

5 Times The Cougar/Jensen Relationship Freaked Out Their Colonel (And One Time He Found It Romantic)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13354935) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13354935>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	The Losers (2010)
Relationships:	Carlos "Cougar" Alvarez/Jake Jensen , Carlos "Cougar" Alvarez/Original Female Character(s)
Characters:	Carlos "Cougar" Alvarez , Jake Jensen , Franklin Clay , William Roque , Linwood "Pooch" Porteous , OFC
Additional Tags:	Humour , Consensual Infidelity , platonic bondage , Ace!Jensen , Grey-Ace Jensen , Sexual Cougar , They Make It Work , Mates and Magic , Tattoos , Snuggles (With Claws and Fangs) , Random Stabbings
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Pack of Losers
Stats:	Published: 2018-01-13 Completed: 2018-01-28 Words: 5,188 Chapters: 6/6

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by [Chef_Geekier](#)

Summary

Cougar and Jensen approach being mates and partners in their own special way. The rest of the Losers really, really don't understand how it works.

Until they do.

Notes

Jensen may be a little more 'mad scientist' in this than usual. Oh well. See me take liberties with science, magic and canon. Might not make much sense if you haven't read the first in the series too.

No beta. If someone wants to volunteer, I'm open to it.

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

Constant Communication

Everyone in the team (and probably everyone on base) knew that Jensen talked a lot. Her brain seemed to just zoom along on too many different tracks, and it helped her to concentrate if she let her mouth run about completely irrelevant topics. For example, Clay now knew far more about the mating habits of deep-sea fish than he'd ever wanted to.

After a while it just became like white noise, and she made sure to pitch her voice so that it didn't grate on the shifters when they were in other rooms. Also, Jensen *never* babbled about classified or personal information, so at least she had some level of control.

Cougar, it turned out, spoke more than it seemed on their first mission, but still saved his words for when it was important. A lot of his communication was non-verbal, and the team quickly learned to decipher his meanings. Thankfully he always responded properly on comms, and Jensen did her best to stay professional. Usually.

They weren't on comms now though. The team was on base for a few days before they'd have to leave for their next mission, and Cougar and Pooch had gone into town to get some supplies while the rest of them went over their equipment.

Jensen, in amongst her usual chatter, seemed to be composing a shopping list aloud.

"Need more duct tape, always need more duct tape... oh, that is just wrong, seriously, how did *that* card end up in *that* collection? Hm, okay, I need to start colour-coding this shit. Waterproof markers of some sort. Can't be too bright, nothing iridescent or neon dammit, but I can make patterns with just primary colours. If we're gonna be out of civilisation for a while then I'll need cheesy bread before we go. And curly fries, how do curly fries get to be so awesome?"

It all seemed perfectly normal, up until she stopped listing items and switched to an apparently one-sided debate on what was better, binge-watching a tv show or drawing out the suspense by watching slowly. Every now and then she'd pause for a moment, before launching into a new argument. Clay and Roque exchanged shrugs, before continuing on their own tasks. Clay had lists of provisions to double-check before submitting to the quartermaster, and Roque had a *lot* of weapons to go over.

Half an hour later, Pooch and Cougar came back. Cougar dropped a bag on the desk in front of Jensen, then handed over a carton that smelled distinctly of curly fries.

"Dude, best mate ever," Jensen grinned as Cougar rubbed his nose against her temple.

"Delivery fee," he muttered and swiped a couple for himself, which Jensen laughed at.

"You go right ahead, Cougar my man." After shoving a handful into her mouth (her eating habits might be worse than any of the wolves'), Jensen started unpacking the bag. As more things were removed, Clay realised that it was everything from Jensen's earlier, verbal shopping list. How on Earth...

Cougar clearly caught the puzzlement, because he huffed a laugh and tapped his left ear. He'd heard? But they were miles away! How could he have heard her?

"Oh yeah," Jensen piped up again, catching the interplay, "we didn't mention that yet. So, about two months into working together, we both got sick of the army-issue earbuds 'cause they're never comfortable, they're easy to forget, enemies can remove them, and they fall out when Cougar shifts." All very reasonable arguments, Clay nodded along. "So I made my own tiny versions, and implanted them into both of us so me and Cougs are always in communication. It's how I can find him anywhere."

That... was not the explanation Clay had been expecting.

"Wait a sec," Pooch spoke up. "You two are *always* on comms to each other?"

"Si," Cougar shrugged like it was no big deal.

"You hear *everything* each other says? At all times?"

"Si."

"Wow. You must really love her. I couldn't do that."

"Yup," Jensen grinned, though Cougar's eyes had narrowed at the slight insult to his mate - however true. "We left the standard comms in for a month, on and off mission, to make sure we could both cope before I did something permanent. Works though. It's how Cougs told me that your last comm tech wasn't doing his job properly, and then I tracked him to get him back."

"Not the first time," Cougar smirked.

"Yeah, you get nabbed just a little too often for my liking, buddy."

"Twice."

"That's twice too many."

"Si."

As the two mates continued to banter, Roque shifted in his seat.

"So not only did Cougar mate her within six months of meeting her, he voluntarily has her voice in his head constantly?"

"Looks like," Clay agreed.

"He may just be crazier than she is."

Clay had no argument against that.

Trust Vs Monogamy

Chapter Summary

Jensen's grey-ace. Cougar loves sex. They make it work.

Chapter Notes

Consensual infidelity comes into play.

It had been three months since Cougar and Jensen had joined the Losers, and they worked well with the team. Jensen and Pooch had quickly become friends, happy to chatter together about their overlapping interests. Roque and Cougar made an intimidating team, and often sat quietly together as they cleaned their various weapons. Cougar was a little more wary around Clay, which was understandable - they weren't pack, not yet - while Jensen seemed completely fearless when it came to the weres.

As a couple, they were also surprisingly accommodating to the others. They never flaunted their relationship, didn't have sex where the others would stumble across them, rarely engaged in PDAs more expressive than a brief touch to the other's face. Cougar did scent Jensen often, and they shared a bed, but it wasn't anything that could frustrate the rest of the team with what they didn't have. Clay just assumed that they were both very private with that aspect of their lives.

Until they all went to a bar to celebrate their latest mission successfully completed.

Clay, Roque and Pooch were at a table together for now. Cougar was playing pool with some of the locals - his mother tongue helping there - while Jensen was late, having stayed back to send a few emails. The night was going well up until Pooch suddenly spluttered around a mouthful of beer.

"Oh shit, shitshitshit very not good."

Clay quickly turned to see what had made Pooch pale so quickly. It took him a moment to realise what he was seeing, because he honestly never would have guessed it.

Over by the pool tables, Cougar was kissing another woman. From the way both pairs of hands were wandering, it was definitely a precursor to sex.

What? How? But - mates!

Next to him, Roque growled. He might get along better with Cougar, but this was definitely crossing lines.

"What up, dudes?"

Aaaaand things were about to get fucked up, Clay just knew it. Jensen was here. She'd see her mate being unfaithful (*no, seriously, how?*) and go ballistic. All three Losers were caught between sheneedstoknowweshouldtellher and howdowegetoutofthiswitheveryonealive. Jensen looked confused, then sat down with them and took a sip from her beer as her gaze drifted over to where Cougar was no longer kissing the woman, but was definitely closer than he should be.

"Hot damn," Jensen whistled softly, eyes raking over the woman. "Cougar, if you *don't* fuck that woman I'm going to be very disappointed in you."

...Wait, what?

The men all looked between Cougar - who tipped his hat in Jensen's direction - and Jensen - who returned the salute with her bottle. Moments later, the woman led Cougar out of the bar. They passed the table the Losers were at, and on the way past Cougar reached out and briefly brushed his fingers against Jensen's. Then he was gone, and the other men all stared at Jensen, who seemed perfectly at ease.

"Yeah," she shrugged. "I should probably explain before you guys have heart attacks." She took another sip before continuing. "So here's the deal. I'm grey-ace. I have a libido, but I generally don't like other people involved in it. Cougar, on the other hand, loves sex. On the occasions I want it too, he makes me a *very* happy woman. But it's not enough for him. So we have an agreement. As long as he's honest about what he's doing and doesn't stay the night without checking in, he can have sex with whoever he likes. I have full veto power, and I've used that all of twice." She shrugged again when Pooch still looked floored. "For me, trust is more important than monogamy. He's never given me a reason to not trust him."

"Huh," Roque made a considering noise. Clay glanced over, and he looked reluctantly impressed. "You're mated, so he'll always come back to you, but outsource the needs that you can't meet."

"Yup," Jensen nodded. "We talked about it pretty early on, before we were mated. It works for us."

The thing was, she was telling the truth. The whole time her heart had been steady and she'd never smelled of jealousy or unhappiness, even when she first saw Cougar with another woman. They'd found a way to deal with something that Clay knew could break relationships.

"So you have any sisters?" Pooch suddenly asked, cheeky grin forming. "Cause seriously, we need to find a woman with your sense for Clay."

"Fuck off," Clay flipped him the finger.

With that, the night devolved into Pooch and Roque telling Jensen about his miserable track record with women. It was familiar, and Clay did find some of the teasing funny.

Jensen and Cougar's arrangement was weird, but Clay figured that as long as there were no screaming arguments or trying to tear out each other's jugular, he could get used to it.

Platonic Bondage

Chapter Summary

So the thing where Cougar tied Jensen to the bed to enforce bed-rest? Apparently not as unusual an occurrence as it should be.

Chapter Notes

This was meant to be cute and fluffy, and then Cougar decided to actually speak and we get a summary of Jensen's years as Stiles.

So the thing where Cougar tied Jensen to the bed to enforce bed-rest? Apparently not as unusual an occurrence as it should be.

~*~

The first time it happened, back when they were still a brand new team, Clay dismissed it. They were mates - had been for less than a year - and had just been through a difficult event. Of course Cougar was feeling protective. Sure, he might be over-reacting a little, but the team made allowances for it, made sure to announce their presence so as not to startle the mates, and no one got shot.

The second time was again on base. Jensen had caught a cold, not a big deal, but refused to stay in bed. She kept wandering off to find Cougar and the rest of the team, or poke her electronics, or dig out a book. Cougar allowed it for the first day, merely shepherding Jensen back to bed when he found her. It wasn't a big deal.

Then her fever climbed to concerning levels, and Cougar decided to enforce the bed rest.

~*~

"But Cougs, I'm bored!"

"Sleep."

"No. Brain's too busy."

"Sleep."

"I can't!"

"I have soup," Clay cut in, holding up a take-away cup as he stepped into their bedroom. Cougar looked vaguely grateful, while Jensen gave him a suspicious look.

"What sort?"

"Beef and vegetable," Clay took a chance and stepped closer. It was the first time he'd approached Jensen this closely when she was vulnerable, and he wasn't sure how Cougar would react. Some wolves, even when usually in total control, still couldn't stand others approaching their ill or injured mate.

His worry was clearly unfounded though. Jensen made grabby hands towards the cup and Cougar just finished tying the knot he was working on. Clay removed the lid from the cup and carefully handed it over.

"Mmmm, nummy nummy cow," Jensen closed her eyes and breathed in the steam.

"You know, I'm trying very hard to think of a logical explanation for the ropes," Clay eventually had to ask. "Help me out here?"

Jensen snickered, then winced and took a sip to soothe her throat. Her right arm was mostly free. Her left, however, was attached to a hook on the wall. Both feet were tied, but done so that she could still wriggle around and get comfortable. Between her skin and the ropes were bits of fabric that looked very soft, clearly to prevent any rope-burn.

Cougar stood on the other side of the bed, more rope in hand, and was probably going to finish tying her down once the soup was gone.

"Total bed rest," Cougar shrugged in response to Clay's question. "She will not rest if she has the option to move. I take away the option, she rests."

"He's just a big meanie," Jensen pouted. Apparently she turned into a five-year-old when ill.

"Drink your soup," Cougar instructed, resting a hand on the back of her neck. Jensen grumbled a little, then took another sip.

Clay took a seat next to the window - Jensen had enlisted Pooch one weekend and gone hunting for discarded arm-chairs to fit in the room - and settled in. Being sick was awful, the entire team would agree, and if he could distract Jensen for a while then he would. Cougar was starting to look a little frazzled around the edges from running around after his mate.

Eventually the soup was gone and Jensen agreed to lie down properly.

"You go shower," Jensen smiled a little at Cougar. "Clay's here, he can make sure I'm resting."

Cougar glanced over, and Clay nodded. The lines between team and pack were fairly blurred already, and Clay would treat Jensen as he would Pooch. With a grin of his own, Cougar leaned down and nuzzled Jensen's temple before grabbing some clean clothes and leaving the room.

"Thanks Bossman," Jensen spoke softly when Cougar was gone. "Sometimes he gets caught up in taking care of me and forgets himself." She sighed and curled up, clearly close to sleep. "It's nice to have an alpha around again, even if you're not our alpha yet." The 'yet' part gave him hope. Jensen and Cougar were definitely Losers, and the pack would benefit from finally being combined. They just weren't quite ready to commit yet.

Talking was clearly hard on Jensen's throat, and she was meant to be resting anyway, so Clay spoke instead. He told her stories and folk-tales he'd heard growing up, legends and half-true myths handed down through his old pack through the generations. Some she seemed to recognise, but a disturbing amount were new. Clay had to wonder what sort of pack she and Cougar were from originally. They hadn't yet shared, and Clay didn't want to push too far. The couple weren't overly secretive, they just preferred to share things in their own time.

After a while, Jensen fell asleep. Clay stayed in his seat, watching over her. It was only a few minutes after that Cougar came back, looking much more collected.

"Gracias," he nodded at Clay before sitting on the bed next to Jensen. "She does not like to be alone when she is sick."

"None of us do," Clay shrugged. It was peaceful here, in a room claimed by mates in the pack's den. "Jensen doesn't seem to like the solitude much at all to begin with."

Cougar gave him a thoughtful look before responding.

"Her parents loved her as a girl. But her mama was very sick for a long time, and her father was policeman. There was no time for a hyperactive child who could not stay quiet. She grew up fast, learned to take care of herself. I show her love by sharing my time. It makes her happier than dresses or diamonds, just to stay in the room and read as she works."

That... may have been the most Clay had heard Cougar say at once. Six sentences, which didn't paint a flattering picture of Jensen's home life. No wonder she'd chosen a career where she would be constantly surrounded by people.

"Did she have a pack?" The question slipped out unbidden. He couldn't imagine a pack letting a child wilt in solitude, and yet Jensen was so at ease with the weres that he could hardly fathom her growing up outside of pack structure. Cougar grinned, finding his confusion amusing.

"Jensen discovered werewolves exist when her best friend was bitten by a feral alpha at sixteen. She taught him control. She has never known a stable pack."

Clay had no idea how to respond. Instead, he filed the information away and focused on the present instead. Jensen had turned over and was snuggled up to Cougar's side, face buried in his hip where he sat leaning against the headboard. Cougar's hand rested against Jensen's head, playing idly with her short hair. It was peaceful, and the peace extended to Clay for now.

~*~

Six months later Jensen sprained her ankle. Clay gifted Cougar a set of bondage cuffs and told him to shout if it needed someone to sit with Jensen so he could sleep. It still made little sense, but again - as long as it worked for them, Clay wasn't going to interfere.

Sleeping Arrangements

Chapter Summary

Cuddles with claws and teeth.

Everyone knew - or assumed - that Jensen and Cougar shared a bed. It was hardly surprising, given that they were mated (or married for those not in the know. Well, their files said they were, but Clay had his doubts). After witnessing their platonic bondage and knowing that Jensen was asexual, Clay hadn't thought he could be surprised by anything they did in bed.

Apparently he was wrong.

Usually, even on missions, Cougar and Jensen slept in a separate room to the others. It was part instinct from all of the wolves, and part courtesy for their only female Loser. Finally however, they were holed up in a safe house that comprised of a grand total of two rooms - bathroom and everything else. They'd only be there for one night, so no one complained.

Everyone was exhausted after a day of nearly dying and swiping their objective out at the last second. Cougar had first watch, since he was too keyed up to sleep anyway. He took up position near the door, and Clay saw Jensen curl up in a ball on top of her sleeping bag towards the back of the room. He knew that she didn't like to be completely confined - the ropes were fine, sleeping bags were iffy, a straight-jacket would be torture - and it was warm enough that she would be fine. Cougar would share his warmth soon enough anyway.

In the morning, Clay glanced over his team and did a double-take when he got to the newest pair. For a moment, he was truly worried for Jensen's safety.

Jensen lay stretched out on her back, Cougar half on top of her. That wasn't so odd. What was worrying was that Cougar had shifted to beta-form as he slept. His arm was curled across Jensen's stomach, claws pricking against her shirt just under her ribs. A split-second and he could disembowel her. His head was resting just below her neck. One snap and her throat would be gone. Clay was frozen in indecision - whether it would be safer for everyone to wake Cougar or to back away slowly.

Then Cougar yawned - always impressive when a wolf was in beta shift - and nuzzled Jensen before resettling, and Clay suddenly saw their positions in a whole different light.

The way Cougar's legs were positioned to the side meant that he could leap at an enemy as soon as he sensed one.

His claws against Jensen's stomach meant that no one *else* could touch her there without losing their hand.

It wasn't just Cougar's teeth near Jensen's throat, it was his *nose*, and it meant that his ear was close to her heartbeat. While they slept, his mate was filling his senses, keeping away the nightmares that the whole team knew Cougar was prone to.

To top it all off, the way they were positioned made it clear that Cougar was protecting Jensen from any threat that would come through the windows - he trusted the team to stop any threat coming in the front door.

Clay was baffled. Jensen shifted in her sleep and raised a hand to pat Cougar's head, which he allowed without even twitching. Sure, being mates implied a certain amount of trust, but this was more than Clay could compute. This was total trust from both of them.

"They've been like that all night," Pooch spoke up softly. He'd had the last watch. "It's kinda sweet, right?"

"It's weird," Clay muttered. Then again, that apparently summed up Cougar and Jensen's entire relationship.

Random Stabbings

Chapter Summary

The Pack is coming together. Clay's starting to realise just how much Cougar and Jensen trust each other.

Chapter Notes

This was meant to be about Jensen practicing runes and Cougar getting electrocuted. I'm not sure what happened.

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

By the end of the first year as a team, Cougar and Jensen approached Clay about becoming pack. He was more than happy to accept them both. Cougar was already an excellent beta, following pack hierarchy without being a pushover, and having his mate as well had a stabilising effect on the whole pack. Even if they hadn't been mated, Jensen had proven herself worthy of being pack several times over.

Then, of course, she had to do something unexpected to freak out the entire pack and make them re-evaluate exactly what her position was.

(Except Cougar. Apparently, he just always expected her to be capable of anything. From the way things were going lately, it seemed a fair bet.)

~*~

They were running from what seemed to be fifty guys with AKs.

Okay, so it was more like twenty, thirty tops. And Clay didn't know what exact weapons they had, just that they stung like hell. The enemy wasn't supposed to be here, chasing them up this hill. They were meant to be on the other side of the camp.

The team made it to the top of the hill, but before they could set up an ambush of their own Jensen dropped to her knees and held out a hand to Cougar.

"Blood," she demanded. Apparently Cougar understood what the hell she was talking about since he pulled out a knife and... *stabbed himself in the arm!*? "Thanks babe," Jensen commented as she stuck her fingers inside the cut and coated them in his blood.

"What the shit?" Pooch asked, eyes wide and scent nearly panicked. "Oh that is not sanitary." He was ignored as Jensen used her bloodied fingers to draw a symbol on the ground. Wait, not a symbol - a sigil.

Oh.

"I really hope I remembered this right," Jensen muttered. Just as their pursuers started to climb the hill below them, Jensen took the knife Cougar held out for her, cut her own palm, and then plunged the knife into the sigil.

There was a great rumble from the earth, and the original Losers took several steps back. Cougar stayed right next to his mate, looking mildly curious - which did nothing to soothe Clay's nerves. If not even Cougar knew what the hell Jensen was doing, no one did. The rumbling grew worse, the hill beneath them started to shake, and soon the sigil seemed to do its work - cracks in the hill ran out from the knife to either side, growing deeper and wider, but never running closer to the Losers. In a matter of seconds, the cracks grew so deep and the shaking so hard, that the hill itself split into two. The section that the Losers weren't on broke free and tumbled downwards, crushing the enemies - as they hadn't been fast enough to run.

Once the earth had settled again, Jensen jumped up and raised her fists in the air.

"Boo-yah! Take that Deaton you druidic bag of dicks, I out-sparked your ass!"

"Seriously, what the shit?" Pooch found his voice first. Clay whole-heartedly agreed.

Cougar and Jensen glanced at each other. Cougar raised an eyebrow, and Jensen looked a little sheepish.

"Ah, yeah, so... I should explain?"

"Mission first," Clay decided. "Then you're explaining everything."

"Fair call, boss."

~*~

As it happened, they didn't have a chance to speak properly and without being overheard until they were back at the pack house (which Jensen constantly referred to as 'the den'). Jensen was twitchy, seeming concerned about the reactions of the others to what she'd done with blood and a sigil. Cougar kept even closer than usual, and glared at anyone who even thought about saying something to disparage his mate. Not that this was a huge deviation from his normal behavior, but it was a little more pronounced.

Once they were finally home, Cougar prevented Jensen from escaping to their room and instead corralled her in the living room. Everyone joined them, figuring they should get this out of the way so they could all go shower and then go get drunk.

"Okay," Jensen shifted in place, not quite able to look directly at Clay. "So when I was living on the Hellmouth there was a lot of shit going down. Feral alphas, people not staying dead, a

freakin' kanima... and at the time I was a scrawny sixteen year old human running around with a pack of barely-trained werewolves. I needed to find a way to stay alive. There was a druid in town, he gave me some powdered Mountain Ash and told me it could make a barrier that weres couldn't cross. It... may have done a little more than that. It multiplied when I was running out. I started playing around with runes and wards, and they worked for me. The druid didn't want to teach me more, so I did some digging on my own." She shrugged, still looking uncomfortable. "I managed to badger Peter into teaching me what he knew, but since he's a born wolf there's a lot that isn't cross-applicable between us."

"You can use Ash and runes." Clay confirmed. Jensen nodded. "You're an emissary?"

"Not... exactly?" Jensen bit her lip. "I could have been, maybe. I went down a different path though. I still know some runes and wards and I can do some extra stuff, but I'm not a druid. If I'd had someone to train me then I might have been an emissary. Deaton never liked me though, and I had no contacts to find someone to learn from. There wasn't anyone Peter trusted enough to reach out to. Apparently I was stronger than druids usually are."

"Hm." That was... actually not surprising. And since she wasn't fully trained it made a certain amount of sense that she'd never told them. "You have the talent though."

"Yeah, I guess?"

"I know a few emissaries. If you want to learn more, I can find you a teacher. This pack could use an emissary of our own."

"Wait, seriously?" Jensen perked up, eyes wide. Cougar relaxed a fraction, the only sign that he had previously been tense.

"Of course," Clay gave her a smile. "Hell, you already tick off a lot of the duties." He paused, and decided that he really should mention what was tugging at the back of his mind. "So, how often do you draw sigils in Cougar's blood?"

"Eh," Jensen waved a hand as Cougar rolled his eyes. "It comes up more often than you'd think."

"But Cougar didn't know what you were going to do back there?"

"Well, I didn't have time to explain everything."

"Seriously?" Roque spoke up. "You trust her enough to just randomly stab yourself?"

"Si," Cougar nodded and grinned lazily. "Last time it was to amplify her laptop's wi-fi. Time before that was to destroy the prison we were being kept in. Is usually worth it."

Clay, Roque and Pooch all started at the mates.

"That settles it," Roque shook his head. "You're definitely crazier than she is."

Everyone - even Jensen and Cougar - nodded in agreement.

Chapter End Notes

Guys. GUYS. I now have two other fics (not in this series) jumping around in my brain. One messes with the generally-accepted order of when the Losers joined (Jensen was first, Roque was last). The other is a complete AU with the Losers running a childcare centre.

Clay is in charge. Jensen is the receptionist who everyone loves (Cougar especially). Cougar and Pooch take care of the kids - Pooch is friends with everyone, and Cougar is good at calming kids down from tantrums/crises and spotting when someone's about to do something stupid (he's had plenty of practice watching Jensen). Roque takes care of the babies. Aisha is their lawyer.

Someone stop me. Or, y'know, send iced tea and ice cream and I'll write sooner.

Marking Territory

Chapter Summary

Finally Cougar and Jensen do something that Clay recognises as romantic.

Chapter Notes

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

Jensen and Cougar were mates. The pack knew it, just as they knew that the moon would rise and seasons would change. It was one of life's certainties. Even Pooch, human as he was, never doubted it. They forgot that to people outside of the pack things looked a little different, especially when they didn't seem to have any outside mark of their relationship.

They were reminded of this when Cougar got slapped at a bar.

"Ooo, that's gonna sting," Jensen winced from where she and the others were watching. Clay nodded in agreement. Cougar seemed to accept it though, and just nodded, picked up his drink, and made his way back to the table.

"What was that about?" Pooch asked. "Never seen you strike out that bad before."

"She wanted to take me home for the weekend," Cougar shrugged. "Told her I'd have to check with my wife. She took offense."

"Aw, poor boo," Jensen was snickering as she tried to be sympathetic. "She thought you were a cheating bastard."

"Be fair," Pooch said. "You two are not normal."

"We should be. We're much more sensible than most couples."

Cougar seemed to be taking it all rather well, so Clay didn't worry. Indeed, Cougar's arm was resting along the back of Jensen's chair and she was leaning happily into it. After a little more back and forth teasing between Pooch and Jensen (who seemed to have established a sibling-like relationship when Clay wasn't looking), Jensen suddenly sat up straight with her trademark 'I'm about to cause some mayhem' grin.

"No," Clay cut her off. "Whatever you're thinking, no."

"But Colonel..."

"No. We like this bar. We want to come back here. No mayhem."

Jensen crossed her arms and pouted, while Cougar shot him a dark look. Pooch just cackled, little shit-stirrer that he was. At least Roque was on his side.

Wait, no, Roque had gone to get more drinks.

"Fiiiiine," Jensen finally acquiesced. She almost immediately perked up again. "I have a better idea anyway."

With that, she pulled a sharpie from her pocket, turned, and straddled Cougar's lap. He just went with it, moving his hands to her thighs to help her balance and allowing her to tilt his head back, baring his throat. Clay blinked in surprise. This was new. Then Jensen started writing on Cougar's throat, and Clay wasn't entirely sure that he wanted to know what her plan was.

Roque got back just as Jensen leaned back to admire her work, and he grinned as he read it aloud.

"Property of M. Jensen," was written on one side. "You can borrow but you can't keep him," was along the other.

"There you go," Jensen gave Cougar a peck on the lips and then retreated back to her own chair. "Have fun."

Cougar rolled his eyes, but when Jensen pointed towards a group of women apparently celebrating a hen party, he kissed her cheek and went.

"Marking your territory?" Roque commented. Jensen shrugged.

"Well, no one can see the permanent mark unless he takes his shirt off."

"Wait, what?" Pooch frowned.

"We got tattoos of each other," Jensen explained. "Here." She pulled the neckline of her shirt down past her collar-bone, and there it was - just above her heart was palm-sized picture of... yes, that was a cougar, wearing a cowboy hat, curled up in a nest. "Cougar has the rune Kenaz made from computer circuitry with sparks coming off of it. We both marked our territory pretty early on."

Clay considered that, then smiled.

"Now that's romantic."

Chapter End Notes

I'll draw their tats at some point. Might even post them here. Next story is already up, and I have three more ideas for fics in this series and another four not in this series.

Dammit, these guys have taken over my head! Why can't I finish of Murder Families?
Hannibal's getting annoyed at me!

End Notes

Comments feed the insane plotbunnies.

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