

## It Shouldn't Matter

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11492058) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11492058>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural RPF</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Jensen Ackles/Jared Padalecki</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins/Richard Speight Jr.</a> , <a href="#">Misha Collins/Mark Pellegrino</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Misha Collins</a> , <a href="#">Jensen Ackles</a> , <a href="#">Mark Pellegrino</a> , <a href="#">Mark Sheppard</a> , <a href="#">Richard Speight Jr.</a> , <a href="#">Sebastian Roché</a> , <a href="#">Danneel Harris</a> , <a href="#">Genevieve Cortese</a> , <a href="#">Matt Cohen</a> , <a href="#">Rob Benedict</a> , <a href="#">Vicki Vantoch</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - College/University</a> , <a href="#">Eating Disorder Not Otherwise Specified</a> , <a href="#">Weight Gain</a> , <a href="#">Weight Issues</a> , <a href="#">Food Kink</a> , <a href="#">Chubby Jensen</a> , <a href="#">Personal Trainer Jared</a> , <a href="#">Anxiety</a> , <a href="#">Chubby Misha</a> , <a href="#">but not even</a> , <a href="#">it's all in his head</a> , <a href="#">Body Image</a> , <a href="#">Eating Disorder</a> , <a href="#">Self-Esteem Issues</a> , <a href="#">Panic Attacks</a> , <a href="#">Anxiety Attacks</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Anonymous</a>
Stats:	Published: 2017-07-13 Completed: 2017-11-29 Words: 31,731 Chapters: 18/18

# **It Shouldn't Matter**

by Anonymous

## Summary

Misha is fine, thank you very much. If people would stop meddling in his personal affairs, maybe everybody else would be fine too. It's just Misha's luck that he accidentally spills something to Jensen that he'd rather keep buried deep underground. Jensen decides it would be a good idea to alert his sister, and Misha knows his carefully built life is about to crumble, and take him down with it.

## The (Not So) Short Friend

Misha absently watches Doctor Who while Jared runs around the flat, each time gathering a new item he forgot to put in his luggage. Misha tries to focus, he really does, but Jared has to announce each forgotten item to the entire world as he finds it, and then jog across the floor like that would somehow make things go faster. Really, it was just making things louder.

Misha gave up and turned off the television, popping out the DVD disk and replacing it in his coveted box set casing. Maybe he was fake if he didn't watch the original series, but he was young, and David Tennant looks way too good in a trench coat.

Jensen exited his room and shut Jared's door, standing in front of it. Misha raised his eyebrows, but chose not to comment. He wanted to see the show.

"Jen, move," Jared attempts to shove Jensen out of the way, but only succeeds in getting wrapped in a bear hug.

"No more Jay. You're done," Jensen shuffles him, still in the hug, towards the door, "Time to go."

Jared argues for a second, but Misha checks the time and calls out that he's going to be late if he waits any longer. Jared shuts up after that, and Misha stands up to hug him. He almost doesn't want Jared to leave, but time alone with Jensen is something he's been excited about for awhile. Of course, Jensen doesn't know that, but Misha can still dream that his best friend feels the same.

Jensen grabs Jared's suitcase and tells him to make his final sweep and say goodbye to Misha. Jared almost immediately slides over to him, and envelopes him in a famous Jared Padalecki hug. Misha is hyperaware of the rock hard abs his (maybe too soft) stomach is pressed up against. If Misha weren't so into Jensen, maybe he'd have a thing for his boyfriend. Not even maybe, he totally would have a thing for him.

Misha pulls himself out of the embrace, mumbling about missing flights because of long lines at security, and looks Jared in the eye.

"I'm gonna miss you Jay." Misha breaks eye contact, thinking Jared probably felt how out of shape he was, and would have some things to say about him to Jensen once they were alone.

"Me too, little buddy," Jared smiles, "Take good care of Jensen while I'm gone." He pats Misha on the shoulder, and starts to gather the things Jensen didn't grab.

"Of course. He'd be hopeless without one of us around," Misha grins, thinking about baking just for Jensen.

Cooking for Jensen was sort of a fantasy for Misha. He knew Jen was happy with Jay, but maybe he could still live out a corner of his sick fantasy. Maybe he could even get Jensen to gain a couple pounds while Jared was gone. That's the dream.

Jared nods at Misha, and shuts the door. Off to the airport to live the dream of being on the right side of a fat camp for adults. Misha knows that's not what it's called, but he forgot the real name, and 'Adult Fat Camp' has just the right ring to it to remind Misha he really needs to get his act together. It's actually right on the money. Misha hopes he never has to go through that. Of course, it's not even a foreign idea, but Misha really doesn't ever want to endure that kind of shame. If he ever got to that point... well, Misha doesn't really want to finish the thought.

Once Jared's definitely gone, Misha slides the Doctor Who disk back into the slot, and retakes his seat in true binge-watching style. He's probably going to start making dinner after a couple episodes. Jensen can cook, sure, but Misha has a true passion for it.

Misha's mind wanders while he watches, to how much he'd been slacking over the summer, how much he'd let himself go after Richard. He looks down at his stomach. Under his sweater, he knows it's not actually that big; it's still pretty flat when he stands up, but that doesn't mean he's not on his way to more dangerous waters. Misha puts a hand on it and presses until he feels muscle. There's too much give, and Misha knows it. He really should be exercising instead of sitting on the couch ogling David Tennant, and fantasizing about what it would be like for him to gain some weight. Misha knows it's messed up, but extra weight looks good on other people. Not him though, Misha knows first hand that when he's chubby, he looks worse.

After a couple episodes, Misha turns off the television, and gets up to start making Dinner. Jensen isn't home yet, but he should be soon, and Misha knows he's going to be a little down for a couple days without Jared. It's probably a good thing that they're going to have friends over tonight. They'll take his mind off of the knowledge that he's going to be gone for a long time.

He busies himself with making a teriyaki stir fry. Jen really likes it when he makes that... and he can hold off from the noodles so he doesn't have too many carbs. It's a win-win. Misha can't help but snack a bit while he cooks. It's mostly a habit that he can't seem to shake. He pops saltine crackers into his mouth absentmindedly. Misha is somewhat aware of how terrible the crackers are for him to eat, but he knows that he'll stop eating them once the box is gone. Then he'll make sure not to buy any more.

Misha turns around when he hears the door open and then shut quietly. Jensen is shaking off his boots, and hanging up his jacket.

"Hey, how'd the airport go?" Misha turns back to his cooking, hiding the smile he was harbouring from watching Jensen have trouble kicking his second shoe off.

"It was good, Jay didn't have any issues," Jensen walks up behind Misha to see what he's making, "I miss him already though,"

Misha tenses a bit with Jen behind him, but relaxes when he reminds his brain that it's stupid to worry about what he's actually looking at. It's obvious Jensen isn't looking at Misha with a critical eye, thinking about how much weight he's gained. That wouldn't make sense.

“Maybe this will lift your spirits,” Misha shuts the stove off, and the sizzling sound dies down, “I made your favourite.”

“You know me too well,” Jensen smiles, but his gaze travels behind Misha, “Come on man, did you eat all the crackers?”

Misha feels heat rise to the surface of his skin, but tries to shove it back down. He almost forgot that Jensen was the one that bought the crackers in the first place.

“Uhh, yeah, sorry. I didn’t see your name on it,” Misha tries to crack a joke, and gives Jensen a smile that’s mostly real.

He kinda hates reality checks. Misha really didn’t need to be told how much of a pig he is. Misha already knows.

Jensen thankfully lightens at the joke, and goes to the cupboards to grab some dishes.

They eat in comfortable silence. Both of them are obviously missing Jared’s presence. He makes things lighter. He just has that kind of personality. He’s really a giant teddy bear… aside from all the muscles and crazy cardio.

Once they finished cleaning up and putting the leftovers into the fridge, they set up monopoly on the table. It’s game night, and the whole gang is coming over.

There’s a knock at the door, and Jensen rushes over to the door. Misha admires the shirt he’s wearing. It hugs his torso perfectly, just slightly stretching over his built shoulders. Misha blinks and goes to the fridge to grab some beers for his friends. He gets a glass of water for himself though. He doesn’t really like the taste of beer, and it’s empty calories anyways. If he really wants something, he’ll just grab a cooler later.

Danneel and Genevieve both greet Misha, and a couple minutes later, Vicki shows up. Misha can feel Vicki’s eyes scanning him, but she’s always concerned for her brother. She knows his history, but Misha meets her gaze and makes a face to tell her that he’s fine right now. They’ve almost made their own language using just knowing glances and raised eyebrows.

They set up their pieces, and commence the game. It’s pretty good at the beginning, but as the game goes on, and the gang gets a little tipsy off a few beers, insults start flying. Of course, everyone is only doing it in good fun, but it’s getting quite intense. Misha expects this though; the only other game that gets things so heated is Mario Kart, and possibly Settlers of Catan (that was only once, and it was because Danneel stole Jensen’s spot to get wheat, and everyone had been refusing to give it to him as a communal decision).

“Misha, move on, you already have three railroads, and I swear you’re not getting the last one,” Gen raises her eyebrows at him and shoves the dice a little closer to his hand, “I will not make that mistake again,” She leans back in a final movement that screams ‘don’t even think about it’.

Misha turns to Jensen then, looking to snake Park Place to match his Boardwalk.

“Don’t look at me. You know I ain’t trading with you,” Jensen holds a protective hand over his properties and stares Misha down.

He bites his lip and accepts that nobody is going to allow him to win this one. He dominated last time, but apparently they all remember. Misha grabs the dice, and rolls snake eyes, sending him straight to jail. He sighs and gets up to grab a cooler. Maybe being sober wasn’t the greatest idea, but he still had plenty of time to work his way up to everybody else. I can deal with the extra calories later.

Once they finish Monopoly, they move on to the couches to watch a movie. Dani and Gen sit on the smaller one, and Misha is stuck between Jensen and Vicki. Everyone starts arguing about what to watch, and Misha escapes to the kitchen to make popcorn for everybody. He slices off a chunk of cold butter from the stick so he can melt it, but he also slices a thin piece and puts it on his tongue. He’s a sucker for butter he supposes. Immediately though, he is reminded that he should stop being so careless with what he eats when he presses his stomach against the counter to retrieve the butter from the microwave. Of course he can’t have gained anything since earlier today, but he swears he feels more squish than earlier when he was thinking about it. It must be the alcohol messing with his head.

Once the popcorn is properly seasoned with butter and salt, Misha slinks back into the room and hands once bowl to Gen and Dani, and then puts another on the table in front of his, Vicki, and Jensen’s couch. Misha is pleased to see the opening to Star Trek playing (the reboot; Misha maybe has a thing for tall slender aliens). He makes a mental note to stay away from the popcorn though, he really doesn’t need to be eating anything more.

# Don't Kink Shame Me

## Chapter Notes

Hey guys ! I didn't really do any sort of introduction to the first chapter because I was in a bit of a rush to post it, but I'll just say some stuff real quick now.

I have all the chapters planned out, so updates should be fairly frequent. I usually do a quick edit of my work, but nothing too intense, so errors might be present. I'm also trying out a new tense that I don't usually write in; it's getting easier as I write more, but I'm finding myself reverting from present to past every once in awhile, and then having to rewrite some stuff. Sorry in advance for any errors specifically in that regard.

Nothing else comes to mind right now, so please enjoy this chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been a week, and Jensen is actually doing pretty well. Misha expected him to be super mopey and down for the first little bit, but he's as buoyant as ever (well, as much as his everyday attitude normally is). Misha has a feeling he'll hit a low point some time in the next couple of months.

Misha rolls over, and his blankets fall off, exposing him to the slightly chilled air. He supposes it's about time he get up. He's mostly just been lying there, awake, thinking about Jensen. He hasn't noticed anything Misha has been doing over the week, which is good, but Misha hasn't really been trying. He baked cookies a couple times, and they were gone pretty quick. Jensen works at home though, so its easy for him to lose track of how many he's had if they're set in front of him.

He hears a light thud, and then Jensen muttering something to himself in the room over. Misha smirks a little; Jensen has a way of making fun of Misha for everything, but now he has leverage in the next banter.

Misha forces himself up and over to his closet to pull out some clothes for the day. He has a few classes today, but no eight am ones, thank goodness. He already made that mistake during his last major... well, he made it two semesters in a row, thinking it would somehow be better the second time around. Misha was wrong of course, but it didn't stop him from getting his bachelor of sociology. It actually let him fast track his program so he was done in three years.

He picks out a pair of dark skinny jeans, and wrestles them up his legs. They're hard enough to get on when he's at lower weights, but now, he's having a bit of a struggle. Misha doesn't have too much trouble buttoning them up, but he can tell he won't have it easy for much longer. He feels the way the material digs into his hips. They're size 29, but Misha can't let

go and move on to a bigger pair. He's too stubborn. Misha sits down on his bed, and the pressure at the waist increases. Maybe he does need to switch. Misha blames it on being bloated from the night before. That must be what it is.

Once Misha has swapped his pants for comfortably snug fitting 30's, he steps out of his room to find Jensen rooting around in the fridge. He looks a bit at loss, so Misha steps forwards and the corner of his lips twitch up.

"You want me to make something?" He's already thinking about what he can make that will subtly pack in calories for Jen.

"Yeah, that would be nice... but don't you have to go soon?" Jensen shuts the door, and looks up at his friend.

Misha's eyes flicker over Jensen's form. He really does have a nice physique. He could be so cut if he wanted, but there's the smallest layer of flesh wrapping his midsection that Misha can't get his mind off of.

"No, I have time. I don't have class till later," Misha takes Jensen's old place in front of the fridge.

Jensen slides out of the way, and pours himself a cup of coffee. He also pours one for Misha, and leaves it black, just the way he likes it. Jensen really does know him well.

Misha grabs some cheese, butter, eggs, and then some potatoes. He plans to fry them, and then add everything else into it after. He'll make himself a fried egg on the side, because he wouldn't dare eat so much for breakfast. He's trying not to overdo it. His pants would suggest Misha is failing at the moment, but he means to turn that around.

Once everything is cooking, Misha takes a sip of his drink. Despite Jensen being an utter failure at cooking for himself, he makes some pretty good coffee. He's also surprisingly good at bartending, which they found out when they took a course together a couple years ago a bit after they first met. Misha pretty much failed the course, but Jensen seemed to have a knack for it. Whenever they're at parties, he trusts Jensen to concoct something Misha will enjoy, even though he sticks to basic drinks for himself.

When he's done with the potatoes and company, he hands off a plate to Jensen, and sits down across from him with a single egg and a slice of toast. Jensen frowns down at Misha's small portion, but he doesn't say anything. Misha thanks whatever god is out there, because he doesn't want to explain his diet to the man that would never hear of such a thing. For all the time they've known each other, Jensen has never even thought of the word. It makes sense, because he's gorgeously fit naturally, but even if he weren't, Misha knows he would still look good. In fact, Misha's hoping he'll get a little taste of that soon, but he doesn't want to get his hopes too high.

While Misha picks at his breakfast, he watches Jensen shovelling food into his mouth. He and Jared are completely different in that respect. Jared goes slow, and makes sure to chew his food, but Jensen has to get it all into his mouth as fast as possible. Jared does like candy



though, he can hardly get enough of it. Misha only knows this because he's hyperaware of anything surrounding food. He doesn't usually even mean to watch... only sometimes.

Misha looked at the clock on the wall, and stood up abruptly. He has to get to class. Jensen looks up at him, still chewing. He swallows thickly, and Misha feels a twitch in his boxers. No, not now, not ever. Misha quickly walks towards the door to get his shoes on.

"Thank's Mish, do you think you'll be home before dinner?" Jensen is partway turned around in his chair to look at Misha.

"I have to finish some paperwork at the office, but I'll try and be back as soon as possible." Misha grabs his bag and unlocks the door.

"See ya later then, I might grab some takeout for tonight. I'm feeling like Chinese today," Jensen raises his eyebrows like he's asking a question.

"Sounds good. Have fun cartooning," Misha doesn't mind Chinese, but he knows he doesn't need to be eating takeout right now.

\*\*\*

When Misha gets home, it's later than he expected. He had a bit more to do at work than he originally thought, and he wasn't about to show up early tomorrow. There's only one small light on, so Misha assumes Jensen went to bed. He steps quietly into the kitchen to have something to eat.

There's quite a bit of Jensen's leftovers in the fridge. Jensen got their usual order, which they can mostly finish, but there's usually some extra for the next day. Misha opens up one of the boxes and scoops out some vegetables and then some lemon chicken. He warms it up in the microwave, pulling it out before it can beep. He sits at the table, and pulls up Netflix on his laptop. He's making his way through Deep Space Nine, but he still prefers the new movies. Even though the most recent one maybe wasn't as well done, he still enjoyed watching Zachary Quinto don the pointy ears and eyebrows.

Once he finishes his plate, he puts it in the dishwasher. Misha stands in the kitchen, and purses his lips. He can feel the pit of his stomach, asking for more. He's really not hungry, but he still feels empty, unfulfilled. Somewhere deep down he knows that more food won't help, and he'll only feel worse about himself, but he reaches into the fridge again and pulls out what's left of the food. There's a bit of shrimp fried rice, a green onion cake, three spring rolls, and a bit more of the vegetables he already started on.

At this point, this late at night, Misha doesn't even care about anything. He munches on a spring roll while he warms everything up, again pulling it out before it can wake up Jensen with the sound. Maybe he's still awake, but he doesn't want to risk him coming out of his room and seeing what Misha is doing.

He sits back down at the table, two boxes of food in front of him, and turns back on his Star Trek. He almost slips out of his body, not really paying attention to what he's eating. He can

still taste it, and it's really good, but it doesn't register in his brain. It's probably better this way, but he knows he'll be berating himself later.

Misha doesn't finish it all, but he does get through a large portion of it. He doesn't want to leave any of it in the fridge though, because anything reheated twice isn't gonna be worth it. He feels bad that Jensen totally payed for all of it, and won't be able to finish it off. Misha can pay him back though, and he can make up some excuse for why it's all gone. Maybe he'll say he dropped it on the floor and had to trash some of it. That'll make sense, and he put the box face down in the trash, so Jensen will never know how much food is actually in the garbage under it. His plan is airtight.

He turns off the lights in the kitchen, and enters his bedroom. Regret for literally eating everything hasn't set in yet, but Misha can feel it coming. It'll probably hit in the morning. He slides out of his clothes and puts on some boxers to sleep. He's not exactly tired from the day, so Misha pulls out his laptop again, but this time he pulls up Tumblr and starts scrolling. There's not a whole lot to look at once it gets late, so Misha finds himself buried in stacks of aesthetic blog posts, and the occasional text post. It's probably not a great way to get his brain to stop whirring, but it's good enough.

Once Misha feels his eyelids drooping, he puts away the computer and rolls over. His stomach was a bit sore from earlier, but he feels better now. Misha almost feels okay about himself.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys like it so far ! Drop a comment to tell me how I'm doing, or even what you'd like to see in the future of this fic. I have it planned, but there's always room for edits and extra chapters and stuff. Thanks for reading, and look out for updates (they'll probably be once a week more or less)

# This Is What I Get?

## Chapter Notes

Here's a new chapter ! I've never really been interested in writing an AU until now, so hopefully I'm not doing too bad of a job with it. In fact, I didn't even like to read AU's until a couple years ago. I guess I just struggle a bit with my own details and backstories, but hopefully this fic is well rounded in that aspect because I'm working really hard on it. Sorry for the rambling, please enjoy the chapter (:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You need to get out,” Misha looks up from the continuation of his Doctor who marathon to see Jensen standing over the couch.

“What are you talking about? I’m perfectly happy to sit here for the rest of my life,” Misha snuggles further into his blanket to accentuate his point.

“This is you avoiding life Mish,” Jensen hops over the back of the couch and lands next to Misha, “And even if you’re ‘perfectly happy,’ I need to get out, and you’re coming with me,”

Misha groans and buries his face into Jensen’s arm.

“Yeah, yeah, time to get up. Matt Smith will be waiting for you when you get back,”

It’s not that Misha doesn’t want to go out but he knows he doesn’t have anything nice to wear that will fit him properly. Well... that’s a lie, but all of his favourite clothes are smaller, and Misha is sentimental, and he’s not ready to submit and wear his ‘fat’ clothes.

Misha rolls off the couch in a dramatic fashion, swooping the blanket off of him and onto Jensen. He shuffles into his room, and slides out of his sweat pants and sweater. He rummages around his closet, and pulls out some black slacks and a white button down shirt. Maybe it’s too formal, but it’s kinda Misha’s thing... and it generally attracts guys to him.

He slides the pants on fine, and maybe they’re tight enough that he doesn’t need a belt, but he puts one on anyways. They’re a size 31, so it makes sense, but Misha can’t help but be a little disappointed by the facts. He’s been hardcore avoiding exercise, and maybe he’s binged a few times in the night, but Misha didn’t want to accept what was happening. The shirt is a little tight when he tucks it in properly, so he lets it sit a little loose so the wrinkles hide his small stomach.

Once he’s as satisfied with his outfit as he’s gonna get, Misha slips into the bathroom to do his hair and brush his teeth. He showered yesterday, so his hair is okay to work with, and it actually cooperates with him for once. When he’s finished brushing his teeth, Misha catches a glimpse of the scale. It’s shoved between the wall and the cupboards; Misha thinks Jensen put

it there because he kept tripping over it, but he's never actually formally questioned it. That was around the time he and Richard broke up, so Misha isn't actually sure what he weighs now.

He fights the urge to pull it out, but it wins almost immediately. Misha is already sure he's going to feel terrible about himself once he gets the numbers, but he can't stop himself. Misha steps gingerly onto the machine, and stares at the black dots. It's safe to say Misha is more than unhappy. Twenty one pounds. A range of emotions flow through Misha: disbelief, shock, anger, embarrassment, and finally, self hatred. Misha looks down at the number again, making sure it's correct. It hasn't changed from the solid 164, but he already knew it wouldn't.

Misha looks in the mirror, but doesn't ignore the fact that his cheeks have gotten chubbier. No wonder he's up two pants sizes. He rinses his face off with some water, and carefully blots it dry. Misha decides he's going to get very drunk, and then start some serious exercise as soon as possible.

When he walks out of the bathroom, Misha puts on the most neutral face he can muster. Jensen still sees through it. Of course he does.

"You okay?" Jensen is sitting at the table, looking amazing.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Misha's voice falters, and he sees Jensen's gaze run up and down Misha's figure.

"You look great, you're young, we're going out," Jensen starts, an attempt at making Misha feel better even though he doesn't know the exact problem.

"I know. Everything's fine..." Misha thinks up a quick lie to put Jensen's mind at ease, "I'm just a little nervous about going out and joining the dating pool again,"

Jensen's face immediately softens at that because he knows how rough his last breakup was.

"Awe Mish, you're gonna do fine. Just look at you, who wouldn't want a piece of that ass?" Jensen breaks out in a grin, and Misha can't help but reciprocate it (Jensen has that effect on him).

Despite the comment meaning to be reassuring, Misha can't help but feel a wave of bitterness wash through him. Just look at me indeed.

The drive to the club is short, and Misha finds himself bouncing his leg out of nervousness. They've gone to the Roadhouse before with Jared, but Misha wasn't single so he didn't have anything to worry about. He also wasn't as enormous, and enjoyed people's eyes on him. Now, it's safe to say Misha is dreading any attention he might receive.

They walk in, and Jensen leads him to a table not too far from the bar. Misha glances around and doesn't see anybody he knows. He's slightly relieved, but strangers judging him isn't much better than people he vaguely knows judging him.

A waitress comes up to them and takes their order. She totally eyes up Jensen, and he gives her one of his golden smiles. She blushes, and Misha already knows he's going to be throwing away a number later tonight.

"I see you're already making friends," Misha smirks at Jensen and raises his eyebrow.

"No harm in smiling," Jensen pretends he has no idea what Misha is talking about.

Misha rolls his eyes, and takes a sip of the drink the waitress came back with.

They make light conversation for awhile, enjoying their time out of the house, but Misha can't help but feel like something bad is going to happen. He's been having the feeling more often these days though, so it might not really mean anything.

When Misha has to order food (because Jensen is complaining that they didn't actually eat dinner and Misha has been drinking a bit more than he needs to), he tries to pick something light, but Jensen tells him he's not allowed to get rabbit food. Misha gets a smoked meat sandwich because maybe it's not the most unhealthy option. Jensen, of course, gets a burger.

About halfway into his sandwich, Misha catches a glimpse of light brown hair on a short mans figure, and almost chokes.

"You alright?" Jensen looks up from his food, concerned.

"Uhh yeah, I think Richard is here," Misha makes a point not to look back to where he saw him.

"No way. I'm sure it's just somebody that looks like him," Jensen shakes his head a little, "Where did you see him?"

Misha jerks his head in the direction of his ex, and takes a long drink from his glass. He watches Jensen for signs of... anything, and then he sees it. Jensen's eyes widen, and he purses his lips before he looks back at Misha.

"Well?" Misha already knows what he's going to say.

"Richard is there. But he's busy at the bar with some guy, I don't think he'll even see us," Jensen reasons.

"He's talking to a guy? Well, sound the alarm. He's now incapable of looking around," Misha knows he's being unreasonably mean, but Richard's presence, let alone him talking to another guy, is creating a bit of a panic in his head.

"Okay, okay. Cool it man," Jensen looks up at Richard again, but immediately looks back at Misha, "Shit, he saw me,"

Misha takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. When he opens them, Jensen is staring at him like he knows he made a mistake. Misha isn't mad at him, but he really just wants to get out, and go back to his spot on the couch. If Richard recognized Jensen, then he's sure as hell

going to know it's Misha sitting across from him. If he even recognizes me now that I look like this.

"It's fine," Misha smiles weakly at Jensen, and takes a bite of his sandwich.

Jensen takes a long look at him, scanning him for signs of a problem. Misha keeps his face neutral. He doesn't want to take the night away from Jensen. They don't have to spend a whole lot more time there after they finish eating, but they should finish their food.

When the waitress comes back and asks them how they're doing, Misha orders a Long Island iced tea. Jensen raises his eyebrows at the drink, but Misha doesn't have to explain himself. He wants to be drunk, and it's literally the only drink he can tolerate that will get him drunk as fast as possible. Misha can sometimes take tequila shots, but only when he's feeling extremely low.

They finish eating, and Misha starts to feel the iced tea. He maybe doesn't care quite as much that Richard is in the building, and he starts to make more happy conversation with Jensen. He has another drink, and then starts feeling confident enough to approach the cute guy at the bar. Jensen just shakes his head and watches him from the table.

Misha looks back at him, and sees the waitress walking up to him. She's going to be disappointed. Misha turns back to his task and makes eye contact with the guy he has his eye on. He's got blond hair, and eyes a little lighter than Misha's own. He's maybe a couple years older than Misha, but he doesn't mind. Misha gets up and walks over to him.

"Hey, I appreciate the piercing gaze, but I have a boyfriend," The guy has a Scottish accent that Misha could drool over, but he's too stunned by his bluntness to even think about that.

"Shit," Is all Misha can muster.

He starts walking back to Jensen, but the guy grabs on to his wrist.

"I don't mind a chat though,"

Misha turns back to him, and decides it can't do much harm to just talk to the guy. Maybe it's not something he would do if he were more sober, but he can't bring himself to care.

"So my guy is pretty new, and I'm thinking that if it doesn't work out, I'd love to give you a call..." He waits for Misha to respond.

"I can do that," Misha smiles, deliberately chooses not to care that this guy probably isn't right for him, "I'll give you my number if you give me your name,"

"Sebastian," He holds his phone out to Misha with a blank contact page open.

Misha taps his number and name out into the space, and hands the phone back. Sebastian almost immediately shoos him away and quickly tells him that his boyfriend is coming back.

Misha slinks back to the table where Jensen is still talking to the waitress.

“Though he’s bisexual, he’s currently dating a guy, sweetheart,” Misha tells her as he sits back down.

She looks between him and Jensen, and then her eyes widen a bit. She walks away without saying anything after that.

“Did you actually just say that?” Jensen looks up and down Misha, “Dude!”

Misha shrugs and looks back to Sebastian. His heart drops instantly.

“I need to leave,”

## Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcome whether they're suggestions, ideas for new fics, or anything in particular really !

# Let's Forget This In The Morning

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for another long wait, i've been procrastinating through life. I'm also gonna be away for a bit, but I promise this isn't going to get abandoned.

This chapter in particular wasn't planned, but I couldn't seem to write the next one without adding more information, so I did this quick one in hopes that it helps clear stuff up a bit and actually move the plot along.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When they get home, Misha is so full of emotions, he doesn't even know which one to project. First off, he's bitter; of course Richard has a new blue eyed boyfriend who's better than Misha in every way. He's also sad because seeing Richard at all brings a lot of good memories to the surface. They're all tainted with the horrible memory of their breakup though. Misha is also angry, and he doesn't have anybody to project the anger on but himself. That leads to the self loathing. Misha knows that if he was thinner, and had actually tried to get enough sleep to keep the bags under his eyes in check, and wasn't hopelessly in love with his best friend, then maybe he would be able to land a guy like Sebastian.

"Misha...?" Jensen is looking at him, and Misha realizes he missed everything he'd just said.

"Sorry Jen, what were you saying?" Misha leans his head back on the couch and looks up at Jensen who is standing literally right in front of him.

"I said: are you ready to talk about it?" Jensen doesn't sound impatient or angry, and Misha is thankful; he was kind of a dick all night.

"I guess," Misha knows it's probably time for a good heart to heart with Jensen.

He pats the spot next to him, and Jensen gladly takes a seat. Misha snuggles up to Jensen who puts his arm around Misha. He really does love Jensen, but him and Jared are perfect for each other, and Misha would never mess with that. He'd choose Jensen's happiness over his own selfish feelings any day.

"Do you maybe want to start with why you had a mini panic attack before you made us leave?" Jensen prompts.

Misha thinks about it for a second. What can he afford to have out in the open with Jensen. He's pretty sure Jensen knows him better than anyone else, and vice versa is true as well (maybe Jared knows a bit more, but he doesn't count). He settles for the problem on the surface.



“You know that guy I went and talked to? Like, the super cute blond one,”

“Yeah, he was cute,” Jensen confirms, but rethinks his response, “unless he was an asshole, then he was the ugliest person I’ve ever seen,”

Misha smiles. Jensen is a pretty sweet guy, and he would fight anybody that treated his friends badly. He’s protective like that.

“No, he was nice. Maybe he sleeps around a bit though. He said that his boyfriend was new, and if things stopped going well with them, he’d call me,” Misha thinks maybe Sebastian wasn’t an amazing person, but he would be good to fool around with for awhile.

Misha’s mind wanders to Mark... tall Mark that is. He has an ongoing fling with him, and they have a bit of an unspoken agreement that they always have each other to go to until they find long term relationships. Misha hates using the term ‘friends with benefits’, but that’s basically what he and Mark are.

“Well, that’s not the worst thing that could happen. He seemed into you. That isn’t it though, is it?”

“No.” Misha doesn’t have to look to know Jensen just closed his eyes; he pretty much feels him waiting for Misha to get on with the worst part.

The pause gets too long, and Jensen asks him if he’s still with him. Misha sighs and tells the truth.

“I only walked away from him because he said his boyfriend was coming, and when I looked back, Rich was sitting next to him,” Misha tilts his head up to see Jensen’s reaction.

Jensen tightens his grip around Misha, and looks him in the eyes before saying anything. However comforting Jensen is, Misha can’t help comparing himself to Sebastian, and having anxiety well up in his chest again. Maybe Jensen can sense it, but he starts talking after that.

“It’s okay Misha. Doesn’t mean anything. We’re gonna find you an amazing guy. One with David Tennant hair, and Zachary Quinto allure,”

Misha smiles weakly at Jensen, and some of the anxiety drains.

“Sebastian was Scottish,” Misha recounts.

“Well damn,” Jensen nods before continuing, “I know it doesn’t help much, but any guy would be lucky to have you. You’re funny, and cute, and smart, and I know first hand that you’re an amazing kisser,”

Misha thinks back to the last comment. They were at a party about four years earlier, and they’d never met before. The gang thought it would be fun to play spin the bottle, and Misha and Jensen just happened to land on each other three times. They started talking after that, and they hit it off faster than anybody Misha’s ever been friends with. The year after that, they roomed together in a musty dorm. The rest is history.

“C’mon Jen,” Misha feels like he’s radiating his love for Jensen.

He’s just so amazing, and goddamn why can’t I be Jared?

“I’m serious Misha, you deserve the best, and you shouldn’t care if Richard has a fancy new boyfriend. I can already tell from what you said that you’re ten times the guy he is,” Jensen is using his super serious voice, and Misha really does appreciate what he’s saying.

Ten times bigger maybe. Misha doesn’t realize he’s said it out loud until Jensen takes his arm away, and backs himself up so he can fully look at Misha. Misha’s eyes widen, and he also backs up, mostly out of shock that he actually said it though.

“Seriously, Misha. That’s what this is about?” Jensen switches from serious to concern and possibly a bit of anger.

“No, not really. It’s about Richard. It’s about him and Sebastian. It’s just... you wouldn’t understand,” Misha spews out nonsense in an attempt to back himself out of the hole he’s dug.

It’s too late though, and Jensen isn’t buying it.

“You know you were dangerously close to being underweight when you were with Richard, right?”

“I wasn’t, actually,” Misha stops himself from saying anything that would make Jensen think there was a bigger problem.

Misha didn’t, and doesn’t, have a problem. Not with anything.

“Misha, you’re gorgeous. You look healthy, and not like you’re about to keel over at any second,”

Misha wants desperately to believe what Jensen is saying is true, but he also knows that ‘healthy’ is another way of saying you’ve gained weight and you’re not fat yet, but you’re on your way. Misha doesn’t like the sound of that. Jensen continues when Misha doesn’t say anything.

“You’ve gained what? Like ten pounds? It’s honestly no big deal. You’re pretty tall for a short guy, and there’s no way anybody would think any less of you because you’re not stick thin,”

“Twenty,” Misha says quietly, ignoring the extra one.

He’s already in this deep, Misha figures it doesn’t matter what Jensen knows anymore.

“And it’s better this way,” Jensen is adamant.

“Yeah, fine, I get it,” Misha is getting defensive, and just wants Jensen to stop telling him the same thing over and over.

“Don’t compare yourself to Sebastian,” Jensen apparently doesn’t care that Misha is done talking about it, “I don’t need to tell you again how great of a guy you are because it’s obviously not getting through that thick skull of yours, but I will tell you this: you, Misha Collins, are not anywhere near overweight, twenty pounds isn’t anything you need to worry about, and I will prove that to you if it kills me,” Jensen ends on a crazy note, and Misha feels some of his anger dissipate.

“I am pretty amazing,” Misha chances a small smile at Jensen, which he reciprocates.

“You okay?” Jensen asks, it’s a bit out of place, but Misha knows Jensen won’t give it up.

“Yeah, I’m Okay,” Misha says, mostly meaning it, “but I don’t think this issue is really worth you killing yourself,” Misha tries to say is lightly, but still with enough meaning to sate Jensen’s need for sincerity.

“I’d die for you, Misha Collins,” Jensen says jokingly, but it also seems like he really does mean it.

Misha raises his eyebrows.

“Stop using my full name,”

Jensen stands up abruptly, and steps closer to Misha. Before he can protest, Jensen swoops him up in his arms and is carrying him to his room.

“To prove my point,” Jensen smiles down at Misha.

“My hero,” Misha fake (real) swoons.

Once Misha is tucked away in bed, Jensen brings him a glass of water, and looks at him for a couple seconds before leaving the room with a goodnight. Misha doesn’t really know how to feel about what happened, but he knows he’s going to regret it in the morning.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks for hanging onto this fic, I'm actually quite happy with how it's turning out.

# Devil's Advocate

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this is so short, I promise the chapters get longer farther along. I was going to have more stuff in this one, but it just didn't feel right. I'll have another chapter up soon though !

"Jensen talked to me," Vicky looks up from her butter chicken, straight into Misha's eyes.

"Yeah, how was that? Was he still trying to convince you that I'm adopted?" Misha tries to deflect the subject with an ongoing joke.

He takes another bite of salad for good measure.

"No. Misha, you know what I'm talking about," Vicky's expression is meaningful, and Misha knows he's going to have to talk to her at some point or another.

"Did he tell you the full story, because it wasn't just a rogue comment that I made out of the blue," Misha tries to dampen the way Jensen probably explained the situation to his sister, "And I didn't even mean to say it. Old habits I guess,"

"Old habits?" Vicky raises an eyebrow, "It's not like you had an eating disorder or anything," She really isn't toning anything down.

Misha cringes at the words. He hates hearing them. He didn't even have an actual... that, it was just a way to keep his weight down so he could run faster while he was in track. Maybe he used the same sort of techniques while he was dating Richard, and maybe after the night at the bar with Jensen, he's been paying more attention to what he eats, but that doesn't mean anything.

"Don't say that. You know it's not true," Misha can't help but lace his words with anger, "I was never diagnosed with anything. It was because I was training too hard,"

"Yeah, you passed out at city finals because you were 'training too hard'," Vicky even puts air quotes over the words.

"We've been over this Vicky. I don't understand why you think you need to bring this up every time we're alone together. I don't ask you if your leg is okay from the time you broke it in Hawaii every time I see you," Misha is being petty, but he doesn't care.

Usually Misha is okay with his sister's caring glances and reassurance, but when she actually vocalizes it, he gets angry. It's like the words make it real, and like it's a bigger deal than it

actually is. Misha knows he's fine, and has always been fine. He just doesn't do well with imperfection. That isn't a problem, that's a good thing.

"Yeah, because it doesn't still effect my life today," Vicky rubs her eyes and composes herself, "I just want you to know that I care about you. If you need to talk about anything, please come to me, or talk to Jensen. Hell, talk to Mark if that's going to help you, but don't keep everything bottled up inside,"

Misha relents, and tells her that he will. He's not stupid after all. If he does catch himself in dangerous territory, he will get help. Misha wants to further prove it, so he gets up, and goes to the counter of the cafe. He orders an iced chai tea latte, one of his favourite drinks, something that he refused to drink in the months before he fainted at track. It was actually one of the things that tipped Vicky off.

When he gets back to their table, he flaunts the drink, and makes sure to take a long drink of it for good measure. Vicky shakes her head and smiles at him.

"Speaking of Mark, how are you two doing?" Vicky starts up the conversation again.

"You were the one who brought him up, you tell me," Misha quips; why does Vicky always have to talk about such touchy subjects.

"I didn't know the bitchy baby brother convention was in town today," Vicky laughs at her own joke, and Misha cracks a small smile.

"Sorry, I am being a bitch, aren't I. Mark is fine, same as always. I swear we aren't dating, though, it's just a fling," Misha explains.

"But he's nice, and you two seem to get along so well," Vicky complains.

Misha has no idea why Vicky likes him so much. Mark and her have met a couple times formally, and at quite a few parties, but they're not good friends as far as Misha knows.

"We both decided it would be best if we were just friends. I don't think he even wants a long term thing with anybody," Misha tells Vicky almost his exact conversation with Mark the morning after their first... sleepover.

"You guys would be so cute together. You'd be like the new and improved Jared and Jensen,"

"Nothing will ever beat them," Misha lets his mind wander to Jensen.

He was really nice the morning after his accidental confession. He made Misha breakfast even though it's normally the other way around. Misha was grateful, but of course, he didn't really want to eat a whole lot. Jensen actually made sure he ate all week. Subtly, and without bringing up the subject, but Misha could see what he was doing by the way Jensen scanned him for signs of a problem. The scale disappeared as well, and Misha wasn't about to blow his cover and ask for it. It kinda sucks for Misha because he appreciates what Jensen is doing, but he already knows he wants to go on a diet. Since he knows Jensen won't keep it up forever, he's going to play along and slowly move on to eating healthier.

“Well, I suppose that’s true,” Vicky pulls Misha out of his thoughts, “How are they anyways? Is Jensen okay without him so far?”

“Yeah, he’s doing pretty good. It hasn’t been very long though, so it’s hard to say. They FaceTime a couple times a week,” Misha rambles.

Vicky lets out a short chuckle, and Misha wants to ask, but he knows it’s useless. She’s always making comments under her breath and laughing, refusing to tell him what she’s thinking.

“Have you talked to Jared?” Vicky puts her cutlery down on her empty plate, making Misha painfully aware that his plate is still half full.

“No, but we text a lot. Mostly I talk about what Jensen is doing, and he tells me all about adult fat camp,” Misha cringes inwardly a little, he has too easy of a time picturing himself in the situation of all the people Jared is helping.

“How does it sound?” Vicky genuinely sounds interested.

“Like hell. They have to get up early, and eat what their trainer tells them to, and if they don’t lose enough weight every week, they get eliminated,” Misha describes it quickly.

“Damn. So it’s kinda like a game, and the winner gets the joy of going through hell the longest,” Vicky looks pretty proud of her explanation.

Misha nods, and takes another mouthful of salad. It’s a bit soggy now, and he doesn’t really want to finish it. He looks up at Vicky who is watching him. He decides he’d rather finish soggy salad than order something else to eat.

# Baby Boy

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Misha combs the aisles of Walmart, hoping to find a cheap scale. Once he sees one that has the accuracy he's looking for, he plucks it off the shelf. He thinks maybe he should pick out some other stuff so he can hide the scale from Jensen when he brings it into the house. He doesn't have a huge budget, but maybe a new blender would be nice. Misha also knows Jensen wouldn't mind some pie, and possibly the Game of Thrones box set. They've been meaning to see it, they've both read the books (Jared too), and they keep forgetting when they go to the store. Misha is actually pretty glad he remembered.

He peruses the store, taking his time. Misha has nowhere to be, thank goodness for days off. Misha skipped breakfast today, waking up before Jensen, and immediately coming for the scale. He had been doing quite a good job of skirting Jensen's near constant efforts to force snacks into him. Little does he know, Misha always finds a way to get rid of them while he's not looking. He's also been able to go to the gym a couple times to do some strength training, despite running being his favourite exercise of choice.

"Hey baby boy," Misha hears a voice behind him, and he simultaneously feels a spark of arousal to his dismay.

He never expected to see Mark outside their meetings, especially at a Walmart at 10:00 am. It's embarrassing enough that his voice alone makes him weak, but the fact that he also jumps out of his skin when Mark places a hand on his shoulder to spin him around doesn't help at all.

"Oh, hey. What are you doing here?" Misha turns to see Mark, looking amazing considering the time and place.

Mark pulls Misha close and brushes a hand over his ass, Misha being too shocked to even attempt to stop him.

"It's been awhile since I've seen you. You're much less bony than I remember, it suits you," Mark loops his arm around Misha's, and they continue walking down the aisle.

Misha feels his face heat up, but he ignores it. He knows what he looks like, and he knows he's going to change it.

"Yeah, I guess I've just been a bit busy. So what are you doing here?" Misha tries his question again.

"I needed to grab some shower curtains," Mark holds up a package with what looks like cherry blossom patterned curtains, "I don't have to tell you why,"

Misha blushes as he remembers what happened.

“Those are cute, maybe I could come over and help you put them up,” Misha can’t help but flirt a bit; he really does like Mark.

“Sounds like a plan,” Mark grins, “You cool tomorrow night?”

Misha thinks about his schedule for a second, he has work, and some classes during the day, but he’s definitely free, and he doesn’t have anything until early afternoon the next morning.

“Yeah, I’ll be over after work,” Misha raises the corner of his mouth, and looks at Mark.

Mark reciprocates the smile, and proceeds to untangle his arm from Misha’s and slide away. He wags his eyebrows a couple times before he turns around and leaves Misha to finish his shopping.

Misha turns back to what he was doing, a bit frazzled, but okay. He was a bit offended at the offhand comment Mark made, but it was also a bit of a compliment, so Misha knows Mark is cool with it. He is pretty easygoing, and who knows, maybe he shares a kink not unlike his own.

He quickly grabs the rest of the things he mentally listed, and makes his way out of the store. Misha doesn’t want Jensen to worry about where he is. He’s got a few lunch plans for Jensen as well, because maybe he feels like he deserves to indulge in his sick kink. It’s not like he’ll do any harm. Jensen could never be unattractive, and he’ll probably notice any changes sooner or later, and start working out or something.

He doesn’t live too far away from the Walmart, so the drive is quick. He picks up a milkshake from McDonald’s for Jensen as well because he’s feeling extra confident. He has no right to, he knows, but talking to Mark always does this for him. Maybe his sister is onto something.

The second he gets in the door, Jensen is on him.

“Mish, where were you?” He doesn’t sound too worried, so maybe he was just bored.

“I was getting some stuff. I got you something too,” Misha presents the milkshake, and Jensen’s face immediately lights up.

“Where’s yours?” Jensen sounds a tad suspicious, but Misha knows how to handle him.

“I finished mine on the drive. I got brain freeze and almost hit the curb, but everything was fine,” Misha knows he has to add some details or Jensen won’t believe him.

“You never listen to me when I tell you to drink slower. You have a problem,” Jensen jokes, and Misha skirts around him to his room with the bags he’s holding.

He puts the scale in his closet, and walks back out of the room holding Game of Thrones.

“No way!” Jensen takes it out of Misha’s hands and asks if they can start watching.

Misha tells him he’s going to put away some groceries, but Jensen can set it up. Misha puts the pie he bought on the counter, as well as some nectarines and bananas. They really were



running low on fruit.

Misha walks out of the kitchen, and hops onto the couch next to Jensen. They start the DVD, and settle into a comfortable position; Misha with a blanket on top of him, resting his head on the side of the couch, Jensen mostly mirroring him on the other side, but without a blanket, and holding a pillow.

They watch two episodes before Misha gets up and tells Jensen to keep watching while he makes lunch. Jensen protests, but Misha tells him that he'll be able to hear it through the wall. He also tells Jensen that he's going to make pasta, and Jensen can't say no to that.

Misha gets going, boiling water, and then dumping the rigatoni noodles into the water, and starts making sauce. It's a cheese sauce, with literally every type of cheese Misha can think of, including cream cheese. His mouth waters as he thinks about eating it, but he knows he won't be. He will have to take a bowl for himself, but he plans on putting half veggies and half pasta, and eating the veggie half, and destroying the pasta half while Jensen isn't looking.

When it's finished, Misha scoops a large portion out for Jensen, and a smaller one for himself. Jensen eats vegetables if he gets them, but Misha doesn't bother. He knows he'd prefer just the pasta.

He brings out the food, and gives his bowl to Jensen, who's mostly forgotten about keeping track of what Misha eats. He gives Misha's bowl a quick once over, but that's about it.

"Awe Misha, you're the best. Maybe a bit too much of the best,"

"You can never be too much of the best," Misha tilts his chin up.

"In this case, maybe you can. I think I might need to go up a pants size," Jensen doesn't seem bothered by the thought.

Misha thinks Jensen is crazy, he hasn't really gained any weight. He takes a quick glance though, to justify his thoughts, and he's met with a bit of a surprise. Jensen definitely has gained weight, and Misha kicks himself for not noticing. He's been too absorbed with his own problems that he hasn't noticed what he's been half consciously doing to Jensen.

"You say that like it's nothing," Misha can't help but say, "I mean, you look amazing, but it doesn't bother you at all?" Misha feels like maybe he's making Jensen feel bad just by asking, but he can't help himself.

"Should I be bothered? I'm definitely not overweight, and it's not like I don't have clothes a size up... and judging by the way you're looking at me, I think I look pretty damn great,"

Misha immediately blinks and wipes his face of emotion.

"Sorry, I didn't mean..." He's cut off by Jensen before he can even finish his lame thought.

"It's fine Misha. You know why it's fine?" Misha shakes his head, "Because I know I'm healthy, and I'm happy, and my weight doesn't define me,"

Misha realizes that maybe Jensen did this for him. He looks up at Jensen who is giving him a meaningful smile.

“I swear Jensen Ackles, if you gained weight on purpose just so you could prove a point,” Misha tries to lighten the tension, and it mostly works.

“Who said I was trying to prove a point?” Jensen winks, and goes back to watching the television.

Misha lets his eyes linger for a second before also turning back to the show, admiring the way Jensen’s stomach ever so slightly curves outwards now. How could I not have noticed?

## Chapter End Notes

Honestly why didn't I write a destiel fic?? Maybe next time...

# Drop Dead Gorgeous

## Chapter Notes

Ahead of schedule? This is unheard of !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Damn Misha. You really know how to treat a man,” Mark is still looking at the ceiling, slightly out of breath.

“Yeah, if only my talents were known by every agency. Maybe I’d have a boyfriend by now,” Misha wonders if he’s ever going to find another boyfriend.

“And make me give this up? I hope you never find a boyfriend Collins,” Mark turns his head and looks thoughtfully at Misha.

Misha gives Mark a small smile, taking the backwards compliment as it is. Mark has a way with him that he really doesn’t understand.

“So you’re not having any luck either then?” Misha finally asks.

“No, not really, but hope is not lost. I hear there’s going to be some new invites to Dani’s party,”

“Ooh, maybe we’ll both meet somebody,” Misha partly jokes.

“I won’t accept anybody without eyes as stunning as yours though. Honestly, they look way better than when I first met you, too,” Mark looks at Misha’s eyes, not really into them, just at them.

“What does that even mean?” Misha shifts his eyes to the side and narrows them.

Misha knows he has stunning eyes; every boyfriend he’s ever had has complimented them to no end. Richard said something towards the end of their relationship that made Misha slightly less confident in what he would call his only redeeming quality, but other than that, he’s had no complaints.

“I’m just saying, when I met you, you were skin and bones with no sense of purpose,” Mark says bluntly, “But I could tell you’d be a keeper. I mean, look at you now, drop dead gorgeous, and I’m sure you hold some sort of record for best blow job in the country,”

“Shut up,” Misha playfully hits Mark’s arm.

“You love it,”

It doesn't take long for them both to fall asleep. Misha's isn't very rejuvenating though, because he's plagued by nightmares. They're not scary in the normal sense, but they're mostly related to him getting mocked in junior high. It doesn't really make for a restful sleep nonetheless.

When Misha wakes up, it's with a jolt, and at a stupid hour of the morning. He knows he won't be able to fall asleep again though, so he rolls out of bed, careful not to wake Mark. He slides on a clean shirt and the pants he was wearing the previous day (Misha doesn't really know how it started, but they somehow have quite a few articles of the others clothing hanging around, always washed and ready to go home).

When Misha gets back home, he immediately changes into some shorts and a t-shirt. He's finally going to start running again. Maybe Mark said some weird things last night, but Misha now knows he has a chance to meet some new people, and he's not about to scare them away with his body.

Misha knows the run will be short, but he plans to keep it going. If he runs every day, he can probably shave some time off the basic 5k he's planning on starting with and he can use the extra time to run further.

Once Misha gets going, he knows it's the right decision. He feels accomplished even though he hasn't actually achieved much. He knows he'll catch the running bug after about a week of constant training. It's possibly one of Misha's only healthy obsessions; not to say Star Trek and Doctor Who aren't healthy obsessions, but it's possible he takes them a bit too far sometimes.

When Misha is about three quarters of the way done his circuit, he realizes he's not actually in terrible shape. He did take quite a bit of time off, but Misha fell into rhythm easily, and he's hardly out of breath. It might be due to the fact that he expected to be struggling by this time, but it may also be a good sign. Misha continues on, keeping his pace steady, almost hopeful because good things might just be in store for him.

Misha thought too soon. When he arrives home, Jensen stalks up to him looking slightly pissed off. Misha suddenly remembers that Jensen and his sister have been talking about him. He tries to stop the bullet before it can hit him, and he smiles up at Jensen.

"Do we have any chocolate chips? I think I'm going to make pancakes," Misha really hopes this works.

Jensen's face softens slightly into a more confused expression.

"What?" Jensen seems a bit shaken by Misha's comment.

"Earth to Jensen, chocolate chip pancakes," Misha plays this lie like his life depends on it, acting as oblivious as possible to any ulterior plans Jensen may have for him.

"Yeah actually, I think there's one package left. You did bake cookies with the milk chocolate ones though, so the ones in the drawer are semisweet," Jensen's anger has mostly dissipated.

“Cool, I’m just going to have a shower real quick, and then I’ll get to it,” Misha explains his plans to Jensen so he doesn’t get angry again when Misha doesn’t immediately go into the kitchen.

“Uhh, right. Make some for me please?” Jensen can be a bit thick sometimes, but Misha knows it’s for the better.

“Of course,” Misha promises, “As long as you stop procrastinating and you finish lining your damn comic,”

Misha smiles and turns away. He got out of that easily enough, but he’s not about to eat chocolate chip pancakes every time Jensen gets suspicious. He needs to find a way for him not to notice when he goes out running. Misha decides to think about it later. He’s had enough trouble this morning, he’s ready to dissociate for awhile while he stands in the shower.

When Misha gets out of the shower, he finds two large boxes of halloween candy on the kitchen counter. He can only assume Jensen bought them yesterday while Misha was at Mark’s. He mentally curses Jensen because Misha literally can’t resist such tiny chocolate bars. They’re literally the perfect snack to get lost in. Although, they’re loud, so Misha thinks that he might be able to resist them while Jensen is sleeping. He knows last year was a bad scene though. He ate so many that he threw up, and was so mortified at what he’d done, he didn’t eat for two days after that. Then he was so hungry, he did the same thing over again, but with anything that was in the fridge. He didn’t overdo it that time, but his stomach hurt like a bitch, and the cycle continued until he managed to force himself to eat like normal during the day, and go to bed at the same time as Jensen. Of course he slipped up a couple times, but Misha’s mostly kicked the habit. It wasn’t until recently that he’s indulged himself in the terrible habit, but Misha knows he can’t get too deep again. If that happens, who knows what he’ll look like when he comes out. Misha shoves images of himself twenty pounds heavier out of his mind, and goes to work on the pancakes.

Misha jumps when he feels something stab him in the back, and he turns around ready to murder Jensen. He nearly spilled the entire container of batter. Jensen backs up and widens his eyes, raising his hands in surrender.

“One of these days I’m gonna learn karate or something, and I’ll take you down before you’ve even touched me,” Misha finally gives in, but he’s still a bit ticked.

“Sorry, I know how much you hate that,” Jensen leans against the counter, and Misha starts the stove so he can cook the pancakes.

“Okay...?” Misha has a bad feeling about what Jensen is going to say.

“What’s up with the running?” Jensen asks casually after a couple seconds.

Misha knew that getting away earlier was too good to be true.

“Am I not allowed to live my life? Just because I shared an insecurity in a moment of weakness doesn’t mean that I have any sort of problem,” Misha isn’t even going to pretend

he doesn't know what Jensen is going to get into.

"No, I just want to make sure that you're still okay, and that you're running for the right reasons," Jensen sighs, and Misha thinks it might not just be Jensen's overprotective nature working here.

"Dude, you need to stop talking to Vicki. She blows everything way out of proportion. Why didn't you just ask me about it? I would've told you," Misha is getting angry again, but at his sister this time.

"We've told each other everything. You literally know everything about me, and I thought I knew everything about you. The fact that you've never even mentioned that you did track in high school, let alone fainted at cities, tells me that you're trying to keep it a secret," Jensen has a really good point, and Misha thinks before he says anything.

"It never came up, and maybe... I was ashamed of it. I didn't want you to make any assumptions about me, so I just didn't tell you," This isn't a lie, but it's not exactly what Misha meant to say.

"Misha, you know I wouldn't judge you for anything. I get why it wasn't the first thing out of your mouth when you met me, but I don't understand why you wouldn't trust me with something like this. It just makes me wonder what else I don't know," Jensen pushes off the counter and starts pacing around the small kitchen.

"I'm a serial killer," Misha tries to joke, but he only gets a glare from Jensen.

"That's not what I mean," Jensen sighs.

"So you would rather not know I'm a serial killer?"

"Fine. Hypothetically yes, but that's not what we're talking about here,"

"Jensen, we're not married, and we sure as hell aren't headed in that direction. I don't see why I'm not allowed to keep some things to myself without everybody making a big deal of them when they finally do come up. It's not like I'm hiding cancer, or being an actual serial killer. I'm hiding a mistake I made in my past that I'd rather not talk about because I never want the same thing to happen again," Misha's long turned off the stove, so he simply walks out of the kitchen and to the door, grabbing his bag for the day on his way.

He doesn't stop when Jensen calls his cell to get him to come back, or start apologizing for god knows what. Misha just keeps walking until he gets to school.

They don't live that far, but the walk drained him. He's extremely early, so Misha decides to go to the office where he works to see if he can get some stuff done that he normally does after classes. It's mostly just filing and sorting through documents. He's basically a glorified assistant, but it's a flexible job that one of his professors got for him when he came back for another degree.

Misha knows he overreacted and didn't cooperate, and that's why Jensen got so angry at him, but he has the right to keeping a secret. He's mostly just tired now, and angry at himself, and angry at Vicky. He's going to talk to her as soon as he gets home from school.

Misha never got a chance to eat breakfast, and he's too worked up to eat lunch. He, partially conscious of it, makes the decision to make this a trend. Not so much the anger, but the skipping meals he thinks. Nobody is allowed to tell him what to do but himself.

## Chapter End Notes

I was writing ahead a few chapters, as one does, and I realized I slipped into the wrong tense for like three of them, and now I have to go back and edit them all. It shouldn't take too long, but I'm disappointed in myself for not realizing sooner...

whatever though, it'll all be posted in the end. this is probably the halfway point of the fic, so stay tuned for more !

# It's Not Actually Scary

## Chapter Notes

slightly longer chapter, sorry for not regulating them better aha

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Misha knows he overdid it when a familiar lightheadedness swirls around his brain, sufficiently clouding his thoughts. Maybe skipping dinner (and lunch) yesterday wasn't the best idea, but Jensen was out with Danneel, and he was so tired from work and school (he had to work over the lunch hour to fix some problem that Misha had literally nothing to do with), he just didn't have the energy to make something. He ended up flopping into bed fully clothed, and then removing them an hour later when he woke up in the same position. He assumed he woke up when Jensen arrived, but he was too dazed to hear anything real.

It had been a couple weeks since Misha and Jensen's fight, and they were on way better terms now. Jensen apologized a bunch, and Misha told him he was right for being worried, and next time he should go to Misha directly because Vicki likes to blow things out of proportion. He also explained the real story of what happened when he did track in high school, and Jensen agreed that it wasn't something he could've controlled. How Jensen didn't connect the incident with his comment from their night out, Misha had no idea, but they weren't connected, obviously, so Misha really doesn't have anything to worry about. They ended up on the couch watching Game Of Thrones, and that was good enough for Misha.

Misha did however, get his sister on the phone to vent at her a bit, and work his way to convincing her he was doing well. For once, Misha actually won the conversation, and she said she knew she was being overprotective, and that as long as he was healthy, she would lay off. Vicki did say that excessive running and skipping meals was something she deemed unhealthy, but Misha figured that everybody had their own version of excessive running, and his was probably at a much higher level because he's a marathon sort of guy. He doesn't have much to say about skipping meals though, but he knows it's not something he'll do on purpose. What's more, Vicki didn't say anything about not going to the gym to do anything that isn't running, so Misha has worked that to his advantage.

"Hey, you okay?" Jensen asks Misha, and he internally curses himself for not doing a better job of hiding his unsteadiness.

"Yeah. You know that feeling where you do something, and when you stop, you still feel like you're doing it?" Misha tries to cover up his mistake.

"I think so... that happened to me when I was younger, but with a trampoline. Bouncing I mean," Jensen rambles, and Misha mostly loses interest.



Misha starts walking into the bathroom to shower when Jensen starts talking again. Misha really doesn't like what he's asking about this time, but it's not for any previous reason.

"What time do you think we should leave tonight?" Jensen is grinning, and Misha knows he's thinking about his costume.

It's not even that interesting, but Jensen loves halloween, and Misha isn't about to take that away from him. They're doing a joint thing, going as Peter Pan and Tinkerbell. Misha wouldn't normally be bothered by being a fairy, but he's just a bit nervous about the costume. The dress is somewhat tight, but they did get it awhile ago, and Misha has lost some weight. He's actually going to find out just how much weight today after his shower. He's been weighing himself every couple days since he bought the scale, and he has a good feeling about today. His progress has been going pretty well since he started running. He does know he should start doing more though, he knows he can.

"I don't know, maybe like seven?" Misha suggests.

"Sounds good," Jensen opens a chocolate bar, and makes eye contact with Misha as he bites into it.

Misha narrows his eyes at Jensen, but holds his hand out. Jensen tosses him a Kitkat from the box, and Misha takes a bite of it with Jensen watching before retreating to the bathroom. Once the door is firmly shut, Misha spits the chocolate into the toilet, and throws the rest of the chocolate in with it. He waits until the shower is on before he flushes it, because he can't be sure how thorough Jensen is with his Misha-watching.

Once he's showered, Misha puts a towel around his waist and steps out of the bathroom. Jensen is sitting on the couch, and he turns to see Misha walk out. Normally Misha wouldn't go shirtless in his house, despite the fact that both Jensen and Jared have no problem doing it, but he forgot to grab some clean clothes before he went in.

"Oooh Misha, where did those come from?" Jensen has his eyes on Misha's midsection, and he looks down for himself.

Misha has no idea what Jensen is talking about, so he mumbles something about not caring how he looks and walks into his bedroom. When the door shuts he hears Jensen yell something about how if Misha keeps this up he'll give Jared a run for his money. Misha takes a look in his mirror, and sees the faintest hint of his top four abs making an appearance. He pokes into his flesh, and is disappointed at how soft it still is. He's been at it for about three or four weeks though, and Misha can't blame these things for taking time; he just wishes he never stopped working out in the first place.

Misha pulls out his fairly new scale, and steps onto the platform. He allows himself to be proud of the number even though it's not a whole lot of change. He knows that small victories do have their place in the world. Misha's down to 158, so he's lost six pounds since he peaked at an atrocious 164. Misha never wants to go there again.

\*\*\*

Misha is pleasantly surprised when he puts on his costume. The dress fits a tad big, and that's the best indicator that he's accomplished something. If Jensen notices, he doesn't comment. He's quite glad about that to be honest though, he doesn't need drama today.

They step into Dani's house, and there's way more people than Misha expected would be there. He knows she has big parties, but this seems excessive. He feels a bit of anxiety well up in his chest, and he attempts to keep it in check. He doesn't need to worry about anything tonight. This is just a fun time at an awesome halloween party.

Jensen takes them to the kitchen where all the drinks are laid out on the table. Misha goes for the coolers. He would go for something stronger, but he knows he has a tendency to overdo it.

Misha spots Mark in the living room, and he catches his eye. Mark winks at him, and holds his hands up in a heart shape. Misha smiles, and blows him a kiss. Jensen leaves Misha to talk to some people on the far side of the kitchen, and Misha decides to scope out the place.

"Hey Misha, nice dress," Misha hears a familiar voice, and does a twirl.

He walks up to the source. Matt and Rob are inseparable in the best of situations, and tonight is no exception. They're dressed as Captain America and the Winter Soldier, and Misha totally respects that pairing.

"How was Europe?" Misha asks about their recent trip.

"Amazing, you should totally go once you're finished school. I feel like you'd really like the tour style that we did," Rob starts.

"Yeah, some time away from the power couple would be good for you," Matt adds.

"Jared's gone, isn't that good enough?" Misha somewhat agrees that he should spend time away from Jensen, but he doesn't really want to travel alone.

"I don't know man, you spend a lot of time with Jensen. Are you sure there's not a little something going on between you guys?" Rob jokes, but Misha doesn't like the way it sounds.

"This guy, with Jensen," Someone behind Misha starts laughing and he turns to see British Mark.

Misha doesn't know whether to be offended or confused. He knows that him and Jensen is never going to be a thing, and he's mostly accepted it, but Misha didn't think people had such strong opinions about their relationship.

"What's so funny about that?" Misha asks Mark, genuinely wondering.

"Everybody knows Jensen is oblivious to your heart eyes," Mark says it like Misha should be laughing with him.

Misha turns back to Rob and Matt who are nodding their heads at Mark.

“Seriously?” Misha didn't think he was that obvious, “I don't know what you guys are talking about,” Misha finishes his drink in a long chug, and grabs another from the table.

“Of course you don't. It's cuz you only have heart eyes for me,” Tall Mark walks into the conversation.

Misha does a double take after hearing Mark say that. He sees everybody looking at him for confirmation of some sort, and he just raises his eyebrows and shrugs. This gets a mixed reaction between ‘damn, never would've put you two together,’ and ‘I knew it.’ Mark smirks, and pulls Misha by the arm into the basement where a game of beer pong is happening.

Between the round of beer pong Misha plays, and the beer pong/flip cup hybrid that Misha dominates in, he's on his way to being rightly trashed. He blames Mark, but he's feeling drunk enough that he doesn't really care. Once he's thoroughly finished with the games in the basement, he leaves Mark to join the slightly less rowdy crowd upstairs.

When Misha gets back to the kitchen, Jensen is there making some sort of fancy drink. When he sees Misha, he offers to make one for him, and who is he to refuse. It's sweet, and tastes vaguely of strawberries; Misha isn't really in the right state of mind to care how it tastes though.

He and Jensen walk into the living room where everybody is sitting in a circle.

“We're playing truth or drink. You guys wanna join?” Gen holds up her drink and wiggles her eyebrows.

Somewhere deep down, Misha knows this is not the game for him because he's either gonna spill some crazy secret that he's keeping, or share nothing and probably throw up. The voice of reason is drowned out by the party half of Misha that's calling the shots now.

Jensen pulls him into the circle and they sit on a chair that's definitely too small for both of them. Misha ends up sitting on the arm with his legs draped over Jensen's. Maybe not the best position for Misha, but at this point, he could care less.

A few questions go by, and Misha can answer them without a problem. Almost everybody else also answers, so people start to step up their question game.

“Have you ever had a threesome, and who were you dating at the time?” Misha isn't sure who asked, but he knows he can answer with a no.

He's snaps his head towards Vicki though, because she's in the middle of her threesome story with a previous boyfriend and their friend. None of them are here today, but Misha is still very surprised, and somewhat off put at knowing this. He could've lived his life very happily without this information.

“Fuck, marry, kill: Matt as Bucky, Misha as Tinkerbell, British Mark as himself,” Felicia asks, and when Misha looks at her, she just laughs at him.

Most people answer by saying fuck Misha, marry Matt, and kill Mark, but there are a couple exceptions. Vicky opts to drink, and Misha assumes she can't possibly figure out what to do with Mark once she kills Misha. Jensen also switches it up and chooses to marry Misha and fuck Matt. Misha grins for a second when Jensen says that, but wipes his face of emotion when he remembers that he really shouldn't be that happy with the choice.

"Fuck Mark, marry Bucky, kill Myself I guess," Misha says without thinking, and he immediately hears a sort of mangled squeak escape from Vicky.

He turns to her and frowns at her reaction. She meets his eyes, but Misha can tell that she knows he's quite wasted. Thankfully she backs off, and doesn't say anything. When he's done with that silent conversation, Jensen hits him in the shoulder and mumbles something about always choosing to fuck yourself.

Misha loses interest in the rest of the answers, not really caring where they put him. At least I'm not the one being killed every time. The next question comes around, and Misha is not sure how to answer it.

"What is one thing you've consistently lied about?" Kim asks, smirking at her own question.

Misha drinks. The only reason is because he has quite a few secrets, and he's not sure which one to tell. If he were sober, he'd be proud of his decision, but right now, he's a bit sad he has to drink.

Jensen, however, is a different story.

"I've been really lonely with Jared gone, and Misha is amazing and all, but Jay is so important to me..." Jensen pauses, and they make eye contact, "And I'm constantly having to worry about Misha because of his thing, and I'm scared that when Jared gets back he's going to feel different about me,"

Misha is ready to kick Jensen, but at least he didn't say any details about what he was worried about. For all Misha knows, it's unrelated to his weight issue.

He can feel eyes start to dig into him, and Misha just knows it's Vicky. Damn it.

The game moves on, but Misha is starting to feel like he needs to sleep, so he gets up off of Jensen and wanders out of the room. He thinks maybe the basement is where he should be even though he left it to escape the rowdy people.

When he gets down, things have died down quite a bit. There are a group of people playing beer pong still, and a couple others sitting on the couch watching them. There's somebody sleeping on the other couch as well. Mark is nowhere to be seen, and Misha thinks maybe he went to the guest room. He pads lightly on the carpet, and slides the door open a couple inches to see inside. Mark is there, on his phone, and there's somebody next to him. Misha can't make them out, but they're under the covers, and Mark is on top of them. Misha doesn't mind the sight, so he chooses to leave them be. He'll probably dwell on the situation later when he's more sober, but right now, he just wants to sleep for a thousand years.

He wanders back into the main room of the basement and thinks about where he could go. There's a chair open that somebody must have left when he was looking into the guest room, and Misha goes for that. It's big and cushy, and he doesn't really care if he's going to be sleeping in the middle of the room.

It takes him a few minutes, but once he's asleep, he's definitely not getting up until somebody forces him out of the chair.

## Chapter End Notes

tell me how i'm doing in the comments? thanks for reading !

# Keep On Running

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Damn,” Misha hears Jensen swear from inside his office.

Misha decides he should know what’s going on with him, so he slides off of the couch and walks over to Jensen’s workspace. He pushes the door open, and it creaks as it reveals a very stressed looking Jensen staring at his computer screen.

“What’s up Jen?” Misha asks tentatively.

“Oh... it’s no big deal. James just moved up some deadlines on me, and now I have to finish all these pages by the end of next week,” Jensen gestures to a large stack of unlined cartoon sheets.

“Shit, I guess I’ll leave you to it then,” Misha doesn’t want to bother Jensen any longer if he’s already stressing about it, “Holler if you need anything,”

“Thanks Mish, will do,” Jensen rolls his chair over to the art desk, and starts organizing his pens.

Misha closes the door, and walks back into the living room. He stands for a second before deciding he doesn’t need to be sitting anymore, and he could do with some exercise.

He quickly changes into some shorts and a more appropriate shirt, and ties on his shoes. He’s really gotten into running, and despite it being for necessity, Misha’s also been reminded why he started in the first place during high school.

Since the party two weeks ago, Misha has upped his running distance and frequency. He’s been a bit tired, but he knows his body will adapt to the added exercise within the next couple of weeks. He hopes it’s going to be the former though, he really doesn’t want anything tipping his sister off for any reason. Thanksgiving is coming up, and he doesn’t want to be caught off guard.

He steps outside into the slightly cool air, and starts out with a brisk walk to get his muscles warm. While he slowly speeds up, his mind wanders.

The morning after halloween, Misha had such a bad hangover, he threw up the breakfast that Gen and Dani made for him and the other morning stragglers. Vicki gave him a look after that, but he purposefully pulled her aside to tell her that it was unintentional, and that he would never stoop that low even if he weren’t doing well. Vicki seemed satisfied, because Misha had actually attempted to eat the entire breakfast which was quite greasy. Misha thinks that he may have thrown up partly from shock of the type of food mixed with the hangover, but he wouldn’t dare bring that suspicion to light.

Jensen drove him home, and he spent the morning trying to get rid of his headache. He went on a run that afternoon, which helped him snap back to his normal self, but he refused to eat anything more that day in fear of throwing up again. He hated it, and Jensen knew that about him, so he wasn't too worried when Misha told him why he wasn't eating. Misha also promised to eat something bigger the next day to make up for it, and Jensen said they could order pizza. Misha ended up eating one slice after blotting off the grease, but skirted lunch and had a small breakfast that day, so he didn't feel too bad about it. Jensen was happy that he appeared to eat three pieces to himself. So what if the other two were made illusions, and Misha had actually taken them into his room and wrapped them in a plastic bag before throwing them in the trash.

Misha is at his average pace now, and he tries to push the after party memories to the back of his mind. He instead fills the gap with future plans for the month. They're having thanksgiving at home, and inviting just the close friends. Jared is also coming home because he's getting a five day break.

If Misha's honest with himself, he is a bit wary of seeing Jared again... or rather, Jared seeing him. He knows that he will notice the biggest change in Misha because he hasn't seen him in so long. Misha also has a fear that's probably more likely: Jared won't notice a change at all, and Misha will be reminded that he still has a long way to go before he doesn't look like a beached whale. Misha really doesn't want to think about that scenario, but it's been at the forefront of his mind since he found out that Jared is going to be back home for a few days.

He reaches the halfway point in his run, and starts looping around the park he's made it to. Misha tries to shake off thoughts of Jared, and his brain immediately switches to Jensen. He's not overly happy with the topic, but it'll do. It's not that he's unhappy with Jensen or anything, but his romantic feelings for him have started to gain momentum. He finds it best not to think about him, or he'll start fantasizing about telling him how he feels, or he'll just start to picture things he shouldn't.

Misha tries to focus on his breathing, and turns up the volume of his phone up in hopes that his music will drown out his thoughts. He bought an arm band that holds his phone, and he's quite satisfied with his purchase. Misha wouldn't normally go for that sort of thing, but Dani and him were talking during the party, and Misha was persuaded when she advocated for the one she had.

He starts to feel a bit of strain on his lungs, and his legs are starting to get a bit heavy. Misha pushes forwards though. He knows that if he keeps going for another couple minutes, the feeling will leave, and his legs will start to move on their own. It's one of his favourite parts about running. His body takes over, and he gets lost in the action. He is also a bit fond of feeling the burning in his lungs when he pushes himself, and the way his legs turn to jelly when he finally does stop running. It gives him more of a rush than any of the drugs he'd tried during his rebel stage. He tried most everything once, and found he didn't actually like any of them. It was about that time he was drafted onto the track team by one of his casual friends, and he never looked back.

Misha nears the end of his run, and speeds up a bit to get the most out of it. He can feel blood rushing in his ears, and he starts to see spots in his vision. He ignores them and continues to

the end of the block. His place is just around the corner. When he takes the last few strides, he slows down, and gulps in his breaths. He knows being severely out of breath after a run means he's out of shape, but he's doing everything he can to fix that.

Misha steps through his door and thinks that maybe he should do some body weight exercises before he has a shower. He doesn't want to only focus on cardio, even if it is his favourite activity.

He gets down on the floor of the living room and starts doing pushups until failure. Once that's done, he holds plank in the same fashion, and then does a few other abs and chest exercises. Once he's finished, Misha feels pretty good about himself, and decides it's time for a weigh in.

Misha quickly showers, and makes his way into his room and to the scale that is slowly becoming his best friend and worst enemy. He gingerly steps onto the flat surface, and awaits the outcome. He sighs in relief, and actually lets himself be satisfied. It's still not ideal, but he has lost more weight, and he thinks it might even be time to get back into some of his smaller clothes. He's at 154 now, with a grand total of 10 pounds lost since the 'awakening' as Misha has started to call it.

Misha steps out of his room feeling pretty good. He knows it's probably just the high from the run, but he's going to savour every moment of it. Misha decides he's going to make some lunch for Jensen while he's working, so he won't have to stop and get stressed again and put Misha in a second hand bad mood.

He settles on a chicken salad sandwich, and places a brownie on the plate as well. He's been doing a bit of baking lately, proving to everybody that he's doing well. Both Vicki and Jensen are unaware that Misha isn't taking part in the consumption of his baking, but he makes it seem like he eats some by taking small gifts of deserts to his coworkers and classroom friends.

When Misha opens the door to Jensen's office, he's so engrossed in his work, he doesn't even notice him at first. Misha waits for him to put his pen down before he says anything so he doesn't startle Jensen into making a mistake. After Misha makes his presence known, Jensen turns around and smiles.

"You're an angel Misha," Jensen takes the plate from him and examines the sandwich, nodding a bit to himself when he sees the flavour.

"Awe shucks," Misha pretends to be embarrassed at the compliment and shrugs his shoulders.

"Did you wanna sit in here with me to eat?" Jensen offers.

"Sorry, Jen, I ate before I thought to make your sandwich," Misha didn't eat, but it's not a big deal, "I'll sit though to keep you company if you want..."

Jensen nods because his mouth is full, and Misha takes a seat in the large squishy chair in the corner of the room. Jensen sits there when he needs to take a break for a few minutes to let his wrist and hand rest.



Even though they're not talking, Misha finds the silence comfortable, and he isn't inclined to leave. He knows he's welcome to watch Jensen work, and Misha thinks it might be the day to do just that. He watches Jensen take another bite of the sandwich, and then lets his eyes flit down to his stomach. Misha can't see a huge difference, but it's definitely gotten bigger since Jared has left. Misha really hopes Jared doesn't have anything bad to say about him when he sees... or anything bad to say to Misha, but that's a completely different issue. Misha isn't too worried though, because Jay is a really great guy, and he'd never say anything to make his boyfriend feel bad.

Once Jensen is finished, he leans back to stretch his muscles. He catches Misha's eye while he watches him though, and Misha feels his cheeks heating up.

"Whatcha thinking about Mish?" Jensen asks, completely out of the blue.

Misha is a tad flustered because he was thinking about how good Jensen would look after being stuffed at thanksgiving. Misha would never admit that though. Not in a million years. It's wrong on so many levels.

"Uhh, well, nothing really," Misha looks away from Jensen, anywhere but meeting his eyes is fine.

"So you weren't just thinking about how fantastic I look?" Jensen teases, but Misha feels his blush deepen.

Thankfully Jensen doesn't seem to notice this, because he keeps talking.

"Do you think I look good Misha?" He waits for an answer this time.

Misha doesn't understand what Jensen is doing, but he chooses to answer honestly. Jensen deserves that much from him.

"Yeah, Jen, you look great. If you're worried about seeing Jay again, don't. It hasn't even been that long..." Misha gets cut off from his rambling.

"But you do think I look good?" Jensen asks one more time.

"You're quite attractive Jensen," Misha says sincerely.

He seems to be satisfied by that, and goes to turn back to his work. Misha won't have it though; he needs to know why Jensen was asking.

"Can I get an explanation, I'm not Sherlock Holmes," Misha wishes he were to be honest, those cheek bones, Benedict Cumberbatch's svelte frame.

Jensen turns around and smirks.

"You're looking at Jensen Ackles, new and improved, fifteen pounds heavier," Jensen holds his arms out, and raises his eyebrows to accentuate the fact he's just stated.

Misha is at loss for words for a couple seconds before his brain starts working again.

“Jensen, I swear. I told you not to do this,” Misha starts, “I don’t need any points proven to me, it was a moment of weakness and stupidity, I’m fine,”

“But now you know that it’s okay to gain weight because apparently I still look great,” Jensen isn’t even phased by what Misha said.

Misha sighs, knowing Jensen is doing this for him, to prove that Misha isn’t as much of an abomination as he thinks he is. Misha can see his reflection perfectly fine though, and he knows that extra weight on him doesn’t sit as well as it does on Jensen. Misha isn’t going to say that though, so he leave it at the sigh, and he pulls up his chair to Jensen’s table.

“What are we working on today?”

## Chapter End Notes

I'm going back to school in a couple days, so things might be a bit slower from here. I'll try my best to keep on schedule though !

# Dessert For (Every)One

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait, homework and studying is keeping me pretty busy. This chapter is a bit longer though, so please enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Misha blends some food colouring into his royal icing, and stirs it around. The orange mixes well, and turns out a proper pumpkin colour. There's also yellow, green, brown, and red. He's going to start icing the sugar cookies he made to look like pumpkins and gourds. Misha thinks it'll look cute, and when he stacks the cookies, they'll look like decorations for the house as well. To be honest, he's quite proud of himself.

Jensen walks into the kitchen with a smile on his face.

“Anything for me to sample?” He looks at Misha with puppy dog eyes.

Misha's noticed his weight now, and he does look thicker all around. Not in an unhealthy way, but it could get into the chubby territory easily if he doesn't start paying attention a bit more. Jensen's not huge on cardio, but Misha knows he can get into exercise if he wants to, especially if Jared is around to motivate him.

“Yeah, you can have one of each,” Misha gestures at the finished brownies, apple pie tarts, and slices of pumpkin loaf.

Maybe he overdid it a bit in the dessert department, but Misha doesn't care. He knows there's going to be the usual gang, and they don't eat a ton, but he plans on letting them take some deserts as gifts at the end of the night. Also, extra deserts around the house will comfort Vicky, so Misha won't have to deal with any of her shenanigans.

“This is awesome Misha, everybody is gonna love all this,” Jensen is particularly chipper today.

“I hope so. I'm just glad I didn't have to cook the turkey this year,” Misha cringes a little at the thought of the previous years turkey.

It was just Jensen, Jared, and Misha that day (it's not a tricycle without the third wheel), and Misha was in charge of getting the turkey and preparing it. Misha was over at Richard's house all day, and his phone died, and he didn't bother charging it. Jensen had apparently texted him that they decided to get takeout because it was just the three of them and they'd all be happier with that because ‘who even likes turkey anyways’. Misha didn't know, so he went out and bought a turkey, and because Jensen and Jared were out getting food, he put the turkey in the oven to cook. The others got back, and Misha forgot the turkey even existed,

and later that night smoke started seeping out of the kitchen, and the turkey was shrivelled up as a piece of charred meat. All the smoke alarms went off, and everybody was scrambling around trying to figure out what to do.

Misha's safe to say he doesn't want another repeat episode of the turkey incident.

"That was funny. Didn't you see the turkey after? Honestly..."

"No I was too busy being mortified that I'd left something in the oven," Misha cuts him off, "We could've died in a house fire,"

"Awe come on, don't be so dramatic Mish," Jensen takes the plate of desserts he made for himself and stands next to Misha with it, "Have you tried any of these?" He wiggles his plate a bit.

Misha isn't ready for the random change of topic, and it surprises the truth out of him.

"No, and I don't plan on it," He regrets the words immediately, and he waits for the storm.

Instead, its more of a cloudy day.

"But you've been doing so well... did something happen?" Jensen sounds almost sad, and Misha can't pinpoint the exact tone.

"No, I didn't mean to say it like that. I just meant I wasn't going to have any before actual dinner because I don't want to run out of anything,"

"Misha, one brownie isn't going to change anything. Your sister told me that you might use excuses like this to get out of eating," Jensen says softly, he knows he's treading on thin ice.

Misha doesn't answer, he just picks up a brownie and eats it, staring Jensen in the eyes the whole time. Misha swallows it in a big lump, and it goes down his throat slowly, forcing him to feel what he's done to himself.

"Happy?" He asks, trying to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

Misha desperately doesn't want to start another fight with Jensen, especially on the day Jared is getting back. He just wants to show everybody that he's fine. Why doesn't anybody believe me?

"I guess. I don't know Misha. I just care about you, please don't be mad at me for caring. You keep telling me you're good, and I believe you, but when you say stuff like that it makes me wonder. I'll try not to be a bitch tonight. I know you've been doing better,"

Misha is somewhat surprised at the outcome of that interchange, but he's not going to complain.

"I know Jen, I guess if the situation were reversed, I'd be constantly worried too," Misha relents, "I just don't understand why Vicki seems to think that this is some big thing. It

wasn't in high school, and it isn't now. Do I make it seem like a big deal?" Misha asks even though he knows the topic would never be brought up in his ideal world.

"No, I think it's us to be honest. Vicki tells me stuff because she thinks it's something, and then I think it's something, and you're stuck in the middle trying to convince both of us. What I don't get is why Vicki keeps getting it into her head that there's a bigger problem than there is," Jensen pauses for a second, "No offences to Vicki though, don't be mad at me for saying that,"

"No, it's fine, I completely get that. Vicki is super overbearing, and I almost feel like she's looking for there to be a problem," Misha nods slowly, and there's a bit of emptiness in the silence that follows.

Maybe if Vicki and him had some time apart she'd understand better. Misha doesn't actually think that's a good idea, but he knows he has to do something about her if she's still on his case about everything.

"When did she talk to you about this stuff?" Misha gets busy again and puts the icing in a piping bag.

"It was like at the beginning when I first ran to her for help, but she asks about you a lot, like, asks if you're eating and stuff. She doesn't like you running so much," Jensen confesses, his own plate of desserts left on the counter as he's lost in thought.

"She really needs to back off. That sounds like someone who's obsessed with something," Misha pipes out and orange pumpkin and lines it with the brown, "I don't like talking about this, I'll think of something to tell her, or maybe you can convince her there's no problem..."

"Yeah, I guess," Jensen sighs, and he looks moderately unhappy.

"Hey, are you excited to see Jared again?" Misha quickly changes the subject to something that will lighten the mood, and hopefully make Jensen smile again.

He looks up and grins for a second, and Misha almost melts. Jensen is adorable.

"Yeah, I'm really excited..." He trails off, and his smile wanes a bit.

"What is it?" Misha prompts softly, happy that the spotlight is finally off of him.

"I don't know, it's stupid really," Misha gives Jensen a look and he continues, "I just don't know if everything is gonna be the same between us, and if we'll be able to fall into the same rhythm with only a few days," Jensen kicks at the ground a bit.

Misha stops piping to put a hand on Jensen's shoulder.

"Jen, he loves you so much. Everything's gonna be fine," Misha squeezes his shoulder, and then takes his hand off.

Jensen mumbles some sort of agreement. Misha takes Jensen's plate, and holds it up to him. He cracks a small smile, and takes the plate.

“Tell me how everything is,” Misha calls as Jensen walks to his office.

“Will do,”

Misha turns back to his cookies and continues piping. He’s not really in the mood anymore, but he has to finish these. Honestly he should just open a bakery. Jensen’s always on his case about it for some reason. Misha has a suspicion that he just wants free desserts. It’s not a bad idea though. It would stop Vicki from worrying too. If only he had enough money for a startup.

Misha lets his thoughts wander while he works, his brain falling on Mark. Misha thinks he should text him soon. He could use a bit of a pick me up. He’s been worrying all over the place, and a nice night with Mark would solve a lot of that. And he’s lost weight since he’s seen Mark, so maybe he’ll be blessed with some compliments from him. Misha really likes the way Mark talks to him, even if he’s not saying something that’s directly meant to be a compliment, it’s somehow exactly what he wants to hear.

Suddenly he remembers the last time he saw him. It was at the Halloween party, and he was with some random person in bed. They weren’t sleeping together per say, but they were in the same bed. Misha suddenly has the urge to talk to Mark about it. Maybe he’s seeing somebody that’s not him. Misha thinks he remembers Mark saying he was the only one, but he’s not positive, and things could’ve changed since then.

Misha curses his stupid brain for bringing all the shit in his life to the surface at any free moment. Misha just wants a day of peace, is that too much to ask?

He finishes the cookies off, and looks at the clock. There’s a bit of time before they have to go pick up Jared from the airport. Misha decides he deserves a break, and he goes over to the TV to put on a movie. He can watch half now, and then finish it when he gets back home.

He decides on Captain America: Civil War. Misha can’t get over how beefy Sebastian Stan looks in it. Misha hates that he uses the word beefy, but it’s literally the only way to describe him. Misha remembers hearing in an interview that he was self conscious about all the buff actors he was going to be next to, so he tried to gain a bunch of muscle, but he just came out looking chunky. Misha literally can’t get over how amazing he looks though. Maybe he’s a bit obsessed with him, but that’s not a surprise, he’s basically in love with every fictional character ever.

When Misha gets to the scene with the plums, Jensen walks in and drops himself down next to him.

“Good choice, we should go pretty soon though,” Jensen reminds him.

“Yeah, we can finish it when we get back,” Misha confirms, and leans on Jensen’s arm.

They snuggle into each other for a while, waiting until time is up. It comes sooner than Misha would like, but he’s also pretty excited to see Jared. He knows how happy he’s going to make Jensen, and that puts his doubts at ease.

They get into the car, and are driving in silence for a little bit before Misha starts talking.

“Do you think Jared is gonna be like super ripped now?” Misha can’t help but ask.

Jensen snorts, and glances over at Misha.

“That guy was already a wall of muscle. Now that you ask though, he might be back into the shape he was in when he was doing those magazine photos,” Jensen refers to the photoshoot Jared did for a fitness magazine a few years ago.

His Instagram was pretty popular, and a magazine direct messaged him, and he got to do a shoot. It was pretty cool. Misha thinks it might’ve been what got him noticed for the job he’s doing right now.

They arrive at the airport soon enough, and they go to the arrivals area where his bag will probably come out. A lot of the seats are taken, so they stand leaning against a pillar close to the baggage claim that reads where his connection came from.

People start trickling into the area, and they both scan the crowd for Jared. Jensen spots him first, of course, but Misha sees him a second later. He’s not exactly difficult to spot.

Misha hangs back while Jensen walks up to him. Jared meets him halfway, huge smile on his face, and they pull each other into an hug that lasts maybe a bit longer than it should. When they pull away, Jared plants a kiss on Jensen’s forehead, and Jensen pulls him down to actually kiss him.

Misha doesn’t really know where to look, so he fixes his eyes on the baggage cart and scans it for Jared’s stuff. He can’t see it, and thankfully when he looks back up, Jared is walking towards him and pulling him into a hug. Misha loves Jared’s hugs. They make him feel safe, and small. Misha likes feeling small.

“Damn Misha, have you been working out?” Jared asks when he pulls away.

Misha grins at the floor and rubs the back of his head.

“Yeah, I’ve been doing a lot of running,” Misha replies.

He has mixed feelings about Jared’s noticing his weight loss.

“Better watch out Jay, or he’s gonna have better abs than you,” Jensen jokes, and Misha has slight deja vu.

“Unlikely,” Misha mumbles out at the same time Jared says “He probably already does judging by the looks of him,”

Jensen must choose to ignore what Misha said, because he turns to Jared and pokes him in the stomach.

“Getting soft Jay?” He jokes.

“No, actually, it’s just the type of working out I was doing. I’m also bulking right now. I thought I’d wait until after thanksgiving to do my cut,” Jared explains, but is smiling the whole time.

Misha envy’s the way he can freely talk about weight like that. Misha is feeling uncomfortable, and he’s not even part of the conversation.

“There’s your bag,” Jensen nods his head at it, “I’ll get it,” He walks over and grabs it like the gentleman he is, and then rolls it back over.

“Good to go?” Misha asks them.

Jared takes Jensen’s hand, and they start walking, Misha trailing behind them.

## Chapter End Notes

Feedback and comments are always welcome !



# Disaster In The Making

## Chapter Notes

School is still killing me, but I'm almost on time with this one !

Everybody's coming over later today, and Misha still has so much to do. He needs to shower, clean the kitchen, the living room, and the table, and he needs to do a bit more exercise.

He just finished his run, and Jared applauds him when he tells him his mile time. Misha is quite proud of it, but just a run and a few exercises aren't going to cut it today. He knows he's going to have to eat more than he normally would, and Vicki is going to be watching him the entire time. If he does some extra stuff today and tomorrow he should be fine, but he needs to get going or he's gonna run out of time.

"Misha!" Jensen calls him out of his room where he's doing pushups.

He scrambles to his feet and out into the hall. Jensen is standing next to the table where all his school stuff is currently taking up every inch.

"What's up Jen?" Misha asks, wiping his forehead of the minimal sweat clinging to it.

"I thought you got back ten minutes ago, why are you out of breath?" Jensen furrows his eyebrows.

"I'm just doing some bodyweight stuff," Misha says nonchalantly, "No big deal. Is this what you called me out to ask?" He leans on a chair.

"Where do you want this stuff? I thought you might be flustered, so you can go finish working out and have a shower while I clean up," Misha glances in the direction of the kitchen, "I already got that Mish, no worries,"

Misha swears his eyes have turned into actual hearts, but Jensen isn't freaking out, so it must just be Misha's imagination.

"Oh you already got it?" Jared calls from the living room where he's plugging in the vacuum.

"Fine. Jay and I got it, now do you want this stuff in my office? I have a free desk right now because I just sent in a bunch of my papers,"

"Yeah, that would be amazing," Misha almost crumples in relief, but maintains composure, "I'm gonna hop in the shower in about fifteen, so if anybody needs it before then, please go," Misha makes sure to speak loud enough that Jared hears him.

He walks back to his room, the dampness of his clothes is starting to make him cold. He starts up again with sit ups this time.

After a few rounds of his circuit, he finally rolls over and stops to catch his breath. He stares at the wall and thinks about how fucked up he actually is. Jared coming back has reminded him that he's still just a short, pudgy loser that probably won't ever find a boyfriend. Misha knows how bad he messed up with Richard, and he really let himself go after that. No matter what points Jensen thinks he can, or needs to prove, are all just him taking pity on Misha. He knows that, and he still melts when Jensen does something nice. Maybe his place on earth is to be a third wheel forever. To endlessly lose and gain weight until he dies. That's pretty much been his life since high school.

He pushes himself off the floor, knowing that wallowing in self pity isn't going to make anything better. He walks out of his room and grabs a towel from the hall closet.

When he walks into the bathroom, he hears Jared talking to Jensen from the living room, and he listens through the door for a few seconds.

"I don't know Jen, I guess I haven't been here long enough to see anything off. This morning could've been a lie, or maybe we're making something out of nothing,"

"You were really nice at the airport, he seemed happy with what you said to him. I don't know, it's just hard to tell. He's bungeed before and we haven't said anything about it..."

"Yeah, I thought he was just a yoyo dieter. He's never actually been heavy though come to think of it. It's either tiny, or slightly less tiny. Huh," Jared ends, pondering.

Misha can't listen anymore. He turns the shower on, and makes a point of not looking in the mirror once.

There's literally no chance they were talking about somebody else. Misha feels slightly betrayed, but he's more angry that Jensen lied to him... well, maybe he wasn't lying, but he involved Jared without telling him.

Misha purses his lips and steps into the water without waiting for it to get warm. The cold shocks him a bit, but it's getting a bit warmer every second. He feels like everybody is against him, and they're all talking behind his back. He wouldn't be surprised if Vicki was on the phone with them while they talked. Okay, perhaps they wouldn't go that far behind his back, but still.

Jared didn't actually say there was a problem though, so there was that. Misha thinks he could probably talk to him, alone, and sway him to his side. He's a personal trainer, he should be defending Misha's lifestyle right now.

He needs to talk to Jensen too, but he doesn't know what more he can do to make him believe that everything is fine. No matter what he says, there's always distrust and anger. Misha literally makes sure they eat dinner together every night (unless one of them is out). Jensen sees what he eats. It's normal. He'll even eat more if he did a particularly difficult workout, like going to the gym as well as doing his daily run.

Maybe Misha has been a bit too strict with himself. No, that's what got me here in the first place. He could let loose a bit for the holidays though, to physically prove to Jensen that there's nothing going on behind his back. If Jared was around to see it, he would totally convince Jensen as well. It could work.

Misha finishes the remainder of his shower thinking about why he has to work so hard to convince people that he's fine. It tugs at a rational part of his brain, but he doesn't want to set free the next thought. He is fine.

When he steps out to dry himself off, most of his anger has dissipated. It's all on him; Misha must not be doing enough to assure everybody that he doesn't have a problem. He can work harder. He can show them that he's doing good things for his body.

Misha looks around the bathroom and mentally face palms. He forgot to pick out his clothes to wear today, and he didn't bring anything into the bathroom with him. At least it's an opportunity to show off the fruits of his labour.

He wraps the towel around his waist and steps out into the open, and shivers a bit. It's too cold in their house.

Both Jared and Jensen turn around from their spots on the couch. It's perfectly in sync, and Misha forgets he's half naked in front of them.

"Not gonna lie, that was a bit creepy," Misha grins at them, and Jensen cracks a bit of a smile.

"It's actually so interesting. We've been doing this like, all day," Jared says, seeming fascinated by the topic.

His eyes are looking Misha up and down though. His face isn't giving anything away, and Misha makes a note to ask him about it later.

"Did you guys actually have something to say to me, or did you just forget I live here and think I was some ghost walking out of the bathroom?" Misha keeps the mood light, he's not allowed to let them know that he heard some of what they said.

"No, I was gonna make a joke about the jumper you chose to wear, but you clearly haven't made your decision yet," Jensen says, "Good show though, I'll catch you in the next Magic Mike movie,"

Jared whistles, when Misha strikes a pose. That gets him to start grinning. He can't help it, he loves them both in their own way. They're good friends. He realizes that they just care about him, and they don't mean any harm. It's not a crime to care.

Misha goes back to his room and pulls out his scale. He knows today probably isn't the right day to be doing this, but he's doing it anyways. He needs to know so he can reverse the damage once it's done.

150 on the nose. Misha is satisfied with himself, and he dares to look in the mirror. The 14 pounds he's lost are making a bit of a difference, but he's still not quite there yet. His abs are

looking pretty good, but he can still pinch his lower abdomen and feel the fat clinging onto it.

He looks at his legs, and they're noticeably thinner. Not by much, but they look like runners legs, lean and somewhat muscular. Misha knows deep down that he could be much more built if he liked, but he's not sure that's what he wants.

To be honest, he just wants to be small.

Misha glances at the clock, and starts rushing a bit. He gets out some semi-fancy pants, and a jumper; he doesn't care if Jensen is going to make fun of him. Jumpers just seem like holiday things. Misha can't help but wear them in the colder months, no matter how 'lame' they are.

When he walks out of his room again, it's almost time for people to start arriving. Jared is unbuttoning and buttoning the second button on his shirt, and frowning.

"Keep it done up for now, and then a little later you can undo it," Misha calls out to him.

"Finally someone who will actually help me with these things," Jared smiles at him, and then side-eyes Jensen who's stealing a cookie from the kitchen.

"What? I'm not a fashionista like you two," Jensen takes a bite, and Misha watches him lick the crumbs off his lips.

"I don't know what gave you that idea," Jared laughs, "My wardrobe mainly consists of adidas and nike joggers and sweaters,"

Misha is suddenly aware of how much he missed Jared. He brings a sort of lightness to the room that can't happen when it's just Misha and Jensen.

The doorbell rings, and festivities commence.

\*\*\*

When it's officially time to eat (everyone's already been snacking on crackers and cheese, chips and dip, pretzel's, and assorted nuts), the gang sits around the table. Misha's at one end with Vicki on the other end. Jared and Jensen are sitting by Misha along one side, and Gen and Dani are opposite to them. Misha almost wants to laugh at how divided the table is, but he doesn't think about it. He needs to focus on staying calm.

He's bringing the dishes to the table, and they're somewhat healthy, but there's a lot of stuff that isn't. Misha also didn't make it, so he doesn't know how much butter and salt are on the vegetables and in the potatoes. He knows he did some extra working out today, and he plans to go to the gym tomorrow, but he can't help his anxiety bubbling up to the surface.

It's not just Vicki that's going to be watching him, it's also the wonder couple. Jared probably knows about people who have eating problems, he deals with overweight people all the time, and if they're anything like Misha, then they might also be trying the same tactics as him to speed up the weight loss process. Then again, if Jared sees that that's all he's doing, then he can assure everybody that it's not actually a problem. It's less relevant today because Misha's

eating no matter what, but for the next few days before he leaves, Misha knows he can sway him.

Once everything's on the table, Misha sits down, and they all start putting food on their plates. Misha spoons some mashed potatoes onto his plate, and some green beans. While he takes broccoli, he can feel his sister's eyes on him, and he decides that he shouldn't take so much of the safe foods. When did I start calling them safe foods? He takes some turkey, and takes a deep breath before he pours gravy all over it and his potatoes. He takes some carrots, and closes his eyes for a second, this is too much. After one final bread roll on his plate, he's ready to start eating.

Misha's sure that the process of getting food only took a couple minutes, but it felt like it stretched on for at least ten. He can feel his anxiety hitting the roof when he takes the first few bites of potato.

Conversation starts up, but Misha can't bring himself to join in. He's too preoccupied with the monster on his plate. He's started with the hardest foods to eat, and he's going to work his way to the lighter stuff in hopes that he can feel better towards the end of the meal, and feel slightly better about stuffing his face.

When Misha does look up, he sees that Jared's already finished an entire plate and is going back for seconds. Jensen isn't too far behind either. They both fling compliments at the others who made the food, and Misha also makes a point to compliment something. Later though, he can't speak right now.

Halfway through his plate, Misha is full. When he makes it through the final things though, he's slightly uncomfortable. Thankfully, at this point, everybody else agrees to wait a bit before dessert. He just hopes nobody can see his bulging stomach. Of course he couldn't have gained weight after eating one meal, but he knows he's seriously bloated now, and when he finishes with dessert, he's going to look like he swallowed a beachball. Well, maybe not a beachball, but he might look a bit pregnant.

He cringes inwardly at the thought, and turns his attention to the table conversation to take his mind off it. They're debating on who's going to win The Voice. Misha has no opinion, but apparently Jensen and Dani have very strong opinions on the subject.

"What's moving?" Jared asks the table, and everybody gets quiet for a second.

Misha is now painfully aware that his leg is bouncing, a nervous habit he's picked up, and he stops.

"Sorry guys, that was me," Misha mock throws his hands in the air, and everyone smiles.

"At least it saved us from the fistfight Jen and Dani were about to start," Gen shrugs and takes a sip of her drink.

"We all know who would've won that fight," Vicki smirks.

"It's okay, Jen would've put up a good fight," Jared adds on.

“Hey Misha, you wanna help me bring out dessert?” Jensen stands up, “I need to get away from these vultures,”

Misha feels the blood drain from his face, and prays nobody noticed. He gives a weak nod, and stands up from his chair. It scratches against the floor, and Misha is surprised that nobody flinched at the loud noise; he sure flinched.

When he gets to the kitchen, Jensen is leaning against the counter, not even near the desserts. Misha would protest a chat, but he’s honestly feeling too out of it.

“How was that?” Jensen asks softly, like he doesn’t want anybody else to hear.

“Okay,” Misha takes a breath in, “the potatoes were really good, we should make them like that sometime,”

Misha’s voice cracks a little at the end, and he prays Jensen didn’t notice it.

Jensen gives him a small smile.

“Yeah, we should ask Dani how she made them,” Jensen steps closer to Misha and grabs his wrist, “take as long as you need,”

Misha is thrown off, and he doesn’t understand what Jensen means. This is not the confrontation he expected... well, he didn’t really expect a confrontation after that display of eating.

“What?” Misha blinks, aware of the roughness of Jensen’s hand, though it’s also soft somehow.

“Do you have your exam schedule yet?” Jensen asks, and Misha is a bit confused.

“Yeah, but what...” Jensen cuts him off.

“How are your classes going, are you having any trouble with them?”

“No, I’m pretty set to ace my theory course, and I’ve got a start on my research paper,”

“That’s awesome, how’s work?” Jensen continues the line of random questions.

“Can’t complain,”

“You good now?”

“Yeah, I was good before, what are you talking about?”

“Misha, I know the signs of a panic attack. You were about ready to burst in there,” Jensen squeezes his wrist, and then lets go.

“You,” Misha looks in his eyes, those damn green eyes, “You could tell?”

“Yeah, but I’ve done some research on them for a character, and I’ve also been around a couple times for you specifically,” Jensen explains, “I doubt anybody else noticed, but I wanted to bring you out and possibly help,”

Misha pulls Jensen into a hug. He really does care.

“I’m not gonna ask why tonight, but I’m gonna talk to you later, okay?”

Misha mumbles out a muffled yes while he’s buried in Jensen’s chest.

“I’m proud of you Mish,” Jensen rubs his back a bit.

Misha pulls away though, because he realizes that they’ve been gone for longer than it would actually take to grab the desserts.

“We should get back out there,” Misha kicks at the floor a bit.

“I’ll make something up,” Jensen offers, “To cover for us,”

Misha gives him a half smile, not knowing when his eyes started to get blurry. He blinks the tears out, and wipes his face a bit with the back of his hand.

They grab the plates, and enter the real world again.

# You Think, You Lose

## Chapter Notes

Really short chapter. At least it's mostly on time though. Also, I should have the next one up pretty quick because it's mostly written. I wanted it to be a part of this one, but I couldn't get it to work, so this is kind of a stand alone quick one.

By the end of the night, Misha was stuffed to the point of pain. He forced himself to eat a brownie and a slice of pumpkin loaf, and his sister made him eat two cookies. Jensen's reassuring gaze helped a bit, but not enough to stop Misha from doing something he knew he'd regret.

Everybody had left, surprisingly quickly after their meal. Most likely because they wanted to give Jared and Jensen some time for themselves. Misha never counted when they needed alone time, though. He was like a constant third wheel, always lurking in the shadows.

The couple had gone into the kitchen to wash the dishes and clean up, telling Misha to relax. He told them he was having another shower because he'd miscalculated how warm it was when choosing his jumper, and he wanted to wash off the sweat he'd accumulated. If either of the boys thought twice about a random second shower, they didn't show it.

Misha sits with his back against the shower door, the shower's on, and making enough noise that he can't hear the kitchen clatter. He feels so ill, and he knows this is a bad idea, but what else is he supposed to do?

He knows for a fact that throwing up after a meal, simply in order to rid oneself of food, is sick. Misha's never done it before, and he never planned on it. Misha isn't sick.

He reasons with himself for a moment, trying to find something to justify the act and let himself proceed with it. Misha thinks for a minute before coming up with a semi-decent answer.

If he's in pain, and he's only doing it to relieve the pain, then it's not a problem. He might also be in danger of problems around taking in too much food and not being able to handle it. He'd read something about the possibility of dying if you took in too much food beyond your capacity.

I'm only doing it to relieve myself of pain. I'm not trying to get rid of the food. I'm not sick.

He pulls his top off so it won't get stained if he gets a bit messy, and then he slowly crawls over to the toilet. He hates throwing up, but this is a one time thing for a one time problem. Misha tips the lid of the toilet up, and leans over the bowl. This is it.



With two fingers, he tickles the back of his throat, waiting for something to happen (damn all my practice with dick).

It takes a lot of gagging, and a lot of saliva running down his chin and hand, but it eventually comes up. It's almost like a switch has been flipped though, because it keeps coming out without prompt. His body must think there's a real problem because it won't stop expelling the contents.

Misha's stomach muscles clench and release. His throat burns. Everything feels a bit surreal.

Eventually though, he's able to breathe again, and he stands up shakily. Misha tries not to look in the mirror, but he catches a foggy version of his blotchy, tear streaked face. He runs some tap water and takes a long drink from it, trying to give his throat and stomach a break. He really doesn't know the procedure of these things.

When his thoughts are partially collected, he actually steps into the shower; it's a sore attempt to cleanse himself from such a disgusting act, but it's pretty necessary to clean up otherwise.

While he scrubs his skin, a thought pops into his head.

'I'm proud of you'

Jensen said this. What did he mean by it. Misha hadn't really done anything to warrant anybody being proud. If anything Jensen should be disappointed.

Even through Misha's confusion, he can't shake the guilt that's settled onto his shoulders. He couldn't say why, or maybe he doesn't want to believe why, but Misha feels like he'd just failed his best friend.

What else is new?

# Don't Know What You've Got

## Chapter Notes

Told ya'll it would be quick !

Misha's lying in bed trying not to tear himself apart. He regrets last night, but it did make him feel better (he told himself that it only made the pain stop, and it didn't help with his calorie problem, but there was always a little nagging thought in his head trying to be sane). He doesn't really want to get out of bed, but he knows he should get up to run. The house is completely clean thanks to Misha's roommates, but he's still anxious about something. Running would definitely calm his anxiety, but he can't bring himself to roll out of bed.

He grabs his phone off the night stand, and scrolls through his notifications. There's a text from Mark, and Misha gets his hopes up a bit about seeing him again.

'Hey, text me when you're awake -MP'

Misha types back a quick 'hey I'm up' response, and hits send.

'I wanted to do this in person, but you were never really fond of meeting up if it wasn't in the bedroom, so I figured you'd like this better. I've met somebody, and I think we're serious. Sorry if this is a shock, or whatever, but it just sorta happened. See you around though, right...? Always luv ya baby boy -MP'

Misha types back an 'of course' to seeing him around, but he has no intentions of talking to him again. He puts his phone down, and closes his eyes. Of course he and Mark were never truly dating, but Misha thought they had something special. He tries to tell himself that it was either gonna be him or Mark that eventually found somebody, and this was just the way things happened to play out, but it really doesn't help. Mark always said he wasn't looking for somebody if it wasn't casual, but maybe he changed his mind. Misha won't allow himself to be angry or hold a grudge, because Mark did nothing wrong, but there's nowhere else for the anger to go.

There's also the fact that Mark decided to break it off after seeing how much weight Misha had gained. Misha has been really trying though, and he's lost a lot of weight since the last time they hooked up. The only upside to Mark leaving is the fact that he's just confirmed Misha's suspicions about him being too heavy.

Misha sighs and pulls the covers off of him. This is fine, I'll be fine. He decides that he'll go for a run later in the day because he's not really in the mood. He should also eat something because he's more guilty about throwing up than he wants to believe.

He wanders into the kitchen and opens the fridge. He used to be a big breakfast person, but ever since he'd started skipping it, he found himself almost unable to eat so early. Maybe oatmeal then.

It's quick, and packaged, but he doesn't really care at this point. While he heats it up, Jared walks in, and asks if there's still eggs.

"Yeah, I think so. I'm just having oatmeal though, so if there isn't, you can't blame me," Misha tries to sound chipper, or at least semi-happy.

"Cool," Jared yawns and starts grabbing stuff out of the fridge.

Misha quickly finishes making the oatmeal, and then takes it to the table. Jared's busy cooking, but he's probably going to join Misha at the table when he's done. Misha isn't opposed, but he kinda wants to be alone to deal with himself.

Jensen appears from his room, and comes over to sit with him. Misha doesn't know if talking to him right now is a good idea.

"Are you sharing with Jared?" Misha makes small talk.

"Yeah, I missed his extravagant breakfasts," Jensen has a bit of a faraway look in his eyes, but he snaps to attention a second later, "You okay?" Suddenly, he seems concerned.

"Yeah, I don't know," apparently Misha can't fool Jensen.

"You wanna talk about it?" Jensen doesn't push, but Misha can tell he wanted to know what was up.

"Mark broke up with me," Misha mumbles through a mouthful of oatmeal.

Jensen raises his eyebrows, but Misha knows he isn't trying to mock him.

"I thought you guys weren't even dating," Jensen quickly adds on, "I'm sorry though, that must suck,"

"We weren't dating, but we had a thing, and I thought it would last longer, or we'd both decide to be done without one of us dating somebody else,"

"Damn, he found another guy?" Jensen gives him a sorry smile.

"Yeah, he thinks he's pretty serious too, so no more fun with Misha," Misha tries to take on a lighter tone, but his heart isn't in it.

"It's okay dude, you'll find somebody else. Mark wasn't that great anyway," Jensen tries to comfort him, and it's sorta working.

Misha likes to think Mark was some amazing person, but maybe he was wrong. His sister thought he was awesome too though, so that made him doubt what Jensen was saying a bit.

“We should do something fun today Jen, go out for lunch or something, I don’t know,” Jared calls to him from the kitchen.

“Yeah, good idea Jay. We can head out in a couple hours,” Jensen calls back, “I need to get out of the house,”

He turns back to Misha and raises his eyebrows, silently asking him if he wanted to join them. Misha shakes his head subtly. He doesn’t want to join them for boys afternoon and make them a tricycle. They deserve alone time.

When he finishes his oatmeal, Jared is just sating down, but he feels like they should have all the time to themselves that they needed. He stands up and puts his bowl in the sink, and then goes back into his room.

Misha knows he should probably do something productive with his day, but he just wants to go back to bed. He flops down on the end of it, and stares at the ceiling. He knows his life isn’t really that fucked up, but he does have problems.

He can hear muffled voices from the other room, so he moves to hear what they’re saying. Not always a good idea as Misha’s found out, but it’s a habit, and he’s a bit of a snake.

“What are you gonna do about this do ya think?” Jared’s voice.

“Hey, don’t poke me,” Jensen, defensive, but playful.

“Have you gone to the gym once since I’ve been gone?” Jared asks.

Must be talking about Jensen’s weight gain. It’s pretty unmistakable now, and it takes almost everything Misha has not to say something, or worse do something he’d most certainly regret. It has been a good distractor though.

“No, but I had so much work piled up that I needed to finish that I just didn’t have the time,” Jensen pauses, “And I told you about Misha, and what I was going to do to help...”

“Noble,” Jared jokes, but turns serious, “It was nice of you, I think, at least. To be honest, I don’t even mind it, but if you want, we can get rid of it together when I’m back for good. Do some working out together like old times?”

“I don’t really mind it either, but that could totally work for us,” Misha can practically see the face Jensen is making, and he decides to hop out of the conversation.

Always with the underlying meaning, those two.

Misha sits up and decides to get dressed. Maybe that will get him going. He pulls out his drawer, and sees a pair of 29’s sitting to the far left, almost mocking him. He really doesn’t want to try them on, because he knows they wouldn’t fit, but they’re still calling his name.

He pulls them out with basically no expectations of them fitting, but he’s somewhat surprised. They slide up his legs, only being a bit tight around his thighs, and is able to button them up with a bit of sucking in. They aren’t super uncomfortable, but he still isn’t ready to

wear them yet. Just knowing that he's almost there is a relief. The pants aren't his main focus, but they're a nice add on to losing weight. All his favourite pants are in 29's and there are even a couple 28's.

Misha takes the pants off and switches them for 30's. They fit okay, but he thinks he might start using a belt soon. He throws on a t-shirt, and some socks. Maybe he can go into work today and get some stuff done so he won't have to work as hard in the next few weeks. If he can clear up the load a bit for exams, that would be awesome.

Before he can put his shoes on, Jensen calls him into the living room.

"Where's Jay?" Jensen is sitting alone on the couch, and even the television is off.

"He's in our room. Can we talk do ya think?" Jensen pats the spot next to him.

Misha sighs and sits down. Him and Jensen have been doing this dance around each other, talking about the same thing over and over, and not really getting anywhere. Misha always says there's no problem, Jensen's always saying he believes him. It's not doing anything, and Misha is getting pretty tired of the routine.

"Do you wanna tell me why you almost had a panic attack?" Jensen looks down for a second, "Damn, this is almost the exact same thing I said after we went to the bar that one night,"

Misha doesn't want to think about that night, but it's kinda interesting that history is repeating itself.

"Well, you know I've been working out and I have been losing weight, but it's not because I'm doing something wrong, it's because I've been doing something right," Misha starts, and Jensen looks intrigued instead of worried, "I track my calories and choose foods carefully, but it's no different than the stuff Jared does. I just prefer to be a bit leaner because it makes sense for running,"

Misha has no idea where all this logic is coming from, but it's been swirling around his head for awhile now.

"I get that, but where does the panic factor in?" Jensen asks again.

"Oh, well, I guess I've been stressed lately, and going off my plan got me a bit worked up. It's nothing to worry about," Misha's inner monologue is screaming for him to tell Jensen that he forced himself to throw up, but a bigger part of his brain says that would only create more problems for him.

"Okay, cool. Thanks for clearing it up, Jared and I were just worried that something was wrong. I know you don't need me asking twenty four seven, but I can't help it,"

"It's alright. I get it. I'll tell you if I start having real problems though," Misha stands up, "I'm gonna head out to work, see ya later tonight?"

"Yeah, sounds good Mish. Have fun,"



## Pushing It

It's been two weeks since Jensen last had a 'talk' with Misha, and he's pretty sure there isn't going to be any more. He'd been in much better spirits after Jared came back home, and even when he left, Jensen continued with his more energetic attitude.

Things are almost looking up for Misha too. He's been running every day in the past week, and only took one day off the week before that. Misha's also been to the gym five times in the span of those two weeks. He's losing weight more slowly though, and Misha has a hunch that it's because of the muscle he must be gaining. There's also the fact that he's still very single, but he's made his peace with it, and almost looks forwards to seeing Mark at Gen's new years party.

He sets out on another run in the hopes that it will calm his nerves before his first exam.

Misha plans on doing his usual loop to the park and back, and then going to the gym later to do some stuff on the elliptical. He knows strength training is probably better for him, but he likes cardio, and it isn't as hard on his joints as going on the treadmill would be.

His legs pump rhythmically against the pavement, and he feels a bit lightheaded, but Misha keeps pushing. The feeling always passes, and he'll be fine to finish his run.

He dives into his thoughts for a distraction, coming up with Dani. She's been talking to Jensen about working out with him, and he wasn't opposed to it. Dani seemed pretty excited, and it looks like it wasn't an empty offer. This is quite unfortunate for Misha because all his undercover weight gain work will be all for nothing.

Especially since Jared had said he was okay with Jensen gaining weight, he hadn't held back eating at all. Misha's enjoyed every moment of watching Jensen lick his lips, and shovel endless portions into his mouth. He's crazy about it. Misha also particularly enjoyed the puppy dog eyes Jensen gave him when he was pleading for Misha to make more chocolate chip scones. His face had gotten a bit chubbier, and it only made it that much harder for Misha to resist making a move.

Misha knows he shouldn't be having as much fun as he is, but he can't help it. He really needs to find a boyfriend to focus all his attention on. He hasn't really been trying, with exams (and Jensen) keeping him busy, but he could totally get out into the dating pool for real in January.

Misha suddenly feels his heart fluttering, and his vision starts to spin. He slows down to a walk, and his lungs refuse to take in air. He leans heavily against a bench and struggles to take in a breath. Misha's heart is going wild, and the spinning doesn't stop, so he closes his eyes.

The next thing Misha knows, he's on the grass next to the bench, blinking up at the sky. He takes in a shaky breath, and tries to sit up. The world sways, but eventually stabilizes. Misha tries to stand, but his knees give out on him.

He pulls himself up onto the bench to sit, so he doesn't look like he's in distress, but he can't stop the tears from rolling down his face. There aren't a lot of them though, and Misha is promptly conscious that he's quite dehydrated. His mouth is dry, and his throat is also a bit sore.

Misha has no idea how long he was out for, so he pulls out his phone to get a rough idea. He'd only been out of the house for about half an hour, so he can't have been out for long, but it's still alarming that he fainted at all.

He spots a water fountain across the park, and decides to give himself five minutes before trying to get up and get a drink. Misha also accepts that he won't be running... or walking, home. He knows he's going to have to call Jensen, and he's going to have to tell him what happened.

When his five minutes is up, he pushes himself to his feet, still using the bench for support. His knees are weak, but he manages to get to the water fountain without collapsing again. He takes a long drink, and pauses before drinking again. He feels a bit better, so he staggers back to the bench and sits down again.

Once Misha's collected his thoughts, he pulls his phone out of his arm band, and dials Jensen's number.

His voice is shaky, but Jensen doesn't ask him for an explanation. He just tells him to hang tight until he gets there.

Misha waits ten minutes before Jensen arrives, but time is thankfully moving fast. When he pulls up, Jensen jumps out of the car and jogs over to where Misha is sitting.

"What happened? Are you okay?" He asks, his voice laced with concern.

"Can we just go home. I'll talk to you while we're driving," Misha looks down at his feet to avoid Jensen's gaze.

"That's fine, you need help getting up?"

"No, I should be fine," Misha pushes himself to his feet again.

His body betrays him though, because he sways a bit, and feels his legs get a bit shaky again. Jensen is on him in an instant though, steadying him. Misha bites his lip, taking the help without complaint. He isn't sure he'd be okay to move without it.

Once he gets in the car though, it's time to explain himself.

"So, you ready to talk?" Jensen asks once they're on the road.

"It's no big deal, I just went too hard, and I didn't drink enough water today. I didn't mean to go so fast at the start and I didn't pace myself, so I started feeling dizzy and I—" Misha tries the easy answer, but Jensen cuts him off.



“Did you pass out?” Jensen keeps his eyes pointed straight ahead, but Misha can tell he’s beyond worried.

Misha stays silent; he can’t seem to get words of any kind out.

“Misha, you gotta stop lying to yourself,” He’s calm on the surface, but Misha knows he must be boiling underneath the facade, “Hear me out man,”

Misha mumbles out a ‘fine’, feeling too drained to fight back.

“This is not okay, Misha, this...” Jensen gestures at his weakened state, “is what happens when somebody is far from okay. I thought you were just lying to me, but at this point, I think you actually believe yourself to some extent. You’re stick thin, you constantly run, you don’t eat, and now you’re passing out in the middle of said run. Don’t comment on this, because I know what you’ll say, but no, you were never overweight, or fat, or whatever you thought... think you are. I thought maybe you were actually okay there for awhile, but this has gone too far. I can’t keep trying to believe something that just isn’t true,” Jensen finally stops, and Misha turns to look out the window, ignoring him.

Jensen prompts him to speak, but Misha doesn’t want to talk anymore. He’s lying. There’s no way what he’s saying is true. It doesn’t make sense. Despite the large part of Misha’s brain telling him that Jensen is screwing around, there’s another part, though smaller, that knows Jensen is only trying to help him realize the truth.

He’s too tired to respond, and his thoughts are too jumbled. He can’t deal with this right now. Thankfully Jensen leaves it alone, but Misha knows the drill. This time it’s gonna be worse though; Jensen for sure won’t take no for an answer. Misha doesn’t know what he’s gonna say. Obviously this isn’t normal, but Misha doesn’t want to go back to the way it was before. He has to keep going, or he’ll lose all his progress. Misha is so tired of being alone, and going back will only hinder his chances. He can’t go back. He won’t.

# Rounding The Corner

## Chapter Notes

So I kinda forgot this existed... but I'm back now, so no worries !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Of course Jensen has to have a sit down with Misha, and of course he's gonna say the same things he always does. Misha knows Jensen won't believe anything he says though. Any rational explanation Misha wants to talk about, Jensen will surely have a counterargument that makes more sense.

Misha is hiding in his room so he doesn't have to face Jensen for breakfast. Jensen left it alone yesterday, but Misha knows he can't leave it for any longer. Time is up.

On that thought, there's a soft knocking on the door, and Misha doesn't say anything. He stops breathing and stares at the door. He didn't expect Jensen to come to him. He thought he had more time.

"Misha, I know you're awake," Jensen calls through the door, "We need to talk about this,"

"Fine," Misha calls from his strategic position on the floor, leaning against the wall.

It takes a second for Jensen to spot him across the room, but when he does, he takes a seat next to him. Neither of them say anything, but the silence is heavy. Misha breaks it first.

"I've already heard everything you have to say. We've been through this so many times, Jen,"

"I know, but I want you to hear me out this time," Jensen looks at Misha, who returns the gaze.

Misha gives him a small nod, trying to get it over with as soon as possible. Jensen's eyes are beautiful.

"What do you think of your eating habits?" Jensen appears to choose his words carefully.

"Well, it's a bit unorthodox, but necessary. Once I get down to where I want to be, I'll be able to eat a bit more and find my maintenance calorie levels," Misha knows how bad it sounds, but he can't really hide anymore.

"What if I was eating like that, one meal a day, often less?" Jensen is going for the 'you wouldn't like it if I did it, so why can you do it?' card.

"It's different for you," Misha mumbles out.

“How?”

“You have a much better metabolism than me, and it takes a lot more for you to gain weight. You’re also attractive at any weight, so it wouldn’t matter if you gained a bunch. Also, you have Jared, who loves you no matter what,” Misha looks down at the ground, “I’m not charming, or attractive, so I need to be able to control the one thing in my life that might allow people to like me,”

“Misha, you have lots of people that love you no matter what. It isn’t about how you look, even though you are gorgeous no matter what. You have so many amazing traits, and of course you’re charming, along with being funny, and charismatic, and genuine, and you care so much about others. Who wouldn’t love a guy like that?” Jensen bumps their shoulders together.

Misha doesn’t really have anything to say about that. His thoughts are fighting each other for dominance, trying to prove that Jensen is lying, or trying to believe him. It’s too much for him to try and pick out a coherent thought. There’s also a large part of him that knows he’s not okay, and it’s growing all the time, but Misha isn’t sure if he’s ready to acknowledge it.

“You don’t have to make your decision now, but I think you might benefit from seeing a therapist,” Jensen starts, “And if not that, please let me try to help you. I don’t know much, and I’m not the best option, but it’s better than nothing. At least try to look at your situation from an outsider’s perspective. You’re so hard on yourself, and I just want you to be okay. You’re so important to me Mish. I don’t know what I’d do without you,”

“I don’t know,” Misha really doesn’t want to see a therapist.

They’re probably gonna try and get him to talk all about his ‘messed up childhood’ and then prescribe some meds. Misha doesn’t want to deal with that.

Jensen gets up, and starts leaving the room.

“I could use some company for breakfast, even if you’re just sitting there,” Jensen tries to smile at Misha, then exits the room completely.

Misha isn’t gonna leave his room just yet. He needs to work through his thoughts. He’s just been letting them pile up, and not approaching his problems properly. Ignoring them seemed like a good idea at first, but now he’s constantly anxious and he can’t see the line between a real issue and people overreacting.

Maybe he can admit there’s a bit of an issue with running so much. That’s a bit obsessive, but he can cut back. The only problem with that is that it would mean he’d have to reduce his calorie intake, and that would only make Jensen worry more. If Misha does the opposite though, then it’s gonna be the same problem; more exercise means he can eat more calories, but it also means Jensen will worry about the extra working out.

How is he supposed to help himself if there’s no good solution?

If he just finishes this business, gets down to 140, then he can stop. He'll be fine until then, and then he can show Jensen that he's okay. Misha will be able to lose the weight, and then win Jensen back.

Misha gets up, suddenly remembering his sister. He would have to leave town if Jensen told her about what happened (again). He pushes open the door, but Jensen didn't notice. Misha's heart almost stops when he sees his best friend.

Jensen's sitting at the table, cereal uneaten and getting soggy, with his head in his hands. He sniffles every couple seconds, and Misha can see a tear drip down his arm, and another fall from his chin. He takes in a shaky breath, and Misha shuts the door. He can't watch this anymore.

Misha slides down his own door until he's on the floor. He's shocked at Jensen's reaction. He was so composed when he was in Misha's room, but he must've been holding it together by a thread. Misha knows the feeling. He can feel his own eyes start to sting while the image of Jensen runs through his head endlessly.

Jensen wants him to see a therapist, Misha's gonna suck it up and see one. Just because he's talking to somebody doesn't mean that he has to stop losing weight. If it's gonna prevent Jensen from worrying like he is, then Misha's prepared to do it.

Misha takes a deep breath, and deliberately loudly opens the door of his room. He doesn't look at Jensen at first, but he sees him wiping his eyes out of the corner of his eye. His heart is pounding, but Misha doesn't know why he's so nervous.

Jensen sighs as Misha approaches, and he feels worse about the situation they're in. Once he gets to the table, he sits down and blinks slowly to prepare for what he's going to commit to.

"I'm going to see a therapist," Misha says, proud that his voice didn't break.

Jensen looks up at him, with those beautiful eyes, and Misha can almost see a weight lifting off his shoulders.

\*\*\*

Misha walks out of his first therapy appointment a bit confused. When he told her why he was there, she asked him if Jensen was the only reason. He didn't really know how to answer the question because there were so many different factors that went into him going to the session. Jensen was the biggest trigger for him going, but he knew it would put his sister's mind at ease, and it would help keep people off his back if a professional said there was nothing wrong with him. He didn't mean to tell her all that, but he did, using almost those exact words.

She asked him to outline the circumstances that lead up to the mess he was in, and he didn't really see a point in lying, so he told her the story. Somehow the way she worded her questions and responses made Misha think about things differently. He felt almost more sane when he was talking to her. It was strange.

He thinks about a couple things she talked about. The first thing was that eating disorders weren't restricted to a single set of symptoms, and they were often a combination of different ones. She also said that purging wasn't limited to throwing up, and that excessive exercise was also a form of purging.

When Misha heard that, it slipped out that he'd done both types of purging. The therapist told him that it wasn't as uncommon as people thought, and that it was easy to pretend that you're fine.

The second thing she talked about was why he felt like he needed to lose the weight. He had trouble saying why other than the fact that people wouldn't like him if he wasn't thinner. She asked him about Jensen and Jared and other friends that have been friends with him for a long time. This lead Misha to think about all the relationships he's had over the years, and the fact that all of them, aside from Mark, started when he was heavier.

Misha hears the conversation swirling around his head, and he doesn't want to think about the diagnosis she gave him. It was tentative, and she asked to see him again in a week, but she said he had a lot of the symptoms of anorexia. Misha hates hearing the word, and he really doesn't like that everything is adding up.

When Misha gets back home, and Jensen comes up and hugs him.

"I'm proud of you Mish," There it is again.

Why is Jensen always proud of him. He hasn't done anything good.

"Jensen, do you think I look sick?" The question comes out of him before he can think about it.

Jensen steps back, and holds him by the shoulders.

"No, I don't think you look sick. That doesn't mean there isn't stuff going on below the surface though... but that's not a bad thing. You're already halfway there. Did it help at all?"

"I... I'm not sure," Misha feels different.

He doesn't necessarily feel better, but definitely different than before. He's still jumbled, but the voice telling him that everything is black and white, and there's only sick and not sick is getting quieter. Misha can't ignore the fact that his therapist said he has an eating disorder, but he still doesn't want to believe it. It's a weird feeling for him to know that something is wrong, but it's almost like they were talking about somebody else. It can't possibly be Misha with the problem.

He's lived nearly his entire life with the mindset that he needs to be thinner, and control what he eats and does with his body. Now that he's been told that they're actually thoughts of people with eating disorders, he feels like his entire life has been worthless. He can't have been doing this since high school, hurting himself and the people he loves, without realizing.

Misha doesn't want to think about it anymore, so he goes into the living room to watch something on Netflix. He hopes it drowns out his thoughts, because he thinks he might explode if he doesn't stop obsessing about it.

## Chapter End Notes

I'll get back on track to finish this up, don't worry guys

## Not What I Expected

Misha's next session starts with his therapist asking how he felt after the first session. Misha tells her that he was extremely conflicted, and he felt a bit lost because of what he knows now. He says that he still doesn't feel like he has a problem even though he definitely knows he has one.

They discuss options and things that Misha can do to possibly help with the situation. She suggests seeing a dietician and coming up with a meal plan so he will have an easier time knowing what to start with. Misha doesn't like the thought, but he knows it will make Jensen happy.

They also talk about his thing with Jensen. She suggests that it might be best if he tries to move on from his crush. She says that it's best for both of their relationships that he finds peace in being his friend and nothing more. She also says that he can't do things simply because they make Jensen happy. Misha knows he has a problem with this, but he doesn't know how to get over him.

Before their time is up, she also tells Misha that it's okay to feel lost or confused. She tells him that there's nothing he's done wrong either. Misha still can't help feel guilty for what he's done over the years (and still wants to continue to do), but she says that he needs to always be positively reinforcing himself with self talk, so he can believe that he's done nothing wrong, and it's been the eating disorder that has pushed him to do things.

Misha walks out, again, still confused, and also a bit scared. He feels somewhat better, but he doesn't know how he's going to handle Jensen. He's so used to being in love with him under the surface, but how is he supposed to change that? Jensen will probably want to know what he talked about during this session, and Misha knows he can't say anything about that. It was a pretty big part of the appointment to be honest, so Misha's gonna have to expand a lot on the other parts.

He's also stressed about his appointment with the dietician. He agreed that it would probably be a good thing, so she gave him a referral to the one she's got connections with. He still has to call and set up the appointment, but he's already anxious about what's going to happen. He's really stopped trying to eat properly now that he's gone to the therapist. Misha doesn't know why, but now that he knows it's a disorder, he's having even more trouble eating anything. It's almost like he's given in to the fact that he has a problem, and more than that, he embraces it. Misha wouldn't dare say that to anybody, not even his therapist, because he knows how fucked up it is.

He walks into the main room, and there's plates set out on the table. Misha already knows he doesn't want to eat it even though he's not sure what it is yet.

"Hey!" Jensen calls from the kitchen, "How'd it go?"

Misha almost laughs at how domestic and normal he sounds. It's almost like this isn't a big deal. Funny how when Misha wanted it not to be a big deal, Jensen made it one, and now that

he actually feels like it is a big deal, Jensen talks like it's hardly a problem.

"Pretty good," Misha calls back, "She wants me to see a dietician,"

Misha wants to get everything out of the way so they can go back to talking about Christmas plans and Jared coming home for the break.

"And you're cool with that?" Jensen asks, bringing out a pan of lasagna.

"I don't know. I don't really want to be on a plan, but what choice do I have?" Misha sits down in his normal spot, Jensen across from him, "I didn't know you could make something so intricate,"

Jensen smiles and starts cutting it into squares.

"It's hard not to learn something about cooking next to you, Collins," Jensen says fondly.

Misha is reminded of the conversation he had with his therapist, and he can feel his heartstrings being tugged. This already sucks. Misha has no idea how he's gonna get over Jensen when he talks like that. Maybe a vacation would do the trick? The second he gets back though, it'll be right back to unrequited love.

Jensen scoops up two squares for himself, and nudges the pan closer to Misha. He really doesn't want any (dear god, the calories), mostly because he hasn't allowed himself to run since he first saw the therapist. Well, it wasn't exactly his choice, but Misha made the mistake of telling Jensen that she thought he could use a break from heavy exercise, and Jensen would probably slaughter him if he went out. The only exercise he's managed to get has been walking to and from school and therapy. Both of those locations are not nearly as far away as he'd like.

Misha gives Jensen a half smile, and shakes his head a bit. Jensen frowns at this.

"Misha, come on, you can't survive on nothing," Jensen starts, but Misha is in the mood to fight back.

"It's not like I've been eating nothing," Misha snaps, "You saw me eating salad at lunch today, and basically every day this past week,"

"Yeah, I did, but that can't hold you forever. You need more substance or you're gonna burn out,"

"I told you I'd see a therapist, and I even stopped running for you," Misha says the next part before he can think, "I'm so close to my goal weight, and it's not even underweight for my height, so once I get down to it I can start eating again,"

Misha feels like all the air in the room has been sucked away, and it's dead silent. He mentally slaps himself for saying that out loud, but he can't take it back now.

"I heard you say something like that the other day, but I brushed it off as something unimportant, but now we can't ignore it," Jensen says 'we' like Misha actually has been



ignoring it, “Where’s the scale?”

Misha’s thoughts halt, and he bites his lip. Jensen is never that fast at figuring out what stuff means. That was supposed to be an afterthought of the conversation that he would think nothing of. The scale is basically the last secret Misha has, and he’s not about to give it up.

“I don’t have one,” Misha lies, and sets his elbows on the table.

Misha doesn’t care if he sounds like a petulant child. Misha can’t lose this.

“I know you do, you literally just confirmed it. I took the other one away, so you must have a new one,” Jensen pushes his chair out to stand up.

“Wait!” Misha keeps himself from shouting, but his voice is forceful; it’s enough to keep Jensen in his seat at least, “Please don’t take it away. I swear this isn’t about weight. I’ll even use it under supervision, just don’t make me get rid of it,” Misha spews out the words quickly, not even thinking about what he’s saying.

He doesn’t know when he got so attached to the thing, but he knows it would be hell without it. To gain weight and not know how much, that would be pure torture.

“Fine, let’s go get it,” Jensen goes to stand up again, but Misha tells them they can finish dinner first.

Jensen makes a jab at Misha about how he’s the only one eating, and Misha takes half a piece of lasagna just to spite him. Jensen smirks down at his lap when it happens, and Misha feels like he just got played. He’s not amused.

They eat in silence, Misha choking down the greasy portion. His stomach protests it, and the nagging voice in Misha’s head tells him how terrible it is not to be able to stomach something so simple. He’s thoroughly conflicted.

When they’re both finished, Jensen gets up and tells Misha it’s time. He walks slowly into his room, Jensen close behind him. When he pulls out the scale, Jensen plucks it out of his hand and tells Misha to wait in his room while he hides it.

“Can I just use it once more, please,” Misha asks before he leaves.

“I don’t think it would be a good idea,” Jensen purses his lips, but Misha makes the most pathetic face he thinks he’s ever made in his life, “Fine, but I swear if this ends up being a problem then we have to take it away. Has your therapist said anything about weighing yourself?”

Misha thinks back to both of his appointments. She technically didn’t tell him not to weigh himself, but she did say that it was often part of the addiction to control and went hand in hand with how much people restrict food. Misha doesn’t think it’s gonna be a big deal though, because once he hits 140, he’s done.

“No, she didn’t say not to,” Misha says definitively, and Jensen raises his eyebrows, “I’m serious,”

“I’ve just read a bunch of stuff online...”

“Jensen, I swear I’ll leave the house and do it somewhere else if you don’t let me,”

“Fine,” Jensen, defeated.

He sets down the scale, and doesn’t leave the room. He just stares at Misha expectantly, waiting for him to make a move. Misha hesitantly removes his sweater, and puts it on his bed.

“Are you sure you want to watch this?” Misha asks, hoping Jensen will take the hint and leave.

“You said you’d let me watch back there,” Jensen tilts his head in the direction of the table, “I know you weren’t listening to what you were saying, but I was, and I’m not letting you do this alone,”

Misha doesn’t respond, he just takes his shirt off, and then his socks and pants. He tries to ignore Jensen’s gaze, but he can basically feel his eyes scanning him. Misha steps onto the scale, knowing he should really have a set time to weigh himself, but he’s never really had a schedule. His schedule is basically any time he feels the need.

It reads 145. Misha sighs, and Jensen takes in this weird little breath. He’s so close, but he knows it’s always the last little bit that’s the hardest to get through. He looks up at Jensen, who currently has a blank expression on his face.

“I know you want to say something,” Misha tells him, “I can take it,”

“Uhh, well, I know I sound like a broken record, but you really don’t need to lose weight,” Jensen looks him up and down again, and Misha puts his arms around his stomach protectively, “It looks like you’re wasting away,” Jensen pauses, “No, I don’t mean that, it’s just, you kinda look like you’ve been working out, but you kept going and started getting smaller instead of bigger,”

Misha makes a face at Jensen’s weird phrasing. He doesn’t comment though. Misha just starts putting his clothes back on. When Misha pulls his pants on, he nearly smiles. A couple days ago he started wearing his 29’s again. He was pretty happy when they started fitting comfortably again.

They walk out of his room, and Jensen seems too shaken to say anything. Misha takes it upon himself to get him going again.

“Jared comes back in a couple days, right?”

“Yeah, just in time for Christmas eve,” Jensen smiles a bit.

## Perspective

Jared got back earlier today, and the two had Christmas eve dinner with Jensen's family. Misha went to his parent's house with Vicky. Misha doesn't even want to think about what happened at dinner.

Vicky knows that Misha started seeing a therapist, and they talked about it after his first session. She doesn't know how much Misha is still struggling though. That's not Vicky's fault; Misha told her that he was doing better with advice from his therapist. He partially wanted her off his case, but he also didn't want her to bring it up to his parents. They'd probably make him move back home if they knew he actually had an eating disorder.

Misha's mom, who'd seen him last in September, told Misha that he was looking much better now that he'd lost the 'breakup weight', and then Vicky kinda blew up on her. She didn't say anything about eating disorders in particular, but she did talk a lot about how Misha was never overweight, and that he was healthy before, and that there was no problem with people being heavier. Misha was pretty silent through the entire thing, but the rest of the night was a bit awkward for everybody.

Misha also struggled a bit with eating. There was so much food, and he didn't want to worry his parents, and he certainly didn't want to tip Vicky off, so he choked quite a bit of it down. It wasn't quite as much as thanksgiving, but it was way too much.

All eating and talk of weight aside, there's one thing Misha is truly ashamed of. He literally almost can't think about it without feeling like crying.

When dinner was over, he wanted to get out as fast as possible to get away from everything (Vicky and his mom's bickering mostly), and he pulled over in an alley and threw up into some bushes. It was just as terrible as the first time, possibly more so, but he'd lost all ability to care. So what he's screwed up? He has an eating disorder. Nothing matters anymore.

Of course at home though, Misha is regretting every decision he's ever made in his life. He knows he doesn't want to be sick, but every time he's faced with the decision to fall further into his disorder, he chooses the wrong path. He's disgusted with himself, either for being too skinny, or too fat, and he has no sense of what's right anymore. It's like he's on a teeter-totter, feeling terrible and too big when he eats, and then feeling terrible and like a failure when he doesn't. Up, down, up, down, updownupdown...

"Misha?" There's hands on his shoulders, and someone is crouching in front of him.

Everything suddenly snaps into focus, and he realizes he was sitting in the front hall against the wall. He sniffles, and goes to wipe his face, but it's covered in tears and snot, and everything in between.

"Misha," The hands on his shoulders squeeze, and he looks up into Jensen's face.

Jared is standing in the doorway, the other two in his way of getting inside.

“I’m sorry, I’ll get out of the way,” Misha tries to stand, but his legs are shaking and they almost give out.

Jensen holds him up, and they start walking. He’s suddenly aware of the throbbing pain in his head and has the vague thought that he must be terribly dehydrated. Jensen is leading him forwards, he both of them are still wearing shoes, and while Jensen must’ve taken his coat off, Misha hadn’t even bothered to do anything other than collapse to the floor once he got inside.

They go into the living room, and Jensen sits him down on the couch.

“Do you want to take your shoes off?” Jensen asks, and Misha nods his head slowly.

He reaches down and undoes the laces, slipping them off his feet. Jared takes them away, him and Jensen exchange glances before he leaves the room. Misha feels his heart rate slowing, and he can actually breathe now.

The calmness brings on comprehensible thought, and he realizes how pathetic he must look. Crying on Christmas eve, too messed up to hold himself together for one night.

Jared comes back, and hands him a glass of water. He sorta remembers asking for it when he was made aware of the pain in his head. He didn't realize how shaken he was earlier until now.

Misha takes a couple sips of the water before putting it down. He can’t bring himself to look Jensen in the eye. Jensen obviously doesn’t care about that, he asks Misha to look at him anyway.

Jensen’s eyes are green and sad, but mostly worried. Misha feels a terrible tugging sensation in his chest and knows he’s gone too far this time.

“I’m sorry,” Misha croaks out, and then takes another sip of water to clear out his throat.

“It’s not your fault,” Jensen says firmly, “You have nothing to apologize for,”

Misha almost laughs out loud. Of course it’s his fault. Everything is. Jensen doesn’t even know why he was in hysterics and he’s telling him that he did nothing wrong.

“Ah, well,” Misha looks away from Jensen and at the wall.

“Can you tell me what happened?” Jensen prompts.

Misha is about to start talking, but Jared walks into the room. Jensen looks over at him and silently asks Misha if he’s okay with Jared being there. Misha shrugs and then nods. Jared sits on the chair in the corner, away from the two of them, but not so far that he’s out of conversation range.

“I guess I should start from the beginning,” Misha starts.

He goes through the events of the entire night at his parents house. Jensen and Jared listen intently, only cutting in to give advice and tell him that he didn't do anything wrong. Misha feels sorta better, but then he gets to the end when he went to go home.

"There's something else, isn't there?" Jensen knows him too well.

"Yeah," Misha glances between the two other guys, and then decides he has nothing to lose by telling the truth, "I pulled over in an alley and I made myself throw up,"

Misha sees Jensen purse his lips at that, and Jared closes his eyes for a second. He doesn't feel like stopping, so he goes on.

"It's not the first time either. I did the same thing on thanksgiving; I did it after everybody left when I said I was having a shower. I know how fucked up it is, and I know it's not progressive, but I can't stop myself. This thing is eating me alive and I can't make it better, and I can't fix myself, and everything just keeps going, and I..."

"Misha," Jensen puts his hand on Misha's leg, "It's okay. Everybody messes up. You don't have to beat yourself up over it,"

"I do though, that's the thing. I made the choice to keep it up. I made the choice to fight back on all the advice I've been given. I don't know how to stop myself from drowning. I can't live like this," Misha's voice breaks, and he bites his lips in an attempt to not start crying again.

"Do you want to get better?" Jared asks softly.

Misha is thrown off by the question, so he pauses to think. Of course he wants to be better. He doesn't want to be sick anymore, but Misha knows he doesn't deserve to be better. He needs to be punished for all the hurt he's caused everybody.

"But do you want to get better? If the slate was wiped clean and it was just you and this, would you want to get better?" Jared asks again, and Misha realizes he must've been thinking out loud.

Misha thinks about what Jared asked. If everything else was fine, would he...?

"Of course I'd want to get better," Misha feels tears streaming down his cheeks, "I want to be okay," He's whimpering by the end of the realization.

He wants to get better.

"Then let's wipe the slate," Jensen looks directly into Misha's eyes, "You've done nothing wrong. You deserve to get better. You deserve to live," Jensen's eyes are glistening like he's about to start crying himself.

Misha looks at Jared.

"It's okay to be selfish, Misha. If you don't do this for yourself, then there isn't going to be anything of you left," Jared's voice is calm, but it holds an air of meaning.

Misha nods at him, and then leans back. He closes his eyes for a second, trying to absorb everything that just got said. He's surprised by his own realization, aware that it was more than just a realization. It was a commitment.

# What Doesn't Kill You

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The past couple months were difficult, to say the least. Misha stopped lying to his therapist about how he was doing, and actually told her the extent of his issues. They've been working together to find ways so that he can keep himself in recovery. She recommended a support group, and he's gone a couple times. He didn't say much, but hearing everybody's stories about recovery and ways they're keeping themselves healthy really did put things in perspective. Misha also went to the dietician, and they set up a meal plan that gradually increased his daily calorie levels until they were where they needed to be. Misha tried to stick to them, and he had Jensen to help him, but it was a struggle. He could feel everything sitting inside him like lead, and he couldn't do anything to stop it. Misha had bad days, of course, but it was getting easier.

There was a saving grace in all this, and that was running. Of course he wasn't allowed to run like he used to, but about a week ago his therapist decided that he would be allowed to run again as long as there was somebody with him. Jensen was pretty much the only option, but he was totally down to do anything to help Misha get better. They'd come to the conclusion that they would go on a run twice a week (on Mondays and Thursdays), and max out at three (Saturday) if Misha was having a particularly tough time. The runs would also be capped at two kilometres at first, and they would consult Misha's therapist and Sam (he knows what's good for maintenance), as well as use their own good judgement from there.

This morning, a Friday, is not a good morning. Misha stares up at the ceiling, trying to will himself out of bed. Getting up means choosing a meal card, and choosing a meal card means actually eating what's on the meal card. It sounds simple when Misha puts it like that, but he knows that today, there will definitely be an internal struggle when making it, and when he has to finish everything on the plate.

There's a soft knock on the door, and Misha rolls over, groaning. Jensen knows what time Misha is usually out of bed by, and he knows that when Misha is not up by said time, he could use a bit of prompting.

The door creaks open, and Misha burrows his face into his pillow. If I can't see him, he can't see me. He waits patiently for Jensen to break the ice.

"Misha, it's time. I can pick out a card for you if you want...?"

Misha keeps his eyes closed, but grumbles out a 'yes please' because he knows that means Jensen is also going to make it for him.

When Jensen leaves the room again, Misha pushes himself out of bed and to get dressed. One of the worst parts of recovery for him is clothing. When he stops fitting his favourite pants he knows how terrible he's going to feel. Jensen took away some of the smallest stuff, and he cut

the tags out of everything else, but Misha knows his clothes well enough that it doesn't really help much.

He spends as little time dressing as possible before he stands at his door to leave the room. I'm doing this for me. I deserve to eat. I deserve to be healthy and happy. Misha repeats his mantra; it's one of his techniques that his therapist told him to start doing. If he feels negative thoughts coming in, he should repeat positive things to himself. The more he says them, the more he will believe them... or at least that's how it's supposed to go. Maybe Misha isn't quite there yet, but at least he's practicing the right thing. At least he's actively trying to help himself.

The door opens, and Misha makes his way over to the table. Jensen is sitting in his usual spot, a plate identical to Misha's sitting in front of him. He sits down in front of his own task, and tries not to dwell on everything sitting there. Misha knows how easy it would be to shove it away and make excuses. In fact, that's pretty much all he wants to do right now. He won't though, Misha can't let himself fall back again. This is one difficult day, and he's going to get through it. He'll be damned if he's going to let breakfast be the death of him.

## Chapter End Notes

It's done ! I know the end is a bit anticlimactic, but it's all I could come up with. I kinda suck at finishing fics tbh, but hopefully you all enjoyed it. I'm planning on taking a bit of a break from writing to work on some of my school stuff, but I'd still love to write any prompts you guys have once I've had sufficient time off. I'm versed in quite a few fandoms, so there's no harm in asking for something specific. I'd like to work on something marvel or sherlock related next though, so stay tuned.



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