**Bonded Through Sin**

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**Bonded Through Sin**

by [FormidablePassion](http://archiveofourown.org/users/FormidablePassion), [helvonasche](http://archiveofourown.org/users/helvonasche), [madamelibrarian](http://archiveofourown.org/users/madamelibrarian), [Mrs_SimonTam_PHD](http://archiveofourown.org/users/Mrs_SimonTam_PHD), [when_the_day_met_the_night](http://archiveofourown.org/users/when_the_day_met_the_night)
Summary

Kink #1: ABO (Helfu Rules)
Sam Winchester x Reader

Written by HelvonAsche

Requested by @oriona75, yeah, dis bitch asked for a lot.. and I’m gonna give it to her. Hard. <3

Helfu ABO Rules - Just some guidelines we use for ABO, explained on @helvonasche and @madamelibrarian's Tumbrls.
Your heat had hit early. Sam knew it. You knew it. Hell, that poor gas station attendant knew it. You reeked of slick and desperation.

Practically throwing you into the car, Sam could barely contain himself as he drove to the nearest motel. His hand palming his cock while he stole glances of you in the passenger seat, whimpering with three fingers deep inside your pussy. Being so close to him made it impossible to cum without him, but you put on one hell of a show as he struggled to get the two of you to the motel in one piece.

Two car doors slamming, the motel key in the lock, and you were out of sight. Sam had a hand in your hair as he walked you back to the bed, you felt the soft mattress nudge the back of your thighs before he pushed you backwards. He towered over you for a moment before he slowly knelt between your legs and pushed your skirt up.

“You are always stunning, but…” he trailed off as he gripped the fabric of your skirt tight then tore it in half, “…there is something about your heat that makes you irresistible.”

“Sam, quit teasing, I need you,” you begged, hoping he’d go down on you.
He stood, unzipping his jeans and pulling his cock out before crawling over you. “I can’t wait,” he panted as he lined himself up and drove into you.

Howling with pleasure as he filled you in one thrust, you wove your fingers in his hair and planted a hand on his shoulder as he pumped his hips. It didn’t take long before you were crying out his name as your cunt milked his cock.
“Nnggh,” Sam moaned into Lucifer’s ear.

Lucifer’s hand didn’t stop it’s slow and gentle glide across the bulge in Sam’s slacks. “Remember, you’re the one in charge of getting the contract from Alistair, so don’t let the others bully you. Don’t be a little sub for them. That’s reserved for one man, and who’s that?”

“You, Sir,” Sam breathed, barely daring to rock his hips into the delicious friction.

“Good boy,” Lucifer purred softly. “Also, Meg’s going to go over the figures for divorce lawyers. I want a copy of them on my desk, so don’t forget to jot them down.”

Sam’s head dropped to Lucifer’s shoulder, panting heavily. He loved this, loved it when Lucifer took control like this, in the open, where anyone can see them.

“Crowley’s going to go into the publishing contracts, I need you to remind him about the loophole in the contract for Metatron Armstrong, the one that damages the publisher. Have him reword it so it is more damaging towards Mr. Armstrong,” Lucifer continued, his voice smooth and silky against Sam’s ear.
All of Sam’s blood was rushing south, urging him to buck, but he couldn’t, Lucifer preferred it if he was still for this…

“Can you remember all of that for me, Sam?” Lucifer murmured. “Remember what you’re supposed to do at the meeting for me?”

“Y-yeah,” Sam mewed. “Sir, please.”

“You’re close already?” There was cruel amusement in Lucifer’s voice. “So close to ruining your nice little suit…”

While that would later prove to be highly embarrassing, Sam couldn’t help himself. He wanted to cum. Screw it. It’s Lucifer’s fault anyways that he’s not allowed to wear underwear…

Lucifer’s hand slowly withdrew, Sam leaning into him bodily.

“I will fuck you properly when you do as I have asked, Sam,” Lucifer murmured. “And you know that I will, don’t you?”

Sam nodded, groaning. His balls were heavy, his dick was hard-

And Lucifer, his boss, his lover, his Dom, was gone.

Sam scowled internally at his cock before straightening himself up and hurrying towards the meeting.

He did want to be able to cum tonight, after all.
Morning Sex - Michael x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche, Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Chapter Summary

Kink #71: Morning Sex
Michael x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by @lux-tuli, thanks love!! Always glad to see Michifer <3

Michael couldn’t help but smile lazily as he felt Lucifer press up and into him from behind. “Luce,” he groaned. “It’s morning.”

“Yes, good morning to you too,” his other half hummed pleasantly, pressing his length between the cleft of Michael’s cheeks.

“Mornings are for sleeping,” Michael laughed, amused by his brother’s eagerness.

Lucifer chuckled lowly. “Mornings are for sex, Michael. Nice, slow, lazy sex before I have to go be a responsible angel.”

Turning over, Michael wrapped his wings around Lucifer and buried his head into his shoulder. “Mine.”

“All yours, Mikey, yes, now let me fuck you,” Lucifer cooed.

“I’m sure that sounded better in your head,” Michael admonished, hitching his leg up around Lucifer’s waist easily.

“Probably,” Lucifer said blithely, reaching down to guide his cock into Michael’s hole, the older archangel groaning in pleasure as the younger slid into him slowly, “but hey, I’m getting inside you now.”

Michael held Lucifer in his arms as he bottomed out, both of them groaning as the gentle rhythm started up, Lucifer for once not rushing.

“Isn’t this nice, Michael?” Lucifer murmured, tilting his head down to kiss along Michael’s temple, “Isn’t it nice to love like this?”

“You have such a way with words,” Michael hummed, looking up at Lucifer before they kissed, lips colliding in a familiar way as they slowly drank each other in.

Heaven melted away and it was just the two of them, lost in carnal delight and absolute love.

The ache in Michael’s groin was slow building and warm, slowly bursting into flames the longer Lucifer rocked into him, nibbled on his lower lip, breathed poetry into the air.

“I’m close, Luce,” he whispered.
“Me too, Michael,” Lucifer murmured. “Cum whenever. I’m right here.”

That was all the validation Michael needed, and he came all over his brother with a groan and a shudder, Grace flashing behind his borrowed body’s eyes.

Lucifer had more self control, more patience than Michael had, but it wasn’t that much longer after Michael had clenched down on his cock in release that Lucifer spilled into Michael, moaning into their kiss.

The two laid there in companionable silence afterwards, exchanging tender kisses and soft touches while they came down from their high together.

“I should get going.”

It was Lucifer who broke the glow.

“You should,” Michael agreed, moaning as he felt Lucifer slip from his hole.

“Same place tonight?” Lucifer hummed, not removing himself from the bed.

“And same time tomorrow,” Michael purred. “Best way to wake up in the mornings.”

Lucifer laughed softly and kissed Michael sweetly. “Sex?”

“No.” Michael looked deep into Lucifer’s bright blue gaze. “Sex with the most beautiful being in creation and the Morning Star.”

Lucifer chuckled and kissed Michael again. “And the Morning Star has a job to get to as do you,” his voice lowered as he brushed his lips against Michael’s ear, “Viceroy.”

Michael growled and swatted Lucifer’s ass. “Get going before you’re late,” He murmured.

Lucifer laughed and rolled out of bed happily. “Yes, Sir,” he purred as he went to go put his robes on.

Michael shook his head in amusement and stretched out lazily in their shared bed.

There were definitely perks to being with the Morning Star, and morning sex was most of those.
The strain in your shoulders would have gotten to you at this point, but it was the least of your concerns as Dean pumped his cock into you. His fist in your hair and the undeniable fullness were your only focus.

“Almost there…” he growled.

A keening moan fell from your lips as his knot began to swell, and your orgasm gripped you. For a moment you were rigid, on your hands and knees for an eternity before your body went slack and you collapsed onto your front. Dean, not missing a beat, as still on top of you, thrusting into you as his knot continued to swell and lock him inside your cunt.

His arms wrapped around you as came deep inside you, his hips jerking with aftershocks. You felt whole in that moment, unable to think of a better place on Earth and dreading when his knot would go down; you craved the closeness of being knotted. Coming out of your mind as he brushed your hair from your face, he pressed a tender kiss to your cheek and you smiled.

Dean brushed his nose along your jaw as he whispered, “Can we just stay like this?”
“I know you can fuck me harder than that,” Sam laughed breathlessly, tilting his head back to let it rest against Lucifer’s shoulder.

“Shh, baby,” Lucifer purred, pressing the knife into Sam’s throat a little more, watching a tiny line of crimson grace the already dirty blade, “I can’t pile drive you into our guest, or I will end up killing you. Now, I know that you wouldn’t mind that, if I murdered you while I fucked you, but I’d like to keep you a little bit longer.”

Sam groaned as his dick rubbed against the blood soaked denim and cotton of the corpse beneath them, smearing ruby red flesh in the coppery substance. “That may be true,” he breathed, turning to nip at Lucifer’s jaw.

Lucifer smirked. “Trust me, babe, I know it is.”

The knife trailed itself down Sam’s naked torso, right down the center. Skin peeled away in its wake, thinly, falling open like a gory flower.

“I could drive this knife between your ribs as I plowed into you,” Lucifer breathed in Sam’s ear, his hips giving a particularly vicious snap, “And not feel a thing.”

“Then do it,” Sam taunted with a moan. “Kill me, and fuck into my corpse, feel my life slowly bleed away.”

“Oh you make it sound so poetic,” Lucifer cooed. “Maybe one day, but not today. Today I want to fuck a killer, not a killee.”

“I think the term is ‘victim’, Lucifer,” Sam groaned just as he came all over the corpse.

The knife was at his neck again, digging in a bit more firmly as Lucifer followed right behind him.

“I hope you sleep well, Sammy,” Lucifer purred, “I’ll most likely kill you in the morning.”

“Not if I don’t kill you first,” Sam smirked, twisting his head to place a bloody kiss on Lucifer’s lips.
“Goddammit, Dean!” Adam snapped at his oldest half-brother and sometimes lover. “I’d like to cum sometime this century!”

Dean raised a brow and crossed his arms over his chest. “Watch your tone, young man,” he said calmly, far too calmly. Warning bells should be going off in Adam’s head. They were not.

“Watch my tone?” Adam repeated in disbelief. “Oh, yeah, sure, go all big brother daddy on me. It may’ve worked on Sam, but it ain’t gonna work on me, Dean!”

Dean sighed. He didn’t want to do this. But Adam was just getting mouthier and mouthier. He slid a mask of cold but not entirely unkind indifference onto his face. “Clothes. Off. Now.”

Adam looked at Dean in wide eyed surprise. Dean’s voice was lower, deeper, asked for no argument, just complete and utter obedience. There was a tendril of John Winchester in his voice.

Dean cocked his head at Adam when the boy hadn’t snapped to doing what he commanded, fixing him with a dark look that sent shivers down Adam’s spine. “Adam. If your clothes are not off in the next two minutes…” He let the threat hang, and Adam sprang into action, throwing his clothes this way and that. His throat dried up as Dean took a seat upon the motel bed once Adam was naked, his cock standing at half mast.

“Come here.” Dean’s voice still carried that tone, and Adam decided not to press his luck and do as Dean said.

“Lay on my lap,” Dean ordered, and Adam did so, feeling utterly exposed and vulnerable as he did so, especially when his older brother grabbed his wrists and held him fast behind his back.

“I’m going to fix your attitude with aspanking, and it’s going to end with you on your knees sucking me off,” Dean said with a soft, dark purr, running his calloused hand over Adam’s pale, unblemished rear. “And it will fix your attitude, do you understand?”

“Yes, Dean,” Adam said, pressing his face into the rough denim of Dean’s calf.

The first slap resounded throughout the room, loud and stinging, but what surprised Adam was how fucking good it felt, having been jarred forward when his hand connected.
Dean showed no mercy, covering Adam’s ass from the top to the bottom and even down to the tops of his thighs a little bit. The entire time, the youngest Winchester son panted and moaned, almost allowing the force of Dean’s hits, be they soft and gentle or hard and resounding, to help him rut against the denim of Dean’s thighs, allowing the burn to fill him up. He allowed the heat to spread. He felt his balls drawing up tight, heard his cries of mild pain turn into moans of pleasure and, before he knew it, was cumming hard, all over Dean’s jeans.

“Did you just cum, Adam?” Dean’s voice cut through his post orgasmic haze fairly quickly.

Adam simply hummed his content.

“Did I say you could?” Dean smirked.

Adam groaned. “No.”

“Thought not.” Dean ran his hand soothingly over Adam’s red ass. “You know what that means? After you suck me off, I’m getting out the cock cage, sliding it on you, and spanking you again for disobeying me.”

“Totally worth it,” Adam sighed happily.

Dean laughed softly. “We’ll see about that in a week,” he said.
Middle Of The Night Sex - Sam x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche, Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Chapter Summary

Kink #69: Middle Of The Night Sex
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

There was a weight draping itself over Sam’s back. He fought against years of instinct until he could figure out who and/or what was on his back.

When his mate’s chilled body pressed up against his, mouthing at his neck, he relaxed, but groaned.

“What time izzit?” he mumbled sleepily.

“Half past midnight,” Lucifer breathed, spreading his asscheeks apart a little bit.

“Luce. It’s the middle of the night,” Sam sleepily protested.

“You don’t have to do a damn thing,” Lucifer murmured soothingly, still finding Sam open from their earlier liaison and smirking. “You can remain all nice and sleepy, babe, I’ll do all the work.”

“Could do no work,” Sam mumbled, groaning as Lucifer breached him once more.

“Silly, sleepy human,” Lucifer chuckled, bottoming out fairly quickly. Wrapping his arms around Sam’s torso, he flipped them so they were laying on their sides, legs tangled together and every inch pressing against each other. Lucifer gave a gentle roll of his hips and smiled at Sam’s sleepy groan of pleasure.

“Sleep, my love,” Lucifer breathed, gently sucking on Sam’s earlobe. “I’ll be right here.”

“Want you to…” Sam’s sleepy protest was cut off by a gentle, yet firm kiss from his mate, Lucifer slotting his hand over his mark, right on Sam’s heart. Sam groaned and melted into Lucifer, feeling the possessive love flow through him.

“Sleep, Sam. Don’t worry, my cock’s not leaving your greedy little hole anytime soon,” Lucifer whispered.

Sam smiled, his eyes remaining shut, no longer fluttering. “I love you.”

Lucifer smiled tenderly, brushing his lips over Sam’s again. “I love you too.”

When he pulled away, Sam was asleep, and Lucifer grinned to himself as he gently began fucking Sam’s pliant body.
I love middle of the night sex, he thought to himself.
“I missed you,” Sam muttered as he practically tore her shirt off. It had been months since they had been together and Sam could barely contain himself. Pushing her against the wall, he bent low as he kissed her neck to hook his hands under her knees and lift her up.

Arms wrapped around his neck, Y/N was a panting mess when she heard his zipper, “Missed you so much Sam.” Her panties were long gone, the drive back to the bunker had been a test in restraint; both Y/N and Sam struggled to keep their hands off each other.

Sam gripped his cock and slid the head along her sex, “How much did you miss me?”

Digging her nails into his shoulders, she groaned, “Don’t tease, it’s been too long.”

He pressed his forehead against hers as he began to shallowly thrust into her, dragging out fully penetrating her until she was begging for it, “But I don’t want to hurt you.”

Gripping the back of his head, Y/N practically growled, “I swear to God, if you don’t fuck- oh fuck!”

Sam slammed his cock into her dripping cunt, bottoming out suddenly to cut her off. Grinning as he ground his hips against her as she moaned, “You sure you’re ready?”

“Yes,” she whispered.
Pressing the gauze against his arm, you can barely contain your anger, “Damnit, this is serious Dean.”

“Just a few stitches and some whiskey, I’ll be right as rain,” he said, hissing at the end as you continued to clean the gash.

“Sam’s better at this,” you said under your breath. You knew he could hear you, and normally you wouldn’t say anything but you were beyond being delicate.

Twisting to look at his injury, Dean said, his voice a bit distant, “Just a few more and we’re done.”

Tying off the last suture, you wrap his arm as carefully as you can manage before taking a shower to get his blood off your skin. You loved Dean, but you couldn’t stand his behavior lately. Sam was gone and Dean was getting reckless.

Your hair still damp, you left the bathroom and stopped dead in your tracks as you took in the sight before you. Dean looked up as he lit the candle set in the middle of the motel’s excuse for a dinner table which had two places set.

“I thought… um… “ Dean started but couldn’t finish as you stared at him, “What?”

Walking toward him, you said, “You don’t need to make it up to me-”
“Yes, I do,” Dean interrupted, “I’ve been a dick, just… Let’s have a nice evening while we can.”

Not long after the two of you finished eating, Dean was trying to work out the logistics of not tearing his stitches while going down on you. First he had you on the couch, he was kneeling then on the floor, but the height made it difficult. Then he had you move to the bed; in the middle, handing off the end, and then he figured it out.

You were on your hands and knees while he knelt on the end of the bed, his face buried in your sex. His tongue flicking across your clit, his full lips gently pressing against you as he sucked on your pussylips, but you lost it completely when he gripped your thighs and spread you open with his thumbs.

“Fuck!” you shouted before you felt your cunt clenching around nothing as you rolled your hips against his face.
“Yeah, Mom, of course everything is fine,” Gabriel managed to say in a proper long suffering voice. A feat when Lucifer’s thick cock was inside him. His brother was draped over him, remaining silent as his hips rolled down and into his younger brother’s. Gabriel could feel the wicked little smile on Lucifer’s face, felt it next to his own and he heaved out a sigh, biting back a moan as the head of Lucifer’s dick slid neatly over his prostate.

“Okay, just making sure, you sound out of breath. Is Lucifer there? I’d like to speak to him,” their mother said.

“He’s right here,” Gabriel said, passing the phone to Lucifer, grateful to be making some kind of pleasurable noise-

“Hey, Mom,” Lucifer said casually as he shoved Gabriel’s face into the bed, sitting up a bit. His hips kept up their waves, the angle shifted to a far more pleasurable one and Gabriel groaned, the sound muffled by the comforter. “Yeah, I’m doing good. Yeah, school’s going well. I’m just going to school and work and trying to keep my nose clean.”

Gabriel snorted, which gave way to a loud moan. How does Lucifer know his body better than he knows his own.

“I’m careful, Mom,” Lucifer was saying, his voice smooth and even. How could he sound so calm, so in control?

Gabriel decided the next time their mother called, he was going to wreck his brother.
Fingers curled around Sam’s throat as he tilted his head back into the sweaty skin of his lover, panting quietly as he did so. Lucifer’s forefinger and thumb gently caressed his carotids as he felt the weight of his hand press against his Adam’s apple. His breath hitched.

“Like it when I toy with you like this, don’t you?” Lucifer breathed into his ear hotly, nipping the sensitive skin just below. “Like knowing that I could deprive you of breath in an instant.”

“Fuck, Luce,” Sam breathed as he relaxed.

“Want it?” Lucifer asked, a smirk pressing into the meat of Sam’s shoulder.

“Yes.”

Suddenly, Sam couldn’t breathe. There was nothing, nothing except the sound of blood rushing to his ears, stars blooming behind his eyelids, and the weight of Lucifer’s hand on his throat, crushing it…

Sam took in a lungful of air and melted into the bed, groaning as he felt Lucifer stiffen and cum deep inside of him.

“You always seem to enjoy that,” Lucifer smirked, running a soothing hand down Sam’s spine. “You doing okay there, baby?”

“Mmm,” Sam hummed. “Oh yes.” His voice was raspy and Lucifer chuckled.

“See, this is why we rarely toy with hypoxia and choking,” he admonished. “You end up like a useless sack of potatoes.”

“I am not useless, nor am I a vegetable used for a variety of delicious things,” Sam mumbled.

Lucifer pulled out and laid down beside him, wrapping Sam up in his arms. “You are delicious, though.”

Sam huffed a throaty laugh and closed his eyes, pressing his head to Lucifer’s chest. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, little human. Now get some sleep.” Lucifer brushed his lips across the top of Sam’s head.
Sam coughed softly and Lucifer soothed him, running his fingers through his hair.

“I know, I know,” he murmured quietly. “I know it’s a lot to take in, but I know you can do it.”

Their bus driver, it seemed, decided to go over a series of potholes, jarring the couple in their seats.

Sam gagged softly and Lucifer tucked the blanket a bit more firmly around him, looking around at the darkened bus. Everyone else seemed like they were sleeping, or not paying attention to the couple at all. Which was good.

Sam pulled back a little to suckle on the head and Lucifer resisted giving a moan loud enough to attract attention.

He was surprised when Sam looked around surreptitiously before leaning over, blanket around his shoulders like a cape, and undid Lucifer’s belt. “I think you’re going to enjoy this,” he had murmured.

“On the bus, Samuel?” He had been amused at Sam’s eagerness. “Can’t wait until we’re in the bathroom?”

“We’ve got three hours until our next stop,” Sam had replied, freeing Lucifer’s cock from the confines of his jeans before ducking down and swallowing.

He seemed content to be a cockwarmer for right now, although Lucifer knew Sam’s jaw would be protesting by the time they got off the bus for food and restrooms.

Sam settled back down, his lips around the root of Lucifer’s cock, and he gave a sleepy sort of moan. He tapped Lucifer’s thigh in inquiry.

His older boyfriend huffed a laugh and looked at his phone. “We’re due to be there in an hour,” he murmured. “I’ll get you off in half hour, okay?”

Sam hummed lazily and gave a soft suck.

This certainly wasn’t a bad way to spend a bus ride.
Michael panted, a thin sheen of sweat covering his torso as he rested his head against the rope gathering his wrists together. “Fuck,” he swore.

“Language, Mikey,” Lucifer reproached playfully, giving his ass a firm smack.

Michael groaned and bounced his hips towards Lucifer. “More,” he moaned.

“You want more, Mikey? Tsk, tsk, there’s already four fingers in here,” Lucifer teased. “Is your hole really all that greedy, General?”

“For the love of God, Lucifer,” he gasped.

Lucifer laughed softly, draping himself over Michael’s back as he began to wedge his thumb into Michael’s rear. “I know how much you like it when I call you that,” he breathed. “When I use rank on you like this, to show how far you’ve gone down. Letting a lowly second lieutenant finger open a general. And how much that general begs for his ass to be filled. Because you beg, General. You beg like your life depends on it, you act like a bitch in heat when you need me to do this.”

Michael whined, feeling the back curve of Lucifer’s thumb hook on the inside of his rim. Lucifer’s middle finger skated over his prostate and he keened.

“I wonder how the troops would react if they saw their fearless general on his knees, cock hanging low and wrists tied, moaning like a cheap whore while I finger him open. Although…” Lucifer smirked against his superior’s cheek, giving it a gentle kiss, “I wonder if my entire fist could fit insi-Oh.”

Michael moaned as the rest of Lucifer’s hand slipped inside of him easily, gripping his wrist like a vice.

“I guess it can,” Lucifer purred. His fingers stroked along the inside of Michael’s walls, brushing over his prostate with the middle one again before curling into a fist.

Michael drew in a breath. Fuck. He’s never felt this full.

“Gonna fuck you like this until you cum like a dirty little slut,” Lucifer whispered.
Michael had only one response for that.

“Please.”
Chapter Summary

Kink #118: Voyeurism (Intentional)
TFW, Sam Winchester x Castiel, Dean Winchester (Wincest implied)

Written by madamelibrarian and HelvonAsche

Requested by @manawhaat and helped by @helvonasche.

Sam pulled Cas close, whispering, “Don’t stop,” as he felt the angel’s hand slide into his pants. Without a word, they were naked, their limbs tangled as Sam pulled Castiel close and kissed him with everything he had.

Pulling away as he ground his hips against Sam’s, Cas asked breathlessly, “Top or bottom?”

Grinning wide, Sam laid back and looked at his brother, “Well Dean?”

Dean contemplated the question as he teased the tips of his fingers along the shaft of his cock, “I wouldn’t mind seeing you begging for Cas’ cock. Why don’t you be a good boy and let the angel top?”

“As you wish,” Sam said sweetly as he looked up at Cas.

Castiel pushed Sam’s legs up and scooted close to the hunter so he could grip both shafts. Pressing their cocks together, Cas moaned as he felt Sam’s cock throb with need, “You have to beg, Sam. I can’t help you unless you beg.”

“He can be a stubborn bastard, Cas,” Dean grunted as he finally wrapped his hand around his cock, loosely fisting himself. This had to be his favorite part of being allowed to watch his brother with someone, the anticipation and winding Sam up with each challenging word.

Biting his lip, Sam’s hips began to move involuntarily, “Please, Castiel, please fuck me.”

Cas leaned close, pressing his and Sam’s cocks between their bodies as he whispered, “As you wish.”

Sam groaned as he felt Cas’ grace press against his asshole, “More… please….”

Tightening his grip, Dean kept the slow pace of his hand, mimicking the movements he knew would cause his brother to plead like that. He was almost jealous that Cas was the one to have Sam tonight but all he had to do was be patient. Dean knew that his turn would come eventually.
Lucifer stared down at the hardened cock of his vessel, concealed beneath layers of cotton and denim, with a mild curiosity. *What are you supposed to do with this when it gets like this?* He asked the quiet mind of Nick, who was watching with a sort of wry amusement.

*Well, since I’m a single man, there’s two options,* Nick said in a dry sort of tone. *One is we can go out to a bar and find a hook up and fuck it out.*

Lucifer scowled.

*What? Satan doesn’t like sex? But he’s the one who inspires lust in the hearts of young men and women!* Nick’s voice was laughing.

Lucifer had to admit the irony was rather funny. *It’s not that I don’t like sex,* he said, *it’s more of I find your idea distasteful.*

*Oh good, I was hoping you’d say that,* Nick sighed. *The other idea is to jerk off.*

Lucifer cocked his head side in confusion.

*You might know it by masturbation.*

Lucifer crinkled his nose. *Sounds messy.*

*Oh yeah, it is. The other option is pray it goes the fuck away.*

*Does it?*

*In my experience, no. It does not.*

Lucifer pondered this current dilemma for a few moments before shrugging. *How does one do this?*

*Well, let’s make it good for us,* Nick suggested. *Clothes all the way off.*

Lucifer snapped them off.

*I am so not used to my clothes just randomly disappearing.* Nick sounded like he was sighing. *Lay on the bed, on your back.*
Lucifer did as the human companion asked, feeling the cool sheets press into his back as he shifted to get comfortable.

*Now, it’s different for everyone*, Nick said softly, *on how they start off, what they imagine, if they watch pornography, but we’ll stick to the basics for now. May I have control so I can teach you, so to speak?*

Lucifer nodded, relinquishing control and feeling the human flex his fingers a little bit as if to alleviate stiffness. Once they were satisfactory, Nick began roaming their hands down their body, calloused thumbs brushing over his nipples. Lucifer’s conscious let out a moan, as did Nick’s body.

He felt their skin heat up as Nick continued to let their fingers wander down to the dark golden curls at the root of the hardened flesh. A quick tug to them had Lucifer arching their back, Nick’s throaty moan leaving their mouth.

Warm and rough hands circled around the base, and Lucifer closed their eyes as Nick guided their hand up and down, electricity going up their spine.

*Pick your poison,* Nick whispered. *Guy, girl, other?*

*Guy,* the Devil moaned.

*You top or bottom?* Nick wondered, twisting his wrist at the head and this time the moan that left their shared body, drawn out and breathless, was Lucifer’s.

*Top,* Lucifer breathed. Knowing sex lingo helped, he supposed.

*Oh good,* Nick breathed, *cause I want you to fuck me when you’ve possessed Sam.*

Lucifer groaned.

*Oh, I’ve seen what he looks like, and if he’s got your smooth voice and take charge attitude.* . . Nick shivered, their whole body convulsing with the movement.

*Want me to pin you down and take you?* Lucifer asked softly. *Want me to pull every noise I can out of you while I fuck into you, pinning you down and taking what I want?*

*Fuck, Luce,* Nick groaned, his hand speeding up.

*Oh fuck,* Lucifer, *yes, please.*

*Don’t mention my father’s name in bed,* Lucifer chided. *Just imagine being plowed into, Nick. Imagine me fucking you.*

Nick groaned, precum leaking out of his cock and coating it as he stroked them faster. *Oh fuck,*

*Lucifer, yes, please.*

*Maybe I’ll conjure up a body that mimics this one exactly,* Lucifer smirked, *feeling it spread across their face, and pin you down and take what I want. When I want. And because I know you… and you’re telling me all sorts of wonderful things, I can use them on you.*

*Oh, fuck,* Lucifer, *I’m going… I’m going to cum if you keep that up.*

Lucifer took control of their free hand and their legs. Putting their feet flat on the bed, he lifted their hips and slid their free hand under them to tease at their hole. *Do it.*

They did, two men screaming their pleasure as one whole unit, and as they came down, their legs came out from under them and their arms flopped uselessly to the side. Their cock laid spent against
their thigh, creamy white staining their stomach.

_Can you actually do that?_ Nick wondered after they panted their breaths.

Lucifer took full control then, snapping away the mess and curling up under the blankets. _Do what, make a mimic body to fuck you in?_

Yes.

_I suppose I could. It’d take more demon blood than I’d like, though._

_Do it. I want it._

Lucifer smiled. If he could, he’d kiss Nick. But for now, he’ll settle for brushing his Grace along the human’s soul. _As you wish._
“Cas, I won’t let you do this,” you said, grabbing him by his arm.

“Y/N, let go of me now. I do not want to hurt you.”

“No! I’m tired of you trying to sacrifice yourse-,” getting cut off by Cas ripping his arm out of your grasp.

“That’s what I DO!” Cas said, raising his voice.

Shoving him, you screamed, “NO! I won’t let you do it Cas!”

Grabbing your shoulders, Cas pushed you back against the nearest wall. “What are you gonna do to stop me Y/N?” he growled against your neck.

Without a word you leaned in to crash your lips against his.

“Y/N, what are you doing?” Cas pulled back, confused and still agitated.

“Stopping you,” you said, leaning in to kiss the angel again.

This time, Cas didn’t stop the kiss. Instead, he deepened it. Pulling you closer, you felt Cas’ firm chest press against yours, heaving with every breath he took.

Moving his lips to your neck, you felt Cas’ warm mouth move over your pulse point.

As you moaned, Cas felt your throat vibrate with lust, making him become harder.

Grinding his hips into yours, you felt Cas’ erection and whispered in his ear, “So you like the fact that I’m stopping you from making stupid decisions?”

“Y/N, shut up,” Cas snarled.

“Fine,” you said, walking away from the obviously very sexually frustrated angel.

Before you could make it across the room, Cas had you off your feet and moving toward the bed.

“Cas!” you exclaimed, falling back on the mattress.
Hovering his body over yours, you felt the desire for him pool in your stomach.

Changing the tone of your voice you said the angel’s name again, “Cas… please.”

“Tell me what you want Y/N.”

“Fuck me, Castiel.”

Snapping his fingers, the both of you were free from your clothes.

Dragging his immense length through your folds, Cas coated his cock in your moisture.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes Cas, please,” you said, planting your hands in his hair.

Feeling your fingers pull at his locks, Cas slowly pushed himself into your warm pussy.

Placing his hand above your head, Cas began to pick up his pace, fucking himself up into you.

With every thrust, his name left your lips like a needy prayer for more.

“Castiel, make me cum.”

Pressing his thumb to your clit, Cas added just the right amount of pressure, sending you over the edge.

Feeling your walls contract around his cock, Cas quickly reached his peak and spilled himself into you.

Pulling out and laying behind you, Cas wrapped his arms around your body.

“Thank you for stopping me,” he whispered in your ear, pressing a light kiss to your neck.
You look down into the bright blue eyes of your lover, still unable to come to terms with the fact that you are allowed this. Wrapping his long slender fingers around your hips when they still, he smiles at you, you watch his full lips stretch and open revealing teeth and gums as his eyes wrinkle at the sides. “What are you thinking?”

You dip your head down with a smile and rub your nose against his before you answer him. “Just how lucky I am. I never imagined we’d be here.” You stop moving your noses together, staying close. You feel his breath hot against your lips as he speaks to you, low and aroused, “There is no where else I want to be.”

He lifts his head up slightly as he presses his lips to yours, your eyes flutter closed as your lips part on an exhale, opening for him. You move your hips again, grinding down, pushing him deeper inside of you. He feel more than hear his groan of approval as he thrusts his hips up. “Fuck you feel so good. So tight for me.” He moans the words into your mouth and you swallow them down, licking his lips and deepening the kiss. He wants to take it slow, be gentle with you, you’ve had to remind him it was your first time with him not your first time ever.

You lift your hips and feel him slide almost all the way out, your body gripping tightly at the loss. Just as you slam your body back down taking him deep and hard your teeth sink into his bottom lip and he cries out. You immediately release his lip and start kissing and licking his mouth, quiet praises with every touch of your lips to his.

His words come out quiet and strained, desperate for air and release, “I’m close.” Grabbing your hips as he plants his feet down flat on the mattress he takes control. His lips never leaving yours as he fucks up into your tight heat. Every whimper that falls from your mouth to his only drives him deeper, harder, forcing your breath out in small pants. Words almost broken you tell him, “Do it, Jimmy. Fill me up.”

His mouth claims yours. Your lips and tongues move together in a scorching kiss that has you gasping for breath as he pulls away, arching his back to push himself impossibly deeper when his orgasm rocks his body, legs trembling beneath you eyes squeezed shut.

You’re both breathing hard when you press your chest against his and lick your way up his throat taking in the salty taste and the smell of sex that lingers in sheen of sweat covering it. As soon as he recovers enough to smile at you, eyes half lidded you press your lips to his once more. He reaches down between the two of you intent on getting you off. You shake your head and pull his fingers up
and kiss each one. “I’m alright for now.” He raises his eyebrow at you in a way that causes a shiver down your spine that has nothing to do with cooling sweat. “Promise.” You whisper. Content on lavishing him in kisses until you can feel him stir inside you again.
Loud Sex - Sam x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #65: Loud Sex/Knowing Someone Can Hear
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs._SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess who I may end up murder fucking with love <3

Sam gave a loud groan, rocking his hips back and up into Lucifer’s, the sound of skin hitting skin echoing through the dingy motel room.

“Is it physically impossible for you to keep quiet?” Lucifer whispered in his ear cruelly, snapping his hips and drawing another loud moan. “Do you want to get caught by Dean?”

The words sent an electrical thrill racing underneath Sam’s skin, and he moaned when long fingers wrapped themselves in his hair and jerked his head back.

“You’re a dirty little boy,” he crooned, fucking into Sam harder. The ensuing moan was louder. “Dean’s in the next bed over- not even in the other room- and yet, you’re getting fucked in the ass by the Devil himself, around Armageddon, and you can’t be quiet.”

Sam gave a breathless laugh that gave way to a loud gasp when Lucifer angled his hips just right, snagging his prostate.

“Gonna have to gag you, Sam,” Lucifer breathed. “Gonna have to shove something into that pretty little mouth of yours so you can’t make as loud of noises. You’re going to wake Dean. Do you really want Dean to freak out?”

“Let Dean wake up,” Sam breathed. “I’m a grown ass man, I can make my own decisions.”

Icy palms ran up his back, dipping just underneath his shoulders and pressing down his sides, causing him to groan.

“Let’s wake him up then.” Lucifer leaned down and bit Sam’s neck at the same time as a vicious snap of his hips drove Sam’s into the itchy mattress below.

Sam screamed.
“How many times have you taken this cock today?” Lucifer purred in Sam’s ear as he snapped his hips again.

“S-s-sixteen, Luce, fuck, again, please,” Sam moaned.

“And you’re still so tight for me, but here’s the thing,” Lucifer continued, acting like Sam hadn’t begged for more. He placed a kiss on the back of Sam’s neck and smirked. “You’re filthy. We haven’t let your ass take a break, and it’s just a filthy, dirty, sloppy mess. I’m having sloppy sixteenths of your ass, Sam, and you love it.”

Sam moaned and arched his back.

“Yeah, Sam, that’s right. I’ve just been taking you like a bitch in heat, and you haven’t even once asked to stop,” Lucifer murmured, chuckling against Sam’s heated skin. “Just begged for more, begged for another round. Won’t take no for an answer, will you?”

Sam whined. “Luc, please,” he whimpered.

“You’re not cumming yet, Sammy,” Lucifer murmured. “You begged me to not let you cum until the twentieth fuck. And you’re on sixteen.”

Sam hanged his head and keened.

This was going to be the death of him, he felt.
Lucifer has a thing for the size of Sam’s cock.

It is massive, long and thick. Mary and John had decided to keep their darling baby boy natural, giving it a smooth appearance.

Lucifer loved it. He loved it especially when he was on his knees in front of Sam, sucking him down, smooth skin heavy on his tongue. He loved how if he were human, he’d be gagging as the tip hit the back of his throat and he wouldn’t even have a quarter of it in his mouth. He loved how the bulge would appear in the hollow of his throat and the way Sam’s fingers would caress it while he nosed chestnut curls, murmuring how good of a cocksucker he is, for being able to take him all the way down like this.

Watching Sam jerk off was equally as mesmerizing, watching his hand glide over his length, the foreskin moving back and forth slightly to reveal his leaking head before covering it up again.

It was so different from Lucifer’s cut length. That’s not to say his dick wasn’t good; it was long, girthy, and cut. Maybe not as big as Sam’s, but one definitely feel it if he was behind you, pressing his hips into yours.

But Sam’s cock was a work of art, and Lucifer had no problem worshipping this massive cock, the one that came close to choking him when he sucked it down. If Sam was the one plowing into him, he’d often lay on the bed and bemoan on how his asshole was never going to be small and tight for him again until Sam smacks his ass and reminds him that he’s literally an archangel, he can make his hole as tight or as loose as he wants after Sam’s done with him.

But he sees how Sam reacts when he talks about his cock, and how big it is, how full it makes him.

*He likes knowing that his big juicy cock makes Lucifer weak.*
Medical Kink - Dean x Gabriel

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #67: Medical Kink
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess who I may end up murder fucking with love <3

“Well, so far your physical is showing no signs of anything wrong,” Gabriel said, smirking at Dean. Dean nodded with a smile. “Good,” he said.

“The only thing that causes me concern, Mr. Winchester,” Gabriel said, walking over in a white lab coat, similar to the one he wore while they were stuck in TV land, “is the fact that your cock has shown no sign of flagging since you walked into my office.”

Dean gave a cocky smirk to the Trickster. “Well, you know dicks,” he said, “they have a mind of their own.”

“Do they now, Mr. Winchester?” Gabriel asked, slipping his hand into Dean’s boxers and stroking the long length, watching Dean’s head tip back in a groan. “Because the more I talk about how your body is doing, this little guy seems to keep getting more and more interested. Little Dean could probably cut diamonds right now.”

Dean looked into mischievous golden eyes. “Well, when the doctor’s gorgeous,” he groaned, “and keeps putting his hands all over me, it’d be hard for him not to get worked up. I’m only human.”

Gabriel huffed a laugh as he twisted his wrist around the head of Dean’s cock. He hissed and moaned.

“Hard dicks are a medical concern I take a great interest in, Mr. Winchester,” Gabriel purred, “and I’m really good at giving the treatment to make them go down. At no charge.”

Dean huffed a laugh. “Please, Doctor, give it to me,” he moaned.

“Oh I will, Mr. Winchester. You’re in the hands of an expert.” Gabriel winked.
Ink covered several spots on Lucifer’s skin.

Ever since the angel became human, he had gotten new ink every few months. He likened the sensation of the needle piercing his skin and creating designs to flying high amongst the clouds. The sound of a tattoo gun was actually enough to put him to sleep, if he was having a rough time of it.

Sam had always seen his anti possession tattoo as something that was a necessity. He didn’t derive pleasure from having it on his skin, but he could see where Lucifer was coming from with how he feels with tattoos. He’s seen it first hand, when Lucifer insisted he comes with him one time to the parlor.

There was something arousing about the ink caressing Lucifer’s lightly tanned skin, though. Sam couldn’t help but admit that.

And the number of Lucifer’s tattoos kept growing.

It started off with a simple black anti-possession tattoo, right over his left breast and an angel concealment spell on his right ribs. It expanded to massive wings on his back, the feathers black as charcoal with shades of grey and white flecked throughout. They took up his entire back, except for the spine. The left ribs gained lyrics from Stairway to Heaven. His right breast contained the Sigil of Lucifer, as if reaffirming his name and birthright. A brilliant gold sun was tucked underneath his right ear; underneath the left one, the Kanji word for justice. The inside of his right forearm had a devil’s trident in burgundy. The left one read a quote from John Milton’s Paradise Lost, saying “Better to Reign in Hell than Serve in Heaven.” The crease of his right hip held a tongue in cheek tat that read “Y’all need Satan.”

Sam loved each and every one of them. They all held meaning for Lucifer, and they all made his skin hyper sensitive, it seemed. Lucifer’s body always jerked in need whenever one of them was touched with just the right amount of gentleness and teasing. A kiss to the sun or the word of justice was guaranteed to make Lucifer keen underneath Sam; nails raked through false feathers a scream. Shudders came from gentle fingers on the inside of his forearms; whimpers from either sigil on his breast.

But the best was when Sam nibbled and kissed along the words “Y’all need Satan” and Lucifer begged Sam, please!
He wondered what Lucifer’ next tattoo would be and where. He hoped it was along his inner thigh.
Sam laughed and surged his wrists up and into Lucifer’s hands, relishing in the restraint that was being bestowed, especially when Lucifer dropped the rest of his body onto him.

He was pinned, and the instinct should be to become unpinned, but with Lucifer, he couldn’t be fucked. Not even when he had an opening as Lucifer gathered Sam’s wrists above his head and kept him pinned with one hand so the other could make sure Sam was ready for him to slide into. Nope. He was content being pinned like this, his cock hardening as Lucifer slid into him deeply.

Lucifer’s hips started rolling, and now he was struggling, playfully, but struggling all the same, feeling the strength that Lucifer had and was so effortlessly keeping him right where he wanted.

“I love seeing you like this,” Lucifer whispered in his ear, kissing it, “All wanton and needy for me, and yet unable to clutch me closer, dig your nails into my skin. You can’t. I’ve got you pinned down like you’re meant to be, underneath of me, impaled on my cock. Surrender, Sam, to me.”

And Sam did.
Chapter Summary

Kink #15: Calming The Other's Anger (with sex)
Sam Winchester x Nick

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

“You’re the one who said no! After he promised you the world!” Nick yelled at Sam, pushing him back.

Sam stood his ground and attempted to be the voice of reason. “And what did he promise you, Nick?” he asked softly.

“Justice.” Nick’s voice was a hiss.

“He promised me that too,” Sam said with a sigh. “He promised me so much, Nick, but I couldn’t take it.”

Nick harrumphed and rolled his eyes.

Sam slid up to Nick and began running gentle fingers across the tops of his jeans. “Can I make it up to you?” he asked softly in Nick’s ear. He doesn’t know why he decided to proposition sex from Nick, but hey, if it got him to calm down, he’s willing to do it. Besides Nick was a handsome guy. Sam wanted to get to know the body of the man who said yes better.

“How?” Nick huffed.

Sam stood in front of Nick and tilted his head up. “Like this,” he whispered, leaning in and kissing Nick deeply. Gone was the taste of Lucifer; in its place was black coffee and something that tasted earthy and rich. It was, in a sense, the taste of humanity.

Nick’s chapped lips moved against Sam’s as the taller man reached down and began undoing Nick’s belt and jeans, his body slowly relaxing into the administrations of the hunter.

“You sure know how to make it up to me, Sam,” Nick murmured as he shimmied out of his jeans.

Sam laughed lowly as he licked his lips and dropped to his knees slowly, smiling up at Nick. “I’ll even let you top,” he bargained.

“You got yourself a deal, Sam,” Nick grinned. “Now get sucking.” He pulled his shirts off, eyes dark and hooded.

“Bossy,” Sam teased before wrapping his lips around Nick’s length and sucking him into his mouth.
Nick’s hand in his hair made him grin.

Neither of them were going to be walking out of that hotel tonight.
“You interested in a tight piece of ass tonight, Sir?”

Lucifer turned to regard the streetwalker leaning against the wall, dressed simply in dark green shorts that barely covered his advertised tight ass, fishnets and dark black heels. He moved out of the shadows and Lucifer caught a glimpse of silver before registering the small silver rings piercing his nipples. His eyeliner was dark, but it brought out his hazelnut eyes, and his hair was sex mused and a gorgeous chestnut color.

Definitely Lucifer’s type.

“How much?” Lucifer asked, raking his eyes appreciatively over the younger man’s form, smirking at the sight of a black pentagram surrounded by black flames on the inside of his right wrist.

“Depends on what you want, Sir,” the prostitute smirked back, dimples appearing despite the crude action. “Are your tastes vanilla or a bit… darker?”

Lucifer chuckled and raised a brow. “I think you know.”

The man purred. “Normal fee for kink is two-fifty,” he said, “but… will you be ordering off the menu?”

“I might be,” Lucifer hummed. This young man would look gorgeous tied up in black rope, the thick and hard cock that the shorts emphasized red and weeping as Lucifer loomed over him, a crop in hand.

“Then it goes up to four hundred,” the man said after a moment’s worth thought. “Four-fifty if you want to go bare.”

“I’ll take the four-fifty,” Lucifer said. “And I’d like a name. If only so I know what to call you for politeness’ sake.”

The young man laughed and flashed white teeth at him, dimples deeper. It made Lucifer smile. “I’m Sam.”

“Well then, Sam,” Lucifer hummed, opening the back door of his car and gesturing with his briefcase, “get in.”
“Of course, Sir,” Sam hummed, getting into the back of the sedan Lucifer was driving.

Lucifer ended up paying a grand for Sam’s services. He didn’t care. Neither did Sam.

Not when Lucifer dropped Sam back off on his corner, number programmed in his phone and a promise to see him in a week, at the same time.

When Lucifer returned a week later, Sam was in the shadows again, and Lucifer couldn’t help but get out of his car, walk over to the streetwalker, pinning him against the wall, and fucking him.

He shouldn’t have been naked, after all.
“Fuck,” Lucifer panted, leaning his head against Sam’s strong shoulder. The hunter gave a low laugh and wrapped his arms firmly around Lucifer, raising his gaze to look up at Nick.

Nick flashed a smile. “Don’t worry, Sam, I’ll go in nice and slow,” he promised, starting to press into Lucifer’s already stretched hole.

“Oh fuck,” Lucifer groaned, starting to squirm. He was so full, there was no way Nick was going to fit inside with Sam-

“Shh, it’s okay, Luci,” Sam murmured. “You’re doing so good for us, baby, so good.”

“So fucking tight,” Nick growled lowly. He stopped about halfway in to catch his breath and run a soothing hand down the angel’s back. “You’re so tight, baby, but I’ll fit.”

Lucifer wasn’t sure how, exactly, considering the horse cock Sam keeps concealed in his jeans and himself and Nick weren’t small themselves.

“Just wait until we’re actually fucking you,” Sam murmured. “Gonna make you see stars, angel.”

Nick finished pressing in and the three laid on top of each other for a moment, groaning and finding ways to not go early when Nick and Sam began gently rolling their hips, Nick’s in a counter rhythm to Sam’s.

Lucifer groaned, then swore as they picked up the pace.

“So tight, so hot,” Nick growled softly in Lucifer’s ear, nipping the shell of it.

“You feel so good baby,” Sam murmured. “You’re taking us so well.”

Lucifer whimpered, feeling everyone press together tighter as Nick and Sam began kissing each other over Lucifer’s shoulder, sloppy and messy, like they had no time in the world.

Sam got mischievous and let one hand trail down into the cleft of Lucifer’s ass, finger rubbing at Lucifer’s stretched rim.

The Devil babbled something in Enochian, cursing and praising his lovers in one breath.
He wasn’t sure why he said ‘yes’ to this idea, but he has a hard time saying no to the two men who said yes to him.

Even if one of them kept saying no to him.

When he came, it was loud and messy, screaming his pleasure as Sam and Nick truly fucked him, making sure that he was always stuffed full and it was when a particularly well aimed thrust from one of them- he thinks it was Sam- that he came.

The humans came shortly after that, and they laid there in a pile of sweaty limbs, cum pooling and drying on Sam’s belly.

Lucifer hummed lazily, and they chuckled.

“I think we fucked the Hell out of him,” Nick murmured, gently withdrawing and helping Lucifer sit up so Sam could do the same.

Sam chuckled at the bad pun and wrapped his arms around Lucifer as they laid on their sides, Nick coming in and spooning Lucifer and hugging him close.

“Thanks, guys,” Lucifer murmured sleepily.

“Of course, baby,” Sam whispered lovingly.

“We’re here for whatever you need, Lucifer,” Nick added, kissing his cheek. “Now let’s get some sleep- I don’t want to know what time Castiel’s picking us up.”

Sam nodded in agreement, leaning over Lucifer to kiss Nick, then kissing Lucifer. “Good night,” he whispered. “I love you.”

Lucifer mumbled a reply and buried his head into the pillows.

Nick laughed softly and smiled at Sam. “I love you too.”
Sam laughed as Lucifer pinned him against the wall, leaning in to devour his mate’s mouth hungrily. He began undoing Lucifer’s belt, moaning as Lucifer did the same.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” Sam breathed, nipping Lucifer’s lips. It was Lucifer’s fault that he was pinned to the wall.

“You’re hot as an FBI agent,” Lucifer murmured in his ear. “I can’t help myself.” He growled in frustration and huffed. With a snap of his fingers their clothes were gone from the waist down.

Sam laughed and braced his hands on Lucifer’s shoulders, wrapping his legs around his waist when Lucifer picked him up and guided his cock into his hole.

Sam moaned and tilted his head back, exposing his neck as Lucifer began rocking into him forcefully, fucking him into the wall.

There were going to be bruises and cuts on Sam’s back later, most likely. The wall was textured and he could feel bits of it digging into his spine, scraping it as Lucifer fucked into him, breathing heavily in his ear, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. The drag and slide of Lucifer’s cock was all he cared about.

And, of course, that Dean doesn’t catch them.

“Stop thinking about your brother when you’re on my cock,” Lucifer commanded quietly, nipping up and down Sam’s neck. “Or else I’ll leave you here and make it so you cum at a rather most inconvenient time.”

Sam groaned and lost himself in the pleasure that came with Lucifer hitting his prostate. “What brother?” he breathed.

“That’s my human,” Lucifer grinned, quicksilver and cream. “Cum.”

And Sam did.
Gabriel tried to speak. He honestly did.

It’s not his fault that there was a ball in between his teeth.

Dammit, how was he supposed to praise Sam’s performance when he can’t speak?

Sure he can moan and stuff, but to him, it wasn’t the same.

Sam’s cock hit his prostate just then and his eyes rolled into the back of his head as he moaned.

Sam must be in a special sort of mood today, because normally, that would elicit him teasing Gabriel. But this time, it just drew a ragged moan from his broad chest and a smirk.

Smug bastard, Gabriel thought, rolling his eyes.

He had to admit, this whole not speaking thing was hot. He could hear the way Sam moaned better, feel it reverberate throughout his body. If Gabriel wasn’t making noise, he’d alter what he was doing so he was.

It was like they were learning more about each other.

So maybe it wasn’t a big deal that Sam said they weren’t going to speak and when Gabriel was about to, he slammed a gag in.

It certainly didn’t seem like one when Gabriel thought he couldn’t get any harder.

And it was no longer an issue when Gabriel came the hardest he’s had in millennia.

Huh.

Maybe they should listen to guttural noises more often. Be more animalistic.

A slow grin spread across his face at the thought as they laid there cuddling, basking in the glow, gag removed.

“That’s not a good sign,” Sam murmured sleepily. “I can feel you smiling.”
“Don’t worry about a thing, Samajam,” Gabriel hummed. “Nothing bad is going to happen.”

Nope.

He just hoped Sam would be open minded enough for it.
“Come on,” Lucifer grinned, his grip tightening around Gabriel’s hips, “fuck yourself on your big brother’s cock.”

Gabriel moaned as his head tilted back and he rode Lucifer, nails biting into his shoulders. “Ngh,” he managed to say. “Fuck, Luce.”

“What? Like it that we’re brothers and we’re fucking?” Lucifer leered, his grin lecherous and full of danger.

“No one can fuck me like my big brother can,” Gabriel breathed.

“Mmm, and no one can take my cock like my greedy little brother can,” Lucifer murmured, eyes hooded and dark.

Gabriel grinned as he rode Lucifer faster. “You like me greedy,” he said.

“Mmm, greedy for my cock and whatever else I deign to give you,” Lucifer smirked. “Just imagine what the look on Mikey’s face would be if he caught us. His two little brothers joined carnally.”

Gabriel groaned and he rolled his eyes back. “Fuck, Luce,” he said again.

“He’d be so stunned at the way you take my cock,” Lucifer continued, dipping his fingers down and rubbing around Gabriel’s stretched rim, “so astonished at watching this display of sin. Because you do realize you’re sinning, don’t you? Fucking your big brother?”

“But don’t care,” Gabriel panted. Dammit, Lucifer talking about Michael watching always got him hot. Although, Lucifer was also always bringing up their familial connection and it made Gabriel squirm in need.

“Gonna mark you up, little brother,” Lucifer smirked, “So the whole world knows just who you belong to.”

When Lucifer’s teeth met Gabriel’s skin, he screamed and came.

No one can fuck him like his big brother can.
“Fuck, Lucifer!” Michael cried out, clinging to Lucifer’s biceps harshly, nails biting in and leaving red half moons in their wake.

Lucifer laughed softly as he rocked his hips into his twin again. “That’s what I’m doing,” he teased as his hands trailed down Michael’s chest, giving his nipples a tweak. The dark haired man groaned and bucked his hips.

“You’re cruel,” Michael murmured.

“I can be crueller,” Lucifer smirked. “I could pull out, stroke myself off onto your face, and then leave you here hard, wanting, needing my cock to fill you back out.”

“Please don’t,” Michael muttered.

“Since you asked politely,” Lucifer grinned, leaning in to nip at Michael’s lip.

“Why are you on top, anyways? You’re younger,” Michael groaned, rocking his hips back down onto Lucifer’s cock, aiding in his fuck.

“Because I’m bigger,” Lucifer joked, lifting Michael’s legs up and around his waist and driving his hips back down into his twin’s.

“Just fuck me,” Michael growled.

“As you wish, big brother,” Lucifer teased, his hips slamming into Michael’s hard, as if to punctuate his statement.

Neither of them heard the door open, too caught up in being carnally joined. Michael especially lost higher brain function when Lucifer leaned down and bit down on his collarbone hard, almost drawing blood as he sucked and licked.

“MICHAEL??” Gabriel’s voice cut through the air like a razor wire, and the twins stopped to stare at their younger brother, golden eyes wide in surprise. “Lucifer?”
“Those are our names, don’t wear them out,” Lucifer said. He had, for the most part, stopped fucking Michael. His hips were still lazily rolling into Michael, and the older twin looked up at Gabriel, giving a half hearted shrug.

“The two of you are fucking?” Gabriel’s voice was scandalized.

“At least, that’s what they call this,” Lucifer sassed. “What, like what you see?”

“Lucifer.” Michael’s voice was low in admonishment.

“Is he always that sassy when he’s fucking you?” Gabriel asked.

Michael groaned, both from Gabriel’s question and from a well aimed thrust. “It’s like his button’s broken, and it’s permanently stuck on the on side,” Michael said.

Gabriel shrugged and pulled up a chair. “Well, considering I walked in on this, I might as well watch the rest of it.”

“That’s my little brother,” Lucifer grinned.

Michael beckoned for his twin to lean down and Lucifer did, only to snicker at what Michael whispered.

“He should get spanked for not knocking.”
Lucifer smirked up at Castiel from his position on his knees. “Do you really think I’m going to make this easy for you, little brother?” he asked mockingly.

Castiel lifted Lucifer’s head up with the loosely held crop in his hand. “If you want any chance of release tonight, yes,” he murmured. “I expect resistance at first, but by the end of the night, you will submit to me, Lucifer.”

“You’re adorable, Castiel,” Lucifer chuckled.

The comment earned a smack to Lucifer’s exposed nipple, and he hissed in a mix of pain-pleasure.

“Would you like to try that again, Lucifer?” Castiel asked, returning the crop to just underneath Lucifer’s chin.

The Devil simply winked up at the Seraph. “Bossy. Good. I like that.”

Castiel raised an eyebrow. “Are you still mocking me?” he asked.

“Only a little,” Lucifer replied with a wink, wincing as another blow from the crop landed on his other nipple.

“You should show me some respect,” Castiel said idly.

“I suppose I should,” Lucifer agreed, “but where would there be any fun in that?”

Castiel let the tip of the crop begin trailing down Lucifer’s chest, heading towards his groin. “You and I have very different ideas of fun,” he commented. “But if it is pain that you want, it is pain I will provide. I am very good at my job.”

“Of course you are,” Lucifer said.

A blow landed on his groin, just above his cock, and Lucifer whimpered. “Dammit, Castiel!”

“I think you need an attitude change,” the Seraph hummed. “One where you show me respect.” He leaned down and grabbed Lucifer’s hair. Yanking his head back, he met Lucifer’s defiant gaze head on. “By the end of the night you will address me by my military rank, and you will do so with a smile on your face. Do you understand?”
Lucifer’s face lit up before the defiance slid back into place. “Yes, Captain, my Captain,” he purred.

Castiel smirked.

Tonight was going to be an interesting night.
Sam loved sucking Lucifer’s cock for a variety of reasons— the hair pulling, the filthy praise issued from pale pink lips, swallowing down Lucifer’s release— but the biggest reason of all was the Prince Albert piercing that Lucifer had gotten.

It crowned his cock beautifully. Lucifer kept a simple silver captive ring on it and was very meticulous about keeping it clean, which turned Sam on to no end.

He loved it when Lucifer was fucking him, too. The piercing would nudge at his prostate wonderfully and just rub against it, massaging it for all it was worth while Lucifer’s hips snapped into his.

Even talking about the piercing made Sam weak at the knees, something Lucifer discovered one night as he talked about the origins of the Prince Albert. Sam couldn’t take it anymore and had basically flung himself at Lucifer.

He loved teasing Lucifer with it when he was on his knees, dick in mouth. Sometimes he’ll pull off, take the piercing in his teeth and gently tug at it. Other times, he’ll suck just the piercing in his mouth and let his tongue lavish affection over where the piercing slid into his skin. Lucifer made the most delicious noises, his flesh now hyper sensitive from the piercing. They were whines and whimpers and soft blasphemies that never failed to make Sam laugh in amusement but also knowing that he was basically making Lucifer a whiny mess.

“I think I might get a Jacob’s ladder done,” Lucifer murmured one night after a round of sex, Sam on his stomach breathing heavily while Lucifer ran his fingers up and down Sam’s back, gently massaging.

Sam turned his head and cracked an eye open. “Are you trying to kill me?” he groaned. “I’ll never hop off your dick then. You know how much I love getting fucked by your Prince Albert.”

“I know,” Lucifer murmured smugly. “But I’d really like the ladder. For your pleasure.”

Sam groaned.

Yep. He was gonna die, riding Lucifer’s fully pierced dick.

Oh, but what a way to go.
Getting fucked by one of the most powerful men this side of the Mississippi had a lot of advantages, Sam Winchester found out.

Lucifer Alighieri doted on him, his younger than him by ten years boyfriend. Suits were now tailored to perfection; the brand new, off the lot sedan Sam now drove was infinitely better than the clunker Dean had attempted to fix up for him but was in the shop every other week; his diet improved because Lucifer would have his personal chef fix Sam his lunch. Sam would only have to ask for something, and Lucifer would hum, cock his head to the side, and say “Consider it done.” Sam’s fairly certain that he’d elicit the same response no matter what he asked, whether it be for a better coffee cup that won’t spill on him every time he went to go take a sip or for someone to be brutally murdered with no evidence.

Sam spent more time in Lucifer’s opulent home than in his dingy apartment, and when they weren’t home at Lucifer’s, they were at work. Being a legal aide for a political figure was exhausting, and Sam often worked long hours, listening only to Lucifer when he told his younger boyfriend to stop.

Sam’s office was beautifully amazing. He had a corner office, with windows for walls as well, so everyone could see how hard he worked. One window was usually covered with papers, and another one was the calendar, but otherwise it was very easy to see inside and watch him.

It was after hours one such day. The sun had long set; the lights of the office were dimmed, the only true light was the light blue glow of Sam’s computer and the soft gentle glow of his desk lamp. He hadn’t even really noticed he was in the dark, this contract needed to be revised tremendously.

There was a polite knock on Sam’s door, and he bade for his guest to enter in an absent minded voice, circling an entire paragraph in red.

“Are you still working on that contract?” Lucifer’s voice flitted through Sam’s brain, and he made an affirmative sort of noise. “Sam, you’re working too hard.”

Sam looked up from the document, meeting his employer’s and lover’s concerned blue eyes head on. “You wanted this done by end of business tomorrow,” he said.

“If I don’t get it until after the office officially closes, then that’s when I get it,” the politician stated, sitting down on Sam’s desk.
Sam capped his pen and set it down, running his hand over his jaw. “Are you sure?”

“Positive.” Lucifer smiled. “Now come here and give me a kiss.”

Huffing a laugh, Sam leaned up and kissed Lucifer’s lips, sighing contentedly into it. They hadn’t had a moment alone together since they woke up in Lucifer’s spacious bed, tangled up in limbs and sheets.

“I’ve missed you today,” Lucifer whispered.

“Missed you too, Luce,” he murmured back.

The next kiss was urgent, hungry even. Sam was standing now, pressing himself closer to Lucifer as the older man fumbled with the belt Sam was wearing.

“Here?” Sam breathed without breath.

“Here,” Lucifer said firmly. “I cannot wait a moment longer.”

Sam laughed and helped Lucifer open up his belt and suit pants, feeling them pool at his ankles.

“Good thing I plugged myself up at lunch time.”

Lucifer groaned and swatted Sam’s boxer covered rear. “Take these off and bend over,” he breathed.

Sam did as he was told, spreading his legs as wide as he could as Lucifer hopped down from the desk and walked behind Sam, groaning at the sight of robin’s egg blue plug inside of him. He wasted no time in gently pulling the plug out before unzipping his pants and removing them to pull out his cock.

Sam squirmed, but stilled when Lucifer’s hand pressed down between his shoulder blades and felt his cock poke at his open hole.

“Such a dirty little lawyer,” Lucifer crooned as he slid in deeply, taking only one single thrust to bury himself in. Sam groaned and clutched the edge of his desk. “Getting fucked over his desk, in an office where anyone can see.”

That seemed to make Sam’s cock harden, and he moaned as Lucifer began rolling his hips at a firm, steady pace that wasn’t slow, but wasn’t the furious pace he was used to.

“Imagine if this was during working hours,” Lucifer breathed in his ear, running his hands up and down the sides of Sam’s body, finally resting on his hips and squeezing. “What would they say when they see you bend over so willingly for me? Taking it from me like you’re a professional whore?”

Sam moaned and rocked his hips back into Lucifer’s, tilting his head back. “Luce,” he groaned.

“Yes, little one?” Lucifer murmured. “You like that idea? Like the idea that everyone’s watching you get fucked? They all know you’re on the receiving end. And they can tell when I’ve just laid into you. That donut pillow you carry around when your ass is stinging and sore and you can barely walk a straight line even if a cop asks you to do so during a sobriety test and you’re sober isn’t exactly discreet.” One of his hands left Sam’s hip and began stroking his shaft. “I bet some of them imagine how you are bent over for me, wanton and begging for me.”

“Lucifer, please,” Sam gasped, rocking his hips down and into Lucifer’s hand as the older man’s thrusts sped up.
“Want to cum?” Lucifer purred.

“Yes, please!” Sam’s voice was near a whine of need and want.

“Then cum,” Lucifer said simply.

Sam came onto the floor of his office, some of the stains hitting the wooden back of his desk, and he didn’t have to wait long until Lucifer grunted and came deep within Sam’s pliant body. Finished, he laid on top of Sam, running soothing hands up and down his sides to soothe him.

“You doing okay there, champ?” Lucifer asked softly.

“Mhm,” Sam hummed, sliding his hands down to link his fingers with Lucifer’s. “I’m doing okay.”

“Good,” Lucifer purred, kissing his cheek. “Have you eaten dinner?”

Sam coughed guiltily.

“Samuel.” The tone was admonishing.

“I lost track of time!” Sam defended himself, groaning as Lucifer stood up and slowly slide out of him.

Lucifer slid the plug back into Sam and then gave his ass a smack, smirking at the yelp it produced. “We’ve been over this. So, pull up your pants, look put together, we’re going home. I’ll have Crowley fix you dinner and then you’re getting thrown over my knee and spanked.”

Sam turned as he pulled his boxers and pants back up, tucking his shirt in. “I’m not a child,” he protested, even though he could feel his cock twitch.

“No, but you did forget to eat dinner,” Lucifer reminded him. “Now let’s get going.” His cock was already tucked into his pants, his look impeccable.

Sam smiled and finished getting ready to leave before leaning in and kissing Lucifer. “I love you.”

“I love you too, little lawyer,” Lucifer smiled.
“Please, Luce?”

“You really are a dirty little human,” Lucifer purred, ghosting a kiss over Sam’s lips. “Does it really turn you on that much?”

“Yes, Luci, please,” Sam begged softly.

Lucifer smiled, his eyes glowing blue with Grace.

Gently, Lucifer’s Grace snaked out and bound Sam’s hands above his head on the bed and spread his legs apart, holding him firmly in place. Sam moaned and struggled, only to find it more secure than any rope or cuffs that could’ve been invented by man. Grace wrapped itself around Sam’s cock, miming Lucifer’s hand stroking it.

“F-fuck,” Sam breathed, his cock hardening even more.

“I think you can cut diamonds with the way your cock is acting,” Lucifer teased, watching the display with hungry eyes. Grace slipped down and pushed into Sam’s pliant hole, still sticky from their early morning liaison, and Sam eagerly bore his hips down on it.

“Look at that,” Lucifer breathed. “I can sit back and watch, watch you come flying apart and then back together again and I don’t even have to touch you. Just a little bit of Grace and you’re wanton and needy, aren’t you?”

“Oh God,” Sam moaned as the Grace inside him brushed against his prostate.

“Stop using my father’s name in bed, he’s not the one giving you this pleasure,” Lucifer chided, the thrusts and strokes speeding up with a simple thought.

“Fuck,” Sam swore.

“You’re close, but I wonder how long you can hold out,” Lucifer teased. “I’m enjoying the show.”

If Sam could’ve, he would’ve shot his angelic boyfriend a glare. But he couldn’t. It was too much, all too much, he couldn’t hold out-

He screamed his release as he came, his vision blacking out.
When he came to, he was wrapped up in the fuzziest blanket they owned and in Lucifer’s lap.

“You there, little human?” Lucifer asked, kissing his cheek.

Sam made a noise and cuddled into Lucifer.

Lucifer laughed and kissed him. “We’ll cuddle before talking, then,” he murmured. “Take as long as you need.”

Sam smiled and closed his eyes again.

He couldn’t wait to tell Lucifer that he wanted that again.
“Can you see anything?” Lucifer asked, tying the blindfold neatly over Sam’s eyes.

Sam could not. Everything was pitch black. “No,” he replied, touching the cloth covering his eyes absently.

“Good. Remind me again what your safe word is?” Lucifer murmured soothingly, placing a kiss on Sam’s shoulder.

“Clowns,” Sam said clearly, relaxing at the kiss on his shoulder.

“Good boy,” Lucifer praised softly. “And your color right now?”

“Green,” Sam said. Already he could feel his sense of touch heightened, as Lucifer brought his hands behind his back and clipped the handcuffs on.

“Good,” Lucifer whispered. “Just relax, Sam, I’ve got you. I’m here if you need me.”

Sam nodded and Lucifer smiled has he gently ran his fingers down Sam’s chest, pausing at his nipples. Kissing his cheek, he began rolling the dark pink nubs in between his deft fingers, hearing Sam pant and moan. The human’s nipples had always been sensitive, but now, at the mercy of Lucifer and blind, they were even more so, and the noises Sam made were louder than ever.

“Such a noisy little human,” he teased lightly as he gently tugged on them, Sam giving a moan. “If you’re this noisy just from me tugging on your nipples, imagine how loud you’re going to be when I fuck you.”

Sam whimpered.

He’s not sure how Lucifer managed to talk him into this, but he’s now definitely glad that he did.
“You know what the best part about this is, baby girl?”

You looked up lazily at John with a cum drunk smile on your face, stretching. His grizzled face had a smirk on it, gazing down your body, where, a pool of semen lay in the valley of your breasts. “What’s that, John?” you asked softly, worn out and wanting nothing more than cuddles. And to be massaged.

He dipped his fingers down into the mess between your breasts, scooping up some of the cum with the tip of his finger. “This,” he whispered, circling a pink nipple. It hardened under his touch and you couldn’t help but moan. The slick of his release made for smooth gliding around the hardening nub.

“Fuck,” you whispered, feeling the ache in your core start back up again.

Chuckling, he did the same thing to the other nipple. You bucked your hips and moaned, your head tipping back.

“You want to know what I’m going to do next, baby girl?” he asked in a sex roughed voice.

“What?” you whimpered. With John, this could be anything. And you were putty in his hands, no matter what.

“I’m going to take the rest of this and massage it into your tits,” he whispered, ducking down close to your ear, “and then I’m going to slide right into your sweet pussy and fuck you until my cum drips down your thighs and you’re nothing more than a whimpering, mewling mess.”

“Fuck,” you repeated, his calloused hands already going to work.

“I’ll get there, sweetheart,” he promised.

You wondered if you were going to be able to walk out of the hotel tomorrow morning.
“I really think you should grow your hair out longer,” you teased as you rode John, sitting on his lap as your fingers twirled in his short salt and pepper hair.

“Oh?” he rumbled, his hands caressing your rear as you lifted yourself up, and then back down again.

“Yeah,” you murmured. “Because I know how much you love it when I do… this.” And with that, you gently tugged his hair, tilting his head back. A low, rumbling moan echoed from his chest.

“Think of how much better it’d feel if it was just a little bit longer,” you murmured, rolling your hips down and up in long, fluid motions. “I’m not saying grow it out to Sam’s length, but just a little bit longer.”

“You really like pulling my hair, don’t you?” John groaned as you did it again.

“I like hearing you moan and groan like it’s part of the best sex you’ve ever had,” you purred. “And it’s so easily accessible. Pretty sure I could tease you on a hunt by pulling on it and then just walking away…”

“You wouldn’t dare, little one,” he growled softly.

You smirked. “It’s nice to fantasize,” you said casually.
Every time Sam wanted sex, he’d kiss Dean. Soft, fleeting kisses that lead the older Winchester to wanting more, needing more. Feeling the urge to follow Sam to the bathroom, or push him down on the bed to ravish him.

It always started off with a kiss.

Dean remembered the painful kisses, the ones that invoked the painful memories. The rushed, desperate kiss that Sam gave the night before he ran away to Stanford, hot and heavy and begging ‘Please, De, one last fuck’ and Dean can’t say no to his baby brother; the needy kiss that Sam gave the night before hellhounds tore him apart as his year was up, needing his big brother one last time before he was gone. There was a kiss, full of fear and apprehension yet determined the night before Sam said ‘yes’ to the Devil, making the promise he’d go find Lisa and live the white picket fence, apple pie life.

But Dean also remembered the kisses that made him feel warm and happy and he likes to think about if he picks a girl up. Their first kiss that lead to Sam losing his virginity, Sam’s eighteenth birthday. The slow, lingering kisses that he gave when Dean returned from Hell, on a sofa in Bobby’s house; the ones Dean gave when Sam was returned his soul not all that long ago, or so it seemed

Kisses were Pavlovian in him now- a kiss was liable to make him horny and want to have sex, make him shift and squirm until his cock was free and sliding into someone.

But the only person he’d ever respond like that too without further ado is Sam Winchester, his baby brother.
Lucifer groaned as he felt Sam’s lips on his cheek, pulling him awake from his nap. He turned his head and slotted them with his mate’s, relaxing into it.

“How did Mommy sleep?” Sam murmured, running his hands down Lucifer’s sides to cup Lucifer’s swollen stomach.

“They actually let me sleep,” Lucifer smiled sleepily as he reached up to caress Sam’s face.

“Are you feeling up to a little play time? Soft and gentle and easy?” Sam whispered, rubbing Lucifer’s stomach.

“Mmm, that sounds amazing, actually,” Lucifer hummed, stretching in his husband’s arms.

Sam peppered kisses along Lucifer’s shoulders as he brought one hand back to gently press against Lucifer’s hole. Finding it fairly open and slick, he slipped two fingers inside.

“I know you got something much bigger than that in store,” Lucifer murmured, groaning.

“I know, angel,” Sam purred softly, kissing the soft spot under Lucifer’s ear, “But I’m going to take this nice and slow, so you enjoy it and are comfortable. Do you need a pillow underneath them?”

“Would probably be smart,” Lucifer murmured, tugging one down and placing it under his pregnant belly.

Sam smiled and continued fingering Lucifer open, listening to the soft breathing that Lucifer was doing, the breathy little moans.

The two of them were enjoying the slower, gentler, almost sedate pace that they took their sexual activities with, now that Lucifer was pregnant with twins. It really gave them the time to connect, not to mention Sam loved running his hands over Lucifer’s stomach while gently pressing his hips and cock into his mate.

Sam wondered how many times Lucifer would tolerate being pregnant…
Gun powder streaked across freckled, tanned skin and Dean let out a moan, tilting his head back and letting the gritty black powder stain his throat from long, calloused fingers.

“You’re beautiful like this, Dean,” Lucifer purred, allowing dirty fingers to roam across Dean’s naked body, leaving marks behind. “So beautiful, so pure. Completely surrendered to me.”

Dean let out a sigh of relief as he relaxed into the scene.

“What is your safe word, Dean?” Lucifer murmured tenderly, rubbing a blackened thumb across Dean’s cheek.

“Rack,” Dean said clearly, leaning into the touch and closing his eyes.

“Open your eyes, Dean.”

Dean opened his eyes on command, and they fell on the gun in Lucifer’s hand.

It was a gun they had picked up special for this, although Dean’s used it on hunts before because it’s a small revolver. It’s a .38 Charter 2000 Special, with a snub nose barrel and five rounds. It’s got accurate sights, and he had picked it up for cheap at a pawn shop.

Lucifer slowly opened the barrel, showing Dean that it was empty, before closing it and slipping it under Dean’s chin.

“Shall we begin?” he asked softly.

“Please,” Dean begged, cock hardening at feeling the cool metal brush against his throat.

Lucifer’s smile flashed, quicksilver and cream, and Dean whimpered as the metal trailed down his chest and towards his groin, the sight snagging gently on the dark gold curls below.

“I think we’re going to have a good time tonight, Dean,” Lucifer whispered in his ear, caressing Dean’s length with the sight, “Providing that you don’t pull the trigger early.”

Dean whined in need.

Lucifer knew exactly how to work him over, and it was by marking him up in gun powder and
teasing him with his own gun.

Damn, he was depraved.

But that’s what happens when you get the Devil for your boyfriend.
Gags - Sam x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #47: Gags
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess , who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

Out of all the gags that he and Sam owned, Lucifer’s favorite one was rather simplistic. Forget the penis gags that actually went down Sam’s throat; forget the O ring gags that held Sam’s mouth wide enough and with an opening for Lucifer to slide his cock through. Forget the ball gags that just made it look like Sam was attempting to swallow a basketball whole.

No, Lucifer’s favorite gag was a simple black ball gag that wasn’t too big- it fit comfortably in the palm of his hand- but it wasn’t too small, either. It was just enough for Sam to moan around and have a thin line of drool running down his chin, but not much else.

The response Sam has to the gag is part of the reason why Lucifer loves it. Sam usually was gagged as punishment, and the bigger the punishment, the bigger the gag. Or the more humiliating. Whichever mood Lucifer was feeling at the time of punishment. As a result, Sam tends to be very resistant to the other gags that they have in their vast collection of sex toys and aids, and when Lucifer asks for his nonverbal safe word, he’d refuse until he felt a bit calmer. Lucifer understood. It was all a part of the process Sam had to go through in order to accept the gag, accept he was being punished, and so he never chided Sam for giving him a rough time.

Perhaps it is because when this simple black gag comes out, it’s because Sam’s been good, or it’s a grounding tool for when they try something new or Sam was upset and insisted on doing a scene, or even it’s because it’s the first gag Lucifer bought for Sam, but the moment Sam lays eyes on the simple black ball gag, he melts. He becomes pliant underneath of it, his eye rolling back the moment Lucifer cinches it shut, almost lazily responds to his Dom’s gentle command of “What is your nonverbal safe word, Sam?”, but that’s why Lucifer likes to keep it around. Seeing his submissive so lax in his care, so pliant, full of trust and devotion for his Dom, would make Lucifer harder than almost anything else in the world. Knowing how much Sam trusts him, how willing he is to giving his consent… That’s better than anything.

The black ball gag was between dark pink lips right now, and Sam’s eyes were hooded and glassy, laying on his back, arms stretched above his head and tied to the headboard, with his feet tied to the footboard, legs spread and open. A simple neon blue vibrator laid pulsing in Sam’s hole, his cock leaking steadily. The soft moan drew Lucifer from his thoughts and he smiled down tenderly at Sam, placing a kiss on his lips, wiping up the tiny bit of drool gathered at the corner of Sam’s mouth.

“Such a good little human for me,” he praised, “ready for more?”
Sam moaned and gave a slow blink of understanding.

Lucifer grinned as he held up an identical vibrator to the one buzzing in Sam’s ass and turned it on.
Lucifer smirked as he observed Sam’s current position, with his head hanging off the edge of the bed. His long hair tickled Lucifer’s naked thighs, hands gripping onto the slim man’s waist, his nose pressed to his balls as he sucked on Lucifer’s cock.

As much as Lucifer loved watching Sam’s eyes water and turn red rimmed with tears as he deep throated him, watch the trust and devotion in his eyes, he loved this just as much.

Long, slender fingers caressed Sam’s throat, feeling his cock twitch inside as he caressed it. Sam’s throat was bulging, just below his Adam’s apple, right where the head of Lucifer’s dick was.

Sam moaned and gave a firm suck, Lucifer shuddering as the vibrations from Sam’s moan reverberated within him.

“You look so pretty with my dick in your throat,” Lucifer murmured softly, “And with this beautiful bulge. I love touching it. Love hearing you moan when I do so. Can you feel me pressing on it?” he pressed on it lightly, feeling rather than hearing Sam’s echoing groan.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” He grinned. “I can’t wait to do that when I see your bulge in your stomach from being so deep inside you.”

Sam whined softly and Lucifer smirked.

Tonight was going to be oh so much fun.
Cas pressed his hips against hers, “Do you know what you do to me, little girl?”

He had caught you touching yourself in the motel room, and insisted on not only staying but helping you finish. It was all so new and unfamiliar, but you weren’t complaining; he was all you ever wanted.

“No, Cas, I don’t,” you whimpered.

He ran his hand along your side and your clothes seemed to fade away as he said, “We both know you don’t want to call me that.” His lips at your ear as he whispered, “Say it, Y/N.”

As his hand slipped between your thighs, you moaned, “Please, Daddy, don’t stop.”

“Wasn’t planning on it,” his voice was powerful as he flipped you onto your back and settled between your legs, “This won’t be quick, it won’t be gentle, and you won’t get any rest until I’m done.”

Shivering with anticipation, you practically came just from his words, as you felt his cock rest against your sex, you begged, “Please Daddy…”

Propped above you with one hand, Cas grabbed his cock and playfully slapped his shaft just above your clit before he slid his head through your slit and pushed into you. The stretch and slight burn of his thick shaft had you squirming under him as he bottomed out.

He knelt, lifting your hips and slid a hand around your waist to squeeze your ass, “You feel so good for daddy… I do wonder what else might feel good…” His voice trailed off as he began to pump his hips and one of his fingers, slippery with your slick, pressed against your asshole.

Castiel smirked down at you as you keened, “I know you want this, Y/N, would you like to pretend you don’t?”

Confused for a moment, you looked up at him and saw the Cas you knew; perpetually confused by humanity but compassionate and understanding. He can read my thoughts, but is still so unsure, you thought as you smiled sweetly up at him, “I don’t want to pretend, Daddy, I want it all.”

He pushed one finger into your ass as he continued to thrust into you sex, overwhelming your senses.
at not only being so full but by finally having what you craved for so long.
Gabriel couldn’t be more proud of himself and his abilities to be creative with candy.

Sam looked delicious the way he was right now. Of course, Sam was always delicious. That’s just the way his Father created him. But now… Gabriel licked his lips as he observed his mate.

Sam was tied up with black licorice ropes, laced in braids and tying his hands and feet to the table, legs spread for Gabriel’s perusal. He was gagged with a bright red jawbreaker that was at least as big as Sam’s fist. He could hear Sam slurping away at it as his eyes trailed down to the candy necklaced wrapped around the base of his cock, acting as a cock ring and being covered in salty precum.

Gabriel couldn’t wait for that snack.

And in Sam’s hole, the creme de la creme, so to speak, was the long, spiral, multicolored lolly lodged neatly inside, staining Sam’s rim with sugar.

Gabriel smirked as he grabbed the stick of the lolly and began fucking Sam with it gently.

“You can cum when your gag’s gone.”
“Dammit Michael, I’m not made of glass, you can shove another finger in!” Lucifer snapped, turning his head to look at Michael crossly.

Michael smirked as he gently twisted his two fingers inside his mate. “I’m sorry, but you’re a pretty little virgin, I don’t want to hurt you,” he said calmly.

“For Father’s sake, Michael,” Lucifer groaned, ducking his head down as he took deep breaths. “How long have you had two fingers in my ass?!”

“I’m not telling,” Michael purred. It had been ten minutes.

“It’s time for a third finger!” Lucifer snapped.

“Is it now?” Michael purred. “Do you really want a third finger?”

“YES!” Lucifer shouted.

“Such a bossy little boy,” Michael said simply. He shoved a third finger into Lucifer’s dark pink hole.

Lucifer gave a loud cry of pleasure.

“Is that satisfactory, brother?” Michael asked, spreading his fingers inside of Lucifer. “Or was that not rough enough for you?”

Lucifer’s only reply was to keen as Michael’s fingers brushed against his prostate.

“I’ll take it that that was more than satisfactory, and that I should continue on this trail of pleasure,” Michael smirked. “You’re not going to be walking out of here, Lucifer. Not when I’m done with you.”

“Tease,” Lucifer snarled softly.

Michael’s hand slammed down on his ass. “You should be a bit more respectful to the angel about to drive his cock into your hole.”

Lucifer wasn’t regretting telling Michael he could pop his cherry, so to speak. But damn, his brother needed to learn a lesson about teasing…
Tomorrow.
Sam groaned as Lucifer slid into him once more, squeezing Lucifer’s waist tightly with his legs. His hands couldn’t do much, tied up with Lucifer’s belt and hanging on the coat hook above him as his husband took him against the wall. He gave a moan, the sound guttural and muffled by the silk tie shoved hastily into his mouth.

“I thought I told you to keep the sounds down to a minimum, Samuel,” Lucifer purred in his ear, trailing blunt nails along the curve of Sam’s ass as he fucked him. “Do you want to be punished, little boy?”

Sam shook his head, giving a soft groan as the head of Lucifer’s cock slid on his prostate.

“Then be a bit quieter,” Lucifer commanded. “Every time I tell you to be quieter from now on means you get ten smacks when I’m done here. Do you understand?”

Sam nodded his head, bringing his hips down onto Lucifer’s dick.

“Good boy.” With that, Lucifer slammed into Sam, as though testing him.

Sam was close to begging, but Lucifer didn’t want him to beg. Not yet. He wanted him to take it, take it like a good boy, before begging for more. That’s why he was gagged, so he didn’t beg too early. He wanted to beg, though.

Especially when he was so close to release…

“Don’t cum,” Lucifer breathed softly. “You’re not cumming yet. Oh no. You have to earn that right. And you’ll definitely get punished if you cum before my say-so.”

Sam gave a soft whine.

Goddammit, his husband was masterful at this, and he knew his body would try to betray him, but he was stronger. Mind over matter.

“Gonna look so pretty with my cum leaking out of you,” Lucifer whispered softly in his ear, “because it will, Samuel. All. Night. I’m going to make a filthy mess of you, starting with right here, against this wall.”

Sam moaned. Loudly.
“That’s ten,” Lucifer tsked softly.

It was going to be a long, hard night for Sam.
“Every rose has it’s thorn,” Meg teased as she licked at the vine of roses trailing up Bela’s thigh. 

Bela sighed and ran her fingers through Meg’s black hair, smiling contently as her girlfriend continued to kiss and lick at the tattoo on her thigh. Meg loved doing this, and if Bela were an honest girl, she loved it too. It always led to the best sex between the two of them. “Are you done quoting 80’s power ballads?” she chuckled softly in her rich accent.

Meg glanced up at her with dark brown eyes, dilated and almost shifting to demon black. “Perhaps, but it works with your tattoo,” she purred softly.

Bela’s eyes shifted to crossroads red before giving a growl. “Don’t you have something you’re supposed to be doing?” she asked pointedly.

“I’m getting there, kitten,” Meg murmured. “I must worship the art before I can truly worship you. Especially after your victory over Crowley. He must be so mad that you got that deal before he did.”

Bela smirked, her eyes changing back to a warm green as she tilted Meg’s chin up. “And what is my pretty little pet going to do in order to congratulate me?” she asked softly.

Meg purred and smirked. “I’m going to eat you until you scream, Bela.” She raked her nails down the roses along her lover’s thigh, her eyes turning black.

“Good girl,” Bela praised.

Meg grinned mischievously before biting down on Bela’s tattoo, eliciting a cry from the crossroads demon.

Hell, she loved making Bela scream in pleasure from doing things to this tattoo. Maybe she should get one of her own, for Bela to use on her…
Lucifer moaned as Sam’s and Gabriel’s fingers worked through his feathers, finding the sensitive oil glands and rubbing on them firmly, yet gently. His blush colored wings fluttered gently in their hands. He reached out for Gabriel’s, but the golden wings quickly moved out of his reach.

“No, no, big brother,” Gabriel laughed softly. “It’s all about you tonight. Our beautiful, selfless Morning Star, who always takes such good care of us.”

Sam nodded, pressing his face into his feathers. “So it’s our turn,” he murmured softly. “We’re going to get you nice and pliant, wring an orgasm out of you with your beautiful wings.”

“Then I’m going to open Samshine up with your wing oil and he’s gonna ride your cock while I ride your face,” Gabriel finished for Sam. He pressed down on Lucifer’s most sensitive spot in his wings, not the oil gland itself but right where it started to swell into it. Lucifer sobbed softly.

“And then, just when you think we’ve had enough,” Sam murmured lovingly, trailing kisses along the high arch of the older archangel’s wing, “we’re going to pin you down and rut against your feathers until we cum and leave them a sticky mess.”

Lucifer moaned and met Gabriel’s golden eyes, blown apart with lust and desire. “Then it’s your turn,” he rasped, keening as Sam raked his teeth where his wings burst out of his back.

Gabriel smirked as he leaned in close. “That’s all dependent upon if you’re up to it, big brother.” With that, he closed his mouth around the oil gland and gave a firm suck, moaning as the taste of frankincense exploded on his tongue.

From Lucifer’s responding cry, his lovers don’t think he’d be able to move an arm when they were done with him, much less chase his younger brother down to tease the dark gold wings.

Which was Gabriel and Sam’s plan from the very beginning when they pinned Lucifer to the bed.
“Can we try something new?” Sam asked, running his fingers through the blond curls of his lovers. Sometimes, it was unnerving to realize that Lucifer and Nick were essentially the same person, but other times… Sam loved it.

“Like what?” Nick asked sleepily, almost pushing his head into Sam’s hand like a cat.

Lucifer chuckled softly, his eyes closed and a lazy smile on his face.

Sam smiled and squirmed in between them. “I’d like you both to fuck me. But not like… double penetration or playing cards.”

“Not sure if I know what you’re asking, little human,” Lucifer murmured. “Because I’m fairly certain we have both fucked you. Hard. You couldn’t walk. Or really limp.”

Nick chuckled and opened his eyes. “That was a fun day.”

“It was,” Sam agreed, hugging them close. “I want Luce to possess you. And then fuck me.”

Lucifer and Nick met eyes over Sam. Twin grins of mischief slid over their face.

“I like that,” Lucifer purred lowly, and Sam repressed the shiver down his spine.

“We could always switch control,” Nick added, running a hand down Sam’s sternum. “He’d never know completely which one of us has control and is pounding into him.”

Lucifer smirked and Sam couldn’t repress the shudder, no matter how hard he tried.

“I like it,” Nick emphasized.

Lucifer crawled over Sam and pinned the man who said yes to the bed. “Do I have your consent?” he asked.

“Oh you know it, baby,” Nick teased. “Yes. Possess me.”

Lucifer leaned in for a kiss and concentrated, Nick opening his mouth and moaning as Lucifer transformed into a ball of light. Sam shielded his eyes and when he removed his arm, Nick’s eyes were glowing blue with Grace and had a predatory look to them. One Sam was all too familiar with.
“Let’s have some fun,” Lucifer purred.
Breeding Kink - Sam x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #12: Breeding Kink
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

Sam moaned and rolled his hips back into Lucifer’s, his head lolling back to rest on his mate’s shoulder.

“You’re just like a bitch in heat for me,” Lucifer breathed softly, running his hands up and down Sam’s sides, one hand coming up to caress his throat. “The way you’re thrusting your hips back onto mine, the way you’re moaning… makes me wonder if my little human wants to be bred.”

Sam moaned louder, his cock stiffening between his legs.

“Would you like that, Sam? To fuck you hard for hours on end to try to knock you up?” Lucifer purred, noticing the way Sam’s skin flushed with the suggestion.

“Yes.” Sam’s answer was in the form of an embarrassingly aroused whimper.

Lucifer smirked against his skin. “My own personal little breeding boy,” he whispered. “You’d look so hot, belly swollen with my child. I bet your pecs would swell, too, swell with milk for them.” The hand not caressing Sam’s throat went up to run itself over Sam’s pecs and nipples, tweaking them. “My big, strong hunter, carrying our children.”

“Lucifer,” Sam moaned. “Please…”

“You want me to breed you?” Lucifer nibbled along the shell of Sam’s ear.

“Yes!” Sam nearly shouted, Lucifer’s cock sliding neatly over his prostate.

“As my little boy wishes,” Lucifer smiled, slamming into Sam.

Sam screamed his desire to be bred, shouting Yes with every slam, every thrust Lucifer drove into him.

He wondered idly, in the moment before he came, if Lucifer did get him pregnant.
“You are magnificent like this, Samuel,” Lucifer purred softly, trailing his hands down the soft black hemp rope covering Sam’s arms, his eyes dark and hooded.

Sam groaned, watching his angel caress the intricate knot work that laced his body and arms. His lids were lowered in pleasure, his breathing slowed down to a crawl, but it was still there.

Lucifer’s long pianist fingers trailed the infinity knots that were lining the center of Sam’s chest, his eyes following their slow descent down towards his human’s cock.

“You have surrendered completely and it is beautiful,” Lucifer said quietly. “One of the most precious gifts anyone has ever given me.”

Sam gave a soft moan, dark pink lips falling open as lust blown hazel eyes slipped closed. Lucifer smiled as his fingers trailed along skin now, tracing the inside of the rope against Sam’s skin, heated to the touch.

“Even more of a work of art than usual,” he breathed. “Oh, Samuel.” The name fell off his lips like a prayer.

“Luce,” Sam moaned softly.

“I’m right here, worshipping you,” Lucifer murmured, “taking care of you. Touching you.”

Sam moaned softly and managed to remain still as Lucifer followed the knots down to his legs, spread apart but with the same intricate design as before.

“Magnificent,” Lucifer repeated. “Ready to be taken apart, Samuel?”

Sam moaned.

“Yes.”
“Let’s see, which plug should I send you into work with?” Lucifer hummed, trailing long pale fingers along a wide array of plugs, displayed on their dresser like photo frames should be. He cast an eye over at Sam, bent over the bed with his hands cuffed behind his back and legs spread apart. Cum and lube leaked out of his red and puffy hole, trailing down his inner thigh. He watched a full body shiver go through his submissive before turning back to the task at hand. “I don’t think you want any of your little princess plugs, not with how I fucked you this morning.”

Sam groaned and shifted slightly. Lucifer allowed it. He preferred Sam being completely still for this, but he also knows holding the same position for minutes at a time could be difficult.

“And I don’t think you should be sent in with the ones you can definitely fuck yourself on,” Lucifer continued, mentally eliminating some rather intimidating plugs in their collection. “Nor should I send you in with one that has a tail on it. Pity.”

Sam groaned again, turning his face to look at Lucifer. His eyes were still lidded, indicating he was still in subspace, and he would be until Lucifer brought him out of it before work.

They learned very on in their relationship that this actually helped Sam ascertain a dominant personality within the courtroom and outside the four walls of their home, which is what he needed. It helped him relax enough and let him know that it WAS okay to be like this.

The moment he stepped back into their bedroom, though, he was Lucifer’s submissive, and Lucifer took great delight in taking care of his strong Alpha male of a husband and relaxing him to the point where Sam could let go and be calm.

Lucifer held up a plug, observing it. It was a simple one, black and of a decent size. His long fingers barely covered it, so it wasn’t too big, but not too small. On the end of it, the part that would show when Sam bent over naked, was a heart shaped red rhinestone in it.

“I think this one would do nicely today,” he commented. He walked over to Sam and gently began easing it into his already well used hole.

Sam moaned as the plug was swallowed and nestled deep inside of him.

Lucifer found the towel on the floor and gently wiped up the leaked out cum and lube from Sam’s inner thigh. He undid the snaps on the leather cuffs and gently brought Sam up to standing, keeping
him close to his body. “There you go, baby, you’re already for work,” he murmured, running his hands up and down Sam’s body. “Come back to me, my handsome lawyer.”

Sam’s nose sought out the junction of Lucifer’s neck and inhaled deeply.

“That’s it, baby,” Lucifer murmured, holding Sam close to him. “I’ve got you. You’re all ready for work once you come out of this.”

Sam blinked open his eyes a few minutes later, Lucifer still holding him upright and running his hands up and down his body. His hazel eyes were clear and there was strength and definition when he leaned up for a kiss. “I love how you always know exactly what I need,” he murmured hoarsely.

Lucifer smiled and kissed Sam’s cheek. “That’s what Dom’s do, baby. It’s a part of the job description. Eggs and bacon for breakfast?”

Sam nodded, turning in Lucifer’s arms and kissing him deeply. Lucifer was only happy to oblige, and in a bout of mischievous control, he gently tapped the plug lodged in his husband’s ass.

Sam groaned and clutched Lucifer’s shoulders. Lucifer chuckled and kissed Sam sweetly. “Let me go make breakfast,” he murmured softly, “While you get dressed.”

“Yes, Sir,” Sam murmured for the last time until he came home.

Lucifer walked over to the door, pausing as he watched Sam bend over to open up his underwear drawer. Smirking, he mentally patted himself on the back for an excellent choice in plug before walking into the kitchen to make breakfast.
The dark haired blue eyed man that Dean picked up at the bar wasn’t Castiel. But the attention that Dean was paying to the man made Crowley think that there was something about him that Dean was associating with Castiel. Crowley was no fool, he was the king of hell, he knew that Dean used to love his angel. He also knew that there were times that Dean would go out alone for days at a time without telling Crowley where he went. Those nights Crowley spent back in hell doing some of his worst damage to the souls down there.

This particular night Crowley sat on the edge of the bed, his dick in his hand, stroking it to keep it hard despite the foul thoughts that were trying their hardest to make it soft. Dean kissed this one. Dean usually never kissed them. He always fucked them hard, using them, never kissing them, not on the mouth. In fact, he never kissed Crowley in all these months either.

Crowley decided that it was going to be alright, he would ignore the pull of jealousy that he felt deep within him. He was the King of Hell dammit. He didn’t get jealous. He could have almost anyone he wanted. Everyone but the one he wanted. He suppressed a growl as he watched Dean whisper something in Not Cas’ ear. The man’s face lit up with a smile as he nodded.

Crowley was curious, so he moved closer. Light touches played against skin, Dean’s, Not Cas’ skin, and lead him all the way up to where Dean was now biting Not Cas’ nipples and roughly stroking his cock. Crowley leaned in and bit Not Cas shoulder to make him gasp and open his eyes.

Crowley looked up and met his eyes with a slow smile. There it was. The eyes, they weren’t the same, they weren’t the the right shade of blue. Cas’ eyes also shone with something behind them, his Grace, Crowley suspected. He also wasn’t tall enough. His hair too tame.

Crowley kissed him. He wanted to know if he tasted the way he imagined Cas did. Not Cas was so shocked by the force of it, his mouth opened and Crowley let himself in as Dean moved lower. He tasted faintly of the liquor that Dean had bought the man, but other than the top shelf that came out of Crowley’s pocket, there was nothing remarkable about him.

He watched the man’s eyes turn back to the beautiful man that was moving down his body, tongue tasting every inch of flesh that was on display for him. It stirred something inside Crowley. All the little things, he tried to hold onto them. He was quickly realizing that he was having a hard time with this. He abruptly moved from the bed. Back turned so that Not Cas could not see it, he conjured up the same bottle of liquor and a fresh glass right there in the hotel room. After pouring himself some he sat back down in the over-sized chair as he watched Dean take Not Cas’ dick into his mouth.
No matter the feeling that it caused in him seeing a man, so similar to the angel, withering under the
ministrations of the beautiful Knight of Hell, Dean was a remarkable sight. The way he could take a
cock into his mouth was no less than the miracle of him being pulled from Hell by an angel, only to
become a demon. Crowley smirked at the thought.

“He feels good, doesn’t he?” Not Cas could barely take his eyes away as he nodded. It was at that
point that Dean pulled off the cock that was occupying him and grinned back at Crowley. Crowley
quirked an eyebrow back at him.

“Hey man, you ever try docking?” Dean smiled down at the man. Crowley knew that smile. It was
devilishly (heh) handsome, the one that unarms people, makes them want to follow the demon into
the darkness to be devoured.

The man looked like he was just hit with a two-by-four and couldn’t think properly. He shook his
head and, before he could answer, Dean’s smile grew, like the predator he was. “Guess what big
boy. You’re going to try it tonight and you’re really going to enjoy it.” Not Cas’ response was only
to lick his lips and nod. Crowley almost sympathized with him. Almost.

“This is something I learned from an old friend of mine. After he pulled me from Hell.” He grinned
his bright smile back at Crowley and Crowley tried not to prickle with jealousy as he leaned forward
with his drink, his cock giving a little twitch.

He knew what it was. He had felt his dick sliding inside of Dean’s foreskin. He told him he was cut
before he went to Hell and when Cas put him back together he was fresh, whole, complete. He also
told Crowley in great detail exactly how he and Cas played with said foreskin when they finally got
to fucking.

Of course, when he was telling Crowley this, he didn’t mind much because he was showing him as
well. Now, Crowley was able to watch Dean do it to someone else. Someone that looked eerily close
to what Cas looked like. He felt the itch to kill the man under Dean. He didn’t like feeling that way.

He sat back as Dean explained what he was going to do. Then Crowley, moving closer, watched as
Dean stretched his foreskin over the head of Not Cas’ dick. The other man started panting a little
faster, and when Dean took them both in hand and began to use his skin to stroke over the other
man, Crowley saw red. He was unsure why it was having such an effect on him. All he knew was
that he couldn’t let it happen any more.

Without realizing what he was doing, he set his drink down and opened Not Cas’ legs wide enough
that he knew it would hurt. It forced Dean to kneel between Not Cas’ legs instead of straddling him.
As he pressed Dean’s thighs open, he laid on the bed on his back and with a little demon flickering
ended up exactly where he wanted to be—under Dean’s ass.

If Dean was going to do that with Not Cas, he would show them both what it was like to ignore
Crowley. He spread Dean’s ass open wide, his hole was tight and contracting closed with the
pleasure that he was no doubt getting by letting Not Cas fuck into his foreskin. He knew what Dean
liked. Not Cas did not. So he went to town. Gentle at first, because he knew that even as Dean loved
things rough, he always liked this to start gentle, even if he would never admit to it.

The moment that his tongue was lapping long, wet stripes against Dean’s asshole, Dean pressed
against his mouth wanting more. Dean knew that he would deliver. His lips pulled up in a smirk
against Dean’s glorious ass and he pressed into him further. His tongue licking and pressing into
Dean, eventually Dean was moaning and pressing down hard enough that Crowley couldn’t breath,
moving his ass and grinding into his face. It was a good thing that he didn’t need air because he
would have died the way that Dean was demanding more.
“You better make me come like this, Crowley,” Dean growled at him. He heard Not Cas exclaim “Ow, fuck man!” and then suddenly Not Cas’ legs were gone. He heard the obvious sound of a mouth sucking a dick. He knew that it wasn’t Dean. He was making Not Cas suck his dick while he rode Crowley’s mouth. He only knew that because the grinding was not so hard and forceful. He could feel Dean pressing forward, no doubt fucking into the other man’s throat, then rocking back and forcing Crowley’s tongue deeper inside him.

It wasn’t long before he heard Not Cas choking on Dean’s dick as Dean came down his throat. And then Dean was gone. He was on the bed smirking at Crowley. Feeling a little pride as he moved, he knew that he made Dean forget about Not Cas and had him thinking about the tongue in his ass instead. He also felt his own cock hard and throbbing between his legs.

He stood up and grabbed Not Cas by the hips and shoved his cock between his ass-cheeks. He leaned over and spit between them, spreading and moving them together to make it as wet as possible. He liked a little bit of drag though, so he started riding the man. Squeezing his ass together, forcing his cock up and down. Occasionally, the head of his cock would catch on the rim and Not Cas would whimper and tilt his hips wanting more.

He sped up when he met Dean’s eyes and as those green eyes flashed black at him he finally came hard over Not Cas’ back. Not Cas pressed back against him and Crowley shoved him aside. “Get out,” he told him.

“What?” Not Cas was not very eloquent. Another thing that made him completely different from Cas.

“You heard the man. Get out.” Dean smiled big and his eyes, green again, never left Crowley. It was almost as if Dean knew that Crowley was jealous. He wasn’t though. He also was secretly pleased that Dean obviously didn’t give two fucks that Not Cas didn’t get off.

“I haven’t even got to come yet, man.” That had Crowley turning to him.

“Do we look like we give a fuck? Get out.” That had Dean laughing. Not Cas scrambled to get his clothing as he grumbled under his breath.

Dean patted the bed next to him, holding one glass of the scotch in his hand and offering another to Crowley. When Crowley climbed on the bed next to him and started sipping the drink, Dean told him casually enough that it caused Crowley to cough into the scotch burning his throat further, “I’m going to fuck you raw for that. You’re kinda cute when you’re jealous.”
Latching the last leather cuff, you looked up at Sam, “Oh God, that’s hot.”

Sam grinned down at you, shirtless and wearing a pair of dark wash jeans as he carded a hand through his hair, “Yes it is.” His eyes traced the curve of your body, your wrists and ankles bound to the four posts of the bed leaving you completely exposed to him.

He walked to the end of the bed and continued to stare, making you nervous, then he stepped out of his jeans and crawled up the bed. Resting between your legs, Sam slid the head of his cock along your sensitive sex, “I could just leave you like this.”

You knew better than to talk back, but your body seemed determined that you get punished, “You wouldn’t dare.”

Sam’s eyes snapped to yours and for a moment he glared down at you before you felt him pushing into your cunt. His thickness stretching you open as your mouth hung open in bliss, he smiled down at you wickedly, “I will do what I want, little girl.”

A gasp fell from your lips as he bottomed out and began to grind against you. He raised a hand to your cheek, running his thumb along your bottom lip as he whispered, “You are mine.”

He pulled back and began to thrust into you hard, not seeming to care if you came without permission as he drove his cock into you over and over again. Sam’s eyes locked on yours, he could feel and see that your orgasm was about to overtake you. “Already?” he growled, leaning close as he hammered his hips against yours, “Cum for me.”
“Fuck, Sam,” Adam breathed, throwing his head back in ecstasy. “Fuck, so good.”

Sam panted as he drove his hips into Adam again. “You’re so tight, little brother,” he whispered. “So tight and warm for me.”

Adam groaned, tilting his head back and exposing his neck. He loved this, feeling Sam rocked his hips into him. He loved this, loved being fucked by the taller Winchester. Sam was the only who made him feel like this. Who could fuck him like this.

“Sammy?!” Dean rapped on the door in concern. “You doin’ okay?”

Sam and Adam froze. They locked eyes with each other, thinking quick.

“Dean!” Sam finally snapped. “Do you not see the fucking sock?!”

Adam bit his lip to keep quiet.

“Are you watching porn?” Dean asked incredulously.

“No, I’m acting like two people at once, what do you think?” Sam rolled his eyes, smirking at Adam. “Yes, I’m watching porn. Go away. Go get drunk and hook up with some big titted blonde.”

“I resent that, but maybe I will,” Dean snapped.

They waited until Dean’s footsteps finished creaking across the motel and the glass door close before Sam grinned wolfishly down at Adam. Grabbing his ankles, he hoisted them over his shoulder, which tugged Adam closer and drove Sam’s cock in deeper.

Adam groaned loudly.

“Little brother’s gonna be fucked,” Sam grinned before unleashing.
Weeks of building tension between the two of you and it finally broke. Sam was out, leaving you and Dean alone for hours to wait. The sweltering heat and lack of distraction had caused the pressure to build exponentially.

The hunt. Numerous women and girls being taken by an unknown entity and the frustration at all the missing pieces of information was getting to all of you. It was the reason Sam had left: the three of you were failing. Dean stood, anger forcing his hand as he approached you, “I’ve had enough.”

No asking, no talking about feelings, no warning, Dean’s hands were on you as he kissed you, and you melted into him. One hand in your hair and one gripping your neck as he backed you into the wall, Dean’s hips against yours as he ran the tip of his tongue along your bottom lip.

His body molded to yours as his hands forced your jeans down before he turned you around; it’s what you both needed. The distraction from the pain and anguish on every face that you met, the lack of progress, and the faces of the missing girls; two weeks of failing to stop this or even understand what was happening to them was more than any of you could cope with.

You heard him unzipping his jeans as he leaned close to whisper, “Please tell me you want this.”

Arching your back so your ass pressed against him, you nodded. No words would ever be able to
describe how much you needed Dean Winchester to fuck the failure out of you against a dingy motel wall. Your lips parted as you felt the blunt head of his cock at your entrance before he thrust into you, he said under his breath, “Gonna make this good for you, Y/N.”
“Fuck, Sam, do you even realize how fucking gorgeous you look right now?” Lucifer breathed, stroking his cock as he watched.

Sam was bent over the foot of their bed, legs tied apart wide and his hands tied behind his back. Lucifer could see his cock rubbing against the mattress with each thrust of the machine gun sex machine behind him, drilling a large, obnoxiously colored neon green dildo into Sam’s well lubed hole. It was going at a fairly fast pace, and he watched as Sam moaned and writhed on the bed, leaking considerably.

“I mean, I am not even touching you, and you’re moaning and writhing just like you are,” Lucifer said, his voice in a state of wonder. “It’s just my voice, and a machine. A machine, Sam. It’s not even a flesh and blood dick in your ass. I’m not the one fucking you. A machine is.”

Sam moaned and writhed more, Lucifer’s words encouraging him to rut harder, to cry out louder.

“But I don’t mind.” Lucifer sat down and peered into Sam’s sweaty face. “I can’t wait to see your face when I finally give you permission to cum.”
MACHINE GUN
Sitting on the bed of the crappy motel room, you listened to the water run in the bathroom. Dean’s been in there for too long, you thought before you heard the crash of Dean’s fist against the mirror. Bursting out of the bathroom, Dean grabbed the tv and threw it down on the floor.

“Dean! What the fuck?!” you shouted at him as he grabbed for something else to throw.

He stopped and stared at you for a moment before he bellowed, “We’re never gonna find him Y/N!”

Sam had been soulless and missing for weeks. You and Dean had been on his trail but it had gone cold days ago and there was no way to know where he might be or what he could be up to.

“That’s no reason to trash the fucking room!” you yelled, just as frustrated with the situation as he was, “You don’t own being pissed, Dean. And you aren’t the only one he left!”

He stood, lamp in hand and breathing heavily as he eyed you carefully. After a few minutes of silence he set the lamp on the table and in a falsely calm voice asked, “So the two of you were…”

Your bottom lip trembled as you fought against the nearly overwhelming rejection you felt when it came to Sam. He’d never flat-out told you he didn’t feel the same way, but it was obvious he didn’t see you as anything other than a good friend.
Dean’s demeanor changed immediately. He cautiously approached you, and said in a gravelly, deep voice, “He doesn’t deserve you. He’s my brother and I’d die for him, but he sure as shit doesn’t deserve someone like you.”

Eyes bright with tears and the toxic anger pumping through your veins, you overreacted when Dean reached a hand out to comfort you, flipping him onto the bed and mounting him in one fluid movement. Looking down at him in shock at what you had done and relishing the feeling of him beneath you, your mind went blank when you felt his hands squeeze your thighs.

Practically tearing out of your clothes as you and Dean tried to maintain contact, you found yourself naked and underneath him on the floor, his cock sliding along your slick cunt. He bit his bottom lip as he wrapped a hand around his shaft and began to push into you. It had been longer than you cared to admit since you had last gotten laid and Dean’s impressive length felt like if he went too fast he’d tear you apart.

“Fuck, you feel so good, Y/N,” Dean growled as he bottomed out.

Wrapping your legs around his waist, you demanded, “Fuck me. Hard.” You barely recognized your own voice when in that moment, but when Dean sat back on his heals and gripped your hips to lift you up so he could drive his cock into you harder than anyone ever had before, you didn’t want to be anywhere else.
“Fuck, Lucifer,” Sam groaned, grabbing the back of the seat and the steering wheel as Lucifer fucked into him.

The cab of a garbage truck wasn’t the most luxurious place to be having a quick round of sex, but they couldn’t wait.

“Such a dirty little boy,” Lucifer breathed, fucking him hard, nails digging crescent moons into the pale skin of Sam’s hips. “Hope you get off soon, or else you’re gonna be getting all the trash by yourself with a hardon and my cum leaking out of your ass.”

“Stop teasing then,” Sam laughed breathlessly. “Can’t even feel you.”

“Do you want to bet?” Lucifer snarled, starting to fuck his partner faster and harder, making sure his cock slammed against Sam’s prostate.

Sam cried out.

“You do realize that the people at the dump can probably hear you,” Lucifer chuckled. “If Keith comes out and catches us…”

“We’ll find a new dump to offload dead bodies at,” Sam groaned. “Fuck, more, Lucifer.”

“You better cum soon, little boy,” Lucifer warned.

“I will,” Sam moaned.

“Do you have a clean shirt, Sam?” Lucifer asked.

“No!” Sam came just then, cumming over his belly, the release sliding onto the seats below and staining them, his shirt, and his safety vest.

“Oh dear,” Lucifer groaned, not sounding at all concerned. “That’s some sour milk if I saw some…”

He came, filling Sam up. Sam looked up at him with a dopey smile.

Lucifer patted his hip. “Pull up and zip up, so you can drive us out of here.”
“I cannot believe you went after that crocotta by yourself, like an absolute, colossal fledgling!” Lucifer shouted, throwing his hands up in the air. Father’s Human Child, how could Dean, an experienced hunter who actually knew what the fuck he was doing, be so fucking immature and idiotic.

Dean spread his bloody hands wide, shrugging. “It’s dead now, isn’t it?” he said.

“You went off alone. Like you were invincible. Which you are most certainly not.” Lucifer crossed his arms over his chest. “What were you thinking, that you were a fucking angel?”

Dean shrugged again, this time giving a little smirk. “I may not be a ‘fucking angel’,” he drawled. “But I am being fucked by one.”

Lucifer narrowed his eyes. “You’ll be lucky if you get a finger from me tonight,” he growled.

“Awh, angel,” Dean cooed, coming up in front of Lucifer and pecking his lips gently. “Please? I saved lives and called for you when I needed help. And I’ve been good up until now.”

Lucifer huffed. “And what, exactly, would you like tonight, Dean?” he asked bluntly.

Dean smiled coquettishly, lowering his lashes. “Whatever you want, your Grace,” he whispered softly.

Lucifer smirked to himself. “So if I were to punish you for being reckless,” he murmured.

“I’d deserve it, your Grace,” Dean hummed.

Lucifer tilted Dean’s chin up, eyes trained on the hunter’s plump, pink lips, watching as the darker pink tongue dart out and wet his lips.

“HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I ASKED YOU NOT TO IMMEDIATELY SMITE ANY PERSON WHO GRABS MY ASS?”

Lucifer managed to look sheepish and contrite. “I’m sorry,” he said quietly.

“How many times have I asked you not to immediately smite any person who grabs my ass?” Sam asked, tilting his head to the side.

Lucifer frowned. “Sam, you know I get possessive and angry when people touch you without your permission,” he said softly. “Even I try to ask permission. Haven’t I gotten better at anger control?”

He walked up to his mate and gently, hesitantly, cupped his cheek. “Please, don’t be too mad.”

Sam huffed and looked at Lucifer with a raised brow. “I suppose you have,” he said stiffly.

“How?” Sam asked flatly.

Lucifer gave a small smile. “Let you throat fuck me and then you can tie me up with the angel-warded cuffs while you ride me?” he bargained.

Sam huffed a laugh and looked at Lucifer. “Seriously? Sex, Lucifer?”

Lucifer smiled. “Anger sex is sometimes the best sex, is it not?”

“I suppose so. And not letting you touch me… that would be punishment enough, wouldn’t it?” Sam’s smirk was coming into play.
“C’mon, Sammy!” Brady taunted, grunting as Sam drove deeper into him. “Faster, harder!”

“For someone being on the bottom,” Sam hissed in his ear, nails tearing Brady’s skin as he raked them down the other man’s back, “You’re being awful bossy.”

“Well that’s what I do, Sam,” Brady smirked, groaning as the head of Sam’s cock dragged along his prostate, “I call the shots.”

“Do you now?” Sam asked, picking up the knife.

“Did I say you could have that?” Brady asked, a low threat curling in his tone. His hazel eyes shifted black.

“Maybe not out loud,” Sam murmured, pushing Brady down into the bad as his hips slowed. “But I can feel your body begging for it. Hold still, so I don’t fuck up.”

Brady listened for once, hissing as the cool knife touched his skin and began slowly flaying open under Sam’s practiced hand.

They’ve drawn this sigil, with knives and paint and blood, on each other so many times since they met up again, Sam without his soul. Drawn to each other once more like they were in college, their instincts were now more primal, more carnal in nature. They craved the dark within, and they gave into it gladly.

“Good thing he’s not around to be summoned,” Brady chuckled dryly as Sam finished the final touches on the sigil that meant their creator.

“Indeed,” Sam chuckled as he ran his fingers through the cuts, gathering the blood on his hands and listening to Brady moan. “Do you think he’d approve?”

“Immensely, my King,” Brady groaned. He rocked his hips back. “Get moving, will ya?”

Sam grabbed Brady’s jaw and made him face him, craning his neck so hard the meatsuit’s vertebrae cracked. He lifted the knife and slowly ran his tongue down it, collecting the droplets of blood.

Brady’s face was now streaked with his own blood, but the demon couldn’t care. His eyes couldn’t
get any blacker in lust and demonic possession.

“Gonna drink from me, Sammy?” he mocked.

Sam held the knife to Brady’s throat, the demon laughing breathlessly as the cut was made. The crimson liquid spilled out, copper and sulphur filling their nostrils. Sam took a deep breath and dove in, sucking and biting on Brady’s neck, drinking as his hips collided with Brady’s over and over again.

“Oh fuck, yes Sam!” Brady moaned, tilting his neck back. “Fuck me harder!”

“You’re too coherent,” Sam growled, pulling away, his lips stained.

Brady seized the chestnut curls on Sam’s head and pulled him into a rough kiss, tasting the blood on his lips.

“Drink as much as you need, Sammy,” he whispered harshly, licking his own lips, not caring that it was his blood he just drank, “cause tonight I want you to fuck me against the wall with no ties. Just your mind. And if you’re a good King… I’ve got a demon on ice for you. A nice crossroads demon who thought he could beat ol’ Yellow Eyes back in the day. I’ll let you gut him and bathe and drink in his blood before fucking me again. Do you want that?”

“Yes,” Sam snarled, fucking his hips harder into Brady.

“Then drink.”

Brady could’ve sworn his King’s eyes turned the yellow of their creator before ducking his head and proceeding to drink from Brady.
“Do you have any idea how incredibly and completely reckless that was, Gabriel?!” Lucifer screeched.

Gabriel grinned and cackled at Lucifer’s red face. “Oh Luci,” he breathed. “That was an epic prank!”

“You nearly fucking took Michael’s head off with your halo!” Lucifer shouted.

“The keyword there being ‘nearly’, ” Gabriel giggled, wrapping his arms around his big brother.

Lucifer glared at the Trickster, and Gabriel smirked.

“C’mon, Luci, it was just a prank,” he soothed. “No one got hurt, it was all in good fun, the roses are okay. Mikey still has his head, or the bit that’s not shoved up his ass, and all that’s wrong now is you’re a bit angry.”

“A bit?” Lucifer asked tersely.

“Just a bit,” Gabriel agreed pleasantly, his hands sliding from Lucifer’s shoulders to the front of his jeans, flicking the button open and undoing the zipper. “But since I scared and upset you, let me make it up to… big brother.”

Lucifer chuckled and looked down at Gabriel. “You’ll be doing a lot of making up, then, if you think you can ease my bad mood from this with sex,” he warned, his voice low and growling.

“You know, I realize I’m nailing your sweet spot in this position,” Lucifer murmured in a low, sex roughed voice as he thrust up into Sam harder, “but do you have to be so loud?”

Sam moaned in response, his eyes glazed over and his thighs squeezing Lucifer’s waist to keep him secure against the motel door.

“I’m going to gag you next time, it’s almost like you want to get caught,” Lucifer continued to whisper in Sam’s ear, squeezing his ass. “Stop being so loud, or I’ll give you a reason to be loud.”

“Sammy?” Dean was trying to get into the motel room.

Sam and Lucifer froze. Lucifer raised a brow, as if to say, your move, Sam.

“Hey Dean,” Sam said in a breathless voice, glaring at Lucifer the best he could as the angel kneaded his rear. “Do you have food? I’m thinkin’ burgers.”

“You want burgers?” Dean’s voice was in disbelief. Lucifer bit his tongue to keep from laughing, a finger now prodding at Sam’s stuffed hole.

“Yes… something greasy. I’m hungry,” Sam managed to say without stretching his voice to the stratosphere of pleasure.

“It’s ‘cause you eat nothing but rabbit food. I’ll go grab some burgers from that diner, your usual?”

“Yeah,” Sam said, withholding a moan with incredible difficulty, considering Lucifer had managed to slip a finger in alongside his cock.

“Okay, later bitch,” Dean said.
“Jerk,” Sam called back. His nails dug into Lucifer’s biceps.

They waited for the sound of Dean’s footsteps to fade away and the Impala roar to life and go off before Lucifer growled.

“Do you seriously want to get caught by Dean?” he asked, fucking into Sam now with earnest.

Sam gave a breathless laugh in reply, groaning loudly.

“Dirty, filthy human.”
“To think, there was a time where you wouldn’t have trusted me with this,” Lucifer murmured, running a soothing hand down Sam’s bound leg. The human shivered from the cool touch, but was relaxed into it. “And yet, here you are, begging for it. Aren’t you, you little slut?”

“Yes, Sir,” Sam breathed, wetting too dry lips with his soft tongue.

Lucifer smirked and trailed a finger along the broad collar circling Sam’s neck. “Safeword?”

“Clowns, Sir.”

“Nonverbal?”

Sam demonstrated pulling his hand free and jerking it down to hover over his crotch without removing his hand. The quick release stayed in his hand.

“Good little slut,” Lucifer purred. He hefted the leash in his hands, eyeing the black leather covering Sam’s throat in such a delicious way.

The collar was a choking one, one Sam had presented to Lucifer about a year ago to add to their pain and sensation play repertoire, and they almost never do that kind of play without it now. Even if Lucifer removes the leash, having it resting so heavily against Sam’s throat calmed him enough for the pain, relaxed him to the point of intense sensations, and of course, heightened his arousal.

“Are you ready?” Lucifer asked softly, gazing down at Sam.

Sam nodded, closing his eyes. “Yes, Sir,” he whispered.

Lucifer smirked. The hand holding the leash tugged on it lightly, choking Sam. The other hand reached over at the same time and squeezed Sam’s cock hard, the head turning purple briefly before Lucifer let the leash go lax and the cock go.

Sam nearly screamed, his back bowing off the table.

“Filthy little pain slut,” Lucifer purred lovingly. “Gonna break you down and bring you back up.”
“Fuck, yes Lucifer!” you called out as Lucifer drilled into you over and over again, the spray from the shower tattooing his back and splashing onto your breasts.

“It’s almost as if you want Sam and Dean to walk in on you getting fucked,” Lucifer teased, bringing his cool hand down between your legs and rubbing your clit. “Stop being so loud, little dove.”

You moaned loudly. You couldn’t help it. Lucifer filled you up in a way no one else could, and the way he fucked you… It had you limping for days with a sore throat that lasted weeks, sure, but dammit you enjoyed every minute of it.

“Fuck me harder,” you begged. “Please. Make me scream.”

“You want to scream? Want to make your ‘partners’ wonder if you’re getting murdered in here?” Lucifer smirked.

“Please, Lucifer, please,” you whimpered, gasping as the head of his cock slid neatly across your sweet spot.

He leaned in, pressing himself to you and pushing you into the tile behind you. “Scream for me,” was all he said before he began thrusting into you hard and fast, his hand not circling your sensitive nub roughly grabbing a breast and squeezing it hard.
You obeyed immediately, screaming loudly.

Distantly, you could hear chairs falling over as the boys started running to the bathroom, but you couldn’t bring yourself to care.

You just couldn’t keep silent when Lucifer was fucking you. Ever.
“Doesn’t this look oh so nice?” Lucifer purred in Nick’s ear as he pounded into the younger twin with a smirk. “Being fucked in front of a mirror by your mirror image?”

“Well, when you phrase it like that, Old Scratch,” Nick teased playfully, gasping as Lucifer’s sharper nails dug into his hips at the nickname, “that just makes it sound creepy.” He looked in the mirror, groaning at their reflecting. Both of them were kneeling, Lucifer holding him up by a simple arm his torso, his fingers resting at the hollow of Nick’s throat while a hand held his hips steady. Lucifer was close to drawing blood, and his head was buried now in the crook of Nick’s neck, kissing and nipping.

“No marks,” Nick groaned, reaching back with one hand to grasp his twin’s blond hair. The other one was clutching the one near his neck, groaning loudly.

“I’ll mark you up from the inside, Nick,” Lucifer promised. “From the inside, out.”

Nick groaned, feeling his dick throb.

“Keep looking at us in the mirror,” Lucifer ordered softly, “Or I’ll make it so you don’t cum yet.”

Nick whined, but did as he was told, watching his twin ravish him in front of the full length mirror.

This was better than any porno they had watched together, or had playing in the background while they fucked. This was them, truly and utterly.

And when one came, the other followed mere milliseconds behind them. Nick covered the mirror in his release, and Lucifer smirked at the sight.
Castiel gave a startled moan, swallowing Dean’s cock as the hunter’s hands gripped his ass more firmly, as if tugging his cock deeper into his mouth. He closed his blue eyes and listened to the sounds of the orgy.

Above him, Dean grunted as he pulled his head back to suck on the tip of Cas’s cock, feeling Sam slam into him from behind with a rather loud moan. “Fuck, Gabe, your mouth,” Sam managed to rasp.

“Isn’t his tongue amazing?” Lucifer purred from behind them. “His tight little ass is just as good, let me tell you.”

“I bet it’s not as tight as Dean’s,” Sam boasted, groaning as he fucked harder into Dean, Gabriel’s tongue dancing outside of Sam’s hole. His fingers squeezed and kneaded the taut ass in front of him, moaning as Lucifer reangled his hips so he was hitting his prostate.

“We’ll switch,” Lucifer teased. “After we’re done with these. You can have Gabriel, and I can have Dean. And Castiel can still be sucking cock because that’s what he loves to do.”

Castiel groaned in agreement, wanting to partake in the conversation, but his mouth was fairly preoccupied. So were his hands, keeping Dean nice and open for Sam. He gently pressed a finger where Sam was plunging into Dean.

Sam gave a groan and chuckled when he looked down. “What, Cas? Wanna stick your fingers in Dean’s ass next to my cock?”

Everyone else groaned, while Castiel answered with a moan and his finger pressing more insistently.

“Help me stuff Dean, Cas,” Sam murmured.

Gabriel rolled his tongue and gently buried it in Sam’s ass, just as Lucifer grabbed his younger brother’s cock.

It was going to be an awfully long night.
Sam smiled as he felt his mate’s lips on the bolt of his jaw, the sun’s rays beaming down on his and Lucifer’s naked bodies. “Mmm, I love waking up like this,” he murmured.

“Good morning to you too,” Lucifer smiled, kissing the corner of Sam’s mouth. “Did you sleep well?”

“Mmmm, yes,” Sam sighed, feeling Lucifer’s hands glide up and down his torso. “You?”

“It was adequate,” Lucifer murmured. “Up to a little fun?”

Sam sighed as Lucifer’s fingers pressed into his hips. “What kind of fun?” he asked softly.

“The kind where I make love to you in the rays of the sun, the only source of warmth besides our fire and passion for each other,” Lucifer replied. The archangel tilted Sam’s face just so to slot their lips together.

Sam moaned softly into the first of many kisses, pressing his hips back to meet Lucifer’s. “You’re poetic this morning,” he commented softly. “Must’ve woken up like that.”

“I may’ve written a sonnet or two,” Lucifer chuckled softly. “With exquisite artwork, how could I not?”

Sam smiled warmly, pecking Lucifer’s lips. “Make love to me, my Morning Star.”

“As you wish, my King,” Lucifer murmured, diving in for another kiss as he worked to put Sam in the position he wanted.

Sam allowed Lucifer to move him, laughing softly and happily, golden skin ablate in the sun and watching the sun catch bright blue and melting the ice within.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”
Sam groaned as the needle touched his skin once more, clenching onto Gabriel’s hand tighter.

“Was that a groan of pleasure or pain, Sam?” Lucifer asked, looking up from where he was tattooing on Sam’s inner thigh.

“Both,” Sam laughed breathlessly. He looked at his tattoo artist of a husband. “Definitely both.”

Gabriel smirked. “Why do you think we’re doing this in our at home studio and not at the shop? ‘Cause you know what’s going to happen when you’re done.”

“You’re gonna do yours,” Lucifer said, wiping away excess ink and blood, “and then we’re going to fuck him silly. Like always.”

The other tattoo artist chuckled while Sam threw his head back in pleasure.

“So beautiful,” Gabriel murmured while observing the mass of tattoos decorating Sam’s chest.

All three were heavily tattooed, complete with full chest pieces, back pieces, and sleeves.

Sam’s was paranormal and supernatural nerd central. His chest pieces were a mass of sigils, ranging from protection against possession to trapping theoretical angels and reapers, to banishings. Even the Mark of Cain was on him, between the divets of his collarbone. His back was lore from a book about demons, specifically the Princes of Hell- Azazel, Asmodeus, Ramiel, Dagon, amongst others. The script was black, except for the demons’ names, which were in blood red. His sleeves were of spell ingredients with smoky Latin words twisting and twining themselves around his strong, muscular arms.

The back of his neck held a very simple prayer. Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned and I know deep down, I’ll do it again.

Lucifer’s tattoos were of mostly quotes and song lyrics. Words from texts such as Paradise Lost made their way in thick black ink onto his skin, quotes that seemed dark but yet motivational. It is better to reign in Hell than to serve in Heaven; The mind is it’s own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven; There’s a lady who’s sure all that glitters is gold, and she’s buying a Stairway to Heaven, to name a few. His inner right arm held a giant ornate Gothic cross that was upside down, still in black; his inner left held the Bible Verse Isaiah 14:12- How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken
the nations!. His back piece was of two enormous wings, cresting over the tops of his shoulders and
down his back, hugging his sides, the very tip of the feathers ending just above the swell of his ass,
colored in flames. Roses filled in blank spaces, of all colors, but mostly red.

Gabriel’s had no theme. While Lucifer’s seemed to be devoted to fallen angels and Sam’s the
supernatural in general, Gabriel’s was a hodge podge of Norse mythology surrounding Loki the
Trickster, Christian mythology of Gabriel the Archangel, and candy wrappers. The Horn of Gabriel
was displayed proudly on his chest, above his heart, with a Maltese cross over his right breast. Norse
runes describing parts of Loki’s life were sprinkled down one arm; Greek describing Gabriel’s visit
to the Virgin Mary on the other. His back was covered in wings, just like Lucifer’s, but colored with
yellows and greys to give them a shimmery type of look and the feathers extended down the backs of
his arms. Along Gabriel’s waist there appeared to be a spiralled ram’s horn, as if he were truly the
Messenger of the Lord. Where there weren’t runes, crosses, a horn, feathers, or words, candy
wrappers of all varieties were sprinkled liberally across his body.

Sam was getting new tattoos. It was his turn, after all.

They had been together for years, Lucifer and Gabriel running the shop and Sam as their apprentice.
Sam was now a full tattoo artist, and in celebration was getting new tattoos. It helped that it was their
ten year anniversary, and they figured what better way to celebrate a marriage with a plus one than to
get new tattoos.

Keeping with the theme of Sam’s designs, Lucifer and Gabriel were tattooing the sigils of their
respective angels on each inner thigh in deepest black. The Sigil of Lucifer was complicated, and
Lucifer kept his head bent to his work, humming softly to the Led Zeppelin album in the
background.

“Can’t wait until they’re done,” Gabriel murmured, running his fingers lightly along the inside of
Sam’s blank thigh. “Gonna make you feel good afterwards, baby.”

Sam groaned and smiled up at his other husband. “You always do.”

Lucifer smiled to himself, glancing up to see his husbands kiss before returning to his work.

Anniversaries were special, and tonight was all about his husband, going boneless beneath his
tattooing expertise and Gabriel’s soft warm kisses.

He couldn’t wait for the bedroom activities tonight.
“Fuck!” Nick swore as Lucifer pinned him down easily, shaggy chestnut hair falling around his face. “Yes!”

“You love it when I show off my power, don’t you?” Lucifer murmured, slow and easy, feeling Nick struggle underneath of him. “Like it when I show you how strong I am, how weak you are. Don’t you?”

“F-f-fuck,” Nick moaned. He wasn’t struggling to get away, it was all for show. He loved feeling how unmoving Lucifer was, and with him in Sam’s body? That made it all the better. Sam naturally was taller and stronger than he was, but with Lucifer possessing him… Nick felt like he was in a constant state of horniness, and was forever trying to tear his lover’s pants off when Lucifer had to be a tough angel and punish a demon or five.

Lucifer loved showing off, loved knowing that showing off so much power excited Nick, and he was almost always too happy to oblige when Nick asked him to “make him take it.”

“Lucifer, please,” Nick begged, struggling against Lucifer’s hands uselessly.

“I’ll fuck you in good time, don’t worry,” Lucifer cooed, eyes glinting red with tainted Grace briefly before returning to kaleidoscope colors, “I want to feel you squirm just a bit longer.”

Nick whimpered, surging up against large hands and broad chest.

He was going to Hell, but at least he was on the good side of the angel on his throne.
Against The Wall - Sam x Gabriel

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #4: Against The Wall
Sam Winchester x Gabriel

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess who I may end up murder fucking with love <3

Sam threw his head back, not caring about the *thud* as it hit the wall hard, gasping and moaning. His thighs squeezed Gabriel’s hips tighter as the archangel kept him pinned with nothing but his Grace, his hands kneading the hunter’s taut rear.

“Enjoying this, Sammich?” Gabriel smirked, watching Sam’s reaction as he thrust into him again and again. “Enjoying the fact that someone smaller than you is pinning you up against the wall?”

“Oh God, yes, Gabriel, please,” Sam begged, giving a soft cry as Gabriel’s cock slid over his prostate.

“Say my father’s name again, and I’ll say yours,” Gabriel threatened playfully, groaning as Sam clenched down onto him.

“Just fuck me, Gabe,” Sam demanded.

“Bossy,” Gabriel commented with a smirk, “For someone pinned against the wall by an archangel and is getting fucked within an inch of his life.”

Nevertheless, the next thrust into Sam was harder than before, and Sam nearly drew blood from clawing at Gabriel’s shoulders.

Sam whimpered and closed his eyes. Fuck, he loved this. Loved it when Gabriel decided to take control and show off how strong he really was, and that he, despite being several inches shorter than Sam, could pin him down and take what he wanted.

And Sam loved every minute of it.
Dean laughed as Sam jumped around, trying to get his boxers off. He swam lazily further away from the shore, tanned skin shining in the moonlight.

“You’re an asshole,” Sam hissed as he finally removed his boxers and was gloriously nude.

“You’re fine, Sammy,” Dean said, sitting up and treading water as he did so. He hungrily drank in the sight of his younger brother nude.

Sam made a face and dove into the water cleanly, swimming up next to Dean and smiling softly. “You could’ve helped,” he accused Dean.

Dean smiled and tugged Sam closer. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Sam said, admiring the way the light of the moon highlighted his older brother’s freckles.

“Well,” Dean smirked, leaning in for a warm kiss, “Now you’re naked, in the water, with me.”

Sam smiled and returned the kiss. “That’s true, De,” he murmured. “I am.”

Dean smirked. “Wanna race to the other side of the lake? First one there gets the blow job first.”

Sam grinned. “You’re on.”

Dean laughed and pushed away from Sam, getting a headstart.

He knew he was going to lose. Oh well.
“Same time next week?” Sam asked, watching Lucifer get dressed. He didn’t bother to get up to follow Lucifer into putting clothes on.

“For the study session or the sex?” Lucifer grinned, sliding his belt on. “‘Cause are you free Friday?”

Sam thought and nodded. “Yeah.”

“Don’t feel like doing the party, mind if I come over?” Lucifer asked.

“Sure. The house will be empty,” Sam said.

“Excellent,” Lucifer said. He pulled his Tshirt over his head and waved by to Sam.

Sam sighed and laid back in his bed, still covered in his sticky, drying release. Frowning, he leaned over and grabbed the tissues, cleaning himself up.

What he and Lucifer had, it wasn’t a relationship or anything. Nothing like that. They were friends, they studied law together, and they had sex. Very clean, cut and dried. The sex meant nothing. It was just a release.

A wonderful release, but they were free to see other people. They both have had many partners over the past six months they’ve done this, added sex in, and neither cared.

Sam groaned as he rutted against his bed, trying to find release. His favorite vibrator was lodged deep in his ass, and he’s sure he’s rubbed himself to the point of skin breaking on his thick cotton sheets, but there was no relief in store.

He’s been like this for an hour.

Swearing, he gave in and called Lucifer.

“Hey Sam,” Lucifer said casually. “What’s up?”

“Need you,” Sam groaned, rutting again to no avail.

“Like… I need you to pick me up a few things from the grocery store, need you?” Lucifer asked quizzically.
“I mean I need you in my ass, fucking me into the mattress,” Sam moaned. “I’ve been like this for an hour, and I can’t find release…”

“I’ll be right over,” Lucifer said, hanging up.

Ten minutes later, the door to Sam’s bedroom opened and closed, before Sam heard Lucifer’s heavy strides and felt him kneeling on the bed. “Fuck, Sam,” he whispered, watching Sam fuck the mattress. He placed calming hands on Sam’s hips, encouraging him to stop. “Stay still for me, I’ll give you what you need.”

Sometimes, having your best friend as a regular sex partner has some benefits.

Especially when the two discovered that Dean had put Viagra in Sam’s protein shake.

By the time it had worn out of their system, they were more than just casual sex partners.
“GODDAMMIT DEAN!” You shouted, trying not to let the tears come through. “That fucking hurt!”

“Sorry, sweetheart,” Dean murmured soothingly, kissing your shoulder while he worked to stitch your hip back together.

“Stupid wendigo,” you grumbled, hissing as the needle worked to sew you up. The floss was coming away bloody, but at least it was strong enough to hold. You just hated how big it was, it meant every few stitches Dean was pouring a bit of whiskey onto the open wound, which is what had caused you to shout just then.

“After I’m done and you’re all cleaned up,” Dean murmured, pausing to run a soothing hand on your stomach, “We’ll grab a bite to eat and I’ll make everything up to you.”

“How?” You grumped.

Dean smiled softly. “Burgers from your favorite diner this far south and a little tongue action from yours truly. I’ll lock Sam out.”

You couldn’t help but laugh, remembering the first- and only- time Sam walked in on you and Dean after a hunt.

“Almost done, Y/N/N,” he murmured. “You deserve the princess treatment tonight, you’re the one who was able to turn that wendigo into a charred sonuvabitch.”

You smiled at the praise, whimpering as Dean tied your stitches off.

“Stitches done, baby. Let’s get you cleaned off and then we’ll see about that burger.”

“And that tongue lashing,” you teased as he helped you sit up.

Dean smiled and leaned in for a sweet kiss. “All night, or until you pass out. Whichever happens first,” he murmured after he broke it.

You shivered and grinned. “Thanks, babe.”

“Of course, sweetheart. Gotta take proper care of my girl.”
Lucifer listened to the breathy sounds on his phone, tapping away at his laptop quietly. He really needed to get this chapter written, but when his boyfriend calls, needing “assistance”, he’s not going to turn him away.

“How many fingers deep are you, Sam?” he asked softly, pausing to read over the four paragraphs he just typed up.

“F-f-four, Sir,” Sam stammered, whimpering softly.

“That’s my boy,” Lucifer purred, smiling in satisfaction. Those four paragraphs will do nicely, and Sam’s being such a good boy for him. Time for a reward of his own. “Do you have your toy?” he asked, pulling himself out of his lounge pants and giving a quick stroke.

“Y-yes Sir,” Sam whimpered.

“Remove your fingers and slide it in,” Lucifer commanded, his strokes now languid and smooth.

Sam’s little whines and mewls echoing through the phone made him chuckle lowly. “Sam, did you choose the biggest toy in the box?” he teased softly. “You sound you do when I’m splitting you open.”

“Y-yes, Sir,” Sam moaned.

“Filthy dirty little boy,” Lucifer crooned lovingly. “Don’t worry, Sam, I’ll take care of you tonight. Such a greedy boy, can’t wait to play until tomorrow.”

Sam whined and Lucifer smirked.

“Fuck yourself with it, Sam. And show no mercy. Heavens know I won’t when I see you bent over your bed with your hands behind your back tomorrow.”
The rough texture of the diving board scraped against Sam’s dewy chest, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. Not when it provided ribbed friction for the cock trapped in his swim trunks as Dean pounded into him with grunts and moans, wet skin slapping against each other and the diving board creaking in time to Dean’s thrusts.

Dean’s teeth were buried in his shoulder, keeping himself quiet as his fingers were in Sam’s mouth, the younger brother slurping and sucking on them.

Somewhere, an owl hooted, and Dean’s cock slipped across Sam’s prostate neatly, making him whine around the fingers in his mouth.

“Cum for your big brother,” Dean hissed in his ear. “Cum in your swim trunks. Gonna mess them up and have cum leak down your ass. It’ll be fine though, ‘cause then I’m going to take you to the sauna and have you ride me.”

Sam moaned and came in his trunks.
“Ready, Dean?” Sam asked, holding the egg timer up and giving it a little shake.

“Yeah,” Dean murmured, keeping an eye on the evil thing in Sam’s hand.

Sam set the time for twenty minutes and placed it on the nightstand before crawling on top of Dean and kissing him passionately, pinning his wrists down as his hips gave a slow glide through their jeans.

Dean groaned, writhing in Sam’s hold as Sam kept up the slow, gentle pace of his hips, kissing him deeply and lovingly.

“Tease,” He grunted when Sam moved away from his lips and smirked down at him.

“That’s the point of the game, Dean,” Sam purred, starting to undress Dean. “I get twenty minutes to tease you… rile you up… And then when that timer goes off… you get to fuck me.”

“Twenty minutes?” Dean narrowed his eyes while Sam looked down at him with innocent ones. “You said ten!”

“I lied,” Sam said simply, smirking.

Dean growled, watching Sam tear his T-Shirt in half.

Sammy was going to get his ass fucked when that timer went off.
Humiliation Kink - Sam x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #54: Humiliation Kink
Sam Winchester x Reader

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by a lovely shy anon

“You know, Y/N,” Sam breathed as he slowly rolled his hips into yours, the motel bed making noises that it shouldn’t be making. Not that you cared. “I think we should move the timeline of certain punishments and rewards up.”

You groaned, digging your nails into the scratchy comforter.

“Like when you were eyeing up that bartender the other night.” His thrusts became harder, but still kept their slow pace. “Should’ve pulled you over my lap, lifted that pretty dress of yours right up and spanked you right there, in the bar, in front of everyone.”

You whimpered at the sudden imagery that Sam’s description, said in a blase tone, brought to your mind’s eye. Your cheeks flared up at feeling almost second hand embarrassment, but your core ached and clenched around Sam’s cock.

“Oh, do we like that idea?” Sam asked in a teasing whisper, as if he didn’t know. “Does my little girl like the idea of me spanking her in front of everyone when she’s been bad?”

“Yes, Sir,” you moaned, pressing your hips up and into his.

“Maybe next time I’ll do it,” Sam threatened. “Your cheeks turn such a pretty color when you’re embarrassed.”

You whined. You knew Sam wouldn’t do it, but the idea… the idea of Sam humiliating you in public.

Damn. It did things to you.
All you wanted was a little “alone time”. The last week and a half had been hell and you needed to find some sort of release.

Dean was at some bar, as usual, searching for some bar bunny to hook up with and Sam, well, you didn’t really know where Sam was at the moment.

After finishing your shower, you dressed in the large t-shirt and pajama shorts and climbed into the bed, the all too familiar, musty motel room smell surrounding you as you tried to relax.

Your mind wandered for a bit, thinking about the hunt, about Sam and Dean and about the stress that weighed on your body.

Audibly sighing, you set your mind on something you often focused on when you tried to forget the world… Sam.

You needed to feel Sam’s hands on your body. His large frame, towering over you as his hands explored your soft curves.

Slipping your hand into your shorts, you felt how wet you already were just from the thought of Sam.

Dragging a finger through your folds, you bumped your clit, squeaking at the sensation.

Continuing to keep Sam in your mind, you pushed your index finger into your soaking channel, feeling just how tight your own pussy was.

This was just the release you needed.

Slowly retracting your finger, you settled on your clit and began circling it.

“S-sam,” you whispered, feeling the pressure build up in your lower stomach.

Wanting so badly to be stretched out on Sam’s enormous cock, you plunged two fingers in your pussy, quickly driving yourself over the edge.

As you brought your other hand to your clit, you heard the door being unlocked.

You couldn’t stop.
Your orgasm flooded over you and Sam’s name left your lips in a choked back cry.

Trembling on the bed, you saw the outline of someone standing at the door out of the corner of your eye, but you couldn’t look. You had just given someone an incredible show…

The silhouette moved further in the room and that’s when you heard the familiar voice.

“If you need my help next time Y/N, just ask,” Sam said, chuckling as he locked the door behind him.
He gripped the back of your neck as he took his place behind you, whispering, “Is this how you want it?”

Feeling the head of his cock at your entrance sent a shiver up your spine and you practically purred when he began to push into you. Your heat had hit early, probably from being around the Winchesters and Castiel, but you were beside yourself when the angel offered to take care of your needs. Unsure if he meant using his grace to take care of your heat, or if by the grace of the heavens above, he’d actually knot you. Despite having thought about this situation when you were alone with your fake knot fucking yourself through your heats, his name falling from your lips with each slightly disappointing climax, you were by no means prepared for the real thing.

Taken out of your thoughts as his hand slid to the back of your head and fisted your hair then jerked your head back, hissing, “I asked you a question.”

“Yes,” you said breathlessly.

Sliding his cock into your hypersensitive sex, he groaned loudly when his hips met yours. Castiel stilled inside you, his hand on your hip was clenching and releasing a few times before he growled, “I’m not going to last long.”

Pushing back against him, silently begging him to start and reassuring him that you didn’t need him to last. His hand left your hair and was around your waist as he pulled back and began to thrust into your cunt.

With each thrust his knot began to swell as he slammed his hips against your ass. After a few moments, your arms gave out and you slump briefly before he lifts you and holds you against his chest. His hot breath at your ear as his other hand slid from your hip around to between your legs, and he began to circle your clit as he whispered, “I need you to cum.”
Water Sports - Sam x Dean

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #119: Water Sports  
Sam Winchester x Dean Winchester

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

“De, please,” Sam whimpered as they drove down the lonely highway. “Please, let me…”

“How much water have you drank today, baby boy?” Dean asked, keeping his eyes on the road with a cocky smirk on his face.

“Hit the gallon mark around dinner time,” Sam whined, bucking his hips. The plug seated in his rear tried to force itself deeper when Sam’s ass reconnected with the leather seats of the Impala, the plastic underneath the younger brother crinkling.

“And you’ve held it all day, baby boy?” Dean continued to query, picking up the soda between his legs and taking a long sip.

“Yes, De, please, feel so full,” Sam begged.

Dean thought for a few moments as he replaced the soda between his legs and licked his lips. He cast a sidelong look at Sam’s cock, hard and most likely throbbing.

“You’re only allowed to piss, Sammy,” He reminded him, returning his gaze back to the road. “If you cum, then there’ll be a punishment at the motel tonight. Do you understand?”

“Yes, De, please…” Sam was digging his nails into the warm black interior of the car.

Dean smiled. “Piss, baby boy. Piss yourself.”

The answering groan of pain and relief told Dean all he needed to know, and he smirked.

“That’s my baby brother.”
Sam whimpered as he rode Dean’s cock, looking down at his older brother, chest heaving.

Dean tightened his grip on Sam’s hips, guiding him a bit more forcefully. “That’s it, Sammy, doing so good,” he murmured. “Fuck, you look so good like this. Luc’, can you see this?”

“Oh I can,” Lucifer groaned, reaching up and slapping Sam’s ass. “I like the view from here. Can see your thick cock splitting him wide open.” He rolled his hips, his own cock fucking into Dean.

Sam moaned as Lucifer’s hand made contact with his ass and gave a forceful slam of his hips, driving himself down on Dean’s cock, and Dean’s hole onto Lucifer’s. The older two groaned and Lucifer drove his hips up.

“Remember, Sam, you can’t cum until Dean has. And Dean can’t cum until I have.”

Sam whined, looking down at his dribbling cock. “D-dean,” he whimpered.

“I’m here, baby,” Dean said soothingly, groaning as Lucifer fucked into his prostate. “I’m right here. You’ll be able to cum soon, I promise.”

Lucifer smirked, glad that neither Winchester could see him. “You do realize I have fantastic self control?” he asked softly.

Dea groaned and Sam whined.

Lucifer smacked Sam’s ass again. “We’re in for a fun night.”
“Is everything set up?” Sam asked, lounging on their bed like a modern day Adonis, unashamedly naked.

Gabriel grinned, looking through the lense of the camera to make sure it focused. “Just about, Sammich. Just focusing and making sure the camera’s out of the way of any impending doom, and then I can hit the go button.”

Sam smiled and stretched out, Gabriel groaning softly.

“So beautiful like that, Samshine,” Gabriel purred, checking the area around the camera and making sure that it was close enough to capture all the sweaty, sexy action, but far enough away that if things were to really get rough, it wouldn’t fall over or break.

He pressed the record button and stepped out from behind the camera.

“All systems go,” he said, crawling back onto the bed from the foot and over Sam.

“Good,” Sam breathed, dragging his lover into a searing kiss.

Gabriel moaned and allowed Sam to do with him as he wished, the camera silently recording every single move.
“Aren’t we gonna get caught?” You asked breathlessly as Dean kept you pinned to the wall outside of your dorm. Most people wouldn’t see you, blocked by the huge oak tree, but you still wondered.

“Not a chance, sweetheart,” Dean smirked, hitching your leg up and around his waist, running his calloused hand up your smooth thigh, your skirt bunched up around your hips. You could feel the cool night air brush against your sex through the panties that you wore, already getting wet with arousal.

He pressed his denim clad length, coming into your personal space, and you tugged him closer, groaning as he rolled his hips into yours, still holding onto your thigh.

“Doesn’t that feel good, baby?” he murmured, smiling at you warmly as his hips kept thrusting into yours, pressing denim against cotton.

“Yes, oh God, Dean,” you moaned.

He leaned into kiss you with a huff of amusement, and you eagerly drank in the whiskey on his lips and tongue, clutching to his biceps.

It felt as if you were getting fucked, but there was denim and cotton between them and it gave you such delicious friction, that soon you were panting and mewling into his mouth.

“Gonna cum for me, sweetheart?” Dean murmured. “Gonna cum with me rubbing against you?”

You groaned and nodded, panting your affirmation against his lips sweetly.

“Then cum, baby.”
Nick groaned as Sam slowly pressed into him, pressing his knees into his chest to make him feel tighter around Sam’s thick cock.

“So tight for me, babe,” Sam groaned, letting Nick’s calves rest on his shoulders.

The ball of light hanging over them moved closer, Lucifer’s presence a comforting thing as it bobbed in front of them.

“Doesn’t that look good, Luce?” Sam murmured, “watching Nick get split wide open on my dick?”

The ball bobbed happily, and Nick groaned as Sam’s hips finally stilled against his ass.

“Gonna take a moment, let you adjust,” Sam said softly.

Nick flashed a grin of daring and stretched his arms over his head. “I can take it, Sam. You can fuck me nice and hard. Make it so I can’t walk.”

“Oh I will,” Sam grinned. “But I’m not gonna hurt you.”

“I’m not a fragile vase, Winchester,” Nick sassed. “Fuck me, or maybe Luci will.”

Sam snorted. “Not sure how a ball of light can fuck you, Nick.”

“Very carefully and with lots of lube,” Nick grinned.

Sam laughed as he rolled his hips lightly against Nick’s, causing the other man to moan. “And maybe the burn unit on standby.”

“You’re such an ass,” Nick groaned, clenching around Sam’s cock tightly.

Sam smirked. “And you have a nice one.”

“I know I do,” Nick groaned.

The ball of light danced over to Nick’s mouth and seemed to ask him a question.

Nick opened his mouth and swallowed the ball of light. Blue eyes flashed with Grace before they dulled to Nick’s usual color.

“Fuck, is he in you?” Sam groaned, fucking him just a bit harder.

“Oh yeah,” Nick groaned loudly. “He’s staying dormant but he’s feeling everything and watching, fuck!”

“What was that?” Sam asked calmly. “Did I just hit your sweet spot, Yes Man?”

“Fuck, yes, Sam, please,” Nick groaned, trying to rock his hips back. It wasn’t working, though, not with the way Sam had his legs up and over his shoulders.

“Want me to fuck you and the lurking Luci harder?” Sam mocked, slowing his hips down.

“Fuck, Sam, please…” Nick was a whiny mess, writhing underneath of Sam.

Sam leaned forward, pressing Nick’s legs into his chest more as he began to kiss his boyfriend deeply. Feeling Lucifer pressing against Nick’s lips, and the whispers asking to possess him, Sam groaned out his consent.

Lucifer possessed him just then, and he felt the archangel retreat to a corner in his mind, giving a cruel suggestion, one that was guaranteed to make Nick rather incoherent.

Sam grinned an evil grin, and Nick gulped before raising his chin defiantly. “Do you worst, Sam.”

“You should be careful of what you say, Nicholas,” Sam warned.

“I can take whatever the two of you can dish out, Samuel,” Nick said confidently.

Sam’s hands were suddenly pushing Nick’s legs off his shoulders and straight into the air, lifting Nick’s hips. At the same time, he leaned forward and began fucking Nick hard and fast.

Nick screamed his pleasure, balling his fists into the bedspread beneath them.

Lucifer suddenly left Sam in an explosion of light that had both humans shielding their eyes, even as Sam fucked into Nick hard.

When the ball of light had dimmed to a considerably normal level, they opened their eyes and Sam turned his head to look at Lucifer. “Like what you see, angel?” he asked in a sex roughed voice. “Like watching us fuck each other?”

The light pulsed happily.

Lucifer did like what he was seeing and experiencing. Watching his Vessels, his loyal Vessels, worship each other in such a carnal way… it made him happy, proud, and more than a little horny.

He wondered if later, he should form a body to fuck Sam with, and have Nick watch…
“Did you really think you could over power me?” Lucifer breathed in Sam’s ear, pinning him down to the ground effortlessly as Sam tried to wrestle his way out. “Did you really think that you wouldn’t end up pinned and presenting your sweet cunt to me?”

Sam laughed breathlessly, moaning as he felt the tip of Lucifer’s cock press against his well lubed hole, still squirming and trying to get away.

“Oh no,” Lucifer said, grabbing Sam’s arm and twisting it behind his back, Sam whimpering in pleasure-pain as Lucifer began to slowly press in. “You’re the one who wanted to wrestle naked with me, saying, and I quote, ‘you can’t overpower me’, unquote.”

“Did you really just say ‘quote, unquote’ while having your dick in me?” Sam asked incredulously.

Lucifer thrust his hips hard into Sam, burying himself to the hilt. “I will say whatever I want, whenever I want, so yes. I did.”

Sam groaned. “Just…”

“Just what? Fuck you like an animal? Make you show who’s boss?” Lucifer grinned maliciously. “I can do that.”

Sam began to really regret suggesting naked wrestling to Lucifer, but only right before Lucifer actually began fucking him.

He’ll regret it again in the morning.
“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Adam asked, cupping Samandriel’s cheek.

“More than,” the angel replied, leaning into Adam’s touch and looking up at him trustingly. “I trust you, Adam.”

Adam blushed slightly. “I’m not all that experienced myself, you know,” he said.

“You still know what you’re doing,” Samandriel smiled. “Come on, love.” He stepped into Adam’s space more and tilted his chin down slightly. “Make love to me.”

“Well, when you phrase it like that,” Adam whispered softly before closing the gap between him and Samandriel, licking the angel’s sweet and unique taste from his lips.

Samandriel moaned softly and wrapped his arms around Adam, holding onto him, even as Adam lifted him up. Wrapping his legs around Adam’s waist, he allowed his human lover to carry him to the bed.

Adam gently laid Samandriel down on the bed, still kissing him as he hovered over him. Breaking away, he cast his eyes down at him.

“So beautiful, angel,” he whispered. “Such a beautiful, perfect angel for me.”

He was going to take his time with Samandriel. He was going to undress him slowly, lovingly, with kisses pressed to every inch of skin, tasting his angel as he went. Adam was going to take his time with prep, make sure that Samandriel could take him comfortably. Sure, he can’t hurt him-Samandriel was an angel, after all, and he’d have to be in a considerable amount of pain for a human for it to feel like stepping on a Lego in bare feet- but it was the principle of the matter. Samandriel was a virgin, and his first time having sex should be special.

So Adam was going to take his time, making sure he can slide right into Samandriel. His angel would probably be begging for it, by then, but Adam wasn’t going to give into his carnal desires so quickly. No, he was going to make love to Samandriel.

Round two could be actual fucking.
“Look at him, Y/N,” Rowena purred, running a perfectly manicured nail over Sam’s length, the two of you watching him shiver at the contact.

“I am, Rowena,” you said, licking your lips. “He’s so big…”

“Splits us right open, doesn’t he?” Rowena smirked.

“So much,” you groaned. “Glad I’ve got someone to share this thick cock with.”

Rowena and you exchanged smiles before leaning in and kissing each other deeply. Rowena always tasted like rosemary and white sage, a delicious combination in your opinion as you let her take control of the kiss, melting into her. Your fingers traced along the spells tattooed along her arms and breasts, her own slim hands settling on her waist.

Sam huffed. “I almost feel like a sex toy,” he accused the two of you.

Rowena and you giggled. “You’re not just a sex toy, Samuel,” she murmured in her beautiful Scottish brogue, “you’re our sex toy.”

Sam rolled his eyes affectionately, his eyes trailing over both of your naked figures, lingering on fingers and breasts and throats. “Thanks, Ro. Just what I wanted to hear.”

“It is, though,” you murmured, blinking Y/E/C up at him sweetly. “You love hearing me and Ro talk about your big, thick, juicy cock and how it ruins us for every other man in existence.”

Sam chuckled, reaching down to run his fingers through your hair. “You’re right, kitten,” he murmured. “I do like hearing it. Just like I enjoy hearing the two of you whimper and moan and beg for more when I’m fucking you, or the pretty shade of red your eyes get when I throat fuck you.”

You and Rowena groaned simultaneously, and her fingers found their way into your warm, wet center, two of them curling perfectly inside. You moaned and reached out for her warm, creamy breasts and she chuckled, backing away from you.

“Oh no, kitten,” she purred lovingly, “we’re focusing on you tonight.”

“She’s right,” Sam murmured. “Do you want to hear what’s going to happen tonight?”

“Yes, please,” you requested politely, settling your fingers on tracing Rowena’s tattoos, feeling the
power beneath them.

“Such a polite little girl, Samuel,” Rowena murmured, still lightly fingering you.

“She is, isn’t she?” Sam agreed with a smile. “Well, first, Ro’s gonna eat your delicious cunt, and I’m going to choke you until you cum. Then, while you’re all nice and pliant, my fat cock is going to split you open, and I’m going to fuck you while you eat our lovely Rowena out.”

You moaned, feeling Rowena spread your legs even more. “Fuck,” you breathed.

Rowena removed her fingers from your core and lifted her fingers to Sam. Sam smiled and licked her fingers clean, moaning at the taste of you.

“She’s so sweet, like honey,” Sam murmured, caressing Rowena’s middle finger one last time with his tongue.

“That’s how we like our girl, isn’t it?” Rowena chuckled softly, settling down between your legs.

“What’s your tap-out, kitten?” Sam asked resting his hand on your throat gently.

You reached up and grabbed his wrist, digging your thumb nail into his pressure point lightly.

“Good girl,” Sam praised.

“Very good girl,” Rowena confirmed before tugging your hips closer and beginning to lick your folds.

You gave a loud moan of pleasure and slight disappointment at not being able to admire Rowena’s milky white body.

Sam chuckled lowly, watching you two play. Your other hand reached down to run your fingers through Rowena’s red curls, groaning as she began giving little kitten licks all over your clit.

Sam began pressing his large hand against your throat, and you whimpered in pleasure as he began to constrict your breathing, the only sounds in the room being of your labored breath and Rowena’s moans and purrs as she ate you out.

You came when you felt you had no breath, screaming your pleasure after Sam removed his hand. You almost passed out, it was so intense.

When you were a little bit more awake, it was to Rowena and Sam’s twin grins, Sam tugging you closer by your hips.

“My turn.”
Lucifer laughed as he careened around the corner of the dirt road, the old clanker making clanking noises as he did so.

Sam laughed, tilting his head back and exposing his neck to the wind, feeling it whip through his hair as they drove at breakneck speeds along the dirt road. He felt adrenaline pumping through his veins, and he looked over at his boyfriend, enjoying the carefree look on his face and smirking to himself. He couldn’t help it.

He ducked down in the car and began undoing the belt on Lucifer’s jeans.

“Sam?” Lucifer asked, glancing down at his boyfriend. “What are you doing?”

“What does it look like I’m doing?” Sam asked, Lucifer’s belt undone in his hand. Sticking his tongue between his teeth, he began undoing his jeans. “Just drive, angel.”

“Sam?” Lucifer repeated.

“Drive. I’m going to suck you off while you drive,” Sam said bluntly.

Lucifer groaned and Sam pulled Lucifer’s cock out of his jeans, chuckling softly. “Did you seriously go commando?”

“Well… it’s one less layer for me to get through,” Sam purred before leaning over and swallowing
Lucifer down.

“Fuck!”

The car clanked and banged down the dirt road faster.
“I can’t, Sam,” Dean said before taking another pull off the bottle of whiskey.

Hand on his forehead, Sam sighed, “She’s been asking for you, and she doesn’t blame you for what happened. Y/N just wants to see you.”

Dean slammed the bottle on the counter and walked away from Sam. Each step taking him closer to her room, guilt and remorse filling him and making it difficult to think of anything but the whimpers he had heard a few hours earlier. Stalling outside her room, Dean tried to forget about that moment, that one moment when he wasn’t there to protect her.

“Sam?” she asked, startling Dean.

“Uh, no, it’s me,” he said to the door, “Can I come in?”

Silence from the other side, then the rustling of blankets followed by her weak voice, “Yeah.”

Not knowing what to expect, aside from the damage he had done, Dean walked into the room with his head down and turned to close the door. Biding his time before he’d have to turn around and see her, Dean faced the bed with his eyes averted as he asked, “How are you doing?”

“It’s not your fault.”
Dean looked up and despite every expectation he had about this moment, Y/N was smiling. She looked like she always did, not wan and sickly or filled with fear or sorrow. She looked like she was waiting for him to come to bed, like any other night. His shin bumped the bed, shaking him out of his trance, and he said, “Bullshit. If I had-”

“This,” she said, interrupting him as she gestured to her bandaged stomach, “is not your fault, Dean.”

“I could have- I should have…” Dean trailed off as he walked around the bed and sat next to Y/N. His words failed him when she took his hand, he felt tears forming and met her eyes, hoping that she could see how sorry he was, how much he wished that this hadn’t happened, how he wished it had been him instead of her.

“Dean, please,” she whispered, cupping his cheek and pulling him close.

Already planning to do whatever he could to make this up to her, he hadn’t thought that she’d still want him. His mind replaying the events, reminding him that when he got close to someone they were always in danger, that hunting was dangerous, but he could never refuse her. Laying next to her, Dean brushed his nose along her jaw as he asked, “I don’t want to hurt you.”

She giggled as he began to press gentle kisses against her neck, “You won’t.”

Y/N rolled onto her side, facing away from Dean and he stood to undress. Finding himself in the same position they slept in, his body molding to hers as he settled against her and she moaned softly. Dean whispered, “We don’t have to… I can take care of you…”

“I need you, Dean,” she cooed as she reached for his cock and lifted a leg, an unmistakable groan of pain escaping her lips as she moved. Undeterred, Y/N adjusted so his length was against her sex then brought her hand between her legs to line him up

Pressing his forehead against her shoulder as he tried to fight the fear of hurting her or losing her away, Dean wrapped his arm around her and placed his hand over hers. Without a word, he began to roll his hips slowly and could feel her breathing shallowly. Closing his eyes tight as he tried to focus on the moment and not that same sound of shallow breathing from the back of the Impala as they raced to the hospital.

“Dean,” she moaned as he bottomed out, snapping Dean out of his mind.

Trying to ignore the events that lead to this, Dean redoubled his efforts. Sliding his hand under Y/N’s and gingerly circling her clit a few times before pressing his fingertips against her sex and stroking her full, slick lips. This is all he really wanted, to love her, to make things good and beautiful.

She gasped, a sharp, sudden sound that sent Dean back into his head. All the blood. Her shirt, the jagged hole in the fabric and in her side, and all the blood. Sam above her in the backseat, using all his strength to keep Y/N from bleeding out before they got to the hospital.

“Don’t stop,” again, her voice brought him back.
A cramp blasted through your stomach as you got out of bed. Shark week was upon you.

Looking over to Benny sleeping calmly, you shuffled quietly to the shower. The warm water would help alleviate some of the achiness in your body.

Slowly washing your tired body, you finished your shower and wrapped a towel around yourself.

You hear Benny cough, knowing he was awake. Opening the bathroom door, you saw Benny’s strong figure standing right in front of you.

“Hello my love,” you said, reaching up to caress his stubble covered face.

“’Cher,” he cooed bending down to kiss your neck.

Inhaling deeply as he buried his nose into your wet hair.

Shifting just a bit, you tried to press your thighs together as you felt the blood begin to trickle down your thigh.

“U-uhhh Benny,” you stuttered, realizing that you were beginning to bleed.

“Shhhhh, Y/N, I know. I can smell you and you smell so good,” Benny growled in your ear.

You and Benny had never explored this part of your relationship, but you trusted him and that’s all that mattered.

“Benny, my love, do you want to taste me?” you asked, timidly.

“Mmmmm ’cher, yes I do,” Benny hummed.

Kissing his lips roughly, you felt the need course through your veins.

Benny knew just what you needed.

Sinking to his knees, Benny came face to face with your towel covered pussy.

Ripping the towel away he uncovered your crimson covered thighs. Poking his tongue out, he slowly licked up your thigh. Your moans filled the room as you felt the slight burn of his scruff on
your sensitive skin.

“Do you want more Y/N?” Benny asked, running his rough hands up the back of your calfs.

“Yes, Benny… Please…”

Pulling your right leg over his shoulder, Benny buried his face into your cunt.

Lapping at your wet folds, he looked up at you. Seeing the way his face was flushed and covered with your blood, sent a shockwave of pleasure through your body.

“Mmmmm Y/N/N, you taste so good. I want you to cum for me.”

“Please…” you plead with your vampire.

Locking in on your clit, Benny began the delightful assault.

Not long after that, your legs began to shake and you came, almost collapsing to the floor.

“You were so good for me Y/N, you’re always such a good girl, Benny said, listening to your blood begin to pump at it’s regular pace.

“I love you, Benny,” you said, finally opening your eyes to see your vampire.

Scooping you up, he carried you to the bathroom again.

“C’mon ‘cher, let’s get cleaned up.”
Sam always assumed this position when he was in the driver’s seat.

One hand gripped the steering wheel and the other gripped your thigh. He never really like you to be out of his reach.

The farther down the road you went, the higher his hand traveled up your thigh.

Squirming in your seat you grabbed his hand and guided him to the apex of your thighs.

“Impatient little girl?” He asked, stilling his hand.

“Always…”

“You sit back now,” Sam said, beginning to move his long fingers along the rough fabric of your jean shorts.

Feeling the friction, your pussy throbbed, longing to feel the younger Winchester inside of you.

“Sam…” you cooed, “I’m so wet.”

Pushing his hand away you unbuttoned your shorts do give him better access to your aching cunt.

“See,” you said, guiding his hand back to your waistband.

Sam pushed his hand down into your panties, dragging his middle finger through your soaking folds.

Eliciting a whimper from you, he pulled his hand back out and sucked his finger into his mouth.

“God Y/N, you always taste amazing.”

“Sammy, I wanna make you feel good,” you hummed, shifting closer to him in the seat.

Nodding his head as he continued to drive, Sam stretched out in the driver’s seat as much as he could.

Now on your knees, you lean over to kiss Sam’s neck, making your way to his ear lobe.

Taking the soft skin in your teeth, you nibbled on Sam’s ear.
Hearing the growl that came from deep in his chest, you knew he wasn’t in the mood to be teased.

Pulling back, you reached for the button of his jeans. Undoing them, you lifted his shirt up a bit and kissed the little patch of hair that covered the span from his bellybutton to his cock.

Palming him through his underwear, you felt how hard he was already.

“Y/N… please…”

Freeing his cock from the confines of his underwear, you lightly licked the bead of precum from the tip.

Swirling your tongue around the thick flesh of his head, you felt him jerk up with anticipation.

“Mmmm, mmm, mmm. Not yet.” you said, teasing him even further.

Focusing your attention back on his cock, you finally took all of him in your mouth.

This was one thing he loved about you. You would take all of him until he hit the back of your throat and then you would hold him there, coughing when it became too much.

Sinking down on his cock, you felt the familiar sting of tears in your eyes as he hit the back of your throat.

Staying still until you just couldn’t take it anymore, you retracted and coughed a few times, trying to catch your breath.

“That’s my good girl,” Sam praised as you continued to pump his cock.

Taking him once more, you felt Sam pull the car over as you came up for air again.

“What are you doing Sammy?”

“I can’t wait, I need to be inside of you… now;” he growled, turning the tables on your plan.
As Y/N got up from the booth to get more drinks, Dean noticed Cas’ eyes trained on her black-denim-clad ass. Leaning close, Dean nudged the angel and said, “Just tell her.”

Alarmed, Cas averted his eyes and after a moment asked, “How?”

Dean leaned back and thought for a moment, “Doesn’t really matter.” When he looked at the angel, Dean realized he needed to elaborate, “Tell her you need her help with something or that you need to talk, but it really isn’t important. You get Y/N alone and you tell her that you can’t take your eyes off her ass and… you get the point.”

Glaring at the hunter, Castiel looked away to the bar to see Y/N and Sam paying for drinks. Turning back to Dean, Cas asked as she got closer, “Doesn’t matter how I tell her, just that I tell her?”

Clapping him on the shoulder, Dean grinned, “Good luck.”

Swallowing nervously, Cas couldn’t concentrate on what he had to do when she and Sam set the drinks on the table and took their seats. Trying to avoid staring at her, Castiel pulled his beer closer even though it was only for appearances, and stole a quick glance at Y/N.

Her dark makeup, the small bird tattoos on her neck that trailed down further than he dare consider, and her smile. Every time he saw her smile, he could feel the corners of his mouth twitch. He ached to be the one to make her smile, and in a moment of weakness, he did something he didn’t think he’d ever dare.
Pretending to listen to Sam’s animated story about a witch, Cas filtered through the thoughts of the minds around him until he found Y/N’s voice. For a moment he didn’t understand, it was as if she wasn’t thinking of anything but what was going on around her when it hit him; she was staring at him. She was taking in his profile while he wasn’t paying attention to her. Delving deeper into her mind, he found a treasure trove of fantasies and secret desires that surrounded him.

Pulling back and focusing on what he needed to do, Cas knew that Dean wouldn’t hesitate to tell Sam his intentions once he left so the reason to take Y/N back to the motel didn’t need to be believable, just something to get her alone. He was still nervous to tell her, but rejection no longer loomed over him. She wanted him. The only thing standing between them were his own insecurities about being ignorant about sex.

Clearing his throat, Cas asked, “Y/N, are you tired?”

Taken aback, she giggled and started to answer when she met his eyes; he gave her the slightest of nods, hoping she would take his hint. “Yeah,” Y/N said uncertainly, “I am getting tired.”

She sounded like she was asking a question, but that didn’t matter as she stood and made her way to the exit. Dean stopped Cas before he could leave and asked in a rush, “Is this your first time?”

Cas nodded and tried to walk around Dean, but he was stopped again, “Get her off first and as many times as you can manage. Wait to… you know.. Get yours, and don’t say anything you don’t mean.”

Staring into the hunter’s eyes, Cas tilted his head as he processed what Dean was saying. “Thank you, Dean. And I won’t hurt her. You’re concern means a lot. Now, if you’ll excuse me,” Cas said as he stepped around Dean and caught up to Y/N.

Back at the motel, Y/N kicked off her boots and sat on her bed as she eyed Castiel who had entered the room and stood only a few feet from the door. Leaning back and tilting her head, Y/N asked, “What’s up, Cas?”

Furrowing his brow, Castiel took a cautious step toward her and met her gaze. “I need to tell you something. There are so many ways to do this, but…” he trailed off as he watched her cheeks flush, which emboldened him, “…I’d like to be with you.”

Her eyes went wide and she took a moment before asking, “What do you mean ‘be with me’?”

Two more steps toward her, Cas licked his lips and clarified in a deep, rumbling voice that sent a shiver up her spine, “I’d like you to be my first.”

“Okay…” she said uncertainly, searching his face and seeing the slight blush across his nose and cheeks, “You mean… sex?” When Cas didn’t respond, aside from a nervous twitch and his cheeks growing redder, Y/N smiled, and said calmly, “Come here.”

Taking a seat next to her, Cas found it difficult to look up at her and couldn’t focus on anything once her hand touched his thigh. Without thinking about it, he placed his hand over hers and felt warmth flood him and settle low in his belly. Lifting his head, he asked, “May I kiss you?”

Her other hand found his cheek and turned his head to face her. Y/N nodded and leaned forward. Unsure how to respond, Cas waited as she pressed her lips to his and felt her tongue against his bottom lip before he began to kiss her back. Mimicking her, he raised his other hand and rested it against her neck as he tilted his head slightly and parted his lips.

As she pulled back to take a breath, Cas asked, “Is this okay?”
Y/N chuckled, “Very okay, how do you like it?”

Squeezing the back of her neck, Cas replied, “I need more.”

Taking the not-so-subtle hint, Y/N slid her hand up his thigh and found a mildly intimidating bulge. Not missing a beat as he began to breath heavily and lean back, Y/N got up on her knees and placed one on either side of his. Resting her hand on his cheek again, thumb running along his bottom lip as she looked down at him before settling onto his lap and rolling her hips, Y/N watched him

For a moment, his eyelids fluttered and he had his bottom lip between his teeth, then all hell broke loose. As if something inside him snapped or finally fell into place, his hands were on her hips and pulling her down against his length as he ground against her. Her mouth dropped open and her hand gripped his coat as she moaned sweetly.

“I know what you want,” Cas growled, still moving his body with hers as he lifted a hand to the back of her head and kissed her fiercely.
“Shut up,” he said jokingly before taking another pull of his beer.

After a few hours of drinking, Dean took a bar bunny to his and Sam’s room, so you and the younger Winchester were in your room. The couch was uncomfortable, but it didn’t matter. Sam was sitting close and the two of you were laughing as the TV blared to cover up the nearly demonic sex noises coming from the other room.

Leaning close, you shook your head and said, “Nope, it’s true.”

Sam looked confused for a moment as his drunk mind tried to process what you had said and justify it with the person he knew, “How do you even get into that stuff?”

Laughing at his question, because of course Sam would be worried about the logistics and not what you had done. “Well,” you started as you tried to think of a concise way to summarize your past life, “I knew someone who was domming, and it sounded like fun.”

“What kind of- nevermind,” he said, shaking his head.

You were nearly beside yourself; Sam was blushing. “No, ask. I don’t mind,” you encouraged.

After a few moments, a deep breath, and another pull from the bottle, Sam asked, “What sort of stuff did you do?”

Grinning from ear to ear, you had an idea and your drunk brain was screaming at you to do it. “Want me to show you?” you asked, shifting on the couch so you were up on your knees facing him.

Sam’s eyes went wide and the blush on his cheeks seemed to glow in the low light of the motel room. He seemed unable to speak, so you took the initiative and trailed your fingers along his forearm as you said sweetly, “I promise, Sam, no butt stuff just a little taste of what I did before hunting.”

His eyes were searching the room for something that wasn’t there, and when you leaned close so you could whisper in his ear Sam actually groaned, “I won’t hurt you unless you ask real nice, Sammy.”

As if his brain had shut down and given the reins over to his dick, Sam nodded and you practically threw one of your legs over his so you were straddling him. You placed your hands on his shoulders and slid one up his neck to the back of his head as you said, “Are you going to behave?”
When Sam opened his mouth to reply, you slapped your hand over his mouth and giggled before you glared at him. “You will address me as ‘Miss’, or you will be punished severely. And you can only speak when spoken to,” you tried to say in an authoritative tone, but in your drunken state most of your words came out slurred.

He didn’t seem to mind as he nodded again, and when you removed your hand from his mouth, he said, “Yes, miss, I will behave.”

Fisting your hand in his hair and jerking his head back, your body went into autopilot and you ground your sex against his as you whispered, “I bet you like this, Sammy.”

He groaned and his hands practically slapped your ass as he gripped you and pulled you down. Without a thought, you sat up straight and slapped him across the face. Sam went into spluttering apologies, when you held his jaw firmly and looked him dead in the eye, all silliness forgotten as you said in a deadly tone, “If you really want to play, little boy, you have to earn it.”
Lucifer ran a hand down Nick’s back, smirking. “My twin is so flexible,” he murmured, sitting in the chair, feeling his brother’s hole clench around him.

Nick groaned and felt Lucifer’s other hand squeeze and knead the globe of his ass. “Fuck…” he moaned. “Feels so good, Luc.”

“Does it? Good.” Lucifer smirked, lightly rocking his hips. “So exposed for me… I can see me sliding in and out of your tight little hole, my slutty little twin.”

“Just cause you’re five minutes older doesn’t mean shit,” Nick laughed softly, gasping as Lucifer’s cock slipped against his prostate.

“I’m older, and I’m bigger,” Lucifer smirked.

“We’re literally the same size. We measured.”

“I’m still the older twin, and you love having my dick up your ass,” Lucifer said, slapping the top of his ass.

Nick moaned and thrust his hips back. “Are you gonna fuck me in this chair, or no?”

“Oh, is that why you’re on my cock?” Lucifer feigned surprise. “I suppose I should oblige you then, huh?”

His fingers curled around Nick’s hips and he bent forward slightly, only to ram his dick harder and deeper into his twin.

Nick howled in pleasure, rocking his hips back.

Lucifer kept fucking him like that, sitting on the edge of the chair, Nick’s palms flat on the ground to keep his balance.

Sex with your twin was really the best. Especially in a chair, with him bent in half, and making the prettiest noises ever.
Lucifer couldn’t help but run his hands up and down Nick’s body reverently, staring up at him with hazel eyes. “So beautiful,” he murmured.

Nick groaned as he rocked his hips down onto Lucifer’s hips, hands reaching up to grasp at long chestnut curls. “You’re so fucking big,” he groaned loudly.

“Sam’s always been a big boy,” Lucifer chuckled softly. “But you’re taking so well.”

The chair they were in rolled a little bit, backwards towards the bookcase, but neither of them cared. They were too wrapped up in each other.

“Fuck, yes,” Lucifer moaned as Nick clenched around him. “That’s right, Nick, fuck yourself on me.”

“You know,” Nick panted, “You should get fucked on Sam’s cock. You might oh God! Right there Luce! Gain a new appreciation for what I go through!”

“I think not, but I’m so glad I’m bringing you so much pleasure,” Lucifer smirked.

The chair continued to roll lazily, spurred on by their fucking.
Dry Humping/Frottage - Benny x Castiel

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #36: Dry Humping/Frottage
Benny x Castiel

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by the adorable @emani-writes

Benny groaned as Castiel pinned him to the tree, wedging a knee between his legs.

“Getting a bit eager there, cher,” the vampire rumbled as he rolled his hips down onto the leg.

Castiel growled softly, gravel laden voice seemingly deeper as he seized Benny’s lips into a kiss, giving a decidedly unangelic kiss, filled with nips and sucks to his lower lip.

They ground their hips together, hearing Dean hacking monsters apart with his machete and dashing good charm.

“We should go help him, cher,” Benny grunted against Castiel’s chapped lips.

“He can handle this by himself,” Castiel growled, rutting against Benny. The bark dug into his back, but he didn’t care. Not when Castiel’s lips were so hot against his skin, or his slack covered length rubbing against his own denim covered one.

They ground against each other, kissing and biting along the way. Benny felt his fangs slip out and gently nip Castiel’s lip, watching bright blue go absolutely black with lust at the action.

“Be careful with those, Benjamin,” he growled. “Those might turn nasty.”

“Never nasty for you, cher,” Benny groaned. He could feel the heat pooling low in his belly, and by the way Castiel was panting, he wasn’t far off himself.

“BENNY! CAS!” they heard Dean yell. “Kinda need help, here!”

The two blue eyed men looked at each other. “Rain check, mon cher?” Benny asked with a smirk.

“Camp tonight, when Dean’s on patrol,” Castiel promised. “I’ll make you feel like a man again.”

Benny kissed him gently, grinding his hips down on Castiel’s again. “You already do.”
Sam groaned as his fingers trailed along his naked length, resting his head back against the pillows. Wrapping them around his cock, he began to slowly jerk himself off, closing his eyes.

It was the perfect time to masturbate. Dean was out for the night, Castiel was accompanying him. He put his phone on vibrate and put the “do not disturb” sign on the motel door.

He hadn’t cleaned the pipes for weeks, perhaps months. He’s lost track of when he’s had his last orgasm, facilitated by another person or not.

It was the perfect time. He needed this. Hell, he deserved this.

He took his time, relishing the smooth glide of fingers and palm against his cock, just not thinking about anything in particular, just imagined the intimacy and heat of someone else’s skin against his, someone else’s fingers tugging his cock to full hardness, lips pressed against his, breathing his name…

“Need some help there, Sammallama?”

Sam’s eyes flew open and his hand jerked itself away from his now leaking cock as he stared wide eyed at Gabriel, a lollipop in his mouth and a smirk in place.

“Gabriel!”

“That’s my name, don’t wear it out.” Gabriel sauntered over to the bed, crawling onto it and hovering over Sam. “I’ll ask again. Do you need some help?”

Sam swallowed and nodded.

“Then you just sit back and let me show you why I like lollipops.”
Sam huffed out a groan as he held onto Adam’s hips tightly. “You could hurry up, Dean,” he grumbled softly.

“You try fitting yourself in here with your horse cock,” Dean hissed, obviously trying not to do something unseemingly to Adam’s tight hole.

“Gu-uys,” Adam moaned. “Shut up and get in me Dean.”

“I’m trying,” Dean soothed, running a hand down Adam’s back and glaring at the mop of hair that was Sam. “Next time we do this, you’re going in second.”

“You keep saying that,” Sam chuckled, “And it never happens.”

Dean rolled his eyes as he finally bottomed out inside Adam. “Fuck,” he swore.

“Yes, Dean,” Adam grunted, “That’s what you and Sam are supposed to be doing right now. Fucking me.”

“Cheeky, for being the youngest,” Dean grinned.

“Oh fuck you,” Adam snapped.

Sam smirked and gently tugged on Adam’s dark blond hair as he thrust his hips up. “You wish you were the one fucking us,” he murmured.

Adam groaned as Dean rolled his hips in a counter rhythm to Sam’s.

Maybe being in the middle and the youngest wasn’t such a bad thing after all…
You jumped as Dean lightly patted your ass, swatting his hand away. “Touch the butt, and you’ll get cut,” you hissed at him.

He smirked at you and brushed his lips across your forehead. “Sorry, sweetheart,” he murmured, “wanted to make sure it was still in.”

“It is,” you mumbled, leaning against him and inhaling the soothing, comforting scent of gunpowder and whiskey.

“Good,” he murmured, wrapping his arms around your waist, the two of you stealing precious time away from Sam to be close and lovey towards one another.

You felt Dean’s hands travel to the swell of your rear, and you decided to Hell with it. If he wanted to grope and grab your ass, well, you didn’t care.

You didn’t even care when those strong, calloused fingers dipped into the waistband of the black slacks you wore as a part of your FBI get up.

His fingers travelled into the soft cotton underwear you wore and you felt the tip of his index finger tap the plug in your ass gently. You moaned and ground your hips against his.


“What?” You asked, looking up at him, eyes narrowed shrewdly.

He smirked. “There’s a vibrator in that plug, baby,” he said. He held up a small, black remote. “And it’s remote controlled.”

Your eyes widened, and he turned the device on.

You gasped softly, moaning as it hit every single tender nerve from Dean fingering you open that morning while Sam was on his run.

“If you’re a good girl and don’t cum,” Dean said, turning it off and pocketing the little black remote, “I’ll make sure you’re rewarded tonight.”

“Dean? Y/N?” Sam called out. “Where are you two?”
Dean smirked and you swore under your breath. You loved Dean with all your heart, you really did, but sometimes… You could punch his stupid, pretty face in.

“Show time, baby.”

The vibrator started up as Sam rounded the bend and found you two, Dean looking far too innocent for his own good.

You were honestly going to kill Dean. By fucking him to death.
“Comfortable, sweetheart?” Dean asked you, running a soothing hand down the length of your arm.

You nodded, looking up at him trustingly. There was a hard look in candy apple green eyes, but it was more tender than it looked.

You couldn’t help it. You liked a little bit of pain with your pleasure- the joke was that you were a masochist- and perhaps you were.

And there was something about watching Dean Winchester wield objects of torture and using them on Alastair that made your core quiver. Nothing escaped Dean, either, and he had approached you, asking if you wanted it.

Consent given at every step of the way, you were now naked and tied up in a dungeon setting, Dean’s thumb running lightly along the blade of a knife. He had already spent a few minutes pinching and prodding at you with clothespins, to which you responded eagerly with breathy whimpers and soft moans. The pain hurt, oh yes it did, but the pleasure that rocked your center was all that much sweeter because of it.

Clothespins were now resting on your nipples, the wooden ones because the plastic ones made you cry out too much, and Dean didn’t want you crying yet.
“Y/N.”

You turned your face to look at him. Dean raised the knife and slowly put it in a bucket of ice water.

The issuing whimper that tore from your throat made a wicked little smirk pop up on too plump lips.

“Oh yes, sweetheart, it’s going to hurt,” he murmured, walking back over to you, water dripping from the knife slowly. He slowly trailed it along the top of your thigh and you cried out, pain-pleasure sending your head reeling.

His free hand dipped between your sprawled legs and Dean laughed, low and deep as he felt how wet you were from this.

“And to think,” he whispered in your ear, “I’m just getting started.”
Lucifer smirked as he rocked his hips more firmly into Crowley’s, the angel blade at Crowley’s throat digging in a little deeper.

“You may always be ten steps ahead of me,” he purred, “but you forget. I am master escape artist. I invented illusions, and learning how to evade people. Did you really think that I wouldn’t figure out how to circumvent the Cage?”

Crowley smirked, rocking his hips down and baring his throat more, as if daring Lucifer to make the final cut. “I couldn’t be absolutely sure that you wouldn’t try,” he murmured. “I typically plan for every contingency. I forgot the True Vessel thing with Moose.”

The knife dug in a little deeper. “You will treat him with respect, he is your King.” Lucifer snarled.

“Oh, if you’re gonna kill me, just do it,” Crowley scoffed, rolling his eyes. “Don’t know why you have to bed me in order to do so. You wanted a go, you should’ve asked while you were still in your cage, dog.”

“Say my name,” Lucifer purred. “I want you to shout my name, so everyone knows just who is boss.”

“You little-” Crowley snarled, stopping when the blade made a knick in his skin.

“Say. It.” It was a command, from the Angel of Hell to the former King. “Let your so called court know who owns the throne.”

“Fuck off, Satan,” Crowley snarled, gasping as the Devil’s dick slid along his prostate.

“Such language,” Lucifer tsked before making a clean swipe across Crowley’s throat, effectively killing him.

He looked down where they were still joined carnally and shrugged, picking up the pace.
Nick groaned as he ground his hips down and into Lucifer’s, smirking down at him. “My, my, what a big cock you have,” he murmured, a smile tugging at his smirk.

Lucifer chuckled and squeezed Nick’s hips tightly. “The more to pleasure you with, my dear.”

Nick laughed softly, clenching his hole around Lucifer’s cock, drawing a groan from the other man. “That’s also implying that we have different sized dicks. But yours… Yours feels so good. So long and hard… fills me up.” He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, exposing the column of his throat that had been marked up entirely earlier in their playing around. “Makes me so full, rubs against my sweet spot and makes me so good.”

Lucifer dug his nails into Nick’s skin, nearly breaking the pale skin. “Fuck…”

“How’s that what you’re doing right now?” Nick asked innocently. “I feel so good while riding your nice, thick, long, hard cock. But you know what makes me feel even better?”

“What?” Lucifer growled out the single syllable question.

“When you pin me down to the bed and make me take it like a little whore that you bought and paid for.” Nick’s eyes gleamed.

Lucifer gave a snarl and flipped them over.

“That’s right,” Nick smirked, gasping as Lucifer thrust into him hard. “Fuck me like a little bitch. Unless you can’t?”
Dean smiled as Sam came up behind him and subtly rolled his hips into his older brother’s.

“Don’t you have homework to do, Sammy?” Dean asked, finishing up washing their dishes from dinner.

“I can’t stand to look at another line of law text,” Sam murmured in Dean’s ear. “You almost done?”

“Just gotta wipe down the counters, when’s that dissenting opinion due?” Dean asked, rinsing out the sponge.

“Friday,” Sam said. “I’ll just chug a Monster and finish it later, that’s all.”

“Not good for you, Sammy,” Dean said, groaning as Sam’s hips rolled again.

“Don’t care.” Sam nipped his earlobe. “Need my big brother.”

Dean turned around and ground his length against Sam’s, moaning as Sam tilted his head back and eagerly ground back.

Dean’s fingers fumbled with his belt and jerked open his jeans. Seeing the dark brown curls marking the spot made him lick his lips. He met Sam’s eyes as he slowly undid the zipper and he slide the jeans off.

“Oh.” Sam’s voice was full of faux innocence. “How did that happen?”

Dean’s eyes dropped down and saw what looked like a smushed up Tastykake pie smeared all over Sam’s cock. Apple, from the looks of it.

“I didn’t even realize that this was in my jeans,” Sam continued to say, full of false innocence. “How did this happen?”

Dean didn’t care. There was pie on Sam’s dick, and while he knew Sam probably did this, he didn’t care. He fell to his knees and tugged Sam closer, licking his lips and settling to enjoy his feast.
Pain/Sensation Play - Benny x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #81: Pain/Sensation Play
Benny x Reader

Written by When_The_Day_Met_The_Night

Requested by: @bohowitch <3

Benny’s body hovered over yours as you stretched out on the bed. He could hear your blood pumping rapidly through your veins.

Reaching up, you cupped his face and pulled him down into an eager kiss.

Humming into his warm lips, you wrapped your legs around his waist, beckoning him to take control.

Aware of your need, Benny grabbed your legs and pinned them down by his sides.

“Benny, please,” you begged, reveling the feeling of him being rough with you.

Dragging his boxers down his legs, Benny gripped his cock and pumped it as he readied himself.

“Love, be rough with me, please,” you mewled.

“Mmmm, ‘cher are you sure you want that?” Benny asked, making sure that you knew what you were asking for.

“Yes, Benny, I trust you.”

Kissing your forehead, Benny ran his cock through your dripping folds.

“Oh God love, you feel so good. I can’t wait to be inside you.”

“P-please,” you stuttered, feeling the blunt head of his cock bumping your clit.

Slowing pressing his cock into you, you covered your mouth, trying not to be too loud.

“No,” Benny ordered, jerking your hand away. “I want to hear you.”

Slowly pulling out of you, Benny slammed his hips back into you, making you scream out in pleasure.

Setting an intense pace, Benny fucked you into the mattress, but you still needed more.

“Benny…” you said, reaching up to wipe some of the sweat off of his forehead. “I need you to hurt me… bite me, Benny.”
“Darlin’, a-are you sure?” he asked, apprehensively.

“Yes, Benny. I’ve never been more sure of anything. Please…”

Kissing your lips, Benny began picking up his pace again.

“Love, do it now,” you pleaded, feeling the coil in your stomach begin to tighten.

As he licked his lips, you saw his sharp teeth present themselves.

Placing his face between your breasts, Benny continued to fuck you as he licked the plump skin.

Feeling himself get closer and closer to his release, Benny latched onto your breast, spilling himself into you as he hear your scream.

“Yes, yes Benny!” you howl, reaching your climax as the pain flooded your body.

Stilling himself inside you, Benny lapped at the wound on your breast, as you trembled underneath him.

“Was that okay, my love?”

“M-more than okay, it was… oh my God,” you said, struggling to find the words to explain the euphoria you were in.

“You are perfect, mon amour.”
She sat patiently, waiting for the confessional, running through the list of almost-sins that she was planning to confess for the week when she was taken out of her thoughts. A younger priest stood next to her at the end of the pew, and she had to actively remind herself to not add another item to her list; despite the fact that lusting after a priest would be the closest she’d been to actual sinning.

He smiled down at her, but not a kind or friendly smile, it was knowing, almost wicked. His voice was altogether indecent as he leaned down to ask, “Are you waiting for confession?” Nodding and trying to keep her breathing even, as he continued, “It’ll be a while, care for a walk to clear your head?”

Unsure if she could refuse a priest, she whispered her ascent and stood. He held out his elbow and she took it out of habit as he lead her out of the church proper. For a few minutes they walked in silence, broken as the priest turned away from the courtyard entrance and lead her deeper into the church.

“Where are we going, Father?” she asked politely, trying to not sound alarmed as they approached a deserted corridor.

Looking down at her as he opened a door and gestured for her to enter another empty hallway, he said, “Just somewhere quiet, and please, call me Dean.”
His voice was so reassuring, she ignored the tiny part of her mind that was unsettled by this and walked along side him again. They started talking, simple, introductory things when the conversation took a turn.

“How often do you come to confession, Y/N?” he asked, and his voice seemed to drop and become dark as he said her name.

Taking a moment too long, he stopped walking and faced her as she answered automatically, “At least once a week.”

“What do you normally confess?” he asked, taking a small step toward her and meeting her eyes.

Locked in his gaze, she found speaking difficult and muttered, “Coveting, disobedience…”

Another small step and she had to move back, bumping the wall behind her as he reached out to caress her cheek, “Those aren’t real sins, you know.” Unsure how to act as her heart raced and her face seemed ablaze as his fingers trailed down her neck. He continued, “And even if you did sin in earnest, you can always confess and be absolved.”

Pressing her back against the wall as her breathing quickened, he took another step and was so close she could feel the heat coming off of his body. “Father, I-

His hand was around her neck before she could finish. A simple yet effective warning before he slid it around to the back of her neck as he said, “Please, don’t pretend anymore. I can see how hard you try to please everyone around you, but you can’t.”

Shocked, she couldn’t think of anything to say as he leaned down and kissed her gently, pulling back he whispered, “You come here because it’s safe.”

Again, she felt his lips against her’s, this time his kiss was deeper but still closed mouthed, and Y/N couldn’t bring herself to open her eyes. “Let me show you how good life can be, if you let it,” he said before he waited for her to reply.

“Please…” it was barely loud enough to hear, but she pleaded and he responded earnestly.

His hand in her hair, tilting her head back so he could take what he wanted as his other hand slid up her torso to massage her breast over her shirt. Both groaning as he ground his hips against hers, she lifted her leg and hooked it over his hip.

Neither spoke as the hand that was teasing her sensitive nipples through her sweater dropped to her thigh and slid under her skirt. She furrowed her brow as her mind tried to keep up with what her body was feeling when his finger tips found her panties and she leaned into the wall behind her for support. He pushed the fabric aside and stroked her cunt for a moment and broke the kiss to ask, “Do you trust me?”

Without breath or thought, she replied, “Yes,” and nearly melted as he slid a single, thick finger into her, stretching her virginal walls.

Pressing his forehead against her as he listened close to her ragged breathing, Dean muttered, “So tight… you’ve never?”

“Oh, God,” she mouthed before replying, “Never… please don’t stop.”

Her plea was the last straw. Dean snapped, the Mark turning every thought savage as he unbuckled his belt and released his cock. Gripping the crotch of her panties, he tore them suddenly, her shocked
gasp set his teeth on edge as he lifted her and guided her legs around his waist.

Taking a moment, Dean had the head of his cock teasing her slit as he growled, “Couldn’t stop even if you begged me.” Then he began to push into her, and was actively holding back from driving his cock into her unyielding cunt. She was so tight and wet, he could barely manage to hear her cries.

Pausing with only half his shaft inside her, Dean looked into her eyes as he watched a tear slip down her cheek. Before he could think to ask if she was okay, she dug her nails into the back of his neck and her eyes seemed to burn with desire. Taking a chance, Dean slammed his hips against hers, making her take the rest of his cock without much prep.

She screamed, a short but jarring sound that sent an electric shiver up his spine as he watched her face contort in pain then set in determination. Her nails dug deeper into the flesh of his neck, drawing blood, as she hissed, “More.”
Dean stroked himself as he set up the machine. This was their night and he had been planning for quite a while. Dean had done the research, bought what he needed, and even tested it out; Sam was going to lose his mind. The machine was set up in between the two motel beds for stability, he didn’t want Sam falling over and hurting himself. Dean plugged it in and walked back to where Sam knelt
on the floor, blindfolded and ready for their game to continue.

“How ya doin’, Sammy?” Dean asked, his voice rough from going down on Sam.

“I’m good,” Sam said as he took another deep breath to steady his racing heart. Between Dean going down on him for nearly an hour without letting him cum and the anticipation of the ‘surprise’ his brother had lined up, Sam felt like he was on a razor’s edge.

Dean grinned as he undid Sam’s blindfold, there was no way he would be able to get the lumbering brute to where he needed him blindfolded. He watched Sam adjust to the light then his brother’s eyes locked on what was between the beds, and Dean smiled down at him and leaned close, “Don’t look so shocked, little brother.”

Sam gaped at the machine as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing, “Is that a…”

“Yeah,” Dean said proudly.

“What in hell did you find this?” Sam said in awe as he reached out to touch the sleek surface of their new toy.

Clapping Sam on the shoulder, Dean instructed, “Internet, now get on.”

Sam stood on shaky legs and walked over as instructed. Kneeling over it, he looked up to Dean for guidance, “How long have you been planning this?”

Reaching between Sam’s legs and gripping the alarmingly realistic flesh of the fake dick that stuck straight up from the machine, Dean began to explain, “A few weeks ago, when I was in Biloxi and you were still in the hospital-”

Sam remembered that. He’d come down with a case of the flu that dehydrated him so badly that he needed to stay a few nights for observation. He had no idea what Dean did to occupy himself during the nights. Sam had assumed bad TV and drinking.

“Well, I got bored and wound up looking at porn that, well, it would make anyone think twice,” Dean continued, his hand on his brother’s hip lowering him slightly so he could tease Sam’s hole with the head of the phallus. “Then I found sybians.”

When he felt the press of the toy against his cum slickened hole, Sam let out a desperate groan, “Dammit, De. You know I hate being teased like this.”

“C’mon Sammy, start working it in,” Dean said offhandedly, holding the toy steady while he continued explaining, “Saw a guy lose his mind on one of these and I have not been able to get that out of my head. I mean, you barely have the head in and I am ready for round four.”

“Bossy little jerk,” Sam hissed as he did just what Dean wanted. And truth be told, what he wanted too. The toy dick wasn’t very big and his curiosity was screaming at him to find out what would happen once the machine was turned on. Hunching over the bed, he rolled his hips a few times to get the feel of how to move. He felt the tip of the phallus brush against his prostate, punching a moan from him, his cock slowly hardening once more.

Kneeling in front of Sam, Dean’s eyes darting over his brother’s body in anticipation of what he was about to do, “Feel good, Sammy?”

“Yes,” Sam stuttered as his hand shot out to Dean’s shoulder. He needed something to steady him as he rode the toy in earnest.
Unable to wait any longer, Dean grabbed the control box, flipped the red switch, and began to slowly twist the knob, his eyes on Sam the entire time. After a quarter turn, it was obvious Sam could feel what Dean was doing. His eyes were closed shut then popped open and trained on Dean. Seeing no sign of distress, Dean pushed him further.

Having turned the vibrations up to fifty percent, Dean flipped the green switch and began to increase the rotation, even slower than he had with the vibration. Sam looked absolutely wrecked, and the sybian wasn’t even close to where Dean had gotten when he was testing it out. Scooting closer to Sam and placing the control box on the bed so he could continue increasing the rotation. At forty percent, Sam began to fall apart and wrapped his arms around Dean as he began to howl.

“De,” Sam pleaded as his fingers dug into his brother’s shoulders. He’d never felt anything this intense in his life. All he could do was hold on to Dean, barely stringing two words together as his world started to shatter apart. He felt the warning clench deep in his groin as his cock dribbled a thick line of precum onto stained carpet below him.

Reaching out as Sam’s cock twitched, Dean got his hand over the head of his cock and caught the majority of the cum. Sam’s moans and erratic jerking as Dean stroked his throbbing length. Dean’s other hand around the back of his neck, pulling him close as his hand slid over his brother’s shaft. The sound of the sybians vibrations filling the room in absence of Sam’s moans, his mouth hanging open in astonishment, Dean whispered, “My turn next.”
Going hunting with Sam and Dean, Adam realized, came at a high disadvantage.

Zero privacy for things such as jerking off.

Adam wasn’t as handsome as his older half brothers, nor did he have the suaveness of Dean or the adorableness of Sam. In a sense, he was average. Some girls and guys engaged him in conversation, but it never went further than that. Meanwhile, Dean could pick up any chick in the bar and get her back to their hotel, fucked, and back to the bar in less time than it took for Adam to drink two bottles of beer. Sam took his time, more or less, with the men he sought, but Adam learned the hard way that if Sam was heading towards the exit, to stay away from the Impala.

Food runs were the best times, but usually one of them stayed behind with Adam to look up cases or watch TV.

Showers, forget it. Sam and Dean usually used up all the hot water, especially Sam, and as the youngest brother, newest hunter, and usually the least filthy, he gets last dibs on showers.

But right now… He had the motel room to himself. Dean was out on a food run, and Sam had decided to go for a run. Leaving Adam in the warded room all by himself.

He closed the blinds and made sure that the “Do Not Disturb” placard hung on the front of the door before throwing himself down onto a bed and shoving his jeans and boxers off. Pulling his shirt off, he laid naked on the bed, cock hard and standing at attention. Finding lotion underneath the pillow under his head, he slicked himself up and began to stroke, groaning. It felt so good, finally touching himself after all this time.

His mind wandered as he took his time. He had waited just a couple of minutes and knew that Dean would take forever getting the food and Sam’s runs usually went on for at least twenty minutes. He could take his time. No need to rush.

He stroked longer, firmer, faster, twisting his wrist on every down stroke, swiping his thumb over his leaking head, groaning in pleasure loudly. He could be loud, it’s been months.

He didn’t hear the door open or close, didn’t hear someone approach the bed or anything. He was too caught up in his fantasy to really understand someone else was in the room with him. Until the bed dipped down, and his eyes flashed wide open, catching Sam’s sweaty face smirking down at
Adam swallowed, panicking, his hand on his cock slowing.

“If you needed something,” Sam murmured, reaching down with one of his huge hands, “you should ask for help.” The hand wrapped around Adam’s and began stroking.

Adam whimpered, his toes curling as he tried to hold off.

“Think you can cum again after this?” Sam murmured huskily, feeling Adam’s hand drop away and letting Sam take over.

Adam nodded his head rapidly.

“Good.” Even Sam’s smirk had dimples. “‘Cause I want to fuck you before Dean gets back with the food.”

Adam came hard with a scream on his lips and Sam’s hand on his cock.
“Darling, there’s nothing to be nervous about,” Crowley murmured, his voice crashing over your senses like whiskey down your throat. His accent was so damn soothing, just like a balm.

“Of course there is,” you whispered back. “You’re the King of Hell. You can have anyone you want, man, woman, human, demon, angel. And you can have someone who has a vast array of experience to please you. Why me?”

“Because, love,” Crowley murmured, kissing along your shoulder as his hands slid up your sides, fingers brushing the sides of your breasts in your tank top, “I like teaching as much as I like exploring. And with you, I can do both. And you’re right, I can have anyone I want.” He kissed his way up your neck and whispered, “and I want you, Y/N.”

You shivered and you turned your head to regard the demon. “I want you too, but…”

“But you’re nervous it’ll hurt,” Crowley murmured, going to stand in front of you. He was still impeccably dressed, and there you were, in your bed- well, in his bed, but demons have no need of sleep- in a tank top and sleep pants.

“Well, yes,” you admitted. “I’ve never even had a finger in there. Only thing that’s been there is my tampon.”
Crowley shed his suit jacket and tie, watching you with a certain gaze that had your thighs quaking and your core aching as he unbuttoned his shirt. “Trust me, darling,” he murmured, sliding the shirt off and leaving him in an undershirt, “by the time I’m sliding into your tight cunt, you’re going to feel nothing but pleasure.”

You cocked your head to the side. “And you’re going to do that… how?” you asked.

Crowley smirked and leaned over you, pressing you back down into the bed. “You’re innocent and naive, but not stupid. Use your imagination, pet.” The kiss that followed this statement had you breathless, unable to get enough of the Scotch on his lips and his hands over you.

“Can’t wait to taste this virgin pussy of yours, love,” he whispered in your ear.

You groaned and arched into his hands, feeling his fingers slip into the waistband of your pants and start pulling them down and off your legs. “Crowley…”

“Shh, pet,” Crowley murmured. “As nice as it is to hear my name, wait until my tongue is diving into your folds. And don’t start screaming until you feel what I sold my soul for slid into your center.”
Sam laughed as Lucifer and Gabriel tackled him to the bed, eyes bright in happiness. He felt his lips get assaulted with the taste of mints of all types and the soft taste of warm coffee, creating a sense of hot and cold from Lucifer while the scents of citrus and cotton candy mingling from his two lovers.

“And what are the two of you going to do to me tonight?” Sam murmured softly into Lucifer’s mouth.

A rough laugh was drawn from the older archangel as Gabriel pressed against Sam’s side. “You really wanna know?” he murmured.

“Oh God, yes,” Sam breathed.

Gabriel slapped Sam’s throbbing cock. “No using our Dad’s name in vain while we’re in bed together. We don’t need him popping in on us unexpectedly.”

Lucifer chuckled and leaned down to suck a hickey into Sam’s neck, causing their human to moan.

“Luci’s gonna fuck you. Gonna hold you up in his big, strong arms and fuck you,” the former Trickster purred. “And I’m gonna suck that cock into my mouth and swallow it down like it’s a dick pop. Except better, ‘cause almost nothing’s sweeter than your cum down my throat.”

Sam groaned and rocked his hips up into Lucifer’s, feeling the glide of skin on skin, Lucifer’s cool body counteracting Gabriel’s heated one on Sam’s warmed flesh.

“Turn onto your stomach, little human,” Lucifer purred, withdrawing from Sam’s personal space. “You’re gonna need all the prep you can get ‘cause once I cum, it’s Gabe’s turn to fuck you.”

Sam knew right then and there it was going to be a long night.
Chapter Summary

Kink #117: Voyeurism (Intentional)
Michael x Lucifer (x Sam Winchester)

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

Lucifer panted in Michael’s ear, his hips pistoning in and out of his older brother’s hole like it was made for this purpose and this purpose only. “How does it feel, Viceroy,” he whispered harshly, punctuating Viceroy with a bite to Michael’s ear, “to be fucked to high heavens by your baby, fallen brother?”

Michael had no words, for Lucifer’s cock had slipped over his prostate just then and he moaned loudly, tilting his head back to rest it on Lucifer’s shoulders.

“You love it, I know,” Lucifer murmured, trailing his fingers down Michael’s now exposed throat. “Love being taken apart by me, love being fucked like a cheap whore by me… You make the prettiest noises when I’m balls deep inside of you.”

“Lu-Luci,” Michael stammered, his fingers white knuckling the bedspread as he pushed himself back and into Lucifer’s strong hold.

“That’s my name,” Lucifer murmured, his eyes flicking up and looking at Sam, who was sitting in the chair across from the bed and stroking his cock at the scene. Smiling secretively, he spoke to Sam. “See how he writhes in pleasure? How he’s given himself over to the sins of the flesh?”

“Oh yeah,” Sam murmured, licking his lips. “He sounds so good, and looks so good speared on your cock.”

Michael whined, making eye contact with Sam. His cock hardened at the sight of the human stroking himself, getting off on watching him and Lucifer fuck. The hungry look in Sam’s eyes made him shiver, and he moaned as he watched Sam smirk at the sight.

“Doesn’t he, though?” Lucifer hummed, running a hand down the length of Michael’s sternum. “I wonder what he’d look like underneath you, though.”

Michael whimpered and rocked his hips back more forcefully.

“Oh, I think our little Viceroy of Heaven likes that idea,” Lucifer purred. “Is that what you want, Mikey? Want Sam to fuck you with his big, thick cock and make you babble in tongues?”

Michael nodded his head rapidly, saying “Please” and moaning as Lucifer shoved him down so that Michael’s shoulders were on the bed.
“You can have that once I fill you up. Sam can make sloppy seconds out of you.”
Sam chuckled darkly. “You really do enjoy degrading him, don’t you?”
“He loves every bit of it,” Lucifer chuckled. “Begs for it, even, don’t you?”
Michael whimpered and nodded.
Lucifer locked eyes with Sam and grinned.
“Let’s see who can make him cum the hardest.”
“You’re on.”
“Dude, we’re drunk,” Dean laughed as Lucifer pinned him to the wall and began heatedly kissing his neck.

“Not drunk enough that we can’t have a little fun,” Lucifer laughed with Dean.

“Luce, we had to take a cab home. My baby’s at the bar,” Dean chuckled, opening the door to their apartment, stumbling into it with Lucifer practically on top of him.

“And neither of us have whiskey dick,” Lucifer smiled as he pressed Dean up against the wall inside their apartment, clumsily closing the door with his foot. “And I know you, you plugged yourself up nice and tight for me.”

“You’re a horny bastard,” Dean laughed, running his hands down Lucifer’s slim sides.

“So are you,” Lucifer smirked, starting to clumsily work on Dean’s belt. “And I wanna suck you dry so you’re nice and loose for me to slide my fat dick into you.”

Dean groaned. “On the bed. For medical safety.”

“What’s this medical safety shit you speak of?” Lucifer laughed, eyes bright with whiskey and mischief.

Dean groaned. “Dude, one day, our drunk sexcapades are going to kill us.”

“Until then,” Lucifer said, finally freeing Dean’s belt from its restraints, “I’ve got whiskey to suck out through your dick.”

“There’s a lot sexier ways to have said that,” Dean said, Lucifer jerking his jeans open and sliding them down his hips.

“Sorry, let me rephrase,” Lucifer said dryly, “I’m gonna blow your brains out.”

“Less threatening,” Dean chuckled.

“Just shut up and take the blow job.”

“Better.”
Lucifer growled, almost ripping Dean’s boxers off of him as they were rudely shoved down to meet Dean’s jeans around his ankles before swallowing him down.

The answering moan, intake of breath, and the way Dean moaned Luce was the thing Lucifer was looking for to shut up his fiance.
Almost Getting Caught - Dean x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #5: Almost Getting Caught
Dean Winchester x Reader

Written by HelVonAsche

Requested by @hellahornyvirgin. Hope you like it, darling! <3

Dean pushed her up against the wall, Sam had just gone to get food, but he couldn’t wait any longer. He needed to have her now.

“Dean,” she said against his lips, “he’s gonna-”

Pressing his lips against hers as his hands gripped her sides tightly, he muttered, “I know, real quick one now.” Kissing her deeply, his tongue running along her bottom lip as he pushed her pants down and pulled away, “And the right way once we’re alone later.”

Never able to refuse him, when he started to guide you to the couch you walked over to it and stepped out of your jeans. Kneeling on the cushions, you wiggled your hips and he was behind you in a flash.

Without warning, his cock was nudging at your cunt as Dean groaned, “This is gonna be quick, sweetheart.”

Twisting to look at him, you nodded and gasped as he pushed into you. He was so hard, it felt like he was going to tear you apart as he drove into you. Both his hands on your hips, he began to pound into you. Hard, solid thrusts and that’s when you both heard it; the rumble of the Impala’s engine growing close and stopping outside the motel.

The idea of stopping didn’t cross his mind as he redoubled his efforts, wrapping a hand around your body to tease your clit as he whispered, “Cum for me.”

Unable to get off that quickly, despite Dean’s best efforts, you heard the driver’s door of the Impala slam. At most, Dean had a minute to finish and for both of you to get dressed, which was impossible. Hearing the keys jingle from outside the door, Dean, unsatisfied, pulled out and threw you a pair of shorts out of the open bag on the bed.

Trying to hide how heavily the two of you were breathing as Sam entered the motel with dinner, you couldn’t help but grin at Dean. He hadn’t gotten off, but it wasn’t like there wouldn’t be more time later.
Dean straightened the hat, still regretting ever agreeing to ‘explore’ his interests with Cas. He felt like an idiot as he waited outside the motel room. Knocking again he looked around to make sure that no one saw him when Cas unlocked and opened the door and Dean thought his heart was going to drop out of his body.

Holding the towel around his waist, Castiel looked up into Dean’s eyes as he asked calmly, “Oh, I just got out of the shower. Do you want to come in so I can get my money?”

Swallowing thickly, Dean nodded as he walked into their motel room and closed the door behind him, never taking his eyes off of Cas. All his ideas that role playing would be stupid were nowhere to be found as he watched Cas dig through the pockets of his trenchcoat. Dean knew where this was leading and his cock throbbed in anticipation.

Cas gave up pretending to look for money, turned and walked toward Dean. He knew what he had to do next, he’d been studying that one video he had found that had peaked his interests, and he was not about to mess this part up.

Swallowing thickly as Cas stopped in front of him, Dean said, “It’ll be $10.”

Tilting his head slightly and furrowing his brow, Cas said in a confused voice that he had practiced earlier, “I’m sorry, I can’t find my money.” Lifting a hand and trailing a finger down Dean’s torso, Cas asked in a deep voice, “Is there some other way I could pay you?”
Chapter by **helvonasche**

**Chapter Summary**

**Kink #74: No Foreplay**

Cain x Reader

Written by HelVonAsche

Requested by @thenanahunter. I’ve never written Cain before… I may do it again. <3

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He came in, door slamming behind him, and he was on you. No greeting, just his hand in your hair pulling you close as he devoured you with his kiss. You responded immediately, unable to control your physical reaction when his hands were on your dress, tearing it open.

Not stopping to see if you still wanted him, if you thought of him, if you had missed him, Cain pushed you onto the bed. Undressing as he spoke, “I have to leave again.”

You felt your heart break at his words, but knew he would come back. He knelt over you, his thick cock brushing your inner thigh for a moment before he gripped it and entered you. It had been so long since you last saw him that it was almost painful, but you welcomed the pain. Taken off guard, he pressed his lips to yours sweetly and whispered as his hips began to piston against yours, “I love you, Y/N. My darling, Y/N.”

Loving him hurt, but you didn’t care as long as he loved you back.
Skinny Dipping - Sam x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #107: Skinny Dipping
Sam Winchester x Reader

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by the lovely @samgirlcarmen

“Are you sure this is safe?” you asked, ducking your head from out behind the tree where you were undressing, seeing Sam walk brazenly towards the water, fully nude.

“Yes, baby, I’m sure,” Sam coaxed, turning to look at you. “Come on.”

You sighed and stepped from around the tree, trying to shield your breasts and the front of your pelvis from his eyes. “Alright, let’s get into the water,” you said.

“Hold up,” he said, catching you by your shoulder and turning you to face him. “You’re just going to let this gorgeous body snake past me without giving me a look?’

Flames spread across your face as he gently removed your hands from the places on your body you were attempting to conceal, his breath hitching in his throat.

“Oh, Y/N,” he breathed softly, reverence shining in his eyes. His hands settled comfortably on your waist as he pulled you in close. “Beautiful. Absolutely breathtaking.”

You were about to deny his claims but then his lips were on yours and you sighed, wrapping your arms around him and pressing into him, groaning as you felt his length press against your skin, and fuck he was long and thick. Give or take a half inch, maybe even a full inch, his cock went from cleft to just underneath your ribcage.

“Let’s get into the water, baby,” Sam whispered against your lips.

“Okay.” You smiled, feeling a bit braver, “Want to race to the water? First one to lose footing is on bottom in bed tonight?”

Sam laughed roughly. “You’d end up on the bottom then, kitten.”

You laughed softly, kissing his lips softly. “Still. Foot race might be fun.”

Sam slipped a hand into yours. “How about we run into the water together?”

You laughed and nodded. “Alright.”

The two of you raced towards the water, eager for a night of swimming, among other activities.
Hair Pulling - Dean x Male!Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #53: Hair Pulling
Dean Winchester x Male!Reader

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by a lovely, shy anon who signed their request as Zepp

There weren’t many times you were thankful that you kept your hair long. You’ve always preferred your hair longer. It tended to make you look older, not to mention that it made you feel unique.

Add that with the fact that you liked to wear suits and, well, ladies and gentlemen were lining up to meet you and wanted to take you out, take you on dates, maybe pound you into the mattress or have you pound them into the mattress.

Only thing was, you were taken by one Dean Winchester, and he loved your long hair.

“Like that, baby?” he asked softly, pulling your hair just right.

Fuck, you loved it when he pulled your hair. It made you clench tighter around his cock, made your length weep, and made you beg for more.

“Dean, more, please,” you begged.

“You want more, Y/N?” he asked softly, pulling your hair and sliding a hand across your chest. He pulled you up so your back was now pressed flush against his, and you whimpered as the angle shifted. “Does my boy love having his hair pulled?”

“Yes, oh God, yes, Dean, please,” you whined.

“Don’t worry baby,” Dean cooed. “I’ll make you cum. Just me, you, my cock, and your hair.” He tugged on your hair gently. Sparks of pleasure flared up and you moaned embarrassingly loud, but you didn’t care. Not when Dean was pistoning his hips just right, the head of his dick sliding across your prostate, his fingers twirling themselves in your hair and tugging it oh so perfectly.

Yes, you had a kink for Dean pulling your long hair.

And you wouldn’t change it for a damn thing.
In The Dark - Sam x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #58: Fully Clothed
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

Sam moaned softly into Lucifer’s mouth, fingers running up and down his back as Lucifer rocked into him.

It was black, pitch black. The bunker’s generator broke, leaving the two of them in the dark while Dean and Castiel were out trying to fix it, or fucking. One of the two.

Sam and Lucifer didn’t mind the dark, didn’t mind the way that they had to grope around for the lube, and upon not finding it, Lucifer kissing his way down Sam’s body, lifting his legs up and over his body and giving Sam a rim job.

It heightened everything, so much. It was as if they were both blindfolded and weren’t able to take them off. Everything was done by taste, touch, hearing, intuition.

Lucifer swallowed Sam’s throaty moans and whines, rocking into him harder. He could’ve used his other sight, the sight of his True Form, but he decided against it. And he was so glad he did.

He was able to relearn Sam’s body, and couldn’t rely on facial expressions to know when he hit Sam’s erogenous zones, or anything like that. It was a new experience, for both of them, and fuck it was hot.

“Luce… Luce…” Sam was mewling now, a sure sign he was close, and Lucifer nipped his bottom lip.

“Cum for me, baby,” he whispered softly.
Oral Sex - Sam x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #79: Oral Sex
Sam Winchester x Reader

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by the absolutely adorable @eternalanxious

You looked down at where your boyfriend Sam was smirking up at you, his face mere inches away from your sex.

“Ready for this, kitten?” he asked softly, rubbing soft circles into your inner thighs.

“Yeah,” you said, tugging the pillow near your head to put it under. You wanted to watch him.

He smiled, dimples in full force, before lowering his head and giving a soft lick across your folds.

You gasped and moaned, feeling your fingers knead the bedspread underneath the two of you as he worked you over.

Sam was good at this. He knew what got you going quicker than anything, and soon, he was employing it. Using his tongue, he began tracing the Greek alphabet on your clit as his long fingers began to gently massage the outermost part of your cunt.

“Fuck,” you mewled and Sam huffed a laugh, blowing hot air across your most intimate place. Your hips searched for more, almost grinding down on his face.

Cupping your ass, he tugged you closer and you felt the tip of his tongue breach you. Your hands flew down and fistèd themselves into long chestnut locks as you whimpered.

Sam Winchester certainly knew how to treat a girl right.
“You wished to see me, Captain?” Sam said, straightening the Star Fleet uniform Gabriel was having him wear. The ears were the more annoying part, in all honesty.

Gabriel turned, smirking. Sam smiled to himself. Command gold did suit his honey eyed angel, after all. “Yes, Mr. Spock.” He walked over, a glass of what Sam suspected they were passing off as Romulan ale in hand. “Would you like a drink, Mr. Spock?”

“Is that Romulan ale, Captain?” Sam asked, cocking his head to the side.

“Yes, it is, would you like some?” Gabriel winked.

“No thank you. Captain, may I remind you that Romulan ale is illegal by the Federation?” Sam said, tilting his head to the side.

“We’re thousands of light years away, Spock,” Gabriel said, setting the glass down. He slid into Sam’s personal space, giving a coy little smile. “But considering I’m breaking the laws… perhaps my second in command should… punish me?”

Sam withheld a smirk. “And how do you propose I do that, Captain? I do not outrank you, although I should in some aspects according to Star Fleet regulations.”

Gabriel walked his fingers up Sam’s broad chest. “You’re an intelligent man, Spock,” he murmured, “I’m sure you can figure it out.”

Sam sighed, looking down at Gabriel. “I’m not sure if it’s a punishment if you’ll enjoy it, Captain,” he muttered back.

Gabriel smirked. “I should still be punished, Spock,” he murmured.

Sam tugged Gabriel’s head back firmly by his hair, relishing in the low moan that he emitted. “Then you should strip, James,” he murmured in a low, commanding voice. “Let’s see if we can get that disobedience out of you.”
Sam grunted as Lucifer’s cock, slick with precum and lube, rocked against his own. His nails dug into Lucifer’s slim hips as he rocked his hips against his mate’s, groaning. “Fuck, Luce.”

“Wanna get off like this? Just the two of us rutting against each other?” Lucifer breathed in his ear.

“God yes,” Sam breathed, crying out as Lucifer tugged his head back by his hair to mark up his neck.

“Gonna cover you in my cum and mark you as mine,” Lucifer breathed in his ear, nibbling down his neck.

“Yes, oh God, Luce,” Sam whimpered, his nails now biting into the angel’s plump rear, coaxing him on.

“That’s my little human, come on,” Lucifer cooed, “make those pretty noises for me.”

Sam whimpered and rutted back against Lucifer, gasping as he felt their cocks together, rubbing against each other perfectly, just the right amount of friction.

“I think once you get off, I’m gonna fuck your hot, tight ass,” Lucifer murmured. “You’re gonna be a little loose, but just enough that I can slide right in.”

Sam gasped, swallowing a lungful of air.

“Cum for me, Sam,” Lucifer commanded.
Chapter Summary

Kink #92: Really Rough Sex  
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess , who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

Sam snarled as Lucifer tore his shirt off of him as if it were made out of paper, doing the same to his devilish lover as he bit into Lucifer’s pale throat, eyes flashing.

“Is that the game we’re going to play today, my King?” Lucifer growled, tugging Sam’s head away from his neck, eyes glowing blue with Grace. Blood trickled out from where Sam’s teeth had broken skin, and the Boy King of Hell’s lips were stained red like he had been eating strawberries.

Sam gave a breathless laugh, yellow eyes swirling in mirth and merriment. “The rougher, the better, wouldn’t you say?” he asked, licking his lips. “I like it that way.”

“Oh, don’t I know it,” Lucifer chuckled darkly. “Is my little King going to be good, or am I going to have to show him who’s the real King?”

Sam’s answering smile was dark and chilling, sending a thrill of pleasure down Lucifer’s spine. “I think you’re gonna have to make me roll over and beg for you,” he growled.

“So it shall be,” Lucifer said simply before throwing Sam into the wall, pinning him there from behind before he could escape. “I’m not going to go easy on you.”

“Do your worst,” Sam dared.
Castiel gave a little moan of pleasure as Dean’s hips rocked into his, fingers knotting in dark colored hair and exposing his neck. “D-Dean,” he managed to moan.

“Mark up our pretty little angel, Dean,” Sam murmured from behind Dean. Castiel could make out his form, bent over Dean’s back and nipping at his shoulders. He heard Sam’s hips snap into Dean’s, which drove Dean deeper into Castiel. “Mark him up so pretty, and make sure he’s good and wet for me.”

Castiel moaned as he felt Dean’s teeth start to mar his neck, gasping as a particularly hard bite nearly drew blood.

“Good,” Sam crooned, still rolling his hips lazily into Dean’s. Dean’s own thrusts were a bit faster, a bit harder, but Castiel knew Sam was all about the tease, the build up.

“You’re gonna fill him up so good, Dean,” Sam murmured, and Castiel whined as he felt Sam’s long fingers rub right where Dean’s cock was sliding in and out of him. Dean moaned, his breathing heavier and his thrusts faster. “Gonna make him nice and loose and wet for me, aren’t you Dean?”

Dean groaned and nodded, Castiel nearly cumming as Sam patiently began working his finger in alongside Dean’s length.

“No, no, angel,” Sam chuckled darkly, “Don’t cum yet. I don’t want you to cum until you’re on my cock.”

Castiel whimpered, blue eyes blown open in arousal.

“So beautiful,” Dean groaned.

“Yes, he is, Dean,” Sam agreed, running a hand up Dean’s broad chest, “and he’s ours.”
“Benny, please,” Dean whimpered as he bucked his hips underneath the vampire’s, cock rubbing against cock.

“Easy there, cher, we’ll get there,” Benny soothed, running a hand down Dean’s trembling chest. “Wanna get on my cock first?”

Dean nodded his head rapidly.

“Alright, cher,” Benny murmured, lifting Dean up as if he weighed nothing and guided his cock to Dean’s puffy and well lubed hole. Dean wriggled and squirmed as he slid down the fat cock splitting him open, gasping and moaning.

“Yer wrigglin’ like a fish, chief,” Benny chuckled in amusement as he finally bottomed out inside Dean. The human’s skin had taken on a healthy shade of pink, the pink of arousal and lust, and the vampire licked his lips. “Ready?”

Dean nodded, his breaths coming in swallowed gasps. “Yeah.”

Roughly, Benny grabbed Dean’s hair and tilted his head to the side hard enough that the vertebrae cracked pleasantly for Dean. Fangs slid into place and Benny bit down hard on the juicy artery. Blood spilled into his mouth and down Dean’s chest and back, the hunter whimpering in pleasure. Benny could feel his cock jumping with each suck and drag of his tongue.

Dean had no clue why Benny drinking from him was such a turn on, or why he craved it so much. He didn’t know why feeling his blood glide down his skin, or hearing Benny suck on his skin like he was a Capri Sun made his head spin and his cock pulse with need. All he knew was that he loved it. Benny got what he needed without killing him; and he got what he needed, which was an altered state of reality and a fan freakin tastic orgasm.
Skype/Web Cam Sex - Dean x Castiel

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #108: Skype/Web Cam Sex
Dean Winchester x Castiel

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess, who I love and may end up murder fucking if she keeps this up <3

“I got some new panties today.”

Castiel looked up to regard Dean on his monitor. His boyfriend was wearing a smirk and his usual hunter’s clothes of an open flannel, t-shirt, and jeans. “Did you now?” the angel inquired, leaning back in the hotel chair.

“Sure did. Would you like to see?” Dean’s smirk was now a coy little smile and Castiel smiled.

“I would very much like to see, Dean. Are you wearing a pair right now?” Castiel asked.

Dean nodded. “Put a pair on as soon as I could. And the additions.”

“What additions, Dean?” Castiel asked. “Strip while you answer.”

Dean began undressing. “Well… I decided to try the stockings and garters,” he admitted, turning a little pink in the face that almost didn’t come across in the pixels on Castiel’s computer screen. The Men of Letters library worked as Dean’s backdrop, and even if Sam were to walk in, he’d know to walk back out.

Castiel made a pleased sort of noise as Dean finished removing his shirts and explanation of his “additions”. “I can’t wait to see these new additions to your wardrobe,” he rumbled. He reached down and palmed his cock through his slacks and boxers, eyes trained on Dean’s form.

Dean bent over to untie his boots. “Yeah?” he hummed. “I think you’re really gonna like ‘em, Cas. I got the silky ones.”

Castiel groaned softly as Dean straightened, boots off and began undoing his belt. “Good.”

Dean finished his belt and set it on the table next to the laptop, out of sight, and stood up, standing closer to table so all Castiel could see was the glorious crotch of Dean Winchester.

Slowly, teasingly, the zipper was drawn down and the denim fell open, revealing silk the color of a Granny Smith apple, and Castiel groaned.

Dean shoved his jeans down and showed off his silky new panties, caressing and hugging his cock just right. A side view revealed that the front was silk, and the back was mesh the same color as the
silk, showing off the freckles that sprinkled on Dean’s skin.

“Let me see the back,” Castiel demanded, wetting his lips.

Dean finished turning around and Castiel gripped his cock through his clothes. The mesh hugged his rear just right, a big bow just at the top of the swell of ass, the ends of the ribbon pinned to the fabric and ending about mid cheek on either side. There was a plug in Dean’s rear, a part of their agreement, a silver plug with a bright blue stone.

“Turn around, step back, and let me see these garters and stockings,” Castiel commanded.

Dean did as he was told, a thrum of pride going through Castiel at the quickness of Dean’s movements. The hunter stood back from the camera, and Castiel had to resist the urge to fly back to Kansas and pin Dean to the bookcase behind him. The garters matched his panties, all silk and lace, and hugged his thighs perfectly. The stockings that the garters held up were also the same colored mesh as the panties, and encased his bow-legged legs beautifully, showing off every line of muscle in Dean’s legs.

“Resplendent,” Castiel groaned. “Grab a chair, hook both legs over it, and I want you to stroke yourself for me, on your camera, and talk about what you were thinking of when you put this ensemble on.”

A full shudder went through Dean, his perfect pink lips open at seeing Castiel’s eyes go almost demon black in arousal. “Yes, Commander,” he whispered.

Castiel smirked.

It was going to be a good night.
“Good little boys get treats, and bad little boys get spanks,” Lucifer crooned, running his fingers over the swell of Sam’s rear. “And what are you, baby boy?”

“A bad boy, Daddy,” Sam mumbled into the pillows.

“What did you do that was naughty?” Lucifer hummed.

“I didn’t go get my anti-possession tattoo redone, Daddy,” Sam murmured.

“And did I ask you to do that?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Why didn’t you go get that done, baby boy?” Lucifer asked.

“I forgot, Daddy,” Sam said shamefully.

“You forgot,” Lucifer repeated.

“Yes, Daddy,” Sam mumbled.

“Well, I think you should get a spanking,” Lucifer hummed. “And then we’re going to go get that done.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“You’re gonna get a red ass, and it’s gonna be so pretty,” Lucifer purred.

“Daddy, please,” Sam moaned.

The echoing crack across Sam’s ass was hard, loud, and made Sam keen and Lucifer grin.
“Sam,” Lucifer breathed, clutching Sam’s back as he rocked into him. “Oh Father, Sam.”

“Luce,” Sam murmured. “Oh Lucifer…”

It had been a rough hunt for Sam. He had nearly died, and Lucifer couldn’t hold him tighter, couldn’t fuck him more gently. He needed everything to be just Sam. He needed to taste of Sam, hear Sam, be Sam…

Sam’s nails dug in just right and he groaned. “I love you,” he whispered, hungrily attacking his lips again.

“Love you too… Don’t… Don’t scare me again,” Lucifer pleaded.

“No, I won’t, I’m so sorry angel,” Sam whispered.

“All forgiven,” Lucifer murmured. “I need this.”

“So do I.”
“We’ve gotta be quick,” Sam whispered, rutting against Lucifer as he began fumbling with their belts and slacks.

“The janitor’s closet?” Lucifer huffed in amusement, kissing down Sam’s neck. “I hope you’re prepared for this, because we don’t have time for prep.”

“Prepped myself while you were hogging the shower,” Sam laughed. “I’m good, just stick it in me, baby.”

“And you’re gonna be a good little boy and be quiet, aren’t you?” Lucifer asked, rudely shoving Sam’s undone jeans down to just below his ass and turning him around. “Wouldn’t do us any good if we get caught.”

“And if I’m not quiet?” Sam asked, bending over the cleaning car a little bit, wiggling his ass.

Lucifer quickly laid a smack to the pale flesh, hearing Sam swear under his breath. “Then tonight in our dorm you won’t be able to cum until I say. I’ll cage that pretty cock of yours.”

Sam whimpered quietly, then groaned as Lucifer entered him quickly.

“Be quiet Sam. What would people say if they caught sweet little Sammy speared on Satan’s dick?” Lucifer murmured, covering Sam’s mouth with his hand as he began to quickly fuck him, slamming Sam’s hips into the cart.

“It almost sounds like you want to have your dick caged,” Lucifer huffed a laugh as he heard Sam mewl and pant behind his hand. “Do you?”

Sam shook his head lightly.

“Then shhhhh,” Lucifer murmured, reaching down to start jerking Sam off. “Of course, there are other ways to punish a naughty boy.”
There was something hot and warm encasing Lucifer’s length, and the older angel groaned as he lightly thrust his hips up into it. He felt the content vibrations of someone moaning and he opened his eyes to find Gabriel between his legs, golden eyes innocent as he lightly sucked on Lucifer’s cock.

“Gabri’l?” Lucifer mumbled, “Are you crazy?”

Gabriel slid his mouth off with a loud *pop* and grinned at Lucifer. “Nah. Just wanted something so hard and throbbing in my mouth and nothing’s more hard, heavy, and throbbing than my big brother.”

Lucifer gave a sleepy chuckle, looking over at the form of Michael sleeping, wings tucked all around him.

“As long as we’re quiet,” Gabriel continued, sliding his hand up and down Lucifer’s spit slicked shaft, “we should be fine. Mikey sleeps like the dead anyways. Now let me return to sucking you, ‘cause after you’re properly wet I’m riding you.”

Lucifer chuckled, relaxing into the nest as Gabriel swallowed him down again, gazing up at the night sky.

He’s glad he woke up for this.
Breeding Kink - Sam x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #12: Breeding Kink
Sam Winchester x Ludifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by a lovely shy anon

Sam thrust up into Lucifer hard, the Omega tilting his head back wantonly as his Alpha squeezed his hips. Lucifer’s long fingers glide around Sam’s chest, holding him upright and steady even as his head swims and makes dizzying rounds.

“Such a sweet little Omega,” Sam purred, watching Lucifer ride him with heavily lidded red eyes. “Sweet little Omega, about to be bred.”

Lucifer gasped at Sam’s words, moaning as he rocked his hips down firmly, trying to coax Sam’s rising knot up and into him. “Sam, please,” he whispered.

“You really do want to be bred, don’t you?” Sam asked, sitting up, forcing his cock deeper inside Lucifer. The knot now pressed firmly against Lucifer’s rim, causing the Omega to whine and whimper.

“Shh, little one,” the Alpha murmured. “Soon, my knot will be inside you, and I’ll pump you full of my seed, breed you properly.” He ran a hand down the planes of Lucifer’s chest, watching Lucifer’s spit slicked and bitten dark lips part in a moan of pleasure and want. Sam can’t help but kiss these lips, feeling Lucifer sag against him as he rubbed the Omega’s belly. “Fairly soon, a pup will be in here,” he murmured against a needy Lucifer’s lips. “Our pup.”

Lucifer gasped as Sam thrust up hard, hands flying up to his shoulders to shove him down. The knot was close to breaching Lucifer’s slick stained hole.

“Breed me, Alpha,” Lucifer whimpered needily. “Alpha please, knot me and breed me.”

“As my sweet Omega wishes,” Sam growled, repeating the motions.
You groaned as Lucifer rocked into you harder, faster, and deeper. You clung to his broad shoulders as he fucked you into the mattress, hands running along your recently moisturized skin.


“More, Y/N?” he murmured lovingly.

“Yes, please, fuck,” you moaned, stretching yourself up and under him.

You weren’t sure how he came to be so infatuated with you- it didn’t seem possible, considering that you weren’t like the other female hunters that you typically came across, with smooth stomachs and toned thighs. You weren’t fat, but you were pleasantly plump, and while it used to bother you, Lucifer showed that he didn’t fucking care. He loved you, curves and all.

“Is my little dove close?” he whispered in your ear, icy breath chilling the sensitive skin.

“Yes. Fuck yes, Lucifer,” You moaned. His name was your prayer, and his cock was your deliverance.

“Lucif- WHAT IN THE SEVEN LEVELS OF HELL?!”

Both of you turned your heads to regard the Viceroy of all Heaven, looking positively shocked at what he just stumbled in upon.

You gave a little laugh, gasping as Lucifer’s hips didn’t slow down, despite his older brother watching. “Like what you see, Mike?” you taunted playfully.

Strong, lithe fingers gripped your chin in firmly, and jerked your gaze back to intense icy blue.

“Focus on me, pretend he’s not even here.” Lucifer commanded you.

The sound his voice had taken on sent you tumbling over the edge into a scream.
Sam swallowed as he regarded the man in front of him, sipping on his coffee and reading. He couldn’t help but stare. The man in front of him was gorgeous, with blonde hair, a strong jaw, lithe fingers, and of course, the dark blue dress blues of the United States Air Force.

Yes, Sam may’ve had a kink for a man in uniform. As he liked to joke, “how best to show a military man your appreciation for his sacrifice to your country? Suck his dick.”

He returned to his laptop, but kept his eyes on the man in uniform. God he wanted to fuck this man. Or, rather, be fucked by him. Preferably while wearing the uniform. Any of them.

“Do you like what you see?”

Sam looked up at the man in uniform, book in one hand, coffee in the other. He flushed lightly. “I can’t appreciate a good looking man who wears the uniform well?” he challenged playfully.

The airman smirked and gently tapped the top of Sam’s head with his book. “I like you. You’re not afraid to say what you want.”

“And I want the delicious airman in front of me,” Sam smiled.

“You don’t even know my name,” the other man said.

“You’re Lieutenant Morgenstern,” Sam murmured, standing to be in his personal space, “I want to shout Lieutenant while you’re pounding into me.”

Lieutenant Morgenstern smirked. “Then, let’s go fuck. My rack.”

Sam packed up his laptop. Gonna get fucked by an officer. Fuck. Yes.

And later, Lieutenant Morgenstern murmured his name as he plowed into him, the two of them not even making it to the small bed that was the airman’s but instead, fucking against the door, belts and pants and underwear shoved down enough for the officer to fuck him hard and fast.
“Don’t let go,” Lucifer pleaded, burying his face into the crook of Michael’s neck, clinging to him tightly.

“I won’t, little sun,” Michael promised, cradling his brother’s head as he rocked into him. “I’ve got you. You’re safe, nothing’s going to get you. I’m not leaving.”

Nightmares about the Cage, and about Michael were common for Lucifer after their father released them and made them human. This helped ground Lucifer, helped comfort him.

“Beautiful little sun,” Michael cooed, kissing the top of Lucifer’s head, rolling his hips gently but firmly. “I’m here, you’re safe. Nothing can harm you.”

Lucifer whimpered, gasping as Michael slid over his prostate. “M-micha,” he mewed.

“Did that feel good, Luce?” Michael asked gently.

Lucifer nodded, keeping his head tucked away.

“Can Micha get a kiss?” Michael teased, smiling softly.

Lucifer slid his head over and gently kissed Michael, letting his brother cup his head and keep sliding over his sweet spot. He whimpered and panted into the kiss, clinging to Michael’s shoulders, digging his nails into the soft, supple skin.

“You’re so close, little sun,” Michael murmured gently. “Let go.”
You moaned softly as you felt the soft pads of his fingers caress the front of your throat and you tilted your head back, elongating it for him. His skin was icy to the touch and you welcomed it against your heated flesh.

“Lucifer,” you whimpered. “Please.”

“Please?” Lucifer hummed happily. “You really want this, little dove?”

“Yes, please,” you moaned.

His hips rolled lazily into yours and his fingers tightened lightly. “You’ll let me know if it’s too much, right?”

You nodded. “Yes… Please, Lucifer.”

His grip tightened and you gasped your next breath of air before his strong fingers closed your airways. You felt dizzy, the sense of his hips driving into yours stronger than it was than even when you were blindfolded, and it’s possible that you came, and came hard, unable to scream.
“Alpha!” You cried out as Lucifer’s hips rammed into yours.

“Such a sweet little Omega on my cock,” Lucifer purred, lowering his head and kissed along the hollow of your throat, smirking against your skin. “Gonna fill you up nice and pretty, little dove. Gonna have you hanging off my knot.”

You whined and dove your fingers into his soft blond hair, grasping it tightly. “Lucifer, please,” you pleaded with him. You felt his knot pressing into your slick heat.

“I will, my dove,” your Alpha murmured, nosing at your mating mark. “You’re mine, little Omega.”

“Yours,” you agreed. “And you’re my Alpha.”

“Yes,” Lucifer murmured, sinking his teeth into your bite as his knot pushed into you.
Thunder rumbled outside the cabin. The storm had kept you and Dean inside tonight, but you weren’t complaining. Dean had lit a fire in the fireplace and put on one of Bobby’s old Kenny Rogers’ albums.

“Kenny Rogers, really?” you teased, knowing Dean had a soft spot for old country music.

“Hey, that’s all Bobby had,” Dean said, grabbing two beers out of the fridge.

Plopping down on the couch beside you, Dean handed you one of the beers and stretched out, kicking out of his boots in the process.

“It’s perfect, Dean,” you said, snuggling into his side.

The smell of the fire and Dean’s cologne filled your lungs, making your body tingle. There was always something about the way Dean smelled that drove you insane and the fire just added to it.

The two of you had finished your beers and the Kenny Rogers album popped and crackled as it finished playing.

“Want me to start another album?” you asked, getting up from the couch.

Grabbing your hand before you could get too far, Dean stopped you in your tracks.

“No, I want you to come here,” Dean said in a lust soaked voice.

As you settled in his lap, you ran your hands over his shoulders, feeling his muscles underneath his black t-shirt.

“I love having you like this Y/N. No distractions, just us,” Dean whispered, gently placing his lips on your neck. His hands wandering under your shirt, he kissed and nipped at your neck drawing a weak moan from your throat.

“Dean…” you whimpered, grinding your hips down into his already hard cock.

“What do you need babygirl?” Dean said, leaning back from you.

“I want to taste you Dean. I want to feel you on my tongue,” you said, shimmying off of Dean’s lap
and settling in the floor at his feet.

“God Y/N/N, you know I love it when you talk to me like that.”

Running your nails up Dean’s muscular thighs, you heard him take in a sharp breath.

“Babygirl, if you go any slower I might die right here,” Dean whined.

“Let me play…” you said with a mischievous pout, knowing that it would drive Dean wild.

Grabbing under your chin, Dean leaned down and kissed you, silently approving your request.

As he leaned back into the couch, you reached for the button on his jeans and popped it open.

Taking your time sliding the zipper down, you heard him grunt in frustration.

Looking up at Dean, you grinned with satisfaction, loving that you were making these noises come from him.

Pulling his jeans and boxers down, Dean’s cock sprang free and rested against his shirt.

“Baby boy, you look so good,” you said, admiring Dean’s lower half.

Humming at the nickname, Dean spread his legs, stretching out to get more comfortable.

Taking his length in your hand, you pumped it a few times, before sticking out your tongue and licking a slow trail up the vein on the underside of his cock.

Dean tensed up at the sensation, restraining himself from slamming into your warm mouth.

“Dean relax,” you cooed. “I know what you need.”

Calming at your soft voice, Dean rested his hand in your hair, wanting to feel you bob up and down on his cock.

Swirling your tongue around the head of his shaft, you tasted the salty precum that already leaked from the tip.

Feeling Dean’s fingertips press into the back of your head, you sank your mouth down on his cock until it hit the back of your throat.

You placed your hand at the base of his cock, applying a little bit of pressure as you moved your mouth up and down his length.

“Baby girl, do the thing…” he weakly begged.

Using your free hand, you reached for his balls, gently rolling them against your fingers.

Dean’s cock twitched as he became overwhelmed with his rapidly approaching orgasm.

“Don’t. Stop,” he demanded, as you continued your motions.

Obeying his plea, you sped up your movements. He’d be cumming soon.

“Aghhh, yes babygirl!” Dean cried out, as he came in your mouth.

Knowing what was coming next, you pulled back, panting as you held your mouth open for Dean to
“Swallow, babygirl,” he commanded, watching your face as you swallowed his cum.

Pulling you back into his lap, he kissed your forehead.

“Now be my good girl and let me play.”
Wrapping his hands around your waist as he came up behind you, Sam pressed his large frame into your back.

“Hey there, little lady,” Sam purred into your ear.

*Little Lady*...

Sam only called you that when he wanted to be… Dominant.

“Well hello there Sir,” you answered, automatically assuming your submissive role.

“What is my little lady doing?” Sam asked, pushing his hands up your shirt and finding your free hanging breasts.

Melting into his touch, you didn’t answer, pressing him to take more control.

Turning you away from the sink roughly, Sam pressed his fingertips into the soft flesh of your hips.

“Answer me, little one. You don’t want to make your Sir mad, do you?” he said, growling into your ear.

“D-dishes,” you stuttered, feeling the wetness pool between your thighs.

“Not anymore. Let’s go. I need my little girl,” Sam said, scooping you off your feet and tossing you over his shoulder.

Making it to his bedroom, Sam landed a hard slap on your ass before tossing you on the bed.

“Take your clothes off, show me what belongs to me,” he said, palming himself through his jeans.

This was his favorite part, watching you remove your clothes at a slow pace and spreading your legs for him to gawk at the glistening pink flesh that lay at the junction of your thighs.

“Do you like what you see, sir?” you asked teasingly.

“Yes I do, little girl. You gonna be a good girl for me?”

“Yes sir,” you cooed, anxiously waiting for him to touch you.
Sam kissed up your leg, blunt teeth scraping your smooth skin after each kiss. The slight pain from each nip of Sam’s teeth caused you to squirm, but you craved more.

“What is it little lady? You want more don’t you?” Sam asked, cocking his eyebrow.

“I-I, yes Sam…” you whined.

Plunging two fingers into your soaked cunt, Sam brought his mouth to your ear as you cried out in pleasure.

“Is this enough, little girl?”

A weak noise escaped your mouth as Sam’s long fingers stretched out your pussy.

“Words, I want to hear your words,” Sam demanded.

“More! I need more, Sir. Please,” you begged.

“That’s my good girl. You sound so good begging for me,” Sam said, adding another finger.

Suddenly, Sam’s fingers found your g-spot, causing you to cry out.

“C’mon, cum for me little girl,” Sam said, using his free hand to apply a little pressure to your lower tummy.

Repeating Sam’s name like a prayer, you came hard, covering his hand with your essence.

“That’s my good girl,” Sam said, sucking his fingers into his mouth.

As you came down from your orgasm, you felt him slide behind you. He kissed your bare shoulders, knowing that you needed your Sam, not the Dom Sam that had just ravaged you in bed.

“You’re my good girl and I love you very very much Y/N,” Sam whispered, pulling you close.

“I love you too Sammy, so much.”
Lying in bed, you felt the cool air of the box fan blow across your legs. The Louisiana air was hot and everything you touched seemed to make you sweat. A knock on the bedroom door made you open your eyes, looking toward the direction of the sound.

“‘Cher?’ Benny asked, hoping he hadn’t awoken you.

“Hey there, love,” you said, rolling over to face him as he walked through the door.

“The heat getting any better?” He asked, settling on the edge of the bed, looking over your flushed skin.

“No… it’s hot as fuck Benny,” you whined, wiping the sweat from your forehead.

“Sugar, you’ll get used to it soon enough. I promise,” Benny said, grabbing your hand. Lifting your fingers to his lips, he kissed each one, letting his lips linger with each kiss. The saltiness of your skin making his heart rate rise. Pulling you toward him, Benny reached for the hem of your tank top, “C’mere… let’s try and get you cooled off.”

Tugging the thin shirt from your body, Benny did the same with his, dropping them to the floor. As he pulled you to his chest, you felt the tickle of the salt and pepper colored hair that was splayed across his chest. Running his hands under your thighs, Benny lifted you with ease and carried you to the bathroom for a cool bath.

As he carried you, you kissed his neck, running your tongue over the soft skin. Grazing your teeth over his ear lobe, you felt Benny’s chest rumble as he growled at the sensation.

“‘Y/N, you know what that does to me,” Benny warned.

Giggling at his stern voice, you nip at his ear once more, causing him to drop you to your feet and pin you up against the nearest wall.

“What in the world has gotten into you?” you questioned, secretly loving this side of Benny.

“Seeing you all hot like that just… mmm,” he hummed, pressing his hips into yours.

Benny’s hands made their way to your sleep shorts, tearing the thin fabric as he ripped them away from your legs.
“I need you… now,” Benny demanded.

Reaching for Benny’s jeans, you fumbled as you undid his belt. Before you could finish, he swiftly opened the button and zipper and pulled them down just enough to get his cock out.

Grabbing your thighs again, Benny hoisted you up, pushing himself into your aching cunt. Holding on to his broad shoulders, you braced yourself as he pounded into you.

“God, yes, Benny!” you cried.

“You gonna cum for me Y/N?” Benny asked, quickening his movements.

“Yes-yes-yes,” you said in rhythm with each of Benny’s thrusts.

Before you could reach your peak, you saw someone come around the corner.

“What-son of a bitch!” Dean yelled as he walked up on you and Benny.

“Sorry, brother,” Benny said, never faltering.

“Get a fucking room guys…” Dean trailed off, making his way back around the corner.
Benny held you close to his bare chest, stroking your hair slowly as you two listened to the soft music that played in the background. You loved having him like this. Just the two of you, in the quiet of your own house.

“Sugar, there’s somethin’ I’ve been wanting to tell ya,” Benny said, in a calm voice.

Concerned for a moment, you sat up, looking at the vampire with a furrowed brow.

“Hey, no need for concern. It’s something good,” he reassured, rubbing his thumb over your cheek.

“Benny, what is it?”

“Y/N, I love you and it’s about damn time I say it,” he said, looking down at his lap.

“Oh my God,” you said with a giggle. You knew Benny loved you. He showed it everyday, even if he’d never actually said it.

Straddling his lap, you placed both hands on his scruff covered face.

“Benny Lafitte, I love you more than you will ever know,” you said, as you pressed a warm kiss to his lips.

Deepening the kiss, Benny slid his tongue across your bottom lip, before taking it between his teeth. As the sensation ran through you body, you ground your hips into his, moaning when you felt the friction against your sex.

Without a word, Benny flipped you over on your back and began removing your t-shirt. The cool air rushed over your bare breasts, giving you a slight chill.

Bringing his mouth to your nipple, Benny licked and sucked at the hard bud, occasionally grazing his blunt teeth over it.

“B-Benny, that feels so good.”

Continuing his movements, he brought his lips to the valley between your breasts and made his descent to your stomach. Tasting the sweetness of your skin made him want to lose control, but he wanted to take his time with you.
Reaching your panty covered sex, Benny hooked his fingers in the fabric and slowly brought them down, tossing them somewhere in the room. Positioning himself between your legs, he kissed your plump thighs, making his way to your already wet folds.

As he kissed your mound, Benny licked at your clit, causing your hips to buck. Carding your fingers through his hair, you lightly scraped your nails across his scalp, drawing a moan from deep in his chest.

Leaning back from you and removing his jeans, Benny pumped his cock as you watched him intently.

“Make love to me…” you said, wrapping your legs around his hips.

Planting a hand by your head, he held his cock steady as he pushed into you slowly, giving you time to adjust to his girth.


As he drove his hips into you, you locked your arms around his neck, steadying yourself.

Grunting as he felt his orgasm approaching, he placed a thumb on your clit, gently massaging the nub as he continued to slam into you.

“B-Benny…” you whined, beginning to shake as you felt yourself lose control.

“Cum for me sugar.”

Almost on command, you felt your release crash over your body. As your cunt spasmed around him, Benny spilled himself into you.

Collapsing on his back, he relaxed into the mattress, pulling you on top of him. Nuzzling into his neck, you kissed it, whispering ‘I love you’s’ into his ear as you both slowly fell asleep together.
“Spread your legs,” Sam commanded, as he removed his shirt.

Following his orders, you opened your knees, revealing your bare pussy. Walking around the bunker in nothing but a flannel seemed to be working to your advantage. You needed this.

“God, Y/N. Such a pretty pussy,” he said, shimmying out of his jeans and kicking them to the side.

“Boxers too, big boy,” you teased.

Chuckling at your remark, Sam complied. Stepping out of the thin black underwear, he revealed his cock, which was already hard and standing at attention.

Reaching out as his large frame hovered over you, you drug your nails over the tanned skin of his chest, eliciting a growl from him. Pulling him down, you crashed your lips to his.

Running his hands up your body, Sam gripped the collar of the flannel you were wearing, ripping it down the middle. As buttons hit the floor, his mouth was on your breast, sucking and kissing the tender skin.

“So perfect,” he purred, as he began stroking his cock.

“Sam, my ass… I need it…”

Nodding at your request, he dipped two fingers inside your soaked pussy. Coating his fingers in your slick, he removed them from your cunt and began massaging your tight hole.

“Gotta get you ready,” he said, lightly pressing his index finger into you.

“Oh, oh S-Sam. Yes,” you moaned feeling your ass stretch around his large finger.

Lightly pumping it in and out of you, he felt you eventually relax.

“That’s my good girl. Just relax for me,” he said in a lust soaked voice.

As he added another finger, you reached for your clit, needing release.

“That’s it, make yourself cum.”
Circling your clit as Sam drove his fingers in you, you quickly felt your orgasm build in your stomach.

“Another finger… please,” you begged.

Pressing another finger into your ass, Sam felt your body begin to shake as your orgasm crashed over you.

Slowing his movements, he let you come down from your orgasm, pressing kisses into your stomach.

Removing his fingers, he reached into the bedside table and grabbed a bottle of lube.

“Let me,” you said, grabbing the bottle from him, squeezing some of the clear liquid in your hand. Reaching out, you gently covered his cock with the lube and wipe the excess on your ruined flannel.

“Ready?” he asked, as he readied himself.

Nodding, you flipped on your stomach, presenting your ass to him

“Beautiful,” he whispered, pressing his hand to your back, easing your top half down.

Getting you in position, he gently pushed his length into your ass, stretching you out.

“Y’okay darling?” he asked, waiting for your response before continuing.

“Fuck me Sam.”
“Louder, Private,” he whispered huskily in your ear, forcing your hips to slam into the door harder. You whimpered louder.

“Please, General, fuck me harder,” you moaned loudly, rocking your hips back onto his cock. You clenched down tightly, whining as you felt his cock throb between your lips.

“Good girl,” he praised, fucking you harder. He pulled you back by the hair. “Dirty little girl, though, getting fucked by her superior officer, and loud enough to make the entire barracks hear. Does that excite you?”

“Yes, General!” You gasped, his length rubbing against your G-spot. “General, please!”

“Please what, Private Y/L/N?” General Morningstar mocked lightly. You can tell he was smirking.

“Permission to cum, General Morningstar?” you managed to gasp.

His hand slipped down from your hip and slipped itself between your legs and folds, finding your clit and rubbing it harshly.

“Permission granted, Private. Cum.”
“Kitten,” you heard him murmur in your ear. Groaning, you pressed back against him, feeling his length make itself known against the swell of your ass.
“Wazzit?” you mumbled, turning your face and starting to blink your eyes open.

Sam smiled as he watched you wake up, leaning in for a kiss. “Good morning. Thought I’d start my girl’s day off right before my run.”

You chuckled sleepily, stretching as his hands roamed your body, cupping your breasts. You moaned as he gently squeezed them. “You know you probably burn more calories fucking me than you do on your runs?” you teased lightly.

“I do,” Sam chuckled, trailing kisses along your neck and shoulders. “I think I enjoy it more too.”

You sighed into his touch, groaning softly. “I enjoy it more too,” You teased.

He laughed and you turned your head to see him smiling brightly and leaning in for a kiss. “I love you, Y/N,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” you murmured. “Are we gonna fuck now?”

He laughed and turned you over so you were facing him. “Of course, kitten.”
Dirty Talk - Balthazar x Lucifer

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #30: Dirty Talk
Balthazar x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by @gay-ship-trash ! Hello!

Balthazar gasped as Lucifer pinned him against the wall, before slightly too cold lips met his in a needy kiss. Gripping the archangel’s top shirt, he rutted against Lucifer in an attempt to get him to move faster. He moaned, however, upon the first pass of a denim clad length against his own cashmere encased one.

“Look like you’re big in more ways than one… big brother,” Balthazar teased breathlessly.

Lucifer chuckled, low and deep in his throat, rolling his hips against Balthazar’s. “You’re not that small yourself, little brother,” he whispered harshly.

“No, I’m not that small,” Balthazar groaned, hooking a leg up and over Lucifer’s hip, “but Dad you’re bigger than me. I can’t believe you’re gonna shove this into my tight little arse.” His accent was thicker as he spoke, breath hitching in his throat as Lucifer ran his teeth over his Adam’s apple.

“Where in the seven levels of Hell did you learn to speak like that, Bal’?” Lucifer groaned.

“Did you like that?” Balthazar asked in mock surprise. “C’mon. I want my big brother to fuck me so hard I can’t walk. Make it so I feel used and needy, oh please!”

Lucifer growled low in his throat, willing their clothes away with a thought. He spun Balthazar around and slammed him into the wall. “As you wish, little brother.”

Balthazar whined. “Yes, yes, Luci, use me, fuck me, wanna be fucked by your thick cock.”

“Such a dirty little mouth,” Lucifer smirked. “Can’t wait to hear what other noises you make, while my cock is jammed up tight into your hole and fucking you so hard, you’ll forget for what purpose you were created for other than this.”
You up for a round tonight? -L

You glanced down at your phone, smirking as you read the message.

Sure thing. What time?

Lucifer was your friend with benefits. The sex was casual, random, and hot. Oftentimes kinky. He was a great way to get out your sexual urges that may not always be appropriate, but he was a go getter, and willing to try anything once.

As usual, he was the one setting up the encounter. You never did. He just seemed to instinctively know what you needed. Probably because the two of you have been friends since freshman year of high school, and now the two of you were in your junior years at university, and the two of you have been having sex since the summer between your senior year of high school and freshman year of college.

It was great. The two of you never had feelings for each other, the sex was great, the friendship even better. You were both free to see other people, have sex with other people. You both made sure that the other was safe whenever there was a different encounter. There were no secrets between you and Lucifer.

That’s probably why the casual sex thing works out, and not a true relationship.

What time does your last class get out? -L

You thought about that. Today was Tuesday… .

3:30, you texted back, providing that the class doesn’t have to endure another lecture that has no
relation to the class.

You vibrated with excitement as you entered the classroom, taking your usual seat in the back row, when Lucifer texted you again.

Sounds good. I'll meet you at your apartment at 4. I'll let myself in. You're in trouble tonight. -L

What kind of trouble am I in? You asked playfully as you pulled out your notebook, pack of gel pens, and took a long sip of coffee. You pulled out your thick textbook and sighed. Family Law could be really boring.

He texted back ten minutes into the lecture.

I'm talking about the kind of trouble where you're stripping the moment you walk in the door, thrown over my knee, and spanked until your ass is redder than a cherry on the top of a sundae before riding me. And that won't be the last thing, little dove. -L

You swallowed, feeling your cheeks heat up unbidden and the wetness between your thighs make itself known. You concentrated on the lecture the best you could, on getting your breathing under control. Fuck Lucifer knew how to make go from zero to a hundred in less than a second, and just with some words.

Your phone lit up again, and you checked it.

Are you ready, Y/N? -L

You swallowed as you sent back your reply to your friend and your occasional lover.
Running her fingers over the cool fabric of the silk blindfold, Meg made her way to where Castiel was waiting. Climbing on the bed, she positioned herself, straddling his hips, letting her covered sex brush against his aching bulge.

“Y’ready, my angel?”

“Yes, beautiful,” Cas cooed.

“Remember the rules. No touching, unless I say and if you don’t like somethin-”

“Pizza Man,” he answered, quickly.

“Good boy.”

Placing the blindfold over his eyes, Meg began kissing a trail from his neck, all the way down his body, nipping at the skin periodically.

“Tell me how it feels,” Meg instructed, slipping her shirt over her head.

“It’s good, very good,” he answered.

Grabbing Castiel’s hands, she placed them on her hips, silently giving him permission to explore. As his hands brushed along her skin, he realized that she had removed her top. Moving his hands farther up her body, he made it to her breasts. Cupping them, Cas tweaked each nipple eliciting a moan from Meg.

“That’s my good boy,” she praised, grinding her hips down on his erection.

“I wanna be inside you… Please,” he begged.

“Patience,” she said, pulling away from him. Tugging his boxers down his legs and revealing his cock, Meg pumped him lazily.

Her hand still wrapped around him, Meg slowly licked up his cock, swirling her tongue around the head. Sinking her mouth down on him, she slipped her hand down between her legs.

“Wanna know what I’m doing?” Meg taughted.
“Mmmm hmm,” he nodded, trying to focus on her movements.

“Open up.”

Obeying, he opened his mouth. Removing her fingers from her soaked pussy, she placed them on Castiel’s lips. Darting his tongue out, he sucked her fingers into his mouth. Humming around them, he licked each one clean, savoring her flavor.

“You wanna fuck me, Angel?” Meg asked, pulling her fingers out of his mouth.

“You-Yes…”

Leaning down, she kissed him vigorously, tasting herself on his lips. Kicking out of her underwear, she grasped Cas’ length, placing his head at her entrance. A weak plea left his lips, begging for her.

Sinking down on him, she cried out as her hips became flush with his.

“Can I see you?” Cas begged.

“Yes my angel,” she answered, reaching to untie the blindfold. Tossing it off to the side, Meg watched as he opened his eyes. The piercing blue, sending desire down to her core. Moving her hips again, she slammed back down on him.

Watching as she moved her hips against his, Castiel felt himself reaching his orgasm.

“Cum for me Angel,” Meg said, sensing that he was reaching his peak.

As she continued her movements, he came hard, Meg soon followed close behind. Watching as she shook from her orgasm, he lifted her off of him and held her to his chest. Pressing a kiss to her forehead, they lay in silence, letting their bodies relax together.
Castiel pushed her against the wall, it had been a long time coming and he wasn’t going to waste a moment with her. Without a thought, he tore her shirt open, his hands finding her breasts as he continued to kiss her deeply. Castiel didn’t need to question his actions, her thoughts screaming not only her ascent, but each of her moans was accompanied by clear picture of what he should do next.

She felt his hands on the back of her thighs, when his grip tightened to lift her, and her legs wrapped around his waist. As he ground against her clothed sex, her hands were in his hair, pulling him closer and giving her something to ground herself. She’d never been with someone like this, and the fact that it was the stoic angel of the lord that had her pinned against a wall was too much to process.

Pulling away from the wall, Castiel walked down the hall, cradling her body close to his as she continued to writhe against him. He was trying to think of where the nearest couch, bed, even a nice table was, when it dawned on him. Turning quickly into the library, Castiel walked carefully toward the main table.

This spot was where he had first met her, first heard her thoughts, and most importantly, where he first realized that she was so dear to him, that he needed her. Each sideways glance, awkward pause in conversation, he remembered it all and began to project those moments into her mind as he laid her out on the table.

Standing between her legs and looking down at her as realization flickered through her eyes, he began to pull her jeans off. They were both aware that he could snap his fingers and get the job done quickly, but Castiel knew better. He’d seen her fantasies, almost everyone involved him undressing
her and he didn’t want to disappoint.

Tossing her jeans on the floor, he stood back as she propped herself up on her elbows and watched as he loosened his tie. Is he…, she started to think when he nodded and pulled his tie over his head. Taking his jackets off and setting them on the back of a chair, his eyes trained on her as he unbuttoned the white dress shirt that was at least two sizes too big, and she had to remind herself to stay in the moment.

Forgoing any more formality, Cas rolled up the sleeves past the elbow and approached her. Sliding his hands down her thighs, he said in a voice deeper than usual, “I want this to be how you imagined it.”

Nodding up at him as he withdrew a hand and began to unfasten his belt and unzip his trousers, she felt his grace prodding at her thoughts. He was projecting, he wanted her to see his fantasies, which were alarmingly similar to hers. It was almost too much to take in that he felt the same and wanted the same things, when it dawned on her; his desires were the same because he wanted to please her. They weren’t his thoughts, they were hers but from his perspective. He wanted to make them reality for her, that was his fantasy.

Laying back on the cold, wooden table, Y/N felt Castiel’s cock against her as he slid it between her slick folds. She arched her back, beckoning him to take her, when the sound of footsteps in the hallway snapped them both back to reality.

“Shit,” she hissed.

Sam and Dean rounded the corner, and for one second, even less, just a fraction of a second they saw. Castiel, disheveled, between Y/N’s legs, and her naked body spread out on the library table before Castiel was able to get them away.

Breathing heavily in her room, Castiel stumbling through apologies about how he should have known Sam and Dean were in the bunker, when Y/N placed her hands on his cheeks and lifted his head. Pressing her lips to his, she whispered, “Doesn’t matter.”

Castiel caught on quickly, using his grace to lock the door and soundproof the room, he continued what he had started.
“Have you been a good little girl, Y/N?” Lucifer asked, patting his red cladded lap for you to crawl upon.

You did so eagerly, straddling his legs and looking down at him. When he suggested this, you balked, but now, seeing your boyfriend as Santa Claus was making your heart race.

You’re just glad he got rid of the white beard.

“Yes, Santa,” you said softly.

“Have you really?” he asked, running his hands up your legs and cupping your rear, squeezing it gently. “Is that why you’re greeting Santa Claus dressed so deliciously?”

You blushed, remembering that you were wearing a candy cane colored silk teddy that accented every curve and asset that you have.

“Yes, Santa,” you murmured.

“Well, I think Santa should eat his candy cane before giving you your presents,” Lucifer murmured, playing with the straps on your lingerie.

“Merry Christmas to you,” you teased.
“You lonely, handsome?” you purred at the man lounging back in his chair, legs spread, glass of straight whiskey in his hand. You gave a little swish of your scantily clad hips, smirking at him.

He chuckled low in his throat, making you shiver lightly. “I could be considered that, I suppose,” he said. “Come get on my lap. I’ll pay you.”

He was nothing if not direct, and you liked that. So you slid off the stage and climbed onto his lap, facing away from him. You rolled your hips down, feeling his length through his clothes and your barely covered rear.

“So what’s your name, babe?” you hummed, arching your back and gathering your loose Y/H/C to the top of your head.

You could feel the smirk on his face, a cold calculating smirk that thrilled you and scared you at the same time. “It’s Sam. And what’s the name of the sexy kitten on my lap?” he asked.

“It’s Y/N,” you murmured. You let your hair cascade back down your back, feeling his eyes on you.

“Pretty name,” he cooed. “What time do you get off?”

You hummed thoughtfully, getting off his lap and turning around. You got back on it and pretended to grind down on his hips, smirking. “Depends on what you’re thinking of, Sam,” you teased.
“I’m thinking of pinning you to that stage behind you and fucking you in front of everyone,” Sam said casually.

You nearly choked on your next breath, and you adjusted the lace choker around your neck.

“1,” you whispered. Fuck, he scared you, but he also aroused you to new heights.

“I’ll meet you out back, then.” He withdrew a neatly folded wad of bills out of his suit jacket, eyes never leaving yours as he peeled off a one hundred dollar bill and stuck it between the valley of your breasts, in your bra.

You nodded. “Okay,” you whispered, sliding off his lap. “See you later, handsome.”

He smirked in satisfaction. “Yes, you will.”

You weren’t sure how you were going to get through the rest of your shift.
You cried out again as his cool hand hit your heated flesh again, the temperature difference making it hurt more than you would’ve thought.

Maybe you shouldn’t have mouthed off to Lucifer but goddammit, you loved it when he does this, when he leaves you writhing on the bed, ass hot from his stinging hand before crawling on top of you and pounding into your drenched core like a man possessed.

“Are you sorry now, little dove?” Lucifer cooed, his harsh hand turned gentle as he ran his cold hand over your hot skin.
“Yes, Majesty,” you whimpered, pressing back into his touch.

He smiled and he draped himself over you. “Let’s do twenty more, and then I’ll fuck you, little dove.”
Chapter Summary

Kink #27: Daddy Kink
Dean Winchester x Reader

Written by HelvonAsche

Requested by @jelly-beans-and-gstrings WHY THE FUCK CANT I TAG YOU. Doesn’t help that I wasn’t following you for some stupid reason *glares at tumblr* I’m just gonna send it. Ugh. Tumblr. You fool. You foolish fool.

Also, this is the shortest thing I have ever written and tried to pass off as a real thing. I'm not proud.. but I'm not gonna not post it, ya know?

He drove his cock into you, hands on your hips and stilling as he ground against your ass. Leaning close and brushing your hair over your shoulder, he whispered, “Say it.”

Biting your lip, you lifted your head as you propped yourself up on your elbows, “Fuck me, Daddy.”

With a slap to your ass, Dean straightened and was pounding into you again, “That’s my girl.”
Your breath came hard, fogging the image of yourself in the mirror before you. When the mirror cleared you could see yourself clearly; eyes shining bright with lust and need; sweat glistening off your skin, dripping between your breasts that were heaving with every breath. Your eyes tracked a drop that trailed down your stomach and between your trembling thighs as you rested on your knees, hands held firmly behind your back, one strong hand with long slender fingers wrapped around both wrists.


Misha leaned over and licked the side of your neck causing you to whimper. “You want more, baby?” His breath ghosted over your overheated flesh causing you to shiver.

“Yes. Please.” your voice was thick with arousal despite your dry throat.

“Mmm… I love it when you ask so nicely.” You watched as his other hand slid up your thighs and dipped his fingers into you. “Still so wet and hot for me.” He whispered more to himself than to you. He pulled his fingers out, covered in your juices, slowly drew little circles up your abdomen and then offered them to you.

“Open up beautiful.” You saw him smile at you in the mirror and opened your mouth granting his fingers entrance. He slipped them inside and rest them on your tongue so that you could taste the tanginess of your own body.

“I think I will finally give you what you need.” You whimpered around the fingers in your mouth as you sucked and swallowed your taste down. Moving his hand from your mouth he wrapped his arm around your waist and pulled you a little further back and released your wrists. “Put them on the floor, baby.”

You were quick to do as he asked as you felt his hands run reverently over your sides down to your hips, gripping firmly. “Are you ready?”

“Yes, please, yes.” You bite your bottom lip as your eyes found his in the mirror and hoped that you didn’t sound too desperate, you couldn’t take anymore teasing. His eyes sparkled with desire and mischief.
That was when you felt him press against your entrance. You knew better than to push back. He would only pull away and tease you more before you could prove to behave again. He didn’t move.

“Fuck yourself onto my cock. I want to watch you work for it.” His voice was so low you almost didn’t hear him. Once you registered what his request was it didn’t take long to use your arms and thighs to press back onto him. You whimpered as the head of his cock breached you finally.

“Oh yeah, nice and slow, baby. You’re so tight.”

You tried, you really did. Your pussy was throbbing with need. He had brought you so close so many times, edging you for the last hour, you needed to be filled and fucked to completion. You pushed back, as slow as possible.

He moaned deeply and squeezed your hips tighter, you hoped they would leave bruises you could look at tomorrow and remember how good it felt to finally have him deep inside you. “Fuck. So hot and tight. I don’t know how long I will last.”

“That’s okay.” Your voice was broken as you spoke. You used your thighs to move forward, watching him, his head back eyes closed, the column of his throat enticing. You wanted to kiss, bite, and lick it the same way he had done yours.

You stopped an inch from the mirror only the head of his dick inside. You waited until he looked in the mirror and made eye contact before you slammed back onto his cock, crying out as you impaled yourself on him. It took every bit of willpower to keep your eyes open and locked with his.

You knew what he was seeing, your mouth open, moans and curses falling out as you fucked yourself on his thick cock, your breasts heavy and swaying in the mirror as your powerful thighs and arms worked to move your body for both your pleasure.

You felt your orgasm building with each thrust. You whimpered and continued to watch him watching you. When the feeling coiling inside you became too much you tried to lower your head, only to feel one of his hands thread into your hair and pull you back up and onto his thighs.

“Watch. Look at what you do to me.” He bite that spot where your shoulder and neck meet, his blues eyes never leaving yours. You watched as your body moved against his, as his muscular thighs moved as he used them to move his hips up and his cock deep into you over and over.

“Misha.. Please, I’m so close.” You could feel him getting closer. His cock had grown thicker and harder with his own impending orgasm.

“Touch yourself. Come for me.” He kissed the side of your neck as he guided one of your hands between your legs, your fingers brushing over his shaft as it plunges into you causing him to moan at the touch.

He guided your hand, helping you rub your clit just the way he knew you liked. You whimpered and knew that you wouldn’t last. You felt your orgasm tremble through you as you tightened around his cock. “Misha!” You screamed his name and threw your head back on his shoulder as he thrust into you over and over as you rode out your orgasm.

“Fuck!” Misha turned your head and kissed you deep as you felt his cock throbbing deep inside of you as he came.

Releasing your lips and held your head up and whispered, “Open your eyes. Look at how amazing you look right now.”
Your eyes met his in the mirror once more then trailed over your bodies and finally landed on the place where you were still joined with him, you could feel the hot trail of his come dripping out around his softening cock and grinned. “Thank you.”

“Anything for you, love.”
“Are you sure?” Castiel asked, breathing ragged as he tried to restrain himself from burying himself inside you.

Biting your lip as you felt your blush burn your cheeks, asking Castiel to see his wings had been something you had wanted for longer than you cared to admit and the question had just fallen out of your mouth. If he hadn’t asked what you wanted, you probably would have never said anything, but with his eyes trained on yours and the temptation to get what you wanted, you nodded.

Kneeling between your legs, Castiel ducked his head slightly and looked to the left, unable to maintain eye contact while he concentrated. He didn’t hear a sound from you, not even an exhale as he felt his wings unfold. Stretching them wide, he let out a satisfied groan as his now corporeal wings filled the room. No longer able to put it off, Castiel lifted his gaze.

Completely aghast, you had no words as his wings settled behind him. They were more than beautiful, they were ethereal, well they had to be. You felt his hand caress your cheek as he whispered something, but you were so focused on what was in front of you and the reality of the situation you were in that your vision went white and you collapsed back on the bed.

His eyes, a bit out of focus, were the first thing you saw and you smiled lazily up at him. After a moment you realized he was concerned, and you asked, “What’s wrong?”

Castiel pressed his lips to your forehead, before he said, “You fainted, I was worried… I thought it was me, but you—”

“Forgot to breathe?” you chuckled. Not the first time, and certainly wouldn’t be the last time you had been so engrossed in what you were seeing that you’d fainted.

Realizing that you were both still in bed, you wiggled your hips beneath him and watched the concern fade from his face, softening his normally stern expression. His eyes met yours, they were mischievous as he pushed himself up and you saw him spread his wings again.
Sitting awkwardly on the bed as you waited for Sam to come online, you began to regret ever agreeing to trying this. The fear that someone would walk in wasn’t practical, since no one else was in the bunker and you were in your room, with the door closed, and locked, but you worried nonetheless. Any number of things could go wrong. Dean could walk in on Sam, Sam could be a dick and record or take screen shots, or, the biggest fear that you couldn’t get out of your head: you would look like an idiot.

It was vain, it was sort of crazy, but you couldn’t help the nagging insecurity that you weren’t good enough for Sam in the first place. You’d never bring it up to him, but comparing yourself to him was like comparing dry toast to a wedding cake; you were on a completely different level even though he didn’t seem to see it.

Before your self deprecating thoughts could continue, the tiny circle next to his icon turned green and there were two messages already. Worrying your lip as you clicked, knowing that there was no way out of this and that whatever happened, at least you had the last few months together before it all goes terribly wrong.

Hey Y/N!
You ready? Hunt’s over and Dean is going to be out all night.

A grin spread across your face, and you quickly replied.

As ready as I’ll ever be...

Without delay, the top of the chat went blue and there was a green answer call button. Part of you was tempted to only accept the voice call and pretend your webcam was broken, but you knew that the point was to see each other. After a few seconds, you answered the call and his face popped up on your screen, concerned for a moment then a wide smile spread across his face.

“Hey Y/N!” Sam practically shouted, realizing he had been too loud he chuckled and ducked his head.

With a giggle you replied, “Hi nerd.”
He didn’t say anything for a few seconds and before your smile could fade, he said unabashedly, “I miss you.”

“Oh,” you were taken aback, but quickly recovered, “I miss you, too.”

Averting your eyes from his face, which seemed too close as he spoke, “Seriously though, I miss you, Y/N.”

Staring at your keyboard, you knew you were supposed to say something but you couldn’t think of anything. He interrupted your thoughts with a loud sigh and when you looked up at the screen again he was clearly lying down, he said, “So…”

“So…” you said as you watched him run his fingers through his hair and rest his arm behind his head. Lost in watching him, you didn’t catch his question and had to ask, “I’m sorry, what? I couldn’t hear you.”

He grinned, and asked again, “I said, ‘How do you want to do this?’”

Your eyes went wide, unable to believe that he’d be so crass, but on the other hand getting this whole ordeal over with so you could start adjusting to life without him might be what’s best. Biting your bottom lip, you thought for a moment before replying, “You start.”

It was Sam’s turn to be a blushing mess, his eyes to the side as he put his phone on the bed, “If you insist.”

And he was taking his shirt off. His tanned skin, marred with scars that you missed, was all you could see for a moment before he propped his phone against something and laid on his side facing the camera. For a moment you thought he was waiting for you, but then he spoke, “I know you don’t really want to do this-”

“Sam, I’m fine, seriously-”

“No you aren’t, Y/N,” he said before you could lie anymore, “I could hear it in your voice when I brought this up. I know you’re nervous, I know all of it. Just… let me do this for you.”

Your eyebrows were practically in your hairline as he sat up and took his phone in his hand.

“Y/N, look at me,” he said earnestly, “I don’t want you to be uncomfortable. So, how about I put on a show for you, and if you feel like joining in, then you can. If you don’t want to, then you don’t.”

You caught some movement in the corner of the screen; his forearm shifting back and forth. Part of you wanted to join him, but you couldn’t and if he was really giving you an out, you would take it. Picking up your laptop, you walked over to your bed, set it next to you, and laid on your side.

Sam grinned, and said in a deep voice, “Let me know if there’s anything you want to see, otherwise…” he set the phone down as he stood and took his pants off, “…I have something I need to show you.”

He was back in front of the camera, the view cutting off just above where his hand was moving slowly back and forth. Sam laid on his back, the arm closest to the camera going behind his head as he turned to look at you, “You know what I miss right now?”

Shaking your head as you watched him, he continued, “I miss the way you touch me.”

“That all?” you asked, your voice coming off cheekier than you intended.
His eyes snapped open and he propped himself up on his elbows and turned to face you. In a serious voice, he asked, “Is that what this is about? You think I’m just horny?”

Your mind reeled, thoughts of ‘the end’ and ‘this is it’ racing through you and burning your eyes, but you fought against them as you found your courage and said in a broken voice, “I don’t know.”

He sat up quickly and the camera went black; he hung up. That’s what you thought when you heard him speaking rapidly, “I am not some fuck boy, I thought this would be fun- shit! I- fuck where’s my shirt? Just hold on, please Y/N, just give me a few minutes.”

Confused, you waited and said, “Okay” as you heard him shuffling and muttering curses under his breath. After a few minutes, you heard a car engine and asked, “Sam? What are you doing?”

He spoke, his voice clear now, “I’m gonna call you back in a minute.”

The call ended for real this time, and you just stared at the screen. He had wanted to do that, right? What was he doing and why did he seem so frantic? You didn’t have long to wonder when your cell phone rang, it was Sam.

Answering the call, you didn’t have a chance to say anything, his voice desperate, “How tired are you?”

“What?”

“Are you tired or will you be up in two hours?”

Trying to catch up to him, you said, “Yeah, Sam what are you doing?”

“I’ll be there in about two hours. Wait up for me,” he practically pleaded.

“Okay, but why are you coming back now?”

He sighed and you heard the engine rev as he drove, “I didn’t want to do.. that. But… I don’t know anymore, isn’t that what people do? One goes on a trip and they cyber?”

Laughing, you said, “Oh god, Sam, no one has said ‘cyber’ in over a decade.”

“I’m old,” he said with a defeated chuckle, “I don’t know how to do this. It’s been so long, Y/N. I want to do normal things. You deserve normal, or as normal as I can give you.”

Oh shit, this took a turn, you tried to figure out what to say when he continued, “Wait up for me. Wear one of my shirts and have a glass of wine. I’ll be there soon.”

“Sam, you don’t have to do this,” you tried to tell him.

“I’ll be there soon.”

Barely two hours later, you heard the main door of the bunker slam and the telltale sounds of Sam racing down the stairs. You sat up in bed, having done what he asked, his shirt covering you more than most dresses did and the glass of wine almost gone on the bedside table. The door to your bedroom shook as he tried to push it open. “Shit,” you said as your jumped off the bed to unlock it.

“Really?” he asked when you unlocked the door.

Taking a few steps back as he opened the door and entered the room, you noticed his shirt was
backwards and inside out. Reaching out to pull on the tag that was under his chin, you asked, “Really?”

He didn’t say a word as he walked slowly toward you, his eyes on your’s as he lifted the shirt and tossed it aside, “Doesn’t really matter.”

“Oh,” you said as you continued backing up and fell backwards onto the bed.

Sam looked down at you as he unbuttoned his pants and bent to take them off, “Flip over.”

You blushed, hard, as you did what he said. He’d never been like this, and you were not complaining. Something about him rushing to be with you and his urgency in this moment had you soaking through your panties.

Before you were fully in position, his hands were on you, pulling your panties to the side and you gasped as you felt his mouth on your sex. His tongue and lips trying to reach everywhere at once, and you were a moaning mess. Collapsing, leaving your ass high in the air, he leaned back and slid two fingers into your cunt, “Need to remind you… this isn’t just about sex, but I won’t be able to explain the rest until I feel you cum around my cock.”

Groaning as he removed his fingers, you felt the head of his cock at your entrance and without any preamble, he pushed in. He’d never been like this, his cock buried inside you and his hands on your hips as he ground against you, “This is only… part… of us.”

You could barely understand what he was saying as he began to pull back and thrust into your shallowly, but he continued nonetheless, “Only part of what you mean to me.”

Already dangerously close, you moaned, “Sam, more….”

He leaned over you, wrapping an arm around your chest and pulling you close as he rutted against you, “Cum for me, Y/N… I need you to cum for me…”

You keened for a second before you lost your voice and your body convulsed around him. His hips slammed against yours a few more times before he came, sinking his teeth into your shoulder.

Unsure how much time had passed, you laid next to him on the bed, spent and in need of a shower. He rolled on his side and placed a hand delicately on your cheek, “We both need sleep.”

You nodded lazily, “And a shower.”

“We’ll talk in the morning,” he said, a blush creeping up his face, as he gathered you up from the bed and walked out toward the bathroom, “For now, I’ll settle for a shower.”
Slamming the door, he turned slowly and met your eyes. *Shit.* The hunt hadn’t gone well and you knew what happened when he came home like this. When he felt like he had no control, there was one place, one person, he could have complete control over: you.

His fists clenched at his side and the text you had gotten earlier that day was flashing through your mind like a warning.

*I need you.*

Three little words. That’s all he sent, but it was more than enough to get you a little nervous, but mostly excited. It wasn’t every time, but the circumstances under which Dean would behave like this were common enough. A hunt going bad, losing someone, Baby breaking down, pancakes not turning out… okay. So it happened often, but not as often as you’d like it to.

Sitting up, you tried to act like you hadn’t worn a cheap shirt and panties, hoping that he’d rip them off, but when you saw him all your ideas seemed so childish. Whatever had happened on the hunt had done something to him, hopefully nothing permanent, but nonetheless, Dean wasn’t the same. There was rage, disappointment, but what really shook you was the profound sadness that seemed to come off him in waves.

“Dean?” you asked, not really knowing what else to do.

He stalked toward the bed, not speaking, barely breathing, and he was on you. Pushing you down into the mattress as his lips met yours in a vicious kiss that was more teeth than lips and tongue. He audibly growled as his hands groped at your breasts, squeezing your flesh for a moment before he gripped the fabric and tore it haphazardly.

Groaning as he slid down the bed and forced your legs open, you would never resist him, but he was moving so fast you weren’t able to anticipate his next move. Dean propped your thighs on his shoulders, then leaned his head against your sex for a moment before looking up at you and playfully biting at your inner thigh.

Your body, miles ahead of your mind, was ready for his hands to grip the crotch of your panties and rip them. The strength he showed in these moments did strange things to you. Part of you was
scared, because he could easily hurt you, but the other part, the part that screamed for him to take what he wanted and leave you a sobbing mess needed this. You knew he would never hurt you, Dean Winchester would avoid causing you any physical or mental harm at all costs, but he had no qualms about taking what was his.

“Baby girl,” he groaned as he traced a finger up and down your swollen pussy, “Say it.”

Biting your lip, you said sheepishly, “Please, Dean, I need it.”

Grinning, “Needy little girl,” he purred. Dean ran his tongue from the bottom of your slit up to your clit, finishing with a flourish before his hands gripped your ass and his thumbs were opening your lips so he could bury himself in you. His lips and tongue switching between sucking your clit and trying to lick every inch of your exposed sex.

Before you were ready for him to stop, honestly, you were never ready for him to stop eating you out, he kissed your pussy and propped himself up on his elbows for a moment. His stare was intense and you didn’t notice him moving closer until you felt the shaft of his cock against your sex and thought, when did he get naked?

“Always so eager to please,” he whispered as he brushed his nose along your jaw, “And you aren’t the only one, Y/N.”

You felt him shift, his hand around his cock as he began to enter you and your back arched. He’d been gone for two weeks and you hadn’t so much as fingered yourself in anticipation of this moment. The stretch, the burn, the twinge of agony as he worked his cock into you was what you had wanted. Dean didn’t need to dominate you, he didn’t need to go down on you, all he needed to do was this and you were lost.

His head resting against your shoulder as he stilled, his cock buried inside you and he trembled slightly with restraint above you, you barely heard him whisper, “Perfect,” before he pushed himself up. Staring down at you, his brilliant green eyes searching yours for a moment, then he was thrusting into you. Driving his cock deep inside you, not caring to find a specific spot, just needing the direct contact of your body and his.

Wrapping an arm around his neck as your other hand fought to grip his side as his body rolled above yours, you moaned loud enough for anyone else in the bunker to hear as he pistonéd his hips. You weren’t sure if it had been minutes or hours, but both of you were nearly spent. He was exhausted from driving on top of all that he had been through, so tonight wasn’t about prolonged or delayed pleasure; he needed you.

His breathing was ragged as his thrusts began to falter, and you held him close as you repeated his name. You felt the familiar yet foreign sensation of impending orgasm, every muscle going tight and seeming to sing with need as he returned your silent pleas for him and began muttering your name. With a final thrust, he came inside you and your body, as if on instinct, held onto him as your orgasm flooded your senses and made everything around you seem magnificent in that moment. Nothing could be wrong, nothing could ever change what you had, because not only did your blood pump through your body, but Dean loved you and this was the proof.
Middle Of The Night Sex

Chapter by helvonAsche

Chapter Summary

Kink #69: Middle Of The Night Sex
John Winchester x Reader

Written by HelvonAsche

Requested by @supernaturallymarvellous. Again. Not Sorry. You requested a bunch and I will fulfill them, but it’s gonna be like wishing from a genie.. they might not turn out how you anticipated.

His arm around your waist, pulling you closer as he pressed his face against your neck. He inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of your shampoo and something he could never place but was solely you. Not sure if you were awake, he whispered, “Missed you, sweetheart.”

Humming in response and pushing back against him, you could feel him hard against you, but not insistent. One of the things you liked about John was his patience. Half awake, you mumbled, “Miss you too.”

You could hear him chuckle as you wiggled your hips, “It can wait, go back to sleep.”

Shaking your head you arched your back, inviting him, hopefully enticing him into action. He had been gone for so long and you had been patient, but now that he was back you weren’t about to pass up an opportunity to be with him.

His hand slid down your side to your hip and gripped tightly for a moment before he was gently running his fingers along your sex. You gasped when he sank two fingers into you, then he was gone. The sudden absence startled you, causing you to roll over to see him standing next to the bed, pulling his shirt over his head.

Smiling to yourself, you followed his lead but in your half-sleeping state, clumsily trying to undress was difficult. Before you had managed to get your panties off, he was helping you and you gave up, letting him do the brunt of the work as he kissed every inch of skin that he exposed.

Resting against you, John positioned his cock and you both sighed as he pushed into you. Lazily rocking his hips against you, he brushed your hair from your neck and gently ran his teeth from just under your ear to your shoulder.

The bed shook suddenly, and your eyes popped open. John had just come in and he apologized as he quickly made his way to the bathroom, the light filling the motel room for a moment before he closed the door. You rolled onto your back, another dream, just another dream. Hearing him getting into the shower, you knew you’d have enough time to take care of your little problem before he got out. You slid your hand into your panties and tried your hardest to stay quiet as you drew closer to orgasm.
Furious, Sam barged into the hall and bellowed, “Out!”

Like rats on a ship, the handful of demons and hangers-on scattered, leaving only you alone in the hall with a severely pissed off King of Hell. Unlike the others, you knew there was only one way to soothe your king, and you had no intention of denying him.

Casually walking toward him, your hips swaying with each step, you didn’t say a word. Sam didn’t move as you drew closer, his fear that he might lash out at you too great. Once you were standing in front of him, you swept your hair to the side and tilted your head, offering yourself to him.

His thirst was insatiable on a good day, but on days like this you knew that he would nearly drain you and you welcomed it. Giving into him was by far the greatest pleasure you had ever known, and the way he fucked after was intense.

Holding the small dagger you had made a habit of keeping on you for special moments like these with your king, you kept your face placid as he gripped the handle. The cold blade ghosted over your skin, sending goosebumps and a shiver through your body, all in anticipation of what was to come as he drew the blade against your skin. The blade, which you kept sharp and clean, seemed to open your skin rather than cut or tear it.

Once his lips were on you, the rest was a blur. He drank more than his fair share of your blood.
before backing you into his throne. Falling weakly into the chair, he dropped to his knees before you and tore what clothing you had on off. No one would dare come into the hall now, but you vaguely wished they would. You wanted the other demons to see Sam, their king, on his knees, his face inching closer to your sex, eyes blown wide with lust or just from drinking almost a gallon of demon blood.

He pulled you to the end of the seat, and pressed his lips to your pussy before he looked up at you, his mouth still covered in your blood, “Cum for me.” As soon as the last word left his lips, those same lips were sealed around your clit, three fingers pumping deep inside you, and his eyes. His hazel eyes that always seemed so warm despite his status and what he did to get the thrown, Sam Winchester’s warm eyes were locked on yours as your body began to shake. Just before you were lost to your orgasm, you saw him smirk.
Chapter Summary

Kink #41: First Time
Casteil x Reader

Written by HelvonAsche

Requested by an anon, and I'm making this into a full thing so I will be posting it separately as well. Woo! Words!

Punk!Cas AU, he's a virgin. You know you want it.
This wasn’t the first time he’d seen her, but it was the first time he’d spoken to her. They didn’t belong in the same groups, but Gabe seemed to know everyone. Cas wandered around the yard, the traditional red solo cup filled with flat beer keeping his hands busy as he took in the crowd.

Out of seemingly nowhere, an arm was around his shoulders, pulling him down into a side hug as words laced with beer and weed spoke to him in a familiar voice, “Bout time, Cassie-tale.”

“Gabriel,” Cas replied as he wrapped his arm around his friend.

They’d known each other for years. Gabe and Cas had been awkward 13 year-olds with no sense of self and a dire need to play Pokemon Gold, and since then they’d been practically inseparable. Gabe
was social while Cas kept to himself. Since Cas had started accruing tattoos, piercings, and more leather than anyone could consider practical, Gabe’s go to introduction sounded like something from a sitcom, ‘Don’t mind the ink and metal, he’s really a nice guy.’

Those words, those fucking words always made Cas shudder. He wasn’t offended or taken aback by them, he didn’t even think they were funny; they were just true. Castiel Micah Schwarz was nice, and he knew it. The black and body modifications, the makeup that he had taken to wearing, were all just expressions of something deep inside, a darkness that kept him company when he was too chicken shit to call someone or text back.

Gabe knew all of this. If he hadn't’ been insistent, he wouldn’t even know his best friend. It wasn’t that he needed Cas, but the idea of not knowing him was wrong, like trying to write with your nondominant hand. Despite their polar opposite appearance, Cas and Gabe had been tied together since the third day of 8th grade and neither planned on looking back. Gabe made the initial effort each time, but Cas always followed through. Their relationship was ideal, or as close to it as possible.

The two played catch up, talking about work and miscellaneous drama within their group. A few people came over to greet the host, and Cas would go quiet. Most were used to Cas being distant, he was hard to get to know, mostly because he didn’t want to know everyone. He wasn’t like Gabe.

Cas observed the crowd as the group walked toward a picnic table when he saw her.

Cas’ brow knitted as he watched a few guys with her. He couldn’t get the first time he’d seen Y/N out of his head. She’d been so quiet, sitting in the corner of the classroom reading The Picture of Dorian Grey, her hair falling across half her face, and his heart stopped. No one in their rinky-dink town read anything unless it was an assignment, but there she was, reading one of his favorite books and completely engrossed in the world that Oscar Wilde created. Gabe had smacked the back of Cas’ head to get him to stop staring.

But Gabe hadn’t said a word about it. His discretion and seemingly automatic understanding of how Cas didn’t need something like a crush being broadcast to the world at large were a hallmark of their relationship. But there were a handful of exchanges between the two boys where the topic of Cas’ prolonged chastity was covered, in detail. Cas had tried to explain his position to Gabe, but it always left the other unsatisfied.

Gabe had insisted more than once that if Cas were gay, trans, or just uninterested, he didn’t care. He was worried that the only time Cas had ever shown any romantic interest in anyone was that one day in high school. Not that Cas needed a relationship, but Gabe worried nonetheless, knowing that if he didn’t bother to ask these questions no one else would.

Cas’ home life was bleak. His parents were distant, his older brother had left home when Cas was just a kid, and they just weren’t a family. Gabe’s family was close and they took Cas in without hesitation, but no one knew Cas like Gabe did. The reverse was true, but Gabe was open and free with people.

Brought out of his thoughts, Cas was focused on the four people that were walking toward the edge of the woods. When he heard Y/N’s nervous voice, even though he couldn’t make out what she had said, her tone was clear; she didn’t want to go with them. Nudging Gabe and gesturing toward the woods, Cas didn’t have to wait for his friend to get the hint.

“Hey!” Gabe shouted as he jogged toward the woods, Cas at his heals, “Y/N! Hey! You leaving already?”

Cas felt the now familiar shuttering in his chest whenever she looked his way, even when her eyes were tainted with fear, he could barely contain the smile that was for her. Catching up to the group
that had stopped and turned to face Cas and Gabe, it was clear that Y/N had no business with the three men.

“Hi Gabe, Cas,” Y/N said in a weak voice, her eyes pleading for them to not let her go.

Simply nodding as Gabe started to chatter, diffusing the situation effortlessly, which now didn’t seem quite as ominous as it had when Cas had first seen. He barely registered that the three men, Mike, Luke, and Zach, had decided to leave than try to explain what they were doing going into the woods with Y/N, until Gabe muttered under his breath as they walked back to the party, “Next time, invitation only.”

“No shit,” Cas replied as he followed Gabe back toward the party.

He could feel someone walking next to him and knew it was her. Every thought focused on not tripping or accidentally touching her hand, which would get dangerously close with each step as their hands swung naturally at their sides with each step.

Y/N took a few quick steps, so she was slightly ahead of them as she turned to Gabe, “Thank you–”

“Don’t mention it,” Gabe interrupted, “Never could stand those jackasses.”

Stopping in front of them, Y/N fiddled with the sleeve of her sweater as she said, “Seriously, Gabe. You didn’t hear what they were saying. Thank you.”

Taken aback, Gabe shook his head, “I didn’t… it was Cas. Wouldn’t have stopped anything if he hadn’t seen them. Cassie is highly observant.”

Cas’ eyes were wide for a split second, then he made a concerted effort to keep his expression flat, hoping that the blush he could feel burning his cheeks wasn’t noticeable. They were about halfway between the edge of the woods and where the outdoor portion of the party was, the lighting barely making it to where they stood.

Glancing at Y/N, Cas hoped that she would turn and keep walking. He didn’t know how to talk to her. He never had issues talking to people if he wanted to, but then there was Y/N. She didn’t make him nervous, it was worse than that. Y/N made him catatonic. He could barely function the few times he’d had to speak to her when they were in school, and now she was looking at him with gratitude; he couldn’t deal with this.

“I need a drink,” Cas muttered as he started walking again.

Gabe was close behind him, the laugh evident in his voice, “Dude, you have a drink.”

Turning so his words would reach them, Cas said coldly, “Let me rephrase, I need a good drink.”

Y/N stood and watched as they walked away. She wasn’t ready to go back to socializing and exchanging pleasantries, but she didn’t want to be alone. Taking a deep breath, she followed behind Gabe, the only reason she was at the party, and asked, “Do you work tomorrow?”

Gabe grinned as he slowed down so Y/N could catch up, “Nope, you?”

“Nope,” she said, returning his grin, “Are there any good drinks?”

Holding his elbow out, Y/N looped her arm around his and they walked through the crowd into the kitchen. Cas was already pulling a bottle out of a cupboard, his glass waiting to be filled on the table as Gabe asked, “How do you always know where my stash is?”
Cas laughed, turned, and abruptly stopped. His eyes locked on Y/N’s, like they had been that first time, but Gabe wasn’t able to bring him back to his senses. Cas could feel time drag out and was thankfully taken out of it when Y/N asked, “Whiskey?”

His eyes slid down to the bottle he was holding about two inches above the counter, and back up to her, “Um… yeah?”

Gabe, ever helpful, slid two more glasses in front of Cas, “Fill em up.”

Focusing on pouring the whiskey, Cas was able to regain his composure. He reminded himself that he wasn’t some awkward teenager anymore, he was technically an adult, and he was able to talk to women. But she wasn’t a woman, she was Y/N. Concentrating on filling each glass, his mind continued to wander into dangerous territory.

Cas wasn’t completely sure how he felt about Y/N. She was pretty, smart, funny at times, but she didn’t stand out in a crowd, she was thoroughly normal. Kicking himself for being judgmental, Cas knew the only reason he stood out in a crowd was because he made himself stand out. He remembered the last time he had been home, his new tattoo was the last straw for his family, and he couldn’t have cared less. But in that kitchen, while he finished pouring the last drink, he began to worry if someone like her, someone normal for all intents and purposes, could ever see him as anything more than a novelty.

“Cheers,” Gabe said, tapping the other two glasses with his own.

Gripping the glass and staring into it for a moment, Cas muttered, “Fuck it,” and downed his shot.

Gabe eyed Cas as he set the now empty glass back on the counter, “Thirsty?”

“Yes,” Cas said, fighting back the urge to pull a face. He’d never been a fan of hard liquor, but could hold his own against Gabe.

Y/N looked between the two and in a moment of utter insanity, put the glass to her lips and slammed the entire drink. The two men stared at her as she delicately placed her glass back on the table and slid it back to Cas, a playful grin spreading across her face.

The evening carried on, Gabe playing host while Cas and Y/N did their best to kill the bottle of whiskey. Around 11, Gabe found them still in the kitchen laughing maniacally, Y/N holding the half empty bottle as if it were keeping her grounded and Cas bent over, his head resting on his arm.

“Having fun kids?” Gabe asked as he tried to pry the bottle away from Y/N. He could barely hide the satisfied smile as he watched two people who should have been friends, or more, finally talking. Gabe had known, or hoped he’d known, that Cas and Y/N would be good together, but forcing Cas to do anything was dangerous.

Jerking the bottle away and holding it close to her chest, Y/N said, “No, you can’t have him. I’m in love!”

Shaking his head as he wrapped his arms around her, Gabe said, “I’m not going to take him away, I just want another glass.”

“Slide your glass over, I’ll pour,” Y/N said as she slowly unscrewed the cap and filled Gabe’s glass, “That’s all. I can’t spare another drop.”

“It’s my whiskey,” Gabe muttered.
“I married him,” Y/N giggled, as she filled the other two glasses on the table.

Cas peaked at Gabe for a moment then pushed himself so he was sitting upright again, and in a matter of fact tone, he announced, “I was the witness, and officiant. May I introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Whiskey.” Gesturing at Y/N, Cas failed to maintain his composure and quickly dissolved into giggles.

Shaking his head as he watched Y/N and Cas laughing, Gabe had an idea. It wasn’t the first time, but he was not someone who gave up easily, not when what was at stake meant so much to him. Leaning on the counter, Gabe mock whispered, “Cas, do you know what I got from work?”

“Let me guess, a movie?” Cas asked.

Gabe grinned, “I work at a video store, so yes. It’s a movie.”

Rolling his eyes, Cas scooted his chair closer to Y/N, holding his hand up to block his mouth from Gabe while he asked loudly, “What movie is it?”

Her eyes narrowed at Gabe as she hissed, “Probably Titanic.”

Both Cas and Y/N booed and hissed at Gabe, who held up his hands and shouted over them, “Sin City!”

Y/N and Cas fell silent, Y/N the first to ask, “How?”

“I’m the manager, we got them in today but we can’t put them out until Tuesday,” Gabe took a few steps away from the counter as he finished, “So I grabbed a copy.”

Cas reached toward Gabe comically, his hands opening and closing quickly as he pleaded, “Gimme, gimme, gimme!”

“What about the party?” Y/N asked, biting her lip in confusion. She’d had more to drink than she should have, but didn’t think she had noticed the leaving on mass of the rest of their peers.

“It’s dying down, why don’t you two go upstairs and start,” Gabe said as casually as he could, “I have a few stragglers to kick out then I’ll be up.”

Standing uneasily, Cas saluted his friend, “I would be honored to start watching the movie without you, dick bag.”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less from you, cock breath,” Gabe said, returning the salute.

Her head in her hands as she fought to stop laughing, Y/N said, “I should probably head home, it’s late.”

Gabe panicked for a moment, “Um… stay here. I have a couch.” He didn’t necessarily think that they’d hit it off and jump at the chance to be alone together, but he needed them to see this through. Gabe was not going to give up, not when they were so close, and he had an idea, “None of us can drive, Y/N. Just stay here.”

Completely forgetting himself and the image he had spent almost a decade cultivating, Cas reached for Y/N’s wrist and tugged her arm playfully. “C’mon,” he whined, “I wanna watch the movie.”

As a victorious smile spread across his face, Gabe looked at Y/N who seemed stunned. No, Gabe had seen that look before. She was doing the same thing Cas did, she was paralyzed. Trying to
assess if she was nervous or genuinely scared, Gabe didn’t have time to react before Cas jumped in. Walking around Y/N and placing his hands on her shoulders, guiding her out of the kitchen and toward the stairs, Gabe found himself shocked and in awe.

He didn’t know what had changed, maybe he missed something in the few hours they had spent drinking, but Cas was different. It probably wasn’t a permanent change, but it was something. Cas had opened up, to Y/N of all people, and after the shock started to fade Gabe smiled and shouted, “Hey! You forgot your husband!”

Y/N was shaken out of her daze, turning to place her hands on Cas’ shoulders, looking him dead in the eyes as she spoke in feigned concern, “We forgot my husband.”

Redoubling his grip on her forearms, Cas said in a really shitty British accent, “Fear not, I will retrieve your husband, m’lady.”

Passing Gabe on his way to the kitchen to grab the bottle and their glasses, Cas felt good. He’d never been this silly with anyone but Gabe, and it was just… good. Not ever in all his years of pining, yes he realized after the first hour that he had been pining over this girl since high school, had he ever thought she’d be like this. Easy to talk to, completely mental, and as interesting as he had hoped she would be.

His eyes met Gabe’s as he bounded back toward the stairs where Y/N had sat giggling to herself, when he stopped. His eyes narrowed and he asked Gabe, “What?”

Patting Cas on the shoulder, Gabe said quietly, “Nothing, it’s just…”

Cas steered Gabe a little further away from the stairs where Y/N was and asked, “Just what?”

Leaning close so Y/N wouldn’t hear what he was saying, “It’s nice to see you making new friends, Cassie-tale.”

“Shut up,” Cas muttered as he walked back toward the stairs, glancing back at Gabe before he moved the glasses and bottle to one hand and reached down to get Y/N moving again, “C’mon, we have some comic noir to watch.”

“Why are you speaking French?” Y/N asked as she got up and grabbed the bottle from Cas, “It’s rude.”
Dean was propped against the kitchen counter, his fingers wrapped loosely around his beer. Taking a swig from the amber bottle, he saw your head peek around the corner.

“Hey sweetheart,” he said, setting his beer down and wrapping you in his arms.

“So… you know that thing we were talking about? The breeding kink… “ you said, shyly.

Pulling back from you in surprise, Dean looked at you trying to figure out where you were going with this.

“Ah, yeah…” he answered, trailing off.

Leaning in, you pressed your lips to his ear and whispered, “well I think someone’s ready to be filled up with your babies.”

Groaning as you nipped at his ear, he pulled you flush against his chest. Feeling his heart begin to race, he leaned down and captured your lips with his.

“Dean…” you moaned, enjoying the burn of his scruff on your neck.

Without a word, he tossed you over his shoulder, carrying you to the bedroom. Gently dropping you on the bed, he was immediately on you, sucking and licking at your neck again. Pushing his hands under your shirt he ripped it over your head, revelling in the fact that you’d chosen to go without a bra.

“Please,” you begged. You needed him inside you. You were ready.

As you watched him remove his clothes, you swiftly removed the tight jeans that were hugging your hips.

Finally kicking out of his jeans, Dean flipped you over on your stomach and pressed himself inside of you. Yelping as he bottomed out, you felt his hand come to your chest. Lacing your fingers with his, you held on and he began his unpredictable pace.

Pounding into you, he moved your hair to one side and rested his head on your shoulder. Through the loud smacking sound of skin on skin, you heard him say the words that sent a tingle down your spine.
“I wanna give you a baby, Y/N,” he said, through tried breaths. “I wanna fill you up. I wanna see you grow.”

“Cum inside me Dean.”

With a few more erratic thrusts, you began to feel your legs shake and the familiar warm feeling crashed over your body, causing you to cry out.

As your body spasmed, Dean came inside you, grunting as his body gave in.

Pulling you close to his body, the two of you settled together, your dreams of having your own little Winchester one day, quickly filled your mind as you dozed in Dean’s arms.
Breeding Kink - Sam x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #12: Breeding Kink
Sam Winchester x Reader

Written by HelvonAsche

Requested by @oriona75, hope you like it. <3

His lips against your ear as he pulled your hair, he whispered, “This what you want?”

A breathy sigh quickly followed by shriek as he drove his cock into you. He had never been like this before, but you weren’t complaining and you knew the sudden thrust was his way of insisting you answer him, “Yes, Sam.”

“Good girl,” he said, his voice ragged but strong as he straightened, the hand that had been in your hair now between your shoulders, pushing you down into the pillow. His hips were snapping against yours as he said, his voice now uncertain, “Want me to cum in you?”

Your eyes went wide. Yes, you were on birth control. Yes, the two of you were monogamous. And yes, the idea of Sam cumming in you made your stomach knot in an alarmingly pleasant way, but you were still taken aback. Making a note, that you would hopefully remember later, to ask him what happened on the hunt, you turned as best you could to face him, and whimpered, “Please.”

He was leaning over you again, his chest pressed against your back, his hips still as he said, “You want it, don’t you.”

You pushed your hands past your head, searching for something to grab onto as he pushed his cock as far into you as possible. Gripping the fitted sheet and feeling one of the corners pop up as you squeezed your fists around the fabric, you had to concentrate to get the words out, “Y-yes…. I want i-it.”

He wrapped an arm around you and lifted you, your hands scrambling to hold your body up when he pulled his hand away, planting both of his hands next to yours. Sam pressed his forehead between your shoulder blades, as he growled, “Mine.”
ABO - Sam x Reader

Chapter by helvonasche

Chapter Summary

Kink #1: ABO (Helfu Rules)
Sam Winchester x Reader

Written by HelvonAsche

Requested by @bohowitch. I made it really.. something for you. Enjoy. <3

Pushing your shoulders into the mattress, Sam was losing it. Day four of his rut and he was nowhere near ready to knot you. Your slick-coated cunt felt too good, the sounds you were making drove him to fuck you harder, and every time you came he thought he’d pass out from pleasure. He didn’t think it was possible to love you more than he did in those moments, but he was starting to lose himself.

His humanity, the basic goodness that kept him from throwing caution to the wind and taking what he wanted rather than giving, was hanging on by a thread. As his hips met your ass, the sound of skin slapping skin pushing him further, your sex constricting around his cock as he bottomed out, it was too much.

His hand on the side of your head, gripping your hair, this other hand around your waist holding you in place as his pace quickened. Pounding into you, deeper and harder than he’d ever dare, he felt his knot forming. Not consciously, only the sensation of that band of muscle growing with each thrust, making it difficult to pull out completely until he was rutting against you. With a desperate cry, he came. His back arching, both arms now around your body, keeping you close to him as his cock throbbed inside you and his knot locked him in place.

Sam couldn’t speak. Squeezing his eyes shut tight to the point of pain as he came down from his high, and started to regain his sense of self, he realized what he had done. Carefully releasing you, he didn’t notice how much you were shaking until he sat up and you fell to your side.

“Y/N?” he asked, his voice hoarse from exhaustion.

Rolling onto your back and feeling the cold, damp comforter beneath you, a lazy smile spread across your face as you looked up at him. You felt absolutely disgusting. Dripping in your sweat and his, slick practically pouring out of you, and sore beyond words, but there was more.

The look of concern on his face brought you back to reality as you lazily said, “Sam?”

“I didn’t- Did I-” he couldn’t get the words out, but he didn’t need to.

Propping yourself up on your elbows, you met his eyes and asked, “Ready for round two?”
Lucifer clung to Michael, burying his face into the older angel’s strong neck as he whimpered.

“Just relax, little lark,” Michael soothed, pressing two fingers into Lucifer’s hole gently. “I’ve got you. You’re doing so good.” He turned his head enough to press a sweet kiss to damp blond curls.

Lucifer gasped, digging his nails into Michael’s back. Their wings were arched high above them, pitch black tips touching dusty rose.

This was something special for the both of them. It was their first time together, and this was their mating nest. Lucifer had wanted to wait until this night to give everything he had to Michael, had abstained from the temptations Michael’s warm flesh and wings provided, for this moment right here.

Lucifer turned his own head and slid his lips against Michael’s in a heady kiss, clenching down on his older brother’s soft fingers. His lips were soft and chapped from the vigorous kissing from earlier, and he rocked down.

Michael groaned, wrapping his free hand around their touching lengths and giving them a good stroke. “That’s it, Lucifer, you’re doing so good,” he praised. “Can’t wait to slide into your little virgin hole, make you mine.”

Lucifer keened, gasping as Michael’s fingers found his prostate and pressed down on it lightly.

It was going to be a long night for the two of them.
They both fed on the hunger within.

They fed on each other, on the power they exude. It came across in everything they did: hunting, killing, feeding, fucking. . .

When Dean turned into a demon and became a Knight of Hell, Sam had an idea. It was, in all honestly, a stupid idea, but Sam knew that he’d need to be able to control Dean. Control the beast that the Mark made him into, combining beautifully with all of Alastair’s teachings and Dean Winchester’s patent sass.

And sometimes, the only way to control a beast is to become the beast yourself.

And Sam did exactly that. Hours upon hours in the library, spraying Dean with holy water whenever he got too rowdy, letting him out every so often so Dean could sate the murderous hunger within, until he found what he was looking for, and was able to remove his soul.

No longer unencumbered by his soul, Sam was able to restrain Dean’s urges as much as he could. He was still the best hunter the world has seen because when you have no soul, why worry about the petty things? Besides, Dean’s hunger was near insatiable.

For the kill, that is.

Other addictions sprouted from this. Violent, dirty sex that they would never dare have with another human, going as fast as they could while tearing into each other like rabid dogs. Marks would last for days, and it didn’t matter who was giving and who was receiving; both of them would limp for days at a time. Sam’s lust for demon blood sprouted off again, and Dean took a special kind of twisted, perverted delight in allowing Sam to drink from him. Share his power, so to speak.

They lusted for the power within, and gave themselves over to it: Mind, Body, and Soul.

Well.

Maybe not soul, since Sam’s is locked away in a box in the bunker and Dean’s has been twisted into demonic form.

But that doesn’t matter.
They lusted for power, gave themselves over to it, and neither Winchester felt like turning back.

If Alastair and Azazel could see their prized Winchesters now, they would be prouder of them than any father of their child.

Lust for power. It will almost always win.

Lust for blood.

Lust for carnal delights.

Lust for *each other’s power*.

And thus, the Winchesters fell. Not in battle, not in death, but in *lust*.

The Boy King and his Knight of Hell.
Gabriel gave a loud mewl as Dean dug his fingers roughly into the golden feathers, shining brightly in the bright sun streaming through the motel windows. The slow glide of Dean’s cock against Gabriel’s ass made him whine in need.

“Do you need more, baby?” Dean murmured lowly. “Need more of me?”

“Yes, please, Dean, Dean I need it,” Gabriel begged softly.

“Whoever thought that the Messenger of the Lord would beg for a mere human?” Dean teased. He brought his fingers away from the oil glands that he had found earlier and had massaged for ten minutes straight. Light gold oil slowly trailed down Dean’s tanned arms and calloused palms as the scents of frankincense and myrrh permeated the air. “This is gorgeous, angel. Can’t wait to open you up with it.”

Gabriel whimpered and rolled over onto his back, his wings acting as if they were pinned down by Dean’s, perfectly submissive. The oil made his wings sleek and shiny.

Dean smirked and lifted a finger to his lips, licking the sweet oil away.

Gabriel thought he could cum right then and there, throwing his head back against the pillows with a cry.

“Wings really turn you on, don’t they?” Dean asked, grabbing Gabriel’s hard cock and giving it a stroke, giving it a light coat of wing oil. “Guess I’m going to have to see if I can make you cum just by playing with your wings before I fuck you.”

Gabriel whimpered loudly.
Gabriel stuttered out a moan as Sam’s fingers dug back into his wings, finding the sensitive oil glands and rubbing them with calloused fingers. “Fuck, Sam,” he swore.

Sam grinned, groaning himself as he rocked down on the plug nestled inside of him. “Does that feel good, angel?” he murmured lowly.

Gabriel was about to answer when a throaty moan interrupted them, and they both turned their heads to observe Castiel as a sprawled, boneless lump of goo, wings fluttering in the air as Dean sucked and nipped at the base of the strong black appendages.

Dean looked up, mouth covered in wing oil, and Sam couldn’t resist tugging on Gabriel’s wings sharply as he turned to kiss Dean filthily, licking Castiel’s sweet oil from his lips.

“Damn, I’ll never get tired of that,” Gabriel sighed, whimpering as Sam’s tight grip began to massage the taut muscles underneath the feathers. “Oh, oh, fuck!”

“Don’t worry, angel, we’ll all be getting fucked soon,” Dean said, licking his lips as his fingers pressed firmly down on Castiel’s oil glands.

“How are we gonna do it?” Gabriel panted.

“Well,” Sam drawled, “I’m gonna fuck Cas, and Dean’s gonna fuck you. Then once we’ve worn you out, Dean’s gonna fuck me.”

Everyone groaned lowly, and Dean reached over to grab Sam’s cock, slicking him up with Castiel’s wing oil.

“And we’re all gonna get opened up with wing oil,” Dean announced.

“Are you trying to make us cry out to the Host, Dean?” Castiel whimpered.

Sam laughed happily, switching places with Dean, his hands covered in Gabriel’s wing oil. “To Heaven, to Hell, and to everywhere in between,” he proclaimed.
“You ready?” Sam asked, ducking his head around the tree you had chosen to shelter yourself behind.

“Yeah, I think so,” you admitted, stepping out shyly from behind the tree. You were a woman blessed with curves, and being with the Adonis of a man that was Sam Winchester... you always questioned how you caught him.

Especially right now, with the two of you naked and about to go swimming in the pond a few miles out back of Bobby Singer's Salvage Yard.

“You’re absolutely breathtaking, kitten,” he said, taking your hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze.

“You really think so?” you asked softly.

“With every fiber of my being, Y/N/N,” he said, cupping your face with his free hand and giving you a gentle kiss. “Now... last one to the water is under the other’s thumb for the rest of the night.”

You grinned, knowing exactly what that meant. “Well then,” you purred, slipping out of his embrace before you took off running, laughing as you heard him swear at your cheating headstart.
Sex with Sam was usually a very loud, animalistic experience. There usually wasn’t much talking, and if there was, it was loud swearing and cries of being near to release. He’d compliment you throughout, too, but your higher brain functions were usually gone by the time he started fingering your pussy, two long fingers gently but firmly bringing you the best pleasure imaginable.

It was different without his soul. There was usually no noise in general- from him, anyways. You still made a variety of sounds, all of them vocalizing your pleasure, but he was usually silent except for the occasional grunt and moan.

It was more intense this way, and you liked it. You wished he would actually speak during sex, but his lips and teeth and tongue were often occupied now. You’re so thankful that it was winter, so you could wear high collared shirts without too much fuss from Dean.

Speaking from you slowly drifted away until all you were doing during sex was crying out wordlessly in ecstasy.

Because soul or no soul, Sam was the best damn lover you’ll ever have.
“Keep watching us in the mirror, Sam,” Lucifer purred in Sam’s ear as he rocked his hips into his boyfriend faster.

Sam moaned and tried to keep watching. He really did. Both he and Lucifer got off to watching themselves fuck in the mirror- they got a large full sized mirror for this purpose- but it was always so hard, especially as he thrusted his hips up and into the Grace made cock ring that he wore, the Grace along his throat tightening slightly. He gasped and closed his eyes briefly.

“C’mon, Sam,” Lucifer murmured. “You know the rules. You can’t cum unless you watch.”

Lucifer was cruel like this, knew it was hard for Sam to watch even though he enjoyed it. But they both loved it like this. So loving and tender and yet, so dominating. It made their cocks thicken even more.

Lucifer’s hips pumped faster into Sam’s ass and Sam struggled to keep his eyes focused on the two of them fucking in the mirror.

“Luce, fuck, feels so good,” he moaned.

“I know, watch the pleasure. Fuck, you’re so hot like this,” Lucifer groaned, panting in his ear. “Love watching your face as I pound your tight little hole. Your perfect hole.”

Sam whined and whimpered, eyes glued to the mirror, glued to the reflection of them fucking.

“Such a good boy, are you close?” Lucifer cooed.

“Yes, yes, oh God yes, Lucifer,” Sam choked.

“I look ridiculous,” Samandriel complained loudly from the bathroom.

“I’m sure you don’t, angel,” Adam replied, looking up from his phone. “C’mon, I wanna see what they look like on you.”

“I-I think I’m just gonna take them off, Adam,” Samandriel said. “I just... I... I look horrible in them.”

“Just let me have a peek, angel,” Adam coaxed.

“Promise you won’t laugh?” Samandriel asked softly.

“Cross my heart and hope to die, Samandriel,” Adam said solemnly.

“O... okay.”

The bathroom door opened and Samandriel came out, blushing a gorgeous bright pink that lit up his face and chest. The only stitch of clothing on his body was a pair of simple, silky panties colored in crimson, cradling Samandriel’s cock if only barely.

Adam’s breath hitched in his throat. His angel looked so good in them, he can’t possibly fathom why Samandriel thought he looked horrible in them.

“I’m going to Hell again,” he whispered softly as he stood up and crossed the room in three long strides, falling at the angel’s feet.

“You... you like them?” Samandriel squeaked, flushing more at the state of hunger in his human’s blue eyes.

“Like them is a bit of an understatement, Samandriel,” Adam growled softly, running his nose along the silk encased length. “God, Samandriel, you look so fucking good. You look like something I’m just gonna eat up.”

Samandriel gave a small smile. “I’m glad you like them,” he said quietly.

Adam grinned wolfishly, pulling Samandriel’s half hard cock out of his panties and swallowing him down.
“Oh!”
Sam without his soul was incredibly intoxicating. You missed all the tenderness and the life Sam’s soul had given him, but you couldn’t deny that the cocky way he moved, or the way his filter was no longer present, or the fact that he seemed physically stronger wasn’t . . . arousing, for lack of a better word. Hunts were a bit more distracting now since he had come back without his soul.

And the way he took without permission. You both knew he had your permission to destroy the fifth suit this week when he pinned you to the bathroom sink in Motel Number Two Hundred Ninety Three this year to have his wicked way with you. The power he had over you was mesmerizing and you wanted more. You wanted to sink in it, drown in it.

He didn’t ask permission, he had it and he knew it and he was going to take it.

After the hunts were the best, with both of you on post hunt adrenaline as he bodily threw you onto the bed and climbed over you, snarling and baring his teeth, revelling in your submission to him, to his power.

You couldn’t help but wonder if this was what he was like on demon blood, or if this is how he would be were he a demon. It didn’t matter to you- that power is what you thrived on, your sexual needs demanded a powerful man, and there was no man more powerful than Sam Winchester without his soul.

And you were going to let him take whatever he wanted.
Cum Play- Sam Winchester x Castiel

Chapter by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Chapter Summary

Kink #26: Cum Play
Sam Winchester x Castiel

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess who I may end up murder fucking with love <3

Sam shivered as Castiel’s fingers swirled in the mess on his stomach and chest, normally bright blue eyes dark and calculating with lust heavy on his breath. He didn’t dare move, didn’t dare mess up the artwork Cas was no doubt swirling in the drying, cooling cum on his stomach.

“I think this needs a bit more, don’t you, Sam?” Castiel asked casually, raising his fingers to his lips and sucking them clean of their combined tastes.

Sam groaned and felt his head thump back on the pillows underneath of him. He’s not sure if he’s got another orgasm in him, Cas had already wrangled three out of him and had four himself.

Damn angels and their ability to cum like champions multiple times in a row.

“If it’s performing in a manner satisfactory to me,” Castiel continued, as if he could guess what Sam’s current train of thought was (and he probably could, if not read his mind. Damn angels), “I can assure you that this is not an issue, Sam. I will assist you should you require it.”

Oh fuck. If Cas is wanting to use angel powers for this, he must be really turned on. Sam swallowed and nodded.

“Yeah, Cas, I think we’re good.” His cock was already beginning to harden.

Castiel reached down and lightly slapped Sam’s cock, the human jerking in his ties. “To whom was that addressed?”

“Commander,” Sam hurried to correct himself. “I can do it, Commander, may I ask for help, please?” He gave Castiel his best puppy dog eyes.

Castiel gave a brief smile. “Very well. We shall do this again.” He grabbed Sam’s length with a firm grip and began stroking him in slow, even movements, aiming to drive Sam insane.

All because Castiel liked seeing Sam covered in his cum and calling out for his commander.
Accent Kink- Dean Winchester x Benny Lafitte

Chapter Summary

Kink #2: Accent Kink
Dean Winchester x Benny Lafitte

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by the adorable and amazing @samslashdeantogther

Benny Lafitte’s accent was low and soothing, slow and easy going. It was the epitome of Cajun style cooking and the French language combined with southern influences, and there was nothing that turned Dean Winchester on more than that damn accent.

He’s always had a thing for accents. It’s probably part of the reason he got so into the Casa Erotica pornos- besides the hot chicks and the lazy sex making. A life on the run from the supernatural world and the “normal” world made him want to take things slow, and with Benny, he could do just that.

It’s not even the high that Benny got him on when the vampire had him strung out, pleading for release or for Benny’s cock or anything that Benny was willing to give him that turned Dean on more. No, it was that damnable accent, the third thing Dean noticed about his lover in Purgatory. It’s the way Benny spoke, slow and easy as his rough fingers trailed down Dean’s chest, asking him if he was good, chief. Oh yeah, Dean was good.

He’s fairly certain that he could get off to Benny speaking alone. It didn’t sound like that bad of an experiment, in all honesty.

“Hey Benny?” he asked, tilting his head up to look at his boyfriend.

Benny looked down at him, smiling softly. “What is it, cher?” he asked quietly and Dean shivered.

Yep, he’s certain.
He may have towered over you, but in that moment Sam felt insignificant. You glared at him, obviously deep in heat and angrier than he’d ever seen you. Weakly, he said, “Hi.”

“Hi?” you asked, your tone venomous as you approached him. Standing at his feet and looking up at him as best you could, you tilted your head and said ominously, “Hi.”

Swallowing nervously and unable to look you in the eye as he felt his cock twitch in his pants, something about your heat and the rage coming off you in waves was doing something to him. He tried to speak, but you pushed him back against the door, hand around his neck then let go of him and walked away.

“We are going to have a long talk later,” you said as you lifted your shirt over your head and walked toward the bed, “Until then, you’re going to fuck the heat out of me.”

Undressing quicker than he would have thought possible, Sam locked the door between kicking off his pants and shoes. He couldn’t stop staring at you as you dropped your t-shirt and got on the bed. His eyes glued to your ass as you presented, and he couldn’t wait any longer. His need to keep you safe, to help you, to do everything he could to make you feel better was overpowering everything else.

In the back of his head, he knew he made a mistake and that what was about to happen wasn’t a reward for that. Sam had every intention of making this up to you, but before any of that he needed to feel your slick dripping down his thighs as he pounded into you until you couldn’t speak.
Running his hand over the shaft of his cock as he walked toward you, anticipation of what was to come making his cock ache to be inside you. There was no way he was going to tease you when he saw that you were literally dripping slick onto the cheap motel bedding. Lining himself up and driving his cock into you, Sam groaned as he watched your hands ball into fists at finally being filled. Before he had a chance to pull out, let alone set his pace, you were leaning forward then pushing back against him. Taking the hint, Sam wrapped an arm around your waist and laid down.

Without missing a beat, you turned around, placed your hands on his chest and began to ride him. His hands on your rolling hips, and you snapped. Hovering over him, your hand was on the back of his head, gripping his hair and forcing him to look at you. Neither of you spoke as you forced your body to move faster, to fuck him harder, but it wasn’t enough.

The frustration evident on your face, Sam took control. Squeezing your hips to keep you still, he raised his legs for leverage and began to thrust up into you. When your jaw dropped and you pulled his hair harder, he flipped you onto your back. Pistoning his hips and feeling your slick on his skin, Sam wasn’t going to last long and knew what you needed to get you over the edge. He wrangled your legs and pushed them together against your chest. One arm around your legs so his hand could slip between them, and tease your clit, he growled, “Cum for your Alpha.”
You felt your head crack against the wall and you groaned in slight pain. That was forgotten when Lucifer’s body pressed up against yours, pressing into you. You felt his length press into your sex, clothing prohibiting its entry.

His teeth found your neck and dug in. You gave a sharp cry of pleasure, grasping at his shoulders as you rocked down onto his length, legs wrapping around his waist securely.

“Patience, little dove,” Lucifer crooned against your skin.

“Need you now, Lucifer, please,” you begged, rutting against him. The denim collided neatly with your soft panties, pressing them deeper into your wetness.

“Well,” he purred, “Since you asked nicely.”

He snapped his fingers and both your and his clothes were gone, leaving you naked as bluejays in your entryway.

“Get on my cock, little dove,” he whispered, “and let’s see if we can make a hole in the wall.”

You let out a hysterical little giggle at the idea of being so amorous it left a giant hole in your wall as you guided him inside of you, giving a cry of pleasure.
“Comfortable, little dove?” Lucifer asked, trailing a finger down your body lazily.

“Yes,” You whispered, your excitement heightening.

He smiled down at you, cold grey gaining a hint of warmth as he held up the silky black blindfold, showing it to you. “Are you ready?”

“Yes,” you breathed.

He leaned over you and guided it around your head and you gave a sharp inhale as the cloth settled over your eyes.

You couldn’t see anything, not even a light peeking out from the bottom or top of the blindfold.

“Still comfortable?” Lucifer checked in, running this time his whole hand down your body. You gasped, the sensation much more intense. You swore you could feel every single swirl pressed into his skin.

“Yeah,” you groaned, flexing your toes.

You could tell he was grinning from the way he said, “and now, we can begin on the fun stuff.”
Christmas- Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Chapter by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Chapter Summary

Kink #19: Christmas
Sam Winchester x Lucifer

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by a lovely shy anon

Christmas Day dawned and Lucifer groaned as he went to snuggle more into Sam’s solid body, only to be met with an empty bed. Frowning, he slid out of bed himself in search of his mate, groaning as he wandered naked through the hallways of their home.

Reaching the living room after a pit stop at the bathroom, he rubbed his eyes blearily and looked over at the Christmas tree standing tall and proud.

Sam was curled up underneath of it, wearing absolutely nothing but a bright red ribbon that criss-crossed all over his body, tying in a bow at his neck. There was a gift tag tied around his cock, and Lucifer hurried over to read it, the strong scent of peppermint wafting through the air.

Lucifer-

Merry Christmas. Tied up like a pretty present for you. You have my full consent to do whatever it takes to wake me up.

Made For You,

Sam.

Lucifer grinned as he went to check Sam’s hole.

He knew just how to wake Sam Winchester up on this bright, holy Christmas morn.
You didn’t mean to nearly walk in on Dean jerking off, spread eagle on his bed naked. It’s not your fault his door was open just enough for someone to peep their head in.

And it’s certainly not your fault when you heard Dean murmur your name in a breathy voice.

So you stopped and watched, however accidental this seemed to have happened. Watched his hand glide up and down his shaft, coaxing him to orgasm. Watched his perfect pout tremble and moan out your name with a few choice expletives and blasphemies. Felt yourself get wetter at the sounds and the sights you were bearing witness to.

A wicked little idea came into your head and you silently giggled to yourself. This was the in either of you were looking for. This was the way for the two of you to stop dancing around each other.

You managed to slip into his room without moving the door too much and you padded silently over to the bed, watching his fist tighten around his cock and give a whimper.

“Stop teasing, Y/N, please,” he begged. What you were doing in his mind, you weren’t sure.

“Hello, Dean,” you said.

His eyes flew open and he scrambled backwards, giving you room to crawl onto the bed. “Y/N! Ever heard of knocking?!” he asked, scandalized and turning red.

You crawled onto the bed and batted the blanket away from his legs with a growl. “It’s time for both of us to man up, Winchester. I didn’t mean to watch, but when my name is said in a breathy whisper I tend to listen.”

Dean coughed and rubbed the back of his neck shyly.

“I’ve been wanting this for months, you?” you asked.

“Oh God, yes,” he breathed.

“Then,” you grinned, “let me show you what I can do.”
Voyeurism (Accidental)- Sam Winchester x Gabriel

Chapter by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Chapter Summary

Kink #117: Voyeurism (Accidental)
Sam Winchester x Gabriel

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by my personal menace @brieflymaximumprincess who I may end up murder fucking with love <3

Totally an accident for Sam to walk in on Gabriel sliding up and down a rather impressive looking dildo, head thrown back in pleasure as he let out a keen of Sam’s name. Totally an accident that Sam started watching, feeling his cock swell against his thigh at the sight. Totally an accident that any of this had started between the archangel turned pagan trickster and the hunter.

Therefore, it was totally an accident that Sam couldn’t hold himself together for much longer; totally an accident that when he noticed the amount of precum swelling on Gabriel’s cock, he lunged to clean that off.

It was still an accident five years later that they were in bed together, now in wedded bliss, and that Gabriel was clawing at the bedsheets while Sam filled him up over and over again.
You were so thankful that Sam’s rut had collided at the same time of your heat, meaning that the two of you could spend the week naked and fucking each other like animals during mating season.

“Another round, kitten?” Sam asked, kissing along your shoulder.

“In like five minutes,” you groaned softly, clenching down on his knot. It was almost small enough to slip off, and you could feel the tell tale start of your heat acting up again. “Or sooner.”

Sam gave a dark sort of chuckle, kissing the mating mark he had left a couple of years ago tenderly before squeezing you close. “How do you want to do it, baby?”

You hummed, clenching on his knot again as you thought. “I wanna ride you, Alpha,” you said softly.

You felt Sam’s smile spread across his face and your shoulder. “Then I suggest you hope to it, baby girl,” he said.
Lucifer cried out in pleasure as he felt Sam’s knot catch along his rim and felt his own orgasm take
over, sobbing into the pillow in front of him.

“Easy, Luci,” Gabriel soothed, running his fingers through the Omega’s hair as he watched his mates
in ecstasy. “We’ve got you.”

Sam took a lungful of air as he smoothed a hand down the curve of Lucifer’s back, smirking at the
other Alpha.

Gabriel smirked back, sitting up to peer at where the two of them were tied, whistling lowly. “Damn,
Samshine, you’re certainly pumping him full.”

“He’s been a full little Omega since his heat started yesterday,” Sam chuckled. “Full little Omega in
need of being bred.”

Lucifer’s soft cock twitched and he whined, rocking his hips backwards onto Sam’s knot.

“Easy there, little one,” Sam murmured. “Gabe, get the water. Let’s get some fluids in him before it’s
your turn to try to knock him up.”

Gabriel groaned, reaching over for one of the bottles of water on the nightstand. “You know what I
would love? Is if we have twins, and one’s yours and the other’s mine.”

“Oh God,” Lucifer groaned. “Please.”

“Drink some water for us, baby,” Sam said, easing Lucifer up off the bed and holding him, his knot
keeping them very firmly tied. “I really hope you are, I love the idea of our little Omega being bred,
carrying our child.”

Gabriel grinned, gently placing the bottle at Lucifer’s lips so the Omega could drink greedily. “We
should keep trying. You know, for science.”

Sam laughed and kissed Gabriel sweetly. “It’ll be your turn in half an hour,” he murmured. “In the
meantime, why don’t we tease our Lucifer?”

Gabriel’s grin was dark and lustful. “I like this idea.”
Kink #2: Accent Kink
Dean Winchester x Benny Lafitte

Written by Mrs_SimonTam_PHD

Requested by a lovely shy anon

Dean’s gotten off by just listening to Benny speak. The slow, easy going accent, made thick from years living in Louisiana and Benny’s demeanour just sent electricity up Dean’s spine. Combined with the somewhat archaic way of speaking, and Dean seemed to almost always be hard around the Cajun.

It was experiment, the first time he got off on listening to Benny speak about everything he wanted to do to him and when he slipped into a little bit of French, that was Dean’s undoing.

It was inconvenient, to say the least, to almost always be hard around Benny because of the beautiful way he spoke. He felt like he was constantly readjusting, and Benny got off on watching Dean squirm and try to contain himself, leading up to them dragging each other to the nearest bathroom for a quickie.

And Dean wouldn’t give up that accent for anything.
“GODDAMMIT LUCIFER THAT FUCKING HURTS!” You shouted.

“Stop taking my father’s name in vain, or I’ll start shouting yours,” he countered calmly. “Keep still, or you’re going to make me screw this up.”

“Just do some angel voodoo or whatnot and heal me,” You growled.

He laughed softly. “I’m making it into more manageable bits,” he said.

“Fuck that just do it!” You were in a lot of pain, couldn’t he tell?

“I’ll make it up to you after I do the healing, I promise,” he said softly, eyes twinkling.

You scowled at him and at the massive gash in your leg that ran from the inner part of your thigh down to your ankle. “How?”

He grinned softly. “I’ll be yours to do with whatever you want, all night,” he purred softly.

“Don’t tempt me,” you laughed in pain, nudging him with your good foot.

“I’m not tempting, I’m offering. There’s a difference,” Lucifer grinned, blue eyes twinkling.

“All night?” you confirmed.

He nodded, lips curling into that smirk you loved so much.

“Fine, we’ll do this your way,” you said grumpily.

He grinned happily. “Seal that deal with me?” he purred.

“Granted,” you said, leaning in for a sweet kiss with him, eager for him to be done, but for a whole different reason.
Sam slammed into you and you buried your head into his shoulder, feeling your back slam against the wall with each thrust into you.

“Careful, babe, the ceiling’s low,” you panted, scraping your teeth along the bulging vein in his neck.

He growled, low in his throat, and you shivered. “Don’t worry, kitten, I’ve got you,” he whispered darkly, gripping your hips tighter. There were going to be bruises there, marks for Sam to slide his fingers over whenever and he knew it. He loved it, and so did you.

You squeezed your legs tighter around his hips, making him groan and thrust harder as he bit down on your exposed neck, eliciting a cry from you.

“That’s it, good girl,” Sam purred.
You were unaware of a presence watching you as you used your favorite vibrator on yourself, whimpering and writhing on the silicone and plastic as it rocked your core. You angled it slightly so the vibrations danced along your clit and you screamed in pleasure, shouting out Lucifer’s name.

He was there in a flash, split tongue in conjunction with your vibrator and you came hard, screaming wordlessly.

“Were you watching me?” you asked him once you came down from your high.

“Entirely by accident, I assure you. You were calling for me and I thought you needed help,” he said, blue eyes sparkling with lust.

You smirked. “Why don’t I buy that bullshit?” you teased.

“I would never lie to you, Y/N,” Lucifer said seriously.

“Mmm,” you hummed, rolling on top of him. “I’m up for a second round. Are you?”

“Yes.”
Dean panted as he bounced on Lucifer’s cock, feeling the Alpha’s knot pressing against his rim on every downstroke. Across the room, Sam was stroking himself, eyes dark and heavy as he watched his mates.

“Gonna breed you up nice and good, little Omega,” Lucifer purred, fingers curling into the pliant skin of Dean’s waist a bit tighter. Dean knew there were going to be bruises later, both from Lucifer’s fingers and Sam’s.

“I think I like trying to breed him when he’s not in heat better,” Sam commented.

Lucifer grinned around at the other Alpha. “You just like hearing how much louder he screams when we talk about pumping him full,” he teased.

“Can you blame me?” Sam asked.

Dean whined and clenched down on Lucifer’s swollen length as he looked at the older Alpha. “Alpha, please,” he whimpered.

“Want me to breed you, babe?” Lucifer purred, “Want me to make you nice and swollen with our pup?”

“Please,” Dean agreed, bouncing faster. His mind swirled with the idea of being with pup, either Sam’s or Lucifer’s.

The bed dipped down, Sam having decided to join in on the fun. “I know of something we could try once your knot goes down and if our pretty Omega is up to it,” the younger Alpha said, his fingers sliding down in between Dean’s ass to gently touch where Lucifer’s cock was steadily sliding in and out of Dean’s slick hole.

Lucifer caught Sam’s meaning and he grinned. “You’re a dirty Alpha, Sammy.”

“You love me and my dirty ideas,” Sam grinned. “Besides I haven’t pumped my big brother full of my seed yet.”

Dean whimpered.

He wondered if he could take two knots at the same time.
Sam could listen to Lucifer speak in Enochian for hours. He honestly could.

Lucifer’s voice when he spoke English was melodic, low and smooth, but when he spoke in Enochian, it sounded like the literal choirs of angels singing and Sam was bearing witness to it. It harmonized with their surroundings, the texture of Lucifer’s voice changing on their situation. It had a different cadence than English, one that was sweet and easy to listen to. Even French could sound harsh to someone’s ears once they heard Lucifer speak Enochian.

Sam’s fairly certain he could get off on nothing more than Lucifer speaking in Enochian, telling him what he was going to do to him, and doing nothing but that.

Lucifer smiled as he listened to Sam murmur in Enochian under his breath. He had been teaching Sam it for quite some time, and his mate was starting to get the hang of the way the language flowed and moved. His accent, however, is what made Lucifer smile and maybe give a small giggle. Sam’s accent when he spoke in Enochian reminded him of ancient Roman times, as Sam tended to approach foreign languages as if they were Latin, and his accent reflected that. It was adorable, and Lucifer has long given up on correcting Sam’s accent entirely.

Besides, why should he make Sam give up something that he loved?
“How long do I have to have this stupid thing on for again?” You whined, waving your arm around, the black cast a glaring beacon of the fact that you broke both bones in your forearm.

“Doctor said about eight weeks,” Sam said soothingly, running a hand through your hair.

“I can’t hunt for eight weeks?!” you pouted. “Man, I’m going to be so bored.”

“You can do the research for us, kitten,” he reminded you.

You didn’t want to research. You wanted to be on a hunt.

“I could club monsters in the face with this,” You said, pouting up at him.

He laughed and kissed your pout. “Adorable, but no.”

You grumbled and nipped his lip.

“Think about it this way, Y/N,” Sam said, a wicked little grin lighting up the corners of his mouth, “you can get all the help you need from me when Dean and I get back.”

“How so?” you grumped.

He leaned in and whispered in your ear, “You’re going to be so frustrated when we return because it’s on your dominant hand, the only hand you can get yourself off with. And you’re going to be begging for release, begging for me.”

You whimpered. “This isn’t fair, you teasing me.”

“I know,” he smirked. “Not to mention, kitten, sex is the best painkiller out there.”

“How about we test that theory right now?” you asked.

“Your wish is my command.”
“FUCK, YES, LUCIFER PLEASE!” you begged loudly as you bore down on his cock.

He growled, his hands kneading your supple ass as you bounced on him, clenching around his thick cock.

“You will cum only when I say,” Lucifer said sternly, “and not a minute sooner.”

“Luci, please,” you whimpered.

There was a banging on your bedroom door, followed by Dean’s voice. “Y/N?”

You froze, as did Lucifer. Neither of the Winchesters knew you were fucking Lucifer, oftentimes in the bunker. You two were normally so careful about this.

“Yes, Dean?” You answered, trying to calm your racing heart.

“Is everything okay in there, or do I need to find out why you’re calling out Satan’s name?” Dean asked.

Lucifer smirked and gave a roll of his hips as you went to reply. “Dean. It’s called alone time. Now shut up and go away,” you said curtly.

“Okay, but why Lucifer? Why call out the Devil’s name?” he insisted.

“Dude, if you must know, it’s what the vibrator I bought was named,” You snapped. Lucifer’s blue-grey eyes twinkled in amusement and maybe in mild offense at being called a sex toy.

“GROSS, OKAY, I’M OUT OF HERE, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN,” Dean warned, banging on the door again before walking away.

Once his footsteps died down, Lucifer grabbed your hips and flipped you over, so you were on your back. When you reached up for him, he snagged your wrists and pinned them down. “SERIOUSLY, Y/N? A vibrator?”

“Hey, I’m sure one named after you exists,” you snarked, arching up into his more powerful thrusts.

“Oh I’m sure,” Lucifer smirked, thrusting into you harder and faster than you thought humanly possible, “However, I’m far better than some toy.”
“Yes,” You moaned. “Much better, fuck, Lucifer, please, please let me cum…”

“Not yet, little dove,” Lucifer sang softly. “Not yet.”
Sam hitched his breath as he watched you tease yourself, sprawled out naked on your bed as your fingers roamed your body.

“You,” You moaned softly, legs writhing on the bed as they longed to latch around his waist.

It was an accident for Sam to be watching you, and he knew that he shouldn’t watch, but he couldn’t help it. He was mesmerized by the way your chest heaved with breathy inhales of his name and exhales of pleasure as your fingers slipped inside your wet heat, starting to bring you the pleasure that you so craved.

He watched you throughout your entire session, and couldn’t help the smirk on his face when you looked up at him, eyes wide in mild horror.

“Thanks for the show, kitten,” he purred, walking into your room and closing the door. “But I think I should show you how much better than can be with me. Want to?”

“Oh God yes,” you breathed.
Sam whined as Dean pressed his fingers into his fluttering hole, stretching him open just a little bit more.

“Dean, please,” Sam begged, thrusting back onto Dean’s fingers.

“Not yet, baby,” Dean soothed, running his free hand up and down Sam’s back. “It’s been a while since my cock’s been in that hole of yours.”

“Not like I haven’t been wearing a plug all this time,” Sam groaned. “I’m ready, De, please.”

“Greedy little boy,” Dean teased softly as he withdrew his fingers and slapped Sam’s taut ass. The younger brother keened and whimpered as Dean pressed in behind him, slowly.

“I’ve got you,” Dean soothed as he fucked into Sam slowly, yet firmly, feeling his little brother relax and groan deep within him.

“De, fuck me, please, fuck me hard,” Sam begged. “Fuck my tight little ass.”

Dean groaned and nipped Sam’s ear. “You kiss your brother with that mouth?” he teased softly.

“And suck his dick with it,” Sam replied back cheekily. “Now fuck me, De.” He clenched around Dean’s cock and Dean groaned.

“Fine, if you want it hard,” Dean shrugged nonchalantly before pulling almost all the way out and slamming back in. Sam’s answering howl of pleasure made him smirk.

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