misha knew what he knew so he could help more.

When they got to the booth, Jensen pointedly sat on the end, causing Jared to file in behind him and block Misha from sitting next to him. He shot Misha a cold glance before pulling his seat out and sitting down.

The autographs went fairly smoothly… or as smoothly as they could go with Jensen using any excuse to make fun of Misha, or shoot snide comments his way. Even fans were starting to pick up on it, and Jared kicked him under the table. Misha had gotten increasingly more and more quiet at the autographs progressed, and by the time they were down, it almost felt like it wasn’t even Misha in the chair next to him.

As soon as the last autographed was signed, Jensen shot up out of his chair, capping his pen. “If you need me, Jared, I’ll be in my room.” He shot Misha a dirty look and stalked off, leaving Misha looking devastated.

And that was when Jared felt an obligation to fix something that he wasn’t even supposed to know about.

Jared knocked on Jensen’s hotel room. “Misha if that’s you—“

“It’s me.” Jared interrupted him. The door opened, and Jensen looked up at Jared expectantly.

“Uh? Can I help you? Are you just gonna stand there or are you gonna come in?” Jared rolled his eyes at him, brushing past him to enter the room. Jared walked over to the bed, planning on taking a seat, but the memory of last night filled his head and he shuddered. He leaned against the dresser instead. Jensen took a seat on the bed.

“Listen, I don’t know what the deal is… but you should lighten up on Misha.”

Jensen shot Jared a cold look. “That’s exactly right. You don’t know what the deal is.” He responded icily.

“Okay, and that’s fine.” Jared pushed his hair out of his face, pulling out his best puppy eyes. “But I do know some of the things you were saying and doing bothered Misha. I mean come on dude, did you not see how hurt he looked by the end of signing autographs? Cut the guy a break.”

Jensen’s facial expression softened a little. “I…” He ran his hand through his hair in frustration. He suddenly looked older and more tired than Jared had ever seen him before.

“If… if you need to talk, I’m here for you, man.” Jared muttered encouragingly. Just fucking tell me already so I can tell you what an idiot you are, Ackles.

“I… actually, I really do need to talk to you about something, Jared.” He motioned towards the bed. “You might want to take a seat for this.”

“Uh, I’m good here.” Jared reassured him, trying not to laugh.

“Um… well this is kind of a big deal. And I haven’t told anyone… but… I trust you. You’re my best friend, and I know out of everyone, you’re the least likely to place any sort of judgement on me.
“Anyways… so you know how I’ve been seeing Michelle?” Jensen was staring at the ground like the carpet was much too fascinating.

“Yeah.” Jared was on the verge of bouncing in place.

“Well, there is no Michelle. I’m actually seeing someone else.” Jensen’s face was bright red at this point, and Jared was bursting at the seams. “I’m actually kinda seeing… well…”

“OUT WITH IT, JENSEN.” Jared boomed, unable to take it any longer. It caused Jensen to flinch, and he looked up at Jared.

“Misha. I’m seeing Misha.” Suddenly it was like Jensen couldn’t stop talking. “Well, more than just seeing. We’re pretty official.” He showed Jared the back of his hand. “I got us matching rings.” Holy fucking shit, how did I not notice that? “I mean, they’re not like marriage rings or whatever, but I’m really serious about him… Jared… I love him…”

Jared took a deep breath. “I know. But what’s going on between you two? You were fine just-“

“Wait.” Jensen was standing now. “What the fuck do you mean, you know?”

Jared groaned helplessly. “Look… I was planning on pranking you last night.” He watched the color drain from Jensen’s face. “I got the girl who works here to give me an extra key for your room… and I kinda… walked in on you guys…” He grinned sheepishly. “Nice ass you got there, Jensen. Though I would’ve preferred not to see it.”

“Son of a bitch, Jared!”

“I know, I know!” Jared waved his hands like he was trying to calm a vicious animal. “I didn’t mean to! I mean, Jesus, I would have much rather not walked in. But really dude, why didn’t you tell me before now?”

Jared rubbed his tired eyes. “I don’t know, man… I was trying to figure things out. But it didn’t take me long to realize that I was in love with Misha. I just… I don’t know. I didn’t even know I was capable of being into another dude… it’s kinda confusing you know?”

Jared slouched against the dresser a little more. “It’s cool, Jen. Really.” He couldn’t fight it anymore, and a huge grin spread across his face. “Okay, fine, I’ll go ahead and say it… I’m so fucking psyched for y’all.”

“A small smile spread across Jensen’s lips. “You’re not like… creeped out or anything?”

“Hell no! If anything, SO much more makes sense to me now.”

“Like?”

“The way you two look at each other. At first it was just on set… but then I started noticing off set too. Y’all didn’t win that chemistry award for nothing.”

Jensen was downright grinning now. “So it’s cool with you?”
“Definitely! Dude, I’m happy for you. And Misha…UGH, you’re going to kill me for saying this… but y’all are really cute together.” Jensen rolled his eyes, but shot Jared a fond look. Jared knew that this must feel like a huge weight had been lifted off of his shoulders. “Honestly, I feel like a fucking idiot because I didn’t notice it. I mean, now that I know… it’s all I can see between you two.” Jensen just grinned and shrugged. “Y’all deserve an acting award just for keeping this quiet. Everything was played off so perfectly…Oh god.” Some gears started grinding in Jared’s head. “Oh dear god. When I grabbed your phone during the panel… Misha sent you nudes?” Jensen shrugged and grinned sheepishly and Jared shook his head in horror. “I…I was one swipe away from seeing Misha’s dick. Fuck, dude! You guys really have been playing this shit off! …right down to the damn hickies. I just assumed if you had any they were from ‘Michelle’. And I just assumed that any Misha had were from Alexandra-“ Jared stopped talking when Jensen paled. “Wanna talk about it, buddy?”

Jensen stared at the ground. “Do you remember why my last relationship didn’t work out?”

“Julie? Uh, she called you a jealous asshole and said she couldn’t take it anymore.”

Jensen stared at Jared, slightly disturbed that he remembered it so well. “Yeah. Well it turns out, I’m still a jealous asshole.”

“Jealous of Alexandra?”

“Jealous of anyone that gets too close to Misha. But especially Alexandra. You saw her dude. She looks like she was carved from the gods themselves. And I went through Misha’s phone-“ Jared shot him a look. “-I know! I know. But I went through his phone and she sent him nudes.”

“How did he respond?”

Jensen looked at the ground again, a proud smile across his lips. “Like an angel. He told her to stop disrespecting his relationship because he wasn’t interested.” His eyes shot back to Jared.

Jared furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. “Then what’s the big deal?” But then a look of realization struck him. “He… he slept with her I’m guessing?” Jensen nodded. “Was it… were you guys together?”

“No! I could never see Misha doing something like that. I mean, we weren’t together officially by any means. In fact, I think the way I was acting was what pushed him to do it. But ugh, god Jared… she’s just so hot. And she completely throws herself at him. He’s not going to keep saying no to her.”

“I… I think I have to disagree.” Jared said earnestly.

“And why is that?”

“Listen, I’m just finding out about you guys. But if any of the stuff you’ve said about your ‘relationship with Michelle’ is true… you guys seem really serious about each other. And it’s like you said, I really can’t see Misha doing anything to intentionally hurt you, man. How serious are you about all of this?”

Jensen narrowed his eyes. “We have matching rings for fucks sake. I’m pretty fucking serious, Jared.” Jared laughed so hard that he doubled over, his entire body shaking. Jensen just rolled his eyes. “Things are really serious, okay? I mentioned us getting a place together when we get back from the convention. And… and I might have mentioned marriage to him at some point…”

Jared didn’t bother keeping his eyes from widening. He strolled to the bed, sitting down next to
Jensen. This was heavy stuff, and he couldn’t even be bothered to remind himself that he was sitting on sexed out sheets. “Damn, dude. You really are serious. Do I get to be best man?”

“I’m trying to get advice here! How do I fix this?”

“Okay… well first of all, you have to stop being a jealous dick. Some jealousy is alright, even healthy. But you can’t take it out on Misha… Alexandra called him, you know? Then, it might help if you apologized…. ” Jared was holding back. He had the perfect advice for Jensen, but Jensen would probably think it was too gushy, way too far away from manly.

“Spit it out, Padalecki.”

“Dude, just tell him how you feel! Tell him that you’re a little worried about Alexandra, and that you’re afraid of losing him. Tell him how much you love him and how much he means to you. Just tell him exactly how you feel, Jensen. I know you. I know how much you hold back. And I know that you usually end up exploding if you hold back for too long.” Jared very abruptly pulled Jared into a hug.

“Dude…. Thank you. For everything. I have no idea why I was so worried to tell you about all of this. You’re the best friend I could ever ask for.” Jared chuckled softly, and hugged him back.

“It’s no problem, Jen. Now go on, go talk to Misha. And tell him I know!” Jensen stood up grinning, heading for the door. Jared stood up to follow him. But when they got to the door, Jared grabbed Jensen’s arm. He put a very mock-serious look on his face. “Can I… can I help you pick out your wedding dress?”

Jensen punched him, but there was a grin on his face like Jared had never seen before, and he couldn’t be happier for his best friend.

Chapter End Notes

I’m not exactly sure how you guys feel about the perspective change, but I really hope you’re all okay with it because I definitely plan on doing a Misha chapter like that later on.

I also want to warn you guys, because I think it's only fair... I'm a sucker for angst, okay? And if all of this seems too good to be true, well, it's because it is. But that won't be until later. I'll let you guys enjoy the fluff and smut for quite awhile longer.

Anyway, enjoy some gifs/pictures of the greatest bros that ever did bro. <3
And I'll just leave this here because it makes me giggle.

I'm not exactly sure why I strictly used only black and white gifs, but okay then lol.

Also, if you guys want a good laugh, go to Google images and type in "Jensen Ackles and Jared Padalecki". Scroll a bit. See what there is to see. Then go to Google images and type in "Jensen Ackles and Misha Collins" and do some scrolling... is it just me, or is there a major difference in the kind of images that pop up? ;)

Here's an added bonus! theimpossibleimpala! (who's tumbler can be found here) made this amazing phone wallpaper for this fic. <3
Shall I stay
Would it be a sin
I can’t help falling in love with you

Like a river flows
Surely to the sea
Darling so it goes
Thank you so much, darling! <3 :)

Some things are meant to be
Take my hand,
Take my whole life too
For I can't help falling in love with you
I just wanted to apologize for this chapter being so late, and for it not being my best work. I have severe depression, and sometimes it "flares up" (for lack of better word), and I've had it happen since the last update. It makes it hard to do anything, including writing, regardless of how much I love it. So just bare with me while I get my footing back.

Also, at the end of the chapter, please read the notes. I have a few questions for you guys, and I would really love it if you could give me your opinions.

After the pictures/gifs, and after a few page breaks, I'm also gonna add my opinion on the new episode of Supernatural. I'll post a warning, but please be wary of spoilers if you haven't seen the new episode. Thanks!

Chapter Notes

“C’mon, baby.” Jensen whined, pressing his head against Misha’s hotel door.

“Go away, Jensen.” Misha tried to make his voice cold from the other side, but Jensen knew him too well. He could hear the crack in his voice, and it completely broke his heart.

“Please. I’m sorry. I’m so fucking sorry. I’m such a dick. Please just open the door, Mish.” Jensen was downright begging, and he didn’t even care. “Please.”

The door opened slowly. Misha was looking at the ground, his eyes slightly red, and Jensen couldn’t help but wonder if he had been crying. Oh fuck... I fucked up.

“Are you here to talk? Or are you just going to keep being a jealous fucker?” Misha asked, finally looking up and crossing his arms.

And Jensen almost laughed. Misha was clearly upset. Both angry and hurt. But there was this undeniable fondness in his voice. Jensen’s lips turned up slightly. “Can I come inside?” Misha opened the door fully without saying a word, making room for Jensen to come in.

Jensen was going to try and keep this light hearted. He was going to try and make jokes, because he knew that he could make Misha smile, everything would be alright. But when Misha’s hand splayed across the door the close it, Jensen noticed there was no ring on it. And Jensen panicked. His mind immediately went into overdrive. *I was being such a dick, he probably chucked the ring and immediately called Alexandra. Shit, shit, shit.*

“Mish, listen-“

“No. For once I’m going to talk, and *you’re* going to listen, Jensen.” Jensen had never seen Misha more serious, and he swallowed hard. Panic swept over him as he nodded, unblinking. Misha crossed his arms. *I’m fucked.* Misha sighed, clearly picking up on how terrified Jensen looked. “I love you. And I need you to fucking realize that. I need you to realize that you’re the only person I want to be with. Not Alexandra. Not Sebastian. No one but you. It doesn’t matter who I flirt with, or
who I talk to. It’s you.” Jensen relaxed immensely, taking a deep, calming breath. But Misha wasn’t done talking. “But this? I can’t handle this. I’m not going to sit here and let you treat me like shit over a phone call that I didn’t even answer. This whole relationship is unhealthy. You’re too jealous, you’re too apprehensive, and you act like a child when you don’t get your way. If you’re not going to help me grow as a person, you’re wasting my time."

“Don’t say that.” Jensen voice quivered, but he couldn’t help but interrupt Misha. Misha stared at him, his eyes narrowing slightly. “Please don’t say that.”

“What do you want me to say?”

“I want you to say how you feel about me telling Jared about us.” Misha raised his eyebrows. “I…I kinda wanted us to tell him together when it came down to it. But I just got done talking about it with him. He uh… he walked in on us last night.” Jensen shot Misha his cutest, most innocent smile. Misha’s cheeks flushed.

“…he walked in on us?”

“Yes. Based on his comment on my ass, I’m guessing it’s when you were choking on my co-

“Jensen!” Jensen just grinned at Misha’s slight embarrassment, using his distraction as an opportunity. He stepped towards him slowly and carefully, trying to gauge his mood. He took Misha by the hips, pulling him in close. Misha kept his arms crossed firmly across his chest.

Jensen nuzzled against Misha’s neck, smiling against his skin when he felt goosebumps appear there. “Jared is really happy about us, baby.” He felt Misha relax slightly. “I even told him about how I want to marry you.” Jensen pulled back, looking into Misha’s too-blue eyes. His entire facial expression had softened, and Jensen knew he was on the verge of caving.

“I hate you.” Misha muttered quietly. “It’s not fair how you can use your charms and good looks and I just…”

“Fall more in love with me?” Jensen asked hopefully. Misha shot him a dirty look, but there was a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. “I really am sorry, baby. There was absolutely no excuse for me to act that way. It’s just Alexandra…” He bit his lip, stopping himself, not wanting to admit what he was about to say.

Misha uncrossed his arms finally, his hands instead going to Jensen’s waist. Jensen’s grip tightened on his hips. “Alexandra is a stupid mistake I made because I thought you were intentionally playing with my feelings. Yeah, we fucked, okay? But that was it. It was just sex. Stop worrying about her and start worrying about us.” And you should definitely be worried, he’s not wearing the ring. Jensen wondered his lip, his eyes stinging while the lump in his throat felt impossibly big. His eyes dropped, unable to stare into Misha’s eyes. It was too overwhelming. “Stop that shit.” Misha’s voice was so fierce that it caused Jensen to jump slightly, his eyes darting back to his lover’s. “Stop getting wrapped up in your thoughts and dealing with them alone. That’s why we end up on separate pages angry with each other. Talk to me.”

“Your ring.” Jensen had to choke out the words. Misha’s hands dropped to his sides, as he searched Jensen’s face. But then he gave the sweetest smile, one of his hands reached into the neckline of his shirt. He pulled out a necklace, and his ring was dangling at the end.

“I knew the fans would notice matching rings tomorrow at the panel. Supernatural fans notice everything.”
“I told you I didn’t care if they noticed.” Jensen replied firmly, finally able to swallow the lump in his throat.

“It’s too much, too soon, babe. I’m not saying you can’t handle it… but you wanted to take things slow. So we’re going to take this slow.” He looked up at Jensen, his eyes suddenly sparkling with that fond, adoring look that Jensen loved. “Thank you for finally telling someone about us. So how’d he react?”

“Oh, it depends on what angle you look at it from. He was completely thrilled because of how happy you make me.” Jensen used the opportunity to kiss Misha’s forehead lovingly. “He was slightly disgusted because it led up to him having to see my bare ass.” Misha used the opportunity to slide his hands lower, sliding them in the back pockets of Jensen’s jeans. “And I think he was a little upset that we didn’t tell him right off the bat. I think he wanted to make sure we were okay, you know? … we are okay, right?”

Misha sighed. “We’re okay. Cut the jealous bullshit though. I’m serious.” Jensen nodded, his lips tingling because all he could about was kissing Misha. A smile spread across his lips. “I fucking mean it, Jensen Ackles. I don’t normally give people second chances, and you’ve had more than that.” Jensen nodded again. He wasn’t going to fuck up again. Misha was so good, so patient, and he had no idea what he had done so right to deserve him. “Oh, and…. Felicia knows…”

Jensen pondered this, feeling incredibly pleased that it didn’t bother him in the least. “When did you tell her?”

“I didn’t. She… just kinda figured it out.”

“I’m not surprised. She’s always been a clever little dork.”

“She’s happy for us too.” Misha smiled lovingly, giving Jensen a quick, chaste kiss. “People knowing isn’t so bad, is it?”

“No, it’s not. Kinda makes me want to shout it from the rooftops… which I definitely plan on doing one day, by the way. That is if I don’t keep fucking up, and you actually stick around.”

Misha’s smile fell. “Just learn to control yourself, babe. You’re an adult. Act like it. Have I ever given you a reason not to trust me?”

“It’s other people I don’t trust, Mish. Not you.”

“Yeah, well, it takes two.” Misha wasn’t bothering to hide the annoyance that had begun to return to his voice.

“Can we just pretend none of this ever happened?” Jensen suddenly let go of Misha, sliding to his knees. “I’ll make you forget.” Misha jumped slightly, a flicker of lust shining in his eyes as Jensen reached for his belt.

“I…. Misha had planned on saying something, but he couldn’t focus on his train of thought as Jensen looked up at him under thick lashes. “Get up, Jensen. I’m not going to let you blow me just because you feel bad. That’s not what sex is about.”

“I’m going to blow you because I want to.” Jensen growled in response, shimmying Misha’s jeans and boxers down after he was done bothering with the belt, button and zipper. Misha’s cock popped out from the boxers, already semi hard. Jensen curled his fingers around it, feeling the heat of the velvety skin. “You’re right. That’s not what sex is about with us. Because… it’s not just sex.” Like it was with Alexandra. That was just sex. She got Misha for a night. I get him forever, every part of
him. “It’s making love.” Jensen had begun to stroke Misha’s cock, feeling it grow harder in his hand. Despite Misha’s lustful look, he could still see the adoration in his eyes, and Jensen loved it. This was love. This was pure, innocent, imperfect love. “Of course, that’s if you want it.”

“I want it.” Misha said, all breathy.

Jensen smirked up at him. “Good. Because I’m dying to have your taste on my tongue.” He licked a strip up Misha’s now fully hard dick, reveling in the way it caused his boyfriend to groan and twitch. “I’m going to swallow you down so easily, baby. I’m going to make you forget what a jerk I am.” Misha grabbed Jensen’s face, his thumbs smoothing over some of the freckles on his cheeks. Misha smiled, and Jensen found himself blushing like a school girl.

“I love you, Jensen.” He hummed. Jensen nuzzled against his touch, hoping that he never had to stop hearing Misha say that. And even though Misha had Jensen on his knees like religion, even though Jensen was getting ready to use his mouth for something obscene and filthy instead of prayer, he was still begging for forgiveness. He didn’t deserve Misha, and he knew that. But there was something about Misha’s voice that let him know that Misha loved him, flaws and all, and it made Jensen’s heart flutter. My heart is yours.

“I love you too, Misha.” Jensen whispered back, getting lost in the blue eyes staring down at him. Jensen took Misha into his mouth, mentally grinning over the skill he had developed during their time together. He had never blown another guy before, only Misha. He had never had sex with another guy before. Hell, he had never even romantically kissed another guy before. Misha was the exception; Misha was everything. And he used his tongue to press that significance to the smooth skin of Misha’s cock head as his hand pumped the base. Jensen used his other hand to steady himself, putting it on Misha’s hip. His thumb caressed the skin pulled taut over the Misha’s mesmerizing hip bone, feeling the muscle underneath twitch as Misha’s tried to keep himself from thrusting into Jensen’s mouth.

A dull, hungry ache had begun to build in Jensen’s core as he swallowed Misha down, working agonizingly slow, wanting to make this last until Misha physically couldn’t take it anymore. Jensen figured the ache was building due to his own heavy cock feeling neglected, in its cloth and denim prison. He ignored the feeling, because this was about Misha, not him.

Misha felt so full and thick in his mouth, and Jensen was completely losing himself in the blowjob. Misha was whimpering, teased by the slow pace, but Jensen continued to take his time, lapping and sucking hungrily at every inch. He tastes so good, I love feeling him inside me. And that thought triggered a coiling heat in his stomach that was so powerful that he felt pre come ooze from his own dick, because now he was thinking about Misha being inside him in other ways, and he moaned around Misha’s dick, causing Misha to hiss and thrust into his mouth.

He wanted Misha to fuck him. He never thought that he would want to be on the receiving end of sex in their relationship, but now that the seed had been planted, the flowers in his mind were already in full bloom. He had watched Misha unravel underneath him time after time, and suddenly he wanted to be the one unraveling, he wanted to be the one panting and begging for more as Misha plowed into him to the hilt. He pulled back, making an obscene slurping noise as Misha’s cock slide out of his mouth.

Misha whined, but Jensen looked up at him sinfully, and with utter trust and confidence he growled “Misha, I want you to fuck me.”

Chapter End Notes
Okay, so here's where I wanted your opinions! I have a Destiel fic in the works of my mind right now. But there's only like five million of them, and they're all pretty much the same, despite a particularly unique one here and there. I want my fic to be unique, and I've already fallen in love with the concepts I've created so far. But this is where you guys come in! Are there any headcanons, or ideas that you've always wanted to see in a Destiel fic, but you haven't seen? I would be willing to add them to my fic, as long as it flows with whatever else I have going on. If not, I would definitely be down for one shots during my free time. So I'm accepting ideas and head canons in the comments below! I would share what I already have with you guys, but that just ruins the surprise. :p For the record, the fic will be called "Feathers and Freckles" and I'll link it to this fic once I actually start working on it. Thanks, my lovelies!

Now for the visual stimulation part of my fic!

Basically Misha's reaction to Jensen being a dick.

How am I supposed to have a normal, functioning life when Jensen looks at Misha this way?
Or when they exchange hugs like this
Oh, not to mention these two dorks were tweeting back and forth about Destiel recently.... hahahahaha everything is Destiel, and everything hurts.

Don't forget, there's SPN spoilers below!

Supernatural Episode 11x11 Spoilers

Okay... wow. Another great episode. I was honestly kinda nervous about these season, because excluding "Baby", I wasn't too fond of it. But I've been blown away as of lately. First of all... DEAF REPRESENTATION, FUCK YEAAH! This made me really excited. I'm not completely deaf, but I do suffer from partial hearing loss, and this honestly just meant a ton to me. A deaf woman that is a total badass hunter, that DIDN'T die, and helped save the day! Sign me the fuck up. UGH. But I'm also terrified because I believe that this episode was actually being used to prepare us for the ever closer end of the show. Dean talking about settling down and living a long life and all that? Definitely sounds like they're showing us that Dean won't be a hunter forever, and Supernatural won't be on forever, and naturally I'm a nervous wreck over. Also, the older lady (Gertrude? I'm really bad with names) is my absolute hero and I aspire to be her when I'm that age. DID ANYONE ELSE NOTICE THAT DEAN STOLE A BOTTLE OF THE VIAGRA THAT SAM DROPPED ON THE TABLE? Jfc Dean, you're not that old. Of course I have to mention the confused, almost terrified look on Dean's face when Cas touches the wrong shoulder. I really do think that's all it took for Dean to realize that there's something wrong with Cas, and that he's now Lucifer. Also... pining. Gertrude mentioned Dean pining over someone. And the rationalist in me knows that she's referring to Amara (fucking gag me, I hate that god damn ship), but the shipper in me is screaming Destiel. And I don't think you guys understand how hard I would cry if Destiel became canon. Seriously. I would bawl my eyes out. And even though I should accept the fact that this is about Amara, I've read some theories about
how it could be Destiel related, and I'm a wreck because that didn't help AT ALL. What did you guys think about the episode?
Sorry this chapter is so late, guys. But thank you to everyone who has been patient with me, and all of you that have been concerned about me. You're all the bee's knees!

Also, my new Destiel fic can be found here! It would mean the world to me if you checked it out!

I have also decided not to post my opinion on the latest episode of Supernatural because I have very mixed feelings about it. But I hope you guys enjoy the chapter, and can take the time to check out my new fic!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Misha’s blue eyes widened, and Jensen felt his dick twitch in his hand. Misha licked his lips, his eyebrows raising in thought. “I think… I think it might be a bit soon for that, babe. It… it can hurt.” He said, softly stroking Jensen’s cheek. His touch was tender and loving, but his hand shook, and Jensen knew he was struggling to say no.

“Then just be gentle with me.” Jensen pleaded. There was a part of him that was terrified, causing his entire body to tremble. But there was an even bigger part of him that wanted this, for multiple reasons. Jensen would be lying if he said he hadn’t thought about it ever since he and Misha had started having sex. Misha obviously enjoyed it, so why wouldn’t he? But there was also this part of him that specifically wanted to do it just to give himself to Misha in yet another way, a way that could never be taken back. He wanted to give everything to the man standing before him, he wanted to give himself over entirely to the person he loved more than anything. Misha bit his lip, continuing to stroke Jensen’s cheek. Jensen smiled up at him. “I want this, baby. I want you.” He removed his hand from Misha’s cock and gave him his best pout.

“I…” Misha trailed off, adverted his gaze. His hand was still rested on Jensen’s face, and Jensen’s placed his own hand over it, causing Misha to meet his eyes again. “What you’re asking is a really big deal, Jen.”

“I know that, God, I… I know that.” Jensen’s voice was shaking. “But I trust you, Misha… and I love you. If I’m going to do this, I want it to be with you.” Jensen felt his eyebrows jump slightly, and smiled, remembering how Misha had pointed out that habit so long ago. It felt like centuries ago, and they had been through so much since then… and this was another thing he wanted to go through with Misha. “Please?” He whined, taking Misha’s hand in his and kissing it sweetly.

Misha visibly gulped, still worrying his lip. “Stand up.” He whispered. Jensen immediately obeyed, adrenaline and curiosity pumping through his body. Jensen stared into those blue eyes, the one’s he adored and fell into from the moment he met Misha. He smiled at the thought. He had never considered that his dorky costar with the pretty eyes would end up having him completely wrapped around his finger, completely in love. Misha was searching his face, almost as though he was searching for some sort of sign to tell him what to do.

“We don’t have to, if you don’t want to.” Jensen muttered, able to pick up on his boyfriend’s nerves.
Misha grabbed his face and kissed him. Though the kiss was hard and abrupt, Jensen could feel the passion in it, feel the love with every movement of Misha's lips. *After all this time, he still gives me butterflies, and I hope they never go away.* Misha pulled away slowly, a slight smile on his lips. “It’s not that I don’t want to do it… it’s just a really big step, Jen. And I don’t want you to feel like you have to, or feel like—”

Jensen shut him up with another kiss. The sentiment was sweet, and more than Jensen could ever deserve from Misha. But the look of pure worry in Misha’s eyes broke his heart. Jensen could tell that he was so concerned, so afraid of this messing things up between them. And if it was the last thing he did, Jensen was going to convince him otherwise. Jensen was going to fix things.

Misha moaned against his lips as Jensen slipped his tongue into his mouth, exploring every inch as Jensen pushed Misha up against the hotel wall. They both giggled, almost tripping over the fact that Misha’s pants were still down. Jensen rucked Misha’s shirt up, his hands wandering over the impossible smooth skin of his sides and back, and he had no idea how he had ever said no to this, ever had any doubt that he wanted anything or anyone other than Misha. He felt Misha’s hands pulling at his belt, unbuckling it as he kissed Jensen back with fervor, and Jensen couldn’t help but thrust against his touch when Misha’s hand palmed at his cock desperately through the cloth of his underwear.

But Jensen could feel Misha shaking between him and he wall, he could feel the nervousness in every clumsy touch and distracted kiss, and Jensen put his hands flat against the wall on either side of Misha’s head, pushing off of him gently. Jensen was shaking too, but he knew he wanted this. He could tell that Misha still had his doubts. And why wouldn’t he? Just a few hours earlier, Jensen had been a total dickhead to him, and now he was begging him to fuck him. How the fuck does he even put up with me?

“Look at me, Mish.” Jensen muttered, watching Misha’s eyes immediately dart away once they stopped kissing. Misha looked at him hesitantly. “You’re beautiful, you know that?” Misha smiled at him weakly. “No, I mean it, baby. I wish you could see yourself. Your hair is a mess. Your lips are all red and wet and swollen. Your eyes are the single most gorgeous thing I’ve ever seen.” Jensen smirked at how Misha was beginning to blush, squirming slightly. “And that’s only getting started on your looks.” He gave Misha a quick, delicate kiss. “Don’t even get me started on how beautiful your personality is, how incredible your soul is…” He groaned, nuzzling into the crook of Misha’s neck. Misha’s hands had wandered to Jensen’s hips uncertainly, not sure why Jensen was suddenly slowing their pace. Jensen worked his lips against Misha’s neck, trailing up to plant kisses along his jaw and stopping right before his ear. “I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with you.” Jensen whispered.

The broken noise that escaped Misha’s throat was the most beautiful thing that Jensen had ever heard, and he felt his own cock grow even harder over the fact that Misha was getting turned on by something as simple as this. It was slow, loving, and almost innocent. Jensen hadn’t intended for this part to be sexual, he had intended for it to be honest…but *love* was causing Misha to unravel, and Jensen loved it. He felt Misha shove his pants and boxers down all the way, and he chuckled, realizing they both had their shirts on. He pushed back from the wall and Misha, pulling his shirt over his head and watching as Misha mirrored his movements. He kicked off his useless jeans and boxers, and stood back, admiring Misha.

“Jesus Christ, I’m a lucky man.” He husked, his eyes trailing over every inch of his boyfriend. He grabbed Misha’s face in his hands, his thumbs skirting over the stubble starting to form on his cheeks. “Let’s just take things slow, okay, baby?” Misha nodded, and Jensen kissed him softly before adding “I’ll let you take the lead.” Jensen was shocked by how sure and steady his voice was in comparison to how scared he was. But there was no way Misha would ever hurt him, physically
Misha took a deep, steadying breath. He grabbed Jensen’s hand silently and led him to the bed, and Jensen really wished he would say something. Jensen hopped up on the bed, lying back and propping himself up on his elbows. “Talk to me, Mish. If I’m not allowed to get wrapped up in my head, then neither are you.”

“Are you sure you want to do this, Jensen?” Misha croaked, standing in front of him uncertainly.

“Only if you want to, baby. And only if you tell me why you’re so scared right now.” Jensen sat up, caressing his hands down Misha’s bare thighs encouragingly.

“I… uh… I never really took you for a bottom. Not everyone likes it, if I’m being perfectly honest. Some people get too wrapped up in their own thoughts to actually enjoy it.” Misha was avoiding his eyes again. “If you’re still coming to terms with your sexuality… what if this is too much?” He finally looked back at Jensen. “I can’t have you running away again. I just can’t, Jensen. I can’t lose you.”

Jensen leaned forward, kissing Misha’s bare chest affectionately. “Hey, someone once told me that sexuality isn’t black and white.” He smiled up at Misha, thrilled to see him smiling back. “And I might not exactly know what my sexuality is… but I know it involves you, and everything about you. I would try anything with you, baby. If I don’t like it… then whatever.” He shrugged. “It’s not going to change how I feel about you. Nothing ever could. Now stop freaking out and get the lube.”

Misha leaned down to kiss him, and Jensen ran his fingers through the mess of dark locks on Misha’s head, nipping at his bottom lip playfully as he pulled away. Misha opened up the drawer next to the bed, pulling out the bottle of lube and a condom. He looked over at Jensen and licked his lips. Jensen’s eyes scanned over the man standing before him, resting on his fully erect cock. A whimper escaped his lips. 

Oh god, I really do want this.

Jensen wasn’t thinking of it in terms of labels. He didn’t care about any of that. Top, bottom, gay, straight, bi… none of that mattered to him. All that mattered was Misha, and how badly he wanted to feel Misha lose himself while inside him. His cock empathetically twitched at the thought, pre come oozing from his slit. It didn’t go unnoticed by Misha, and he smirked. “I told you I wanted this.” Jensen groaned. As Misha slowly approached him, he bent his knees, placing his feet on the bed. Misha leaned down between them, giving his boyfriend another kiss.

Misha stepped back, putting one of hands on Jensen’s knees and causing him to spread his legs. “I’m going to take this really slow, Jen. I don’t care if it takes all night.” There was a new found confidence in his voice.

“Okay.” Jensen smiled at him adoringly, licking his lips.

Misha opened the bottle of lube, putting a substantial amount on two of his fingers. Jensen watched him curiously, painfully aware of how arousing it was just watching Misha prepare for this. Misha kissed one of his knees, and then trailed more kisses down his thigh before switching to the other leg and working his way back up to its knee. “This is gonna feel kinda weird at first, okay? Just tell me if you want me to stop.” Jensen bit his lip and nodded, too excited and nervous to say anything.

The cooled lube made Jensen jump a little as Misha very gently teased around his rim, making sure to lube up the entire area. Misha watched him carefully, only a very thin ring of blue around his blown pupils. Jensen worried his lip, getting used to the sensation. Misha smirked, admiring how well he was doing for a moment before very slowly and tenderly sliding in one of his fingers slightly. He immediately felt Jensen flex and tighten around his digit, and he moaned hungrily. Misha had
fooled around with guys plenty of time before, but this was different. This was Jensen Ackles, the man he had loved for so long, and lusted after for even longer. “Relax, babe.” He cooed encouragingly, grinning when he immediately felt Jensen relax around his finger. He slowly pushed it in the rest of the way, and to his absolute pleasure, Jensen’s breath hitched as he shuddered beneath him. He pumped the finger in and out a few times, reveling in the way Jensen’s breath had picked up his head way now leaning back with his eyes closed.

Misha wasn’t wrong, it did feel weird… at first. But as soon as he had relaxed, Jensen found himself wanting to buck into Misha’s touch, and he was focusing hard on stopping, reminding himself that they had to take things slow. He focused on his breathing, because if he didn’t he knew it would be replaced by pathetically needy moans, and It should not feel this good already. Misha gently pushed another finger into him, and he breath caught in his lungs. It stung a little, but the burn was delicious, and Jensen felt his hips stutter as he fought the sensation to grind himself down on the pressure. Misha moaned, scissoring his fingers, stretching Jensen open slowly and tenderly.

“You okay?” Misha’s voice was completely wrecked, his breathing just has quick and Jensen’s. Jensen hadn’t noticed it before, but he could also feel Misha thrusting against him slightly, his hard cock dragging against the back of one of Jensen’s bare thighs.

“I’m more than okay.” Jensen panted, finally allowing a moan to escape his lips. His eyelids fluttered open, and he couldn’t help but fall in love with just how ecstatic Misha looked. But his happy, gummy, grin was suddenly replaced by an absolutely sinful smirk, and Jensen felt Misha’s fingers curl inside him. The tip of Misha’s fingers rubbed against the small bundle of nerves perfectly, and Jensen’s entire body shuddered as a hungry moan exploded out of him. His fingers dug into the bed sheets and he shamelessly began to fuck himself onto Misha’s touch, aiming to extract the sensation once again.

Misha chuckled softly. “You like that, Jensen?” He asked curling his fingers again, nearly causing Jensen to convulse beneath him before stopping only to pump in and out of him again.

“What is that?” Jensen whined, his voice needy.

“That is the exact reason why I could never be fully straight.” Misha laughed, leaning down to give Jensen a quick kiss. “That’s your prostate, babe.” Jensen grabbed Misha, pulling him towards his lips. He moaned into his mouth as Misha’s hit that sweet spot inside of him again. He cock leaked against his stomach, red and neglected, and his neediness hit an all-time high.

“Now, Misha.” He growled, only pulling away from Misha’s lips long enough to get the words out. He felt Misha’s hard dick ooze pre come against his thigh and he moaned again.

Misha pulled back, looking into Jensen’s eyes nervously. “We’re taking this slow, remember?” He said softly.

“And we can take it slow once you’re inside of me.” Jensen felt like he should be utterly embarrassed at the amount of desperation in his voice, but the way it made Misha groan had him wanting to repeat it over and over again.

“It’s gonna sting…” Misha muttered unsurely.

“NOW, MISHA.” Jensen gasped out as Misha’s fingers caressed his prostate again. “Please.” He whined. “I’m serious, baby.” Misha sighed shakily, slowly easing his fingers out of Jensen. Jensen whimpered at the empty loss, but watched as Misha slid on the condom and squeezed a copious amount of lube on his dick. He held it at the base, directing it towards Jensen’s rim carefully, stopping himself as soon as there was contact.
“Just remember to relax and breath.” Misha whispered, love coursing through his words. Jensen nodded, whimpering encouragingly. Misha eased himself inside Jensen excruciating slow, and at first the sting ripped through Jensen like white, hot flames, but he took a deep breath, forcing himself to relax. Misha watched him carefully. “Are you okay?” He asked, concerned because Jensen had squeezed his eyes shut.

“M-more…” Jensen huffed out in one shaky breath.

“Jensen, L-“ So Jensen thurst his hips upward, his moan immediately being met by one from Misha. “Scoot up. Now.” Misha slurred, his words thick with lust as Jensen immediately obeyed, giving his boyfriend room to crawl on the bed. Misha bent down between Jensen’s legs, thrusting shallowly as he trailed kisses across Jensen’s chest, marveling at how the freckles popped out against the flushed skin there. Misha kept a careful check on his angling, not yet wanting to hit Jensen’s sweet spot while he adjusted to the intrusion. Jensen reached between them, jerking himself relentlessly. His skin felt too hot and tight, and the need to get off was ripping through him in tidal waves. Misha smiled against his skin, thrusting a little harder, and groaning in response to Jensen’s whimpering. “Are you sure you want to come like that? I can think of a better way.” Misha growled, biting at Jensen’s skin. Jensen hand immediately went back to curling its fingers into the bed sheets, and Misha grinned. “Hmm? What’s that all about?” He teased.

“P-please, Misha…” Misha couldn’t resist the pure need in Jensen’s voice, and eased every last inch of himself inside of him. Jensen gasped and moaned, shuddering underneath Misha before immediately beginning to fuck himself on Misha’s cock. Jensen knew that it had to feel good from how Misha reacted to it, but he wasn’t expecting the tidal waves of pleasure met by delicious stinging from every single thrust. But then Misha readjusted himself and began to thrust to meet Jensen and he hit that spot, and Jensen felt himself coming undone completely as a heat coiled tight and deep within him. He tried to control himself, but instead found himself screaming out, and begging for more, causing the most animalistic and guttural noises to come from Misha, quickly beginning to push Jensen over the edge.

Misha brought their lips together, remembering that they were staying in a hotel, and Jensen was being far too loud. Jensen licked into Misha’s mouth hungrily, knowing damn well that Jared could probably hear them through the walls, but finding himself too close to coming to care. He could feel Misha. He could feel him smile against his lips, and feel his stubble against his face. He could feel his moans vibrate, getting caught in Jensen’s own mouth. He could feel every last inch of Misha’s dick pounding into him, just like he had fantasized about. But then he felt Misha pull away.

Misha kissed him on the forehead tenderly and ran his fingers through the short spikes of Jensen’s hair before looking him in the eyes lovingly. “You complete me, Jensen.” The honesty and adoration in Misha’s voice hauled Jensen over the edge, and he came, harder than he ever had before, and he cried out Misha’s name. Misha thrust into him a few more times before coming himself, slurred ‘I love yous’ coming from his lips. He gently eased out of Jensen before collapsing on top of him, kissing every single inch of skin his lips could reach. He reached between them, ripping the condom off, throwing it without even looking. Jensen grabbed him, rolling over so that they were on their sides, cuddled in each other’s arms. Misha nuzzled against Jensen’s chest, and Jensen kissed him on top of the head.

“I love you.” Misha muttered against his skin lovingly.

“I love you too.” Jensen muttered back, his body relaxed and his smile sated. “And Misha?”

“Mmmhmmm?”
“You complete me too.”

Slightly smutty gifs below, because this chapter was filth lol.
ATTENTION

If you messaged me on tumblr recently about my fics, PLEASE either come off anon, or comment on my fic and let me know who you are. I really want to be able to answer your ask, but unfortunately I don't want a few people who follow my tumblr to know about this account. I really want to be able to respond to you! And also, thank you for your sweet words, I'm glad you've enjoyed my writing so far. <3 I also want to say happy birthday to a very lovely reader of mine! (I didn't know if you were okay with me using your name or not).

And last but not least, the notes at the end of the chapter are full of gifs and pictures. Just a heads up.

I hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jensen snuggled up against Misha as he began to wake, inhaling Misha’s scent deeply. Misha snuggled in closer in response, still dead asleep. Jensen smiled. This was love, and he had never expected any of it. He completely adored waking up with Misha, their legs tangled and bodies warm. When Jensen had snuggled closer to Misha, he had immediately stopped snoring, and now the hotel room was quiet other than the sound of their breathing, and their hearts beating perfectly in sync. Jensen took the opportunity to admire his boyfriend. His hair was sticking up in every direction, his lips slightly parted as he slept.

“I love you.” Jensen whispered. And he knew that Misha was dead to the world, and couldn’t hear him, nevertheless respond. But it didn’t matter. Jensen just needed to say it, because it was all he could think about. His heart was so full, his life virtually perfect. And every single bit of it revolved around Misha. Misha didn’t know it yet, but Jensen already had his manager looking into a house for them. Of course, she didn’t know it was for the both of them just yet. Jensen liked his apartment, but growing up in Texas had him really missing having a house and a backyard. He grinned, thinking about his typical, white picket fence life that he was already planning out with Misha. He gently dragged his hands up Misha’s side, causing him to stir. Misha’s eyes furrowed, and he huffed a frustrated sigh as he buried his face against Jensen’s chest. Jensen kissed the top of his head. “Wake up, baby.”

“Nooo.” Misha whined, bringing his body even closer to Jensen’s. Jensen glanced at the bedside clock, trying to calculate just how long they could stay like this before having to get ready for the panel that they shared with Jared today. He kissed Misha again, this time on the forehead. They could be a few minutes late for breakfast.
The only one left eating breakfast in the lobby was Jared. He had his headphones in, held in place by his beanie as he stuffed his face full of pancakes. The moment he saw Jensen and Misha approaching, he quickly looked down at his plate, heat crawling over his face. Jensen immediately laughed when he noticed it, causing Jared to shoot him a dirty look as he ripped the headphones out.

“Uh… I’m guessing you heard us last night. Sorry, man.” Jensen smirked, grabbing a piece of sausage off of Jared’s plate and popping it in to his mouth. Misha grinned at Jared and waved sheepishly before walking over to the food bar.

“You’re not going to eat anything?” Jared asked, seizing the opportunity to change the direction of the conversation. Jensen’s eyes went immediately to Misha.

“Mish is grabbing it for me.” Jensen replied adoringly. Jared couldn’t help but smile. Jensen was looking at Misha like he was an angel. Jensen noticed Jared staring at him. “Do you wanna help us move when we get back from the convention? We could use a giant pair of hands.”

“Of course, dude.” Jared beamed. “You already got a place?”

Jensen explained how he had been contacting his manager and having her look, Misha just didn’t know that yet. “So keep it quiet, okay? I mean, we’re obviously going to have to go look over it when we get back and make sure it’s what we want. But she said if I want it, it’s mine.”

“Wow… you’re such a sap…” Jared teased. Jensen shoved him, grinning.

Misha sat down next to them, wielding a plate that had literally everything Jensen would’ve got for himself. He leaned in to kiss Misha, but remembered they were in public, so he just smiled at him and thanked him. It was little things like this that made Jensen feel completely and totally spoiled when he was with Misha. He had never, ever had another person be so in tune and not only listen to him, but remember everything about him. Jensen twisted the ring on his finger nervously. I can’t wait until that’s a wedding ring.

Breakfast was rushed, but Jared waited for Jensen and Misha to finish patiently. From the moment Misha had sat down, Jared had been showering him and Jensen with nothing but praise over their relationship, and Jensen swore the look on Misha’s face was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

“Are y’all ready?!” Jared asked excitedly. He was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet, waiting for the announcer to call them up on stage.

“Of course.” Misha replied confidently, looking over and Jensen. Jensen was nervous, but he knew this panel would be a breeze. He was going to be with his best friend and the love of his life, surrounded by hundreds of adoring fans that he owed everything to. He smiled to himself. I thank our fans all of the time… but they have no idea how grateful I really am. If it wasn’t for them continuing to support us, Supernatural would have never made it so far and I would have never met Misha.

When the announcer finally called their names, Jared nearly shot up in the air from excitement, which left Jensen and Misha laughing as they walked out on stage. There was the familiar
momentary blindness as Jensen’s eyes adjusted to the lights, as he made his way over to their seats. He grinned out at the fans. It would never fail to amaze him how many people enjoyed the show he was a part of, and as he glanced from Misha to Jared, he knew they felt the same exact way.

“JENSEN, I LOVE YOU!” A fan screamed from the crowd.

“Who doesn’t?” Misha muttered into his mic, causing the crowd to erupt in whistles and laughter.

“I don’t.” Jared immediately responded into his own mic. “I hate this guy. I can’t believe I have to be stuck with him pretty much every day of my life.” Misha leaned over Jensen’s lap to be closer to Jared, fully enjoying this joke.

“Hes not that bad. At least he’s pretty okay to look at.” He said, grinning. Jensen rolled his eyes. Luckily he and Misha’s relationship had always been a bit flirty, and he knew Misha was going to use that to his full advantage to see how much he could get away with before the fans noticed anything.

“Okay you two, break it up!” He barked, sporting his best ‘mom voice’. Jared and Misha grinned at each other, leaning back in their chairs. “I know you two want this to be about me, but it’s not. It’s about the fans, and I’m pretty sure they have some questions.” He added, fake glaring at them for good measure before grinning himself.

The first fan immediately caught Jensen off guard. Usually the first question was something light and fun, but this particular fan jumped right into a serious question. “I know you were one of the runners up for playing Captain America in the Marvel movies. Are there any times when you really wish they would’ve picked you? How do you think your life would be different if they would have?” The kid gave him a nervous look before adding “I hope you don’t take that the wrong way…”

Jensen laughed. “No, you’re fine, kid. Are there times when I wished they would’ve picked me… I guess there’s been a few times. But it’s more of me just being curious as to what it would have been like if they would have picked me. I think that everything happens for a reason, and there’s a reason that they chose Chris Evans. And I think he’s done an absolutely fantastic job with the part. A lot of things would be really different… for one, Supernatural probably be over right now. Or they would have had to at least killed off Dean, because when you sign on to Marvel, you’re signing on for a lot, and your schedule has to be pretty free. There’s no way I could have done both. So things worked out for me, regardless. It would’ve been a great opportunity to be in a Marvel film, and maybe one day I’ll have that opportunity. But Supernatural… I don’t know what I would do without it. Without you guys. I have the best job in the world.” Jensen’s eyes fell, and he felt them sting a little. He really felt like the luckiest person in the entire universe, and the hundreds of people in front of him were to thank for that.

The next fan had a question for all of them. “What are your plans once Supernatural is over?”

Jared stood up so fast that his chair fell to the ground. “Supernatural will NEVER be over!” He said, making his tone resentful. The crowd laughed, and Jensen and Misha shook their head at him.

“You know, I have to agree. I think that Team Free Will is going to be in a nursing home, trying to convince other old people that their nurses are ghouls or something.” Misha added. “At this point Cas is probably a human, probably gave up being an angel for Dean.” A chorus of ‘awws’ rang out from the crowd. Jensen grinned at Misha. At the last convention, Misha egging the fans on about Destiel would have made him uncomfortable. Now he was grinning from ear to ear because he had
“This question is for Misha.” The next fan muttered nervously. “Do you think that Castiel will always wear the suit and trench coat? What other clothes would you like to see him in?”

Misha smiled at the fan sweetly, seeing how nervous he was. “I think the suit and trench coat are one of the things that define Cas. I feel like at first, he wore them out of convenience because they’re the clothes that Jimmy Novak picked out for him. But then they sort of became a symbol… like when Dean kept the trench coat after the Leviathans took over. But I think that symbolism could change over time. I want to see him dress like Sam and Dean. You can’t be a hunter if you don’t wear flannels.”

“Where would he even get them from? Can you imagine Cas trying to go into Walmart and buy clothes?” Jensen teased Misha lovingly, not caring that they were in front of a crowd.

“He would steal them from Dean’s closet. Especially the jeans. We all know he’s been trying to get into Dean’s pants.” Misha winked at Jensen, causing him to laugh along with the crowd. Misha then turned to Jared. “I want to see him try to steal Sam’s clothes too. Can you imagine how one of Sam’s flannels would completely swallow him?”

“Actually…” Jared said, standing up. He started unbuttoning the flannel he was wearing. Luckily for Jared and Jensen both, their wardrobes on set were remarkably close to their wardrobes in real life, and he was wearing a flannel and undershirt just like Sam would have. He unbuttoned the final button and took of the flannel, tossing it at a laughing Misha. Misha stood up, immediately putting the shirt and laughing at how big it was on him. He started buttoning it up, but got the buttons out of order and pouted at how the shirt hung on him, lopsided. Without thinking, Jensen just winked at him, slapping his ass flirtatiously as he buttoned the final button. Misha gave him one last loving look before stepping out a little, holding out his arms for the crowd to see just how big the shirt was on him.

“You look ridiculous.” Jared said laughing.

“All I can imagine is Cas only wearing this. Like a dress.” Misha said giggling, noticing just how long the shirt was on him. He sat back down. “I’m keeping this.” He said to Jared, making himself comfortable. Jared just laughed at him and rolled his eyes dramatically. Both he and Jensen sat back down, Jensen doing the same more because of the fact that he was laughing so hard that he could barely stand.

The panel went great. Jensen, Misha, and Jared all laughed themselves to the point of tears, and the fans were as incredible as they always were. Jensen and Misha handled questions about Destiel flawlessly, and Jensen couldn’t wait until the first convention after the relationship became canon. The fandom was going to absolutely lose their shit, and by the looks of it, Misha couldn’t wait either.

When they all exited the stage, as soon as they were behind the curtain, Jensen spun Misha around, pulling him in for a kiss. “You fucking dork.” He muttered, looking at Misha wearing Jared’s shirt. There was this very, very small part of him that was slightly jealous seeing Misha wearing another man’s clothing. But he just looks so damn cute. And I really have to work on my jealous, because I can’t lose him. I just can’t. He kissed Misha again, only pulling away when he heard Jared clearing his throat. “What?” Jensen asked sheepishly slinging his arm over Misha’s shoulders.
Jared looked at them, almost shyly. “Nothing… it’s just… I feel like I’ve known about you two all along, before you even knew. You two are just… you’re perfect for each other.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ve honestly been waiting for this chapter for so long because it involves Misha and Jensen flirting on stage. And if anyone thinks that they don’t flirt on stage, please enjoy the following gifs, because I’ve had them saved forever.
LOOK AT MISHA'S HAND AND THEIR HIPS IN THAT LAST GIF. HOLY SHIT, EVEN THE CHAIR FAINTED.

But oh no, the flirting doesn't end there.
Also, is it just me, or does it TOTALLY look like Jensen went in for a kiss here?

 Honestly, they're fucking killing me.

AND YES I'M BEING COMPLETE AND TOTAL COCKLES TRASH TONIGHT.
Misha may have sort of came out as openly bi???, I mean, there’s always the really good chance that the fandom is looking into it WAY too much but???, I’m screaming???, because anyone who’s read Vicki’s book would most DEFINITELY make the assumption that he’s bi, but if this was all really him indirectly coming out as bi openly, I’m going to hurl myself into on coming traffic because I’m so fucking happy for that ray of sunshine.

For those of you who are going to ask, Misha made a joke about running for president, and now a website exists for his "campaign", but it has not been confirmed if he had any involvement with the website.
Isn't it time for a world without partisan? Join the campaign.

Your Email Address
But within the hour, the words were changed to

Isn't it time for a world leader that's openly bipartisan?

So maybe we're looking into it too much... but regardless, there was a reason for that "..." that was originally there. The website was also up and running right after Misha posted a video to his Twitter with the message "You are not alone", which is so cute that I'm dying. I'll be burning in Cockles hell if any of you need me.
I'm so sorry I've fallen behind on updating my fics, guys. I've just been going through a lot, and I found out that my father has to have surgery in the next few weeks. I normally don’t ask for things like this, but prayers/positive vibes would be very much appreciated.

I should be writing a five page paper on gender norms right now, but I've missed this fic.

Hopefully the fluff, smut, and length of this chapter will make it up to you guys.

Misha signed on the dotted line, his hand shaking slightly as Jensen watched him. He smiled and stepped back, and Jensen admired Misha’s signature right below his. It had finally happened. The house was theirs. They were moving in together. Things were official. And Jensen thought his heart was about to burst out of his chest.

The house was perfect. It was roomy with plenty of space for guest rooms, or offices, or literally whatever Jensen and Misha wanted to turn it into. Jensen smiled, thinking about the backyard. Besides the huge, open kitchen, it was both he and Misha’s favorite part. It had enough room for a pool, which Jensen was super psyched about. Misha seemed to think there was one little corner of the property that was perfect for a garden. Jensen wrapped his arm around Misha’s waist, giving him a kiss on the cheek. He hated gardening, but he would go buy a sunhat right fucking now as long as Misha kept grinning like he was.

The real estate agent looked at them sweetly, her eyes practically screaming ‘aw, how cute!’ Jensen wondered what she must be thinking since his manager still didn’t know about him and Misha, and she was under the impression that it was just going to be Jensen signing on for the house. Originally, Jensen was just going to be the one who’s name the house was under, but he wanted it to feel more real. He wanted them to be in this together, a step this big didn’t feel right without Misha’s name on the paper along with his.

“Congratulations, you two.” The real estate agent said warmly, now grinning from ear to ear. She grabbed the paperwork, shoving it in her brief case. “I’ll get out of your hair now. I’m sure you two are ready to get settled in.” She slid a business card across the kitchen counter towards them. “I know you already have my number, but don’t hesitate to call if you need anything. You hear?”

Jensen and Misha grinned back at her and showered her with thanks before walking her out the door. The moment the door was closed behind her, Jensen grabbed Misha’s face, pulling him in for a long, loving kiss. “Well… we really did it, baby.” He practically purred when he pulled away. He skinned his thumbs across Misha’s stubbled cheeks, gazing into his brilliantly blue eyes. Jensen couldn’t help but notice how misty they looked.

“We really did it.” Misha repeated back, his voice cracking slightly as he grinned at Jensen, all crinkly eyes and gums.

Jensen pulled him in against his chest, sighing contently. He kissed the top of Misha’s head and
snuggled against his mess of dark hair. “I love you, Mish.”

“I love you the most.” Misha replied, slightly muffled against Jensen’s chest.

“So… first things first.” Jensen said. He was looking through the kitchen, into the living room. “I want that god awful brown off of our living room walls.”

Misha laughed, pulling away. “Really? That’s the first thing you’re worried about?”

Jensen shrugged and smiled at his boyfriend. He honestly wasn’t sure what to do with himself. The house came furnished, and even though he was sure that he and Misha were going to change quite a bit, nothing irked him quite as much as the shade of brown in the living room.

Misha stroked Jensen’s cheek briefly and walked into the living room. Jensen followed him. Misha ran his hand along one of the walls tenderly. “You know, it is hideous. But I kinda like it. I don’t think I’ve ever seen paint this shade of brown before.”

Jensen groaned and flopped down on the couch. “Don’t say that. Because if you like it, I’m going to end up keeping it, and I’m not sure I can deal with that ugly ass color every day for the rest of my life.”

Misha grinned, turning to join Jensen on the couch. He dropped down next to him and bit his lip, glancing at Jensen shyly. “I can’t believe you did all of this, babe.” He whispered, his voice completely smitten. Jensen wove their hands together, leaning his head against Misha’s shoulder, smiling.

“You shoulda seen the look on your face when I told you, Mish.”

“I nearly had a heart attack! What made you think it was a good idea to tell me about it on the way back from the convention? It was literally all I could think about the entire plane ride.”

“I couldn’t wait anymore!” Jensen replied, grinning. “Do you really like the place? You didn’t just agree to it just for the sake of us living together, right?” His voice was hesitant. He loved the house, but if Misha didn’t, it didn’t mean anything to him. And he didn’t want things to feel rushed for Misha. He knew they were both taking this a bit faster than they had both agreed on, but it was like their relationship had gained this momentum and Jensen didn’t want it to stop.

“I love it, Jen.” Misha hummed contently, and even though Jensen couldn’t see his face, he knew he was being honest. “What do you say we go get some paint for these walls?”

Jensen watched Misha’s eyes scan over the different color samples of paint. He picked up two sample swatches. His eyebrows were furrowed in concentration as he held two swatches in his hands, obviously trying to figure out how they weren’t the exact same color. Jensen grinned. *This is literally the cutest fucking thing I’ve ever seen.*

“How are these colors different?” Misha asked, showing him the swatches. Jensen laughed.

“I don’t know, baby. They look the same to me.”

“My point exactly. Eh. They’re both ugly anyway.” He put the swatches back, looking at Jensen expectantly. “You’re the one that hates the color, are you going to help me or just stand there?”

Jensen shrugged and smiled sheepishly. “I like watching you, it’s cute.” Misha rolled his eyes.
“Okay, grumpy.” Jensen added, tickling Misha’s sides until he squirmed. Misha laughed and swatted him away, trying to back out of Jensen’s reach. Jensen went after him until he was backed against the sample color rack, inches from his face. Jensen sighed contently. A million different shades of every color imaginable made up the backdrop behind Misha, but not a single color was nearly as beautiful as the blue of Misha’s eyes, or the pink that was creeping up his cheeks as he giggled at being tickled.

“What?” Misha asked, breathless, noticing how Jensen was looking at him. Jensen’s hands stopped tickling Misha, but rested on his hips.

“Nothing… I just couldn’t be any more in love with you.” Jensen whispered. He was also breathless, because Misha absolutely took his breath away.

“I know exactly what you mean, babe.” Misha said lovingly, leaning forward to kiss him.

They both heard someone clear their throat to their right and turned. A burly, bearded looking guy was looking at them disapprovingly as his hand grabbed for a particular shade of eggshell. Simultaneously, Misha stuck out his tongue and Jensen flipped the man off. They both busted out laughing as the guy walked away, muttering derogatory words under his breath. Jensen grinned and nuzzled against Misha’s neck, smiling when he felt goosebumps spread under his lips and heard Misha sigh contently. Yeah, they were in public, and they were probably being totally gross… but Jensen didn’t care. He was so happy and so in love, and he was over caring what other people thought about it.

“I can’t wait to get you home and break our new bed in.” Jensen muttered against Misha’s neck, smiling when he felt his boyfriend shiver.

Misha grabbed his face, kissing him on the nose sweetly. “Me either… but focus, Jen. Will you please help me pick out a color?”

Jensen rolled his eyes, “Anything for you, dear.” He said sarcastically. He grabbed the color that the judgmental man from earlier had grabbed. “You know, that bearded asshole actually had pretty decent taste.” He showed the swatch to Misha, raising his eyebrows.

Misha grinned impishly and winked. “Let’s get that one. I’m getting this sick sort of satisfaction out of knowing that it would probably piss him off to know that his walls are the same color as ours.”

Later that day, Jensen and Misha moved all the furniture to the middle of the living room, and were attempting to cover the horrible shade of brown covering the walls. Jensen’s wall was looking flawless, as though a professional painter had been working on it. He looked over at Misha’s wall and sighed in frustration. Misha hadn’t even been trying, instead he was painting abstract designs, and at one point even painted the words ‘JENSEN IS A LOSER’ on the wall.

Jensen came up behind him quietly, causing him to jump as his wrapped his arms around his waist and kissed the back of his neck. “Really, Mish?” He felt Misha laugh in his arms.

“I got bored. This is taking longer than I thought.”

“You’re so impatient.” Jensen’s backed up, taking his brush and flicking his wrist, causing paint to splatter all over Misha. He laughed at the shocked and betrayed look on Misha’s face.

“You fucker.” Misha muttered, laughing. He dipped his own brush in his bucket on paint and
splattered some all over Jensen.

“Hey! You better hope that comes out. This is my Joker shirt.” Jensen said, pulling the shirt out away from his body and checking out the damage.

“But it’s okay for you to get paint on my Random Acts of Kindness shirt?”

“You own Random Acts! You can get as many shirts as you want, whenever you want!” replied, his tone annoyed. Suddenly Misha grinned. “What?”

“We’re bickering. Like a real couple.” The smitten look on Misha’s face was enough to cause Jensen to completely melt.

Jensen dropped his brush on the paint pan and ran his fingers through Misha’s hair as Misha did the same. “Yeah? Well we are a real couple. You gonna be able to deal with my grumpiness forever?”

Misha leaned against Jensen’s touch. “I wouldn’t want it any other way.” Jensen’s hands dropped to Misha’s hips, and then slid down to his ass. Misha raised an eyebrow, but Jensen’s hands slide down lower to the back of Misha’s thighs. In one swift movement, he lifted Misha up, and without hesitation, Misha wrapped his legs around Jensen’s waist and he draped his arms around Jensen’s shoulders. Jensen looked up at Misha, grinning as he crowded him against the wet wall behind him, laughing when Misha protested about his shirt getting more paint on it. Jensen brought their lips together, sighing contently at how Misha completely melted against him. Misha’s hands cards through Jensen’s hair, and they both groaned when the doorbell rang. “Jared?” Misha asked as Jensen sat him down.

Jensen leaned in to place a quick kiss on Misha’s lips. “Yep. He couldn’t wait to see the place.”

They both went to answer the door, laughing when they opened it up. Jared was struggling to carry the massive house warming basket and beer that he brought. They relieved him of his arm load, revealing that he was beaming from ear to ear.

“The place looks great!” He exclaimed excitedly.

“You’ve literally just seen the outside.” Jensen replied laughing and placing the beer on the kitchen counter. “Is there a particular reason you’re coming through our back door?”

“I kinda gave myself a tour of the entire yard.” Jared said, grinning sheepishly.

“Wow, Jared. You didn’t have to do all of this.” Misha said, looking at the basket. It was massive, full of kitchen utensils, wine, fancy cheeses, and even something that you nailed to the wall to hang your keys on.

Jared waved Misha off, still grinning. “Why… why are you guys covered in paint?”

“Jensen didn’t like the color of the living room walls.” Misha said, grabbing a beer and popping it open.

“In my defense, they were hideous.” Jensen said, cupping a hand on Jensen’s shoulder.

“Look at you, being all domestic.” Jared teased, cupping a hand on Jensen’s shoulder.

“Yeah, yeah. Grab a brush, will ya?”
After more beers than any of them were proud of, and Jared agreeing with the message Misha has painted on the wall, the living room’s first coat of paint was finished. Jensen sighed happily. You could still see the awful brown a bit, but it already looked so much better, and he was proud at how quickly they knocked it out. They all plopped down on the furniture in the middle of the room, opening up one last beer.

“You’re welcome to stay here tonight if you would like.” Misha said to Jared. “We have plenty of room.”

“Thanks, man. But it’s the first night you guys are staying here. You two need to enjoy it alone.” He winked at them, and Jensen felt himself blush. “Besides, there’s only that much room until you guys have kids.” Jensen choked on his beer and Misha laughed. “I mean, if you guys chose to have kids… or adopt… or… you know what, I’m just going to shut my mouth.”


They made their way to the front door, and before Jared opened it, he turned around and wrapped his large cumbersome arms around the both of them. “I love you guys, seriously. And I’m so happy that the two of you finally did something about how you felt about each other.” Jensen and Misha both chuckled, hugging him back.

“Thanks, Jared. It means a lot.” Jensen replied, patting him on the back.

“It really does.” Misha agreed, ruffling Jared’s long hair.

They said their goodbyes, and Jared closed the door behind him. Jensen turned to Misha, his eyebrows raised as he bit his lip. “So, uh….kids?”

Misha kissed him on the cheek. “Not a discussion we need to worry about just yet.” He said sweetly. Jensen smiled, happy that Misha agreed that it was definitely too soon to be having *that* talk. Jensen picked Misha up exactly like he had earlier, grinning at how Misha’s face lit up. “Jesus, you make me feel so tiny.” Misha said, laughing.

“You are. Well, uh, you’re not in the places that count…”

Misha swatted at Jensen playfully. “No, really. I’m surprised you can pick me up. I’ve gained weight since letting you cook all of the time.”


“Well then I’m a lucky man. I love you too.” Misha whispered, kissing Jensen’s forehead. “But I’m not letting you carry me to the bedroom. Five bucks says you’d trip on the stairs and kill us both.”

Jensen and Misha fell into their soft, new sheets. Jensen sighed happily, glad that Misha had talked him into buying silk bedsheets, because it felt *amazing* against his bare skin. He rolled over on top of
Misha, pinning him to the bed. “I’m really glad Jared decided not to stay.” He muttered, trailing kisses down Misha’s jaw and he fistfed his hands into Misha’s hair. Misha was already panting, and didn’t bother responding. Jensen chuckled. “Really? I’m leaving Misha Collins completely speechless? Normally I can’t get you to shut up.” He nipped at Misha’s throat, feeling it vibrate as Misha giggled. And Jensen loved it. He was the only person that got to see Misha like this, was the only person that could leave Misha both speechless and breathless. All Jensen could think about was replacing any words with moans, whimpers, and high pitched keening noise that only he got to hear.

“Lube.” Misha panted, barely coherent enough to even get the one word out.

Jensen chuckled again, rutting between Misha, his breath coming out in stutters as their cocks dragged together. “Oh, I don’t know, baby. I’m kinda beat after all that painting today. I think I may just call it a night.”

“Jensen!” Misha growled, grabbing Jensen’s face and pulling it level with his own. “No one likes a tease.” He added smirking.

Jensen gave Misha a long, slow kiss, and rolled over to grab the lube, defeated. “Uh… Houston, we have a problem.” He whined.

Misha rolled over on his side, propping himself up on an elbow. “What’s wrong, babe?”

Groaning, Jensen ran a hand through his hair in frustration. “We’re out of condoms. God dammit. I knew there was something we were forgetting while we were out.”

Misha opened his mouth, then closed it thoughtfully. He bit his lip shyly. “Um… I don’t… I don’t mind if you don’t.”

Jensen froze. “Really, Mish?”

Misha shrugged, dropping his eyes. Jensen smiled at him, noticing him blush. “I’m not sleeping with anyone else, and neither are you…” Misha shrugged again, finally dragging his blue eyes up to Jensen’s green ones. He looked so nervous, almost like he was terrified that he had said the wrong thing. Jensen rolled over in one swift movement, grabbing Misha and pulling him on top of him.

“You sure, baby?” He muttered, dropping the bottle of lube next to him so that he could ghost his hands up Misha’s sides.

A shy smile flickered across Misha’s face. “If you are.”

Pulling Misha’s face down so that their lips could meet, Jensen felt like his heart was so full it could burst. They had been through a lot, and made a lot of major, life changing decisions lately. But Misha never failed to prove time and time again just how much trust was between them. “Besides, it’s not like you can get pregnant.” He teased, trying to cover up the fact that he could cry over how much he loved the person he was sharing a bed with. “On your hands and knees.” He added, winking and giving Misha’s ass a playful smack. Misha leaned down to give him another kiss before complying. Jensen hopped up, leaning over his boyfriend and kissing tender, sweet kisses down Misha’s spine. “I love you, baby.” He hummed against his skin.

“I love you the most.” Misha sighed back, shifting his weight from his hands to his elbows and arching against Jensen. Jensen continued to kiss every bare inch of skin on Misha’s back as he ran his hands along Misha’s thighs.

“Gonna make this so good for you, Mish.”
Misha let out a frustrated groan. “Well, I’m waiting.” He smarted, and Jensen slapped him on the ass, causing him to jump. He then leaned back, planting a sweet kiss to the reddening area. Leaning back a little further, he clumsily grabbed for the lube, squeezing a copious amount on his throbbing, hard cock. He lined himself up and slowly eased inside of Misha, sighing contently as Misha moaned and arched his back.

“Jesus Christ, you feel amazing.” Jensen purred, leaning forward to plant a few more kisses along Misha’s spine. Misha whimpered, moving his hips impatiently. “I got you, baby.” Jensen responded to him, slowly beginning to thrust. A helpless groan spilled from Jensen’s lips as Misha continued to move his hips, meeting him with every thrust.

And Jensen meant every word of it, Misha felt amazing. And watching Misha’s skin ripple over the muscles of his back was only making Jensen harder… but something was missing. He slowed his pace slightly, earning a frustrated mewl from Misha. “I can’t see your eyes.” Jensen finally said, frowning deeply. If he wanted to, he knew he could come from this position. But he wanted to see Misha, needed to see those beautiful blue eyes of his. Jensen silently slid out of his boyfriend. But he didn’t even have time to react before Misha was pushing him on his back.

“You’re such a fucking tease, Jen.” He growled, climbing on top of Jensen, bringing their lips together and biting down on Jensen’s bottom lip just a little too hard. Jensen’s moaned hungrily against Misha’s lips. Misha knees were on either side of his Jensen’s hips, and he leaned back, reaching behind himself to grab Jensen’s dick and align it with his rim. Skipping the teasing pleasantries, he sank down on Jensen’s cock in one slow, agonizingly glorious slide.

“Oh fuck.” Jensen panted. Why the fuck have we not been doing this more? Jensen felt his mouth fall open, because *Fuck, Misha is so fucking gorgeous.* Misha grinned and bit his bottom lip shyly as he started to ride Jensen, and Jensen immediately began losing his mind. “C’mere.” Jensen slurred between moans, reaching up for Misha. Misha smiled, bringing their lips together. Jensen began to meet Misha with every thrust, knowing that there was no well in hell he was going to last long like this. Jensen winded his fingers in the dark tresses of Misha’s hair, pulling just hard enough to get his favorite exquisite whine to escape Misha’s throat. “Baby, I’m not going to… oh… I’m not going to last long like this.” Misha either didn’t hear him or chose to ignore him and was only riding harder, now kissing along Jensen’s throat and delicately sucking the flesh there. “And there’s no way… oh fuck, Misha… there’s no way I can pull out like this.”

“I know, babe.” The words ghosted across Jensen’s earlobe, and it took every ounce of will he had not to come right then and there. Jensen reached between them, grabbing Misha’s leaking cock and pumping it to the same rhythm that Misha was riding him, grinning when Misha’s eyelids fluttered at the added pleasure. Misha worried his bottom lip and grabbed Jensen’s free hand, intertwining their fingers. *I love him so much. So fucking much.* Jensen’s body was on fire, trying to work Misha up just as far along as he was, loving every second of it because they no longer fucked. It didn’t matter how rough or fast paced it was, every single time they had sex now, it was making love, and it was like a dose of a drug that Jensen couldn’t get enough of.

“Come for me, baby.” Jensen groaned, only seconds away from coming himself. Misha gave one last high pitched whine against Jensen’s throat, and Jensen felt him shutter as his wet, hot load splattered against their stomachs. He wasn’t even finished before Jensen was coming inside him, his whole body seizing as Misha’s contracted around him. Despite Misha’s own orgasm, he leaned forward, kissing Jensen’s temple and stroking his hair through the orgasm.

They staying like that for a moment, both panting and feeling the sweat cool on their skin. Jensen kissed every square inch of Misha that he could reach, the sated smile on Misha’s lips giving him butterflies. “I’m gonna go clean up.” Misha murmured, gently sliding off of Jensen’s spent cock and
heading for the bathroom.

‘Hurry up. I miss you already.’” Jensen called after him, grabbing some tissues from the night stand to clean himself off. He tossed the tissues in the trashcan leaned back in bed, an arm folded behind his head. He grinned. Everything was exactly as it should be.

Misha was barely sitting on the bed, when Jensen pulled him in and wrapped both his arms and the covers around him.

“Mmm, someone is feeling lovey dovey.” Misha hummed, snuggling up against him.

“You have no idea.” Jensen whispered, burying his face in Misha’s hair.

And all Jensen could think about is how he needed to go engagement ring shopping.

Chapter End Notes

I should probably feel a little bit embarrassed at how this chapter makes me swoon a bit, seeing as this is my own fic... but they're just too cute, okay? And the past couple of weeks has been absolute Cockles hell for me. If Jensen nuzzles up against Misha's shoulder one more time, I'm going to scream. And from what fans have said, Jensen has just been praising Misha non stop at the Nashville convention. UGH. My heart.

Anyways, can you imagine these two cuties taking selfies in their new home?
And people can say what they will about Cockles, but these two clearly have one of the most beautiful bonds ever. <3 Just look at them!
And now these two get to share a bed, every single night. (Well, at least they do in this fic)
Also, I feel like it's only fair to warn you... things are about to get hella angsty, because that's how real life is.
Hello... it's me...
No really, this note is probably going to be pretty long.
First of all, I want to apologize for having to neglect my fics. Things in my life just got really hectic. Between my eight classes, hours picking up at work, my volunteer work, joining an honor society and becoming their activities director, setting up my internship, doing political campaigning, and trying to maintain a social life, I just really haven't had time to write but little bits and pieces here and there. So thank you all for your patience with me. I've missed writing this fic, trust me! Even when I don't have a lot of time to physically write the scenes, it's what I do in my head before passing out for the night haha.

I would also like to thank all of you for your kind words about my writing. Y'all are too sweet, and leave me a blushing mess every single time I check my inbox. Your encouragement is what pulls me back each time to update.

To those of you who are wishing my father well, thank you for that too. The surgery has officially been locked into place and will be in two weeks. Fingers crossed that everything goes alright!

And I also wanted to thank those of you who are not only reading this fic, but my other fic Feathers and Freckles.

Your encouragement means the absolute world to me, guys.

Anyways, this is a pretty long chapter. Let the angst commence! (please don't hate me)

Also, this is a Misha chapter! He's the focal point instead of Jensen. The next chapter will be the same way. ;)

Misha groaned in his sleep, his hands reaching up to sleepily cover his ears with his pillow. For once, the cast had a weekend off, and yet Jensen’s phone was going off much too early. Misha ripped the pillow from his head and threw it at Jensen, who was just starting to stir. Jensen rubbed his eyes before registering that he had a call, and shot up to grab his phone. Misha huffed a sigh of relief, snuggling against his remaining pillow. Jensen’s gruff, half-asleep voice talking into the receiver of his cell was a million times more pleasant than the obnoxious generic ringtone.

Jensen kept his voice low as he answered the call, and began to run his fingers up and down Misha’s spine gently. Misha smiled, he knew Jensen was trying to be sweet and lull him back to sleep, and he was nearly there when a part of Jensen’s conversation pulled him back to consciousness.

“A surprise Josh, really? You know I hate surprises.” Jensen muttered, his voice strained with suspicion. Misha smiled again. That was a lie, Jensen loved surprises… he just wasn’t particularly fond of them coming from his brother, Joshua. Jensen’s hand had paused on Misha’s back, and Misha rolled over to face him, blinking his sleepy blue eyes. Jensen’s own eyes brightened when Misha’s looked up at him, and he leaned down to give his boyfriend a quiet, chaste kiss. “No shit? You’re gonna be in town?” Jensen said, his voice now at regular volume. Misha lazily snuggled up against him, planting a kiss on his bare stomach as he watched Jensen’s face shift from confused, to alarmed, but then to excited at what Josh had to say. “Well, it turns out I got a surprise for you too.
Don’t plan on going to my apartment, I, uh… don’t live there anymore.” Misha wasn’t sure how Josh replied, but his voice had definitely gotten louder, and Misha could almost hear him. Jensen laughed. “No! It’s nothing like that. I uh, I have a house now.” He paused. “I know, I know! But uh, that’s not the only surprise.”

Jensen looked down at Misha and smiled lovingly. Misha smiled back, a warm, content feeling spreading through his chest. He kissed Jensen’s stomach again, this time lower. He looked up at Jensen’s mischievously, planting another kiss even lower. Jensen met his eyes, shooting him a don’t-you-dare look. Misha playfully slid two fingers under the band of Jensen’s boxers, running the digits along the fabric but not dipping them any lower. Jensen’s knuckles gripping his cell were turning white, and he squirmed, trying to bat Misha away. Misha only barely heard Jensen mutter a quick comment about Josh calling him when his plane landed before Jensen ended the call and tossed his phone on the nightstand.

“Jesus, Mish. Can you not do shit like that when I’m on the phone with my brother of all people?” Jensen growled, giving Misha a look somewhere between lust blown and a pout. Misha just smiled at him innocently. “C’mere.” Jensen said, wrapping a hand around the back of Misha’s head and pulling him up closer to his face. He kissed Misha, slowly and tenderly. He sighed contently when he pulled away, but then shot Misha a dazzling smile. Misha was really glad they were lying down, because it made him feel weak in the knees. “You do realize you’re the other surprise, right baby?” Jensen asked, placing a sweet, quick kiss on the end of Misha’s nose.

“I had a feeling…” Misha tried to dismiss casually, but his heart was fluttering and his palms were sweating, and Jensen didn’t know it, but Misha was nervous. This meant that Jensen didn’t just plan on telling someone else about them, but a family member. Despite his nervousness, Misha’s face lit up. The past couple of weeks had been insane. Granted, it wasn’t like the type of insanity that Misha normally found himself in, but he wouldn’t trade it for the world. Besides, there was plenty of time to drag Jensen down with him in all the crazy antics he had planned. He was just too busy soaking in the honeymoon phase of their relationship at the moment, reveling in how far Jensen had come since the day they had kissed in his trailer. Before his brain could even register his actions, he was straddling Jensen and licking his way into his mouth, his heart impossibly full.

They had just moved into their house together, and Misha could already see where it was going to be a huge problem. He had zero motivation to get out of bed. His and Jensen’s legs were tangled, and he was just so comfortable. He didn’t care what time it was, or how much Jensen complained about how they needed to get up. Besides, there was no real commitment in Jensen’s complaints. This was definitely the best problem Misha had ever had to face.

But eventually, Jensen crawled out of bed while Misha napped. Misha felt the bed shift in his sleep, and vaguely felt Jensen kiss him on top of the head, but he slept on while Jensen headed for the shower. While Jensen was still in the shower, Misha woke back up with a sigh. He stretched, grabbing his phone to check the time. He breathed a sigh of relief. He didn’t plan on telling Jensen this, but he hated checking his phone noways. Way too often there was a text or missed call from Alexandra, and Misha was beyond sick of it. He had half a mind to block her number or change his, but there was a part of him that couldn’t without feeling bad. With her help, Random Acts of Kindness now had more money than the organization knew what to do with. Misha had a million different things planned, and for once, money wasn’t going to be a problem. Technically money was never really a problem in between campaigns and kind donations, but sometimes when he had bigger things planned, it just took time to gain the money needed for the whole operation. Random Acts was flourishing with the money received from the two benefits Alexandra had helped host, and it just didn’t seem right to completely discard her after receiving that kind of help.
Luckily, there was no call or text from Alexandra, just the time. And it made Misha painfully aware that he was going to have to get up and be a functioning adult soon, regardless of knowing he could probably lure Jensen back to bed if he really wanted. Misha yawned and scratched his stomach absentmindedly, having to convince himself to wait for Jensen to get out of the shower instead of joining him. Misha grinned to himself. *I'm being ridiculous. We live together now. Jensen is going to get sick of me.* But Misha hoped that he never did, because *fuck* did all of this feel good. Not just the mind blowing, constant sex. But *everything.*

Misha would have never guessed his life would turn out like this, never in a million years. His life had been turned upside down in a million different ways, even when he was a child. He had been through hell and back on more than one occasion, but if all of that was leading up to having Jensen be his, then he wouldn’t change any of it. The bullying, self-harm, homelessness, legal trouble, and just struggling in general had helped mold him into the person he was today. And that was a person that Jensen loved, a person that Jensen wanted to marry.

In retrospect, it was almost kind of funny to Misha. Had Jensen met him during any other part of his life, he would have been running for the hills. Hell, Misha was pretty sure he still almost did the first day they met. Misha would never forget that day. He had been so excited that it had been almost painfully difficult to get into character, almost making him regret choosing Castiel’s little quirks during his audition. He had never watched Supernatural, and didn’t really know the first thing about the show or it’s cast members, but he couldn’t complain. He was going to get paid (quite a bit too) for something he loved doing, acting. Then he was introduced to Jensen and the first thing he thought was *I’m fucked.* He had been running around set all day trying to weasel things out of the crew about what his costar was going to be like, and not a single one had decided to mention just how attractive Jensen was. So attractive in fact, that it was horribly distracting, and Misha even impressed himself with how professional he handled things. Luckily for him, Castiel was fascinated with humans, and even though staring wasn’t part of the script, the writer’s loved it.

At first he thought Jensen was a stand-offish dick because, well, he was kind of acting like one. During the first couple of episodes, he had caught Jensen looking in his direction and whispering things to Jared more than once. And it really didn’t bother Misha, because he was used to it. He had learned a long time ago, especially in high school, that attractive people often knew they were attractive, and treated weird people like they were freaks. And if there was one thing Misha was, it was weird. Jensen never failed to remind him of that, even today. But the way he said it went from being dismally, to teasingly, and eventually endearingly. According to Jensen, at some point, ‘weird’ had transitioned into ‘intriguing’, and somehow Misha and Jensen became unlikely friends. Even then Misha felt kind of out of place. Jensen and Jared had already had years to establish a friendship and Misha felt like a third wheel. But once Jared and Jensen had gotten to know him, they both insisted on having him around. He even quickly caught on to the fact that even though they teased him relentlessly, they did it because they liked him.

But spending more time with Jensen didn’t make Misha find him any less attractive. In fact, it quickly became to exact opposite. Misha found himself *crushing* on the other man quickly, and he wanted to slap himself for it. Jensen was his coworker. He was straight. They barely knew each other. He was *straight.* It was all just a million different shades of wrong. But none of that mattered anymore. Because apparently, Jensen wasn’t exactly as straight as either of them thought. And Misha was happy. He had a roof over his head, food in the fridge, clothes in the closet. If life had taught him one thing, if you had all of those things then you had nothing to complain about. And he definitely couldn’t complain about being in love with the most amazing man he knew.

Jensen was an anxious wreck, and Misha thought it was absolutely adorable. From the moment
Jensen had gotten dressed, he had switched into overdrive. Misha had had to stop him and get him to take a deep breath because they were currently in a Sears and Jensen was freaking out about how they didn’t have a big enough grill selection, and he really wanted to grill out tonight because Josh was coming over. Misha laced their fingers together and kissed Jensen mid-sentence, causing him to freeze.

“Calm down, Jen. Please. I’m pretty sure Josh isn’t going to judge you for your grill. Well… I mean, that does sound like something people from Texas would do now that I think about it…”

Jensen laughed and took a deep breath. Misha grinned, seeing his boyfriend relax. “Isn’t it weird how I’m freaking out over a grill for fucks sake?” Jensen finally said. “You think I would be freaking out over having to explain that I’m dating and fucking one of my costars.” Misha gave a small, uncomfortable chuckle. “Uh… that came out wrong, Mish. I know Josh will be okay with it. Maybe a little shocked, but he’ll definitely be okay with it.”

“I know, babe. It just… it still makes me a little nervous.” Misha said, tightening his grip on Jensen’s hand as his eyes dropped to his feet. They shuffled under his eyes scrutiny.

Jensen tenderly gripped the side of Misha’s face, coaxing Misha to look up at him. “Well here’s the thing… You just so happen to got me liking wine. And wine just so happens to make you relaxed and giggly and adorable. I was thinking we could pick up a bottle and just me and you share it before Josh heads over?” Misha bit his lip and nodded, feeling his heart melt at the way Jensen’s forest green eyes sparkled. “Good.” Jensen winked at him. “But as soon as Josh comes over, we’re switching to beer. He’ll be perfectly okay with me fucking another dude, but god forbid he finds out that I’ve been drinking wine.”

Both Jensen and Misha laughed and finished picking out a grill. Misha was less nervous and Jensen was less anxious. It was going to be okay. Everything was going to be fine.

Jensen uncorked the bottle of wine they had picked up on the way home. He poured Misha a glass and kissed him sweetly before going back outside to fetch the grill. It was an incredibly small one thanks to Sears’ lack of variety, and he had no problem getting it to the back porch by himself. Misha sipped his wine and started unpacking the groceries they picked up. The kitchen had a lovely bay window that overlooked the back porch and back yard, and he couldn’t help but smile as he glanced through it at Jensen. He was squinting at the instruction manual, but eventually shrugged and tossed it to the side, twisting knobs on the grill and hoping for the best. Misha hadn’t even realized he had stopped in the middle of stocking the fridge with beer. I am so in love with him. Misha thought happily.

There was a time when Misha would have thought all of this was a good idea. His sexuality swayed more towards men or women depending on the day, but one of his rules when it came to men was to always steer clear of the one’s that weren’t confident in their sexuality. So naturally, he had taken a risk with Jensen. And yet here they were. Rings on their fingers, in a house of their own, barely able to get out of bed in the morning because they can’t stop loving on each other. Misha smiled and shook his head happily, taking another sip of his wine before finishing to unpack the groceries. He put a single beer in the freezer for a bit so that it would get cold faster. He knew Jensen would want a beer after fiddling with the grill, more so than the wine anyway. And Jensen had been right, there was something about wine that lift him light hearted and giggly, and that just meant more wine for him.
Jensen was bustling around the kitchen so fast that he was a blur. Okay, so maybe he was only a blur because of his speed plus the excessive amount of wine that Misha had drank. But he wasn’t complaining. He was no longer nervous and was in a wonderfully positive mood. Not to mention, Jensen was going all out with dinner, making Misha’s stomach growl in longing.

“I guess what they say is true…” Misha said, smiling and pouring himself another glass of wine. Jensen looked up at him over the bowl of homemade mashed potatoes that he was making. Misha continued. “The best way to a man’s heart is through his stomach. And damn, can you cook, babe.” He sauntered over to Jensen, sticking his finger in the bowl and licking the potatoes from his finger. Jensen seemed to have lost his train of thought for a second, but then shook his head and grinned.

“Guess I know how to keep you around now, huh? All I gotta do is keep you fed and keep you sexually sated…” He thought for a second and then chuckled. “Maybe I shoulda tried to date guys earlier. This is by far the least complicated relationship I’ve ever been in.”

Misha hopped up on the counter next to the bowl, wine in hand. “I’m glad you didn’t though. There’s something grossly romantic about me being your first and all.” He admired the blush that crept across Jensen’s face and across the tips of his ears.

Misha had been trying to help, but mostly just tried to stay out of Jensen’s way. He was a hurricane of making all kinds of food, even though Misha knew they could have just ordered take out and Josh would have been equally impressed. A part of Misha felt like the reason why Jensen was busing himself was so that he wouldn’t freak out. Earlier he had had a mini panic attack because he couldn’t decide if Misha should pick up Josh from the airport or he should or they both should together. After Misha had gotten him to calm down, he had decided to just text Josh the address and have him grab a taxi. They both felt like it was better to tell Josh about that relationship in their home versus during the car ride there.

The doorbell rang and Misha flinched, nearly spilling wine on his shirt. Which he would have been a total baby about, because he was currently wearing his blue button up, Jensen’s favorite. Jensen had also frozen, staring blankly at the bowl he was mixing. Misha hopped down from the counter, finishing off his glass in one gulp. He leaned in and kissed Jensen on the lips softly. “It’ll be fine, Jen.” He knew he was saying to convince himself just as much as Jensen, but it seemed to have worked because Jensen wiped his hands against his jeans and headed to the front door.

Not a second after Misha heard the door open up, he heard Josh’s enthusiastic voice boom down the hallway.

“Nice digs, man.” Josh said after whistling, his voice growing closer as he and Jensen made their way towards the kitchen.

“Uh, thanks.” Misha could hear the barely-there shaking in Jensen’s voice. “Just wait until you see what I’ve made for dinner. I bet I’ll put mom to shame.” Josh just snorted.

They both rounded the corner, and Josh’s face lit up when he saw Misha. “Misha! Holy shit, it’s good to see you, man.” He said, dropping his bag and walking over to embrace him. Misha laughed and hugged him back, looking over his shoulder at Jensen. Even though Jensen looked like he might puke, the act had made a small smile spread across his lips. Josh pulled away, looking around the kitchen. He immediately made himself at home and opened up the fridge to grab a beer. He didn’t go without noticing the bottle of wine. “Misha, please tell me this bottle of wine is yours. Because if not, I’m going to have to kick Jensen’s ass for being such a girl.” Misha just laughed, but almost jumped when he felt Jensen snake his arm around his waist. Josh hadn’t noticed because he was struggling to get the beer cap off.
Jensen cleared his throat nervously, and Misha reached around himself to give Jensen’s hand a squeeze as it rested around his waist. “Actually, it’s not his. It’s ours. Uh, everything in this house isn’t just mine. It’s ours. Like, the house is ours. God dammit, Joshua. Look at me.” The words stumbled from Jensen’s mouth uncertainly, jumbled together and almost sounding like one long sentence. Josh looked up, alarmed. “Misha and I… we’re together. Like… we’re dating, okay? And so far only Jared and one more of friends know about it. And, well, now you.”

Josh just stared at the for a moment, his eyes scanning back and forth between them and noticing how they were standing. The hand that had been trying to twist the beer cap off slid from the cap the dangle by his side. Misha could almost see the gears grinding in his head. He looked down at the floor for a moment, biting his lip and thinking. He finally inhaled deeply and shook his head. “I knew you didn’t have much luck with the ladies, Jen. But I honestly didn’t know it was so bad that you have to give up on women entirely.” He grinned at the two of them good naturedly, and Jensen grabbed a wet dish towel off the counter, throwing it at him. Josh ducked, laughing.

Jensen kissed Misha on top of the head lovingly, and Misha melted into him, feeling a lot more relaxed than he had all day. Jensen looked back over to Josh. “So, are you cool with it? I mean, because if you’re not, there’s the door. I don’t care how long the flight was.” Jensen was joking, Josh’s reaction had already confirmed that he didn’t care. But there was still a nervous edge to his voice.

Josh just shrugged. “I’m not gonna lie, it’s kinda really weird to see with you a dude. I guess just because I’ve never seen it before. Though I’ve always had my suspicions. I remember in high school that was that one male cheerleader that I think you checked out more than the chick cheerleaders…” Misha looked over at Jensen with raised eyebrows just in enough time to see the color drain from his face. He giggled and Jensen pushed him playfully. Josh shrugged again, looking at Misha. “Just take care of my brother, all right? And trust me, I know he’s an asshole. But he really does have a heart of gold.” Misha nodded, beaming at Josh. Jensen abruptly grabbed him by the hips and pulled him in for a kiss, causing a startled noise to escape his lips before he kissed him back.

“Sorry.” Jensen breathed. “I just really like being able to do that in front of people we know.” Misha gave him a love drunk smirk, and saw Josh roll his eyes out of the corner of his own.

After that, everyone was relaxed more and more with alcohol and an amazing dinner only helping the situation. Before long, Misha and Jensen were laughing hysterically at a very animated Josh telling them how things were going back home in Texas. And Misha was right, Josh definitely judged Jensen for how small his grill was.

Steve Harvey, the host, asked “What’s something a man would like to see a woman bouncing on?” And immediately made a face like he regretted saying the question, and Josh, Jensen, and Misha all burst out laughing.

“Trampoline. With no bra, hopefully.” Josh answered, taking a sip from his beer.

Misha thought for a moment. “Honestly? He would probably like to see her bounching on his
dick…” Jensen choked on his own beer and started coughing, which only made Misha laugh.

Josh shook his head. “There’s no way in hell that’s one of the answers.” He said firmly.

Jensen seemed to have finally recovered from nearly drowning in Pabst Blue Ribbon, and came to Misha’s defense. “I don’t know, dude. America is pretty pervy. I bet it’s on there… just worded a little nicer.”

Two answers later, it turned out Misha was right, though the answer board said ‘his lap’ and not ‘his dick’. Jensen and Misha high fived each other triumphantly. Misha expected Jensen to tease Josh for being wrong, but instead, his eyes stayed glued to Misha’s. He sat his beer on the coffee table and gently cradled Misha’s cheek before kissing him like his life depended on it. Misha was slightly confused, but kissed him back with just as much passion. He felt Josh’s eyes on them, but he didn’t care, and the fact that Jensen didn’t only made his heart flutter.

When Jensen pulled away, he caressed Misha’s cheek softly. “I love you, baby. You’re my best friend, my everything.” Misha nearly melted into a puddle, and couldn’t fight the gummy grin that spread across his face.

“I love you too, Jensen, and I feel exactly the same way.”

“Damn, guys.” Josh said, interrupting their tender moment. “Talk about relationship goals.” Misha would have been slightly irritated had Josh not sounded one hundred percent sincere. But before Misha could say anything, he heard his phone beep from the kitchen. He was drunk and comfortable, and just groaned at the thought of having to get up off of the couch. Jensen laughed at him and swatted at his ass playfully when he finally stood up and headed for the kitchen. Misha stumbled through the doorway, all tipsy happiness and love drunk smiles as he grabbed his phone from the kitchen table. The chat bubble revealed that it was a text from Alexandra, and Misha rolled his eyes angrily, wondering if it was another flirtatious text that he was either going to have to ignore, or tell her off for sending. He unlocked his phone, swaying slightly. I should just leave it alone. I’m drunk and happy and in love and having a good time. I could just ignore it and read it later. But Misha didn’t, because curiosity got the best of him. He selected the text and when it opened up, he nearly dropped his phone.

Misha I’m pregnant

Chapter End Notes

Whoops. Yeah, sorry about that cliffhanger.
But hey, on the bright side you can click here and see a Cockles video made by mishaa_minions that's paired with the song this fic was named after!

Anyways,,, if you don't think Jensen would be the first wake up, and then lie in bed admiring Misha, then I really don't know how to help you.
Also, have I ever mentioned how often Cockles photo ops absolutely RUIN my life? I mean this is a manip, but looks like a photo op pose... what does that say about Misha and Jensen, hmmm?
Drag me to Cockles HELL.

I mean, it's not like they look like they're sweet on each other or anything...
Sorry if there's hella typos in this one. It's late, and I have to be up for class in a few hours. Then I have work immediately after. Then I'm taking my god daughter to see her first movie in a theater. Whoop whoop! Look at me kicking ass and taking names instead of having a mental breakdown like I normally do!
Misha dropped his phone with a loud clatter. A wave of anxiety and disbelief hit him with such a force that he grabbed the table to steady himself from the dizziness that washed over him. His entire body was shaking, and he couldn’t form a single coherent thought because the text had burned into his eyes, and it’s all his brain could focus on. No, no, no. She can’t be. Not when things are so perfect. She just can’t be. Misha picked the phone back up, his hand shaking so bad that it slid from his sweating fingertips at first. He quickly deleted the text. He didn’t know why, deleting the text wasn’t going to delete the small life currently growing within Alexandra.

Shoving the phone in his pocket roughly, Misha tried to swallow. But his mouth was too dry, and the lump in his throat bobbed painfully. He felt like screaming. He felt like flipping the kitchen table, or throwing something. He felt like crying. He felt like screaming. He tried to take a deep breath and calm himself. I didn’t exactly have to try hard with Alexandra… maybe… maybe it’s not mine? He tried to reason, tried to find some logic to grab on to while he felt everything crumble around him, felt his life falling apart around him. His breathing was erratic, and he knew he had to take control before facing Jensen again. But that wasn’t something Misha was good at. He had mastered a certain façade that caused him to come across as someone that knew what he was doing, but it was just an act. He was lost a good bit of the time, and that’s why he and Jensen got along so well. Jensen was his rock, the only solid, constant thing in his life that could keep him grounded… and that was about to be taken from him.

“Hey, Mish, you alright in there?” Jensen’s voice called from the living room, causing Misha to flinch. His voice wasn’t accusing or suspicious, it sounded genuinely concerned, and the tight, heavy feeling in Misha’s chest intensified so much he could barely breath. He took a shuddering breath and nodded, before realizing it’s not like Jensen could see him.

“Uh, yeah. Just… texting my dad back.” The lie rolled off his tongue before he could shut his mouth, and he cringed. He had made it a point to be completely open with Jensen, completely honest, because he knew how skittish their entire relationship made him at times, and here he was, lying. Not that it really matters, because as soon as you tell him about Alexandra you can kiss his ass goodbye. A quiet whimper escaped Misha’s throat as he prayed to whatever deity that would listen that all of this was some sort of sick joke, some tactic Alexandra was using to lure him back.

Get your shit together, Collins. You can’t tell him, not with Josh here. That’s not fair to anyone. You have to at least pretend you’re not falling apart long enough for his brother’s visit. And that logic made sense. It made perfect sense to wait for Joshua to leave, to make an attempt not to spoil one of the few times Jensen got to see his brother. But Misha knew that wasn’t the only reason he was doing it. He selfishly wanted a few more days with Jensen without him knowing, a few more days to pretend like everything was okay. A few more days to love Jensen and be loved by him before everything was ripped away from him. And he knew that was fucked up. He knew that this was a conversation that Jensen deserved to hear sooner rather than later, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to bring himself to do it. Not with Josh here, and not without a carefully rehearsed speech to help him lay it all out on the table gently.

It just wasn’t fucking fair. Misha’s life was finally where he wanted it to be, he was finally happy, he finally had the man that he had loved for far too long. But maybe this was some sort of sick, twisted karma. Misha had always told himself that he would never allow another person to complete him.
That wasn’t what life was about. It wasn’t about building your life around someone, it was about finding yourself, creating yourself. That was what he had always aimed for. People were fun, company was pleasant, and bodies were pleasurable, but he had always sworn to himself that he would build his own happiness, and never let someone be the center of it. He vowed to never make someone his everything, because he knew all too well that it meant once they left, you were left with nothing. And the one time he broke that promise to himself, the one time he slipped up and loved someone a little too much, something happened to cause everything to come crashing down.

He was spending too long in the kitchen. His knuckles had long since turned white from his grip on the table, and his hands were slightly numb. Well, not just his hands, his entire body was growing numb. He was too overwhelmed, too internally hysterical, and his body was reacting but shutting down some of the feeling in it. If only his fucking heart would take a hint and go in the same direction. Luckily, the numbness had calmed his shaking even though the dizziness remained. But he was Misha fucking Collins, an actor so good as his job that his role went from being in three episodes to being a permanent addition to the cast. So he was going to go out there, and he was going to act. He was going to act normal, act like he wasn’t dying slowly and painfully inside. He would deal with Alexandra later, talk to her when Jensen wasn’t around. But for right now, Misha was going to spend the little time he had left with Jensen soaking in every second of his presence.

It was later that night when the tears finally came. Jensen’s head was on Misha’s chest, his arm thrown over Misha’s waist as he slept peacefully. And it was too much for Misha. The way Jensen firmly held him, even in his sleep. The way Jensen’s head was turned just enough so that his lips were touching Misha’s skin. The way Jensen had kissed him and told him he had loved him before he snuggled against Misha and fell asleep. It was all too much, and tears were streaming from Misha’s eyes before he could stop them. One of his arms was underneath Jensen’s head, surprisingly not asleep, so he took his free hand, attempting to wipe his eyes. He bit his lip and focused on breathing through his nose, knowing if he didn’t that the crying would turn to sobbing, and wake Jensen up. And he just couldn’t deal with that right now, he just couldn’t.

He slowly untangled himself from Jensen’s body, praying that it wouldn’t wake him. Either luck was on his side, or the it was the amount of alcohol that Jensen had drank, but he didn’t wake, just huffed gently in his sleep and snuggled into the pillow that was still warm from Misha’s body heat. It was late, probably too late to be calling someone, but Misha had to call Alexandra. He had to figure out what the fuck was going on, and fast. And he had to do it while Jensen was asleep. That only further made him feel like shit, because it was so secretive. It made him feel he was keeping even more from Jensen. But ignoring his problems was never how Misha dealt with them, and maybe dealing with Alexandra was long overdue.

Misha was sitting on the backporch when he looked her number up in his contact. He had slid on a pair of sweatpants and a shirt, Jensen’s shirt, but the late night chill still bit at his bare arms and feet and he flopped down in the rocking chair. He couldn’t help but smile fondly at the thought of the stupid rocking chair Jensen had picked out. Of course a Texan would need a rocking chair on his back porch. The smile fell when Misha reminded himself why he was out here in the first place. He ran a hand through his hair, and then over his face in frustration, and then dialed the number. Alexandra answered on the fourth ring.

“Hello?” He voice was low and sleepy, and Misha knew he had woken her up. He couldn’t find it in his heart to care.

“It’s me, Misha.” He replied, a little ashamed by how badly his voice cracked.
“Misha!” Alexandra’s voice was back to the obnoxiously seductive and eager tone that she always used when talking to him. “This is a surprise. You’ve been ignoring me lately. I figured I would never hear from you again after that last text.

The comment probably shouldn’t have, but it stung. Did she really assume he was one of those men that disappeared and didn’t man up to his actions? “So… is it true?” He asked, stupidly. He just didn’t know what else to say, and he squeezed his eyes shut, hoping she would tell him that it was just a pathetic way to get him to call.

“…Yeah.” She answered softly. “I’m just as shocked you are. I’m further along than I would like to be. I didn’t have any tell-tale signs. If it wasn’t for the little baby bump, I wouldn’t have even known. My body was being completely normal.” Misha didn’t say anything. “At least I know now, right? At least I won’t have to be on an episode of I Didn’t Know I Was Pregnant.” She laughed quietly, but it sounded forced. “I… I would have told you sooner. But you weren’t speaking to me.”

“How far along are you?” Misha croaked. His eyes were still squeezed shut, and the tears had started flowing freely again.

“Almost six months.” Misha shuttered. The math added up. The fucking math added up. But the nude picture Alexandra had sent him not that long ago didn’t.

“You certainly didn’t look pregnant in the last picture you sent me.”

“Uh… that picture was old. I actually took it the night of the first benefit. I know it was desperate… but I was trying to get your attention. I’m scared, Misha. I never wanted kids. And I’m alone.” Misha could hear the terrified sincerity in her voice, and it felt like a knife twisted inside his gut. As much as he was trying to make it out to be about him, about him and Jensen, they weren’t the only ones affected by this. This was also something that was going to change Alexandra’s life, Hell, it was going to bring a new life into this world.

“I’m sorry, Alexandra.” Misha’s voice was so quiet, so tired that he hoped she heard him. He didn’t have it in him to apologize again. He was too angry. At her, at himself, at the world. “I… I was really drunk that night.” He couldn’t think of a polite way to ask her if they had used protection, and it wasn’t a lie. Alcohol had lubricated the way to them sleeping together. Misha had been so angry, so hurt by Jensen that after way too much champagne, any warm body seemed like a good idea. He felt like he remembered using a condom, but he had been plastered, more so than Jensen the night that he showed up at his apartment.

Luckily, Alexandra was smart and knew immediately where he was going with this conversation. “Did you even realize the condom broke?” She sounded sincerely curious.

“No…” It was a sob, and he didn’t care if she was aware of that.

Alexandra huffed out a small laugh. “I was wondering why you were so incredibly calm about it. But I just followed your lead, thought maybe you were shooting blanks or something so it wasn’t that big of a deal…”

Misha wanted to throw up, and swore that he would never get drunk, ever again. “Yeah, I had no idea…” He mumbled, racking his brain for some memory that might help him piece together the ugly puzzle that he’d much rather throw away.

“Listen, Misha. I have to be up really early in the morning to meet with someone who wants to invest in the gallery. It’s not really something I can miss, seeing as how in a few months I don’t know how much time I’ll actually be able to invest in it. But I’m free for lunch. This is something I would much
rather discuss in person. And no, I’m not using that as an excuse to see you. It’s just… I know this is a lot for you to take in right now. You should sleep on it. I’ll text you the address of the café I’ll be at around noon tomorrow. Just think about it, okay?” There was something strange about Alexandra’s noise now… she almost sounded like she was pitying him.

Misha thought numbly for a moment. Tomorrow would be Josh’s last day in town. He hadn’t planned on staying long, he had to be back at work come Monday. Misha could always tell Jensen that he was headed out to run errands to give the brothers some time to catch up. “Yeah. Just text me the address.” He replied quietly.

“Misha… I’m sorry,” because I know you’re in a relationship. Alexandra’s voice was soft, and the last part unspoken, but her tone gave away the rest of the sentence. Misha couldn’t help but cry harder, because he knew she really was sorry, and despite the fact that she was trying so hard to remain calm, her voice was shaking. He also knew how selfish he was being, but all he could think about was Jensen. When he didn’t say anything else, Alexandra wished him a good night and hung up. Misha threw his phone against the ground and buried his face in his hands. His shoulders were heaving so hard from sobbing that they ached, the cold only making it worse.

After ten minutes, there wasn’t a tear left in him, and he was just sucking in lungful after lungful of cold air, trying to compose himself. He was freezing, and longed to be back in bed with Jensen. He picked up his phone, ignoring the now cracked screen, and headed back inside.

Pausing at the door, Misha’s eyes scanned over Jensen’s sleeping form. He was so beautiful. He had a serious case of bedhead, and his soft, full lips were parted slightly as he breathed in steadily. Misha wiped his eyes one last time, and stripped himself of his shirt and sweatpants. He was still cold, but he needed to feel Jensen, flesh to flesh. He crawled into bed and Jensen stirred, immediately gravitating towards him with purpose, and it broke Misha’s heart.

“You left me.” Jensen huffed, only slightly conscious as he resumed the sleeping position he had been in earlier.

“I had to step outside for a bit. I would never leave you, Jen” Misha replied, kissing him on the temple. He knew Jensen would be too tired to wonder why he had been outside, so he wasn’t sure why he was letting Jensen know he would never leave him with such feeling, such passion.

Jensen just hummed. “You’re cold.”

“I know, babe. Just go back to sleep.”

“Mmm. Okay. I love you, baby.” It seemed like Jensen was having trouble finishing the sentence as sleep began to settle over him again.

“I love you too. I love you so much.” Misha whispered back. At least he could have this. One last night of lazy ‘I love yous’ and tangled legs. One more morning of Jensen having to steal kisses the moment his eyes opened. One last chance to love him.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry, my poor, fictional Misha. :( Let's just focus on all of the Cockles below and try not to get too sad, yeah?
Misha woke up feeling like he had been hit by a train, and he knew he wasn’t lucky enough for it all to have been a dream. But somewhere between the pain, both physical and emotional, he felt tender lips kissing a trail across his neck. He felt Jensen’s nose nuzzle against him lovingly, centering him.

“Good morning, baby.” Jensen hummed once Misha began to stir.

“Good morning.” Misha croaked back, exhausted. Jensen ghosted his fingers up Misha’s side, continuing his assault of kisses on his throat and neck. His fingers gripped the band of Misha’s boxers, and Misha felt his dick immediately start to show interest despite how deeply emotionally wrecked he felt. He felt Jensen grind against his hip gently, and through his boxers he could feel that Jensen was rock hard and completely nude. “Someone’s feeling frisky.” Misha muttered, kissing Jensen on top of the head.

“Been waiting for you to wake up.” Jensen began to pull Misha’s boxers down, and Misha arched his back to allow Jensen to pull them off the rest of the way.

“And why were you waiting for me to wake up?” Misha asked playfully, carding his fingers through Jensen’s hair. Jensen crawled on top of him, placing a knee on either side of Misha’s hips. He leaned down, kissing Misha deeply and lovingly before trailing kisses down his jaw. He stopped when he got to Misha’s ears, nipping playfully at his earlobe.

“So I can ride you.” His voice was deep and lust wrecked, sending a chill down Misha’s spine. Jensen thrusted against Misha, groaning when their cocks dragged together. Misha grabbed his face, to pull him in for another kiss, smirking at the fact that Jensen was already panting. Jensen pulled back from the kiss his head falling against Misha’s shoulder as he reveled in the pleasure of his flesh against Misha’s. “You seem a bit off, baby.” He said, his voice slightly muffled as he continued to thrust against Misha. “So I’m gonna bring you back down to earth.” Misha whimpered, any thoughts other than being inside Jensen blown away with his pupils.

Jensen reached around himself, grasping Misha’s cock to line it up with his rim. “Whoa, babe. I get that you’re on right now, but uh, that might not exactly be comfortable.” Misha said, grabbing his face again, nuzzling their noses together.

“Oh, yeah… I may have… um… helped pave the way a bit while you were sleeping.” Jensen muttered sheepishly, blushing bright red.

“You stretched yourself out for me while you were waiting for me to wake up?” Misha husked, feeling his cock throb in Jensen’s hand. Jensen bit his lip shyly and nodded. He slowly eased himself down onto Misha’s dick. Misha ran his hands up Jensen’s sides tenderly, salivating over the whine that came from Jensen’s mouth as he bottomed out. “I love you…” Misha moaned, adoration shining through his pleasure.

“I love you more, Mish.” Jensen whined, beginning to work his hips. Misha figured that Jensen had been turned on for a while because he skipped the teasing and slow pace and went straight to snapping his hips hard and fast.

“Fuck, Jen…” Misha breathed, each thrust pulling a moan from his mouth. “Wait, babe.” He gripped
Jensen’s hips tightly, forcing him to slow down. “Let’s take this slow, okay?” Jensen just nodded, slowing his pace and dragging each thrust out with purpose. Misha could already feel his entire body shaking. Between the pent up sexual energy, and the absolute love and adoration he was feeling towards Jensen, his skin was on fire. “C’mer.” He mumbled between moans. He kissed Jensen lazily, licking into his mouth with ease and grinding his hips up to meet Jensen’s thrusts.

“Love you so, so much, Mish.” Jensen panted out between kisses. It didn’t take long before Jensen was spurting come all over Misha’s stomach and chest, moaning loud and long, tightening around Misha’s cock. “Come on, baby. I got you.” Jensen sighed, keeping up his rhythm. “Come for me, Misha.” Misha let out one last whimper, and was coming deep inside of Jensen, his back arching off of the bed and his fingers digging into Jensen’s hips. Jensen collapsed on top of him, ignoring the stickiness between them and kissing Misha lazily.

“That’s a hell of a way to wake up.” Misha hummed against his lips, a sated smirk settling over his mouth.

Jensen slid off of him, reaching over to the nightstand and handing him some tissues. Once Misha had wiped himself off, Jensen sighed happily and curled against him. “You’re damn right.” He threaded his fingers between Misha’s, and brought their clasped hands up to his lips. “That’s how I want to wake up every day.”

Misha swallowed dryly. His post orgasm ecstasy was wearing off, and he knew Jensen might not feel the same way once he found out about Alexandra. He kissed Jensen’s temple, inhaling Jensen’s own personal scent mixed with sex and sweat. Jensen kissed his shoulder sweetly, and Misha’s heart ached.

“Gonna marry you, baby.” Jensen mumbled, snuggling against him further. His voice was so quiet it was as though he was saying it to himself instead of Misha. Misha had to bite the inside of his cheek as he felt tears prickle his eyes. He titled Jensen’s chin up with his free hand, kissing him passionately.

“I’ve got some errands to run. I figured I could do them today and let you and Josh catch up a little before he has to head back home.”

“You can stick with us, Mish. You don’t have to go running off.”

“No, I understand. You guys don’t get to see each other much. I get to see you every day. Besides, you ate all of my humus again and I need to buy more.” Misha tried to smile, and hoped that Jensen didn’t notice when it didn’t meet his eyes.

Jensen sighed. “Well okay. I guess I can let errands steal you away for one day. But you gotta stay for breakfast, okay? And you gotta be back before Josh leaves.”

“Can do, Jen.” Misha smiled again, kissing his boyfriend like his life depended on it.

Misha parked his car about a block away from the café he was meeting Alexandra at. The streets were crowded, and he was helplessly hoping he didn’t run into any fans or anyone that he knew. He stepped out of his car, carefully making sure it was locked as he took a deep breath and headed for the café. The sun was shining bright overhead, and it was a beautiful day, completely different than his mood.

Alexandra was already there, sitting at one of the outdoor tables, sipping her coffee. When Misha
approached her, she smiled weakly and stood up to give him a hug. Misha hugged her back politely, painfully aware of the baby bump pressed against his stomach. Alexandra stepped back.

“It’s good to see you, Mish.” She said softly. Jensen was the only one that ever called him ‘Mish’, the only person he ever let call him that. But now wasn’t a time to be petty, and he couldn’t tear his eyes away from Alexandra’s belly.

She was wearing a dress, which was no surprise. Alexandra was always wearing a dress. But it was incredibly strange to see her in a dress that didn’t hug her curves, but instead was flowing and cradling her baby bump. She gently reached out and grabbed Misha’s hand, placing it against her stomach. Misha let her, slightly shocked, and even more shocked when he felt the baby kick. He bit his lip nervously. He would be lying if he said it wasn’t one of the most fascinating things he had ever experienced, and it was stirring up a lot of emotions within him. He moved his hand slightly, rubbing Alexandra’s belly in awe.

“The baby just started kicking pretty recently. It feels so weird, doesn’t it?” Alexandra’s voice was light and amused as she watched Misha’s hand move. She giggled, snapping Misha out of his trance.

“Wanna take a seat?” She asked, her eyes sparkling as she sat back down in her own seat. Misha pulled the chair on the other side of the table out, sitting across from her.

“How… how long have you known you were pregnant?” He asked, suddenly wishing this was a place that he could order a strong drink. When the waitress came around, he ordered a tea instead.

“A little longer than two months I suppose? It hasn’t been too long. It’s like I said over the phone, if I wouldn’t have gained weight, specifically in my stomach, I wouldn’t have known. No swelling, no morning sickness, no missed periods, nothing. But once I noticed my tummy, I took a pregnancy test out of paranoia… and, well, here we are.” She took a sip from her coffee.

“Are you supposed to be drinking coffee if you’re pregnant?” Misha narrowed his eyes at her.

Alexandra laughed softly. “It’s decaf, don’t worry. You’re concerned about the baby? That’s sweet.”

“Oh course I’m concerned about the baby.” Misha muttered, running his fingers through his hair in exasperation. “You keep saying ‘the baby’. You don’t know the gender yet?”

“I… I could have the doctor let you know the gender if you’d like. I’ve decided not to know in case I… in case I decide to go with adoption. I feel like knowing the gender would be more… personal I guess? And make things harder.” She laughed a little bitterly. “As if having the little thing growing inside me isn’t personal enough.”

Misha felt like time was slowing down with each passing second. It was all so surreal. “So… you’re thinking about adoption?”

Alexandra looked down at the table and played with a bracelet on her wrist nervously. “Maybe.” She finally looked back up at Misha. “I… I don’t know if I want to keep it. I don’t want kids, never have, you know? But I don’t know if I’ll feel the same three months from now. When I actually have him or her I might not have the heart to go through with adoption. Aren’t people supposed to feel really overwhelmed with love or something?”

“I guess so.” Misha said quietly. His eyes had dropped back to her belly as she absentmindedly rubbed it.

“I’m sorry. For everything. I should have told you as soon as I found out. Are you…” She grimaced and licked her lips. “Are you still seeing someone?”
“Yeah.” Misha’s voice was hoarse and cracked, and he felt his eyes prickle. He looked down at the table and took a sip of his tea, trying to swallow down the lump in his throat.

“Is it… Jensen?” Misha’s eyes shot up to meet Alexandra’s. She smiled knowingly. “I’m guessing that’s a yes. C’mon, you didn’t think I would notice the way he looked at you at both benefits? The way he looked at me? I thought he was going to try and eat me alive.” Misha just nodded, the feeling in his chest only growing tighter and more painful. “Have you told him?”

“Not yet.” Now Misha was looking anywhere but at Alexandra. He was feeling panicked and flighty, and he wished he was at home with Jensen more than anything.

Alexandra sighed. “Maybe he won’t take it as hard as you’re thinking?”

“So, you and Misha, huh?” Josh asked, grabbing the beer that Jensen handed him. Jensen flopped down on the couch next to him, grinning and turning the channel over to some UFC fight that he knew Josh would be interested in.

“Yep, me and Misha.” Jensen beamed at his brother.

Josh patted him on the back. “I can’t remember the last time I’ve seen you this happy, man. Just do me a favor… the next time you have a guest stay over, don’t put them up in the same room you put me in. I heard everything this morning.” Jensen choked on his beer as red crept across his cheeks.

“How did that even happen? You two I mean. I do NOT want to hear about how you two ended up having sex this morning.”

Josh laughed. “How did that even happen? You two I mean. I do NOT want to hear about how you two ended up having sex this morning.”

Jensen snorted. “It’s not a stage, no. There’s just something about him, you know?” Jensen’s eyes left the tv, sparkling fondly, and his brother couldn’t help but smile at him. “He’s just amazing. He’s been through so much and he’s still the sweetest, most caring person I’ve ever met. And he’s completely and unapologetically himself. He doesn’t care what other people think about him. He does things with passion or doesn’t do them at all.” Jensen was looking back at the screen now, and Josh’s smile grew wider as he continued. “I was a total asshat when I first met him, and he still gave me a chance. He balances me out and encourages me to try things that I would have never considered.” Jensen finally looked back over to Josh. “I love him, Josh. I love him so fucking much that it scares me sometimes because I never thought I would love someone this much. I want to get married. Have the whole, cheesy, white picket fence set up. I’m thinking I need to go ring shopping as soon as we sorta… come out about it more.”

Josh suddenly looked really nervous. “Have fun telling dad, dude…”

“If he doesn’t like it, he can fuck off.” Jensen replied sternly. Josh raised his eyebrows in shock. “No, seriously, Josh. I mean, I love dad. And I appreciate everything that he’s done for us to ensure that we could have the best lives possible. But I love Misha, okay? He doesn’t have to like it.”

Josh grinned at him, clinking their beers together. “You tell ‘em, tiger.”
“You think he won’t take it hard?” Misha asked in disbelief. He snorted. “Yeah, I’m completely sure that he’s going to be just thrilled that I got you pregnant.”

Alexandra sighed. “It’s not like you cheated on him. You didn’t mean for this to happen, no one did.”

“How would you feel if the tables were turned?”

That shut her up, but just for a moment. “All you can do is talk to him, Misha. Maybe he’ll surprise you.”

Misha huffed out a small laugh. “He definitely never ceases to surprise me.”

“There you go.” Alexandra reached across the table and patted his hand gently. “So… I really don’t know how else to ask this, so I’m just going to be blunt about it. If I decide to keep the baby… do you want to be involved in its life?”

The question caught Misha off guard. “I…. I think so, yes. I don’t think I would be able to forgive myself if I wasn’t.”

Alexandra nodded, her face lighting up. She looked down at the watch on her wrist. “I really should get back to the gallery. I know there’s a lot we didn’t discuss today… things that we’re obviously going to have to discuss very soon. How do you feel about going with me to my next doctor’s appointment?”

Misha thought long and hard for a moment. “Uh, yeah… I think I’ll go. Am I… Am I going to get to see the ultrasound?”

Alexandra smiled at him sweetly. “Yeah, you will. And Misha… if it comes down to it, I think you would make a really great dad.” Misha couldn’t help the little smile that quirked the corners of his mouth.

The cab was waiting on Josh, but his was taking his sweet time saying good bye to Jensen and Misha. At the door he dropped his bag, turning to face Misha before pulling him into a giant bear hug. “Hey take care of my brother, alright? You mean the world to this loser. And even though I’m not sure what he’s blackmailing you with for you to stick around, you guys seem pretty great together.” Misha laughed and hugged Josh back. Josh then turned to Jensen and punched him on the arm playfully. “Stay outta trouble, kid. And don’t forget about us back in Texas. The next time you guys have some days off, come down. Bring Misha with you. I’ll show you a real grill.”

Jensen was beaming. “I will, Joshy. Now get outta here before you miss your flight.”

They exchanged goodbyes one last time, all of them smiling from ear to ear. Jensen wrapped an arm around Misha’s shoulder and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

“If I didn’t know any better, I would say that you get a little bit happier every time you tell someone about us, Jen.” Misha said teasingly.

“Yeah? Well I could say the same about you, baby.” Jensen turned to face his boyfriend, taking his face into his hands gently. “I think it’s just you that makes me happy.” His voice grew softer. He
leaned in and kissed Misha, and Misha kissed him back with fervor.

“You make me happy too, Jensen.” Jensen’s hands dropped from his face to his hips, and he gave Misha a little wink. “But I… I need to talk to you about something.”

“Anything, Mish.” Misha broke free of his grip, sitting down at their dinner table. Jensen gave him a confused, worried look and pulled out the seat next to him. Misha wouldn’t meet his eyes, and it was only worrying Jensen further. Jensen nervously laced his fingers with Misha’s relaxing a little when Misha gripped his hand back tightly. What he wasn’t expecting was Misha to then jerk his hand back, sobbing into his hands without warning. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, baby! What’s wrong? You gotta talk to me.” Jensen placed a comforting hand on Misha’s shoulder and squeezing gently. “It’s okay, Mish. Just tell me what’s going on.”

Misha took a shuddering breath, not bothering to wipe his eyes as he looked up at Jensen. “Alexandra is pregnant.” He blurted out.

“…what?” Jensen stood up so fast that his chair fell back.

“She’s pregnant, Jensen. I’m s-sorry. I’m so, so sorry. I never meant for this to happen.”

“What the fuck do you mean, she’s pregnant?”

Misha looked up at him with blood red eyes and tear stained cheeks. “She… when we slept t-together the night of the first benefit, she got pregnant…” Jensen just stared at him, his jaw clenched and his face contorted in anger. “Please say something, Jensen…”

Jensen immediately grabbed for the ring on his finger, slamming it against the table, causing Misha to flinch. “Get the fuck out, Misha. Now.”

Chapter End Notes

IT STARTED OUT WITH A KISS HOW DID IT END UP LIKE THIS (IT WAS ONLY A KISS) IT WAS ONLY A KISS.
I have been waiting all fic to do that. I'm sorry, my lovely readers. :( Don't hate me too much.

Also, let me just apologize that this chapter doesn't come with pics/gifs. I got into a car accident today (a semi didn't check their mirrors or didn't see me I guess) and I'm sore and moody and have muscle spasms at the base of my skull that are making my eyes sensitive and making my screen a bitch to look at right now. I really wanted to get this chapter out though, so I bit the bullet and figured you guys would rather have it sooner than later even if it meant no pictures or gifs.

Also, the time line for Alexandra's pregnancy may be sort of hard to believe, but I'm basing it off of my close friend's pregnancy. She was nearly four months along before she even realized she was pregnant, and had she not gained weight and noticed that the weight gain in her stomach was firmer than the average pudge, she wouldn't have taken the pregnancy test... needless to say, it came back positive. :p
Guys, this note is going to be really personal, and possibly have some triggers in it. Normally I hate opening up about my personal life, but with so many amazing people giving so much amazing feedback about this fic, I feel like I owe it to you guys. Feel free to skip this note. It's going to be long, embarrassing, and emotional, and I’m honestly really uncomfortable writing it.

A lot has happened, and honestly the past couple of weeks are pretty high up on the list of the worst of my life.

As most of you know from my previous notes, I suffer from depression and anxiety. For a long time, I was doing really well. The best I had in years in fact. But things got really bad for me again. Despite me fighting to keep my head above water, my depression took over once again. Between that, the wreck I got in, my dad’s surgery, and the massive amounts of stress I’ve been under, I snapped.

I don’t say that I snapped lightly. I couldn’t stop pacing and shaking and crying and screaming at myself that I couldn’t do this anymore. Ever seen the movie The Perks of Being a Wallflower? The breakdown that Charlie has was very, very similar. I mean I had a total meltdown that lead up to me doing the math of how many pills I would need to take to kill myself. Things got really bad as I debated between that, and the gun in my parent’s closet.

But luckily my brother was home, and got me the help and sedatives I needed. I very nearly got involuntarily committed, and would have if I would have actually told the doctor exactly what I was planning to do. (I didn’t, because like I said, I have a lot of issues opening up about my personal life.)

I wouldn't say I'm okay just yet, but I'm getting there. I'm still having panic attacks, and I'm still depressed, and I'm still not sleeping, but I've calmed myself enough to remind myself that things will get better, I just have to keep fighting.

I’m not telling y’all this for sympathy, or pity, or any of that. I guess the reason I’m telling all of you is because when I signed back on AO3 and saw all the messages in my inbox, I cried, hard. All the messages were all so kind and sweet, and so many people showed concern over my wreck. Then on top of that, the feedback I’ve received for my two fics has been overwhelming in the best possible way. This fic has even been compared to Twist and Shout twice, and if that isn’t a compliment, then I don’t know what is. I guess what I’m trying to say is that your words and encouragement is what pushes me to keep writing, and writing is one of the few things that makes me feel sane these days. So I really don’t know what I would do without all of you. So… thank you. From the very bottom of my heart, thank you. I know I don’t really “know” any of you, but you all really, truly mean the world to me, and I love you. It may seem pathetic, but with depression you have to cling to the simplest things to give you some sort of motivation to keep hanging on, and your words have helped me do that. I know I need to work on myself. I know I need to find things that are healthier that make me feel valid that don’t involve the opinions strangers on the internet have of my writing. And I am
working on that, and I am working on myself. I just have to take this one day at a time.

Thank you for giving me a reason to keep fighting. Thank you for reminding me that I’m not alone. Just... thank you.

Now, back to your regularly scheduled Cockles angst.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What?” Misha croaked, staring at the table where Jensen had slammed the ring down.


Misha looked up at him. His big, blue eyes wide and frightened. “You can’t be serious right now.” He said softly, tilting his head slightly and observing his boyfriend. He had expected a lot of reactions from Jensen, but Jensen throwing him out of their house certainly wasn’t one of those things.

“I’m dead fucking serious.” Jensen spat. His jaw was clinched, his nostrils flared, his eyes wild with anger. “You can just stay with Alexandra.” And that broke something in Misha. His fear and anxiety of the situation flipped, and it was replaced with fury.

“Oh, wow. So you don’t even want to talk about this?” His voice was cold and angry, but he could feel a lump forming in his throat and could feel the burning of newly formed tears in his eyes.

“There’s nothing to talk about.”

“There’s PLENTY to talk about, Jensen!” Misha said, standing and getting in Jensen’s face.

“What the fuck do you want me to say, Misha?” Jensen laughed bitterly. “Do you want me to say I should’ve known this shit would happen because you fuck everyone?” He shook his head. “I should have fucking known as soon as you were all too eager to skip out on using condoms that you hadn’t used one with that skank. You fucking whore.”

Misha’s jaw dropped, and he just glared at Jensen. He wanted to explain that the condom broke. He wanted to defend himself. He wanted to scream and cry, hell, he wanted to punch Jensen in his perfect fucking face. But he was so angry and so hurt, that all he could do was gape at him. Something panicked and regretful flickered across Jensen’s face, but Misha didn’t give him time to apologize. He reached in his shirt collar, pulling out his necklace that had his ring on it. He pulled at it, snapping the chain, and slammed it down next to Jensen’s ring. “Fine.” He said brokenly, tears finally toppling from his eyes again.

“Mish-“

“Fuck off, Jensen.” Misha snapped. Without even so much as another glance at Jensen, he grabbed his keys and left, slamming the door behind him.

Jensen drunkenly dialed Jared’s phone for what had to have been the tenth time that day. It rang once
and went straight to voicemail. Jensen swore, slamming his phone down on the kitchen counter and
taking a long swig out of his recently purchased bottle of Jack Daniels. “Fuck.” He muttered,
realizing that Misha had probably gone straight to Jared’s house. Jared was intentionally ignoring his
calls, and he knew he deserved it. Hell, he deserved Jared to show up and knock his fucking teeth
down his throat, and he knew it. He stared out the kitchen window bitterly, watching the sky shift
from blue to gold and orange as the sun began to set. He picked up his phone again, selecting
Misha’s name in his inbox. But all he could do was stare at the keyboard of his phone blankly. What
the fuck am I even supposed to say to him? Do I even want to say something to him? He took
another gulp of liquor, already so drunk that he didn’t even grimace at the taste.

Maybe he had played Dean Winchester for too long, and was starting to take a page out of the
fictional character’s book, but all he could think about was how badly he wanted to drink himself
into oblivion. Of course it hadn’t helped him forget Misha, hadn’t helped him forget that Misha had
gotten Alexandra pregnant. There wasn’t enough liquor in the god damn world to make him forget
those blue eyes, that gummy smile, those soft pillowy lips…Jensen threw the bottle at the wall with a
scream. He ran his fingers through his hair in frustration, his chest heaving in panic.

I fucked up. I screwed up. THIS WHOLE THING IS FUCKED UP. He turned, leaning against the kitchen
counter. His eyes fell on his and Misha’s matching rings on the table, the rings dancing in his blurred
vision. He stumbled over to the table and picked up the rings, the necklace chain sliding from the
ring and back on the table. He stared at the rings for a long time, and eventually shoved them in his
pocket, feeling a knot form in the pit of his stomach. He just couldn’t be in this kitchen right now. He
couldn’t be in the room that he told his brother about his relationship. He couldn’t be in the room that
Misha told him about Alexandra.

But the living room wasn’t much better. It was the room that he and Misha painted together. It was
the room where he and Misha had shared tender moments in front of both Jared and Josh. Jensen
kicked an ottoman out of his way angrily. And that’s when Jensen realized that there wasn’t a single
room in the house that hadn’t been tainted. The bathroom had the shower that he had pinned Misha
up against under a spray of water while he kissed his neck and told him how much he loved him.
The bedroom had the bed they shared, where he had very recently told Misha he was going to marry
him. Even the spare rooms involved memories of them bickering about what they were going to turn
the room into. Jensen grabbed his keys off of the coffee table and shoved them in his pocket, his
entire body shaking.

If alcohol couldn’t make him forget Misha, maybe someone else could.

The bar the taxi dropped Jensen off at was seedier than he would have liked, but he figured it was for
the best. Celebrities went to nice bars, right? Maybe no one would recognize him. He had
intentionally asked the cab driver to drop him off a few towns over, but let him choose the bar. Of
course he had chosen the first bar they saw, irritated that Jensen had had him drive so far. But now
that Jensen was inside, he was kind of afraid to touch anything, nevertheless try to touch someone
in the joint. He stumbled over to the bar, seating himself clumsily.

“Whoa there, tiger. Someone got an early start tonight.” The bartender said, smiling at him a little
sadly. Jensen forced a laugh for her benefit.

She was pretty. She had curly blonde hair and brown eyes with lip gloss covered lips that looked like
they carried a permanent smirk. She was wearing a flannel over a tight tank top paired with cut off
jean shorts that were so short that you could just see the curve of the cheeks of her ass. She tapped a
cowboy boot wielding foot at him when he didn’t reply. “Well, are you here to order a drink, or are
you just gonna stare at me?” She had her hands on her hips now, and her tone was full of sass, but
she was grinning now, exposing big pearly whites.
“What would you suggest, darlin’?” Jensen said, giving her his best smile, though his heart wasn’t in it.

“Honestly? For you, I would suggest a glass of water and a nap. I saw you stumble in here. I don’t think you should drink anything else.” Jensen shot her a look and she laughed and held up her hands in her defense. “But I can’t tell you what to do. How about a beer? Bud Light is only $3 tonight.”

“That’s fine.” Jensen sighed. She turned and sashayed over to the cooler, and Jensen leaned over the counter slightly to get a better look at her ass. His phone pinged, and he nearly jumped out of his skin, scrambling to get it out of his coat pocket. His heart pounded, hoping the text was from Misha.

It wasn’t. It wasn’t even Jared. It was just Josh, letting him know that his flight had landed. The bartender popped the cap off of his beer and sat it down on the coaster in front of him before getting flagged by another customer. Jensen drank the beer, but he didn’t really taste it. He didn’t want to be here. He wanted to be at home, in bed, preferably with his boyfriend. But he had fucked that up royally. But it’s not my fault that he went and got the bitch knocked up. Jensen tried to justify. But he wasn’t even fooling himself. I didn’t even listen to him. I didn’t even ask him if she’s keeping it, I didn’t even ask him if he was okay… I just told him to get out… Jensen grinded his teeth and downed the rest of the bottle in one swift gulp.

“So what’s got you drinking your troubles away, handsome?” The bartender was back. She held up another beer questioningly, and Jensen nodded. Gratefully taking the beer from her.

“I can’t tell you my problems when I don’t even know your name.” He said. He winked at her, because why the fuck not.

“I’m Michelle.” Jensen choked on his beer, but played it off. Michelle? How fucking fitting. “And your name?”

“That’s a beautiful name, Michelle. And with a smile like that, you can call me whatever you want.” He flirted. Michelle rolled her eyes and he grinned at her. “I’m Jensen.”

“Oh, Jensen. Why don’t you tell me why you’re drinking yourself into a coma at the place that pays my bills? Girl trouble?”

Jensen laughed. “Yeah, like you wouldn’t believe, sweetheart.”

Michelle leaned over the bar so that she was closer, the position caused her tank top to ride down, exposing more of her chest. “My timing is probably pretty bad, but I can’t help but ask… does that make you single?”

Jensen licked his lips. He was plastered, and had a clearly interested, pretty girl in front of him. His dick couldn’t help but show a little interest. He grinned at her, leaning forward on his elbows so that his face was closer to hers. Her dark brown eyes darted down to his lips before returning to his eyes and Jensen smirked. “That depends. You gettin’ off soon?”

“I sure hope so.. and I clock out of work in ten minutes.” She said softly, almost quietly. It made Jensen have to lean in more to hear her, and he couldn’t help but admire her cute, button nose and the way her pleasant perfume invaded his nostrils.

“Guess I’ll be seeing you in ten minutes.” He husked. She winked at him and turned to take care of another customer. As soon as she left, a cold feeling settled in the pit of Jensen’s stomach. What the fuck am I doing? He pushed the thought out of his head and replaced it with more alcohol.
The next ten minutes was a blur of Jensen finishing off his beer and ordering another one, unable to take his eyes off of Michelle as she finished her shift. She seemed to get more anxious as her shift came to an end, and by the time a very hipster looking guy slide behind the bar, she seemed to be vibrating out of her skin in anticipation. She quickly told her replacement something, and came around behind the bar, grabbing Jensen’s hand and pulling him behind her. Jensen laughed (he hadn’t even paid his tab) and followed her eagerly.

Before Jensen knew it, he was being shoved up against a little blue four door Nissan. His hands immediately went for Michelle’s hair, his fingers knotting there and pulling her lips towards his. He smiled into the kiss. Much better.

She pulled back to trail kisses down his jaw, and he tried not to pull a face because he could feel the stickiness of her lip gloss living a trail in the wake of her lips. “I’m not normally like this.” She said against his throat, breathless. Jensen almost snorted. Every girl that was exactly like this always said that. He chose to ignore the comment.

“Your place?” He groaned as he felt her grind her hips against him.

“Can’t. Roommate’s parents are in town.” She gasped between kisses. “Car?” She eventually suggested hopefully. Jensen nodded, setting her down and opening the door to the backseat as she clicked her keys to unlock it. Without hesitation, she shoved him in the back seat, crawling on top of him and ripping her flannel and tank top off. Jensen’s hands immediately went to her breasts because damn, it’s been awhile. I forget how fucking awesome boobs are. Michelle smiled down at him, unhooking her bra and leaning into his touch with a moan.

Abruptly, she leaned away from him, twisting around to grab at the front of her passenger seat. She finally reached what she was looking for, and pulled a purse into the back seat with them. After a few minutes of rummaging through it, she produced a condom, and handed it to him. He held it and stared at it for a moment while she awkwardly shimmied out of her cut offs, not bothering to take her cowboy boots off.

Before Jensen could even register what was going on, her hands were on his belt and his zipper, freeing his hard cock from his jeans. She stared down at him expectantly, and he just stared back.

Her hair was too light. Her eyes were too small, and too dark. Her smile was cute, but it didn’t expose her gums, or make her nose crinkle. She wasn’t Misha. and Jensen didn’t want anyone else.

“Michelle…I… I can’t do this. I’m sorry.” He muttered, dropping the condom back down into her purse. She tented her eyebrows in confusion before smacking herself in the forehead.

“Oh, fuck. You’re married, aren’t you? Dammit, this always happens to me.” She crawled off of him and pulled her shorts back on while Jensen tucked himself into his jeans. He didn’t say anything; he didn’t feel the need to.

He zipped and buttoned himself up and slurred a few more apologies before stumbling out of Michelle’s car, grabbing for his phone. He immediately called Misha. The phone rang as Michelle climbed into her front seat and drove off, shooting him a dirty look. “C’mon…c’mon…” He muttered into his cell, praying to whatever god would listen that Misha would pick up.

Misha’s voicemail filled Jensen’s ears, but he barely heard it. He ended the call before the voice mail
beeped, and numbly started to make his way back to the bar. Before he knew it, he was throwing his phone and his fist was colliding with the side of the building. Pain bit at his hand, and blood began to trickle from his knuckles from where the brick split the skin. He leaned against the wall, a sob shuddering through his body. He slid to the ground, ignoring how the brick grabbed at his jacket, pushing it up uncomfortably. He dropped his face into his hands, and he did something he hadn’t done in years… he cried. He really, truly, cried. Not because a director was telling him to, not because he was being Dean Winchester. But because he was Jensen Ackles, and I fucked up. I fucked up so bad. He cried because he thought about the look on Misha’s face when he called him a whore, and when he thought about how Misha said he was done giving him chances. He cried because he knew he wouldn’t be able to get over Misha. Misha had ruined him in the best possible way, had ruined him for everyone else, and now he was all Jensen wanted. He cried because he let his anger and jealousy once again get in the way of a good thing. He cried because in the past few months, he had completely built his life around someone that he let slip through his fingers. He cried because he knew it was over.

He cried because he knew it was over.

Chapter End Notes

Jensen can be a total asshole...especially when he decides to yell. I'm sorry! D:

But I'm sure you've caught on by now, he's only like that when he's covering up how he really feels.

And he really feels like total shit because in the words of my favorite writer, F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The loneliest moment in someone's life is when they are watching their whole world fall apart, and all they can do is stare blankly." So he tries to turn to alcohol.
And then tries to flirt in an attempt to forget about Misha.

But that doesn't work, and so he's left to deal with how he really feels about the situation.
Sorry for the lack of Misha in this chapter, guys. But the next chapter will explain where he's at and what's going on with him.

ALSO! The other day I joined the app "Supernatural Amino". I have absolutely no idea what I'm doing on there, but I figured I would give it a try to sort of blog about Supernatural I guess? My username on there is the same as it is on here (AnchorsOutAtSea, same icon picture and all) and the account can be found [here](#)!
Thank you all so much for your kind words. I'm completely overwhelmed, and I have no idea how to properly thank you all. Words cannot even begin to describe how much it means to me. But thank you. <3

I'm still having some days where I hit extreme lows, but I still haven't hit a low like the last time I've updated. I also found a super cute app that's helping me cope. It's called Booster Buddy if anyone is interested. It helps document moods and thoughts, and helps with coping. It also "rewards" you for checking in on it.

Also, quick note. This chapter takes place at the same time as the last chapter. It's just what was going on with Misha at the time. I just needed to clarify that so that the time line wouldn't confuse anyone.

I hope you enjoy!

Misha wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, causing the car to swerve because of his distraction. “I can’t believe this shit.” He snapped, hitting the steering wheel angrily. What Jensen said had hurt a hell of a lot more than he was expecting. Especially since he knew that Jensen was just being an asshole, intentionally trying to hurt him, because that’s what Jensen did. He pushed people away, he tried to hurt them instead of letting them hurt him. There was more to his portrayal of Dean than his acting ability.

But that didn’t make it any less fucked up. It didn’t make Misha any less hurt, or any less angry. He hadn’t even given Misha the option to explain, hadn’t even given him the opportunity to talk. And what he had said? What he had done? Misha couldn’t forgive him from that. He knew Jensen well enough to know that him kicking him out was a knee jerk reaction, something he did out of anger and panic. He knew that Jensen would end up calling him, begging him to come back like he always did. But none of that made it okay. And calling him a whore? It wasn’t something that would normally bother Misha. Had the circumstances been different, he would have laughed about it, maybe agreed jokingly.

It actually wasn’t the first time that Jensen had called him a whore. But this time it was different. Before it was just Jensen teasing him for having no preference in gender, which gave him more people to flirt with, more people to sleep with. Terms like slut and whore were just words created in hopes of suppressing people’s sexuality and making them feel bad about who they had sex with, and how many people. Sex was natural, it was society that made it taboo. The number of people he had slept with wasn’t exactly low, but that didn’t matter to Misha. Especially not anymore. Once Jensen came in the picture, anyone, man or woman, could throw themselves at Misha and he wouldn’t be interested. He just wanted Jensen. So yeah, hearing a derogatory word thrown at him coming from the one person that mattered most… that stung way more than it should have, especially since that word was supposed to mean nothing to him.

At first, Misha had planned to go back to his apartment. Even though he and Jensen had gotten the house together, their contracts for both of their apartments still hadn’t ran out, so the option was
there. In fact, most of Misha’s stuff was still there because he hadn’t gotten around to moving everything to the house yet. But he couldn’t be there right now, there were far too many memories that had stained the walls there. And most importantly…. Misha didn’t want to be alone. Not right now. He didn’t want to be alone with his thoughts, a pathetic, sobbing mess over his stupid, dick of a boyfriend. Misha slammed on the breaks. He hadn’t meant to; it had been an automatic reaction because he had realized something…he was pretty sure Jensen wasn’t his boyfriend anymore. They were done. It was over. And the cold, painful realization of that had him suddenly driving to Jared’s house.

Jared sighed deeply, draping a blanket over Misha’s sleeping form on his couch. Misha had shown up at his door, completely wrecked. He had never seen anything like it. It almost made his stomach turn, someone like Misha, a complete ray of sunshine, should never look or feel so broken.

And it was all his stupid fucking best friend’s fault. Jared knew Jensen was capable of being a complete and total ass. But he also knew Jensen was capable of being one of the sweetest and compassionate people he knew, and Jared had really hoped that when it came to Misha, Jensen would be able to balance the two.

Jared cleaned up the various beer bottles of the coffee table. He hadn’t really wanted Misha to drink, but at least it had helped him get some sleep. It was still early too; the sun hadn’t even set completely. Jared pulled the drapes shut in his living room so that the fading sunlight wouldn’t wake Misha. He replaced the beer bottles with a glass of water and a bottle of Advil, knowing that after all the crying he had done, Misha’s head was going to be killing him whenever he woke up. Jared heard his cell phone ring from his bedroom, and went to grab it. Looking down and seeing that Jensen was calling him again, only pissing him off further. Despite how close they were, he was just too angry to talk to Jensen. He knew there wouldn’t be any real talking, it would be Jared yelling at him about what a fucking idiot he was. Jensen seriously needed his ass kicked, and Jared had half a mind to drive out and do it himself.

Jared Ackles had done some stupid shit in his life, but this definitely topped the list. Misha was good to him; he was good for him. Jensen was happier now, reflectively being the same ray of sunshine that Jared always saw Misha as. Something had completely changed in Jensen. Jared didn’t know how to place it, but Jensen just seemed more comfortable with himself, more comfortable with life in general. And Jared was no idiot, he knew that love didn’t “fix” people, he knew that someone’s life suddenly becoming perfect because of a significant other was just a bunch of bullshit that Hollywood tried to peddle. So dating Misha wasn’t a magical fix all for Jensen, but it had lit a fire within him that Jared couldn’t help but admire. If only that fire would have burned away all of Jensen’s jealousy and misdirected anger.

“You such a fucking child sometimes, Jensen.” Jared muttered at his phone screen as the call switched over to the missed call icon. He went into the kitchen to grab another beer and then headed back to the living room, flopping down in his recliner quietly. He watched the rise and fall of Misha’s shoulders in the faint glow of the muted television, and knew he needed to stop being such a mother hen. Misha was hurting like hell now, but he was strong, and Jared knew he would be okay. Things like this just take time, right?

Jared didn’t know Misha nearly as well as he knew Jensen, but when Misha had shown up at his door, he knew that what Misha needed was for someone to listen. That was especially true as soon as he found out that that was the very thing that Jensen hadn’t done. But letting Misha rant, and curse, and cry, and open up completely meant Jared keeping his mouth shut. So he hadn’t even been able to get a word in, and now his brain was reeling with words unsaid.
At some point, the mood had shifted and they had ended up drinking a few beers and watching television, and Jared allowed Misha to grab onto the welcome distraction until he had fallen asleep on the couch. Jared was actually really glad that he had, because Misha really didn’t need to drive after drinking, especially when Jared had the suspicion that a slightly drunk Misha might drive straight back to Jensen.

Misha’s phone started lighting up on the coffee table. “Speak of the devil.” Jared muttered aloud, seeing the call was from Jensen. It felt like someone grabbed Jared’s heart and twisted it when he noticed the picture of Jensen that Misha had set as his contact photo. It had been taken in bed, and Jensen had clearly been looking up at Misha, all sparkling eyes and lazy smiles. It was so sweet and innocent, and it made Jared so angry because that was the side of Jensen that deserved Misha, but that side wasn’t the one that stuck around when Misha needed it the most.

The phone started vibrating at this point, and Jared was tempted to reach across the table and turn it off before Misha woke up, but it was too late. Misha stirred sleepily, and when his eyes opened, his facial expression immediately turned pained. He rolled over on the couch and grabbed the phone. Jared saw him swallow hard when he saw who the call was from. Misha locked the screen and sat it back on the table, sitting up and stretching.

“You didn’t pick up.” Jared commented curiously.

“I wanted to…” Misha muttered sadly, staring down at the phone on the table. But then he shook his head, his expression going from sad to angry in a split second. “But there’s no point. I know Jensen. It’ll just be a ton of empty apologies and him begging me to come home.” He looked up at Jared. Jared sadly noted just how red his eyes were, how exhausted he looked. “And I’m not going to. I’m done, Jared. He’s fucked up so many times, and he never learns from it.”

“That definitely sounds like Jensen.” Jared replied bitterly, taking a sip from his beer. “He doesn’t deserve you, Misha.” Misha looked completely shocked.

“You do realize that we’re talking about your best friend, right?”

“Yeah… but that’s just it. He’s my best friend. I know the damn guy way too well, and I know what a baby he can be. I know what an asshole he can be. I know exactly how he acts when he doesn’t get his way. I know how he pushes people away. I know him way too well. And I know that he doesn’t deserve you.” Jared finished off his beer. “I really wish that wasn’t the case, Misha. But Jensen has a lot of growing up to do.”

Misha nodded sadly. “I love him, Jared.” He said quietly, his voice a broken whisper. Jared felt helpless, wishing he could console his friend better.

“I know. God, I know, Misha. But you can’t fix him. Jensen’s gotta figure his own shit out, and you can’t be caught in the crossfire, you know? Maybe… maybe you guys can work things out.”

“I don’t think so…N-notch this time. I’m not sure I would even want to. I mean I do, but..” Misha bit his lower lip and looked up at Jared. Jared just nodded, Misha didn’t need to explain. He understood.

“You should stay here tonight.” Jared suggested. “I mean, I know it’s still early. But we can kick back for the rest of the night and just relax.”

“Thank you.” Misha took a deep, shuddering breath and his eyes suddenly got wide. “Shit… I’m going to be a dad, Jared…” He said, like the reality of the situation finally hit him. Jared couldn’t help but laugh a little, though the laugh wasn’t exactly amused.
“Congratulations, man. Does that mean Alexandra is keeping the baby?”

“I… I’m not sure. She’s not even sure. But I guess she’s sorta thinking about it, because she asked if I wanted to involved in the baby’s life and all. But I know she’s also considering adoption.”

“Which would you prefer?”

“For none of this to have even happened.” Misha replied honestly. “Things were just going to go well with Jensen and I. Things weren’t perfect, but a lot of the time it felt like they were.” Misha’s eyes had started to get misty again.

Jared just nodded, he had no idea what to say. He finally sighed. “He really does love you, you know. I’m not defending him. I would never defend him after what he said or did. But… I just feel like you should know that if you don’t know it already. I’m not trying to convince you to forgive him or anything… it’s just…” He trailed off. “He really does.”

“I know.” Misha croaked, a fresh tear slipping down his cheek. “I always thought that would be enough. But I guess sometimes it isn’t.”

“I wish I could fix this.” Jared offered.

Misha shook his head. “It’s not your place to.” He suddenly smiled, the corners of his lips just barely turning up. “You always try to clean up Jensen’s messes. I noticed that when I first met the two of you. It’s very sweet of you. But like you said, Jensen has a lot of growing up to do.” He sighed and cracked his knuckles. “It’s going to be hell on set tomorrow.”

Jared groaned. He had completely forgotten that they had to jump right back into filming tomorrow. “I got an email saying they were gonna release the final scripts tomorrow. Maybe there won’t be a lot of scenes between Dean and Cas the rest of this season.”

Misha laughed bitterly. “Since you’ll know tomorrow, I’m just going to go ahead and tell you. Remember when you said that Dean and Cas seemed a lot closer this year? Remember how they said this season was going to be ‘experimental’? There’s a reason they’ve been so secretive about the remaining scripts. Jensen and I have already read the script for the season finale.” He sighed. “Dean and Castiel becomes the real deal, Jared.”

Jared just gaped at Misha. “You’re kidding.” He pushed his hair out of his shocked face, searching Misha’s face like this was some sort of joke. “Like… romantically?”

“How do you think Jensen and I ended up together? We had to make a decision on whether or not we were okay with it, and we were running lines, and got to the scene where they kiss.” Misha gave a wry smile. “It turns out we both enjoyed that kiss a little beyond acting.”

“Holy shit, they even kiss?” Jared tried to distract Misha. “What fan sold their soul for this? Jesus.” He muttered, still in awe. But then he looked at Misha sadly. “I… I’m sorry you’re going to have to work with him….under these conditions…” He stumbled over his words slightly. “Are you going to be okay? I’m sure they would let you take some time off if you needed it. I mean, I know they don’t know about you and Jensen, but you never ask for time off, so the probably wouldn’t even ask you why you need it.”

Misha shrugged, but Jared noticed the hesitation in his movement and the doubt in his eyes. “I’ll… be fine. I’m an actor. It’s what we do, right? Conditions aren’t always ideal.” He forced a smile, and he even knew it was more pained than pleasant. He remembered the time that Jared had almost walked in on him and Jensen in Jensen’s trailer, and how Jensen had very similarly said that that if
Destiel happened it wouldn’t be ideal. At the time, it had just been a way to throw Jared off, but it turned out the lie was now true.

Working with Jensen wasn’t what worried him. He could work with him despite his feelings for him, he had had to for years. He just didn’t know if Jensen was capable of doing the same.

I know this chapter wasn’t nearly as climatic as the last one, but I'm building up to some maaajor things. I can't believe this fic has spider webbed the way that it has, I originally figured maybe it would only be much shorter than it's become. But the more I write, the more in love I fall in love with the characters I've "created", and there are quite a few things I feel like they need to experience for this fic to feel complete to me.

Anyways! Picture/gif time.

Misha crying, because I'm an absolute MONSTER.

But hey, at least that one gif is from a really funny episode of Supernatural, right?

And at least Jared was there for Misha, and knows that despite Jensen being his best friend, hes completely in the wrong here.
Upon completing this chapter, I realized just how hard it is to find gifs or pictures of Jared and Misha together. The ones I could find certainly didn't fit with the chapter. They were much too happy. But... that makes me really happy knowing that two of my boys are that happy when they're together.  :'

For those of you who read Feathers and Freckles, sorry I skipped it and added another chapter to this fic. I know I generally bounce back and forth, but I'm still debating on where to break the next chapter of that fic. And besides... ya'll really aren't ready for the kind of angst that fic is gonna have. :p
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

Finals can suck my nonexistent dick. I should be doing work right now, but I'm just irritated and frustrated and I would rather post this chapter. It's a little shorter than I would like it to be, but god, there's this one chapter that- I've said too much. You guys will know which chapter makes up for it. So here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Making his way towards Misha’s trailer on set, Jensen couldn’t stop shaking. He had no idea how this would go down, or if Misha would even speak to him…but he had to try. Misha’s trailer was in sight, and as is grew bigger and bigger in Jensen’s line of vision, he got more and more nervous. He stopped for a moment, bending to place his hands on his lower thighs and take a deep breath. He was one thought away from having a panic attack, and he had to calm himself down. He closed his eyes and focused on his breathing. Behind his closed eyelids he saw the sunlight shining on him get blocked off, and heard someone clear their throat.

Jensen opened his eyes nervously, knowing it was Jared before he even saw him. Jared was towering over him, his stance all irritation and anger, and Jensen really didn’t want to deal with it right now.

“We need to talk.” Jared said, sighing and softening a little a he looked down and realized Jensen could barely breathe.

“I’m a little busy right now.” Jensen replied, standing up but still gulping in air unevenly.

Jared gave him those sad puppy eyes that he had perfected after all his years of playing Sam. “C’mon, man. Let’s go to my trailer.” Jensen immediately shook his head and looked toward Misha’s trailer. “Not right now.” Jared answered his unsaid thought. “Just… you need to calm down. Come on. I’ll make us some coffee.” Jensen reluctantly followed Jared back to his trailer, knowing this was a lost case, and knowing that he couldn’t see Misha with the state he was in. Maybe talking with Jared would help him calm down.

Jared handed Jensen a cup of coffee, and Jensen muttered a thanks. He looked up at Jared. His friend was clearly still mad at him, and Jensen was waiting for him to start yelling. Instead, Jared was leaned against the counter in his trailer, a cup of coffee in his own hands, waiting patiently. He didn’t have to say anything, Jensen knew that he had already talked to Misha, and he knew that Jared thought that Jensen was in the wrong. Hell, even Jensen knew that. Jensen put his coffee down.

“So. What did Mish tell you?” He asked cautiously.

Jared sighed and pushed his hair out of his face. “Everything.” He responded quietly.

Jensen pinched the bridge of his nose. “I’m an idiot, Jared.”

“Yeah, I know. Jensen, why didn’t you at least let him talk? Explain himself? Maybe at least
elaborate a little?"

“I…I panicked. I thought Alexandra was going to ruin everything.”

“It sounds a lot like you ruined everything.”

Jensen winced, but suddenly anger and defensiveness was boiling under the surface. “Yeah, well he shouldn’t have fucked her!”

“Y’all weren’t together! He could fuck who he wanted to!”

“Well he could have at least used a fucking condom instead of-!”

“THE FUCKING CONDOM BROKE, JENSEN!”

Jensen froze. “What?”

“He did use a condom. But shit happens.” Jared snapped angrily.

Jensen sank back down on Jared couch, just realizing that he had gotten so angry that he stood up. “Oh…shit… I thought-"

“No. That’s the problem. You didn’t think. You just got pissed.”

“Is she… is she going to keep the baby?”

“That’s a question you should have asked Misha, Jensen. Instead of throwing him out. And calling him a whore? Really? Are we really going to act like the preteen that got turned down for the middle school dance?”

Jensen ducked his eyes in embarrassment. He suddenly felt very, very small, and it had nothing to do with Jared’s height difference over him. He really was an idiot. “I have to talk to him, Jared.” He said softly.

“You may want to give him some time.”

“I… I can’t. I mean, if he doesn’t want to talk to me right now, I get it. I deserve it. But I have to at least apologize. Oh god, I really fucked up this time.” Tears had begun to topple from Jensen eyes for what felt like the millionth time since Misha told him about the pregnancy.

Jared looked at him sadly. “C’mere.” He said, pushing himself off of the counter. Jensen stood up, and Jared immediately pulled him into a hug. Jensen unceremoniously buried his face in his friend’s shoulder. “Yeah, you fucked up alright, Jen. But… you’ll be okay. I know you. Just talk to Misha, okay? But more importantly, listen to him.”

And Jensen swore that he would, and meant it. If Misha would just talk to him, he would hang on to every word.

Jensen stood outside Misha’s trailer door nervously. It reminded him of the time that he shown up early to find Misha the last time he had been a dick and pissed Misha off to the point that Misha wouldn’t talk to him. This time was different though. This time he wasn’t trying to figure out his feelings, this time he was completely and irrevocably in love with Misha.
And he needed to see Misha. He needed to apologize. He took a steadying breath, and finally knocked on the door. As soon as his knuckles rapped against it, he realized just how torn he was. A part of him hoped that for once Misha wasn’t early on set, and that he wouldn’t have to deal with the absolute shit show of feelings that was waiting for him. But there was also a part of him that was praying to whatever god would listen that Misha was on the other side of that door, and was willing to talk to him.

The door opened, and Jensen’s heart immediately ached and his stomach immediately twisted into a knot. Misha looked at him with confused, wide, hurt eyes. His mouth had fallen open slightly like he was shocked, like Jensen was the last person he had expected to see.

“Hey, Mish.” Jensen croaked, his voice barely above a broken whisper. Misha just stared at him, either unable to form words, or unwilling to. “…Can we talk?”

Misha swallowed hard. He licked his lips as his eyebrows furrowed together in concentration, like he was carefully piecing together what to say. “We had an opportunity to talk last night. But instead of talking, you kicked me out of our home.”

“I know, baby. I know.” Jensen whined. His heart immediately shattered at the way Misha recoiled when he called him baby. “I’m the biggest fucking asshole on the planet. Can we please just talk? Please, Mish.”

Misha sighed and rubbed his tired eyes. “Fine. We can talk. But it’s a waste of time. You’re not going to like anything I have to say.”

“I don’t care. I’ll take it, whatever it is, as long as you’ll just talk to me.”

Misha straightened himself against the door, providing room for Jensen to come in. Walking past Misha had them just inches from each other, and it felt so wrong because Jensen knew he no longer had the right to reach out and touch him, to kiss him, and it was a habit that he felt would always claw at his skin when he was so close to Misha.

Misha closed the trailer door behind them, and stood in front of Jensen, crossing his arms. Shit. He only does that when he’s really pissed at me. Misha didn’t offer him a drink. He didn’t tell him to take a seat. He didn’t say anything, and it scared the shit out of Jensen. Jensen had been expecting the ‘I’m going to talk, and you’re going to listen’ speech. Instead, Misha was just staring at him, with those too blue eyes of his, a mixture of pain and anger shining behind them.

“I fucked up.” Jensen whimpered, realizing he would have to be the first to say something. “I fucked up really bad, Misha. Just like I always do. You came to me, clearly during a time when you needed me, and I… I reacted in the worst possible way. You know I don’t think you’re really a whore, right?” Misha continued to just stare at him, his mouth pressed into a thin line. “I mean, you may take dick like a whore but…” Jensen laughed awkwardly. “Okay, that was a really bad joke. But you know I make bad jokes when I’m nervous. And you’re not talking.” Jensen wasn’t sure when, but at some tears had formed in his eyes and were now cascading down his cheeks. He wiped them away roughly. “God dammit, I’m so sorry, Misha. I know that probably doesn’t mean anything, not after how I acted. But I am. I’m so fucking sorry. I… I love you. I love you more than I could ever put into words. And I know that only makes what I did even more fucked up. But I’m fucked up. Jesus Christ am I fucked up—“

“Stop.” Misha finally said firmly. “I didn’t agree to talk to you so you could stand here and beat yourself up. That’s not what this is about.”

Jensen breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe I can still fix this. “Please let me make it up to you. Please.”
He begged, and he didn’t care if it was pathetic. If Misha wanted him to get down on his knees and grovel, he would in a heartbeat. He had to make this right.

Misha shook his head angrily. “It’s not that simple, Jensen. I… I don’t think you can make this up to me. I understand that you’re not perfect. I get that you have jealousy issues and anger issues. And that… that’s okay. I just thought… I just thought that I would be enough to help you through those things, to change things.”

“Oh god, baby.” Jensen whispered, taking a step closer to Misha. Misha didn’t step back, but showed absolutely no sign of uncrossing his arms. “You are enough. You’re an absolute angel. You’re everything, the only thing that matters. I love you…” Please, Misha. Please just say it back.

Misha shook his head again. “Sometimes, when things get tough… love just isn’t enough. I really wish it was. Fuck, you have no idea how much I wish it was.” Tears started to form in his eyes. “And while you may not be perfect, I’m not either, Jensen. So maybe all of this is my fault.” Jensen’s mind immediately went to Well, you were the one that got Alexandra pregnant. but he pushed those thoughts away. He would deal with that, with Alexandra later. He just had to make sure that he and Misha were okay. Before he could say anything, Misha laughed bitterly. “Maybe all of this is because I got greedy.”

“Greedy?” Jensen asked, taking another step towards Misha. But this time, Misha took a step back, and it felt like Jensen received a blow to the chest.

“It started out with me just thinking with my dick. Almost as soon as I saw you… I wanted you. I wanted you to fuck me. But then I got greedy… and I wanted you to love me. And that… that was when things started to spiral out of control.”

“I do love you, Misha. You wanting that doesn’t make you greedy. All you wanted was what you deserve, and I’ll never be someone that could deserve you. I’m so sorry…”

“I know, Jensen. I know that you love me, and I know that you’re sorry. But this? This isn’t about that. This is about the fact that no matter what we do, no matter how hard we try, something gets in our way. Something wedges between us, and each time it happens we bounce back… but it’s always a little weaker. Things are never exactly the same.” Another bitter laugh escaped Misha’s lips. “Maybe we just got ahead of ourselves. Maybe we were never meant for any of this… maybe… maybe we should have just stayed friends. I mean look at us. We’re killing each other.” Misha wiped away the tears that had started falling.

“How can you say that?” Jensen whimpered. “How can you say that we should have stayed friends when you complete me? When every time I see you I get butterflies? How can you say that when the first time we kissed, I knew that we were meant for so much more? When the first time you held me hand, it felt like I couldn’t get it to stop shaking for days afterwards? Yeah, all of that scared the hell out of me… it still does. But you can’t stand there and say that we should have stayed friends when I know you feel what I feel. You can’t.”

Misha adverted his eyes. “I’m sorry, Jensen…”

Jensen ran his fingers through his hair, pulling at it. His eyes pleaded with Misha, because he was sure a sob would replace any words he tried to say. His breath caught, and he let out a cry he normally would have been ashamed of. “So… I guess… I guess this is it…” The words choked out as tears began to fall freely.

“I wish it wasn’t. But I think this is for the best.” Misha’s voice was equally as broken, but he wouldn’t look up at Jensen.
Jensen took another step forward, crowding Misha’s space. He finally looked up at Jensen, his expression that of a broken man. And it tore Jensen apart. *He’s so fucking beautiful, he should never have to hurt like this. And it’s all my fault.* Jensen swallowed hard, a cliché line running through his head. *If you love something, set it free...* He leaned in and gave Misha a soft, tender kiss on the cheek. “I’m always going to love you, Dmitri. Nothing is ever to change that. But you deserve so much better.”

He turned and left Misha’s trailer. He set him free.

Chapter End Notes

....please don't kill me. Keep in mind, this fic still says chapter 29 of ?, which means this isn't a last chapter.
At one point, the more angsty side of me was really going to end the fic here. But I couldn't do that to you guys, and there's quite a few things left for me to write about before I would be okay with ending this fic.

I honestly couldn't think of a lot of gifs or pictures to search for this chapter, so there's not going to be very many. Anyways...
Since I couldn't think of very many, here's a serious of gifs of Jensen and Jared hugging, because even though Jensen can be a selfish jerk in this fic, he's still Jared's best friend, and they would do anything for each other. <3

Oh boy, there is just SO much ahead and I'm crawling out of my skin to give it to you guys.
If there was one thing Jensen was thankful of, it was how good at acting Misha was. It had been about three weeks since they had cut romantic ties, and Jensen was positive that if Misha wasn’t such a good actor, *someone* would’ve picked up on how tense things were. But Misha had been playing Castiel for years, and Jensen had been playing Dean for years, and they were both able to project their raw feelings into their characters, despite how much it hurt.

And boy did it hurt.

Jensen really wished he could take some time off of work, take some time to himself. But it’s not like he would be able to stay at home sulking, he could barely sleep there because all it did was remind him of Misha. Over the past few weeks he had collected an impressive set of liquor bottles that sat on their dining table with no order. He had tried to go out and get laid a couple of times, but each time he panicked and realized that it wasn’t what he wanted, who he wanted. One time he even had a panic attack after wondering if Misha was off doing the same thing, and nearly threw up on some poor girl he was trying to sleep with. Luckily he could blame it on the twelve shots of whiskey from earlier.

But the late nights and bottle after bottle of burning liquid was taking its toll, and Jensen realized this when he was being forced to stay in the makeup chair for longer, the makeup artist fussing over him with irritation in her voice.

“I can’t tell you what to do.” She muttered cautiously. “But I will warn you, you’re getting to the age now where you don’t exactly bounce back from partying.

Jensen just snorted. She was making it sound like he was actually having a good time.

When makeup was finally done, Jensen glanced in the mirror, noting that every single one of his freckles were hidden under a layer of concealer and foundation. He knew that they had to lay it on thick and then blend it to cover the circles under his eyes today, but he couldn’t help but think about how much it would disappoint Misha to see that his freckles were hidden.

Then he reminded himself that Misha didn’t care anymore.

When he stepped out of the makeup trailer, his heart jumped in his throat on the last step. Today they were filming the scene where Dean and Castiel kissed. Jensen suddenly felt light headed. They were nowhere near the end of the season, but they never filmed episodes in the order that viewers would see them. That’s just not how life on the set of Supernatural worked. Jensen wished that wasn’t the case, if they would just film things in order, he would still have months to prepare for this kiss.

“I have good news.” Jared said, nudging a cup of coffee at him. Jensen jumped, he hadn’t even realized that Jared had been waiting on him.

“Yeah?” Jensen asked hoarsely, gratefully taking the coffee.

“Misha couldn’t come in today, so we’re switching to a different episode.” Jared gave him a sympathetic look over, noticing how worried Jensen looked. “Hey, man. Remember, just breathe,
Okay? At least you have a little longer before you have to deal with the… that.”

“Why did Misha call out? He never calls out. Is he okay?” Jensen immediately panicked.

“I don’t know, Jen. But he’ll be okay. Why not shoot him a text and ask if he’s okay? I think you’re allowed to still, you know, talk to him.” When Jensen paled and didn’t reply, Jared gave him a pat on the back. “I’m gonna head over to the set. If you need a minute, take it. I’ll let ‘em know.”

‘I’ll let ‘em know.’ That part was almost comical to Jensen as he watched Jared walk off. Jared only meant that he would let everyone on set know that he Jensen was running late, not that Jensen was completely falling apart, and couldn’t tell any of them why because none of them even knew that he and Misha were dating.

Jensen took a deep breath, digging his phone out of his pocket. He hadn’t texted Misha in weeks, had almost forgotten that it was an option. Misha doesn’t want to hear from you. He’s not going to text you back. Jensen shook the thoughts out of his head. They were probably true, but now that the seed had been planted, the idea was in full bloom and he had to do it.

Heard you called out. Hope you’re okay. Jensen hit send and shoved the phone back in his pocket, feeling a little lighter, and unable to tell if it was because of the text, or because he knew he didn’t have to kiss Misha yet.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to. He did. God, he wanted to kiss Misha so bad. But he didn’t know if he would be able to stop, and it would only be a bitter reminder of how all of this started. Jensen sighed deeply, walking towards set with his hands shoved in his pockets and wondering if Misha not being on set was a blessing or a curse.

Misha was sitting next to Alexandra in the waiting room when his phone’s text alert went off. He shimmied the phone out of his pocket and glanced down at it, his heart momentarily stopping when he saw it was from Jensen. He still hadn’t erased the picture of Jensen from the contact, and the phone automatically made the picture full screen in the background of the text alert until the text was open. It caused Misha to ache. He worried his lip and dropped the phone in his lap. He turned to Alexandra needing to distract himself.

“You know, it would have been more convenient had you not waited until the last minute to tell me about this doctor’s appointment. Today was sorta a big day on set.” He said, narrowing his eyes at her, but keeping his tone light.

Alexandra was flipping through a parenting magazine without really reading it. She motioned towards her tummy. “It’s not like this is the first time I waited until the last minute to tell you something.” She smirked playfully as she looked up at him, but it faltered almost immediately. “I’m still really sorry about that, by the way.”

“It’s okay.” Misha sighed. If he was being honest, it wasn’t okay, and he wasn’t entirely sure if he even believed Alexandra when she said it was a long time before she realized she was pregnant. Sure, he knew people who went a long time without realizing they were pregnant, hell, there was an entire show called ‘I Didn’t Know I Was Pregnant’, but his fuse had been a little short lately, and he was second guessing everything anyone said. “It’s okay.” He repeated again, this time for himself. Because it was okay. Her waiting so long meant he got to spend longer with Jensen. And he would never admit that to anyone, but he actually incredibly grateful for that extra time.

“So… are you sure about this, Misha?” She asked nervously, rubbing her stomach idly. “You don’t
Misha shook his head. “I said I would be here for the next ultrasound.” He shrugged. “And here I am.”

“And you’re sure you want to be involved in the baby’s life?”

Misha looked up at her, realization sinking in. “Have you… you’ve decided you’re going to keep it?”

Alexandra looked uneasy and averted her eyes. “Don’t make me second guess it…”

“That’s not what I meant, Alex.” Misha replied sternly. *Oh. I guess we’re on a nickname basis now.* “I just don’t want you to feel pressured in any way. I’m going to support your decision regardless of what it is.”

“Yes. I’m going to keep it.” Alexandra blurted. She took a deep breath. “I’m scared shitless. But I… I just can’t do adoption. I-After nine months- I just can’t.”

“You don’t have to explain. I get it. Well… you know what I mean.” Misha soothed her. “When I thought about someone calling me daddy, I definitely wasn’t expecting it to be a kid any time soon.” He joked.

Alexandra laughed, the slight tension between them lifting immediately. Her perfectly straight, white teeth exposed as she tossed her head back. Misha couldn’t help but admire how beautiful she was. *At least our kid is gonna be really cute.* She stopped laughing, a huge grin on her face, and Misha half expected a flirtatious reply. “Oof. Don’t make me laugh, I have to pee.” She grabbed the arm rests of her chair to hoist herself up, but before she could, Misha was on his feet helping her up.

She looked up at him, a tender look in her eyes. “So since I… we’re keeping it, we can have the doctor tell us the gender now. No point in avoiding the whole attachment thing.” Misha bit his lip and nodded. *I’m going to be a dad. I’m going to be a dad. Holy fuck… I’m going to be a dad.* Alexandra gave him a sweet smile and began to waddle towards the waiting room bathroom. She stopped with her hand on the door knob and turned around. “Misha… text Jensen back.” She said knowingly before sliding in the bathroom and closing the door behind her.

Misha stood there, gaping in her direction. Alexandra had actually completely shocked him lately. She had shown zero interest in anything other than the baby. Misha had even flirted with her quite a bit (mostly out of habit, knocked up or not, she was pretty) but Alexandra just wasn’t interested. He flopped back down in the waiting room chair, thinking about how being a parent could really change someone, how it could really help them mature.

He finally opened up the message, reading it, and hating himself for how it made him melt a little. *He’s worried about me.* Misha replied quickly. *I’m fine. Just dealing with some stuff.* He sent it, but before it could even be delivered, he sent another text that said “Thanks for asking Jen.” He had no idea that a double text would give Jensen butterflies on set, all those miles away while he snuck a glance at his phone. He also had no idea that Jensen would text out *I miss you* and delete it four different times before getting yelled at by the director.

Misha didn’t take his eyes off the screen, feeling stupid because he knew Jensen was busy filming and shouldn’t be texting. His phone pinged anyway.

**See you tomorrow?**

Misha couldn’t stop the small smile that spread across his lips. **Yep.** A part of him wanted to mention...
that they were going to have to film the kiss tomorrow, but he really didn’t want to make Jensen’s anxiety worse, so he just added a smilie face to the text and sent it before he could regret it.

Miles away on set, Jensen was smiling so hard they had to take a break from filming, and he had to remind himself that Misha still wasn’t his.

“It’s a girl!” Dr. Bennington exclaimed happily. She tilted the screen a little so that Misha could get a better view of the image on his screen. A huge, nervous grin spread across his face. That little, moving, black and white image was his daughter. He glanced over at Alexandra, but her eyes were glued to the screen, smiling fondly. There was an indescribable warmth spreading in Misha’s chest. “Everything looks good, Alexandra. We just need to keep an eye on that blood pressure, okay? High blood pressure is incredibly common, so there’s no need to worry. But we are going to schedule one more appointment before your due date just to check in on it.”

“Okay.” Alexandra replied. She was too busy being completely captivated by the little movement of her daughter kicking in her stomach. Dr. Bennington wiped the gel off of Alexandra’s stomach. She was saying something else at this point, but Misha didn’t hear any of it. He was in complete awe. He was going to be a dad. He was going to have a daughter in just shy of two months. The doctor had already left the room, and Alexandra was already standing and snapping her fingers in front of his face before he realized it was time for them to leave.

Misha had picked Alexandra up from her apartment, and as they were heading back, she abruptly spoke up. “Do you have a lawyer?”

He snorted. He would have glanced over at her questioningly, but he refused to take his eyes off of the road with such precious cargo in the car. “You’re familiar with GISHWHES, right? Of course I have a lawyer.” He replied, laughing.

She smiled, Misha could see it in the corner of his eyes. “Good. I’ll have my lawyer send over some papers for you to sign.”

“Papers?”

“Specifying your rights as the dad and stuff.” She chuckled dismissively.

“Oh.” Misha relaxed. “Okay.” He smiled. He knew that the reality of the situation was going to hit, very, very soon. He need to buy baby… stuff. And he had no idea where to start. But right now, it was making him feel warm and fuzzy, and he wasn’t going to overthink it.

Jensen finished off his glass of scotch, Jared’s voice ringing in his ears ‘Don’t overdue the texting, Jensen.’ But Jensen had been staring at his phone’s screen for the past hour, resisting the urge to text Misha again. With each sip of dark liquid, it was getting harder not to. He glanced at the time on his phone. It wasn’t late. And Jared said not to overdue the texting. He didn’t say anything about calling. The phone was dialing before Jensen even knew he hit send. He placed the phone between his ear and his shoulder, quickly pouring another glass and downing it before Misha picked up. Or didn’t. Jensen didn’t know which one would be worse.

“…hello?”
“Hey, Mish.” Jensen grimaced at how desperate his voice sounded. There was no reply for a moment and Jensen’s stomach did grotesque, liquor filled summersaults. But then Misha spoke up again. “Hey, Jen.” That was it. But Misha was talking to him. And that mattered. “Uh. Is there a particular reason you’re calling? Is everything okay?”

Jensen panicked, the lie falling off his tongue easily. “Uh, that’s actually what I called to ask you. You’ve never been one to miss work. I know how sick you were when we were filming the whole Leviathan-Cas thing. You kept throwing up, but you still kept acting.” Jensen chuckled fondly. “Even though I kept trying to get them to force you to go home.” Jensen’s heart soared when he heard a small laugh escape Misha’s lips on the other side of the line.

“That was you? They never told me who was begging them to send me home.” A pleasant silence settled between them for a moment. “I’m fine, Jen. I just wanted to go to a doctor’s appointment with Alexandra to see how the baby is doing.”

Jensen felt his chest tighten. He took a deep breath. He didn’t want to hear this, and Misha probably figured that with how cautious his voice was. But Misha was talking to him, and he wanted to keep it that way. “Oh? How’s the baby doing?”

Jensen could hear the shocked, sharp intake of breath from Misha. “I… She’s fine. It’s a girl.”

“Congratulations, Mish.” Jensen croaked. He could barely breath.

“Thank you, Jensen.” Misha’s tone was so sweet, so earnest, that it made Jensen’s heart flutter.

“Yeah, no problem, man. I… I’m happy for you. You deserve… you deserve to be happy. And Alexandra is a knock out. Just… just please make sure she treats you right, Misha. Please.”

Misha actually snorted, and Jensen pulled his phone away from his ear for a moment in confusion. “It’s not like that, Jen. We’re not together. We’re just… co-parenting, I guess?” Jensen nodded, ignoring the fact that Misha wouldn’t be able to see. “What about you? How are you feeling?” Misha added softly.

“I miss you.” Jensen whimpered, the waterworks starting up as if waiting for that cue.

“Things will get easier.” Misha replied quietly.

“That’s what everyone keeps telling me. But they’re not getting any easier. I never stop missing you. Please come home, Misha. This is where you belong.” Jensen begged through his tears.

“I… I can’t. You know that.”

“Do you want to? Do you want to come home? To be here with me?”

The line was so quiet that Jensen thought that Misha had hung up the phone. “Jensen…”

“I just need to know. I need to know if you still love me, Misha.”

“You know I do.” Misha’s voice was so soft, Jensen knew he was fighting back tears. “You know I always will. But… but that doesn’t change things.”

Jensen thought that knowing Misha still loved him would make him feel better, but it didn’t. Misha might as well have told him that he loved him, but didn’t want to be with him. “Okay.” He croaked out. “Okay.”
“Are you… are you going to be able to… deal with the script tomorrow?” Misha asked. It broke Jensen’s heart because he knew that this was hard for Misha too, and yet Misha was solely concerned with him.

“I guess we’ll find out, won’t we?” Jensen laughed bitterly, wiping tears with his free hand. “I’m sorry I called you.”

“It’s okay. It…nevermind.”

“Tell me.”

“It was nice to hear your voice.” Misha said weakly. “Your voice. Not Dean’s on set. It was nice to talk to you. It’s been awhile. You know… you know we can still be friends, right? If you want to. If it’s not too hard… for either us. We could try.”

Jensen wanted to scream. He wanted to throw his phone. There was no going back, not with how much he loved Misha. He would never be able to see him as just a friend. But he didn’t do any of those things. He didn’t even argue. “Yeah, okay.” He pinched the bridge of his nose. “Like, grab a few beers or something?”

“Yeah. Something like that. Let’s do that sometime.”

“How about tomorrow night?”

“Do you really think that’s a good idea, Jen? You know what episode we have to film tomorrow…”

“That’s why it’s a perfect idea. We… we have to do something. We have to learn to be normal around each other, Misha.”

Misha laughed softly. “You know there’s nothing normal about me.” He joked.

“It’s one of the many things I love about you.” The words were out of Jensen’s mouth before he could catch them. He cleared his throat. “But yeah… I should go. I’ll see you tomorrow. On set… and after, for drinks?”

“Yeah, of course. I’ll see you then. And Jensen?”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you. For being concerned about me. And for trying to… for being more mature about all of this. It means a lot to me. Get some sleep.”

He hung up before Jensen could say anything else.

Chapter End Notes

But can we talk about how Misha’s face would light up seeing the ultrasound?
But while things are finally falling into place for him, things are just falling apart for Jensen. Which leads to more drinking.

And phone calls that break his heart.

What do you know... the next chapter is the Destiel kiss. ;)

To those of you who I haven't replied to yet, I haven't forgotten about you. I just have a ton going on right now, and this chapter has just been sitting in my documents so I figured I should just go ahead and get it out.
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Wow. You guys are incredible. It took me longer to reply to the messages in my inbox than it took me to write this chapter.

Thank all of you so much. I never, ever thought my writing would ever attract this kind of attention, and I'm completely overwhelmed in the best way possible.

I really don't know how to thank you all enough.

On a different note, I passed all my exams! Whoop whoop!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t Jensen’s alarm that woke him the next morning. He jerked awake almost an hour too early, the anxiety of an already forgotten nightmare slowly subsiding. He sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes and trying to even out his breathing. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t remember the dream. All he knew is that it left him feeling unsettled. The alcohol sitting in his stomach both sour and warm was not helping. He flopped back down on his pillow, staring at the ceiling. He had finally stopped reaching out immediately for Misha when he woke up, but that didn’t make his bed any less lonely.

Jensen rolled over in the bed, grabbing Misha’s pillow and curling himself around it. It had long since stopped smelling like him, but Jensen still found a strange sense of comfort from it. And he knew that he shouldn’t. He knew indulging in this behavior was unhealthy, that it was only making things harder on him... but he couldn’t help himself. He bit his lip, snuggling against the pillow. I miss him. I miss him so god damn much. And he was really starting to wonder if he would ever stop missing Misha.

After an unnecessarily long shower, some coffee, and some greasy grits and sausage, Jensen was feeling a little better. He was sitting at the dining room table, sipping his coffee, and flipping through the script for the episode that they were filming. He knew he should head to the set soon, but all he could think about was the script in his hand. This episode of Supernatural had changed his life forever, and despite how badly he wanted to be able to kiss Misha again, it was freaking him out. And his first instinct was to call Misha, but he couldn’t. There’s no way today could be easy for him either, and Jensen really just couldn’t be that selfish and needy.

So instead of calling Misha, he stood up, folded his script, tucked it under his arm, and grabbed his coffee so that he could head to set.

When Jensen walked up to his marker, he couldn’t breathe. All he could hear was the ringing in his ears. His vision was suddenly painful and blurred by the blinding sunlight. His hands were shaking, and he could feel himself starting to sweat underneath Dean’s army green canvas jacket. His breathing was erratic and nervous, and he was desperately trying to even it out so that his chest wouldn’t visibly heave on camera.

And that was all before he even saw Misha.
That’s when his heart stopped. That’s when his breathing caught in his chest, and ceased all together until he almost choked. And Misha was smiling at him. It wasn’t the smile that Jensen fell in love with. It didn’t meet his eyes. It didn’t light up the whole room. In fact, it looked sad and shy, almost defeated. But Misha was smiling and Jensen, and it wasn’t as Cas, he was in uniform, but not in character yet. And suddenly nothing else, no one else on set mattered.

“Hey, Mish.” Jensen immediately cleared his throat to try and cover up how much his voice cracked.

“Hey.” Misha replied quietly. Everyone was bustling around them preparing everything to get the cameras rolling, and they were completely ignored. They were filming on location, and it was always a little more hectic than a created set. “You okay?”

Jensen just bit his lip and nodded. His tongue felt too heavy in his mouth and he swallowed thickly, unable to actually speak. Misha’s smile lifted a little and he opened his mouth to say something when Robbie Thompson interrupted.

“Oh, man. I’m so glad they’re letting me direct this episode.” He adjusted his hat and laughed, a huge grin his face.

Misha rolled his eyes good naturedly. “I’m sure you are. Don’t think I haven’t noticed all the subtext in all of the episodes you’ve directed.” Misha gave him a wink for good measure.

Robbie didn’t even try to deny it, only grinning bigger. “Yeah, well, as the kids on the internet say, ‘I ship it’. You guys ready?”

“Where’s Jared?” Jensen abruptly blurted, shocked that his vocal chords had decided to start working again.

Robbie quirked an eyebrow at him. “Makeup. He’s not in this scene.” He laughed nervously. “You read the script, right?”

“Young, it’s just that…” I could really use his support right now. “I was just wondering where he was. That’s all.” Jensen could feel Misha’s eyes boring into him, but he refused to meet them.

“…okaaay… anyway, I’m ready when you guys are.” Robbie glanced down at the script for a moment before looking up at Misha. “Now Misha, remember, urgency is really important in Cas’ voice here.” Misha nodded, the smile on his face faltering and being replaced by a nervous look in his eyes. Robbie turned to Jensen. “And you gotta remember that Dean is supposed to be so completely distracted by Sam not answering the phone, so completely worried that he’s being entirely dismissive of what Cas has to say.” He sighed. “I know you know what’s coming. But the viewers can’t. Just remember that, and we’ll be as good as gold.” He gave both Jensen and Misha a pat on the back before stepping off the scene and sitting down in his chair, legs crossed, eyes hopeful. Robbie had probably wanted this as long as the fans had. Jensen looked over at Misha quickly and Misha forced a sad smile. “Annnnd…action!”

The air between them immediately changed as Jensen became Dean and Misha became Castiel. Jensen nearly breathed a sigh of relief, overwhelmed by how grateful he was. It’s okay. We can do this. We’re actors. It’s just acting.

Dean stormed out of the door of the diner, flinging the door open so roughly that it almost hit Castiel as he followed him. “Dean.” Cas said. “It can wait. What I have to tell you is of great important.”

Dean spun around, almost causing Cas to run into him. “You know, that’s the problem with you, Cas. You think that everything you have to say is of ‘great import’.”
Castiel tented his eyebrows in slight confusion before grimacing. He grabbed Dean’s shirt, bunching it up in his fists, and he slammed Dean up against the outside of diner. (Jensen breathed carefully through his nose, feeling his heartbeat speed up and he prayed that Dean’s mask wouldn’t slip.)

“This is important, Dean!” Cas was crowding Dean’s space, just inches from his face, a flustered, angry angel of the Lord. And it was moments like this that he wouldn’t allow Dean to forget that.

Dean licked his lips and swallowed hard. (Jensen felt dizzy. Misha’s lips were so close to his.) “Alright… alright. Just spill it then.” Castiel released Dean’s shirt, and Dean slid down the wall slightly, the impact of Cas throwing him against it nearly had him on his tiptoes.

Cas searched Dean’s eyes like they held every answer to every question in the world. Like they were the only thing that mattered in the entire world. “For a long time I didn’t think it was possible. You are just a human, and I an angel… but as time passed, I knew it to be true. You taught me how to feel things that I didn’t know I was capable of feeling. I’ve tried to justify it for far too long now. I’ve done countless hours of research with no answers, no relief. I’ve meditated. I’ve even prayed to God about it. But I can’t fight this anymore, Dean. I love you.”

(Jensen’s brain short circuited for a moment, hearing Misha say those three important words. But luckily for him, Dean hearing those same words from Cas had the same affect.) Dean tried to form words, but they all fell short, never getting past his lips. “Cas… I… I don’t think you realize what that means.” He finally choked out.

Castiel’s hand were on him once again, shoving him against the outside of the diner again as if the impact would rattle some common sense into the hunter. “This is your problem, Dean! I raised you from perdition and you didn’t think you deserve to be saved. I tell you how I feel, and you think you don’t deserve to be loved. I love you, Dean Winchester. Whether or not you believe that will not change how I feel.” Cas leaned in even closer, impossibly close. (Jensen couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t blink. Misha’s lips were just mere inches from his own. He could see the change in Misha’s eyes as he leaned in, he could see Misha’s Castiel mask slip and be replaced with a fleeting look of panic, and then Misha’s lips were crashing against his).

Jensen sighed against Misha’s lips, everything crumbling as Dean completely disappeared. He tried to remain as in character as possible, his hand curling into fists so that they wouldn’t tangle themselves in Misha’s hair. Jensen kissed Misha back like his life depended on it, like his lips were the air that Jensen’s lungs needed, like this kiss was the only thing that mattered. One of Misha’s hands left his shirt and cupped his face, and Jensen felt like his was losing his mind.

But then he remembered they were on set. He remembered this was part of a script. He remembered that it was his job to push Misha away. And so very, very reluctantly he did, and Dean returned, replacing the heartbroken actor.

“What. The. Hell. Cas.” Dean snapped, swiping the back of his hand against his mouth. (A steely look came to Misha’s eyes, and Jensen knew that Castiel had returned.)

“Dean-“ Cas went to step forward but Dean shoved him back again.

“This did not happen.” Dean growled. “I... we’re not going to talk about this. Stay the hell away from me.” Dean shoved past the angel, storming down the street.

“And cut!” Robbie said enthusiastically, standing up and making his way over to Misha and Jensen. “Great job, guys. That was really intense… so let’s all grab some lunch before picking back up. Dean can go through his gay panic in an hour.” Robbie laughed, patting Jensen on the back. Jensen gave him a weak smile. He wanted to look over at Misha, but he was terrified to. Instead he
mumbled something about pizza place he saw a street over, and fled the set.

Jensen kept his head down, his eyes stinging. He felt like he was going to throw up. The butterflies in his stomach were quickly being replaced by overwhelming anxiety and-

Jensen felt a warm hand wrap around his arm, stopping him in his tracks. He turned around slowly, blinking hard. His eyes were met by sweet blue ones.

“Mind if I join you for lunch, Jen?” Misha asked softly. Jensen reminded himself to breathe.

“Yeah. Sure.” He croaked. Misha smiled at him sweetly, and to Jensen’s shock, he found himself smiling back.

“I guess I figured we might as well try to start acting normal around each other sooner rather than later.” Misha said, leading the way to the pizza shop. Jensen laughed a little.

“And I thought you said there was nothing normal about you?”

“There’s not. But you don’t seem to have a problem with that.”

Is he…flirting with me? “Misha… listen…” Jensen started, but couldn’t find the words to continue. He changed the subject instead. “So…a little girl, huh?”

Misha smiled shyly. “Yeah. I…I have no idea what I’m doing, Jen.” He frowned deeply. “I just hope I can do right by her, you know?”

“Are you kidding, Mish? You’re going to be an amazing dad. You’re the most incredible person I know. You’re so smart and caring and sweet-“


“I’m being serious! You don’t have anything to worry about. And… And I don’t really know anything about kids either. But…I’m willing to help in any way I can.” Jensen’s heart skipped a beat when Misha looked like he was about to physically melt.

“Look at you.” He said softly. “Growing up and maturing on me.”

They had arrived at the pizza restaurant and Jensen opened the door for Misha. “I still have a long way to go, but I’m trying, Mish.” Misha thanked him for holding the door.

“Regardless… I’m proud of you.” Misha replied shyly.

“And that means the world to me.” Jensen almost whispered. They stared at each for a moment, getting lost in each other’s eyes until Jensen cleared his throat awkwardly. “So what kind of pizza are you in the mood for?”

The rest of the day went incredibly smoothly. Misha grossed Jensen out with his strange combination of toppings on his pizza, and made him laugh with his stupid jokes.

Filming was a breeze now that the kiss was out of the way and a lot of tension had lifted from between them. Jensen had no problem giving an emotional performance about love given his current circumstances. But at one point he completely forgot his lines when his eyes were drawn to Misha’s and all he could think about was how they felt, what they tasted like… Robbie didn’t notice and
didn’t scold him for messing up lines, but Jensen caught Misha smirking at him.

When they wrapped up filming, Jared suggested that they all hang out. Jensen knew he was completely relieved that the tension between them had lifted, and so Jensen asked if he wanted to grab drinks with him and Misha. Jared’s face lit up like a ray of sunshine.

They all had the next few days off while some editing was done, and Jensen and Jared were trying to drink each other under the table. Celebrations called for shots, and Jensen felt like celebrating because *Misha is proud of me*.

Jared squirmed in his seat uncomfortable. “Ugh, I have to piss like a racehorse.” He said, taking another shot.

“Don’t do it! Don’t break the seal!” Misha giggled.

“Psh, he’s only using it as an excuse because he knows he’s losing.” Jensen focused on the sentence very hard, trying to keep his speech from slurring. He knew he was more drunk than Jared, but he had money bet on this little game they were playing.

“That’s it. I can’t take it anymore.” Jared stood up, swaying slightly, and made his way to the bathroom. Misha and Jensen both laughed as he stood in the short line, wiggling and crossing his legs.

Jensen turned to Misha. “C’mon! Drink with us!” he said warmly.

“I am drinking with you.” Misha replied, smiling and waving his beer at Jensen.

“Yeah, but you’re just drinking beer. Take some shots with us.”

Misha opened his mouth to say something, a pained expression on his face. But then he just shook his head. “Tequila tastes disgusting.”

“You don’t have to get tequila. There are other kinds of shots. They have this one called a strawberry blowjob~” Misha choked on his beer and Jensen laughed. Jensen was also a little too drunk to deal with a reaction like that. “I’ll buy you one.” He flagged down the waitress and ordered one. She gave him a weird look but it caused Misha to giggle, so he just grinned.

It didn’t take the waitress long at all to bring the shot back, and when she dropped it off, Misha picked it up delicately, inspecting it. “What’s in this?” He asked suspiciously.

Jensen grinned. “Grenadine, Bailey’s, Kahlua, and in this case, I see they added whipped cream. Perfect for someone who’s a baby about drinking.”

“I’m not a baby about it! I just don’t like gross tasting alcohol.” Misha pouted.

“I’ve seen you take shots before!” Jensen retorted, completely smitten with Misha’s cute little pout.

“Yeah, well, I have to be in a certain mood for hard liquor. I’m not in one of those moods right now.”

“Just take the shot, Mish.” Jensen rolled his eyes.

Misha stuck out his tongue but took the shot. Jensen swallowed thickly as he watched him lick the whipped cream off of his lips. “Okay… so maybe that wasn’t too bad.” Misha grinned. “Thanks for
the blowjob, Jensen.”

Jensen snorted. “That’s not the only blowjob I would like to give you.” He winked. He knew he was being inappropriately flirty, but things finally seemed okay between him and Misha, and the alcohol wasn’t helping. He licked his lips and admired the way that Misha blushed, smiling shyly.

“Dear god, I’m never waiting that long to pee again.” Jensen jumped a little as Jared slid into the both next to him, not realizing he had returned. Jared looked down at the empty shot glass in front of Misha and rubbed his hands together with a thrilled look on his face. “All right! That’s what I’m talking about. Time to get this party started.”

A couple of shots later, Jared’s phone started vibrating on the table. Jensen looked down nosily. “Genevieve? As in Genevieve from season four?” Jensen raised his eyebrows at Jared accusingly, and was shocked to see Jared turn bright red.

“Oh, yeah… we’ve kinda been talking a lot lately and—”

Jensen held his hand up. “No need to explain.” He said grinning. “But you might want to answer the call before she puts you in the dog house.” Jensen winked at Jared as he slid out of the both, answering the call as he quickly made his way outside.

Both Misha and Jensen looked after him fondly. “I’m really happy for him.” Misha said brightly. “I liked Genevieve. I never really got to be around her a lot, but she seemed sweet. And the chemistry between the two of them was…” Misha laughed. “Well let’s just say their scenes were a little too believable.” He looked back over at Jensen and Jensen met his eyes.

“I wonder if anyone will think that about our scene.” Jensen replied quietly, not taking his eyes off of Misha. He saw Misha swallow hard.

“You’re drunk.” Misha said lightly, trying to steer the subject in a different direction.

“Yeah. I am.” Jensen leaned back in his chair smiling. “You’re not?”

“Maybe a little.” Misha smiled. “Maybe we should all call it a night? I’m sure Jared would much rather be with Gen than be on the phone with her.” He suggested. Jensen nodded. They grabbed their jackets and left some bills on the table.

“You know… you could always come home with me…” Jensen muttered hopefully as he and Misha headed for the door.

“If I answer that in any way, I’m going to regret it.” Misha shook his head.

“But you want to. You want to come home with me.” Jensen slid in front of him, blocking his path and grinning.

“Jensen…” Misha warned.

Jensen crowded his space, alcohol making him far too confident. He reached out and cupped Misha’s face, stroking his chick gently. “I know you do.”

Misha rolled his eyes, but didn’t pull away. “You’re a confident little fucker, you know that?” He said laughing. “This isn’t a good idea. We’re both drunk.” He leaned against Jensen’s touch slightly. “Please stop looking at me like that…” He added.
“Like what?”

“Like…like…”

“Like you mean everything to me? I can’t. Because you do.” Jensen answered for him softly. He leaned in, their lips were dangerously close, and Jensen wanted to close the space between them more than anything. But he wasn’t going to pressure Misha into doing anything he didn’t want to do. He wasn’t going to push anything on him. He wasn’t going to use his charm to cause Misha to cave in and forgive him. He didn’t want things to be like that. He wanted to give Misha a choice, and he knew what Misha’s choice was right now, and he had to respect that. He gave Misha a quick, chaste kiss on the forehead and pulled back. “I’m going to see if I can find Jared. But when you get home, text me and let me know so I know you got back safely, okay?”

Misha just bit his lip and nodded. “I will. But I’m not driving, Jen. You know that.”

“Yeah, but you can’t always trust cab driver’s driving.” Jensen smiled. They said their goodbyes sadly, and Jensen found Jared outside talking on the phone with Genevieve. He motioned that he was heading out, and Jared gave him a thumbs up. Jensen hailed a cab, and crawled inside, giving his address with a sigh. He wished Misha was next to him, coming home with him. But he wasn’t going to be greedy, he wasn’t going to be a child about this.

Jensen looked out the cab window, up at the stars. He ached with how badly he wanted Misha back, and he had no intentions of stopping until he had him back. But he was going to handle this like an adult. He was going to make sure he was the person that Misha deserved, because Misha deserved the world. He had to work on himself. He had to figure out how to cope with his anger and jealously. He pulled out his phone and quickly dialed his manager’s number. When she picked up, he skipped the small talk.

“I need you to set me up an appointment with a therapist.”

Chapter End Notes

Is the angst in my writing really that bad, guys?
The amount of messages I’ve received about people needing to read fluff after one of my chapters has really taken me off guard lol.

Anyway...
Have a cute little Destiel kiss because I WILL GO DOWN WITH THIS SHIP.
And here's this gif because it reminds me of them all cutting up at the bar.

Jensen flirting with Misha and winking at him.
Jensen blocking Misha's path on the way out of the bar.

And as an added bonus, this is how I imagine them looking at each other in this fic.
What do you know, I don't even have to imagine it... that's how they look at each other in real life.
Jensen picked at the hole that was wearing in the armchair he was sitting in, pulling out a little of the stuffing and rolling it into a ball between his thumb and index finger. He flicked it on the floor of the therapist’s office and sighed deeply. It wasn’t that she was late, in fact, he was much too early, and they just so happened to let him into her office because she hadn’t been with another client… but he was getting anxious. He had never been to therapy. He had no idea what to expect, no idea what to even say to some strange lady that expected him to spill his heart to her.

Luckily, Jensen’s manager hadn’t thought anything of it when he had asked her to set him up with a therapy appointment. The time of night he had called had left her a little concerned, but Jensen knew her well enough to know that she just thought he needed someone to talk to because he was afraid of character bleeding. It wasn’t really something that was new to him as an actor. There had been plenty of times that he had started crying as Dean Winchester, and couldn’t stop as Jensen Ackles. There were plenty of times that he felt overwhelming depression not because of what he was going through, but because of what Dean was going to. So regardless… maybe he did need therapy, all things Misha excluded.

It can’t hurt, right? He leaned forward in the squishy armchair, leaning forward to pick up one of the metal balls on a Newton’s Cradle, and allowing to swing against the others. He knew he probably shouldn’t be touching things that didn’t belong to him, but he felt like he was crawling out of his skin. He picked up a card from the therapist’s desk. “Hayley Quill.” He said out loud.

“Yes, Mr. Ackles?” Jensen jumped, not realizing his therapist had even walked in.

“Uh, I was just reading your card.” He said nervously, holding the card up so that she could see it. Like she hasn’t seen it a million times before, they’re her business cards. “Uh, what do you prefer to go by?”

The therapist walked behind her desk casually, but not before Jensen could get a good look at her. She was all long legs in impressive, sharp high heels. She was wearing a red blouse tucked into a black pencil skirt with matching black thick rimmed glasses placed over bright blue eyes. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a bun, and Jensen swallowed hard. She looks like something out of a porno, holy shit. Get it together, Ackles. “You can call me whatever you’d like.” She said warmly. He quirked an eyebrow flirtatiously, and her red lips fell into a thin line. “As in whatever makes you feel most comfortable, Mr. Ackles.” Jensen laughed nervously. Okay, so she’s obviously all business. That’s good at least.

“I’ll call you Hayley if you’ll call me Jensen?” He suggested hopefully. She took a seat behind her desk, smiling a little. She clicked her pen and pulled a notepad into her lap as she crossed her legs, writing what he assumed was the date at the top of the page.

“Oh, Jensen. Why are you here today?”

Jensen cleared his throat. He had no idea where to begin. “I need your help.”

She gazed up at him over the rim of her glasses, her eyebrows raised. “That’s what I’m hoping I’ll be able to do for you, but I will need you to be a little bit more specific, Jensen.”

Jensen took a deep breath, reminded himself that he had nothing to lose, and told Hayley everything.
He told her about his job. He told her about how much he had been drinking lately. He told her about his jealousy and anger. He told her about the internalized homophobia that still tried to creep up on him from time to time. But most importantly, he told her about Misha. Misha, Misha, Misha. It wasn’t until he was done with his story, shaking and out of breath that he realized he had talked about Misha way more than he had talked about his self. He smiled at Hayley shyly. She was writing in her notebook again.

“So why exactly are you here today, Jensen? What is it that you want help with?”

Jensen looked at her like she was entirely bonkers for a moment. *What do you mean? I want my boyfriend back, you bitch.* But then he realized something. Therapy wasn’t a magical fix all. In fact, therapists couldn’t even legally give their clients advice, all they can do is steer them in the right direction and hope they come to certain conclusions on their own. Jensen lost some of his composure. Hayley couldn’t just snap her fingers like a magic fairy and then Misha would show up on his doorstep. That’s not how any of this worked. He looked up at her, bewildered.

Hayley gave him a sympathetic look. “Take your time answering the question. You don’t have to answer right away.”

“I want…. I want Misha back. But I get that you can’t actually help me with that. This isn’t couples counseling, and…. And we’re not even a couple anymore. I guess… I want help in changing myself, for the better.”

“What kind of changes would you like to see in yourself?”

Jensen smirked. That question was a loaded gun, and a list a mile long. He hoped that Hayley was getting paid well.

“I want to stop dealing with my problems like a fucking child-sorry, like a child. Which means controlling my temper. Stopping the habit of turning up a bottle whenever I miss Misha. I want to be able to deal with my anger and jealousy, and instead focus on uplifting him…because he deserves it. He deserves everything. But I know all of that starts with fixing myself.”

Hayley smiled. They were already getting somewhere.

An hour later, Jensen was walking out of Hayley Quill’s office, two pieces of paper in hand. There was a Starbucks two buildings over, and he ordered a coffee, his brain reeling from the session he just had. At first the session wasn’t all rainbows and butterflies. Jensen had gotten incredibly irritated with Hayley, because even though he knew she wasn’t a magic fix all, he really wanted her to be. He really wanted her to be able to say something that he could tell Misha that would magically change Misha’s mind and have him move back in.

Instead, Hayley gave him homework.

The barista gave Jensen his coffee, and he picked a table in a poorly lit corner, hoping no one would recognize him. He took a sip and laid the papers flat on the table, looking over the first one. It was a list of goals, which Jensen felt was completely childish until he remembered that he had the tendency to act like a child when he was pissed. He looked over the list, sighing. None of the things on the list were too much to ask. Most of it was just reminders to focus on himself and his own wellbeing instead of putting his focus entirely on Misha. The rest was little things like ‘call a friend instead of drinking when upset’ and ‘take deep breaths when angry, remove self from the situation if necessary’. It was all things he could do. He tucked the top page between the second one, and rolled
his eyes. He balled up the paper, throwing it in the trashcan near his table.

Hayley had actually given him a flyer to a goddamn parenting class. She had gone on a whole long rant about if he got Misha back (she made sure to remind him that it was a strong ‘if’) that would mean not only having Misha in his life, but the baby too. She suggested that a parenting class might be something he would be interested in, and gave him the flyer on the way out. Jensen stared at the trashcan for a long time. He groaned, stood up, and dug the balled up flyer out of the trash, his lips pressed into a firm frown. Stupid blue eyed bastard. I’m so fucking whipped. The thought of him in a parenting class (by my goddamn self) was enough to make Jensen’s stomach turn. He had no idea what to expect, and assumed he would be the only man in the class, excluding the ones that had been dragged there by their wives or girlfriends. It really, really made him want to hit up the bar next door. He looked down at his list. Then he called Jared instead.

Jensen flipped through channels on his television without really looking at them. It had been a successful day. He didn’t completely flip out and threaten lives when someone cut him off in traffic. He hadn’t had a single sip of alcohol all day. He saw Misha tweet at a male costar flirtatiously, and didn’t allow himself to be jealous. And that had been a really hard one. He even RSVP’d to the parenting class, even though he cringed and grimaced as he gave his name. So yeah, Jensen was a little proud of himself. He knew that everyday wouldn’t be like this, that he would have slip ups, have days where he wouldn’t be so proud of himself. But today had been a pathetic little step forward… and it felt good.

Okay, so maybe it was because Jensen didn’t tell him about it.

But now Jensen was bored out of his mind. Before he would’ve just drank. Before that he would be in bed, with Misha. Before that, he would just be hanging out with Misha, or Jared, or some chick that pretended to listen to whatever game he was spitting. And he knew exactly which of those things he wanted, but it was currently unachievable. Misha wasn’t crawling into his bed any time soon.

But that didn’t mean he wouldn’t come over at all…right?

Jensen dialed Misha’s number, fingers crossed. When Misha picked up, he sounded grumpy, like Jensen had woken him up from a nap. It made Jensen smile.

“Morning, sunshine.” Jensen sing songed when Misha picked up. It was nearly 9 pm, and Misha didn’t appreciate the sarcasm.

“What do you want, Jensen?”

“For you not to be so grumpy, first of all.” Jensen teased.

Misha sighed. “What’s up?”

“Come over and watch a movie with me.” Jensen displayed his most pouting voice. Misha was quiet on the other line. Jensen grinned, knowing it was because that voice always worked.
“It’s late.” Misha whined. “Besides, I don’t... know if that’s a good idea.”

“It’s not that late, old man. Friends watch movies together all the time.”

“Are you drunk again?”

Jensen laughed. “No, actually I haven’t been drinking at all. But I’m bored. Let’s watch movie. Ooh! A scary movie!”

“I don’t like scary movies.” Misha replied nervously.

“I let you pick it.”

Misha thought. He sighed. “Deal. I’ll stop by Walmart on the way over and pick the movie up. But you owe me. I’m already in bed.” Jensen smiled, thinking of how Misha’s hair was probably all sexed out looking, and there was a pretty good change he was sleeping in the nude.

Jensen shot up off the couch and scurried to the kitchen, rummaging through the cabinets and fridge. “Homemade cookies make it up to you?” He asked, relieved to find all the ingredients.

“Only if they’re chocolate chip.” Misha laughed.

“Anything for you, princess.” Jensen replied, grinning. “I’ll have them in the oven by the time you get here.” Misha giggled and hung up. Jensen was grinning from ear to ear. He quickly put together the ingredients for the cookies and had them on a tray in record time. Then he realized something… This place is an absolute mess. He cleaned the kitchen, grimacing when he realized just how over taken with liquor bottles the counters and dining room table had become. The living room wasn’t so bad, so he left everything where it was, minus a pair of dirty socks on the floor. He went to the bedroom and froze, reminding himself that cleaning the bedroom really didn’t matter because it’s not like Misha would be joining him… he cleaned the bedroom anyway, shoving the parenting class flyer in his nightstand. He barely had time to clean the bathroom when the doorbell rang. He quickly spritzed himself with his cologne and ran to the door.

Misha immediately gave him a once over, and he blushed. He forgot he was just in pajamas and a v neck. He shot Misha his best grin and Misha smiled back. “You know, Jen… if it was going to be a pajama party you could’ve told me. I wouldn’t have changed.”

“We both know you normally sleep in the nude.” Jensen laughed, rolling his eyes.

Misha thought for a minute. “True. Pajamas are acceptable in Walmart… nudity is not.” He laughed, and it was all gummy and eye crinkling and Jensen damn near stopped breathing.

“Gimme a sec.” He said, moving out of the way so that Misha could come in. He waltzed off to the bedroom. He grabbed a pair of sweats for Misha, and headed back to the living room, but froze when he saw Misha. Misha was had closed the door behind him, but was just inside the house, he hadn’t moved a step from where Jensen left him. He was looking around nervously, fidgeting with his Walmart bag as he bit his bottom lip. And it was then that Jensen realized this was the first time Misha had been back since he had kicked him out. His heart sank, and he suddenly felt like the world’s biggest asshole.

“Hey.” He walked over and placed a gentle hand on Misha’s shoulder. “Wanna change in to something more comfortable?” He showed Misha the sweatpants. Misha’s eyes were still wide and misty. Jensen nudged him playfully. “We can’t have that pajama party you were talking about if you’re still in jeans.” He used the most soothing voice he could, and Misha relaxed a little.
“It sounds like you’re just trying to get me to take off my pants.” Misha’s voice cracked a little, but at least he had relaxed enough to crack a joke. Jensen gave him his best grin.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about! I’m just this innocent guy that happens to want his friends to be comfortable. Oh! And be able to eat cookies that aren’t burned!” he dashed to the kitchen, and he could hear Misha giggle. Jensen couldn’t wipe the grin off his face. Misha was home. He knew Misha wouldn’t stay, but it was something. He pulled the cookies out to cool, but grabbed the bowl of leftover cookie dough. When he got back to the living room, he froze because Misha was unbuttoning his pants right there in the living room and Jensen’s brain forgot how to work for a second as his pants fell to his ankles. Misha finally noticed he was there and quirked an eyebrow.

“Uh, sorry, Mish.” Jensen was suddenly looking anywhere but Misha, his face turning bright red. Misha grinned, getting a kick out of it.

“It’s not like it’s nothing you haven’t seen before.” Misha laughed. “If I was in charge of this little party, it would be a birthday suit party, not a pajama party.” Jensen gaped at him, knowing his face was absolutely offended. Misha flirting was apparently always going to make him forget how to function.

“Keep it classy, Collins.” Jensen finally croaked. Misha just laughed and pulled the sweat pants on. Jensen melted a little bit at the sight of Misha in his sweatpants and his own favorite The Doors shirt.

Jensen walked over and shoved the bowl into Misha’s hands.

“What’s this?” Misha looked confused.

“I know you like cookie dough almost as much as you like cookies, so I saved some for you.” Jensen said softly. “And I used an egg substitute. You really can get salmonella from that, you know.”

Misha grinned up at him, and Jensen felt like the butterflies in his stomach were doing acrobatics. “You can be really sweet when you want to be.” Misha’s voice cracked a little. They were standing so close, Jensen couldn’t help but look down at Misha’s lips, but then Misha shoved a spoonful of cookie dough in his mouth, making a delighted noise. Jensen laughed, relaxing a little.

“So what movie did you get?” Jensen asked.

Misha pointed to the coffee table with his spoon before shoving another bite in his mouth. Jensen walked over to the table, opening the Walmart bag and groaning loudly. “We are not watching My Bloody Valentine, Misha. I’m not watching anything that has me in it, okay?”

Misha shrugged. “You said I could pick. And I hate horror movies. So I picked one with you in it.”

“What’s your deal with horror movies?” Jensen had heard Misha talk about them before, but he had never actually explained why he disliked them so much.

Misha looked down shyly, and Jensen just couldn’t get over how cute he was. “They’re scary…” Misha muttered. Jensen didn’t bother hiding his grin.

“You are such a baby!” Jensen laughed. Misha shot him a dirty look. “Okay, okay. If it makes you feel better because I’m in it, we’ll watch it.” Misha smiled at him sweetly. Oh god, I would do anything for this man. Jensen thought, opening the BluRay case and shoving the disc in the player.

“Get comfy. I’m gonna grab the cookies. You want popcorn? Anything to drink?” He called over his shoulder on the way to the kitchen.

Jensen heard Misha flop down on the couch and laugh. “You know.-“ He yelled from the living room “-you really try to spoil a guy, Jen.” Jensen rolled his eyes and heated up some vanilla soy milk.
because he knew Misha wanted it with cookies but was too shy to ask. Because Misha was a total weirdo that enjoyed soy milk even if he wasn’t a vegan anymore. He moved the rest of the cookies to a plate and brought the cup and plate into the living room. He sat the cup in front of Misha, who was all starry eyed. “God, I love you.” Misha immediately grabbed the cup, not thinking about what he just said.

“Yeah, yeah. Love you too weirdo.” Jensen shoved him, trying to play it off. *Misha just told me he loved me. Fuck, it counts. I don’t care what anyone says, that counts.* Jensen shoved a cookie in his mouth and hit play on the remote.

Misha was not kidding about finding horror movies scary. Jensen was laughing, both at how young he was in the film, and how much his acting had improved since then. Misha on the other hand… Misha was curled up into a tight ball on the couch, hiding behind a throw pillow. “C’mon, Misha. It’s not that bad. I mean, I’m in the movie, so you know it’s not real.” A really pathetic noise came from the Misha shaped ball on Jensen’s couch, but it inched closer to him. Jensen grinned. He put an arm around Misha and the hauled him closer to him, but then froze. “Is this okay?” He asked. Misha looked up, but as soon as he did, a pickaxe went through someone’s skull and Misha screamed and buried his face into Jensen’s chest. Jensen ran his hand through Misha’s hair soothingly. “We don’t have to watch this, you know.”

“I-I w-wanted to watch it because y-you’re in it.” Misha stuttered against Jensen’s chest.

Jensen really had to resist the urge to kiss the top of Misha’s head. “Well, you’re not watching it. It’s making you uncomfortable. I’m turning it off.” He hit the stop button on the remote, but it made the room significantly darker, and Misha yelped. Jensen chuckled, turning on the lamp next to the couch. “You’re too cute, Mish.”

“Am not.” Misha replied grumpily, pushing himself off of Jensen’s chest, but not completely away from him. Then Misha noticed something on the coffee table. “What’s this?” He leaned forward to grab it, and Jensen froze, realizing it was his list of goals. Misha’s eyes scanned over it, and the further he got down the page, the bigger his smile got. “What is all this, Jen?”

“I..um… it’s a list of goals. I uh… I’m trying to, you know, better myself or something.”

“You’re going to therapy?”

Jensen’s face turned bright red. “How could you tell?” he asked, embarrassed.

“I’ve seen a therapist before.” Misha shrugged. “They always make you set goals and stuff like this. Also, your therapist’s name is at the bottom of the page.” He looked up, smiling. Jensen avoided his gaze. Suddenly the front of his v neck was bunched up in Misha’s fist, and Misha was pulling him closer. Jensen barely had time to glance at Misha’s lips before they were on his own. The list was dropped to the floor as Misha climbed into Jensen’s lap, licking his way into Jensen’s mouth. Jensen’s hands knotted into Misha’s hair as he moaned into his mouth. Suddenly Misha pulled back and pressed his forehead to Jensen’s. “Oh fuck. Oh god. I’m so sorry.” Misha muttered, stumbling to stand up and nearly tripping over the coffee table. “I- I shouldn’t have done that…” He headed for the door but Jensen grabbed his wrist.

“Whoa, Misha, slow down. If… if that’s what you wanted, you shouldn’t apologize for that.” He said softly, stand up and taking Misha’s hand into his own.

“Jensen… I can’t do this…” Misha said quietly, avoiding Jensen’s eyes.
Jensen caressed Misha’s cheek with his free hand. “Why, baby? Why can’t you?”

Misha sighed, finally looking up at Jensen. “I’m going to be a dad. Soon, Jensen. I can’t afford… any sort of distractions. I have to get my life ready to raise another human being and—“

“Misha—”

“I’m sorry, Jensen. I’m so sorry… you’ve come so far… but I just can’t. N-not right now.” Misha pulled away, leaving Jensen frozen in place, unable to say or do anything other than watch his entire world walk away from him.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter took so long to come out, guys. But I'm actually working on the next chapter as I'm posting this because I feel so bad about this cliffhanger. Hopefully I'll be able to get it out tonight! And I haven't forgotten about those of your in my inbox, I'll get to you soon!

Jensen is 100% done with therapy.

Speaking of which... yes, his therapists name and the color scheme of her clothes is an ode to Harley Quinn, because I really love Batman, okay.

And can we talk about how happy it made Jensen when Misha agreed to come over?
In case you guys had any sort of speculation, yes, Misha is very much still in love with Jensen. He's just trying to be a responsible dad and put his daughter first. But when he saw how Jensen was trying to control his demons and better himself, he lost a little bit of his composure.

Can we really blame him? (Dear god I live for manips like this)
Chapter 33

Jensen parked his car and tried not to think about last night. Misha grabbing his shirt. Misha pulling him in for a kiss. Misha crawling into his lap. Misha leaving him. He turned off his car, shaking the thoughts from his head. He didn’t blame Misha. He wasn’t mad. He understood that Misha was just trying to do right by his future daughter. But *Misha had kissed him*. Misha had told him he loved him again. And maybe it should make Jensen feel a little guilty… but he felt like he finally had his foot in the door. And he was going to stop at nothing to win the love of his life back.

Jensen got out of his car, locking it and looking up at the building before him. “So this is where they’re having the parenting class…” he muttered to himself. He looked down at his watch. He was early. Which meant he could kill some time… or stall. He walked over to a newspaper stand, pulling some change from his pocket and paying for a paper. Then he walked back over to his car and leaned against it, unfolding the paper. On the front page was a huge ad for a carnival happening that night, just a few towns over. Jensen smiled. *I bet Misha would love to go to a carnival. He would fit right in with all the weird carnies. He has mentioned that he's never been to one.* Jensen went to flip the page when a timid voice interrupted his thoughts.

“Excuse me…I know this is a long shot, but do you know where this is being held?” A very pregnant lady in her early 20’s approached him, the same parenting class flyer that he had in her hand. Behind her was a guy her age, looking slightly annoyed. Jensen grinned. He was probably one of those guys that got mad when she stopped for directions because he thought he could handle it. Jensen folded his newspaper back up.

“As a matter of fact, it’s the building right in front of us. I’m gonna be attending myself.” The guy behind her relaxed a little. “Yeah man, you’re not going to be the only guy in there.” Jensen added laughing.

“Ah, thank you! They GPS only gave us this general area and we’ve been circling this block for what feels like forever.” She held out her hand. “I’m Natalie.” Jensen grabbed it and shook it politely. “This is my husband Jordan.” Jordan reached out his hand as well, and Jensen shook it firmly.

“I’m Jensen. First time parents?”

“Yeah… I’m hoping this class helps. I have no idea what I’m doing.” Jordan replied nervously. Natalie grabbed his hand and squeezed it. Jensen smiled at them but his heart ached.

“You’ll be great.” Natalie reassured him. She turned to Jensen, and he could read the question in the look on her face. She was dying to ask him if he was here by himself. Jensen swallowed hard.

“Here, let me get the door for you guys.” He crammed what could fit of the newspaper in his back pocket and approached the building, pulling the door open for the young couple. They thanked him and walked inside. He took a deep breath and followed after them, anxiety clawing at his insides.

Jensen wasn’t sure what he was expecting, but this wasn’t it. The first half of the class had been a video showing exactly what pregnancy did to the female body. And Jensen actually learned a lot,
including a lot of things he would rather not know. Like how pregnant women are generally hornier, and he couldn’t stop thinking about Alexandra making a move on Misha. He ignored these thoughts and tried to focus on the rest of the video which talked about communication (oh god, Misha would eat this right up.), discipline, time management, and a lot of other things that he felt were kinda self-explanatory when it came to being a parent.

The next part was where the couples did the whole breathing exercise thing to prepare for when the mother actually went into labor. Jensen immediately searched the room to see if there were any women there alone so he could volunteer to be their partner. Okay, so maybe the video had given him a new found respect for pregnant women. But everyone had a partner, so he politely sat this part out, pulling out his phone to play on it.

He couldn’t resist the urge. He texted Misha.

**Hey Mish. You free tonight?**

He didn’t exactly expect Misha to text back, especially not after how he freaked out the night before. But it was worth a try. Hopefully Misha was free… because Jensen was already making plans for them.

Nearly an hour later, Jensen was covered in fake, mechanical baby pee, but he knew how to change a diaper. Natalie and Jordan were at the station next to him, and they snickered when he whooped triumphantly at the successfully changed diaper. Natalie finally couldn’t hold her question in anymore.

“So, um, Jensen… if you don’t mind me asking, why are you here alone?”

Jensen smiled, finishing off yet another diaper. “Uh, well… the baby isn’t mine. But I sorta promised I would help take care of her because her dad isn’t exactly sure what he’s doing.” It was vague. Jensen didn’t feel the need to add that the baby’s dad was the person he was in love with.

Natalie’s eyes lit up. “Oh, wow! That is so sweet and selfless!” She nudged Jordan. “Isn’t it, Jordan?! Most guys these days don’t even stick around for their own baby, you’re sticking around for someone else’s baby!”

Jensen laughed a little. “I guess when you really love someone, it doesn’t matter who’s baby it is, you know? You love them enough to love the kid.”

“Aww!!” Natalie looked like she was about to melt. “Whoever you’re dating certainly has a keeper! Ooh, it’s your turn to learn to change the diapers, Jordan. I’ll go grab you some.”

Jordan watches Natalie go, all love and admiration in his eyes as she waddled off before he turned back to Jensen. “Keep being the perfect knight in shining armor over there and I think my wife might try to leave with you instead.” He joked.

Jensen just laughed. “I’m no knight in shining armor, man. That’s why I’m in this class. I’m just trying to get my life in order so I can be good enough for the person I love.”

“That’s all that matters though, right? You’re trying. That’s all we can do.” Jordan paused and glanced back over to where Natalie was. She was laughing with another pregnant woman. “You know, I never wanted kids. Ever. I was 100% sure that I never wanted to be a dad. But Natalie… man, I swear that’s the one thing she wanted in life the most. It took a lot of convincing, but she finally convinced me to give it a shot.” He looked back at Jensen. “I’ve never seen her happier.
Honestly, I don’t think I’ve ever seen her more beautiful.”

Jensen smiled at Jordan. Natalie’s got him just as whipped as Misha’s got me. I’ll be damned.

Jensen left the parenting class with a certificate (What, do they expect me to frame this shit?) and a book that supposedly had everything a new parent needed to know about parenting. He said his goodbyes to everyone in the class and headed back to his car, pulling his phone out of his pocket. Misha hadn’t texted him back. But for some reason, Jensen’s heart was so light that it didn’t really bother him. He tossed his certificate and book in the back seat as he climbed in his car and decided to give Misha a call instead.

It rang and rang, and eventually went to voicemail. Jensen ended the call without leaving a message, frowning at his phone. “C’mon, Mish…” he muttered to himself. But before he could do anything else, his phone lit up with Misha returning the call. Jensen grinned and answered it.

“Hey!” He said enthusiastically.

“Hi, Jen.” Misha’s voice was nervous, and it broke Jensen’s heart. He really hoped that Misha didn’t think he was mad at him. “Sorry, I couldn’t pick up. My hands were full. What’s up?”

Jensen tried and failed to wipe the goofy grin off his face. “I was wondering if you were free tonight.”

“And why is that?”

“Because if you’re not, you should go on a date with me.” Jensen said hopefully. He heard Misha sigh in frustration, but he kept his fingers crossed anyway.

“Jensen, you know what I told you last night-“

“Oh, I know. Listen, I don’t expect you to put anyone before your own kid, you know? I know you have to focus on her. I… I even get that you have to focus on Alexandra right now. But you can take one night off, baby.” Jensen smiled. It felt so good to call Misha that. “One night. One date. That’s all I’m asking. If it’s horrible I’ll leave you alone. I’ll even let you go around telling everyone that I have a small dick and that I’m bad in bed.”

Misha laughed, and Jensen’s heart soared. “Oh, C’mon, Jen. You know I try not to lie.” Jensen licked his lips, feeling heat crawl across his cheeks. “I don’t think a date is a good idea.” Misha finally added, his voice small.

Jensen wasn’t going to take no for an answer. “Okay. Well then, just hang out with me. We don’t have to call it a date.”

“Jen-“

“There’s this carnival in town. I remember you saying that you had never been to a real carnival before. You had never been to one of the big ones like on tv. Well this one is pretty big. It’s got cotton candy and games and rides and weird carnies, and it’s right next to the beach… it’s the whole deal. Lemme take you, Misha. Please?” Jensen was pouting. He knew Misha couldn’t see, but he hoped maybe Misha could hear it in his voice.

Misha sighed again. “Okay. Okay. I guess we can go to the carnival… I still really want to go to one. But this isn’t a date, all right?”
“Whatever you say, baby.”

“Jensen…” Misha warned.

“What?” Jensen said grinning sheepishly. “Well I HAVE been to a carnival before, and they’re way more fun at night. Everything is lit up, it’s less kiddie activities, and they serve beer. So, I’ll pick you at seven?”

“I…okay. But… this. is. not. a. date.” Misha replied, enunciating each word sternly.

“Okay. Not a date.” Jensen agreed, but he was grinning from ear to ear. Just because they weren’t calling it a date, didn’t mean it couldn’t become one. “I’ll see you at seven, okay, Mish?”

“Okay, Jensen.” Misha replied, and Jensen could hear the smile in his voice.

“I’ll see you then.” Jensen said softly before he hung up. He tossed his phone in the cup holder of his car and cranked it up, a love drunk smile on his face. He had a lot to do before seven.

Jensen nervously checked his hair in the mirror on the visor of his car. He licked his thumb, attempting to get a stray piece of hair to stay in its place. He gave himself a final once over, straightening the collar to his flannel, the one that Misha had always said was his favorite, because ‘red is your color, Jensen’. He grabbed the flowers out of his passenger seat and opened his car door, damn near squirming out of his boots when Misha finally opened the door. Misha’s eyes immediately shot to the flowers, and he gave Jensen a weary look.

“I thought we agreed that this wasn’t a date…” He muttered, pushing the door open all of the way.

Jensen held out the flowers and grinned sheepishly. “What? Friends can’t get each other flowers?” Jensen lit up at the way Misha was trying so hard to fight back the grin that was threatening to spread across his face. Finally, Misha laughed.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart.” Jensen replied, grinning right back. “Are you ready to go?”

Yeah, just lemme get these in some water.”

Jensen nodded, looking around the apartment as Misha walked over to the kitchen. Most of Misha’s thing were still in their home, and he shouldn’t let it, but it gave him so much hope. Misha’s apartment didn’t look like a home; it didn’t feel like one. It just seemed so temporary. And right then and there, Jensen wanted to ask Misha to come home with him. But the timing wasn’t right. Besides, he was planning on making sure Misha had the time of his life at the carnival.

“Okay.” Misha’s voice pulled him back to the present. “I’m ready. If you are?”

“Yeah, Mish. It’s just… the place brings up a lot of memories.”

“You…” yeah it does.” Misha looked around the apartment tentatively. Jensen observed him adoringly, watching his beautiful blue eyes scan the room.
“C’mon.” He said, grabbing Misha’s hand and pulling him out of the apartment. They had plenty of new memories to make.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to get this chapter out last night, but I guess I'm getting old, because I can't hover over my laptop like I used to without my neck and shoulders starting to hurt. Gross.
ANYWAYS.
Jensen getting flowers for his and Misha's "not" date. *heart eyes*

Sorry that's the only gif I have for this chapter! ...I may or may not being saving some... for reasons...

The next chapter is the one that I mentioned awhile back, the one that I feel like will make you all forgive me. Are you ready to replace angst with some fluff?
Thank you all for your patience. I know that it's been quite awhile since I've updated, I've just had a lot going on, and I'm internally screaming over my decision to take summer classes instead of giving myself the entire summer to take a break both mentally and emotionally from my studies. Which honestly, I probably should have done, because I've been having issues with my depression and anxiety rearing its ugly head once again. But I'm passing my classes, and no, I haven't forgotten about this fic, or any of you for that matter. I promise I'll eventually make my way through all of your messages. I'm honestly overwhelmed (and incredibly grateful) over how full my inbox is right now. Y'all are truly amazing and inspiring. Thank you. Thank you so, so much. This fic wouldn't be possible without all of your words of encouragement and feedback. Just so you all know, despite how long I disappear, you never have to worry about me abandoning this fic. Had I started writing this fic a year ago, maybe I would have then. I've always had "commitment issues" when it comes to my writing, and I would very rarely finish anything I started. But I've fallen in love with this fic. That probably makes me vain since it's my own, but I've had a blast writing it so far.

In Jensen’s opinion, there was nothing more beautiful that the way Misha’s eyes lit up as soon as he saw the carnival. The carnival wasn’t anything special, at least not to Jensen. Being from Texas, carnivals weren’t exactly special, they weren’t anything new. But the absolute joy that it immediately brought Misha was enough for him to suddenly have a new found respect for the festivities. He felt butterflies as he parked the car in the carnival’s parking lot.

Misha immediately grabbed for his phone, and Jensen saw him pull up twitter. *Aw, he’s so excited that he’s tweeting about it.* Jensen thought, smiling admiringly. He took advantage of Misha’s distraction, turning the car off and hopping out so that he could open Misha’s door for him. Misha smiled up at him.

“My, my, my. Aren’t you a gentleman?” Misha teased, hopping out of the car himself.

“Okay, well first of all… do you know what a deep fried Oreo is?” Jensen watched as the lights from a nearby carousel twinkled in Misha’s wide, excited eyes.

“I don’t even know where to start!” He exclaimed, bouncing on the heels of his feet, his eyes following the brightly lit ride.

Jensen laughed, and he was really glad that Misha was distracted by the carousel. He knew he was looking at Misha like he was the entire world, and he couldn’t hide it if he tried. There was no way he would even want to. “Okay, well first of all… do you know what a deep fried Oreo is?”

Misha looked over at him, quirking an eyebrow. “That sounds like it’s a heart attack waiting to happen.”
“It is. But it’s the best damn heart attack you’ll ever have. How about we grab some and a couple of beers first?” Jensen said grinning. Misha just nodded, and motioned for Jensen to lead the way. Jensen shoved him playfully as he walked by him, a jolt running through his body at the physical contact. They made their way to the food stand and stood in line quietly. They didn’t need to talk. Misha was mesmerized by everything going on around him, and Jensen was completely mesmerized by him. Misha eventually caught Jensen staring.

“What?” He asked shyly.

Jensen shoved in his hands in his pockets, returning the same smile. “Nothing… it’s just… this. This is one of my favorite sides of you. This excited, giddy, child-like wonder that shines through in your personality. You’re really cute, Collins.” Misha blushed and looked at the ground. “Don’t get all shy on me.” Jensen laughed. “It’s true. Nothing else compares to seeing you happy like this.”

Misha grinned. “This isn’t a date, Ackles! Stop hitting on me!” He said laughing.

“It’s just an observation!” Jensen said, making his facial expression as innocent as possible as Misha swatted at him playfully.

After finally getting through the line (Jensen insisted on paying, because he was the one that asked Misha out for this not-date), they found an empty picnic table to sit at. “Are you ready for the world’s tastiest heart attack?!” Jensen said, taking a sip of his own beer and sitting Misha’s in front of him. Misha just looked at the little tray of fried Oreos curiously. Jensen plucked one out of the tray and popped it into his mouth, his face instantly screwing up in pain. “Fuck that’s hot!” He said through the mouthful. Misha laughed at him. It was one of the full body laughs that Jensen loved so much, that made Misha’s eyes and nose crinkle and exposed his gums while it vibrated through his body. It also made Jensen realize how close they were sitting, how Misha’s thigh was right against his. It made him realize just how starved for Misha’s touch he really was. It made him realize how desperate he was to reach out and touch him, to card his fingers through his hair.

“So it gives you a heart attack AND it burns you? I have to say, I’m not impressed with this food, Jensen. Is it a Texas thing?” Misha giggled.

“Okay, smartass. You gotta try one before you start talking shit. Just let ‘em cool first.” Jensen said after choking down the hot, fried desert. He licked the powdered sugar off his fingers, and couldn’t help but notice how Misha’s eyes flickered to his lips, carefully watching him. Misha cleared his throat awkwardly and grabbed one of the Oreos himself. He made a pleased sound when he bit down. Jensen squirmed because of how his dick showed interest at the sound.

“Okay, so maybe these are really good.” He hummed happily.

“I know how to make them. I’ll have to make them for you sometime.” Jensen responded, pleased. He took a sip of his beer. It felt nice to drink and not have it associated with loneliness and longing, so he took another slow, long sip. Misha watched him.

“How’s your goal list going?” He asked, grabbing another Oreo.

Jensen bit his lip. “It’s actually going great.” Misha’s eyes flickered to Jensen’s beer. “Oh, god. I’m not an alcoholic, I promise. I was actually just thinking about how it’s nice to drink just for the sake of drinking, not to numb the pain.” Misha looked at him worriedly, his eyebrows furrowed in concern. “You took the break up a little better than I did.” Jensen added softly.
“No I didn’t.” Misha sighed. “I just handled it better than you did. Please tell me you haven’t been too stupid…”

“Define ‘stupid’.” Jensen smirked.

“Jensen…”

Jensen rolled his eyes. “Don’t worry. I’m done being a brooding cliché.” Misha just looked at him. “Are you asking if I’ve been sleeping around?”

“What? I- No- I mean- that’s not what I’m asking, Jensen-“

“Well, I haven’t.” Jensen took another long sip of his drink and laughed bitterly. “I tried, you know. I thought maybe I could bury my pain between the thighs of some 20 something year old women a couple of times.” Misha paled a little and Jensen shrugged. “it just never happened. I didn’t want them. I only wanted you.”

“Yeah, it’s true what they say…. Sex isn’t exactly as fun when you’re not having it with the person you love.” Jensen raised an eyebrow at Misha. “I- that came out wrong. I haven’t been- I’m going to shut up now.” Jensen grinned at him.

“A little flustered there, Mish? Am I making you nervous?”

“Shuddup.” Misha said through a mouthful of Oreo. Jensen stuck his tongue out at him before scanning the carnival. That’s when he saw one of his favorite games. He stood up quickly, causing Misha to jump. “What are you doing?”

“Hurry up and you’ll see.” Jensen grinned and finished the rest of his beer. Misha rolled his eyes and chugged his own beer. Jensen grabbed his hand and pulled him over to the game stand. It was a shooting game where the player was given a little plastic hand gun and had to shoot the little cut outs of deer and knock them over in order to win a prize. Jensen handed the game operator money and he handed him the gun. Misha raised his eyebrows. Jensen smiled at him and blushed. “if I’m gonna bring you to a carnival I have to win you a stuffed animal.” He said, making his tone as sweet as possible.

Misha bit his lip, trying to stop a grin from forming. “If you think you can actually hit the targets…” He said, pretending to be disinterested. Jensen smirked and motioned for the game operator to start the game. One by one, he hit every single one of the moving deer. Misha’s jaw dropped and Jensen laughed.

“Nice shooting, Tex…” Misha muttered in awe.

“Which prize do you want?” The game operator said boredly, not looking up from his phone.

“The pink bear.” Misha said it so fast that Jensen chuckled.

“The pink bear.” He repeated. The operator grabbed it and tossed it to Jensen.

“Had your eye on him?” He asked Misha playfully before handing it to Misha. Misha gave the stuffed toy a once over, looking absolutely thrilled at the little berries that were scattered all over its fake fur.

“It’s so ugly… I love it!” He nearly squealed.

“Well, I’m glad you like it, baby.” Jensen snickered. Misha looked up at him and sighed deeply.
“What?”

“It’s not fair how you can do that.”

“Call me ‘baby’ and damn near stop my heart…” Jensen smiled sheepishly. Misha scrunched up his nose. “You know exactly what you’re doing, don’t you?” Jensen shrugged innocently. Misha sighed again, and tucked his bear under his arm. He bit his lip for a moment, but then reached his free arm out, grabbing Jensen’s hand and intertwining their fingers. Jensen stared at their hands, shocked. “Don’t say a word.” Misha warned. “This still isn’t a date.”

Jensen’s heart was about to beat out of his chest, and his breath hitched. “Yeah, okay.” He croaked. “Whatever you say, Mish.” He said, squeezing Misha’s hand. Misha gave him a stern look, but Jensen brought his hand up to his mouth, kissing it softly. “I have to say, this is the best not-date I’ve been on.” He said sweetly.

“Don’t make me kick you.” Misha snapped. “Now stop being so cute and take me on the Ferris wheel.”

It was getting late, and the crowds at the carnival were starting to thin out immensely. Despite dragging Misha over the entire carnival, Jensen hadn’t let go of his hand. He was afraid that if he did, he might never get the chance to hold Misha’s hand again. Misha must have had similar thoughts, because not once did he complain or try to let go of Jensen’s hand. And Jensen didn’t care who saw. There was a part of him that had wanted to stand up on the Ferris wheel and shout to the entire population just how in love with Misha he was. But he didn’t want to push it. Something as small as holding Misha’s hand suddenly felt sacred, and he couldn’t mess this up, whatever this was.

But the rides were starting to shut down. The lights were being turned off. The carnival was ending. And with it, Jensen was afraid this moment between them would end. But Jensen Ackles had always been quick to think on his feet.

“Wanna take a walk on the beach?” He suggested hopefully.

Misha grinned excitedly. “I would love to. Let’s just drop Berry off in the car.”

“…You did NOT name the bear!” Jensen said, bursting out laughing. “AND it’s a pun? Oh god. You are the worst, baby.” Jensen couldn’t have looked at Misha with more love if he tried.

After dropping the stuffed bear off, Misha stopped at the edge of the sand, taking his shoes and socks off. He shoved his socks inside the shoes and started rolling up the bottom of his jeans.

Jensen shook his head. “Seriously?”

“What? There’s no one out here to steal them. And what’s the point of walking on the beach if you’re not going to do it barefoot?” Misha smiled. Jensen sighed. If it was anyone else in the entire world, he would be throwing a bitch fit about them getting sand in his car. But this was Misha, and he would let him get away with murder. So instead of saying something, Jensen just followed in his footsteps, taking off his own socks and shoes.

The waves lapped cold against their feet, but they didn’t mind. The beach was completely deserted,
and there were the only ones leaving footprints in the sand under a huge, brightly lit moon.

“Sooo…” Jensen started softly. “This is pretty romantic, walking on the beach and all. Are you sure this isn’t a date?” He looked over at Misha who was currently looking up at the moon as they walked. Jensen temporarily forgot how to breathe because of how blue his eyes looked.

Finally, Misha smirked, looking down at the waves lapping at his feet. “Okay. So maybe this is a date…”

“Oh, really?” Jensen asked, stopping and grabbing Misha’s wrist so that he would do the same. His thumb tenderly worked a circle on Misha’s flesh there. He gently pulled Misha closer, taking his free hand to lovingly stroke Misha’s cheek. Misha’s stubble sent chills down his spine, and he hoped that Misha couldn’t realize how shallow his breathing was. “Does that mean I can kiss you?”

Misha rolled his eyes, but when they focused back on Jensen they were full of love and adoration. “Since when have you ever asked for permission for anything, Jensen?”

Jensen grinned and pulled Misha in for a kiss. Before Jensen could really enjoy it, there was a loud boom, and he and Misha both looked up. “Fireworks…” Misha said in awe. He looked at Jensen accusingly. “Did you plan this?”

Jensen laughed. “Actually, no. I completely forgot that some carnivals shoot off fireworks at the end of the night.” He laughed again. “I guess you could say that sparks flew when we kissed…” Misha looked like he was about to shove him in to the water, and it just made Jensen laugh harder. “Now, where were we, baby…” He pulled Misha in again, and this time Misha completely melted into the kiss. Jensen’s brain immediately couldn’t comprehend anything other than Misha. All he could focus on was the way Misha’s scent engulfed him like a familiar blanket. How Misha felt pressed against his body. The way Misha’s lips felt against his. The way that Misha opened up to the kiss, moaning softly when Jensen’s tongue slid into his mouth. All he could think about was how he was completely and irrevocably in love with this man. Jensen pulled away just long enough nuzzle against Misha’s neck, leaving a trail of kisses there. “Oh god. I’ve missed you so much.” He whined, perfectly aware of how his voice cracked, of how wet his eyes were. He took a shuddering breath and choked back a sob.

“I’ve missed you too.” Misha said softly. He pulled back so that Jensen was forced to look him in the eyes. “Don’t make me regret this, Jensen, please…”

“No, baby, never.” Jensen said kissing him again. “I’m never gonna fuck up like that again. I’m working so hard to be the person I know you deserve. I know that no one could ever love you like I do, but no one could ever hurt you like I have. And that’s never going to happen again. I’m going to keep going to therapy…” Misha shut him up with another kiss, and he smiled against his lips. “Come home, Misha.” Jensen begged.

Misha kissed Jensen on the tip of the nose playfully, but then looked him in the eyes seriously. “You are my home, Jensen. You always have been.”

Jensen kissed him again. He kissed Misha slow and loving, his lips tracing every detail of Misha’s…and Misha kissed him back the same exact way. Jensen bent his knees slightly, grabbing the back of Misha’s thighs and Misha giggled against his lips while he hauled him up. Misha immediately wrapped his legs around Jensen’s waist, and Jensen couldn’t care any less about the fact that it got his shirt wet. “I. love. you. Dmitri.” Jensen breathed in between kisses. He worked his way down Misha’s neck again, gently biting at the flesh before sucking it into his mouth.

“I love you too.” Misha said shakily. Jensen could feel him growing hard through his jeans.
“Babe…” Misha breathed.

“Yeah?” Jensen replied, allowing his stubble to stroke against Misha’s neck teasingly.

“Let’s go home. Now.”

When Jensen and Misha fell into bed, Jensen was on the verge of tears. He couldn’t believe he actually had Misha back, and now he never wanted to let go of him. He ripped his own shirt off before pulling at Misha’s, moaning when their hot skin finally touched. His touch was frantic and clumsy, and he really hoped that Misha didn’t notice. He felt like a teenager about to lose his virginity because he had never been more terrified of messing this up.

But when all of their clothes were off, Jensen slowed his pace. He drank Misha in slowly, one inch of skin at a time. “I’ve missed this so much…” he said softly, kissing down Misha’s jaw while his hands coasted up Misha’s side, remembering every detail of his skin. Before Misha could answer, he continued. “Not just sex either, baby. But you. Everything about you. The way you taste, look, feel… I don’t know how I survived without it.” Misha squirmed underneath him and whimpered in response, and Jensen just smiled as he trailed kisses from Misha’s jaw, down his neck and to his chest. He planted another kiss and spoke again. “You’re perfect. In every way imaginable.” He looked up at Misha, smiling at how big blue eyes met his.

“Jensen…”

“I mean it, Mish. I swear I think you were made for me.” Jensen worked his way back up to Misha’s lips. “There’s not a damn thing I would change about you. And we just fit together so perfectly.” He kissed Misha’s lips tenderly, never wanting this moment to end.

He slowly worked his way down Misha’s body again, all the way down to his feet, grimacing at how he had forgotten about the sand and how it was going to get all in their bed. But he couldn’t find it in himself to care. Misha was here. He was home, and that’s all that mattered. He massaged his hands up Misha’s thighs, his lips just a kiss ahead, until he stopped, his lips just a few inches from Misha’s erect cock. Misha was whimpering with need, and Jensen loved it. He was completely at a loss for words, and normally it was impossible to get him to shut up. And this side of Misha was all Jensen’s.

He slowly swallowed Misha down, immediately moaning around him at the taste. Less than a year ago, Jensen was having an absolute meltdown over possibly being attracted to the other man, now he didn’t know how he had gone so long without his taste on his tongue.

“Fuck, Jen…” Misha moaned, thrusting his hips slightly and running his fingers through Jensen’s hair. “I… I can’t last long like this.” He whimpered.

Jensen pulled back with an obscene popping sound, smiling at how Misha’s dick twitched, wanting more. “It’s okay, sweetheart. You can come.” He said, stroking Misha as he met his gaze.

“But… I mean- I.” Misha looked over at the nightstand, eyeing the drawer that he knew they always kept the lube in.

Jensen grinned devishly. “Oh baby, I’m going to make sure you come more than once tonight.” He growled, feeling Misha grow harder in his hand. Misha bit his lip, resisting the urge to fuck into Jensen’s hand. Jensen leaned down, taking him into his mouth once again. He relaxed his jaw, taking him all the way in while his tongue caressed the underneath of the head, lapping up the precome that
dribbled out. Jensen began bobbing his head with purpose, never breaking eye contact with Misha. He dug his fingers into Misha’s hips, keeping him in place when he started to squirm. Misha’s breath hitched and Jensen felt him grow impossibly hard in his mouth as he started coming with a load moan, and Jensen swallowed it all down without hesitation.

Misha let out a small laugh as Jensen licked him clean. “You’re gonna kill me, you know that?” He said playfully, caressing Jensen’s cheek once his had made his way back up to eye level. “I’m getting too old for all of this mind blowing sex.”

Jensen snorted. “You’re never too old for an orgasm, I’m a firm believer in that.” He said laughing.

“I’ve missed you.” Misha said, his voice barely above a whisper. “I… I don’t think I could recover from you, Jensen. Not now. I know you probably think the break up wasn’t as hard on me, but it was. I always swore to myself that I would never let someone mean this much to me…” He looked away, blinking tears out of his eyes. But then he smiled. “But then this stupid, charming, freckled, green eyed son of a bitch showed up in my life.” There was still so much pain behind his eyes, and Jensen couldn’t stand it.

“Well, neither of us have to worry about any of that anymore, Misha.” He kissed Misha on the forehead tenderly. “Because I’m never letting you go again.” Misha smiled a little. “I’m going to marry you, and you’re gonna be stuck with me forever.”

“Oh, really?” Misha asked playfully, running his hands down Jensen’s thighs.

“Uh huh. I take vows very seriously. None of that divorce nonsense. You’re with me until I’m old and gross and wrinkled and my balls drag the floor.”

Misha busted out laughing, all gums and squinted eyes. “Oh, that’s okay I suppose. I would still probably be willing to put those balls in my mouth.”

Then it was Jensen’s turn to burst into a fit of laughter, his head resting on Misha’s shoulder. He started laughing so hard that he didn’t even bother holding himself up anymore, he just collapsed on Misha, reveling in the way their bodies felt together. “Wow, Collins. You certainly know how to talk dirty to someone.” Jensen finally said, trying to catch his breath. “Really though… are we… are we okay? Are we good?” He said, lifting his head to meet Misha’s eyes.

“We’re good.” Misha replied smiling. “Just promise me that we’ll always talk things through, that no matter what, we’ll make this work. ”

“I promise, Misha. I’m never going to give up on you. I’m never going to give up on us. I’m not the same selfish asshole I was when all of this first started. I… I’m still not someone who deserves you. I don’t think I’ll ever be worth yet another chance you’ve given me. But I can promise you that I’ll never stop working towards being someone worthy of everything you’ve given me.” Jensen bit his lip, feeling it tremble. Misha stroked his back soothingly, giving him a look of such love and adoration that it made Jensen’s skin burn, it felt like Misha was looking right through him. Jensen couldn’t resist the urge, and dived in for a deep, passionate kiss that Misha returned. Jensen thrust against him, grunting at the contact reminding him that he was still painfully hard. But he wasn’t worried about that just yet. He wanted to worship Misha’s body with his lips, he wanted to prove to him that he loved him without words.

After a few minutes, Misha giggled against his lips. Jensen pulled back, giving him a quizzical look. Misha smiled up at him and replied to the unasked question. “Look at us. Making out like a couple of teenagers…” He giggled again.
Jensen smiled back at him. “Yeah? Well we might as well take advantage of it, right? Aren’t babies supposed to like, ruin the honeymoon phase or something?” It had been a joke, but Misha froze and Jensen immediately regretted it. “Oh god, baby. I was just joking.” He gave Misha another kiss. “I’m sorry. That was in bad taste. And besides… nothing could change how I feel about you. Your daughter included. I’m sure she’ll be just amazing as you are. I can’t wait to meet her.”

Misha bit his lip and blinked tears away. “I love you, Jensen.” He whispered.

Jensen smiled in relief. “I love you too, Misha.” He nuzzled their noses together. “Now and always.” He rolled off of Misha onto his back, pulling Misha against his chest. He could ignore his arousal for now, because he didn’t want this night with Misha to end. Misha only cuddled against him for a second before straddling him and looking down at him, forcing eye contact once again.

“I… I haven’t slept with anyone else either. I don’t think I made that clear earlier, but I haven’t.” His tone was so serious that Jensen just gave him a confused look before realization dawned on him.

“Fuck, Misha… I… I don’t really think you’re a whore.” Misha flinched at the word and Jensen’s stomach dropped. He reached up, stroking Misha’s cheek. “I don’t mean anything I said that night, okay? I don’t care who you’ve slept with, or how many people. None of that matters to me. And I’m so sorry I ever said it.” Misha bit his lip but nodded. Then he smiled slightly, grinding himself down on Jensen’s dick. The conversation had softened it tremendously, but the attention caused it to stir again. Jensen smirked. “Feeling a little playful there, Mish?” His eyes flickered down, noting that Misha was starting to get hard again too.

“Maybe…” Misha said breathily, grinding himself down again. Misha abruptly crawled off of him, diving towards the nightstand for the lube. Jensen chuckled at him, but then noticed Misha froze once he opened the drawer. Jensen leaned over him, planting a kiss between his shoulder blades before peeking to see what had caused Misha to freeze. Misha’s eyes were shot wide and Jensen followed their gaze.

Jensen had completely forgotten that there were other things in the drawer other than lube. Right next to the lube, beside the television remote was the flyer for the parenting class Jensen had attended, and directly on top of it was their matching rings. Jensen kissed Misha’s shoulder, waiting for him to say something. Instead, Misha reached inside pulling both the rings out and putting them on top of the dresser, and then reaching for the flyer.

“Wh-what’s this?” He whispered, his eyes not leaving the flyer. Jensen suddenly felt incredibly self-conscious about his decision to take the class. Just because you offered to help him parent doesn’t mean he actually wants your help. He thought, pulling away from Misha so that he was sitting on the bed. Misha turned over so that he was facing him, the flyer still in hand. Jensen rubbed the back of his neck nervously.

“I… um… well, my therapist reminded me that if I want to be with you, it’s not just about you anymore. There’s a baby in the picture too. And she suggested that I take a parenting class… and I mean, I don’t really know anything about babies… so I thought… maybe it was a good idea?” He looked at Misha hopefully, and barely had time to register the look on Misha’s face before Misha tackled him, knocking him on his back. Misha’s lips were on his before he could even say anything, kissing hungrily.

“God dammit, Jensen Ackles.” He said, pulling back momentarily. “I’m so fucking in love with you.” Jensen chuckled, running his fingers through Misha’s messy dark locks of hair. Misha grabbed for the drawer again, this time pulling out the lube. He crawled off of Jensen and lied down on his back, pulling Jensen with him. He handed him the lube, and gave him a playful wink before spreading his legs.
Jensen’s brain momentarily short circuited because he couldn’t believe that the man laid out before him was his. He positioned himself between Misha’s legs, opening the cap and squeezing some of the lube onto his fingers as desire unfurled within him. He massages Misha’s thigh with his free hand as he slowly circled Misha’s rim with his lubed fingers, smirking at how Misha gasped because of the coolness. “My, my, my…” He cooed, slowly sliding in a single finger, reveling in the Misha immediately grinded down on it. “I have missed opening you up like this.” Misha whimpered, his blue eyes searching Jensen’s as he worried his bottom lip. Jensen slowly slid in a second finger, groaning at the noise that escaped Misha’s lips. “I love seeing like this. You’re so beautiful and you make such pretty, filthy noises.” Jensen praised. “It drives me absolutely crazy.” Jensen curled his fingers and a breathy whine came from Misha as his fucked himself down on Jensen’s fingers, taking them deeper.

“Jensen…” He moaned needily. “Please…”

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. I’m going to take care of you.” Jensen said, planting a kiss on one of Misha’s knees.

“Kiss me.” Misha whimpered, and he didn’t have to tell Jensen twice. Jensen surged forward, bringing their lips together as he continued to pump his fingers inside of Misha. Misha arched against him, unable to decide whether or not he wanted to fuck himself down on Jensen’s fingers or thrust against him.

“Stop being a tease and just fuck me already.” Misha whined back. Jensen smiled at him, and kissed his forehead sweetly.

“No, I don’t think so.” Misha huffed and squirmed underneath him, causing Jensen to laugh. “I’m not going to fuck you, Misha. I’m going to make love to you. Because with us, sex isn’t just sex.” Jensen added, nuzzling their noses together. Even though Misha’s pupils were blown wide, his eyes softened and it made Jensen melt. He leaned back, slowly pulling his fingers out of Misha and reaching for the lube again. Misha squirmed and panted in anticipation as Jensen lubed up his hard cock. Jensen lined himself up with Misha’s rim and stroked Misha’s thighs lovingly. Misha bit his lip, his blown eyes shining with love and adoration. Jensen smiled down at him with the same exact look on his face, and pushed himself in slowly.

Jensen immediately moaned as Misha canted his hips to meet him, pleasure taking over as he sank in deeper. He kept his pace slow even though Misha was trying to snap his hips to encourage him to go faster. Jensen knew it had been awhile, and he wasn’t going to dare hurt Misha and ruin this moment. Because this moment was perfect. Misha was an absolute mess, his fingers unable to decide whether they wanted to curl into the bedsheets or dig into Jensen’s skin. His soft, dark hair was sticking up in every direction. His lips were red and kiss-swollen, the skin on his chest flushed. His beautiful, blue, pupil blown eyes stared up at Jensen. Jensen smiled down at him. “You’re absolutely beautiful, Misha.” He said, rubbing his hands over Misha’s wonderful hip bones.

“Me? I wish you could see yourself.” Misha panted, trying hard not to moan. But Jensen just couldn’t have that. He picked up speed, groaning at how tight and perfect Misha was around him. Misha met every single one of his thrusts, letting out sinful moans to match each one. Jensen bent down to kiss him, and Misha met him halfway eagerly. Jensen smiled against Misha’s perfect, soft lips, swallowing down a whine. And Jensen knew Misha well enough to know what that particular whine meant.

“Close, baby?” He said breathily. Misha just nodded, unable to form anymore words. Jensen kissed him on the cheek and worked his way to Misha’s throat, nipping at it playfully as Misha arched his
neck to give him better access. Jensen could feel him tighten around him. “C’mon, Misha. Come for me.” He cooed, and that’s all it took for him to feel Misha’s come hit his stomach, warm and wet. Jensen kissed every inch of Misha he could reach like Misha’s skin was the oxygen he needed to breathe, and stroked his hair through it. He thrusted inside him a few more times before coming himself, and Misha grabbed his face and kissed him through it, his own lips tracing Jensen’s like he was afraid he might forget their shape. Jensen collapsed against him, kissing him back with fervor. “I love you.” He muttered, now tired and sated.

“I love you the most.” Misha replied, giving him a relaxed, lazy smile. Jensen slowly pulled out of Misha and grabbed some tissues from the nightstand to clean them both off. He flopped down on the bed next to Misha, sighing happily as Misha immediately snuggled up against him. He carded his fingers through Misha’s hair, and kissed him on the forehead, prompting Misha to only snuggle closer. Jensen glanced over at the nightstand, noticing their rings on the table. *Maybe it’s too soon for that.* Jensen thought idly playing with Misha’s fingers.

“Hey, Jen?” Misha asked.

“Yeah?”

Misha squirmed nervously before softly saying “Where’s my ring?”

Jensen chuckled. “I swear, it’s like you can read my mind.” He reached over to the table, grabbing both rings. He slid his own on quickly before slowly sliding Misha’s on, relishing in how it gave him butterflies to do so. Misha shifted on his chest to look up at him, and Jensen kissed him. “Welcome home, Misha.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure how accurate of a description of a carnival this chapter was, I've never actually been to one. It's actually a projection of how I've always wanted to be taken on a date to one because it's such a sweet cliche'. So hopefully I did it justice.
These two will honestly be the death of me.

Sorry, all I have is this picture. I'm running out of gifs and pictures because I don't use tumblr much anymore. So if you have any that you would like to see on here, let me know!
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

So, this is awkward... I disappeared for quite a long time. But that has nothing to do with the fic itself, so I'll leave my explanation to the ending notes for those of you who might be interested in what's been going on with me personally. But anyway... you guys are incredible. I am SO overwhelmed with the messages I've received, just as I always am. I had so many comments that I've spent most of the day just replying back to everyone. I promise to be better about that from here on out. Y'all are really, truly incredible and inspiring, and so many of you have been so personal with me. Thank you so much for your patience. I'm so lucky to have you all as readers. And no matter what you're all going through, please remember to always keep fighting because you are not alone.

This is a long chapter, filled with smut and fluff. You've been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jensen stretched the following morning when he woke up, a feeling of pleasure and ease settling through his muscles and bones. He reached out, his eyes still closed, and smiled when his fingers came in contact with Misha’s bare skin. Grinning, he reached around Misha, pulling him in close by his hips. He nuzzles against the back of Misha’s neck, planting loving kisses against Misha’s hair that had a slight curl to it from last night. Misha let out a pleased sigh in his sleep and flipped over, facing Jensen and draping an arm around him before snuggling in closer. Jensen grinned and finally opened his eyes.

At first, Jensen had been terrified that it had all been a dream that might make him wake up to a nightmare. But he was awake, and Misha was still there, in his arms. Jensen soaked in every detail. Misha’s hair was an absolute mess, and he gently attempted to tame some of it with his fingers before giving up with a smile. Misha’s long eyelashes fanned out over the top of his cheeks, and Jensen longed to see the beautiful blue eyes they were helping hide, but he wouldn’t dare wake him. Jensen kissed his cheek, chuckling softly at the feeling of already forming stubble beneath his lips. Jensen sighed contently, his eyes trailing down Misha’s bare form, admiring how sunlight peaked through their curtains and fell across one of Misha’s hip bones that he loved so much.

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer.” Misha mumbled, opening his eyes sleepily with a smile on his face. He yawned and stretched before pulling Jensen in for a soft, chaste kiss.

“Well, now that you mention it…” Jensen grinned and turned slightly, reaching for his phone on his nightstand. He unplugged it and turned back to Misha. “I don’t have nearly enough pictures of you.” He took a quick picture of Misha, his face lighting up as he did so.


Jensen’s eyes scanned over the picture on his phone. “You look just as incredible as you always do, baby.” Jensen locked the phone and tossed it on the bed. He wrapped his arms around Misha, pulling him in to pepper kisses all over his neck and throat. Misha groaned, attempting to push him away playfully.
“You know, I do have to be productive at some point today. I don’t see that happening with you kissing on my neck.”

Jensen smiled against his flesh. “Good. Maybe I want you all to myself.”

Misha shuddered slightly, goosebumps raising on his skin, causing Jensen to smile again. “Come on, babe. Really. I have things to do.”

Jensen pouted, but let go of Misha reluctantly. He propped himself up on his pillow. Staring at him adoringly. “Oh yeah? Like what?”

“I need to go for a jog.” Jensen rolled his eyes. “I don’t give me that look. You know I try to jog or cycle at least three times a week. Then I need to shower.” He bit his lip nervously. “Then I planned on meeting up with Alexandra to sort of go over a few things pertaining to what I’m going to need to buy before the baby gets here.” He looked up at Jensen nervously. Jensen could nearly feel him shaking.

“Okay, baby. But you’re not doing any of that until I cook you breakfast.” Jensen replied, shooting him his most charming smile.

Misha visibly relaxed and returned the smile. “I’m so proud of how far you’ve come, Jensen.” Jensen leaned in to kiss his forehead.

“Thanks, baby. Sausage or bacon? Oh hell, I’ll fix both.” He winked at Misha and hopped out of bed, stretching dramatically as soon as his feet hit the floor. Misha’s eyes trailed down his bare body with interest as he reached for his boxers. He slid them on and smirked when he noticed Misha checking him out. “You can catch more shut eye if you want, Mish. I can wake you up when it’s done.”

Grinning, Misha flopped back down on his pillows. “You don’t have to tell me twice.” Jensen chuckled and leaned down to kiss Misha tenderly.

“Sweet dreams, baby.”

Misha didn’t get much more sleep before the smell of bacon and sausage wafted into the bedroom, waking him from his slumber. His stomach growled in interest as he stretched and climbed out of bed, looking for his underwear.

When he finally padded his way to the kitchen, he immediately grinned. Jensen already had the table set with orange juice and coffee, and was making a plate full of food when Misha reached him.

“That smells amazing, Jen.” Misha muttered, lightly placing a hand on Jensen’s hip and kissing his bare shoulder.

“Thanks.” Jensen hummed, a pleased smile showing through his tone. He added some toast to the plate and handed it to Misha. “I was going to make biscuits instead, but that would take longer and I know you gotta get you day started.”

Misha grinned at him. “You Texans and your biscuits.” Jensen rolled his eyes dramatically and swatted at Misha’s ass playfully. Misha shot him a wink before taking his place at the table.

“If you’re gonna go on a jog, I expect you to eat all of that.” Jensen lectured, fixing his own plate and sitting across from the Misha. “And I’m still not normally okay with us eating at the table half
naked. I’m just making an exception for today.”

Rolling his eyes playfully, Misha flicked a little piece of scrambled egg at Jensen. “Don’t take everything so seriously, freckles.” Jensen stuck his tongue out, but then gave Misha a loving smile. He took a sip of his coffee and sighed happily.

“It’s good to have you home, Misha.” He said softly.

Misha looked across at him shyly. “It’s good to be home, Jensen. I… I honestly wasn’t so sure we would get back to this point.”

Jensen raised an eyebrow. “Even though you left most of your stuff here?”

Misha narrowed his eyes. “I was having a hard time bringing myself to come get it. I didn’t leave it here with the expectation of coming back.”

Jensen leaned across the table, placing his hand over Misha’s. “Well, I’m glad you did, sweetheart. More than you could ever know. And I promise you that you won’t regret it.” Misha smiled softly, but it quickly turned into a full grin as he watched Jensen melt, soaking in all the love he could feel between the two of them.

When they finished eating, Misha insisted on helping Jensen with the dishes, but Jensen wasn’t having it.

“Go ahead and go on your jog. I got the dishes.”

“I’m not letting you cook and do the dishes.” Misha pouted. Jensen sighed, knowing it as a lost cause. He shoved his hand in the sudsy water and blew the bubbles at Misha. Misha rolled his eyes. “At least let me help you dry them.”

Jensen sighed dramatically. “Okay. I guess you can help with that.”

“So what’s your plan while I’m out getting all sweaty?” Misha asked, grabbing a dry dish towel.

Jensen’s hand stopped on the plate he was cleaning, clearly distracted by the mental image of Misha both sweaty and exhausted. He swallowed dryly. “The lawn really need to be mowed to be honest. I’m pretty sure I could have it finished by the time you get back.”

“Jen, let me help-“

“Absolutely not. Besides. You’re gonna be the one that starts on the garden.” Jensen gave him a wink. Misha dropped the dish towel, practically flinging himself into Jensen’s arms, assaulting his lips with hungry kisses. Jensen’s eyes shot wide before kissing him back. He clumsily reached for the dry towel to dry his hands before placing them on Misha’s sides tenderly, deepening the kiss.

He pulled away slowly, leaving a trail of kisses down Misha’s neck. “What’s this about, baby?”

Misha gave a sigh that almost sounded broken, and Jensen jerked his eyes up to meet Misha’s. They were misty. Misha gave him another kiss, this one reassuring. “I just really love you, Jensen.” He smiled softly. “A garden?”

Jensen smiled back. “You always said you wanted one. And I’m gonna give you whatever you want, Misha.” The love and adoration in Jensen’s eyes was too much, and Misha surged forward for
another kiss. Jensen immediately deepened it, rubbing his hands up Misha’s bare sides, reveling in the feeling of Misha’s skin. In one swift movement, Jensen hauled Misha up so that he was sitting on the kitchen counter without breaking their lips apart. He slid his hands up Misha’s thigh teasingly, licking his way into his boyfriend’s mouth with fervor. He worked his way to Misha’s neck, kissing and biting at it urgently until Misha was panting and arching his body against Jensen’s. Misha moaned, hot and needy, and Jensen smiled triumphantly. “Keep that up and I’ll be fucking you in this kitchen.”

“You don’t even want us eating in the kitchen in our underwear because you’re so OCD and yet you expect me to believe that you’ll fuck me in here?” Misha chuckled hoarsely. He pushed Jensen away playfully and hopped down from the counter.

“You don’t push it, Collins.” Jensen smirked, kissing him on the cheek.

“Yeah, yeah. Now I gotta go jog off this boner.” He said, walking towards the bedroom to change.

Misha adjusted the cap on his head to keep sweat from trickling into his eyes as he rounded the block. Exercise always helped clear his head. He had never been too fond of exercising at the gym. Not when he could run or cycle outside on a day as beautiful as today. He squinted up at the sky, The Who blaring from his headphones. It was actually partially cloudy. but he knew it wasn’t exactly the weather that was so beautiful today, it was so beautiful because for the first time in weeks things felt alright again. Jensen had completely amazed him and captivated him, sweeping him off his feet with how much he had truly changed, and if Misha was being honest, it made him feel more in love than ever.

He was finally no longer stressing about whether or not their relationship was public, because he knew that Jensen loved him. There was no longer that shadowy doubt that had been there before. There wasn’t a doubt in his mind. Jensen loved him as much as he loved Jensen. Misha didn’t realize that he had zoned out until he nearly ran into a lamp post, and decided that it was time to head home. He took the journey back home at a brisk walk, allowing himself to unwind and cool down. It wasn’t particularly hot, since it was cloudy, but the humidity was pretty rough, and he was glad that Jensen insisted he bring a water bottle despite how it had been a pain in the ass to carry. He finished off the bottle and crammed the empty plastic in the pocket to his basketball shorts so that he could recycle it when he got home. Home. Because it was his home again.

When he got home, Misha decided to fill his water bottle up again instead of immediately recycling it. He plopped down on the couch under the ceiling fan, stripping off everything except for his basketball shorts and cap and tossing them on the ground. Jensen will probably bitch about that later but I’ll do laundry later. But it wasn’t long before Misha was bored. Well, he wasn’t really bored. He could turn on the TV, or shower, or start on laundry. But in reality, he just already missed Jensen. He hopped up off the couch and went to the fridge to grab two cold beers, knowing that Jensen was probably almost done with the lawn. Sure enough, when Misha opened the back door, Jensen was nearly done.
watched as Jensen’s muscles rippled underneath his skin, and his mouth went completely dry. Jensen turned, angling the mower to get a spot he missed and Misha almost dropped the beers. Jensen’s jeans sat low on his wet hips, and Misha’s eyes were immediately drawn to the “v” above them.

“Holy fuck.” Misha muttered in awe. He sat one of the beers on the table next to the grill and twisted the top off of the other, flopping down in the lawn chair to continue watching Jensen. He took a sip of his beer, shaking his head. Misha found himself admiring Jensen’s body a lot more than he would care to admit, he always did, even before all of this. It wasn’t even always sexually, he thought Jensen was absolutely beautiful. Every freckle on his skin, every shade of green in his eyes, every eyelash and guitar callus on his fingers… it all completely captivated Misha.

Misha didn’t even realize that Jensen had finally looked up from his work, noticing that he was being ogled at. When Misha finally noticed, Jensen was leaning against the mower, grinning at him. Misha blushed shyly and tried to look away without being obvious. He heard Jensen chuckle from across the yard and glanced up to see Jensen tiredly trudging towards him. Jensen grabbed his beer from the table, twisting the top off without removing his eyes from Misha. Misha smiled at him innocently.

“Like what you see, Mish?” He said, wiping sweat from his forehead and taking a swig of the beer.

“You’re okay, I guess.” Misha replied hoarsely, forcing his eyes to remain on Jensen’s so they wouldn’t travel south. Jensen grinned devilishly and sat his beer on the table.

He stalked closer to Misha slowly, licking his lips. “Oh, really? Just okay? Because you’re wearing basketball shorts and you know, they don’t hide much.” Misha swallowed, painfully aware of how hard he was. Jensen leaned down to kiss him, and it completely intoxicated Misha. Jensen somehow managed to still smell absolutely delicious despite the sweat, and within seconds Misha had his hands wrapped around the back of his neck. Jensen wrapped an arm around him and stood up straight, hauling him to his feet. It didn’t take long before Misha was rutting against Jensen, still frustrated from earlier that morning. He panted and moaned as Jensen licked a strip down his neck, amazed by how into Jensen was despite how sweaty they both were.

“Bed.” Misha begged, his hands going for the button of Jensen’s jeans.

“I’ve got a better idea.” Jensen growled, grabbing Misha’s hand and pulling him inside. Misha watched in confusion as Jensen led him to the kitchen. When they got there, Jensen turned around nervously and raised an eyebrow, pulling a small bottle of lube out of his back pocket that Misha hadn’t even noticed before. Misha felt his jaw drop a little, and a look of confidence washed over Jensen’s face. “I told you not to push it earlier, Misha.” He winked, grabbing Misha’s hips and walking him backwards toward the dining table until Misha was leaned against it. Jensen bit his lip, eyeing him hungrily.

“You sneaky little shit!” Misha laughed. “You’ve been planning this all morning haven’t you?!”

“Maybe.” Jensen grinned and kissed him passionately.

Misha whimpered, a little more pathetically than he would have liked. But this part of Jensen drove him crazy. So often Jensen would second guess himself to the point of rarely being adventurous, and if he was going to silence those second guesses, Misha was happy to be along for the ride. He could easily point out that they were both sweaty and dirty, could easily point out that taking this to the shower would be a better idea. But if Jensen wanted to be adventurous for once, Misha was on board… and his actions show it. He licked into Jensen’s mouth with fervor, already moaning and whining against his lips as he pulled at the button on Jensen’s jeans. Jensen pulled back to lift Misha onto the kitchen table, ripping his shirt off, and Misha giggled. It always drove Jensen crazy when Misha tried to undress him completely before removing any of his own clothes.
Minutes later, they were both completely naked. Jensen had slowed his pace, leaving goosebumps from the trail of kisses he was leaving down Misha’s neck. Jensen’s rubbed up and down Misha’s bare thighs lovingly, pressing between them, closer to Misha. Misha whimpered when he felt Jensen’s hard cock rub against his own, agonizingly slow.

A throaty chuckle escaped Jensen’s throat, and he pulled back to look Misha in the eyes. “My, my, my. What have you done to me, baby?” Misha smiled up at Jensen, completely smitten.

“I have no idea. But whatever it is, I’m glad I did it.” He breathed. And in that moment, Misha couldn’t put into words just how in love with Jensen that he was, just how beautiful he found this man. “You’re so beautiful, Jensen.” He whispered. He smiled as he watched red creep up Jensen’s chest, spreading all the way to the tips of his ears as his eyes dropped. After all this time, he still doesn’t believe it. Misha thought. He reached up, cupping Jensen’s face in his hands. He smoothed his thumbs across the stubble scattered across Jensen’s face, and smiled at him sweetly. “I’m in complete awe over the green of your eyes. I’ve never seen so many shades, so much dimension in one eye color. I’m completely convinced that your eyes are the only place I’ll ever be able to see that color.” He felt Jensen’s face grow hotter in his hands. “And you have these eyelashes that just go on for days.” Jensen’s lips twitched into a little smile. “And your freckles? They’re like constellations on your skin. I’m pretty sure they’re there to prove that the stars aligned perfectly on the day that you were born.”

“Mish-“

“And don’t get me started on your lips.” Misha’s hands adjusted on Jensen’s face so that both his thumbs could gently skate across Jensen’s lips. He pulled Jensen’s face close so that he could kiss them. “They’re just… perfect.”

“You gonna talk poetry to me all day?” Jensen said softly, his skin burning hot in Misha’s hands. Misha smiled at him lovingly, now blushing a little himself. Jensen kissed him softly, but couldn’t resist the urge to thrust against him slightly. “I love you so much, Mish.” He muttered when they’re lips separated.

“Oh yeah? How about you show me just how much?” Misha husked, biting his lower lip and reaching between them to stroke down Jensen’s length just once, teasing him. Jensen groaned.

“So that’s how we’re gonna play it?” Jensen growled, reaching for the lube. With Misha’s knees on either side of him, he felt his boyfriend in anticipation. Jensen looked Misha’s body up and down as he slowly lubed up his throbbing dick. “Jesus Christ…I can’t believe you’re all mine…” He muttered, thrusting into his fist a few times.

“All yours, Jensen.” Misha muttered, unable to take his eyes off of Jensen’s cock. “You gonna show me who I belong to?” Jensen raised his eyebrows at Misha. They hadn’t played this little game in a while. Misha’s own dick throbbed in longing at the hungry look that Jensen was giving him. He licked his lips. “You gonna fuck me so hard that I come untouched?” Jensen groaned, his head falling back slightly.

“You’re going to fucking kill me, Misha.” He growled, pulling Misha in for a deep, aggressive kiss. Misha was expecting Jensen to pull him to the edge of the table, but instead, he felt Jensen’s knee nudge his thighs further apart as he pushed Misha onto the table and climbed on top of him. Misha had never been so glad that they invested in a good, sturdy dining table instead of something from Ikea. Jensen positioned himself back on his knees, looking at Misha devisishly as he stroked himself. Misha licked his lips as he watched precome dribble out and fall on his own dick. As if on instinct, Misha raised his knees, spreading his legs further apart for Jensen. “You ready, baby?” Jensen husked, biting his lip. Misha just nodded, completely mesmerized by Jensen above him like this. It
was like lying before a god.

Jensen lined himself up, teasingly dragging the head of his dick across Misha’s rim a couple of times. Misha whimpered but didn’t say anything, because this was part of the game. Jensen expected him to be good, compliant. Finally, Jensen stopped teasing him, and gently pushed himself in, very carefully, taking his time. Misha immediately groaned, resisting the urge to snap his hips up to meet him. He knew Jensen was taking this slow, taking his time since there wasn’t much foreplay, the only thing paving the way was from where Misha had been stretched out last night. Jensen ran his hands down Misha’s thighs lovingly, easing himself in agonizingly slow.

When Jensen’s hips were flush with the back of Misha’s thighs, Misha arched his back, moaning hot and long. Jensen’s breath hitched, reveling in the tight heat around him. “You feel so good, baby.” He cooed, bringing their lips together to swallow down one of Misha’s moans when he began to work his hips. Misha whimpered, canting his hips to meet every single one of Jensen’s thrusts. “Whoa, Mish. Slow it down.” Jensen breathed along his jaw as he trailed kisses away from his mouth. He slowed his pace until he was barely moving, causing Misha to whine.

“Jensen, please.” Misha begged, but Jensen held him in place by his hips.

“What is it, sweetheart?” Jensen teased, nearly stopping any movement at all. “What do you want me to do?”

Misha whimpered, still struggling against Jensen’s grip to receive some sort of friction. “You know what I want.” He mumbled desperately.

“Tell me, Misha. I want to hear it.” Jensen muttered softly into his ear, his teeth just barely grazing Misha’s earlobe.

“Fuck me.” Misha begged. “Make me come.”

“All yours.” Misha agreed breathily between moans. He looked up at Jensen, completely captivated by his amazing boyfriend. Sweat was making his skin glisten, skin that was tight and rippling around sure, thick muscles. Jensen’s skin was flushed, making his freckles pop, and Misha wanted to run his tongue over every single freckle on his entire body. “I’m close.” He whined, still finding it unbelievable that this was the person that he got to share his body with. Jensen’s leaned down closer to bring their lips together, unable to keep them apart any longer. Misha felt a buildup of heat within him, his muscles tightening as he spurted come all over both his and Jensen’s stomachs. Jensen moaned into his mouth hotly as Misha tightened around him, and a few thrusts later, he was coming with him.

They kissed each other through it, slow and sated, until they were smiling against each other’s lips. “I love you so much.” Jensen said, slowly easing out of Misha.

Misha continued to lie on the table, not yet ready to move, a huge grin on his face. Jensen crawled off of the table, stretching before grabbing Misha’s hand and helping him sit up. “I love you too.” Misha hummed, leaning in to plant a kiss on the tip of Jensen’s nose.
“God, we’re filthy.” Jensen chuckled. “Shower?”

“Best idea you’ve had all day, Jen.”

“You know, I love taking showers with you.” Jensen said, running a towel over his hair a couple of times in the bathroom. He turned to Misha, who was doing the same thing. “The shower is the first place you told me you loved me.” He said softly. Reaching out to rub a hand up Misha’s side.

“You say that like I’ve forgotten.” Misha chuckled.

“God, I should have told you right then and there.” Jensen said, shaking his head with a scowl. “Even then I loved you. And I knew it too. I just couldn’t bring myself to say.” Misha just watched him intently as Jensen stepped in closer to him. “It may have taken me a long time to say it, but god I love you, Misha.”

Misha smiled and gave Jensen a kiss on the cheek. “I love you the most. But you’re going to make me late. You know, I’m sure Alexandra wouldn’t mind if you came with us. She…she’s matured a lot since she found out she’s pregnant.”

Jensen considered it for a moment. There was still a part of him that was a little nervous about Misha being alone with Alexandra, even though he trusted Misha. He had learned to accept that he would always be a little bit jealous, it was just important that he didn’t act on those feelings. He ruffled Misha still damp hair loving. “I’ll pass, baby. I’ve got some things I need to take care of myself. But you can always call me if you need anything.”

Misha got dressed a lot slower than he would have liked, completely unable to keep his hands and lips off of Jensen. Seeing how much Jensen had grown as a person had only made him fall for the freckled jerk even more, and he loved every second of it. He finally slipped on an old Gishwhes shirt and a worn pair of jeans, along with a pair of shoes that Jensen affectionately referred to as his ‘grandpa shoes’.

Jensen just stuck to a pair of sweats, flopping down on their bed, already exhausted from the day, his eyes already closed. Misha leaned down to kiss him tenderly. “You’re still here?” Jensen joked softly, his eyelashes fluttering but his eyes staying closed.

“Of course, Jensen. Wanna grab a bite to eat when I get back? Go someplace nice?”

“Whatever you want, baby.” Jensen replied, snuggling against Misha’s lap further.

After a few moments of this, Jensen almost nodding off with Misha playing with his hair, someone
beeping their car horn outside jarred him awake. He shot up, making Misha laugh. Misha pulled him in for a kiss. “See you tonight, Jen. Promise.”

Jensen kissed him back lazily. “Okay. Have fun. Tell Alexandra I said hi.” Misha beamed at him, grabbing his keys from the nightstand and giving a little wave before leaving. Jensen waited until he heard a car door slam and the car pull off before lying back down, grabbing his phone from his own nightstand before doing so.

The phone rang three times but finally picked up. Jensen smiled. “Hey, Jared? I need your help with something.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter comes with gifs! (probably a lot of typos too, I’ve been staring at my laptop all day)

But can we imagine Misha all sweaty and sexy after a jog.

And Jensen being all cute and nervous, wondering if he’s actually going to come back after spending the day with Alexandra.
I would like to personally thank Jensen and Misha for dragging me to Cockles hell.

Sorry this chapter isn't all that climatic, but I feel like the fluff and smut was needed after everything these two had been through so far in the fic. And the next two chapters are
more interesting, because Jensen is calling on Jared for a favor. ;)

Now it's time to get a little more personal. So many of you read my notes, it absolutely blows my mind. But because of this, a lot of you have asked how I've been doing because you know that I suffer from depression and anxiety. I've hit a lot of lows recently. I'm trying to balance a lot. A job, college, and an internship. Because of the hours I'm spending in class, on homework, and at my internship, I've had to cut back on hours at work. It's not that I mind working myself into the ground. I would gladly take any hours they could throw at me because I only get paid minimum wage, Unfortunately, the hours interfere. You have to work certain shifts at my job, One shift might be open to 4pm, and if you need to be off at 3:30, they just won't schedule you at all. I have been struggling, very, very hard to keep my head above water financially. I've had to put quite a few of my bills on my credit card, and anyone who knows me knows I only use my credit card for emergencies. But that is what this has become, an emergency. I simply cannot afford to pay my bills. For those of you who are unaware, yes, I live with my parents, but I have to pay to do so, and recently my mother has been threatening to throw me out because I haven't been able to pay. All of this has become a major trigger for me, and whenever I get a new bill in the mail, I often think about how much easier it would be if I just wasn't alive anymore. I'm not the type to ask for help, I'm really not. Not that I think ANYTHING is wrong with that, it's just that I've always fought tooth and nail for myself, by myself. But recently, I've gotten so desperate. I've dropped two pants sizes since my last update because I've been trying to spend less money on food just so I can catch up with all of my bills.

Despite my abhorrence for reaching out for help, I have made a GoFundMe account that can be found here. I really hate to ask this of anyone, but it would really mean the world to me if you could give something, even if that "something" isn't money, and it's just words of encouragement during this rough time. I hate to ask. I know none of you signed up for something heavy like this, something personal, when you decided to read my fic. Regardless of whether or not you're able to give something, I just want to say thank you. Thank you for your patience. Thank you for putting up with me. Thank you for your kind words and praise through all of these chapters. Thank you so, so much.
Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's been so long. I'm in the process of replying to all of your messages, and didn't even realize just how long it had been til I realized just how old the messages were. This chapter starts off immediately after the last chapter, so you may want to reread the last chapter so the pacing doesn't seem off.

Also, before I forget, I have a new tumblr that can be found here. I decided to make an official tumblr for my AO3 since I no longer use my old one. This is the easiest way to contact me. I will also keep all of you updated on my life and my fics through the account. Not to mention there will be plenty of Cockles and Destiel posts! So if you have a tumblr, please follow this new account. If not, still free free to send me messages on there if you'd like. Another good reason to follow my tumblr is that after this fic, I'm thinking about posting sneak peaks for new chapters in between posting completed chapters.

Oh, and don't forget the notes after this chapter!

Enjoy. <3

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Jared huffed a sigh. A part of wasn’t quite surprised that the first thing Jensen would be asking for was a favor. “What’s up?” He asked, smiling as Genevieve came up behind him and snaked her arms around his waist. He turned to smile and plant a kiss on top of her head while he waited for Jensen to reply, knowing that he was going to have to focus on it extra hard with Gen prancing around in nothing but a tanktop and underwear.

“Um, well…” Jared heard Jensen sigh heavily. “I guess I should start off by saying that Misha and I… we’re good, Jared. He’s moving back in.”

Jared froze, causing Gen to raise her eyebrows at him. She gestured towards the door with her thumb, silently asking if he needed a minute alone. He nodded and she stood on her tip toes to give him a kiss before exiting the room. “Really? You guys are officially back together?” Jared asked with a new interest, suddenly less concerned by Jensen asking for a favor.

Jared chuckled on the line and Jared smiled. “Yeah, man. Trust me, I can barely believe it. He’s so good you know?”

“How the hell did that even happen? I mean, I know you guys were hanging out some off set, but I didn’t think you guys would get back together.” Jared said it softly, knowing that it was still probably a sensitive topic for Jensen.

“Oh, well I didn’t either. Um, awhile back we decided to watch a movie, and we ended up kissing. It made Misha freak out a little bit, to be honest. Then I asked him to go on just one date with me, and, well… he ended up coming home with me-“

“Okay, I don’t need any details past that.” Jared laughed. “But man… I’m so happy for you.” He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Don’t fuck up this time, Jensen.”

“Oh, trust me. I won’t, Jared. Misha willing to give this another try… it’s nothing short of a miracle. I
plan on treating him exactly the way he deserves to be treated. But that brings me to what I need your help with.”

Jared pushed his hair out of his face nervously. “Yeah, man. What do you need?” His mind was immediately a whirlwind of all the different things Jensen could be planning.

“Okay, well it would have to be tomorrow, I think. Do you think I could borrow Genevieve?”

Jared furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. “Uh, sure. I mean I gotta make sure she’s free, but I don’t see why not. You wanna let me in on this little plan of yours?”

Jensen was quiet on the line for a bit, and Jared rolled his eyes, knowing all too well that Jensen was second guessing himself. “I want to surprise Misha by turning one of the spare rooms into a room for the baby. But I don’t really know what I need to buy. I mean, I know the basics, but that’s it. And I was hoping maybe Gen could help. And maybe you could distract Misha for the day?” Jensen mumbled nervously.

A massive grin spread across Jared’s face. “Dude, that’s adorable. So you’re cool with her knowing?”

“Obviously. Bring her over right now if you want, I’ll tell her myself.”


“Whoa, whoa, whoa. I’m here. What’s up, handsome?” Gen stepped in the room, a bright smile on her face.

Jared stepped closer to her, brushing her hair out of her face and behind her ear. “I have some crazy news for you, babe. But first, get dressed. We’re going to Jensen’s house.” Gen’s face lit up excitedly

Jensen knew it wouldn’t be long before Jared and Gen arrived, and reluctantly plugged his charger into his phone and rolled out of bed. The house was still pretty clean, so he didn’t feel the need to clean anymore, but decided maybe he should at least see if there was a bottle of wine around the house somewhere. Gen might need a drink after what he and Jared had to tell her.

It wasn’t long before Jensen flinched at the sound of a knock on the door, shooting up off the living room couch so fast that he hit his knee on the coffee table. He took a deep breath slowly, willing himself to calm down. *It’s not like we haven’t already told a few people. And if Jared is dating her then she must be good people.* He walked to the front door, running a nervous hand through his hair. When he opened the door, Gen didn’t hesitate to give him a short kiss on the cheek in greeting, and then barged right in like she owned the place. Jensen shot Jared a confused look, but Jared was just watching her in amusement, a huge grin on his face.

Finally, Jensen cleared his throat, rubbing a hand over the back of his neck while he searched for the right words to spring this on her. Jared stepped around him, seemingly to put an arm around Gen’s waist, but when Jensen glanced over at him, he was giving him that all too familiar, encouraging

Gen took a few steps inside, looking around for a moment before turning around to face Jensen, her hands on her hips. “Nice digs, Ackles. Now what is it that has you and Jared so secretive? I want in.” She tapped her foot impatiently when Jensen just stared at her.

Finally, Jensen cleared his throat, rubbing a hand over the back of his neck while he searched for the right words to spring this on her. Jared stepped around him, seemingly to put an arm around Gen’s waist, but when Jensen glanced over at him, he was giving him that all too familiar, encouraging
puppy look of his. Jensen took a deep breath. “Okay, so, um… I’m gonna grab you guys a drink if you wanna take a seat in the living room.”

Gen narrowed her eyes and Jensen, but Jared just chuckled and tugged on her waist, leading her into the living room. Jensen exhaled deeply and went to grab the beers.

Jared sat down on the love seat, very pointedly trying not to think if Jensen and Misha made any inappropriate use of it as Gen flopped down next to him. Her eyes were still searching every inch of the house, and Jared wondered if this was a woman thing, sizing up what sort of decorations littered the walls and shelves. Jared watched her adoringly, observing how her pretty, little lips were pouting out slightly. Suddenly, her eyes stopped moving, and had rested on something on the other side of the room. Jared followed her gaze, and immediately stiffened awkwardly.

“Hey, isn’t that Misha’s jacket?” She said curiously, noticing how it was haphazardly littering the ground along with other clothes… clothes that Jared knew also belonged to Misha.

“Oh, I’m not sure, babe.” Jared replied, pushing his hair out of his face nervously. He could try to play it off for a bit, but Misha obscure taste in clothing was giving him away.

Genevieve stood up, walking over to the coat nosily and Jared physically face palmed. Now was not the time for curiosity to get the better of her. She picked the coat up between her thumb and index finger like it could be tainted and inspected it a little further. “Oh god, this ugly thing is definitely Misha’s.” Jared gulped, but Gen didn’t seem to make any connections. She completely grabbed the jacket and shouted “Hey, Jensen! Don’t know if you know this, but Misha left some of his clothes here.” There was bang from the kitchen and then a loud curse. Gen shot Jared a concerned look and made her way towards the kitchen just as Jared jumped up to do the same thing.

When they entered the kitchen, Jensen was rubbing his head. It was ducked just a few inches below the open kitchen cabinet, showing that the bang came from hitting his head on it. He turned and grumpily shoved a beer in each of their hands. He leaned against the kitchen table, grabbing a beer of his own. “So, Gen, I need to tell you something. I need your help, and I have a few things I need to fess up to before I could ask that of you.” He shifted more of his weight on to his other leg, causing the table to move slightly, and he flinched when he heard something topple off its surface and hit the ground.

All three pairs of eyes looked to the floor, where there was now a bottle of lube. Jensen groaned loudly. How the FUCK did I forget I left that in the kitchen….. Jared looked horrified, but Gen looked incredibly amused, a teasing grin spreading across her face. Then suddenly her expression changed, her smile dropping as her eyes dropped to Misha’s jacket in her hand. Jensen and Jared exchanged a panicked look, they could both practically see the gears grinding in her head.

“Misha and I are in a relationship.” The sentence came out of Jensen’s mouth in such a jumbled, quick mess, that he wasn’t even sure if Gen understood him.

“You…” Gen looked up at him. “…and Misha…” she glanced back down at the jacket. Jensen nodded, feeling like he was going to puke. Suddenly Gen dropped the jacket and squealed excitedly, running over the Jensen and practically jumping into his arms. Jensen shot Jared a confused look as he hugged her back, and Jensen just shrugged, equally as confused. “That’s so romantic!” She exclaimed happily. She looked over at Jared. “I knew we weren’t the only ones that had chemistry on set! Every time you flirted with me, I swear I would look over and Jensen would be flirting with Misha.” Jensen turned bright red and took a sip of his beer, trying to hide behind the bottle. Thinking back… maybe she wasn’t exactly exaggerating. “Wow. I mean… just, wow. How long has this been going on?”
“Not quite a year.” Jensen replied in a shy voice. Gen shot him a dirty look. “I know, okay? I should have made a move forever ago.” He could hear Jared laughing at the blush that was spreading over his face to the tips of his ears. Gen just tutted and shook her head.

“Now that this amazing news is out of the way… what do you need help with? …oh my GOD! Are you going to propose?!” Jensen choked on his beer.

“Gen, babe-“ Jared started, but Jensen interrupted him.

“No. I mean, not yet. I mean…. This is a long story. How about we go take a seat?”

Genevieve took a massive swig out of her beer stiffly, clearly trying to digest everything Jensen had told her. Jensen couldn’t exactly blame her, it was a lot to take in. A lot of things had changed since the last time she was on set.

“Wow. So, you guys are a… a couple now? And Misha is gonna be a dad? Jesus, I’m off of set for a few seasons and everyone goes crazy apparently.” She said taking another sip and shaking her head, but then smiled good naturedly at Jensen.

“So, what do you say, Gen?” Jared said, grabbing her hand in his. “Are you in?” He and Jensen both looked at her with their best pout, and she laughed.

“Of course. Ooooh and you said he’s having a girl too?! This is going to be so much fun.”

Jensen took a sip of his beer, and blinked the burning from his eyes. “Thank you.” He looked back and forth between Gen and Jared. “Both of you. You have no idea how much this means to me.” He swallowed hard, embarrassed by how his voice cracked. Both of his friends gave him a sympathetic look.

“You really love him, huh?” Gen said softly, putting her beer down to place her now free hand over Jensen’s. Jared leaned in to kiss her temple, so proud of how supportive she was being.

“More than anything.”

“Well.” Jared let go of Gen’s hand and clapped his own together. “I guess we should start planning all of this before he gets back.” Jensen couldn’t help but laugh at the devilish grin on his face.

Jensen was snoozing on the couch when he heard a car door slam. He sat up, wiping drool from his chin. Jared and Genevieve had left a little over an hour ago, and Jensen rushed to throw away all the beer bottles. He threw away the last one when he heard the back door open, and turned to greet Misha, but stopped when he saw the look on his face. Misha’s eyes were wet, panicky and wide, and his hair was sticking up everywhere where he had been running his fingers through it.

“Whoa, what’s wrong, Mish?” Jensen said, immediately walking over to him in a few strides and putting a hand on his shoulder.

“I-“ Misha started, but bit his lip and looked down, unable to finish the sentence.

Jensen took Misha’s face in his hands gently, tilting it up so that Misha’s eyes were level with his. He stroked his cheeks with his thumbs lovingly. “Talk to me, baby. What’s up?”
Misha slung his arms around Jensen, causing him to let go of his cheeks as Misha buried his face in Jensen’s shoulder. “I…I just have a few weeks.” Misha mumbled into his shoulder. “That’s it. And then I’ll be a dad. And I have no idea what I’m doing.” He looked up at Jensen, his bright blue eyes rimmed with tears that were threatening to topple over. Jensen wrapped his arms around Misha’s waist, pulling him in closer and causing Misha to bury his face in his shoulder again.

Jensen kissed the top of Mishas’s head, gently nuzzling the untamed hair sticking up. “Mish, I know you’re nervous. But everything is going to be okay, alright? We’ll figure this out together.” Misha pulled away slightly, sniffing.

“Jensen… you don’t have to do this…” He mumbled, avoiding Jensen’s eyes.

Jensen shot him his best smile. “I know. I want to, baby.” He grabbed Misha’s chin and pulled him in for a loving kiss. “You’re gonna be a great dad. The baby is gonna be lucky to have you.”

“Riley.”

“Huh?”

Misha bit his lip nervously. “Alex and I discussed names today. Her name is Riley Alexandra Collins. She… she wants her to have my last name.”

Jensen was shocked by the overwhelming amount of warmth that spread through his chest. He grinned at Misha, kissing him again. “That’s such a beautiful name. Well, Riley is gonna be really lucky to have you as a dad.” Misha snuggled against Jensen, and Jensen held him tightly.

“Thanks, Jen.” He said softly, his voice muffled by how tightly his face was buried into the side of Jensen’s neck. Jensen smiled, Misha’s stubble tickling him.

“There’s no need to thank me. Sure, we have a lot to learn in a few weeks, but we’ll figure it out. And we have plenty of loving people willing to help us.” Misha made a small, broken noise, and Jensen ran a hand through his hair soothingly.

Misha suddenly pulled back, bringing their lips together hungrily, taking Jensen off guard. Jensen chuckled, and Misha just used the opportunity to lick into his mouth. Jensen forcibly slowed the kiss to something more slow and chaste, causing Misha to whimper. “C’mon, Jen.” He growled in frustration. Jensen gave him another soft kiss.

“You can do whatever you want to me later, baby. But you promised me dinner, remember?” Misha downright pouted and Jensen laughed. He stroked Misha’s cheek, knowing that the look on his face had to be completely smitten. “I’ll even let you pick the restaurant.”

Of course, Misha had to pick some obscure, hole-in-the-wall Persian restaurant that had Jensen Googling the meals on the menu, having no clue what they were. “I have no idea what any of this is. Or how to even say it.” He grumped. Literally the only thing he had even heard of was something off of the dessert menu, and he wasn’t even sure what was in it.

Misha gave him a grin that was all crinkled eyes and gums, and chuckled softly. “That’s the point, babe. It forces you to try something new.” Jensen huffed, but couldn’t stop the smile that spread across his lips.

“You know, I think I’ve drove by this place a million times and never even noticed it. I’m shocked it’s so busy.” Jensen looked around the restaurant, suddenly self-conscious of the fact that he and
Misha were definitely the oldest people in the area that they were seated. The rest were…. Kids? Teenagers? ….Hipster teenagers.

Misha followed his eyes. “Younger people have the tendency to be a little more adventurous.” He laughed.

Jensen ended up just pointing to something on the menu when the waitress arrived, and rolled his eyes playfully when Misha pronounced his decision without a problem. Their waitress was young as well, in her early twenties. She had medium length dark, curly hair, hazel eyes, and deep brown skin, and even though she was quite beautiful, seemed incredibly nervous. She kept giving them a strange look, but took their orders and gave them a final glance before scurrying off. “What was her problem?” Jensen muttered, taking a sip of the wine that Misha had picked out for them for the evening.

Misha smirked. “She just took some really hot guy’s order. And it was kinda cute how he couldn’t pronounce it and had to point to the menu.” Jensen rolled his eyed and gently kicked Misha under the table, causing them both to laugh.

Their laughter was interrupted by a camera flash, and they both turned to see their waitress trying to hide behind a fake, plastic tree as she fumbled with her cell and dropped it.

“Well, well, well. I think someone recognizes us.” Jensen said, a devilish smirk coming across his face.

“Jen… be nice.” Misha said laughing.

“Oh, I plan on being nice, baby. So nice that her friends aren’t going to believe any of it.” He shot Misha a wink. Misha just smiled and rolled his eyes.

A few minutes later, the waitress returned, incredibly flustered and avoiding eye contact as she sat their food down.

“Is there… is there anything else I can get you?” She said nervously, smoothing her waitress apron to have something to do with her hands.

“Oh, no, sweetheart.” Jensen said, using his sexiest voice, and adding a wink for good measure. “You’ve been perfect.” She seemed even more flustered.

“I…I have to ask…” She started nervously. She took a deep breath and finally looked up, looking back and forth between Misha and Jensen. “Are you… are the two of you… Misha Collins and Jensen Ackles?”

Misha butted in before Jensen could tease her anymore. “Yep, that would be us.” He said sweetly.

“Oh…wow… I can’t believe…” She ducked her head nervously, her curls bouncing, and scurried off.

Misha frowned at Jensen. “I hope you know we’re leaving her an extra big tip for having to put up with you.” Jensen just laughed.

A few hours and a few too many glasses of wine later, Jensen and Misha were both pleasantly full,
and Jensen was shocked to find that he liked Persian food a lot more than he thought he would. They tipped their flustered waitress well, and Misha even took a napkin to write a sweet note on it, signing his name and then insisting that Jensen sign it too.

“You’re too sweet for your own good.” Jensen said adoringly, signing the napkin and standing up. Misha just shot him a shy smile, leaving Jensen wondering how it was possible to keep falling more and more in love with him. He snaked his arm around Misha’s waist. Misha smirked.

“I’m pretty sure the agreement was that after dinner, I could do whatever I want to you…”

Chapter End Notes

As always... thank you all so much. Thank you to those who have donated to me, and those of you who have offered me kind words and encouragement through this hard time. I'm still struggling, that's for sure. But y'all have helped me so much, and you have no idea how much it means to me. I'm honestly speechless, and wish I could somehow say more to show you just how appreciative I am. You guys are incredible. Never, ever forget that. You mean the world to me. And because of that, this fic means the world to me, because I've "met" so many incredible people because of it. Thank you. Thank you for your help. Thank you for always encouraging me to always keep fighting. Thank you for showing me that I am not alone. Thank you.

I would get more mushy, but I'm sure you guys want to hear more about the fic sooo...

This chapter was clearly a sort of stepping stone for the next chapter, but it was very important that I wrote it because I needed to get Genevieve more involved so that she could help Jensen, and I really wanted to reveal the name I had decided to choose for the little Collins that's on the way. Something else that happens in this chapter is important too, but I'm leaving it unsaid because it affects the plot later on. I'm honestly amazed at how close I am to wrapping up this fic (Okay, so maybe it's not that close...) and I can't believe I'm just a month short of the anniversary of when I first started this fic. Thank you all so much for being a part of this journey with me.

Visual Cockles time? These picture aren't really pertaining to the chapter itself, but I have to leave you guys with something.
If these two could stop with the heart eyes, that would be great, thanks.
Misha’s hands were pulling at Jensen’s zipper before Jensen even had the driver’s side car door fully closed. Driving had become a habit while playing Dean, and he was always quick to volunteer to drive. Misha scooted in closer to Jensen, kissing his neck while his hand slid under Jensen’s boxers, causing his breath to catch in his throat.

“Whoa, Mish. In the parking lot? Really?” Jensen muttered, his heart only half in the statement because Misha was so on, and he wasn’t so sure he could say no completely.

“Just drive.” Misha panted against his skin, cupping Jensen’s semi-hard cock and attempting to stroke it to full attention. Jensen didn’t have it in him to argue, and reversed the car, slamming it in drive quickly to exit the parking lot. Jensen noticed Misha wasn’t wearing his seatbelt and was about to go into over protective boyfriend mode when Misha stopped his assault on Jensen’s neck, and closed his mouth around his now hard cock.

“God, Misha…” Jensen whined, one hand white knuckled around the steering wheel, and the other tangling his fingers in Misha’s hair. He leaned his head back, biting his lip and trying to focus on the road. He hadn’t received a blowjob while driving since he was in his 20s. He moved his hand from Misha’s hair to grip Misha’s side protectively, still unable to stop being a little nervous about Misha not wearing a seatbelt. “Fuck it.” He groaned, whipping the car off of the main road, deciding to take back roads to avoid traffic.

He felt Misha smile around him, and his hips jerked slightly when he felt his dick hit the back of Misha’s throat. Misha moaned hot and needy around him, trying to pull Jensen over the edge as quickly as possible. “You sneaky bastard.” He whined. “Trying to get me off as soon as possible so I’ll be ready again by the time we get home? You must have a lot of faith in your abilities, I’m getting too old for this.” Misha moaned in response and Jensen grinned. “God, you and that mouth are perfect.” He said breathily.

It wasn’t long before Jensen was spilling into Misha’s mouth with a grunt, jumping slightly at the sensitivity as Misha swallowed and licked him clean. Misha sat up, grinning devilishly. Jensen smiled back, unsure of how he had ever gotten so lucky. “Put your seatbelt on, Mish.”
Misha shoved Jensen against the hallway wall, causing Jensen to huff out a laugh seconds before Misha claimed his lips with his own. He couldn’t help but think of the time in his trailer all those months ago when Misha shoved him against the wall while they ran lines together for a script that would change both of their lives forever.

He kissed Misha back lovingly, once again slowing the pace like he had earlier. This time it wasn’t because he wanted to stop what they both knew they were leading up to, but he could feel the urgency in Misha’s kisses, he could practically feel his boyfriend buzzing out of his skin. Misha was still upset, and was trying to distract himself with sex. And there was no way that Jensen was objecting to that, it just didn’t feel right.

“Come back to me, baby.” He muttered lovingly, pulling away from Misha’s lips and rubbing his hands up and down Misha’s arms. Misha’s eyes immediately changed to something much softer.

“How do you do that?” Misha asked softly.

“Do what?”

“Read me the way you do.”

Jensen chuckled calmly. “I couldn’t even begin to explain in, Mish.” He removed his hands from Misha’s arms and placed them on the sides of his face instead, smiling at him sweetly. “I just know that I love you.” Misha’s smile lit up Jensen’s entire world.

“I love you the most.” Misha breathed. “Now take your pants off.” He added, reaching around and not hesitating to grab Jensen’s ass with a wink.

Jensen laughed, grabbing Misha’s hand with one of his own to lead him to the bedroom while another made fast work of his belt and the button and zipper of his jeans.

Once they were in the bedroom, there clothes were on the floor in seconds, and Jensen was on his back, his hands wandering every inch of Misha’s skin while Misha rutted between his spread legs, their hard cocks sliding together as his own hands cupped Jensen’s face. Jensen smiled against his boyfriend’s lips. Misha was so good. He already knew he would be bottoming tonight, just by how Misha was shaking slightly. Misha had never once asked him to bottom, and always waited for Jensen to bring it up, and there was something about that that was so sweet, it was like he was afraid of scaring Jensen off because Jensen had struggled with his sexuality so much early on. But they both knew what invitation was lying on the table when Jensen said that Misha could do whatever he wanted to him earlier that day, and Jensen definitely had no problem with that.

“You have no idea how much you mean to me, Jensen Ross Ackles.” Misha muttered softly, trailing his lips down Jensen’s neck and nipping slightly. The amount of love and admiration in his voice made Jensen melt.

“I think I have an idea.” Jensen panted, smiling. He was in love. God was he so in love. Everything else in the world failed at bringing out emotions in him like Misha had over the years. Nothing mattered beyond this moment with Misha mattered.

Jensen was reaching for the lube before Misha did, slowly becoming frustrated at himself for slowing their pace. Misha raised his eyebrows when Jensen handed him the lube, and Jensen just wiggled his back, causing Misha to laugh. And god, it was the most beautiful sound Jensen had ever heard. Misha was still shaking slightly, and Jensen rubbed his bare side soothingly as he lubed up his
fingers.

Misha bent down to place a soft kiss on one of his knees. “Are you ready, Jen?”

Jensen chuckled. “What are you waiting for?” He asked, shooting Misha a confident grin. Misha smirked, slowly circling his rim with a lubed up finger before pressing it in ever so slightly before pulling it back out to tease him. Jensen frowned and squirmed slightly. “C’mon, Mish. Stop being such a tease.”

Misha planted another kiss to his knee. “See I would, but my boyfriend told me I could do whatever I wanted tonight. And since he’s such a little shit, I think it’s overdue that he be teased a bit.” Jensen pouted and opened his mouth to protest, but Misha sank the single finger in, causing his breath to hitch. He took his free hand and wrapped it in around Jensen’s hard, neglected cock, pumping it a few times. “God, you’re so beautiful like this.” Misha muttered. “So perfect and all mine, and only mine.” Jensen blushed slightly, well aware that Misha was hinting at the fact that he had never been with another man besides him. But Jensen wouldn’t have it any other way. His hips stuttered, unsure of whether he wanted to fuck himself into Misha’s hand, or grind down on his finger. Misha slid another finger in slowly, making his dilemma even harder as he started panting, a small moan escaping his lips as Misha finger rubbed against that sweet spot inside him. Misha licked his own lips, his eyes just a thin, blue line circling his blown pupils. He removed his hand from Jensen’s dick, placing it on the bed to balance himself on the bed as he leaned down to assault Jensen’s neck with possessive, sloppy kisses and sucks as fingers continued to pump in and out of him. Jensen could feel Misha thrusting impatiently between his legs, but he knew Misha didn’t care if it took all night, this wasn’t going to happen until he was ready. Jensen whined impatiently, unable to stop fantasizing about Misha inside of him.

“Lemme ride you.” He moaned, having to grip the base of his dick tightly when a Misha curled his fingers a particular way, bringing him painfully close to coming. Misha lifted his head, removing his lips from a spot on Jensen’s neck that was definitely going to have a hickie. He smiled impishly.

“Like I could ever say no to that.” He muttered, his voice sounding destroyed and sexed out. He very slowly removed his fingers after pumping them in and out a few more times, kissed Jensen passionately, and flopped down on his back, stroking his cock a few times and grabbing the bottle to lube himself up. Jensen watched hungrily, feeling his own cock throb heavily. He bit his lip nervously. He really wanted to try something, but Misha was the more adventurous one, and Misha hadn’t initiated it before, and he was suddenly second guessing himself, wondering if it’s maybe something he wouldn’t like. Misha frowned at him, and snapped his dry fingers. “Now. None of that. What’re you thinking?” Jensen blushed, despite being completely enamored by the fact that Misha could almost immediately pick up when he started to close himself off. “Jensen.” Misha insisted.

“I… I wanted to try something…” Jensen said quietly, rubbing his neck shyly and avoiding Misha’s eyes.

Misha laughed slightly, and Jensen shot him an annoyed look. “I’m only laughing because I want you to go for it, babe. Whatever you want.”

“I thought tonight it was whatever you wanted?” Jensen said, trying to buy some time, to stall.

“As long as I’m inside of you, I’m getting exactly what I want.” Misha winked at him, and it completely floored Jensen by how turned on Misha could make him by a simple wink. Still, he bit his lip nervously. Instead of facing Misha, he straddled him with his back turned to him. “Fuck.” Misha whimpered. “Are you really going to-” He couldn’t finish the sentence before Jensen was lining himself up, and sinking down on to Misha’s waiting cock, slowly before he could change his
mind. He bottomed out with a whine, and felt Misha’s hands come to his hips, griping so tightly that
they would probably leave bruises. “Aloha, cowboy.” Misha muttered, and Jensen didn’t even need
to see him to know the mirth that was in his boyfriend’s eyes.

“I swear to god, I will get off of you right now.” Jensen said hiding his face in his hands in
embarrassment. He didn’t care if Misha was teasing him about both the position and a joke that had
come up on set.

“Oh, come on.” Misha said, moving his hips and forcing Jensen to lift up slightly so that he could
thrust in and out of him slightly, teasingly. “I know you were taught how to ride in Texas.”

Jensen was 97% sure that if they weren’t having sex, he would have had to hit Misha. Preferably in
that smug face of his. But it just felt so good. “I hate you.” He said breathily, but his actions told a
different story as he took control, riding Misha agonizingly slow. Misha relaxed letting him take the
lead as a moan spilled from his lips. He removed his hands from Jensen’s hips to massage his ass,
and then move to spread across his shoulders, smiling at the constellation of freckles there. Jensen, as
impatient as ever, began stroking his cock with each thrust, making noises that would probably
embarrass him if he wasn’t already so turned on.

“That’s it, Jensen.” Misha moaned out, biting his lip so hard it could bleed. He could feel the
stuttering in Jensen’s movements, knowing he was close. A blissed-out whimper escaped Jensen’s
lips, and Misha knew he was coming. He leaned up just far enough to plant a kiss between Jensen’s
shoulder blades as he continued to ride out his orgasm on Misha’s lap. Misha leaned back again,
grabbing Jensen’s hips and thrusting in to him urgently a few times before spilling inside him with a
grunt, his body going tense as the pleasure exploded out of him.

“God, Mish, you’re going to kill me.” Jensen groaned, his voice relaxed and sated as he slowly slid
off of Misha. He turned to look at him, and Misha had his eyes closed, a grin on his face, and his
fingers tangled in his hair.

“Not exactly a bad way to die.” He hummed.

An hour later, they were both teetering on the edge of sleep. Misha’s head was on Jensen’s chest.
Jensen was running his fingers through his hair as Misha stroked his bare side in a relaxing, soothing
pace. Sometimes Jensen would find himself idly wondering if he were truly into both men or
women, or it was just Misha, that Misha was an exception. Sure, he could see another guy and
appreciate his looks. One of the first things he had even noticed about Jared was that he was a good-
looking guy, and with Misha, he hadn’t been able to stop thinking about how blue his eyes were. He
had seen other guys and admired that they had great hair, or nice muscles, or a chiseled face. He
wasn’t afraid to admit it. But right here, right now, at this point in his life, he couldn’t think of a
single person, male or female, that he wanted to be with like this. He never wanted to share his bed
with another person. He smiled down at the messy, dark locks that his fingers were carding through.
He knew that he would have to share this bed sooner than he would like, but it would be Misha’s
daughter that would be too scared to sleep in her own bed a few years from now because the
boogeyman might get her. He wondered at what age it would be okay to explain to her that she
didn’t have to be afraid of the boogeyman because her dad kicked his ass on a regular basis.

Jensen kissed the top of Misha’s head sweetly. “You wanna talk about earlier, sweetheart?” Misha
tensed slightly, and Jensen started stroking his hair again. But then, Misha moved so that their eyes
met.

“I can’t really beat around the bush anymore, can I?” He asked with a sigh. “I’m going to have to tell
everyone. Bob, Kripke… they’re going to have to know that I have a baby on the way, because it could… complicate things.” The lost, nervous look in his eyes broke Jensen’s heart.

*He can’t possibly think they would fire him, right?* “I’m sure they’ll understand, Mish. Actors have kids all the time. Sure, it’ll be a bit unexpected, but we’ve all dealt with worse conditions on set. You do remember that we work with Jared, right?” Jensen smiled reassuringly. Misha smiled back, but it didn’t quite meet his eyes. Jensen grabbed his hand, intertwining their fingers. “I’ll go with you. Whenever you set it up to meet with everyone, I’ll go with you. We… why don’t we tell them about us while we’re at it?”

Jensen had never seen Misha’s blue eyes shoot so wide. “Wh-what?”

Jensen suddenly felt nervous, like maybe he hadn’t said the right thing. “I mean, that is, if you want to… If you’re ready. But they’re gonna need to know eventually right?” He muttered. “Maybe we can do the whole two birds with one stone thing.”

Misha smiled at him warmly and leaned in, leaving a chaste kiss on Jensen’s lips. “Are you sure you’re ready for that? Telling our bosses makes things pretty official.”

Rolling his eyes with a snort, Jensen let go of Misha’s hand just to rub his thumb over the ring on Misha’s finger. “Yeah, I would say things are already pretty official.” He said softly, completely losing himself in Misha’s loving eyes. Misha sat up suddenly, crawling on top of Jensen with his knees on either side of his hips.

“This is a really big step.” He said, his voice just above a whisper. He cupped Jensen’s face with one of his hands, his thumb smoothing over Jensen’s cheek. “This is going to change everything.”

“The only thing it’s going to change is that I’ll be able to kiss you on set whenever I want.” Jensen said, looking up at him with a smile. Misha leaned forward so that their foreheads were touching, and Jensen noticed how misty his eyes were. “I love you, Misha, and I want you forever. It’s time other people knew that.”

“I love you too. But… they’re not going to be happy, you know. With Genevieve and Jared, at least they waited until Gen was no longer a part of the show.” Misha huffed out a small laugh. “We work together.” He added, in the mocking tone of Jensen’s voice since he had said those exact words all those months ago.

Jensen tickled Misha’s sides playfully, causing him to squirm with a laugh. “That excuse didn’t take long to go out the window, huh? They may not be thrilled, but we’ll figure it out, Misha. We always do.”

Misha opened his mouth to say something, but his phone beeped. His leaned over, reaching for it on the nightstand while Jensen tried to hide his smile, he was pretty sure he knew who the text was from. Misha rolled off of Jensen, flopping on his back while his eyebrows tented in concentration while he read the text. “It’s from Jared.” He said, his eyes scanning the screen. “He said Gen’s birthday is coming up and he really wants me to help him pick something out for her tomorrow.”

“Oh? Really? And he didn’t even bother to ask me.” Jensen said, trying to make his tone annoyed instead of amused.

Misha grinned, flipping the screen so Jensen could see it. “He said that he would’ve asked you, but didn’t think you were feminine enough to pick out a good gift for a woman.”

Crossing his arms dramatically, Jensen pouted, but was still trying to avoid the grin threatening to slip
across his lips. He couldn’t believe that Gen and Jared were going to help him pull this off. Misha just laughed, texting Jared back. “That’s fine. I have some errands to run tomorrow anywhere. We’re running low on groceries.”

Misha tossed his phone back on the nightstand and grabbed Jensen’s face to pull him in for a kiss. “Look at you being all domestic.” He said with a laugh.

“Yeah, yeah. And no, I won’t forget the humus.” Jensen replied with a smile.

Misha snuggled down in bed next to Jensen with a content sigh. Mixed in with sleepy kisses and content goodnights, all Jensen could think about is how perfectly everything was falling into place, and how much he loved the man curled up against him. He finally a relationship, a life he thought he could only ever dream about.

Chapter End Notes

Originally, this chapter was supposed to be different, it was going to be the chapter with Gen helping Jensen and Jared distracting Misha, but I wanted to take a step back and refocus on Misha being upset in the earlier chapter. And I felt like the boys telling people they’re in love was a bit overdue, so I felt like this was the perfect time for them to bring up how they were going to tell their bosses about not only Riley, but their relationship. Things are going so perfect...for now. (Am I joking, or being serious? ;))

If anyone hasn't seen the season 10 gag reel, that's where the "Aloha, cowboy" joke came from.

Sometimes I forget just how goofy these two are, and figured that wouldn't go away even if they are in the bedroom.

I don't really have any other gifs that I can apply to this chapter. Well, I could, but I'm trying to save some because it looks like there's going to be between 45-50 chapters to this fic (jfc, I'M SORRY) and I don't want a single chapter to have to go without. But... IF THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEM THOUGH.
Since this will be the last chapter before Christmas, I can leave you this this.
Jesus Christ, Misha. I'm pretty sure you're supposed to be looking at the camera, not at Jensen. Merry Christmas, and happy holidays, y'all.

One more thing before you guys go. I once again just wanted to thank you all for everything. Last night I hit a pretty low point. Though it wasn't my lowest, it was still pretty bad. And I couldn't help but think about this fic, and how much both it, and all of you mean to me. It probably sounds completely crazy, but I know for a fact that you all are one of the reasons I'm still here, still alive. That may be hard to grasp for some of you, but this fandom has saved my life, regardless of whether or not I've met any of you. So thank you. I'm still struggling. There are still plenty of days where I wish I wasn't alive anymore. But you guys definitely make it a little easier. Thank you. Also, never ever hesitate to contact me on my Tumblr if you would like. I'm not really one to initiate conversations, but I have been using it more, and would love to hear from you lovelies.
Jensen didn’t have trouble slipping out of bed the following morning, because Misha was dead to the world when he slept, like always. It was early, only a little after seven, but Jensen couldn’t sleep anymore. There was far too much going on in his head. Not only was Genevieve going to be helping him with the nursery today, but soon he and Misha were going to be telling more people about their relationship. And sure, that wasn’t that big of a deal, and it got easier with each person they told…but telling the people that signed off on their paychecks just felt so different, and while he didn’t think anyone would be mad, Jensen couldn’t help but be a little nervous. And then that brought up the question of when they should go public. Would their publicists even think it was a good idea for them to go public?

Jensen suppressed a nervous shudder as he crawled out of bed, tucking the sheets firmly around Misha and kissing him on the forehead sweetly. He ran his fingers through his hair in frustration as he padded his way out of their bedroom. That was only the beginning of his concerns. Yeah, he knew the nursery was a sweet idea, but it didn’t cloud the fact that the reason he was putting one together was because there was a baby on the way. Riley…her name is Riley. Jensen reminded himself. It completely blew his mind that Misha’s daughter now had a name. It somehow finalized things, made them more official, more solid.

As Jensen made his way to the kitchen to make breakfast, his mind couldn’t help but wander further into thoughts about Riley. He wondered if she would look more like Misha or Alexandra, what her personality would be like, how quick of a learner she would be, if she would even like him. He tried to push that ridiculous thought out of his head, of course Riley would like him…right? Do babies even have the capacity to dislike someone when they’re so young?

Making waffles was the distraction that Jensen chose to settle on. Making breakfast he could do, it was easy and he could go into autopilot. If he wasn’t worrying about the nursery, or Riley in general, his mind was drifting to thoughts about how it was time to tell the rest of his family about Misha. Josh had taken it like a champ, it just gave him another outlet to tease Jensen. The rest of his family may not take it so smoothly. He didn’t necessarily feel like they would take it badly… there were just some old, southern, bible belt mentalities that were deeply bred in his father. Hell, they were bred into him, before he met Misha. Jensen knew it would help that his family loved Misha (though they were a bit confused by his and Jensen’s unlikely friendship) even thought they had never officially met him, but he wasn’t sure just how much that would help… waffles. Right. He was supposed to be making waffles.

Cooking was a welcome distraction for Jensen. His anxiety over the day was worse that it should be. He could literally just put together a shitty Ikea crib and Misha would think it was the best thing in
the world. But Jensen wanted it to be perfect, because Misha was freaking out about being a father, and already having the nursery put together would be one less thing he had to worry about. Jensen already knew which bedroom he planned on using, the one closest to their room. The walls were currently a basic cream color, and he wondered if maybe he should paint them pink. Would Misha feel like it was pressuring Riley with gender normality? He knew how Misha felt about things like that. Okay, so maybe the waffles weren’t distracting him as well as he thought they were. So instead, he thought about Misha.

Jensen felt his lips turn up into a smile immediately, because thinking about those beautiful blue eyes and warm, welcoming lips never failed to cheer him up. The reason he had chosen waffles is because Misha’s favorite breakfast was waffles with vanilla ice cream. He wasn’t entirely sure if that could even pass as breakfast, but Misha loved it so much that when he ate it, the noises he made were damn near pornographic. And why not start the day off right? They both needed a big breakfast anyway. Jared was going to be dragging Misha around the entire day, and Jensen felt like Gen wasn’t exactly going to be letting him off easy either. He whipped together the waffle mix, putting it to the side. I should also make hashbrowns. And bacon. No breakfast is complete without bacon.

By the time the hashbrowns and bacon were steaming on their own plates, cooling down as Jensen made the waffles, the kitchen smelled amazing and he was in a significantly better mood as he hummed to himself. He jumped when he felt an arm snake around his bare waist. He only bothered to slide on sweatpants this morning. Misha kissed his bare shoulder, his stubble sending chills over Jensen’s skin like wildfire.

“Morning, baby.” Jensen muttered happily, unable to wipe the grin off of his face. Misha just hummed, making Jensen grin wider. Misha was adorable when he was still groggy. “Still waking up?” Jensen opened up the waffle maker, revealing yet another large, perfectly made waffle.

Misha stepped away from him, and Jensen saw him rubbing his eyes in his own peripheral vision. “Still waking up?” Jensen opened up the waffle maker, revealing yet another large, perfectly made waffle.

“Making breakfast.” Jensen replied, gesturing grandly at all the food on the counter. Misha just grinned at him sleepily.

“God I love you. You spoil the hell out of me.”

“I try, I try. Coffee or orange juice?”

Misha thought for a moment. “Both. But I’ll get it. You’re making me look like a bad boyfriend, doing all the work.” He grabbed two glasses and two mugs, setting the table while Jensen finished up. Jensen almost laughed to himself, surprised that Misha had even slid on a pair of boxers.

When the table was set and Jensen had the food laid out between their plates, he couldn’t help but think about what side of the table Riley would want to sit on when she was older as Misha took his seat. He shook the thoughts from his head and opened up the freezer to grab the ice cream, noting that he really was going to have to go grocery shopping today. He grabbed a large spoon, plopping three scoops of ice cream on top of Misha’s stack of waffles. Misha hummed pleasantly, licking his lips. Jensen dropped some ice cream on his on stack of waffles before returning the ice cream tub to the freezer and opening the fridge to grab the syrup. He handed the syrup to Misha, taking his own seat and admiring how delighted Misha looked.

“What’s the occasion?” Misha asked, drenching his ice cream clad waffles with syrup.
Jensen took a sip of his coffee, smiling at how Misha made it just right. “I couldn’t sleep so I figured why not get my ass up and make some breakfast.” He chuckled. Misha just nodded, stuffing a fork full of food in his mouth and moaning around it.

“Jen, I swear I’m going to gain like a million pounds living with you. Dear god you know how to cook.”

Jensen laughed, reaching for the syrup. “It’s not like it’s difficult to make waffles, Mish.” He grinned. Misha’s mouth was too full to smile, but he had one of those smiles that was all eyes that Jensen had come to love so much. Misha portrayed so much emotion just through those beautiful, blue eyes of his, and Jensen just couldn’t get over how much he loved this man. “Do you know what time you’re meeting Jared?” Jensen asked casually.

Misha swallowed, taking a quick sip of coffee before replying. “He hasn’t texted me yet, but he said he wanted to get a pretty early start today. You don’t want to tag along?”

“Nah. Shopping with Jared is the worst. You have fun with that, sweetheart.”

Misha just laughed, shoveling more food onto his fork and stuffing it into his mouth. Jensen had his phone on silent in his sweatpants, but discreetly checked it under the table periodically to see if he had any texts from Jared or Gen, his nerves all over the place.

Jensen and Misha had about an hour to shower and relax before Jared called Misha, telling him to head over to his apartment where they could take his car to go shopping. Jensen kissed him goodbye, willing himself to stay calm so that his nervousness didn’t show as Misha was leaving. It wasn’t ten minutes after Misha’s car whipped out of sight that the doorbell was being rang impatiently, causing Jensen to laugh. He slipped on his jacket, opening the door to Genevieve still pressing the doorbell.

She jingled the keys to the truck she was driving in front of his face. “Get in. I’m driving.”

Babies R Us was one of the most overwhelming stores that Jensen had ever been in, and he gulped as Gen dragged him out of someone’s way before they bumped into him with a stroller. He looked at her, his green eyes wild with nerves, unsure of what to say, where to go, or what to do.

Gen rolled her eyes at him, but couldn’t stop the fond smile on her lips. “Okay, first things, first. What do you guys have for the baby?”

Jensen froze. His eyes darted to the ground and he rubbed the back of his neck before trying to force a smile and looking back up at her. “Um, well... we don’t have anything.”

Gen didn’t hesitate to smack him on the back of the head, startling Jensen. He raised his hands like he was trying to calm a wild animal, and she just narrowed her eyes at him. “I understand that neither of you know what you’re doing, but what if what’s-her-name went into labor early? You have to plan ahead when there’s a baby in the picture, Jensen.”

Jensen just frowned at her. Of course she was completely right. Jensen and Misha were both so focused on the due date that they didn’t even consider that Alexandra could have the baby early. “So, uh, where do we start?”

Gen gave him a sympathetic look before responding, running her hands through her hair gently.
We’ll start with the necessities and work our way to the other stuff. What about the stuff that you want her to have? Anything in particular?”

Jensen looked down shyly, kicking at the floor with the toe of one of his boots. “I don’t know, Gen. I… I want her to have everything.”

A bright grin spread across Genevieve’s face, and she linked her arm with Jensen’s. “Oh, you should not have told me that.”

A couple of stressful, decision based hours later, and Jensen understood why Gen was driving a truck. Since he had told her that he wanted Riley to have everything, she had helped him pick out a crib, changing table, dresser, stroller, toy chest, highchair, and that was just the start of it. There were bouncy chairs, a blooming bath flower (“What the hell is this for?” “It’s like a personal baby bath, Jensen, just put it on the cart.”), a bookshelf, and a rocking chair, and that only touched on the furniture that Jensen was pushing around on one of those wheeled transportation carts, sweat beading at his temples from the effort of pushing it all. In Gen’s cart there were diapers, bottles, a bottle warmer, baby wipes, bath products, a playmat, a diaper bag (not to mention all the stuff she insisted go in the diaper bag, including overpriced hand sanitizer with little pink teddy bears on it), baby medicine, what Jensen assumed was like a baby first aid kit, a different variety of sheets for the crib, and god only knows what else.

She looked over a list on her phone before nodding and turning to Jensen. “Now for the best part… we get to pick out baby clothes!” She squealed excitedly. Jensen just rolled his eyes and struggled to push the cart and catch up with her. He was pretty sure that Misha was going to kill him. There was so much pink and white on both his cart and in Gen’s cart that it looked like a My Little Pony threw up everywhere. He hadn’t wanted everything to be pink, but he was a little shocked about how very little they had that wasn’t pink or blue. Everything was labeled with genders, and he smiled fondly, thinking about how Misha would probably go on some rant about forcing kids to fit into a certain guideline so early on, just based on how they labeled things. But Jensen would just keep the receipts, and if Misha didn’t like anything, they could bring it back and pick something out together. Jensen couldn’t stop the warm, fuzzy feeling in his chest thinking about shopping for baby stuff with Misha. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad after all.

Misha regretted agreeing to go shopping with Jared. Dear Christ did he regret it. Jared was so indecisive. It seemed like no matter what Misha suggested, it was shot down with some sort of excuse as to how the gift wasn’t good enough for Gen. But not once did Misha complain. Jared had accepted his and Jensen’s relationship with open arms and no hesitation, and Misha wanted to give his and Gen’s relationship the same attention. He just wished Jared would hurry up and pick something because it had been hours.
excitable and animated that it was exhausting, and Misha kind of wished that he had slept later. His lips turned up a bit, thinking about how it was worth it because he and Jensen got to shower together this morning.

It made his feel a bit pathetic, but Misha couldn’t help but think about how much he missed Jensen already. Jensen had very easily become his favorite addiction, and he absolutely could not get enough of him. His vibrant, green eyes, his wonderful soft lips, his miles of freckled skin, his laugh, his growing maturity… everything about him captured Misha and just pulled him in more and more as they spent more time together. Before Misha even realized what he was doing, he pulled out his phone to shoot Jensen a quick text.

_Jared is lucky it’s cute that he’s so sweet on Gen. He’s driving me crazy. Miss u._

Misha smiled, politely replying to Jared when he asked his opinion on perfume as a gift, wondering how grocery shopping was going for Jensen.

After leaving Babies R Us, Jensen was very glad that he got paid so much as an actor, because it was mind blowing just how expensive his bill was. Of course he had to have the best… and may have went overboard. More than once Gen was getting ready to kill him for insisted on Googling every product they bought, reading reviews and making sure it was the best of the best. Gen didn’t help once she started picking out baby clothes, and Jensen made a mental note to make sure that she saw Riley in some particularly god awful tutus, because that would be the only time he would force the poor little thing to wear them. He had gotten her to calm down on somethings though, because he really wanted to save picking out some things so that he and Misha could do it together.

After everything was paid for, Jensen thanked the cashier, giving her his most dazzling smile. The poor lady seemed more than just a little overwhelmed with the amount of stuff he was purchasing, and on top of that, kept glancing at Gen’s stomach. He supposed she assumed they were together, and was probably wonder how they knew the baby’s gender if Gen wasn’t even showing. Jensen felt bad for her, and especially bad for holding up the line, and shot everyone apologetic looks before leaving.

_Sorry baby. Miss u too._ He texted back, then immediately got yelled at by Gen because her grip on her side of the box was slipping. Jensen felt bad for her, she was so tiny and was trying so hard to help him get all of this stuff in the house…. And they still had to haul it all upstairs. He really wished Josh wasn’t all the way in Texas so that he could help.

Genevieve and Jensen flopped down on the floor next to each other, both sweaty and exhausted. Gen huffed a frustrated sigh. “You’re lucky I love you and Misha. Jared too. I have never worked that hard in my life.”
Jensen shot her a grateful look. “I know. Thanks, Gen. It means the world to me.” She just nodded, closing her eyes for a moment and letting her head fall back and rest on the nursery wall. Jensen felt horrible. The dresser and the crib were the only two things that they both had to carry, but some of the other stuff was still pretty heavy, and Gen looked drained. He looked down and saw that Misha had texted him back, asking him how grocery shopping was going. Jensen had completely forgotten. It gave him an idea. “So, wanna do me a favor?”

Gen opened her eyes, rolling them over to Jensen. “I’m still regretting agreeing to the current favor.”

“C’mon on, it’ll give you a bit of a break from having to carry a bunch of shit.”

“Out with it, Ackles.”

“Well, Misha thinks I’m grocery shopping. If I give you my card, can you run and pick up a few things? And while you’re at it, you can buy yourself whatever you want. Beer, wine, a fucking pony, I don’t care.”

She tried to fight it, but Gen smiled. “I guess I can do that.”

Jensen grinned and threw an arm around her, pulling her in to smack a loud kiss on top of her head. “You’re the best, Genevieve.”

“Yeah, yeah. What do you need?” Jensen typed up a short list and sent it to her in a text message. He added flowers to the list, just for the hell of it, because Misha deserved them, and he hadn’t bought him any in a while. Gen couldn’t hide the fond smile and the twinkle in her eye when she got the text and read over it. “You gonna be okay putting this all together while I’m gone? Jared can’t keep Misha away all day, though try as he might.”

“I think I can handle it.” Jensen replied with a chuckle. He smiled at Gen sweetly, a little overwhelmed by her kindness and helpfulness today. He was sweaty, exhausted and frustrated, but he had to finish this. He had to do it for Misha.

The baby clothes were folded (incorrectly) in the dresser drawers. The crib was put together, the linen new and crisp, tucked in in all the right places. The bookshelf was built, a few Dr. Seuss books already on its shelves. The rocking chair sat next to it, a cute little lamp turned on to help light the room as afternoon began to set in, casting a few light grey shadows across the room. Everything was in its place, and the only thing left was putting together was a motorized cradle that converted into a bouncer as the baby grew older, and Jensen was having hell with it. Gen was downstairs in the study, doing one last favor for Jensen as he lied on his back underneath he contraption, twisting in a screw, really hoping that everything was positioned right.

Gen waltz in, an envelope in hand. She placed it on the dresser carefully, pleased with all the help she had given throughout the day. She waved her phone in Jensen’s face. “I hate to break it to you, champ, but I gotta get outta here. I got a text from Jared and Misha is on his way, he couldn’t stall any longer. I think Misha almost drowned him in the fountain at the mall.” Jensen sat up so fast that he smacked his head on the cradle. His green eyes were shot wide and he looked around the room nervously. There was still a ton that could be done to the nursery. Gen gave him a sympathetic smile. “It looks amazing, Jensen. A baby’s nursery is always a work in progress, but you did an incredible job. Misha is going to be so pleased, and so proud of you.” Jensen nodded and sighed, swallowing hard and willing his nerves to calm down. He reminded himself that Misha would love the nursery no matter what, love him no matter what, but it didn’t stop anxiety from sweeping in like a tidal wave, trying to drown him in doubt. He stood up, thanking Gen hurriedly, but she wouldn’t let him...
off that easy. She pulled him in for a surprisingly strong hug for someone so small. “Don’t over think it.” She said pulling away. She ranted a couple of sentences of encouraging words that Jensen could barely hear over the second guessing in his head before leaving quickly, not wanting to still be there when Misha arrived.

Jensen took one more look around the room, unable to fight the feeling that there was just something missing. He looked at the crib, noting that despite its sweet, pink sheets, it looked so empty. In a spur the moment decision, he dashed to their bedroom, quickly finding the stupid, stuffed bear that he had won Misha at the carnival. Of course Misha had kept it, and of course he had insisted on sitting the ugly think on their dresser. Jensen placed it in the crib gingerly, smiling at how well it seemed to fit there. Finally, he grabbed the envelope that Gen had left on the dresser, shoving it in his back pocket. As he ran downstairs, he heard Misha’s car pull up, and his breath hitched nervously. He saw where Gen had left the flowers, pink roses, on the kitchen table, and next to it, she left a scarf with a note on top. In neat, slanted handwriting, it said “Let’s make this a real surprise and just pretend this is a blindfold.” The next line was a perfectly drawn heart with Genevieve’s signature next to it, and Jensen’s heart swelled with affection towards her. He and Misha would have to go on a double date with her and Jared, and soon, because she was a keeper, and he couldn’t be prouder of Jared for finally asking her out. Things just seemed to be falling in place perfectly for everyone in Jensen’s life.

Jensen used the mirror in the hallway to straighten his shirt and try to tame a few spikes of his hair quickly before the door opened. He watched the handle turn nervously and Misha swung it open, looking adorably grumpy because of the day he had with Jared. The concentrated frown on his lips immediately turned into a smile when he saw Jensen, baring roses and a grin. “What’s this?” He hummed, closing the door behind him.

“Just a little surprise.” Jensen responded softly, leaning in halfway to meet Misha for a kiss. Misha had that all too familiar sparkling in his bright, beautiful eyes that made Jensen weak in the knees. Misha grinned brightly, all gums and crinkled nose, looking down at the flowers. Jensen held them out gently, and the look on Misha’s face was so happy, so pure and loving, that Jensen was pretty sure that if he had a ring, he would get down on his knee right here and now and propose to him. Because that was the thing about Misha. One small, random act of kindness completely blew him away. Jensen knew that he would never have to spend a lot of money on Misha, never have to take him out to fancy dinner every night or buy him some fancy imported clothing to impress him. Literally all he would ever have to do was show Misha that he cared, that he mattered, and Misha would be completely enamored with every little thing that he did.

Misha took the flowers, muttering an almost shy thank you that caused his voice to crack a little bit. He smelled the roses, unable to wipe the smile off of his face. “I have a little bit of a surprise. The meeting… it’s gonna be next week. The details are still getting weeded out so that everyone can be there, including both our publicists, but it’s a definite go for next week.”

“Really?!?” Jensen asked excitedly, his nerves suddenly wanting to stall and use this information as a distraction. “That’s great, baby.” He stepped forward, nearly dropping the scarf Gen left him as his grabbed Misha by the hips and pulled him in. He leaned in kissing Misha’s neck lovingly, smiling against his skin when he felt goosebumps. “It’s going to be amazing not having to keep my hands to myself on set.”

Misha swatted him away playfully, giggling. “I’m pretty sure you’re still gonna have to keep your hands to yourself. We still have to get filming done, and I’m pretty sure even with Dean and Cas being a thing, they’re not looking to shoot a porno.” Jensen just grinned and gave Misha one last gentle peck on the cheek before Misha caught sight of the scarf. “What’s that?”
Jensen felt his face heat up, a blush spreading all the way across his cheeks to his ears. So much for stalling. “Well, uh, the flowers are just part of the surprise. It’s not the actual surprise. This is… um, a makeshift blindfold for the surprise.”

Misha’s raised his eyebrows curiously. “Oh? I need a blindfold for it? Does this involve handcuffs and our bed as well?”

Jensen blushed harder, feeling his dick twitch in his pants at the thought, and storing that information in his mind for another day. “C’mon, Mish. Set the flowers down so I can get this thing on you.” Misha just shot him his most dazzling grin with a wink, taking his time in the kitchen looking for a vase to put the flowers in. Jensen just watched him adoringly. He had gotten so used to this, sharing a house with Misha, and falling in love with every little thing Misha did. It was hard to believe that this time last year he wasn’t even considering something like this ever happening, and now he didn’t know how he lived without it. Misha was his rock, his anchor. The stability in his life that made everything worth it.

“You stare a lot, ya know that?” Jensen hadn’t even realized that he had spaced out while looking at Misha, and smiled sheepishly.

“What can I say? I like what I see.” He replied teasingly. Misha just wrapped his arms around Jensen’s waist, hugging him sweetly and sighing. Jensen kissed the top of his head. Poor Misha. While Jensen was dealing with all his worries, he knew that Misha had a million more trying to drag him down. That’s what this nursery is about. Jensen reminded himself. It’s one less thing that Misha will have to worry about.

Jensen nuzzled into the hug a little, inhaling Misha’s warm, calming scent and admiring his soft, messy hair. He leaned out of the hug just enough to cover Misha’s eyes with the scarf, immediately mourning the loss of their beautiful blue.

“You’re not gonna let me trip are you?” Misha asked, pouting slightly.

Jensen snorted. “Of course not. But we do have to go upstairs.” He tied the scarf tight enough so that it wouldn’t slip off, but loose enough so that he wouldn’t have trouble taking it off later. “So I’m gonna lead you to the stairs and then you’re going to go up them first. I’ll be right behind you to make sure you don’t trip. Deal?”

Misha smiled, a little shy and a whole lot trusting. “Okay.” He said, his voice sweet and endearing. Jensen kissed him, softly at first, but then found himself pressing into the kiss further, his tongue tracing Misha’s bottom lip, begging for entrance. They stood there for a moment, Jensen tracing every inch of Misha’s mouth with his tongue like he was afraid he may one day forget the taste and texture. Finally he pulled away, his hand trailing down Misha’s arm, coming to rest on his hand as he intertwined their fingers. Misha confidently stepped forward when Jensen pulled on his hand, and Jensen couldn’t help but chuckle at how trusting Misha was, despite how many pranks Jensen had played on him in the past. Jensen led him to the stairs, telling him to watch his step as he pulled him out in front. He gently placed his hands on Misha’s hips, helping guide him up the stairs as Misha slowly walked up them, his arms flailing out in front of him. Jensen rolled his eyes and smirked at the fact that Misha didn’t just grab the railing.

When they got to the top of the staircase, Jensen grabbed Misha’s hand again, leading him down the hallway. Jensen looked back at him, laughing at how even under the scarf, Misha’s eyebrows were tented together in concentration and thought, causing his forehead to wrinkle. Jensen stopped in front of the nursery, pushing the door open nervously before pulling Misha inside. He still looked as equally confused and Jensen stopped, causing Misha to run into him with a small laugh. Jensen let go of his hand and stepped behind him, starting to untie the scarf.
“I still have a lot of work to do.” He muttered softly, his nerves causing his hands to shake. Jensen tried to force all the negative thoughts from his mind, trying to remind himself that Misha was never displeased with any attempt at kindness.

Misha bounced up and down a bit, a huge grin on his face. “Just show me what it is!” He whined impatiently, as Jensen’s fingers slowed.

Jensen bit his lip, and leaned forward kissing Misha right behind his ear before softly whispering. “I love you, baby.” And removing the makeshift blindfold. Misha blinked a few times, his eyes adjusting to the lighting of the room. He gaped at the nursery with the scarf, the room suddenly much too quiet. “I…I really hope this isn’t too much because I know we haven’t really discussed how often you’ll have Riley, or if she’ll even do overnight visits, and I probably should have asked you before even doing this and-”

Misha held up his hand to silence Jensen. He was worrying his lip, and Jensen froze, wondering if maybe he had done something wrong. Jensen could see the tears brimming Misha’s eyes, and one finally toppled over, running down his cheek slowly. Jensen felt panic begin to sweep over him, because he must’ve done something wrong… but then Misha turned to look at him fully, and there was a sweet barely-there smile on his lips.

“Jensen...” he said, his voice barely above a whisper. Jensen didn’t have time to react before Misha’s lips were crashing into his. The kissing felt almost desperate, and Misha’s hands were clinging to Jensen like he was afraid he would fall apart. Jensen grabbed Misha’s face, pulling it away from his gently and looking into Misha’s eyes that were now streaming tears. “This is amazing.” Misha’s voice cracked. “I…I don’t even know what to say… you did all of this? Today?”

Jensen smiled, relieved to realize Misha’s tears were happy. “Well, Genevieve helped because I had no clue what to get… and Jared was in on it too…”

Misha laughed wetly. “I should’ve known something was up.” He rolled his eyes and Jensen smiled at him, using his thumbs to wipe away the tears still falling from Misha’s big, blue eyes. “What did I do to deserve you?” He whispered. He looked completely awestruck, and Jensen’s heart felt so full.

“I just want to give you everything you deserve, baby. And you’ve got enough on your plate. I just wanted to be able to do this for you to help you prepare, and reassure that I’m here with you through all of this… every step of the way.” Jensen kissed his lips softly as he finished speaking, because this, this was all that mattered. All that mattered was Misha knowing just how loved and appreciated he was, knowing that Jensen would be there for him through it all.

Misha was crying again, but he reached up to wrap his hands around Jensen’s wrists since his hands were still on his face. “Thank you, Jensen. You… you didn’t have to do any of this. I would’ve understood if you didn’t even want to be a part of Riley’s life.”

Jensen laughed, finally dropping his hands from Misha’s face to pull him into his arms. “Misha, I want to be a part of your life. In every way, shape, and form. And Riley is your daughter. I would be honored to be a part of her life.” Misha buried his face his Jensen’s shoulder and Jensen heard him sniff and shudder a little, trying not to cry. Jensen just snuggled against him, kissing every inch of skin his lips could reach, soothing Misha. But then Jensen remembered that there was one last surprise to give to Misha, and this one left him as equally nervous. He pulled back, kissing Misha’s tears away for a moment before reaching around and pulling the envelope from earlier out of his back pocket. “One last thing, Mish.” He said, handing the envelop to Misha.

Taking the envelope, Misha’s forehead crinkled in confusion. He opened it, pulling out a piece of
paper. His eyes scanned over the piece of paper quickly, noticing what it was, but not in full. “It looks like a printed off receipt?” He said, still confused.

Jensen grinned, rocking back and forth on his heels. “And what’s it a receipt for, baby?”

Misha looked back over the paper. “It’s a receipt for plane tickets… to Texas…” Misha nearly dropped the receipt, his big, blue eyes shot up to Jensen’s face in disbelief.

Jensen just grinned devilishly. “Is my boyfriend ready to introduce himself to my parents?”

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone had a good holiday season. Here's to another year!

Once again, I'm kinda running out of pictures/gifs to post at the end of chapters. I have some saved up, but they're for a very specific chapter. So here's pictures of these two dorks that just look too domestic and too cute for their own good.
Sigh... not a day goes by where I don't think about how much I love Jensen and Misha (Jared, too).

Also, I don't know how many of you have Misha on snapchat, but his most recent
You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
For a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.  
You only have to let the soft animal of your body  
love what it loves.  
Tell me about your despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.  
Meanwhile the world goes on.  
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain  
are moving across the landscapes,  
over the prairies and the deep trees,  
the mountains and the rivers.  
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,  
are heading home again.  
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,  
the world offers itself to your imagination,  
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting --  
over and over announcing your place  
in the family of things.

I normally try to reply to everything in my inbox before posting a new chapter, but I'm going to go ahead and post this. I haven't forgotten about you, and I WILL get to your comments, I promise!
I have not given up, on both life and this fic. Thank you to everyone who’s stuck around. The past couple of months have been hell on and off, and I had to step away from writing for a long time. But I’m back! And I couldn’t be happier to be back. I’m so sorry it’s been so long guys, I’ve missed you. I’ve missed this fic. According to some of the messages I received, I think I scared quite a few of you. If you EVER want to contact me in the future, the best way to contact me is through my tumblr. Even if you don’t have an account, you can still drop a message, just keep in mind that I answer all message publicly unless specifically asked not to. If for some reason you need to talk to me and tumblr isn’t an option, you can email me at anchorsoutatseaonao3@yahoo.com. Thank you all so, so much for your patience. ANYWAYS. Enjoy, y’all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time flew by, and Misha hated it. The days simply weren’t long enough, and though he cherished every second with Jensen, he always wanted more. More time. More kisses. More tangled legs and hushed declarations of love. It was never enough. He wanted it all, and he wanted it with Jensen. But because time had a funny way of flying, he wasn’t at all surprised when the day arrived for him to meet with the board and tell them about Riley and Jensen. It was so surreal that even though he felt as though he should be nervous, he almost felt numb. He never thought Jensen would come this far, would want to be public. Sure, he had fantasized about a domestic life with Jensen like it was some sort of sinful, secret thought. Now he was standing in front of the bathroom mirror, trying to tame his unruly hair for the meeting while Jensen wrapped his arms around his waist from behind, whispering encouraging, loving words into his ear….and he was going to be a dad. The silence in the car was deafening. Jensen had offered to drive, just like he always did. Misha didn’t mind, he didn’t think he would be able to focus on the road if he tried. He huffed a frustrated sigh, and Jensen side glanced at him, a sweet smile spreading across his lips. Misha crossed his arms across his chest, ignoring how the pressure adjusted the seatbelt, causing it to dig into his collarbone. He was too busy pouting.

“I just don’t see how you’re so relaxed. You. Jensen ‘I’m-not-gay’ Ackles. Meanwhile, I’m sweating bullets.” Misha grumped. He wasn’t nearly as scared to tell them about Riley as he was about their relationship. He was a television star, of course he was getting some action, and sometimes people got knocked up. Dating his coworker, the star of the show, that was a little bit different, and it made him more nervous. He wondered if maybe that was selfish, but sadly he also remembered that society was often more okay with a child born out of wedlock than a relationship involving two men… and he was about to tell them he was involved in both. The numb feeling from earlier had worn off the moment he had gotten in the car, and had quickly been replaced by the utter panic that he had such
big news for the people that provided him with a job, a paycheck. Hey, guys! I’m in love with my male coworker, star of your show, and I have a baby on the way soon! Misha snorted. This as all such a joke. If only it were funny.

Jensen had been watching him out of the corner of his eyes and chuckled softly, removing one hand from the steering wheel and placing it on Misha’s knee, squeezing lightly. “I am nervous, baby. But it’s just… I don’t know…” He trailed off. thinking. He licked his lips and took a deep breath. “I’m just really happy. Even though I’m nervous…. it just doesn’t outweigh how great I’m feeling. I refuse to let it. I have you.” He took his eyes off the road for a moment, meeting Misha’s eyes and holding his gaze before flickering back to the pavement that rolled on before them. “I couldn’t ask for anything more. I love you, and very soon, I’ll no longer have to keep that a secret. I can shout it from the rooftops. Don’t get me wrong, sneaking around was kinda hot at first. But it was different then I wasn’t…”

“In love.” Misha finished softly, completely deflating. He uncrossed his arms and put his hand over Jensen’s intertwining their fingers so that they were now holding hands in his lap. Jensen just nodded shyly, that dazzling smile of his only getting bigger. Misha was in complete awe. Jensen was everything he had ever wanted, all he could ever dream for. Things weren’t perfect, not all the time. They still argued, as rare as it was. But they never went to sleep angry, never slammed a door without a rushed apology not long after. Their fights were nothing compared to their love. Their disagreements were nothing compared to their dedication and loyalty. And that’s what made their relationship imperfectly perfect.

Misha felt tears beginning to well up in his eyes, and bit the inside of his cheek to distract himself. He played with Jensen’s guitar-callused fingers in his lap as they drew ever closer to the home office for the Supernatural cast and crew. Jensen smiled warmly in the driver’s seat next to him, and Misha didn’t have to ask to know what he was thinking. They had both been in the home office a couple times, in passing over the last few months. But they hadn’t both sat down for a meeting since the Destiel script was brought to their attention. One small, crookedly stapled packet of paper that had changed their lives completely and irrevocably.

“It’s not going to be easy, you know.” Misha finally muttered quietly, not taking his eyes off of Jensen’s hand in his lap. “You might think it’s going to make things easier… but it won’t.”

“What’s that?” Jensen asked. His voice was content, his eyes watching the traffic calmly. Misha envied how relaxed his was, and wondered if maybe the reality of the situation just hadn’t caught up to him yet.

“Us… coming out. It’s going to make things harder on us. Not easier.”

Jensen did one of his concentrated frowns that made the space between his eyebrows crinkle as if it were frowning too. “What makes you say that, Mish?” He asked, slowing to a stop at a red light.

Misha sighed. “We’re famous. Maybe not Hollywood famous, but people know who we are. People care about our personal lives, and they’ll care about this too. Some will care in a positive way. Others will care too much, and there will be more people trying to pry their eyes into our private lives even more now that we share a love life. Then there will be the people who care because they’re not okay with two men being together…It doesn’t matter what year it is. It doesn’t matter if same sex couples can get married now. Someone is always going to have a problem with our relationship. We won’t be able to kiss without dirty looks, or hold hands without negative comments. It won’t always happen, but it will happen. People will talk, and some of what they say won’t even be true. There will be people that honestly think that there is nothing worse in this world than our love, just because we’re both male.”
“Fuck them.” Jensen said simply, shrugging but keeping his hand in Misha’s lap. Misha looked at him worriedly, but Jensen just flashed a confident grin. “I’m not gonna let anything or anyone come between us. I don’t care what they mean by it, or how much they care. You’re mine, baby. And I’m gonna keep what’s mine. I don’t care what anyone says or thinks. None of that is going to change how I feel about you.” Misha smiled at him weakly, feeling his chest tighten. Jensen just leaned over and kissed him breathless until the light turned green and the person in the car behind them honked.

The meeting went by in a blur. Misha could barely remember stumbling over his words, letting everyone know that he had a daughter on the way. Everyone gaped at him first, but then there was an uproar of pleased shouts and congratulations, and he felt overwhelmed by the amount of love he received from everyone. Not once did anyone question it. Misha went over some of the finer, more important details (Alexandra’s due date, how this would affect filming, if he felt like he would need more time off, etc.) a lot more relaxed than he had been since sitting down.

Telling everyone about the fact that he was dating and very much in love with Jensen was a little different. Jensen sat there smugly as Misha tried to explain, Jensen looking like he had just won the lottery. But after a few failed attempts, he finally just interrupted Misha and blurted out, “What he’s trying to tell you is that I’m so in love with this man.” Before grabbing Misha’s face and pulling him in for a kiss. Misha felt his face heat up as Jensen pulled away, all dopy, smitten, green eyes and perfect, thrilled smile. “And he’s in love with me.” Misha finally looked away, his eyes shot wide and slowly panning from person to person around the table.

At first the only response was silence, quickly filled by the sound of Misha’s blood rushing in his ears and heart thumping nervously. Jensen grabbed his hand under the table, a carefree smirk on his face, and Misha wanted to strangle him because of his bluntness and how incredibly calm he was. It just wasn’t fair. But then a roar of laughter erupted among everyone, and Jensen’s face fell. Misha felt his own face reflecting Jensen’s exact emotions.

“Jesus Christ.” Eric Kripke choked out, wiping his eyes as he continued chuckling. “Listen, I know you two are all about your jokes. Padalecki too. But god, that still caught me off guard.”

Eric’s amused grin dropped. “Holy fucking shit. You two aren’t kidding… are you?”

“No, Eric. We’re not.” Misha replied softly, staring at the table, willing his sudden shyness to go away as he slowly looked up at Eric.

Eric leaned back, pinching the bridge of his nose between his thumb and index finger before shaking his head in disbelief. Misha gripped Jensen’s hand so tightly that his knuckles were turning white.

“Is that a problem?” Jensen growled the words out, making Misha jump.

“No, it’s not a problem.” Eric said. And suddenly he was laughing again, a deep laugh that came from deep in his gut. Everyone else joined them, making Misha nervous. He wasn’t sure if they were all laughing out of disbelief or because they found this amusing, but Eric spoke up again before he could respond. “It’s not a problem. I just owe Robbie Thompson a hundred bucks. The son of a bitch swore up and down there was something going on between you two, and I just thought he was full of shit because he was one of the people pushing for Dean and Castiel’s relationship.” Eric pulled
out his phone, unlocking it and thumbing his way through some things before scrolling. “Then he showed me this as ‘evidence’ and I didn’t think anything of it because you two have always been close.” He pushed the phone across the table towards Jensen and Misha, and they both leaned in, peering down at the phone. They both burst into a fit of laughter. A fan had tweeted a picture to Robbie, and it was obviously the picture taken by the waitress in the Persian restaurant not that long ago. The tweet was captioned ‘#DestielConfirmed’.

Once Misha started laughing, he couldn’t stop. He was just so happy, so relieved that he felt delirious. He looked over at Jensen, his eyes watery with laughter, noting that Jensen was still laughing too, his head thrown back and his eyes crinkling in humor. Misha couldn’t help himself, and let go of Jensen’s hand, wrapping his own around the back of Jensen’s hand and hauling him in. As soon as their lips met, the room broke out in catcalls and cheering, and Jensen smiled against his lips, kissing him back with fervor.

Misha didn’t think he had ever been congratulated so many times in his life, but he didn’t mind. Jensen was all giddy smiles, holding Misha’s hand while everyone congratulated them on their relationship and congratulated Misha on the baby. Of course there were plenty of questions to answer, the most obvious ones being how the hell Misha had a baby on the way and how long he and Jensen had been together. Jensen, being the charming, handsome asshole that he was, answered any and all questions without hesitation like he had practiced a million times in the mirror. Misha rolled his eyes. This beautiful, wonderful man could fool an entire country into voting him in as president if he wanted to.

Everyone slowly started to disperse after Eric made an announcement that there should be a massive party with all the cast and crew before the baby was born. “I couldn’t agree more.” Jensen said only loud enough for Misha to hear as he leaned in, kissing Misha’s temple.

Jensen’s publicist, Kelly, approached them, clearing her throat politely. Jensen just beamed at her, and Misha couldn’t help but have the same look on his face. “So, I was thinking, Jensen…” She started out slowly. “If you’re planning on officially coming out with this relationship, I think maybe you should ease into it subtly. That would probably look best for you.”

“Yeah, sure.” Jensen replied dismissively. Misha was pretty sure he was the only one that caught the playful glint in Jensen’s eyes.

Jensen’s publicist had no idea that that same night, after the Destiel episode aired, Jensen would post a picture of Misha in nothing but his underwear in their bed, (on every social media platform he owned) with the caption ‘So thankful I get to sleep every night and wake up every morning to this.’

So much for subtle.

Misha scrolled through Twitter on his phone while Jensen flipped through a magazine about cars on their flight to Texas. They were still about two hours away, and Misha had decided to amuse himself with his Twitter interactions, which had been blowing up ever since Jensen had posted that picture of him. Jensen had been handling it very differently, ignoring his social media entirely while he waited for things to die down. Misha was starting to think that maybe, just maybe, things weren’t going to be dying down any time soon. Misha giggled out loud at a particularly enthusiastic fans tweet, and
Jensen looked over at him, a small smile on his lips at the sound of Misha laughing.

“What are you doing, Mish?” He asked curiously, leaning closer to Misha to peer at his phone.

“Oh nothing, just looking at the internet losing their shit over that picture you posted.” Misha grinned. “Did you know you broke Tumblr? You actually broke Tumblr. For two hours, any time anyone tried to post anything, it would just freeze because so many people were posting about the picture.” Misha giggled again. Misha knew he wasn’t fooling anyone. He was so happy and enthusiastic because Jensen basically let the world know about their relationship, and didn’t think twice about it.

Jensen forced his own laugh and plastered a forced smile on his face. Kelly had been blowing up his phone nonstop, telling him that was not a good way to come out. There was a reason he was avoiding things like Twitter right now, and as Misha continued to scroll and his delighted grin slowly became more of a worried frown, it showed exactly why that has been Jensen’s choice. Jensen gently reached over and plucked the phone out of Misha’s hand, sliding it in the pocket on the back of the seat in front of him. “Enough of that, baby.” He said sweetly, taking Misha’s hand. “You’re worse than my mom, you know. Around the time that Supernatural reached its third season, I basically had to ban her from ever Googling my name again. It’s bad for you. Sure, you’ll come across some things that are pretty awesome, but sometimes people are just dicks when they know they can hide behind a screen.” He brought Misha’s knuckles to his lips, kissing them tenderly.

Misha sighed, but then pulled his hand away and leaned in to give Jensen a chaste kiss on the lips. “You’re right, Jen. Did your mom ever listen to you?”

“She did. She agreed that it was for the best, especially when she read some particularly crazy rumors. So she doesn’t Google my name, doesn’t check my social media, and doesn’t gossip with anyone if it involves my name. She’s so much happier now, so much less worried.” Jensen smiled fondly thinking of his mother, and it made something warm ignite in Misha’s chest.

“You always talk so fondly of your mother. I can’t wait to meet her. A part of me wishes I could have met her before we started dating. How did she take it when you told her about us? How did your dad and McKenzie take it?”

Jensen shifted uncomfortably in his seat, avoiding Misha’s gaze. “I…I haven’t…”

The cold feeling of panic pooled in Misha’s stomach. “Wait… so…” He gulped. He already knew what the answer to the unasked question would be, and he didn’t want to hear it. “So does that mean your family is completely in the dark about us?” The nervous, panicked look on Jensen’s face was the only answer Misha needed, and he was about to stand up to leave, to go anywhere on the plane to give him some distance from Jensen, but Jensen grabbed his arm, his soft, green eyes wide and pleading. Misha glared at him but sat back down, staring out the window to avoid Jensen’s eyes. He couldn’t fucking believe that Jensen was going to let him walk into this blindly.

“Listen, I know it’s not ideal, baby. But I really wanted us to tell them together, over dinner when we get there. Josh will be there. My sister Mackenzie even cleared her schedule so she could be there.” Jensen still had his hand on Misha’s arm, like Misha was really an angel on Supernatural and would just zap out of there if he let go.

Misha finally took his eyes off of the fluffy clouds outside and window and turned to glare at Jensen. “So you were just going to let me go into this completely blind? Your family didn’t think it was weird that you planned a last minute visit with your coworker? What were you planning on doing, avoid touching me until dinner when you finally introduce me as the person you’re fucking?”
“Misha….” Jensen whined. “I wasn’t going to let you go in blind. I was going to tell you when we got to the airport, before Josh picked us up. I just didn’t want you worrying the entire flight. And I just told my mom that I think it was way overdue for them to meet you. They’ve heard so much about you that they agreed.”

Misha just worried his bottom lip nervously. It had been sort of strange that he had only ever met Josh. Jensen had met both of his parents at a Random Acts of Kindness event. The only person he hadn’t met was Misha’s brother, Sasha. One time Jensen had been FaceTiming his parents and ‘introduced’ Misha in that way, but other than that…

Misha suddenly felt way too hot, and wasn’t aware of the fact that he was shaking until Jensen stroked his arm soothingly. He stood up, pulling away from Jensen’s touch and stumbled to the bathroom, Jensen calling after him. Misha closed the bathroom door behind him, locking it securely. He put both his hands on the edge of the sink and tried to take a calming breath as his arms quivered. He didn’t know why he had just assumed that Jensen’s family would know they were together. It was scary enough meeting them officially for the first time, thinking that they already knew, but they were going to be telling them in person…and Misha had heard Jared joke plenty about how Jensen came from the typical, southern, bible-belt family, and Misha was terrified. Jensen loved his family so much. He completely adored them. What if they were completely against their relationship? Would Jensen choose Misha or his family if it came down to that?

A knock at the door caused Misha to jump. Before he could even say he would be out in a minute, Jensen voice floated through the door. “Open the door, Mish. Please.” He begged. He sounded so broken that Misha almost ripped the door open then. Jensen had that effect on him. “Please, baby. Let’s talk about this.” Jensen added softly. Misha sighed, and switched the lock, the lock panel turning from red to green, and Jensen was immediately opening the door. He pushed his way in, causing Misha to yelp slightly, because there already wasn’t enough room. Jensen closed and locked the door behind him. He immediately grabbed Misha’s face in his hands, and Misha almost melted at how sincerely worried he looked. “I’m sorry, Misha. I should have told you as soon as I let you know that we were flying out here…” His eyes searched Misha’s worriedly, searching for forgiveness. Misha placed his hands over Jensen’s, taking a shaky breath. “What if they want nothing to do with this, Jensen? I know your family is... um, really conservative.”

“And?”

“And what if they make you choose? What if you have to choose between me or your family?”

Jensen sighed softly, removing his hands from Misha’s face so that he could pull him in for a tight hug. Misha hugged him back tightly, afraid that he might fall apart if he didn’t. “Misha… you are my family. You’re everything to me, baby.” He pulled back, searching Misha’s eyes again, and Misha wanted to kiss every single freckle on his face. “You’re mine. I’m gonna keep what’s mine, remember? We’ll cross any sort of bridge like that if we come to it.” Misha lunged forward, kissing him to hard that he almost toppled over. Jensen chuckled against his lips but Misha swallowed it down. He just needed this. There was some sort of desperation clawing at his insides, and he needed to know that Jensen loved him.

“I love you, Jensen Ackles.” He nearly whimpered, pulling back and kissing along Jensen’s jaw. Jensen hummed happily. “I love you the most, Misha Collins.” He replied, not masking the slight humor in his voice. He chuckled, his hand reaching behind him to make sure the door was locked. Misha eyed Jensen’s hand curiously, not removing his lips from the stubbled skin. Jensen reached up and grabbed Misha’s
face, pulling his ear close to his face. He nuzzled Misha’s cheek slightly before whispering huskily in Misha’s ear. “Are you still interested in joining the mile high club?”

Misha froze, and he pulled back, looking at Jensen like it was a joke. “What?”

Jensen grinned. It was that one devilish grin that made Misha weak in the knees, because it meant trouble… but the kind Misha never found himself complaining about. Jensen pulled out a tiny bottle of lube and placed it on the sink counter. “It was in my carry on. I remembered you mentioning it on the way to the convention… I wish the circumstances were a little different. I had planned on tricking you to get you in here, not having you storm off on me because I’m an idiot.” He slowly leaned forward, mouthing at Misha’s neck, relishing in the fact that goosebumps immediately covered Misha’s skin.

“Jensen…” Misha nearly moaned. The more logical side of Misha’s brain was trying to convince him that this was a bad idea. Even though they were in first class, the plane was still fairly crowded. On the other hand, Misha needed this. Jensen always helped ground him, so thoroughly that he knew it wasn’t healthy. Misha felt panic climbing up his throat like bile when he thought about meeting Jensen’s parents. Jensen had a million ways to show him that he loved him, but he knew none of them would help him get out of his own head quite like this. And just like that, his mind was made up. “Fuck me.” He begged. He felt Jensen grin against his neck, knowing a hickey was going to be left in that exact spot.

“That’s my boy.” Jensen muttered happily, working his way back to Misha’s lips. He gave Misha one quick kiss before pulling back, ready to ask Misha a question, but Misha already knew the answer.

“I’m all yours.” Misha said, staring up at Jensen lovingly. Misha had always been a free spirit. He never felt at home with one person or one place. He spent most of his life belonging to no city, belonging to no lover. But he belonged to Jensen, completely and totally, and he didn’t want it any other way, because he knew Jensen belonged to him too. “We’re just gonna have to make this quick.” He added quickly before Jensen claimed his lips. Jensen just responded with a moan, and Misha melted against him, thrusting his hips and whining at the feeling of Jensen’s already hard cock through denim. Misha was so anxious and wound so tightly that he thought he could come from this along. Jensen’s taste was the most tantalizing thing he had ever had the pleasure of discovering.

Misha chuckled lightly. “We were running late and I think I packed every clean pair.”

Jensen pulled back. “Face the sink.” He said, and with what little room they had, Misha did as he was told, trembling in anticipation. Jensen ran his hand from Misha’s shoulders to down his sides before reaching forward to unbutton Misha’s jeans. He pushed the jeans down, moaning lowly when he realized Misha wasn’t wearing underwear.

Just hurry.” Misha replied, his voice breathy and wrecked. Jensen laughed most likely planning on
teasing Misha but reconsidering. He quickly but gently opened Misha up, having to remind Misha every now and again that he was being too loud. Misha really didn’t care, and the only think making him behave was the threat of getting banned from the airline. He didn’t care if the entire plane knew that he belonged to Jensen, and that Jensen was just so good, knowing exactly what to do with his fingers. “Now.” Misha begged, already fucking himself on Jensen’s fingers. Jensen didn’t hesitate to lube himself up, running his free hand over Misha’s ass.

“You’re so perfect for me, baby.” Jensen purred, lining himself up and just barely pushing in, causing Misha to whine. Jensen wiped the leftover lube from his fingers onto his jeans before pushing both his hands under Misha’s shirt to feel the soft, hot skin underneath. Misha, forever being impatient, trying to push himself back onto Jensen’s cock but Jensen tutted, and grabbed his hips to keep him in place. “I want to enjoy you.” He muttered softly, leaning forward to kiss the back of Misha’s neck, and causing him to slide just little further inside of him. This is the part where Misha would normally have some smartass comment, but instead he just whimpered. His skin was hot and over sensitive, and his dick lied against the sink counter, heavy and begging for some sort of friction. “I got you, Mish.” Jensen whispered, finally slowly sliding in until he was flush with Misha’s ass. He bit his lip to keep from moaning, but Misha wasn’t as composed. “You gotta be quiet.” He hissed in Misha’s ear, kissing his neck lovingly. Misha just whined, exposing more of his neck for Jensen to have better access.

Jensen began to slowly move, keeping his thrusts shallow. “Harder.” Misha begged. Jensen immediately complied, and Misha had to put a hand on the mirror to brace himself. That’s when the mirror really caught his eye, and he wondered why he hadn’t looked into it before, because watching Jensen fuck into him was the hottest thing he had ever seen. Each thrust was pulling a moan from his lips, and Misha smacked his ass to remind him to be quiet, but it only made him moan louder. Finally, in a last-ditch effort, Jensen shoved two of his fingers into Misha’s mouth. Misha began to suck on them, always eager to swallow down anything Jensen put in his mouth.

Jensen couldn’t take his eyes off their reflections in the mirror, knowing that he wasn’t going to last long. He made a very strong mental note to remind himself that when he was booking a hotel for their honeymoon, the room definitely needed to have mirrors in it. “Mish… ah… I’m gonna…” Misha just sucked on his fingers harder while Jensen’s other hand dug into his hip. Jensen was coming within minutes, a part of him thoroughly embarrassed by how long he had lasted. He pulled out slowly and spun Misha around, pulling up his pants so that he could drop to his knees. Misha didn’t even have time to react before Jensen took him into his mouth. Jensen looked up at him, his beautiful green eyes warm and shining with their pupils blown. Misha groaned, feeling his cock hit the back of his boyfriend’s throat and feeling so proud that they had long since gotten rid of that gag reflex of his. Jensen pulled out all of his best moves, knowing that they had already been in the bathroom for far too long. Misha was coming down his throat as there was a knock on the door, causing both of them to nearly jump out of their skin.

“Just a minute!” Misha called, his voice a little hoarse as his milked his cock of a few more spurts before pulling out of Jensen’s mouth and tucking himself in. Jensen went to open his mouth to say something, but Misha interrupted him. “No time.” He hissed, checking them both out in the mirror. There both looked completely fucked out, hair messy, eyes glassy, and lips swollen and red. Misha just grinned brightly and winked at Jensen’s reflection. Jensen looked like he was gonna hurl as Misha unlocked and opened the bathroom door.

A petite blonde flight attendant has her hands on her narrow hips and a scowl on her face. She opened her mouth but Misha just turned to Jensen. “Oh Jensen, thank you so much for helping me find my contacts after I dropped them! Silly me, I didn’t even think to pack a spare.” The flight attendant looked like she wanted to kick them off of the plane and it took everything Jensen had not to burst out laughing at his clever, adorable boyfriend.
If I haven't replied to you, know that I will, just give me some time.
I have also been informed that some of the pictures/gifs I have posted at the end of some of my chapters are no longer working. I plan on fixing that as soon as I figure out the problem.
I feel like I have a lot more to say in my notes, but god does my brain feel fried.

Anyway, this is how I imagine Jensen leaning into Misha after the meeting with the board is over.

And I also want to leave you guys with this picture...
This picture encompasses the exact moment that I realized I shipped Cockles. I was watching a video on youtube, and I saw this. I saw the way that Jensen looked at Misha. I saw the softness in his eyes, the fondness in his smile. That was the moment that it went all down hill. And here I am, writing a Cockles fic. Life is strange, huh?
Chapter 40

So... how did everyone enjoy Cockles Christmas, aka Jibcon???)
Once again, thank you to everyone for your patience. I am finally caught up on all the messages in my inbox, and jesus, it took me so long to reply to some of you that you should have tracked me down and kicked my ass. I won't let it happen again, because I promise you that you comments, encouragement, and feedback means the absolute world to me. I hope all of you are doing well.
Before I forget, is anyone here tumblr saavy? I want to make my profile look, well, better and I have NO clue what I'm doing. So if anyone knows anything about html, etc, etc, I would love your help.
Now it's time to meet the parents.

Misha’s hands were shaking wildly as he followed Jensen through the airport. He almost dropped his luggage before Jensen gave him a reassuring smile, and grabbed Misha’s free hand with his own. The plane had landed, and they were making their way through the airport quickly. Misha knew Jensen was rushing, hoping that a fan wouldn’t recognize them. Misha watched as Jensen readjusted his hat and sunglasses the best he could with his hand carrying his duffle bag, and leaned in to kiss his temple. Misha tried to force himself to smile, but only ended up pulling a strange face. Jensen had no idea what to say to him to calm his nerves, so his just squeezed his hand tighter.

When they exited the airport, Jensen’s brother, Josh and sister, Mackenzie were waiting on them, both holding signs with Jensen and Misha’s name on them in obnoxious glitter glue. Jensen busted out laughing, and Misha even found himself chuckling softly as their faces lit up. “Put those away before someone recognizes us.” Jensen hissed, leaning in to give Mackenzie a hug. Misha hung back awkwardly, but before Jensen could even notice, Josh pulled him into a hug. Misha hugged him back. At least he knew that Josh accepted his and Jensen’s relationship, and it helped ground him a little.

“Hey! Hands off the merchandise.” Jensen grumped, pushing McKenzie playfully away and snaking his arm around Misha’s waist. “Tryna steal my boyfriend.” He poked his bottom lip out and McKenzie rolled her eyes and giggled. He shot her a look that Misha couldn’t tell was stern or playful, and kissed Misha’s cheek.

Misha relaxed fractionally. He knew Josh was okay with their relationship, and even though Jensen had told him on the plane that Mackenzie knew now too and was thrilled, Misha had his doubts. Jensen grabbed their bags and started piling them into the car, and Misha looked back and forth
between the Ackles siblings. None of them looked very much alike. Mackenzie’s nose was slightly like Jensen’s, not really in shape, but in how narrow it was. She was significantly paler than he had ever seen Jensen, which always surprised him since she lived in Texas. Misha always wondered if maybe it was her dyed, blonde hair that made her appear so pale, but he had never seen her natural hair color. Josh didn’t particularly look like either of them, though his smile held a ghost of resemblance to Jensen’s. Misha couldn’t help but thinking he definitely landed the best looking one in the family, and had to bite his lip to stop himself from smiling as he helped pack the car.

On the way to Jensen’s parent’s house, Misha was a nervous wreck. Jensen just held his hand in the backseat like they were a couple of teenagers in love, and would occasionally lean in to sneak kisses on every inch of Misha’s exposed skin, or to whisper something sweet in his ear. Mackenzie kept turning in her seat to shoot them adoring looks, and Josh kept rolling his eyes at her and telling her to stop making things weird. Misha didn’t mind. It helped him keep reminding himself that if Jensen’s sibling were okay with this, then maybe his parents wouldn’t be too bad.

Jensen’s family lived out in the countryside about an hour and half from the airport. Misha was incredibly glad that Josh’s car had a great air conditioning because just in the time that it took them to pack up the car, he had started sweating. The cool Canadian air that he had gotten used to while filming Supernatural had spoiled him. Misha watched the rolling hills go back, noting all the cattle and horses and laughing at how stereotypical that seemed for Texas.

“Does your family still own horses?” He asked softly, trying to distract himself.

Jensen chuckled. “Yeah, they do. Mom wouldn’t give up those things if someone bribed her. She grew up raising ‘em.” He nudged Misha playfully. “You ever rode one?”

Misha looked at his lap, smiling shyly. “I’ve never had the opportunity to.”

“We’ll have to change that while you’re here. I’m sure you’ll be a natural. You and me both know you know how to ride-”

“JENSEN!” Mackenzie and Josh both yelled together.

As Josh pulled into the long, winding driveway leading to the house, Misha felt like hyperventilating. The ride had relaxed him quite a bit, something about Jensen, Josh, and Mackenzie’s sibling bickering was oddly heartwarming and distracting, but now that they were about to get out of the car, Misha’s anxiety was worse than ever. He knew that Jensen had plans to sit down and tell his parents about them over dinner when everyone was full and happy, but that meant hours of not being able to touch Jensen in front of them, and he needed it now more than ever.

“Are you sure you can’t just tell them when we pull up?” Misha mumbled against Jensen’s neck. He was practically sitting in his lap, and had been for the last ten minutes, soaking in the affection.

Jensen kissed his forehead and rubbed his side soothingly. “I don’t want to spring it on them like that, Mish.”

“Then why the hell did you wait until now to tell them?” Misha snapped, feeling Jensen tense against him and watching both Mackenzie and Josh squirm a little up front.

Jensen sighed, but didn’t say anything. He started rubbing Misha’s side again, and Misha bit his lip
so hard it almost bled because he didn’t deserve it.

When they finally pulled up at the house, Misha gulped, noticing that Donna and Alan Ackles were already outside waiting on them. Jensen’s face lit up, and Misha couldn’t help but notice how Jensen had barely noticed when he pulled away from him to sit on his respectable side of the backseat. Misha tried not to be selfish. He knew it had been a long time since Jensen had seen his family. Josh visiting was the first time he had seen any of them in over a year, and Jensen had always been close to his family.

Mackenzie whipped her head around, making eye contact with Misha. “Everything is gonna be okay, Misha. We promise.” Josh met his eyes in the review mirror and nodded, and Jensen gave his knee a squeeze.

They all piled out of the car. Misha went for the bags to distract himself while Donna and Alan immediately swarmed Jensen, smothering him with hugs and kisses. Misha motioned for Josh to unlock the trunk, and Josh came over to help out.

“Don’t think you’re not gonna get that same treatment in like 10 seconds.” Josh muttered, popping the trunk. Misha leaned in and grabbed Jensen’s bag, which had fallen over on the drive, and went to pull it out when the pocket caught on another bag and a bottle of lube started to slide out. Misha scrambled to stuff it back in the pocket.

“You must be the infamous Misha!” Misha shot up so fast that he banged his head against the top of the trunk. Josh snickered and pushed him out of the way, smoothly sliding the bottle back in just as his mother rounded the back of the car. Donna pulled Misha into her arms as soon as he stood up straight, not even giving himself time to rub his head. He was going to kill Jensen. How much fucking did he think they were going to be doing at his ‘parent’s house? “I’ve heard so much about you! You’re even better looking in person than tv!” She squeezed him tightly.

“Mom! What have I told you about watching Supernatural!” Jensen whined, coming around the back of the car himself. Misha managed to wiggle an arm free and hug her back just a little.

“Oh hush. It’s been a couple of seasons. Can I not watch my baby’s show?” Donna said, finally letting up her vice like grip on Misha.

“Mommm!” Jensen was downright pouting now, and Misha couldn’t help but crack a smile.

“Misha!” Alan said holding his hand out. Misha took it, making sure to grasp it firmly in the most professional handshake he could muster.

“It’s nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Ackles.” He said, failing at hiding the slight shyness in his voice. He glanced at Jensen, and Jensen was smiling at him warmly.

“Alan and Donna will do just fine.” Alan mumbled, clearly giving Misha a once over. “I hope you like steak, because that’s what I’m grilling out tonight.”

“What kind of person doesn’t like steak?” Misha answered, plastering his most charming smile on. Alan chuckled and wrapped an arm around Jensen’s neck. “I like this kid.”

Donna gave a tour of the house while Alan fired up the grill with Josh’s help, and Mackenzie started
on her banana pudding that Jensen couldn’t help but rave about as he followed his mom and Misha. “I swear I think you miss southern cookin’ more than you missed your family.” Donna tutted.

Jensen grinned and kissed her delicately on the forehead. “Mama, you know that’s not true.” She patted him on the cheek, giving him a loving smile. Misha hung back, but couldn’t stop the warm feeling blooming in his chest at the sight of seeing Jensen interact with his family.

Donna brushed past Jensen gently and went to push open the next door on their tour. “This is Jensen’s old room—”

Jensen hastily pushed the door closed. “He doesn’t need to see in there.” He mumbled.

Misha felt his face light up. “Oh, really? Are you sure about that, Jen? I would love to see your childhood room.” Donna just laughed at the look that Jensen shot him. She turned to continue her tour and Jensen smiled at Misha and bit his lip, clearly wanting to lean in and kiss him.

“This is the guest room that you’ll be staying in, Misha.” Donna said softly, opening a door at the end of the hall. “The bathroom is right there. If you need anything, don’t you hesitate to ask, you hear me?”

“Thanks, Mrs. Ack- Donna.” Misha shot her one of his charming smiles, and if he didn’t know better, he would think she blushed a little as she waved her hand dismissively. “I’ll be in the kitchen with Mackenzie if you boys need anything.” She sauntered off quickly.

“Ew, dude. I think my mom might have the hots for you.” Jensen muttered as he watched his mom walk away, a small frown on his face. Misha laughed so hard he almost dropped his bags. Jensen grinned at him and then looked in both directions before pushing Misha in the guest room and claiming his lips. Misha dropped his bags immediately and melted into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Jensen’s neck. Jensen’s lips traced his until they were both breathless. “You’re doing amazing, baby.” He said breathily. “My mom already loves you.”

“…and your dad?” Misha asked nervously.

“My dad is one of those people that has to warm up a little more.”

Misha scrunched up his nose. “Should I offer to help him and Josh with the grill?”

Jensen rolled his eyes. “Do you even know how to work a grill?” Misha bit his lip. “I didn’t think so. If you really want to get on his good side, help him with the horses tomorrow. But for now, you just stay in here and get comfortable and get unpacked. Once you’re settled, grab a beer a piece for me, you, dad, and Josh, and come outside. You’ll be golden.” Jensen kissed him again, not allowing the kiss to get any more heated when Misha tried to lick his way until his mouth. “Later.” He mumbled. “Unpack.” He smacked Misha on the ass before shooting him a wink and heading out.

When Jensen left the room, Misha sighed heavily. He didn’t like unpacking in a room where Jensen wasn’t doing the same. He knew Jensen would probably bring his bags into the guest room later tonight, after dinner and the big reveal, but it still felt wrong. He started to unpack his things when he heard a knock at the door. “Come in.” He said nervously. It was Mackenzie, wielding a big, fluffy blanket.

“Hey, Misha. Jensen and mom forgot to mention that the guest room can get a little drafty, so I figured I would bring you an extra blanket.” She placed the blanket on the end of the bed, before plopping on the bed herself. She was looking at him funny.

“Uh, thanks, Kenz?” Misha said, placing one of his bags on the dresser.
She hummed for a moment, not taking her eyes off of him. She smoothed the blanket out. “You know, Jensen used to never stop talking about you.” Misha abandoned his bag to sit down next to Mackenzie. She looked at him, a certain softness in her eyes. “Jensen hasn’t always had a lot of luck, you know? He dated a bunch of preppy bitches in high school that ended up cheating on him because he wasn’t cool enough or whatever. Sure, he played sports, but it’s not like he was star quarterback or anything. God, I wanted to kill them. It gave him a lot of trust issues. Someone good would come his way, and he would always let his insecurities from previous relationships mess it up. When he moved out to L.A., I was so worried about him, but it’s not like he was going to listen to his little sister. I just wanted him to be happy.” She grabbed Misha’s hand in her much smaller one, intertwining their fingers and looking at their joined hands. “You make him really happy, Misha. I can tell. Years ago, I used to tease him about having a crush on you. I would ask him how things were going on set, and you were all he talked about.” She met his eyes again. “I just wanted to say thank you.” Misha felt his eyes growing misty, and let go of Mackenzie’s hand to pull her in for a hug.

“Thank you, Mackenzie.” He said, his voice cracking.

She hugged him back tightly before pushing him off and saying “Yeah, yeah. We don’t have time for the water works. You gotta finish unpacking and I gotta get back to my banana pudding.” Misha smiled. That little glimmer of attitude is what Jensen had in common with his little sister. She patted him on the head condescendingly, and hopped off the bed, leaving the room without another word.

Conversation with Alan Ackles was not easily, and Misha definitely learned that quickly. He had taken Jensen’s advice and brought beers out to all the Ackles men once he had finished unpacking. Walking through the kitchen without being able to eat anything had been agonizing and Misha knew exactly where Jensen got his cooking skills from. It was even harder to keep his stomach from rumbling as he stood out on the deck while Alan closely watched and flipped the steaks he was grilling. Alan was a man of few words, and Misha quickly learned that they had nothing in common. Misha didn’t know a thing about ranch life, sports, or cars, and those seemed to be Alan’s go to topics. It wasn’t long before Alan was becoming short with him, so Misha stopped talking all together. He shot Jensen a pleading look, but Jensen just shrugged, his mouth pulled into a tight line. Several times Jensen opened his mouth to say something, but each time Misha just shook his head at him and gave him pleading eyes. He really didn’t want anyone to fight, and Jensen had said that it took a while for his father to warm up.

When everyone sat down for dinner, conversation was a lot easier. Between the six of them and all the good food, wine, and beer, talking came easily, and Misha couldn’t help but wonder if maybe Alan had just been grumpy because he was hungry. Jensen often had an attitude when he hadn’t eaten in a couple of hours. He had no idea when Jensen was planning on telling his family about them, so he was just following his lead.

Donna asked Misha about Random Acts of Kindness and GISHWHES, and it was so easy to talk about that Misha found himself rambling while Jensen looked at him with loving, star struck eyes. Misha stopped talking when he realized Jensen wasn’t the only one staring at him, but everyone was. He cleared his throat awkwardly, realizing that he had been ranting for a good 15 minutes.

“Hmm.” Alan grunted. “It’s good to be so passionate over something.” Misha grinned, because if he didn’t know better, it sounded like he was impressed. He felt Jensen place a hand on his knee, a carefree grin on his face that matched Misha’s.

When everyone was mostly done eating, Mackenzie brought out her banana pudding, and Misha
knew after the first bite that he was going to need Jensen to make this for him again soon. He didn’t much care for banana pudding, but Mackenzie had out done herself, and she blushed under the praise when Misha told her. Jensen nudged him with the hand that was on his knee, and flipped his hand over, wiggling his fingers. Misha immediately took it without hesitation, but when Jensen cleared his throat pointedly, Misha almost choked on his pudding because he knew what that meant.

“So, uh, mom…dad… there’s something I wanted to tell you guys.” Jensen said, his voice quivering a bit. Alan was halfway to bringing his spoon to his mouth but immediately sat it back down on his plate while Donna just raised her eyebrows and sipped her wine. Misha’s stomach did summersaults, and he was suddenly wishing he wouldn’t have ate so much. “I know it was long overdue for you two to meet Misha. Hell, I think you guys have been around Jared so much I’m pretty sure you’ve all but adopted him.” Donna chuckled fondly and Alan smiled and nodded, which twisted something in Misha’s stomach. Obviously, Jared had managed to impress him. “But it was hard for me to bring Misha around you guys, because Misha is… different. It just took me far too long to realize how he meant something different to me. Misha… Misha is… he’s just everything. He’s smart, and funny, and kind, and patient, and spontaneous, and everything I try to aim to be when I think about making myself a better person.” Alan’s face was slowly draining of color as the gears in his head grinded. Misha chugged his wine using his free hand. “Misha is…” Jensen looked at the table and gulped visibly, his Adam’s apple bobbing. Misha was gripping his hand so tight he couldn’t feel his fingers. “Misha is my boyfriend.”

Donna choked on her wine, and then the dining room was completely silent. Misha felt Jensen grip his hand so hard that the numbness was spreading up his arm.

“Your what?” Alan spat.

A steely look immediately came across Jensen’s face. “He’s my boyfriend, dad.” Jensen took a deep breath and gave Misha a loving look before continuing. “No, he’s not just my boyfriend. He’s the love of my life, the person I want to spend the rest of forever with.”

The room was silent again. Donna reached for a bottle of wine, poured twice as much as a standard glass, and gulped it down in one breath. She put the glass down, and sighed heavily. “Well, this was a surprise. I didn’t know you were gay, hunny.” She didn’t look upset or concerned, but was clearly confused.

“I’m not- I- uh, I’m not gay, mom. I just… It’s complicated. I guess I’m uh…”

Misha noticed Jensen’s chest heaving in panicked breaths. Jensen had never put a label on his sexuality. He knew how uncomfortable it made Jensen to think about labeling it because he felt pressured to meet certain guidelines if a label was involved. And even though Alan was turning bright red, almost purple in the face, and staring daggers through Misha, Misha knew that his boyfriend needed him. “Jensen’s not gay. He’s just not straight either.”

“Who the hell says? You?” Alan’s fists banged against the table as he stood up and Misha’s flinched. Jensen was automatically on his feet, an angry expression matching his father’s.

“Alan, dear, please sit down. We need to listen to Jensen.” Donna said gently.

“The hell we do! Our son was straight until he meets this fag-“

“Don’t you dare fucking talk about him like that!” Jensen screamed it so loudly that the room went silent once again. Misha had never seen him this angry, not even when he had told him about Alexandra being pregnant with Riley. Misha felt like he was going to puke.
“I should go.” He said quietly. But when he went to stand up, Jensen grabbed his shoulder and shoved him back down so hard that he winced.

“You’re not going anywhere, Mish.” He said, trying to soften his voice when he saw Misha’s expression.

“Well this is my house, and I say his leaves. I say you both do.” Alan replied coldly.

Jensen opened his mouth to say something, Donna interrupted. “Actually, this is our house, and I say they both stay. Sit down, Alan.” Her voice was stern and confident. Alan shot her a look that could kill.

“Misha’s a really great guy.” Josh suddenly stated firmly.

“And he’s really good for Jensen.” Mackenzie added. “I agree with mom. They should stay. If they leave, I’m leaving. And don’t ask me to come back.”

“My too.” Josh said.

Misha would have stood up and kissed them both on the lips if he wasn’t afraid that Alan would have punched him in the face, and not stopped there.

“You have to be fucking kidding me.” Alan snarled.

Jensen sighed. He suddenly looked so tired. “Dad, I love Misha. He’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Please. You have to understand. If you would just listen-”

“I don’t have to do shit.” Alan grabbed his beer and slammed his chair against the table so hard that wine sloshed from glasses and the bottle toppled over along with Jensen’s and Josh’s beers. He stormed out of the room without saying another word, and the front door slammed so hard the house rattled. Jensen slumped back in his chair, tears forming in his eyes, and Misha had never felt more useless.

“Jensen…babe…” He muttered, cupping Jensen’s cheek tenderly.

Jensen looked up, his beautiful green eyes red rimmed and sad. “This isn’t your fault, Mish. Okay?” Jensen wrapped a hand around the back of Misha’s head and hauled him in for a desperate kiss. When he pulled away, Misha glanced up at Donna, but she was just smiling at them sweetly. She stood up and walked over to their side of the table.

“Just, give you father some time. Okay?” She leaned down and kissed Jensen on the top of the head.

“Me and Josh will do the dishes.” Mackenzie offered. “You and Misha get some sleep. Mom, will you go look for dad?”

She nodded. She turned to Misha, and he really wished he could just shrink away into nothingness. “You treat my boy right, and as long as I’m alive you’re always welcome in this home. You hear me, Misha?” Before Misha even realized what he was doing, he was on his feet, pulling Jensen’s mother into his arms.

“Thank you.” He said brokenly against her hair. She just hugged him back, rubbing her hand up and down his back soothingly.

When they let go, Misha found himself unable to meet Jensen’s eyes. Before Jensen could say anything, Misha turned on his heel and headed for the guest room, his eyes stinging with tears. He
could hear Jensen following him and calling him but it was all muffled by the blood thrumming in his ears. He started immediately packing his things and that’s when Jensen grabbed him and spun him around.

“What are you doing?” Jensen asked. He voice was so panicked it squeaked.

“I…I can’t be here. I can’t do this to your family. I’m not welcome here, even if your mom says I am.” Misha said wetly, just realizing that tears were pouring from his eyes. He tried to pull free of Jensen’s grip but couldn’t.

“If you can’t stay here, that’s fine. But you’re not leaving here without me. We can get a hotel.” Jensen stroked his hair lovingly.

Misha bit his trembling lip, big, fat tears falling from his eyes freely. “I’m so sorry, Jensen. You were all having such a great time and—

“Mish, stop. My dad being a homophobic asshole is not your fault, okay? None of this is your fault.” He pulled Misha in, pressing him tightly against his chest. Misha sobbed into his chest, feeling selfish and dumb. Jensen should be the one upset right now, and I’m being a blubbering baby. Jensen held him there for what felt like an eternity, rotating between running his fingers through Misha’s hair, and rubbing soothing circles on his back.

“Please don’t go.” He suddenly pleaded. “Please. Please just stay here with me. My mom’s right. Dad just needs time, okay?”

Jensen sighed and shrugged a little. “It wasn’t like I felt like I was in the closet or anything because before you… it didn’t affect me.” Misha just frowned up at him. “It wasn’t all bad. Here, I’ll show you.” Jensen grabbed Misha’s hand, leading him out of the guest room and towards the room that he grew up in. He stopped in front of the door before opening it. “Be nice, okay? I was a bit of a dork.” Misha gave him a watery smile and Jensen couldn’t help but to smile back as he pushed the door open.

The first thing Misha noticed was the twin bed with a black comforter that was folded back to reveal Batman sheets. It caught him so off guard that he actually laughed. “You still had these sheets in high school?” He asked, wiping his now drying eyes as he pulled the comforter back to reveal more of the super hero bedding. Jensen pouted slightly, but nodded. “Wow. I bet you got laid ALL the time, Jen.”

“Shut it. Batman is always cool. Doesn’t matter if you’re 5 or 50.” Jensen said, crossing his arms. Misha just grinned at him, the tight feeling in his chest loosening just by being in Jensen’s presence like this.

Misha backed away from the bed to get a better look at the room. On the way, there was an old Maxim calendar from god knows what year that made Misha roll his eyes. “Such a ladies man…” Misha murmured jokingly. Jensen smiled at him sweetly. Misha then turned to look at a shelf lined with various trophies and awards, grinning when he realized quite a few were from being in the boy scouts. Jensen came up behind him to wrap his arms around his waist, propping his chin up on Misha’s shoulder. Misha snuggled into the touch. Misha didn’t understand what Jensen was so
embarrassed about, the room only showed that Jensen was a typical teenager at the time. Except maybe one with a few more awards than average. A picture tucked into the corner of the mirror attached to his dresser caught Misha’s eyes, and his face lit up. “Is this your prom picture?” He asked, reaching out for it. Jensen just buried his face in the side of Misha’s neck in embarrassment and nodded. “God, you were such a typical prettyboy. You know, those high lights really bring out the-“

“Goddd, just stopppp.” Jensen whined. Misha laughed, tucking the picture back into the corner of the mirror. He spun around so that his was facing Jensen. Jensen didn’t hesitate to lean in and kiss his lips gently, like he was afraid of breaking him. “Do we need to get a hotel?”

Misha frowned. “That depends. Is you dad going to shove the barrel of a shotgun up my ass and pull the trigger while I’m sleeping?” Jensen tried very, very, hard not to laugh, but failed. It made Misha smile, despite everything.

“He’ll probably be out at the barn all night. Drinking. Brooding. The whole Southern “I-can’t-believe-my-son-takes-it-up-the-ass” thing.” It was Misha’s turn to laugh, and Jensen’s to smile. “He won’t try anything. Him and my mom are probably having a long talk right now. She’s probably tearing him a new one.”

Misha wrapped his arms around Jensen and peppered his neck with sweet, chaste kisses. “We can stay here. I really want to opportunity to get to know your family, Jensen. I really do. I just don’t want there to be any issues. What if your dad-“

Jensen pulled back to kiss him on the lips. “We’ll see how things go tomorrow.” Misha nodded. Jensen’s bright green eyes were so confident and loving that it made him weak in the knees, and Misha couldn’t believe how absolutely stunning his boyfriend was.

Misha gave the room a once over again. “Can we stay in here? Instead of the guest room? I think I would feel more comfortable in here.”

Jensen laughed. “Even with my Batman sheets?”

Misha smiled. “Even with your Batman sheets.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm not gonna lie, I really struggled with this chapter, even though my own family is homophobic. My beta reader (Hi, Shae!) helped me out, and I still didn't end up changing all that much, honestly. The problem with homophobic assholes is that they're unpredictable. I just hope this chapter was acceptable because in the next one I think we'll see a side of Misha that I don't think has really been tapped into in this fic.

But since Jensen was such a protective boyfriend in this fic, let's not forget about him being an actual protective boyfriend at Jibcon. ;')}
Ahem...

And don't think I'm just gonna walk away without posting Jensen's drunken fascination
with Misha's underwear

Followed by Jensen very proudly showing his.

I lose ten years off of my life expectancy every single Jibcon...

I've never seen so much porn.
I didn't think I would get to post this chapter until Sunday, but I figured who needs sleep if you're dead inside. I hope the extra long chapter makes up for my absence!

The twin bed was just as cramped as Misha expected it to be, but he fell asleep easily enough with Jensen glued to his side that night. The problem was that he didn’t stay asleep. He woke up groggily only a few hours after dozing off, only to squint at the glow and the dark clock on Jensen’s nightstand and see that it was only a little after 2am. He huffed a sigh and squinted around the room, trying to get his eyes to adjust to the dark room. Staying in Jensen’s childhood room was strange. He was used to a much bigger bed, and this bed didn’t smell like their bed back at home. It felt foreign and uncomfortable, and he knew it had nothing to do with the quality of the mattress, and had everything to do with the fact that he felt unwelcome here.

Misha caught his mind wandering, wondering if Jensen had ever fucked someone in this tiny, dorky bed. His prom date maybe? She had definitely been pretty. He was caught off guard by the spike of jealousy that flared in the pit of his stomach. That has been a very, very long time ago. Before Jensen had even moved out to LA to become an actor. Back when Jensen only dated women. He shouldn’t be jealous. Misha couldn’t stop the pleased smirk from spreading across his lips. He would always be possessively pleased that he was Jensen’s first (and hopefully last) sexual encounter with a man. Just the thought of it mixed with Jensen pressed against his body was making his dick stir in his thin boxers. He shifted his body, Jensen grumbling his protest in his sleep when it caused Misha’s body warmth to leave him. Misha admired his boyfriend, always in awe over how absolutely beautiful he was. His light, blonde tipped eyelashes fanned out of his cheekbones, twitching slightly as he dreamt. He looked so relaxed and peaceful unlike Misha, and Misha was incredibly glad he wasn’t worrying himself over his father. Unfortunately those sweet, sentimental thoughts were not stopping Misha’s arousal. He readjusted his position in bed, and Jensen huffed another sleepy protest, turning over so that his back was turned to Misha, his ass flush with Misha’s hips. Misha smirked, spooning in closer, only to start kissing Jensen’s neck, sucking on the skin gently so that he wouldn’t leave any marks.

Jensen was waking within moments, groaning and grinding his ass against Misha’s now hard cock. His pulse jumped under the assault of Misha’s mouth. “Really, Mish?” He whined breathily, but it didn’t stop him from moving his hips. Misha grinned and flipped Jensen over on his back only to slot himself between Jensen’s legs. He should have just let Jensen sleep, but if he, himself couldn’t sleep, maybe sex would help him crash for a few more hours. He dipped his head, bringing their lips together before Jensen could complain anymore. His stomach fluttered in the all too familiar butterflies that Jensen gave him, and it amazed him how his sweet, beautiful boyfriend still did that to him. Misha began leaving a trail of kisses down Jensen’s jaw, causing him to whimper as their hips worked together, their cocks dragging against each other with not nearly enough friction between thin cloth.

“I was just thinking about all the people you’ve probably fucked in this bed.” Misha husked. He could feel Jensen’s skin heat under his lips shyly. “And how they didn’t know this at the time, but you’re all mine.”
When Misha pulled back, Jensen was smirking. “Is someone a little jealous?” He asked, his green eyes sparkling with mirth. “How about you fuck me now, and make up for it?” Jensen was fluttering his long lashes and pouting his full lips, and Misha felt a little light-headed. How does the entire world not fall at his feet when he looks like that? he wondered.

“Well you know me, Jen.” Misha replied, hopping out of bed and going straight for Jensen’s duffle bag and removing his boxers and he heard Jensen’s hit the floor behind him. “I am a people pleaser.” Jensen laughed, rolling over on his side, propped up on his elbow to watch Misha. “People pleaser, huh? And here I was thinking that I was the only one you were pleasing.”

Jensen smirked against his lips. Jensen was a great top, he could make Misha come untouched every time if he tried hard enough, but he was also one of the sexiest bottoms that Misha had ever seen. He was all desperate noises and needy thrusting, and it was so perfect that he couldn’t even remember the last time his mind had wandered to thinking about sex with anyone else.

It wasn’t long before Misha was slowly sliding into his boyfriend’s heat. He lifted one of Jensen’s legs to place his ankle on his shoulder, and when he slid into the hilt, Jensen made the most sinful noise that Misha had to focus on not coming immediately. So what? He was ridiculously attracted to this man and the sounds he made. Misha smiled down at Jensen and bent down to bring their faces closer together as he began to thrust his hips.

“Shhh, babe.” He cooed. “Do you want your whole family to hear you?” Jensen bit his lip and shook his head, stifling a moan. Misha placed his thumb on Jensen’s chin and pulled his lip from his teeth, bring their mouths together again. “You’re so perfect.” Misha praised in between kisses. “So responsive and good for me.”

Misha smiled at him adoringly, snapping his hips faster as Jensen ran his fingers through his dark locks of hair, whimpering with need at the rougher pace. “Can’t believe you’re all mine. You gonna come for me?” Misha growled, feeling himself being winded tighter and tighter as he got closer. Jensen didn’t even have time to respond because his cock was spurting all over him, warm white lines painting both his stomach and Misha’s. Misha brought their lips together, kissing him through it, and barely got two thrusts further before he was spilling inside his boyfriend, their bodies impossibly close. He collapsed on top of Jensen unceremoniously without bothering to pull out and Jensen responded with an annoyed grunt. Misha suddenly chuckled to himself. “You know, I kinda wish I would have made a move on you years ago. I had more stamina then.”

Jensen kissed his temple and stroked his hair. “Yeah? Old age catching up to you? I think I see a few grey hairs.”

Misha scrunched up his nose. “Yeah, well, I’ll make sure Emily in hair and makeup gets fired. That’s the whole point of keeping my hair dyed.”

“Yeah, that and the fact that dark hair makes your eyes pop, and look all angelic for playing an angel of the Lord. And it would be weird seeing you with light hair after all these years.” Jensen continued to run his fingers through Misha’s hair lovingly, and Misha finally pulled out of him with a slight
wince. “That was a hell of a way to wake up in my old bedroom.” Jensen added, grinning.

“Yeah, well, I was having trouble going back to sleep.” Misha hummed, his eyes already closed and his breathing slower. Jensen just rolled his eyes. He kissed Misha’s forehead and readjusted himself so his arm wouldn’t fall asleep.

“Get some sleep, baby.”

Misha woke with a start a few hours later to a rooster alerting the entire house (and probably the dead too) that it was morning. Oh yeah. That’s right. I’m in Texas, on a ranch. He squinted at Jensen’s clock for a second time, noting that it was just a little after 6am.

Jensen was completely dead to the world, fucked out and sated. He wouldn’t be getting up for at least a few hours. Misha carefully crawled out of bed to take a piss, something in the back of his head nagging him. “If you really want to get on his good side, help him with the horses tomorrow.” Jensen’s words suddenly popped in his head. He relieved himself and washed his hand, towel drying them before peering out the blinds to the bathroom window. He could just make out the barn, most of it hidden by the rest of the house. He could see a cloud of dirt being kicked up and billowing out of the barn doors, and figured Alan most have already set to work on the horses. He scrubbed his hand over his face and scratched the stubble along his jaw. Alan probably didn’t want to see him. In fact, Misha knew that Alan didn’t want to see him. But he also knew that if there was any way that he could help patch things up between Jensen in his father, he had to. His own dad didn’t care who he was fucking as long as it was consensual, and had told him that in college, annoyed that Misha even felt the need to “come out” when his dad saw that he “looked the same at guys and girls” most of his life. The only reason Misha had told him was because he was fooling around with a guy at the time, and didn’t want to drop that on him…. a lot like Jensen had just done with his own father.

Misha had his mind made up in minutes. He quietly snuck out of the bedroom and down the hall to the guest bedroom where he had left his bag. He changed quickly, opting for jeans and a flannel, despite the heat, because that’s what he had seen people in movies wore while working on ranches. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and rolled his eyes at himself, tucking in his shirt and hoping it made him look more presentable. He finally gave up on his appearance and started to quietly creep his way through the house, wincing when a floorboard near Jensen’s door creaked.

By the time he got to the porch, he was already sweating and knew it didn’t have anything to do with the Texas heat. He rolled his options over in his mind, and really hoped Alan was angry enough to take a swing at him the moment he saw him. As he got closer to the barn, he could barely see Alan through the cloud of dust one of the horses was kicking up. Misha remembered Jensen talking about his mother’s horses, and he knew this was a mare named Hazel. Jensen had complained that she got antsy being tied, and would shuffle her hooves, kicking up so much dust that he wasn’t sure why they bothered grooming her at all.

As Misha approached, he really wished Jensen had told him more about the horses. He had no idea what he was doing, and had absolutely no plan. By the time he reached the barn doors, Alan had noticed him, and his brush-wielding hand paused on Hazel’s neck. She whinnied impatiently as Alan glared daggers through Misha. He gulped and cautiously approached the older man as he directed his eyes back to the mare.

“Good morning, Mr. Ackles.” He said softly. He figured it was back to speaking to his boyfriend’s dad formerly for the time being. Alan ignored him, and started running the brush over Hazel’s neck again. She snorted and kicked up more dirt. “Um…” Misha moved a little closer. “I couldn’t sleep. I
was wondering if you maybe wanted some help with the horses. You guys have four, right? I’m sure you could use some help.”

Alan just scoffed, returning the to the grooming caddy on the small wooden table next to him, and grabbing a different one for Hazel’s mane. Misha inched forward a little more. “Stop.” Alan suddenly said firmly. Misha froze, his blue eyes nervous and owlish and Alan turned to look at him. “You can’t just come up behind a horse like that. Their peripheral vision isn’t like ours. She’ll get spooked and kick the shit out of you.” Misha was surprised that Alan had warned him, because the tone of his voice made it abundantly clear that he had no problem letting Hazel give him a hoof shaped bruise across the face.

“Thanks.” Misha mumbled, making sure to give Hazel plenty of room as he walked around her. He shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans and watched Alan carefully, but he was already paying Misha no mind again. “Has she been fed yet? I could help with that.”

Alan slammed the brush down on the table. “Do you even know a damn thing about horses?” Misha tried to reply, but his mouth just opened and closes a few times. Alan sighed. “Misha, what are your intentions with my son?”

Misha blanched. Do people even ask that in real life? “I…wh-what do you mean, sir?”

Alan snorted. “Cut the ‘sir’ bullshit, Collins. Is this some kind of game they play in Hollywood? Try to make all the actors gay? Is it like hazing or something?”

If Misha wouldn’t have been so angry, he probably would have corrected Jensen’s father that they didn’t work in Hollywood, but it was taking a lot of effort to think before he spoke. “I’m still not sure what you’re asking.” If looks could kill, the one Alan was giving him would be a slow and painful death. “I love Jensen.” Misha added firmly, making sure his voice didn’t waver.

Alan dusted off his hands, a mocking snort escaping his lips. “Yeah, and you think pretty much any lady with a television doesn’t love him too?”

Misha really wanted to scream But he doesn’t want them, he wants me.” But his words fell short before reaching his mouth as they left his brain. “Why do you have such a problem with us?” Misha asked quietly. “Can’t you tell that we make each other happy?”

“Have you ever even bothered to pick up the bible?”

Misha froze. There it was. There was the reason that Alan had a problem with the being together. The Bible. And Misha couldn’t help it, he started laughing.

“I’m sorry, is there something funny about you dragging my son to Hell with you?” Alan spat.

“You really think Jensen and I would go to Hell just because we’re two men that love each other?”

“The bible says-“

“The bible also says that you’re not supposed to mark your body. Is MacKenzie going to Hell because she has a tattoo, and because her ears are pierced?” Alan tried to interrupt Misha but Misha kept going in. “It also says that you’re not supposed to wear clothes of two different fabric. Are you going to Hell because your pants are denim and your shirt is cotton?” Alan was gaping at him, his eyes slightly bulging out of his head. “What about the part of the bible that says you’re not supposed to judge people because it’s not your place? The part that says you’re supposed to love everyone? Or is it just convenient to forget about those parts, because for some reason it terrifies you that your son could be happy with someone that has the same anatomy as him?”
“Don’t you preach to me! You’re dragging him down a dangerous path!” Alan snarled.

Misha laughed humorlessly. He knew he needed to stop, needed to keep his mouth shut because he was making things worse, but he couldn’t bite his tongue. “I’m dragging him down a dangerous path? Jesus, you sound like I’m the local high school bully trying to peer pressure him into smoking pot. You think just because he likes dick that he’s going to do heroin next?” Alan’s face was so red, bordering on purple that Misha was pretty sure that Crayola didn’t even have a name for the color.

“You may like to get fucked like a whore, but my son doesn’t. My son is not gay.” Alan barked through gritted teeth.

“Actually, I’m not the only one getting fucked. We both do. We like to switch it up. It keeps things interesting. Jensen loves it.” Misha winked at him, and Alan took a few livid steps forward. Misha was sure Alan was going to hit him, but he didn’t care. This man didn’t deserve to even have Jensen as a son, and Misha was going to stand there and defend him, even if it meant getting beaten into a bloody pulp. “But you’re right. Jensen is not gay.” Alan stopped. His hands were balled into angry fists, and he was breathing so hard that his shoulders were rising and falling dramatically. “Sexuality is so much more than just a label, and so is love. Jensen isn’t gay. He’s still attracted to women, but that doesn’t make him any less attracted to me. And you wanna know how I know that? Because I listen to him. I care about him. I love him, and I want him to be happy. I would put his happiness before mine any day of the week. I’ll put it before trying to impress you, or get on your good side. Jensen is incredible. He’s so caring and selfless at times that it leaves me breathless. He’s not perfect, but not a single one of his flaws involves his sexuality. If you can’t accept that… you’re really, really missing out on what an amazing person your son is.” Misha meant every word of it so earnestly that he felt tears burning his eyes.

Alan’s shoulders had stopped heaving, the sincerity in Misha’s voice making his brain short circuit enough to distract him from wanting to kick Misha’s skull in. “I… I don’t understand how he can chose to want to sleep with men.” Alan finally responded bitterly.

“Probably. Not that he would have accepted it, growing up seeing how you felt about it.” Misha crossed his arms over his chest, and he suddenly felt bad for Alan. Sure, Alan was a homophobic asshole that had just been seconds from knocking his lights out, but Misha was a smart man, and he knew that hatred was taught behavior. No one was born being racist, sexist, homophobic, or having any hate like that in their heart. It was hatred that was taught, and often passed down through generations of people not being properly educated on those that are different from them. It broke Misha’s heart. “He’s still your son. Nothing about him has changed.”

Alan sighed. “That’s where you’re wrong.” Misha raised a questioning eyebrow at him, and though he was still staring at the ground and couldn’t see it, he continued. “He has changed.” He finally raised his eyes to meet Misha’s. “He’s different. He seems… more comfortable. Happier. That because of you?”

Misha couldn’t help that his lips curved up around the edges just a little. “I sure hope so.”

Alan rubbed a hand across the back of his neck, much like Jensen did when he felt nervous. His eyes darted everywhere except on Misha, and finally rested on a bucket. “You see that bucket? Fill it with
water. The horses will need fresh water. It’s gonna be hot out today.” He said it so quietly that Misha barely heard him, but he smiled and grabbed the bucket anyway.

Roughly two hours later, Misha was making his way towards the upstairs bathroom to wash the dirt, horse hair, and grime off of him. Alan hadn’t said much as they cared for the horses, and when he did it was only random facts about each horse. He didn’t mention Jensen, or the relationship Misha had with him. If Misha wasn’t still slightly worried Alan wanted to kick his ass, he would almost say it was nice.

When Misha passed Jensen’s bedroom, he was surprised to hear Jensen’s voice floating through the door, worried and urgent. Misha frowned and opened the door. Jensen was pacing, his cell phone held to his ear while his other hand ran through his hair, pulling at the short strands. He spun around as soon as the door opened, relief flooding his expression.

“It’s okay, Hayley. I’m okay.” He croaked, looking at Misha unblinkingly. “He’s here. Th-thank you.” Jensen hung up on the phone and tossed it on the bed, still not taking his eyes off Misha.

“Hayley? Your therapist?” Misha asked curiously.

Jensen nodded. “I… I thought you left.” He muttered breathily. Misha opened his mouth to reply, but Jensen swarmed him, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend and burrowing his face in the crook of his neck. Misha huffed out a surprised sound and hugged him back. When Jensen pulled away, he hit Misha on the arm with no real force behind and scrunched up his nose. “Where have you been? You smell like shit.”

Misha beamed. “I was helping your dad… with the horses…”

“Get the fuck out! Seriously?! What happened?”

“It’s a long story. How about you join me in the shower and I tell you about it?”

Alan continued to keep a respectable distance away from Misha and Jensen for the rest of the day. Jensen was a little upset by it, but Misha convinced him that any progress was good progress, and strong opinions didn’t fully change overnight. Jensen shrugged it off with a grin, and told Misha that he wanted to show him what Texas had to offer.

Texas really didn’t have much to offer than any other state did, but Misha didn’t object that night when Jensen suggested that they go out and experience the night life. It would give Alan some time away from them to think. Misha wasn’t the biggest fan of beer, but Jensen was fully convinced that they had the best selection of beer in the entire country, and Misha couldn’t say no to the excited sparkle in those pretty green eyes.

Misha was not a fan of the bar they were at. It was called the Thirsty Pioneer, and was so typically southern that it almost made his cringe. It was packed, shoulder to shoulder with women in Daisy Duke shorts and cowboy boots. The men didn’t fare much better, with shiny belt buckles and a few even had cowboy hats. There was even a mechanical bull in one corner. Misha chuckled as Jensen
held his hand, pulling him through the crowd to the bar. This was the world his boyfriend was from, and it would never stop amusing him.

The country music was too loud, and Misha didn’t know the song. Granted, he didn’t know a lot of country songs, but he already felt out of place. Jensen said something over the music that Misha thought was “wait here” and so Misha leaned against an unused pool table just to have something to do. He sucked at pool, and really hoped no one thought this was him waiting for someone to challenge him to a game. He checked the time on his phone tentatively and squinted through the crowd, the bar seemed crowded, and he hoped that the bartender would recognize Jensen so it wouldn’t take him long to get their drinks. He would need a few before he felt comfortable in a crowd like this. The south was so unlike what he was used to.

A girl was being dragged by her friend through the crowd a little too close to Misha and he stood up straighter so that she wouldn’t trip over his feet, but he moved too slow and she tripped anyway. He managed to catch her, but her strong, pink drink splashed all over her.

“Oh my god! Stacey you’re such a klutz.” Her friend admonished. “I’ll go get you some paper towels.”

“I’m so sorry!” Stacey said loudly over the music. “I’m on my fifth one of these bad boys!” She raised the martini glass that was now mostly empty. Misha grinned at her. She was cute. Probably just a few years younger than Jensen. Her hair was a natural blonde that she wore half up, and she had sparkly eyeshadow that didn’t bother to dull her bright blue eyes, though the glitter was all over her face. If Misha wasn’t with Jensen, he would have been all over it, though glitter was a pain and always made it look like you fucked a fairy instead of a real human being.

“It’s okay!” Misha said, leaning in close so that he could hear her. “The prettiest girls are always the clumsiest!” She giggled and bat her eyelashes at him and shot him a wink before walking off to find her friend.

“Did that actually ever work on woman?” Misha hadn’t even realized Jensen had come up next to him, holding two beers. Misha observed him carefully. He didn’t seem mad.

“It did, actually. Women are a lot easier to flirt with than men.” Misha winked at him and Jensen rolled his eyes, handing him his beer.

“I’m gonna continue thinking it’s your good looks, because you have zero charm.”

“Oh yeah? It got you didn’t it?”

Jensen smiled and kissed him on the cheek. “That it did, baby. But that’s because I already knew you. You didn’t have a snowball’s chance in hell if we’re talking about one night stands.”

Misha took a sip of his beer, peering up over the rim of the glass with humor in his eyes. “I never wanted that with you. Always wanted more.”

“That didn’t bother you?” Misha asked curiously.

Jensen shrugged a little tightly. “You’re a flirt. I don’t expect you to only flirt with me for the rest of your life.”

Misha placed his beer on the pool table so that he could pull Jensen in for a kiss. “God I fucking love
y.” He muttered against Jensen’s lips.

Jensen smiled and gave him another quick peck. “Love you the most, Mish.” He narrowed his eyes a little. “Just don’t over do it.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” Misha replied with a wink.

Misha was very, very drunk. He hadn’t planned to be, but Jensen had found a beer that tasted really earthy, and after the first one, Misha actually liked it. Whenever it was time to get a refill, Jensen always led him back to the pool table, and Misha was starting to have the sneaking suspicion it was to keep an eye on him since it was so close to the bar. Okay, so maybe Misha was a silly, touchy-feely drunk and it had to potential to get him in trouble, especially since quite a few people had recognized them.

Jensen wasn’t quite as drunk as Misha, and Misha felt like a total lightweight. The room was spinning slightly and he pushed himself up to sit on the edge of pool table since the people that had been playing it minutes before had ended their game and didn’t seem interested in playing another one.

Jensen was taking far too long at the bar, and so Misha scanned the crowd surrounding it to see if he could see him. Jensen was nowhere to be seen, but Misha did spot Stacey, the girl from earlier. Misha grinned. Why not have a little fun? He hopped off of the pool table and made his way through the crowd of bodies. Stacey was flirting with the bartender, and based on how he was ignoring the tons of other people trying to flag him down for a drink, he was just as into her as she was into him. Misha had no intention to cock block, but Jensen was somewhere taking forever and he was bored and drunk and giggly.

“Hey there, gorgeous. Did you finally get cleaned up? Let me buy you a drink since it was my fault you got all wet.” Misha said, plastered on a drunk, slightly lopsided grin.

“Oh! You’re the guy from earlier! With like the super blue eyes!” Stacey exclaimed. Misha laughed while the bartender narrowed his eyes at him. Misha motioned to Stacey’s drink and held up a finger, motioning for him to bring out another one of the sickly pink concoctions.

Misha leaned against the bar and flirted with Stacey while the bartender (Miles, he learned) made Stacey’s drink. By the time Stacey’s friend has reappeared from her adventure to the bathroom, Misha realized that this wasn’t nearly as fun as he thought it would be. He figured Stacey would have been more interested in Miles since he was closer to her age, and very attractive, but it wasn’t long before she was leaning in too close and touching him too often. Her friend was even shooting him winks and doing the same.

A younger, less mature Misha would have dragged them both into the closest bathroom and had a threesome with them, and not regretted a single moment of it. But Misha had no interest in it, and kept wondering where his boyfriend was. That didn’t mean Miles couldn’t have a little fun with them though.

“Hey, Miles!” Misha called trying to flag him down now that the crowd surrounding the bar had died down some. Miles walked over, cleaning a beer glass, all strong jaw line and broad shoulders. “I wasn’t trying to cramp you style, buddy. Just wanted to be a gentlemen and buy the pretty lady a drink because I owed her one.” He heard Stacey whine in protest beside him, but ignored it.
“Oh, okay.” Miles replied, the tension in his facial expression easing a little. He turned to the two ladies, plastering on a grin that was all dimples. And damn, younger Misha would have probably asked him to join in on a threesome too. “Well, what am I supposed to do now that I have the attention of not one, but two gorgeous women?” He winked at them both, and they both giggled and batted their eyelashes.

“Why not take them both home?” Misha said. “Threesomes can be just as fucking amazing as you think they are.” All three of them looked a little startled at the declaration, but none of them looked disinterested. Misha smirked and slapped a bill on the bar to pay for Stacey’s drink, and turned around, bumping directly into Jensen. “Hey, babe. There you are.” Misha hummed, pleased to finally see his boyfriend. Miles had already enraptured the attention of his lady friends again.

“The line to the bathroom was ridiculous. Jesus. It took longer than the line to the ladies room. I think someone was in there jerking it.” Jensen quipped, causing Misha to immediately burst into laughter. Jensen gave him a strange look that Misha couldn’t quite place.

“You okay, Jen?”

“Yeah…I’m fine… I’m just gonna grab us a couple of drinks and then we can leave.” He wasn’t meeting Misha’s eyes, and Misha wondered if maybe he had pushed his flirting a little too hard.

“Uh, okay. I’m just gonna take a leak now that the line isn’t there.” Misha muttered, eyeing the bathroom. He really, really hoped he hadn’t pissed Jensen off. He knew him too well to not think that Jensen had been standing behind him for a while before he bumped into him.

When Misha came out of the bathroom Jensen was the one hanging out by the pool table, but he was holding two glasses of water instead of two beers, his tell-tale sign that he was reading to call it a night. “Really? It’s not even that late.”

Jensen handed him the water and kissed him sweetly, though his disposition was still off. “Yeah, but tomorrow is our last day down here, and I want us to get up early. I’m already gonna have trouble getting your drunk ass up tomorrow.” Misha just smiled.

“Yeah, well, the music here sucks anyway.”

“Not all country music sucks.” Jensen said, frowning.

“Uh huh. Sure, cowboy.” Misha said winking. He hopped up so that he was sitting on the unused pool table again. He took a sip of his water, and based on how good it tasted, knew he would be thanking Jensen in the morning. Jensen abruptly pushed his way through Misha’s legs that were dangling over the pool table, and kissed him deeply. “Mmm. What’s that all about?” Misha hummed when he pulled away.

“Thank you, Misha. For everything. For never giving up on me. For giving me a second chance. For loving me despite my flaws. For sticking up for me against my dad…” Jensen’s eyes were misty and so Misha leaned in to kiss him again.

“Who’s the drunk one now?” Misha giggled, cupping Jensen’s face. Jensen glared and opened his mouth to say something. “I’m kidding. And thank you for all that you do for me, Jen. Let’s go home.”

They finished off their glasses and went outside to call for an Uber. Jensen pulled up the app on his phone and Misha shoved his shoulder into Jensen’s playfully. “Wanna tell me what’s up?” He asked, a little nervous. Jensen frowned deeply, finishing filling out the information that he needed to get
them a ride. He pocketed his phone and took a deep breath.

“I forgot you used to…do that.” Jensen said, carefully keeping his voice blank. Misha raised his eyebrows. “Threesomes. I mean, you’ve told me all these crazy stories about your life, but sometimes I forget how…adventurous you are.”

Misha was confused. “Um, I’m not sure where you’re going with this.”

Jensen bit his lip, his facade falling apart. “Is that something you…? Because I honestly don’t want to share you but if that’s something I need to do to make you stay-“

“Whoa! Slow down, Jen.” Misha said, startled. Jensen looked down, a flighty expression on his face. Misha sighed sadly, raising a hand to cup Jensen’s face and smooth his thumb across his cheek. “Babe, look at me.” Jensen’s eyes flicked closed for a moment before looking at Misha. “Are you asking me if being with just you is enough?” Jensen slowly nodded, fear showing in his eyes. Misha pulled him in, bringing their lips together for a chaste kiss. “Yes, Jensen. Sex with you is enough. You are enough.” Jensen didn’t look convinced. “Listen, I’ve had a pretty…adventurous sex life. And don’t get me wrong, it was fan-fucking-tastic while it lasted. But I don’t want that anymore. All I want is you.”

“Do you really mean that?” Jensen asked softly. Misha couldn’t help but think of how MacKenzie had told him how a few shitty lovers had left Jensen with so much doubt.

“I mean it more than anything.”

Jensen wrapped his arms around Misha and kissed him until the Uber driver showed up and started beeping his horn.

By the time they got into Jensen’s bedroom and the door was closed behind them, Misha was more sober, though still very much tipsy. He was ready to brush his teeth and crawl into bed, but Jensen was very handsy and needy, and he didn’t mind until music started playing from Jensen’s back pocket. Jensen dropped his head against Misha’s shoulder and groaned.

“My Pandora account has been glitching out and randomly starts playing if I played it earlier.” He explained, reaching for his phone.

“Is that country music?” Misha asked judgmentally.

“As a matter of fact, it is.” Jensen said laughing. He went to exit out of the app, but paused and looked up at Misha, his eyes soft.

“What?” Misha tilted his head curiously. Instead of exiting out of the app, Jensen placed his phone on his dresser, allowing the music to continue playing. He grabbed Misha’s arms and placed them so that Misha had to wrap them around his boyfriend’s neck. Jensen smiled shyly and grabbed Misha’s hips, swaying them slightly. “Are you…dancing with me?” Misha asked, unable to hide the smile. His smile only widened when Jensen blushed and nodded. Misha opened his mouth to say something else, but Jensen interrupted him, singing along to the song as he spun Misha around much to his surprise.

“I’ll never settle down, that’s what I always thought. Yeah, I was that kind of man, just ask anyone. I don’t dance, but here I am, spinning you round and round in circles. It ain’t my style, but I don’t care. I would do anything with you anywhere. Guess you got me in the palm of your hand, cause I
don’t dance. Love’s never come my way. I’ve never been this far, but you took these two left feet, and waltz away with my heart. I don’t dance, but here I am, spinning you round and round in circles. It ain’t my style, but I don’t care, I would do anything with you anywere.”

Misha was completely surprised he was managing to stay upright, because he was completely melting under Jensen’s touch and voice. There were many moments throughout their relationship when Misha knew that this was it for him. He would never be able to love someone like he loved Jensen. He would never be happier with anyone else. And every time he thought he couldn’t fall more in love, his boyfriend surprised him.

Chapter End Notes

For those of your that were worried about me saying we would see a different side of Misha, see, it wasn't too bad, was it? All I meant was that he was going to be the one standing up for Jensen this time around. I also wanted to drop a little hint at threesomes as an ode to Vicki. ;)

The song that Jensen is singing to is "I Don't Dance" by Lee Brice. I'm personally not the biggest country fan in the least, but I think this song is so incredibly sweet and wanted to add it to my fic at some point because these dorks are so in love.

I have a little message after the gifs, but for now, let's get to those.

This gif was my inspiration for Misha getting dressed to help with the horses, because boyyyyy.

Also, you guys know how I just love to take things from real life and toss them into this fic. There's a gif of Jensen pouting and walking off stage when being asked to dance
(that I'm currently working on finding, it's save somewhere), but after meeting Misha, this is him being asked to dance:

So that's why I felt the song "I Don't Dance" was perfect for their relationship.

On a side note personal level, I've been struggling. My phone is shattered and only works some of the time, and I'm still struggling to pay bills. I've also been couch surfing here lately. I don't want to go into any of the gory details without being asked, but I've made a go fund me that can be found [here](http://example.com). You guys know how much I hate asking for help, but I'm just in a bad place right now. I'm sorry for posting about my personal life. Thank you. <3
I’m back! I hope you’re all doing well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There were many times throughout their relationship that Jensen realized he would do anything for Misha. As they were hiking in Texas heat, was one of those times. Misha had somehow convinced Jensen to spend their last morning in Texas hiking a local trail, and Jensen regretted everything.

“All I wanted was to spend our last morning here cuddled up in bed, sharing sleepy kisses.” Jensen whined dramatically, dragging his feet a couple of yards behind Misha. Jensen felt like death, and Misha was just barely breaking a sweat. Jensen really regretted turning him down every single time he tried to get him to join one of his morning jogs.

“Yeah, well we drank a lot last night. We should do something good for our bodies.” Misha replied, stopping to take his water bottle out of a backpack they had bought from the store that morning. Jensen caught up to him and bended down to place his hands on his knees, catching his breath. He would not be here right now if Misha hadn’t bribed him with an amazing breakfast from his favorite diner, and an even better blowjob.

“it’s too hot. You’re a mad man.” Jensen whined, taking the bottle of water when Misha handed it to him.

Misha shrugged noncommittedly. “The heat here is a lot worse than further up north, huh? Do you ever miss it here?” He sat down on a wooden bench that had been placed next to the path. It looked like it hadn’t been used in years.

Jensen flopped down next to him dramatically. “Honestly? Very rarely. I miss eating at the diner we ate at this morning, and I miss some of the stores and I miss my family… but I’ve gotten used to not living in Texas anymore.” He had the urge to kiss Misha, but didn’t have the energy. “I’ve gotten used to how life is in Canada, with you.”

Misha smiled at him sweetly and rummaged through his backpack, handing Jensen a small bottle of hand sanitizer and an individual package of energy trail mix. “Okay there, tough guy. Eat something before you pass out.”

Jensen turned the package over in his hand. “Ughhh thank you. You even got the kind that has M&M’s in it. I knew there was a reason I’m dating you.” Misha rolled his eyes. He wasn’t hungry yet, but he knew Jensen wasn’t used to this kind of physical activity, and Jensen was always hungry.

They shared a few moments of pleasant silence, watching a few birds sing overhead and a squirrel zip past them and up a close by tree. “What time do we need to be back at your parents for dinner?” Misha asked, remembering that Donna had insisted that they have a large dinner before Misha and Jensen had to catch their flight back that night.

“Not until seven, baby.” Jensen mumbled sleepily. He looked down at his watch. “And it’s only 9am, because you want me to suffer. Can we turn back now?”
Misha pulled a map out of his backpack and Jensen rolled his eyes. *My boyfriend is a freakin’ boy scout...and I'm the one with all the eagle scout awards.* “Can you hold on for a little longer, Jen? The top of the trail isn’t far from here, and then the rest is downhill and wraps back around to where we started out.”

Jensen huffed. “*I guess.*” Misha leaned over to kiss him on the forehead and give a pleased hum.

“You’re doing so well, babe. You would probably do better if you would actually go on jogs with me.”

“Jared tried to get me to work out with him for years, Mish. You’re lucky you got me to go hiking.”

Misha just laughed and started cramming everything back into his backpack. He stood up and stretched before reaching his arm out to help Jensen to his feet, ignoring Jensen’s protests and whining.

It only took them around ten more minutes to get to the point where the rest of the trail started going down hill, but in that ten minutes, Jensen could have sworn it got so much hotter. Misha looked over at him and frowned. “You alright, babe?” Jensen shrugged. It was too hot to speak. Misha grabbed his arm to stop him. “Do you need water? Should we stop?”

“Fun? What could possibly be fun in the middle of a forest, Mish? You’re gonna get us lost.”

“I will not. I know exactly where I’m going.”

A few minutes later, Jensen spotted why Misha was dragging him in this direction. There was a small lake up ahead, and it was gorgeous. The sun was sitting in the sky at the perfect position to catch the water, making the little rippling waves from a slight breeze sparkle like diamonds. The vegetation around the lake was particularly green, and wild flowers grew near the bank in a wide array of colors. Misha’s face immediately lit up at the sight, and Jensen couldn’t help the smile on his face or the warmth blooming in his chest. *He thinks the view is beautiful, he doesn’t know he’s the beautiful one.* Jensen thought, the cheesy idea only making the warmth in his chest spread further.

Misha let go of his hand, heading towards a tree that had a rope swing on it. He dropped his backpack and reached for the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head.

“What are you doing?” Jensen asked, out of breath. And it had nothing to do with being out of shape. Misha’s miles of tanned skin should be illegal.

Misha shrugged nonchalantly, but there was a smirk on his face. “You were right. It’s hot. We should cool off.” He kicked his shoes off, stumbling slightly when he went to take his socks off. He then reached for his shorts. He then didn’t hesitate to pull off both his basketball shorts, and boxers.
“Mish!” Jensen hissed, looking around wildly. “What if someone comes up?” Jensen wasn’t sure if he would be more upset because he would be embarrassed or someone else would be seeing his sexy as hell boyfriend naked.

“We’re in the middle of nowhere Jensen. Have you ever been skinny dipping?” He didn’t give Jensen time to respond before he was wading into the lake. A pleased sigh escaped his lips as soon as he was in far enough to lean back and push off of the bank, floating further into the water on his back. He closed his eyes and smiled, as if swimming naked in a public area was completely normal. “C’mon, babe.” He called.

Jensen worried his lip for a few moments before quickly stripping his own clothes. This time last year there’s no way in hell he would be skinny dipping. In fact, he could still hear Kelly’s voice in his head warning him about bad publicity, and keeping his nose clean. Jensen was pretty sure she was quickly going grey being the manager of someone dating Misha Collins.

Jensen had to one-up Misha, and cannon balled into the water using the rope swing. Misha grinned and wiped the water out of his eyes, swimming over to Jensen and pulling him in for a kiss. Jensen smiled against his lips, their legs nudging each other underwater while they stayed afloat.

“My ex-girlfriend in high school tried to get me to go skinny dipping. It may have even been in this very lake.” Jensen muttered, squinting around. “She never could. After prom night, it was like this tradition to get drunk, strip down, and go swimming. She wasn’t too happy that I chickened out. She ended up kissing someone from the rival high school’s football team that night. Apparently, he knew how to have fun, I didn’t.”

Misha frowned. “Yeah, it may take you awhile to come out of your shell, and you’re not exactly the most adventurous person I know, but that wasn’t an excuse to cheat on you.”

To Misha’s surprise, Jensen laughed. “I wasn’t too upset about it.” He grinned. “Man, you’re quick to defend my honor, huh?”

Misha pouted. “I don’t know how anyone could possibly cheat on you. I could understand why someone could kill you, but not cheat on you.” Jensen just laughed and splashed him. He was right. Cooling off was a good idea.

A little over half an hour later, it took a lot of convincing and bribing to stop a very irate park ranger from calling the cops for their indecent exposure.

After a quick shower when they got back to the Ackles’ house, Misha admitted that he had promised to get a cheesy souvenir for his brother Sasha, and they went to a shopping strip to look for anything ugly and obnoxious proudly brandishing the word “Texas” on it. Mackenzie and Josh joined them, but drove a separate car, and Jensen was quietly thankful about it. As much as he had missed his family, this was also like a mini vacation for he and Misha. Alexandra was getting ready to pop, and he knew when they got home, he and Misha would have to sit down and discuss a lot of things pertaining to the baby. Jensen had been dying to ask him for a long time now, but didn’t want to kill the honeymoon phase that they had fallen back into. But Jensen was realistic, and they couldn’t stay on cloud nine forever. Riley would be on her way very soon.
Misha kept Mackenzie and Josh laughing the entire time, almost to the point of tears, in one of the gift shops on the strip. Jensen just stayed back and let him, smiling adoringly at the love of his life that was winning his family over just as quickly as he himself had been won over. They stopped at a restaurant for a light lunch, and almost got kicked out when Josh laughed so hard at a joke that beer spewed out of his nose and onto their waitress.

But it wasn’t long before both of the Ackles siblings noticed sweet glances shared between Jensen and Misha, and both made an excuse as to why they needed to be home. Josh promised to pick up a case of IPA and Mackenzie lectured them on not being late for dinner before heading out, but not before Jensen insisted on paying for lunch. He looked across the table at Misha over his glass, all soft smiles and sparkling eyes after they were alone.

“My brother and sister adore you.” He said softly, putting his glass down. “And I’m pretty sure my mom would try to get into your pants if she wasn’t with dad.”

Misha laughed. “Let’s not give your dad another reason to hate me, deal? Even though your mom is pretty hot….” Jensen kicked him under the table pointedly and he giggled before taking a sip of his water.

“You know, when you went to the bathroom, they asked me if we had gotten married behind everyone’s backs. Josh and Mackenzie I mean.” Jensen muttered, and Misha choked on his drink slightly. “They noticed the rings. Thought maybe we had tied the knot at a courthouse somewhere in Canada.”

“And what did you say?” Misha asked softly.

Jensen smiled. “I told them I would never want marrying you to be a secret, but should have done it years ago.” Jensen smile widened when he saw the blush spread across Misha’s cheeks in the dull restaurant light. He really wished the table wasn’t between them so that he could lean in for a kiss. “What do you say we get out of here? There’s an arcade a couple of building down. I’ve been meaning to kick your ass at air hockey.”

“Does the arcade have prizes?”

“Of course, baby. They still have the classic ticket system. Why?”

Misha grinned. “You won me a teddy bear. It’s my turn to win you something.”

“But being in love with you is the best prize of all.”

Misha rolled his eyes so hard it was almost audible.

The arcade had a shooting game much like the one at the fair, and between growing up near the arcade and shooting real guns, it explained Jensen’s teddy bear winning skills. Unfortunately, Misha wasn’t any good at arcade games. He bent down to pick up the two measly ticket that a ball tossing game spit out, and Jensen tried really hard not to laugh at him.

“Misha… you don’t have to win me anything. The cheapest thing in the gift exchange is like 300 tickets. We’re gonna miss our flight tonight at this rate.” Jensen said softly. Misha shot him a look that could kill and Jensen raised his hand with a placated sigh. He grabbed Misha’s waist and tried to haul him in for a kiss but Misha wiggled out of his grip dramatically.
“No way I’m kissing you when you’ve spent this entire time making fun of me.” He pouted, shoving the two tickets deep in his pocket. He spun around, searching for another game to play. Jensen caught up to him, snaking his own hand around Misha’s and intertwining their fingers. Misha tried to pull away but Jensen just gripped his hand tighter and Misha deflated.

“At least play something you haven’t played yet.” He led Misha to a game that required you to stack blocks that moved across the screen that got faster and faster as the stack got higher. Misha put a few quarters in the coin slot and it wasn’t long before Jensen was smiling genuinely, because Misha actually wasn’t awful at it. He snuck an arm around Misha’s waist and kissed him on the cheek.

“You’re ruining my concentration!” he grumped. Jensen just grinned.

“Fine. I’ll be playing House of the Dead 2, grumpy.”

Jensen was only able to get the third chapter of House of the Dead 2 before he died, and was surprised he made it that far without a player two. He had intentionally chosen a game that didn’t provide tickets because apparently winning a prize was really important to Misha, and he didn’t want to show him up. He walked back over to the block stacking game, but Misha wasn’t there. Then, a few women recognized him. Jensen politely autographed a phone case, even more politely declined signing someone’s rack, and took a few pictures while the women gushed about him and his performance as Dean. Jensen thanked them, but kept glancing around looking for Misha. He finally caught sight of him a couple of yards away, and sighed in relief. Misha was watching him, looking incredibly amused.

“If you ladies don’t mind, I gotta find Misha. Thank you so much though.” He ignored the chorus of “Aww!” and walked over to Misha who was leaning against the wall, grinning from ear to ear.

Jensen narrowed his eyes at him. “Did you sick those fans on me?”

“Well, they had already gotten their fill of the blue-eyed angel. Figured I’d send them over to you.” Misha’s eyes sparkled with mirth.

“Did you know that one of them wanted me to autograph her boobs?”

“Feeling up on fans, and being spotted without me? I’m sure the rumors of an affair are already circulating and we’re not even married yet.”

Jensen laughed and took advantage of Misha’s amusement, grabbing his shirt and pulling him close to kiss him. “Someone’s in a better mood.” He muttered against his lips. Misha’s eyes lit up, and he reached in his pocket.

“That’s because I won this!” He held his hand out and opened it, revealing an ugly, poorly painted, sock monkey pencil topper. Misha reached for Jensen’s hand and smacked the topper in his palm.

“Oh baby…it’s perfect.” Jensen said sincerely, his eyes crinkling happily as he choked the words out through laughter. Misha grinned and wrapped his arms around Jensen’s neck, practically jumping into his arms to kiss him. Jensen didn’t have a single protesting bone in his body. He shoved the pencil topper in his pocket and wrapped his arms around Misha, kissing him back with fervor, his hands wandering Misha’s back. Jensen could hear giggling near by, and he was pretty sure it was the fans from earlier but he didn’t care. He also didn’t care that Misha had probably spend well over $40 in change on games just to get enough tickets to buy a pencil topper that was probably made for ten cents. He didn’t care that they were in the south and he knew there was at least one person in this arcade that was probably looking at them in disgust. All he cared about is that this was his. What he had with Misha was his, and nothing could ever change that or make it falter.
Jensen couldn’t help the smile that broke their kiss. “Maybe we should just get married while we’re here. Like just go to the courthouse right now.” Misha shook his head but gave him a sweet smile.

“Do you know how many people would kill us if we tied the knot without inviting them? Even if it was at a courthouse. And they would all have to get in line behind Jared and Gen.”

Jensen laughed. “I guess you’re right.” Misha smiled up at him sweetly and Jensen melted. “I just really can’t wait to marry my best friend. And I know that this is something we’ll have to put on the back burner once Riley is in the picture. And I’m okay with that, I really am… it’s just…” he trailed off.

“You’re worried that it’s going to change things. And it will, Jensen. Riley is going to change everything. That doesn’t mean it’s a change that we can’t handle, because I know that we can. I don’t want us to rush into a wedding. I don’t care if it’s at a courthouse or a venue or a church. I don’t care if it takes an officiator and a few minutes, or if it takes us months to plan. I just don’t want us to rush because we feel like it’s going to put this seal on our relationship, and keep it safe from any change. I don’t need a document from the government acknowledging my love for you until we’re both ready, and the time is right. I’ve known for a very, very long time that I will never stop loving you and I’ll never give up on you. We can take this at our own pace.”

“Fuck, Mish…” Jensen mumbled, grabbing Misha’s face and cradling it in his hands, his thumbs gently stroking his cheeks before bringing him in for a kiss. “Fuck…I love you so much…” And Jensen did. There were times when he was so overwhelmed with love for Misha that he had no idea how his heart hadn’t burst yet, how it didn’t break clean through his ribs and explode. It was like drowning and taking a breath of fresh air at the same exact time. Jensen leaned forward, pressing slow, soft kisses to Misha’s lips. Misha was looking at him curiously, as if even after all this time he didn’t understand why Jensen was completely head over heels for him. Jensen just continued the sweet, chaste kisses, and if they were alone, Jensen was pretty sure that he would have lifted Misha up on the nearest pinball machine and made love to him right there.

In another life, or even a different time in this one, Jensen knew that he might find himself of wondering if this was just some sort of sappy puppy love. Even after overcoming a break up and plenty of bumps in the road, he often felt like their relationship was too perfect, and that there was no way he deserved the man in front of him. But Jensen knew this was the real thing because it was his best friend that he was in love with. Sure, Jared was Jensen’s best friend too. But Jared was the best friend that Jensen drank and watches sports with, the best friend that he played golf with and went on random errands with just to have his presence around. Misha on the other hand… Misha was the best friend that invaded his senses in all of the best possible ways. Misha was the one that made him laugh to the point of tears, just because his delivery of a joke was just so very Misha. Misha was the one he wanted to lie in bed with all night, tracing designs on each other’s skin with gentle fingers while they discussed their dreams and future. Misha was the one who had made his black and white world a multi colored burst of love and adventure.

Jensen wasn’t sure he believed in fate. He wasn’t sure if he believed in soulmates. But he knew he believed that Misha Collins was made for him.
not being so bad at all.

“Are you sure you can’t stay longer, sweetie?” Donna asked, her cheeks tinted a light red from a little wine and a lot of laughter.

“Sorry, mama. We have to get back, but at least I waited for the latest flight out tonight.”

“Well I’m sure glad you did.” She smiled at her son lovingly before redirecting her attention to Misha. “And I’m so glad I finally got to meet you and see your handsome face in person!” Misha blushed a little and Jensen nudged him playfully with his elbow.

“I was such a pleasure getting to meet you all.” Misha replied, almost shyly, passing his eyes to all of the members of the Ackles family. No one commented on how the experience could have been more pleasurable had their first dinner panned out differently.

“It was nice meeting you too, Misha.” Alan said. The room went quiet, and the sound of forks scraping against plates even stopped. Alan wasn’t looking directly at Misha, but was concentrating on a napkin to the left of his plate. When he finally looked up, it was at Jensen. “Thank you for introducing your… your boyfriend to us, son.” The emotion wasn’t quite there, it almost sounded like Alan had rehearsed this in front of the mirror a million times, or even more likely, Donna had made him rehearse it before dinner. But it was something. Jensen and Misha both exchanged a look that was all shock and disbelief.

“N-no problem, dad.” Jensen knew that if he waited long enough, the dinner would slowly slip back into a pleasant affair, all he had to do was keep his mouth shut. But he was tired of keeping secrets. “Listen… so, um, there’s something else I need to tell you guys.” Alan’s jaw was set tensely as he leaned back in his chair. Donna set her wine glass down. Josh and Mackenzie both leaned forward on their elbows curiously. Misha looked at him with almost pleading eyes.

Jensen thought about how to bring up Riley. He wanted to do it in a way that wouldn’t make Misha the center of attention, and he wanted to bring it up as casually as possible. He grabbed Misha’s hand under the table, and Misha didn’t hesitate to tangle their fingers together, his big blue eyes wide in fear. “As you all understand by now… things are really serious between Misha and me.” He couldn’t resist the urge to lean in and kiss Misha’s temple softly before pulling back to look at his family. “And, um, I guess I’ll be blunt about this. We’re gonna be dads soon.” He looked over at Misha and he shot him a bewildered look, obviously fully expecting that Jensen would simply say that it was Misha that had a baby on the way. Jensen grinned at him. We’re in this together, Mish.

Before Jensen could even look back at his family, a high pitched scream pierced the room. Jensen looked at his mother in bewilderment. “I’m gonna be a grandma!” She squealed, clapping her hands together. “Oh sweetie, tell me everything!”

“Is it a girl? Please tell me it’s a girl!” Mackenzie said, practically bouncing up and down in her chair.

“Hell yeah! I get to be an uncle.” Josh exclaimed, high fiving Mackenzie and giving her a knowing look. Jensen idly wondered if there was some sort of ongoing bet between them involving his and Misha’s relationship.

Alan cleared his throat, and everyone stopped what they were doing, the excited smiled on their face dropping. Alan smiled, and even though it looked a little forced, she said “Congratulations, Jensen. You too, Misha.”

And while it was clear that Alan wasn’t quite ready to fully accept the changes in his son’s life, it
was abundantly clear that he was trying, and Jensen couldn’t ask for more. Words absolutely could not describe how full his heart was to know that his family was supportive of the family he and Misha were going to have together.

Many exhausting hours later, Jensen and Misha were finally curled up in their own bed back in Vancouver. Jensen was on his back and Misha was curled against his side, peppering kisses to every inch of skin that his lips could reach. Jensen closed his eyes and relished in it, slowly slipping into sleep.

The kisses suddenly stopped, and Misha’s voice penetrated the silence in the room, small and unsure. “You didn’t have to do that today, Jen.”

Jensen smiled as Misha nuzzled against his bare chest. Technically that had been yesterday. It was at least 3am by now. “Do what?” He asked, playing dumb.

Misha huffed at sat up, his expression very serious. “You didn’t have to say that we are having a kid. I’m gonna be the one who’s going to be a dad.” There was a small frown on Misha’s face and Jensen returned it. Misha was trying to give him an out, trying to give him room to run away from all of this.

But Jensen didn’t want to. Not even a little bit.

“You’re the love of my life, Mish. If you’re gonna be a dad, so am I. We’re in this together.” Misha dropped his gaze and played with a little piece of fuzz on the comforter. Jensen nudged him under the covers with his foot. “We’re in this together, baby. Til the end.” He added when Misha finally looked up.

Misha smiled weakly. “You don’t find it a little odd that your family just rolled with it? Didn’t ask any questions at all, and just accepted it?”

Jensen shrugged. “I’m pretty sure my mom may have given them all a talking to when we were out hiking. From what Josh told me, she was really upset that I felt like I couldn’t trust my family enough to let them know about us as soon as it happened. I think she doesn’t want anyone prying anything out of us until we’re all more comfortable…taking things at our own pace.” Jensen sat up so that he was facing Misha, their faces just inches apart. “Speaking of taking things at our own pace…” Misha’s lips turned up slightly, knowing Jensen was about to bring up marriage again. “Are you completely against getting married before Riley gets here?”

“Yes, Jensen.” Misha muttered. He chuckled softly when Jensen pouted and cupped his face to pull him in for a chaste kiss. “We’re not even engaged yet.”

Jensen sat up straighter. “I can change that. I can go to the jewelry store first thing in the morning and-” Misha cut him off with another kiss.

“We still have a lot to do before we’re dads, babe. I still need to discuss a lot of things with Alexandra. I’m not sure how often she’s going to be okay with me having Riley and if she’ll be okay with her staying the night at all and I don’t know if she’s planning on using formula or breast milk and…” It was Jensen’s turn to interrupt him with a kiss.

“Stop worrying so much. We can invite her over tomorrow and all of it can be discussed. If she’s more comfortable with me not being here, I’ll leave. If she’s okay with it, then ask her what dish she’s craving the most and I’ll fix it.”
Misha swallowed hard. “Do you really mean that?” He asked, his voice cracking slightly.


It wasn’t the ‘I do’ that Jensen wanted to say. But it would do for now.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter has a slower and softer pace, but it was much needed. I had to set up for the next chapter involving Alexandra, and I really needed to explain why they haven’t gotten married and add some closure involving Jensen’s father. I HATE plotholes... so I'm trying not to have those. I'm also going to try and update more frequently since we're closing in on the end, and some very important chapters.

And since I'm obsessed with focusing on the friends to lovers trope in this fic, I'm sure you'll all appreciate this.
ULTIMATELY, SOMEONE WHO YOU CAN PAL AROUND WITH
AND ALSO BE INTIMATE WITH
SOMEONE WHO CAN LAUGH AT YOUR JOKES
IT MAY SOUND CHEESY
Once again thank you to a-ankins on tumblr.

Once again thank you to those who have donated to me, and thank you for reading. <3
Okay, so I've definitely decided that once I finish this fic, and then Feather and Freckles, I'm going to write my next fic in its ENTIRETY before posting chapters because I feel so bad making you guys wait this long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Jensen…stop.”

“But I’ve never made moussaka before! What if Alexandra doesn’t like it? And I’ve made insalata caprese before, but I’m not even sure if I’m saying it right and—“

Misha grabbed Jensen by the shoulders, stopping his nervous parade around the kitchen. Jensen looked at him hopelessly, and he leaned in to kiss the worried look off his face. “I’m sure Alexandra will love all of this. She said she hasn’t had any authentic Greek or Italian food since she got pregnant and the cravings are killing her. So I’m sure this entire meal will be heavenly. You’re an amazing cook.” He murmured, combing his fingers through Jensen’s hair. “You don’t have to be so nervous.”

Jensen wouldn’t admit it to Misha, but he was actually terrified that Alexandra was coming over for dinner. What if he messed something up? What if she hated him once she got to know him, and in turn had an issue with Riley visiting? In order to impress her, he went all out in the kitchen. He even got sparkling grape juice since he knew she couldn’t have wine. And yet he was still so nervous, he was nearly trembling in Misha’s grip.

To make matters worse, Misha’s brother, Sasha, was visiting the next day. He was also bringing their mutual friend Darius, but Jensen really didn’t want to admit that he was having a mini meltdown over meeting more of Misha’s family. He had met Darius a few times before, but had never really gotten the opportunity to get to know the guy, and it was a lot of pressure.

When the doorbell rang, Jensen flinched and nearly jumped out of his skin. Misha narrowed his eyes. “Relax or I’m kicking you out until she leaves.” He threatened with no real feeling, before leaning in for a lingering kiss. Jensen just took a deep breath and nodded, turning around to finish setting the table shakily while Misha answered the door.

Jensen was nearly blown away when Alexandra entered the kitchen. Even though he knew she was a beautiful woman, jealousy had clouded his memory of her and he had often imagined her as something with horns and a malicious grin. Maybe a pitchfork and pointed tail. But she was stunning, and the pregnancy had her absolutely glowing. Her hair was a lot longer than it had been the last time Jensen saw her, and she hadn’t bothered with nearly as much makeup, but she nearly took his breath away… and she did once his eyes dropped to her stomach. She hugged Misha as soon as her opened the door and he hugged her back, giving her a quick peck on the cheek.

“Hello, Jensen.” She said softly, reaching out to give him a hug unsurely once she was fully in the kitchen. He immediately returned the hug. He had gotten over his jealousy for the most part, and needed to be on his best behavior.
“Hey, um, wow, Alexandra you look…”

“Very pregnant?” She offered with a smile.

Jensen couldn’t help but laugh. “Yes, very pregnant, but still beautiful.” Jensen could see Misha beaming in his peripheral, and something warm and pleasant spread through his chest just knowing Misha was pleased.

“Thank you so much for inviting me to dinner. Misha has bragged that you’re quite a cook.”

“Oh, I try.” Jensen replied, blushing slightly.

“Uh, don’t let his modesty fool you. You’re gonna think you’re back home as soon as you taste his cooking.” Misha praised with a smile, easily wrapping his arm around Jensen’s waist. Jensen was surprised that none of this felt weird at all.

After everyone was seated (Jensen and Misha on one side of the table and Alexandra on the other) and started to dig in, Jensen nearly choked when Alexandra moaned around her fork at her first bite of moussaka. “God.” She hummed. “You would give my mom a run for her money.”

“I told you.” Misha said brightly, taking a bite from his own plate. “If acting doesn’t work out, I’m convincing him to build a restaurant.”

Jensen felt his cheeks heat up and decided to change the subject. “So, uh, Alexandra-“

“Alex is fine, Jensen.”

“Oh, okay. So, where are you from, Alex?”

Alexandra washed down another bite with some sparkling juice. “Well, I was born in Greece. But I did most of my growing up in Capri before moving here.”

“How long have you been on this side of the sea?” Jensen asked. Misha just smiled and continued eating. He knew Jensen was going to ask a lot of questions that he already knew the answers to. He and Alexandra had known each other quite a while before the fundraiser, but it had always been a casual friendship that had started when he stumbled into her gallery to buy a painting for his old apartment.

“Hmm. About 8 years now? I left home when I was 18.” Jensen swallowed slowly as to not choke. He had never thought about how young Alexandra was. As if she could read his mind she smiled and wiped her mouth daintily with a napkin before continuing. “I always wanted to own my own art gallery. Ever since I was little, I was obsessed. My parents were hoping it was a stage I would grow out of, and that I would give up on my dream of pursuing art. They wanted me to take over the family business, a little restaurant they own and run in Capri. I can’t tell you a thing about a kitchen. I don’t know the names of the different pots and pans, but I can tell you every painting Van Gogh, or Monet, or Dali have ever done, and what year too. My heart just wasn’t in working with food. So all through high school I saved every penny I earned, and when I turned 18, I left and came to America. I went to an art school in New York but vacationed in Canada one summer. I ended up loving it here and decided to move here and open my gallery here.”

A little feeling of nervousness clawed at Jensen’s stomach. Alexandra left her home at the age of 18 and never looked back. She was adventurous and fearless…like Misha. A lot more than he himself was. “Do you still talk to your parents?” He pressed, a little tightly.
Alexandra sighed. “Very rarely. My father died a few years ago. My mother immediately tried to
guilt trip me into moving back to Capri, claiming it was my father’s dying wish for me to talk over
the restaurant. I still talk to some of my cousins, and they informed me that that wasn’t true.”

“I…I’m sorry to hear that.” Jensen said sincerely. Suddenly his father didn’t seem too bad. His dad
would never try to guilt trip him after a family members death.

“It’s okay. I don’t think I’ll have to worry about her anymore, because lemme tell you… she is just
thrilled that I’m pregnant. And by an American too?” Alexandra laughed a little bitterly as she rolled
her eyes.

Misha shot her a sweet smile. “Technically you could tell her I’m Russian. It wouldn’t exact be a
lie.” Misha smirked when she rolled her eyes again, but something wasn’t quite sitting right with
Jensen.

“So… you’re alone in this?” He asked quietly.

Alexandra pushed her food around in her plate with her fork for a moment. “I’ve been alone since I
was 18. It’s not really a big deal.” She looked up at Jensen. “And Misha has been there from the
moment I told him. I waited so long because I felt like it would be easier to just assume that he
wouldn’t want anything to do with the baby. I was quite shocked when he was willing to be there for
me.”

Jensen looked at Misha adoringly. “Yeah, he’s always been some kind of saint.” Misha fixed him
with a bored look, and Jensen turned back to Alexandra. “So, how did you pick out her name?”

Alexandra smiled shyly. “I’m an only child, and my parents were always so focused on their
business so my childhood was rather lonely at times. I had an imaginary best friend named Riley. I
have no idea how I came up with that name. Alexandra is my middle name, and I felt like I wanted
to share that with my daughter. My full name is Odele Alexandra Galanis.” Jensen couldn’t stop his
facial expression from twitching and she laughed. “It’s very Greek, other than my middle name,
which is Italian. I’m sure you understand why I choose to go by it.” Jensen just nodded so she added
“I wanted Riley to have Misha’s last name, or at least the last name he chooses, since he’s been such
a help.”

Jensen couldn’t stop his mind from wondering about how much time Misha and Alexandra had spent
together during their break up, but forced the thought out of his head by saying “I’m glad you went
with Collins. Riley Krushnic just doesn’t have the same ring to it.” Misha kicked him playfully under
the table, and Alexandra looked back and forth between them with a soft look in her eyes. She
dropped her gaze back down at her plate, but the smile turning up the edges of her lips didn’t drop in
the least.

Misha and Jensen intentionally kept the rest of the dinner conversation casual. Jensen quickly found
out that Alexandra was a lot more likable than he originally thought. She never commented on their
relationship, but always gave them knowing looks when she caught a moment between them, and
Jensen wondered how much she honestly knew about their relationship.

Jensen was really caught off guard once they showed her the baby’s room. On the way up the stairs,
Misha explained to Alexandra that the nursery had been a complete and total surprise, and Jensen
couldn’t help but notice that Misha’s voice was a little choked up.

Once they actually got to the room, Alexandra gasped in awe, her eyes soaking in every detail of the
room. She very abruptly grabbed Jensen and thanked him with tears in her eyes before hauling him in for a hug and nearly sobbing that she had no idea he and Misha were so prepared.

“I have to admit” she mumbled, wiping her eyes and smearing her mascara a little as they all made their way back down stairs to the living room. “There’s a part of me that was really worried about… well, all of this. I’m a first-time mom. Misha is a first-time dad. I’ve been absolutely terrified for Riley’s well-being. But the better I’ve gotten to know Misha… and seeing how prepared you both are… I think you two are more prepared for the baby than I am.” She laughed wetly.

Misha placed a hand on her delicate shoulder as she took a seat on the couch. “You’ll be a wonderful mother, Alex.”

She sniffled a little. “I want you to be able to see Riley as much as you want, Misha.” She glanced over at Jensen. “The both of you. It’s just… the first couple of weeks I want Riley to stay with me. Just until she gets stronger. The doctor keeps complaining about my blood pressure and I’m afraid of how that might affect her. You can both come see her as much as you’d like during those first few weeks, I just don’t want there to be a lot of back and forth between households until she more acclimated to being outside of the womb.”

Misha sat down on the sofa across from her, and Jensen plopped down next to him. “Of course, Alex. Whatever you want. I understand completely.”

The next hour and a half consisted of Alexandra’s full plan for Riley after her birth, including the due date, which caught Jensen off guard. It made his stomach flutter nervously. Misha had told him the due date multiple times, but every time he heard it his stomach did cartwheels. It was so soon, but he and Misha still had plenty of time before then, and he tried to keep reminding himself of that. At some point while Jensen had spaced out, worrying, Misha had pulled out a notepad and a pen and he and Alexandra were making a list about breast milk versus formula, and Jensen almost laughed at his dorky, overly prepared boyfriend.

But at this point, Jensen was starting to feel a bit like a third wheel. Which he was surprisingly okay with. Even though he and Misha were in this together, he knew that he had no say so in a large majority of the things that involved Riley. He stood up and stretched. “How do you guys feel about desert? I was thinking about going out and grabbing a tub of ice cream from the grocery store, maybe some waffle cones?”

Misha smiled at him and stood up. “I got it, Jen. Why don’t you and Alex hangout for a bit? Is Cherry Garcia okay with everyone?”

“Oh god, yes, please. It’s my favorite.” Alexandra replied, clasping her hands together.

Misha grinned at her. “Yeah, Jensen’s too. I’ll be right back.” He wrapped his arm around Jensen’s shoulders to haul him in for a quick peck. “Either of you can text me if you need anything else.” He called from the hallway, his keys jingling as his opened the door.

“Hmm, he seemed in a hurry to leave.” Jensen muttered, sitting back down. Alexandra was eyeing him curiously.

“You two are very sweet together.” She said softly. Jensen blushed and scratched the back of his neck. He had never been around Alexandra alone like this. He murmured a thanks. Alexandra stood up suddenly, and made her way around the coffee table to the couch he was on. She fidgeted nervously for a moment before sitting down next to him. “Can we talk about something for a
“Sure.” Jensen replied hoarsely, suddenly much more nervous.

Alexandra bit her lip, her eyes fixed on her hands. She finally sighed and met Jensen’s gaze. “I wanted to apologize.” Jensen furrowed his eyebrows, not expecting an apology. “When Misha told me he was seeing someone, I should have backed off. Pregnant or not. And for a while, I didn’t. Even though I’m so used to being alone, I was so scared. But it doesn’t matter if I was scared or not, it was wrong of me. So I’m sorry.”

“I-it’s okay.” Jensen said, a little surprised when he realized he meant it. “I mean, I get it. None of us intended for this to happen, I can only imagine how weird it is for you.”

She swallowed hard. “I understand that… I have caused some issues between you and Misha in the past. I just wanted to be clear, I don’t want anything from the either of you, and I don’t want Misha. Not in that way.” She smiled softly, a far away look in her eyes. “I don’t know if you’ve ever heard that man talk about you to anyone, but he’s so head over heels for you that it breaks my heart to know how much Riley must have complicated things for the both of you.”

Jensen shrugged. “We’re past all of that. I should have been there for him from the very beginning, but I had a lot things about myself that I needed to work on. I’m still working on them, but I’m getting there. But th-thank you. I’m glad you’re okay with me being a part of all of this.”

Alexandra giggled. “The first time Misha ever told me about you two, I didn’t think twice about you being in the picture, Jensen.”

“Oh, yeah? Does he talk about me a lot?” Jensen joked, grinning.

“He brought you up the day that he and I met.” Jensen blanked. Based on what Misha had told him, that was way before the Destiel script. Alexandra shook her head disappointedly. “You two must have been playing cat and mouse for far too long.” Jensen knew that he and Misha both had feelings for each other way before the kiss, but sometimes he had a hard time believing it.

“How did he bring me up?” he asked.

“Well, he came into the gallery looking for a painting to hang in his apartment.” Jensen immediately racked his brain, trying to remember all the artwork in Misha’s apartment. He mostly had weird, abstract knickknacks, not paintings. But there was one in the living room of his old apartment. It was an abstract painting of a bright green field littered with moss covered trees. Sun light peaked through the leaves and branches, making some of shades of green almost glow. A look of realization must have come across his face because Alexandra nodded knowingly and continued. “He saw the painting with the trees and stopped to look at it. He ended up touring the whole gallery, but always came back every so often to look at that painting. That’s when I approached him and commented on how he must really like that one.”

“How did I come up?”

Alexandra tried to stop the smile by pressing her lips together, but it didn’t work. “He said ‘I do. I like this one a lot. It reminds me of my friend’s eyes.’ And I didn’t even have to talk him into anything. He bought it on the spot. While I rang him up, I asked about this ‘friend’ of his, and he talked about how you were a dear friend and coworker. Of course at the time I didn’t know it was you. He never even told me. But as we became friends, he brought you up more and more, and I knew you must be the mystery man that had influenced his purchase.”
Jensen wasn’t sure he had ever blushed brighter, and he wasn’t sure why this conversation was making him so shy. The painting was now in their bedroom, and Jensen had nearly begged that they pick a different painting because he thought it clashed with the color of the walls. He had no idea the painting meant something to Misha. “We were a couple of dumbasses for not pursuing this sooner, weren’t we?”

“Absolutely.” Alexandra responded with a laugh. A silence fell between them, but it didn’t feel particularly uncomfortable. Finally, she spoke again. “I knew when...things happened between Misha and I that I was a rebound. The way he was knocking back champagne and hitting on me…I just knew. He had flirted with me in the past, but it was in a way that I’m sure he flirts with almost everyone. And it had been awhile since I had sex-“ Jensen’s whole body tensed. “Oh god, I’m so bad with words, you don’t want to hear any of this. What I’m trying to say is that you never have to worry about me trying to interfere with your relationship. I’m happy for you two, and I’m very glad that Misha has you. I don’t know a lot about you Jensen, but I know that you mean a lot to Misha, and I can tell you love him very much.”

“I do. He’s the person I want to spend the rest of my life with. Thanks, Alex.”

“You’re welcome. Oof.” She put her hand on her stomach suddenly. “I think Riley is going kick herself clean out of my stomach one of these days.” Jensen eyes her stomach curiously, but couldn’t see any difference in her stomach through her shirt. Alexandra smiled and grabbed his hand, placing it to her stomach. Jensen was in awe when he could feel the little movement under the fabric of the shirt. That’s Misha’s baby. His brain supplied, as if he could ever forget it.

The door back door opened abruptly, causing both Jensen and Alexandra to jump, and another small kick to be supplied from her tummy.

Jensen smiled as Misha’s voice carried down the hallway. “So I may have gotten Cherry Garcia AND Half Baked…”

That night, Jensen was brushing his teeth in the bathroom, eyeing the forest painting from the doorway. Misha was already curled up in bed, flipping through channels on the tv with no real interest. Jensen smiled while staring at the painting, causing a little toothpaste to dribble out of the side of his mouth. Misha exhaled a little noise from the bed and Jensen looked over him, raising his eyebrows as he continued to brush his teeth.

“It’s kind of hard for me to not notice something white dripping from your mouth.” Misha deadpanned. Jensen snorted and spit into the sink before rinsing his mouth with water, but still felt his dick showing a little interest in the conversation. He wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand and flopped on the bed next to Misha dramatically. “Thank you for today.” Misha said, his voice soft and tender.

Jensen hummed and crawled over Misha and between his legs. “You’re welcome, baby.” He breathed against Misha’s skin, kissing along his jaw. “Have I ever told you how much I love you?”

Misha grinned. “Only every day since the first time you told me. But I have to admit, I never get sick of it. Alexandra told you about the painting, didn’t she?” He asked suspiciously.

“She did.” Jensen replied, sucking a hickie right below Misha’s ear.

“I thought I saw you eyeing it all night.” Misha carded his fingers through Jensen’s hair, not bothering to remind him that he shouldn’t leave any marks seeing as filming was going to pick up
again soon. He canted his hips against Jensen’s ever so slightly, his hardening cock already wanting attention.

Jensen pulled back, smirking at the hickie proudly. “Were you in love with me then?” His voice was almost a whisper. “Were you already in love with me when you bought the painting?”

“Yes.” Misha replied without hesitation, pulling Jensen in for a kiss. Jensen moaned into it, his lips tracing Misha’s from memory, moving his hips to meet Misha’s and exhaling little breathy whines between their lips. Misha gripped his hips and in one swift, fluid movement he flipped them over so that he was on top. He started to rip Jensen’s boxers off, not having to worry about his own since he wasn’t wearing any. Once they were off, he started moving his hips in earnest, moaning at his and Jensen’s cocks rubbing together and the noises Jensen made as he fell apart. “I think I may have loved you from the moment I met you.” Misha admitted, resting his forehead against Jensen’s as he bit his lip and met each of Misha’s thrusts. “And I think I’ve been in love with you from the day I made you laugh. It was like beautiful music to my ears, I had never heard anything like it.”

Jensen could feel his face heating with a blush. Sometimes the romantic, poetic things that Misha said to him were just too much, and he felt the need to squirm under that kind of attention and adoration. Jensen leaned up to bring their lips together so that Misha would stop talking, but Misha only kissed him back for a moment before pulling away, his eyes meeting Jensen’s.

“You’re amazing, Jen.” Misha muttered, his hands coasting up the hot flesh of Jensen’s sides. Misha knew this kind of attention made Jensen a little uncomfortable, because he knew that Jensen had absolutely no idea how perfect he really was in Misha’s eyes. So it was his job to tell him every day until he finally believed it. He reached for the lube in the nightstand while he peppered Jensen’s lips, face, and throat with kisses that had him panting and grinding his hips against Misha’s.

Jensen’s body jerked slightly at Misha’s first touch to his entrance, the cool lube not yet having time to warm on Misha’s fingertips. Jensen immediately tried to push into the touch, but Misha’s free hand held his hip in place. Sometimes Jensen could be a little too eager at times, and Misha wanted to take this slow.

“You’re so beautiful.” Misha praised, slowly working a finger all the way inside of his boyfriend. “I will never be able to figure out what I did to deserve having you in my life, what I did to have you belong to me completely and totally.” Jensen whimpered, breaking eye contact. “Look at me, babe.” Misha coaxed. Jensen’s eyes slowly met Misha’s again, a mistiness covering their vibrant green. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Jensen breathed, gasping when Misha slowly worked in a second finger. “C’mon, Mish, I’m ready.” He whined.

Misha tutted, still working him open slowly. Jensen probably was ready as long as he took it slowly, but watching him fall apart on his fingers was half the fun. It was only after Misha was pumping three fingers in and out, very deliberately avoiding Jensen’s prostate that he finally felt like Jensen was ready. Misha removed his fingers and smirked down at him. His hair was sticking up in every direction from how much he had been tossing his head around on the pillow, and his eye were bright and wild. His lips were parted and panting, streaked with saliva and swollen from where he kept drawing his bottom lip into his mouth to muffle needy sounds. “Perfect.” The word escaped Misha’s lips in a lust-drunk mumble as he lubed up his cock and lined himself up. The groan that escaped Jensen’s lips when Misha slid in to the hilt had Misha gripping the base of his cock to stop himself from coming at such a beautiful sound. A desperate mantra was flowing from Jensen’s mouth, begging him to start moving. Misha slowly slid out until his head caught on Jensen’s rim, before pushing back in even slower. “Perfect.” Misha repeated, bringing their lips together again. Jensen
responded eagerly, always taking whatever Misha offered to him as Misha claimed his mouth.

Jensen wrapped his legs around Misha’s hips, trying to use his heels to coax Misha to go faster. Misha insisted on taking his time, his thrusts slow and shallow, his tongue exploring Jensen’s mouth while his hands explored his body, thumbs rubbing across his nipples and nails lightly digging into skin, making Jensen writhe underneath him. Jensen felt tears attempt to prickle in the corner of his eyes, and he blinked them away desperately while Misha distractedly sucked a mark onto his neck. It still caught Jensen off guard how different sex was with them. For so long, Jensen was convinced that sex was just sex. Sure, it was a little more fun if you loved the person, but there was no real difference between a good fuck, and making love. That was some dumb romantic trope that Hollywood wanted you to believe. And yet with Misha, it was different. It never mattered if it was slow and sweet, or quick and rough, sex with Misha was always making love.

As if Misha could read his mind, Misha’s hands finally stopped exploring every inch his skin to lock with Jensen’s own hands as the pace picked up. “Please.” Jensen begged. And he wasn’t sure what he was asking for, but when Misha kissed him tenderly, gently sucking his lower lip in his mouth, he knew Misha would give it to him. He knew Misha would give him everything, and never ask for anything in return. That’s why Jensen wanted to give him the entire world.

“Marry me.” Jensen breathed, his bright green eyes searching Misha’s deep blue ones desperately.

“Jensen-“

“Just say you will. Please, Misha. Just say you will.”

Misha slowed his hips to shallow thrusts, trying to ready Jensen’s face. Misha leaned down to kiss the worried expression away. “I will, Jensen. I’ll marry you.” Jensen untangled his fingers from Misha’s and tangled them instead in Misha’s hair, pulling him impossibly close as their lips crashed together. Jensen canted his hips and pulled Misha in with his heels, encouraging him to fuck into him faster and harder, and Misha didn’t hesitate to accept the offer, Jensen moaning into his mouth with every thrust.

Jensen came first, a final moan punched out of his mouth as his legs trembled around Misha’s hips. His eyes opened sluggishly to look up at Misha, the final waves of euphoria pulsing through his body as he continued to pulse from his dick. That’s all it took for Misha to topple over the edge after him, thrusting into Jensen impossibly far as Jensen kissed his cheek sweetly through it. Misha redirected Jensen’s lips to his own, using sleepy, satiated kisses as an excuse not to pull out yet.

The moment seemed to drag on forever, time standing still as they centered their universes around each other, but finally Misha slowly eased out of Jensen, flopping down on the bed next to him, not even bothering to reach for the tissues on the nightstand just yet.

Jensen’s body was loose and sprawled out next to him, an easy, post orgasm grin lighting up his entire face. Misha turned his head to look over at him, his heart so full of love and happiness that he couldn’t even remember what his life was like before all of this, before Jensen. “You know that doesn’t mean we’re engaged though, right?” He teased.

Jensen just laughed and threw a pillow at him.
Anybody pay attention to me mentioning Sasha and Darius will be in the next chapter? There may or may not be a return of Jealous!Jensen.

And I may or may not be in love with the trope that Misha is in love with making Jensen laugh.
Once again, thank you for your comments, support, donations, etc. Every little bit helps. I'm not kidding, you guys helped me keep my head above water for just a little while longer until I managed to get paid. Thank you. <3 Sorry my notes don't seem as interactive as usual, I'm exhausted.
I'm back! A lot has been going on in my life with so many ups and downs that I won't bore you with. Just know that as of right now when I'm typing this out, things are on the up.

If I haven't replied to your comment yet, I will definitely get to all of them. I just figured you guys have waited long enough for the new chapter of ISOWAK, so here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Misha was about two seconds away from setting the kitchen on fire. Jensen was moving about the room in a blur, making everything from French toast, to hand squeezed orange juice while Misha thumbed through the morning newspaper, a cup of hot tea on the dining room table next to his elbow. He was relaxed, the tea warming him from the inside out as the early morning sun peaked through the windows, lighting up the kitchen while Jensen jumped from counter to counter, cabinet to cabinet.

Jensen was stressed and nervous, and was trying to hide that by cooking way too much food, just like he always did. Jensen had always needed to do something with his hands when he was bored or nervous, this was old news to Misha. And he was glad that Jensen’s nervous habit was cooking instead of drinking like it had been when they broke up, but he was pretty sure if he heard him cracking one more egg in a frying pan, then he was going to take that frying pan and knock him out with it.

“Relax, Jensen.” Misha mumbled, not bothering to look up from the paper or hide the annoyance in his voice.

“Oh-what?” Jensen replied nervously, almost knocking over a plate of sausage as he turned around to face Misha. “I am relaxed. I’m fine. Why would I need to relax?”

Misha rolled his eyes, folding his newspaper and tossing it on the table. He grabbed his mug of tea, standing up and taking a sip before setting it back down and moving his way over to Jensen, eyebrow raised. “Oh, yeah, you’re the epitome of relaxation.” He remarked, sarcasm dripping from every word. Jensen dropped his eyes, and looked around the room, looking anywhere but at Misha before turning his attention back to the stove. Misha approached him casually, picking a strawberry off a plate of French toast and popping it into his mouth. Misha wrapped an arm around Jensen’s waist and dropped his head to his shoulder, trying very hard not to be so annoyed. “You have nothing to worry about. You know Darius, and I promise Sasha isn’t going to give the so-you’re-dating-my-brother talk.”

“I don’t know Darius.” Jensen replied, relaxing a little at Misha’s touch. “I’ve been around him a few times, but I don’t know him. And he’s you’re best friend. And he’s friends with Sasha, and this is my first time meeting him. I’m the odd one out here, Mish. You guys all know each other and I only know you.”

Misha scrunched up his nose, grabbing Jensen’s wrist when he reached for the package of bacon to cook even more. “There’s no way in hell we’re eating all of this as is. Sit down, I’ll grab the plates.” Jensen gave him a look that looked a little hopeless before nodding and going over to sit at the table.
“How’d you sleep last night?” Misha asked conversationally, piling all of Jensen’s favorites on to a plate after pouring him some orange juice. He brought the food over to his nervous boyfriend. He was suddenly very glad that Sasha and Darius knew about Riley already, and it was one less thing Jensen had to worry about.

“I slept fine.” Jensen replied as Misha placed all the food in front of him. “I’m sorry I’m freaking out…”

“I don’t need you to apologize. I need you to relax. You have nothing to worry about. Darius loves you and Sasha will too.” Misha said reassuringly, placing his own plate and glass down next to his tea mug before flopping down in the chair across from Jensen. Misha eyed the empty space next to him, right in front of the window. “Do we have a high chair yet? At what age do babies need one?”

“Yeah, we do. Gen picked it out. I just haven’t put it together yet, I figured I’d wait until Riley was actually old enough for solid food. Wait- Darius loves me? We’ve barely said five sentences to each other.”

Misha shrugged. “I’ve talked enough about you for him to at least feel like he knows you.”

Jensen thought for a moment. That made sense. He knew plenty about Darius through the things Misha had said about him, it probably worked both ways. “What does he know about me?”

“Plenty.” Misha said boredly, brandishing his fork full of eggs. “You were the hot guy I had a crush on on the set of Supernatural. So, I’m sure I’ve talked his ears off about you from the day we met.” Jensen smiled sweetly, his eyes sparkling, and Misha felt some of his annoyance slip away. “Stop looking at me like that.” He muttered, feeling his own lips turn up in a smile.

Jensen finally started eating his own food, the smile not dropping from his face. “So, I’m sure he had an interesting reaction when he found out about us. Did he pester you about it as soon as I posted that picture on social media?”

Misha snorted. “Oh, babe… he knew about us way before you dropped that picture of us on all your accounts. He’s not stupid. He called me a couple of days after the first time we hooked up and within five minutes into the conversation he goes ‘So you finally fucked your costar, huh?’” Jensen choked on his toast and grabbed his orange juice to wash it down. Misha grinned. “Of course, I denied it because we were keeping it quiet, but he knew. Darius is clever like that.”

Jensen shook his head in mock disbelief. “So, your best friend knew all along, and mine didn’t know until he walked in on you blowing me, huh? How did you and Darius meet each other?”

“It’s a long story.” Misha mumbled, pressing his lips together in a thin line. “You know they’re not going to be here early enough to enjoy any of this breakfast, right?”

“I can make lunch-“

“You’re banned from the kitchen for a week. I’m ordering Chinese takeout for lunch.”

As frustrated as Misha was with Jensen, a long hot shower together that included a lazy blowjob was more than enough for Misha to forgive him. He couldn’t possibly stay mad when Jensen was on his knees, looking up at him like Misha was his salvation, blinking the shower water from those perfect green eyes of his. Misha also couldn’t stop himself from returning the favor after peppering Jensen’s freckled cheeks with kisses when he finally stood up.
Misha continued to remain patient with Jensen while they were getting ready, and Jensen took forever picking out what to wear. Misha flopped down on the bed, still in nothing but his towel, and checked his phone. Darius and Sasha had both texted him, along with Alexandra. Alex had asked his opinion on whether or not listening to music in the womb was beneficial, and what she should have Riley listen to. He replied, telling her to play the audiobook of “Go the Fuck to Sleep” and hoped she realized it was a joke. Sasha had simply asked about any local yoga studios, and Misha huffed out a laugh. He wondered how Jensen felt about yoga, because Sasha would definitely convince him to get on a mat before his visit was over. Sasha didn’t text him back half the time, so he didn’t bother replying to the text.

When Misha opened Darius’ text, his face lit up. It talked about how excited he was to finally see Misha again, equipped with a ton of obnoxious unneeded emojis. It had been far too long since Misha had seen Darius. Their schedules had been opposites between everything going on in Misha’s life, and Darius being slammed with research and filming because of the documentary he was working on. It had been over a year, and phone calls and texts just weren’t the same.

“What has you all smiles?” Jensen suddenly asked. Misha looked up. Jensen had finally picked out a pair of black pants and was putting on a belt, though he was still shirtless.

“I’m just excited to see Darius and Sasha is all.” Misha replied, locking his phone and tossing it on the bed. “You should wear your denim button up. It always looks nice with those pants.”

Jensen chuckled. “Should I really take fashion advice from you?”

Misha smiled and shrugged, rolling over on his back and stretching as he closed his eyes, feeling the towel on his hips barely clinging on. He felt the bed dip when Jensen climbed on it, and smiled further when he felt Jensen’s lips on his chest. He kept his eyes closed and hummed in appreciation when Jensen’s lips worked their way to his throat. “No hickies.” He reminded Jensen halfheartedly. Sure, the people in makeup could cover them, and Castiel always wore a collared shirt, but Misha hated having to make their jobs harder.

“C’mon, baby.” Jensen whined.

Misha finally opened his eyes. “One of the reasons I picked up my phone was to order an Uber for Darius and Sasha so that we wouldn’t have to pick them up because they’ll be here soon. And my refractory time is not that fast anymore.”

“Bet I could change that.” Jensen husked against Misha’s neck, gently sucking on the skin the gauge how serious he was about hickies.

Misha reluctantly grabbed the sides of Jensen’s face, and redirected Jensen’s lips to his own before saying “And we just showered, babe.” Jensen pouted, and it took a lot of self-control for Misha not to cave in.

“Denim shirt.” Misha repeated from earlier, smacking Jensen on the ass and playfully pushing his boyfriend off him.

Jensen shot him one last pathetic look before adjusting his dick in his pants and going to the closet to fetch the shirt.

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The Chinese takeout was ordered, and the Uber purchased. Jensen wanted to set up plates and silverware, but Misha insisted that eating the greasy food straight from the carton was half the experience.
“We need a dog.” Jensen said nervously, plopping down on the couch, defeated and waiting for the doorbell to ring. “It would be a nice distraction, right? A nice little puppy?”

“Since when am I not a good distraction?” Misha asked, mock offended. He sat down next to Jensen and Jensen immediately threw his arm around his shoulder, hauling him in for a kiss on the cheek.

“You know what I mean, Mish.”

“And who’s going to feed it when we’re not here? When we’re at work? Away for conventions?” Misha eyed him skeptically and Jensen looked crestfallen. “After Riley is born, we’ll talk about getting a dog if you really want one, babe.” Jensen’s face lit up and Misha laughed, kissing him. But once he started, he found that he couldn’t stop. Moments later, he was crawling into Jensen’s lap, his tongue licking across his bottom lip, begging for entry. Jensen opened up for him without hesitation, a pleased hum in the back of his throat. His hands when to Misha’s hips, hauling him in closer.

“Weren’t you just complaining about how we shouldn’t fool around earlier?” Jensen asked breathily when Misha pulled back to catch his breath.

Misha smiled. It was so easy to fall more and more in love with Jensen’s bright green eyes and the colored heat that had spread across his cheeks. “Just wanted to take advantage of our alone time before our guests get here.” He muttered, his fingers carding through Jensen’s hair and pulling him in for another kiss.

Misha was sure that kissing Jensen would always be one of his favorite things to do. He would never take for granted the fact that he could now kiss Jensen whenever he wanted. It didn’t matter if they were in public or the privacy of their own home, Jensen was *his* and he could kiss him whenever he damn well pleased.

Unfortunately for the both of them, they had an issue of just stopping at kissing. It wasn’t long before Misha’s hips where moving against Jensen’s, while hands slid under clothing and they were both panting for air. Misha reached for Jensen’s belt, unbuckling it and convincing himself that he had enough time to at least get Jensen off before-

The door banging open made Misha jump so hard that he nearly fell out of Jensen’s lap.

“Honeyyyy, I’m homeee!” Darius called, while Sasha followed in after him, laughing.

Jensen looked up at Misha, all wide, panicked eyes, and Misha kissed him apologetically. He went to crawl off Jensen’s lap, but not before his best friend and brother had managed to find their way to the living room.

“So that’s why they didn’t hear us knocking.” Darius said to Sasha, dropping his bags as a huge grin spread across his face. Jensen’s face turned bright red, but Misha grinned back at him guiltily.

“Please, don’t stop on my accord.”

“Speak for yourself, Darius.” Sasha said, dropping his own bags. “I’d really rather not see my brother fucking on his couch.”

Misha shot up off the couch, and Jensen couldn’t help but noticed the big, gummy grin on his face. Misha pulled his brother in for an awkward, carefully arranged hug, and he also couldn’t help but notice that Sasha was wearing…yoga pants? Yep, those were definitely yoga pants. He had completely forgotten that Sasha was a yoga instructor.

When Misha got to Darius, he practically jumped into his arms, and laughed when Darius actually
picked him up, swaying them slightly. Jensen narrowed his eyes. Okay, so maybe he had forgotten that Misha and Darius’ relationship has always been very affectionate.

When Misha pulled back and saw Jensen’s face, he dropped his grin for a bored, warning look, and Jensen forced a grin of his own. He knew it didn’t quite meet his eyes, but now was not the time to be a jealous asshole. “You must be Sasha.” He said, standing and warmly extending his arm to Misha’s brother.

“That’s me, man. Nice to finally meet you, Jensen. I’ve heard way too much about you.” Sasha said, taking his hand.

“All good things, I hope?” Jensen asked, and then immediately regretted because Could I have made anymore of a dad joke?

“All good things.” Sasha agreed warmly. Jensen smiled a little bit more sincerely. Sasha definitely had some similarities with Misha, and it wasn’t just in the way that they looked, but had a lot to do with how welcoming they both were. Jensen was pulled from his train of thought, when a big pair of arms wrapped around him and it took him a second to realize they belonged to Darius.

“Jensen! It’s so good to see you again!” He said excitedly. Jensen felt himself turn red as Darius’ beard dug into the side of his face.

“Yeah, you too, Darius.” Jensen said softly. When he looked over at Misha, Misha was grinning.

Darius let go of Jensen and the clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “So, which of you assholes is gonna give us the tour?”

Thirty minutes later, and Jensen had no idea why he had been so nervous. Sasha and Darius were both so much like Misha, and he found himself laughing so hard he almost choked on his sweet and sour chicken more than once. Misha was currently being grumpy and shoveling fried rice in his mouth while Sasha and Darius traded off the most embarrassing stories about him that they could think of. Sasha was telling the story about Misha asking him for girl advice before asking a girl out for the first time, and how she was way out of his league.

“Needless to say, my little brother ended up coming home early from his date. He came home with his cheek swollen and red… apparently he didn’t know his date was a preacher’s daughter until after he tried to shove his hand up her shirt and his tongue down her throat.”

Jensen laughed along with Sasha and Darius while Misha glared daggers through him. “C’mon, Mish. You’re better with the ladies now.” Jensen teased, nudging Misha’s foot with his under the table.

“Not bad with the gentlemen either.” Darius added teasingly. “Speaking of which, that’s nothing compared to the time that Misha wanted to ask a guy out that was on the football team, but wasn’t out to everyone yet so I was the only person he could come to for advice. He was convinced the receiver was gay but I wasn’t so sure. He-“

“They are not hearing that story, Darius. I was like 14 or 15! I had no idea what I was doing!”

“He still doesn’t.” Jensen muttered, and then tried to cover with a cough. Misha glared at him and threw a half-eaten egg roll at his head. Jensen laughed cheerfully and pouted at his boyfriend before turning to Darius. “Man, you guys have none each other for basically your whole lives. That’s
amazing, especially with how busy you both stay. How did you two become friends?"

“We got detention together.” Misha said quickly.

“Oh come on… that’s how we met, but not how we became friends, Mish.” Darius said with a knowing smirk. Jensen felt his grin falter a little bit. It was a little odd hearing someone else use the nickname “Mish” with Misha, because he was normally the only one that did it. No one else, not even Jared, shortened his name like that.

Misha gave Darius an annoyed look. “I hardly feel like that’s relevant. We were in the eighth grade; that was a long time ago.”

Darius winked at him and said, “I’m sure your new boo would just love this story.” He turned to Jensen, who suddenly felt like he didn’t want to hear this story. “So, this was shortly after we ended up in detention together. We ended up hitting it off in detention, and then the next day, Misha decides we hit it off enough to ask me out—” Jensen had made the mistake of taking a sip of his drink, and was now choking on it. His blood felt like it turned to ice in his veins, and the all too familiar feeling of jealousy began clawing at him, starting in the pit of his stomach and reaching all the way to his chest. Misha gave him a wary look. Unknowingly, Darius laughed at Jensen’s reaction. “Oh yeah, Misha has always tried being a smooth little fucker.”

“And how did you respond?” Jensen asked, pointedly refusing to look at Misha and trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

“Well, I didn’t think anything of it.” Darius said, wiping his mouth on a napkin and balling it up to toss in his empty rice container. “When he asked me out for pizza, I just thought we were two guys going out for pizza. It was only after the pizza when he tried to kiss me that I realized that he had asked me out on a date.”

Jensen stood up so abruptly that his chair scraped loudly against the floor. “I’m gonna grab a beer. Anyone else want a beer?”

“No thanks, drinking isn’t really my thing.” Sasha replied politely.

Misha opened his mouth to answer either way, but Jensen ignored him and turned his back on the table to head to the fridge. When Jensen turned back around, he tossed Darius a beer and Darius barely caught it in time before it hit the ground and shattered. He opened his own beer and took a long swing from it. Misha quickly gave Sasha and Darius and apologetic look. Sasha seemed to be oblivious to what was going on, but Darius had been one of the very people Misha had asked for advice in the past when Jensen had let his jealousy get the better of him.

Sasha suddenly perked up. “Misha mentioned to me that you guys have a pool table? I’m not very good, but I haven’t played in years. You guys wanna play?”

“I’m not feeling my best.” Jensen answered bitterly, finishing his beer in one more gulp. “I’m going to call it a night, but you guys can knock yourself out. Hell, play all night.” Misha gave him his best you’re-being-an-ass-now-stop look, but Jensen just shook his head. He said his goodbyes, and headed towards their bedroom without a second glance at anyone. He only got to the staircase before Misha grabbed his arm and spun him around.

“You can’t be serious right now.” Misha growled, his voice dripping in anger.
“Excuse me for being a little upset that you dated Darius and never fucking told me.” Jensen snapped back, only inches from Misha’s face.

“We never actually dated, you asshole. I asked him out on a date. He was only interested in being friends.”

“But you didn’t want him to tell the story. Just like this morning you didn’t want to answer me when I had asked how you two had met. So, there’s more to it than that, or you wouldn’t be so uncomfortable.”

“Because I was afraid you would act like this! I used to have a crush on Darius, when I was a teenager, Jensen!”

“Oh, you had a crush on him? I may not know Darius that well, but literally every single time I’ve been around him, I’ve wondered if you two had something going on.”

“We are not going to have this conversation while we have guests in the kitchen, waiting on us. We’re going to play pool. You can join us, or you can go the fuck upstairs and pout like the baby you’re being.” Misha snapped and turned, leaving Jensen behind without another word.

Jensen bit his tongue to stop himself from saying something that he would really regret, and stormed upstairs. He threw himself on the bed angrily, grinding his teeth so hard his jaw popped. Can Misha really not see why this would bother me? How would he feel if I was still friends with someone I used to have a crush on? But that’s when Jensen realized that Misha wouldn’t care. Misha trusted him. He was pretty sure he could invite his ex, Julie, over knowing that Jensen almost proposed to her, and Misha wouldn’t even bat an eye. Misha didn’t have the same issues with jealousy as he did, or if he did, he certainly kept it in check better than Jensen.

Jensen huffed out a breath of air angrily. He was being a baby. His jealousy had just snuck up on him a lot quicker than he was expecting. He rubbed the heels of his hands against his eyes so hard that he saw stars. He needed to bite the bullet and go downstairs and be a good host. God only knows what acting like this was making Darius and Sasha think. And he knew the longer he stayed up here, the angrier Misha would be with him. He really didn’t want to be in the doghouse, not with how well things had been going. He even felt bad for the things Misha was probably having to say to cover for him.

Swallowing his pride, Jensen stood up and went to the bathroom to take something for his now throbbing head. He made a very conscious effort just to let this one go, and remind himself that Misha was with him now. It didn’t matter if he was interested in Darius back in the day. He made his way downstairs, just as Darius was racking up the balls and Sasha and Misha were chalking their pool sticks.

“Decided to take something for my head.” He muttered. He gave Misha his best puppy dog eyes.

“Mind if I join?”

“Two on two it is.” Darius said, forcing his tone to be cheerful when he noticed the tension between the two of them. He turned to Sasha. “Me and you against the lovebirds?”

“You know it!” Sasha said cheerfully.

Jensen approached Misha cautiously and leaned in to give him a kiss on the check. “I’m so sorry.” He whispered before pulling away. Misha gave him an irritated look, but Jensen plastered on his most charming smile and Misha rolled his eyes.
Jensen had to focus very hard on making himself intentionally worse at pool. Misha wasn’t awful because of all the times he had played with Jensen and Jared, but Sasha and Darius were terrible. Jensen also had a sneaking suspicion that Darius was holding back to stroke Jensen’s ego.

The game took awhile, surprisingly enough. Jensen wasn’t sure if Misha was proud of him, but he sure as hell was proud of himself with how flirty Darius and Misha were together. He would simply grit his teeth and remind himself that from the outside looking in, there were probably people that thought he flirted with Jared. And that was just absurd.

He and Misha won with no surprise to anyone. By the end of the game, quite a few beers were shared amongst the three that were drinking, and Jensen was realizing that it was getting harder to keep his mouth shut and not say a smartass comment when he felt like Darius was crossing a line. Darius was racking up the balls again, which was the polite thing to do for whoever played the next game, but something Jensen was always too lazy to do.

“You certainly know your way around balls.” Misha said, giggling, the alcohol making the bad jokes come out in full force.

Darius chuckled and replied “What can I say, I’m good with my hands.”

Jensen couldn’t believe how exhausting keeping his mouth shut was. He cleared out all the beer bottles and emptied them in the trashcan in the kitchen, checking the time on the stove. He found that it was still too early for it to even be reasonable even head to upstairs for bed. Luckily for him, Sasha and Darius were both feeling a little jet lagged and beat him to the suggestion. Misha showed them both to the guest rooms, and promised a very pushy Darius that he would show him Riley’s room tomorrow. Jensen decided to stay downstairs to clean the kitchen. And sure, it wasn’t that messy from dinner, but at least it would give him time to cool off. He wished the guests a good night and grabbed the trash bag out of the trash can to clean up some leftover trash in the kitchen.

Jensen was a little surprised when Misha came back downstairs. He had fully expected to walk into their bedroom to find Misha already in bed with his back turned to him and the lights off. Misha was a little predictable when he was angry. Misha leaned against the door frame to the kitchen, watching Jensen. “Hi.” Jensen said softly and cautiously.

“Hi.” Misha replied with a sigh. He walked over and hopped up on the kitchen counter to watch Jensen clean instead of helping him. Jensen deserved that.

Jensen sat the trash bag down, causing the beer bottle to clank together unpleasantly. “Are we good?” Jensen asked hopefully.

Misha sighed again. “Yeah, we’re good. Jen. Thank you for coming back downstairs.” Jensen walked over to Misha, rubbing his thighs as he pushed between them until he was flush with the counter Misha was sitting on. He dropped his head to Misha’s shoulder and breathed deeply.

“I’m kind of an ass.” He mumbled.
“Yeah, you are.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I know.”

Jensen raised his head so that his eyes could meet Misha’s. He was a fucking idiot. His entire world was right here in front of him, why would he ever do anything to mess that up?

“Let’s go to bed, babe.” Misha said, kissing him gently on the lips.

Ten minutes later, and it was one of those moments when Jensen really felt like he didn’t deserve Misha. Misha almost never slept with a shirt on, and yet he had slipped on one of Jensen’s. He was being extra cuddly and was glued to Jensen’s side, wrapped around him as close as possible. Even though he was angry with Jensen, he knew that this was what Jensen needed right now, reassurance that he had nothing to be jealous of. And despite how small of a gesture it was, Jensen was floored by how selfless and mature it was. He kissed the top of Misha’s head, snuggling into the messy dark hair. Jensen suddenly turned so that he was on his side, facing Misha. When Misha’s head hit the pillow with Jensen’s shoulder no longer underneath it, he huffed out a frustrated little noise even though he kept his eyes closed, and Jensen smiled, not realizing Misha was well on his way to falling asleep.

“I don’t deserve you.” Jensen whispered. He hadn’t expecting Misha to hear him, but suddenly big, blue eyes were meeting his worried, green ones.

Jensen expected some sweet, beautifully thought out response. “Shut the fuck up, babe.” Misha grumbled. Jensen snorted, completely taken off guard. “Yeah, you can be an asshole, but you were made for me. There’s not a doubt in my mind that you’re going to be the one I spend the rest of my life with regardless of what a pain in the ass you are. You may not be completely over your jealousy, but we’ll get there. Together.”

Jensen smiled at Misha adoringly. “Can I marry you yet?”

Misha rolled his eyes but didn’t hide the tender smile on his lips. “Can I go to sleep yet?”

Jensen grinned and kissed Misha one final time before pulling him to his chest. They might as well get as much sleep as they could. If Riley ended up having half of the personality of Misha, they had their work cut out for them.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Facts:
Sasha Krushnic is in fact a yoga instructor, and he has an Instagram if you're ever interested in seeing just how badass he is at yoga.
The story of how Misha and Darius met and became friends is completely true! Well maybe not completely. I added the tidbit about Misha trying to kiss Darius. They DID meet in detention, and Misha DID ask Darius out for pizza.

Anyway, have I ever mentioned how much I love Darius Marder and the friendship he
and Misha have together? I know I've definitely mentioned it on tumblr.

Anyone who can keep a smile on Misha's face is someone that needs to be cherished and loved.

Speaking of which, Darius was actually the person responsible for the first new picture of Misha in 2018.
And just look at how happy he is. 😍 Happy New Year to me.

Also, as a bonus he’s the denim shirt that I love oh so much on Jensen.
And how could I forget to add a picture of the time he let his boyfriend borrow that very shirt!
Happy New Year, y'all. <3
Chapter Notes

I'm still in the process of replying to everyone's comments, so I'm not ignoring you if I haven't responded yet! I just really needed to get this chapter out. Please read the notes at the end of the chapter.

Jensen was amazed by the fact that time could somehow fly by and stand still at the same time. Darius and Sasha’s visit had passed by with no more issues, and Jensen had actually found himself enjoying their company immensely once he just relaxed. Even though there was a part of him that was still weary of Darius, when Misha beamed at him for getting along with his best friend, all those doubts were erased. Time also flew by leading up to having to return to set to start filming again. It even felt like filming was flying by, even though it was sometimes 16 hour work days.

But when he was with Misha and it was just the two of them? It felt like time stood still, Jensen made sure of it. He kept waiting for the other boot to drop, kept waiting for their “honeymoon phase” to finally end, but it never did. Jensen lost count of how many times he looked over, and as he watched Misha sleep peacefully, he thanked god that it had never worked out with anyone else. If given the choice, he would take the broken road that lead to Misha every single time.

They were just shy of a week away from Alexandra’s due date, and Jensen was sure that it was the reason he was lying awake in bed at night while Misha slept. He couldn’t help but think *maybe the reason everything is so perfect now is because it’s just us. What if Riley changes that?* Jensen knew the thoughts were selfish, and as Misha had said so many times, he had to learn to accept the things that he couldn’t control. He was pretty sure he was doing a poor job at hiding his concerns because not once had Misha commented on how clingy he was being. Luckily, some nights all he needed was to roll over and pull Misha closer to cancel out the worries in his head.

But what Jensen didn’t know was that sometimes it was Misha that had trouble sleeping once he finally managed to drift off. It was one of those nights for him. Jensen had fallen asleep pressed against Misha’s back with nearly no space between them, but in his sleep, he rolled over on his back, distancing himself from Misha. Misha felt his absence and frowned and flipped over to his opposite side so that he could see Jensen. He couldn’t help but smile. Even in his sleep, face relaxed with no smolder or smirk, he was still absolutely breath takingly beautiful. Misha was getting more anxious with every passing day. He couldn’t help but wonder to the point of worrying that he might lose this beautiful, funny, sweet man soon. Jensen was younger and still had a long road ahead of him before he needed to grow up. As long as he showed up for work and knew his lines, the rest of the time he was free to do whatever he wanted. There was a part of Misha that wondered if he would be holding Jensen back once Riley was in the picture. Hell, there were still moments he had a hard time accepting the fact that very soon he would be a father. Even if he wouldn’t be with Riley 100% of the time, he would still be her dad 100% of the time. That would require sacrifices, and he knew that Jensen would want to make those same sacrifices even though he didn’t have to. There was no way that Jensen truly knew what he was getting himself into.
Misha hadn’t realized that he had completely spaced out while thinking until he heard Jensen huff out a little laugh. Misha’s eyes refocused and even though Jensen’s eyes were still closed, there was a smile on his lips. He opened his eyes and rolled to face Misha. “You know I can practically hear you over thinking, right?” Jensen had a soft smile on his lips and Misha couldn’t help but remember the times before they were together when he thought that Jensen was the grumpiest person in the entire world when he woke up. It turned out that that part of Jensen changed once he started waking up next to someone he loved. Nowadays Jensen was all smiles when he woke up.

Misha sighed. “Sorry. I didn’t somehow wake you, did I?”

Jensen leaned forward to steal a tender kiss before replying. “Of course not, baby. Though it may have been something subconscious… you weren’t close enough.” Jensen dropped his eyes, blushing slightly as he snuggled closer to Misha.

“You know I love the fact that you’re -what did you call it? clingy?” Misha said smiling and carding a hand through Jensen’s hair. Jensen looked back up at him doubtfully. “I mean it. It’s nice. I always feel like I’m wanted and loved. I can never get enough of that.”

Jensen’s eyes softened, a tender smile spreading across his lips. “You should be sleeping, Mish.”

“So should you. But can we…can we talk about something?”

Jensen sat up immediately, a worried frown on his face. He turned to face Misha and Misha mirrored him as he sat up too. “Should I be worried?”

Misha sighed. “We have a week until Riley gets here, Jensen. That’s it.”

“I know.” Jensen said softly. His eyes were furrowed together nervously, and Misha swallowed hard.

Misha looked down at his lap, too afraid to keep looking at Jensen’s face. “You don’t have to do this, Jensen. You don’t have to-“

“Stop right now.” Jensen’s nervous expression was replaced by a determined one when Misha looked up. “Stop trying to give me an out, Misha. I’m not going to take it. I’m not going to leave you, or Riley, and I’m not going to regret making that decision. Ever. So just stop. Please.”

Misha felt his bottom lip tremble, but he took a deep breath and shook his head. “I’m so scared.” He whispered. He hated admitting it, but he had never been more terrified.

Jensen reached up and cupped his cheek, his thumb stroking stubbled skin. “I know, baby. Me too. I think all first-time parents are. But me, you, Alexandra…we’ll figure it out. Together.” Jensen leaned forward and brought their lips together, and Misha didn’t hesitate to kiss him back.

Misha wasn’t afraid to admit how much he needed this, how much he needed Jensen. He was completely convinced that he wouldn’t have been able to handle any of this without him. Sure, there were other people in his life that would always support him. His mother, Sasha, Darius, and practically everyone he had ever worked with on Supernatural would be there for him in a heartbeat. Even his father had seemed particularly overjoyed to know that he was going to have a granddaughter, even though he had made sure to jokingly call Misha a dumbass. But there was just something different about having Jensen support him, especially after all they had been through. Misha had watched Jensen grow as a person right before his eyes, and he never failed to remind Misha that a lot of it was with his help.

When Jensen pulled away, Misha said “I’ve been worrying nonstop for weeks now, and you’ve
been absolutely amazing through all of it. I just wish I could distract myself.”

“Aha!” Jensen said triumphantly. “I told you we should have gotten the dog.” A cheeky grin spread across his lips.

Misha rolled his eye, but when they focused back on Jensen, they were full of heat. Misha smirked, causing Jensen to bite his lip. “I can think of better ways to distract myself, Jensen.”

Jensen’s dick knew exactly where this conversation was headed and began to stir. Traitor Jensen thought. Misha grinned and crawled into Jensen’s lap, the bedsheets that had pooled around his waist falling away and exposing his bare ass. God Jensen loved how often Misha slept in the nude. He also loved the fact that he had decided to do the same himself, the habit easily rubbing off on him when Misha would often pout and grumble about not being able to feel Jensen’s bare skin against his. Jensen really couldn’t complain. Fuck clothes when he had this in bed with him.

Normally he would have made a smartass comment here, something to cover up just how weak for Misha he was, and Misha knew it because when Jensen went to open his mouth and say something, Misha just licked his way into it. A pleased hum escaped Jensen’s throat, his cock already half hard. He mentally blamed it on the fact that he was only half awake, and not because he could literally not get enough of boyfriend.

Neither Jensen or Misha made a move to progress the situation. It was all soft moans, roaming hands, and stubble burned skin. Panting into each other’s mouths while their bodies rocked together, flesh sliding against flesh. Jensen loved this about them. It didn’t matter how rough or gentle they were with each other, they always took their time, soaking up every minute of the intimacy and passion. They remembered the details of each other’s bodies perfectly, could map them out blind folded. They knew exactly what to do to pull the sweet sounds of pleasure from each other’s lips, and they weren’t even having sex yet.

Jensen was lightheaded with how much he loved this man. He was in complete awe that this was all his. His breath was taken away by the fact that one scripted kiss had opened the flood gates of how he actually felt about Misha. He had had feelings for Misha so long but kept pushing them down and pushing them down until he could ignore them. He was enamored from the moment he met Misha, and by some miracle, Misha felt the exact same way. “I love you.” He muttered against Misha’s flesh as he kissed the sensitive skin of Misha’s throat, knowing that it drove him crazy.

Misha hummed, leaning his head back to bare his neck to Jensen’s lips. “I love you too, Jensen. Get the lube. I want to ride you.” He crawled off of Jensen’s lap so that he could flop down on his back while Jensen got the lube. Jensen’s eyes raked over Misha’s body, bare and yielding to his every touch. He expected Misha to smirk at him smugly, but there was just a look of pure adoration in his eyes.

Jensen quickly but carefully opened Misha up, his lips peppering kisses wherever they could reach as he pumped his fingers in and out of him. Jensen kissed his way down Misha’s body without losing the rhythm in his fingers, and Misha squirmed as his boyfriend’s lips kissed their way closer and closer to his cock.

“Jensen…” He panted.

“Shh, shh, shh.” Jensen hushed him, planting a kiss right below his belly button. “I’ve got you, Misha.” He slowly eased Misha into his mouth, reveling in the noise it pulled from him. Jensen moaned around Misha’s cock. This was all his, and Misha was a complete idiot for thinking that he could push Jensen away. There was no one in the world he would rather be with. His heart, mind, body, and soul all belonged to this man that he shared his bed with every night. And he didn’t just
want to share his bed with him, but his entire life.

Jensen looked up at Misha after swallowing him down and easing off a few times. He was already a wreck, the blue of his eyes barely visible around his blown pupils and his chest flushed and heaving. He was biting his lip, focusing on not reflexively pumping his hips. Jensen raised his eyebrows in a silent question as he hallowed his cheeks around Misha’s length, pulling out all his best tricks. Misha whimpered and nodded, and Jensen pulled off of him agonizingly slow. He flopped down on his back, grabbing the lube and lubing himself up. He pumped himself a few times, watching hungrily as Misha crawled into his lap. Jensen was completely distracted for a moment when Misha claimed his mouth needily, his tongue slipping past his lips. Jensen directed his cock to Misha’s entrance and Misha took control without hesitation, sinking down to the hilt so quickly it made Jensen groan.

They had both done this before. Gotten lost in each other’s bodies, taking a break from all the worries and doubts and weights outside the safe haven of their bedroom. But that didn’t stop Jensen from wanting to assure Misha that he was loved, and he was never leaving. So, when Misha started riding him fast and hard, he gripped his hips, forcing him to slow his pace.

It was one of the moments that Jensen really needed time to stand still.

Misha sighed, adjusting Castiel’s trench coat impatiently and scrolling through his Twitter feed as he say in his set chair. It was a slow day for him on set. Castiel had went down some self-sacrificial path after Dean’s reaction to being kissed and had been separated from Sam and Dean for a couple of scenes. That left Jared and Jensen to do most of the filming, and they were currently filming on location at a motel a few miles away.

Misha decided to text Alexandra in the meantime to see how she was feeling.

**Hey Alex. How are my two girls doing?**

Misha flipped back to Twitter, not expecting to Alex to text him back so fast.

**Misha these contractions are about to KILL me**

Misha frowned. **You’re having contractions?**

**It’s nothing to worry about. They’re just Braxton-Hicks contractions. They’re like mini contractions to prepare you for the real thing lol**

Misha smiled. He learned something new about pregnancy every day. He made a mental note to Google them later. **Sounds like…fun**

**God I’m so ready to get this thing out of me!**

Misha huffed out a small laugh. He knew Alex was just trying to be silly, and that she couldn’t wait to meet their daughter. **She’ll be here before you know it**

**I know. It just feels like I’ve been pregnant for a lifetime.**

Misha didn’t really have much of an opinion on that. It felt like time was flying by for him, but he wasn’t the one that had been carrying a baby around for nine months. **Do you need anything else before she gets here?**
Absolutely not. I can barely walk in the spare room after that party.

Misha grinned. The cast and crew of Supernatural had made good on their word and about a week ago had thrown a massive party celebrating the pregnancy and his and Jensen’s relationship. They had received more gifts than they knew what to do with, half of which Misha was pretty sure were baby shower gifts. Genevieve and Jensen had completely covered everything Riley could ever need for the first year of her life, so Misha had given all the baby gifts to Alex. He had already bought her a great deal, but she still seemed excited over the ridiculous amount of clothes. Misha had never seen so much pink in his life and still grimaced every time he thought of the pink tutu thing Gen had bought Riley. He was very thankful that Jensen knew him well enough to fill one of the nursery drawers with gender neutral clothing.

He and Jensen had a long, much needed conversation the night before after they both came down from their post orgasm highs and cleaned themselves up. They both felt a lot better, both assuring the other that they were in this for the long haul and Riley didn’t change that. Jensen had even been downright offended that Misha was afraid all of this would be holding him back. He spent at least fifteen minutes kissing away the doubt from Misha’s lips.

Maybe Misha should get him a puppy after all.

Misha was startled by an arm being thrown around his chest from behind him, but relaxed when Jensen leaned over the back of his chair to kiss him softly on the temple.

“Hey, Mish. The filming location was near a Starbucks, so I got that tea you liked.” Jensen said, handing the cup over to Misha.

Misha smiled at him warmly. “Thanks, babe.” Jensen grinned, and Misha melted. He must’ve been filming outside all day because his freckles were sprinkled across the bridge of his nose and not even the makeup was doing a great job of hiding it.

“Rob is just giving Jared some direction on how he wants a couple of the scenes coming up to go. He said we’re going to do the flashback scenes tomorrow instead of today. I think they’re looking for one of Dean’s old flannels for the flashback.” Jensen said, taking a sip from his Starbucks cup. Misha smiled, knowing it was one of those sugary drinks that Jensen would never tell Jared he drank.

“I’m just glad the flashback isn’t to a Purgatory scene. I don’t think I could handle growing a beard that thick again. It was way too itchy.”

Jensen scoffed. “Meanwhile I’m waiting for a hiatus to let my facial hair grow back out. What have you been doing?”

Misha took a sip of his tea before replying. “Not shit. I scrolled through Twitter for a little while. I was texting Alex before you surprised me.”

“Oh? How is she?” Jensen asked sincerely.

“She’s good. Just sick of being pregnant and ready to actually give birth.”

Jensen laughed. “Yeah, she says that now. But wait until she actually goes into labor. If she could focus on anything other than the pain, she would probably cut your dick off for getting her pregnant.” Jensen crowded Misha’s space before he could reply, pulling him in for a long kiss.

Misha smiled against his lips, and when they broke apart he asked “What was that all about?”

“Just missed you. You know what an asshole Jared is to work with.” He replied fondly.
“Oh and like you’re not an asshole to work with when you’re with him?” Misha asked laughing.

Jensen pouted and buried his face against Misha’s neck lovingly. Misha wrapped his arms around him, still smirking. “It’s not so fun when you’re on the receiving end of it, is it?”

“It took me 20 minutes to get through a scene, and all Dean was doing was brooding and drinking a beer.” Jensen mumbled.

“What was he doing?”

“He somehow got a cardboard cut out of you -well, Cas- and he was just uh, being really inappropriate with it.”

“Inappropriate how?”

Jensen groaned loudly and stood up straight. “First, he was just like, making out with it. When that only made me break character once, he started humping it, making it look like he was getting head-“

“Well I have always wondered how big Jared is-“

“Misha!” Jensen snapped, pushing him gently with a disgusted look on his face.

Misha bit his lip to keep himself from laughing. “You know I’m kidding, babe.” The comment didn’t ease the annoyed look on Jensen’s face. “Aw, c’mon.” He cooed, stepping into Jensen’s space again.

“How long do you think that Rob will be with Jared?” Jensen shrugged, clearly pouting. Sometimes Jensen’s jealousy was a little adorable. Misha grabbed Jensen’s free hand with his and intertwined their fingers, pulling gently to get Jensen to follow him. Jensen shot him a distrusting look but allowed himself to be guided to the closest set trailer, the costume trailer.

“Mish…what are you doing?” Jensen asked cautiously when Misha opened the trailer door and led him inside.

“I’m sure Rob and Jared are going to take awhile and I’ve been bored all day…” He pushed Jensen down into one of the plush chairs that wasn’t completely covered in plaid shirts and jeans. Misha put his tea down on a dresser and then pried Jensen’s coffee out of his hands to do the same.

“Misha, someone could walk in-“ Jensen started the sentence but didn’t finish it when Misha slid to his knees between Jensen’s legs and reached for his belt. Misha smirked triumphantly at effectively getting him to shut up. There was something very endearing about the fact that Jensen was so easily awestruck by a simple blowjob.

Misha made quick work of getting his boyfriend hard, and it wasn’t long before Jensen’s eyes stopped darting towards the door and were completely transfixed on Misha. His fingers were curled in Misha’s hair and he was already panting, and Misha had only put his hands on him. If Misha didn’t know any better, he’d say that Jensen got off a little on the thought of being caught.

Misha finally took the head of Jensen’s cock in his mouth, tonguing at the sensitive area underneath it, causing Jensen’s hips to buck up. He looked up at Jensen warningly and Jensen bit his lip and relaxed, his hands carding through Misha’s hair with no sympathy for whoever was doing hair and makeup today.

“God, Misha… you’re perfect…” Jensen moaned when Misha eased every last inch of him into his mouth. Misha was being a tease, keeping his pace slow and unpredictably shifting to using his mouth and hand to just his mouth. “If I would’ve known that getting you Starbucks would lead to this, I would’ve brought you your favorite tea every day.” Jensen smirked down at Misha, knowing that Misha hated it when he was cocky. Misha rolled his eyes but quickened his pace. “Fuck…” Jensen
groaned. He was close but tried to stave off the orgasm because Misha’s mouth was amazing. Misha knew that he often did this, and not once did he complain, because by some miracle on Jensen’s part, Misha enjoyed giving head just as much as he did getting it.

Despite his best attempts at stopping it, in a few minutes Jensen was spilling into Misha’s mouth, running his hands through Misha’s hair as he swallowed around him. He didn’t even let Misha finish buttoning his jeans before he was standing and pulling Misha to his feet by Castiel’s tie, bringing their lips together after wrapping his arms around him. Misha smirked haughtily against his lips.

The trailer door opened before Misha could make an arrogant comment, causing both of them to jump and face the door. April, one of the girls that worked in the costume department, stepped in the trailer, her eyes growing wide when she saw them. It was then that Jensen realized his pants and belt were still undone. As if April could read his thoughts, her eyes dropped to his crotch. He quickly and sheepishly started doing his pants up. She turned bright red and her eyes flicked to Misha instead, but they were drawn to the dust and dirt that were now on the knees of his slacks. Misha smiled at her smugly and Jensen hit him.

“I uh…I’m sor- I hope I wasn’t…I was sent in here to look for Dean’s pink and blue plaid shirt for tomorrow.” She stammered, suddenly very interested in the floor of the trailer.

“We’ll get out of your hair.” Misha said brightly. April’s eyes snapped to Misha’s hair that was sticking up in every direction after Jensen’s fingers had gotten ahold of it. Jensen grimaced and grabbed Misha’s hand, dragging him out of the trailer. “Oh, come on.” Misha whined when Jensen shot him a look once they were out of the trailer. “Literally everyone knows we’re dating now.” Jensen grinned. He couldn’t argue with that logic.

“There you two are!” Rob said, causing them both to turn. “We’re ready for you on set.”

If they had to do a take of this scene one more time, Jensen was personally going to light Jared’s hair on fire. He had once again acquired the Castiel cardboard cut out (Jensen would be burning that too) and was doing absolutely everything he could to get Misha and Jensen to both screw up their lines. Jensen really wished he hadn’t forgotten his coffee in the costume trailer, because he really needed it. He had finally managed to ignore Jared (much to Rob’s relief), but now Misha was the one cracking up. If it wasn’t for the fact that it was Misha’s full-bodied laugh where his nose scrunched up and he looked absolutely adorable, Jensen may have set him on fire along with Jared’s hair and the cut out.

Rob eventually kicked Jared off the set. “Thank god you two are together.” He stated, shaking his head. “Since this is an intimate scene between Dean and Cas, I know you two will have no problem knocking it out now that Jared’s distracted by the food truck.”

“Hey!” Jensen whined. “Even if we weren’t dating, we could still kill this scene. You’ve seen how well we act together.”

Rob grinned at Jensen and patted him on the back. “You’re both great actors, don’t get me wrong… but that’s because with you two, it was never really acting, was it, Jensen?”

Jensen looked over at Misha, who was flipping through his script, mumbling his lines to himself. Maybe Rob had a point.
Jared stuff part of his Philly cheesesteak in his mouth while he played Words With Friends with Genevieve on his phone. He was winning, and had a sneaking suspicion that Gen was going easy on him. He heard something buzz to his left and looked over. Misha had left his phone in his set chair and was receiving a phone call. Jared grinned, immediately dropping his own phone and cheesesteak. Apparently Misha still hadn’t learned to stop leaving his phone unattended. Jared picked up the phone, and saw that Alexandra was calling. He let the phone call end and unlocked Misha’s phone, but only to immediately receive another phone call from Alex. Jared frowned and figured it might be a good idea to give Misha his phone if Alex was trying to get in touch with him.

Jared walked over to the set, stuffing the rest of his lunch in his mouth. Emily from hair and makeup was fixing Jensen’s hair and he figured it was the perfect time to interrupt. “Hey, Misha.” He mumbled through his stuffed mouth. “Alex keeps trying to call you.”

Misha didn’t bat an eyelash but looked over at Rob who gestured for him to take the call. Jared tossed him the phone, and Misha walked away, out of earshot.

“Dude, you have to try to cheesesteaks.” Jared said turning to Jensen.

“If you get anything on your shirt, I’m going to kill you.” Emily scolded, fixing Jared with a firm look. He gave her his best puppy eyes and she walked away, rolling her eyes.

“Are they really that good?” Jensen asked, suddenly aware of how hungry he was. “Do you know how long the truck is gonna be here?”

“You’re good.” Jared replied, wiping sauce from his mouth with the back of his hand. “It’s gonna be here at least long enough for you to grab something later today.”

Jensen opened his mouth to respond to Jared but stopped when he saw Misha approaching over Jared’s shoulder. Misha’s face was drained of all color, and his eyes were wide and scared. “Mish? What’s wrong?” Jensen asked softly, stepping around Jared. Misha opened his mouth, but then snapped it close, looking at the ground. Jensen grabbed Misha’s shoulder, but before he could say anything else, Misha’s eyes shot up to meet his, and Jensen had never seen him look so lost.

He looked at Jensen pleadingly. “It’s Alexandra…she’s in labor.”

Chapter End Notes

So I have an important question (statement?) for you guys. I'm going to be featured on a podcast were I talk about ISOWAK, writing fanfiction, and Supernatural in general. The podcast is being recorded the last weekend of February, and that's where you guys come in! If you have any questions you would like me to answer, or anything you would like me to discuss on the podcast, leave it in a comment on here or head over to my tumblr and leave me an ask. It's okay if you don't have a tumblr account, it'll just make your submission anonymous. :)

Also, I've been meaning to ask this and can't remember for the life of me if I ever asked it or not. While reading my fic, was there ever someone that came to your mind for Alexandra? Such as an actress that you felt like "played" her in my fic? I'm just curious.

Anyway, please try to convince me that this isn't a certain couple curled up in bed.
Also, was I talking about the infamous bisexual plaid shirt that Dean has? Of course.

I mean, it's practically the colors of the bisexual flag.

I hope you guys are ready for a change of pace. ;
Chapter 46

Once again, I will be replying to everyone's messages soon, so please don't think I'm ignoring any of you. I've been working 70 hour work weeks so things have been crazy to say the least.
If you're interested in knowing a little more about me, I would strongly suggest checking out the notes after the chapter.
This one is pretty short...please don't hate me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Faster, Jensen.” Misha whined urgently as he nervously fiddled with his seatbelt. His blue eyes were staring out the window distractedly, he’s eyebrows tented in urgency.

“I'm going as fast as I can, baby.” Jensen tried to keep his voice soothing, but his knuckles were white on the steering wheel, giving his own nervousness away. So, Alexandra went into labor a little early. That happens to a lot of people, right? He wanted to say the thought out loud, but didn’t feel like Misha was in the mood to hear it. Even if he had the spine to say the words out loud, he had no idea how he should go about saying them. He wished he knew some sort of magical, inspirational quote about fatherhood to make the both of them feel better, but he was coming up with nothing. So instead, he slowed down some (there was not seeing the baby if they were both dead), pried one of his hands from the steering wheel, and grabbed one of Misha’s fidgeting hands. It took a moment, but Misha interlaced their fingers and let out a frustrated sigh. “Everything is going to be okay, Mish.” Jensen muttered softly, mentally willing Misha to calm down.

“I know. I just really wasn’t expecting this to happen so suddenly. And neither was Alexandra because she didn’t even think the contractions she was having were real.” Misha unlocked in phone, checking the last text from Alex for the hundredth time. He was sure the floor and room number were seared into his brain by now, but it hadn’t stopped him from checking every few minutes.

When they arrived at the hospital, Jensen offered to drop Misha off at the front and then find a parking spot, but one stern look from Misha made it abundantly clear that he would not being entering the building without Jensen. But once the car was parked, Misha was practically throwing himself out of the door and barreling towards the entrance. Jensen scrambled behind him, feeling all sorts of useless and afraid.

Misha only took a moment to figure out exactly where he was in the hospital before heading for the elevators, not even bothering to look back and see if Jensen was behind him. He could vaguely hear a lady at reception say “Sir, can I help you?” in an agitated voice, but then heard Jensen speaking to her using a placating smile and charming voice before following Misha to the elevators. Misha stopped the elevator doors from closing as Jensen jogged to catch up with him.

The elevator ride to the fourth floor felt impossibly long, and Jensen had no idea what to do to console Misha. He’s lips tingled to kiss him, his fingers twitched to reach out and touch him. His boyfriend’s hair was an absolute mess from where he kept running his fingers through it. His chest was heaving from how hard he was breathing, and he was literally pacing the few short feet of the
Jensen wasn’t even sure if Misha would be able to hear him if he did offer some comforting words or would let Jensen touch him if he caved into his temptations. Jensen didn’t even think it was a good idea to hold his hand because his own hands were sweating profusely. A few short hours ago they were on set, sharing sweet smiles between each other and dumb jokes with Jared, and now they were about to welcome Misha’s daughter into the world. This was it for them. It was no longer just to the two of them. It was the two of them plus Riley, along with Alexandra. Jensen’s stomach flipped nervously at that ominous voice in the back of his head reminding him that their honeymoon phase was officially about to be over.

When Misha practically knocked down the door to Alexandra’s room, two nurses shot them an annoyed look and Jensen gave him an apologetic smile. Misha was so out of his mind that Jensen had accepted the fact that his charming good lucks were going to be doing a lot of damage control for Misha until this was all over. Alex laughed weakly at their entrance. Misha immediately made his way over to the bed to lean down and hug her, kissing her gently on the forehead when he pulled away. Jensen shuffled his feet awkwardly. This moment was theirs, he didn’t feel the need to interrupt it. “Are you okay, Alex?” Misha was unable to keep his voice from cracking.

“I’m fine, Misha. I’m only a few days shy of the due date, so it’s really nothing for us to worry about. I’m not even dilated enough to even begin to start pushing. I just feel so tired already, and I haven’t even done anything yet.” Alex gritted out as she clinched her teeth and tried to make it through one of her contractions. “Thank you for coming.” She turned to Jensen, and he noticed how positively exhausted she looked. “You too, Jensen. It…It’s a relief to know I’m not alone.”

Jensen cautiously made his way over, plopping down in the seat furthest from Alex’s hospital bed to leave the closest for Misha even though he took a seat on the edge of the bed itself. “We wouldn’t leave you to do this alone.” Jensen said softly. He leaned forward to rub Misha’s back a little, seeing how tensely his shoulders were set. Things had always been easy with them. Before, when they were just friends and coworkers, a few dumb jokes would put them at ease when they were stressed. Later, it was lazy kisses and sweet words that drained the tension from them. But this? This was different. Jensen had no idea how to put Misha at ease when he was about to be a father for the first time. So all Jensen could do was simply be there for Misha, and wait for him to come back down to earth.

Alex smiled but it didn’t quite meet her tired eyes. “Stop worrying, Misha. You’re going to go grey.” Misha snorted but smiled back at her.

“I hate to end this tender moment, but both of them can’t be in here.” One of the nurses finally spoke up, causing all of them to jump. The other nurse had left shortly after Jensen and Misha had entered the room, leaving an older petite lady with dark hair pulled into a braid. “It’s too many people. The room isn’t big enough. The medical staff needs room to work. Dr. Bennington doesn’t like to work in a crowded room.”

“They’re both staying.” Alex immediately replied sternly. “Unless Dr. Bennington personally comes in and kicks them out when it’s time for me to deliver, they’re both staying with me.”

The nurse looked like she was putting in a lot of effort not to roll her eyes, but she nodded and left.
the room, reassuring Alex that she would be back soon to check on her vitals again.

Jensen’s phone beeped, and he reached in his pocket to check it. His eyes scanned over the text message before saying aloud “Jared just picked up Gen and they’re heading this way.”

“He didn’t keep filming his scenes?” Misha asked curiously.

Jensen grinned at him. “No way, man. There’s no way he’d miss being here. I’m going to tell them to wait in the waiting room for the time being though. I don’t want to get all of us kicked out.” Jensen texted out the message quickly, and then used his phone to order some flowers for Alex and have them sent up to her room. He made sure than Misha’s name was on the card too.

Misha relaxed almost completely after a while, and Jensen decided to give them some alone time by using coffee and a vending machine as an excuse. He made his way out into the waiting area (he only took one wrong turn and was a little proud of himself) and easily tracked down the vending machine. He got Misha some gummy bears and his own favorite chocolate bar and debated on getting something for Alexandra even though she insisted that she didn’t want anything. A huge hand clapped him on the shoulder and his spun around to see Jared beaming with Gen right behind him. Gen was immediately shoving pink balloons into Jared’s hands so that she could hug Jensen.

“How’s Alexandra doing? How are you and Misha doing?” She asked sincerely while Jared fumbled with the balloon ribbons so that he wouldn’t accidentally release them.

“We’re all okay. Just nervous. I came out here to grab some snacks and give them some alone time for a bit. Thanks for coming, guys.” Jensen replied softly, feeling his eyes get a bit misty. He couldn’t help but think about what a great support system he had between his friends, family, and Misha. He had no idea how it must feel to be Alex, and not have such a stable support system. He swallowed hard. Had Misha chosen to not be in Riley’s life, she would’ve been completely alone right now. It made something painful twist in his gut at the reminder that he had been such an asshole to Misha when he had found out she was pregnant.

Jared smiled at him. “We’re only here because Gen is going to try to kidnap Riley the moment she’s born.” He joked, shooting Jensen a dramatic wink.

“You’re damn right.” She added grinning.

“Make your own babies. You’re not stealing our daughter.” Jensen froze the moment the words were out of his mouth. Jared was too busy blushing (he had long since had the talk with Jensen about wanting to marry Gen and start a family with her) to notice what he had said, but Gen had a single eyebrow raised at him.

“Your daughter? I’m not a lawyer but I’m pretty sure you and Misha have to get married for her to be considered yours as well. ”

Jensen scrunched up his nose in annoyance. “And are you expecting that not to happen or something?”

Gen gave him a soft smile with a tender look in her eyes. “No, I definitely expect it to happen. Hopefully soon. Planning a nursery is fun, but planning a wedding is even better and I definitely want in on that action.” Jensen felt his face heat up and looked away. He wasn’t sure why he was being shy about it. Everyone knew he was going to marry Misha. Maybe it was the fact that Misha had been practically turning him down for months to focus on the baby. Jared saved him from his
Jensen took the opportunity to change the subject. “It’s going to be awhile before you two can snatch Riley away. Alexandra isn’t dilated enough to start pushing. The doctor hasn’t even come to see her yet. Or at least that was the case when I was last in there. I hope you guys are able to get comfy in waiting room chairs.”

Jared laughed. “All three of us have slept in worse conditions on set. I think we can handle waiting rooms.”

Jensen saw them off to the waiting room before returning to Alexandra’s room, just in enough time to see a giant bouquet of different shades of pink peonies being dropped off by an overwhelmed looking teenage boy that must work at the flower shop. Jensen smiled, suddenly no longer wanting to internally roll his eyes at the price of the bouquet when he realized how beautiful it had turned out, and how quickly it had been delivered. He stood in the doorway quietly, making room for the young boy to leave as Alex looked at the bouquet in shock, grabbing the address card with nervous, shaky hands. Her eyes visibly teared up and her free hand went to cover her mouth in awe. Misha looked at her curiously and she cleared her throat, a failed attempt at trying to get her voice not to crack.

“To two of the most beautiful people I’ve ever met, inside and out. I know Riley will be just as amazing as her parents are. Congratulations, Alexandra and Misha. Love, Jensen.” When Alex finally looked over at Jensen, the tears brimming her eyes finally over flowed and he grinned sheepishly.

“In my defense, I didn’t realize how cheesy the note sounded until you read it out loud.” He laughed. He was so busy gauging Alex’s reaction that he was caught completely off guard when Misha swarmed him. He wrapped his arms around Jensen and immediately buried his face in his boyfriend’s neck to muffle a whimper.

“What did I do to deserve the sweetest human being on the planet?” He asked when he pulled away, wiping his eyes before impending tears could fall.

Jensen cradled Misha’s face in his hands, his thumbs smoothing over stubbled skin. “I love you, Misha. And I’m not sure what I can do to help, but just say the word, and I’ll do it.” Misha threw himself in Jensen arms again and Jensen chuckled, pulling him in tightly and looking over his shoulder at Alex. “That applies to you too, Alex.”

Alex hummed, pleased. “You two are just too sweet together. Thank you, Jensen. This means so, so much to me.” Before Jensen could say anything, one of the nurses from earlier was shoving past him, nearly pushing Misha out of the way. She flung her long, braided hair over her shoulder and ignored them, immediately going over to the machines that Alex was hooked up to with a clipboard in hand. “This is nurse Anette.” Alex said, pursing her lips slightly. “The young lady from earlier was an intern. Bethany, I think.”

“Mmhm. That was her name. Let me see your finger and hold out your arm. I need to check your blood pressure.” Anette said, immediately pulling the blood pressure cuff tightly and attaching the Velcro. Alex sighed and did as she was asked, and Jensen gave her a sympathetic look. He grabbed Misha’s hand, interlacing their fingers and dragged him to the seats in the room so that they wouldn’t be in the nurse’s way again. It was clear that she was in a no-nonsense sort of mood.

Nurse Anette was writing furiously on the paperwork on her clipboard as she read the monitors around Alex while she waited for the blood pressure machine to start beeping and give it’s reading. When it finally beeped, she looked up, but didn’t stop writing until she read it. Her eyes widened slightly, and she leaned forward to get a better look at the screen.
“Is everything okay?” Misha asked immediately, his voice cracking. Jensen squeezed his hand once to remind him that he wasn’t alone.

“Everything is fine.” She dismissed Misha, looking at Alex. “I can’t get a good read on this arm. So, we’re going to try the other one, alright?” Alex just nodded and stuck out her other arm dutifully. A few moments later and Anette was sighing in frustration. “This blood pressure machine isn’t working properly. I’ll be back with another one. Hold tight.” She bunched up the wires and cuff in annoyance and shoved it under her arm so that she could continue writing on her clipboard as she left, her braid swinging behind her.

“Well isn’t she a ray of sunshine?” Jensen muttered bitterly.

Alex laughed. “Nurses have a very difficult job, and she’s been here for ten hours already. I was talking to her earlier. God knows how long she’ll be here, some of her coworkers called out. I would be frustrated too, so I’m giving her a pass. But the intern, Bethany, was telling me that she’s been doing this for thirteen years and is very good at her job. She did get my IV in on the first try, and I barely felt it.” Misha smiled at her weakly, and Jensen knew her positivity was helping him.

Jensen swallowed, a little helplessly. He felt so useless and was debating on excusing himself and waiting in the waiting room with Gen and Jared when Anette returned, someone following close behind her.

“Dr. Bennington!” Alex exclaimed. “It’s good to see you. Does that mean I can push this thing out soon?” She motioned to her stomach, her face contorted in discomfort as she breathed through another contraction.

Dr. Bennington laughed and flipped her bright, blonde hair over her shoulder, sitting down and pulling the rolling chair forward. “That’s what I’m here to find out. Let’s see how dilated you are now, shall we?” She pulled the sheets back that were draped over Alex’s knees, but as she did so, Anette leaned down and whispered in her ear. Bennington hummed in response and a deep frown appeared on her lips.

“I think I’m probably dilated enough now.” Alex muttered, focused on her breathing. “The contractions are getting closer. Doesn’t that mean the baby will be here soon?”

“You would be right, Alexandra.” The doctor smiled encouragingly. “It seems you’re finally at 10cm.” She turned to Jensen and Misha momentarily. “I’m sorry, but we only allow one person in the room during the actual birth. It’s the hospital’s policy and I prefer it because the room is a lot less crowded that way.”

“No problem.” Jensen muttered, standing up. He didn’t want to leave Misha, but the thought of watching someone give birth was also making him lightheaded. He cupped Misha’s jaw and bent down to give him a slow, sweet kiss. “I’ll be right outside, baby. The waiting room is just right down the hall. This is one of the closest room to it, so we got lucky.” Misha just smiled up at him weakly, his eyes wide and scared. Jensen gave him one last kiss on the forehead before going over to Alex’s bed and pulling her into his arms for a quick goodbye.

“Jensen, generally people have to tell the mom to breathe when she’s in labor. Not the baby daddy’s boyfriend.” Gen said lightly. He had been sitting with her and Jared in the waiting room for about thirty minutes and he still felt like he might puke at any given second. Jensen just glared at her before letting his head fall to his hands. His hands then slid through his hair, pulling at the short strands anxiously. Jared gave him a sympathetic look and Gen patted him on the shoulder gently.
“C’mon man, what are you so worried about?” Jared asked. He was aiming for positive, but it fell short.

“Oh, I don’t know, Jared. Maybe my boyfriend realizing that maybe he should be with the mother of his child and he doesn’t need me for anything because he can have a perfect little happy family now?” Jensen realized how dumb it sounded the moment the words came out of his mouth, but he couldn’t stop the overwhelming anxiety that was boiling under the surface and spilling over as ridiculous self-conscious comments. Jensen glanced up and saw a security guard quickly striding down the hall. “Does that… does that security guard look like he’s going for room 302?”

“Uh, yeah. He actually does.” Jared replied.

“That’s the room that Alex is in.” Jensen said, standing up and following after the guard. Jared and Gen exchanged a look behind him before standing up and going after him.

The guard reached the room first, and was dragging Misha out by the time Jensen, Jared, and Gen arrived.

“Get your fucking hands off-“

“Sir, I’m asking you to calm down-“

“If you don’t let me back-“

“Hey! What’s going on here?” Jensen interrupted the argument loudly.

Misha looked relieved to see Jensen but jerked out of the guard’s grip and adjusted his now disheveled shirt. “There’s something going on and they-“

“Your friend here was asked to leave the room.” The guard interrupted Misha. “There was an emergency and they wanted the room cleared of everyone but medical staff and the mother.” He narrowed her deep brown eyes at Misha and crossed his arms over his chest. “Your buddy refused to leave.”

Jensen brushed past the guard to stand next to Misha, grumbling “Actually, he’s my boyfriend” under his breath. “What’s going on, baby?” He asked, searching Misha’s eyes.

Misha immediately lost it. Jensen pulled him into his arms and combed his fingers through his hair while Misha sobbed into his shoulder. “I…I don’t know….all these machines were going off and they were talking all this medical bullshit and they told me to leave and…and I don’t know…” He choked out, his words barely coherent. Jensen continued to stroke Misha’s hair but looked over at Jared and Gen helplessly. They looked just as confused as he was.

“Do you know what’s going on, sir?” Jared asked the guard, sporting a well-practiced facial expression that Sam Winchester often pulled.

“I have no idea. They don’t tell me. They just bring me in to take people down if I need to.” He answered Jared. “Just keep your friend out of there, okay? I’m not trying to hurt anyone today. The doctor will come get him when its time.” The guard strolled away shaking his head, but stopped a few yards away, leaning again the wall expectantly.

Jensen was no stroking Misha’s back sweetly. “Watch who you’re picking fights with, Mish. That dude’s arms are like the size of my head.”

Misha looked up at him, his eyes red and swollen, tears still streaming from them steadily. “What’s
going on, Jensen? What’s wrong with Alex?”

Jensen’s heart shattered at the lost, pained expression on Misha’s face. Misha needed him, and he didn’t have any answers. He didn’t know anything about pregnancy other than what he was taught in the baby class his therapist had suggested, and they definitely didn’t cover anything like this. “I don’t know. I wish I did, but I don’t know. But known of us are going to have the opportunity to find out if we get kicked out of the hospital. We gotta get you to the waiting room, okay?”

“I can’t…I can’t leave her…”

“You’re not leaving her.” Gen tried. “You’ll be right down the hall. But Jensen is right. If they call security on you again, they’ll end up throwing you out, and maybe even calling the cops. Then you will have to leave. Come with us to the waiting room, Misha.”

Misha looked over at Gen and Jared before his eyes returned to Jensen’s. “Come on, baby.” Jensen said softly, gently tugging Misha in the direction of the waiting room.

By some grace of god, Jensen was able to get Misha in the waiting room and sitting down. Misha had his head on Jensen’s shoulder, but he was anything but asleep, and hadn’t stopped shaking despite the fact that Gen had brought him a blanket. Jensen ran his thumb over Misha’s fingers that were intertwined with his own. Genevieve and Jared had left to get coffee, but based on their hushed voices as they left, Jensen knew that their absence had nothing to do with caffeine. Jensen just kissed the top of Misha’s head and continued to try and soothe him. It hadn’t been long since he had convinced Misha to come sit down, only about an hour, but it felt like a lifetime and Jensen could only imagine what hell it felt like for Misha.

Misha had cleared his throat a few times, like he wanted to say something but was too afraid of the words actually coming out. The weight of his head suddenly left Jensen’s shoulder and Jensen followed his gaze. Dr. Bennington was coming towards them, her lab coat billowing behind her. “Mr. Collins? I need to speak to you.” She glanced around at the other families in the waiting room. None of them were paying any attention to her. She looked down at the ground, a grave expression on her face. Everyone knew that look. It was the practiced sympathetic look that doctors had when shit was about to hit the fan. Jensen couldn’t help but notice how young she looked, and he wondered if she had ever had to give a patient bad news, or if this was her first time delivering it.

Jensen looked over at Misha. The stricken, terrified look on his face had Jensen tightening his grip on his hand, his own heartbeat speeding up to panic levels. Misha just nodded, swallowing so hard that his Adam’s apple bobbed almost painfully. Dr. Bennington met Misha’s eyes, her expression steeled. “You’ve been to some of the appointments with Alexandra, so you know all of the things we were focused on. One of the things we were concerned about was her blood pressure. She had no record of high blood pressure before the pregnancy, but it reached concerning levels around her seventh month. We’ve been keeping an eye on it ever since and believed that she was no longer having issues with it with the help of medication. During labor, her blood pressure exceeded numbers that I have yet to see during my time as a doctor.” The doctor began wringing her hands nervously. Jensen could feel that Misha had stopped shaking and was hanging on to her every word. It was like the air had been sucked out of the room and her could barely breathe. Dr. Bennington took a calming breath, her expression softening as she looked Misha in the eyes. “There was a complication with the delivery.”

Chapter End Notes
So in my previous chapter, I had mentioned being on a podcast about being a fanfiction writer. If any of you are interested, you can listen to the podcast [here](#). I’m in episode 115, titled "Anchors Deep in Fandom", and my voice is masked to protect my identity due to my job... so it sounds a little Dateline lol. But you should still check it out, along with Amy’s other podcasts! And you should definitely leave her some ratings/comments. Please bare with me during this incredibly hectic time in my life. I’m hoping that things will run a lot smoother after this chapter and so I won’t have to go so long without posting.
Chapter Notes

Once again, I promise I'll get around to replying to all of the comments! I just wanted to go ahead and get this chapter out.

“Wh-what do you mean, complications?” Misha asked hoarsely.

Dr. Bennington gave him a sympathetic look that made his stomach turn. “When Alexandra’s blood pressure skyrocketed, we did everything we could to immediately start lowering it. The stress of labor was making it far worse, and once she realized something was wrong, she panicked despite us giving her a mild sedative. It only furthered her blood pressure rising. She had preeclampsia, Mr. Collins. During delivery she began to have a seizure.” Dr. Bennington took a moment. Behind her professional façade, Misha could see a hint of sorrow.

“Please tell me she’s okay.” Misha whispered brokenly, feelings tears well in his eyes.

Dr. Bennington took a deep breath, looking at the ground for a moment before meeting Misha’s eyes again. “We were able to save the baby. That, in itself, was a miracle. She’s a little underweight and we’re keeping an eye on her. But her mother- her mom is fading fast Mr. Collins. We’ve done everything we can do. The seizure and preeclampsia just took too much of a toll on her body. We’re… we’re keeping her here long enough for you to say goodbye.”

Misha’s face fell to his hands as a sob wrecked through his body. Distantly he could feel Jensen’s hands on him with the intent of comfort, but the sensation of his touch was lost somewhere in the very back of his mind in that moment. Alexandra was dying. She would never get to see Riley, never get to hold her. Never tell her how much she loved her. Never sing to her or tuck her in at night. Never make her lunch or take her to a first day of school. She would never get to see her grow. After everything that had happened, she would never get the chance to be her mom, and that broke something in Misha. She had sacrificed so much. She was in the process of selling the gallery, or at least a share of it, so that she would have more time to raise Riley and be able to provide to best for her. Alex knew that with Misha in the picture, Riley would always have everything she ever needed. But even then, she was giving up more for her daughter because she wanted to provide things that money couldn’t buy. She had never wanted kids and she had already began planning the rest of her life around Riley.

Distantly, Misha could hear Jensen speaking to Dr. Bennington, but he sounded like he was under water and couldn’t quite make out what they were saying. He could feel his body shaking, but the quivering felt distant and not quite attached to him. His face was still in his hands, and he wasn’t sure how he hadn’t drowned in his own tears when it felt like he had been like this for hours even though he knew realistically it was just a few moments. There was an ache in his chest that was suffocating, and when he realized it, it became harder and harder to breathe until-

“Misha.” Jensen’s voice cut through the panic and muffled, muddied sounds coming from around them. Misha wasn’t sure how or when, but at some point, he had taken Misha’s face in his hands. Misha’s blurry blue eyes focused on Jensen’s green, bloodshot ones. “Misha you have to listen to me. Riley is okay. She needs you. I know this is hard…god, Mish. I know this is so hard. But your daughter needs you.”
Misha gulped in air, still coming down from his panic attack. The hospital air felt cool on his face as it hit his tear stained cheeks, and he could feel his fingers tingling with lack of blood flow. He reflexively unclenched his fists and they immediately began to feel better. Jensen stood up and pulled him into his arms, and Misha completely melted into him. He didn’t find that new tears were coming, but it felt like everything had slowed down, like everything zeroed in on this one moment. Jensen pulled away only to kiss the top of his head, nuzzling into the messy dark hair.

“I can’t do this. I can’t.” Misha whispered into Jensen’s shoulder. It was one thing to be a father that would only have his child a portion of the time. But without Alexandra, Misha would have full custody of Riley. At the drop of a dime, everything had changed. All the planning that he and Alex had done was thrown out the window. He was all Riley had. Jensen just pulled him in tighter.

“Yes, you can. I know you can.” Jensen’s voice was unwavering. There was no uncertainty in it, and Misha knew that without a doubt, Jensen believed it. Jensen pulled back, taking Misha’s face in his hands once again. He brought their lips together in a chaste kiss that Misha barely had the strength to participate in. He knew there were people in the waiting room watching them. He wasn’t sure how big of a scene he had made during his panic attack, or if Gen and Jared had returned at some point, but he knew that people were watching. But he also knew that Jensen was only focused on him, only focused on bringing him back down to earth, and he was beautiful. Jensen was his rock. There was no distance behind his green eyes, but Misha could detect the faint hint of panic. This scared this shit out of Jensen too. But he had so much faith in the capability of Misha being a father, and Misha loved him. Misha loved him with every fiber of his existence, and he knew that Jensen would always be the lighthouse that would radiate light and guide him home. “I love you, Misha. I know you better than anyone. I know I’ll be beside you every step of the way.” Misha just nodded, still unable to form words yet. Jensen brought their lips together again.

Misha saw Dr. Bennington return out of the corner of his eyes and broke the kiss, letting go of Jensen. He hadn’t even noticed she had left them and wondered if he even wanted to know what she and Jensen had discussed. She smiled at him weakly. “Whenever you’re ready, Mr. Collins.” She nodded to him and then turned no her heel, lab coat flailing out behind her until she turned a corner and was gone. Misha looked over at Jensen questioningly and Jensen bit his lip.

“Ready to say goodbye, Mish.” Jensen said softly.

“I don’t think that’s something I’ll ever be ready for.” He replied bitterly, his voice hoarse and cracking.

“I know, baby. But… but it’s time.” Jensen grabbed Misha’s hand, intertwining their fingers, but allowed Misha to be the one to make his way towards Alexandra’s room.

Misha paused at the door, his hand shaking as he reached for the handle.

“Do you want me to go with you?” Jensen asked nervously, squeezing Misha’s other hand that was still in his own.

Misha sighed, not taking his eyes off the door handle. “No. I n-need to do this alone.” His eyes finally met Jensen’s. “Thank you, Jensen. You have no idea how much you mean to me. There’s no way I could handle this without you. But… this? saying goodbye… I need to do this alone.”

“I understand.” Jensen answered without skipping a beat, that unwavering support once again apparent in his voice, and Misha regretted all those times when he wouldn’t agree to marry him. Jensen was it for him. His past, present, and future. The thought of having to do this without him was petrifying, the thought of having to do anything without him was. Jensen leaned forward and kissed
him on the cheek sweetly, untangling their fingers just to rub a soothing motion into Misha’s arm. “I’ll be right here, Mish. I’m not going anywhere. Take as long as you need.”

Jensen could see Misha next to Alexandra’s bed through the little window pane on the door to her room, and he would give anything to take the apparent pain away from his boyfriend. Misha had only been in the room for five minutes, but the tears had started falling the moment he sat down. He was holding her hand, stroking his thumb over her knuckles and he spoke to her between sobs. Jensen had no idea what he could be saying to her, and he knew it was a private moment that he had no right to be in on, but it was taking every ounce of control in his body to stop himself from knocking down the door to hold Misha. He didn’t deserve this. The amazing, unique, captivating person he was never deserved to have anything ripped from him like this.

“I’ll be right here, Mish. I’m not going anywhere. Take as long as you need.” Jensen turned at the sound of his voice being called down the hall, flinching slightly at the sight of Gen and Jared because he had nearly forgotten they had even come. When they both reached him, all it took was one look at Jared to know that the grief and worry were abundantly clear on his own face.

Jared didn’t hesitate to pull him into his big arms without hesitation and without question. Jensen fell into the support from his best friend.

“What happened?” Genevieve asked in a tiny voice so unlike her normal one, her soft brown eyes big with concern.

Jensen rubbed his eyes for a moment. It felt like he hadn’t slept in days and that this particular day had lasted an eternity, but sleep was the last thing on his mind despite his strained eyes. “I…. there were some complications. I don’t know… something to do with her blood pressure? Alex, I mean. And a seizure? She… fuck. She’s not going to make it.” He was speaking to them both, but he was looking at Jared. Jared had always known what to do, what to say, and he hoped this time wasn’t any different.

“Jensen…I am so sorry, man.” Jared muttered, pulling him in for another hug. When Jensen pulled out of the hug, he could see a million questions in Jared’s concerned eyes, but Jared would wait to ask them until the time was right. He always did.

As soon as Jared dropped his arms, a much smaller pair was being wrapped around him. “What about Riley?” Gen asked quietly when she pulled away.

“Riley is okay, I think. The doctor said she’s a little on the small side and they’re keeping an eye on her, but it seems like it’s not too big of a concern.” He tore his eyes aware from Gen to look through the door pane again. “Misha is saying good bye. I… I don’t know what to do to make him feel better. They had everything planned out. He and Alex had agreements on custody and everything. For the first little while, Alex didn’t even want Riley to stay the night at our house. And now… Misha is all Riley has. I don’t know how to fix this.”

Gen stroked her hand up and down Jensen’s arm gently. “You can’t fix this, Jensen. There’s nothing to fix. Misha is her father, and he may not feel like he’s prepared, but a parent can never be fully prepared to raise a child. Especially their first child. All you can do is be there for him and love him during this hard time. He’s going to need you. So, you just need to be there.” Jensen nodded, biting his lip as he felt tears forming. He blinked them away harshly. “You’re going to be great. You both are. There’s not a single part of me even remotely worried about Riley as long as she has you two.”
Jensen’s eyes flickered to Jared before looking back to Gen. He needed Jared to marry her, because she had already become so ingrained in this little family that Supernatural had created for him.

“And you know we’re here, Jensen. It doesn’t matter what you and Misha need, you know me and Gen will drop everything to help you guys.” Jared added sincerely.

Jensen jumped slightly at the sound of Alex’s room opening. Misha wiped his eyes as he stepped out, but it looked like his tears had already dried. Jensen looked at him imploringly but before Jensen could ask him anything, Misha was burying himself in Jensen’s arms. Jensen didn’t hesitate to pull him in, planting kiss after kiss on top of his head. When Misha pulled away, he looked calmer, like some of the worry had eased from his eyes. Jensen forced a reassuring smile, glad that he had at least gotten closure. “Would you like to say goodbye?” Misha asked softly.

Jensen stared at him for a moment, taken off guard. “I…uh, yeah. I would.” He pulled away from Misha and entered the room that Alexandra was in. He had fully expected Misha to follow him but turned to see that he was already speaking with Jared and Gen, giving him to same alone time he had allowed. Jensen swallowed hard and closed the door quietly behind him.

Jensen had expected some sort of eerie heaviness in the room but was shocked by how normal everything seemed. If he didn’t know better, he would just think Alexandra was sleeping. There were a few more machines hooked up to her, but her heartbeat seemed steady on the screen….

Jensen closed his eyes and breathed deep when he realized the new machines were probably the only thing keeping her alive right now, just long enough for everyone to say their goodbyes.

He made his way to the very chair that Misha had been sitting in moments ago, the seat still warm. He realized he had no idea what to say.

“You know, I used to hate you.” Jensen flinched, completely shocked that the words fell from his lips, and so harshly. He cleared his throat. “I mean… I wanted to be able to blame you. I was such a jealous asshole, and I always took it out on Misha regardless of how perfect he was being. You were someone to point the finger at. When I found out you were pregnant…I don’t think I’ve been that angry in my entire life. I thought you ruined everything. Especially once Misha and I broke up. I… I thought so many horrible things about you. Then I got to know you… and it was so surreal to figure out that you weren’t this monster that my mind wanted you to be. I should’ve told you before… but I feel like I owe you. I know you didn’t intend on getting pregnant. You or Misha. But…we needed that break up. I needed that push to do something to change the person I was becoming. And I wish things could’ve been different. I wish I didn’t need something so extreme to work on myself, and I wish you could be here to watch Riley grow up. But I know you know that she’s in good hands. Thank you, Alexandra. You made Misha a father, and I know he thinks he’s not ready, but he’s going to be amazing at it. And if I’m lucky, if Misha allows me…you’ve made me a father too. I’ll never be able to put my gratitude into the proper words, so just…thank you. And I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I just-“ Jensen didn’t realize he was crying until he choked up. He grabbed Alex’s hand and squeezed it, heartbroken that it was still warm, that she was still alive and unplugging one little machine would change that. He squeezed her hand again, blinking tears from his eyes as he stood up to leave.

When he opened and closed the door behind him, he saw Nurse Anette approaching them quickly, her eyes solely on Misha. “Mr. Collins? I hope this isn’t the wrong time.” She looked sad and drained. The snappy attitude from earlier completely torn away by tragedy, even if it wasn’t her own. “Your baby…she’s completely stable. We were worried about her breathing for a bit, but once we got all the fluid out of her lungs, she’s fine. Would you like to see her?”

Misha’s eyes were huge, his mouth falling open a little, but he nodded. He immediately looked to
Jensen, and Jensen didn’t hesitate to grab his hand, following after Anette and pulling Misha with him with Gen and Jared on their heels.

Misha was a little shocked that Riley was in a room by herself, but figured it was due to the earlier concerns. He was pretty sure he preferred it this way, instead of having to go into a room full of babies. Not that he would have any issues knowing which baby was his, because the moment he saw Riley, it was like something inside him just fell into place. Anette looked between him, Jensen, Gen and Jared like she was counting to herself. She opened her mouth as if she were going to say something about company policy, but she just closed her mouth and nodded. “I’ll be back in just a moment. I’ll leave you four to her.” She nodded curtly and left the room, closing the door behind her.

In that moment, no one else in the room mattered to Misha. Not even Jensen, and he couldn’t even feel guilty about it as he leaned over to get a closer look at his daughter.

She was the most beautiful thing he had ever laid eyes on. She was asleep peacefully, her chest rising and falling slowly under a cheap, pink hospital onesie. They had probably decided to put her in something warmer once they had finally stopped doing tests on her. He knew there was a diaper bag in Alex’s room with the clothes she wanted Riley to leave in, but he would have someone fetch it later. Misha heard someone speaking, but one again, everything but this one moment was muted.

He reached for her gently, his hands shaking. He was a grown ass man, he knew how to hold a baby, but as he lifted her, he was terrified of breaking her. She was so tiny, but he was thanking whatever higher being that existed that she wasn’t even smaller and that she was just healthy. He pulled her to his chest, barely noticing as tears fell from his eyes. Riley’s nose scrunched up a little as a tear hit her cheek, and she very, very slowly opened up her eyes. They slowly focused on Misha, and in that moment, he had never been more in love in his entire life.

“Hello, Riley.” He said softly, his voice cracking as he huffed out a small laugh. Riley just stared up at him like he was the most interesting thing she had ever seen.

Misha looked up, smiling at the look of pure love and adoration on Jensen’s face, only to glance over and see the same expressions on Jared and Genevieve’s face.

“She’s so beautiful.” Gen cooed, inching forward a little to get a better look at her.

“She really is.” Jared added while wrapping an arm around Gen’s waist, his voice softer than Misha’s had ever heard.

“She’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Misha agreed, smiling down at her. He was still worried, still terrified about doing wrong by little bundle in his arms, but suddenly all that fear was on the back burner because she needed him, just like Jensen had said. Misha looked back at Jensen. His green eyes were wide with wonder, eyeing Riley cautiously. Misha smiled at him. Big, bad, Jensen Ackles terrified of a little baby. “Do you want to hold her, Jen?” Jensen’s eyes left Riley only to shoot up and meet Misha’s, somehow even more wide and terrified. Misha grinned at him a little. “Come here.” Jensen obeyed, though had still not said a word. He loyally came to Misha’s side without hesitation and held out unsteady arms while Misha passed Riley over, making sure he had a good grip on her before letting her go. “Not so bad, huh?” Misha said softly, placing his head on Jensen’s shoulder. He looked down at his daughter, at their daughter.

They both looked up when they heard a picture snap and laughed when they say both Gen and Jared with their phones out, grinning from ear to ear. Jensen laughing disturbed Riley a bit and she began
getting fussy, moving her little limbs a bit and making frustrated noises. Misha was prepared to take her back upon seeing the terrified look on Jensen’s face, but what happened next shocked him.

Jensen bit his lip for a moment, but then began shushing Riley. “Shh, shh, shh. It’s okay, sweetheart. Your aunt and uncle are just being silly. That’s all.” Riley’s face scrunched up, preparing for a full-on wail, but then Jensen started singing to her softly. She relaxed her face and stared up at him curiously, and that was it for Misha. He thought he could never be more in love by being with Jensen, and then he had held Riley and felt love like he had never experienced before. Now, seeing the love of his life cradling his daughter and calming her with soft singing nearly brought him to his knees. Jensen glanced up, blushing slightly when he realized everyone was staring at him.

“Do you wanna feed her?” They all turned. Anette had returned with a bottle, a soft look in her eyes. Jensen turned scarlet and hastily replied “Mish, I think you should.” He gently handed over Riley. Misha took her but couldn’t take his eyes off of Jensen for a moment. Jensen smiled, a sweet intimate smile not quite like any other one that Misha had ever gotten from him. Jensen leaned forward carefully to not jostle Riley and brought their lips together, and Misha swore to himself that the next time Jensen asked to marry him there would be no hesitation.

The next hour consisted of Riley getting passed around the four of them. She was currently in Gen’s lap while she gently carded her hands through the little baby’s dark, fluffy hair. “I cannot believe the amount of hair she has!” she exclaimed in an excited whisper. Jared was leaned into her side watching Riley sleep with equal excitement, and Jensen knew that was it for them. They were definitely going to have some rugrats of their own.

Misha was currently sitting down next to Jensen, slumped into his side with bloodshot eyes. He was exhausted, and Jensen knew it. They were just waiting for Dr. Bennington to tell them if Riley would have to stay overnight or not, and he had been quiet ever since nurse Anette had asked to speak to him privately a few minutes ago. Jensen knew it was about Alexandra and hadn’t commented on it. He just held his boyfriend’s hand tightly and would occasionally sneak kisses wherever his lips could reach.

With a little convincing, Jensen managed to get Jared and Gen to put Riley down long enough to give them the house key so that they could go pick up the car seat in case the doctor said that Riley could go home with them. They didn’t mind that it was taking so long, and Jensen knew Misha was glad they were being thorough in the bloodwork before sending Riley anywhere. When Jared shot Jensen a wink, he knew that they would also be returning with real coffee, and hopefully something edible. Jensen was starving, and really didn’t know if he had the energy to cook tonight even though he wanted to cook Misha something special.

A few minutes after Jared and Gen left, Jensen stretched an yawned, wrapping an arm around Misha shoulder and kissing his temple. Misha looked up at him with tired eyes. “I don’t think I’ve been so ready to crawl into bed in my entire life.” He deadpanned.

“You always do.” Misha said sincerely, kissing him. “You were really good with Riley earlier.” Misha smiled at how shy the topic seemed to make Jensen as he blushed and looked down. “No, really, Jensen. You’re amazing.”
“She’s amazing.” Jensen whispered. “Is it crazy that I already love her? Just knowing she’s yours…it’s….incredible.”

Misha grinned at him. “Oh god. She already has you wrapped around her finger, doesn’t she?”

“Maybe just a little.” Jensen grinned back. “She’s not the only one that has me wrapped around their finger.” The look on his face said it all as he pulled Misha in for a kiss.

Jensen felt like he could have closed his eyes as soon as he hit the bed, but he didn’t. He rolled over on his side, watching the doorway and waiting for Misha. Riley was dead asleep with her tummy full and wouldn’t be up any time soon (hopefully) but he knew his boyfriend was having trouble taking his eyes off of her. When Misha finally came in the bedroom, he turned up the baby monitor to full volume and set it on the nightstand before stripping and climbing in to bed. He was avoiding meeting Jensen’s gaze, but Jensen was able to see the sad look on his face.

At first, Jensen didn’t say anything and just allowed Misha to snuggle up against his chest. He carded his fingers through Misha’s dark, soft hair. When he felt Misha start shaking, he finally spoke up. “Wanna talk about it, baby?”

That’s all the prompting Misha needed to pour his entire soul into the conversation. Jensen let Misha rant for nearly half an hour, ignoring the tears hitting his bare chest. He just continued to stroke Misha’s hair and assure him that he was going to be an amazing father. Eventually Misha stopped shaking, and Jensen no longer felt wetness on his chest. Misha took a deep, calming breath. “Do you really think we can do this without Alexandra?” He asked quietly.

“I know we can. It won’t be easy, but nothing worth it ever is.” Jensen replied immediately. He wasn’t expecting Misha to straddle him and bring their lips together for a passionate kiss that quickly became heated when Misha slid his tongue in Jensen’s mouth. Jensen’s hands came up to rest on Misha’s hips before slowly wandering his back, soaking in every inch of bare flesh while Misha whined and kissed Jensen more urgently. When Misha started to grind his hips, a part of Jensen’s brain tried to convince him that they were both too tired for his, but he quickly quieted that part when Misha’s hardening cock rubbed against his own.

“Need you.” Misha panted between kisses. And who was Jensen to deny him from a distraction that he clearly both wanted and needed? He reached for the nightstand to grab the lube and hand it over to Misha, but apparently, he had thoughts of his own because instead of opening Jensen up, he lied down and spread his legs for Jensen.

“So beautiful.” Jensen murmured, looking down at Misha and positioning himself between his legs. Jensen took things slow, fingering Misha open until he was coming undone completely with each thrust of Jensen’s fingers within him. Jensen showered Misha in kisses, knowing that this is what Misha wanted. This was sex that had very little to do with actually reaching the finish line.

When Jensen finally slid into Misha, his thrusts were lazy and shallow, and yet he could still feel Misha coming apart. Jensen didn’t even care if he came because he wanted to keep Misha like this forever. He wanted Misha to be loved and worshipped by him like this always. At some point, he could so sidetracked by covering every square inch of Misha with kisses that he realized he wasn’t even moving his hips anymore. Misha must have noticed it too, because he flipped the both of them and slowly road Jensen until he came untouched, moaning declarations of love into Jensen’s neck. Jensen expected him to climb off, but he kept riding him into he finished too, milking him of every
last drop and kissing him through it. Jensen smiled up at him lazily and grabbed tissues from the nightstand, wiping them both down. Misha practically glued himself to Jensen’s side, and Jensen had zero complaints.

“I love you and I don’t know what I would do without you.” Misha said sleepily. Jensen tilted his chin up to plant one last kiss on his lips.

“You’ll never have to wonder. I’m not going anywhere, Mish. I love you too.”

Right as they both drifted off to sleep, Riley started crying.
Jensen expected the sleepless nights. He expected the dirty diapers and spit up. He expected his bosses being frustrated as they tried to create a filming schedule that worked for Misha. He expected so many people to give their two cents on how Riley should be raised. He expected the crying and the headaches that came with it. There was a lot he had expected when it came to raising a baby.

What he didn’t expect was Misha’s depression.

Jensen was so used to Misha being this solid rock in his life, so used to him being endlessly bright and positive, and didn’t really notice the shift in Misha until after Alexandra’s funeral. Something broke in him that day. Jensen expected him to be upset, to mourn Alexandra and to constantly worry if he was a good father. But there was no way for him to expect what actually came. He hadn’t expected for there to be days that Misha literally only crawled out of bed when Riley cried. He didn’t expect the days when Misha refused to eat despite how much he begged. He didn’t expect Misha to pull away from his touch and be short with him. He didn’t expect the tidal wave of arguments because Misha was angry at Alexandra, angry at Riley, angry at him, angry at the world. And there was nothing Jensen could do about it, despite how hard he tried.

Jensen woke up on the couch, something he never even dreamed would be the case when it came to living with Misha. A few weeks ago he couldn’t possibly wrap his head around sleeping anywhere that didn’t involve being snuggled up to his boyfriend. He had fallen asleep after a few drinks (that he may have made stronger than necessary) after a particularly nasty fight with Misha. He apparently hadn’t warmed the milk to the exact temperature that Misha wanted, and things quickly escalated from there and turned into a screaming match. Which only woke up Riley, who immediately began wailing through the baby monitor as loud as her little lungs would allow her. Even if Jensen wouldn’t have chosen to sleep on the couch, he wasn’t sure how welcome he would have been in the bedroom after the look that Misha had given him.

Jensen got up, stretching and groaning as joints popped. He was too old to be sleeping on a couch, regardless of how comfortable it was. He made he was to the kitchen to put on a pot of coffee, because he knew to get started on the coffee if he was the first one awake. He wouldn’t make that mistake anymore. It’s like the littlest thing provoked Misha, and he wasn’t going to start the day on his bad side. While the coffee brewed, he grabbed his phone off the coffee table in the living room.
and headed upstairs to charge it since his charger was plugged into the wall in the bedroom. He tried to think of something to make for breakfast that he could actually convince Misha to eat instead of just pick at with that empty look on his face.

Jensen had talked to Hayley, his therapist about all of this numerous times. He had been going to see her nearly every day for the past week, sometimes unannounced, and he was very glad to find that she was willing to listen regardless of whether or not he had an appointment. She had suggested that Misha see a therapist of his own because it sounded like he wasn’t properly going through the mourning process of Alexandra dying, on top of feeling completely overwhelmed at being thrown into single fatherhood head first. She had fixed him with a very stern look when he had tried to interrupt at her referring to it as “single” fatherhood and gave him a card of another therapist that used to same office building as her. She had been willing to do couples counseling with them but felt like it crossed a line to see them both one on one. All of it made perfect sense to Jensen, he was just having a hard time figuring out how to bring it up to Misha. Every conversation was tip toeing around broken eggshells. He missed the Misha that was always preaching about talking about your feelings and communication. He could barely get the current Misha to speak to him in a tone that didn’t sound like he wanted to strangle him.

When Jensen reached their bedroom, Misha was sprawled out on the bed on his stomach, his hair in utter disarray as it always was when he slept. Jensen frowned at how just a few weeks ago, the sight of his boyfriend like this would’ve pulled at his heartstrings. Now? It just broke his heart. Misha either wasn’t sleeping at all or was sleeping every second that Riley didn’t need his attention. There was no in between, and it was maddening to be dating someone that felt like a ghost.

Jensen approached the bed quietly, pulling the quilt up over Misha’s bare shoulders since it had slid off of him throughout the night. He leaned down and kissed Misha on the top of his head. He swallowed the lump in his throat that started to form when he thought about the fact that he couldn’t remember the last time Misha had actually kissed him. Words couldn’t describe how much he wanted his boyfriend back, but he felt helpless. Nothing he had tried to get Misha to come back down to earth seemed to be working. He combed his finger through Misha’s hair a few times and grabbed the baby monitor off of Misha’s nightstand. He clipped it to his jeans pocket (ignoring the fact that he needed to shower and was still in the clothes he wore the day before) and made his way to Riley’s room right across the hall after grabbing Misha’s phone and turning off his alarm. He was sleeping to peacefully that Jensen couldn’t stand the thought of the alarm waking him up soon when he was more than capable of dealing with Riley if she woke up.

Riley was sleeping peacefully, her long eyelashes fanned out over her chubby cheeks. Her eyelids kept twitching and her face kept scrunching up and he knew she would be awake soon. For the most part, Jensen thought she was an angel. She didn’t cry nearly as often as he felt like a baby should, and at one point, Misha had even called the doctor to ask if he should be worried. Dr. Bennington had laughed and told him to be very thankful that he had a “good baby”, and just to make sure the keep a check on her and make sure she was breathing during the times she was zonked out.

One thing was certain, Misha had been right when he assumed that Jensen was wrapped around her finger. Jensen tried not to get in Misha’s way too much when it came to fathering, but he adored the baby like he never thought he would’ve been capable of. He thought a lot of had to do with the fact that she had Misha’s big, blue eyes, even though Misha kept telling him that a lot of babies were born with greyish blue eyes that would later change. Jensen was fully convinced that hers were here to stay, just like he was convinced that she was going to have Alexandra’s hair color.

A small cry hiccupped in Riley’s chest and Jensen smiled down at her, reaching in the crib to gently pick her up as her bleary, sad eyes opened up. She calmed down once in his arms a bit, unfocused eyes fighting to focus on him. He hushed her and rocked her gently as he opened up a draw to find a
pacifier, along with a pacifier clip. Genevieve had bought a couple of those recently and they had been an absolute life saver. Both he and Misha were beyond sick of having to wash pacifier after pacifier once Riley spit them out and they landed on the floor.

Jensen continued to cradle her with one arm while he clipped the clip to her shirt with his free hand. “I remember when you were first born, I was so scared to hold you in both arms. Now look at me, holding you in one arm and multitasking like a real dad.” Riley made some kind of gurgling noise at him, and he laughed. Sometimes when Misha wasn’t around, he would have full conversations with Riley. Maybe Misha wasn’t in a headspace right now to listen to him, but Riley always did. He brushed off the thought that it was because she had no other choice and had no idea what he was talking about. She never failed to make him laugh, especially with how much she was growing every single day. Every little change in her captivated him, and he was amazed to see how much stronger and less fragile she had managed to become in just a few weeks.

Jensen popped the pacifier in her mouth and planted a kiss on top of her head, smiling at how her downy soft hair tickled his nose. “How about we get you a bottle heated up while you’re still in a good mood?” Riley’s eyes had slid back shut, but her little hands were twitching and flexing on her chest as she lazily sucked away on her pacifier.

Jensen had the whole heating up bottles thing down to a science, making sure the temperature was consistent all the way through and making sure it wasn’t too hot or too cold. By the time he had Riley and the bottle back upstairs (he always preferred to feed her in the big rocking chair in her room), Riley had her eyes back open. She spit out her pacifier as soon as he sat down and made a face and Jensen rolled his eyes. She only ever made that face when she was dirtying her diaper, and of course it would be the moment he sat down. He lied her down on the changing table and kept one hand on her while he grabbed a clean diaper. He was pretty sure she was still a long way from being able to roll over, but he wasn’t taking any chances and her tumbling off the changing table. She looked up at him expectantly when he sat the diaper next to her and he left. “Yeah, yeah. I know, princess. I’m getting to it.” At least the parent class he had taken was good for something.

Riley didn’t even make it halfway through the bottle when Jensen noticed that her little mouth had stopped moving and she had fallen asleep with the bottle still between her lips. He took the bottle and sat it on the dresser, unclipped her pacifier, and kissed her on top of the head one last time before placing her back in her crib. Her watched her for awhile and hummed to her gently to make sure she was completely asleep. He frowned down at her. “What are we going to do about your daddy? Huh?” He whispered softly.

“Don’t turn my alarms off.” A voice grumbled from the door. Jensen turned to find Misha rubbing his eyes. He was in crumpled pajama pants (Jensen couldn’t remember when had been washed last) and Jensen frowned at how they were barely managing to stay up with the weight that Misha had gradually been losing because he wasn’t eating enough.

“I thought you might want the extra sleep. You know I can always watch Riley for a bit.” Jensen grimaced at how he was already using a placating tone and the day had just started. Misha just huffed out a noncommittal noise. Jensen frowned at him and stood up straight, taking his elbows off of the crib railing. Misha approached the crib to look down at Riley and Jensen was relieved to see a small smile turn up his lips. At least she could still make Misha happy, even if he felt like he couldn’t. Jensen leaned into Misha’s side and planted a sweet kiss on his cheek. He didn’t really react, but at least he didn’t pull away. “I have coffee brewing downstairs. I had made a pot but then I got distracted with Riley and it got cold so I made a new batch. Wanna hop in the shower with me while it finishes up?” Jensen really wanted to wash those pajama pants, and it required getting Misha out of
But Riley first.

“We can bring the monitor in the bathroom with us, Mish. She’ll be okay long enough for us to hop out if we need to. I promise. I’ve been with her all morning.”

Misha sighed. “Okay, sure.”

Jensen’s heartbeat sped up. He was more than a little shocked that Misha had actually agreed to a shower, and alone time with him. Especially after their fight last night. He grabbed Misha’s hand, ignoring how Misha didn’t grip his back, and led him to the master bathroom. He frowned at how Misha stripped and stepped in the shower way before the water was hot enough like he had no real interest in this shower, but followed his lead.

“Feels kinda weird having you all to myself.” Jensen huffed out a nervous laugh as he grabbed the shampoo. Misha was watching him with an odd expression on his face, but when Jensen began washing his hair for him, he completely melted. He slumped against Jensen’s chest and nuzzled into his neck, and it felt like coming home. Jensen shifted away from Misha and used one soapy hand to tilt his chin up and bring their lips together. The flood of butterflies that exploded in his stomach made him whine. He didn’t realize how bad he had needed this. Misha even participated in the kiss vehemently, opening up his mouth when Jensen’s tongue begged for entrance. It wasn’t long before he could feel Misha’s hard cock poking into his hip. They hadn’t had sex in weeks, but when Jensen reached for it, Misha gently pulled his hand away and wrapped his arms around him in a hug that almost felt apologetic. Jensen quickly rinsed Misha’s hair of any suds and returned the hug, kissing Misha’s temple gently. “Please talk to me, baby.” He croaked.

“About what?” Misha replied quietly, pulling away from his hiding spot against Jensen’s neck.

“You. You haven’t been yourself since the funer- for weeks. What can I do?”

“I’m fine.”

“You’re not fine. When was the last time you ingested something other than coffee? When was the last time you left this house? Or hell, went outside at all? When was the last time you did anything other than take care of Riley?”

Misha’s eyes dropped, suddenly observing the drain, and Jensen wanted to punch a hole through the shower glass. They had had this argument plenty. The moment Misha stopped making eye contact with him, he lost him. There was no getting through to him. Jensen watched Misha’s avoidant facial expression quickly turn to an angry one and his eyes shot up to Jensen, fury flaring behind them. He shoved Jensen off of him roughly. “Oh, I’m sorry, did you forget that I have a fucking child to worry about now?”

Jensen flinched at his tone and tried to keep his tone even as he replied. “I get that, Mish. You know that’s not what I meant. But you have to worry about yourself too. It’s okay that you’re so focused on taking care of her. But please don’t forget to take care of yourself. Or at least stop pushing me away long enough so that I can take of you.”

Misha’s expression softened marginally, but then Riley came in through the baby monitor on the sink, loud and clear. She wasn’t crying, just making little noises to let the world know she was awake again, but before Jensen could say anything, Misha took this as an opening. He opened the shower door and quickly wrapping a towel around his waist before leaving the bathroom without
saying another word to Jensen. The fingers of Jensen’s right hand flexed with the urge to hit something as he watched Misha leave, but instead, he slid down the shower wall and sat on the wet, tiled floor until the water ran cold.

Misha avoided Jensen after he got out of the shower, his eyes downcast as he brushed by him in the bedroom. It was so unlike him that Jensen felt like the love of his life had been replaced by a stranger, and he wondered how much more their relationship could take before it reached its breaking point. Misha curled up in bed, surprisingly not to sleep. He was trying to come across as reading the new book Jensen had bought him a few days ago, but Jensen had noticed when he grabbed the laundry basket that Misha’s eyes weren’t moving, and the pages weren’t turning. He was blankly staring at the pages. Jensen brought the laundry downstairs. He didn’t mind doing it even though Misha was the one that normally did it. It gave him some time to think, and it was awkward being in the same room as Misha right now. He didn’t care that Misha didn’t want to have sex. He would be lying if he said he didn’t miss it, but he would literally give it up forever if that meant that he could just have his boyfriend back. Gen and Jared had tried to pry, tried to get him to talk about what was going on, but he hated it. He had trouble talking to Hayley about it sometimes. It felt like every time he talked about it, it only made things more real, shed new light on the fact that their relationship was completely falling apart.

As if on cue, Jensen’s phone buzzed. Are things any better between u and Misha? Jensen nearly snorted at Jared’s timing. He stuffed the last of the laundry into the washer before texting him back.

Fuck no He replied, swallowing a lump in his throat. It always happened whenever he tried to talk about how bad things have got. His throat always got tight and his eyes always stung with the threat of tears.

Lunch? It’s on me Jared often used a ridiculous amount of emojis. He used to not have the habit and Jensen had the sneaking suspicious that it was a habit of Gen’s that had rubbed off on him.

Time and place? Would be kinda nice to get outta here

Less than an hour later, Jensen was sliding into a booth at one of his favorite burger joints, and a feeling of gratitude settled in his chest at the realization that Jared had remembered how much he loved practically everything on their menu. He ordered an appetizer and a beer for himself while he waited even though it was a little early to be drinking, but he was only seated for about ten minutes when Jared slid in across from him, a look of concern already etched into his face.

“Wow. You look like shit.” Was the first thing that came out of his mouth.

Jensen laughed bitterly, his hand tightening on his glass. “Failing relationships will do that to you.”

Jared frowned seriously. “Really? It’s that bad?” Jensen ignored his question, dropping his eyes to his glass and traced a design into the condensation on his beer. “You’ve been kinda vague through texts, dude. What’s going on? Me and Gen are worried about you and Misha…”

Jensen sighed, looking back up at Jared. “I don’t know, man. There’s something wrong with Misha. He’s a completely different person than he was before Riley was born. Maybe he’s like depressed or something? We don’t… spend any time together. We live in the same house, but I feel like I haven’t actually talked to him or seen him since the funeral. He’s just really distant. Sometimes he goes days
without sleeping, but then there will be days where he won’t even get out of bed unless Riley is crying. Getting him to eat a full, healthy meal is like pulling teeth. I know he’s cries most nights, and when I try to comfort him he acts like me touching him burned him or something. We haven’t had sex—” Jared tried to school his facial expression and failed miserably. “—in weeks. Which isn’t a big deal, really. But I mean, that always sort of helped ground us when things were bad before. We would have a fight, have awesome makeup sex, be fine. Now he doesn’t even want me to touch him at all. Even in the shower this morning, he shoved my hand away.” Jensen inhaled and exhaled roughly, feeling the all too familiar feeling of burning in his eyes. “I’ve done everything I can think to do. I’ve tried being extra sweet. Every fucking room in the house has fresh flowers right now I think, because he normally completely melts when I buy him flowers. I’ve cooked all his favorite food. I’ve tried taking care of Riley as much as he’ll let me to give him a bit of a break. I bought him a new book by one of his favorite poets because I know he loves poetry and I thought maybe it would help. I’ve talked to everyone at Supernatural and told them to give him some space for a while, and trust me when I say they’re pretty pissed about filming being set back so far. I’ve tried so hard, Jared. He hasn’t even been answering emails about Random Acts of Kindness. He’s just not—Misha.” Jensen bit his lip hard it an attempt to stop tears from forming.

“Dude, why didn’t you just tell me and Gen that things had gotten so bad?” Jared replied softly.

Jensen shrugged. “No offense to you guys, but I didn’t see the point. It’s not like either of you can wave a magic wand and fix Misha.”

“I know, Jensen. But we’ve been worried about you two. Not to mention Riley. I should’ve known things were worse than you were letting on when you kept saying it wasn’t a good idea for us to come see her. God, I feel like such a shit friend.”

“Don’t do that.” Jensen said sternly. “Don’t go and blame any of this on yourself, Jared. I’m just… I’m just trying figure things out. I guess I’ve been so focused on how distant Misha has been that I didn’t even realize that I’m being distant too.”

“How’s Riley?” Jared asked sincerely.

Jensen couldn’t stop the little smile from appearing on his lips. “Perfect. She…she’s just perfect, Jared. She’s so sweet. Like I mean I know she’s just a little baby so that probably doesn’t make sense, but she’s just the sweetest little thing. And I can tell she’s gonna look a lot like Misha. He doesn’t think so but I know she will. And she’s going to be funny like him too. She cracks me up, she always makes these faces—what?” Jensen cut himself off when he noticed how Jared was staring at him.

Jared grinned and leaned back in his booth seat, relaxed. “Nothing. It’s just hard to believe that this is the same Jensen Ackles that used to rant about how he was sure he was never going to have kids because they were always sticky and annoying.” Jensen blushed a little and took a long sip of his beer. “There’s nothing wrong with it. It’s just…sweet. You’ve changed a lot in the past few years, and it’s always been for the better. I’m proud of you man. It’s nice to see you grow like this.”

Jensen smiled at Jared and allowed some of the tension to leave his shoulders. “You know I have Misha to thank for that, right?”

“So me of it.” Jared shrugged and smirked. “But you had to be the one willing to go through the changes. He just helped guide you along the way.” His disposition shifted to something more serious. “Jensen…what are you going to do?”

“What do you mean?”
“I don’t think this is something where you can hold your breath and just let things blow over. I think Misha really needs some help. I know you’re trying. I know you, and I know you’re doing everything you can do to bring him back. But I think Alexandra’s death really fucked him up for reasons I’m not even sure either of us could understand even if he was willing to talk about it.” Jared muttered gravely.

“I want him to go to therapy. Hayley gave me another therapist’s card because she thinks he could really help Misha. I just don’t even know how to bring it up to him.”

The waitress that Jensen had ordered the appetizer from set the loaded chili cheese fries down on their table and they both thanked her. Jared grabbed a fry, watching as the melted cheese stretched and pulled away from the mound of diabetes. “What do you mean?” He asked before shoving the whole fry in his mouth. Jensen just looked at him, wondering how in the fuck this man stayed in shape when he had eating habits like Dean Winchester’s. Jared chewed quickly and swallowed. “I mean, Misha is all for talking about your feelings, right? Just talk to him about it.”

“It hasn’t been that easy, Jared. Things are… they’re different. Everything turns into an argument now. It doesn’t matter what we’re talking about. We end up fighting. I drank three jack and cokes and slept on the couch last night.”

Jared choked on a fry for a moment. “What the hell?”

“Like I said… things are just different. I don’t know how to fix it.”

Jared looked at him sympathetically before taking a deep breath. “Maybe you can’t.”

“Don’t say that.” Jensen hated how his voice cracked.

“I know you don’t want to hear it, Jensen. And I don’t want to be the one to say it. But if Misha isn’t willing to meet you halfway with all of this, it seems like you guys have hit a dead end. I’m just going to be real with you… what’s the point of being with someone if you’re not really with them? If they’re not even present in the relationship? You’re hurting, Jensen. I could see it all over your face the moment I sat down. This is tearing you apart, especially because you feel like it’s your job to “fix” everything in this relationship since you’ve fucked up in the past. You can’t fix everything.”

“What do you expect me to do, Jared?” Jensen snapped bitterly.

Jared sighed, his facial expression pinched, and his voice strained. “Jensen, man… I think this is it. It might be time to let this one go. I think it’s time for you to start seriously considering breaking up with Misha.”
Chapter Notes

This is the final chapter, guys. Chapter 50 is an author's note, and it would mean the world to me if you read it as well. <3

“What the fuck, Jared?” Jensen didn’t bother to hide the venom in his voice. “He’s so depressed that he can barely function, and you want me to break up with him? I’m just supposed to abandon him when he needs me the most?”

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose. “Let me explain, okay? I don’t want you and Misha to break up. I really, really don’t. And I’m not the best with words, you know that. I just hate seeing you like this, man. I’m just saying that if things don’t get better, I need you to consider letting go. I get that Misha’s at his worst right now, and you’re supposed to love him unconditionally and regardless. But don’t put yourself in the position to get hurt in the process. If he is depressed, you loving him won’t “fix” anything. It’ll just make it suck a little less. It’s like… fuck, Jensen. You know I’m not good at this. It’s like if you find a broken mirror. You can try to put it back together. But you want to make sure you don’t cut yourself in the process, you know?”

“I’m not asking you to give up on Misha. You know I love him like a brother. I’m just asking you to make sure you’re taking care of you too.”

Jensen frowned at his words, aware of how he had said something similar to Misha earlier in the day. It pained Jensen to know that maybe Jared was right. Maybe he couldn’t always fix everything… but he had to try.

Misha stared at the page in front of him, reading the same stanza for the millionth time and still having no idea what the poem was about. Riley was lying on a playmat next to him on the bed, staring up at the mobile that was attached to the part above her head as it slowly spun in a circle. He closed the book with a sigh and rolled over to get off the bed and return it to the bookshelf. He looked at the cover for a moment, frowning. Jensen had bought him the book with no context, and Misha had been surprised to find that Jensen had paid attention when he was talking about how much he loved Rupi Kaur. Misha had said it years ago when they were hanging out. Just a simple discussion about what they liked to read between friends. And yet Jensen had come home with the book the day it was released, along with a bouquet of flowers. He had just kissed Misha gently, smiled at him, and went about his day like he always did, as if he didn’t always turn Misha’s world upside down with how sweet, patient, and thoughtful he was.

Especially the patient part.
Misha knew he had been shitty lately. He hadn’t meant to by any means. He always tried to remain positive, but he was human just like everyone else. He still had the occasional existential crisis, still had things that knocked him down and tried to get him to stay down. The invasive thoughts he had been having started before Riley was even born. The little voice in the back of his head that would tell him he wasn’t good enough, and that Riley deserved a better father, that he wouldn’t be able to do this. Jensen helped quiet those thoughts. Jensen thought he was capable of anything, and sometimes Misha even believed him when he said it. But ever since they had laid Alexandra in the cold, hard earth, the invasive thoughts had only been worse. Misha couldn’t do anything without that voice in his head telling him he was doing it wrong. If Riley cried for more than a few minutes, he felt like he had completely failed as her father because he wanted to fix it. Even though he knew that sometimes babies just cried, he wanted to give the world to his daughter and he never wanted to see her cry.

Misha made his way back over to his daughter, and as always, was completely fixated on her. Every movement she made, every sound she cooed, every eyelash she blinked took his breath away. His daughter was perfect, and by no means was a he a perfect father. Or a perfect boyfriend for that matter. He knew the negative thoughts were affecting his and Jensen’s relationship. When he wasn’t failing Riley, he knew he was failing Jensen. He could see it in the hurt expression on Jensen’s face every time he pushed him away, he could hear it in the way his voice cracked every time he knew Misha was upset with him. But seeing himself fail in both roles that were most important to him was only causing him to shut down further, and for the voice telling him he wasn’t good enough to grow louder. He couldn’t make it stop. He missed how things were before he was being crushed under the weight of being stuck in a mind that was screaming at him while his body was in a too quiet room because he and Jensen barely knew how to speak to each other anymore. And it had all happened in a matter of weeks. He could feel himself losing his grip on everything that he loved. He found he hated himself for pushing Jensen away earlier. Finally kissing Jensen like that after so long had cleared his head, if even for just a moment. He was so sick of his body pushing Jensen away when his heart was screaming for him to hold on and never let go. He had had to deal with his depression before, but it had never been like this.

Riley looked from the mobile to him, and her face lit up. Since she was so young, he didn’t think anyone else would notice it. Her facial expression didn’t really change, but something in her eyes did every time she caught him or Jensen looking at her. He grinned and scooped her up, bringing her close to his face. Her little hand reached out and touched his nose. He laughed and moved his head so that her hand instead dropped to his lips and he kissed it. “You’re lucky.” He said to her softly. “Whenever you do something to annoy Jensen all you have to do is look at him all cute and he forgives you. I don’t think it’s gonna be that easy for me, Riley.”

Misha knew he had to try harder. The way he felt varied from moment to moment, which was what was making this so hard. He felt completely different than he had in the shower. His head was clearer, the invasive thoughts a mere hum in the back of his head. He knew he needed to take advantage of this moment of clarity because they were always so rare.

Shifting Riley’s weight to one arm, he grabbed his phone. He turned the screen onto selfie mode and took a picture of the two of them. He grimaced at the outcome; he looked like shit. The circles under his eyes were dark and heavy, and he hadn’t realized his weight loss was so noticeable, but he realized it was probably the best he was going to get. He texted the picture to Jensen with the caption I’m sorry. We love you.

He didn’t even have time to put his phone down before it pinged with a response. I know u are baby. I love u both more than anything. Sending that picture to my parents!

Misha completely melted. Other than Riley, Jensen was the absolute best thing that had every
happened to him, and he didn’t want to lose that. Maybe he wasn’t good enough for Jensen, and maybe he wasn’t good enough for Riley. But he refused to lose either one of them. Maybe that was selfish, but for once in his life he was okay with being selfish. He looked down at Riley. “What do you say you and I go out today? Run some errands?” Riley just did a grabby motion with her hands. “I’m taking that as a yes.”

It almost overwhelmed Misha with how nervous it made him to leave the house. He had gotten much too comfortable using their home as a poor security blanket. He talked to Darius about it a bit, but Darius had just wanted to fly out to be with him, and to see Riley, and it really wasn’t a good time for that with the way Misha had been feeling and the way things had been rocky between him and Jensen. He shot Darius a quick text asking him if it would be okay to give him a call in a bit and started packing Riley’s diaper bag. In between overpacking, he texted back and forth with Jensen some, and he couldn’t help but smile at how he was able to tell Jensen was excited even through a text message. As he was typing out another reply to Jensen, he was interrupted by Jensen FaceTiming him, and didn’t hesitate to answer to video call.

“Hey, baby!” Jensen exclaimed excitedly, beaming on the phone screen.

“Hey, Jen.” Misha replied, smiling back at him weakly.

“I just got done eating lunch with Jared.” Jensen paused and bit his lip. “He’s dying to come over soon. Genevieve too.”

“I would like that.” Misha replied sincerely, hoping that when the time came he still felt the same way and wasn’t experiencing another low.

“…really?”

“Yes, really. Listen…I’m sorry, Jensen. I’m sorry I haven’t been myself and I’ve been taking it out on you. I… I’m gonna try harder. I swear. Can I make it up to you tonight?” Misha was shocked by the nervousness he felt.

Jensen’s eyes grew wide, but he quickly replaced the look with a cheeky grin. “Of course, you can. What do you have in mind, hot stuff?” He replied with false bravado.

Misha rolled his eyes but smiled fondly. He thought for a moment. “How about a date? It’s a little late to ask Jared and Gen to babysit, but we could still have a date here, right?”

The video call quality didn’t mask the soft look in Jensen’s eyes. “Yeah. Sounds amazing, Mish. Do I need to pick anything up while I’m out?”

“No.” Misha said, shouldering the phone for a moment instead of holding it out in front of his face so that he could pick up Riley. “I was actually going to run out with Riley and do a few errands.”

When he adjusted the phone so that it was back in front of his face, Jensen’s eyes were wide again. They darted down to Riley, just barely visible on the phone screen. “You’re actually leaving the house?” Misha gave him an annoyed look and he quickly aimed the conversation in a different direction. “Where are you going?”

“Probably just a stroll in the park. I figured it would be nice for both of us to get some fresh air. I promise next time I’ll wait until you’re here, so we can all go together.”

“I’d love that.” Jensen’s voice was soft. “Just keep me posted about when you’ll be home. I can cook us dinner.”
“Shouldn’t I cook? I’m the one that asked you on the date.” Misha teased.

“I’ll let you make that weird kale salad that you like.” Jensen scrunched his nose up and Misha laughed, knowing it was all a show because Jensen actually liked the salad. “Leave everything else to me. Can we… Can we talk tonight?”

Misha felt the shock of worry hit him at how nervous Jensen looked. “Yeah… I think we really need to.”

Jensen swallowed visibly hard on the screen. “Just have fun and give Riley a kiss for me, will ya?”

“I will, Jensen. I love you.”

“I love you too, Misha.” Jensen’s eyes dropped to Riley’s fluffy hair just barely showing on the screen. “You too, Riles.” Misha smiled at the nickname. “I’ll see you guys later this afternoon.” He blew them both a kiss and ended the call.

Misha took a deep breath, locking his phone and shoving it in his back pocket. He wasn’t dumb. He knew what Jensen wanted to talk about. He just hoped that Jensen would be able to forgive him and hold on while he worked through the clusterfuck inside his head.

Misha was amazed at just how nice it felt to be outside. Sure, he wasn’t doing much, just walking around the sidewalk in the park while pushing Riley in a stroller and talking to Darius on the phone, but he didn’t realize he had gone so stir crazy until he finally got outside in the bright sunlight and soothing breeze. Darius was blabbing on about a new project he was working on, changing the subject when Misha had told him that he wasn’t really in the mood to talk about his depression once he finally confessed why he had been practically missing in action.

“Have you heard a word I’ve said?” Darius asked, laughing. His tone made it abundantly clear this wasn’t the first question he had asked Misha.

“Oh, yeah… well, most of it, I guess.” Misha replied sheepishly. “Sorry, I’m just thinking.”

“About your hot date with your even hotter boyfriend?” Darius teased.

Misha laughed. “Well, I’m starting to feel like shit again to be honest. I keep worrying that I’m going to fuck this up, and that’s all I’ve done lately. I’m the one that suggested the date, but Jensen’s always been the hopeless romantic. I don’t know what to do for him. I mean, I could get him flowers, and he’d appreciate the gesture, but he doesn’t like flowers like I do.”

Darius sighed. “Ah, toxic masculinity.”

Misha scoffed. “Well that’s part of it, probably. But it’s just not really his thing.”

“Then get him something else.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, Misha. What does he like to do? Like what does he do in his free time? Other than worship the ground you walk on. It’s pretty gross.”

Misha thought for a moment. As much as Darius had been joking, Jensen spent a large majority of his free time doing whatever Misha wanted, or whatever would make Misha happy. He frowned,
suddenly overwhelmingly sad once again at how much he had let Jensen down. “Well, when we were on set, he would play video games in his trailer… actually, that’s a great idea. Thanks, Darius. I need to go to GameStop.”

Darius laughed. “I didn’t do anything, but I’m glad I could help. I’ll let you go shopping for your date. Just… keep in touch, okay? You know I love you, Misha. So many people do. Please remember you’re not alone in this.”

“I know. I guess I’m just going to have to keep reminding myself of that. I’ll be better about staying in touch. Hopefully I’ll be able to come down and visit soon.”

“You’d better hope you do. Do you think me, Sasha, and your mom and dad are going to be okay with measly pictures of Riley forever? We can’t wait to meet her.”


“I’ll hold you to it. Bye, loverboy.”

Misha couldn’t even reply before Darius hung up snickering. He looked down to check on Riley in the stroller, and was shocked to find her still awake, her big blue eyes darting around at every little thing they could see. He turned the stroller around towards the car, deciding that he was going to buy a two-player game for him and Jensen to play. He was awful at most games, and Jensen was ridiculously competitive, but he always had fun playing with him. He smiled at all the times he knew Jensen let him win just to give himself an excuse to be flirty, and how at the time, Misha hadn’t even realized that was what he was doing. Jensen had always been such a sap, and Misha really hoped that he could make their date just as amazing as all of the ones that Jensen had been in control of.

A few hours later, and one GameStop bag full of Nintendo multiplayer games like Mario Kart and Super Smash Brothers, Misha was on his way back home. He was caught at a traffic light when he realized he hadn’t called Jensen to let him know that he and Riley were on the way back. He reached for his phone to make the call, when a store a few buildings down caught his eye. He bit his lip nervously but made up his mind right then and there. He had one more stop to make before going home to Jensen.

Jensen didn’t even let Misha get in the house completely before he was grabbing things out of his hand to make it easier for him to carry Riley. She was starting to get fussy, but she had had a long day and after a bottle Misha knew she was going to be out like a light.

“You went to GameStop?” Jensen asked curiously, looking at the bags in his hand, one of which had the gaming system and the other had the games.

Misha found himself blushing, suddenly thinking this was a really stupid idea as he hoisted Riley’s car seat carrier on top of the kitchen counter and stuck her pacifier in her mouth when she made an upset noise. “I have no idea what a fun ‘at home date’ would be for you, Jensen. But I thought about all the times you seemed to really enjoy kicking my ass at games during down time on set… I figured you’d like that more than flowers.” Jensen grinned and grabbed Misha by the hips, pulling him in close. Misha huffed out a little noise of surprise, staring up at smitten green eyes. He didn’t understand how this was still second nature for Jensen after how he had been acting the past few weeks.
“I have the coolest boyfriend ever.” Jensen looked nervous to do so, but he took one hand and curled it around the back of Misha’s neck, pulling him in for a soft, sweet kiss. When Jensen pulled away he licked his lips and searched Misha’s eyes as if anticipating the moment for Misha to push him off, and it broke Misha’s heart. Misha was by no means magically better just because he was trying harder and forced himself out of the house. It had been a really hard day, and he was exhausted from how far he pushed himself. He really just wanted to feed and change Riley, put her to bed, and crawl in his own bed and sleep for the rest of the afternoon. But the man in front of him was looking at him with utter love and devotion, and Misha brought their lips together again. Jensen made a needy noise in he back of his throat, pulling Misha even closer to his own body. The kiss became heated surprisingly fast, and Misha was a little confused that Jensen slowed it down, pulling back just to peck chaste kiss after kiss to Misha’s lips. “I’m gonna end up burning the chicken.” He mumbled between kisses.

“There’s always take-out.” Misha replied, a little breathless. He felt Jensen smile against his lips. Jensen snuggled against his neck before dropping his head to Misha’s shoulder.

“I’ve missed you.” He said softly. Misha knew that he wasn’t just referring to his and Riley’s adventure in the park.

“I’ve missed you too, babe.” Misha kissed his temple. “I’m going to get Riley set up for bed, and then I’ll come down here and help you finish up.”

“Promise?” Jensen asked, that nervousness back in his voice like he was afraid if Misha left his sight then he may not get him back.

“I promise, Jensen.” Misha replied sincerely.

Misha stalled when it came to getting Riley ready for bed. He was dealing with an overwhelming bought of nerves. It had been so long since things had gotten complicated that he felt like he had forgotten what it was even like just to simply date Jensen. What if his mind went into overdrive like it did so often and he shut everything out? What if he didn’t have anything to talk about? What if he and Jensen started arguing? What if the reason why Jensen wanted to talk was because he had finally had enough and wanted to end their relationship? He swallowed hard at that thought and picked up a story to read to Riley, even though she was completely asleep by that point and was much too young to comprehend any of it. Misha convinced himself that the extra time with her still counted as he gently placed her in her crib. Down at the foot of her crib, the ugly, cheap bear from the carnival sat a little lopsided. Misha reached for it to straighten it up, but then he heard Jensen calling for him softly downstairs to let him know that dinner would be ready soon. He quickly gave Riley one last kiss and made his way downstairs. True to his word, he started preparing a salad for both he and Jensen and was relieved that none of this was awkward as they cooked together, intentionally bumping elbows and being flirty. Things fell into place once they were together. Jensen wasn’t smooth at all when it came to sneaking kisses and giving Misha that soft, sweet look that Misha had never seen him give anyone else.

Jensen left the kitchen to set the dining room table while Misha was finishing up the last ingredients on the salad. When Misha finally finished both plates, he brought them into the dining room and almost dropped both of them. Jensen was lighting candles and blushed shyly when he noticed Misha caught him. Misha also noticed the expensive wine and fresh pink bouquet as the centerpiece on the table. Misha sat his salad down next to the plate closest to him, and then sat the other next to the plate closest to Jensen. As soon as Jensen finished lighting the last candle, Misha grabbed him by the shirt collar and pulled him in for a kiss. Jensen grinned against his lips but kissed him back with fervor.
“You always have to show me up when it comes to dates, don’t you?” Misha asked, scrunching up his nose in annoyance.

Jensen shrugged, but he was beaming at Misha. “I just wanted tonight to be special since it’s been awhile since we’ve been on a date.”

“They’re always special with you, Jensen.” Misha said softly. “I mean that.”

“A man after my own heart.” Jensen replied cheekily, bringing Misha in for another kiss before they sat down to eat.

A few times throughout the dinner, Misha found himself lost in thought as that all too familiar invasive negativity tried to work its way into his mind. Jensen seemed to notice and would gently nudge him under the table with his socked feet and play footsie with him until he was distracted. Each time, Misha focused a little harder on Jensen. Tonight was about trying to cast those thoughts away and make things up to his incredible boyfriend. He ate as much as his shrunken stomach would allow him without feeling sick, and couldn’t help but notice how excited Jensen was over him actually eating and not just picking at his food. The baby monitor was right next to his glass of wine, and he didn’t hear Riley cry once despite how long the dinner was taking. At one point Misha still went upstairs to check on her, and Jensen was patient while he made she was just sleeping off her big adventure in the park.

Jensen kept conversation light, clearly feeling like this part of their night was not the right time to discuss what was on his mind. He talked about everything under the sun, and completely lit up when he managed to make Misha laugh. It made Misha a little nervous to know that there was some dark conversation looming over the evening, and the further the night went on, the more he began to worry that Jensen was trying to make this date so amazing because he planned on breaking up with him. There was no way that Jensen still felt this way about him after all he had put him through since Riley had been born. But then a slightly tipsy Jensen ditched dishes duty to grab Misha by the hand and drag him into the living room to play videogames like none of that had ever happened.

No shock to either of them, but Jensen beat Misha in every game they played. He finally explained to Misha that it had a lot to do with him picking terrible characters to play on Super Smash Brothers and told him to stop picking Jigglypuff because her move set was terrible. Misha rolled his eyes, told Jensen she was cute, and refused. Jensen just laughed and poured them another class of wine. Jensen was drinking more than Misha, but Misha didn’t mind. He was being silly and giggly, leaning in to plant sloppy kisses on Misha’s cheek to distract him while they played. It reminded Misha so much of how things were before Riley, or before they even started dating. The only difference was this time, there was no shyness, not afraid that one touch would take things too far. Before long, Jensen was a little too drunk to be any good at the game, and Misha finally won.

“I told you I could win!” Misha exclaimed triumphantly. Throwing his controller at Jensen playfully.

“Oh, I’m so proud of you, baby.” Jensen teased, finishing off his last glass. He looked Misha over for a moment, his eyes carefully soaking in every detail of Misha’s face. Misha didn’t hesitate to return the sentiment. The weather had been particularly sunny lately, and the freckles across Jensen’s nose were prominent and just adorable and okay, maybe Misha was a little drunk too, but it was really nice because he was feeling too tipsy to worry about any of the things that had been plaguing him the past few weeks. He and Jensen both came forward at the same time, and both laughed as their lips met, sloppy and a little uncoordinated, with noses bumping and teeth clinking. Jensen ditched his own control in favor of tangling his fingers in Misha’s hair and working his way into Misha’s lap. Misha hummed at the weight of Jensen on top of him, sliding his hands under and up
Jensen’s shirt to explore his miles of bare skin that he missed so much.

Jensen was panting into Misha’s mouth within minutes, grinding himself down on Misha hardening cock. He finally groaned and pulled away. “You have no idea how bad I want to see where this goes. But we need to talk first, Mish.” Misha felt his eyes widen in fear but just nodded, immediately missing the body heat when Jensen crawled off of him. Jensen popped his knuckles nervously, and searched Misha’s eyes before softly saying “I’ve tried to bring this up a lot. But I don’t know, maybe the timing was always wrong. I’m sure you’ve noticed, but things haven’t been okay between us. We argue a lot more than we actually talk to each other. I feel like this is the first time I’ve really gotten to spend time with you in weeks.” Jensen’s eye contact faltered, and he ran his fingers through his hair nervously. Misha swallowed, bracing himself for the other foot to drop. He almost brought them breaking up himself, but then Jensen kept going. “I’m really glad we spent all afternoon together.” He finally said softly. “I’ve really missed you. Missed this, missed us. Things just haven’t been the same. And it’s like no matter what I’ve tried, you’ve just been too far gone. You’re not… you’re not the same person you were when I fell in love with you.”

The blood that rushed to Misha’s ears felt deafening, and the lump in his throat threatened to suffocate him. He blinked the stinging out of his eyes, keeping his composure on the outside because he knew this was coming. “…I get it, Jensen. I understand.” He looked down at his hands in his lap, unable to meet Jensen’s eyes any further. “I just wish you would’ve taken the out when I gave it to you, because this is…” he swallowed hard. “It’s so much harder now. To first lose Alexandra and now you-“

“Huh?” When Misha looked up at Jensen again, he was shocked to find just how confused the other man looked. “You don’t think- I’m not trying to- Jesus Misha. I’m not trying to leave you.” Jensen pushed Misha’s hands out of his lap to crawl back in it, but this time it wasn’t flirtatious, it was forcing Misha to meet his eyes. He took Misha’s face in his hands, slowly stroking his thumbs across the unshaven skin before speaking again. “Misha, listen to me. I’m not leaving you. I’m not giving up on us. I’m bringing all of this up because I want to be able to help you.” Jensen’s Adam’s apple bobbed harshly as he blinked back tears. “I thought… I thought I lost you there for a second, Mish. But tonight proved to me that you’re still in there somewhere. Just please, let me help you.” He dropped his own forehead to Misha’s and bit his lip to keep it from quivering.

Misha took a deep breath and closed his eyes to hide from the overwhelming green of Jensen’s for a moment. He wet his lips with his tongue and forced the shaking out of his voice. “I don’t know how you can help me when I don’t even know what’s wrong with me, Jen.”

Jensen leaned back a little to get a better look at Misha’s face. “It’s okay if we don’t know where to start. Neither of us are doctors. But Hayley… she gave me the information of a doctor that she feels like could really help you. And she said that she’s willing to give us couples counseling too if you’re up to it.” Misha looked at him apprehensively. “I get it, Mish. It’s so much easier just to get stuck in the familiarity of how you feel. It’s not hard, right? Like you’re just used to it. At this point you’re used to waking up to this hopelessness, or darkness, or whatever you’re feeling. But accepting that you’re not alone? Making yourself keep fighting? That’s the hard part. But I know you, and I know if anyone knows it’s worth it, it’s you. Not once have you ever spoken to others and told them to keep fighting just because it was the right thing to do, you told them that because you knew that life gets better and that it’s worth the fight.” Misha’s eyes softened and grew gradually wetter at the determination in his boyfriend’s eyes. “Please let us help you.”

“Us?” Misha croaked, blinking the tears away.

“Me. Jared. Darius. Your family. My family. The family we’ve created through coworkers, through friends, through fans. Everyone, Misha. So many people care about you. Please, please just give the
doctor a try. If it doesn’t help, we’ll try something else. Please just let us help. Please just come back to me.”

“Okay, Jensen. I will.” Misha answered, his voice barely above a whispered. A wet, relieved laugh escaped from Jensen as he let go of Misha’s face and wrapped his arms around him. Misha hugged him back, eternally grateful for this man. The moment Jensen pulled back, Misha brought their lips together like he was starved for Jensen’s kiss, and Jensen didn’t need even a second to get with the program. “You mean everything to me.” Misha growled against the skin of Jensen’s jaw as his bit kisses down it to his throat. “You’re everything I never knew I needed until I met you, and now I have no idea what I would do without you.” He could feel Jensen’s skin heat under his lips, always shying away from the praise that Misha would never stop sending his way.

“Misha…” Jensen groaned and rocked his hips in Misha’s lap as Misha’s lip continued their assault between praise.

“I mean it, Jensen. You and Riley have been the only two to make me feel something since Alexandra’s funeral. And I’ll never get these past few weeks back. But I swear to god, I’ll make it up to you. I’ll make it up to everyone I’ve neglected. I’ll be a better man. I swear.”

“I know, baby.” Jensen said sincerely. “I know you will.”

Misha brought their lips back together and reveled in how this never failed to feel like home, Jensen never failed to feel like home. He had missed this so much that he made no attempt to speed things up, because as hard as his cock sat in his jeans, this wasn’t about getting off. He was so in love with Jensen that it overwhelmed him, that it consumed him, and at times it even scared him. Jensen had seen the worst in him lately, and still wanted him, still wanted to fight for him and their relationship. Jensen was resilient, thoughtful, patient, kind, uplifting, and selfless and that was only the beginning. Jensen was everything, and Misha wanted to spend the rest of his life with him.

Misha wasn’t sure at what point they stopped making out like teenagers and Jensen had hopped out of his lap to grab him by the hand and lead him to the bedroom. On the way to the bedroom, Misha stopped in front of Riley’s door hesitantly. Jensen squeezed his hand. “We can go check on her.” He suggested. Misha smiled at him softly. Jensen had never signed up for this. He had never signed up to be a father when he decided he wanted to be with Misha, and yet here he was, never faltering in his love for Misha and whatever life threw at their relationship. “And I know she comes first. So, if we need to stop whatever we’re doing tonight for her, I get it, Mish. I just need you to know that.” Misha pulled Jensen closer by their intertwined fingers and planted a firm kiss to Jensen’s lips.

“Thank you, babe. I love you. I love you more than you could ever understand…”

“I think I have a pretty good idea.” Jensen replied, cheekily, winking at him. When they checked on Riley, they found that she was still asleep, her small chest rising and falling peacefully. “I can’t get over how much I love this little girl.” Jensen said quietly, looking down at the sleeping baby.

“I’m glad.” Misha replied softly, almost strangled by the warmth and love he felt knowing that the love of his life loved his daughter like she was his own. Misha pulled Jensen towards their bedroom, and Jensen licked his lips and nodded, following him.

Arousal had died down significantly due to parental responsibilities, but it wasn’t hard to get back on track when Jensen’s hot mouth had every intention of working Misha into a frenzy as he bit and sucked marks all along Misha’s neck once they both fell into their bed. “God, I’ve missed you.” Jensen moaned against his skin. They broke apart to frantically pull at clothes. Misha sighed when he
felt his bare skin meet Jensen’s, the flesh hot to the touch. Jensen brought their lips together, just to pull away long enough to work his way down Misha’s body, his lips leaving no skin untouched as he reached for the lube in the nightstand. He shoved the botte into Misha’s hand while he wrapped his free hand around Misha’s cock. “We can stop anytime if we need to, okay?” He assured Misha. Misha’s expression softened. Jensen was being gentle, knowing how hard he had worked to have a normal day, and not wanting to pressure him.

Misha handed the bottle back to him and shook his head. “I want you inside me.” He said simply when Jensen raised an eyebrow to him. He could top if Jensen wanted him to, but he had a sneaking position that it had more to do with Jensen wanting Misha to take the lead since he was afraid of scaring him off.

“Whatever you want, baby.” Jensen replied softly. He smirked, giving Misha’s cock a few more pumps before slowly taking him into his mouth. Misha grunted and fought not to thrust up into the heat and wetness of his boyfriend’s mouth. He was pretty sure that Jensen had been taking care of himself, but he had been weeks without so much as even thinking about getting off, and the sensation was overwhelming. Jensen set a lazy pace of sucking him while he slicked up his fingers and slowly opened him up, deliberately making him come apart agonizingly slow.

Misha’s head was thrown back against the pillows, his hands carding through Jensen’s hair. “Please.” He whined. “I’m ready.”

Jensen slid his mouth off with a pop but kept pumping and spreading his fingers. “Are you sure, Mish? It’s been awhile.”

“Yes I’m- ah- I’m sure Jensen.” Misha replied, fucking himself down onto Jensen’s fingers. Jensen kissed Misha’s thigh sweetly and continued to spread Misha open much slower as he slicked his own cock up with his free hand. He slid his fingers out and lined himself up carefully.

“Just tell me if you need me to stop, okay?” He said, rubbing his hands up and down Misha’s bare thighs.

“I will.” Misha said, wrapping his legs around Jensen and hauling him in. Misha gasped as he felt Jensen’s cock slowly fill him, an intrusion that his body was no longer still used to. Jensen took the lead, slowing the pace so that Misha could get used to the sensation. Misha whined, thankful that his boyfriend was patient and thoughtful, but Misha’s patience had been thrown out the window the moment he felt Jensen enter him. The moment Jensen bottomed out, Misha flipped them. He chuckled at Jensen’s surprised yelp, but he moment they were both seated comfortably, Misha began riding Jensen’s cock with fervor. Misha bit his lip while looking down at Jensen, still overwhelmed by how beautiful his boyfriend was, especially when he was wrecked and looking up at Misha like he was his salvation, his green eyes bright and wild.

Jensen began stroking Misha in time with his movements. “I’m not gonna last long, baby.” He moaned, closing his eyes for a moment to compose himself. When he opened them again, Misha was smiling down at him. “C’mere.” Misha obeyed, bringing their lips together. There wasn’t much actually kissing as much as shared breaths as they both got closer to release. Jensen came first, a mantra of ‘I love yous’ being pulled from his lips as he spilled inside of Misha. Misha rode him through it, moaning at the feeling of being filled by Jensen. He sped up his pace, fucking himself on Jensen’s cock rougher and faster as Jensen continued to stroke him until he finally came all over Jensen’s stomach and chest. Misha collapsed on top of Jensen with a grunt. Jensen chuckled and ran his fingers through Misha’s dark locks, kissing him sweetly on the temple.

Once they were cleaned up, Jensen nestled into Misha’s side. Misha traced gentle patterns against Jensen’s bare back with his fingertips. Jensen had his head on Misha’s chest, and that’s when Jensen
finally spoke up. “Thank you, Misha.”

Misha’s fingers stopped their tracing. “Why are you thanking me?”

Jensen squirmed a little, fighting to find words. “For not giving up on us. I know it’s been hard, Mish. But we’ll get through this.”

Misha huffed out a laugh. “Shouldn’t I be thanking you for not giving up on me?” His fingers started to trace Jensen’s skin again, and he smiled as he felt goosebumps pop up. He kissed the top of Jensen’s head. “I love you, Jensen. And I know as long as we both keep fighting, as long as we both keep working on ourselves and don’t give up on each other, we can get through anything.”

Sitting up with a smile, Jensen raised a challenging eyebrow at Misha. “Promise?”

“I promise.” Misha responded, sealing it with a kiss.

Even though things began to get better the night after Jensen and Misha’s date, it was a long time before things got back to “normal”. There was a shiny new pill bottle on Misha’s end table on his side of the bed that helped him through some of the days when it was particularly hard to function. He was going to therapy three days a week on his own, and Jensen had managed to convince him to go to couple’s therapy at least once every other week. Jensen ended up being the one that hated it. Misha made him keep going.

Their friends and family started coming around more. Jensen couldn’t help but laugh when Darius got so excited over meeting Riley that he was actually brought to tears. Misha’s best friend wasn’t so bad after all, and Jensen was learning to accept Darius as a friend of his own. Gen and Jared were always willing to babysit so that Jensen and Misha could go out and have some time for themselves. Their first night out on the town for a date went terribly because Misha was so worried about Riley, but of course Jensen was always his voice of reason and FaceTimed Jared so that he could see he daughter was safe and sound. When they hung up, Misha pushed him up against the outside brick of a little boutique and kissed him until he was breathless.

Riley was growing like a weed, and it wasn’t long before she was able to roll over, babble out sounds that were sounding dangerously close to words, and crawl. Her personality was starting to develop more, and Jensen and Misha were more and more amazed by her with each passing moment. To Misha’s utter dismay (due to having a very smug boyfriend), Jensen was right about her, and she definitely had Misha’s big, blue eyes.

Misha and Jensen had both eased back into acting, and the Supernatural cast and crew were completely supportive of creating a schedule that made things easy on both first-time dads, especially after the first time Riley was on set. Eric Kripke was even sold on having her around when she threw a rattle at Jared and then laughed about it.

It was a work in progress, but things were falling back into place.

A long weekend was just what everyone needed after a rough week on set, and Jensen and Misha were both relieved to finally have one. They had just finished up dinner and Jensen flipped through channels while Misha bounced Riley up and down on his knee singing some nursery rhyme to her. Jensen shot them both a fond smile that Misha was quickly falling in love with because he realized that Jensen reserved that smile for his family, and no one else. “You’re both so cute.” He muttered,
turning back to the television but keeping the smile on his lips.

Misha smiled back at him, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek before bouncing Riley up and down again. “I’m glad we get to spend all weekend with her.” Misha sighed, a small frown forming on his lips. “She’s going to forget who I am and start thinking Genevieve is her mom if filming stays this hectic.”

“Baby, she’s not going to forget you. It just makes her twice as excited when she finally gets to spend a lot of time with us again. Ain’t that right, Riles?” Jensen replied. He leaned over to tickle the chubby baby, and grinned when she squealed and laughed. When he stopped, she cooed out a noise at him and flailed her arms up and down so hard that she would’ve fallen off of Misha’s knee had he not been holding her tiny fists in his hands. Misha narrowed his eyes at Jensen. “And no, she doesn’t like me better. She just hates me a little less because I didn’t try to feed her homemade kale baby food.”

“It’s good for her! And I talked to Dr. Bennington and it had all the nutritional value of store bought-“ Misha was interrupted by Jensen scooting closer on the couch and kissing him. Riley giggled, and Jensen pulled away to mock glare at her.

“Oh, you think you’re getting away from the kisses, little missy?” He snatched her up off of Misha’s knee to pepper her chubby cheeks with kisses and she squealed and kicked her legs as his stubble tickled her. “…What?” Jensen asked when he noticed Misha staring at him.

“You’re just… perfect.” Misha said softly, taking in the sight of how much Jensen loved Riley. He was pretty sure Riley loved him too, if drooling on his shirt while she sucked her thumb was any indication of how she felt.

Jensen rolled his eyes but smiled sweetly. “You must be talking about my boyfriend.” He responded with a lecherous wink. “I’m gonna fix some ice cream. Do you want any?”

“What kind of question is that? Of course, I do.” Misha replied, smiling as Riley lost interest in Jensen and crawled back in his lap. Jensen hopped up off the couch and returned a few minutes later balancing two bowls of ice cream and holding an odd looking popsicle in his hands. “What’s that?” Misha asked curiously.

“Uh, I read somewhere that you could make popsicles for babies. Don’t kill me, it’s all natural and uses fruit flavored baby food.” Jensen muttered sheepishly, he sat the bowls down on the coffee table and handed the popsicle to Riley. She didn’t quite seem sure what to do with it, so while Misha held her, Jensen held the popsicle in one hand and shoveled his ice cream in his mouth with the other.

Misha just looked at him adoringly and snuggled in closer to him. Riley seemed more than pleased to be nestled in between her two favorite people, trying to figure out her popsicle.

They ended up watching a television documentary about sea turtles that none of them were really watching. It was just nice to relax as a family, and it wasn’t long before Riley had fallen asleep. Jensen opened his mouth to offer to put her to bed, but Misha just slapped him on the knee playfully and scooped her up. Misha placed his sweet baby in the crib, rolling his eyes at the new stuffed toy Jensen had gotten her and placed in her crib. It was a stuffed figure of Castiel, and Misha hated it but Riley had immediately grown attached to it and liked to nibble on the soft cotton wings when she was teething, to Misha’s complete horror.

He made sure she was settled in and grabbed the baby monitor, making sure nothing was crowding her and her stuffed bear and stuffed angel were at the foot of the crib. She had gotten pretty good about sleeping through the night, and did most nights, but there was still the occasional night where
she would have trouble sleeping.

As Misha made his way downstairs, he could hear music coming from the Bluetooth speaker in the living room and was completely ready to tease Jensen for listening to Ed Sheeran but found that Jensen was waiting on him expectantly. Jensen held out his hand and plastered on his most charming smile.

“Are you trying to get me to dance with you…. to Ed Sheeran?” Misha asked with a raised eyebrow but took Jensen’s hand even as he said it.

“If you tell Jared, I’ll kill you.” Jensen threatened him with no feeling, pulling him in close. Jensen sang the lyrics softly as he swayed with Misha, spinning him occasionally. Misha melted against him, completely head over heels for the grumpy romantic that he shared his life with.

“I had a really nice night tonight.” Misha said softly when Jensen took a break from singing.

Jensen chuckled quietly. “We worked all day and then came home and ordered greasy pizza.”

“I know. But… I’m just glad things are getting back to normal. I love spending time with you and Riley. I love how much you care about her, how much you care about us.”

Jensen spun him again. “Yeah, well, I plan on spending the rest of my life with you. She’s just he cute, giggly cherry on top, Mish. I look at you two and I see my future. I don’t want anything else.”

Misha pulled back far enough to look at Jensen’s face, to see the sincerity in his eyes. Jensen smiled and kissed him chastely. They both knew that after filming all day and then stuffing themselves with pizza and ice cream, they were much too tired to take anything to the next level, but the kiss deepened to something loving and passionate.

They ended up dancing through the rest of the song before heading to bed themselves. They planned on getting up early to go shopping for plants of all kinds for the garden that Misha had been working on. They crawled into fresh silk sheets, and they were both asleep within minutes, there legs tangled and bodies warm.

A few hours later, Riley’s cry crackled over the speaker of the baby monitor. Misha and Jensen both stirred with a sleepy groan, but Jensen planted a kiss on top of Misha’s wild bed head and muttered that he had her. He slipped on a pair of pajama pants and made his way to Riley’s room, his eyes only half open. Misha smiled and his head flopped back on his pillow with a happy sigh. He really was the luckiest man on earth.

Right as Misha was about to be taken under by sleep once again, he could hear Jensen’s voice coming through the baby monitor faintly. He sat up, listening carefully.

“Oh c’mon sweetheart, don’t cry. I know, I know. You have these little teeth coming in and it’s the end of the world, but it doesn’t mean you should cry when there’s this awesome thing called sleep.” Misha smiled and stifled a laugh. Jensen didn’t know, but Misha had known forever that he always had these ridiculous little conversations with Riley like she knew exactly what he was talking about. It was adorable. Riley’s crying slowed down to more of her huffing as Jensen presumably cradled and rocked her. “See? Not so bad. Atta girl. You’re just like you dad, Riles. You get super emotional and then you’re fine. I swear I don’t know what I’m going to do with you two.” Misha snorted. “Do you have any idea how much I love your daddy? I swear I’m going to marry him one day. I’m gonna make him the happiest man alive. I just don’t know if he’s ready yet, and I don’t want to push him. I hope he is.”
Misha bit his lip. He felt a little bad for eavesdropping like this, but the same day he had went to Gamestop all those months ago, he had also stopped at another store and bought something. And he felt like it was finally time to give it to Jensen. He got up and quietly dug through his dresser drawer, pulling on his own pajama pants and pulling out the little black box.

When he made it to Riley’s room, Jensen had his back turned to the door and was still gently rocking her and talking to her. There was zero hesitation as he got down on one knee, opened the little black box, and cleared his throat. Jensen spun around, and his tired green eyes widened in shock when he saw Misha. “I really wanted to do this in a more romantic setting…” Misha said, looking around Riley room. “But honestly, I don’t know of a better place to ask you than in our home, the place we’ve been building our life for so long now. Jensen, I don’t know what I would do without you, and I don’t deserve you by any means. But I can’t imagine my life without you in it, and I never want to have to worry about that. Will you marry me?”

Jensen made a choked noise and just stared at Misha. He closed his eyes and swallowed a few times. When he opened them again, they were shining with tears. “You dick.” He exclaimed to Misha’s confusion. “I was planning on proposing to you tomorrow night!”

Misha grinned. “Is that a yes?”

Jensen laughed wetly, blinking a few times to compose himself. “Yes. God, yes!” He finally replied excitedly.

Jensen stood up, beaming, and barely got his footing before Jensen was throwing himself at him. “Please don’t drop my kid.” He said laughing and kissing Jensen with feeling. Jensen laughed and placed Riley in her crib. She wasn’t asleep but was much calmer and would probably be asleep any minute. As soon as she was safe and sound, Jensen kissed Misha with such force that they tripped and toppled over a rocking horse. They laughed as they hit the ground, unable to stop giggling or kissing each other.

“I can’t believe you.” Jensen huffed. “I can’t believe you asked me after all those times you told me no.” They made no effort to get up off the ground.

“I mean technically… it wasn’t ‘no’ as much as ‘later’, babe.” Misha replied, his heart fluttering over the excited, love struck look on Jensen’s face.

Jensen rolled his eyes. “Whatever. You know I already have a ring for you, right?”

“You do?” Misha asked, a little surprised.

Jensen rubbed the back of his neck shyly. “I always told you I didn’t because I didn’t want you to feel pressured, or make you uncomfortable, or seem desperate… but I bought one a long time ago. Right around the first time I told you I was going to marry you. Here, I’ll show you.” Jensen stood up, offering his hand to help pull Misha up. He picked up the little black box that had skidded across the floor when he and Misha fell to ground. It was a simple silver band, and Jensen eyed it carefully.

“It’s nothing fancy.” Misha muttered nervously. “I just know how you are about fashion and figured you would like something that would go with anything you wear.”

“It’s perfect.” Jensen whispered sincerely, not taking his eyes off the ring. He worked his old ring off his finger, and Misha smiled at the noticeable tan line it left. He took the new ring out of the box, and went to slide it on his finger but Misha jerked it out of his hand.

Misha laughed at the scandalized look on Jensen’s face. “That’s my job.” He said softly, taking
Jensen’s left hand in his right hand, and slowly sliding on the ring, aware of how bad his hand was shaking. It was a perfect fit, and Jensen seemed unable to take his eyes off of it. Finally, Jensen tore his eyes away long enough to go over to Riley’s book case. “You did not hide the ring in Riley’s room.” Misha groaned, laughing.

Jensen shrugged but smiled sweetly, moving a little knick knack out of the way to reveal a little black box much like the one Misha had been holding earlier. Jensen smirked and dropped down to one knee. “Even though you stole my moment, I still plan on proposing.” He said seriously.

“Sure, babe, whatever helps you sleep at night.” Misha teased, grinning.

Jensen scrunched up his nose in annoyance but took a deep breath and fixed his expression to a serious one. “Dmitri Tippens Krushnic…” Misha rolled his eyes. “You came into my life and turned it completely upside down. When I first met you, I thought you were just another guest star that would be on set one week and killed off the next. I had no idea that you would mean so much to me. Not only did I gain a best friend that day, but I also gained the love of my life.” Misha bit his lip, feeling the tears begin to well up in his eyes. He knew better than to think Jensen hadn’t prepared an entire speech instead of a spur of the moment proposal like he had. “Before I met you, I was so focused on what I was becoming in life. But you taught me that life isn’t about becoming anything, it’s about un-becoming all of the things that kept me from really being me. You’re always encouraging me to grow and change for the better and pushing me to step outside of my comfort zone. You’ve taught me how to be a better person in all of the aspects of my life. You’ve loved me unconditionally despite my flaws, and you’ve been my voice of reason that’s stopped me from making the same mistakes. You’ve made me feel invincible, like I’m capable of anything. And I know with you by my side, I am capable of anything. I want to spend every day for the rest of my life making sure to repay you for all the things you’ve given me in life and reminding the world that you’re mine and I’m yours. Misha, will you marry me?”

The tears were now falling freely from Misha’s eyes, and he wiped them roughly. “I fell in love with such a sap.” He laughed wetly. “Yes, Jensen. I will marry you. There’s nothing else in the world that I want more than to marry you.”

“Are you sure?” Jensen teased. “Because there’s no going back once I put this ring on, Mish.”

Misha slid the old ring off of his finger, laughing. “Spending forever with you doesn’t sound so bad.”

Jensen grabbed his hand and slid the engagement ring on as Misha marveled it. As soon as the ring was in place, Riley made a squealing noise. Jensen stood up and both he and Misha turned to look at her. She had her head turned towards them, smiling and clapping her little hands together even though she wasn’t quite coordinated enough to do it correctly and produce sound.

“Yeah.” Misha croaked. “I…I just can’t believe I get to spend the rest of my life with you.”

Jensen smiled sweetly. “I’m asking Kripke who exactly was in charge of the Destiel script. I’m sending them a freakin’ fruit basket.” Misha laughed, but then Jensen shifted Riley to one arm and cupped Misha’s face, planting a soft, sweet kiss on his lips. “I have everything I’ve ever wanted, Misha.” He said sincerely. He smiled, his green eyes shining lovingly. “And it all started out with a kiss.”
Author's Note

Chapter Notes

Please read the note in its entirety. Thank you!

I have so much to say, and I’m sure I’ll forget a lot of it, but here goes nothing.

I’ve been on the incredible journey of writing “It Started Out With a Kiss” for years now. It will never cease to amaze me that I’ve finished this fic, because I’ve been writing stories for the past thirteen or so years, and I’ve never managed to finish any of the stories I started. Completion has always been difficult for me. Writing is hard. But endings? They’re even harder.

This fic was originally supposed to be just a few chapters long. I was writing it as a more of a ficlet for a friend, and things got… a little out of hand. A ficlet turned into me just winging it, and ended up being a full blown story. I would have never been able to complete this fic had it not been for you, the readers. I’ve been through so much since I began this fic, from family problems, car wrecks, declining health, awful financial situations, and crippling depression and anxiety. I even had one of my kidneys stop working properly which I haven’t even shared with you guys. I was told by the doctors that I was two weeks away from my kidney completely shutting down and potentially killing me, and that I was very lucky I sought out medical help when I did. I was also laid off of work when the place I worked at closed down.

Through all of this, I’ve received nothing but support from all of you. I’ve even met two amazing friends (looking at you, Amy and Shae) that I met through this fic. The love and support that I’ve received from the Supernatural fandom is something that I will always treasure, and never be able to forget. Some of you have been here since the very beginning chapters and have continued to read and comment until the very end. I just want you to know, if you’ve read my fic, I’m eternally thankful for your support. Writing has always been an outlet for me, and I never would have been able to keep writing without the support I’ve received. I also feel like it’s appropriate for you to give yourself a pat on the back, because fanfiction or not, if you’ve made it far enough to read this message, you’ve read an entire book. I’m not joking. Based of word count, “It Started Out With a Kiss” is longer than both Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince and Lord of the Rings Fellowship of the Ring. Just thinking about the fact that I’ve written that much is dizzying to me.

I will never be able to put into words how much this fic means to me. See, I’m a little Vonnegut in the sense that I write myself into a story. I may not make a character for myself, but each and every one of these characters has a piece of me in them, and so while you may not realize it, in reading this story, you’ve all gotten to know me better than you probably realize.

Since ISOWAK does mean so much to me, it’s much too difficult for me to let this fic go entirely. So there will be a sequel by the name of “I Want it All”. It will take place a few years after this fic left off, and will also be lengthy, though I can’t guarantee that it will be nearly this long. I already have large chunks of it mapped out, and I really think if you loved this story, you’ll love this one as well.

You guys have done so much for me, from checking in to making sure that I'm okay, to helping me meet my idol, Misha. My first convention experience was incredible. The night before I met Misha I
was super upset and crying because I was so worried. What if I had put him up on a pedestal that he couldn't live up to? What if he wasn't anything like how I imagined him to be? I was super scared and psyching myself out... but it turns out that I didn't have to worry about any of that with him. I did the photo op, but it was too quick and loud to really explain that the op was me coming out. All I know is that he didn't hesitate to grab the pride flag when I handed it to him. I wanted to puke after the op was over because I literally couldn't even remember if I was looking at Chris (the camera) or if I was too busy staring at Misha. What everyone says about him in person is completely true, if you think he's attractive on the show, he's a fucking work of art in person. Later on, Misha walked by on the way to the green room and I quickly explained to him that the op was coming out for me, and I felt better because I was able to explain that to him. Then, during autographs this man killed me. During my op I was wearing my hair down and I didn't have my glasses on because I was so afraid of a glare. By the time autographs rolled around, I had tossed my hair up and put my glasses back on. I've always heard that you have more time to talk to them during autos than ops and I had this whole speech planned out... honestly the moment I saw him, that all went out the window. I actually got to look at him for more than two seconds and was like "fuck, he's gorgeous" and couldn't remember what I planned to say. So his handler handed him the picture to sign and I just said "Hey, congratulations for being on the show for ten years!" And he looked up at me sweetly and said "Thank youuu!" And I added "You're my favorite part of the show." and he WINKED at me and at this point I was trying to walk away because that was IT for me and he adds "Take care and congratulations to YOU for coming out. I'm proud of you." And at this point I'm about to cry so I just thanked him and walked away. I absolutely could not believe that he remembered me and said he was proud of me. He was just as sweet and amazing as I've worked him up to be in my head.

And none of that would have been possible without my readers. I really hope this isn't goodbye. I will hope you all continue to read my fics and continue to enjoy them. If you would like to donate to my paypal, it's below:

paypal.me/anchorsoutatsea

If you'd like to follow me on Tumblr, click here.

If you would like to contact me for any reason at all, you can email me at anchorsoutatseaonao3@yahoo.com. I'm not currently accepting prompts, but hope to in the future.

Thank you. I love you. I love all of you. <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!