

## **I like the way it hurts**

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# **I like the way it hurts**

by [Chuyolis](#)

## Summary

Misha has a rape fantasy, Jensen is more than happy to oblige.

## Notes

Written for a prompt on spn-kink meme on livejournal here: <http://spnkink-meme.livejournal.com/59871.html?thread=17535711#t17535711>

So, this is kinda my first fic? And I chose to go all out with a fully blown rape fantasy, wow...

Misha is puttering about.

The cabin doesn't give him much to do. It's secluded up in the mountains and Misha's been going stir crazy for the last few days. He loves the woods, that's not it, he loves hiking and walking through undisturbed nature, but he likes to do it with company. He's a people person, not really meant to be left alone to his own devices.

Jensen had come up with him, but he is gone a lot, down into town to pick things up.

Checking the clock, he realizes that Jensen should be home in about 30 minutes and Misha starts up dinner. It's nothing fancy, pasta and meatballs, but it keeps him occupied. He's humming some tune he'd heard on the radio that morning and doesn't hear the door open, or the shoes on the floor as he's humming to himself, swaying around the kitchen, lost in his own head.

Jensen always did say that it would get him into trouble one day.

A pair of hands grab him, one over his mouth and nose, the other catching his arms behind his back. His eyes widen and he tries to scream, but it comes out muffled and he can't draw air back in properly with the fingers splayed across his nose.

He kicks out, anything to get loose, but his captor is behind him and he can't see to aim and there's no leverage.

"Well, look what we have here," a rough voice whispers in his ear, an almost exaggerated Texas accent colouring every word. Misha draws a deep breath as soon as the hand moves away from his face, but screams again when it travels down his body, crawls up under his shirt, bucking in desperation to get the other man off him.

His captor chuckles. "Keep screaming all you want, babe, there's no one here to hear you."

He's stronger than Misha, that much is apparent and Misha, for all his endurance, is tiring quickly in his panic.

"No, stop, please," he cries when the hand starts travelling south, sliding fingers past the waistband of his jeans.

"No underwear, huh?" Misha can hear the laughter in the other man's voice. "Oh, you slut, you must want this bad."

Misha shakes his head mutely, trying to deny that this is happening. But at the same time, he can feel himself growing hard when his captor squeezes around the front of his jeans.

"Look, you want this, stop being such a bitch about it."

"No!" Misha cries and, putting all of his strength into one move, shoves the man off and runs for the door.

He doesn't get very far.

A hand closes around his ankle before he can get within two feet of the door and he falls to the floor, all air leaving him in a rush coupled with the sudden slap to his face leaving him dazed as his captor climbs on top of him.

"No," Misha pleads again, hands trying to push the other man away, but he just laughs, capturing Misha's hands together above his head and grinds their hips together. Misha moans, because no matter how scared he is, his body is responding with a half hard cock and an over sensitivity that makes everything just that much sharper.

"Knew you'd be a whore for it," the man says and pushes Misha's shirt up with his free hand. Misha is still struggling, but when the man bites his left nipple, all thoughts leave him for a few seconds. He has extraordinary sensitive nipples, and from the sound of laughter, the man figured it out as well. "Knew the second I saw you down in town that you'd spread your legs for me."

The man takes a firm grip on Misha's hair and pulls him along, ignoring Misha's struggles, like they didn't even bother him.

When Misha is dragged onto the bed he and Jensen has been sharing for the past weeks, he can't ignore what's going to happen anymore. He stays still, waits for an opening in the man's defense and *there*. He runs to the door, pulling on the handle and realizes, with a sinking heart, that the man behind him is laughing with a jangling of keys accompanying the sound. The door is locked. He won't be getting out.

The man comes towards him. He isn't that much taller than Misha, but he is a lot larger in bulk and those extra inches are sorely felt when the man is hulking over him, hand on Misha's throat.

Misha gasps when the man presses down, just barely enough for it to be felt, but it's amplified in his terror and his breath is coming in short, staccato gasps.

"Please, stop," he whimpers, hands on the man's arm, trying to pull his hand off his throat. When he can't and the white grin just widens, he starts to panic and scratches on the exposed

skin with blunt nails. The man doesn't seem to care, green eyes boring into Misha's skin, like they could see inside his head. Misha is leaving red lines down the man's arm, but the man just presses in a little harder, the other hand unbuttoning Misha's jeans.

The sound of the zipper being pulled down eggs Misha on in his fight and he kicks out, wily body slinking out of the harsh grip as the man yells when Misha's bare foot connects with his shin.

He chuckles when he sees Misha on the other side of the bed. "You'll pay for that," he promises darkly.

Maybe Misha's brain doesn't process as fast as it should, because before he can react, the man has a firm grip on his hair again, slamming him fast first down on the bedspread, bent at the waist over the side of the bed. Misha's hands try to pry the man's hand out of his hair, and the grip shifts from his hair to the back of his neck, where he centers his weight.

His jeans are being pushed down his legs and he can do nothing but plead and twist in the harsh grip, arms all but useless in his vulnerable position.

Another zipper is pulled down and Misha fights even harder until he feels something large and blunt against his hole and he stops. He stays very, very still, barely breathing as the man ruts against him. His cock is sliding over the rim of Misha's hole that is still a little slick from where Jensen had fucked him that morning, slow and loving on the same bed before going into town to pick up something else.

"Look at that pretty little hole," the man says and Misha's mind is drawing up blanks on how to fight him off. He's exhausted, skin covered in a thin sheen of sweat and he's rock hard.

"Gonna fuck you so hard, babe."

"Please don't," he tries begging again, voice growing rough from all the screaming and shaky with emotions clogging up his throat. "I won't tell, I swear, just please don't."

Two fingers are pressed to Misha's lips in answer and he hesitates, just for a second, before taking them in. They press against his tongue and the man leans over him, weight pressing along Misha's back.

"Suck 'em good, babe, or maybe that'll be the only lube I use."

Misha sucks on the two fingers, tongue swirling around them, coating them liberally in spit. He can feel the man's thumb caressing his cheek where it rests against his face in even movements and for a moment, that's all that happens.

Until the man ruts against him again and Misha bites down on the fingers in his mouth.

"Fuck, you bitch!" The man cries, ripping his fingers out and slapping Misha's ass hard. He shoves both of the spit covered fingers into Misha at once, no gentling into the prep. Misha just considers himself lucky that Jensen fucked him earlier, because the man's movements are

rough and demanding and his fingers feel huge where they are plunging in and out of Misha's body, the spit and leftover lube making the whole exchange just barely on the right side of slick.

A third finger is introduced and Misha can't help but moan, half in pain, half in pleasure at the insistent stretching of his body. He keeps his head down, whimpering at every inward thrust of the man's fingers, because he's hitting Misha's prostate with deadly accuracy and the way his body is clinging to the thick fingers is almost enough, but not really, to fall over into pain.

The way he's being stretched, hard and unforgiving, the side of his face pressed into the mattress with a hand holding him down on his neck, it triggers something and suddenly he's full to bursting with pleasure, hips moving against the man's hand against his will. He doesn't want to want this, but his body clearly have other ideas.

"You're such a whore," the man hisses. "Bet you'd take anything up that fuckhole of yours and beg for more, wouldn't you?"

Misha tries to shake his head, tries to say 'no', but the hand around his neck tightens until there are tears of pain in his eyes and he can't do more than whimper.

Suddenly, the whole thing stops. The fingers are pulled out and he can't stop the moan of protest, the way his hips stutter backwards to try recapturing them inside his body. The hand is lifted from his neck and there's nothing holding him down. Brain finally kicking in, he tries to move on shaky legs, flings himself up on the bed, trying to reach the other side, but the man is having none of it.

He lands painfully on the mattress, face down with a muscled arm around his waist as he struggles, yells wordlessly and fights to get away.

"You fuckin' whore, stay still!"

The man gets Misha under him, sits on the small of Misha's back and captures his hands behind his back. Misha moans out a denying 'no' when he feels something wrapping around his wrists. The man doesn't care, doesn't listen, Misha doesn't know which but it doesn't matter.

It feels like rope and no matter how he twists his arms and hands, he can't get out or find a knot to unravel.

The man's cock is lined up with his hole again and he's thrusting up and down the crack of Misha's ass, occasionally pushing his cock just a little more inside, making Misha's muscles burn painfully. He seems to notice, because he leans down where Misha's shoulders are taking the brunt of his kneeling weight. He pulls Misha's head up by his hair, fingers curling around the strands and making Misha hiss in pain.

"Where do you keep the lube, babe?" He asks, breath hot on Misha's ear as he nibbles on it. Misha can't help but shiver. His legs are spread wide and he can't close them because of the man between them, he's completely vulnerable, hands tied and throat exposed. "Babe? Lube. I can take you dry if you like, but it's not as nice for either of us. Well, it'll get better for me when you start bleedin' but..."

Misha's eyes widen and he nods towards the nightstand, not trusting his voice to hold.

"Good bitch," the man murmurs and reaches out to take it. There's a snick of the cap being opened and Misha suddenly throws more strength into struggling. He doesn't get anywhere, pinned down as he is, but he apparently manages to elbow the guy in the ribs if the winded 'oof' is anything to go by. He cries out in surprise and pain at the sharp sting when the man slaps his ass, but he keeps struggling.

The man places a hand between his shoulderblades and presses down, pinning Misha to the bed as he rains slaps down on Misha's ass. It hurts and the force is bruising. He doesn't stop until Misha's ass is practically glowing red, radiating heat.

"You stupid fuckin' slut," he growls. "Thought I'd be nice an' considerate, but you've fucked up now. You're just a hole for me to use anyway, who cares if it hurts."

There is the sound of him slicking up his cock, but after that, both his hands are on Misha's hips, holding him perfectly still as he lines up his cock and thrusts.

It hurts. Oh god, it hurts and Misha can't breathe, only take short gasps of air as he tries to breathe through the intensity of it all. The man has stilled, for which he is grateful, taking a moment.

"Oh yeah, nice an' tight," the man groans, hands kneading Misha's bruised flesh, making Misha whimper in pain. It hurts, but his cock is as hard as ever, hanging hot and heavy between his obscenely spread legs. "Such a nice little fucktoy, should have done this ages ago."

Misha doesn't dare move right now. He curls his hands into fists and suddenly the man is pulling out only to slam back in with groan of satisfaction.

A hand is reaching between Misha's legs and he tries to hide the flush of humiliation by turning his face into the covers when the man finds his rock hard cock.

"Man, you are so fuckin' desperate," he groans. "You're such a whore, gettin' off on this." He squeezes Misha's cock once and then leaves it, hands going back to grip Misha's hips, pulling him back with every thrust, slamming into him with as much force as he's able. And he hits Misha's prostate every time.

Misha is twisting beneath the man, the pain completely gone. His mind keep telling him to fight, but it's drowned out by every nerve ending singing *yesyesyesyes*.

He's completely blindsided by his orgasm, he screams as he comes untouched in long spurts. He can feel his whole body pulsing with his orgasm, and if the man groaning behind him is any indication, so can he. The thrusts speed up, still hitting Misha's prostate dead center, dragging out his orgasm. He whines as the man continues to thrust far beyond that, his body being jerked back and forth on the bed and he is so oversensitive it feels like he's going to shake apart if the man doesn't stop soon. His cock tries valiantly to rise again at the stimulation, but he's so fucked out he doesn't think he'd be able to move, even if the man would get off him.

Four, five, six more thrusts and the man comes inside Misha, filling him up with warm cum. He pulls Misha's ass flush against his hips, shooting his cum as deep as he can, hips still circling and making Misha's breath hitch when he brushes his prostate over and over.

Finally, *finally*, he stills, slumping over Misha, letting him slide down until he's laying flat against the mattress, body covered with the other man who is still inside him.

"Thanks for the fuck, slut," he murmurs, pulls out and leaves, door slamming behind him.

Misha groans, trying to roll over, but his whole body is aching and no, you couldn't pay him to move right now.

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Jensen come in after five minutes, like they'd discussed and Misha is almost asleep by then, body completely lax. He carefully unwinds the rope from Misha's wrists, kisses the back of his neck where his hands have left red marks. He carefully wipes Misha down, taking extra care to double check that he didn't tear him.

Misha had wanted rough and painful, but it eases Jensen's consciousness to see that the rag is clean of blood.

He rolls Misha over, pulling away the cover on the bed they had laid out beforehand and lets Misha sprawl out under it. The sun is slowly going down and Jensen crawls into bed, curling around Misha as he pulls up the blanket around them.

"Was that okay?" He finally asks, hands that before were so rough, gripping Misha's hair, now gently carding through the soft strands.



"Th't was p'rfect," Misha mumbles, flinging an arm around Jensen and forcing his limbs to comply long enough to curl into Jensen's arms, head tucked under Jensen's chin, enjoying the way Jensen's hand stroked down his back.

The last thing Misha feels before he falls asleep is a kiss dropped on the top of his head and then he lets sleep take him.

# Prequel

## Chapter Summary

So, maybe the idea gets Jensen all hot and bothered, but he'll be damned if they don't go about this correctly.

## Chapter Notes

So the prequel, the negotiation of the fantasy, comes after because it just made more sense to me to read it that way. And I wanted/needed the actual talking about the negotiation.

"So let me get this straight, you want me to *rape* you."

Misha rolls his eyes like he can't believe how slow Jensen's being

"No, I want you to pretend that you're someone else, coming in and 'raping' me," Misha makes airquotes around the word *raping*, as if it would soften the impact.

There's a few issues Jensen has with that, safety being first and foremost on his mind, but he can't deny that it sends a thrill through him at the thought of Misha, struggling but helpless beneath him.

"We'd need a scenario, safewords and checkpoints," he finally says and the smile Misha gives him is almost blinding.

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The process is long and takes a lot of time and planning. The scene is still a rough sketch, but that's how Misha wants it. He wants it half improvised, only knowing the basics of where it

will play out and in what order. He has given a list of acceptable kinks and Jensen has modified it and that note is sent back and forth until they have something concrete they can agree on.

Safewords come after that. 'No' and 'stop' won't work for obvious reasons. They haven't played a lot in this kind of scenes before, so they don't really have an established safeword, but they both agree on that the word "torch" most likely will never come up in a conversation during sex.

They slowly get themselves used to the word, and after a while it works just as well as saying no for either of them and it doesn't feel strange anymore to say it in situations that they aren't comfortable with.

Jensen knows Misha thinks he's overthinking the whole thing, but he'll be damned if he doesn't do everything he can to make sure everything goes according to plan and that they are as safe as they possibly can.

"I don't want you to use a condom," Misha says one night yawning as he crawls into bed. Jensen is barely awake himself, so he doesn't quite get it at first.

"During the scene," Misha clarifies. "It wouldn't make sense and we're both clean, right?"

It becomes something of an argument between them, condom or not condom, but Jensen eventually relents after extracting a promise that he'd be thoroughly prepared instead.

The days keep passing and they work out checkpoints. Misha thinks they're unnecessary, but Jensen is adamant on that point. It's as much for Jensen's state of mind as Misha's, to know that they're both still on board with the whole thing.

One checkpoint goes before preparation. Jensen presses two fingers against Misha's lips and if he doesn't want to continue, he just refuses to take them in.

Another is placed after penetration, Misha's hands curling into fists when he feels ready for Jensen to move. They're both aware that he'll probably be in some pain at the time and Jensen isn't willing to move until Misha feels he's good and ready for it.

They rent a cabin in the mountains Misha has been wanting to go back to since last year when Jensen took him hiking and they both know that it's a pretty ideal place to play out their scene.

Misha doesn't want to know when it's going to happen. Jensen shrugs and complies, making sure to work out a routine that won't make Misha suspicious on the day he actually does it. So he makes love to Misha in the mornings, making sure he's slightly stretched out and then leaves to go into town.

He buys groceries one day, just drives around town the other. He knows he's driving Misha

nuts, knows Misha was looking forward to actually hiking and not just sitting still getting cabin fever, but this is the best way to sneak up unnoticed.

On the day he decides is finally the day, he just drives far enough to know the sounds of the engine of the car can't be heard anymore and hikes back up. It takes him a little while, but he's not exactly in a rush.

Misha doesn't hear when the door opens, considering Jensen had oiled it well. He's humming out of tune to some new popsong from the radio, lost in his own head and doesn't even hear the sound of Jensen's shoes on the hardwood floor.

Jensen grins, he always did say that it would get Misha into trouble one day.

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